

INDIANS
POW WOW

Flagstaff Public Library
Flagstaff, Arizona

Ref.

Southwest ALL-INDIAN *dup.*

POW WOW

FLAGSTAFF
Arizona

=====
JULY
4-5-6
1 9 4 1
=====



Price
25c

the heart of Northern Arizona's

Enchanted Land

FLAGSTAFF

Elevation 7,000 Feet—"On The Ladder To The Sky"

Summer has come to our mountain wilderness
forest and stream

Hotels, Lodges, Courts and our
Churches are waiting to greet
you . . .

Perfect summer days of liquid
sunshine are yours for taking,
crisp Flagstaff nights will de-
light you . . .

Rodeos will thrill you and you
can ride with the cowboys deep
into cattle-land

. . .

Hopi Villages

Cliff Dwellings

Lava Beds

Ice Caves



Santa Fe Mainline, Greyhound,
Santa Fe Busses all bring you
to our front door . . .

U. S. Highways "66", "89" and
"79" offer perfect travel by
motor . . .

Purest of snow water from
snow-capped thirteen thousand-
foot Peaks for you to revel in

. . .

Oak Creek Canyon

Museum of N. Arizona

Lowell Observatory

Legion Auto Races

See the Indians at POW-WOW Time

10,000 of them in brilliant colorful ceremony

Flagstaff's Famous Snow Bowl
And Winter Sports Area

Flagstaff's Charity Horse Show
August 2 and 3

Swimming . . Fishing . . Boating . . Hunting . . Hiking . . Riding
Wilderness trails to explore—mountain streams to camp by

Flagstaff is at the head of all trails to the National Monuments, the Painted Desert, the Indian Villages and Navajo Land and the World's most sublime spectacle, the appalling, breath-taking

Grand Canyon of Arizona



Ridin' High!

By PEGGY JAMES

*Far from the purple wind-blown spaces,
Far from the Land of Earth and Sky,
In for the Pow-Wow's games and races,
One-Little-Boy is riding high.*

*Left behind is his belt of silver,
Far away in Navajo Land;
Discarded lie the little moccasins,
Soft, for treading the desert sand.*

*Overalls, and gay striped sweater,
Cowboy hat on his childish head;
(One-Little-Boy thinks this is better)
Cowboy boots, in moccasins' stead.*

*Swing and sway on your painted pony,
So unlike your Indian steed;
Lights, and music, and distant laughter,
Make this a gala ride indeed.*

*Soon, when the Pow-Wow games are
finished,
Winners hailed with the white man's
cheer,
One-Little-Boy must journey homeward,
Dreaming of Pow-Wow time next year.*

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 4, 5, 6, 1941

The Pow-Wow is 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.

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

Board of Directors 1941 Pow-Wow

VAUGHN C. WALLACE.....*President*
FRANK QUIRK.....*Vice-President*
W. B. FLEMING.....*Sec.-Treas.*
JOHN BABBITT.....*Member*
PHILLIP NACKARD.....*Member*
KARL MANGUM.....*Member*
TOMMY KNOLES, JR.....*Member*
LEIGHTON CRESS.....*Executive Sec.-Treas.*
TOBE TURPIN.....*Director of Pow-Wow*
BOB HANSEL.....*Director of Rodeo*
MELVIN HUTCHINSON.....
.....*Editor of Pow-Wow Magazine*
ALLAN KINVIG, WOODY NEZZER.....
.....*Advertising*
BOB FRONSKE.....*Official Photographer*
Copyrighted 1941, By Pow-Wow, Inc.

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.

The many excellent photographs reproduced in this magazine were taken by Bob Fronske, A. W. Carson and staff photographers of the Arizona Highways magazine.

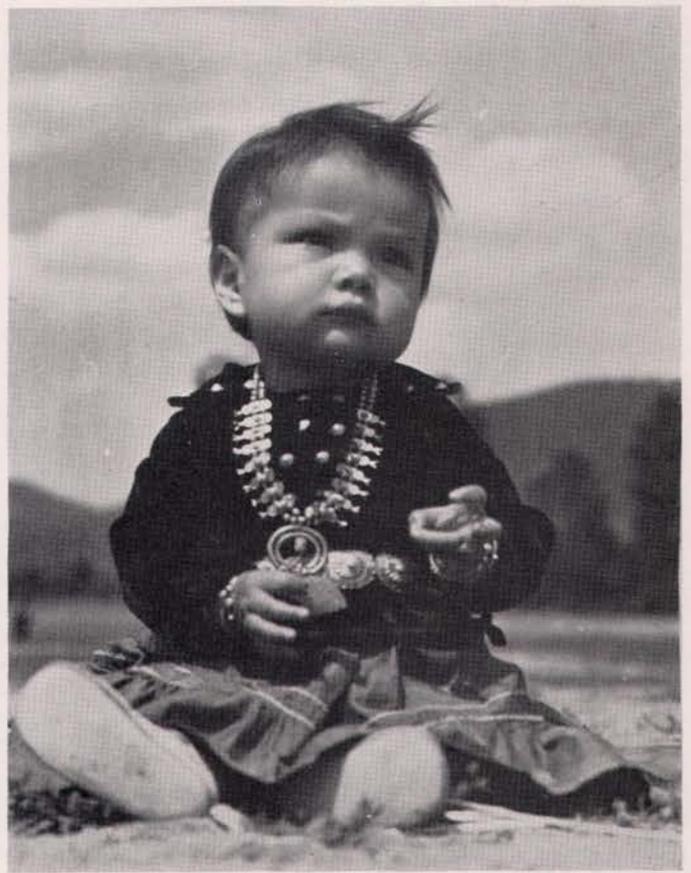
We wish to express our appreciation for the fine cooperation of John McPhee

of the Indian Service, Window Rock, Ariz., who supplied us with many interesting facts about the Navajos and the Navajo reservation.



Tobe Turpin, shown above, is the director in charge of the Pow-Wow celebration. This is his second year as director and he has done much to bring in new Indian dances and add interest in the beautiful night ceremonies. Tobe is an Indian trader who talks most of the Southwestern Indian languages and he is a veteran in handling Indian celebrations. This year Tobe again brings in a few additional Indian tribes and tribal dances that have never been here before, promising a bigger and better show than the previous peak reached last year.

On the opposite page are two of the many cute Indian babies brought to Flagstaff by proud parents. Upper left is Corinna Ann Trujillo, San Juan pueblo Indian, who took first prize in the baby contest last year. She was two years old at that time. The lower right is a charming little Navajo papoose. An attractive young Navajo miss poses for her picture astride her favorite pony (lower left) and above to the right is a Navajo squaw, wearing the typical velvet jacket with silver concho buttons and strands of beads.



General Information

Tickets

Tickets for all six performances of the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow will be on sale June 10, 1941. 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.

Police

In addition to regular Pow-Wow police and Indian service officers, 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

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 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.

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 grandstand 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.

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.

First Aid Station

A first aid station in 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.

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.

Night ceremonial dances are shown on the opposite page. Tribal dances are important parts of the Indians' religious and social life. These rituals, as well as the colorful costumes worn, have been faithfully handed down through the centuries from one generation to the next.



13 ANNUAL . . .

Southwest ALL INDIAN Pow-Wow

TO THE MANY thousands of Indians all over the southwest, Flagstaff remains, as it has been since it first took form so many years ago when its fine cold mountain water springs made it a favored camping and trading point for Indians and those few early day trappers, traders and seekers for free frontier home sites—it represents a good,

friendly place to gather for good times.

As in the past, the Indians now come to Flagstaff to enjoy themselves, buy and trade, hold social and religious dances and to visit with old friends and meet new ones. Back in the old days the Indians gathered here a few at a time and enjoyed the hospitality of the white traders. Later the whites increased and more

substantial stores were erected to replace the temporary trading posts. Then the railroad, the sawmill and its growing lumber trade and the increase of cattle and sheep men caused the little settlement beside the cool mountain water spring to grow into a rugged little town. The Indians continued to visit Flagstaff regularly. The towering, snow covered San Francisco peaks just north of the little town have a part in the legends and religious beliefs of these Indians and Flagstaff at the foot of these peaks had come to be regarded as a good place, a place where people were friendly. It remained a place for tribes to gather to compete in games, to hold horse races, dance and feast.

Gradually the whites decided that one or more days each year during the summer should be set aside for the entertainment of their Indian friends. During these days free food was given in abundant quantities. Gradually, too, the Indians all over the southwest learned about these specially set aside days and annually made their plans to come to Flagstaff to partake of the free feast provided by the whites. Naturally, as the number of Indians gathered at one time increased, the schedules of games and dances grew, and the competition of tribes to excel in skills and win out in horse races became more keen.

Thus the present Pow-Wow grew, all out of the Indians' own making and the friendliness of the Flagstaff white residents.

Finally the annual Indian celebration became so large and unwieldy that an organization was formed by the whites to work the year 'round to make preparations for these annual visits and fun fests staged by the Indians. The organization was later incorporated as Pow-Wow, Inc., and the celebration became known as the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow. The organization, composed of Flagstaff business and professional men, perpetuated only to help make the necessary arrangements for the Indians. The celebration is still an Indian fun fest. Admission is charged to help defray the cost of providing the large amounts of food given free to the Indians and to help provide prizes for Indian performers. There is no attempt made to gain profit from the celebration. In fact the Flag-



Leon Sundust, popular Maricopa Indian rodeo performer, is one of the outstanding cowboys in roping and bulldogging contests.

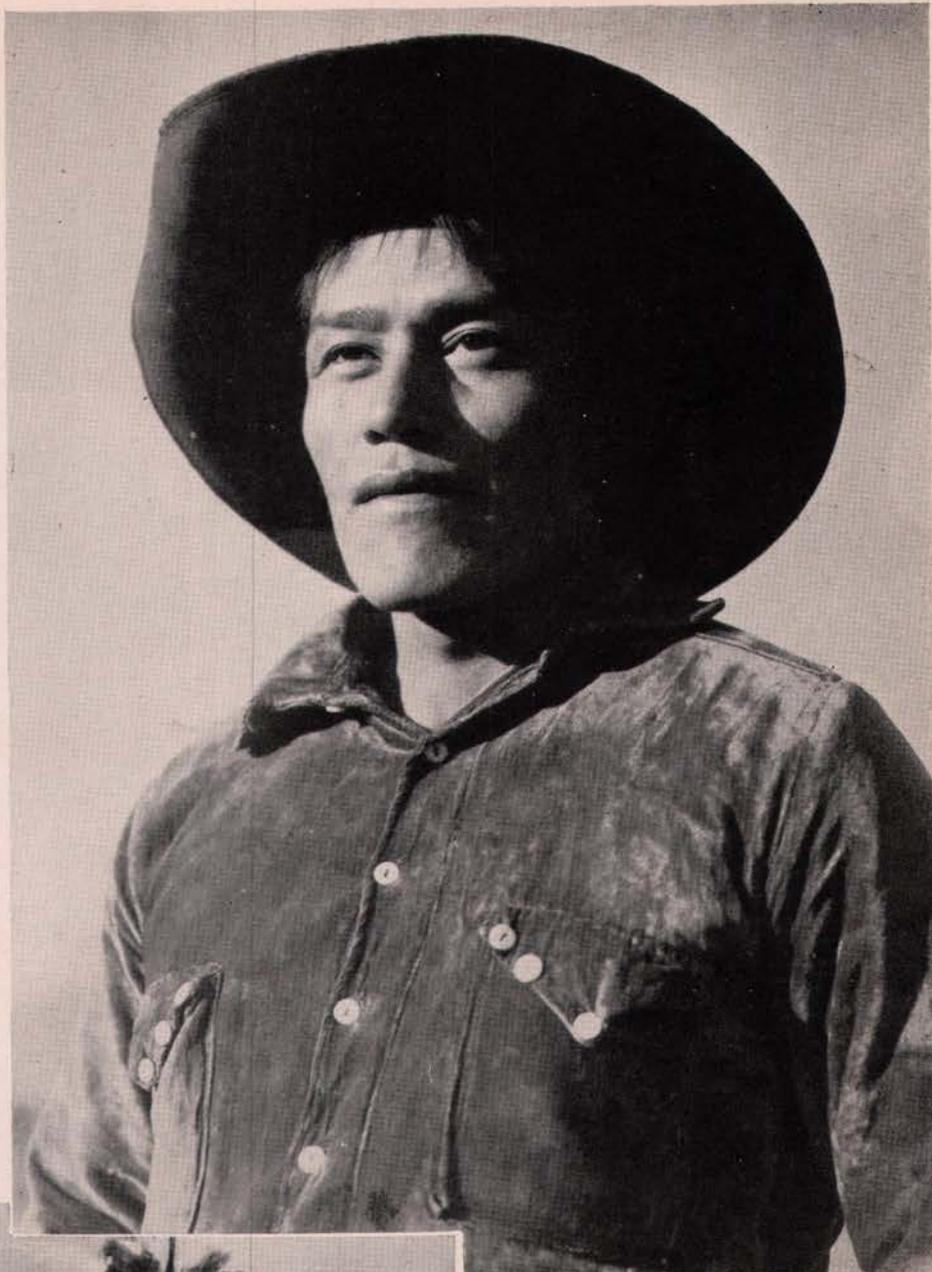
staff merchants each year contribute several thousands of dollars to make the celebration possible.

At no other place in the world is there such a strictly voluntary celebration staged in such colorful fashion. Ten thousand Indians come to Flagstaff annually during Pow-Wow time, representing more than 20 tribes of the southwest. They come by foot, horseback, in wagons and cars and trucks. Like whites going to a fair, they come here in all their finery and they bring their choicest rugs, jewelry, pottery and other types of handicraft to barter off to whites or to other Indians.

A Big Three Day Celebration Staged By 10,000 Indians Who Will Gather Here July 4-5-6, 1941

This is the 13th annual Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow, as an organized celebration. Each year it has grown bigger and better. Each year better horses are brought in for the horse races and each year the competition grows more keen in the rodeo contests and in desire to win acclaim for their tribes for outstanding performance of ceremonial dances.

This year promises to be another step in the steady growth of this most entertaining of all frontier spectacles. Again the celebration will be held three days, afternoon and night, July 4, 5 and 6.



Above is Willie Riggs, well known Navajo cowboy from Leupp. Willie and his brothers are popular with Pow-Wow rodeo fans.



At the left are two Hopi girls dressed for one of their many ceremonial dances. The Hopis, living in apartment-like pueblo villages on the high mesa fingers northeast of Flagstaff, seem to almost live for dancing. There are dances for every occasion. Costumes are beautiful.

The Night Program

A full two-hour program of ceremonial and social or fun dances, chants and antics are held, starting at 8 p. m. each of the three days.

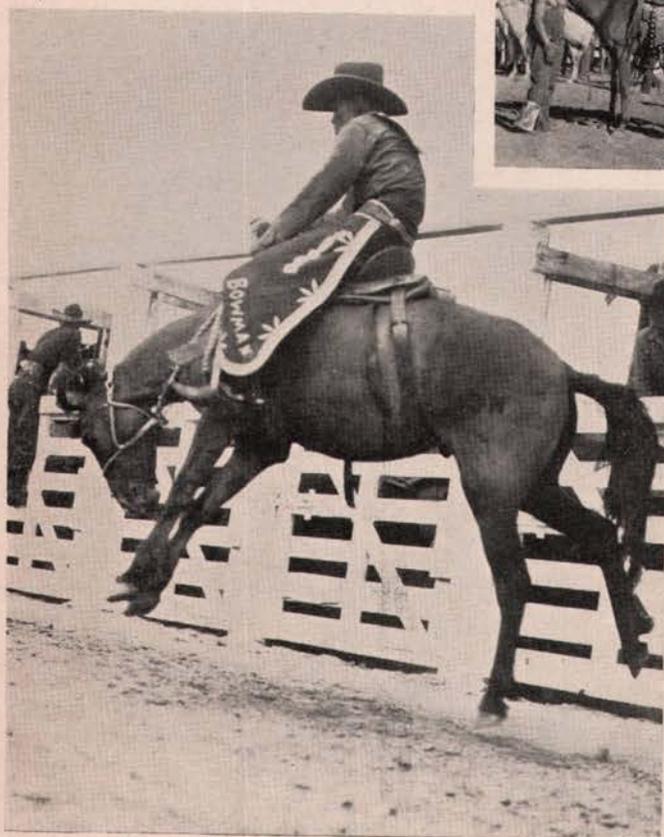
The ceremonials are serious, religious affairs, just as sacred to the Indians as are the church rituals to the whites, and the Pow-Wow committee asks the white

spectators to bear this in mind and show only respect for the age-old religious beliefs of their Indian brothers.

