

ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS  
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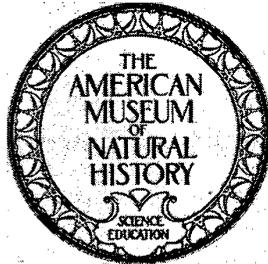
VOLUME XXIX, PART III

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HAVASUPAI ETHNOGRAPHY

BY LESLIE SPIER

57.1 (7) 8 H



BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES  
OF  
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
NEW YORK CITY  
1928

## CONTENTS

	Page
PREFACE . . . . .	83
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	91
TERRITORY . . . . .	91
LINGUISTIC AND OTHER RELATIONS . . . . .	97
ANNUAL CYCLE . . . . .	99
ECONOMIC LIFE . . . . .	101
AGRICULTURE . . . . .	101
WILD FOOD PRODUCTS . . . . .	105
HUNTING . . . . .	108
PREPARATION OF FOOD . . . . .	114
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	117
MANUFACTURES . . . . .	124
BASKETRY . . . . .	124
POTTERY . . . . .	138
SKIN DRESSING . . . . .	140
TOOLS . . . . .	143
Fire Tools . . . . .	143
Ladles . . . . .	145
Gourds . . . . .	145
Knives . . . . .	146
Sleeping Mats . . . . .	146
Rope . . . . .	146
BOWS, ARROWS, AND QUIVERS . . . . .	147
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	153
MEASUREMENTS, TIME RECKONING, DIRECTIONS, AND COLORS, . . . . .	165
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	170
HOUSES . . . . .	173
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	180
DRESS AND ADORNMENT . . . . .	183
CLOTHING . . . . .	183
PERSONAL ORNAMENTATION . . . . .	192
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	197
• SOCIAL RELATIONS . . . . .	209
FAMILY GROUPS . . . . .	209
KINSHIP . . . . .	213
MARRIAGE . . . . .	221
PROPERTY AND INHERITANCE . . . . .	230
CHIEFTAINSHIP . . . . .	235
TRADE . . . . .	244
WAR . . . . .	248
War with the Paiute . . . . .	251
TORTS . . . . .	253
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	253
DANCES . . . . .	261
ANNUAL DANCE . . . . .	261

	PAGE
MASKED DANCE . . . . .	266
MOHAVE DANCE . . . . .	267
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	269
RELIGION . . . . .	275
SOULS, SPIRITS, AND SHAMANISM . . . . .	275
MEDICAL PRACTICES . . . . .	284
PRAYERS . . . . .	285
TABOOS AND MISCELLANEOUS MAGICAL BELIEFS . . . . .	287
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	289
DEATH CUSTOMS . . . . .	292
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	293
INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT . . . . .	300
BIRTH CUSTOMS . . . . .	300
NAMES . . . . .	304
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	315
INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN . . . . .	322
PUBERTY CUSTOMS . . . . .	325
MANNERISMS AND CUSTOMARY BEHAVIOR . . . . .	326
THOUGHT . . . . .	331
DREAMS . . . . .	331
DIVERSIONS . . . . .	335
SUICIDE . . . . .	343
COMPARATIVE NOTES . . . . .	343
HISTORICAL TALES . . . . .	356
A YAVAPAI RAID . . . . .	356
THE YAVAPAI RAID OF 1855 . . . . .	358
THE PAIUTE RESIDENCE AMONG THE WALAPAI . . . . .	360
THE NAVAHO AMONG THE HAVASUPAI . . . . .	362
THE WALAPAI AND HAVASUPAI RAID THE YAVAPAI . . . . .	368
THE UTE RESIDENCE AMONG THE WALAPAI . . . . .	369
THE THIRD YAVAPAI RAID . . . . .	371
PEACE AT ORAIBI . . . . .	375
BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . .	381

## INTRODUCTION

### TERRITORY

The territory of the Havasupai in north-central Arizona comprises the broad drainage area of Cataract Canyon and the bottom of that gorge itself. From the viewpoint of the Havasupai village in the canyon bottom, this drainage area is a high plateau. It extends from the east where the benches of Coconino Basin give toward the Little Colorado River, to the Aubrey Cliffs on the west, these marking the descent toward the Colorado River. The northern edge of the area is the rim and the broken ledges of the Grand Canyon; the southern limit is marked by the heights of the San Francisco Peaks and Bill Williams Mountain, beyond which the country falls away to the south. This forms a winter range some ninety miles by seventy-five.

Cataract Canyon cuts across this plateau from Bill Williams Mountain on the south to the Grand Canyon. Nears its northern end it is, like the Grand Canyon, a double gorge; first a mile wide canyon through the white limestone some twenty-five hundred feet deep, and then a narrower gorge three to five hundred feet deep, winding through the red sandstone in the bottom. The Havasupai village is located about six miles from the mouth of Cataract Canyon at the widest point in its bed where it is a quarter mile across. The bottom lands between the talus slopes are, however, only five hundred acres in extent. In effect the village is shut in on all sides by towering cliffs which can be scaled in but a few places. Northward, the canyon drops away by a series of nearly impassable falls to join the Grand Canyon. Beyond that lies mile on mile of broken ledge and mountain to the northern rim of the Grand Canyon. Egress to the south is by way of its tortuous ramified arms: Hualapai Canyon to the west, Lee Canyon to the east, and several more, Moqui Trail Canyon among them, further north. In effect, traveling to the north is next to impossible, and to the plateau above is so difficult as to make the isolation quite complete.

