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**SOUTHWEST
ALL-INDIAN**

**POW
WOW**

JULY 4-5-6, 1957

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA



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Information On The Pow-Wow

WHAT IS THE POW-WOW?

The Pow-Wow is a great Indian celebration staged each year at the Flagstaff Pow-Wow grounds in the city park at the foot of the San Francisco peaks, surrounded by the largest Ponderosa pine forest in the United States.

The Pow-Wow features daily street parades, afternoon rodeos and night ceremonial programs.

Only Indians are permitted to participate in the big show, but white spectators are welcome.

WHERE DO WE GET TICKETS?

Tickets for all six Pow-Wow performances have been on sale since early June at the Pow-Wow office at the Monte Vista Hotel and the office of the Chamber of Commerce, 101 W. Santa Fe, just west of the Railroad depot.

Beginning July 4, at 9 A.M., tickets are on sale only at the ticket office in the grandstand at the Pow-Wow grounds.

Prices are: Reserved seats for rodeo and ceremonial performances, \$3 each; boxes, \$5 per person; \$30 for a complete box with six seats. Bleacher tickets, \$2; children, \$1.

WHERE DO WE GET INFORMATION?

The general office of the Pow-Wow organization is maintained at the grandstand from July 4 through July 6. When you have a specific question or request, go to the Pow-Wow office. You may also secure information concerning the Pow-Wow at the Chamber of Commerce office.

PHOTOGRAPHS

During the parades which are held each day at noon through the downtown streets of the city, you may shoot any picture you desire. During the rodeos you can shoot your pictures from the grandstand, but you will not be permitted to enter the arena unless you have made special arrangements with the Pow-Wow board.

Continued on next Page



Indians love a display of skill, especially if other Indians are the actors. Mingled emotions are depicted on the faces of this Pow-Wow rodeo audience, from mild interest to amusement and consternation.

INFORMATION—

Continued from Page 4

GENERAL INFORMATION . . .

A non-profit organization of Flagstaff businessmen, "Pow-Wow, Inc.," handles the countless details which go into preparation of the big three-day celebration. These men devote many weeks each year to carrying on this work, which results in the fast-moving, exciting, colorful events making up the big show. They work entirely without pay.

INDIAN CAMP

One of the most interesting features of the Pow-Wow is the huge Indian camp in the pine forest surrounding the Pow-Wow grounds. You will enjoy walking through the camp, but before you take any pictures, be sure and secure permission from the Indians. If you treat them with proper respect and friendliness, you'll find they quickly respond.

WHO STAGES IT?

More than 10,000 Indians representing a score or more of southwestern and western tribes swarm to Flagstaff early in July to put on the great tribal get-together, the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow.

Who Are Members of the Pow-Wow Committee?

The men who work for months each year to stage the Pow-Wow represent a wide variety of business, professional and other interests. They include Ted Babbitt, merchant; Neil V. Christensen, attorney; T. M. Knoles, Jr., bakery proprietor; Andy Wolf, insurance man; Bill Fennell, appliance dealer; Earl F. Insley, director of athletics, Arizona State College; committee secretary, Al C. Grasmoen, operator of the world-famous Arizona Snow Bowl winter sports area and proprietor of Ski and Spur guest ranch; Robert Prochnow, business man; Sturgeon Cromer, superintendent of schools; Noel Miller, accountant. Mr. Wolf is announcer for the rodeos and ceremonial programs.



Navajo wagons, once a common everyday sight on Flagstaff streets, are now seen mainly during Pow-Wow time. The little desert horses, gradually losing place in the life of the Navajo because of the pickup truck's speed and comfort, are pressed into use during the Pow-Wow.

Introduction To The Pow-Wow

By Vada F. Carlson

If you have never lived in Indian Country, if you have never heard the hollow, fascinating throbbing of Indian drums, if you have never seen moccasinated feet stamping out the old ceremonial dances of the Indian in the light of great bonfires, prepare yourself for a treat, for this is the Indian show of shows—this is the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow in the heart of Indian Country.

This coming together of the tribesmen of the Southwest at Flagstaff is an annual event. It is a spectacle extraordinary. A sight to be seen by the fortunate and remembered ever after. For it is for and by the Indians. The white brother looks on; he takes no part in any of the rodeo competitions; the dances are not for him, except as a spectator.

In the history of the American Indian the annual celebration—the gathering of the tribes and the staging of ceremonies—has always been an important and significant yearly event. And this, the Pow-Wow, is not just the gathering of one tribe. Indians of the Southwest—Navajos, Hopis, Apaches, Papagoes, Pimas, Mohave, Lagunas, Zunis, Jemez and others—are joined by tribesmen from the north and east. The Sioux come from the north, from the Pine Ridge reservation. The Arapahoes come from Oklahoma and Wyoming. The Cheyennes come for the express purpose of doing their fast War Dance. The Lagunas excel in the Hoop Dance.

Throughout the three days of the Pow-Wow the spectators are caught up in a whirl of exciting color. For this occasion the Indians of every tribe wear their most beautiful costumes. There is nothing drab about Indians. They have a flair for showmanship and a love for color. Feather bustles and shields are made up with all the arresting colors of the rainbow. Navajo women adorn themselves with new velvet blouses that glisten in the sun above their full skirts of satin. About their necks they wear their "bankroll"—strand on strand of turquoise and silver and precious coral. Their wrists are loaded with beautiful bracelets and their fingers are decked with turquoise set rings.

Not to be outdone, their men folk wear wide concho belts of silver, set with turquoise and they, too, wear the significant squash blossom necklace of silver and turquoise, worth many a day's salary.

Hopi people come down from their pueblo villages on the mesas to the north, bringing their hand woven ceremonial kirtles and sashes which they wear during the dancing. They bring with them the high boots of the women; pure white, softly tanned doe skin foot-

(Continued to Page 11)

Not all Navajos have the stern aestheticism of this oldster with his rattle and feathers and ornate silver belt, his clay-daubed body and moccasin-clad feet. However, this man is a good example of the nomadic Navajos, whose life seems to tend to keep them thin of leg and flat of stomach.





Zunis, the women dressed in their old-time tribal costumes of off-the-shoulder hand-woven dresses, bright shoulder scarfs and thick, wrapped white boots, are always a colorful addition to celebration crowds. Especially fascinating to on-lookers is the stately manner of the women, who carry pottery bowls on their heads with assurance and poise.

Ceremonial Dances

Each year many beautiful ceremonial dances of the Indians of the Southwest are features of the evening performances so eagerly anticipated by both spectators and participants of the Pow-Wow.

One of the most thrilling of them all is the Apache Crown Dance, or as many call it—the Devil Dance.

There is an excitement in the way the dancing figures come leaping into the firelight from the darkness, their bodies black painted, their costumes barbaric, their headdresses fantastic.

These high headdresses are strangely shaped, some of them having a horned or antlered appearance, others looking somewhat like great vividly painted fans.

As the dancers leap and stamp and gyrate, always in perfect rhythm with the beating drums, there is an accompanying jingle of little bells, a rattle of beads and belts.

These are the good forces, unafraid of evil. In a circle, sedately separate, apparently unaware of them, the girl dancers move in their rhythmic shuffle, around and around.

The evil one comes in, seeking someone whom he may destroy. He wears a headdress with a cross on it and to one of his legs a cowbell is strapped.

He attempts to put to rout the good forces but they with their swords, put him to rout instead.

The Crown Dance is also sometimes called the Cliff Dwellers' Dance.

One of the most interesting of the evening dances will be the Eagle Dance, during which the movements of the dancers, even more than their eagle-winged, eagle-beaked costumes, will carry over to the white spectator the Indians' idea of freedom, fierce proudness and aloofness.

Fluttering the feathered wings which are attached to their outstretched arms, pretending in their posturing and measured bending and turning to be wheeling and gliding in free flight, the dancers symbolize the air and the clean free breath of air.

The Butterfly Dance is one of the most delicate and colorful, the dancing maidens wearing their hair in the traditional Hopi "butterfly" swirl over both ears to indicate that they are of marriageable age, and carrying the symbol of the rainbow in their hands.

The skilled Hopi, Laguna and Taos hoop dancers are always favorites of the audiences. The rapid beat of the drum, the precise, knowing movements of their feet as they tilt the hoops and start them on their incredible course, is guaranteed to hold anyone's rapt attention. And usually the hoop dancers are among the most beautifully costumed of the dancers, skimpy though that costume is.

The Horse Tail Dance is amusing, though it was originally a war dance; and there is nothing to stir the blood and set one to thinking of old days and redmen on the war path like the fast Cheyenne War Dance, when it seems almost as though the dancers themselves might be living again those long past days of the prairie raids.

And there is the Squaw Dance during which the dancers pull spectators into the circle and make them pay to leave; the clowning Mud Heads in their pink earth paint and other-worldly masks, looking like visita-

tions from another world; the repetitive, vital Navajo Yei-bei-chei, tops for vigorous action and enthusiastic presentation.

Continued on Page 40



Youthful exuberance is expressed by this young dancer, leaping into the air during the ritualistic movements of the dance. The dancers are trained from early childhood, and take pride in their precision, giving attention to the intricate steps taught them by the older men of the tribe.



The feather bustle is shown above in all its brilliance of brightly-dyed feathers and ornamental center. Bustles have replaced, to some extent, the equally spectacular war bonnet, once so commonly worn. This bustle is worn by a Taos Indian.