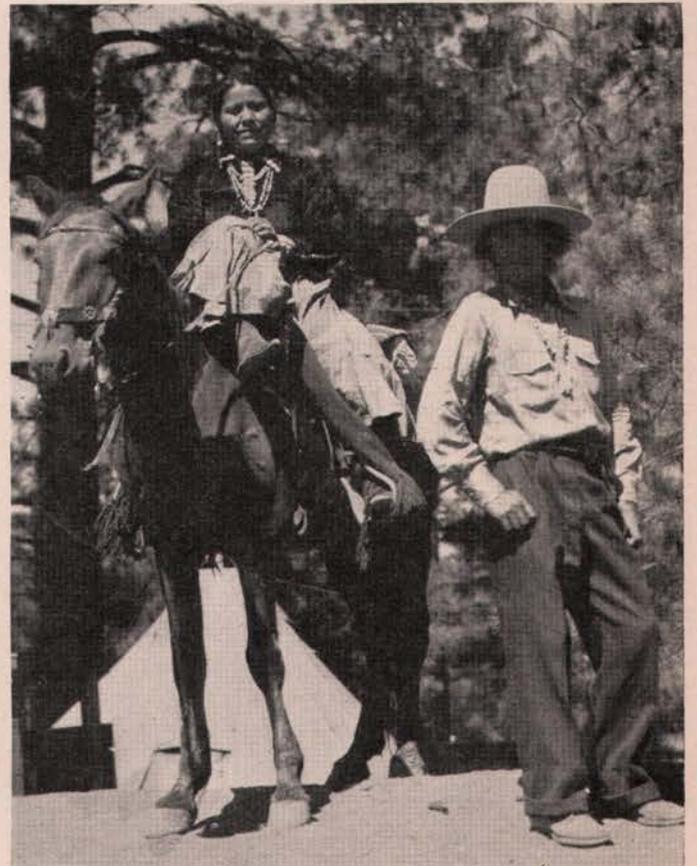
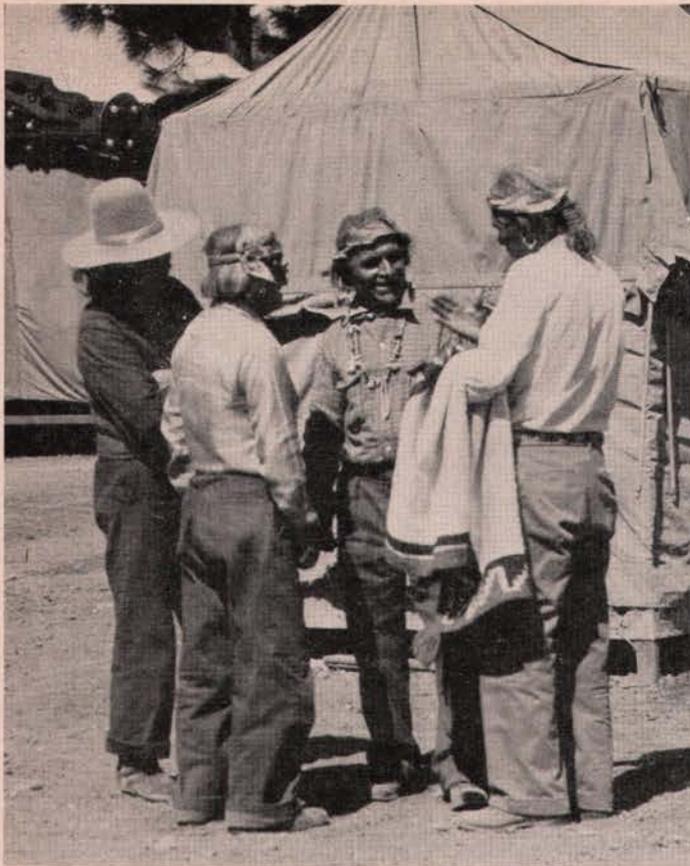
Costumes are beautiful, striking in brilliant colors and trimmed with beads, silver, feathers and other materials typical of the various tribes represented. These costumes, the weird chants and primitive dances are added to by the

excellent campfire setting, with its pueblo and pine forest background, all making one of the most beautifully pagan, almost unreal attractions that a white audience has had the opportunity to witness.

Among the dances will be the Zia Crow and Buffalo dances, Jemez Eagle dance, the sensational Navajo Fire dance,



Above are scenes from the all-Indian Rodeo, held in the afternoons every day of the Pow-Wow, bulldogging, exciting horse races and bucking bronchos. In the center is shown Doc Williams, local merchant, presenting his silver trimmed saddle to the Indian boy whose horse won the big saddle race last year.



Here are typical scenes on the Pow-Wow grounds outside the grandstand. Indians come to the Pow-Wow for the same reasons whites go to fairs. They visit with old friends they seldom see except during the annual Flagstaff celebration, swap, buy and sell and enjoy the carnival.



A young buck takes time out for romance and treats his two girl friends with ice cream cones. Ice cream, watermelons and the merry-go-round are the popular temptations for Indians at Pow-Wow time.

Hopi Butterfly dance, Piute Coyote dance, San Juan Deer dance, Zuni Pottery ceremony, Taos Hoop dance, Kiowa war dance and Rabbit dance, the Apache Devil dance and others, almost too many to mention. The spectacular Cheyenne-Arapahoes will be back and give a group of dances. Also the Maricopas will return from southern Arizona, the Pow-Wow ceremonials inspiring them to revive many of their tribal dances which they had almost lost through close contact with white civilization. The tribe of Havasupais will be present, coming from their beautiful, isolated home in a small canyon tributary of Grand Canyon. Walapais, Mohaves, Lagunas and other tribes will be well represented.

The Afternoon Rodeo

To provide a more varied schedule of entertainment for the Indians, the all-Indian rodeo was adopted in 1937. Previous to that date the afternoons were taken up by Indian games, fun dances and a few horse races.

Now the rodeo is one of the most popular features of the entire celebration. Indians are excellent horsemen and many of them have mastered the tricks of the cowboy trade. Above all, the Indians enjoy the rodeo events for the thrills they get out of them. There is no other rodeo in the country quite like the Pow-Wow all-Indian afternoon show. The livestock is wild, fresh from the reservation ranges and from other sparsely populated sections of the southwest and Old Mexico.

There are broncho saddle and bareback riding, steer riding, wild cow milking, calf roping, cowpony races, free-for-all races, team tying, chicken pulls and all the other contests typical of rodeos—plus the fun loving, daredevil, fiercely competitive spirit of the Indian contestants.



Indian beauties line up for the judges' approval. Competition is keen in this annual contest.



"Hopi Craftsman" Exhibition at the Museum

Indian Arts and Crafts Exhibition

"THE HOPI CRAFTSMAN"

THE Museum of Northern Arizona will open its unique Indian Arts exhibition, the 12th Annual "Hopi Craftsman", on July 2 and the exhibition will continue through the 6th.

As the visitor opens the great doors of the Museum and enters the cool shady interior, he passes across a magic threshold and enters a new world. Looking out from the shade of a high Spanish room into a sunlit patio, the columns of a great window frame a beautiful picture of native Hopi life and industry. Above the scene blue peaks stand forth against a sky of turquoise with its cream white clouds.

The weaver, the old embroiderer, the

12th SEASON
at
THE MUSEUM OF
NORTHERN ARIZONA
FORT VALLEY ROAD

July 2 through July 6

Open Daily, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
NO ADMISSION CHARGE

basket maker, the potter and the silversmith, each with their crude materials and hand fashioned equipment, will create before your eyes the beautiful crafts of their people. Each worker in his setting is a correct and colorful picture, a living habitat group.

These native craftsmen will demonstrate to visitors the art of pottery making without a wheel, from the shaping of raw clay to the firing of the finished pot, basket making of several kinds, using primitive materials and dyes, and blanket weaving, for which the yarn is carded and spun by hand. Few white people today can understand how native Indian products are so expertly made without



An Oraibi Basket Maker at work during the Exhibition.

the mechanical aids upon which we are so dependent. In our European culture the potter's wheel and spinning wheel, has been in use for over 3000 years, but the American Indian has never used either one. It is difficult for us to understand how the beautiful colors in baskets and blankets can be produced from the dyes of native plants.

We have forgotten that our grandmothers used similar dyes and practically the same technique, not so very long ago.

Gay awnings shade the covered portales that enclose the gardens of the patio. Here the arts of the Hopi will be shown, pottery, basketry of many types, textiles and embroideries, silver and turquoise jewelry, carved and painted kachina dolls, drums, moccasins, and decorative paintings.

Of all the pueblo peoples in existence today, the Hopi alone still make the same articles made by their ancestors before the coming of the Spanish 400 years ago, yet the pressure of modern civilization in recent years has caused a decline in many of their arts.

The Hopi Craftsman Exhibition was organized 12 years ago as a cooperative undertaking to stimulate Hopi handicrafts and to create a high class market for superior goods. Every object in the exhibition is personally selected in the villages, by members of the Art department of the Museum. Many prizes are awarded in the various classes of materials and everything is done to stimulate pride in craftsmanship and adherence to the best native tradition. Each craftsman places his own valuation upon his work and the Museum sells for them, without profit to the institution. The work of the 12 Hopi villages is displayed

in individual groups in order to show the craft specialties of each town, such as decorated pottery from the villages on First Mesa, coiled basketry from the Second Mesa group, and wicker basketry from the Third Mesa villages. While textiles and an interesting variety of decorative and utility objects are made by all the Hopis.

The Hopi themselves regard the exhibition as an opportunity to build up an individual reputation for workmanship, as well as an appreciative market for their finest material. The Museum has also established a worthwhile mail order business for Hopi material and encourages all craftsmen to put their individual mark or name on their work, thus associating the name of the craftsman with the character of his work.

The American Indian as an artist and a craftsman is coming into his own. The art world of today fervently believes that it has gone modern. As a matter of fact, "there is nothing new under the sun" and the tired world of art is unconscious-



"Grandmother" Polimana demonstrates the art of pottery making.

ly reverting to the simplified refreshing forms of the art of primitive man. Modern part and the modern designer are no longer concerned with the telling of a story, their work deals with abstract form. Upon a given space there is arranged a series of shapes and colors, in a manner complimentary to one another, so that the eye is content with the composition for its own sake. With this reawakening of appreciation we have become aware of the art of our own American Indian and his possibilities as a designer for the modern American home. Indian Art, especially that of the Pueblo dwellers and the Navajo, are particularly well adapted to the taste of today.

They are masters of design and its adaptation to simple and dignified forms. They are lovers of color. It is interwoven with their lives. The bright colors of their own desert world glow in their blankets, their pottery, their baskets, their turquoise and their rich embroidery.

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



Hopi Pottery Jar

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 to 6 feet 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, 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.



Tawameinewa weaver of Shungopovi, carding wool for his exhibition blanket.

Eternal Struggle for Water

More valuable than gold is water in the semi-arid sections of the Southwest. The government built tanks and constructed irrigation systems to make the vast reservations more productive and better places to live on.

A MODERN version of the "winning of the West" is being enacted by the United States Office of Indian Affairs.

Bringing water to parched and eroded lands on which Indians are struggling to earn their livelihood, John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has reported to Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes, that a total of 1,862 water sources now exist on the great Navajo Reservation of New Mexico, Arizona and Utah.

Water in some of the semi-desert regions of the West is almost the equivalent of gold and for this reason the increase of water sources from 240 in 1928 to 1,862 in 1941 represents an encouraging improvement in Navajo economy. Similar achievements in other areas are now being surveyed and will be made the subject of reports as rapidly as the figures can be tabulated, Mr. Collier stated.

During the past year the Navajo Service produced 20 new deep wells, while the program for the year calls for 33 new deep wells and rehabilitation of 60 old wells.

In addition to the development of water for domestic and stock purposes on the Reservation, Navajo farmers are busy on

65 active irrigation projects. The farmers predict 1941 bumper crop of corn, melon, beans and grain.

"Water development is a major objective of the Navajo Service," the Commissioner said. "There still exists, however, the need for a wider distribution of water. A large expenditure is proposed for extensive water development this year."

Stock and domestic units on the Reservation include:

Drilled wells, 221; dug wells, 507; springs developed, 672; tanks constructed 198, and charcos built, 265.

Major water development on the Reservation has been executed by Navajo Civilian Conservation Corps workers. Approximately 1000 Indian boys are now enrolled under the Navajo CCC program which includes instruction courses designed to teach the boy better agricultural and livestock practices as applied to problems peculiar to their Reservation.

Thus the increase in life-giving water is not only responsible for an immediate economic gain to the affected areas, but what is equally important, the work teaches the young Indians the methods of developing their own land. It also develops initiative and resourcefulness in combatting conditions which in the past may have seemed almost hopeless.

"Those who say the Indian is lacking in alertness, inventiveness and industry need only to look at the results on almost any reservation to find a complete refutation," Mr. Collier said.



Paul Saufkie, Hopi Silversmith.

Weaver's Curios

In Commercial Hotel Lobby

Genuine Indian Jewelry

Rugs

Southwestern Souvenirs



Zuni Indians parading through Flagstaff. Note the Zuni women in the rear carrying pottery on their heads.

The Hopi Indians Are **GOOD CITIZENS**

PEOPLE living in communities close to the Hopi country know that the Hopis are very good neighbors; they are very well behaved and orderly, and are not in the habit of shirking their duties or responsibilities. To the people who know Hopis the following letter to Sidney P. Osborn, governor of Arizona, from Sam Shing, chairman of the Hopi tribal council, makes very good sense:

Hopi Reservation,
Keams Canyon, Ariz.
May 27, 1941.

Governor State of Arizona,
State Capitol Building,
Phoenix, Arizona.

My Dear Mr. Governor:

This is to inform you of the feeling on the Hopi reservation, following the trial and conviction of six Hopi Indian

boys from Hotevilla Hopi village on the 23rd of this month, for evading the Selective Service laws of the United States.

Writing on behalf of the majority of the Hopi people, whom I represent, I want to say that we Hopi people do not want to be discredited for the actions of these boys, and the others who have supported them.

The majority of the Hopi people are just as patriotic as any good citizens of the United States, and are willing to defend the Democracy of this country against any aggressor nation.

In fact, we have at present a number of Hopi boys serving in the United States army, of whom we are very proud; those Hopi boys in the army are

the sons of some of our most respected Hopi men.

I want to thank you for your kind attention to this letter, and I hope we Hopi people, as a whole, are not looked at in the eyes of our government, both state and federal, as violators of the laws.

Thanking you again, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
SAM SHING,
Chairman, Hopi Tribal Council.

CARRISO MOUNTAINS

(Apache County)—Located close to the Utah line in the Northeast corner of the county and the Navajo Indian Reservation.



Even the youngsters are veteran members of many of the tribal dance teams. In many tribes it is more difficult to gain membership in dance groups or clans than it is for young whites to crash an exclusive fraternity or lodge. Frequently membership is handed down from father to son and eligible youngsters train religiously for the honor of taking part in these rituals.

INDIANS GO ON WARPATH AGAIN

This Time To Help The United States

Many Enlist in American armed forces and tribal council pledges loyalty and patriotism

THE valorous military tradition of the American Indian, unyieldingly pitted for generations against the white man, is now being mobilized in defense of America.

Reminiscent of World war No. 1, Indians in every part of the United States are volunteering for services in the armed forces of the country, according to reports being received by John Collier Commissioner of Indian Affairs, from a large majority of the 200 tribes.

