

Rose Mitchell (Tall Woman), *The Life Story of Rose Mitchell, a Navajo Woman, ca. 1874-1977*, edited by Charlotte Frisbie

Tall Woman (Asdzáán Nez, or Rose Mitchell), born ca. 1874, was a well-known weaver and midwife who lived in the Chinle area of Diné Bikéyah. Tall Woman's clan was Kiyaa'áanii (Towering House People), and she was born for the Tódich'í'nií (Bitter Water) clan. According to the ethnographer Charlotte Frisbie, who recorded the elder woman's life history in the years between 1963 and 1976, Tall Woman focused on "the hogan, her children, the livestock, especially the sheep and goats, and the farm." She became the wife of Frank Mitchell, a well-known political leader, judge, and Blessingway singer. Together the couple had twelve children, seven of whom survived into adulthood. The adult names of the children who figure in this excerpt are Mary Davis, Seya Mitchell, Agnes Sanchez, Ruth Yazzie, and Augusta Sandoval.

In this particular excerpt, Tall Woman talks about her mother (Tall, Beautiful Woman) and the relationship of her mother with her children, especially her daughters, in the years after the death of her father, Man Who Shouts. Through this, we learn of some of the traditional knowledge that Tall Woman's mother sought to teach her grandchildren.

Tall Woman

The Life Story of Rose Mitchell,
a Navajo Woman, c. 1874-1977

Rose Mitchell

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE J. FRISBIE

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My Mother¹

Living with my mother after Man Who Shouts dies . . . my mother's interactions with our children and her teachings to them.

After my father died, my mother stayed close by us, especially Frank and me. Of course, they avoided each other because she observed the mother-in-law rule the People used to have. She always had her own hogan, a little apart from where we were, and even when Frank did a Blessingway for her, he always hung up a blanket to separate them, and sang from behind it.

Because my mother was with us from the time we put Seya into school, many of my children got to know her very well. Of course by then, she was in old age; before that, she was with my father; they did things together so it wasn't until later my children saw a lot of her. That was true for all of them except Isabel; she was still very small when my mother passed away. And it was mainly the girls my mother spent time with, teaching them things and talking to them. Sometimes when I'd hear what she was saying, it'd make me laugh to myself; I'd remember her saying the same things to me when I was small. Other times I'd wonder if she wasn't being too harsh with them. But she was like that; it seemed to me she scolded my children more than Frank or I did when they were small. Some days it seemed like all she did was scold one or another of them for something they'd done. Then she'd come over and tell me what had happened. When it got like that, at night I'd remind them she was an old age person and needed to be treated kindly and with respect.

One thing about my mother that seemed to cause trouble was the way she was always walking somewhere.² Almost every day I'd see her going down the road on foot, traveling somewhere, with her cane. My mother was very, very tall before old age shrank her, even taller than me. She never minded the hot weather; she wore heavy, lined skirts and in the summer, she'd put a white towel on her head so she didn't feel the heat. She liked to visit people. The old people were like that; they always visited

each other and sometimes stayed for a day or two, before coming back. Clan relatives do that, too; your relatives always give you something to eat or a place to stay when you're visiting. My mother was always going to see my younger sister, Small Woman, over by the Hard Ground Place or my half sister, Slim Woman, down near Valley Store. She also visited Curly Hair and his family a lot; they were over near Nazlini then. Towering House Woman was another one; she was also known as the Woman Who Kicks Dirt because she walked sideways, kicking the dirt with one of her feet as she went along. She was a close relative and they visited back and forth, too. And there were others, like the Nelson Gormans in their big stone house down the road. Nelson was a close clan relative, too. Of course, lots of times when she got to where she was going, other relatives would be there. That's another reason she'd stay and talk and talk for a long time.

As my mother got up in her years, I worried about her walking by herself. So I started telling one of my girls to go with her, wherever she wanted to go. Agnes, Ruth, and Augusta all had to do that for me, and all three of them didn't like going with her. She always traveled great distances; sometimes when one of them was complaining to me about that, they'd say it was like she was walking to Gallup, even though they didn't even know where that was.* She walked fast, ahead of them, and never let them stop to rest their small legs, or get a drink at the windmill or water holes. Then, when she'd get where she was going, she'd visit and visit. The whole time she talked she'd be spinning; she always took her spindle and some wool along on her travels. My girls got hot and tired, and they got bored listening to older people talking. They were all small and bashful then and didn't like visiting. They also got hungry. So, sometimes they'd take off and run back here, leaving her wherever she'd gone visiting. I always scolded them for that, telling them they were supposed to stay and watch her. And when she came back, she scolded them too, saying, "Why did you leave me over there? You were told to walk with me." As those things kept happening, my girls would run and hide themselves whenever they saw her coming so they didn't get told to walk with her. And after she had really scolded them, they'd tell me she was too mean and they weren't going to go with her anymore.