One of the most interesting dances to be seen at the Pow-Wow is the Apache Devil Dance, or as it is sometimes called, the Crown Dance. The high headdresses and the symbolic swords used to fight off the forces of evil, plus the black masks and strange paintings on the bodies of the dancers, combine to present a picture of grace and savagery.

Hopi Heroine Lives On As Kachina



He-e-e, the Hopi maiden, now immortalized as a Kachina because of her bravery centuries ago when enemies were about to overthrow the warriors of her pueblo, is pictured with her bow in hand, one side of her hair partly dressed in the great round swirl which is formed on a bent twig.

A girl named He-e-e, about whom very little is known except that she excelled in bravery, was long ago immortalized by the Hopi people as a Kachina. Now, each year, He-e-e is seen in the Kachina dances of the Hopis, wearing her traditional mask and costume, one side of her long and shining hair partially done up in the great circular adornment that is a mark of the unmarried Hopi maiden; the other side, smoothly combed, hanging loose over her shoulder; black war paint on her face.

According to Hopi legend He-e-e was sitting in front of her mother, having her luxurious hair done up, when a band of hostile Indians attacked her village. One side of her hair was spread over the U-shaped willow wand, used to shape the whorl, when the alarm came.

Presumably, she and her mother made a dash for safety, forgetting personal beauty in their concern for their lives and the lives of their neighbors, and the girl, seeing how many of the men of the village were being killed, hastily smeared her young face with war paint, seized bow and arrows and joined the men in battle.

So gallantly did she fight that the disorganized villagers rallied, made a more determined effort to rout the enemy and emerged victorious to laud the heroine, He-e-e.

Kachina dolls, representing He-e-e, show her with her bow and arrows, face blackened, one side of her hair loose over her shoulder, the other partly caught on the willow stick.

Like other heroines—Joan of Arc, for instance—she lives on in the memory of her people. In this case, as a Kachina.

INTRODUCTION—

(Continued from Page 6)

wear used now only for ceremonial purposes. They bring the turtle shell rattles and the deer-hoof rattles, and each wears his "pah-ho"—the blessed breath feather taken from a ceremonially-killed eagle.

After the flash and color of parades and rodeos in the daytime, comes the unforgettable experience of the evening performances.

Centuries ago the Hopi, already living "the Hopi Way" in their sky-reaching pueblos, looked toward the San Francisco Peaks with reverence. The Peaks, according to Hopi folklore, are where the sacred people live, the Kachinas, their teachers in all things good. Here to the slopes of the mountains they come reverently, for in a sense this is their Holy Land.

The Navajo, who call themselves "Dineh"—the people—also look at the Peaks with reverence, for these peaks represent one of the four corners of the Navajo

world, as established early in their residence in the Southwest.

Before the Navajo came, and even before the Hopi arrived, there were Indians living on this high plateau, dominated by the lofty San Francisco Peaks. There were Indians here before the eruption of Sunset Crater about 1066. Ruins of their dwellings are found by the hundreds and pit dwellings, covered by the lava which flowed from Sunset, have been uncovered and reconstructed.

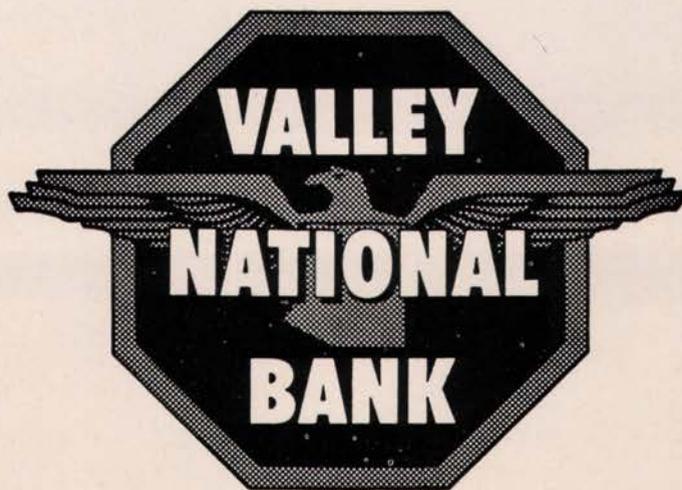
Perhaps, yes, undoubtedly, even then they danced their ceremonial dances in their plazas. Perhaps they too used the drum as an accompaniment. Rattles must have been employed, too, to set the pace of the dance.

The Indians of today carry out the customs of their ancestors in the evening performances.

When the great stacked bonfires are set ablaze, and their leaping, dancing flames cast a ruddy glow on the space before the grandstand, the Indians lose them-

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Hopi weaving, done by men of the tribe, is in demand by other tribes of the Southwest because of its excellence. The girls, their hair-do signifying that they are of marriageable age, wear hand-woven shoulder blankets and carry in their hands evergreens, symbol of life everlasting. The men wear the firm, hand-woven ceremonial sashes.



Want to buy a genuine Navajo rug? In all their colorful variety they are on display during the Pow-Wow, the Navajo women bringing them in from the reservation to drape them carelessly over a length of rope for viewing.

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With the completion of Glen Canyon dam, rising waters of the Colorado will hide forever the ancient stairways of the Indians who once populated Glen Canyon and its side canyons.

These "Moki Steps," laboriously pecked into the rock walls of the canyons, enabled the canyon farmers to climb the sometimes almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs that border the Colorado. High up, in some convenient cave, or on some supporting ledge, they built the small rock houses to which the steps lead.

Nearby, in crevices in the cliff face, or against a smooth backwall, they rocked up little granaries for their harvests. On the cliffs they pecked petroglyphs that tell a story present day people cannot read.

Corn was their principal crop, according to the

evidence of corn cobs in the litter of their homes. And the corn was not small and starved, but grew on large cobs, well watered by the waters coursing down the little side canyons.

Glen Canyon got its name from the many pleasant glens along it, and this was the logical place for a people to establish themselves. Close to water, with fertile soil for their gardens, and with deer for meat, they spent their span of time and now are lost.

Artifacts tell of their hunting and the uses they made of the game, meat, skin, hooves, hides and bones, but who they were, how they happened to choose Glen Canyon as their homeland, where they went, why, and when, is lost in the haze of the years, as the steps they pecked will soon be erased by lapping waters and their abrasive burden of sand.

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Corn: Gift From The Indians

Among the many gifts the white man has received from the American Indian, corn is one of the most important.

Tobacco, squash, some types of cotton, adobe construction, many crafts, are traceable to the Indian, but of them all corn is one of the most valuable contributions our brother, the Redman, has made to our way of life.

When we speak lightly of something being a "long, hard grind," we should consider the life of the average Indian woman who, until just recently, had the daily task of grinding corn for the use of her family. Even now, with cornmeal available at the stores, many Indians prefer the taste of their own, home ground meal.

Both Hopi and Navajo Indians rely to a great extent on corn for their daily food. And with them, as with the Mexican Indians, the process of making the corn ready for use is the same.

The shelled corn is placed on a stone, another stone is used to reduce it to meal. It is a slow and back-breaking task.

The Mexicans call their grinding stone a *metate*. Their hand stone is called a *mano*. The Hopi, using a similar stone, call it the *mata* and the hand stone is a *mata-ke*. The Navajo people are not too particular about the stones they use. Stones are heavy and the Navajo, a nomadic people, cannot carry them with them, therefore quite often they use any flat stone that is at hand and employ a suitable small stone for the grinding.

The buffalo was to the Plains dwelling Indian what corn is to the "Peaceful Ones"—the Hopi, and to the Navajo. The Sioux, the Crow, the Cheyenne and the Blackfeet—all looked to the buffalo for food, for tepee coverings, for robes and bedding, and many other uses.

When the ancestors of the present Hopi people came to Arizona from the South they brought with them corn for planting in their new homeland. The white man, making a trip through the reservation and seeing the arid sandy sweeps of desert land is amazed at the sight of the Hopi gardens.

Those tiny plots of land, so painstakingly cared for, mean much to the people of the pueblo dwellings on the lofty mesas, for the Hopi is steeped in belief in his way of life. He is devoted to his own peculiar but proven methods of farming. He places faith in his knowledge of the moods of the Arizona mesalands where

his ancestors lived for so many years.

Above all, he has faith in the efficacy of his great prayer for rain—the Snake Dance.

One of the many units of the Hopi people is the Corn Clan. Cornmeal, as well as corn pollen, is used now and has been used for centuries past in the ceremonials of the Hopi.

No wonder the plant itself is revered by the denizens of Hopiland. It is planted with ritual, and by means of the planting stick. This stick, made of a length of tough wood, possibly greasewood from the desert land nearby, is whittled down to a chisel edge at one end and carefully smoothed for the hand of the planter.

At planting time this stick is thrust down into the wind-dried sun-hardened earth to a depth where precious moisture lurks. Into this hole the kernels of corn are dropped—"four for the gopher, four for the crow, four for the cutworm and four to grow." The bred-up strength in the seed will sustain the little new plant while it makes the journey upward toward the sunshine, anchoring its root deeply to withstand the buffeting of the wind.

Water for the crops—that is the eternal problem of the Hopi and Navajo farmers. Unless there is water available from some nearby spring or some small stream, rain is vital. And rains in this area are unpredictable. Beautiful clouds pile up and up, lightning flashes and thunder reverberates, but the rain that falls may miss the thirsty gardens and waste itself in the desert.

Then is the time when the Hopi farmer watches his young green corn shriveling, shrinking, the tender leaves curling. It takes faith to believe that a miracle will take place and the crop will be saved. But he is used to miracles. Again and again he has seen the saving rain sluice down at the close of the Snake Dance.