Besides the hundreds entering active service, many others are preparing themselves to serve in various technical capacities in the defense program. Still others are making inquiries to learn how they can best serve their country.

Although frequently disagreeing with the Federal Government, the Navajo Tribal Council, representing 50,000 proud and independent Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico, passed a resounding resolution pledging their loyalty and patriotism. Numerous other groups did likewise.

Of the 4,579 Navajos who registered

for services in the army some 200 have been drafted; 178 have enlisted or volunteered. Many of those who appeared at registration points came with guns and pack animals ready to take on European armies. One old medicine man said, "If big troubles come, we'll all fight. Draft business will be no good."

Among the sons of former great Navajo chiefs who have been inducted or volunteered in the Army are as follows: Jim Halona and Herman Bowman, grandson and great-grandson of Manuelito, perhaps the greatest Navajo leader during the exile at Fort Summer in 1868. Paul Arviso of Crown Point, grandson of Jesus Arviso famous 1864-68 Scout. Frank Pesklakai, Crystal, New Mexico, grandson of Slim Silver-smith, most famous Navajo silversmith during 1870-1900.

The Navajos are kept informed of the up-to-date developments in the European war and other events. Each Saturday morning at 10:00 a. m. the news is broadcast over the shortwave radio system from Station KTGM, Window Rock, Arizona.



Uncle Sam has no kick coming over the soldier material provided by the above strapping Indian cowboys. They are tougher than buckskin, raised on desert dust and bucking range ponies. They will bet their shirt on a horse race and wrestle a wild-eyed bull for the fun of it.

Navajo Tribal Fair

NITSA-HO-NA-NI, which means "the big meeting" in the Navajo language, or the Fourth Annual Navajo Tribal Fair, held at Window Rock, is expected to draw hundreds of tourists from many parts of the country as well as more than 10,000 Navajos to this picturesque community in September. The Fair committee is receiving daily many inquiries from chambers of commerce and travel bureaus.

The Tribe's best weavers and silversmiths are putting the finishing touches on hundreds of exhibits to be entered in the competitive arts and crafts exhibit. Many Navajos have already made provisions to enter sheep, cattle and horses in that division and reservation farmers are preparing to enter the keen competition promised in the agriculture section.

A feature of the 1940 Fair was the presentation of a pageant of Navajo history in which one thousand Navajos participated. The entire dialogue was in the Navajo language.

Activities will center around the one-half mile racetrack where horseracing, the delight of the Indian, will attract Navajos to the huge grandstand which has been carved from a natural hillside. Other events will be the run of the rodeo including fast bucking and roping exclusively by the Navajos. The Navajos jealously regard the Fair as their own and no other Indians are invited to participate in the rodeo or to enter exhibit competition, although they are welcome as spectators.

The Navajo Tribal fairgrounds covers an area of sixty acres near Window Rock, government capitol of the Navajo Reservation. All structures were built of native materials by Indian Civilian Conservation workers and the buildings and their location combine to make the fairgrounds one of the most picturesque spots in the southwest. The fairgrounds includes a livestock barn with a capacity for five hundred animals; a buffalo pen; model irrigation farm and dwelling; exhibition school building; improved hogans; and medical exhibit and field hospital building; refreshment stand; Navajo market; arts and crafts building and modern rest rooms.

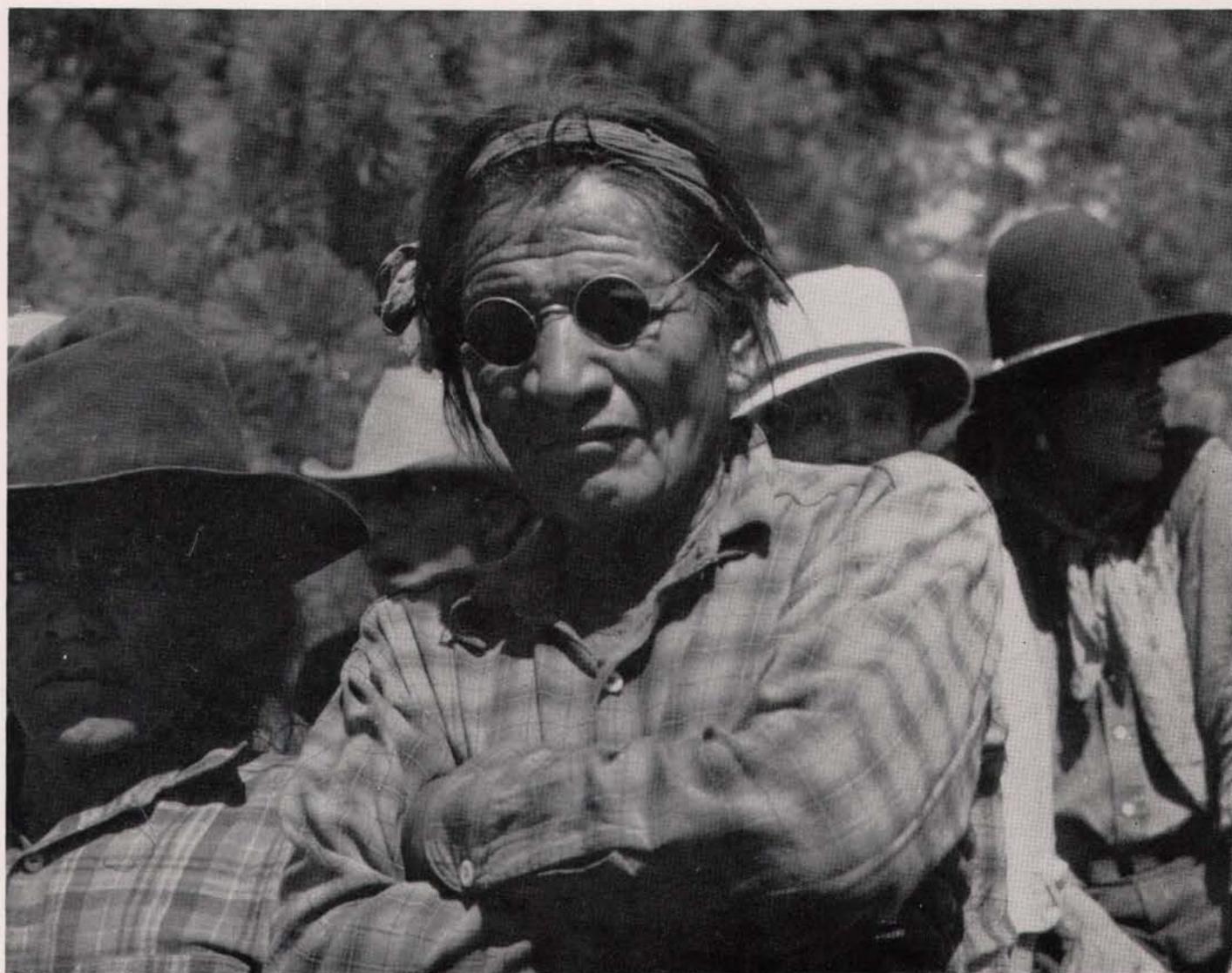
Camping facilities only are available to visitors on the grounds. Hotel or tourists court accommodations are at Holbrook, Arizona, 96 miles southwest of Window Rock, and Gallup, New Mexico, 27 miles southeast of the Agency headquarters.



Indian Village



The best show of the entire Pow-Wow celebration is a visit to the village of Indian camps in the pine forest north and west of the grandstand—and it's a free, continuous show. Don't miss this opportunity to see and visit with our Indian friends. In the picture at the left is a Navajo family making themselves at home. Below is a group of Navajo men getting a kick out of watching the peculiar antics of white visitors.



THE APACHE Indians, once the dreaded scourge of the Southwest, now live mainly on the 100 miles square of rugged mountainous country in the east-central part of Arizona, known as the San Carlos and Fort Apache Indian reservations.

It is believed the word "Apache" is a corruption of a Zuni word meaning enemy.

Although the Apaches are the most noted, and once the most feared of the Southwest Indians, they cannot be classed as real pioneer settlers of this region. They were still en route from the cold plains of northwestern Canada when the early Spanish explorers came through Arizona and New Mexico. By the middle of the 17th century they had appeared and were strongly established in New Mexico, west Texas, southern Arizona and northern Mexico. Leading a roving, hunter's life, these Apaches roamed widely, raiding and fighting Pueblos and Pimas. They wandered about in inde-

The Apache Indians

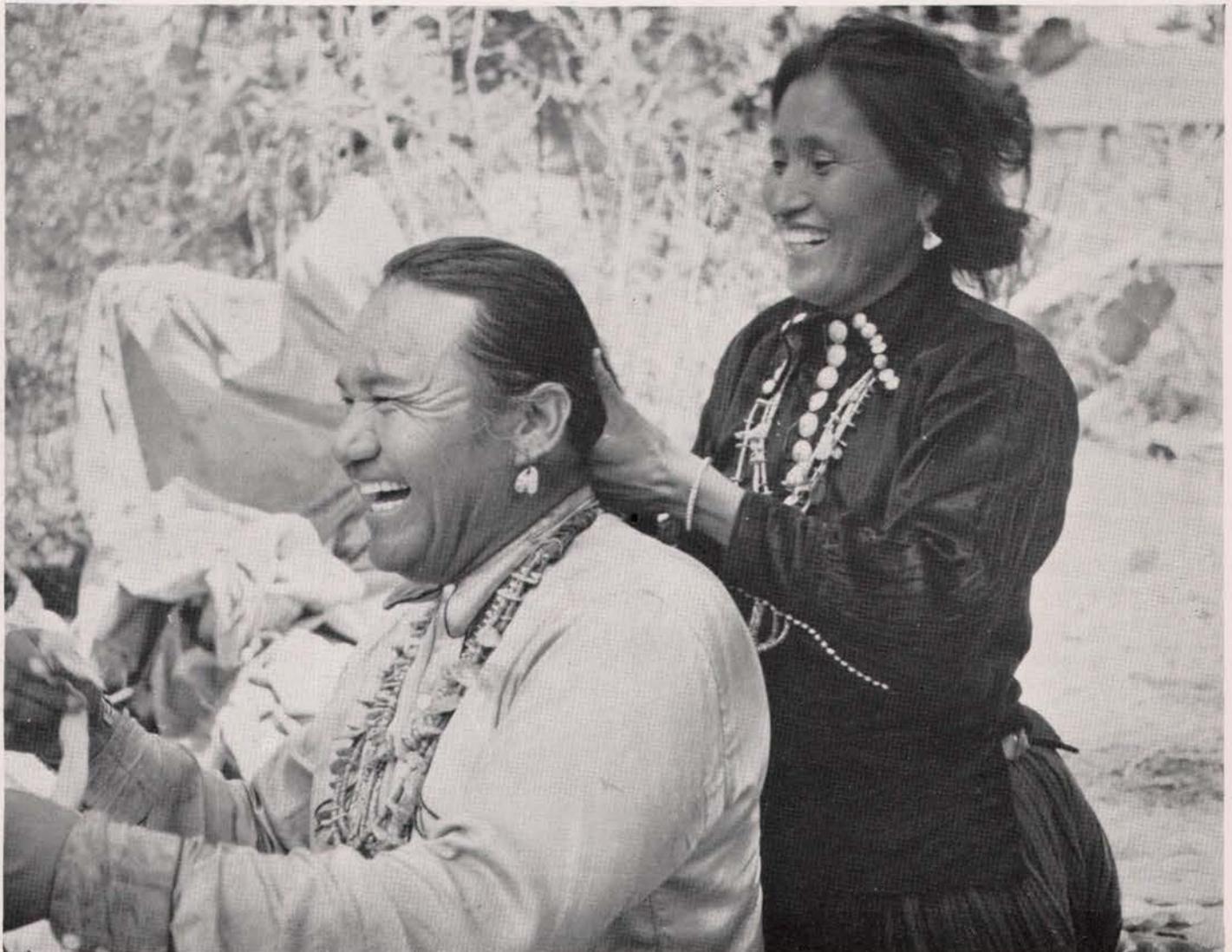
These invaders from the cold Northwest took what they wanted and strongly resisted later invasions by the whites. Made up of roving small units, these aggressive, independent people asked no favors or quarter from anyone—and gave none.

pendent groups and would fight among themselves for hunting grounds.

They took what they wanted, "found people living in cliffs, caves and stone houses and villages." According to legends, the Apaches overcame the cliff dwellers and those who lived in houses and either killed them or drove them into the "boiling ocean." Perhaps the "boiling ocean" was the Gulf of California and here the Apaches came in contact with the Mexicans of Spanish descent, starting a war with them that had lasted 200 years when the first American white men appeared.

The early American trappers or "mountain men" were treated kindly by the Apaches but the colonists, arriving later, were resented. In fact the Apaches thought the colonists were another tribe of whites who had conquered their friends, the trappers.

A half century of warfare was opened in 1835. Famous became such chiefs as Eskiminzin, Cochise and Mangus Col-



This Indian buck and squaw are having a big time while she dresses his long hair so he can look his best at the celebration.



early achievements. Though his band of followers was small, he became the shrewdest, most powerful of American Indians and a formidable foe. He surrendered to General Miles at Skeleton canyon, Arizona, on condition he would be protected from civil authorities and sent out of Arizona. He and his band were sent to Florida, then to Mt. Vernon, Ala., and finally to Fort Sill, Okla., where he died in 1909.

The Apaches lived in wickiups of juniper, mesquite or pine poles set a few inches in the ground, circular form, 12 feet in diameter and 10 feet high. The tops of the poles are drawn together and lashed securely, completing a conical framework. Long grass or straw are thrown over this framework and over all are tied sheets of canvas. In the northern part of the reservation a tight door

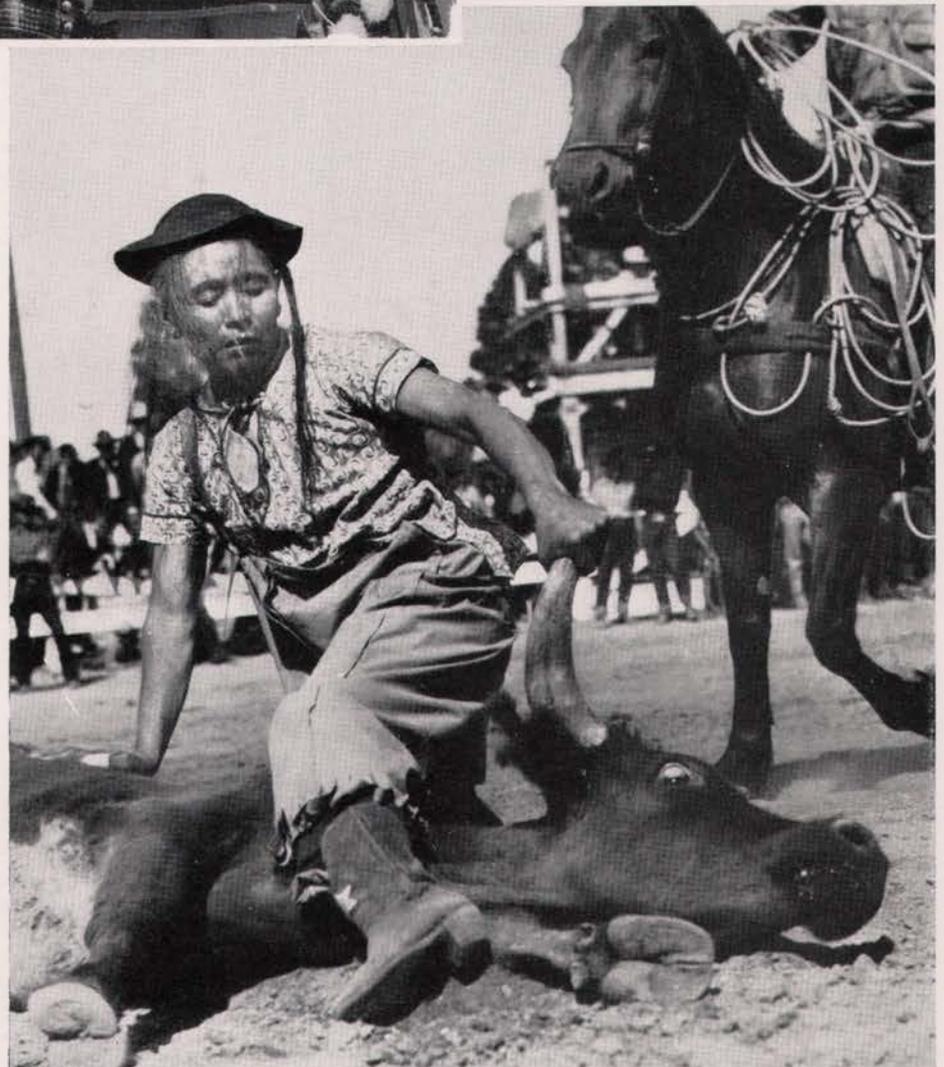
Gorgeous costumes of the Cheyenne-Arapahoe (shown left) will be seen again. These fine looking Indians come from Oklahoma to participate in the dance ceremonials.

orado, as well as Geronimo, Nachez and the Apache Kid.