Sometimes she'd also scold them about something they did during those travels. Agnes seemed to be the one I heard the most about for that reason; when she was home during the summer from Fort Apache, she was often the one I sent with my mother. Later, I sent Ruth a lot, too, and then Augusta. One time at Curly Hair's place, Agnes hid behind a young woman when some dogs frightened her and somehow, she pulled the woman's skirt off by grabbing it.* I guess that embarrassed my mother; she scolded her there and all the way home. Another time they walked up to Garcia's; my mother took some sheepskins there to trade, like we do. That time, she got a box of sweet crackers, like vanilla wafer cookies today, and told Agnes to carry it.

Agnes thought those were for her; she really liked them so she ate them all up on the way home. When my mother asked for one, over by Uncle John's place, they were all gone. She was still scolding Agnes, saying, "There's no reason for you to be acting that hungry," when they got back. She never had her carry anything else when they walked to the store after that.*

Another time I remember it was already fall; we were harvesting and it was time for Agnes to go back to Fort Apache. We were living near our cornfield close to the Chinle Wash. I sent Agnes with my mother and she took her to see the Ye'is for the first time, without telling her. Poor Agnes didn't know anything about that; my mother got a ride for them at Garcia's so they went in a wagon over toward Sawmill. Agnes was scared the whole time; she didn't know anyone in the crowd at that Night-way, she didn't know where they were, and she didn't know anything about getting initiated. You can't just go and watch those dancers without being initiated; if you do, you'll go blind. And if they don't put the mask on right so it's straight with your eyes, you get eye trouble from that, too. My mother kept reminding Agnes to make sure it was right by her eyes. In this way, my mother took care of that for her on one of those trips; she didn't do that for any of my other children.

But sometimes, funny things happened when one of my girls would be walking with her. I heard about those too, when they came back. I remember something that happened concerning the Old Owl Man.* Frank and I used to joke about him; I guess somewhere along the line we started using him to scare our children, probably like the bogeyman or something like that. I don't know why we ever started that; maybe all parents scare their children saying, "Some creature is going to grab you, kidnap you, or harm you in another way," to make the children listen.³

In those days, lots of people would pass by on the dirt road near our home, walking, riding, or traveling in their wagons to haul water, go to one of the stores, or somewhere else. I used to tell the children to stay away from the road but they liked to see who was going by. Sometimes they'd watch while they were hiding in the big ditch that used to be across from here, running to the north. Lots of people hauled water from it and sometimes brought animals there, too. Or they brought their sheep and horses to another water hole, behind where Augusta lives now. There used to be one there, too, and even though I said no, sometimes the children would swim in there after Seya taught them how.⁴ Water was scarce lots of times in those days. When we settled in this area, there were a few windmills to help with that, and they'd already appointed Dick Dunaway to take care of them. He was another person who was always traveling along the road with his wagon and mules. The children used to be scared of him but he was really a nice, old man. He'd always yell to any children along the road, even if they were hiding in the corn when he went by.⁵ Later, the government put in some deep wells and some dams and other things. But lots of those dried

up after a while, too, just like the ditch we used. That was probably because of the droughts.

The man we called the Old Owl Man used to pass by a lot; he used two big, white horses on his wagon, and we used to tell our children he was looking for children who were bad. I don't know why we said that, but we did.* So, they were scared of him, too, and they'd hide whenever anyone saw him coming. One time when Agnes had gone with my mother to Garcia's, when they were coming back walking over by the Chinle Wash where all the trees are now,⁶ they came across his wagon. Agnes got really scared, knowing the Old Owl Man was right there, but my mother went over and greeted a young woman who was fixing some food in the back, under the cover of the wagon. Then she told Agnes to come over, too; that really scared her. When she got over there, my mother told her to look in the back. So she climbed up a little. There she saw an old, old man, with long, white hair and whiskers, all crippled with arthritis, lying on a mattress. She had never seen anyone in that condition, so that scared her, too.

