

LITTLE HERDER IN AUTUMN RAK'EEEDGO NÁNIKKAADÍ YÁZHÍ



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ANN CLARK

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HOME LAND

The land
around my mother's hogan
is big.

It is still.

It has walls of red rocks.

And way, far off
the sky comes down
to touch the sands.

Blue sky is above me.

Yellow sand is beneath me.

The sheep are around me.

My mother's hogan is near.

KÉÉHASHT'ÍNÍGI

Kéyah

shimá bighan binaagóó
'ayóí 'áníłtso.

T'óó doo 'íits'a'í da.

Tsé daalchíí'go bináz'á.

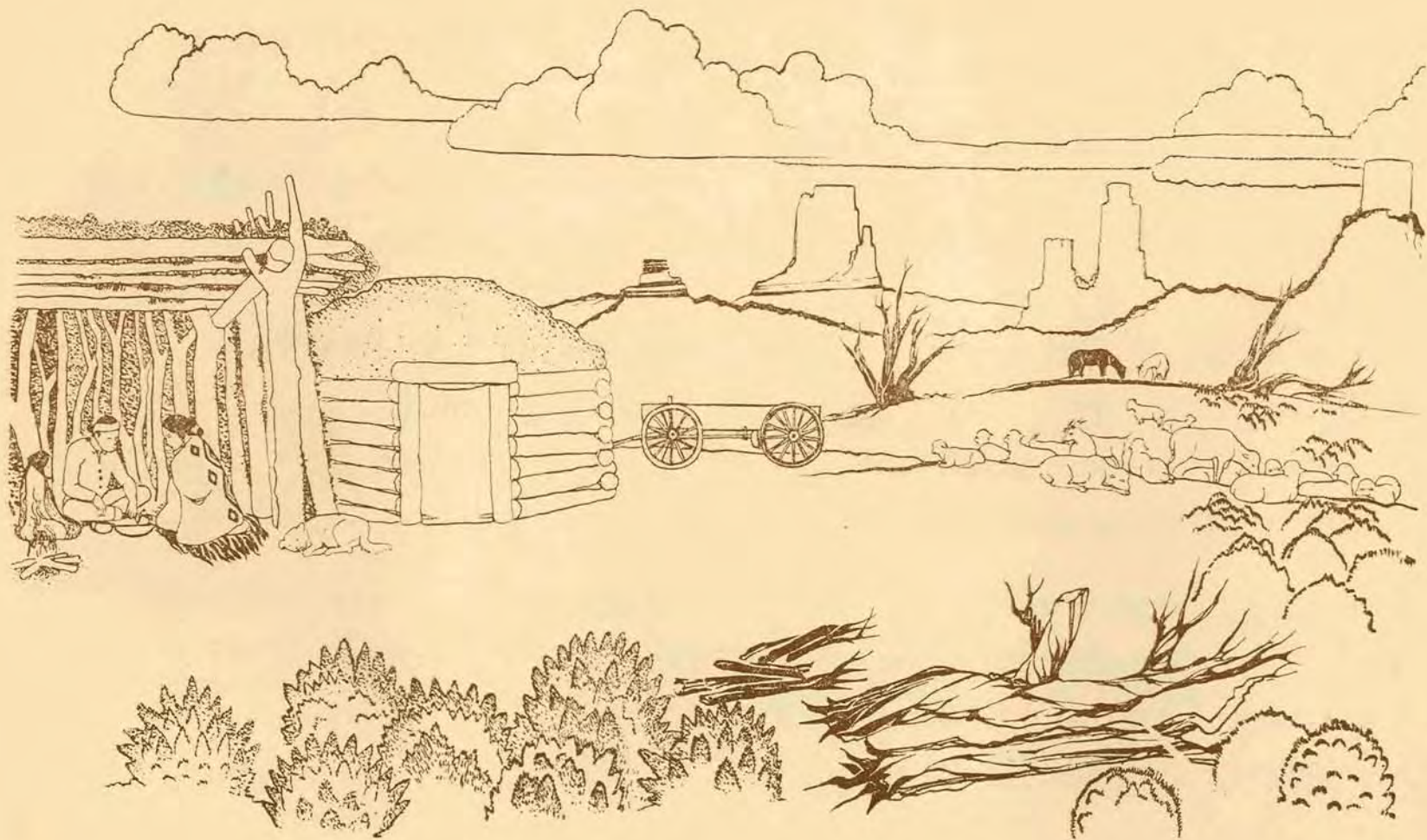
Doo deighánídi
yá séí bidii'á
nahalin.

Yá diłhił dootł'izh shikáa'gi.

Séí t'éiyá shiyaagi.

Dibé t'éiyá shinaagóó.

Shimá bighan t'áá 'áhání.

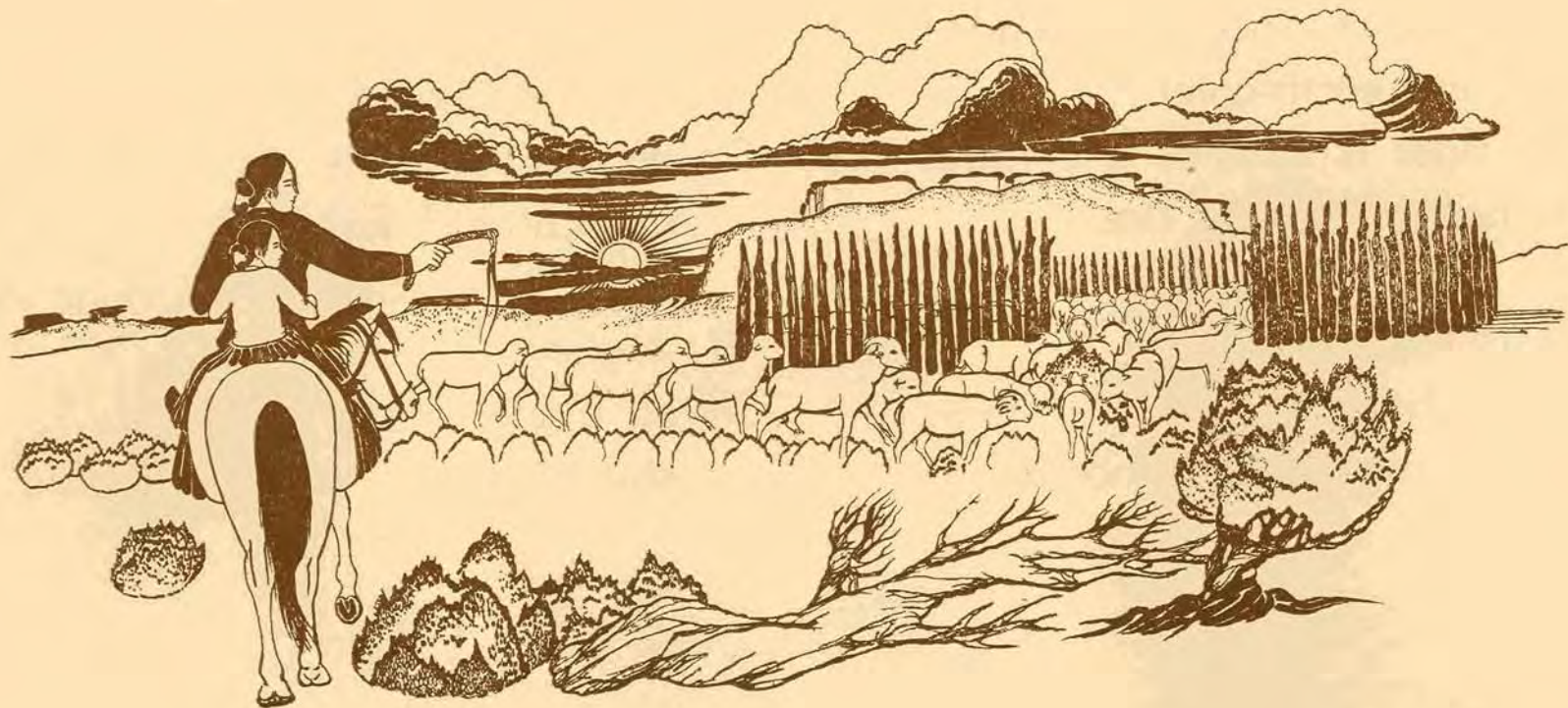


THE HOGAN

My mother's hogan is round
and earth-color.
Its floor is smooth and hard.
It has a friendly fire
and an open door.
It is my home.
I live happily
in my mother's hogan.

HOOGHAN

Shimá bighan nímaz dóó
ni' t'áá beet'é.
Ghóne' ni'góó hodiłkqoh dóó hótł'iz,
dóó 'áłahji' kq',
dóó 'áłahji' diné nihaa nádaaka.
'Éí shighan.
Shimá bighan góne'
shił hózhqogo kééhasht'í.



NIGHT CORRAL

The night corral is fenced
with poles.

It is the home for the sheep
and the goats
when darkness comes
to my mother's land.

DIBÉ BIGHAN

Dibé bighan
tsin bináneeskáál.
'Éí dibé dóó tł'ízí
yighi' nijah
shimá bighan binaagóó
hiłiiłihgo.



THE CORNFIELD

The corn field is fenced with poles.
My mother works in the cornfield.
My father works in the cornfield.
While they are working
 I walk among the corn plants.
I sing to the tall tasseled corn.

In the middle
 of all these known things
 stands my mother's hogan
 with its open door.