The final surrender of Geronimo in 1886 virtually ended the Apache wars.

In 1860 a 15 mile square strip along the Gila river was approved as an Apache reservation, but, with the outbreak of the Civil war, most of the tribe again went on the warpath. Areas at five points adjacent to army posts in Apache territory were approved as a reservation, the army posts serving mainly as headquarters for dispensing rations to the Indians. The Apaches took these government issued rations and frequently supplemented them with loot obtained from raids on white settlers. The Geronimo unrest period occurred between 1880 and 1885.

Geronimo, a Chiricahua Apache, was born about 1829 in eastern Arizona near the headwaters of the Gila river. He grew up under the canny warfare training of such chiefs as Cochise and Mangus Colorado. He was not a hereditary chief, but became a war chief because of



No rodeo, even an all-Indian rodeo, is complete without a clown. Here is Edison Bowman of Tohatchi, N. M., having a little fun at the expense of a bulldogged steer. Edison is one of several of the Navajo family of Bowman boys who regularly come to the Pow-Wow. All are good cowboys and all have good race horses. Edison will be back this year as rodeo clown.



Above are Hopi Buffalo dancers.

is built, in the southern part a burlap curtain is used for a door covering.

The Apache women adopted the white women's dress back in the 70's, a full skirt of 18 yards of the brightest sateen or percale, with deep flounce and several rows of braid. The blouse hangs to the hips from a smooth yoke, high necked, full sleeved and more braid but no belt. Her long hair hangs free. A widow must wear a cape.

Men wear shirts, levis and cowboy hats.

The women make excellent baskets, twined and coiled. The twined, frequently painted and dyed, are made of squawberry, summac, mulberry. The coiled baskets are made of yucca, willow and cottonwood, with designs in black from devil's claw or martynia.

Meat, corn, beans and pumpkins are the staple foods. Meat is supplied mainly from the fine herds of cattle on the reservations.

Apaches are divided into small local groups, with a popularly selected chief for each group and in each are smaller family groups, with a head man for each. Lawbreakers are dealt with by native judges and court order kept by native

INDIAN SCHOOLS

MORE than 6,000 Navajo children are attending Reservation schools, a great increase over the corresponding period last year.

The additional enrollment is almost equally distributed between the 47 day schools and nine boarding schools. Because of overcrowding of dormitories, it has been necessary to turn many children away from the boarding schools.

In a number of communities Indians

police. Children are born into the clan of the mother and marriage within the clan is forbidden.

When death occurs in a wickiup, it is burned, also all personal effects are burned. The name of a dead person is never spoken again. Death is regarded with horror, symbolizing the final victory of evil, but the Apache does not fear a corpse so much as does a Navajo.

reported that when they heard during the first two weeks of school that a boarding school was full they did not try to enroll their children, though they had intended to bring them in. As a result of this, several communities have asked for the first time to have day schools built in their area. These include Sweetwater, Mexican Hat, Ganado, Tsalani, Wheatfields and Ramah, as well as Round Rock and Nazlini, which petition each year for a school, and Iyanbito and Red Rock, which are asking for the construction of addition class rooms.

The latest survey indicates that about 30.8 per cent, or 13,860 of the Navajos are children between the ages of 6 and 16, and 23.8 per cent, or 10,710 are between the ages of 6 and 13. Including those attending mission, public and non-reservation schools, about half the children who might be expected to attend school are not enrolled anywhere.

Chee Dodge

- Last of the great Navajo Chieftains, makes plea for aid to Mother Nature

NAVAJO Indians at their meetings sometimes apathetically grant the white man time to tell them that their reservation is rapidly being washed away because of overstocking and improper range management, but when Chee Dodge recites the range dangers that threaten the tribe, they listen attentively and believe him.

Chee, white-thatched, jewel-bedecked mediator of the reservation, is the last of the great Navajo chieftains. Because he is one of the tribe's most successful stockmen and a natural leader, he is often looked to by other headmen for the last word.

His speech at Pinon before a colorful crowd of his tribesmen is regarded by government officials and traders as a classic of Indian reasoning and oratory. His remarks were interpreted as follows:

"Sixty-eight years ago we came back from Fort Sumner. At that time we were just a small band. We also owned a very small band of stock. But, up to this day, we are told we have increased to 50,000. Also, our stock increased tremendously with us.

"At that time we had plenty of grass for our stock. We just kept increasing our stock, thinking nothing about the grass our stock eats, thinking nothing about the soil the grass grew from, thinking nothing about our Mother Earth.

"Years back a person could almost see the grass sprouting right after the rains. And after it rained you could walk on the soil and it would sound like you were walking in the snow—cracking under your soles. But now the ground is just like cement. The only thing a person hears cracking are his knee-joints from walking on the hard ground.

"Now what do you hear after it rains? You hear nothing but roaring of water down these gullies. We are told, and if you just do a little thinking you will realize that these gullies are made from soil exhaustion.

"We have killed the grass with out stock, running them all over the reservation. Every time we herd our sheep we have a small dust-storm following our herd. Maybe all those small dust storms from our herd form together and make a big dust storm east of us.



Nolnishe of Leupp, Arizona, one of the first of the Navajo cowboys, is now content to sit astride his horse and look on as the younger fellows compete in the rodeo events.

"We have nobody to blame but ourselves. The government did not help us kill the richness of our soil. Washongdoon never did herd any sheep or cattle on our reservation.

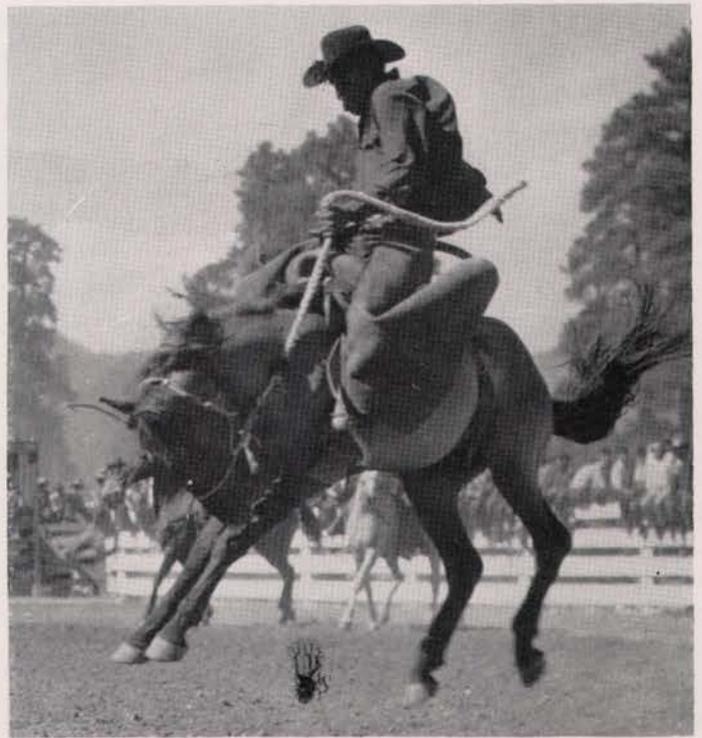
"My dear people, after 68 years we have enjoyed everything from our stock—we've got plenty of jewels we like, we've got everything to our heart's content. We never thought of all those good times, of all this good turquoise we have now as coming from our Mother Earth—by feeding our stock with grass. We are slowly killing what's left of the grass by running our stock over it, giving no chance for the grass to live again.

"Now all of us old-timers have enjoyed the fruits of the earth; but what do you think of the coming generation? What do you think of those babies some of you are holding now? Will they enjoy the same things that we have enjoyed?

"My people, let me tell you right here, they could if we give our Mother Earth the proper treatment she needs now. She is slowly dying, and I have already told you the reasons why.

"Let's get behind the government and help treat our soil so grass of all kinds may be rehabilitated for our stock."





Above and on the opposite page are some of the scenes from the all-Indian rodeo of last year, pictured evidence of why white spectators say it is the best show of its kind in the world. These Indian boys have fun doing the things that most white men couldn't be hired to do.



Thousands of Indians from 20 southwestern tribes don their best to parade daily through the downtown streets of Flagstaff during the three big days of their annual Pow-Wow.

THE HAVASUPAI INDIANS

Intrepid Horsemen of Bluewater Canyon

PROBABLY the most remarkable and certainly the most beautiful place in Arizona is Cataract canyon, home of the Havasupai Indians, lying within Grand Canyon National park and a tributary canyon to Grand Canyon.

Hemmed in by red sandstone walls that tower nearly 3,000 feet above the canyon floor, the Havasupai reservation is very small and extremely isolated but its limited acres are fertile and its scenery spectacular in its charm and beauty.

Originally, in 1880, the reservation was a tract of land five miles wide and 12 miles long, surrounding the inhab-

ited part of Cataract canyon. The size was reduced two years later to the canyon bottom land, taking an area of 518.6 acres around the settlement of Supai. The population is slightly over 200 and it is believed the tribe has never numbered over 300.

Cataract canyon is almost semi-tropical. Supai, surrounded as it is by high cliffs, enjoys a temperature that is 10 to 12 degrees warmer the year 'round than the higher plateaus. Frequently the temperature reaches 112 degrees in the summer.

There are two pack trails into the

canyon, one coming from Seligman and entering the side of the canyon not far above Supai and the other coming from Grand Canyon village and dropping down over the precipitous north end of the canyon, 14 miles above Supai. About 12 or 13 miles down from the canyon rim over which the Grand Canyon trail winds, almost within sight of Supai, Cataract creek bursts out of the sandy canyon floor and rushed down past the Indian village and over a series of cliffs and smaller drops, forming a series of the most beautiful waterfalls and cascades that anyone would hope to see.

The largest of these is Mooney falls, almost 200 feet.

The water, after passing underground through many miles of limestone formation, is heavily impregnated with calcium and magnesium carbonate, calcium sulphate and magnesium chloride. These mineral salts in the water cause the formation of fantastic stony deposits along the pathway of the creek and giving a bright turquoise color to the water.

Havasus means blue or green water and pai means people, thus the tribal name has the meaning of Blue-water people.

The Havasupais, the neighboring Walapais to the west and the Yavapais have similar languages that are dialects closely related to the language of the Mohave and Yuma Indians.

First written record of the Havasupais date from 1776 when Padre Francisco Garces, a Spanish mission priest, stopped in the little canyon. For the next hundred years there was little contact with whites, except for occasional visits by trappers, prospectors and exploring parties. No active interest was taken by the government until 1892 when a government farmer was sent to the canyon to instruct the people in better methods of farming and use of metal implements.

Corn, beans and squash are staples grown, also some onions, tomatoes, melons and other garden vegetables. Fruit crops include peaches, nectarines, apricots and figs. The peaches are said by the Havasupais to have been introduced by John D. Lee, a Mormon who lived as a fugitive in the canyon for several years

following 1857. In fact the branch of the canyon into which the Grand Canyon trail enters is called Lee's canyon.

Ownership of arable land is communal, but the use may be sold or inherited. Inheritance passes through the male line. A widow and unmarried daughters may share in the use of the land but cannot lay any claim to it. Men own and herd the horses and cattle and the men are also owners of the houses and the land on which they stand. Personal effects and tools and utensils are owned individually.

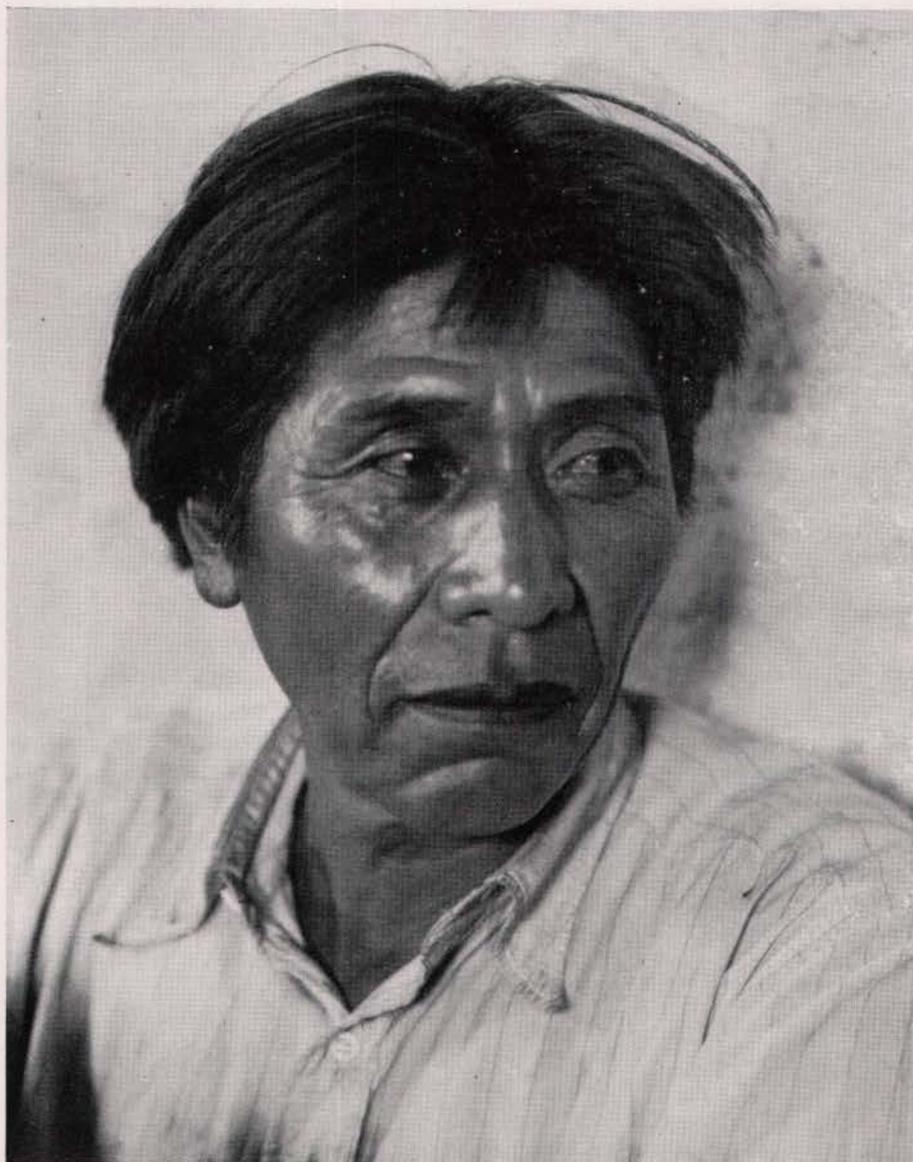
The Havasupai is an excellent horseman and packer. He is also a good roper, since he must help round up and break the herd of wild horses that roams the upper canyon. They use the horses to ride and to pack trade goods in and out of the canyon. Havasupai horses are usually good ones and well broken, hence they find a ready market in the Hopi, Navajo and Walapai reservations.

Sweat lodges serve as sort of club houses for the men. These are dome-shaped structures about six feet in diameter, about four feet high built of sapling framework covered by brush or thatch and set over a foot deep pit. The dirt floor is covered by grass or leaves, except for a space at the left of the entrance, which is left bare for placing of heated stones.

