

SOUTHWEST

ALL INDIAN POW WOW

AMERICA'S
GREATEST
INDIAN
CELEBRATION

JULY
2 · 3 · 4
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FLAGSTAFF
ARIZONA

*For FREE
Distribution Only*
PLAN NOW TO ATTEND THE
1941 POW-WOW
JULY 4-5-6

The Mountain City of

FLAGSTAFF

ALTITUDE 6907

Under Turquoise Skies In the Center of the Enchanted Empire

Arizona State College
Lowell Observatory
Museum of Northern
Arizona

ACCOMMODATIONS

Seven Hotels
Fourteen Auto Courts
Sixteen Restaurants
9 Nearby Guest Ranches
Inspected by U. S. Public
Health Service

CLIMATE

Average Sunshine, 310 days
Average Rainfall, 19.09 in.
Average Snowfall, 9 feet
Average Summer Temper-
ature, 60 degrees

INDUSTRIES

Farming
Cattle Mining
Sheep Lumber Mills
Indian Trading



San Francisco Peaks and City Park Dam

RECREATION

Horseback Riding, Hiking, Tobogganing, Ski-
ing, Swimming, Hunting, Fishing, Mountain
Climbing, Golfing

Five Public Schools
Mormon Institute
Southwest Forest Station
Seven Churches

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Greyhound Bus Lines
Santa Fe Trailway Bus Line
Nava Hopi Tours, Inc.

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99.9% pure by test

ANNUAL EVENTS

Southwest Indian Pow-wow
American Legion Auto
Races
Arizona National Guard
Encampment
Southwest Missionary
Conferences
Snow Bowl Snow Sports
Golf Tournaments

Make Flagstaff headquarters for your trips to the land of ro-
mance: the Indian Reservations, lakes, forests, mountains, Cliff
Dwellings, Painted Desert, the National Monuments, the rivers
and valleys and Grand Canyon National Park.

Write the Chamber of Commerce for Detailed Information

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July
1940



POW-WOW

Here we return to time forgotten,
Back to the heart of an earlier scheme,
Here where the stars, the lamps of heaven,
Mingle their light with the torches' gleam.

Here, in the pines' sweet-scented circle,
Tents are pitched as in long ago,
While from a thousand flickering camp-fires
Smoke drifts upward, still and slow.

Here we may witness rites immortal,
Dances, old when the Spaniards came,
Songs that echoed from age-old canyons,
Primitive rhythm, yet the same.

Here, in the shadow of the mountains,
Thrill to the chant of an ancient vow;
Watching with wonder, while dusky dancers
Couple the Past with the Here and Now.

—PEGGY JAMES.

THE SOUVENIR PROGRAM

Southwest All-Indian

POW-WOW

Published Annually by Pow-Wow, Inc.
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Contains authentic and interesting information about the Southwestern Indians, their homes, customs and beliefs.

Also, all the facts concerning the internationally famous

12th Annual Southwest All-Indian

POW-WOW

July 2, 3, 4, 1940

A celebration held annually by 10,000 Indians from more than 20 tribes of the Southwest and other parts of the nation. Religious and social dance ceremonies, with every ritual detail and full ceremonial costumes, will be staged during the evening show. Fast exciting rodeo performances will be held in the afternoon, matching tribe against tribe, Indian against Indian. Each day at noon a parade, miles long, passes thousands of Indians, all decked out in colorful tribal regalia, in full review through the streets of downtown Flagstaff. It is the Indians' own celebration, their own get-together to dance, chant, compete in rodeo contests, trade and chat with old friends. But the whites have just as much fun watching the Indians cut loose at this, their own, annual fun fest.

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1940 Pow-Wow

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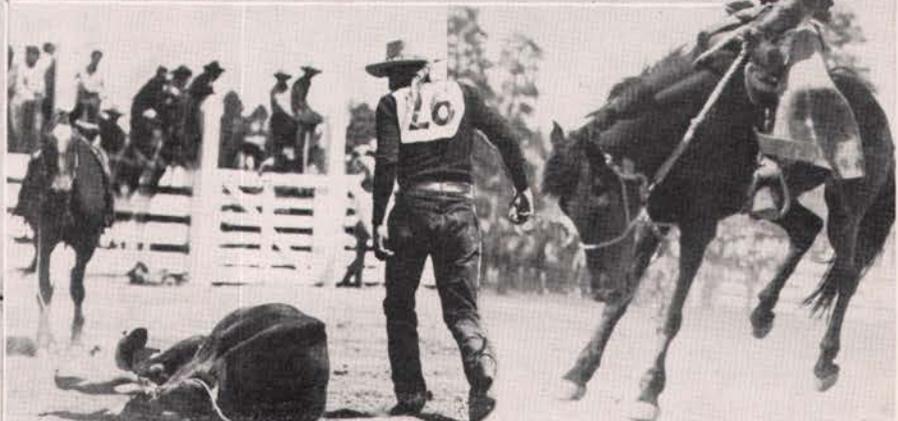
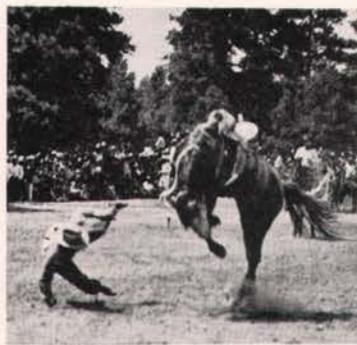
Because this is a strictly all-Indian celebration, staged annually by demand of the Indians who for years have been coming to Flagstaff for their annual Pow-Wow and free feasts and festivals, Indians are employed whenever possible to direct the various phases of the activities. Because so many tribes are represented, Indian interpreters are employed.

The Pow-Wow Board of Directors and the Pow-Wow Magazine wish to express appreciation for those Indians who take over the above highly important positions. They are the ones, more than any other, who make it possible for the Indians to enjoy an entirely successful celebration.

Flagstaff is glad that the thousands of Indians over the Southwest have chosen Flagstaff for their annual Pow-Wow grounds and every effort is made to make these annual visitors feel welcome, happy and comfortable. The people of Flagstaff want their Indian Neighbors to feel, when they look toward the little city at the foot of the snow-capped San Francisco peaks, that they are looking toward the home of their friends.

We of the Pow-Wow organization wish to express our appreciation to the U. S. Department of Indian Affairs for the fine cooperation that has always been given each year to the Indians and to Flagstaff. It has made it possible for us to be able to plan from year to year to entertain our Indian friends and guests as we felt they would like to be entertained during their short annual relaxation from reservation work, duties and responsibilities.

Pow-Wow, Inc., is a non-profit organization. It is organized for one purpose only, to assist the Indians in staging their annual Celebration. The Board of Directors, elected each year, solicit funds from Flagstaff business men to provide free food for the thousands of Indian visitors and provide prizes for rodeo and other events.



Plenty of action here. Indian cowboys take their hard tumbles from vicious wild horses and steers and get up laughing, ready to try again. Scenes above show riding, roping, wild cow milking, saddling for the wild horse race and a group of the Indian riders awaiting the opening of the rodeo.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Tickets

Tickets for all six performances of the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow will be on sale June 1, 1940. They may be ordered direct from Pow-Wow, Inc., by mail, or purchased at local stores and the Chamber of Commerce. Tickets will be available at the Pow-Wow General Offices at the City Park on and after July 1. The ticket office will be open from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m. during the days of the celebration.

General Offices

During the days of the celebration the general offices of the Pow-Wow organization will be located under the grandstand at the City Park. The executive department is divided into sections, each with a member of the Pow-Wow Board of Directors in charge. Before the celebration opens business may be transacted in the city at the offices of the business men who make up the Board of Directors.

The Time Schedule

The advertised time of the parades, the afternoon and night shows, is the exact moment they will begin. The programs are so long, with so much to do during the hours covered that no loss of time whatever can be permitted. Buy your tickets beforehand and come early if you wish to see the entire program without missing any event. The downtown parades have not been one minute late in five years.

Downtown Parades

The Pow-Wow is exclusively the Indian's Celebration, and his "show." Many whites ask to join in the downtown parades, but there is a strict rule that no whites shall be permitted to take part in the Pow-Wow programs or parades or in any manner displacing Indian participation. Please do not ask to be permitted in the parades.

Indian Village

Several hundred acres of the Coconino National Forest adjoining the City Park have been set aside for the Indians visiting the Pow-Wow to camp in. Water and firewood are free. Roads have been constructed to open up larger areas of the pine forest for use of the Indians. One must actually walk through the Indian Village to realize the great number of Indians who are camped in the forest setting. Visitors are welcomed by the Indians. Some of them usually have handiwork of their tribe for sale. Especially the Navajos who bring blankets and silver jewelry; the Hopi with baskets, pottery and blankets; the San Domingo bring great strands of turquoise beads for sale to both Indians and whites; the Apaches have baskets and trays; the Zuni

and Laguna offer fine hand made silver jewelry for sale. To the man who desires to buy such products direct from the Indian, and invariably the seller is the actual maker, the Pow-Wow Indian Village is a golden opportunity.

The social dances in the village, on ground especially set aside, are free and whites may not only watch them but join in.

Sale of Magazines

The official Souvenir Magazine will be sold on newsstands before and after the celebration in July. During Pow-Wow week magazines will be available at the City Park and on the streets in downtown Flagstaff. The magazine will be mailed postage prepaid anywhere in the United States on receipt of 25c. Such mail orders should be sent to Pow-Wow, Inc., Flagstaff, Arizona.

First Aid Station

A first aid station in the south end of the grandstand will be maintained through the courtesy and cooperation of the American Red Cross, Department of Health of the State of Arizona, and the Coconino County Health Service. At least one doctor and a nurse will be in attendance at all times. An ambulance will be available through the courtesy of W. L. Compton. Any person injured on or about the grounds where the Celebration is held should apply for treatment immediately.

Photographers

The Pow-Wow Celebration has proved to be a mecca for amateur movie and camera fans. They are welcome. Bring plenty of film. All general subjects are free. No charge of any kind is made, with the exception that where the photographer desires special poses of Indians he should with all due respect make arrangements with the Indians concerned. The Indians attending the Pow-Wow are a friendly, kindly people. There will be no trouble such as cameras being seized and films exposed to light as happens at some pueblos and at some celebrations on Indian Reservations. The photographer has but to observe the general rules of courtesy and he can shoot unusual subject to his heart's content. Indeed, the Pow-Wow Celebration offers almost unlimited and more opportunity for color, scenery and Indian subjects than can be obtained elsewhere.

The grandstand is close in to the track, overlooking everything taking place in the arena. With the fast films obtainable now pictures can be made at the Pow-Wow shows at night as well as during the afternoon. However, certain rules regarding the making of pictures at the six performances must be enforced. No flash bulbs or extra lighting facilities in or from the grand-

stand will be permitted. Because of the danger to unauthorized persons in the arena during the Rodeo, absolutely no photographer will be permitted inside the track anywhere. No press photographer or news reel cameraman will be allowed inside the prohibited space unless he has proper credentials, and any such arrangements should be made well in advance of the celebration so as to assure a spot from which such news shots can be made.

Police

In addition to regular Pow-Wow police, city and county officers will be on the grounds at all times. Police officers will be available at the Pow-Wow General Offices located under the grandstand. The telephone numbers of the law enforcement authorities are:

Pow-Wow Police (City Park).....	111
Sheriff's Office, Coconino County.....	39
Chief of Police, City of Flagstaff.....	15

Recordings

Surreptitiously taken recordings of chants and songs at the Pow-Wow have been made. But when such recordings are manufactured without permission or arrangement with the Indians concerned they are illegally so, if they are on the regular programs. Pow-Wow, Inc., has, and intends to protect the rights of the Indians when such recordings are made. Permission for the making of recordings of the chants may be obtained if such requests are from bona fide institutions and if the Indians concerned are compensated.

Car Parking

A force will be on hand to direct motorists to parking space. This area will consist of two places, one inside the entrance gate to the City Park and the other just south and extending along the city limits to Santa Fe Avenue.



Thousands of Indians, in full costume of their tribes, parade through the streets of Flagstaff each day of the Pow-Wow Celebration.



A Navajo Family Scene.

Northern Arizona Indian Notes

By THOMAS J. TORMEY

THE INDIAN tribes of northern Arizona are primitive. However, this is a technical distinction and means only that they do not write their own language. Actually, the Indians are aware that there are other ways of living than their own for they have the visible evidence of their white neighbors' manner of living. In general, however, they are convinced that their own manner of living is the best.

THE WALAPAI

The Hualpai Indian Reservation occupies an area of almost a million acres in northwestern Arizona. The Walapai number only about five hundred, and many of them live off the reservation.

They have about six thousand head of cattle and

raise corn, beans, squash, melons, and a few peaches. A substantial part of the tribe's resources is to be found in some thirty thousand acres of yellow pine.

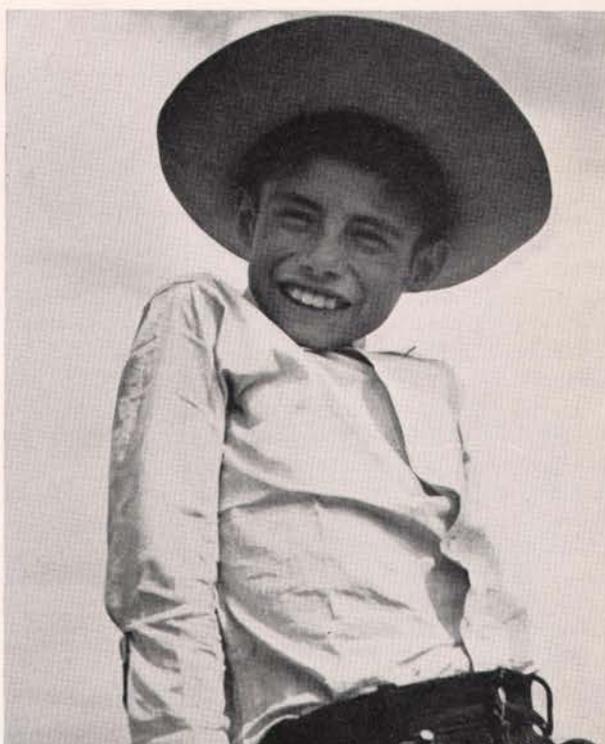
Corn is planted in holes about eight inches deep and eighteen inches apart in loosened but unploughed soil. The harvested corn is parched and ground on the metate and eaten dry, as mush, as soup (with meat), or baked as a corn bread.

Houses now are built of lumber, tin, and canvas. The Federal Administration is encouraging the people to build with lumber from their own forest.

Like the Havasupai, bedding is generally spread on the floor, the heads of the sleepers pointing east, and is rolled against the wall in the day time.

The women, usually of medium height and inclined toward stoutness, wear voluminous skirted dresses of bright colors. A colored handkerchief is tied loosely about the shoulders, and a plaid shawl is worn in cooler weather. The hair cut is similar to that of the Havasupai women. Shoes are worn. The men's dress is similar to that of the Havasupai men on ordinary occasions, with blue serge trousers and bright silk shirts for special dress.

Basket making is practiced to some extent, and



Babies are always cute, the world over. Indian mothers are just as proud of their babies as any other mother, and each Indian mother is sure that her baby should be picked winner of the Pow-Wow Baby Contest, which is held annually at the Celebration. (Pictures at right top and bottom left are supplied through courtesy of the U. S. National Park Service.)

tourist trade has brought about an emphasis on trays and bowls made from willow and squawbush.

The mourning ceremony in July is the one general ceremony of the year and occupies a day and a night.

It not only commemorates the deaths of the year by song and dance but also is a social occasion.

Card games, baseball, horse-racing, and other sports have replaced shinny, ring and pin, hidden ball, hoop

and pole. However, stick dice wisto played with fifty small stones placed in a circle and three wooden dice (about four inches long, convex on one side and flat on the other) is still played.

THE HAVASUPAI

The Havasupai Indians live in Havasu Canyon. Here the climate is almost semi-tropical. Here will be found a number of waterfalls. The largest, Mooney Falls, is almost two hundred feet high. The Havasu Creek ranges in color from light blue to turquoise. Father Garces visited the tribe in 1776 and reported the number of Indians to be almost the same as at the present time.

In addition to the staple agricultural products of corn, beans, and squash, the Havasupai raise and enjoy peaches, nectarines, apricots and figs. The fields are plowed with a one horse walking plow, and planting is done by use of a planting stick about an inch wide and a foot and a half long.

Green corn, roasted in the husks, is usually eaten by breaking off the kernels with the thumb nail, catching them in the palm of the same hand, and pouring the handful into the mouth. Corn is ground and prepared in a number of other ways, for instance, boiled with green pumpkin, baked corn meal balls, or boiled with squash blossoms.

The Havasupai house may be built of willow brush, conical shape; like a tent with a horizontal ridge pole; or straight brush walls with a dirt and thatch roof.

Te Havasupai men ordinarily wear levis or corduroy trousers, blue shirts, cowboy hats, and shoes. The women wear long, wide skirted dresses of bright colored print requiring about ten yards of material. Their hair is cut shoulder length at the back and has very long bangs over the forehead.

There is no taboo as to parents-in-law. However, neither husband nor wife addresses the parents-in-law by name. Actually the wife has no relationship term to apply to them.

Havasupai basketry is made both by the twining and coiling techniques. Acacia twigs are usually used, but cottonwood and willow are also used. The coiled trays and bowls are especially artistic.

Horse racing, to a point and return, is very popular. Wrestling, swimming and climbing are enjoyed likewise.

The Peach Dance is the one general dance of the year. It occurs about the first of September and utilizes several days and nights. It is predominately social but is also a prayer for rain and well-being.