NAADÁÁ' BÁ DÁ'ÁK'EH

Naadáá' bá dá'ák'eh tsin bee
 biná'ázt'i'.
Shimá dá'ák'ehgi naalnish.
Shizhé'é dá'ák'ehgi naalnish.
Ndaalnishgo
 naadáá' bitaasháa leh.
Naadáá' bich'i' hashtaał leh.

Díí t'áá 'ałtso
 'ałníi'gi shimá bighan
 t'áá ch'íhool'áahgo si'á.



MY MOTHER

My mother is sun browned color.
Her eyes are dark.
Her hair shines black.

My mother is good to look at,
but I like her hands the best.
They are beautiful.
They are strong and quick
at working,
but when they touch my hands
they are slow moving
and gentle.

SHIMÁ

Shimá t'óó dinilzhííní yee'.
Binázhiin diłhił.
Bitsii' diłhiłgo bik'inizdidlaad.

Shimá níl'íigo nizhóní,
ndi bíla' 'íighisíí shił yá'át'ééh.
Bíla' nizhóní.
Bíla' bitse' dóó doondilna'da
naalnishgo,
ndi shíla' yiyiiltso'go
hazhóó'ógo naha'náa
dóó shaayisti'.



MY FATHER

SHIZHÉ'É

My father is tall.

He is strong.

He is brave.

He hunts

and he rides

and he sings.

He coaxes the corn

and the squash plants

to grow

out of the sand-dry earth.

Shizhé'é nineez.

'Ayóigo bidziil.

Dóo doo náldzid da.

Naalzheeh, dóo

łíí' nabighé,

dóo ni't'i'a'

Bizaadk'ehgo naadąą'

dóo na'aghízí bit'ąą'

t'áá hóółtsaiigi

hadahiniséh.

My father has magic
in his finger tips.

He can turn
flat pieces of silver
into things of beauty.

Sometimes

I hide in the wide folds
of my mother's skirts
and look out at my father.

Shizhé'é bíla' bílátahdóo
'álííl hóló.

'Éí bee béesh łigaii
t'áadoo le'é
danizhóníyígíí 'ádeile'.

Łahda

shimá bitł'aakał
bighi' nínádísht'íhgo
shizhé'é nésh'íj łeh.

POSSESSIONS

I have black hair.

I have white teeth.

My hands are brown
with many fingers.

My feet are brown
with many toes.

My arms are brown
and strong.

My legs are brown
and swift.

'ÁNÍSH'T'ÉEGI

Sitsii' łizhin.

Shighoo' łigai.

Shíla' dinilzhin
dóó shílázhoozh lq'í.

Shikee' dinilzhin
dóó shikézhoozh lq'í.

Shigaan dinilzhin,
dóó bidziil.

Shijáád dinilzhin,
dóó 'ayóogo dilgho'.

I have two eyes.
They show me how things look.
I have two ears.
They bring sounds
to stay with me
for a little while.

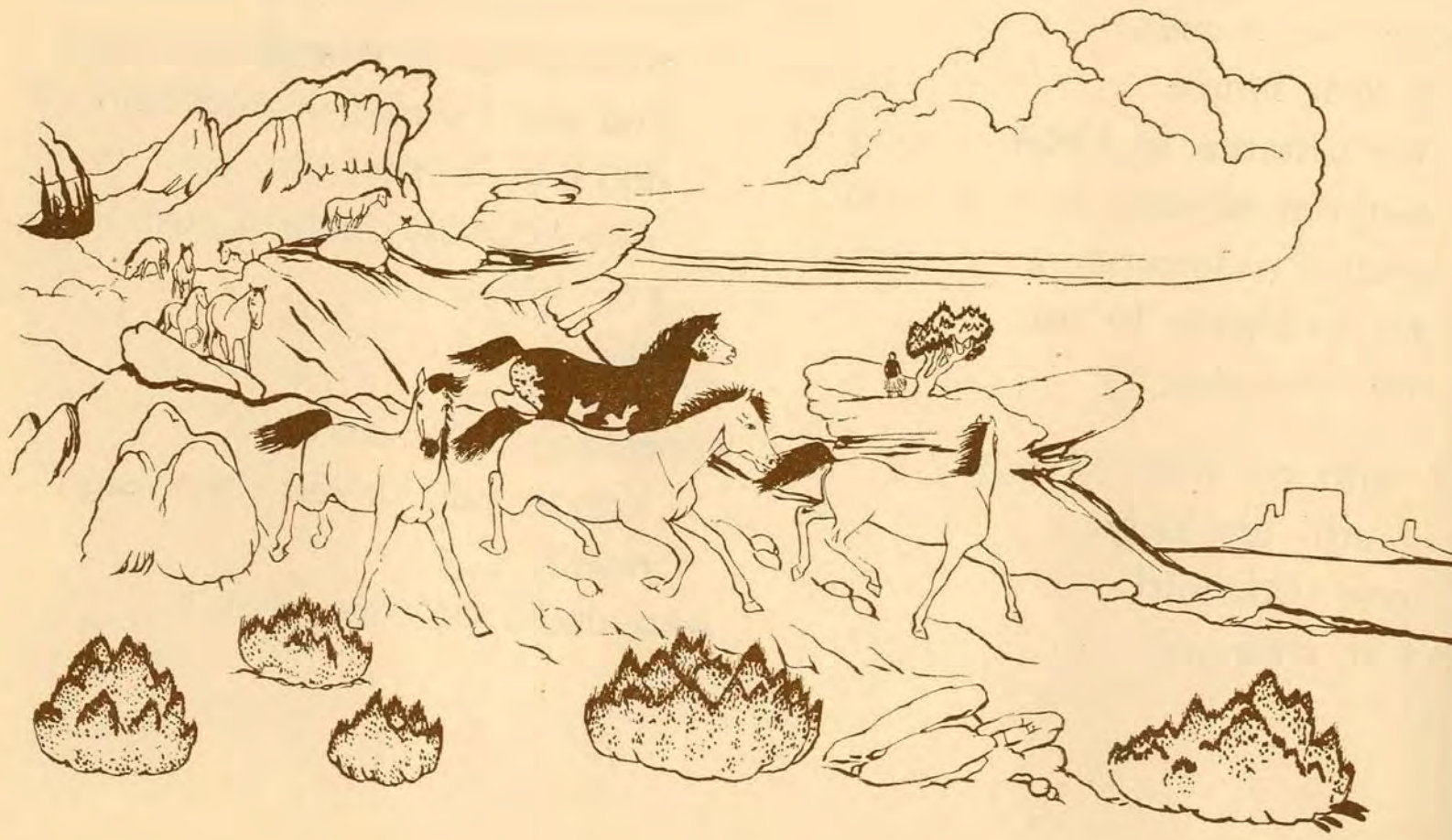
Shináá' naaki.
'Éí t'áadoo le'é bee yish'í.
Shijaa' naaki.
'Éí t'áadoo le'é bee diists'a',
dóó 'éí t'óó kónígháníji'
bee 'énáshníjh.

I have two names,
a War Name
for just me to know
but not to use,
and a nickname
for everyone to use
for everyday.

But with all these things
I still am only
one little girl.
Isn't it strange?

Shízhi' naaki,
na'abaahgo yízhíyígíí
t'áá shí t'éiyá shíł bée'hózin,
doo bee shi't'ójíi da,
'áko náánáłta' ázhi' t'éiyá
t'áá 'ákwíí jí
bee shi't'ójí.

Kónéeláágóó 'ánisht'éh
t'ahdii ndi 'at'ééd 'áłts'íísígíí
nishłj.
'Áko doolá dó' dooda da!



THE HORSES

see my father's horses
running in the wind.
feel little
standing here
when the wind
and the horses
run by.

Łíí'

Shizhé'é bilíí'

níyol yighi' naanááhahgo nesh'í.