This sacred ceremony of the Hopi is held in early

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In front of their summer shelter this Indian woman and her small daughter busy themselves with the corn harvest. The big ears are carefully husked, and shelled for grinding into the meal which forms a large part of the Navajo diet.

August, at a time designated by priests of the Snake and Antelope clans.

There comes a day when the feathered standard flies from the tip of the ladder which leads down into one of the kivas; nine days from that day the actual "dancing" of the snakes will take place.

Many people, hearing about the dance, experience revulsion at the thought of snakes being handled by the dancers and held in their mouths. The best cure for that feeling is to witness one of the dances, when that phase of the ceremonial is forgotten in the interest the rest of it creates.

When the stranger learns that the Hopi regard the snakes as messengers to the underworld gods and that in effect they are dancing the snakes, doing them honor in order that they may report this honor to the underworld forces, the dance becomes more understandable.

Again, on the day of the dance, the plazas echo the

sound of stamping moccasined feet. Old chants issue from the throats of the singers and the way of the white man is forgotten in this reenactment of the old way of life.

Cornmeal for this rite is ground from a crop which has been ceremonially planted and tended. With it the snakes are sprinkled after they have been bathed in the kiva. With it the dancers are blessed and into a circle made of cornmeal the snakes are tossed after they have been "danced."

One of the big thrills of the Snake Dance is to see the runners snatch up an armful of the writhing serpents and dash off with them at the conclusion of the dance, to distribute them in the four directions that they may speed away with their messages.

Few spectators would knowingly block the pathway of one of these carriers.

Old legends of the Hopi tell how they made their

Continued on Page 20

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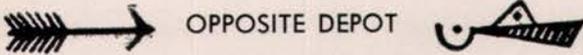


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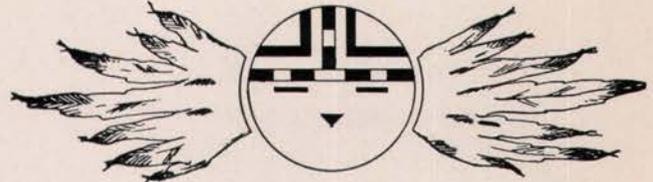
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On his way off, as his bronc slips and falls, this Navajo rider probably mounted again as the horse scrambled to its feet. Navajo boys and girls begin riding almost as soon as they begin walking and are at ease in the saddle.

CORN —

Continued from Page 17

altars of sand and framed them with ears of corn, blue for the west, white for the east, yellow for the north and red for the south. Each of these colors will be reproduced in the Hopi corn harvest, and there will be other colors as well, and variegations galore. Some of the ears have kernels of such a dark blue as to seem black. Many of the red ears are as dark as dried blood.

For each of the colors there is *piki* meal for the marriage bread of the Hopi. Though *piki* is eaten at other times, it is during the engagement and marriage rituals that the tissue-thin bread is traditionally used. Each traditional Hopi home has its *piki* stone—an oblong, worked and treated slab which has been carefully tempered with slow firing for its long useage.

The *piki* meal is very finely ground into flour-like texture, then mixed with water and made into a thin gruel. With a bowl of this tinted paste beside her the Hopi cook sits in front of her hot *piki* stone and with a deft swipe of her hand spreads the mixture over the stone.

The translucent sheet is almost instantly cooked through and the cook lifts it from the stone, folding it as she does so into an oblong which soon hardens and cools to be stacked, criss-cross, on a plaque of woven yucca fibers.

Piki has a pleasant taste, though sometimes there is a slight grittiness about it that bespeaks stone dust mixed with the ground meal. But it is said to contain a great deal of nourishment, and is highly regarded by Indians making a trip afoot across the desert, since it is so light and will keep indefinitely.

Indians waste no part of the corn crop. The ears are stored in Hopi granaries; cornhusks are used for many purposes, the coarse ones and the stalks are eaten by the shaggy burros that are so much in evidence in every Hopi village; corn feasts of new corn are held each year, and there are dozens of ways in which the corn and the cornmeal is cooked, including the Hopi hominy which is made after the old manner by placing the cooked kernels in a lye made from wood ashes until the tough outer coating is softened and can be floated free of the tender inside portion.

Just below the village of Mishongnovi on Second Mesa, rises a legendary shrine of the Hopi called the Corn Rocks because of its resemblance to two ears of corn standing upright and turned to stone.

It is a fitting symbol. What better one could be found for people who are said to be the most successful dry farmers and corn growers on earth?

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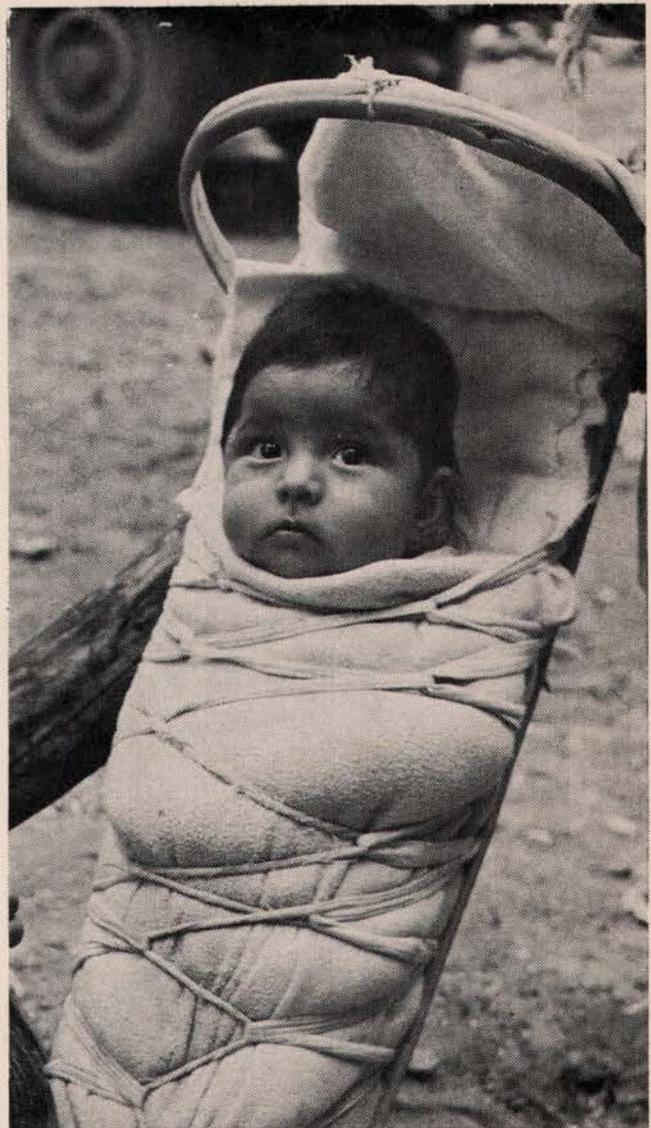
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Hopi Craftsman Exhibition

The twenty-fourth annual Hopi Craftsman Exhibition will be held on July 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1957, at the Museum of Northern Arizona, located three miles north of Flagstaff on the Fort Valley Road. The Museum is open to the public free of charge from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily during the exhibition.

Thirty years ago many of the Hopi living in their picturesque villages on the tops of three mesas some 125 miles northeast of Flagstaff were excellent craftsmen, weaving cloth of cotton and wool, making baskets, pottery, silver, kachina dolls, and many other items. Little by little as travel became easier and as more things could be found in stores, calico began to replace hand-made material, tin pans to replace baskets and pottery, and linoleum to replace handwoven rugs. Only the hand-carved kachinas continued to be made, as they had been, for they could not be duplicated. The good material still being made by the Hopi had few outlets for its sale. Only pottery of inferior quality could be found in the curio stores.

Since 1930 the Museum of Northern Arizona has held twenty-three Hopi Craftsman Exhibitions, organized for the purpose of encouraging the Hopi to produce their traditional arts and crafts. Through the years this purpose has been fulfilled and the exhibition has become famous. It is a unique demonstration of Hopi arts and crafts.