THE HOPI

The nine villages of the Hopi are located on three high rocky mesas northeast of Flagstaff. The Hopi are dry farmers. Their farms are located at some distance from their villages. Corn is the principal crop. Beans, squash, chili, onions, melons, and some peaches and apricots are also raised. The hoe and digging stick are used to loosen the soil; a hole is dug with the digging stick, and the corn is planted at intervals of about five paces. Planting is done at intervals from the middle of April to the middle of June. Hopi farming must be seen to be appreciated for it represents much hard work under adverse conditions.

The Hopi house is built of stone and adobe and consists of a front room, which is the living room, and a store room.

Sleeping accommodations are similar to those of the tribes previously described, as a rule, with the bedding rolled against the wall during the day.

A few of the old women still wear the women's dress of black woven wool with the red belt. However, cotton dresses are more common. The married women wear their hair in two braids hanging in front of the shoulders. Bobbed hair for men, except in the back which part grows long and is tied in a knot, is the usual custom. Most of the men wear bright colored kerchiefs around their heads. Cotton shirts and blue denim trousers are usually worn by the men. The moccasins have cow hide soles and red dyed buckskin tops.

Both men and women wear turquoise and silver jewelry—earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and belts.

Corn meal is ground on metates until of desired fineness and may be made into piki (Hopi wafer-like bread), baked in corn husks, boiled in corn leaves, mixed with meat and baked, or boiled in small pellets. Dome shaped ovens of adobe and stone are used for baking white bread.

Excellent pottery is made by the women on First Mesa. Coiled baskets and plaques are made by the women on Second Mesa. All weaving is done by the men. They weave for themselves and supply ceremonial garments for the Pueblos of the Rio Grande. Beautiful examples of the Hopi arts and crafts may be seen at the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff.

Each village is built around a rectangular plaza in which village dances occur. In addition to the houses, there are underground rooms, called kivas, serving as club rooms for the men and used for ceremonies, most of which are secret.

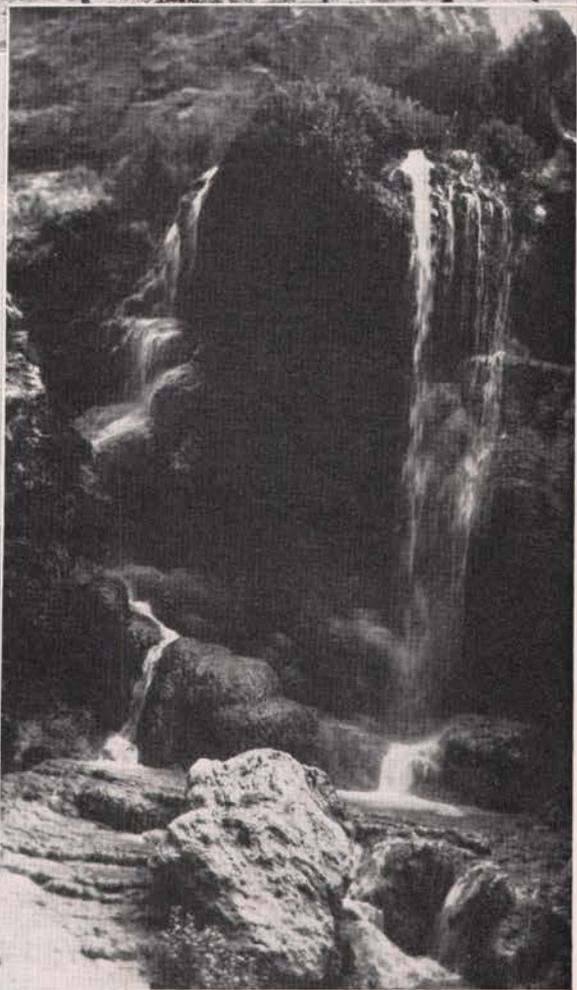
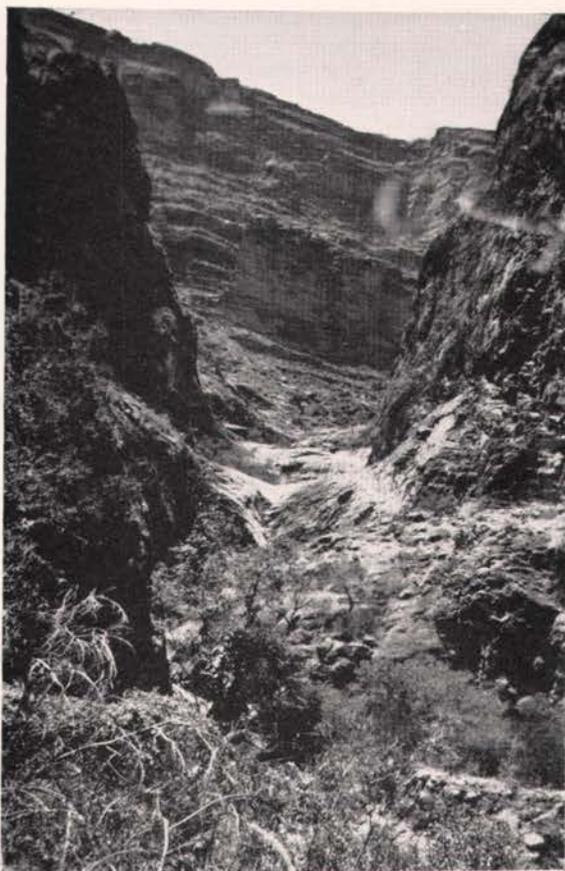
Kachinas are masked gods who come to the village dancing and singing for the people, bringing presents, rain, and prosperity. The home of the Kachinas is in the San Francisco Peaks where they stay half the year. The Kachina dances are colorful, and are not seen off the reservation.

THE NAVAHO

Navaho life may be said to center around herds of sheep and goats and supplemented by horticulture. Their mode of life makes villages impractical. They live in hogans, made of logs and mud for winter use and of brush for summer shelter.

Mutton is a staple food and is generally boiled, roasted, or used with corn in a stew. Naturally, white flour has supplanted corn in many Navaho family meals.

Buckskin moccasins and jewelry are of their own make. A large cowboy hat or a silk handkerchief graces the head, of the cotton shirt, blue denim trouser clad man. Around the waist a belt of large silver conchos, around the neck strings of shell, coral, turquoise, and silver, and on the ears turquoise pendants will probably be worn. The women wear a costume consisting of a long sleeved velvet shirt ornamented with silver buttons and a skirt which is often twelve to fifteen feet wide. They also wear moccasins. Around their shoulders will be found a bright colored



Above are scenes from Havasu Canyon, isolated canyon tributary of Grand Canyon and home of the Havasupai Indians. Top left shows Crematory Gulch in the lower "haunted" section of the canyon, where the dead were once cremated in the caverns along the sides of the gulch. Top right show the Twin Gods opposite Supai village. Bottom left is a Havasupai hogan and bottom right is a beautiful little waterfall below Mooney Falls.

Pendleton blanket. The amount of jewelry is usually limited only by the family wealth.

All weaving is done by the women and involves much hard work in preparing the wool as well as doing the weaving under primitive conditions.

The Navaho silversmiths make beautiful necklaces, rings, bracelets, and belts.

Under present day conditions the medicine men chanters or singers have great prestige. Among the best known chants are the Night Chant, the Mountain Chant, the Feather Chant, the Wind Chant, and the Hail Chant.

THE APACHE

The Apache lives in a mountainous area, roughly, a hundred miles square. There is some pine timber on the reservation, but the land is chiefly useful for grazing.

In the early days, in fact until 1886, the Apache was warlike. Geronimo was a famous leader who was shrewd and a very formidable foe of the white man.

The Apache ordinarily lives in a wickiup. This consists of poles with the tops drawn together and securely fastened and the framework covered with grass or bundles of straw, the thatch being secured by canvas.

The women wear a full skirt, requiring about eighteen yards of sateen or percale and made with a deep flounce. The blouse hangs to the hips, is high necked, and is not belted. The hair hangs free, and foot covering is usually moccasins. The men wear levis and blue cotton shirts for every day, but show a flair for color on dress-up occasions by wearing bright satin shirts. The cowboy hat is worn.

The tortilla is the favorite form of bread. Most of the cooking is done over the open fire, and the Dutch oven is rather standard cooking equipment. Since the Apaches own about forty-five to fifty thousand sheep, valued at about a million and a half dollars, meat constitutes the main item of food, but recent cash payments for labor have expanded the diet to include most of the traders' offerings.

Apache basketry has a well deserved reputation. The women use both the twining and the coiling techniques. Materials used in the twining technique are principally squawberry, sumac, and mulberry. Coiled ware is usually made of willow and cottonwood. Trays, bowls, baskets, and flat objects generally are made by the coiling technique.

There are many ceremonies and several of these have dances as a part of the ceremony. Included among these are the lightning ceremony, curative ceremony, and the puberty ceremony.



Indians are natural showmen. They wear brightly colored clothing on ordinary occasions, but their dress for special occasions really approaches the gaudy and their ceremonial costumes are things of splendor and beauty to marvel at. At the Pow-Wow you will see the Indians garbed in their best, most attention-attracting finery.

A Navajo Weaver In Her Home

By COURTNEY R. JONES

All cuts used in this story through courtesy of the National Park Service.

DEATH came for old Peshlakai Etsedi at the end of a bitter winter. He had been a wise leader of his people, and had even gone to Washington to talk to the white Natani, so his relatives had a great deal of prestige. His son and daughter-in-law, Clyde and Sally Peshlakai, are our neighbors here at



Sally and her friends shearing sheep.

Wupatki. We had been away all winter and when we got home we went immediately to visit the family. We had an approximate idea of where they were living, so we drove off that evening in the general direction, following the faint sandy ruts worn by years of wagon travel. A chilly wind was whipping up the sand in little gusts and spirals and the grasslands looked desolate and flat. As we twisted down into a little box canyon, several dogs rushed out barking, and we noticed the Hogan nestled against the cliff wall. We could smell the Juniper smoke drifting out of the smoke hole in the roof, and see the rim of light around the blanket hung in the doorway. Someone pushed the blanket aside and came out and leaned up against the wagon; when we went over, we recognized Clyde, and he looked sad. We shook hands and he told us he was glad we were home, and we told him we were sorry about his father. Davy stayed outside to talk with him and I went in to see Sally and her younger sister Katherine, and Katherine's new baby. Sally jumped up and hugged me and we laughed, and I was glad that they didn't expect me to cry with them in the traditional Navajo mourning.

Sally put some more sheepskins down on the hard clay floor and they woke the baby and let me hold him in his cradle board. Katherine talks a little English, so Sally would tell her things to tell me. Pretty soon

I knew which of their relatives had died and which had had new babies that winter, and all the news. One of the little boys brought in an armful of Juniper branches and began to replenish the glowing embers in the middle of the floor, stick by stick, letting each one burn almost to coals before adding another, so that the room wouldn't be too hot. Clyde and Davy came in and sat across from us. The sheepskins were springy, and it was cozy and shut in from the cold outside, so that only rarely, when a gust of wind whirled up a few ashes, would we look up at the stars and marvel that the smoke hole occupied almost half of the space where we would expect a roof. Clyde began to talk, and we leaned against the walls to listen. Sally picked up her spindle and continued her unbelievably dextrous yarn-making. Katherine rocked the baby until he fell asleep, and then she began to card some wool for Sally to spin. When we got up to leave, they told us that in three more days their relatives would come to help shear the sheep, and that we should come to watch.

Sally is one of the best weavers on the Western Reservation, and her ability is a source of pride for her whole family. They appreciate our interest in weaving and are eager to show us the proper technique, or what Clyde calls "the best right," from sheep to finished rug.

The morning of the third day, we went to the canyon again. We had seen several wagons coming in, and now they almost filled the space in front of the Hogan. The sun beat down and the red sandstone reflected its heat. The canyon walls were eroded into little holes like miniature caves. Almost every cave contained a fluffy white kid, curled up in its niche



Preparing the wool yarn.



Sally getting well started on her rug.

where it could survey the scene with a bored stare. Other kids butted each other, or bounded up the almost perpendicular rocks with a soft clatter of sharp little hooves. A crude wall of logs and stones blocked off the end of the box canyon, and from behind the wall came the bleating of the lambs.

The smoke rising from the Hogan was fragrant with mutton stew, and several carcasses of fresh mutton were hanging from poles. Grandmother Peshlakai sat on a pile of sheepskins in front of the Hogan, rocking one of the babies and dozing under the weariness of her ninety-two years and her long jolting trip from Grey Mountain. For once Sally was short in her greeting—there were lots of sheep to shear and lots of people to feed.

Everybody else was behind the wall, which corraled the herd in the box canyon. On one side was a sort of inner corral in which the women were shearing. On the other side the men were reclining and smoking and gossiping. We shook hands all around. Clyde placed some of the people for us by their relationships—Hal's wife, Peter's mother, somebody's older brother's son. He showed us how the wool was packed into sacks. A sack hung from a framework, and one of the little barefooted boys perched on top. When someone would toss up a fleece, he would stuff it into the gaping sack, jump down into it and trample it down, then climb back up.

Now and then a woman with dusty hair, and an old faded dress, would release her shorn sheep, and turn it out. Then she would select another victim and drag it into the corral by a convenient leg, throw it on the ground, tie its legs and start to clip off the wool. Davy wanted a picture of the process but the ladies

were shy and reluctant. Clyde wasn't going to miss an opportunity to show posterity how a sheep should be sheared, so he caught one, picked up an extra pair of shears and went to work with a flourish. Later Sally demonstrated for the camera, a little embarrassed at being photographed in an old dress and no jewelry.

The shearing bee lasted several days, for when Sally's sheep were finished the family packed up and moved off with the friends and relations to shear their flocks. When it was all over, Sally decided how much of the wool should be sold and how much she would keep for the year's weaving. She selected the weaving wool carefully, sorted it by kinds and colors, and stored it in flour sacks. Wool which was too short stapled, or too kinky, or too oily for spinning, was taken to the nearest trading post and exchanged for staple groceries, material for new dresses for Sally and Katherine, shirts and overall pants for Clyde and the boys, and cookies for the baby. If the family had had a hard winter and been forced to pawn some of their turquoise and silver, it would have been redeemed at this time.

Sally's strong slender fingers are seldom idle. She supports her family by weaving fine-textured floor rugs, and almost always has one of these on her loom. But weaving does not occupy much of her time—it is tiring to sit long in one position and unless she is especially inspired or in a hurry to finish, she just weaves an hour or so at a time. A rug contains an amazing amount of yarn, and spinning is to Sally what knitting is to us, a pleasant, relaxing sort of occupation, which doesn't require much concentration, so she will spin and chat with her family and friends for hours. The carding, which straightens the fibers and removes the burrs and other foreign matter, is usually Kath-



Time is taken out to avert a small tragedy.



The author and Sally's family proudly inspect the finished rug.

erine's job. Katherine, who is just nineteen, is an indifferent weaver who doesn't care enough about it to make more than an occasional coarse saddle blanket. This works out beautifully for both ladies—Katherine is content to do most of the cooking and butchering and caring for the sheep, so Sally is free to weave.

After the shearing, Sally found that she had enough of the fine, long-staple wool for a blanket. Yarn for a blanket must be almost as fine as string, and blankets are rare because the old-fashioned sheep with the proper wool are scarce now, and only a talented weaver can do the fine work. At the time Sally started her masterpiece, she was teaching me to spin and weave, so I was able to watch the construction of the ultimate in Navajo weaving. For a rug, the yarn is spun twice, but for the blanket Sally spun it three times. Ordinary grey yarn is made by carding natural white and black wool together, about half and half, until they are blended. Sometimes it is hard to get a uniform shade, so Sally took no chances on any variation in the background of the big blanket. She selected the wool bit by bit, matching each piece, all the same shade of soft grey.

Those summer mornings, when we were all working together at the Hogan, were delightful. We sat under a decrepit Juniper tree, which supported, besides our adjoining looms, rolls of extra bedding, sheepskins, weaving tools, drying mutton, and a suitcase. Sally persisted in trying to teach me Navajo, and every day she would tell me the names of the colors, or the words for different household articles, and every day I would forget them. When I used a Navajo word, she would be delighted, and help me polish up its pronunciation. When it rained too hard to work in comfort, she showed me how to let down my rug, roll it up, and cover it with sheepskins. One day a lizard ran into our shelter and hid in some loose wool. The ladies routed it out and chased it away, and Katherine giggled as she told me that if they came around your house you would be poor. The day we were setting up my loom, a lizard ran up and I chased it out. The ladies gave me pitying glances, and Katherine said, "Now you won't finish your rug, maybe." I decided not to try to cope with such conflicting superstitions.

Care was lavished on every step of weaving the

most ordinary rug. After spinning a hank of yarn, Sally would wash it in yucca suds until it was soft and shiny. Then she would tie one end to a twig, and walk round and round several convenient bushes, unwinding the hank and stretching the yarn from branch to branch. It dried almost immediately in the sun and wind, and Sally would go round and round again winding it into a tight ball. The colored yarn had been washed, then dyed, then spun, and finally washed again to make it fast to light and washing.

When Sally went to Flagstaff with us it was a gala trip. Her sense of humor was not restricted by our lack of a common language, for her jokes in Navajo never failed to make us laugh. When we dismounted from the truck to do our marketing she presented an elegant appearance. Her hair was shiny and drawn smoothly into the bow-knot shaped chignon, tied with white handspun wool cord. Her ruby-colored plush blouse was practically obscured in front by rows of silver buttons and yards of turquoise and shell beads. Her flounced skirt was impeccable, and just covered the tops of her red buckskin moccasins. On really special occasions her legs and ankles would be wrapped in white buckskins. To watch her eyes sparkle in delight at the innovations of the city, was to see with new eyes much that had been taken for granted.