Several hundred yards above the village, Cataract Creek bursts from the bed of the canyon, gathers rapidly in volume, and rushes as a narrow erratic stream for two and a half miles to plunge in three great falls to the Colorado. This section is an oasis: irrigated fields and orchards stretch between the talus slopes; the stream is bordered by a dense growth of willows and cottonwoods; mesquite and other bushes cover the slopes. The red sandstone benches above this are arid except for a few springs, as is the bed of the canyon above the village. Here grow

mescal, yucca, and a sparse scrub growth. Still higher is the plateau: at the lower elevations this is covered with sagebrush, chamissa, etc.; at a higher level grow juniper, cedar, and piñon trees; and at the Grand Canyon rim and toward the mountains are pines, spruce, and fir. Water is very scarce on the plateau; springs are found chiefly near the mountains, elsewhere the surface run-off of summer rains and melting snows may be caught behind little dams.

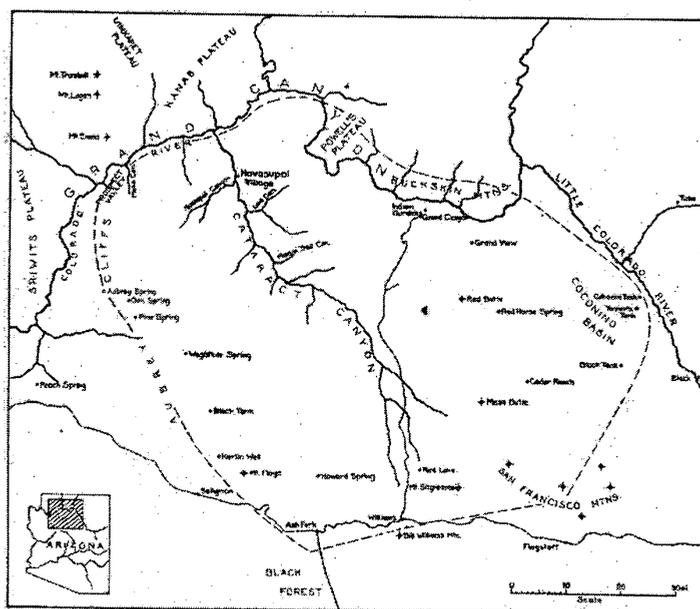


Fig. 1. Territory of the Havasupai.

Precipitation is confined to two periods, the heavy summer rains (July to early October) and the winter snowfall (December and January). Its distribution varies from five to fifteen inches per annum over the greater part of the range to a maximum of twenty-five inches near the mountains in the south. The rains are sudden and torrential and the run-off excessive, the accumulated waters rushing into the lower canyon and producing dangerous flood conditions. I witnessed an unheralded cloudburst in August, 1918, when all the heights spurted torrents upon the village below. Everyone fled to the cliffs; the swollen creek swept

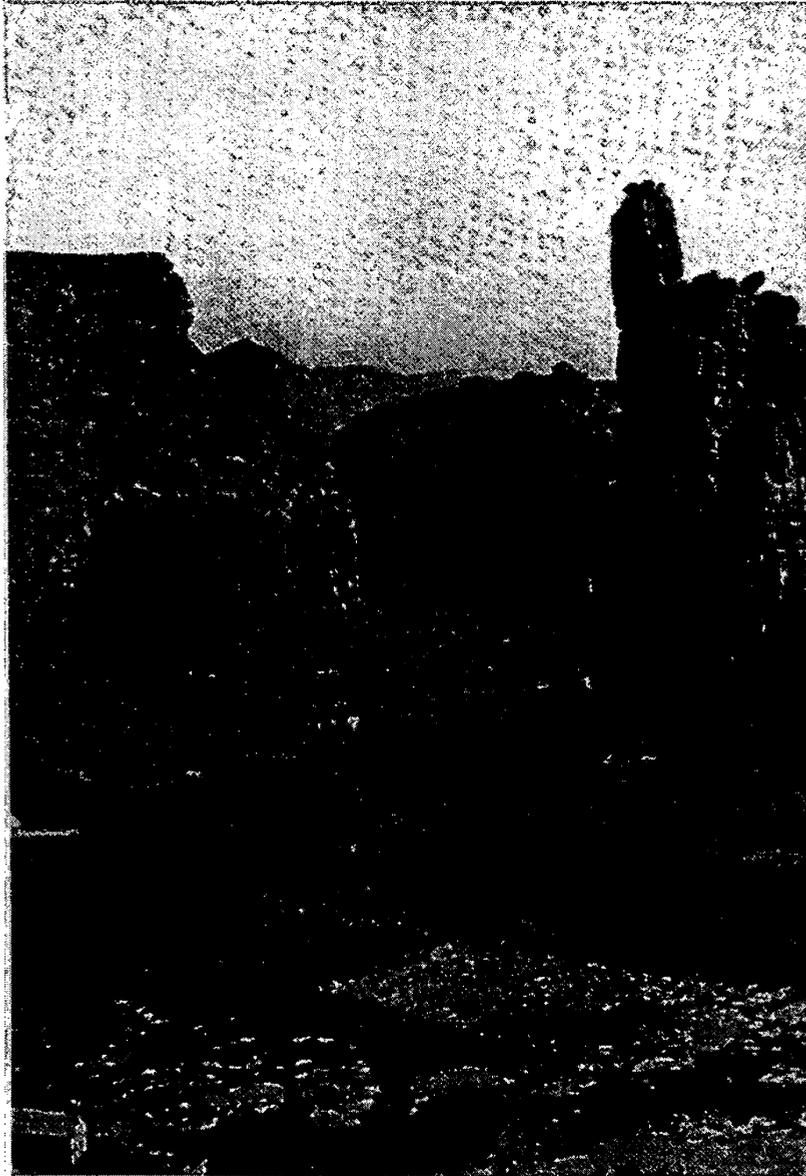


Fig. 2. Havasupai Village in Cataract Canyon. The lower canyon level (red bench) shows in the middle ground, the level of the plateau in the distance.