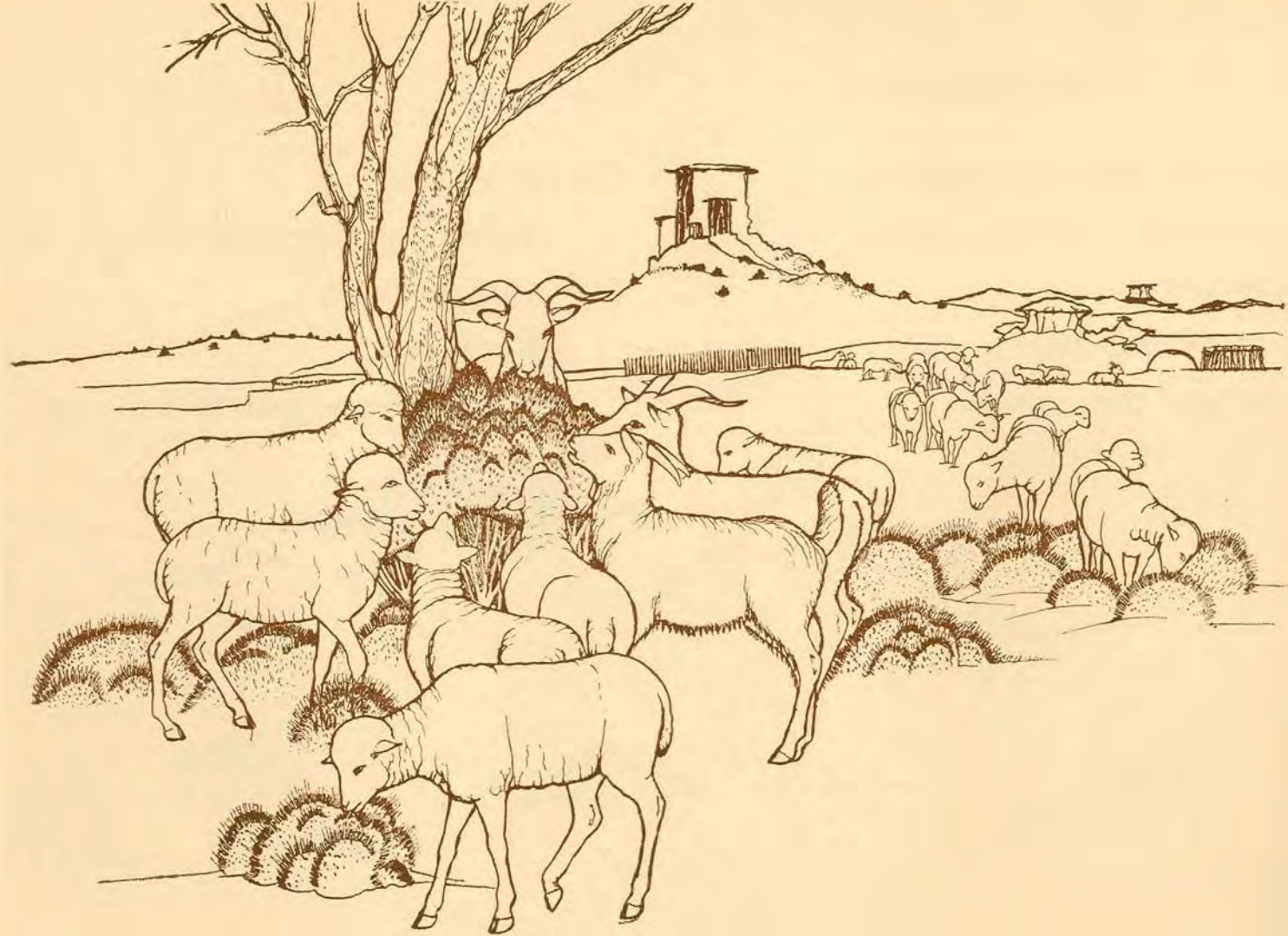
Łíí' shíighahgóó

níyol yii'

ch'ínáhahgo 'ánísts'íísí yee'

nahalin

kodóó sézíigo.



THE SHEEP

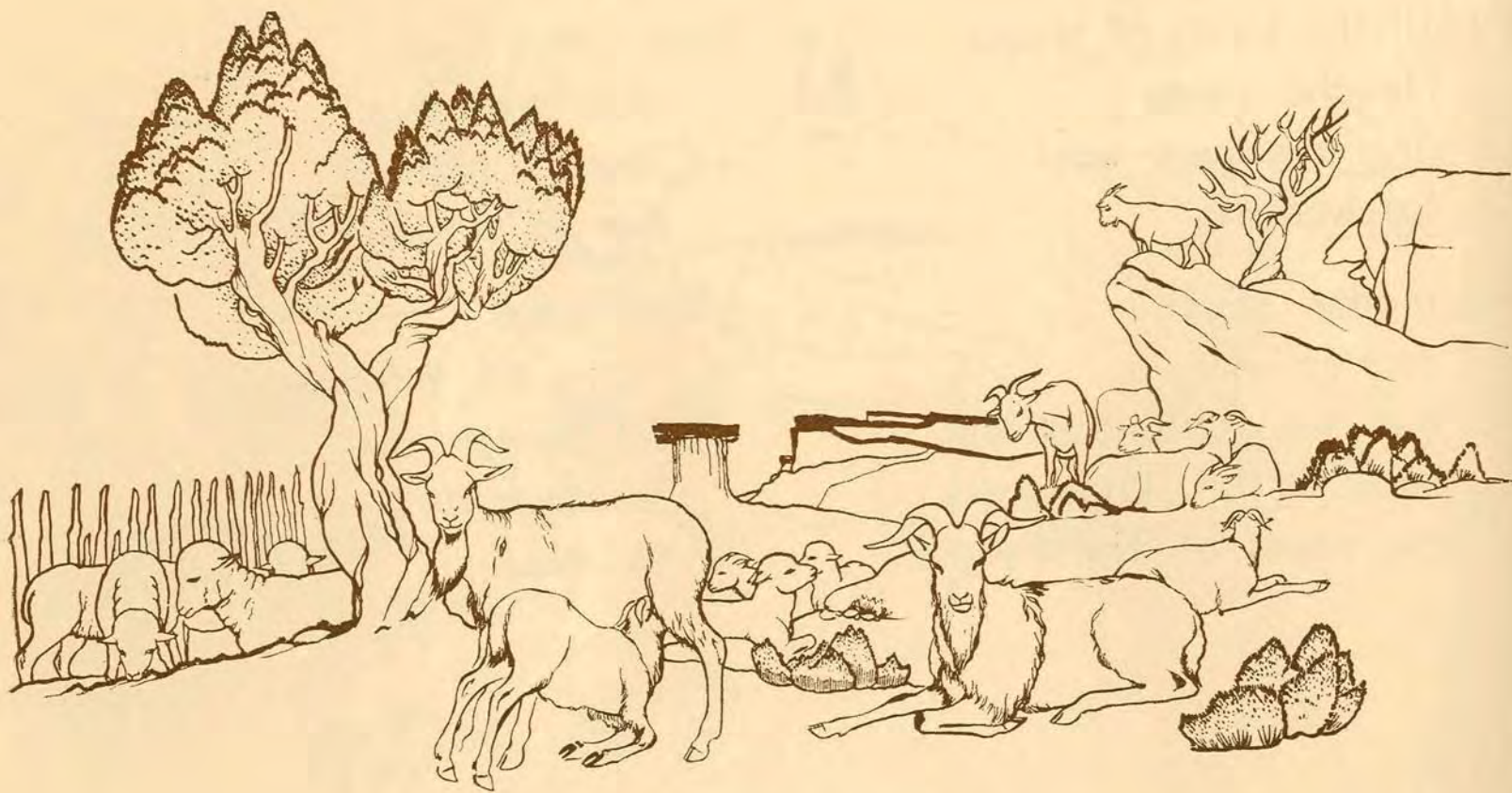
Of all the kinds of sheep,
Navaho sheep
give the best wool
for weaving.

My mother says
that is why
they are Navaho sheep,
because they know best
the needs of The People.

DIBÉ

Dibé 'ałtas'éígóó,
diné bidibéhígíí
'íighisíí bighaa'
bee yá'át'ééhgo 'atł'ó.

Shimá 'ájíní
"Diné bá 'adahoot'éegi díí dibé
bił béeadahózin,
'éí baqah diné
ła' dabilíí'."



THE GOATS

Goats have long whiskers.
They have long faces.
They have long legs.
Goats are funny, I think.

TŁ'ÍZÍ

Tł'ízí bidághaa' 'ayóó 'ádaníłnééz.
Binii' 'ayóó 'ádaníłnééz.
Bijáád 'ayóó 'ádaníłnééz.
Tł'ízí t'óó danichó'í nisin.



THE LAMBS

DIBÉ YÁZHÍ

Now that it is autumn,
the lambs
that were babies in the spring,
have grown.

They are almost as tall
as their mothers.

My father takes the lambs
in his wagon
to the trading post.

He takes them to sell
to the trader.

K'ad 'aak'eed hazlǫ́',
daqdǫ́q' dibé yázhí
danilínée
k'ad danitsaaz daazlǫ́'.

Bimá k'adée t'áá yee
daníldíil daaleeh.

Shizhé'é naalghéhé bá hooghangóó
dibé yázhí tsinaabqas yee
'aṭnánéigée ṭeh.

Naalghéhé yá sidáhí yich'i'
nnáyiiṭnih.



THE TRADING POST

Hosteen White Man

has the trading post.

He has hard things on the shelf.

He has soft things on the wall.

And in a jar

he has red stick candy
that he keeps just for me.

Hosteen White Man

at the trading post

is such a good man.

Sometimes, I forget he is not
one of The People.

NAALGHÉHÉ BÁ HOOGHAN

Hastiin Bilagáanaa

naalghéhé bá hooghan bee hóló.

T'áadoo le'é dantł'izígíí dóó

daalzhóólíígíí bee hóló.

Tózis bighi'

'ałk'ésdisí daalchí'ígíí
shí t'éiyá shá bee hóló.

