

THE ZIA CROW DANCE

There are several Indian dances in which the performers imitate the animals that roam the desert. The Buffalo Dance, the Eagle Dance, and the Crow Dance show the Indian's ability to imitate the actions of animals. However, the most interesting and amusing dance I have ever seen was the Crow Dance of the Zia Indians.

The sandy trail leading up to the Indian village and branching off from the paved road made several turns among the pinon trees and on a long, narrow bridge crossed the Jemez River. On top of a little sandstone bluff Zia lay in the sun.

We could hear the faint sound of the drums, which meant that the dance had already begun. We hurried in order to make sure we should see the dance and came upon a peculiar scene. In front of the kiva were about ten men. They were painted black all over and were almost naked. Each one held his feet close together, had his knees slightly bent, and made curious little "crow hops." In many dances the dancers all keep together, but there each Indian just tried to outdo the next one. Every once in a while one would emit a sharp cry that sounded just like a crow's caw, and would hop around as if he were mad. Then another would cry out, and would act as if he were eating something from the ground. It was hard to decide which Indian gave the best imitation of a crow. I laughed and enjoyed myself so much that when the dance was over, I vowed it was the best I had ever seen.

--Dick Cooper--

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THE GREEN CORN DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO

Corn! Without corn, the Pueblo Indian would perish. He makes his sacred meal from corn; It is a large part of his food; and from corn he has learned how to pattern the beautiful designs he uses in making his pottery. The highest hope of a Pueblo Indian is to have a good corn crop. Consequently, each August the Green Corn Dance is held in prayer for enough rain to give a good crop.

Early in the morning, all the Indians go to the church. After their prayers, an old man leads them out of the church in a procession to the kiva, where the men prepare for the dance. The women are not allowed in the kiva; so they go to a nearby house to prepare for the dance.

When the dancers are ready to begin, they form in two long lines and then come out into the main street where the dance is held. The first one in each line is a man; the next, a woman; and so on down the line. The older men and women are in the front, and the boys and girls are at the end of the lines. They are followed by a group of men, carrying tom-toms, who beat and sing to the rhythm of the dance.

The men are naked from the waist up, except for paint and arm-bands stuffed with pinon sprigs. Each Indian wears a fox skin hanging down his back from a belt around his waist. In each hand he carries a gourd-rattle which he shakes in time with the drums.

THE GREEN CORN DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO (continued)

Around his thighs are strings of bells which tinkle with every step he makes with his moccasin-covered feet.

The women are clothed in simple, dark dresses and are barefooted. Their hair is undone and hanging down their backs. Many times, I have seen an Indian maiden with her hair dragging on the ground. Over their heads are brightly colored, wooden arches decorated with thunder birds. In each hand is a pinon sprig.

At one end of the street where the dance is held is a pavilion where the Indians place their offerings at the feet of a statue of Christ. Among the offerings are bread, blankets, and pottery.

About four o'clock in the evening, the dance is over. The old Indian again leads the procession back to the church, and the festival ends usually in a downpour of rain.

--Dick Cooper--

AN APACHE BURIAL

"Yes, Jim Smith died last night," said John Quail to a group of Indians. No one was greatly upset, as the Indians believed Jim to be in a better and happier place dead than alive.

"We must bury him and see that he enters the happy hunting-ground," said John Quail as he set off to tell the rest of the tribe.

Jim's personal belongings were placed beside him, and he was buried in a shallow grave heaped high with rocks to keep the animals from digging into it. After the burial everyone danced around the wigwam of the dead man and sang "Hillie, hiia, hiio, huh," as the wigwam burned to the ground. This burning is to drive away the evil spirits and please the gods so that the dead may enter the happy hunting ground. The dancing and singing continued until daybreak.

The custom of burning the wigwam probably started when it was noticed that people living in or near a shelter of one who had died often died also. The Indians didn't know that some contagious disease had caused the others to die, but thought that evil spirits had objected to anyone's using the wigwam after the owner's death. Burning was the best way to completely destroy anything. It was discovered that, after the dwelling was burned, fewer people were visited by the evil spirits. The Indians had really accomplished their aim without knowing how they had done it.

AN APACHE INDIAN DEVIL DANCE

Down in a little valley called Cedar Creek the Apache Indians held a dance every year. The place was named Cedar Creek because there were so many cedar trées. There were hills on every side. The creek which ran by was well known to the Indians as a good stopping place. Walnut trees grew on the hills near the creek. People who passed at any time of the year could easily tell that the Indians held their dances there. A large circle was trampled down until grass or shrubbery would not grow. Farther away there were plenty of green grass and a few pine trees, which made a good camping place for people who stayed over night. Some of the Indians traveled for days in order to get there.