In the grocery store she would sell her rug, or some skins, and buy a ninety-eight pound sack of flour, twenty-five cents worth of baking powder, ten pounds of sugar, and four pounds of coffee. Then the fun began. For several hours the amount of money left over was weighed against the family's other needs in order of their importance. Eventually cash would be



Clyde proudly takes his son in arms.

spent for so many yards of cloth, thread, and bias tape—for Sally is as expert at the sewing machine as at the loom, and dresses this end of the reservation in return for a sheep or two per dress, plus the price of materials. Cookies and candy for the children, and their parents, too, were next on the list. One afternoon I ran into Sally, and she went with me to the fruit department. Here she made it clear that she desired to buy some fruit, and the clerk and I looked around in a slight panic for the Navajo interpreter. He had disappeared, and it was obviously up to us—or Sally. She just pointed to some peaches, counted out eighteen pennies on the counter, and the boy weighed out the proper amount. This fascinating procedure was repeated with three or four varieties of fruit, until the last penny had disappeared. "Lah-ah, Hogan-go" said Sally, gathering up the packages—"All right, let's go home."

The big blanket was rolled up most of the time. When genius burned, Sally would get it out and weave a few inches, but it progressed so slowly, that we would almost wonder whether this generation would be privileged to enjoy it. It travelled with the family as they followed the sheep to greener pastures all summer. Eventually they reached the end of the yearly camping tour, which had included at least five Hogans. In the comparative permanency of the Winter Hogan, just as

the nights were turning chilly, Sally set up the big loom for the last time. It stood on the sunny side of the Hogan and she was determined to finish the piece before it was too cold to work outside. We watched it grow, inch by inch, into one of Sally's characteristically bold designs, which are never duplicated, but which bear her stamp of genius in the feeling for form and line, and in the unity and balance of color and composition. This was the most elaborate she had ever attempted, and we watched the progress of each line with awe, knowing that an error in judgment would throw the design off center. It was impossible for Sally to compute its intricacies except in her own mind. In fact, I have never seen her try to draw anything, even in the sand, as Katherine and I do when we are discussing designs.

The morning the perfect blanket was taken off the loom was bright and clear and we had a regular field day taking pictures. Of course there were several formal ones, with the whole family painfully posed. Before long everybody was having too much fun to look strained, trying to make the baby wave, shake hands, and otherwise act for the camera. The blanket had been ordered by a Hopi friend, Mr. Jimmy Kay, of the Museum of Northern Arizona, and it now adorns one of his white plastered walls—while Sally and her family entertain us in the delicious warmth of a forty-dollar "Sittin' Room Stove."

Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow

JULY 2-3-4

America's Greatest Indian Celebration

Always a warm welcome for visitors at each of our modern department stores located in the following cities:

- Flagstaff
- Williams
- Winslow
- Holbrook
- Kingman
- Grand Canyon

ALSO SEVEN TRADING POSTS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY

Babbitts
ESTABLISHED 1889

A Half-Century of Service to Northern Arizona and Its Visitors



Photos of the Baby Contest, Beauty Contest and chance snapshots taken of the Indians at the Pow-Wow grounds.



Indian Arts-Crafts

A Distinctive Hopi Exhibition At Museum of Northern Arizona

IN THE patio of the Museum of Northern Arizona at the foot of the San Francisco Peaks, just north of Flagstaff, the Eleventh Annual Hopi Craftsman Exhibition will be held from July 1 through July 5. Hopi men and women, expert in their various crafts, will be seen peacefully working in the shade of the portales, their bright native garb silhouetted against the gray lava rock walls.

These people will demonstrate to visitors the magic arts of pottery making without a wheel, basket making of several kinds, silversmithing, and blanket weaving, for which the yarn is spun by hand and not with a spinning wheel.

Few white men can today understand how native Indian products are so expertly made without the mechanical aids upon which they are so dependent. In our European culture, the potters wheel and spinning wheel have been in use for over 3,000 years, but the American Indians never had either. White men too can no longer understand how the beautiful colors in baskets and blankets can be produced from native plant dyes. They have forgotten that their grandmothers used similar dyes and practically the same techniques not so long ago.

The Hopi Craftsman Exhibition now having its eleventh annual showing is a scientific experiment for the preservation and encouragement of the aboriginal crafts of the Hopi Indian. They, alone, of all the

Pueblo peoples still make the same articles their ancestors made before the Spanish came 400 years ago. Yet the pressure of modern civilization in recent years has caused a decline and deterioration in many of their products. The object of the Hopi Craftsman exhibition is to encourage the production of the old type of articles made of native materials—such as vegetable dyes, and handspun cotton and wool yarns. At the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition all the pieces shown are selected by members of the Museum staff at the homes of the individual craftsmen, and represent the best work of each Hopi exhibitor. All the Hopis, old, middle-aged, and young, feel that this is their exhibition and all wish to be represented by their finest work. Before the opening of the exhibition, the material is divided into groups and judged for prizes—a first, second, and honorable mention being given in each of seventy groups. Ribbons indicating the prize winning pieces are attached to each one. The Hopis receive cash prizes for first and second prizes, and ribbons only for honorable mention.

All the material exhibited is for sale, and collectors of Indian Art come from all over the country in search of the beautiful golden yellow pottery, coiled and wicker baskets, soft striped vegetable dye blankets, and cotton ceremonial garments—many of them rare objects, and infrequently seen at the trading posts on the Hopi Reservation or in the regular markets.

* * *

The Hopi arts and crafts date far back into the prehistoric past. In the Basket Maker stage dating before 700 A.D., the art of basketry reached a very high point. The ceramic arts probably came into the Hopi area around 700 A.D. and passed thru various stages of development until it reached its highest artistic expression in the yellow wares of the 15th century. About 1898, Dr. J. W. Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution excavated a 15th century site known as Sikyatki, and the women of First Mesa were so charmed with the lovely prehistoric pottery designs that they began to copy them. Curiously enough, today the designs on pottery made for trade are a development from this ancient type.

Weaving is also an ancient craft. Finely but simply woven cotton cloth fragments date back to about 800 or 900 A.D. The Hopis have grown their own cotton for many centuries, we know, because it has been found in the ruins, and because the early Spanish Expeditions in the 1500's describe the fields of cotton they passed through. The Spaniards were pleased to find peoples in Arizona and New Mexico civilized enough to weave cloth, and they exacted from them each year a tax of a certain number of yards of cotton cloth, which was used for clothing the army, etc. The Spanish brought with them sheep, and it was not long before the Hopis and other Pueblo Indians became just as expert weavers of wool fabrics as of cotton.

The type of cotton the Hopis grew until recent times is called *Gossypium hopi*. The plants are low bushes and the bolls produced are about the size of walnuts, and yielding 3 small tufts of cotton fiber. The seeds were removed by hand, and the carding had to be done in a primitive way without the use of carders which are used today. Such a small bit of fiber was secured from each boll that it is amazing to think that cotton

robes measuring 4½ x 6 ft. in size were made. What a lot of precious cotton had to be stored up over a long time before such a robe could be made! Cotton is much more difficult to card and spin than wool, and surely the people were pleased to have Spanish sheep. Everyone must have been much better and more warmly clothed when every family had its own flock of sheep.

Hopi products today are of three sorts: (1) articles produced primarily for trade or sale, such as decorated pottery, blankets and rugs, deep baskets of wicker and coiled types, etc. These are the items traders buy and sell to curio dealers throughout the country. (2) Articles produced for their own everyday use, cooking pots and storage jars, dresses, belts, men's robes, and blankets, flat trays of wicker and coiled type, yucca sifter baskets, and burden baskets. Articles of this

class are generally not sold to traders, and are rarely seen on the market. At the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition all of these things are available to the collector. (3) Ceremonial articles which are especially made for ceremonial use. These include all textiles made of cotton, various special types of decorated pottery and baskets. Drums, rattles, kachina dolls and the ceremonial paraphernalia are also produced. Some of these articles are not considered as ceremonial until they have been used in a ceremony, while others have a sacred value and are never seen by white people. Many of the aforementioned group can be seen at the Hopi Craftsman, but not often at trading stores.

The Hopi Craftsman Exhibition is open to the public daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., July 1 through 5.

1939 Baby Beauties

Each year the proud squaws of all the tribes gathered at the Pow-Wow wash and dress up their papooses for the annual Pow-Wow baby contest. It is a "Better-Baby Contest," judged by doctors, nurses or other competent people, but tribal costume and appearance naturally enters to a rather heavy extent.

Last year Susanna Nez, 5-months-old orphan Navajo, won first. She had been raised, almost since birth, in the Tuba City Indian hospital and the Indian nurses pampered her and clothed her to the extent that

she threatened to become the belle of the Western Reservation. Naturally, she had no competition in a mere baby beauty contest. She wore the finest Navajo costume of velvet jacket and full skirt, almost burdened down with silver concho buttons and jewelry.

Virginia Russell, 7-months-old Navajo of Fort Defiance, won second. Arlene Balone, 1-year-old Navajo of Tuba, won third. Helen McCabe, 7-months-old Navajo of Red Lake, won fourth.

It was a Navajo sweepstakes.

Real Indian Goods

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Arizona Indians

Pottery
Rugs
Jewelry

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The Pow-Wow's Most Coveted Saddle, Made and Donated by

**'DOC' WILLIAMS
INDIAN STORE**

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THE SOUTHWEST'S
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SEARS ROEBUCK & CO.
FLAGSTAFF



Executive Office
State House
Phoenix, Arizona

May 6
1940

**GREETINGS:
TO THE CELEBRANTS OF THE POW-WOW FROM
GOVERNOR R. T. JONES**

To each and all of you I send my hearty greetings and my sincere hope that 1940 will go down as the most successful POW-WOW celebration in the short but brilliant history of the event.

I am looking forward to seeing at least one day's program this year barring some unforeseen circumstance.

To the businessmen of Flagstaff and vicinity, who have given freely of their valuable time with no thought of compensation, should go much of the credit for making this unique celebration possible. You have succeeded in making the POW-WOW one of the most colorful of all Indian celebrations. You have established an event which each year strengthens the bond of understanding between redman and whiteman.

To those of you who have taken a hand in perpetuating the Indian dances, Indian lore and Indian arts and crafts that might otherwise have faded from our scene, I also send my congratulations. You have established a yearly event that brings thousands of new visitors to our state and makes them aware of the God-given beauties of that great wonderland extending from the southern regions of Utah deep into the heart of Arizona. Thanks to the POW-WOW this region is one of our priceless travel assets.

Let this be a happy time for all who participate, and for all those who attend.

Cordially yours,

R. T. JONES,
Governor.

Flagstaff All-Indian Pow-Wow

COMPLETE STORY OF THE INTERNATIONALLY
FAMOUS CELEBRATION HELD FOR AND BY INDIANS

SINCE 1876 the Indians have been gathering at Flagstaff during one month or another, holding celebrations, feasting on foods supplied by whites.

Wherever free food is distributed people will gather, and Indians are no exception. Even today a trader out on the reservation cannot butcher a beef without the Indians knowing about it some way and they will gather before the setting of the sun, waiting for the trader to take what he wants, then they feast on what is left. Nothing of a butchered beef or any other animal is wasted when an Indian does the butchering. The Indian is a true conservationist; he uses every part of a butchered animal, including the intestines. The gall bladder is used for medicine. Nothing is thrown away.

Way back on July 3, 1876, a wagon train reached the welcome spring at what is now Flagstaff, carrying a party of Boston engineers from Denver. The wagon train camped over night at the spring and next day, being July 4, a holiday, the engineer members of the party decided some sort of a celebration should be held.

Indians from the Navajo, Hopi, Walapai and Havasupai tribes gathered around because they had learned

the wagon train had stopped there and they sensed free foods and a chance to trade.

Because of the occasion, the women of the wagon train baked such tasty treats as pastries and other culinary delights as they could from the supplies provided. However to finish out the feast, the men of the wagon train and the Indians had to go out into the mountains to the north and bring in turkey, deer and antelope.

During the morning of the celebration day, according to an old U. S. Army Scout of the Walapai tribe, the white engineers and their women folk sang songs. For the most part the songs were patriotic numbers. These songs were mingled with the primitive chants of the Indians, who little knew at that time what the United States Government meant or what was the significance behind the songs sung by those vagrant, wandering tribes of helpless whites who were passing through the wide areas of Indian country.

One of the members of the white party climbed a pine tree, trimming the tall trunk of its branches as he came down, and left the American flag flying from its



Above is the Hopi Indian Band from Tuba City, Ariz., which has played at Flagstaff Indian celebrations since early days. The band has been recruited from among the Hopi Indians of the reservation around Tuba City and has grown into one of the best bands of the country.

top, in celebration of the holiday. This flagpole or flagstaff came to be known to other passing whites as a landmark and a place for securing blessed water. It is little wonder that the town, springing from the fact that all-important water was available, came to be known as Flagstaff.

Flagstaff became a town in 1894 and was incorporated as a city in 1928. Lumber and stock raising were the two most important industries, but trading with the Indians from the reservation lands to the north has always been important. Every year the Indians come in during summer, after a hard, monotonous winter on the arid reservation lands, to trade and to break loose and have a good fling at the white man's city life. The Indians have always been welcome visitors. They make no trouble, spend money and have a generally good, innocent bunch of fun.

Because so many Indians gathered here in the late spring and summer, they began to hold campfire confabs, social dances and ceremonials. Gradually the whites became more and more attracted to the spectacle and they began to provide free foods and prizes to insure that the Indians would return regularly.

This year is said to be the 12th annual Pow-Wow Celebration, but the first regularly organized All-Indian gathering was held July 14, 15 and 16, 1927, with Doc Pardee of the Prescott Rodeo as promoter. It wasn't much of a show and it was a financial flop, because it was a sort of a hybrid type of attraction. Mainly the entertainment was built up as a rodeo attraction, with the Indians being merely casual entertainers. The Indians had a few games during the afternoon and paraded through the city. It was announced that there would be at least "1,000 Indians here for the big affair" from the Hopi, Navajo, Apache, Pueblo, Zuni, Maricopa and Havasupai tribes. All of 10 beeves, it was declared, were ordered butchered to feed the hungry Indians, with Preacher "Shine" Smith, the "Indians' friend," as director of the distribution of the food.

That the whites were trying to bring in their own entertainment is indicated by the following, printed in the Coconino Sun, July 15, 1927:

"Ralph Stoughton, the genial partner of Attorney John L. Sullivan of Prescott, is handling the downtown '49 show with all the ease of an old timer of the days of the gold.

"Gambling with the sky the limit, old time dance halls where old time cattle hands rub shoulders with drug store cowboys and the modern flappers of today, dancing to the music by Sefton's orchestra are only a few of the night show features."

In contrast to the elaborate spectacle now offered by the Indians, the following is the program offered during "Flagstaff's first annual Indian Tribal Reunion:"

1:00 p. m.—Free parade daily from Emerson school through the downtown section and to City park.
2:00 p. m.—Frontier and Indian sports at City park.
7:00 p. m.—"Forty-nine" camp, at corner East Aspen and Agassiz. Indian dances at grounds at "Forty-nine" camp, 7 and 10 p. m. 7:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m.—Dancing in the "Forty-nine" camp.

In 1928, the year that Flagstaff became incorporated as a city, the people apparently became overly "citized" and decided to emulate Atlantic City and pull

a bathing beauty contest. Three big performances were held the night of July 3 and the afternoon and night of July 4, all at the Armory building.

Getting a little muddled over the similarity of New Orleans, Atlantic City and the Hopi villages, the Flagstaff leaders decided to have a Mardi Gras parade, with floats and bespeckled cars from Flagstaff, Holbrook, Williams and St. Johns; a beauty contest to select "Miss Northern Arizona;" and a Hopi Scalping Dance—all accompanied by the Tuba City Hopi Indian band, and dancing specialties by Forrest Thornburg, Lillian Nichols, Pat Paylore and the Moyer twin sisters.

E'loyse King of Winslow won the title of "Miss Northern Arizona." Miss Billie Williams, now Mrs. Ernest Yost, local society editor, won the prize for having the prettiest costume. Most likely the Indians went home from the celebration in high disgust because their Scalping Dance won no loving cups.

Anyway, the city has neglected to claim the year of 1928 as one of the annual series of Pow-Wows.

In 1929 the spirit of the Old West predominated again and Doc Pardee returned to stage a rodeo at City park August 16 and 17, with Indian rodeo and game events mingled in the program.