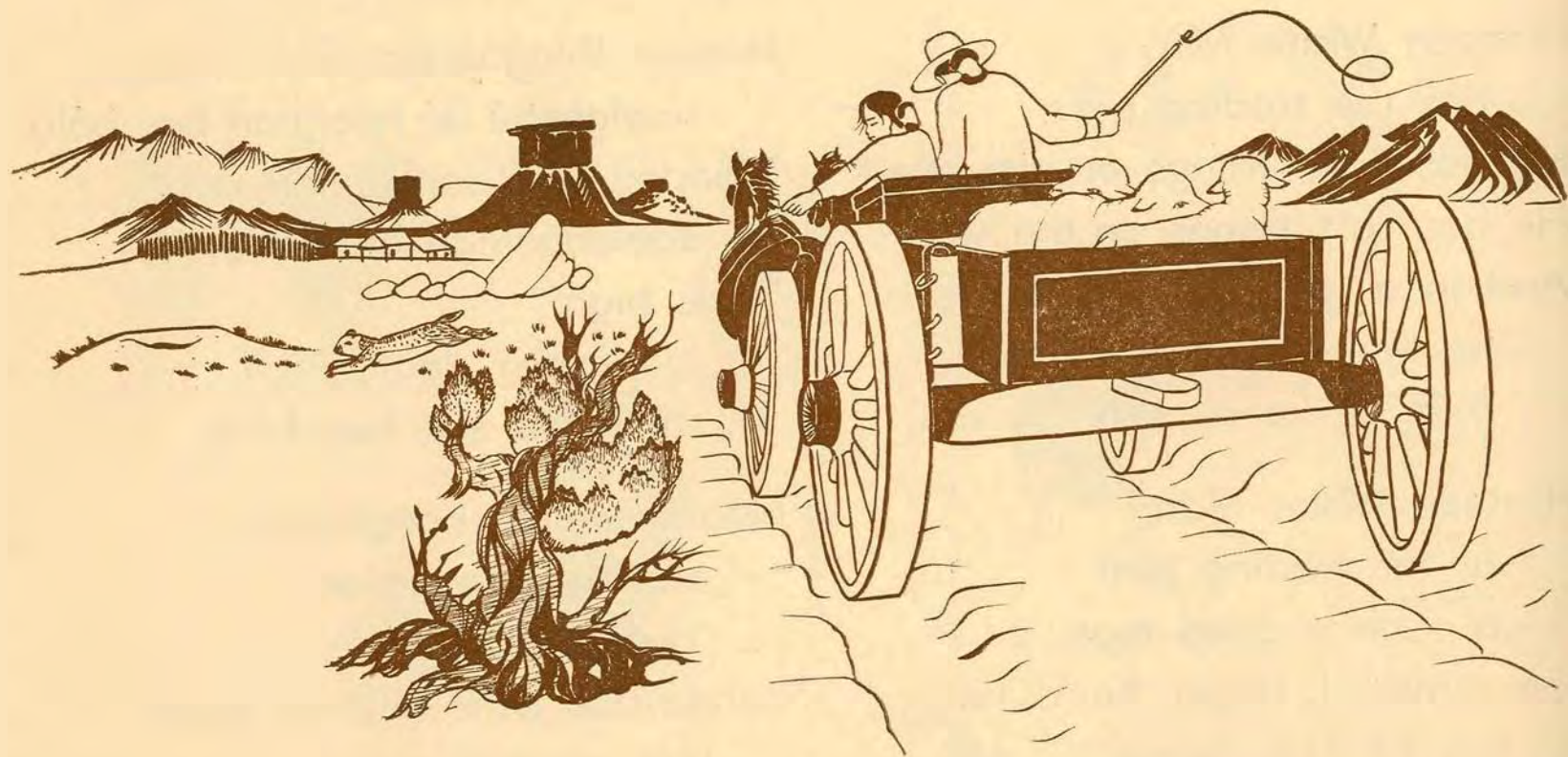
Naalghéhé bá hooghandi

Hastiin Bilagáanaa

'ayóigo bá hózhó.

Łahda doo Diné niljį da yęęgi

baa náyoosh'nah.



SELLING

In his wagon
my father drives
to the trading post.

He takes the lambs
and he takes me, too.

He wants me to know
about selling.

He tells me that sometimes
he trades the lambs,
and sometimes
he gives them in payment
for a debt.

NA'IINI'

Naalghéhé bá hooghangóó
shizhé'é bitsinaabaqas yee
'ałnáá'áłbaq.

Shí dóó dibé yázhí yił
'ałnáá'áłbaq.

Na'iini' shił
bééhodoozijił nízin.

Shizhé'é 'áníi łeh,
"Łahda
dibé yázhí nnáháshnih dóó
łahda
t'óó bee niná'iishdlée łeh."

This time

he will sell them
to the trader.

When we get to the trading post
the trader looks at the lambs.

Then he tells my father
how much he will pay.

I wonder if the lambs
like to have my father
sell them to the trader.

Ndi k'ad

naalghéhé yá sidáhí
yich'í' naidiyoołnih.

Naalghéhé bá hooghandi yiikahgo
naalghéhé yá sidáhí dibé yázhí
yinéł'íi łeh.

'Áko 'índa bąqł'ílínígíí
shizhé'é yee yił halnih.

Dibé yázhí ndabidiilniihgo daats'í
bił yá'adaat'ééh nisin.

My father sells the lambs
for hard round money
to Hosteen White Man
at the trading post.

Then he chooses cans of food
to put into his wagon,
and he gives Hosteen White Man
some of the round hard money
back again.

Shizhé'é dibé yázhí
t'áá béeso
báq̄h'ílǵigo naalghéhé yá sidáhí
yich'ǵ' nináyiiłnih.
'Áádóó yadiizíní tsinaabq̄s yiih
yidooniłǵíí nnáyiiłnih,
'áádóó Hastiin Bilagáanaa
béeso ła' nát'áq̄'
yaa néi'nił.

My father calls this selling,
but I think
it is a game
they play together,
Hosteen White Man and
my father at the trading post.

Shizhé'é 'áníi łeh,
"Díí 'oolghé na'iini',"
ndi shí 'iinisingo t'éiyá
shizhé'é dóó Hastiin Bilagáanaa
t'óó yił naanée łeh
naalghéhé bá hooghandi.

My father likes
this game of selling.

He did not tell me,
but, someday,
I know
that he likes it.

Shizhé'é na'iini'ígíí
'ayóogo bił yá'át'ééh.

Doo shił halni' da,
ndi t'áadoo
bahat'aadí
hoł yá'át'ééh.



THE SILVERSMITH

My father sits before his forge
melting bars of silver
and turning them
into silver raindrops
and silver cloud designs.

'ATSIDGI

Shizhé'é kọ' yich'į' sidáago
béesh łigaii yidiłhįįh,
dóó 'ałk'ídayiįłgis
tó nahidilch'ąąłgo dóó k'os dó'
ye'eł'į.

Somehow,

my father has caught the wind
within his bellows
and when he lets it go
its breath
turns the silver
to red earth color.

Its breath
cools the silver
until it is hard
like something made
of gray water
and then turned to stone.

Haashíí yit'éego

shizhé'é níyol yił deezdéeł
bibee'alzołí yíi'.

Yiidíichidgo

biyol béesh łigaii náiniiłk'as
łeezh łichí'ígíí nahalingo
'ánáyiil'íih.

Biyol

béesh łigaii náiniiłk'as
dóo ntł'izgo 'ánáyiil'íih.

T'áadoo le'é tó łibáhí

bee 'ályaago
dóo tsé násdłíí' nahalingo.

Today

my father sang
as he worked
at making a bracelet
for my arm.

His song

flowed into the silver circle
making it a circle of song.

Jíí'dáá'

shizhé'é naalnishgo
ni't'i'a',
shílátsíní
shá 'íilée'gho.

Bighiin nizhóní yee',

shílátsíní shaqah sitáago
nahalingo béénáshniih dooleet.

TURQUOISE

Turquoise is sky.
Turquoise is still water.
Turquoise is color-blue
and color-green
that someone
somewhere
has caught
and turned to stone.

DOOTŁ'IZHII

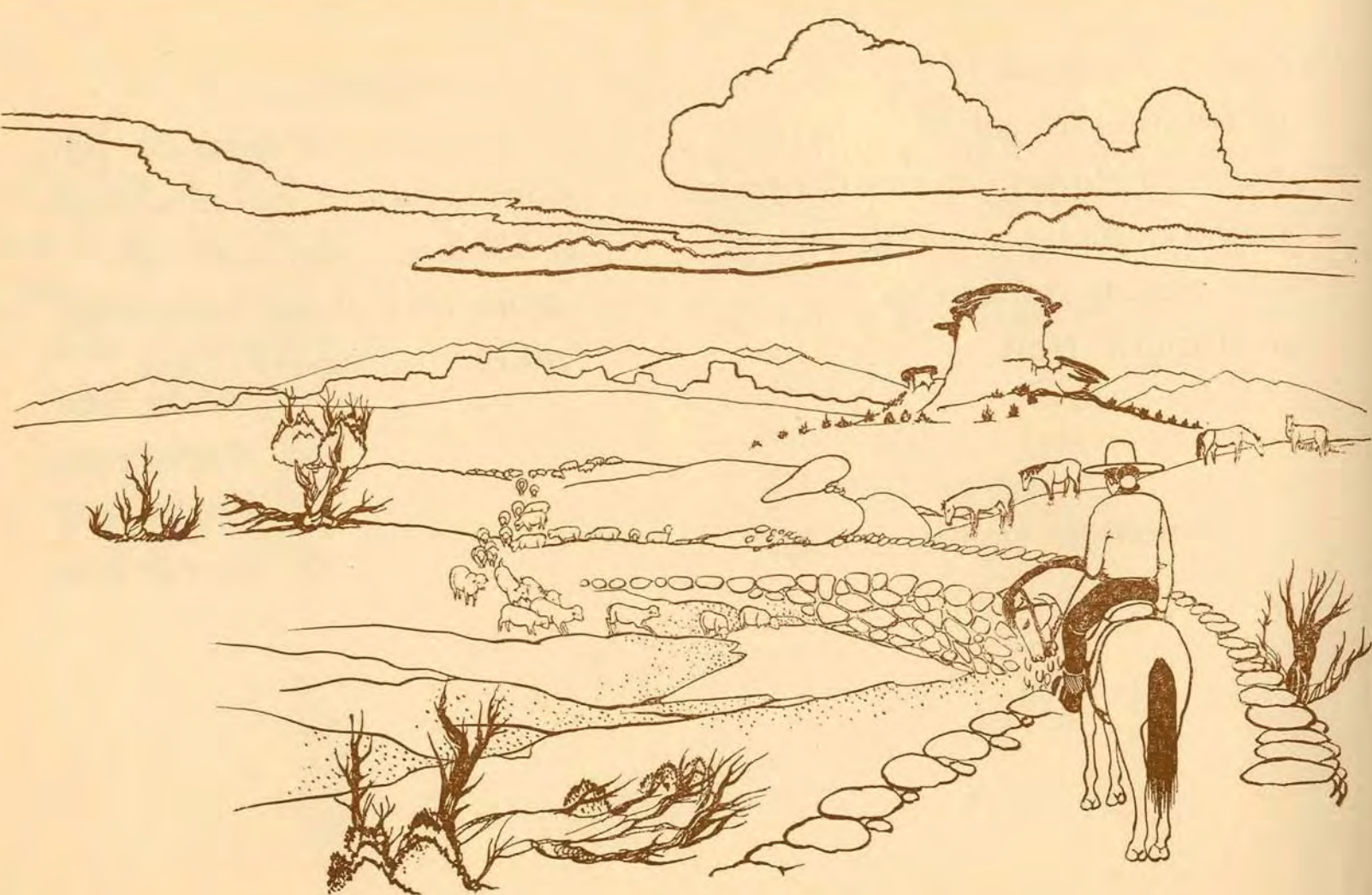
Dootł'izhii yá diłhił nahalin.
Dootł'izhii tó doo naha'náa dago
sikánígíí nahalin.
Dootł'izhii tó dootł'izhígíí nahalin,
'éí háíishíí
háadishíí
yił deezdéelgo
tsé nahalingo 'áyiilaa.