I guess she started thinking about it and about that one being the Old Owl Man, and so she came right out with it and asked my mother when they were walking back from there. My mother said she just started laughing.* She told her we had made that up; that man had been like that for a long time and he couldn't harm anyone in his condition. But she also told her not to tell her brothers and sisters what she had found out about the Old Owl Man. She made her promise, and Agnes did. My mother told me about it when they got home, and Agnes did too, later, when the others were not around. After that, we used to laugh about it together, whenever the others would run and hide because he was coming down the road.^{7*}

While my mother was with us, she taught my children many things. Some of those were about ceremonies. She helped with the Puberty ceremonies we had; Ruth had both of hers before my mother passed away, and some of the others did, too. I remember her instructing the children about racing with the *kinaaldá*; we were living over by Mary no, r's when Ruth did both of hers. The fields were plowed in sections then, but there were still no fences. Ruth also had a Blessingway about that time for something else. She had gone to bed with her necklace on but somehow it was off the next morning. When she told Frank about it, he said it wasn't good when something happens in your sleep and you don't know about it. So he went and got Old Curly Hair to say a one-night prayer for her and then do a Blessingway on top of that; Old Curly Hair put her beads back on her while he was singing, to correct that.

Woody's mother, *Nabab*, passed away, too, while my mother was living near us. That was the first time some of my children went through that, so she tried to teach them the rules we follow when someone dies. Because she was very strict about traditional things, she really got after them the whole time, about not looking in the direction the

body was taken, not eating until it was out of sight, and not sleeping. *Nabab* died in a little shelter next to the hogan over where Louise lives. They'd carried her out there like we do when it looks like somebody isn't going to get well. Some of my children were sneaking around outside, peeking at what was going on. They saw the four men chosen to do the burial; they had let their hair down loose, and stripped to their moccasins and G strings, before they went to the burial place. Those men took her up near where the gravel pit is now, below the cemetery. When they came back, someone met them at a distance with a bucket of medicine, the lightning-struck plants we use for Evilway. They washed with that and then covered themselves with ashes before coming back. Then, for four days they stayed separate on the north side of the hogan, not touching anyone and eating from their own dishes. After the four days were over, we all washed and went on with what we always did. Because my children didn't know about those things, they kept watching and asking questions, and my mother kept scolding them after *Nabab* died and we went through that.

My mother also taught my daughters lots of other things. Whoever was around her got the benefit of that. The two Marys and Seya were the ones with me while my father was still alive. And then Mary no. 1 started having children for Woody, and the others went to school. Agnes was around my mother a lot but mostly in the summer, after she started at Fort Apache. Of the ones who survived, she learned things from my mother, and so did Ruth and Augusta. Isabel was still too little.

Some summers, I sent Ruth to live with my mother and help her with things, while I was over here with a new baby. As I remember it now, there were several summers where both Ruth and David stayed over by the Chinle Wash with my mother, at her place on a little hill near the center of our cornfields. My brother, Man with a Cane, was there, too, and the four of them took care of the corn while Frank and I were over here, near where Mary no. 1 lives now. My mother did things the same way we did, so whoever was with her had to get up early, say their prayers at dawn, and then run to strengthen themselves before she fixed their morning meal. Then they started helping with whatever work she had planned. Some days my mother would send Ruth over here to milk the goats and bring the milk back over there, or she'd come and do it herself. And then too, every day they'd carry water from the Chinle Wash, going there on foot with two buckets and the wooden kegs we carried on our backs. We all did that every day; that's how we got water. I know that's how we were living when I had Howard and then got bitten again by a rattlesnake, and also when I had Augusta and started having problems with my face getting twisted.

When Agnes came home from Fort Apache, I kept her over here with me because she was herding and helping me with the wool and other things. Sometimes she'd also help me hoe in the fields, early in the morning, before it was too hot. And Agnes was also the one I asked to gather corn pollen; she enjoyed that and always seemed to

gather more than the rest, at least until she ran into two snakes. That scared her and then, for a while, she seemed to spend more time looking for snakes than collecting pollen.* Frank raised a lot of corn each year; we used that for our own food and also for the horses; and we used the pollen for ceremonies and for our prayers at dawn and in the evening. All those things were up to me and whatever children were here; Frank was busy with his work as a headman and with the priests and with his Blessingway.