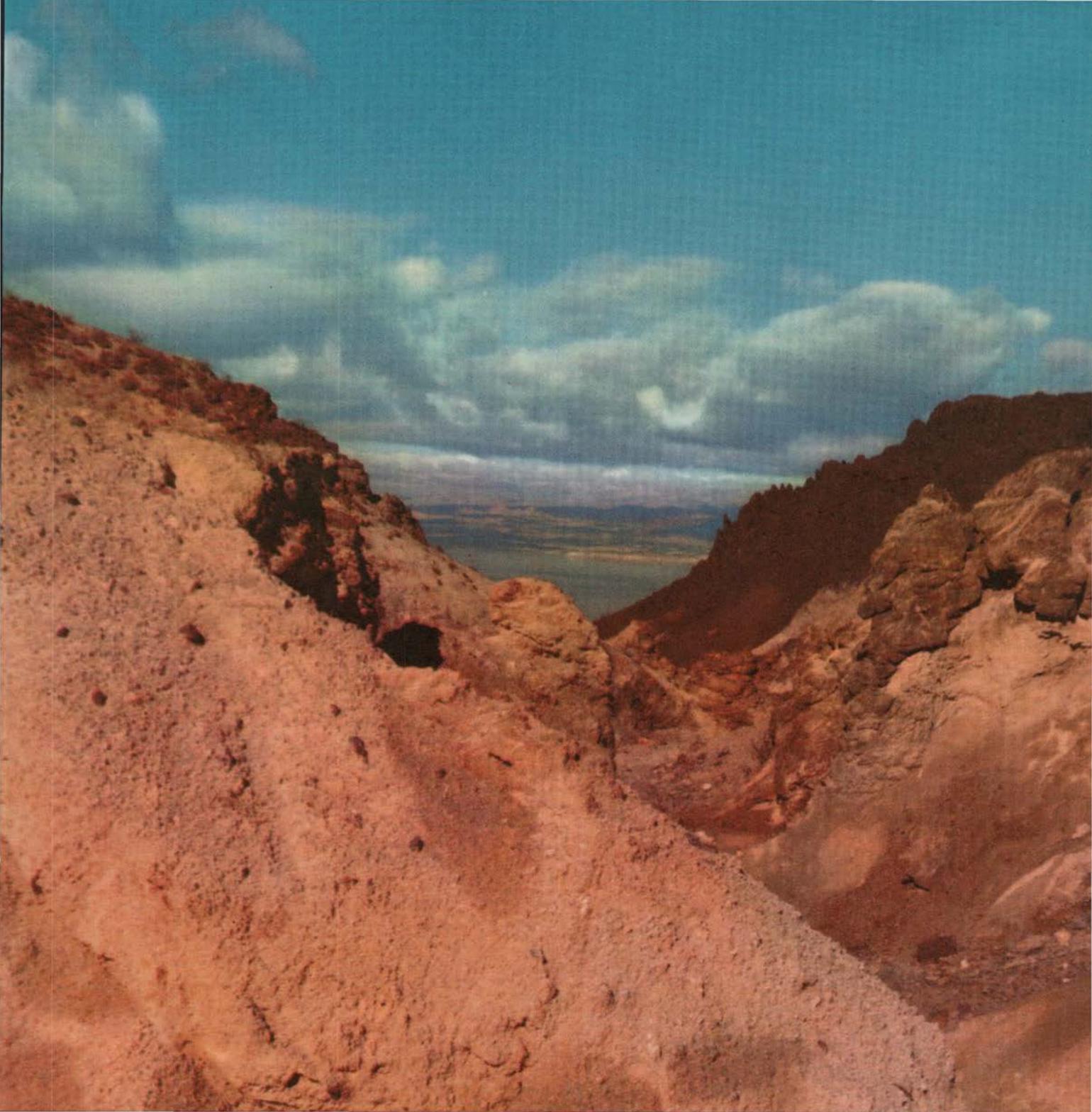
More than one thousand different items of Hopi handicraft were displayed and a majority of them sold during the 1956 exhibition. Hand-made baskets with colorful designs; both unpainted and decorated pottery pieces similar to those made by the ancestors of the Hopi 400 years ago when the earliest Spanish explorers first visited their pueblo villages; hand-carved and painted kachina dolls such as are still used in Hopi ceremonials; hand-made textiles of cotton or wool, finely but simply woven, many of which are beautifully embroidered; silver jewelry decorated with traditional Hopi designs that stem from prehistoric and historic Hopi art originally adapted to jewelry by the Museum's staff artist nearly twenty years ago; all of these plus various other objects are on display at the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition.

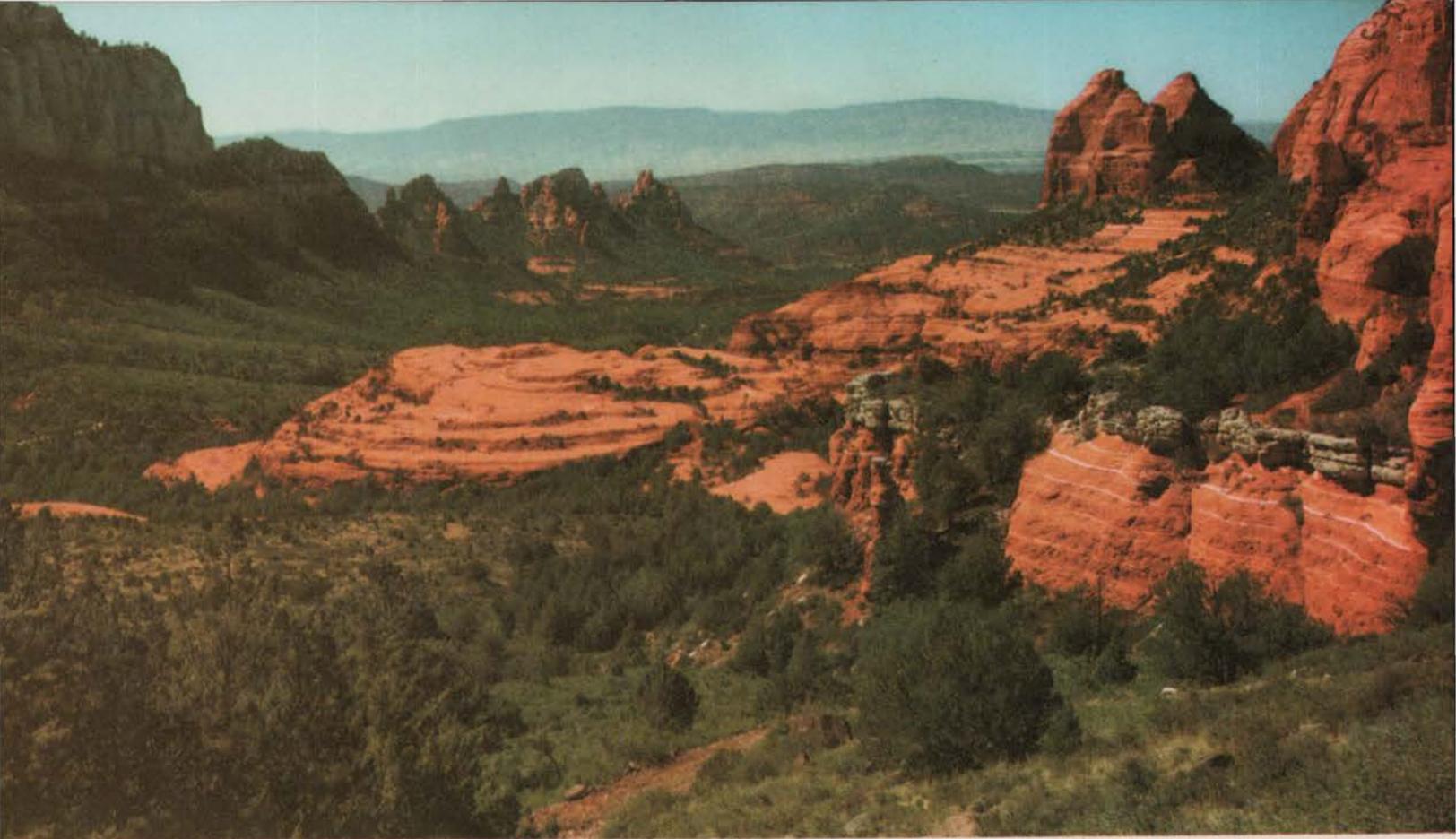
Each year members of the Museum staff make several trips to the Hopi Reservation to collect the many items. The Hopi know that the Museum selects the finest work offered by each person, and thus all are encouraged to offer only their best. There is an additional incentive in the prizes and ribbons that are awarded each year after the 75 classes are judged by authorities on Hopi craftsmanship.

The visitor is thus assured that here can be found examples of all the traditional Hopi crafts and that the individual articles on display are the best available anywhere in America.



One small section of the extensive Hopi Craftsman Exhibition which will be on display all during the Southwest All-Indian Pow-Wow is pictured above. Hopi pottery, woven plaques, ceremonial sashes, blankets, silver jewelry, hand carved Kachina dolls, and many other items will be on display.





View from Schnebly Hill

CENTER PANEL
A Still World — Joshua Winter

OPPOSITE PAGE
Mogollon Rim Sunset

From Toroweap Point — Grand Canyon









*The Winding River – View down the Tonto
Autumn Color Along the Big Sandy*





*Lights and Shadows across the Altar Valley
Cholla and Bristling Peaks — Near Superior*





Gateway To Enchantment

Some of the most beautiful reminders of an ancient culture are located in Northern Arizona, among them Casa Blanca ruins, over in the Four Corners Country.

A huge apartment house of the Indians who once lived in Canyon de Chelly, it has retained its white-washed appearance because it is tucked away in a tremendous cave, and thus protected from weathering to some extent.

The thrill of discovery is experienced by the visitor who searches for it from the 1000-foot-high opposite canyon wall, and is amazed to find it dwarfed to toy size by distance and in comparison with its great, overhanging red sandstone wall.

But Flagstaff may well be called the gateway to enchantment, for in this area alone, within easy traveling distance of any who attend the Pow-Wow, are spectacular Montezuma Castle in the Verde River area; Tuzigoot on its hilltop near Clarkdale; Walnut Canyon National Monument only a few miles east of Flagstaff, and Sunset Crater and Wupatki National Monuments to the north.

To reach Wupatki ruins and the many other ruins in the same area—Lomaki, Wukoki, the Citadel ruins, to mention a few—one drives through part of one of the greatest volcanic fields in the country. It is a part of the San Francisco Peaks system and dates from the Pliocene era to about 1066, when Sunset Crater erupted.

The entire area involves about 3000 square miles. About 200 cinder cones, black and deep purplish red, give the horizon an undulating appearance, and gashes in the side of some of them show where they are being

“mined” and hauled away, ton by ton, to be used in almost their pristine condition for road surfacing. There are dozens of great lava flows, now covered with sparse growth, but recognizable as lava flows to those who take time to trace them toward their source.