away houses and destroyed fields. For a week, during which further storms threatened, no one made more than trifling efforts to restore things to their former condition. The severest flood of recent years was that of January, 1911, when a heavy rain brought down the accumulated snows from the plateau, filling the canyon bed quite to the talus slopes, tearing away a third of the field area, and on its subsidence leaving the creek in a new location.

The prevailing winds are from the southwest. These blow hardest and are most annoying in the spring, on account of dust storms. The temperature on the plateau varies from a midwinter mean of 30° F. to 70° F. in midsummer; that in the canyon is about ten degrees higher the year round. There is sometimes as much as a foot of snow in the canyon bottom, yet snowfalls are infrequent. Despite the fact that it is warmer in the canyon, the Havasupai prefer to spend the winter on the plateau, partly because it is less humid there, but rather more because there is an adequate supply of good firewood, and chiefly because their interest lies in the hunting, seed gathering, and visiting activities of this season.

Beside the village in Cataract Canyon, the Indian Gardens (*kábadžvuhé'*, coyote tail?) on Bright Angel trail below Grand Canyon station, and perhaps some similar farm lands elsewhere, as at Prospect Valley, the Havasupai consider a large section of the plateau as their proper range. Its limits are approximately as follows. On the north, the benches on the south side of the Grand Canyon, the Buckskin Mountains, and Powell's Plateau: on the east, perhaps Coconino Basin and the plateau west of it; *Hawaigáti'dá*, a spring perhaps east of Black Tank, and *Pökádespai'íva*, near Hull Spring (Cedar Ranch) north of the San Francisco peaks, with the whole northern and western slopes of those mountains: on the south, Red Lake at the head of Cataract Canyon, Black (or Kisaha) tank (*háwaigwíté'*) north of Seligman, Howard Spring (*nálváhá*), and at least in recent times they hunted in the vicinity of Ash Fork and perhaps north of the Black Forest. The limits on the west are more difficult to define since they commonly occupied certain localities together with the Walapai, for example, Pine Spring (*hákdsá*, where there were also Paiute living with them about 1860), and Moho Canyon at the northern end of the Aubrey Cliffs. Beyond these points the Havasupai consider themselves well out of their own territory. Prospect Valley and Pine Spring formerly belonged to the Havasupai alone, the Walapai subsequently crowding them out.

It would seem that beyond this range, at least on all save the western side, there was considerable unoccupied territory. Paiute settlements

lay beyond the Grand Canyon, both east of the Uinkaret Mountains and in the Kanab district. The intervening territory is so rugged and the Colorado so difficult to cross that intercourse was at a minimum. The Paiute did cross to the south side, however, in Walapai territory and to the east, where they moved up the Little Colorado. There were no permanent habitations in the vicinity of the Little Colorado (at least as far up as the falls). The Navaho and Hopi settlements are referred to as located at or near Oraibi and the Moencopie Wash. Navaho and Hopi were encountered in this region, however, and occasionally Paiute, who, for instance, were found on the western side of the river in the vicinity of Coconino Basin about 1855.

There is some question as to how early the Navaho appeared west of the Hopi pueblos. A circumstantial account indicates that the Havasupai met them for the first time about 1864. They were encamped on the plateau above the Coconino Basin, and told of other camps on both sides of the Little Colorado, and from the Grand Canyon rim to the San Francisco peaks. They were not acquainted with each other's language; hence, intercourse was carried on by signs and in the Hopi tongue. The Navaho asserted that they were half of a group living far east of Oraibi and had fled to escape capture by the whites. On the other hand, one Navaho insisted that the Havasupai had raided his camp in the Moencopie district. This incident coincides exactly with the recorded activities of Kit Carson. In 1863 he invaded the Navaho country in New Mexico, capturing some 6000, the greater part of the tribe, and moving them to the Bosque Redondo, where they were released in 1867.<sup>1</sup>

It is also evident that there was a considerable stretch of unoccupied territory along the present line of the Santa Fé Railroad. References to the Yavapai and Apache clearly indicate that their camps were well down on the headwaters of the Verde River and its tributaries. The notion has gained currency, however, that the Havasupai once lived about the San Francisco Mountains and along the adjacent sections of the Little Colorado—in fact, that they were found there by the railroad explorers of the last century. For example, Henshaw observes that according to tradition, the Havasupai (or more properly a Pueblo clan or tribe that became incorporated with them) formerly built and occupied villages of a permanent character on the Colorado Chiquito east of the San Francisco mountains, where ruins were pointed out to Powell by a Havasupai chief as the former home of his people. As the result of war with tribes farther east, they abandoned these villages and took

<sup>1</sup>*Handbook of American Indians*, II, 41; Lipps, *The Navajos*, 54 et seq. In 1826 Pattie reached "the chief village of the Nabahoos" four days travel up the San Juan River; this was "distant 50 miles from the Rio del Norte." (Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 139, 144.)

refuge in the San Francisco mountains, subsequently leaving these for their present abodes. In this connection it is of interest to note that the Cosmino caves on the upper Rio Verde, near the northern edge of Tonto basin, central Arizona, were named from this tribe, because of their supposed early occupancy of them.<sup>1</sup>

It is true that the Indians refer, in a general way to the nearby ruins as theirs, but what they mean is that those structures were built by the *Ūckayúgá*, their mythological predecessors.