It was on an August evening. Just as the sun was setting there came a loud cry which quieted the crowd. Indian devils could then be seen coming down from behind every bush and rock on a hill in the east. They danced down into the circle, whirling their buzzers and whooping as they came. A short skirt and a head dress is all they wore. Their bodies were brightly painted in all kinds of designs. The head dresses which covered their faces were very beautiful. They stood high in the air and were decorated with beads, glasses, feathers, and many other attractive ornaments. After the devils had danced around the circle two or three times they disappeared through the crowd, in the opposite direction from

AN APACHE INDIAN DEVIL DANCE (continued)

that from which they had come.

At this time it was getting dark. Some of the Indian men set fire to a pile of wood which had been stacked in the middle of the circle.

Soon the devils returned and danced to the beat of the drums and the song of other Indians. They stepped forward and backward weaving in and out, and making queer noises. After every half hour they would take time out and rest.

Around the circle Indian men and women linked arms going forward and backward. They sang, "He-ya, he-ya, he-ya, he-ya, hi-ya," to the beat of the drums.

All night long they kept this up. By morning the mob had scattered. Some had started for home. Some were sleeping. Very few people were left to see the end of the dance at sunrise.

--Dona Hansen--

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WHY IT GENERALLY RAINS WHEN THE APACHES HAVE
A RAIN DANCE

It hadn't rained for several months. The corn had already dried up. The river was almost dry. Soon there would not be enough water to drink. This was the driest season in many years.

All the Indians wanted to hold a rain dance. "Not yet," said the medicine-man. He knew that it was not time for a rain. His control over his people depended largely upon his ability to forecast the weather.

For centuries medicine-men have studied signs that help them to perform their many miracles. The rain dance is one of the most important ceremonies of them all. Failure in such a time of need would mean ruin to the medicine-man.

He studied the skies. He watched the moon at night and the few clouds in the daytime. He noticed the direction of the wind and the feel of the air. Finally he decided it was going to rain. He called the tribe together and told them to prepare for a rain dance.

After they had danced for a day it began to rain. The rain came down in torrents. The medicine-man's labor had not been in vain.

All the Indians were pleased, and the medicine-man held his power over his tribe. The Indians thought that the gods had favored them, but the medicine-man by long study knew that it was going to rain.

--Edward Hood--

THE DANCE OF THE WITCH DOCTOR

The witch doctor of the Yaqui Indians is just the same as our family doctor is to us except that the Yaquis believe their witch doctors can heal them of their ills by dancing and praying for them.

Every Easter, in the little village of Yaqui Town, the witch doctor gives a dance. First he dances and then stops and then he dances again. He does this all through Easter day and night. He paints his face with red and white paint and on his head he wears a pair of cow horns. This witch doctor is an old man and very ugly without his paint and horns, but when he puts them on, he looks so terrible that he frightens his own people.

While he dances he sings something that sounds like "Hiya hiya ishwa ishwa ho ho." He sings this over and over as he dances. During his dance he acts very peculiarly. He jumps around and then pushes his hand out away from him. What he really is doing is pretending that he is looking for evil spirits and when he finds them he chases them out of the camp.

When the dance is finished the witch doctor stops singing. He puts a shawl around his shoulders and walks slowly to his hut. There he stays until it is time for him to do his next dance.

--Geraldine Johnson--

REAL FRIENDS

We often wonder why the Indians have been warlike in the past. They seem very friendly toward us now and we know that no one can have a truer friend than an Indian if he really likes a person. Then why were they once our bitterest enemies? This is the story.

Not long after Columbus discovered America a man by the name of Cortez came over to our country from Europe. He knew that the Indians were rich in gold and he thought them to be so ignorant that he could steal from them without realizing it. Cortez was cruel to them and took everything from them that was of any value to him. He would frighten them with animals such as horses, for they had never seen a horse and they were very superstitious. Is it any wonder that the people who came to America later found the Indians bitter against the white men? Even then the white men did not try to be friends to the Indians. The Indians taught our great-grandfathers how to plant corn. They also taught them to raise tobacco, which later brought much wealth to our nation, and in return our great-grandfathers took more of the Indians' riches and land. They kept pushing the Indians farther and farther west until at last the Indians had no place left to go. It was then that the white people began to realize what they had done to the Indians and began trying to make up to them part of what the earlier white men had taken from them.