According to students of vulcanology, there have been many volcanic outbursts in this area, some of them of exceeding violence.

A great black cinder hill forms a backdrop for the ruins of Wupatki. Built on a knoll, as many of the ruins are for very practical purposes of defense, apparently, Wupatki's old rock walls show the skill of the ancient builders and their common-sense use of the materials at hand.

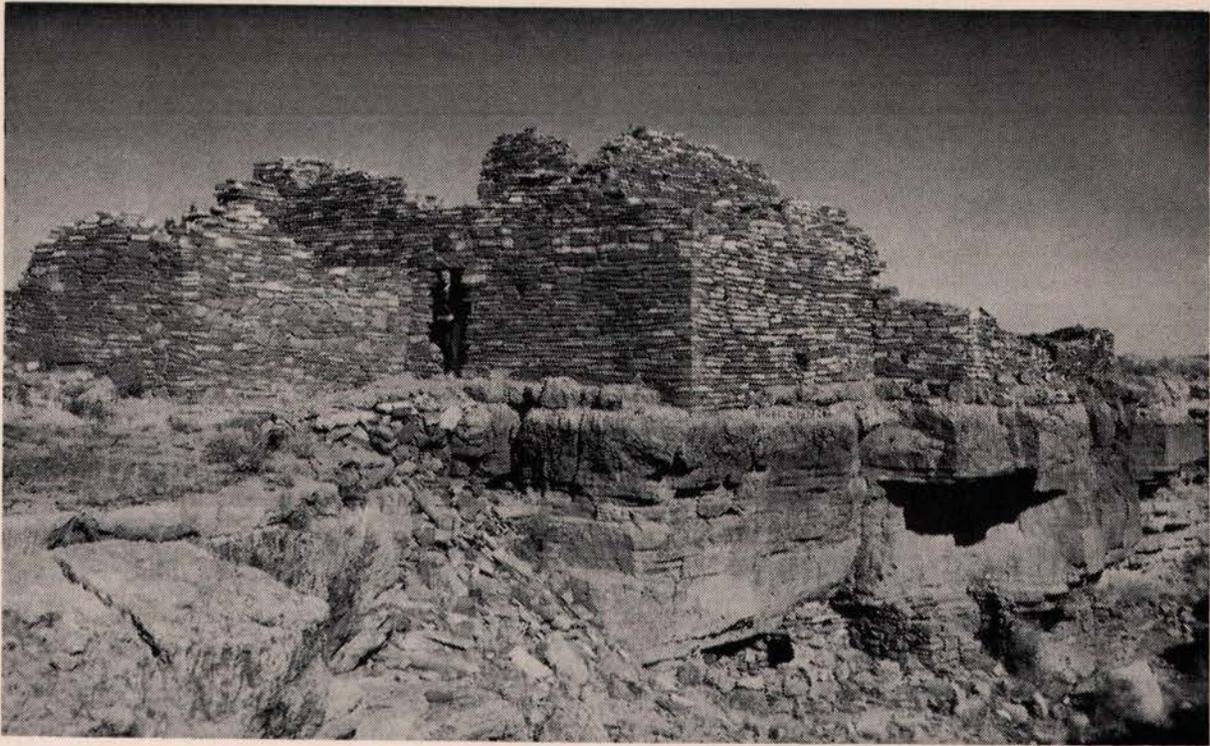
Aside from the ruin itself, there is a circular court on a level spot below where, it is supposed, the Indians indulged in games or ceremonial observances, with spectators sitting on the rock walls.

Many people visit Wupatki yearly, but do not take time to travel across the cinder-strewn flat to the sandstone butte on which sits the rosy ruin of Wukoki. And few take the dirt road that leads to Lomaki's crumbling rock homes. Yet, away from the traveled road, one is apt to experience a deeper understanding of the vanished ones who once lived in these little fortress homes they built with their own hands.

Travel south, down through Oak Creek Canyon with its rainbow-hued cliffs and buttes, through the pretty little town of Sedona, past the arresting Chapel of the Holy Cross and the towering Bell Rock, to Bea-



This is the ancient fortress city of Tuzigoot, partly restored by the National Park Service. It crowns a rocky hill which overlooks a big bend of the Verde River near Clarkdale, Arizona, and is easily accessible to the public. The life of the Indians who once lived in the fortress and farmed the bottomlands is graphically suggested by exhibits in the Tuzigoot Museum.



Lomaki, "Beautiful House," is one of the ruins in the Wupatki National Monument off U. S. Highway 89, and within a short distance of Flagstaff to the north. The many ruins, many of them now only piles of rubble, testify to the large population of that area in the distant past.

ver Creek and the best preserved and probably most picturesque of all the ruins of Arizona—Montezuma Castle.

Since there were no Spaniards in this area at the time of Montezuma Castle's building about 1000 years ago, the name is not appropriate. What it was called by those who built it so laboriously in a great cave in a great white limestone cliff, no one knows, and the modern name does have a certain magnificence about it that matches the magnificence of the "castle."

Tuzigoot, another fortress city, after the manner of the Citadel and Wupatki built on a knoll, is built close to the waters of the meandering Verde river. The view from its highest rooftop is inspiring, leading the gaze out over river bottoms that were no doubt once used by the Tuzigoot dwellers for their fields and garden plots. The museum building is in harmonious keeping with the ruin and contains an educational display which adds greatly to the pleasure of the visit to this spot.

One of the most interesting features of a visit to Walnut Canyon National Monument is the unusually large variety of plants and trees, which range from cold country growth on the shaded side of the canyon walls to tropical on the areas exposed to the hot sunshine.

Below the Museum and administration building the canyon is contorted into a great horseshoe bend in which is the "Island" readily reached by means of a saddle of land.

The path leads completely around this projection of land, giving many fascinating views of the deep and rocky canyon, as well as bringing the visitor within personal-inspection distance of several of the 400 or more cliff dwellings that dot the canyon walls.

The best of the restored cliff dwellings still show the smoke blackened walls erected by the ancient Sinagua people who lived along the canyon while farming the fertile fields of the flats above them, and there are cliff overhangs, not rocked up into rooms, that are thought to have been used for communal gatherings, much as a park might be set aside now.

The smoke holes over the doorways, the T-shaped doors and the shiny look of the sooty walls, said to have resulted from the burning of pitch knots, are some of the features of interest.

Another ruin of the ancient people, unmarked on most maps and unrestored for public viewing, is Homolovi, north of Winslow.

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Acknowledgments

Paintings in color by Indian artists lend distinction to this issue of the annual Pow-Wow Magazine. They were made available through the courtesy of Raymond Carlson, famed editor of Arizona Highways Magazine. The pictures are the work of artists Andy Tsihnahjinnie, Keetsie Shirley, B. Yazz, Ed Lee Natay, Stanley Batisse, Quincy Tahoma, Gerald Naylor, and Harrison Begay.

The fine black and pictures, with but a few exceptions, are the work of Ray Manley, official Pow-Wow photographer. Pictures accompanying the Park Service article in this issue are official NPS photos.

The Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art, Inc. provided the illustration for the article on the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition, as well as that of the Kachina heroine.

Miss Katherine Beard of the Flagstaff Mission to the Navajos made possible the use of the picture of the Navajo women husking corn.

At the night show, no flash pictures are permitted, because it would ruin the effect which the Pow-Wow management goes to such pains to create. After the show is over, you can make your own arrangements with Indian performers to pose. It's wise to ask these people for permission to take their pictures anytime except, perhaps, during the parade. Would you want your picture taken by some stranger who failed to secure your permission? Our Indian visitors feel about this just as you do.



All the natural recklessness of the Navajo youth comes out in rodeo competition. Whether it is bronc riding, calf roping, bulldogging or steer riding, the Navajo rodeo entrant has a wonderful time trying for first money. Only Indians are allowed to compete in this All-Indian Rodeo.

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Sun Dance Of The Plains Indians

FOREWORD

The Wind River Reservation in Fremont Co., Wyo., listed on some maps as the Shoshone Indian Reservation, is one of the few places in the world where the age-old ritual of the Sun Dance is still performed.

Only in comparatively recent years have white spectators been welcome at these rites, once observed by many of the Plains Indians. It is probable, even now, that there is no white person who knows all about the Sun Dance, due to the characteristic reticence of the Indians and the persistent secrecy which has always enveloped the ceremonial.

The knowledge gleaned has resulted from long years of patient inquiry; days and nights at the dance place, years in succession. We have asked countless questions and read all we could find on the subject before this summing up.

To our numerous Indian friends we owe a debt of gratitude for their unfailing courtesy to us and their efforts to help us gain a true conception of the depth of meaning in each phase of the dance.

The following account is reprinted from "We Saw the Sun Dance," by Vada F. Carlson and Sheila Hart.

Toom-tum . . . toom-tum . . . toom-tum . . .

Simultaneously startled, we two white women awoke and lay listening to the accented throbbing of a distant drum.

Moonlight was white on the canvas of our little tent, pitched under the cottonwoods near the Mission, and the cottonwood leaves made shadowed splashes of black above us. No breeze swept down from the high crags of the Wind River range of mountains beyond us; sound carried far in the chilly stillness.

For a time there was only the throb of the drum, then another sound intruded. A wagon was approaching. A rumbling lumber wagon. There was the clop-clop of horses' hooves and the jingle of harness as it approached, and suddenly one of its unseen occupants, sitting flat on the wagon bed perhaps, moonlight on her dark face, began to chant in time to the beat of the drum.