Sometimes, turquoise
is trapped in silver,
and sometimes, in small beads
running along a white string
like beauty following
a straight trail.

Łahda dootł'izhii

béesh łigaii bińdaaz'áa łeh,
'áádóó łahda 'ádaalts'íísigo
tł'óół bee yisht'eezh łeh
'atiin 'ahóózhoođ nahalingo
'ałkéé' 'adahaazt'i' łeh.



IT IS DRY

My father says
over and over,
"It is dry.
It is too dry."

My father means
there has been no rain
to fill the rain pools
for the thirsty sheep.

HAZGAN

Shizhé'é t'áá 'álahji'
kóníi ɬeh,
"Hazgan.
T'áá 'íghisíi hazgan."

Doo ndahaɬtin da.
Tó ndeikaah yéegóó tó 'ádin;
'áko dibé dibáá' bi'niighá.
Shizhé'é 'éi yaa ntsékees.



SORTING THE WOOL

I am helping my mother
sort the wool.

This pile we will keep
to spin into yarn for weaving
because its strands
are long and unbroken.

'AGHAA' 'AŁTS'ÁHÁŁJOOŁGI

'Aghaa' 'ałts'áháłjoołgi
shimá bíká 'anáshgho'.

Kojí shijoolígíí t'áá danihi dooleet.
'Éí hahidoodis dah'iistł'ó biniighé.
'Éí danineez
dóó danizhóní yee'.

This pile we will sell
to the trader.

Its strands are broken and short.

The trader will buy it,
but he will not pay as much
as if it were all long.

I wish that all our wool
was of long, unbroken strands.

Kojí shijoolígíí 'éiyá ndahidiilnih
naalghéhé yá sidáhí bich'í'.

'Éí doo danineez da.

Naalghéhé yá sidáhí doo 'ílígóó
nihaa nayiilnih,
doo danizhóní da biniinaa.

Nihe'aghaa' t'áá 'aktso
danineez dóó danizhóní dooleet
yéé ch'ééh nisin.

I like to sort the wool.
It is good to feel its softness,
like making words
for something
my heart
has always known.

'Aghaa' 'ałts'áháshjoołgo
shił yá'át'ééh.
Yilzhóólígo bídíshnihgo nizhóní
'áko t'áadoo le'é shijéí laanaa
yó'ninéę bik'ehgo yáshti'
nahalin.

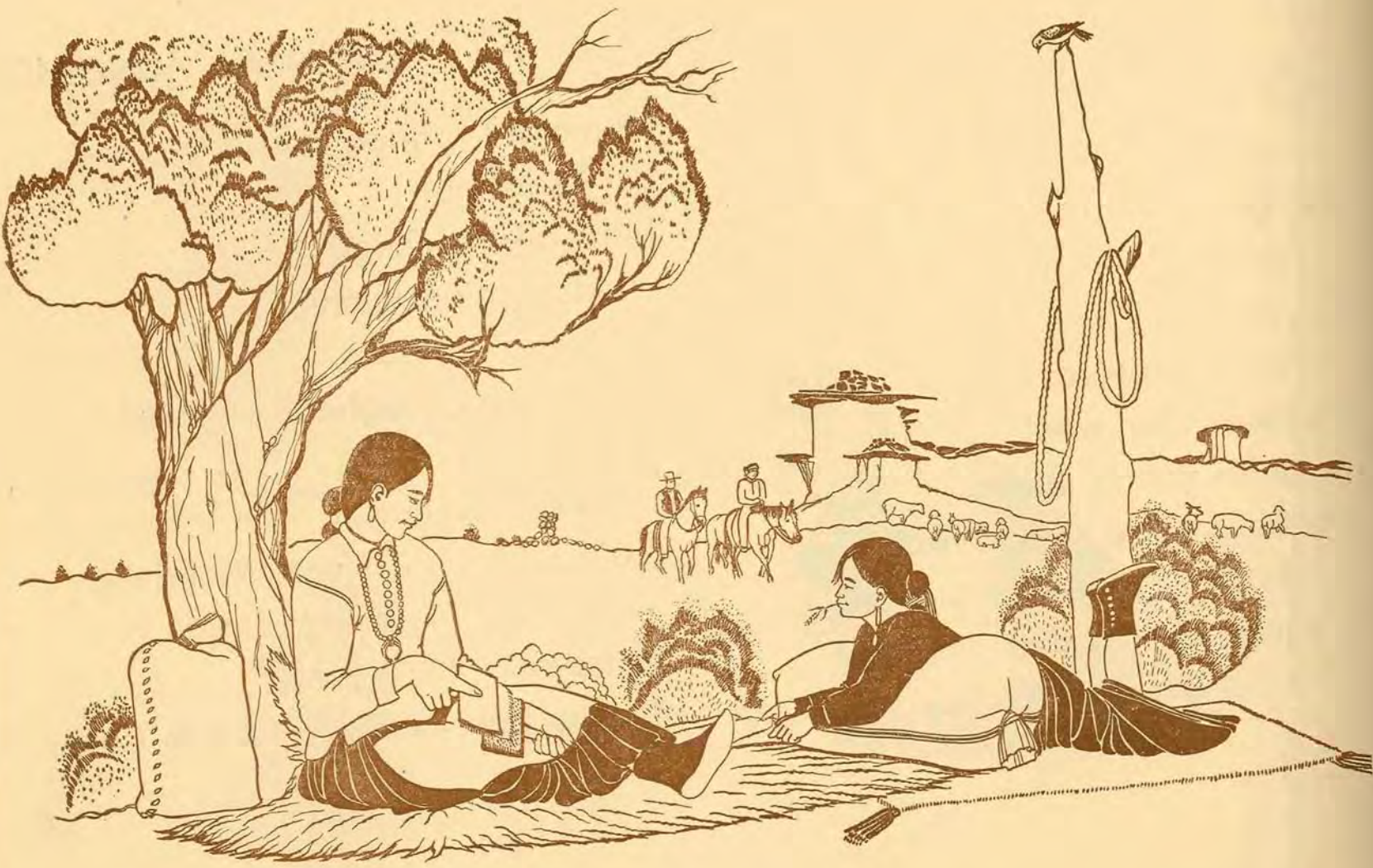


CLEANING THE WOOL

I go with my mother
to beat the wool.
We get the little sticks
and burrs out of it.
We put the wool
on a flat rock.
We beat the wool
with yucca sticks.
I have a little yucca stick
like my mother's big one.
It takes my mother and me
a long time to clean the wool.

'AGHAA' NIZHÓNÍGO 'ÁLNÉEHGI

Shimá bił 'aghaa'
náníshhał.
Tsin 'ádałts'íísígíí
dóó ta'neets'éhii
bits'áhiidlááh.
Tsé 'áłkáa'gi 'aghaa' ninéiljot.
'Aghaa' tsá'ászi'
bee náníiltsis.
Tsá'ászi' 'áłts'íísí yee' shee hóló
shimá bíhígíí nahalingo.
Shimá dóó shí 'aghaa'
doo hq̣h nizhóní 'íilnéeh da.



CARDING THE WOOL

I sit with my mother
under the juniper tree.

I watch her card wool
with her towcards.

My mother's towcards
are flat pieces of wood
with strong handles
and with wire teeth.

My mother buys her towcards
from the trader
at the trading post.

'AGHAA' HANILCHAADGI

Gad biyaagi
shimá bił séké.

Shinááł beeha'nilchaadí
yee ha'niłchaad.

Shimá bibeeha'nilchaadí
'ayóó 'áníłtéél,
dóó 'ayóogo bidziil,
dóó béesh 'áłts'óózí dabighoo'.