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REAL FRIENDS (continued)

The Indians stopped fighting when they saw that the white men were trying to be friendly. Now we have given them back only a speck of what was once theirs, and they are satisfied and willing to be friends with us. Let us respect their friendship and be friendly toward them, for it is our duty as well as our privilege.

--Geraldine Johnson--

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THE YAQUI INDIAN SNAKE HUNT

Boys and girls who have never seen a rattle snake have certainly missed a sight. The snakes are gray with black diamonds on their backs and on their tails they have little beads or buttons that rattle when they shake their tails. The rattle snake never shakes his tail unless he is angry and is going to bite something. As you know, the rattle snake is poisonous and will kill almost anything he bites unless the victim gets medical aid immediately after the bite. When the snake is angry the little rattles shake so fast that the sound is like the buzz of a bee, only louder.

The Yaqui Indians use these rattles in their dances at Easter. They strap them around their ankles and as they dance they make that buzzing noise that sounds almost like the live rattle snake.

Just before the Yaqui Easter dance the Indians form a snake-hunting party. They go out in the desert and look in all the bushes and under cacti. The men must stay wide awake when they are on these hunts as they must be ready to jump when they hear that funny, buzzing sound. If they don't get out of the way soon enough and get bitten they either suck the wound and spit out the blood or cut it so it will bleed freely. In this way, they can keep the poison from going all through their system before they can reach a doctor. It is not often, however, that the Indians

THE YAQUI INDIAN SNAKE HUNT (continued)

are bitten, because they are very quick and always alert.

They usually kill the snakes with sticks and stones just for sport. Then they cut off the rattles and put them in a pouch which they wear around their waists. At the end of the day they go back to the village and compare the rattles to see who has killed the largest snake.

--Geraldine Johnson--

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YAQUI INDIAN DANCE

Twenty four miles south of Phoenix is a little Indian village named Yaqui Town. Although it is small, it is very important to the Yaqui Indians. Every year, in the spring, these Indians gather at this village to participate in the annual religious dance. It begins three days before Easter and ends the morning after.

The Yaquis are not a pagan people. They are Christian and their dances are merely a way of expressing their emotions. This dance is in honor of the resurrection of Christ.

The roll of the drum at dawn indicates the beginning of the three-day dance. The Indians begin training for this dance when they are four years old and by the time they reach the age of sixteen or seventeen they are ready to enter into the real performance. A prayer is given just preceding the dance and then the weird reed or bamboo flute notes accompanied by the beat of a shallow drum start the dancing. This music can be heard for a distance of two miles and when heard it is not easily forgotten.

The dancers are dressed in the costumes of their ancestors. On their heads are queer looking, dome-shaped hats covered with pictures and beads. They hold dried gourds in their hands and as they dance they shake them in time to the music causing the seeds in them to make a queer rattling noise. They also have rattlesnake rattlers bound around their ankles.

YAQUI INDIAN DANCE (continued)

They get these rattlers about a week before the dance.

The dance itself becomes rather tiresome after a while to the people who do not understand it, but if we only knew that every little move they make means something very important to the Yaquis, it would not be tiresome in the least. Each nod of their heads and each small movement of their hands means something real.

The dancing ends just as the first rays of the sun are seen coming over the eastern hills. The big drums boom and the tribe gathers around its chief while he faces the East and offers a prayer, not to a pagan god, but to the one Great Father in Heaven.

--Geraldine Johnson--

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A HOPI PRAYER FOR RAIN

Every year for two weeks in August the Hopi Indians have a Snake Ceremony or a prayer to the god of the underworld for lots and lots of rain.

The Snake Dance, which is given in ceremony circle, lasts only about an hour, and is just a tiny bit of the ceremony. You see, the Hopi people believe that if they pray to the god of the underworld in exactly the right way he will be so pleased he will send more rain than ever. So everything that the priests of the Snake and Antelope Clans can think of to offer this god is offered. That is why the messengers of this god, the snakes, are so carefully treated.

Rattlesnakes, bullsnakes, blue runners, and sidewinders are caught and brought to the mesa. They are prayed to and honored, and the priests who take care of them are very careful not to hurt them.

This kind of prayer to a god seems queer to us, but the Indians have prayed to the god of the underworld for many, many years in this way, and when the priests begin to chant and dance around the ceremony circle with the snakes in their mouths, the Hopi people are silent and solemn as they watch their priests praying the old, old prayer for the precious rain which is the life of their desert home.