During hot midday it is customary for the men to rest in these sweat lodges and the sweating proves refreshing. Water is thrown on the rocks to make steam and increase sweating. When the men come out of the lodges, after being inside 10 minutes to an hour, they either plunge into the stream nearby or lie on the sand to rest until their turn comes to go into the lodges again. It is customary for a man to go into the lodge four times during an afternoon.

Occasionally family sweatings are enjoyed, when the wife and children accompany the man. Sweating is also used as a curative for sickness.

Below the village is a tangled wilderness of shrubs and trees rarely visited by the Indians because they believe it is haunted by ghosts of the dead. Usually only shamans or medicine men see ghosts, but occasionally others see them. Ghosts are said to always be forebearers of evil and anyone seeing one will immediately become sick.



Clyde Peshlakai, head man of the small band of Navajos that live on and near the Wupatki National Monument. Clyde is a hard working, progressive Indian. He recently built an adobe and rock house, with a glassed window, for his winter home. Sally, his wife, is one of the best of the Navajo weavers.

CANYON DIABLO

(Coconino County) dee-ahb-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.

THE *Hopi* INDIANS

PERCHED high on three rocky mesas in the northeastern section of Arizona, within easy driving distance from Flagstaff, are the nine present day villages of the Hopi Indians.

Hopitu, the "Peaceful Ones," is the tribal name of the Hopis. Their language is of Ute-Aztec stock, which extends from southern Idaho to Mexico City. However, it is not so closely related to any of the kindred Indian languages as is the Navajo and Apache.

First written record of the Hopi dates from the Coronado expedition in 1540, when the Spanish conquistadores came to Hopiland from Zuni and named the region the province of Tusayan. They left Franciscan missionaries behind to

convert the Hopi to Christianity but the attempt failed.

Though there is little to indicate that the Hopis were affected by political or religious influence, the Hopis acquired a great deal from the Spanish to influence their economic life. Sheep, cattle, mules, burros, horses, new seeds (particularly fruit trees), wagons and metal tools were obtained from these early Spanish.

Later, when the Americans came in and established the reservation system, the Hopis were given schooling and adopted the white man's clothing, stoves, modern cooking utensils and other trade goods.

All of these new economic elements

made life easier but they did not affect the Hopi society or religious ceremonies to any apparent extent. Today their economics is so well balanced that the Hopis are practically self-supporting.

The food supply is based on cultivation of corn, beans and squash, supplemented by chili, onions, melons and other recently acquired foods. Meat is supplied by their herds of sheep or by that obtained from Navajos through trade. Corn is the staff of life, much more so than wheat is to the white civilizations.

A man works for his mother's household before marriage and for his wife's household after marriage. A woman's affiliation with the house in which she



These smiling squaws, also the rather stern looking buck in the background, are enjoying riding the painted wooden ponies on the merry-go-round at the Pow-Wow carnival.



You'll see Indians on foot, in wagons, astride horses and in cars, trucks and busses—thousands of them—in the daily noon-time parades that wind miles long through the streets of Flagstaff.

is born is continuous throughout her life.

Formerly all types of property except clothing and ceremonial apparel and equipment were owned by the women. Children belong to their mother's clan, a husband farms in a field of his wife's clan and brings crops to his wife's house. Today, though, a man owns such property as domestic animals and wagons, adopting the Spanish system of ownership for those things introduced by the Spanish.

Although there are many religious ceremonies and devices observed and used faithfully by Hopis to insure good crops, these Indians also employ many scientific techniques in agriculture and they are among the most successful dry farmers in the world. Whenever possible a field is selected lying between two mesas so plants will have the benefits

of runoff of summer rains and seepage underground.

Planting begins in the middle of April. A digging stick, two feet long, with a foot rest to permit the user to add the weight of his body in sinking the tool into the ground, is commonly used. It is made of greasewood, flattened at one end. A hoe is also used with the digging stick to clear and loosen the ground. A planting stick is used to plant the seeds. About a dozen seeds are planted in each hole dug and the holes are about five paces apart. Beans, squash and melons are often planted between corn rows.

The first sweet corn ripens by mid-July and is distributed by kachinas during the Home dance. The kachinas are supernatural beings who live in the San Francisco peaks and annually come to spend the growing season with the Hopis

to insure bountiful crops for those Hopis who have met with the kachinas' approval. Other crops mature up until the end of October. Corn is always husked in the field and is brought and laid on house roofs to dry, then piled in neat rows in the storeroom of the house.

The Hopi house is built of stone and adobe, usually consisting of two rooms. The front room has an outside door and a window or two. The back room is usually windowless and is the storeroom, for housing utensils not in use, ceremonial paraphernalia and stored crops. A fireplace, with a stone for making piki, is generally found in one corner of the back room of the older houses. Modern homes have separate small buildings for the fireplace. Piki is Hopi bread, made of thin batter of blue cornmeal mixed with a tiny quantity of wood ashes and spread on the piki stone and soon dries paper thin.



Note the bale of hay in this wagon. These two squaws hitched up and drove in the daily Pow-Wow parade in order to get this hay which is given free to those entering wagons in the parades.

Beauty and Papoose Contest Winners

LENORE Hart, a Cheyenne maiden from Oklahoma, and Mary Jane Waconda, Laguna maiden from New Mexico, tied for first place in the beauty contest for young squaws last year. For the first time in the history of the Pow-Wow the judges were unable to decide on the winner and finally threw up their hands and declared the contest a draw between these two lovely maidens.

The better papoose contest went to Corinna Ann Trujillo, 2-year-old daughter of Rocita A. Trujillo, San Juan Pueblo Indian from Chemita, N. M. Second prize went to Emma Jean and Diane, 3-year-old twins of Mrs. Edward Nequat-ewa, and third place went to Shirley

Carolyn Begay, 11-months-old daughter of Mrs. Elmer Begay.

The beauty contest is held the first afternoon of the Pow-Wow and the papoose contest on the second day, the rodeo events being halted for these two popular features of the celebration.

Compliments
of
CHAS. M. PROCTOR

Supervisor District No. 3

WILLIAMS

APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation for the Indian material gleaned from the many bulletins issued by the Arizona State Teachers College of Flagstaff. Much of the information about the tribes of the Southwest that is printed in this souvenir magazine was supplied by these bulletins and we wish to thank Dr. T. J. Tormey, president of the college, for allowing this valuable collection of authentic Indian facts to be used so freely by the Pow-Wow, Inc.

THE PAPAGO INDIANS

THE Papago Indians live on three reservations in southern Arizona—the San Xavier, the Papago and the Gila. The Papago Reservation, about the size of the state of Massachusetts, is roughly rectangular and extends 10 miles south of Casa Grande to the Mexican border. Physically it is what is known as range and basin country. Sharp, bare, low mountains, deeply eroded, thread from northwest to southwest and alternate with wide expanses of plain. Cactus, palo verde, mesquite and ironwood make up the vegetation.

The language of the Papago is almost identical with the Pima Indian and the Papagos, like the Pimas, belong to the Uto-Aztecan stock. Papago means bean people. However, they call themselves Taw-haw-no Aw'-o-tahm, which means desert people.

At one time, archaeologists believe, the Papagos occupied a much larger territory than now.

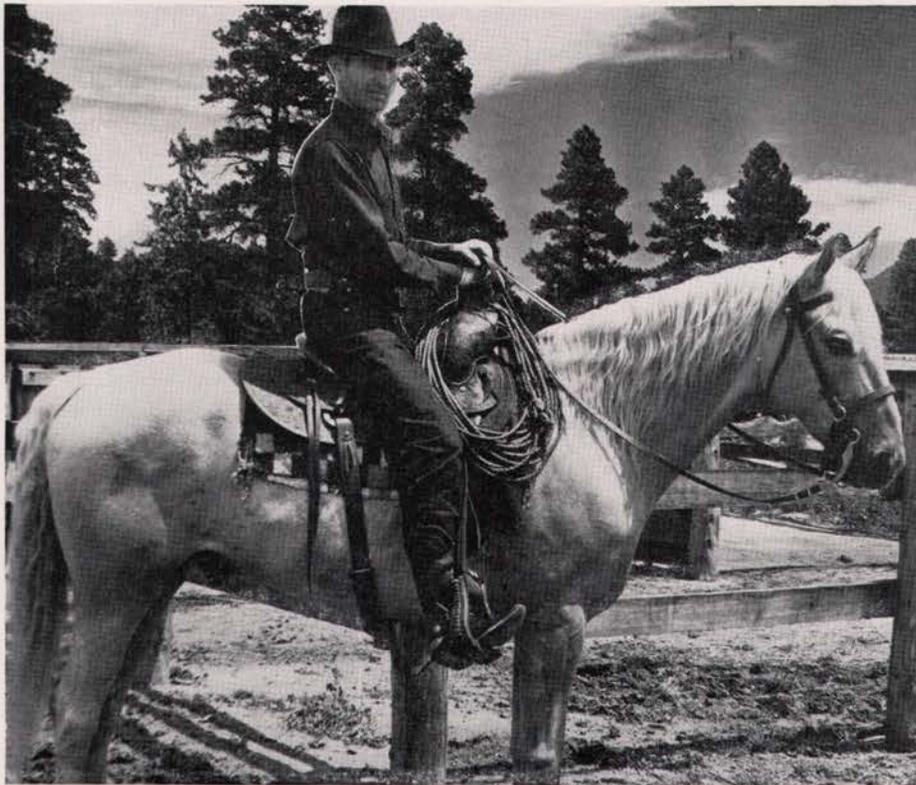
In the 16th century the Fray Marcos de Niza expedition visited the Papago territory, so did Coronado's expedition

a bit later. In 1697, following Juan Menje a few years, the celebrated Father Kino came, with Diego Carrasco, official surveyor for the Spanish crown. Large numbers took the oath of fealty to the Spanish government from Carrasco and Father Kino baptised many and gave them Spanish names. Many missions were founded but the marauding Apaches began to appear in southern Arizona and caused most of these missions to be abandoned during the 18th century.

The Spanish missionaries introduced domestic animals, farm tools, wheat and several varieties of legumes, and encouraged house building, all of great value to the economic and social life of the Papago.

In the late 60's and 70's, soon after the Gadsden Purchase, American whites came in to locate mines and establish stock ranches. They improved water supplies and dug wells. Later the whites moved away and the Papagos came in possession of the valued water supplies.

Corn, beans and squash were being raised by the Papagos when the early



Bob Hansel, director of the Pow-Wow rodeo, is an old time rodeo performer himself and he knows how a rodeo should be run. But he never gets over being amazed at the spirit and daredevil recklessness shown by the Indian performers. Hansel is shown riding the fine horse owned by Clarence Buddington Kelland, famous fiction writer of Phoenix.



Even the Indian boy in the background admires the fine physique and feather bedecked costume of this stately Cheyenne brave, who comes here from Oklahoma with a group of Cheyenne-Arapahoes to participate in the annual Indian fun fest.

Spanish came. Recently acquired food crops are wheat, chili, onions, melons, tomatoes and sweet potatoes. Meat now comes from the range cattle. The metate or hand stone for grinding provides most of the meal for tortilla and other types of bread.

In addition to the cultivated crops, a variety of native foods are used. Acorns from live oak trees of the mountains are parched or eaten raw. Leaves of the creosote bush are used for tea, as a medicine for colds and for a general tonic. Spur pepper is used as a condiment or for cooking with beans and stews. Flower buds and joints of the chollo cactus are pit-baked, dried and used with wild greens as a vegetable stew.

1940 Rodeo Champions

CALF ROPING: James Wescogomie, first; Nelson Buane, second; Henry Stevens, third.

TEAM TYING: Henry Stevens and Ed Corsa, first; Ken Parker and Cole Russell, second; Jack Jones and Wallace Randa tied for third with Bill Wescogomie and Ed Corsa.

BAREBACK BRONCHO RIDING: Ralph Paya, first; Paul Arviso, second; Lucas Riggs, third.

SADDLED BRONCHO RIDING: Herman Bowman, first; Hugh Sanderson, second; Jack Harly, third.

BULLDOGGING: Leon Sundust, first; Herman Bowman, second; Paul Arviso, third.

STEER RIDING: Willie Riggs, first; Peter Lee and Curtis Benjamin tied for second.



Hanging on tight and fanning his wild-eyed critter for more action, this Indian cowboy is enjoying the time of his life.

Donors of Special Merchandise Prizes

Gouley Burcham Co., Phoenix
1 Case of "Snowdrift"

Alexander-Balart Co., San Francisco
30 lbs. of "Dineh" Coffee

Arizona Flour Mills, Phoenix
10 Sacks of "Arizona Star" Flour

E. G. Sporleder Co., Phoenix
1 Case of "Karo" Syrup
1 Case of "Borden's" Evaporated Milk

John W. Spalding Brokerage Co., Phoenix
1 Case of "Doumak's" Marshmallows
1 Case of "Heart's Delight" Nectar
1 Case of "Golden Goblet" Orange Juice
1 Case of "Ariz-Own" Grapefruit Juice
12 Sacks of "Major C" Flour
10 Sacks of "Holly" Sugar

Sperry Flour Co., Phoenix
15 Sacks of "Big Tree" Flour

Great Western Cordage Co.
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
Six Lariats

Plymouth Cordage Co.
(Through N. Porter Co. and Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
Six Lariats

Coe Sales Co., Phoenix
1 Case of "Mission" Coffee

Westex Boot Co.
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
One Pair of Cowboy Boots

Pendleton Woolen Mills
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
One "Beaver State" Pendleton Shawl

John B. Stetson Co.
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
One Stetson Hat

Alexander Hat Co., Reading, Pa.
One Alexander Hat

Levi Strauss
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
Three Pairs of Levi Pants

California Sportswear
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
One "Frontier" Leather Jacket

Hershey Chocolate Co., Hershey, Pa.

Hickok Belt Co.
(Through Babbitt Bros., Distributors)
One "Hickok" Belt

Pow-Wow, Inc., regrets that it is unable to acknowledge in this program the many other merchandise prizes received after this program went to press.



Indians on parade, all kinds of them, in every kind of costume.



Who couldn't have a lot of pleasure with a camera, with Indians like the above going by in parade review, extending miles in length, every noon hour during the three days in Flagstaff's annual Indian celebration?

THE Snake DANCE

of the Hopis

By LEO WEAVER

THE AFTERNOON is hot . . . heat waves shimmer over the high eagle mesa overlooking countless miles of Painted Desert. Hundreds of white people, the 'bohannas' sit on adobe rooftops, waiting. They have waited hours . . . the Indians have waited a year, waited centuries, for this same afternoon, and the ceremony, the savage prayer for rain today will be exactly the same ceremony as it was centuries ago, and . . . the rain will come!

The sun is still 'two fingers' high — the white man calls it five o'clock — and still they wait.

A strange silence hushes the cries of the Indian children playing in the plaza . . . the dogs stop their fierce barking . . . somewhere on the edge of the mesa a burro brays long and loud, and everyone laughs quietly. But the laughter is stilled suddenly, for a strange sound, never before heard by the 'bohannas,' issues from one of the narrow passageways leading into the dance plaza. It has a hollow, rythmical, yet somehow appealing sound.

Next comes the soft slush of deerskin moccasins keeping time to the strange hollow sound . . . then a stream of In-

dians darkens the passageway. They're coming! . . . the Antelope Priests . . . the ceremony is about to start!

A small, blue gourd rattle is poised level with each brawny, bare shoulder as the line of Antelopes circles the plaza to form a straight line before the fresh cottonwood-bough 'kisa' where the rattlesnakes are kept. The Antelopes face the east . . . hideous daubs of white and black smear their set faces. From the waist up they are naked . . . strangely-colored blue moccasins adorn the feet—a hollow tortoise shell rattles weirdly at the left knee of each . . . long shining folds of purple-black hair flow almost to the waist, for every head in the village has been freshly washed for this deeply solemn ceremony, and, the hair is beautiful.