"Ai-i-hai-hai-ai-ai-hai-hai—"

A burst of derisive laughter and a flow of jesting gutturals interrupted the song which, we learned, was one of the wordless but meaning-packed chants of the Sun Dance, that primitive religious ceremonial of the Plains Indians which we had come to the Wind River Reservation to observe.

The wheels rolled on, past our little camp, heading toward the sound of the drum to become a part of the Indian encampment which would cluster around the dance place. Somewhere a horse neighed, a thin, lonely sound in the white night, and back in the rim rock a coyote set up an eerie wail.

We tried to get back to sleep, but it was difficult. Other wheels were rolling in the moonlight now. Other drums joined the first. Other voices—low, mysterious voices and high, hysterical ones—rehearsed the Sun Dance chants in the distance and the night seemed alive and pulsing. We sensed the inner excitement of the Indian families who were riding through the lovely night to reach the dance place, and it stirred us, too.

Yet, when dawn came and flickers set up their chatter in the cottonwoods, we were too eager to feel tired. Hurriedly, shivering in the sharp morning air, we dressed and went out to wash in the icy water of the irrigation ditch. The small fire over which we prepared a quick breakfast was not enough to completely warm us, but soon we were on our way, affot, across the flat to the spot where already the encampment was springing up.

All along the creek, tents were being pitched. Each road and trail was like a spoke of some gigantic wheel whose hub was the dance place. Dust from the approaching wagons and autos rose in dun veils and hung in the still, crisp air. The mushrooming encampment, even at that early hour, teemed with activity.

Breakfasts were being prepared and the fragrance of coffee and fried bread vied with the scent of sweet clover and sage. Beside the tents girls combed their shining long black hair and made up their dark faces with rouge and lipstick. Small children peeped at us from tent flaps, or hid behind their mothers' skirts, their eyes bright and questioning.

At one tent a cow was being milked. There was a rheumy-eyed nanny goat tethered at another camp. Saddle horses and teams were tied to the wagons, and out away from the encampment a short distance an old Indian woman herded half a dozen long-necked little turkeys who yeped to each other companionably as they gobbled up a breakfast of chilled grasshoppers.

We had missed the sham battle the day before. The long cavalcade of wagons and gaily-garbed riders was already coming down the canyon when we arrived. We had watched them pass, wagon after wagon, piled with trees for the dance place, escorted by solemn-visaged riders. The sacred center pole rode in state, alone on the lead wagon.

We had joined in at the rear of the procession and

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followed them past the old Wind River Indian cemetery where Sacajawea, the Bird Woman of Lewis and Clark fame, is buried, and across the little creek to the shallow depression where those who had "put up" the dance had marked the future site of the center pole with a little wickiup of willows.

As the wagons stopped at the edge of the depression and the teams were unhitched and led away, an old woman emerged from a lone tent at the south side of the chosen spot and waddled toward the dance place. The wind was blowing. It tugged at her white braids, flapped her pink calico skirts about her blue leggings and lifted the fringe of her bright green shawl, but she paid no heed to it. She set up a shrill chant which she continued until the trees were unloaded from the wagons.

Men had unloaded the heavy stringers, the center pole and the poles which were to form the dance place circle, but younger women cheerfully helped with the smaller trees and the brush, and afterward the crowd dispersed, many of them to form gambling groups in the shade of the willows along the creek.

We had come early this following morning to watch the erection of the dance place, but we might have taken our time, for there was nothing hurried about the actions of the men who soon gathered at the depression. Not one step was taken without the ancient ritual of prayer. We sat down on a peeled spruce pole and watched. They ignored us. We were white people—"tybos"—strangers.

We felt more at ease when our Shoshone friend joined us.

The men removed the willow shelter and dug the hole for the center pole. Then, painstakingly they measured the long stringer poles and set the 12 outer poles which would form the circular enclosure.

During this time other men were, as our Shoshone friend said, "preparing the head." In the days of the Far Back Fathers a brave went out and killed a buffalo and brought the fresh head to the dance place for the ceremony. Now, one must resort to second best. One must take an old buffalo skull and stretch over it the fresh hide of a cow creature. One may put on new horns, too, that have been polished for the occasion, so our friend informed us.

(Now, the Shoshone Indians have a real buffalo head, mounted for permanent use and presented to them by a former Reservation official).

We went a little closer to watch the men fasten the head to the center pole, just below the fork, and secure a bunch of fresh willows in the crotch of the tree.

"When they raise the pole," our friend told us, "the buffalo will face west. The willows will point south and north . . . Now they are putting the sweet sage in the nose."

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"Why?" we asked.

"Oh," she said, "that is a symbol. Breath. Like breathing." She talked with her hands to make her words clearer. "On a cold day you can see the breath coming from the nostrils—you understand?—like gray clouds."

The Sun Dance seems to be all symbols. The buffalo head is a symbol of plenty, as the buffalo was once the basis of existence for the Plains Indians. The flesh provided food. The skin was useful for covering the lodges; buffalo robes were used for beds; moccasins and many other articles were made from the tanned skins. Hence, the buffalo represented strength, comfort and supply.

Pungent, feathery sweet sage is a symbol of healing as well as representative of breathing. Willows, which grow along the water's edge, are symbols of verdure and water, essentials of life.

When the head and the willows were placed, a long slender stringer was prepared. To its tip the body of an eagle was lashed. The eagle, we were told, represents freedom. It flies in the clean blue sky where there is no illness and no restraints. This stringer would rest in the fork of the center pole later on, and its symbol of freedom would be headed toward the rising sun.

Men were chosen to place the black and white stripes on the center pole. There are conflicting reasons given for these stripes. Some say they represent the three days and nights the dance will last. Others vaguely say they stand for "something good." Still others stoutly maintain that the center pole is a symbol of Jesus Christ, Our Brother; that the stripes represent his crucifixion and resurrection, and that the 12 outer poles represent the Disciples.

Whatever their true significance, the rite of raising the center pole was impressive.

Several pairs of tepee poles had been lashed together with rawhide thongs and men in pairs held them, waiting. Into this expectant group stepped the leader who had conducted the other prayers. He began the prayer song and men and women joined in, the men with the tepee poles bumping them together to make a strange accompaniment.

When the prayer song was finished, the tepee pole shears were used to lift the center pole from the ground and swing it into place, the action being accompanied by yells and laughter which also seemed to be a part of the ritual. Four times this prayer-in-action was repeated before the pole was set.

After that the work proceeded at a faster pace, and within a few hours the dance place looked like the skeleton of a giant umbrella about 80 feet in diameter, propped up in the flat. Brush was then placed around the enclosure to provide shade for the dancers, but between the eastern poles, beneath the eagle's body, a

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space was left open. This was the entrance through which the dancers would "go in" at sunset.

Heat and hunger drove us away for a time. When we returned the July sun was dropping slowly toward the jagged peaks of the Wind River mountains to the west of the dance place, and an Indian on a dejected black pony was riding slowly through the encampment making an announcement of some sort. He sounded for all the world like a town crier.

"What's this?" we asked our Shoshone friend.

She smiled at us, hiding her mirth behind a lifted fold of her shawl.

"He's telling the people it is time to begin. He's telling the dancers to go to the river and get clean."

The people had been waiting for this call. They responded to the strange staccato syllables, not in words, but in action. From every tent men and women and children emerged and drifted toward the dance place. Their coppery faces were enigmatic. Their black eyes revealed nothing. Mothers carried babies on their backs, caught close beneath their shawls. Tots clung to their mothers' skirts or fingers. Boys and girls of teen-age were reverently quiet as they sought places near the enclosure.

The dancers began gathering to the west of the dance place. The older men came across the sage and cacti with the confidence of moccasin-toughened feet, but the younger men, used to white men's footwear, walked gingerly. At the west they dropped their blankets and shawls. Adjusted their dance aprons. Hitched up their breech clouts or tightened their beaded belts about the shawls which they were wearing skirt-fashion. The older men's braids were natural, hanging over their shoulders in the manner of their forefathers, but many of the younger men wore false braids, descending from a head band.

When the time drew near two old men emerged from a wickiup at the west. One was incredibly emaciated, his lips drawn back over his teeth in a skeletal sneer. The other was a benevolent, fatherly-looking oldster, with gray braids falling over his bare brown shoulders.

"That's the dance leader," our friend whispered. "He's been fasting. He and the other."

The sun sank lower and lower in a metallic blue-green summer sky. The dancers clustered together, fantastic in their vermilion and blue and ochre paints and their gaudy dance finery. Many of them wore "medicine" charms about their necks. Charms to help them endure three days and nights without food or water.

Cars were coming. White people and Indians were standing in groups watching the dancers, waiting to witness the beginning of the ceremonial. Unobtrusively, the spectators were kept from parking their cars at the east of the dance place. That space was kept clear.

At the west the dancers formed a long line. The leader took his place at its head. The procession began to move, slowly. With bowed heads and measured tread the dancers marched twice around the enclosure, then entered, forming in two rows at the west of the center pole, facing east. They knelt, then, and the leader—he who had had the vision and put up the dance—prayed for them. For them and all the people.

Continued on Page 41



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INTRODUCTION—

Continued from Page 11

selves in this reenactment of the past. Lithe bodies decorated with paint and feathers, they twist and bend, their moccasined feet performing the intricate and fascinating steps of the dance in perfect time to the beating drums.

