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undressed
after shower

These stories are for my
Naashashí Dine'é children and those who are born for us,
the Hooghan Łaní Diné'e children and those who are born for us,
and those we have yet to meet.

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**TWO NAVAJO CLAN TRADITIONS:
OUR MOTHERS, OUR FATHERS, OUR CONNECTIONS**

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ABSTRACT

As a Navajo woman I feel that Navajo history should be passed on along with American history. During my research for this thesis I gathered the oral histories of two of my clans, and through storytelling I learned of my people's travels and am passing these stories on. The stories encapsulate the travels of ancestral people who left groups of people and became a part of another group, and of their travels into the present. On the whole the stories tell of personal determinations to maintain and pass on traditional ties with clans and with the land.

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The stories gathered herein detail oral histories that connect ancestors from precontact time, World War II, the boarding school period, and the present with my own stories. In the discussion and synthesis section, I briefly relay the meaning of the stories. Oral histories are always supposed to teach. As a person who is from a culture whose traditions have been evaluated and discussed and presented in number of academic and popularized forms, I resisted evaluating the stories given to me. I attempted to keep the oral histories as ^{w they are} that, our history.

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In gathering these stories I evaluated myself as a researcher and asked myself repeatedly why I wanted to conduct this research. My self-evaluation centered on the knowledge that oral histories are being lost as a result of many social changes. An important part of this thesis process included ensuring that the storytellers maintained

control of their stories and selected what parts of their oral histories should be preserved. These concerns led me to formulate a methodology that was culturally sensitive as well one that considered the tribal and academic research protocols.

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late father, who she would have called father too because she is born for the Hooghan Łání Dine'é. On the day we visited her I was impressed by her trophies and with the details of the contest items she had won as a result of her dancing.

Shimáyázhí Mary

I first met shimáyázhí Mary while I was working for the Navajo Nation as an archaeologist when I stopped at her home to ask for directions. When she asked me what my clans were she told me that she was Hooghan Łání Dine'é and that she was my aunt by clan. At that time she lived in her homeland, south of Table Mesa on rolling grasslands where her sheep grazed. I attempted to relocate her for this project because I was impressed with her knowledge of local history when I first met her. I learned she was in a nursing home, and discovered that she had suffered setbacks in her health and spoke with a slight slur, but she was able to remember a story she had told me once of an ancestor who returned from captivity during the raiding period.

Their Stories: I do have some memories...

There is such a love of stories among Navajo people that it seems each time a group of more than two gather, the dialogue eventually evolves into sharing stories and memories, laughing, and teasing. To be included in this is a distinct way of showing affection and appreciation for each other. So it is true that daily conversations strengthen us as do the old stories of our ancestors that have been told since the beginning of the Navajo time (Tapahonso 1993, x).

The Naashashí Dine'é

Toadlenadóó Naashashí Dine'é History
Clan Beginnings
Shimáyázhí Rose

It is said, in the beginning of the Naashashí Dine'é, three women from the Ayahkinii Dine'é (Oraibi People or Oozéi) were brought to the western side of the Chuska Mountains, at different times, by their families to start their own families on this (eastern) side of the mountains. This happened many, many years ago, Hajíinéedee' (when we emerged), or when we came to be. Our Many-Times-Great-Chósání was taken to Tójis'ání by her people, and from there she walked over the Chuska Mountain down into this valley through the place called To'Dzís'áadee' ^{Wheat fields} around Tsénáshchii', ^{N of Tadder} right there next to that hill, that place called Biishjédi. ^{Rocky} From here, you follow the road to Tóha'le and ^{up? hills} follow the row of rocks near Na'halzis to Tsénáshchii. It was from there she began bearing us, right there from Tsénáshchii. She met the Tsénahabilnii Dine'é and made them her kin. I don't know why she left them from there and traveled to T'iisnídeeshgiizh to a place called Tsézhiin Dik'ání, where the Tl'áashchí'í Dine'é were living. There she became Tl'áashchí'í also. One day during the summer harvest the Pueblo woman had given birth to a daughter; she was grinding, making kneel-down bread. She had with her, her baby girl and a miniature dog. It began raining and lightning, and the Pueblo woman and her dog were struck by lightning. Both died. The baby girl, who was in a cradleboard propped away from her mother, survived but was carried by the lightning into the cornfields. The Tl'áashchí'í Dine'é are said to have found the baby and raised her as one of their own, and they multiplied. Because of this I call all those people my kin, the Tl'áashchí'í, the Tsénahabilnii, and the Tl'áashchí'í Dine'é from Tóhaach'i'. Also, the Tsi'naajinii Dine'é are related to me. There are some people who only call the Naashashí Dine'é their relatives. I also have relatives at Dzifijiin, near the coal mine at an area called T'iisbéi. It is

said, those relatives are also descendants of the same lady that arrived at Tsénáshchii. The story is that this Naashashí woman married and was led away to that place on a mule.