With no warning, the tiny blue rattles all start in unison, then stop . . . now a low chant begins, scarcely audible to the nearest spectators . . . the voices are in deadly earnest, when quickly from the 'kiva' and almost running up the ladder amid flying eagle feathers tied there, come the Snake Priests themselves, and they are coming fast. With a determined, almost defiant mein, their heads inclined forward, they hurry in a staggered line toward the waiting Antelopes. Three times the arena is circled, and they calmly array themselves in a perfect formation facing the Antelopes and the 'kisa.' There is no sound. Then in unison they all chant . . . suddenly an Antelope Priest thrusts a sinewy arm in among the boughs of the 'kisa' and brings forth a squirming, fighting rattlesnake which



These two old fellows are having a lot of fun posing for the camera. They are Zunis.



Authorized Sales and Service

GENERAL MOTOR
PRODUCTS

Cheshire Motor Co.

•
U. S. Tires
•

102 West Santa Fe
Highway 66



Note the strands of beads these two old boys are sporting. You'll find most of the Indians, all tribes, men as well as women, deck out in Indian made jewelry that would put the most exotic of costume jewelry to shame.

he quickly hands to a Snake Priest, who, with no ceremony, draws an Antelope to him while the two start the slow, jerky step of the dance around the plaza . . . quickly, each Snake Priest in turn receives a rattler, and soon the arena is a mass of dancers, each with his attendant and each with a deadly snake in his mouth, and generally carrying one or more in his hands . . . the chant goes on with never-ending monotony . . . as each circle of the plaza is completed, the dancer plants a vigorous stomp on a spot in front of the 'kisa'—this is a message to the listening Gods below that the dance is actually in progress.

The snakes have all been handed out—some have been cast to the smooth rock floor of the plaza . . . others are still writhing in the tightly-closed mouths of the dancers. One dancer is struck by a snake he has held too tightly in his mouth . . . he does not stop, apparently has not even noticed the strike! An occasional snake darts with lightning-like movement toward the closely packed spectators, but the flash of a dark hand

checks it, throws it unceremoniously back into the circle of corn meal placed by the Hopi women for just this purpose. Dozens of the deadly snakes, it seems, move in all directions, but not a single one is allowed to escape. Surprisingly, all the snakes are suddenly thrown into the circle of sacred meal . . . the wriggling mass is blessed quickly by more meal being thrown on them, then in a sudden, disorganized instant, Indians grasp handfuls of rattlers and run

BOOKS ON INDIANS

and the

SOUTHWEST

James Book

and

Gift Shop

3 East Aspen

swiftly to the four cardinal points where they will be released far in the plain below.

Everything has been done quickly, deftly, no mistakes . . . it is finished, or is there more . . . ?

The drama of the snakes has lasted exactly one-half hour, but it is enough! . . . enough for the 'bohannas,' and enough for the Gods!

The crowd of astonished spectators rushes in confusion to the mesa's edge to see where the Hopis are going, and many a 'bohanna' is thrust roughly aside by the fleeing Indian with his cargo of fighting rattlers!

Down the steep, rocky stairway to the plain, they fly on bare feet . . . farther and farther they run into the desert, finally appearing as mere specks in the distance, still clinging tenaciously to their weird charges.

A 'bohanna' asks their destination and someone else (he looks like a trader) answers that the snakes will be released among the sands of the desert that they may carry the message for rain to the Gods of the Underworld. And the Gods will hear!

The Hopi has prayed, has chanted his supplication . . . he has danced, has han-

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLY HEADQUARTERS

In The Heart of

THE SOUTHWEST'S PICTURE WONDERLAND

FOUNTAIN • DRUGS
SUNDRIES

FLAGSTAFF PHARMACY

JUST NORTH OF DEPOT

FLAGSTAFF

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

ARIZONA

On U. S. Highway 66—"Main Street of America"

Chamber of Commerce in Lobby—Free Accurate Road Information

SINGLES \$1.00 UP

Clean, Comfortable Rooms

Doubles \$2.00 UP

dled the brother snake in tender and loving embrace. He has sent him on his sacred mission to the Gods that they may send, in turn, the precious rain.

By hundreds the 'bohannas' leave the mesa, marveling at what they have seen. It has been something new, yet very old . . . they have seen the deadly rattlers strike their fangs into the faces, the heads, the necks of these dancing Hopis, seen them spout their venom into live, human flesh . . . but the flesh did not die!

White, puffy clouds have floated in unnoticed during the excitement from somewhere to the West . . . the sky is darker. Now comes a cool breeze: perhaps in sympathy with the savage chant of the Dawn Men, but . . . the sky is unmistakably darker . . . a drop of rain splashes against the window pane of a window near which we stand . . . the low ominous roll of deep thunder echoes across the endless plain stretching away to nowhere . . . another drop splashes . . . it IS getting dark . . . IT IS RAINING . . . !

Now the harvest will be bountiful, the corn will be full, the peaches will soon be drying on the house-tops where the eagles are chained. The dances of Thanksgiving will be joyous, for have not the people lived good lives during the long winter to receive so great a blessing? The mesa homes, far above the earth, will be stacked full of red, blue, and white ears of the corn . . .



All carnival riding devices are popular with the Indian men and women. Above are two squaws, a young miss and a middle aged matron, taking a whirl on the ferris wheel. The young one hasn't decided whether she is going to like it or not, but the older one seems quite pleased with the situation.

enough to last years, should the Gods fail to hear at next Snake Dance time. Or, the Gods might be displeased for, at times, the mighty cliffs at Chomopavi and Walpi have splintered, crashing and rumbling, into the desert below, all at the command of Spider-Woman who rules the Hopi World.

Soft wind, laden with fragrance of

the cliff rose, blows gently from the south . . . it is the end of another day in Hopi Land, and the 'bohannas' have all gone. Far off, some lover's flute calls to his maid of the Squash Blossom . . . a war-drum throbs softly from a distant house-top . . . twilight settles over the vast waves of desert and . . . Chomopavi dreams on through the centuries.

Try Our
Fountain First!

•
Malts, Shakes and
Sandwiches
Our Specialty

•
Milk Depot

The home of
WESTERN HOSPITALITY

The Black Cat Cafe

Across from R. R. Depot
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

We Serve K. C. Sirloins

WEATHERFORD HOTEL

Flagstaff, Arizona

Clean Quiet

Cool Comfortable

Free Parking Space For Your Auto

One Block North of Highway 66 on Leroux Street

Phone 30

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Craig



Hopi chanters and drummer making rhythm and music for one of the Hopi ceremonial dances.

THE MUSEUM

By LEO WEAVER

DISTINCTLY a Flagstaff institution, the Museum of Northern Arizona occupies an exalted position among museums of the Southwest. It is a most excellent institution, of which Flagstaff is justly proud.

Dr. Harold S. Colton, head of the Museum, spent many summers in Flagstaff from his duties at the University of Pennsylvania, and finally decided to make

northern Arizona his home . . . Flagstaff is proud of the Coltons and esteems them even more highly today than when they first came. The idea of a museum is Dr. Colton's own idea, and was started in downtown Flagstaff in a portion of the Women's Club building. It grew by leaps and bounds and finally lack of space made it necessary to seek other quarters, and it was then that he gave suitable land north of Flagstaff near his home under the San Francisco Peaks, and construction of the present museum resulted. Built of mountain malapai rock, with tile roof, it is one of the charming

Always a Friendly Greeting

AT

Kerley's

General Merchandise

Curios

Rare Navajo Blankets a Specialty



Located in the Heart of the Far-Famed
Western Navajo Empire

KERLEY'S TRADING POST

TUBA CITY

—:—

ARIZONA

buildings in the state. A great open patio with portales forms a north extension and here the artistic ability of Mrs. Colton is demonstrated in a delightful mountain garden of native plants and shrubs, with a pool as the central figure.

Flagstaff congratulates Mrs. Colton and is indebted to her for the wonderful art exhibits of every nature that are held during the summer and fall seasons. Many artists of note have been invited to exhibit here.

At Pow-Wow time, which occurs in July, the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition is

Make Your First
Stop

at the

**FLAGSTAFF
MOTOR
VILLAGE**

Highway 66

Cottages

Mr. and Mrs. John Weston,
Managers



HIGHWAY SERVICE

Sales and Service

**E. D. BABBITT
MOTOR CO.**



Above is Wupatki, ruins of one of the most densely populated farming settlements on the North American continent 1100 years ago. In the ruin in the foreground live Custodian David Jones and his wife Corky. You'll note the metal containers for cooking gas in the roofless apartment in the foreground. The ladder on the left of the gas tanks is the only manner of getting to the door of the Joneses' prehistoric living quarters.

in full swing at the museum. During the year the Coltons cover the Hopi Reservation, encouraging the Indians to exert themselves at whatever handicraft they excel in, and to exhibit it during this show, so in July one may see the Indians actually creating their works at the Museum, and all of the most excellent creations are placed on exhibit for sale, each at a very low price. Every article is sold, the buyer's name placed on the tag, and everything held until the show is over, when the buyer may come and claim his purchase. The returns in full from the sale of each article goes to the maker. Mrs. Colton feels this plan en-

courages better workmanship, more thought and care, and a pride in his work the Indian did not possess until encouraged by the tireless efforts of the museum staff.

Everything relating to the physical condition of Northern Arizona may be seen at the Museum in detail . . . great cuts of tremendous pine trees, showing tree-ring dating methods, prehistoric tracks, fossils, a complete review of Arizona bird life, is all shown. The archaeological work of the Museum has been vast, and one may see the remains of ancient

rites who inhabited our Flagstaff country a thousand years ago. Doctor Colton has located and numbered for exploration, ancient dwelling sites up to and beyond the 400 mark, many hundreds of them never touched as yet. He has been the prime factor in getting several National Monuments set aside near Flagstaff, and the results of these efforts will remain a lasting memorial to Arizona history.

IN THE PINES
El Pueblo Motor Inn

Three Miles East of Town on
Highways 66 and 89

— Unsurpassed In Flagstaff —

Recommended by Duncan Hines
Member United Motor Courts

A. E. MORTENSEN, Mgr.

THE BANK
OF ARIZONA

Oldest Bank in Arizona

Established in 1887

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

BOUTWELL RICHFIELD SERVICE

On Highway 66 Across From Underpass

CAPITALS OF ARIZONA

The first capital was located on the site of Prescott in 1864, where the first executive mansion still stands. In 1867 it was moved to Tucson by the Fourth Territorial Legislature. In 1877 it was moved back to Prescott. In 1889 it was moved to Phoenix by the Fifteenth Territorial Legislature.

One-Day Cleaning Service

Expert Altering and Repairing

Acme Cleaners

Phone 9 Next Door to Sears

We keep prices down

Saur and Hutchison

COMPLETE FOOD MARKET

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA
101 West Phoenix Avenue

When you eat here you feel at home

EL PATIO CAFE

★

Flagstaff's Finest Foods
Wines and Liquors

★

16 East Santa Fe Street
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA



A family group of Navajos, the squaw trailing far in the rear, riding into town from their reservation home.

Program Times and Features

At 12 noon the Indians parade through the downtown streets of Flagstaff. They will be in full costume, some on foot and others on horses or in wagons, cars, trucks and busses. This parade is miles long, headed by the Pima all-Indian band from Sacaton.

The afternoon show opens with a short band concert at 1:30 and swings into full, exciting action promptly at 2 o'clock.

So many Indian cowboys enter rodeo events that eliminations are staged in the mornings. These eliminations are free to the public and frequently are as exciting as the regular show.

The night performance starts at 8 o'clock.

A carnival is brought in and set up near the grandstand, outside the ceremonial and rodeo grounds, for the enjoyment of Indians and whites. There will be plenty of novel riding devices, soda pop, ice cream cones and water-

melons, all enjoyed so fully by our visiting Indian friends.

Following the night performance the Indians regularly gather around campfires in the forest surrounding the Pow-Wow grounds and stage social dances that last throughout the night until dawn. Whites are welcome to attend these gatherings.

Baby and Beauty Contests

Two important features are staged during the afternoon performances, a beauty contest for squaws and a better baby contest for papooses. There is just as much rivalry among the Indianes in these contests as there is among the whites in a bathing beauty or baby contest.

GROCERIES
MEATS

FRESH
VEGETABLES

Complete Food
TAYLOR'S
Market

COMPLETE
FEED LINE

PHONE 143
415 W. SANTA FE
FLAGSTAFF

COCONINO'S

Enchanted Land:

HOW AND WHY YOU SHOULD SEE IT

Flagstaff Arizona

POPULATION: 5080. Flagstaff is the county seat of Coconino county, the second largest county in the world with an area of 18,236 square miles.

ALTITUDE: 7000 feet above sea level. **ATMOSPHERE:** Excessively pure, light, dry, free from smoke and other impurities. **WATER SUPPLY:** 100,000,000 gallons storage, from melting snow from San Francisco Peaks; tested by the State Bureau of Public Health to be 99.9% pure. A new water supply, providing a storage of two billion gallons, is now under construction.

CLIMATICAL CONDITIONS: Average annual sunshine is 79% to 84%, depending upon altitude; average annual precipitation 19.09 inches; average annual snow precipitation 9 feet; average temperature for summer 60 degrees.

TRANSPORTATION: A. T. & S. F. Railroad main line between Kansas City and Los Angeles; Pacific Greyhound bus lines; Santa Fe National Trailway bus line. Flagstaff is at the crossroads in northern Arizona on U. S. 66 (the Santa Fe trail) and U. S. 89 (the Mormon Bridal trail). **FACILITIES FOR LOCAL TRIPS:** Stages operating in all directions.

ORGANIZATIONS and CHURCHES: Flagstaff has 23 civic and fraternal organizations, 12 churches.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES: Arizona State Teachers College with an average enrollment of 600; 5 public schools with an average attendance of 860; Catholic school with an average attendance of 150; Mormon Seminary; several summer ranch schools for boys and girls; Museum of Northern Arizona; Lowell Observatory; Southwest Forest Experimental Station.

HOTELS AND ACCOMMODATIONS: Seven hotels with a total of 350 rooms from \$1 to \$7 a day. **TOURIST CAMPS:** 11 with 200 cottages ranging from \$1 to \$3 a night. **GUEST RANCHES:** 9 in the vicinity of Flagstaff with accommoda-

The following impressions and statistics were written by Leo Weaver, Secretary Flagstaff's Chamber of Commerce and are not to be reprinted without consent of the writer.

Owing to the vast territory of Coconino County, the many and varied gifts of Nature to we of Northern Arizona, it has been found impossible to touch but lightly on many of the unusual sights of our county. We do find, however, that it is a rare privilege and continued pleasure to occupy the valued space in this unusual Program in which to invite you as a stranger among us, to linger with us awhile amid the glories of our Enchanted Land of Northern Arizona. We sincerely hope that we, as Western people, may assist in some small measure in making your days among us most happy ones.

tions for over 250 guests ranging from \$30 to \$180 a week.

RECREATION: Horseback riding, hiking, skiing, tobogganing, swimming, fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, golfing, trap shooting, Indian ceremonies throughout the year, in the most scenic setting of the Southwest.

HEALTH: We do not hold Flagstaff up to you as a health resort, for it is not. The air is dry, bracing and rare and the water pure and our population as healthy as that of any community in America.

INDUSTRIES: Flagstaff is surrounded by the largest industries in the State of Arizona, has approximately 90,000 head of cattle, 250,000 head of sheep which graze upon private, public, and Forest Service ranges in Coconino county. Flagstaff is in the center of the largest commercial timber area in the whole West, having mills with an annual cut of 250,000,000 board feet a year.

FARMING: Principal crops, beans and potatoes.

SCENERY: Within a few hours drive from Flagstaff the following National Monuments and Parks can be seen: The

Grand Canyon, Walnut Canyon Cliff Dwellings, Wupatki National Monument, Oak Creek Canyon, Sunset National Monument, Bonito Lava Flow, Government Cave, Meteor Crater, Western Navajo Indian Reservation, Painted Desert, Dinosaur Tracks, Petrified Pumpkin Patch, Hopi Villages, Rainbow Bridge, Montezuma Castle, Montezuma Wells, San Francisco Mountains.