I have examined the reports of the railroad explorers for more tangible evidence. It seems best to give all the references to Indians in the whole district from the crossing of the Little Colorado westward to the Walapai country. At an early date (1604) Oñate crossed this country but found no one from the Hopi to the vicinity of Prescott.<sup>2</sup> Sitgreaves reports that in October, 1851, Leroux found "a large encampment of Yampai or Tonto Indians, on the edge of a deep ravine, through which ran a stream, which he supposed to be the headwaters of the San Francisco" (i.e., the Verde River); this was on the eastern side of the San Francisco Mountains. He did not speak with them. Others, who fled; were found on the northwest slope. The next reference is to a party of Indians discovered somewhere west of the Picacho or at Yampai Canyon; that is, in the Walapai country. Leroux talked with the Yampai and with one called a "Cojnino" (others were seen) at the source of Yampai Creek (Yampai or Truxton Canyons).<sup>3</sup> In the winter of 1853-54 Whipple noted that "Cosminos are said to roam from Sierra Mogoyon to the San Francisco [Rio Verde or the peaks?], and along the valley of the Colorado Chiquito. Their number has been estimated by trappers at ten thousand—probably a great exaggeration."<sup>4</sup> While he found traces of Indians, he did not see any. Beale made two trips across this country. He refers to the Cosnurio caves, named for the Indians who were said to occupy them. In September 1857 he saw fresh Indians tracks at the eastern foot of the San Francisco Mountains; the next signs were encountered at a point perhaps west of Mount Floyd and deserted huts were found at a locality probably north of the Juniper Mountains. He discovered Indian fields at the head of Yampai Creek (?), which he called a Cosmino camp, and Indians and their camps were seen at the mouth of Truxton Canyon (?).<sup>5</sup> It will be noted that he found no traces between the peaks and Mount Floyd; that he saw no Indians after the Little

<sup>1</sup>*Handbook of American Indians*, I, 538. Compare *Annual Report of Smithsonian Institution for 1886*, I, 54.

<sup>2</sup>Bandelier, (a), I, 109.

<sup>3</sup>Sitgreaves, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16; Coues, 323.

<sup>4</sup>Whipple, 82. He saw Yavapai in the western Aquarius Mountains, whence they were said to range to the junction of the Rio Virgen with the Colorado.

<sup>5</sup>Beale, 48, 49, 58, 65, 67, 68, 70.

Colorado crossing until he reached Yampai Creek in Walapai territory, and that he talked with none. On his eastward trip, he was attacked at Truxton Spring or somewhat farther east. Indians were seen in the vicinity of the Coconino caves, and fresh trails were found just west of the Little Colorado.<sup>1</sup> That is, again he saw no Indians between Yampai Canyon and this river. Ives' party visited Cataract Canyon in 1858; his map No. 2 shows a "Yampai Village" there. On his eastward trip in March and April of that year he found a few Hualpais in the vicinity of Truxton Spring; huts and Indians on the trail leading from a point west of Peach Spring toward Diamond Creek; and saw Hualpais at the Creek. Egloffstein found "Yampais" who "did not differ much from the Hualpais in general appearance" at the present village in Cataract Canyon. Ives also found a deserted village, with huts resembling those in Cataract Canyon, at a point on the plateau far north of Pine Spring, probably above Prospect Valley.<sup>2</sup> But he saw no Indians along the entire route from Pine Spring south to Mount Floyd and eastward by Bill Williams Mountain to the San Francisco mountains and beyond to the river.

The upshot of all this is that not one of these explorers establishes the existence of settlements anywhere along this line, although they passed in autumn and spring, the most favorable time to meet even ranging Havasupai. Their identifications are based on hearsay from their guides, and these—Leroux was probably as competent as any—refer to the Indians of the region indifferently as Yampai, Tonto, or Coconino. Add to this that my informants, who were boys at this time, never once referred to occupation of this region except in the mythological migration period, and that Garcés made the difficult descent into Cataract Canyon in 1776 when he would surely have pursued the direct route from the Walapai to the Hopi villages had there been settlements on it.

#### LINGUISTIC AND OTHER RELATIONS

Linguistically the Havasupai are closely related to the neighboring Walapai. The dialectic difference is slight. These two are classed by Harrington,<sup>3</sup> together with the Yavapai and Tonto, as the eastern division of the Yuman stock.

<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, 79, 82, 83. Incidentally, I was interested in discovering what impression Beale's dromedaries had made on the Indians. My Havasupai informants had never heard of them, although the Walapai saw them, by Beale's account.

<sup>2</sup>Ives, 97, 100, 101, 108, 110. The name Yampai is employed, as by Garcés, for any indifferent group of central Arizona.

<sup>3</sup>*A Yuma Account of Origins*, 324. Some lexical material collected by Cushing and Mrs. Stevenson is given by Gatechet, (a, c).