Shimá naalghéhé yá sidáhí
naalghéhé bá hooghandi
bibeeha'nilchaadí nnáyiiłnih.

With her towcards

she pulls the wool thin.

She stretches it in white sheets
like snow mist in winter.

She bunches it in soft rolls
like white clouds in summer.

Bibeeha'nilchaadí bee

'aghaa' 'áłt'áq'ígo 'ádeile'.

Haigo yas deigaiígíí nahalingo
'aghaa' háiniłcha'.

Shíigo k'os łigaigo daníghizígíí
nahalingo 'aghaa' deiniłmas.

Under my mother's towcards
the gray wool turns white.
The matted wool turns fluffy
and soft,
and light as baby eagle down.

I like to sit with my mother
under the juniper tree.
I like to watch her card the wool
with her towcards.

Shimá ha'niłchaadgo 'aghaa'
daalbáhą́ ɫigai ndahaleeh ɫeh.
'Aghaa' danitł'izée
yilzhóólí nihileeh,
'atsá yáázh bits'os nahalingo.

Gad biyaagi
shimá bił sékéego shił yá'át'ééh.
Shináátł bibeeha'niłchaadí yee
ha'niłchaadgo bineeshdlí.



SPINNING

My mother's spindle
is a slender stick
on a hardwood whorl.

Under her fingers
it spins like a dancer,
winding itself
in twisted yarn.

'ADIZGI

Shimá bibee'adizí tsin
ts'óósí 'át'é, dóó baqah si'ánígíí
tsin ntł'izígíí bee 'ályaa.

Bíla' yee náyiiłtasgo
'alzhashí nahalingo náábał
náhoodiłgo
hahaasdiz nihileeh.

Under her fingers

it twists the wool
into straight beauty
like a trail of pollen,
like a trail of song.

Shimá bíla' yee

'aghaa' neiłts'øød,
tádídíín yílzas nahalingo,
sin bee'atiin nahalingo,
nizhónígo 'atiin nahalingo 'íít'i'.

My hands are not strong enough
to card, very well.

My fingers are not swift enough
to spin, very well.

But my heart knows perfectly
how it is done.

Shíla' t'ah doo dabidziil da, 'éí bąqah
doo hazhó'ó ha'nishchaad da.

Shíla' t'ah doo hąh ndaha'náa da,
'éí bąqah doo hazhó'ó 'asdiz da.

Ndi 'ál'įigi
t'áa 'įighisíí shił béełhózin.

AUTUMN

Now that autumn is here,
the flowers and the plants
give themselves to us
for winter will not need them.

The pumpkins are rusty color
with brown and green patches.

They are ripe.

Ripe is such a good word.

I like to say it.

All the plants are ripe
and beautiful with color
now that autumn is here.

'AAK'EED

K'ad 'aak'eed náhásdlíí'.

Ch'il t'áá 'altso nihá

háanoót'á

'i'niihai biniinaa.

Na'aghízi t'éiyá daneest'áh.

Lahgóó dah daaltso,

dóó lahgóó dah dadoot'izh.

'Aneest'áh jiníigo saad nizhóní.

'Ádishníigo shíł yá'át'ééh.

Ch'il t'áá 'altso daneest'áh

dóó bit'aa' danizhóní

k'ad 'aak'eedgo biniinaa.

Soon my mother will go
to the mountains
to gather plants for dyes,
and plants for food,
and plants for medicine.

If I were bigger
she would take me with her.
She does take me
when we go
to places near the hogan.

T'áá hq́hí shimá ch'il
dziłgóó yiniighé deeyá.
'Éí ch'ilígíí ch'iiyáán dóó
'azee' dóó 'aghaa' bee
yiilchíhí 'ádaat'é.
T'áá nisneezígo t'éiyá
bił dé'áázh dooleet nt'ée'.
Nihighandóó
t'áá 'áhánígóó t'éiyá
bił 'ałnáánásht'ash.

After heavy frost
my father will go
to the mountains
to gather the pinyons.

This year he will go without us.
He will go with some other men
in a truck
that belongs to the trader.

My mother does not like this.
She thinks
my father should take us
with him
when he goes for pinyons.

Ni'góó shoh deiigai dóó bik'iji' 'índa
shizhé'é dзіłgóó
neeshch'íí' náyiilááh
biniighé deeyá.

Díí ghaaí shizhé'é t'áá sáhí deeyá.
Náánáłta' diné yił
chidítsoh naalghéhé yá sidáhí
bíhígíí yee deeskai.

Díí shimá doo bił yá'át'éeh da.
Shizhé'é neeshch'íí'
hádeeyáago
bił diikahąą ch'ééh
jinízin.



My mother puts white yarn
into this dye water.
She boils it over the fire.
She stirs it with a stick.
It bubbles and bubbles.
It gives a good smell
like plants after rain.

'Áádóó shimá hahaasdiz łigaiígíí
tó yíih néíłjoł.
Kq' bikáa'gi yiłbéézh.
Tsin yee yił na'atsi łeh.
T'óó yibéézh łeh.
Nahałtíłhdóó bik'iji'
ch'il 'ádahalchinígi 'ahálchin łeh.

For a little time
my mother boils the yarn
in the dye water,
and then she takes it out again.
It is no longer white.
It has changed to color.

T'óó kónígháníji'
shimá hahaasdiz
tó yee yiłbéézh
'áádóó hanéíłjołgo
doo łigai da łeh.
T'áá 'ał'qą 'ádaat'ée łeh.

In this way

my mother changes the colors
of her yarns
to look like
brown earth in morning
or yellow sand at mid-day.

She changes the colors

of her yarns

to look like

black cliffs at sunset,
or black like the night,
and black like the dark clouds
of male rain.

Díigi 'át'éego

shimá bihahaasdiz

łahgo 'át'éego 'ádeile' łeh.

'Ahbínígo ni'góó hashtłizhgo

dóó 'ałné'é'aahgo łeezh

łitsoyígíí nahalingo.

Bihahaasdiz

'ał'qą 'át'éego 'ádeile',

'i'íí'ąqgo dził daalzhińígíí

dóó tł'ée'go halzhińígíí

dóó níłtsą biką'

bik'os diłhiłígíí

nahalingo.

I help to gather the flowers
and the bark and the roots
and the minerals.

I help to carry the water
from the rain pool
by the red rocks.

I help to make the fire
with little twigs.

Shí 'ałdó' ch'il bılátahí
dóó bikágí, dóó bikétł'óól
dóó tséko'í dó' náháshłááh.

Shí 'ałdó' tsé daalchíí'ígíí
tó sikańdée' tó nnáháshkaahgo
bee 'áká 'anáshgho'.

Shí 'ałdó' chizh yázhí bee
déédishjahgo
bee 'áká 'anáshgho'.

I look and look.
I see the water and the plants.
I see the yarn in the water
but I do not see
the magic
that I think
my mother must use
to change her yarns
to colors.

Ch'ééh dísh'íí'.
Tó dóó ch'il t'éiyá yish'íí t'eh.
Hahaasdiz tó bii' shijoolgo
t'éiyá yish'íí t'eh,
ndi shimá
bintsékees
hahaasdiz yee t'ahgo 'át'éego
yee 'íí'ínígíí
t'éiyá doo yish'íí da.

When I tell this
to my mother,
she laughs at me.
She says she has no magic
in her dye kettle.
She says the plants
in her dye kettle
are the things
which give colors
to her yarns.
So now,
I have learned a new thing.

Díí shimá
bee bił hashni'go
t'óó shaa yidloh łeh.
"Shintsekees doo bik'ehgo
'ásh'íi da," ní shimá.
"Ch'il 'ásaa' bighi'ígíí
t'éiyá shihahaasdiz
'ał'qą 'ádaat'éégo 'ádeile',"
ní shimá.
'Áko k'ad łahgo
shił 'ééhozjíd.



WEAVING

When my mother sits
on her sheepskin,
weaving a blanket,
on her loom
I think
it is like a song.

'ATŁ'ÓOGI

Shimá biyaateel
yikáá'
bidah'iistł'ó yich'į' sidáago
diyogí yitł'óogo
sin nahalin
nisin.

The warp threads
are the drum beats,
strong sounds
underneath.

The colored yarns
are the singing words
weaving through
the drum beats.

Nanoolzhee'ígíí
'ásaa' diits'a'ígíí
yéigo hóyahgo diits'a'ígíí
'ádaat'é.

Hahaasdiz 'ał'qá 'ádaat'éhígíí t'éiyá
sin bee 'ójíhígíí 'ádaat'é,
'ásaa' diits'a'go
bitah nílá.

When the blanket is finished
it is like a finished song.