It is said, we were told that the Naashashí Dine'é are not to make miniature dogs their pets again. This is what my grandmother told me. Then I don't know how this baby that survived the lightening was cared for and traveled and began bearing us. I do not know who she married. But the girl was said to have married and borne three children.

My brother said this story is acknowledged by some from Oraibi. They say, we took three women to Tójis'ání; one was said to have traveled this way, one towards the Tsénázt'i', and they were told to have children there, and one final one was sent towards Tees Nos Pos. That is who we are. Those who are descendants of the one who traveled to Sanostee are the ones who live at Tósido, and call themselves Tl'ááshchí'í Dine'é.

Shimásání went to Hwéeldi on the Long Walk when she was about three years old; they led her there on a horse. Before the Long Walk, our families moved seasonally north towards Durango, Colorado, where they hunted. Just before the Long Walk there was a shortage of food and raiding was common. Both Naakai (Mexicans) and Bilagáana (White People) chased the Diné.

My uncle has a slightly different version of how the Hopi woman came here. He said the woman was bought for four green ears of corn, but my grandmother said no such thing. My grandma told me what I told you. I know the dog teaching is true because I once had a miniature dog that followed me everywhere. One day as we were herding the sheep to the pond to the north, the dog just fell over and died.

She Was Almost Sold Back
Shimáyázhí Rose

My great-great-grandmother, a descendant of the baby girl who was spared from lightning years ago, traveled to Hwéeldi, on the Long Walk. When the young girl was returning from Hwéeldi with an uncle who was of the Tsénahabílní Dine'é, the people who adopted her mother, she was almost sold back to her people. Traveling with her and her uncle was his wife, who was of a different clan. On their return they stopped in Albuquerque. There, at a market, a Pueblo man offered her uncle a large pile of turquoise beads and money in trade for the young girl. It is said that the wife of the uncle wanted the beads and almost made her husband accept the offer; instead the uncle said "No" and brought his niece home. It is not known if the girl was asked for in trade because she looked Pueblo or if that was just what was done back then. But in either case, our ancestral girl was almost bought back by some Pueblos there in Albuquerque.

Hanáádlíidóó Naashashí Dine'é History
Shínaai Elmer

It was the Kiis'áanii who named us Naashashí Dine'é back when we were Kiis'áanii. Back then it was probably in their language and we just translated it into Navajo. We would have to ask the Kiis'áanii how we got our clan name, Naashashí Dine'é. We were already named Naashashí Dine'é when we left those mesas. We are descendents of those people, the Naashashí Dine'é of Hopi. I don't think we were bears, just named after them. As far as I can remember about our immediate family history is that most of the Naashashí Dine'é around here are descendents of two women, our great-grandmothers from two generations ago.

Hooghan Łání Dine'é



Shibízhí Ernestine, Shádi Stella, and Shibízhí Jane

Clan History

Shádi Stella

I do not know the story of my “born for” clan (Hooghan Łání Dine'é), just that of my clan, the Kin yaa'áanii Dine'é (Towering House People). What I do remember of the Hooghan Łání Dine'é story is that they were said to have all lived together and they became too many. They grown [grew] and had too many homes in one place. One day when they were living near Klehjílchii (north of Chaco Canyon), they were told to divide into two groups; half of the group was named Bit'ahnii Dine'é (Within His Cover People). The divided groups were told to stay related and still are to this day. My clan, the Kin yaa'áanii Dine'é, is the descendant of the Pueblo people who lived at those places near Crownpoint, those places where there are only remains of old houses and chimneys, those places called *kints'iil* (ruins). They say this is why we are small like those people who lived there. I was raised at Tsin Bilhóldzil with my “born for” clan, the Hooghan Łání Dine'é.