Social and cultural relations with the Walapai are also very close. Members of each tribe commonly live with the other, intermarriages are frequent, and they share each other's viewpoint and antipathies to a very high degree. A few instances: Havasupai took part in the mourning for Walapai dead (p. 243); a Walapai shaman finds most of his practice with his mother's people, the Havasupai (p. 277); the latter accompanied the Walapai to war against the Paiute (p. 251); seven Walapai women live in Cataract Canyon and at least three Havasupai women among the Walapai. Garcés in 1776 testified to the same attitude. On the other hand, there are some antagonisms of which the Havasupai are conscious. The younger Walapai wives were pointed out to me at once as foreigners, although it was some time before I discovered that an equal number of older women were also Walapai. The Havasupai mock the others' gruffer mode of speech, and their eating lizards. They also came to blows over a race (p. 253).

An account of their separation from the Yavapai, wherein the latter are represented as driven from Cataract Canyon, is given in a tale. This is improbable; it is more likely that the Havasupai represent an offshoot of the Walapai which took up agriculture and then settled more permanently in the canyon.

The Havasupai call themselves *havasúwařpá*<sup>1</sup>, blue-green water people. By their account they are known to the Zúfi as *ka'nína*,<sup>1</sup> and probably to other easterners by similar names.<sup>1</sup> They call the Walapai *bulgámpayá* or *guehegatá*; the Yavapai, *úcdhuá* (enemy) or *nyávdpe*<sup>2</sup>; the Apache (Tonto and White Mountain?), *áhuúdjě*; the Navaho, *hua'omá'u*; the Hopi, *móká*; the Zúfi, *sá'u'ú*; the Mohave (and Yuma?), *wamáka*; the Paiute, *paiútiá*; and, by my recollection, the Ute, *yíta* and the Pima, *pařnyá*.<sup>2</sup>

The Havasupai numbered 177 in 1919.<sup>3</sup> It does not seem likely that there were ever many more than 250, certainly not over 300. This is apparent from the earlier census reports and also from the limitation of the cultivable area. The present acreage probably could not be doubled. Garcés states that the population did not exceed thirty-four families in 1776.<sup>4</sup> In 1858 Egloffstein reported not more than 200<sup>5</sup>; in 1869 there were 300<sup>6</sup>; in 1881, Cushing found 235<sup>7</sup>, and Coues, 214<sup>8</sup>;

<sup>1</sup>Ten Kate, (a), 300, gives Kuchnikwo or Kochninakwa (pison-nut people?) as the Zúfi name.  
<sup>2</sup>This might be etymologized as *ápá*, man, and *řny'gá*, black, or *řnyđ*, sun, but I was specifically told it does not mean black man.

<sup>3</sup>See p. 209 for the composition of population.

<sup>4</sup>Coues, 345.

<sup>5</sup>Ives, 108.

<sup>6</sup>*Handbook of American Indians*, I, 538.

<sup>7</sup>*Third Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology*, 1884, XVIII.

<sup>8</sup>Coues, 345.

in 1897, less than 300<sup>1</sup>; 1899, 261<sup>2</sup>; 1902, 233; 1903, 237; 1905, 174; 1906, 166 (?); 1907, 172.

The generation rate, i. e., the interval in years between parent's and child's birth, may be of interest. This is calculated from a revision of the agency census roll.

Average difference in years between father and child: 33.7 yrs. (103 cases).

Average difference in years between mother and child: 28.2<sup>3</sup> yrs. (77 cases).

Average difference in years between parent and child: 31.4 yrs. (180 cases).

These Indians resemble the lower Colorado River tribes in general appearance, in build and physiognomy, more than the Navaho, Apache, and Zuñi. Hrdlička notes, however, that "they are physically identical with Apache." The stature of Walapai and Havasupai together is given by him as 168.4 cm. for men and 157.7 cm. for women.<sup>4</sup> There is a marked family resemblance within the group.<sup>5</sup> Their light complexions are noticeable; this has been remarked by Garcés, Cushing, and Smart.<sup>6</sup>

#### ANNUAL CYCLE

A brief description of the yearly round of life will make the details of this sketch more coherent.<sup>7</sup> Early spring finds the Havasupai returning to the canyon from the plateau where they have spent the winter. By this time the snows have melted and they must descend to a water supply. The weather being still inclement some use is made of the caves or rock-shelters at the base of the cliffs while they repair the dirt covering of the houses in the fields below. Spring planting begins in the middle of April; meanwhile they live on corn taken from the little granaries in the cliffs and on mescal gathered from the red sandstone benches where it ripens in May.

Summer life is the fullest of the year. Everyone lives in the village, except for the few who are away trading Hopi and Navaho products with the Walapai or at Oraibi with buckskins of their own or Walapai manufacture. Morning finds the families in the fields; the heat of the afternoon (never excessive) is spent in the sweatlodge or at some favorite spot gambling and gossiping. Corn ripens throughout the summer, from

<sup>1</sup>*Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1897, 104; 1902, 163; 1903, 506; 1905, I, 164; 1906, 178; 1907, 177.

<sup>2</sup>*Statistics of Indian Tribes*, 37.

<sup>3</sup>This figure is probably incorrect due to a deficiency in the number of women of child-bearing years (see p. 209). When the mothers are principally old women, as in this case, the figure is too high, because according to chance the younger children of such women would more frequently figure among the survivors than the older. (The longer the course of the children's life the greater the chance of their death).