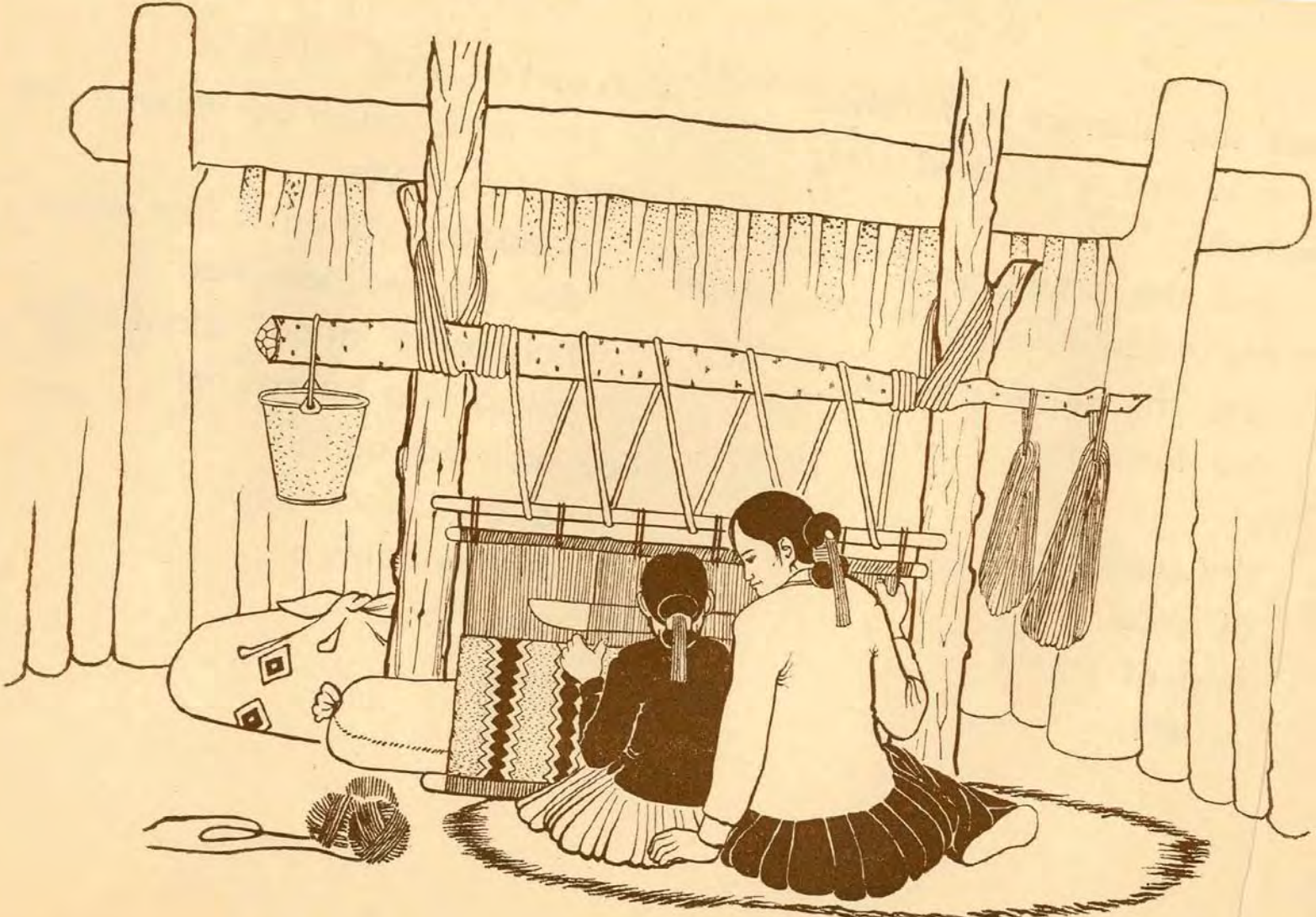
The warp
and the drum beats,
the colored wools
and the singing words
are forgotten.

Only
the pattern
of color
and of sound
is left.

Dah'iistł'ó 'ałtso 'ál'ijhgo
sin 'ałtso ndeet'áq nahalin łeh.

Ásaa' diits'a' yéé
hahaasdiz 'ał'qq 'ádaat'éhígíí
dóó sin bee da'ójíhéé
hahaasdiz 'ał'qq 'ádaat'éhígíí
'ałtso baa hayoos'nah.

Bee na'ashch'qq'ígíí
'ał'qq 'ádaat'éhígíí
dóó sin diits'a'
yéé t'éiyá
yidzíí".



LEARNING TO WEAVE

'ATŁ'Ó BÓHOO'AAHGI

My mother took me in her arms.

We sat together at her loom.

She took my hands

to guide them

along the weaving way.

She showed them how to weave.

Shimá shinaaznii'.

Dah'iistł'ó bich'į' siiké.

Shíla' yiyiíłtsoodgo

'atł'óogi shíla'

neineeztąą'.

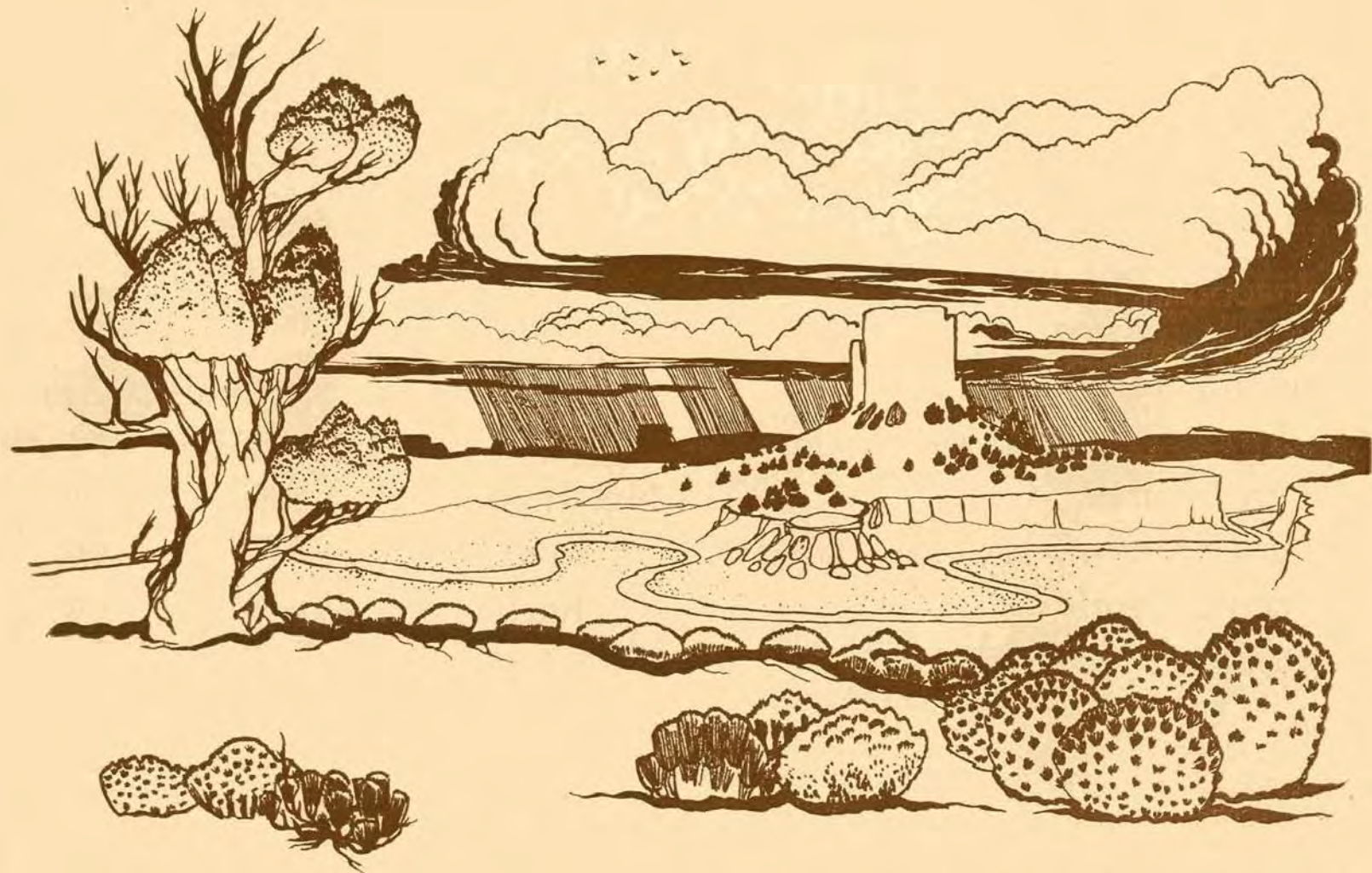
'Átł'óogi neineeztąą'.

We did not weave
straight across the loom.
That is not our way.
We wove with one color
for a little way up.
And then with another color
for a little way up.
We kept the edges straight.
We wove not too tight
and not too loose
and pounded it down,
pounded it down,
pounded it.

Doo t'áá k'éházdón tsí'naago
'asiitł'óq da.
Nihí doo 'ákót'éego da'iitł'óo da.
Hahaasdiz t'ááłá'iyígíí bee
'iitł'óogo hodíina',
'áádóó 'índa náánáłta' bee
'iitł'óogo náhodoo'na'.
Bibqahjí k'ézdongo 'asiitł'ó.
Doo t'áá 'iighisíí 'ahineestihgo
'asiitł'óq da,
dóó doo t'óó naneesdiz da,
dóó bee nik'í'níltłishí bee
yéigo náníilghaal.

But when I told my father,
"See, I wove this blanket,"
my mother spoke sharply.
"We do not say
things that are not true,"
she told me.
I hid my face away
from the sharp words of
my mother,
but soon my mother's hand
came gently
to touch my hair.

"Shoo, díí beeldléí sét'ó,"
shizhé'é bidishníí nt'ée'.
Shimá 'ájíní,
"Doo t'áá 'ádzaagóó
hojilni" da,"
shiłní,
'áádóó t'óó 'ádayániisdzí'go
yaa 'ánisht'ée nt'ée'.
Ndi hodíina'go
shimá
hazhóó'ógo sítii'
yikáá' dah deesnii'.



FLOOD

Rain comes hard and black.