The chant is sung by the priests of the Antelope Clan. It sounds like the low moaning of the wind; only once in a while the sound "hai, yuh, yah, yuh" is heard when the priests raise

A HOPI PRAYER FOR RAIN (continued)

their voices.

Right in front of the snake den at once side of the ceremony circle is a deep hole about as big around as a bucket, with a board across it; and as the dancers circle the ceremony circle and come back to this hole they sprinkle holy meal over the board and stamp on the board. That stamping is done because the dancers are trying to attract the attention of the god of the underworld so he will listen to their prayer and will become well pleased because they are praising him.

--Ernestyne Fay--

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THE HOPI INDIAN VILLAGE OF WALAPAI

One day a long, long time ago some people called the Hopi Indians set out to find a new home that would be just right to keep away enemies, and that would make a nice playhouse for their little boy and girl Indians.

They found this place one day away out in the desert; it was a big pile of rocks that looked just like a table. This table was called a mesa.

So they built their houses on top of this table or mesa; but their houses were not like the houses we live in now; they were made of white sandstone and covered over with adobe mud. The houses were built in two or three stories with ladders instead of stairs to climb up to the top stories. They had no windows nor doors either, just square holes in the walls.

There were no tables nor chairs because they didn't want them. They just sat on the hard stone; they didn't have any wooden floors.

Now these Hopi Indians were very good, and they decided they would like to have a place to pray to their gods; so they made a big circle on top of the mesa and put a big stone pole right in the center. In this place they danced around and around, stamping their feet, and singing prayers all the time, asking for rain and sunshine so their corn and watermelons would grow to feed their hungry little girls and boys.

THE HOPI INDIAN VILLAGE OF WALAPAI (continued)

The Hopi Indians have lived on this mesa called Walapai for such a long time that their horses and wagons have worn big deep ditches in the stone that they use for roads on top of the mesa, and these roads are very rough and bumpy to walk upon.

On the outside of their houses or pueblos they hang meat to dry in the sun on long strings of cow hide. They dry this meat so that they can have lots of meat ready in case they have company or in case their little boys and girls are very hungry and they don't have time to get fresh meat. There are no grocery stores on this mesa.

Little Hopi Indian boys and girls never have to wear shoes and stockings and they play outside all day in the bright sunshine. They plan all sorts of games, too, and as there are a great many little girls and boys on this big mesa they make a great deal of noise when they laugh and talk.

Even the Indian mothers laugh and talk as they make pottery or grind corn or plant gardens.

The Hopi Indian fathers never work in this pueblo or village; they sit on the hard stone floor and talk about hunting and their new rain prayers, and they grow fat and lazy.

Everyone is happy and carefree, and is very friendly to anyone who goes to see him because the Hopi Indians are not afraid of enemies any more; for the bad Indians have all become good ones, and there are no more wars.

THE HOPI WAR DANCE

A war dance is an exciting event in the life of a Hopi village. You see, long ago when the Hopi people had to protect their villages, they used to have these war dances to make them feel brave and to show their strength.

The war dance is done by the men of the tribe. The warriors carry bows and arrows and dress in their buckskin war clothes. The chief has a big turkey-feather headgear. All the dancers are painted with the signs of war.

When the drum begins to beat a double quick boom that goes "Bum, bam-bam, Bum, bam-bam, Bum", the dancers file out into the circle hopping once on one foot and twice on the other. They wave their weapons in the air and fiercely shake their heads as if they were right on the trail of the enemy.

After winding in and out in a way that makes them look as though they were in the midst of the enemy, the dancers begin to go slower and slower around the circle until finally they stop dancing and gather in a little circle. While in this circle, the dancers, the drum beaters, and the chief send up a great war cry in defiance of the unseen enemy.

--Marie Maloney--

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

The Hopi Snake Dance is one of the most amazing of all Indian sights. When one first sees it he is amazed and awed. The dance is held every year. It is the Indians' prayer for rain.

The Hopi that takes part in this dance eats very little before the dance begins, but he drinks lots of water. The medicine man then gives him herbs and other drinks to take. This is to make him immune from snake bites.

The dance begins in a large circle. The dancers file out of a small doorway in a building to the beat of drums. There are about fifty of them. They are oiled and painted in a most fantastic fashion. Twenty of them have the deadly poison rattlesnakes in their mouths. Twenty more go along beside these with sticks to keep the snakes from biting. In the center are several more. These go through weird motions. They are all singing at all times.