<sup>4</sup>Hrdlička, (g), 413.

<sup>5</sup>A peculiar configuration of the whorls of the ear is common.

<sup>6</sup>Coues, 341; Cushing, 546; Smart, 418.

<sup>7</sup>See also Spier (d).

the middle of June until September. When the harvest is abundant, invitations are sent to the neighboring Walapai, Navaho, and Hopi to join in the annual dance, a week of festivity. In the course of gambling and trading, another link is fixed in the trade route that runs from Oraibi and the Navaho settlements, through the Havasupai and Walapai, to the Mohave in the west.

The harvest in, mesquite and local seeds gathered, there is no further attraction in the canyon. In the middle of October the exodus to the plateau begins. By single families, or in groups of two and three, they go off to establish snug camps in the denser cedar thickets. These are semi-permanent, for they move from time to time as piñon nuts are reported growing thickly in one glade, wild seeds abundant in another locality, or hunting good near the mountains. When the snow falls, rabbits, deer, and antelopes are easier to track. During this season they live in part on corn which they have carried up from the canyon, and from time to time replenish from the granaries there. As spring comes they drift back, perhaps along the ledges of the Grand Canyon, to resume life in the village.

here; they would sing a song and then stop; sing again and stop again; all night long, until the sun rose. When the sun had risen a little, they finally stopped. The next night when it was dark, they danced again until sunrise. They did this for many nights; they did not stop at all. They stayed there for quite a long time, but the Havasupai all came back to our canyon.

We stayed there until the spring planting. Then the Paiute men came down here, but no women, bringing buckskins to trade for blankets and other things they wanted. After they traded they went back and stayed there until our corn was ripe, when they returned, bringing their women with them. They came to stay as long as they wanted. There was plenty of corn, squash, sunflower, watermelon, and other good food. So for several years [ten or fifteen?] they lived up there and visited us when our corn was ripe.

The Paiute stayed with the Walapai around Pine Spring. Two Paiute men married Walapai women. Manakadja got the daughter of one of the Paiute men for a second wife; he brought her down here. He was not a big chief then. That Paiute woman had four children.

The Paiute brought more buckskin and mescal every time they came down here to trade, and they stayed here as long as they liked. Not very long after this time, when I was a young man and was married, the Paiute heard that it was all right in their country; that the Mormons were no longer angry; so they went back. All went back at one time: they have never come back since.

#### THE NAVAHO AMONG THE HAVASUPAI

A few years after the Paiute visit I saw the Navaho for the first time. I was then about sixteen years old. I heard the Havasupai say that a great many Navaho were coming this way. They did not know just where they were coming from. I heard that these Navaho were encamped on both sides of the Little Colorado River (*hagáthé'la*). It was about this time of year [October]; the piñon nuts were falling to the ground. They grew plentifully at Moho Canyon<sup>1</sup> (*huwáltovók, óvá*, pine precipice): all the Havasupai went over there. Some Walapai were there with them.

Some of the men there said they wanted to go to Oraibi. They would take piñon nuts and buckskins with them. So they went by a direct route, crossing Cataract Canyon at *gítckwá* (near its head), where they

<sup>1</sup>Only an approximate location is given on the map, Fig. 1.

camped. Next morning they went straight on, passing a little south of the present Anita, camping again a little beyond Red Butte. The next morning they went on. When they were halfway to the Little Colorado, they came on the fresh tracks of many men, so they stopped there while two or three scouted ahead to see what kind of men these strangers might be. They followed the tracks along the plateau above the Coconino Basin, where they found several camps of Navaho. The Navaho gave these scouts something to eat; then they returned to where the others were waiting. They said that they had found Navaho. The others said, "That is good; we will kill them all. Are there many?" Those who had seen them said, "Yes, there are not many. We are many more than they."

Early in the morning they packed their horses and went forward until they got to where the Navaho were encamped. Those Navaho had told others and they had collected at that camp; they wanted to do just as the Havasupai had done, to go to kill the enemy. The Navaho said, "Our big chief<sup>1</sup> is right below here, down in the Basin. You just go down there to our big chief's house." The Havasupai said, "That is all right" and they went down to his house and camped there. Then these Navaho sent word to all the Navaho for a long way around, and these came in great numbers to see the strangers.

This was the first time that the Havasupai had seen the Navaho. They did not know how to talk their language. When they first met, each people spoke their own language and used signs for eating and trading. At first one of the Navaho talked to them in his own language, but they did not understand. Then he talked in Hopi, and the old men understood that, so they used this language to converse in. The Navaho said, "Many of us are living in this country; some along the rim of the Grand Canyon, others far over to the San Francisco Mountains, and some far up the Little Colorado. There are only a few living here. Many white men came to our country far to the east of Oraibi; we do not know whence they came. They came little by little. After a few came we Navaho thought that that was enough: that no more were coming. The Navaho stole mules and horses from the white men, and killed some of them. We had done this many times, but more white men kept coming until there were a great many living back in our country. There the white men gathered together about half the Navaho—we are only half the tribe over here—and drove them to the east and south.<sup>2</sup> Those

<sup>1</sup>Navaho chieftaincy is here envisaged in Havasupai terms.