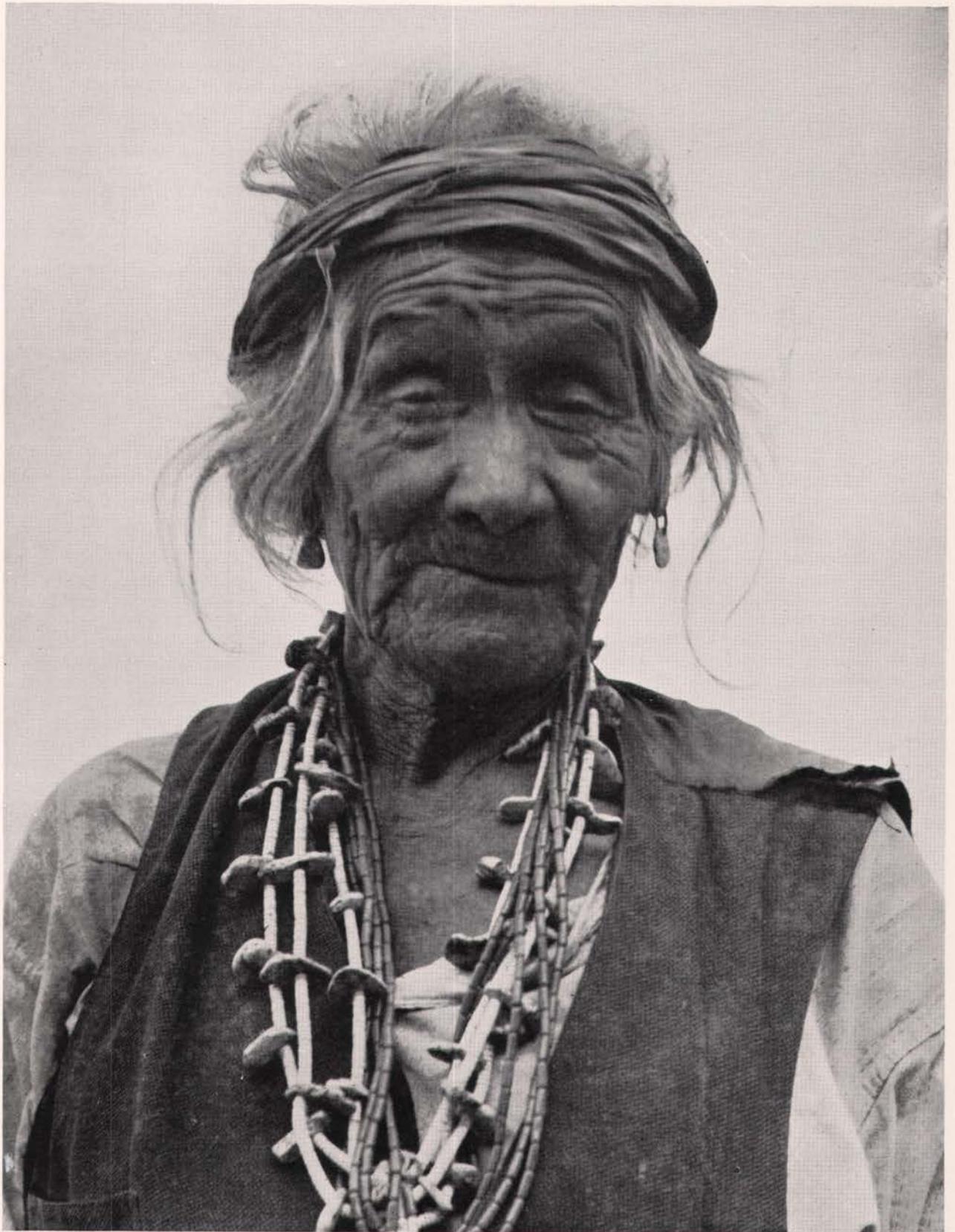
In 1930, though, the real Southwest Indian Pow-Wow came into being under the sponsorship of the local Flagstaff Elks lodge. Francis Decker, as exalted ruler of the Elks, headed a committee, assisted by Fred Browning, Frank Goodman, R. R. Powers, Loren W. Cress, Clarence T. Pulliam and Frank Gold. Mike Kirk, Indian trader from New Mexico, was employed to direct the first annual all-Indian show which has come to be known as the Pow-Wow.

If there was any doubt that this celebration was but an all-Indian show, read the following from the July 4, 1930, issue of the Coconino Sun:

"Injuns, real ones now, are here—hundreds of 'em—Navajos, Hopis and Zunis, with here and there some from other tribes, Apaches, Walapais, Supais, Mohaves, Utes—mingling with the brilliantly garbed, imitation pale-faces, all called to Flagstaff, scenic and climatic capital of the state, by the great first annual Southwestern Indian Pow-Wow."

This was the start of the big, one-and-only all-Indian attraction that has grown into the best and biggest spectacle of its type in the entire world. The show has attracted newspaper men and radio men here. News coverage and radio broadcasts have been international in their scope. Just as Buffalo Bill's Wild-west and Indian circus attracted the attention of crowned heads and the populace the world over, so has this unique frontier show of the little mountain city of Flagstaff attracted the attention and attendance of the world.

It has been a long, slow series of historical events and occurrences that led up to the present Pow-Wow. Following the July 4, 1876, celebration, which resulted in the actual naming of Flagstaff, the next celebration on record is that of the summer of 1882, when the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, now the Santa Fe, built a right-of-way into this city. Traders were well established. Mormons had set up settlements and homes. Sawmills were operating about Flagstaff, as were the stockmen. Lumbermen, cowboys, storekeepers, farmers, sheepherders and Indian traders joined in on



Above represents the real spirit of the Flagstaff Pow-Wow. He is one of the old Indians from the Navajo reservation to the north of Flagstaff, one of the many old fellows who have for years come to Flagstaff to trade and come here to enjoy the hospitality of this city during its annual celebration. Flagstaff is an old city in the Southwest and the older Indians have been of great value in keeping their tribes conscious of the loyalty their people owe to their old original trading post which has now grown to a city of friendly hosts.

the celebration, inviting their Indian friends to take part.

The Indians took part in all the games and feats of skill during the celebration. More, they added a striking touch to it that the white could not produce—their tribal ceremonies. Lumberjacks did their stunts. Cowboys exhibited their roping and riding skill. In both these types of events the Indians contributed. Even in tree cutting, lopping and log rolling, for the Indians were working in the woods right along with the white lumberjacks. Indians were employed by the stockmen and in the riding and roping events of the small rodeo they competed successfully with the white cowboys.

Horse racing was a very important part of the celebration. In this the Navajos and Havasupais participated by entering their fast horses. At that celebration the Indians and white contestants competed on equal terms. There was no distinction of any kind made.

The Flagstaff celebrations were always considered neutral ground. Woe be unto the white or Indian who transgressed this unwritten law by laying for an enemy. Tribes residing afar might go to war with each other the following month. Cowboys and some Indians might, as they frequently did, fight out their differences along the rivers or on distant ranges a few days afterward, but at the celebration no feuds or hatreds might come to the surface.

July celebrations were held regularly after 1882. As the city continued to grow just any ground anywhere would not do. The celebration was shifted to an open prairie where the Arizona State College buildings now stand. When ground was broken there for the first institution the celebration was established at the far end of South San Francisco street. A race track was laid out and a small, wooden grandstand erected.

Of this latter race track the Coconino Sun of August, 1889, says, "A cowboy filled with something or other was discovered riding his horse around and around the race track. When an officer inquired where he thought he might be going the cowboy replied that he was on his way home to the ranch and would the law please go away as he had a good many more miles to go."

After 1900 the annual celebration missed an occasional year. Previous to the turn of the 20th century the celebration bore no particular name. Everybody came to it. Everyone was welcome to such amusements, feasts and fun as the frontier town could afford. But after 1900 the celebration bore such titles as Annual Rodeo, Cowboy Days, Flagstaff Celebration, Days of '49, July 4th Celebration, and Frontier Days.

Many fraternal organizations and civic clubs, the Elks, cowboys, merchants and the Chamber of Commerce, all had their try at operating the annual show. Wherever the celebration missed a year it bobbed up with a new sponsor the following year.

"Frontier Days" was produced as late of 1925. This was a pageant of the old west, with hold-ups, neck-tie parties and all the fixings. Ox teams hooked to prairie schooners and driven by men who pioneered to Arizona in them, were seen in the parades. Indians and cowboys competing in the rodeo side by side, and pioneer women dressed in the clothes of a past day walked in the parade with the Indian women.

Thereafter the celebration took on the tone of a general rodeo for awhile. As usual the contestants were Indians and whites. The show was moved to the

City Park. After movie producers in Hollywood learned of all the free western "atmosphere" and color attending these celebrations cameramen were dispatched to make shots. During the 1927 and 1928 shows actual pictures were filmed around Flagstaff, with most of the important rodeo and Indian scenes shot during the performance in the arena.

The 1927 celebration proved a financial flop. Coupled with this was the fact that for several years the contestants and the spectators were made up of about 65 per cent Indians.

In the spring of 1929 there arose some talk of completely abandoning the celebration. However, and fortunately, a number of the business men of Flagstaff were familiar with the long history of Indian participation. Not the whites so much but the surrounding Indian tribes who looked forward to their one big outing of the year, were going to be gravely disappointed in the failure of the show to materialize. Indian participation had always been large. Perhaps that was a part of the difficulties jeopardizing the celebration. For the financial load was then, as it is today, carried entirely by whites.

The pioneers of Flagstaff were seriously concerned over abandoning the celebration. They knew that to the Indian it was already steeped in tradition and prestige.

Mike Kirk, genial Irishman, Navajo Indian trader from Manuelito, New Mexico, was engaged by the Elks club to superintend the Indian programs in 1930. He thereby became the first arena director, or program manager, of the Pow-Wow. A good many citizens of Flagstaff believed the celebration should have a distinctive name of its own. Loren Cress, Flagstaff business man, proposed the title "Pow-Wow."

The celebration of 1933 made the sponsors of the Pow-Wow aware more than ever of the advisability of an organization that would necessarily have to promote the Pow-Wow twelve months of the year. Its importance had grown steadily until the business men who had produced it so far could not devote all the time necessary to the Pow-Wow's production. Jack Fuss, program director, engaged in outdoor advertising, warned that he could scarcely devote more than 60 to 90 days of his time to promotion of the show. G. A. London, executive secretary Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce, declared that the business of the Pow-Wow was increasing to such an extent that it was vitally necessary for the celebration to be dissolved from the

Welcome, Pow-Wow Visitors
To The

HOUSE OF MIDGLEY

Food Market

"Watch Us Grow"

OPEN EVENINGS AND
SUNDAYS

One Block North of
Highway 66 on Beaver
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA



Lower left shows Caroline Winnie and her infant sister of Lukachukai, Arizona. Caroline recently starred in a movie made on the Navajo Reservation. Upper left is a typical scene in one of the Navajo Reservation's 48 Day schools. Right is a Navajo home, taken near Shiprock, N. M., showing unusual erosion of land about the home. All above photos taken by Milton Snow, Navajo Service, Window Rock, Ariz.

COME TO COCONINO COUNTY, ARIZ.!

★ A great western American empire larger than Switzerland, larger than the Netherlands, larger than the combined areas of New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, Rhode Island, District of Columbia, the Virgin Islands, Guam, the Canal Zone, and American Samoa! Come to beautiful Coconino, the scenic capital of the Great West!

JOE T. TISSAW
Chairman
GEO. A. FLEMING
Clerk

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
COCONINO COUNTY
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

ANDREW MATSON
Member
C. W. MELICK
Member

April 29, 1940.

Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow,
Flagstaff, Arizona.

Gentlemen:

It has been my privilege to have a 'close-up' of the growth and development of the Flagstaff Pow-Wow Association. From that viewpoint I extend congratulations and good wishes to the untiring efforts of your personnel.

Your request for data with regards to the financial condition of the county is as follows:

The valuation of taxable property in the county and the tax rate for the five past fiscal years is as follows:

VALUATION:

1935-1936	1936-1937	1937-1938	1938-1939	1939-1940
\$15,526,068	\$15,443,427	\$15,675,695	\$15,632,550	\$15,209,906

RATE: General County Purposes Only. \$100 valuation

1935-1936	1936-1937	1937-1938	1938-1939	1939-1940
\$1.299	\$1.2776	\$0.6472	\$0.6232	\$0.6168

OUTSTANDING INDEBTEDNESS: December 31, 1939.

Coconino County Warrants:

General County, Road and School Warrants - - \$ 21,882.78
(Including current issue)

General County and District School Bonds - - 277,050.00

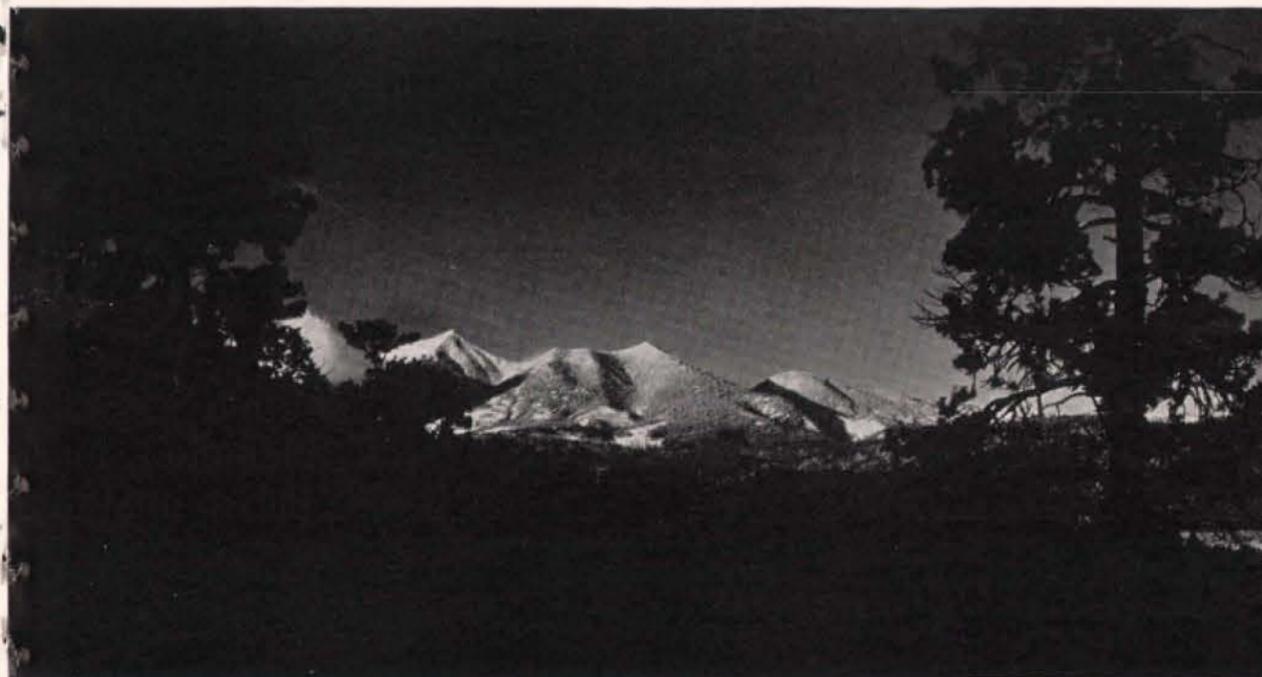
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Wilson Pueblo
Elden Pueblo Ruins
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Colorado River
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Painted Desert
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activities of the Chamber of Commerce with an executive board of its own. The Chamber of Commerce had taken over the production of the celebration in 1931.

At the first business meeting early in 1934 sponsors of the Pow-Wow drew up articles of incorporation, and a certificate of incorporation was issued by the Arizona Corporation Commission March 21, 1934. The incorporators were M. J. Pilkington, K. L. Webber and F. W. Moore, all of Flagstaff. The organization was then officially "Flagstaff Celebrations, Inc."

At a board meeting May 9th, 1934, the incorporators, and G. A. London, acting secretary, elected Henry C. McQuatters president of the board of directors, C. T. Pulliam vice-president, T. S. Spencer secretary-treasurer, R. G. Williams and J. D. Walkup members. The new directors were informed of their election and the operation of the organization was turned over to them. Program manager Jack Fuss resigned, and the Pow-Wow celebration was produced with the board of directors handling the ceremonial programs, and Carl Beck directing the afternoon arena performances. Gladwell (Toney) Richardson, author, Indian trader and natural showman, came in as general director of the celebration.

From the first the title "Flagstaff Celebrations, Inc." seemed unworkable in connection with the high ideals of the Pow-Wow, "To further promote, manage, direct and hold Indian fairs and cultural exhibitions and displays of every kind and description for the purpose of educating the public in regard to the cultural developments and achievements of the Indians." Therefore in 1938 the directors amended the articles of incorporation, changing the name to "Pow-Wow, Inc."

The eighth annual Pow-Wow brought many changes in the celebration. The Indian attendance had increased much, and brought to the Pow-Wow Indians from afar who did not bring their cooking utensils. Therefore the Pow-Wow built cooking pits and issued cooked food. The shows were five, three night and two afternoon. Bronco riding and calf tying was added to the rodeo, and the night performances increased in length.

The ninth annual Pow-Wow ushered in the six big performances. All three afternoons consisted of top-notch rodeo events judged and ruled under the regulations of professional rodeos, with the exception that strictly native games and contests were held according to ground rules laid down by the Indians. The full program of rodeo events required heavy investment in equipment and an addition was made to the grandstand at City Park to accommodate the increase in white at-

tendance. No Indian dances were held during the afternoon, there being no time for them. The three night shows were lengthened to about two hours. The 1937 Pow-Wow saw the broadcasting of the first complete and authentic Indian ceremonials ever sent out over the air. The National Broadcasting Company used an hour of the first night's program.

The tenth annual Pow-Wow, 1938, proved a grand success as far as the Indians were concerned. Their attendance moved upward from about 1,500 in 1935, to 9,846 in 1938. The white attendance has remained at about the same level during the last three years. This is largely due to the fact that only a limited number can be seated in the grandstand.

The Pow-Wow has never been a financial success. It is not intended to be insofar as the organization having money left over from the cost of the celebration's production each year. Except for the main rodeo events, the programs are being constantly changed.

Last year the celebration had its biggest year under direction of Gladwell (Tony) Richardson, but Richardson saw the growing scope of the show and decided he could no longer afford to give practically full time to its direction. He resigned last fall and Tobe Turpin, Indian trader from Gallup, N. M., accepted the job as ceremonial director, with Bob Hansel as director of the rodeo.