ANNUAL EVENTS: Pow-Wow with 7,000 to 10,000 Indians; American Legion Auto Races; National Guard Encampment at Fort Tuthill; Southwest Bible and Missionary Conference; Hopi Craftsman at Museum of Northern Arizona.

Flagstaff's Information Cabin

Coming to Flagstaff from the east one receives the first pleasant shock in several hundred miles. The day has been warm . . . the sun has beat down upon the ranges and lo, one finds himself in a great forest of pines . . . the air is laden with the bracing odor . . . it is cool and lovely: great mountains loom ahead and there are deep canyons on the north side of those mountains deep in snow. The sun is warm and exceedingly bright and the sky is turquoise blue . . . Arizona skies! Now, we know why the delicious cool air: . . . Flagstaff is 7000 feet above sea-level. Next, a beautiful little cabin appears in the pines directly ahead . . . "Information" . . . Just what we want, so we stop.

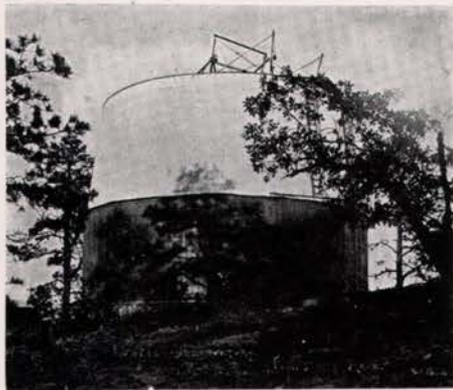
An attendant graciously offers folders and booklets on Flagstaff and the surrounding country . . . the information is authentic and honest . . . a simple desire on the part of Flagstaff to have us see everything there is to see while here. To our certain knowledge, no other State in the West has offered us this courtesy.

Lowell Observatory

The Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff! If for nothing else whatever, Flagstaff is renowned, is world-famous if you please, for its Lowell Observatory, for here, the ninth and last Planet, Pluto, was discovered. Is that enough?

Very well, then. Two places on the

face of this earth were being considered by Harvard University at which to locate an observatory for the specific purpose of the study of Mars. One was in Chile, the other was Flagstaff, and Flagstaff was chosen because of its perfect atmospheric conditions and excellent geograph-



Lowell Observatory

ical location. After learning this, one never fails to appreciate Flagstaff's wonderful air and pure mountain water. Dr. V. M. and E. C. Slipher were placed in charge of this institution at its inception and remain in that same position today, highly respected and esteemed citizens of Flagstaff.

Coconino Lakes

Surprise of surprises, Coconino County has lakes, 48 of them to be exact, and all within a short distance of Flagstaff. "A land of little rain" is Arizona, and is Coconino, so the foregoing is no doubt a revelation. There are fish in all the lakes; boating, swimming and camping and on the shores of Mormon Lake 30 miles southwest of here, which is also the largest natural body of water in the state, one may secure cottages for the perfect summers of Coconino. There are stores and cottages and camps at both Lake Mary and Mormon and more and more of our people of Arizona prefer Coconino County to coastal beaches and resorts. The reason . . . perfect days of sunshine at 7000 feet . . . perfect nights of comfort under blankets in the largest pine forest in the world.

The one outstanding event of the summer is Flagstaff's grand Indian Show in which thousands of Indians participate. This is July 4-5-6. There are several Rodeos of worth and this summer, for the first time, Flagstaff will have a Horse Show in August that horsemen and horsewomen from all over the state are interested in.

Relax and play in Coconino County this summer . . . Western hospitality and friendships await you and you will cherish the memory all your life.

Rainbow Natural Bridge Rainbow Natural

. . . That most tremendous of all stone arches known to our present world . . . it lies a hundred sixty miles north of Flagstaff. Glorious scenery delights one on the way, as it is all through the picturesque Navajo Reservation. Desert, plain, and upland cedar roll away mile after mile. One will have passed many interesting Trading Posts and a stop is made at Inscription House Trading Post where the carvings in solid wall of cliff made by the early Spanish explorers are to be seen. At Rainbow Lodge, Bill and Catherine Wilson greet visitors, accommodating them in the comfortable Lodge. Words are feeble when it comes to a description of Rainbow Bridge. Suffice it to say that many mammoth skyscrapers could be placed under it with room to spare. See Rainbow Bridge by all means, and you will have seen one of the outstanding works of Nature.

The Grand Canyon

The Grand Canyon, earth's mightiest spectacle, beggars description. It lies entirely within the borders of Coconino County and is ninety miles north of Flagstaff.

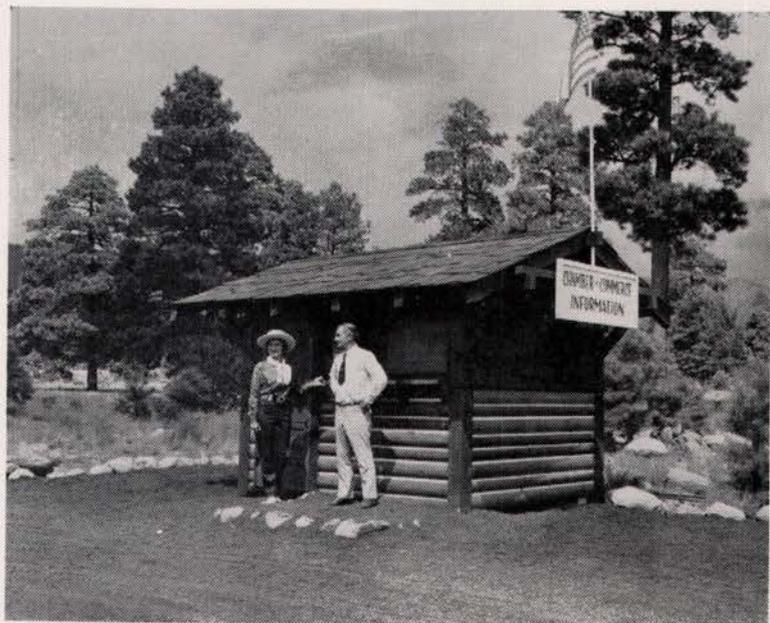
Buffalo Herd

America's only herd of buffalo running on open range is in the northern end of Coconino County in the famous Houserock Valley.

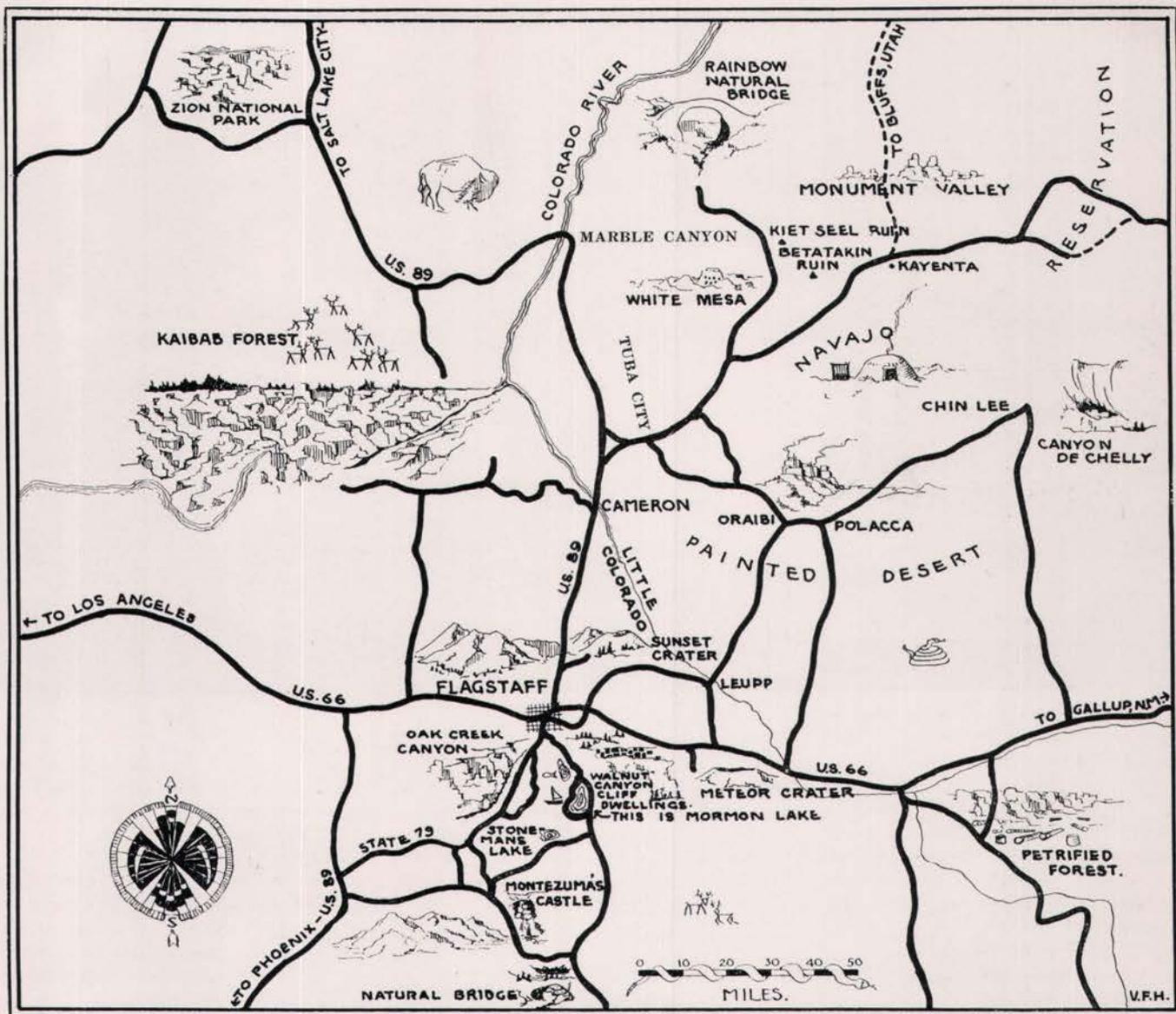


Guest Ranches

Guest Ranches . . . here one sees the West, spends the perfect summer days on range or in the canyons. He may rest, play, build up or down physically and enjoy to the utmost this great open country of vast dimensions. There are all sorts of ranches and a type to please all. Simply write the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce your specifications and you will be put in contact with the owner of a ranch.



Flagstaff's Information Cabin



Flagstaff is the Hub for the Start of Countless Pleasure Jaunts

Sunset Crater

A high, dark cinder cone rises from the plateau on which Flagstaff is situated . . . the top is red, burned by mighty fires that spouted from this volcano eight hundred years ago. About the foot of it lies thousands of acres of cold, fierce lava, too sharp and rugged for the feet of man to trod . . . a river of this lava flowed to lower lands; the fires ceased to spout, the lava ceased flowing, cooled, and turned cold to the hundreds of winters whose snows have blanketed it, and, is today merely clinkers. Tremendous gas pockets formed here and there, some blowing up through the hot mass flowing overhead, and during this cooling process, pockets, caves and tunnels remained and today, scarcely six feet underground one may gather ice in August, and while getting it, freeze. One long tunnel runs well under the mountain itself perhaps

a quarter of a mile, and today is not totally explored.

The eastern slopes of our gigantic San Francisco Peaks flow smoothly toward the three hundred extinct craters surrounding Sunset Crater. On these slopes that day so long ago, dwelled thousands of small, dark skinned people who had migrated here from what we now know as Old Mexico, and even farther south. Their dwellings, called pit-houses, are found on every acre of the area. The eruption occurred; a cloud of hot ash hung over the area . . . red-hot stones showered upon these people who ran for their lives to the only shelter they knew, their homes. The eruption continued, no one knows how long, and day after day the little brown people hoped against hope the deadly shower would cease. Thirst, hunger, and deadly fumes and hot ash-flow buried them alive in their dwellings. Elden Pueblo, near Flagstaff,

disclosed these bodies by the hundred as it was excavated . . . mummies, centuries old, were pulled out, very small in stature and perfectly preserved. These are in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington now.

Climb Sunset Crater; it takes an hour. As the top is reached one realizes with a start that it was well worth one's effort, for the whole of the Painted Desert lies before one. Ponderous waves of desert roll away to be lost in misty nothingness . . . pink, red, blue and white cliffs of the Hopi Mesas rise above the haze in the distance. Here in this vast and trackless desert live fifty thousand Indians, riders of the dawn, echoes of the Dawn Men, the horsemen, raiders and nomads of this painted world. They are the people one sees in action at the grand All-Indian Pow-Wow held in Flagstaff each July.

Look about you! To the West rise



Moonlight on Mormon Lake

abruptly the towering San Francisco Peaks . . . today their giant ribs are covered with pine, spruce, fir and aspen . . . flowers by the million bedeck their pitted canyons . . . tiny streams of snow water from the tops scurry down the dark ravines on the way to Flagstaff for man's use. If ever water on this earth was pure, this water is . . . and there is lots of it!

Now look to the north: Navajo Mountain, 150 miles away looms up through the mist . . . the Vermillion Cliffs, almost to the Utah border, are there . . . Red Mesa, most beautiful of all mesas, is there also. And then we swing around to the east for a look at Hopiland and there in mysterious hues of this profusion of color, rise the Hopi Buttes, the great promontory where the ancient city of Oraibi perches today . . . and Oraibi is the oldest continually inhabited town in America. Beyond, other giant mesas project themselves into the tremendous valley. One

longs to see more, to go into that land of mystery, and know more of it. Maybe we will go, perhaps at Snake Dance time in August, when the shadow falls on the Corn Rock and the Hopis dance with the deadly rattlesnakes to the hollow

tune of the tortoise shells. We'll ask someone more about it. Perhaps there is something about it on another page of this book.

The trip down Sunset? One simply starts and goes! If the legs hold out, the trip down requires 15 minutes, and we re-join those tiny figures of our friends we saw from the top but a few minutes ago. It is a great experience . . . try it!



Sunset Crater—Notice churned lava in foreground

The Citadel

Turn north on Highway 89 toward Cameron any morning or afternoon . . . watch your speedometer, and when it says 28 miles turn to the right at a sign "Wupatki," then five miles over a fine cinder road and you will see the Citadel, one of the ancient fortresses of the people who inhabited this region a thousand years ago. When you see the Watch Tower at Grand Canyon you see a replica of this very fortress. One appreciates at a glance that the Citadel

was built for defense purposes . . . some of the more courageous of these people have built their homes on prominent points at a distance from the fortress and even though these walls, laid up centuries ago, have been exposed to severe weather of the ages, they still stand where one may see them today.

One may ask why this particular location was selected by the ancients, but the answer is simple. When the great volcanoes erupted, the southwest wind blew the fertile ash across this vast expanse of country and the ash conserves moisture. Hence the people were able to cultivate the land to provide corn and other food crops.

We earnestly ask that you leave the dwellings as they are, remove no stone, thus those who come after us will be able to see them as we found them.

Wupatki

Built on a veritable rock of ages, Wupatki, with its 28 communal rooms, stands today, another monument to those thrifty people who lived in it during the centuries past.

At the Citadel one may read the sign pointing to Wupatki, which is fifteen miles farther into the desert. The custodian in charge will be delighted to explain Wupatki's construction and purpose, and Wupatki will be found very much worth the trip from the highway.

Today, Wupatki's neighbors are the nomadic Navajos, and over the same grass herd their flocks of sheep that once the ancients trod. In those days the antelope was the whole of their meat supply, sheep not having been introduced by the Spanish until 1540. Today the antelope remain, but are protected by game laws, and the land is now a part of the Navajo Reservation.

Custodian David Jones will show you the spring near Wupatki which has proved a god-send to the Indians and cattlemen during the past generation . . . David will also show you his ancient 'pent-house,' and you will envy him.

In sincere appreciation, we thank the Directors of POW-WOW for allotting us these valued pages on which to attempt a description of the untold and unseen beauties lying beyond the mysterious and far horizons of Coconino.