They dance faster and faster until it seems as if they must drop. The beat of the drums drifts over the mesa. The dance goes on and on. When one of the dancers becomes exhausted, another takes his place. The dance never ceases at any time. It lasts all day and all night at the same fast pace. The dance lasts for several days.

--Walter Nelson--

A TAOS INDIAN BOY GOES TO CHURCH

If you were a little Taos Indian boy in New Mexico instead of the little white boy that you are, you would not go to Sunday School as you do now. Instead, you would play all day up and down the river. You would hunt and fish with your playmates until you could do these things almost as well as your father.

After your twelfth birthday, you and some other boy your age, would be taken out of the Pueblo by the old ka-se-kee (head priest). When you were many miles from home the Ka-se-kee would give each of you a set of bow and arrows; take your white man clothes; chant a prayer over you and leave.

For two years you and your partner would have to live as the Indians lived before the white people came. You would have to hunt and fish for your food. The only way you could start a fire would be with a flint, for matches were not used in those days. You could not let anyone see you, so you would have to learn to hide like the animals. The only time you would be allowed to come into the Pueblo would be at night and then not even your family must know it.

At the end of two years when you returned home you would not be like the little boy that left. You would be among the best hunters and fishers and the fastest runners. You would know all of the animals and their hiding places. You would know the best fishing streams; you would know the secrets of the forest and would tell them to your people. Your religious training would be over, and you would be a man ready to lead your people.

--Aleen Marks--

PROCESSION

In the light of the early dawn the Don Fernando river glistened as it rushed down through the canon. Taos Peak glowed red like the blood of the conquerors.

As I gazed at the river I saw the willows on the other side part. I found myself looking into a hideous face. Black and white paint smeared and daubed gave him the appearance of a demon. The black eye pierced mine and held me petrified, with a wicked smile the apparition raised his bow and arrow; aimed them at my heart, then quickly he was gone.

I stared in fascination at the place where he had been. Suddenly the willows parted again! A Spaniard in all his armor and plumes rode by on a spirited horse. Many more came behind him dragging Indian slaves whose bloody footsteps left a trail to be followed by the gold hunters. They all marched by me, made cruel by their insane lust for gold. The early Friars in their black robes came by earnestly trying to bring Christianity to the heathen Indians. Mexican peons struggled by, adding their blood to that of the Indian slaves. Hunters and trappers dressed in buckskins strode along ready to mow down the animal life.

Covered wagons drawn by oxen, creaked and rumbled along, carrying staunch pioneers. As I gazed at these wagon trains I was horrified to see hundreds of Indians suddenly sweep down on them. The battle was short. I cried bitterly as I looked at the smoldering remains of that fated train.

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PROCESSION (continued)

Herds of cattle trampled the charred wagons. Cowboys followed them. Close upon their heels came the settlers fighting and quarrelling over the land. More and more came, crowding each other from the land.

A hand fell on my shoulder and shook me. "Wake up," some one said. I turned around to see my brother laughing at me. I turned back to my procession. They were gone! The willows waving gently in the breeze once again covered the blood and scars left by ruthless man.

--Aleen Marks--

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A NAVAJO YA-BE-CHAI OR
DEVIL DANCE

Indian Will's Trading Post is a scene of much excitement and bustle today, as there is to be a big "sing" here. There are approximately two thousand Indians here from all parts of the country. There seem to be Indians everywhere-- in the store, in front of the store, and many more are down on the big flat where the ceremonial sand-painting "hogan" or Navajo house is being prepared. Medicine men have been busy selecting and obtaining the choicest colored sands of the painted desert to be used in making the sand painting.

The sand painting is made by strewing the sand by hand so as to make a design.

Luckily, my uncle, for some reason or other, has been taken into the tribe; so our immediate family is allowed to witness the drawing of the sand-painting. As we entered the hogan, we are severely eyed by several Navajos, for white people are not usually allowed to witness this part of the ceremony. We go in and sit down against the wall cross-legged, as the Navajos do.

There are four medicine men in the back of the hogan, dressed in buckskin and wearing buffalo horns on their head-dress. Their faces are gruesomely painted with red, blue, and yellow oil-sand paint, and they each carry either a rattle or a tom-tom. Next to them sit eight young men, who are the singers.