The white spectator, no less than the Indian spectator, is caught up in the splendor of it all. There is the sweet fragrance of the burning juniper and pine; there are the high voices and the low grunting chants, the coyote cries of the Navajo Yei-bei-chei dancers; there is the mountain breeze and the twinkling stars; there are the stamping feet and the drumbeat that has somehow seeped into the blood.

No one can watch a three-ringed circus and see everything that goes on. So it is with the Pow-Wow. The spectator sees a part of the whole great and unusual show, but there are too many things he has missed. He will have to come again next year, his perceptions sharpened, his understanding of the beauty and pageantry of the Pow-Wow increased.

CEREMONIAL DANCES—

Continued from Page 8

The Red Ant Dance, performed by two small boys and an older man, tells the story of the Navaio peoples' wandering in a land that was always night and their rescue by the chief of the red ant people. He helped them part of the way out of their difficulty, but had to return to the land of night because he was afraid of the earth and the sky.

The boys, wierdly painted, dance inside hoops which are adorned with turkey feathers.

Arapahoes are wonderfully expressive dancers, and their footwork is incomparable, whether in the Buffalo Dance, War Dance or other dances.

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SUN DANCE —

Continued from Page 39

The silence was almost tangible. The world seemed to have paused in its course to listen. Not a baby whimpered. Not a dog barked. Not a soul coughed to mar that long to be remembered moment. Even the white visitors were courteously quiet.

The "amen" when he finished, was something to be experienced rather than described. It would be difficult to imagine the tapping of dark fingers against breasts, the striking of palms against foreheads, the sibilance of the breath which was expelled between the lips of the listeners.

The moment over, the dancers arose and stepped back to their places in the shelter of the brush walls. Men came in and took their places about a big, home-made drum which had been waiting at the eastern section of the enclosure. Indian women, the singers, settled themselves on the ground beside the drummers. The dancers' womenfolk brought great armfuls of green rushes and willow twigs and aromatic white sage with which each dancer would make a Spartan pallet.

The sun had gone down. Long shadows flowed eastward. The afterglow was a vast pastel of lavender and pink and blue. More and more white people from the adjacent towns were arriving.

Soon the drum awoke. First there was a long, exciting roll, then that electrifying toom-tum, toom-tum, which we had heard in the night. The Indian women raised their voices in the wierd, minor wordless chant which is so unmistakably primitive, so indescribably sad and haunting, and the dancers began keeping time with knees and elbows.

Suddenly the emaciated old man hopped toward the center pole, an eagle bone whistle, feather-tipped, shrilling between his lips. Other dancers followed, one by one, until they were all dancing. To the pole and back, to the pole and back, gaze fixed on the buffalo head.

The old men hopped, their feet close together. The younger ones took easy, running steps. The brightly-dyed eagle feathers on their whistles fluttered as they moved. Sequins on their shawls and dance aprons flashed.

The Sun Dance had begun!

There is no authentic record of when or where this ceremonial we have come to call the Sun Dance originated, or was first practiced. It is peculiar, however, to the Plains Indians, and legendary accounts agree that many centuries ago, in a time of famine which threatened to destroy a certain tribe, a wise man and his female companion went up into a high mountain to fast and meditate. During this period the man had a vision wherein the ritual of the Sun Dance was revealed.

Since the buffalo figures prominently in all Indian

Continued on Page 43

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legends it is not surprising that the Shoshone Indians claim it was a buffalo which appeared in the vision.

The man, they say, was sitting on a hill, looking east, when he saw a little black speck approaching with amazing rapidity. When it came near he saw it was a buffalo. He was frightened and would have run away, but the buffalo spoke to him.

"I will not harm you," it said. "I bring you a message."

The Indian was so astonished he could do nothing but sit still and listen.

"I have been sent to tell you about a dance," the buffalo said. "You will call it 'da-g-oo wi-n-de'. It is a dance in which you do not eat or drink for three days and three nights. You only worship. You pray for your people. You pray the sick ones will get well. You pray that peace and plenty will come to all of your people."

The vision of the buffalo faded, then, and another took its place. This was a vision of a brush structure made in a circle with a strong forked pole in the center. There were four men dancing. Later he saw a vision of the 12 poles which stand for something good, and the buffalo returned to tell him that everything about the dance was symbolic.

"Always remember that the Great Power came to the Shoshone in the form of a buffalo," he told the man. "The da-g-oo wi-n-de is the blessing he brings you."

Then he sang the four prayer songs for the man and left him.

When the man came down from the mountain and told his people of the vision they believed him and obeyed his instructions and so the first Sun Dance was held.

Miraculously, great herds of buffalo appeared and the tribe was saved from famine.

The story of their deliverance was told and retold in the story lodges and about the campfires, and soon all the Plains Indians took up the practice. It became the most important religious ceremonial known to the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Shoshone and other Plains tribes.

It had its good features. It brought the tribe together annually in great villages, where, in addition to the religious aspect of the occasion, chiefs and leaders could get together to discuss and form tribal policies. Social obligations were discharged in the form of feasts. There were mourning feasts for those who had died during the year, and the meeting and mating of young people from widely separated families was facilitated, and intermarriage prevented.

Also, there must have been a great release from inner tensions, due to the concentration upon one objec-

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tive and the participation in the songs and rhythmic activities.

While the ritual was essentially the same in all tribes, each modified it to some extent. For instance, the Arapaho dancer does not move forward to the center pole and back. He stands in one spot. Shoshone women take no part in the ceremony, except as singers and rushbearers, but an Arapaho woman, corresponding to the female companion of the man who first had the vision, performs certain offices toward the Sacred Pipe of the Arapaho, and the Blackfoot Sun Dance is led by a woman, for women have always held an exalted place in this tribe.

In some tribes, self torture made of the ancient ceremony a bloody and horrible spectacle. The man who could withstand the greatest torture was acclaimed for his bravery.

Rawhide thongs were passed through slits in the breast or back of the dancer and fastened to the center pole. Against these thongs the dancer pulled until he released himself or fell unconscious. If he rested too long from his exertion, a buffalo robe was thrown over him and a smudge was built beneath it. He was compelled to continue or smother. Sometimes a buffalo head was fastened to the thongs and the dancer dragged this weight about the dance place until his tortured skin gave way.

The Shoshone Indians claim they have never practiced any form of torture in connection with the dance.

Nevertheless, it was this feature of the ceremonial which stirred early missionaries to protest to the government about it. Without bothering to search out the motives and the symbolism of the dance, they bitterly condemned it, with the result that official opposition was aroused and the rite forbidden in many tribes.

As the older Indians are gathered to the ranks of those who walk the Milky Way, the dance will no doubt gradually become but one more memory of the primitive past.

Originally, the date of the Sun Dance was set by one who went to the mountain and had a vision as the first leader had done. Now, though the leader still fasts and is spiritually moved to give, or as many say—"put up"—the dance, the date depends on such modern factors as crop conditions, Agency sanction and celebrations in nearby communities.

Step by step, the dance is still performed according to long-established ritual. The tents which form the village are arranged in the shape of a great horseshoe, open at the east. It is said to be so arranged in imitation of the Corona Borealis, which the Plains Indians know as the Camp Circle of the Gods.

The secret rites of preparation take place in the lodge west of the dance place. These rites, it is somewhat vaguely claimed, are a rehearsal of the acts performed by the originator of the dance. Fasting and abstinence from water begin here, and once begun, continue throughout the entire period of the dance.

In nearly all tribes the dancers dance voluntarily. Various reasons are given for entering. Some enter for personal healing from some disease, others dance for a loved one who is ill; one may dance for the good of the tribe as a whole; in penance for misdemeanors com-

mitted; to induce rain or avert death by lightning or other disaster; or as a thanksgiving for deliverance from evil.

Four seems to have been a number of great potency in times past. Four men took part in the first dance. The prayer songs are four in number and each is repeated four times. It is said that at one time four colors were used in painting the body for the ceremonial. Four times the center pole is lifted in the ritual of placing it, and the dance formerly continued four days and nights.

This numeral is still used by the Arapaho, though the Shoshone leans toward the numeral three. Four poles support the Sacred Pipe of the Arapaho in its place of honor near the center pole, and the four cardinal points are venerated.

Da-g-oo wi-n-de. Da-g-oo wunt. Da-g-oo wun-a-roi. Those are three spellings of the term which means, literally, thirsty standing. The word dance is not used by the older Indians in connection with this ceremonial, and certainly one must agree that "thirsty standing" is most fitting for a ceremony which features abstinence from food and drink for so long a time.

Much of the Sun Dance is prayer-in-action. The dancers sing the prayer songs through their eagle bone whistles, although to the listener the result is a series of piercing sounds. Any part of an eagle is in itself a prayer for health, because the eagle flies high in the clean sky. The use of eagle bone whistles and eagle feathers is a prayer that the earth may also be clean and free of illness.

Faith, after all, is the dominating note in the ritual. Unquestioning faith in that omnipotence which rules our lives—red men and white alike. But this faith is not in the sun, as many suppose. The dance is not sun worship. The sun is recognized and addressed simply as a manifestation of the Great Power. It lights and warms the earth and makes life possible. The Sun Dancers face east. They pray to "Our Father," the Great Power which all men recognize.

The dance had hardly begun that first night before the younger men were stopping to pull thorns from their tender feet and remove sharp rocks from the little paths their feet were making in the depression. But it was midnight or after, before the medicine men came to their aid.

Two of these men came into the dance place with considerable ritual, much fluttering of eagle wings and showing of good medicine charm, built two little fires at the south side of the dance place. From small buckskin pouches they poured out what looked and smelled like cedar berries and pine needles and made a smudge which sent a little pencil of blue smoke upward. To these wavering little "smokes" the younger dancers

came, and while the medicine men blessed them, they held their blistered and thorn-lacerated feet in the smoke for healing.