<sup>2</sup>In 1863 Col. Kit Carson invaded the Navaho country, killed many sheep, and took the greater part of the tribe (some 6000) as prisoners to Ft. Sumner at the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos in New Mexico. They were released in 1867. (*Handbook of American Indians*, II, 41).

white men are friends of the Ute, the Zuni and all the Hopi pueblos. They wanted those people to fight too and drive us out, or kill us. All those people fight with us. We are afraid and so we came westward. That is why we are camping here where you see us."

The head chief of the Navaho said, "All you Navaho men listen to me. I think some of our men would like to kill these Havasupai. I think this is wrong. If you do not listen to what I say but kill all of them, other Havasupai living over there in their own country will come to kill us. That was what you did in our country and a lot of men came to kill us, so that we were afraid, and had to leave. Now we must be friends with these people. This is what I think; leave them alone and we will have a pretty good country. The country about here is pretty good. I want you to listen to what I say and be good to the Havasupai. If you do not heed and kill even two or three of them, things will be different." Then the Havasupai, who saw these Navaho, came back to Moho Canyon and told what they had seen. Then I came back home here in the canyon, and the Navaho came down here, and I saw them too.

Before those Havasupai came back, the Navaho big chief said, "Be good friends with them" and the Havasupai big chief, Panamida's father said the same thing, but the Navaho persisted, "We want to fight them." The Navaho big chief went around among them saying, "No, do not fight: that is wrong." The Havasupai stayed over night and in the morning the Navaho big chief said to them, "I will go back with you," and that morning they came back. They got as far as Grand View, where another Navaho big chief had his camp. The Navaho said, "You are our chiefs; do not hold us back. We want to kill these people." Those Navaho like to talk of going to fight all the time. One of them said, "These Havasupai are not good men. A long time ago some of them came to a place a little east of the present Tuba, where I had some horses. They killed all of my family, my wife and children and some other women. I was not home then. They killed them and stole all my horses. That is why I want to fight." The Navaho chief said, "Do not talk about old things like that to fight about. You say you have no wife: you can have my young daughter for a wife; but do not kill these Havasupai: let them go. Be good friends," and he gave him his daughter. Then that Navaho man said, "All right; that will settle it."

The Havasupai stayed another night at Grand View and the next morning the Navaho head chief gave them something, saying, "I am glad to see you people. We will be good friends to you and you must be friendly to us; then all will be well. Back in my country those people

are not friendly. They would like to kill all of us. They hunted me, and are still coming. All right. You Havasupai go back home and tell the others. We Navaho will camp near here. You tell the others that. After a time we will move slowly toward your village. When we arrive down there some time you can see us again." The Havasupai said, "All right; that is a good way. You come down to see our village." Then they came back the way they had gone and reached Moho Canyon. When they got home they said, "We have not been to Oraibi; we met the Navaho. After we saw them, we turned back. The Navaho chief said that they would move westward slowly and soon would all come down to our village."

After a short time we came home [to Cataract Canyon] from Moho Canyon bringing lots of piñon nuts. A little while after this, a few Havasupai were camping above the Moki trail. We heard that the Navaho, who were living a long way off, had ridden this way and found those Havasupai up there. The Navaho visited these people repeatedly. When we heard of this, the Havasupai down here wanted to go up on to the plateau to wait for the Navaho. They wanted to see them. So a number went up there and I went with them. We all camped together. After a few sleeps the Navaho men began to drift in, but none of their women. The Navaho said that they brought blankets to trade for food. We gave corn for blankets, about one tray full of shelled corn for a saddle blanket; if the blanket was big, we gave the shelled corn to the amount of a good-sized small burden basket (*gáθθkk'ē'djá*) full. Two bundles of dried squash, about two feet long, were traded for a big blanket. Beans were valued high; only one small tray basket full, just level, was given for a good-sized blanket. The biggest burden basket full of shelled corn was traded for a horse. When we traded buckskin, the skins of two big bucks with a little corn in a sack to boot, were given for a horse. Those Navaho came from the country around Grand Canyon and Red Butte to trade for corn.

When it was spring, after all the snow had melted, and there was no drinking water up there, all the Havasupai and Navaho moved. Some came down by Lee Canyon; others came by the Moki trail (*itcáhuá'gáwáwaguwá*, enemy scalp place). They camped up there in Cataract Canyon where the little springs are. Some of them came farther down and camped near the village at the head of the creek. It was about planting time. Most of them stayed up at the little springs and gathered mescal to bake. When the corn and beans were ripe, they wanted to trade. Those men in the east had stolen most of the Navaho

horses so they did not bring many here. Some had two or three, others five or six. The Navaho up the canyon and those down at the creek thought what they might trade for corn and beans. So they killed some horses, dried the meat, and brought that down to trade. Some had a few sheep with them and they butchered these too. The Havasupai had many horses then; they ate their meat too. This is the way the Navaho traded, with horses, sheep, blankets, bracelets, necklaces, bridles, and all such things, until they had nothing more to trade with. So when some Navaho woman saw some Havasupai man alone, she proposed to lie with him, in exchange for corn and other things; the man gave just enough for one meal, not very much.

At that time I was about seventeen years old and I did not understand such things. An older man and I went up near the Walapai trail, where his corn was ripening. The Navaho were stealing corn all the time. We stayed there to watch it. After a little while, we saw a Navaho woman come into the cornfield. She wore bracelets; she wanted to trade them for corn, but he said, "No, I do not want them." She sat down and talked to him for a long time; he thought he would give her corn if he had his will of her. So he told me, "You go home a little while and then come back again," so I went away but after a time I went back. He was there alone; the woman was gone. I asked him, and he said, "Yes, we did pretty well," and he showed me the spot.<sup>1</sup> He had broken off a lot of ears and given them to her. He had a horse tied close to the cornfield, so he broke off the cornstalks, and I gave them to the horse, two or three armfuls.