It fills the arroyos
with yellow water
running in anger.

Great pieces of sand bank
on the sides of the arroyos
slide into the water
with little tired noises
and are lost for always.

The rain pools fill with water,
rain water,
fresh and clean and cold.

TÓ YÍLAAGÓ

T'áá 'íghisíí dóó diłhiłgo nahatın.

Bikoooh góyaa

tó łitsogo

báháchí'go dah sití.

Bis 'ayóó 'ádaníłtsogo

bikoooh 'ałts'áqáhjí

t'áadoo 'íits'a'í

tó biih hizhóósh

dóó t'óó 'ahi'eeł łeh.

Tó naziid nádaasdlíí'.

Níłtsá bitoo' 'ániid nááłtąągo

nizhóní dóó sik'az.



SUN

Sun comes now
to comfort the land
that the rain has frightened.

My father says,
"Sun takes the rain water
from the thirsty land
back to the sky too soon."

But my mother and I,
we are glad the sun comes soon.

Sun does not mean
to rob the land of water.

Sun means only to warm it again.

JÓHONAA'ÉÍ

Jóhonaa'éí k'ad ch'íníyá
ni' níłtsá yiniiłk'aazéę
néiniiłdóóh biniighé.

"T'áá shọọ nahaltíhée
jóhonaa'éí t'áadoo
hodina'í ni'góó ínánháłtsi,"
nii łeh shizhé'é.

Ndi shí dóó shimá t'éiyá
jóhonaa'éí ch'ínádáahgo
nihił yá'át'ééh łeh.

Jóhonaa'éí t'óó ni' nánishdóóh
dooleet nízin.



HERDING

Today I go with my mother.
I go with her to drive the sheep
for I must learn to tend
the flock.
It is my work.

The way is long.
The sand is hot.
The arroyos are deep.

NA'NILKAADGI

Díí jį shimá bił dé'áázh.
Shimá bił 'adínéłkaad
na'nilkaadgi
bíhwiideesh'áál biniighé.
'Éí shinaanish biniinaa.
Danízaadi
dóó łeezh 'ayóigo sido
dóó bikooh 'ayóó 'adahonízáád.

It takes many steps
to keep up with my mother.
It takes many steps
to keep up with the sheep.

My mother waits for me.
My mother takes my hand.
She calls me
Little Herder of the Sheep.

T'óó 'ahayóídi ndadishtaalgo
'índa shimá bíighah yisháał ʔeh.
T'óó 'ahayóídi ndadishtaalgo
'índa dibé bikéé' yisháał ʔeh.

Shimá shíba' náánásdzǫ́' ʔeh.

Shimá shíla' náyiiltso' ʔeh.

Na'niłkaadí Yázhí

níigo shózhíi ʔeh.

And so we walk
across the sand.

We walk
till the day is done,
till the sun goes
and the stars
are almost ready
to come.

We walk across the sand.

'Áko séí tsí'naa
yiit'ash.

T'áá yiit'ashgo
'i'í'á.

Jóhonaa'éí 'íiyá
dóo sọ'
k'adée
hahaakááh.

Séí tsí'naa yiit'ash.

We walk to the water hole
when day is at the middle.

We walk to the night corral
when day is at the close,
the sheep,
my mother
and my mother's Little Herder.

'Ałníní'át'áahgo
tóógóó 'áłnánéit'ash.

Dibé bighandi 'e'e'áahgo
nnáhiit'ash,
dibé
dóó shimá
dóó shimá Bina'niłkaadí Yázhí.

Before the hogan fire,
when night has come,
my father sings,
my mother whispers,
"Come sit beside me
Little Herder."

I like that name,
From now till always
I want to be
my mother's Little Herder

Hóne'é honibqahgóó
hiłiiłjįhgo
shizhé'é hataat
dóó shimá hazhóó'ógo 'ání,
"Hágo Na'niłkaadí Yázhí
shíighahdóó sínídáh."

'Éí yízhí shił yá'át'ééh.
K'ad kodóó hool'áágóó
shimá bina'niłkaadí yázhí
nishłjį dooleet.

BILINGUAL READERS

In northern Arizona and New Mexico, on a land area almost as large as the New England States, live about forty-five thousand Navaho Indians. Their numbers are increasing more rapidly than any other population group in the United States. They are as completely shut off from the general stream of American culture as any group of our population, not only because of the isolation in which they live, but because nine out of every ten speak only the Navaho language. Like the language of all other North American Indians, historically it had no written form. Despite the fact that the number of schools of the Navaho Service has been doubled since 1935, only about half the children of school age are now in school. More than half of those who are in school are still in the first four grades. Thus the introduction of English will be a slow process.

To facilitate the spread of information which will help the Navaho in the control of overgrazing and soil depletion, and show him how to improve the livestock on which his livelihood depends, the federal government has been working with experts in Indian languages to develop a popular alphabet which will en-

courage the writing of Navaho. The belief that such a written language may spread more rapidly than English is based upon experience with other Indian tribes. Even if the new skill reaches only a limited number of Navaho, it will make possible the accurate transfer of new ideas in the native tongue. Interpretations can be made at leisure and recorded.

Linguists from Columbia University and Yale, and missionaries of the Protestant and the Catholic churches, have worked on the Navaho language problem. However, developing an alphabet for a language as difficult as Navaho, which possesses sounds not present in English and is tonal like some Oriental languages, is not the easiest thing in the world.

In recording language sounds there is a tendency for linguists to do the job perfectly, seeking a separate symbol for each sound, and indicating every inflection. On the other hand the man in the camp who is to make use of a written language naturally wishes something as simple as possible. The teacher of reading approaches it from still a third angle, having learned that those who have oral familiarity with a language,

know how it sounds, and therefore require only that words have forms which may be easily recognized. And so the argument has gone—the scientist, the educator, the layman, each pulling for what appeared to him the best solution for a thorny problem.

Dr. John Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution and Mr. Oliver LaFarge, writer and linguist, finally developed the first alphabet suited to popular use. With one exception it uses only the letters of the English alphabet, maintaining so far as possible similar sound values. Diacriticals have been reduced to indications of tone and nasalization. It may be reproduced on any typewriter or linotype. Robert W. Young, an associate of Dr. Harrington, lived some years on the Navaho reservation to familiarize himself with the language so that these publications might represent a clearcut expression in the vernacular, of the story content.

This volume is one of a series of simple readers about the Navaho, written for the Navaho, by someone interested in Navaho life. They are the first publication in Navaho of anything save the Bible, religious tracts, and scientific monographs.

The Navaho manuscripts for this and other volumes in the Little Herder series have been carefully prepared by Harrington and Young, and checked for colloquial correctness by a number of Navaho, chief among whom were Willetto Antonio, Adolph Bitanny, Hoke Denetsosie, George Hood, Albert Sandoval and Howard Gorman. Dr. Edward A. Kennard, Specialist in Indian languages in the Indian Service has closely supervised the publications.

The type used for these books has been selected because of its similarity in design to the alphabet used for manuscript writing. In the Little Man's family primers, only proper names and the pronoun I have to be capitalized, so as to further minimize the new learnings often encountered by the primary child when faced with several different alphabets at once. In these later books, sentence capitalization is also introduced.

Willard W. Beatty,
Director of Education.

March, 1941

THE ARTIST

The artist, Hoke Denetsosie, is a full-blood Navaho boy of twenty years, born and raised near Tuba City in the western part of the reservation. He was a student at the Tuba school, and transferred to Phoenix Indian School for high school work. Hoke has been drawing for a number of years, during which time he has had little instruction. He finds the landscape of his native country a source of never-tiring interest. Prior to undertaking the problem of illustrating this series of books, Hoke had done no work in black and white, but has developed his technique as he has proceeded.

When Hoke was invited to prepare the illustrations for these books, he was given the manuscripts to read, and then talked over with the author the things she had in mind in writing the various episodes of the story. By the variety of the story, many problems of illustration were encountered which an artist might avoid for many years if simply drawing in response to his own interests. Hoke has had full freedom in the solution of these problems, often preparing several sketches for a single episode, and then selecting between them for

the final drawing. Some of the drawings have been frankly experimental—showing a snow scene in the simple black and white technique developed by Hoke, for example; or distinguishing between night and day. The style is the artist's own, and is neither the flat stylized drawing of many Pueblo artists, nor the minutely shaded drawing of the White man. The artist was chosen because he possesses a sure skill and inquiring mind. It is believed that his present pictures will illuminate the text, and give pleasure to many; and that he may have before him an artistic future. He has the following brief statement to make about his own work:

"I shall always remember the day when I received the first manuscript of the Little Herder series. The only instructions and suggestions I received before I began were; 'Here are the manuscripts, let's see what you can do with them.' "

"So not knowing the first thing about the fundamentals and principles of illustration the work really launched several months of extensive experimenta-

tion, the result of which was the black and white technique finally achieved. The use of simple black and white technique was employed because it is more readily understandable for a child.

"The nature of the stories, being concerned with Navaho life, called for illustration genuine in every sense of the word. I had to observe and incorporate in pictures those characteristics which serve to distinguish the Navaho from other tribes. Further, the setting of the pictures had to change to express local

changes as the family moved from place to place. The domestic animals raised by the Navaho had to be shown in a proper setting just as one sees them on the reservation. The sheep could not be shown grazing in a pasture, nor the horses in a stable, because such things are not Navaho.

"In other words the ideas were represented in an earnest attempt to express as far as possible the author's feelings, but without hindering the illustrator's freedom."