The sick person, who is a large man, sits on a pile of sheep skins and blankets, his wife sitting beside him. He is

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A NAVAJO YA-BE-CHAI OR SNAKE DANCE (con.)

dressed only in a G-string, and it is beyond us how he can keep from catching cold.

The medicine men and the braves begin to chant a song, while the young medicine man draws a sand-painting on the floor in the center of the hogan. It is going to be about six feet square, and as he finished it, we see that it is of the whirling log design. He neither erases nor goes back to touch up anything. His work is perfect.

After the sand-painting is finished, the sick person is commanded to sit in the center of the sand-painting. The singing, chanting, and beating on tom-toms and rattles never ceases or wavers, for all are intent on driving the devils out of the sick person.

The oldest medicine man then gets up and gives my uncle and the sick person a sip of some liquid made of boiled cedar berries and sage-brush. Both the Indian and my uncle make a very sour face; evidently it tastes flat.

As soon as the ceremony is over inside the hogan, the sand-painting is destroyed, and the colored design is so mixed with the common red dirt that one would never believe that it had once been a beautiful painting.

The rest of the ceremony is a dance which starts at sunset and ends at dawn. The dancers consist of nine men dancers and medicine men, very picturesquely dressed in bright blue and red, with either coyote or antelope headdress.

We stay till everything is over because my uncle says that the most beautiful dance called the Blue Bird takes place just before dawn. What a wonderful time we had!

A SQUAW DANCE

Everything is aglow with excitement. Squaws are bustling about, while the bucks wander to and fro. Something very important is going to take place. It is the Squaw-dance, one of the most interesting features of Navajo life. From miles around come Indians to join in the fun, for to them squaw-dances are about the best entertainment in life.

Before the dance begins, mutton and Navajo bread are served in a large hogan, which has been built especially for this purpose. The bread is stacked in a neat pile on a blanket, and the mutton is placed on a bowl nearby. It is considered very bad taste to take a whole piece of bread. The well-mannered Navajo always breaks the piece in half, and leaves one half on the pile. It is also considered rude to leave any meat clinging to the mutton bones.

After the meal the dance begins. Some of the singers group themselves together, and begin to yodel and yell, while the girls each grab a partner, clutch him for dear life, and whirl him around until he is so dizzy he can hardly stand. Each girl then asks for a dime, or a quarter, or whatever she thinks the man can afford to pay. If the man is too dizzy, or if he doesn't like the girl, he gladly pays, and goes out to the side-lines to await another partner. If he likes the girl he won't pay, but simply continues to dance with her a long time; sometimes almost until four-thirty, or until the dance ends.

--Violet Striplin--

A NAVAJO WEDDING

Today there is to be a wedding. As we are good friends of the man who is getting married, we are allowed to attend.

The couple who are to be married in this case are nearly the same age. This is not always true for sometimes a young girl is forced to marry an old man.

The young man has already been given a small band of sheep, a few cattle, and a good string of horses by his relatives, and his wife has also been given a good band of sheep.

They are a very picturesque couple. The man is dressed in a new pair of trousers pulled on over a pair of dirty overalls full of holes. He has a new shirt on and a brand new red bandana handkerchief is tied tightly over his coarse, black hair, which is tied in a knot at the back of his head.

His wife-to-be is dressed in a new brilliantly colored dress. The waist is made of black velveteen and the full skirt is made of bright red sateen lined with black.

As we come into the hogan, or Navajo house, which has been prepared for the wedding, we see placed in the middle of the floor a large grass plak or dish filled with cooking corn meal mush. As we do not know just what to do, we decide to do as the Navajos in front of us do. To our great astonishment, we see them take their first two fingers and dip into the mush, taking a generous helping. We have to do the same ~~as~~ we are being watched. The mush is good, but

A NAVAJO WEDDING (continued)

we do not like the unclean manner in which it is served.

After the mush has been eaten, the man's hand is securely tied to the hand of his wife and they are allowed to go. They run to their horses and ride away to their own hogan.

This ends the wedding ceremony until the newly married couple are ready for the "running dance," which takes place at different trading posts. Everyone is invited and they usually dance very late into the night.

Around the different campfires close to the dance, which is held on an open, level place, Indian bread and boiled or roasted meat are served with coffee whenever the dancers wish to come and get it.

This is taken from my own experiences.

--Edwin Marty--

The Filson Historical Society

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- ✓ 1. The Big Crow Dance
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- ✓ 16. A Navajo Ya-De-Chai
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- ✓ 17. A Squaw Dance
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MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1934.



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