Soon when the corn was ripe they gathered it. Those who had big fields got the Navaho men and women to gather it for them, and gave a little of it in payment. We were very friendly with the Navaho. They stayed here in the village. The Havasupai got the Navaho men to work for them. They did these things very well.

After a time one of the Navaho men found four or five big buckskins hanging on a pole stuck in a crevice. Those buckskins belonged to Jess's father's father. George's father had a bridle and other things hanging with the buckskins. A Navaho man stole them and climbing up on the upper canyon level, got away. Jess' grandfather did not know when the man went, whether he had been gone a day or only that morning. Jess's grandfather followed his tracks and then came back. Then he and George's father set out up the canyon, up Lee Canyon, and followed his

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<sup>1</sup>Humor takes this turn among them at least as freely as it would among ourselves.

tracks up tovök,óvá canyon. They continued after him where the old road follows the rim; his tracks seemed to be one day old. They went a little further, but a summer rain had washed out his tracks. So they followed the trail and after a little way, they heard someone coming toward them. They met a Navaho mounted on a mule. They stopped and talked a little while. First the Navaho said, "Back in my country some white man gathered us up and took us back east. When we got to the place where they kept me, they said to us, 'Are you going to kill or steal any more?' and we said, 'We are all right now'. We are all home again now, and all our other people are down in your village. That is why I am going to see them; some are my relatives." Then the two Havasupai asked him, "Did you meet any Navaho man back on your road?" and he said, "No." The Havasupai said, "All right; you come home with us. That is good." So they brought the man with them. He had a lot of things packed on his mule.

The two Havasupai were very angry. When they got to the head of tovök,óvá canyon, the sun set. They came down the trail a little way; then the two Havasupai said that they would like to sleep right there. So they built a fire and ate there. The Navaho could not understand their language; with him they used gestures. These two wanted to kill him while he slept. "A Navaho stole our buckskins and other things, so we want to kill him," they said. They watched him, but he did not sleep because he suspected. It was nearly daylight before he began to snore. One of the Havasupai had a little pistol. He held it to the Navaho's head, but it only snapped; again he tried without success. The Navaho heard the slight noise. A third time the Havasupai fired it, shooting him in the forehead, and killing him. They took off all his clothes, took his pack, and divided the spoil. There was a pistol, nearly new; Jess's grandfather took that. They said, "What are we going to do with that mule?" "I think it is better to kill it. We will lead it to our house in the village. I will shoot it from one side, and you from the other, and kill it quickly." So they brought it down to Jess's grandfather's house. They killed it with arrows there. Everybody came and skinned it. Every man cut off a little meat and took it away; the Navaho did so too. Then other Havasupai asked those two, "Where did you get that mule? What did you do to the man who stole the buckskin and fled?" They said, "That man got away; we did not catch him. We met another Navaho riding that mule and brought him with us. We camped just below the rim on the trail; we killed the man there. He had some blankets and other things; we took those and hid them up in the canyon. All we brought

was the mule, so you people could have some meat." That day the Navaho recognized the mule, and those living here in the village became frightened and fled. Next day they traveled fast; all went back toward the east.

#### THE WALAPAI AND HAVASUPAI RAID THE YAVAPAI

I never saw the Yavapai and Walapai fight, but heard of it when I was a little boy.

Some Walapai were camping at Pine Spring where the Paiute had danced. Some of the enemy came to fight and killed many of them. A Walapai came down here to Cataract Canyon and told the Havasupai that he wanted some to go to war. Some agreed. Then they told the Walapai to return to his camp and tell the Walapai to come down. When they all came, they asked for some corn, beans, and other things for provisions, for they had nothing to eat. The Havasupai said, "All right." Then the Havasupai chief talked: "We do not want to go to war, but if you need men very badly, then you can take some of them with you." There were lots of Walapai. The Havasupai said they did not want to go to war; they did not know how to fight. So the Walapai all returned home.

The Walapai chief said that all his people were going to war. But I did not see him; I just heard of it.

When the Walapai were ready to go, three Havasupai went with them; Rock Jones' father, Kaθoda's father, and Teskimalauwa's mother's brother. They were going to the Black Hills [near Jerome] where quite a number of the Yavapai lived. They found them in the night. Then the Walapai chief said they would send half their number to encircle the enemy camp. Early in the morning some of the Walapai rushed on the enemy. One Yavapai was just starting out to hunt antelope; he saw the Walapai about to start. He shouted and ran back to tell the others. Then the Walapai halloaed and ran after them to fight. The Yavapai scattered. There were a great many Yavapai; they had all gathered at this place. They said the Walapai were but few, so they had intended going to kill them. When the sun came up, the Walapai, who had surrounded the camp, went in to fight. They fought and chased the enemy. The Walapai, running behind, caught the Yavapai by the hair and beat them down with clubs. They ran along, killing many of the enemy. When they killed several of them, they returned to their camp and then set out for home. One Walapai, a chief, had been killed.

After the Walapai had returned, the Yavapai said, "We are going to war again." They went over to Walapai Mountain, where many Walapai