We suddenly realized we were the only white people still lingering at the dance place. Most of the Indians had retired to their tents. We, too, departed.

For a moment that night we dreamed of dark faces, firelight, the flash of sequins and the sound of the drum, then we were awake again and conscious of the fact that we must hurry if we were to get to the dance place in time for the sunrise ceremony.

We had no time to eat, but we did make a thermos bottleful of coffee to take along.

The camp crier was making his morning rounds as
Continued on Page 47

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Continued from Page 45

we arrived. Dogs barked at us. A baby wailed at being disturbed. Someone was chopping wood for the breakfast fires. A horse nickered a greeting as his master stepped through the tent flaps into the dawning.

A few Indians were huddled at the east entrance as we reached the dance place. The pastel colors in the east were paling to purest gold and the big bonfire had burned to smouldering embers. We yawned and shivered waiting for the sun's rays to warm us.

The dancers, hollow-eyed and wan, had advanced and were standing in two rows, facing the east, their half-naked bodies still keeping time to the drum beat, their eagle bone whistles shrilling those high, wild notes. Then, abruptly, the singing and the drumming stopped and there was only the sound of the whistles.

The shrilling increased in volume as the sun's first rays touched the dark, drawn faces. Straight into the rising sun the dancers stared. They stretched their tired arms toward it in gestures profoundly dramatic and infinitely interesting. The medicine men, murmuring their incantations, held their strongest "medicines" to the sun's rays, then pressed them to their breasts in gestures of gratitude.

Until the sun was fully risen, the dancers stood shrilling their wordless plea for health and all good, their arms outstretched. Then they seated themselves about the embers of the fire and joined with their leader in a series of prayers and chants.

During the rest period which followed, we sat on a boulder a little distance away and warmed our backs while we drank our coffee. The singers left the dance place, walking stiffly away to their tents. The drum-

mers brought the big drum outside and set it on edge so that the sun might draw the night's dampness from the drum head, then they, also, left the dance place.

If the fragrance of coffee and fried bread, drifting to the dance place from the encampment, made the dancers' empty stomachs clamor for food, they gave no sign. The younger men clowned a bit with their false braids. The older ones stolidly combed and braided their hair, waiting for the paint which would refresh their bodies before they began the day's dancing.

Male relatives attend at this feature of the ritual. They bring freshly-mixed vegetable paints and set them before the dancers, who seem to enjoy adorning themselves, perhaps receiving an upsurge of vigor from the cooling mixture.

When they finished painting up for the day, some of the older men looked like prints of old-time warriors on the war path. One lad achieved the effect of brilliant blue wings across his high cheekbones. Another had camouflaged his features with zig-zags of white and yellow, but for the most part they contented themselves with conventional dots and circles and stripes, applied with innate artistry of Indian people.

When they were adorned, the drummers came. A

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new group for the day's drumming. Fresh singers also appeared and took their places. The tents spewed Indians as the first drum roll sounded. White spectators were arriving and a sight-seeing bus stirred the powdery dust, bouncing and jouncing up to the dance place to discharge its curious tourists.

Rhythm seemed to take control of the dancers. First they moved their elbows to the beat of the drum, then they flexed their knees and suddenly, as though they no longer could resist the impulse, they began dancing. The eagle feathers on their little fingers fluttered as they lifted their feather-tipped whistles to their mouths, threw their heads back, stared up at the buffalo head, the strong morning sunlight in their faces.

It was that afternoon, when the Wyoming sun was at its hottest, that the emaciated old dancer had the "vision." He had been dancing almost continuously, while the less devout rested on their rush pallets. But he had been dancing woodenly—like a puppet jerked by a string. A dried-out, death's head of a puppet, gray-haired, an orange streak in the part of his hair

and yellow daubs on his leathery face. But suddenly, we sensed a change in him.

All eyes were turned to him as he danced to the center pole and stretched his old arms upward to caress it with his claw-like fingers.

The drummers made the big drum thunder. The singers' voices became a frenzy of sound. The people came running and the reclining dancers staggered to their feet.

The old one's pantomime was too vivid to be misunderstood. For him, there was water running down that sacred center pole. He laved his arms in this ethereal flow, drew it down over his skinny body. Before our eyes he seemed to be rejuvenated, standing straight and proud, his grizzled head high, the eagle bone whistle between his lips shrieking victory.

The dancers were dancing madly, themselves charged with emotion and new strength. In the strong sunlight the violent colors seemed to ebb and flow hypnotically and the Indians' emotion seemed to carry over, even to the white spectators.

After the vision, medicine men came to the center pole and the dancers came forward in groups and singly to be blessed. The vision had been impressive.

"What's it all about?" a puzzled tourist muttered, turning to a fine-looking older Indian beside him.

The man hesitated before answering.

"It is like a sacrifice," he said. "They dance for me.

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They dance for you. They dance for all people, everywhere."

The tourist looked at the Indian. He looked at us. He seemed about to make some remark, then he shook his head and walked away.

Few of the dancers would dare disobey the rules of the ceremony and eat or drink before the appointed time, even if some misguided friend or relative slipped food and drink to him in the darkness.

"To be sick and have people sorry is one thing," our Shoshone friend wisely remarked. "But to eat when your body is full of poison from not eating, and have everyone know you are sick because you have no will power, that is something else!"

On the morning of the third day of the ceremonial the dancers were animated caricatures of themselves. Their eyes were fixed in their heads from the steady staring at the buffalo head. Their ribs showed and their stomachs were gaunt. They spat cotton from slack mouths and their faces were drawn with weariness. The night before, their womenfolk had brought them great bunches of white sage which they had bound on their heads and stomachs, but the relief was only momentary.

That third sunrise ceremony was the most impressive of them all. The dancers' bodies, so unutterably weary, were living, breathing prayers for good. As they shivered through the tense moment before the sunrise, one could realize how the faint, reassuring warmth of the sun's rays would reach into the hungry, worn depths of those devotees, who had offered themselves that the ways of the Far Back Fathers might find expression in

their modern age.

It was not long in actual time until this moment passed, then it was time for the great climax of the fete, the "giving away."

It was like Christmas and birthdays and surprise parties combined. Bright sateen skirts, overalls, jewelry, money, were given to the dancers. One old man came in with three sticks in his hands and after much sign talk presented them to a very pleased young dancer.

Sticks represent horses, so the young man had been the recipient of three horses from the old man's corrals.

Throughout the ceremonial the encampment had been noticeably quiet and orderly. Now, with the end of the dance in sight, there was a flurry of activity, good spirits and joviality. There was a period of quiet again, however, when the bucket of emetic-dosed water was brought into the dance place. The dancers eyed that bucket as though fascinated at the thought of cool water on their swollen tongues. The leader stepped forward.

"Our Father," he prayed earnestly in the Shoshone tongue, "give this water your blessing. We thank you that you have given us the gift of water, which makes things grow. Bless it, that these men who have come into the dagoo wunaroï feverish and with sickness, and that those who have become hot and thirsty and weak from standing here, may find relief in this great gift. Bless this water, as all water must be blessed by You, that all people may drink of Your gift and be well."

The bucket was passed. One by one the dancers drank the bitter stuff and were immediately violently ill and retching. But the illness soon passed. The



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dancers gathered their blankets about them and left the dance place, stumbling a little uncertainly toward the river where they would bathe and refresh themselves.

Riders had chased a fat steer through the encampment earlier in the morning. Now, slaughtered, it would serve as the main course of the feast which was being prepared. Bread and fruit, sweets and canned goods and vegetables had been donated and were being arranged for the hungry dancers. When they came up from the river they would gorge themselves to their hearts' content.

We lingered as the dance place slowly emptied. Men and women were coming in as the dancers went away. These newcomers brought garments which they tied about the center pole.

We learned that they expected a magical transmission of healing through this act. Those who could not attend the dance or had no one to dance for them had sent garments and expected a blessing through this act of faith. However poor other members of the tribe might be, they would never remove these garments, or touch them. Like the center pole, which would stand long after the other dance place poles had been blown down or rubbed down by stock, the garments were taboo.

Summer sun and rain would fade them. Winter blizzards would whip them to shreds. Spring rains would reduce them to a sodden mass of indistinguishable rags, and still they would cling there.

Then, the lush green Wyoming summer would come again. Once more vivid red Indian paintbrush and

blue larkspur and waxen-yellow cacti would bloom in the sage, and the sweet grass would wave its green spears. Along the creek banks the white sage and the pale green willow and the fragrant sweet clover would be reflected in the chuckling water. And in the hearts of the Indians the old, old urge would be stirring.

The days would lengthen and grow warmer, and the people would go about their irrigating and their haying calmly, but they would be waiting.

Then a man would go up into the mountains. He would fast as his forefathers had fasted. He would pray, and when he received the vision to put up a Sun Dance he would return and send out the word.

The word would spread as if by magic. The men would be chosen to go to the mountains after the ceremonial poles. These who wished to dance would have their women start work on dance aprons and beaded belts and fancy embroidered shawls. The women would begin their old arguments about the relative merits of rushes and sage and willows for pallets.

But the casual observer would never guess that the Indians' hearts were beating to a faster tempo. There would be no outward flurry to stir the curiosity of strangers, and only those in sympathy with the old ways and the ancient magic would know the people were waiting. Waiting for the call of the Sun Dance drum.

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