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Apaches de Navahu

The Navajos are Athabaskan people from the northwest, mostly nomads. They call themselves Dineh after the name of a Tewa pueblo near where some of the Dineh lived. Spaniards called them Apaches de Navahu. Legend is the Navajos split away from the Apaches 400 years ago and, being a small tribe, fled to Canyon de Chelly. They began a series of raids, prospered, adopted other tribes in wholesale fashion, many of the Acoma and Zuni Indians joining with them.

When the Americans came the Navajo raids caused trouble about 1848 and afterward. Kit Carson led a force against them and defeated them in 1863. The tribe was moved to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where the Navajos suffered greatly. They were returned to their old homes in 1867 and since then the tribal increase has been outstanding, there being close to 50,000 Navajos today.



A parade is a lot of fun to the Indians and they miss no opportunity to show off their costumes, livestock and other possessions. Literally thousands of them join in the big free pageant that starts wending its way through the streets of downtown Flagstaff, beginning at 12 noon each day of the Pow-Wow.

When Indians Play Cowboy

Two years ago a movie company, filming a western picture on the reservation, reported a story, that went all over the country, about an Indian buck who rebelled because he always had to take Indian roles and get shot.

"We tired playing Indian," he grunted in disgust after he had been "shot" several times. "Me want to play cowboy!"

Whether the story is really true or not, it is an actual fact that "playing cowboy" is one of the chief sports of most of the Southwestern Indians. They like to ride bronchos and steers, rope calves and steers, bulldog any critter that has horns, milk wild cows—in fact, do all the tricks that provide rodeo thrills for the white cowboys.

And, what is more, the Indians really enjoy doing the above mentioned dangerous feats of cowboy skills. They know little and care less about the white man's rules and regulations governing rodeo performances. They enter into competition wholeheartedly, having a lot of fun all the while and trying their best to beat out their tribesmen and competing members of other tribes.

Even after the rodeo show is all over and the prizes awarded, the Indians retain the holiday spirit of the occasion and frequently insist on riding all the rest of

the wild bronchos left in the corral—just for the fun of it.

There is intense rivalry among the various tribes. Each year the Indian cowboys from the Maricopa, Navajo, Apache, Havasupai and all of the many other tribes (some coming from even as far away as Montana, the Dakotas, California, Oklahoma, Utah, Texas, etc.) arrive to battle each other in friendly, spirited rodeo contests.

Rugged, wiry little reservation-bred bronchos, wild as antelopes and tough as steel and rubber, are rounded up and brought in annually for the contests. Calves, as elusive as jackrabbits, and shifty, white-eyed and snorting bulls, steers and cows are driven in from out-of-way places on the ranges for roping, bulldogging, riding, team tying and wild cow milking.

It all makes a real rodeo show, just as were the impromptu rodeos in the days of the Old West, when reckless, hard riding cowboys gathered to display the dangerous wares of their skill and trade "just for the hell of it."

Things will be popping and humming with excitement and thrills every minute of every afternoon during the PowWow. The biggest trouble Bob Hansel, rodeo director, will have will be to try to keep the Indian entrants from taking more than their share of the performance, riding and roping more than their share of the rearing, plunging and snorting livestock.

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Napa Glove Company—Napa, Calif.

Levi Straus & Company—San Francisco, Calif.

Comet Rice Mills—Through J. W. Lorentzen, Brokers, Phoenix, Ariz.

Arizona Flour Mills—Through Mr. Joe Melzer, Phoenix, Ariz.

S. J. Dean Company—Food Broker, Phoenix, Ariz.

Alexander Balart Co.—Shippers of Coffee, San Francisco, Calif.

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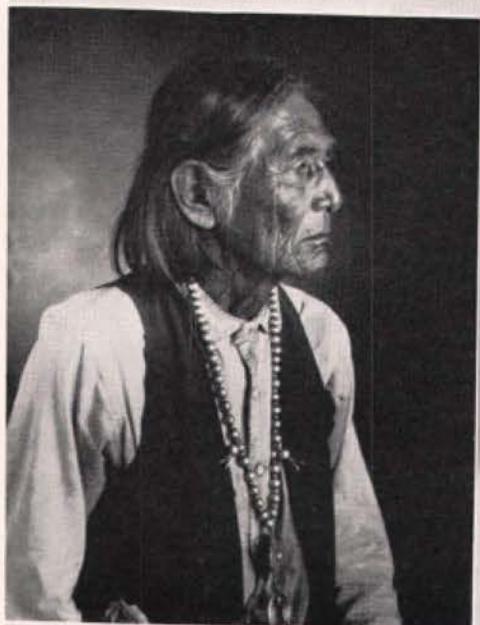
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Sperry Flour Mills—Mr. Bob Healy, Mgr., Phoenix, Ariz.

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Wesley Case—Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Apache Indians were once the terrible scourge of the Southwest, fearless raiding warriors who for years defied the white invaders and their steadily growing Army forces. Top left is a typical Apache home. Top right is an Apache sunrise wedding ceremony, with bride seated in center. Bottom right is an Apache Devil Dance team. Left center is an old Apache chief.

The Hopi Snake Dance

A Spectacular Ritual Performed With Deadly Rattlesnakes— A Sacred Tribal Prayer For Rain

PROBABLY the most spectacular, almost unbelievable, and at the same time, the most sacred and important dance rite of the Hopi Indians is the world famous Snake Dance, performed each year by the Hopi Snake Clan or fraternity to bring rain and good crops.

The dancers perform with live, deadly rattlesnakes and other snakes, carrying the reptiles about in their mouths and hands, breathing into their writhing bodies prayers for rain. The snakes, believed to be messengers to the gods, are afterwards turned loose to carry the prayer messages underground to the home of the gods.

Never has it failed to rain after a snake dance, old pioneers swear. Never has a Hopi dancer been fatally poisoned by a rattlesnake during the ceremony, though many are repeatedly struck by the deadly reptiles.

The dances are held in the pueblo villages of the Hopis, northeast of Flagstaff, on the high mesas. Whites may witness the grotesque, savage spectacle, but may not take pictures. Only in the villages, at times designated by the Snake clan priest, are the dances held. Usually the dances are held late in August, the Snake priest announcing the time about a week before.

The dance is held in the center of the village. A cottonwood bower is constructed, called a Kisi or altar. Before that altar is a buried drum, the tight stretched hide head coming flush with the ground, so each dancer tromps on the drum head as he passes the altar, making a slow, resounding boom.

In the green cottonwood kisi are dozens of slithering and coiling rattlesnakes, buzzing ominous warnings.

The dance takes place late in the afternoon, just before dark, but crowds gather early to get a good seat or standing place. Whites mingle with Hopis and Navajos. The Navajos come, scorning to admit any belief in the ceremony, but many of the bucks carry raincoats and blankets, knowing that it always rains.

Suddenly all movement and chatter of spectators ceases. A lane opens through the crowd and eight gray painted figures run into the cleared spot, immediately starting a slow, choppy dance, shaking rattles of dried gourds in one hand and tufted sticks in the other. They are of the Antelope clan, which assists in the dance. Four times they circle before the kisi, then line up before it and begin chanting.

Back of the crowd appears the most startling group of persons ever seen in this modern age. Mad-looking eyes stare through a mask of black paint that covers their faces and bodies. Some have long straggly hair, falling below their shoulders. Around their loins are deerskin kilts of red. A zig-zag emblem decorates the kilts. Moccasins are also of red. Unseeing, as though in a trance, they run through the crowd.

They are the Snake priests, 14 of them!

An oblong figure is drawn on the ground before the kisi with sacred meal. About this the black figures dance, each stamping out a hollow boom as he passes over the drum head. All the time the Antelopes are standing before the kisi, a dismal, ghastly background of gray, shaking rattles and chanting.

One by one the dancers are given snakes. Each snake carrier is closely followed by another dancer, who continually taps the dancer on the back with a tufted stick and chants.

The dancer almost joyously receives his snake from the head Snake priest. He grasps the thick, writhing rattler in one hand and flicks the tail of the squirming reptile into the other hand. Bending over and swaying in slow rhythm, the dancer mouths the thick, muscular body of the snake as an infant mouths a teething ring.

From time to time snakes are dropped and a snake catcher sprinkles them with sacred meal, then snatches them up and hands them to a member of the waiting Antelope clan. The dancer then receives another snake from the kisi. A snake is never picked up after the dancer has loosened it until it has been sprinkled with meal, even if the snake gets into the crowd.

By the time all the snakes have been danced with and the dance ended, the Antelope clansmen have their hands and arms filled with snakes. Then some of the Snake priests take the snakes back again and race down the slope of the mesa to the plain below. Now and then a snake is dropped, until all of them have been released to carry the prayer for rain to the four directions. Soon it will rain, for already the clouds are beginning to gather overhead.

Rapidly the crowd disperses. Navajos ride down the winding trails to their homes on the plains. Whites climb into autos. The village is left again to the Hopis. It seems hard for spectators to believe that some of these friendly, smiling Hopis, dressed in white man's clothing, have just finished participating in the most savage, weird spectacle ever seen.

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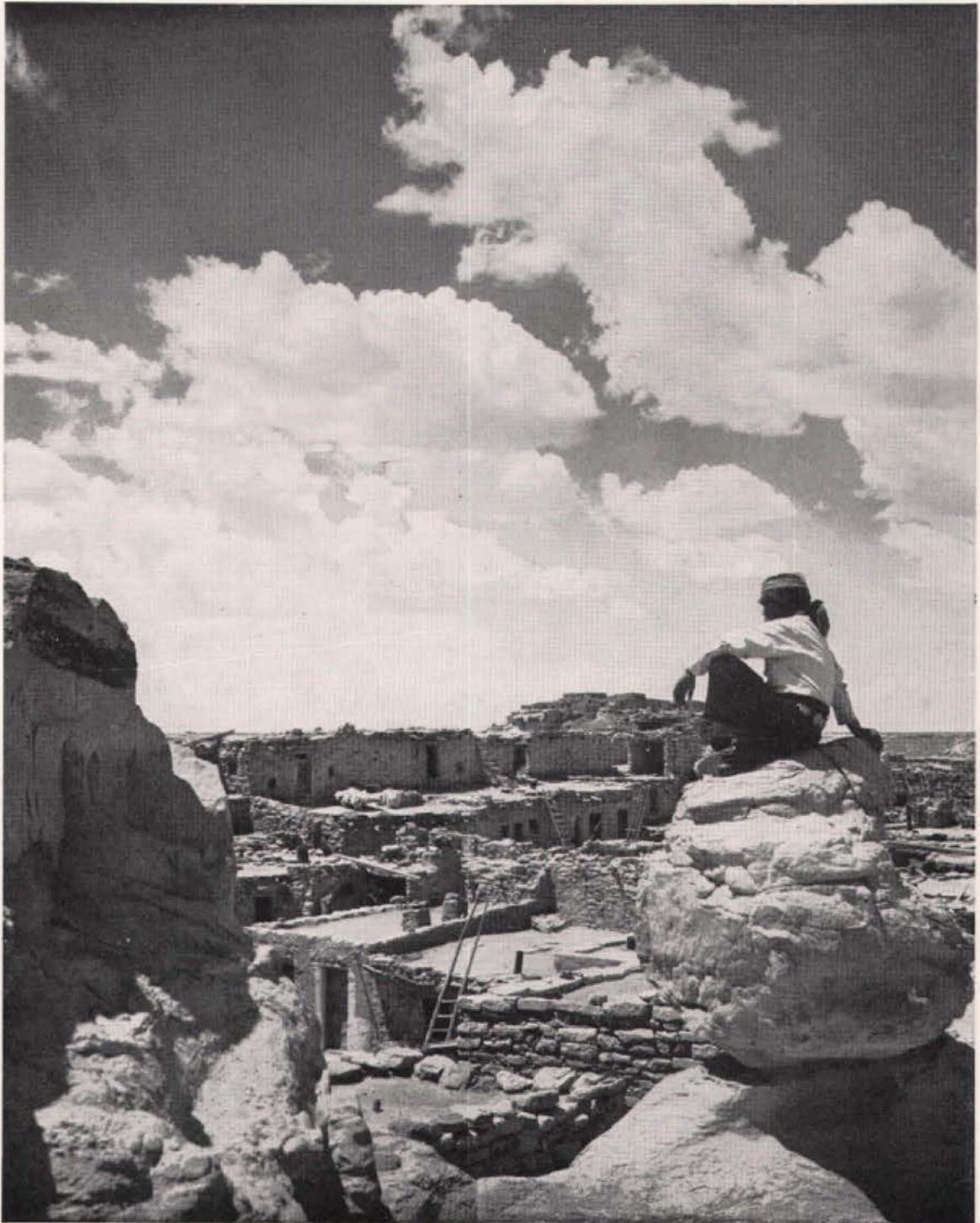
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A Hopi Village



(Photo by Courtesy of Milton Snow)

Expert Farmers Of The Southwest

THE Hopi Indians farmed for centuries along the Little Colorado river, where ruins of their old villages can still be found.

Raiding Apaches and Navajos drove these peaceful, farming people to their present mesas, where the rainfall is less than 12 inches per year, most of the rains usually coming in July and August. Average elevation is 6,500 feet and the cool night retards crops. Sandstorms also damage crops. Cultivation is limited to small areas on the mesa or at the immediate foot.

Despite all these handicaps, the Hopis raise fine crops. They store enough regularly to last through

any lean season. Always, too, there is a battle against weevils to protect the stored crops.

Cotton has been grown since prehistoric days. Men do the weaving. There are about 20 varieties of beans, all colors and of native origin.

Peaches were introduced by the Spanish and still are propagated from the seeds. Some are excellent in flavor. Others are not so good. Orchards are kept religiously clean of weeds, because it is believed poor cultivation and weeds cause bitter fruit. Some of the trees are over 50 years old and still fruitful. The fruit is preserved by drying, sometimes placed on adobe shelves between walls of the house and sealed so the fruit will keep for several seasons.

Ceremonial Director



CEREMONIAL DIRECTOR

Above is Tobe Turpin, who is director of the night ceremonial shows and will be generally in charge of all of the thousands of Indian guests. Tobe is a veteran Indian trader, knows the Southwestern Indian's languages, and is well seasoned by actual experience in helping the Indians stage celebrations. His is a real job. He must keep the Indian guests satisfied, must iron out any difficulties that might arise between the many tribes and, meantime, see that every phase of the celebration goes off as scheduled, so no single Indian or group of Indian performers are not forgotten or slighted in the staging of the daily programs.

Correction

Illustrations used in the Wupatki article, starting on opposite page, were supplied through courtesy of the Museum of Northern Arizona and not the National Park Service, as is shown through error by credit line under each of the two illustrations.

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Wupatki, a Village Built By a Volcano

By DAVID J. JONES

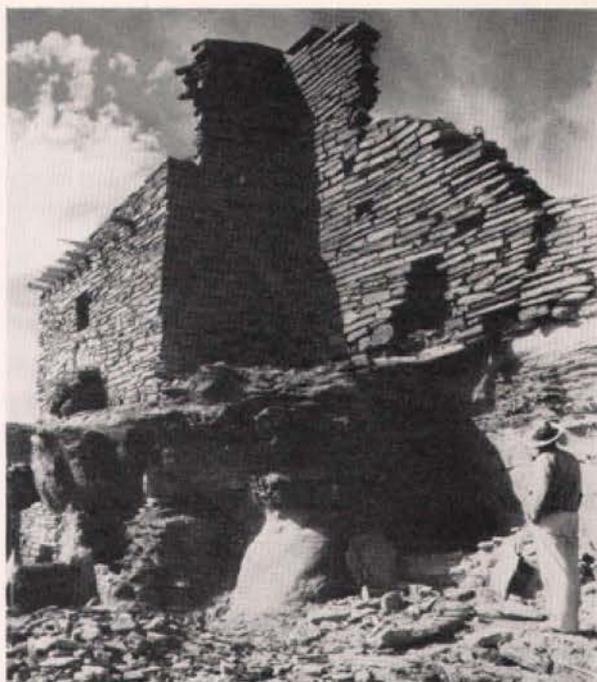
Custodian of Wupatki National Monument

LAND rushes are common in the history of man, but the only one in the United States to have been caused by the eruption of a volcano was in the vicinity of Flagstaff, Arizona. Eleven hundred years ago a heretofore barren plateau was converted into a veritable garden, attracting prehistoric Indian farmers from over the Southwest. Villages sprang up and the area supported one of the most dense populations of northern Arizona at that time. But to understand this rare occurrence it is necessary to go back into prehistory with the archaeologist to a time before the land rush.

Under normal conditions there is a vast area from the San Francisco Peaks to the Little Colorado River which is not inhabitable by farmers because of a lack of moisture in the soil. Evidence at hand indicates that until the latter part of the ninth century there was only a small population in this arid region, and they were confined mostly to small clearings along the base of the San Francisco Peaks. Here there was sufficient rainfall to raise crops of corn, beans, and squash. An "island" in the desert where one was isolated from his fellow men in other parts of the Southwest. In the scattered earth lodges which were partially beneath the surface the Indian families lived, eking a living from the soil. The growing season was short; the winters long and accompanied by heavy snows.

Then came the eruption of Sunset Crater. Apparently there were ominous rumblings and earthquakes for some time before the actual eruption, for all the earth lodges or pithouses in the immediate vicinity were abandoned. Finally there came a violent explosion in which the molten lava from the earth's exterior was shattered by the expanding gases; thus producing cinders which were scattered far and wide. Out of cracks at the base of the crater poured hot, liquid lava, but it was confined, for the most part, to a small basin formed by the surrounding hills. The cinder, however, was carried by strong southwesterly winds off towards the Painted Desert, covering an area of more than 800 square miles. Fortunate indeed were those who had moved, as their pithouses were buried by the cinder. The people living nearer the Peaks were not affected. It is a question as to how long the volcano was active, but even after the worst of it was over hot steam and gas escaped from the vent, producing the bright red and yellow colors at the summit for which the crater is named. In any event the Indians regarded this display of nature with awe, and not unlikely considered it a great catastrophe.