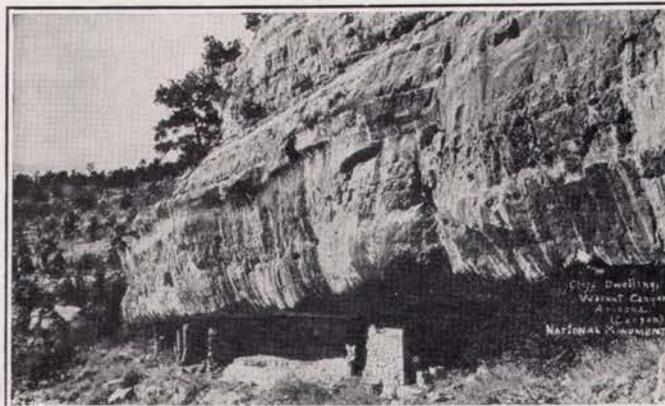


Wupatki Ruins

The Cliff Dwellings In Walnut Canyon

A few miles east of Flagstaff we turn off of Highway 66 and follow the pleasant trail south to Walnut Canyon, for here are the ancient Cliff Dwellings, crumbling, clinging to white limestone cliffs these thousand years, sleeping through snows of countless winters, warmed by the suns of a thousand summers. When you see them today, you will see them almost as they were that day so long ago when the chief of these sturdy people summoned his followers to council. Seven long years the rains did not come . . . slowly but surely the pools in the bottom of the canyon dwindled to but a few drops . . . the corn in the tiny fields atop the mesa withered in the hot winds from the desert . . . the antelope left the mesa for lower ranges as the grass dried. At last the little brown people deserted these homes in the canyon and, laden with meagre belongings, found new homes beyond the far horizon.

This afternoon we will walk past the little doors of these dwellings and ponder; why did they settle here . . . what



Walnut Canyon Cliff Dwellings

were their hopes, disappointments, and their tragedies . . . ? There were many of them, we know, for at least three hundred of their dwellings still exist in the lonely canyon . . . here and there one sees the imprint of dexterous fingers that have plastered a mud wall, or, at another doorway, we note rock from some even older building that has been used in a wall, for the stones are blackened by smoke of fires of a hundred years before. Broken pottery lies everywhere . . . arrowheads have lain unnoticed in the trails worn smooth by moccasined feet. They were a small people . . . we know this much, for

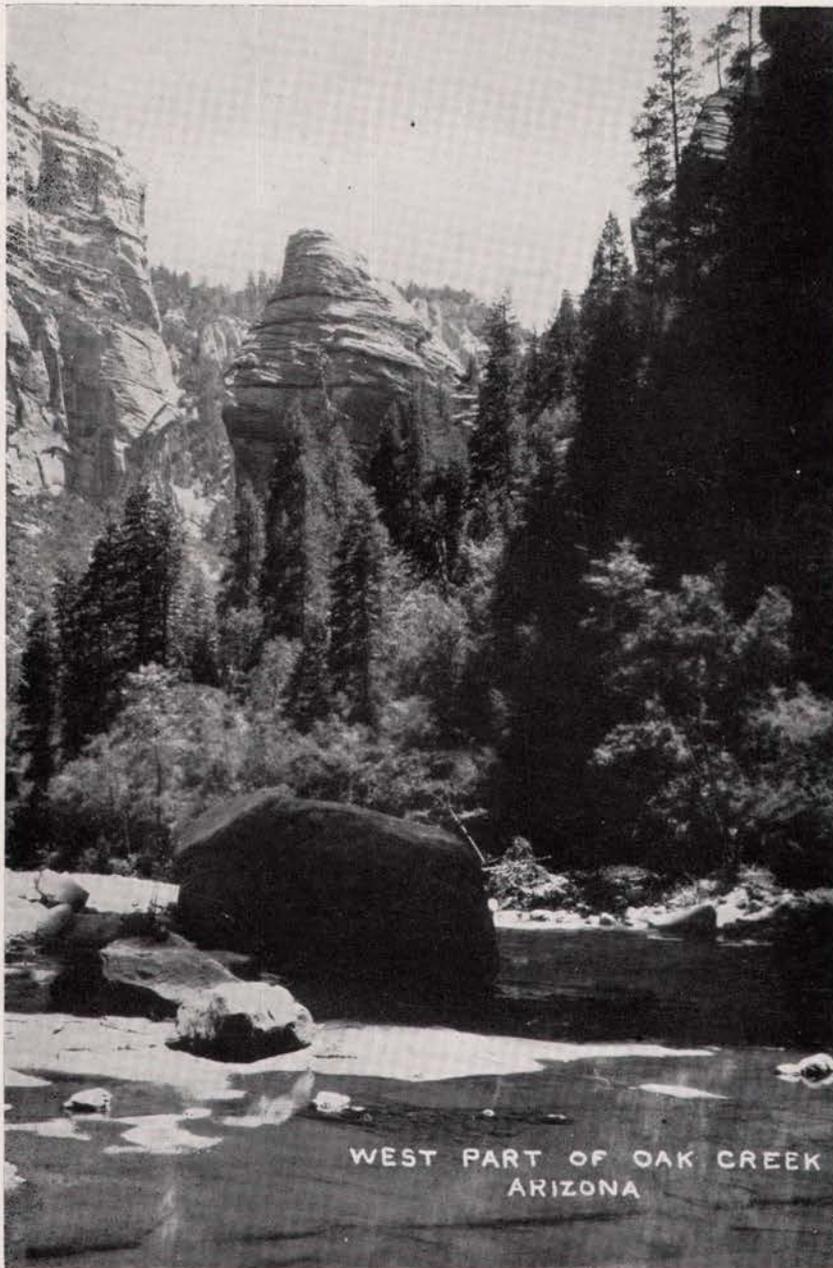
many of the mummified remains taken from these very buildings were but forty inches in height, the hair white, the teeth decayed.

We picture the fields of corn on the mesa above the canyon . . . corn cobs are everywhere here today . . . we can imagine these busy, happy people laboring with their stone hoes for loved ones back in the thirsty canyon; we imagine them wending their way home after the day's work, singing perhaps—in the evenings they dance and chant to the measured beat of the war drum echoing through the canyon. We picture the sentinel atop the highest pinnacle above the canyon as he utters his shrill war-cry at the approach of a dreaded enemy, the Apache. Then we see the men of the canyon, armed with spears, swarm to the rim in defense of their homes.

One day they at last realize their fight against an unrelenting nature has failed . . . they must move, leave their homes, for no rain has come for seven years. The tree ring calculations of Dr. A. E. Douglass on display at the Museum of Northern Arizona tell us the story.

We enjoy Walnut Canyon, so accessible, so beautiful, and a ranger guide tells us everything we would like to know, and in delightedly cool stone buildings we view the collection of artifacts taken from the ancient dwellings below us . . . here in a secluded nook we sit and rest and view the canyon and, wonder.

At last we have the answer; our friends the Hopis, who live on the high mesas in the Painted Desert, are direct descendants of the people who lived in the thirsty canyon named 'Walnut' on account of the walnut trees which grow there. Trees, flowers, blossoms, are here in profusion.



Oak Creek Canyon

A canyon so lovely, so exquisite as to take one's breath lies hidden among white limestone cliffs and vermillion buttes but thirty miles south of Flagstaff. We reach Oak Creek over a perfect highway through an emerald forest of pines. This one creation of the Master's hand would have commanded everlasting gratitude from those who see it, yet, as it is, Coconino has many other unusual canyons of great beauty also. None of them compare . . . all are exceptionally beautiful and interesting. Canyon Diablo, a few miles east of Flagstaff, is barren, forbidding, and without verdure, a tremendous gash in the

earth's surface. Coal Canyon, near Tuba City, is one of our county's scenic spots, its huge walls striped in red, white and blue, and on its floor one finds a million petrified oysters: truly spectacular. Grand Canyon, fearful, terrible, the world's most sublime spectacle, is incomparable, but those who have seen all our canyons proclaim Oak Creek the "gem," lovely beyond words, and, it is.

Sparkling streams of snow water from the San Francisco Peaks at Flagstaff feed this stream, Oak Creek . . . trout shimmer with golden lustre in the shadowy pools . . . children pass the perfect days of

summer frolicking in its crystal waters. Elm, ash and aspen, along with giant sycamore and oak, shade the canyon's depths, and countless wild flowers, vine, and fern, cover the floor with greenery. Oak Creek Canyon is the one Canyon in Arizona to which nothing could be added to make it lovelier.

Smoothly, amid enraptured silence, our car glides down through this enchanted Canyon beneath great sheltering arms of cool shade trees . . . we stop a moment in an especially beautiful spot to listen . . . the silence is broken only by the call of canyon swallows and the splash of boisterous water over boulders in the creek bed. What a dream of natural beauty! Peace and quiet and rest reign here . . . surely there can be no such fairy bower anywhere.

On we go; a tiny ranch nestles in a secluded cove just ahead . . . next we see a larger one, and many of them are guest ranches where one may play, rest, sleep or explore this fairyland. Then comes the ranch where Zane Grey wrote "Call of the Canyon" . . . it sleeps away the summer afternoon 'neath graceful weeping willows, a spot that will linger in our memories always.

Next come the larger ranches, some growing fruit, alfalfa and hay, and today, one senses the odor of freshly cut alfalfa, and in the next side canyon we see trees loaded with crimson apples, almost too many for the branches that are bearing heavily toward the ground.

Out of all the greenery the little village of Sedona (named for Sedona Schnebley, the first settler of the lower canyon) approaches. Thrill of thrills! We tilt our heads backwards to gaze at two-thousand-foot walls . . . straight up . . . walls of vermillion and chalk white.

Monuments, turrets, cathedrals, spires, and great organs hold us spellbound by their immensity and color; everything is green or red, such a vivid contrast is rare beauty indeed, but . . . this is Oak Creek!

We are impressed beyond mere words and sit in reverent silence and awe as the motor carries us up Schnebley Hill toward the high rim above. We are returning to Flagstaff over a different route, and at the summit we stop for a last lingering look at what we have passed through. There it is, Oak Creek, and the tiny thread of road far below us, climbing, winding, hidden here and there by the white blossoms and the green of cedar, then it meanders across the creek and winds itself up to us on the high rim. And this is the Oak Creek of which we have heard, but so much more beautiful than we have dreamed. The veil of mist under us is gray; farther out toward the west it is opal, then becomes deep blue up to the great Mingus Mountain in the distance which is purple. Then, through the purple, coils a great yellow column of sulphur smoke from the smelter at Clarkdale . . . it winds lazily up with no wind to break its trail into Arizona's turquoise sky and, the sun is setting. We take another last look at the tiny village far below us, the charming ranches where guests come from all America to enjoy this lovely canyon. Deep shadows of late afternoon have settled over the gorge . . . we wonder if we shall ever see this again but, if not, then it will always remain one of the most

The Peaks Unfold Their Grandeur

FLAGSTAFF'S SNOW BOWL

BY LEO WEAVER

The Peaks! A word used so constantly by Flagstaff folks that it passes daily, unnoticed. We speak of the Peaks as we would Christmas, or the stars or Washington or Paradise. We are a part of the Peaks, or are they a part of us? We live by them, hold them as something sacred, unconsciously look at them a hundred times daily and when out of sight of them, are lost. You may gather that we love these Peaks, and . . . we do!

Those Peaks give us the water we use . . . that wonderfully soft, pure water you comment upon when you taste and

glorious afternoons imaginable

The sun has sunk behind crimson mountains in the far west and the darkness brings an indescribable silence over the scene, and the memory of the clear sparkling water of Oak Creek flashes again . . . we remember the waters as a tinkle of little bells . . . a canyon swallow darts swiftly overhead and skims out over the darkness of the canyon and is gone; rippling notes of its night song reminding us of drops of water falling over the cliffs—no word is spoken as we glide through the dark aisles of forest.

Planks of an old bridge rumble hollowly as we cross them; lights of a ranch house gleam, and a dog barks as we pass. Soon we are on smooth pavement again and the myriad lights of Flagstaff greet us. This charming town of Flagstaff fascinates us . . . it attracts us with its sincere atmosphere of western hospitality, never experienced in the east. Flagstaff warms us toward her, urges us to stay awhile and, that's exactly what we are going to do.

We are whisked through brilliantly lighted streets to our attractive court, modern in every sense of the word. We enter and we open wide the window, our thoughts still on the lovely canyon of the afternoon. A gentle breath of cool mountain air brings us to our senses . . . and although this is the middle of summer, we will sleep under blankets tonight.

The breeze flutters the curtain of the window and we hear the far whistle of a locomotive laboring up the mountain west of town . . . soon Flagstaff is sleeping.



use it, coming among us as a guest, and, small wonder you enjoy it!

The Peaks provide a magnificent playground in winter, for here Flagstaff's SNOW-BOWL nestles at ten thousand feet. Winter comes . . . the earth is covered by a sparkling mantle of white crystals, and we always rejoice. It emanates water in abundance and it means skiing time is here. Everyone watches the Peaks . . . everyone gets into warm clothing and all cars north of Flagstaff have skis on top, bound for the Snow Bowl, fourteen miles over splendid highway.

The mood of the Peaks is always upon us . . . when the sharp one you see yonder rearing skyward, is black and stark in outline, it means no precious snow for us. Then when big white fluffy clouds roll in from the West, it means snow, and we rejoice. At times lightning crashes about the Peaks and as the thunder rolls down giant slopes, it reminds of nothing so much as the immortals starting huge boulders down aisles of a forgotten, ponderous eternity.

We are proud of the Snow Bowl, the Lodge with its roaring fireplace, the

grand super Tow handling its fifteen hundred skiers per hour; the food is good too . . . hot coffee cheers us and prepares us for another flying spin down the four-mile run. The snow is just right today . . . three feet of it, and will last far into Spring.

The view alone is worth the trip, for we look down into the Grand Canyon of Arizona . . . we can look over the Kaibab Forest and far into the desert where summer still lingers and where the Indians of the Painted Desert are tilling their fields.

You may guess that these Peaks were named by the Franciscan Fathers, the Conquistadores who came through this beautiful region four hundred years ago. You will allow us to remark also that we revere the Peaks deeply enough that we never refer to them as "Frisco." Tribes of the desert watch them as closely as we do . . . the Peaks are as distinct from Utah as from nearby . . . one is rarely out of sight of them and they are positively indispensable to Northern Arizona. When one has been away from them for a time, and returns, it is always with a sensation of utter joy!

On the north side of the Peaks is the sacred Spring of the Hopis who live a hundred miles to the east on their eagle mesas. Each year these Indians run across sands of the desert to the spring where they place their prayer sticks near the revered waters for blessing during the years to come. Fifty thousand Navajos also worship the Peaks, for their legends mark the Peaks as one of the corners supporting the Navajo World.

The king Peak of the group, the high one on the north side, is named Humphrey and towers 13,000 feet above sea-level. The sharp one visible from Flagstaff is Fremont and the lower one to the east is Agassiz. A group of grizzled giants indeed, standing watch over our land of enchantment.

So, no thought of Flagstaff, no picture of Northern Arizona is quite complete without the Peaks . . . no visitor ever leaves unimpressed by their grandeur, and no resident ever escapes their spell. They are an everlasting symbol of Flagstaff, a trade-mark, a vast, gigantic monument of eternal beauty.

God bless the Peaks . . . long live the Peaks!

S
H
E
L
L

Lubrication Accessories
Firestone Tires

HUFFER'S
*Auto Supply and
Tire Service*

Plenty of FREE downtown parking
space at . . .

CAFFEY'S
Shell Service

Highway 66 Across From Depot

HOTEL MONTE VISTA

Flagstaff's Newest Hotel

DINING ROOM

•
BUFFET

•
COFFEE SHOP

HOTEL
MONTE VISTA



Rates from \$1.50

•
FRANK E. SNIDER, Manager
FLAGSTAFF - - - - - ARIZONA



POW-WOW VISITORS

Make BABBITTS' your Shopping Headquarters while in Flagstaff. We handle a complete line of Western outfits for Men, Women and Children.

•
Visit our all-Indian Curio Store. Merchandise drawn from our six Trading Posts in the heart of the Indian Reservation.

•
Babbitts
ESTABLISHED 1889

*Over 50 Years of Service to
Northern Arizona*