Then some enterprising Indian farmer found that it was possible to raise corn in the cinders where it had previously shriveled and died from lack of moisture. The fine layer of cinder acted as a mulch which absorbed and held the scanty moisture from rain and snow. News of this new farming area soon spread



View of one of the Wupatki ruins. (Photo by Milton Snow, courtesy of the National Park Service).

over the Southwest and the land rush started. Indian families deserted their fields to seek a better living in the "promised land."

Here truly was a "melting pot" of people with Indians coming from all directions. It is one place in the Southwest where all four of the cultural groups recognized by the archaeologist are present. In the rubbish heaps of the earlier villages the spade of the archaeologist brings to light the differences between the inhabitants, for even at that time different customs were practiced by the various tribes just as today. One group disposed of their dead by inhumation, another by cremation. Each had its own ideas as to how pottery should be made and decorated. Their houses also tended to indicate to what group the owner belonged.

The stone masonry apartment house—a new idea in the annals of the architects at that time—became popular, although the more conservative still clung to the pithouse. Large pueblos which were located near a source of drinking water varied in size from ten to more than one hundred rooms. Small one or two-room structures were built near the fields for use in the summertime. The largest pueblo and probably the longest inhabited of any in the cinder country was Wupatki Ruin, forty miles northeast of Flagstaff. Located at the base of a black, lava mesa overlooking the Painted Desert, its imposing walls of red sandstone are still in an amazing state of preservation.

Standing in the shadow of a massive wall today, one can, with little difficulty, visualize life as it must have been eight centuries ago. Wupatki (pronounced Woo-paht'-kee) was the center of activities for a large village, its small rooms sheltering a hundred or more Indian farmers and their families. Below, in the valley, were neat patches of corn, tended all day by the men and children. Here on the housetops and in

the patios, the women gathered to gossip while performing the daily tasks. Many would be grinding corn for the next meal, while others fashioned pottery, baskets, or mended clothing. Brilliantly colored parrots sunned themselves. Dogs followed the children about, or lay panting in the shade. With the help of his neighbors a man might be adding another room to the pueblo, because of the need for additional storage space or to accommodate a newly acquired wife. Young girls could be seen in the early morning returning along the pottery strewn trail from the spring, intricately decorated water jars balanced on their heads. On gala occasions colorful ceremonies were held in the amphitheatre, and crowds gathered on the rooftops to watch the dancers or listen to the music of flute and drum. When time permitted, exciting games were played in the nearby ball court, an innovation brought by the Indian migrants from the south. This was life in one of the more important cities of northern Arizona four hundred years before Columbus discovered America. Profound had been the influences of the eruption.

The cinder area now supported one of the most dense populations of northern Arizona at that time. Wupatki was only one of the many pueblos. The Citadel—a fortress apartment house—was located near a peculiar sink hole in which there must have been water for drinking purposes, and within a square mile of the sink were more than two hundred small sites. Further to the east villages dotted every hilltop. Thus had the people come together in the villages. With such close contact and even intermarriage between members of the various tribes the differences apparent in the lower levels of the rubbish heaps became less and less distinct.

Rapidly this region developed into an important center. No longer were the people isolated by the natural barriers formed by desert and mountain. "Trade lanes" were diverted into the cinder country bringing supplies in demand by the people—shells from the Pacific coast, turquoise and other stones for ornament from the south and east, cotton for textiles. This prehistoric trade is interesting. In spite of the fact that there was no means of transportation, articles would often travel several hundred miles. A trader

would visit a nearby village to barter for objects from villages even farther away. An unusual discovery at Wupatki during the excavation was the remains of the red, yellow, and blue military macaws or parrots. Apparently they were regarded as sacred birds just as the eagle is among the Hopi today; and they could be obtained only in northern Mexico. From village to village they were brought to the north. One can easily imagine the price of a parrot after it had been traded through numerous hands for a distance of more than 500 miles and with each person making a profit.

Yet even during the "hey-day" of the cinder country natural forces were slowly, insidiously working to destroy the attainment of the Indians and in the late 1100's they became pronounced. Growing discontent appeared among the people. Yields from the fields were not as abundant as before. Droughts became more frequent and prolonged. High winds sweeping the cinders into deep dunes left many fields bare of this moisture conserving layer. Along with these troubles arose the social evils bred by discontent—arguments over the better farming lands, over water, and a multitude of petty details in everyday life. A life made possible by the eruption of the volcano was being destroyed by other natural forces—winds and drought.

Gradually families abandoned their homes to again seek more fertile fields elsewhere. The more persistent stayed on in hopes that this would again become the promised land. Their futile attempts to prevent the cinder mulch from being swept off the fields can be seen today, rows of stones following the contours of the hills. Finally even they gave up in despair. Abandoned homes fell into ruins; nature reclaimed the once-fertile plots. Thus the region into which the Indians migrated early in the eleventh century was abandoned by the 1300's, bringing to a close a most unique chapter of Southwestern prehistory.

Who these Indians were and where they went is an interesting subject for speculation. It is certain that in part, at least, they were Pueblo people whose descendants are living in the Southwest today. Possibly one might find relatives of the inhabitants of Wupatki



Wupatki as seen from a distance. (Photo by Milton Snow, courtesy of the National Park Service).

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Art Music Shop

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Bank of Arizona, The
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Best, Bessie Kidd
Ben Franklin Store
Black Cat Cafe
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Cactus Gardens Court
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City of Flagstaff
Coca-Cola Bottling Co.
Coconino Abstract Office
Coconino Sun, The
Coconino County
Commercial Hotel
Cress Brothers

DeSpain, Irene

Economy Store, The
El Pueblo Auto Court
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Flagstaff Steam Laundry
Flagstaff Auto Supply Co.
Flagstaff Electric Light Co.
Flagstaff Furniture Co.
Flagstaff Pharmacy
Flagstaff Indian Store
Flagstaff Theater
Frank's Place
Fronske, Dr. M. G.

Gassman's Gift Shop
Goble R. E.
Grand Canyon Cafe

Gregg, Marie
General Petroleum Co.

Harper Furniture Co.
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Lois' Beauty Shop
Lowrey's Texaco Service Sta-
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Pilcher, Dr. A. G.
Pilkington Motor Co.
Powder Puff Beauty Parlor
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Shop
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Waldhaus Garage
Wilson & Coffin Garage

among the Hopi of northern Arizona or the Zuni in New Mexico. In these modern villages even today life is basically the same as in prehistoric pueblos more than 800 years ago.

Note: Credit for the painstaking research which makes possible this reconstructed story of the effect of a volcanic eruption of a prehistoric people is due the

Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. Those visitors who are interested may find the actual material from excavations on exhibit at the Museum. The areas concerned in this article are being preserved by the National Park Service at Wupatki and Sunset Crater National Monuments. Interested visitors may reach these monuments a short distance from Flagstaff on Highway 89.

Indian Village Attractions

Don't miss the Indian village!

The entire forest area around the pavilion and Pow-Wow grounds is thickly settled during the three days of the Pow-Wow by camping Indian families. Whites are welcome and encouraged to walk about among these camps at any time. The Indians will welcome your visit, too. Most of them have brought along articles that they have made, hoping to sell them to you.

After the Indians have enjoyed their rodeo performances and their night ceremonial dances and chants, they drift back to their village of camps and around midnight they gather in tribal and even inter-tribal groups to stage social dances, which last until sunup. The Navajo squaw dance is one of the most popular of these affairs. The squaws choose their men partners and dance with them the rest of the night and early morning. Often times there is an amusing struggle when a squaw picks out a bashful buck, but the chosen buck usually joins the dance or has his blanket or shirt torn away trying to escape. Whites may join in these dances and, sometimes, a brave Indian maiden may choose a white partner from among the throng of spectators.

Another sight worth seeing, and you really shouldn't miss, is the feeding of the Indians. Huge portions of potatoes, beans, beef and other staple foods are cooked up twice daily by Indian campfire chefs under supervision of a member of the Pow-Wow Board of Directors. Food is supplied free to every Indian attending the Pow-Wow.

Following is the average amounts of foods served each year to the Indians during the three days of the Pow-Wow: White bread, 2¼ tons; sweet rolls, 175 dozen; weiners, 60 pounds; beef, 2¼ tons; coffee, 300 pounds; watermelons, one-half ton; potatoes, 2½ tons; onions, one-half ton; jelly, 75 pounds; sugar, 125 pounds; milk, 200 cans; eggs, 100 dozen; luncheon meat, 80 pounds, and pinto beans, one-half ton.

The food fed during these three days to Indian guests of Flagstaff, all served free, costs merchants over \$1,200 each year.

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1939 Rodeo Champions

TEAM TYING: Roy Crozier, Walapai, and Coles Russell, Apache, first; Jack Jones, Havasupai, and Leon Sundust, Maricopa, second; Leon Sundust, Maricopa, and Henry Stevens, Maricopa, third.

BULLDOGGING: Louis Sinyella, Havasupai, first; Leon Sundust, Maricopa, second; Lorenzo Sinyella, Havasupai, third.

CALF TYING: Hansen Mott, Mohave-Apache, first; John Riggs, Navajo, second; Bill Doka, Mohave-Apache, third.

WILD COW MILKING: Charley Long, Navajo, first; Lorenzo Sinyella, Havasupai, second; Peter Riggs, Navajo, and Jack Jones, Havasupai, tied for third.

SADDLED BRONCHO RIDING: Jack Jones, Havasupai, first; Earl Paya, Havasupai, second; Joe Fuson, Navajo, and Roy Hart, Mandan from South Dakota, tied for third.

BAREBACK BRONCHO RIDING: Wayne Free-land, Navajo, and Lucian Long, Navajo, tied for first and second; Ben Fuson, Navajo, third.

STEER RIDING: Alfred Pioche, Navajo, first; Harry Riggs, Navajo, second; Pete Riggs, Navajo, and Ben Cody, Navajo, tied for third.

WINNER OF DOC WILLIAMS' SILVER TRIMMED SADDLE: In a one-mile race, little 11-year-old Anslem Baloo, Navajo from Pine Springs, scampered home on his game strawberry roan cowpony to win the coveted prize of the entire rodeo.

1939 CHAMPION: Jack Jones, Havasupai; second, Leon Sundust, Maricopa.

1938 CHAMPION: Earl Paya, Havasupai.

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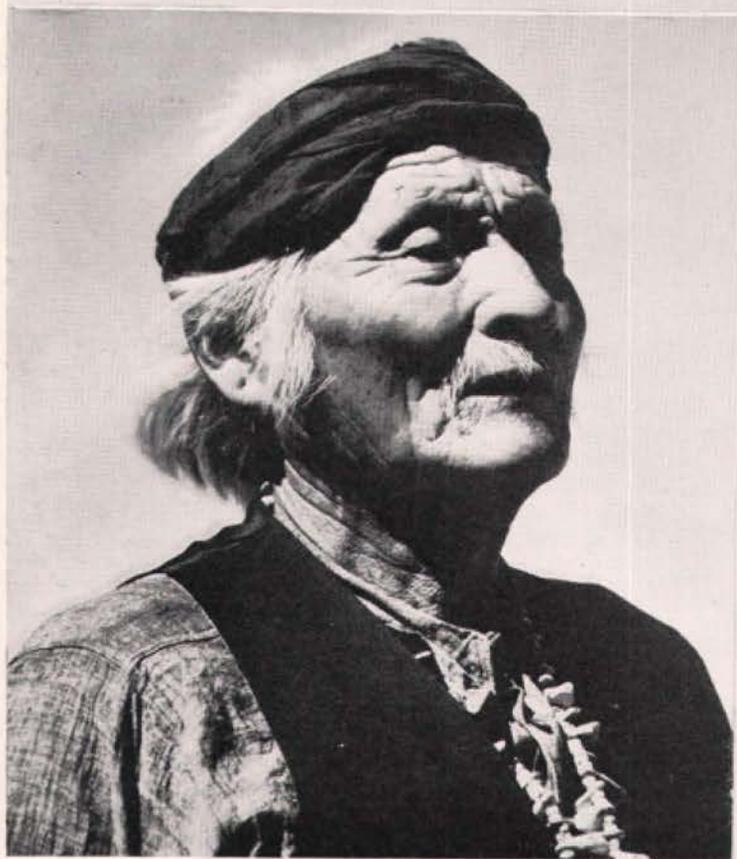
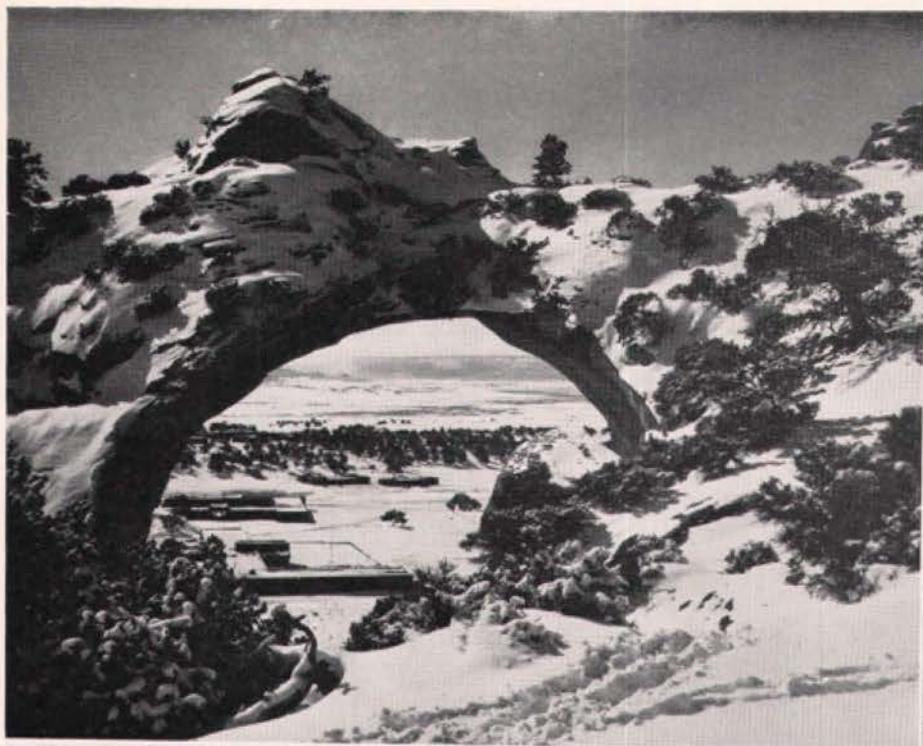
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(Upper left) Looking through the "window rock" at the capitol of the Navajo nation, Window Rock, Arizona. (Lower left) Pete Price, venerable Navajo medicine man of Fort Defiance, Arizona. Both photos by Milton Snow, courtesy of Navajo Service. On right are proud Navajo mother, Navajo belle, a Navajo horse with old style Spanish saddle and Navajo family reaching Flagstaff at dusk for Pow-Wow Celebration.

The 1940 Pow-Wow Program

Few people, unless they are really acquainted with the Indians, realize the significance of the program presented each afternoon and evening by the Indians during July 2, 3 and 4 at their Pow-Wow Celebration.

First you must realize that the Indians come here each year for a get-to-gether, because they have come to know that Flagstaff has proved a hospitable host. Free food is furnished. Prizes are impartially awarded. It is a chance for them to cut loose and enjoy the time of their lives for three days of the year—meet old friends, make new friends, witness the ceremonial dances of their own tribes and of their neighboring tribes, and compete against their fellow tribesmen and members of other tribes in contests of riding, roping, bulldogging, horseracing and other rodeo events.

The Pow-Wow is an enjoyable thing, also a very serious thing with these Indians. They have come to know that it is their very own Pow-Wow, held for them and by them. Therefore, they do things that they would not voluntarily do anywhere else.

THE NIGHT PROGRAMS

Each night a full two-hour program of ceremonial and social or fun dances, chants and costumed antics are held. The ceremonials are serious, religious affairs. They are sacred, just as the whites' church rituals are sacred, and the Pow-Wow committee asks that the white visitors respect the age-old religious beliefs of their red brothers.

Featured in the highly colorful, costumed dances and other attractions of the evening performances are as follows:

The Zia-Crow Dance is most spectacular. The Zia dance team comes out costumed so cleverly as crows that the spectators mistake them for huge, grotesque black birds. The dance is one to cast out the spell of the crow, which habitually raids the planted fields.

In the Zia Buffalo Dance, the Indians carry out a hunting ceremony, finally killing the buffalo and carrying it triumphantly off the field.

Joe Crazy Horse, the only living Indian clown, will perform each night.

The Jemez Eagle dance is a picturesque performance. The Eagle is an important or sacred bird to most tribes of America.

At conclusion of the first night show, possible other nights if the feature can be arranged, the spectacular Navajo Fire Dance will be held. The Navajo warriors, scorning the pain of searing flames, dance in the midst of flames and glowing embers of a huge campfire. It is a dance of high faith and stoic ignorance of hardships.

Grey Eyes, Navajo chanter, will sing; Wash Boli, governor of the Zuni nation, will speak; Laughing Eyes, Cherokee maiden, will sing; Princess Blue Water of the Acomas, her husband and three children will sing and do the almost unbelievable hoop dance, she will be accompanied by her father, Chief Big Snake, and her brother.

The Cheyenne-Arapahoe dance team from Hammond, Okla., will do the Kiowa War Dance, Hummingbird Dance and other spectacular costume dances.

There will also be the Mountain Chant on Horse-

back, Hopi Butterfly Dance, Piute Coyote Dance, Selia Nez Solo, Jemez Crown Dance, San Juan Deer Dance, Zuni Harvester Dance, Zuni Pottery ceremony, Taos Hoop Dance, Taos Horse Tail Dance, Piute Eagle Dance, Jemez Sheep Dance, San Juan Dog Dance, Zuni Corn Dance, Hopi and Navajo War Dances, Zuni Pinyon Tree Dance, San Juan Basket Dance, Kiowa Rabbit Dance, Navajo Mud Dance, Taos Surround Dance, Hopi Crow Dance and Piute Medicine Dance.

THE AFTERNOON RODEOS

The afternoon rodeo show as a complete afternoon attraction was adopted in 1937. Gladwell (Toney) Richardson, the old master when it came to inspired, instinctive showmanship, insisted that the rodeo should be added as a regular attraction. Before that the afternoons were taken up with Indian games and a few horse races and dances.

Today the afternoon rodeo performances threaten to outshine the night ceremonials. Nowhere else can you see such a rodeo, packed full of thrills, fun and devil-may-care spirit. There are plenty of prizes, but the Indian riders, ropers, bulldoggers and wild cow milkers go into the contests for the fun of it and for the glory of helping beat out a member of a competing tribe.

Tribal competition is keen. The Navajos, large in numbers, have been children of the open semi-arid range of their reservation for years. Previous to the time that the government set up a reservation for the Navajos they roamed the same area, riding, raiding and herding sheep and cattle. Livestock is still the chief interest of the Navajos and they have naturally come to be excellent cowboys. They, like all Indian cowboys, go in for no polished tricks of the cowboy trade, but they are skilled in all phases of the working cowboy's arts.

Despite small numbers, the Havasupais battle fiercely for supremacy in rodeo events. These Indians, coming from the hermit tribe that has lived secluded for centuries in the little isolated canyon tributary of the Grand Canyon, known as Havasu canyon, hold annual roundups in their canyon home to capture and break a portion of the herd of wild horses that inhabits the canyon. Breaking these horses to ride so they can be traded to other Indians has come to be one of the Havasupais chief industries. As a result they have naturally come to be top hand cowboys, especially at broncho riding and roping.

The afternoon shows comprise a complete rodeo performance. There are broncho and bareback riding contests, wild horse racing, cowpony races, free-for-all race, bulldogging, wild cow milking, calf roping, team tying, steer riding, chicken pulls, blanket race and as many other rodeo contests and Indian games as the program time permits.

BEAUTY AND BABY CONTESTS

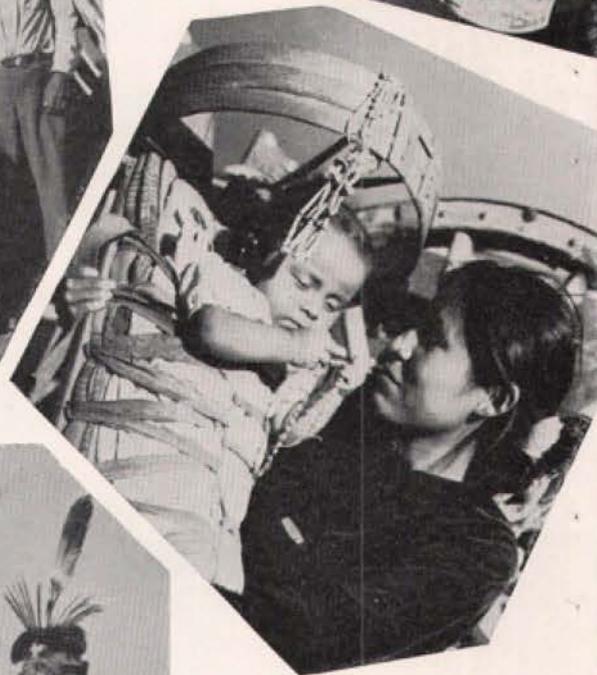
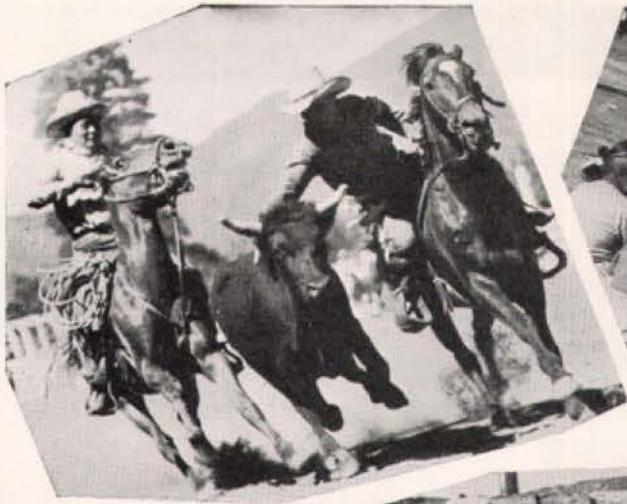
Also in the afternoon performances there are scheduled two important contests: Beauty Contest for maiden squaws and Better Baby Contest for papooses. There is also a Best Dressed Couple Contest.

PROGRAM TIMES

The rodeo starts at 2 p. m.; the night ceremonials start at 8 p. m.; the downtown parade starts at 12 noon.



Indian costumes are varied according to the tribe and the type of religious dance or ceremony. Usually they are very elaborate, brilliantly colored and trimmed with silver, shells, feathers and beads. Each portion of the costume has a particular significance in the religious rite for which the costume is worn. Every phase or step of the intricate dance or ceremony has a symbolic meaning.





The whole family watches, with not a little suspense and suspicion expressed on their features, while a Navajo family head stolidly listens to the trading proposals offered by another Indian, A Hopi trader (left).

Navajos, Nomads Of The Southwest

Navajo Indians, numbering 50,000 in their tribe, remain much as they were hundreds of years ago when they are believed to have gradually fought their way from the Northwest after coming across from Asia by way of the Aleutian islands. They have picked up bits of white man's civilizations and teachings useful to their own ways of living but mainly they scorn outside influences which the government has persistently brought in with hopes of making them cogs in present day machine ruled era.

The Navajos are a roving tribe, largely independent and self-sufficient, living off herds of sheep, cattle and horses that they move about on sparsely vegetated ranges. Brilliantly cunning as to gaining livelihood from the belligerent mother nature that rules their desert homeland of Northern Arizona and bordering states, shy to point of appearing sullen and uncom-

municative when visiting white trading centers, yet they remain fiercely independent, as are all nomad races the world over.

From the white man's civilization and government the Navajo takes what he wants, but he is inclined to stolidly reject that which has no apparent value to his accepted way of living. He may freely pay more for something he really wants than is necessary, he is happy-go-lucky, daring and will bet his shirt on a horse race or game of chance, but he is usually a crafty trader when occasion arises. He weaves rugs and blankets and beats out silver jewelry of quality and original design that cannot be duplicated, yet sells his products for little or nothing sometimes, to buy factory-made blankets—because they are what he really wants.

Originally a war-like people, similar to Apaches, the Navajos gained their living by raiding farms of peaceful tribes and later the whites. Chiefly they were hunters of game. Raiding and warring made up extra-curricular activities that more often than not paid ample rewards. They borrowed the herding of sheep, cattle and horses from the early Spanish, working of

silver into exquisite jewelry from roving Mexican artisans, weaving from more sedentary tribes and farming from the peace-loving Hopi Indians. They raise immense herds of sheep, cattle and horses on lands that a white would not attempt to graze burros or goats; they have established a distinct art of silver-smithing that has not been duplicated; their weaving has surpassed that of all other tribes, and, in addition, they paint pictures by strewing handfuls of colored sands that remain the marvel of artists dabbling in oils and water-colors. Farming is something engaged in by them only when a dire necessity, but then gains amazing results.

Again borrowing what they wanted, a group of sage old Navajos at Red Lake trading post, near Leupp, Ariz., quietly observed work being done by government soil conservation engineers. They saw how dams, terraces and levies were built to control and conserve water on land that had been useless before. These old men knew that an underground stream flowed in a wash bordering their homes. They could plant corn and it would grow, but the crops would be washed out in rainy season by floods two out of every three years. They asked for assistance in building flood controls but engineers looked over the sparsely vegetated area and scoffed at the idea. There was no indications that even grass would grow on this land, but the old Indians knew that periodical floods had washed out the vegetation by the roots, that rich alluvial soil had been washed down for centuries from the great Oraibi wash to the north and was sub-irrigated by water that could be reached by digging six to ten feet. To secure aid they offered to do the conservation work and donate half the working time of labor and horses. This meant that workmen would receive 15 cents an hour and teamsters with horses 30 cents an hour, teamsters furnishing feed for his horses. One dike of two and one-half miles was built and another of two miles, at cost of ten cents per cubic foot. In one field alone over 1,000 acres of corn were planted and the crop flourished.

Yet farming is resorted to as a last resort by the average Navajo. He would rather roam free with his shifting herds. The talented Navajo buck will fashion jewelry from silver coins. Usually the squaws provide much of the living, by weaving blankets or by farming if farming is to be done. The children, girls if there are any in the family, tend the herds. The Navajo man does little that the casual white man can determine except ride about on his favorite horse to hunt and safeguard the interests of his family.

The Navajo man is usually a slender, muscular fellow, hardened by riding his tough little desert-bred ponies. He largely affects the dress of the cowboy, wearing tight-fitting levis or waist overalls, brilliantly colored neck kerchief and shirt and broad brimmed sombrero with uncreased high crown. But he still clings to his blanket, high moccasins with silver concho fasteners, and jewelry of turquoise and silver.

The squaw also holds to the blanket and moccasins, but wears full-flowing skirts of gaudy calico adopted from whites in the pre-Civil war era, velvet jackets and also plenty of native jewelry. They are shy and retiring, never walking abreast with their men but several feet behind. They still carry their papooses on

their backs. Nevertheless, ancestral importance of a Navajo family is traced back through the woman's side of the family and not the man's. The man becomes a member of his wife's clan when he marries and lives in the area dominated by his wife's family. A squaw gains marital freedom by the simple divorce proceedings of moving her husband's possessions outside her hogan.

Children dress like their parents. They are solemn children, looking and acting like little old men and women. The girls tend the herds, riding a burro if available. The boys ride haughtily about, astride ponies that are bested only by the mounts of their fathers.

Gods of evil dominate Navajo religion and offerings are made to appease or affect these evils. The dead are feared because death is a Che-en-ti or devil and a hogan is promptly abandoned if a sick person is not moved out before death. White traders usually must bury the dead.

Bears are sacred and, though they be killers that raid the all-important herds of sheep and cattle, they

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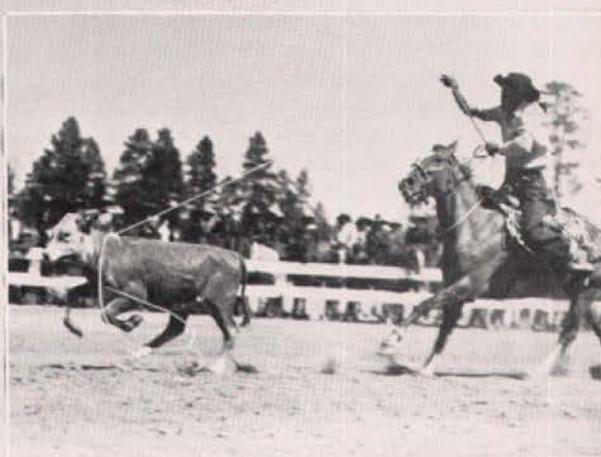
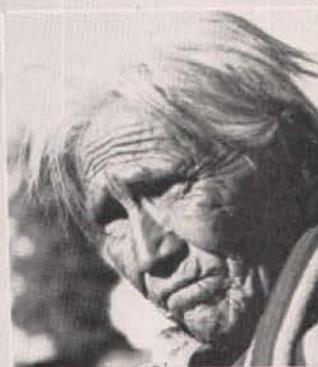
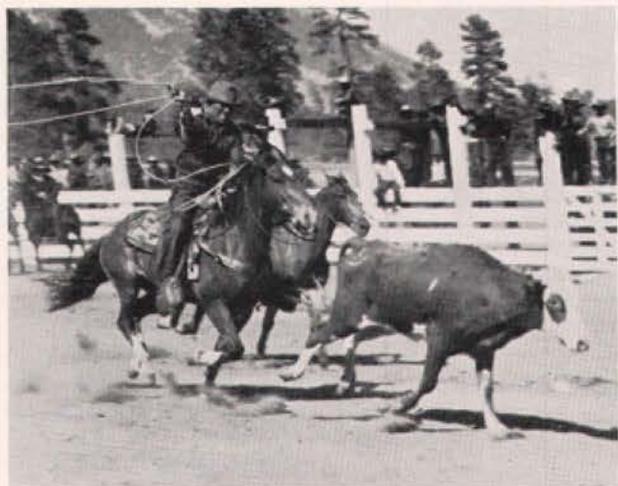
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The All-Indian rodeo, held each afternoon of the Pow-Wow by the Indians, is a show of real action, fun and daring. Lower left is the Chicken-Pull contest. The first rider has missed the "chicken head" sticking up from the ground and the second rider is getting ready for his try.

cannot be killed without elaborate ceremony by medicine men. Prayer corrells of stones are built to safeguard any important move made by a Navajo, such as going to a trading post to sell his wool, mutton or blankets. Tribal dances, handed down without corruption for centuries, are sacred religious rituals. Most sickness is still referred to the medicine men, who wield a mighty power over the action of their followers.

One year a medicine man had a bad dream and forbade his people to go to the annual all-Indian Pow Wow held for three days around July 4 in Flagstaff, Ariz. The Indians wanted to go because they had gone there for years to hold tribal dances, pow wow with other tribes, and gorge on free food furnished by the white men; but they feared to disobey the dire prophecy of the shaman. Finally they cannily conceived the idea of sending a few brave souls ahead and closely watch for disastrous results. When word drifted back that the advance guard was waxing fat and happy in well supplied camps at the edge of Flagstaff, the rest of the Navajos moved in by the hundreds, their campfires dotting the trail for miles as they slowly moved in toward the little Northern Arizona city.

Medicine men of the Navajos are numerous. They foretell crop, lamb and calf yield, bring rain and ward off devils. Now and then, though, they get into a jack pot. A story is told that once a Navajo medicine man treated the wife of his nephew and the nephew's wife died. The young husband grieved because his wife was an attractive squaw and a good worker. He visited his uncle to speak of his sorrow and reveal his belief that the uncle had failed his full duty by letting the young wife die. Working himself up to the full pitch of his sorrow, he pulled out a pistol and asked the uncle to shoot him, saying he wished to live no longer without his wife. The uncle refused and dramatically offered his own life to satisfy the grieving nephew. The nephew took back the proffered pistol, placed its muzzle between his uncle's eyes and fired. Perhaps the old medicine man expected the death shot. Anyway, there is no joking over serious matters with the Navajos. They are too seriously trying to scratch out a living from their semi-arid desert home to chuckle over things that are sacred to them.

Navajos will at times bury the dead, despite their fear of death. But they do this only when the person has died a natural death and the body is still warm. Even then only the parents or some close relative will administer the burial ceremony. The ceremony consists of washing the body, even washing and dressing the hair, dressing the body and painting the face. When burying the body, the men engaged in the ceremony strip to a gee string and the women wear only a single skirt. They push the body, swathed in a blanket, into a shallow grave, lay short sticks across the grave, then pile on brush, rocks and dirt. At conclusion of the burial, the man runs rapidly in one direction and the woman in another until out of sight of the grave. All through preparation of the body and during burial not even a whisper is spoken. All communication is done by signs.

Although most of the young Navajo people have been away to government school, few except the older

men will speak English. When a boy or girl returns from school, the parents hold a medicine sing to erase all the pollutions of the white man's teachings. After the sing the young Navajo is supposed to revert to old tribal customs and beliefs. He fears ridicule if he is caught speaking English and refuses to admit understanding or speaking English under the most trying circumstances.

But the Navajo is a free-hearted, generous person, when understood. A wanderer stopping at a hogan can have his share of any meager meal the squaw can prepare. Far back in the reservation of Northern Arizona, between Blue Canyon and Red Lake trading post, the writer ran across a young "long hair" or uneducated buck and by signs signified water was needed. The young Indian took the empty canteen and rode across the desert to return with a canteen of cool water. By drawing maps in the sand the writer told the Navajo where he was headed and the Indian took him to a well defined trail that led to the desired destination. A half-full sack of Bull Durham tobacco was the reward given and the Navajo went back to his hogan delighted.

The Navajo is a naive fellow but cunning enough to know the value of things in the white civilization that are useful to him. He has taken up the use of the Dutch oven and coffee pot. When he wants something for himself or his tribe he calls on the newspaper or even goes to Washington. He knows the value of the printed word and not infrequently seeks favorable publicity of editors that he has learned to believe are

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friendly to his people and he has found that lobbyists often gain objectives from Congress. It is surprising how many Senators and Congressmen are personally known by blanketed old Navajos who reside far in the interior of the reservation in small mound shaped hogans of poles and dirt, living off a small herd of sheep and goats, yet have visited Washington more frequently than many influential whites.

It is the groom and not the bride who is honored in the Navajo wedding ceremonies, according to one local authority, who with a small group of Flagstaff people attended a Navajo wedding last year.

The groom was Neski-Yazza Begay, which in English means Little Fat Begay, age 20, and he had come all the way from Piute canyon in Utah to wed with Nellie Sombrero, 18, at Red Mesa, home of her people, which lies between Inscription House and Navajo mountain, deep back in the western Navajo reservation. Nellie is the daughter of Julius Sombrero, head man of his district and president of his chapter, and more than 250 Navajos gathered for the auspicious event and the free food.

According to tribal custom, Neski-Yazza came to the wedding scene at sundown. A fine hogan of cedar and pinon poles, chinked with mud, had been built for the couple by the bride's relatives and was to be used for the place of wedding ceremony. This is also customary, as it is customary for the groom to join the bride's clan upon marriage and live with them as a member, which is about the only concession the bride does get.

Inside the hogan the groom's relatives had already gathered, sitting around the fire in the center of the place. The wedding took place about 10 p. m. and meanwhile the groom had to stand the joking and joshing of his kinsman.

Ceremonial wedding mush, made of corn meal, was cooked by the bride's oldest maternal mother, the lineal importance of any Navajo family running back along the mother's side. In this case Nellie's 87-year-old grandmother cooked the mush in a typical Navajo pottery utensil, then poured it into a wedding basket, woven of reeds in the shape of a thin necked, round bodied vase, and coated with resin gathered from trees.

The bride came in and seated herself at the right of the fire. The groom was seated at the left. Both were dressed in their finest. The bride wore wide flowing skirt, velveteen jacket and weighted down with enough beautiful turquoise and silver to impress every one with the importance of her family. The groom's attire leaned to the usual near-cowboy style, with addition of wide silver ornamented belt and other silver and turquoise in rings, bracelets and necklaces. Both

wore high deerskin moccasins fastened with silver conchos and brightly colored blankets. Accompanying the bride were only her father and brother. The mother of the bride is not allowed to enter, as the mother-in-law hoodoo has begun, which means that a husband must never cast eyes on his wife's mother for fear of going blind or experiencing some other grave ill fortune. It is believed by many that the crafty Navajos have devised this superstition to circumspect many normal marital difficulties and ward off the divorce problem.

The shamon was the bride's uncle, Leslie Tomaso, who came from Navajo mountain to officiate. He began by making two marks, forming a cross on the wedding basket, pointing to the four cardinal directions. He then dipped a small pottery bowl, three inches in diameter, full of water and handed it to the bride. She took it in her right hand and dipped out water with her left to sprinkle the hands of the groom. After the groom had washed his hands, he reciprocated the courtesy by sprinkling water in the same manner on the bride's hands.

At directions from the shamon the groom, then the bride, ate from the east side of the basket of mush. South, west, north and center portions of the mush were eaten in order named. This concluded the ceremony and the couple became Mr. and Mrs. Neski-Yazza Begay.

Relatives of the groom and friends finished eating the mush while the shamon lectured on the important phases of marital conduct and art of rearing children.

The wedding feast was then served to the groom's relatives and friends and again the bride's relatives did not rate. Included in the feast were 15 roasted sheep, with intestines, tripe and other choice inner parts cooked in special manner to make delectable tidbits. There were pies of blue and red cornmeal, blood pudding and coffee.

Begay's father, fed well and happy, rose to tell of the fine qualities of his daughter-in-law and to thank her people for the generous feast. Not to be outdone, Julius Sombrero got to his feet and extolled the wonderful virtues of his new son-in-law. Following these customary, flowery speeches everybody except the newlyweds left the hogan.

At this time the wife's relatives came up to the hogan and pushed aside the blanket covering the doorway far enough to toss in three days' supply of food. This is customarily given to a wedded couple because they are not supposed to leave their hogan for that period of time. Father Sombrero passed out food in sufficient quantities to last Begay's relatives until they reached their homes in Utah, thus ending the starting of a new Navajo family.

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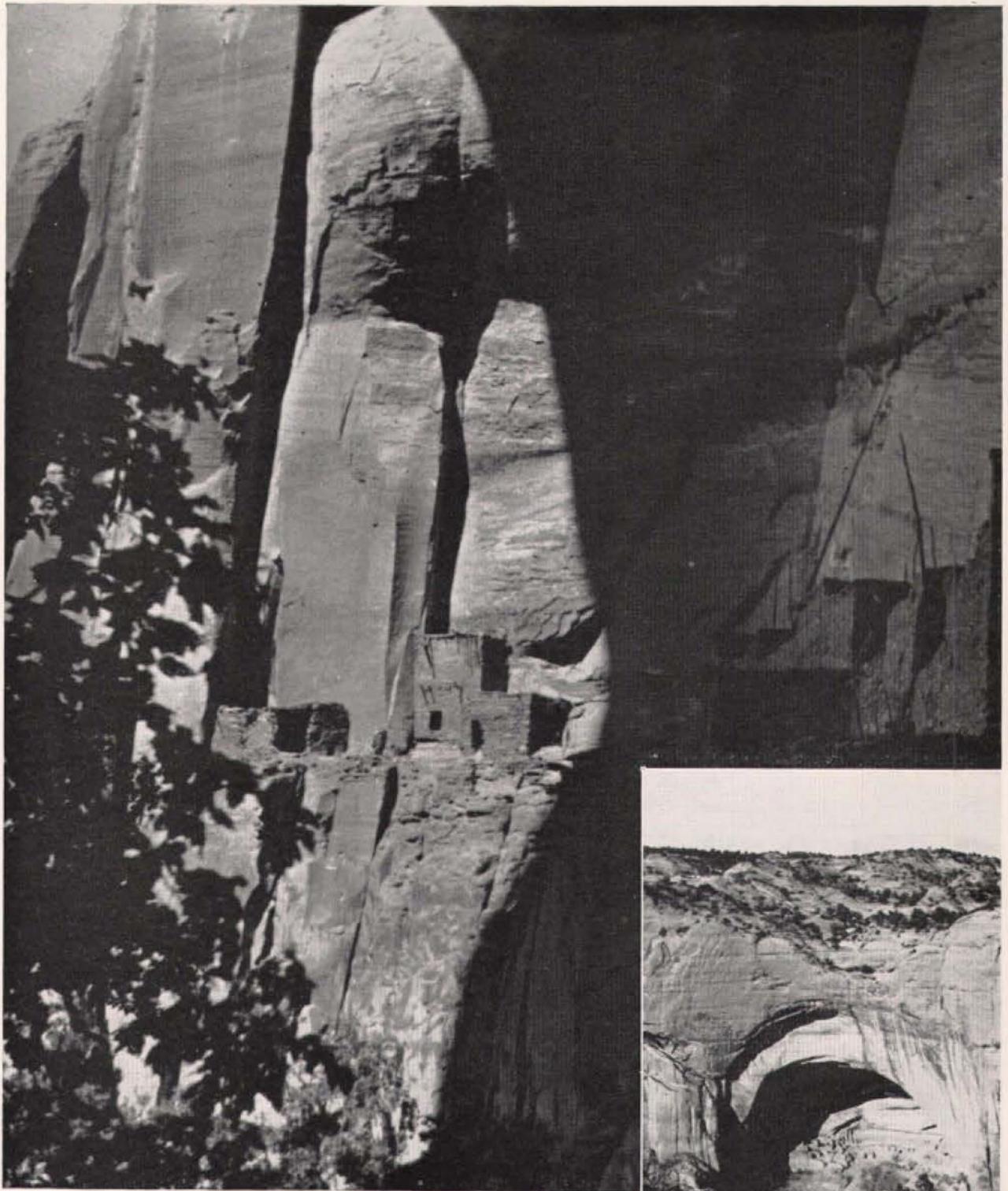
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Above shows Betatakin ruins. These cliff dwellings, with 135 ground floor rooms, once housed about 200 people between 1242 and 1277 A.D., the dates determined by prehistoric roof beams still in place. Lower right insert is a view of the ruins from an opposite rim.



Betatakin---Capital Of Cliff Dwellings

(Navajo National Monument)

By JIMMIE BREWER

BY DRIVING to Betatakin, you'll be in the heart of some of the most spectacular scenery you have ever seen traveling through the colorful western Navajo reservation. The National Park Service invites you to fill your chuck box and gas tank and drive out and see this portion of the Navajo monument. If you have no chuck box, there are three or four trading posts with guest accommodations within three hours' drive of Betatakin. A round trip may be made from Flagstaff, if you have no aversion to getting up at 5:30 or 6:00 A. M. On this trip you'll be off the beaten trail, you'll see things that make Arizona the highlight of the nation's scenic wonderland. You'll really see primitive Arizona.

Regardless of how you approach the Monument by car, the last fifteen miles is a "two-track road" through sage brush, over sand dunes, and across barren rocks—most of it uphill—not a road to appeal to confirmed pavement-drivers. But the appeal of Betatakin is not to those who are satisfied with the easily accessible, but to those who are willing to take some trouble to get to the more seldom visited areas.

After the fifteen miles of approach road comes a trail of a mile and a half (they say it's a mile and a half *down* to Betatakin and fifteen miles *back* to the rim of the canyon—but since its discovery in 1909 no one has ever been heard to say it wasn't worth it).

The switch-back trail drops into Betatakin canyon at a point where the walls are almost sheer, rising nearly 600 feet above the floor. The walls of the canyon are a salmon-red sandstone, weathered by wind-blown sand and water into beautifully rounded projections, arches, and caves. The floor is covered with growth which becomes dense near the head of the canyon—lofty Douglas firs, oaks, box elders, aspen, wild rose bushes—all watered by a small clear stream. The trail goes through the oaks and aspen, turns—

and you see Betatakin—a truly majestic cave in the canyon wall sheltering the houses of people who lived here seven hundred years ago; from this distance it looks as if they might still live here—you almost expect to see a brown figure climb one of the ladders and disappear down through a roof opening. On going closer you realize that a few of the roofs have fallen in and some of the walls have slipped down the slanting floor of the cave.

Betatakin is a deserted ruin, but the shelter of the vast cave has let the passing of seven hundred years touch it very lightly. The spring which supplied water to the prehistoric people still trickles across the trail and as you drink the cold water and later are shown the interesting details of Betatakin you feel that the trip was well worth the end and are probably glad that this Monument is reserved for the more adventurous type of traveler.

But the hike down into the canyon isn't necessary for a view of Betatakin—of late there has been an increasing tendency for the visitor to see the cave and ruin from the rim of the canyon. The National Park Service has provided a trail from the parking area to "Betatakin Point." From this point you may see the ruin and cave—Betatakin Canyon—Tsegi Canyon—and a good portion of the beautiful surrounding country.

Indian Maiden Beauty Contest

Have you ever seen a dream walking?
No?

Then you should see some of Arizona's Indian beauties, such as are reviewed before you at the annual Indian Maiden Beauty Contest, all decked out in the best of their tribal finery.

Rita James, a pretty Hopi girl from Oraibi, won first last year. She is a graduate from Sherman Institute of Riverside, Calif., and was employed at the Colton ranch, northwest of Flagstaff.

Helen Littlesinger, 4-year-old Navajo siren from Leupp, was second. Maggie Wilder, Walapai from Peach Springs, a student at Sherman Institute, was third.

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Interesting Facts Of Northern Arizonology . . .

SHOW LOW (Navajo County)—“It is on ground once controlled by Capt. Cooley and Marion Clark, both of whom were devoted to the game of ‘seven-up.’ At a critical stage of one of their games, when the stakes had risen to include about all the property of the players, Clark exclaimed, ‘Show low and you take the ranch.’ Cooley showed low.” (McClintock). A farming and stock-raising district 50 miles South of Holbrook on the Apache railroad. The altitude is 6,500 feet.

MISHONGNOVI (Navajo County)—Name refers to Chief Mishong, a member of the Crow clan of the Hopi Indians, who led his people from the San Francisco Mountains. One of the Twin Hopi cities in the Painted Desert. While this district was settled sometime in the 13th century this pueblo village was built after the rebellion of 1680. The famed Snake Dance is held here in the odd-numbered years. The name is also said to mean “place of the black man,” and “at the place of the other which remains erect”—referring to two large stone pillars, one of which has fallen. These however, according to Colton, are in error. The altitude of this pueblo is 5,558 feet. Northeast from Flagstaff. Pronounced *mish-shong-novee*.

HOTEVILLA (Navajo County)—A Hopi Indian village founded by the “hostiles” who wanted to retain old tribal ways, and separated from the “friendlies” who were willing to accept rulings and assistance from Washington, D. C. The name means “skinned back,” referring to a spring which was formerly in a low cave, where, on entering to get water, persons often skinned their backs. This is one of the most progressive of the Hopi pueblos, especially noted for the high quality of baskets and textiles produced. The Snake Dance is held here in the evenly-numbered years. Located 86 miles Northeast of Winslow, which is the nearest railroad point—6 miles from Oraibi. Altitude 7,000 feet. Population 418. Pronounced *hoh-teh-villa*.

BUCK SPRINGS (Coconino County)—Southeast Long Valley in Southern part of county. So named because it was a watering spot for deer.

NIC DOIT SOE PEAK (Coconino County)—Indian name, meaning, “mountain lion.” Whites call it “wild cat peak.” Located in the Tuba City neighborhood, in Western Navajo Indian Reservation North of Flagstaff.

FORT VALLEY (Coconino County)—Included in the Coconino National Forest, Northwest of Flagstaff, at the base of the San Francisco Peaks. This valley was first settled in 1877 by John W. Young, son of Brigham Young. In 1881 a small fort was built of railroad ties, to protect against the Indians. This original fort was named “Fort Moroni,” after the Mormon Angel. It was the home ranch of the Arizona Cattle Company (the famous A-1 Brand).

FORT APACHE (Navajo County)—Established in 1869. First known as “Fort Ord,” after General E. O. C. Ord; then “Megollon,” “Thomas” and finally “Apache.” It is located on the Apache Indian Reservation, away down in the Southeastern nib of the county, on the White River in a picturesque valley, surrounded on all sides by high mountains. It is on State Highway 73. McNary, 25 miles to the North, is the nearest railroad point. The altitude is 5,200 feet. Kelly Butte is the high mountain to the West.

INSCRIPTION HOUSE LODGE (Coconino County)—A prehistoric ruin in Navajo Canyon, Navajo National Monument, 40 miles Northeast of Tuba City on the way to Rainbow Bridge. The inscription on the walls, which is almost illegible, is said to read, “Carlos Annais 1661.”

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ZILTAHJINI Peak (Navajo County)—Indian word meaning "black mountain." Elevation 7,100 feet. The mesa of the same name adjoins.

HAVASU CATARACT (Coconino County)—Indian word meaning "blue water." A beautiful stream flowing into the Grand Canyon. Pronounced **hah-vah-soo**.

CANON de CHELLY (Apache County) **cahn-yohn dee shay**.—A garbled Spanish spelling of the Indian name "Tseghi" or "Tseye," meaning "in the rocks," or "place among the cliffs." In this indescribably beautiful canyon are the largest prehistoric cliff dwellings in the state. The walls of the canyon rise 1200 feet above the floor. It was first explored by Americans in 1849. The Indian trading post of Chin Lee is located at the mouth of the canyon. It has been named a National Monument. Is located in the Northeastern portion of the state, and is best reached from Gallup, New Mexico.

CHIMOPOVY (Navajo County) — Hopi word; no translation. Hopi Indian Reservation 90 miles Northwest of Holbrook. Winslow the nearest railroad point. Farming and sheep raising. Altitude 6,000 feet. Pronounced **shi-mo-povy**.

CHIN LEE (Apache County) — Properly pronounced **chay-e**. A corrupted spelling of the Navajo name "I-chi-ni-li," meaning, "where the water comes out." Located at the mouth of Canyon de Chelly. Trading post and Government Indian school. It is 85 miles west of Gallup, N. M., which is the nearest railroad point. Altitude 5,560 feet.

HAVASUPAI INDIAN RESERVATION (Coconino County)—"The people of the blue water," a tribe of Indians who separated from the Walapai people long ago and made their homes in the canyon of Havasu Cataract. The reservation is 52 miles west of Grand Canyon, established as a reserve in 1880. Area 518 acres, on which dwell 200 Indians. There is one school and a hospital on the reserve, but no churches. Basketry and agriculture are the industries. The altitude is 3,200 feet. Pronounced **hah-vah-soopie**.

SHIPAULUVI (Navajo County) — Indian word meaning "The Mosquitoes"—so named because the founders were obliged to remove from a former location on account of the insect pests. A Hopi Indian village on the Second Mesa. The name is oftentimes confused with "Sipalovi," which means, "place of peaches." The ruin "Homolovi" near Winslow, is the place from which tradition says the people were driven by the mosquitos. Pronounced **sha-pahl-ah-vee**.

CANYON DIABLO (Coconino County) **deeahb-loh**.—Spanish, meaning "ravine of the devil." It is a typical canyon in the Kaibab limestone, 225 feet deep and 550 feet wide. Located a short distance East of Flagstaff. Altitude 5,429 feet.

WALPI (Navajo County)—Hopi shrine, meaning "The place of the Gap." The principal Hopi Indian pueblo village, first settled about the beginning of the Christian era—the present pueblo was built about 1700. Population 63. Altitude 6,070 feet.

WINONA (Coconino County)—Indian word meaning "first born child." A small settlement on U. S. Highway 66 and the Santa Fe railroad, 17 miles East of Flagstaff. Altitude 6,000. Population 109.

WUPATKI NATIONAL MONUMENT (Coconino County)—Prehistoric pueblos of the ancestors of the Hopi Indians. Located 40 miles Northeast of Flagstaff on the Tuba City road. Area of 2,234 acres established as a national monument in 1924. Name means "the tall house." Much scientific development has recently been accomplished by the Museum of Northern Arizona. Pronounced **woo-paht-kee**.

DOKOSLID (Coconino County)—"Where the snow never melts." The Navajo Indian name for the San Francisco Mountains.

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