During those times, my mother told me Ruth was old enough to learn to make traditional foods so she started showing her all the ways of fixing corn, from the time it gets barely ripe right on through until it's fully ripe. She also taught her the different ways to fix yellow and blue cornmeal, with and without juniper ash, and how to make big and little tamales; different dumplings, even the little marble ones; different kinds of mush; different breads—like tortillas, fry bread, kneel-down bread, lazy bread, and others, even the ones baked in the ground—and all the foods we fix only for ceremonies. My mother and I made paperbread a lot, too; Augusta and Garnett liked to help keep the fire going. Ruth tried to learn paperbread, too, but she always got burned. So that was the only one she didn't learn out of all the things my mother taught her about traditional foods. My mother showed her, saying, "This is how it's done." She'd make her do it over and over, until she got it right. Then she'd say Ruth knew that one. I remember how proud Ruth was when she made some of those foods for Frank and me for the first time, and they came out the right way.* I was happy my mother was teaching her those things; Ruth got a good schooling, even though we didn't send her to school.

My mother also taught Ruth and some of the others about the wild foods. Even in her old age, she'd take her on horseback to the places where certain foods, like yucca fruit, *haashch'é'édqá'* and other berries like *chíitchin*, prickly pear fruit, Navajo and Mormon tea, *tt'ohdeet, 'ostse'*, the old Navajo peaches that grew in the Canyon, and even pinyons, were growing. They'd take her donkey along, too, so it could haul back whatever they gathered. Sometimes they'd roll up their sheepskins and go toward Round Rock, or Tsaile, or Red Rock near Black Mountain, to gather the different kinds of red berries. At the right time of year, if it rained, those berries were plentiful in those areas so they'd camp overnight while they gathered them. In those days, you could stay out in the open without worrying about drunks roaming around. We all did that when we went to gather those foods. Of course, that way Ruth learned where those things grew, how to gather them, and then how to fix them as food to be used soon or later, in the wintertime. With the berries, Ruth learned both ways of fixing them.⁸ My mother told all my children those were the main foods she had to eat when she was little. They practically lived on wild things they found and they went out far, looking for them, even while they herded. She said sometimes it'd take them three or four days to gather them and bring them back. After they found lots of them, they'd

prepare themselves and go and stay there however many days it took to pick all of them. They never wasted their time on the little, bitty ones or places where there were just a few in her younger days.

My mother also taught some of my children about the plants we use for different ailments, or to keep snakes, bugs, or other things away. Ruth learned many of those things from her, too; they'd go on horseback to gather juniper, cliffrose, sagebrush, pinyon, and other things, like plants from lightning-struck areas, and *nábiib*. She'd show her how to fix those either by themselves, or together to make medicines used in Evilway, Shootingway, and some of the other ceremonies. My mother always kept those things on hand, and so did I.

Of course, my mother and I were always weaving when we weren't busy doing other things, and we'd tell the girls to sit and watch us. We'd show them how and let them try, too. My mother helped teach Ruth to weave and to respect the loom and all the weaving tools; she taught her to take care of those things properly because that was part of learning to weave, too.

While I was happy my children were learning all those things from my mother, there was something else she did that I felt differently about. Maybe I shouldn't talk about it, even now. It used to upset me and I guess when I remember it now, it still bothers me. That was the way she talked to my girls about men. Sometimes it embarrassed me to hear what she was saying; she was pretty harsh with them and with some of the things she said about being a woman. And sometimes the way she talked to the girls, especially in her old age, scared them. I don't think she meant to be like that; maybe it was just her way when she got into her old age. Whenever she'd talk about becoming a woman or being around men, she'd get harsh with her voice, almost like she was yelling at them because she thought they weren't listening or had no minds or something like that.

Sometimes she said they shouldn't even think about getting married, not to do that. Other times she'd suggest, by the way she said things, they were too dumb to know when they got their periods, or so stupid about their relatives they'd probably marry a close relation without knowing it. When she started saying those things, it bothered me. I didn't believe in talking to children that way. She even used to call them "crazy" or "stupid," like some people do now when they talk to their children. But that's not right.

When she'd be giving one of her talks about men, I think she scared them about things they were curious about and didn't know about yet. Instead of explaining things in a calm, quiet way, her voice got loud and she'd start saying things that confused them. She always made it sound like they could get pregnant if a man even walked beside them, or they would have babies if someone even kissed them.* Things like that. She also told them men only wanted their pleasure from women, and once

they were satisfied, they'd leave you. She said you don't just go with a man because he wants you to go somewhere; all they wanted was to take advantage of you; that's all they had in mind. She also said it wasn't right to let a man do anything to you, or to get pregnant without having a husband. Some days it seemed to me all she talked about to whichever girls were around her was not doing the wrong things with men. I think she confused them and scared them about some things.

She probably did that because she didn't want them getting into trouble in any way, even with their relatives; that's why she was warning them, trying to tell them to understand who they're related to so they didn't start going with anyone who was a clan relative. You have to know those things so we always tried to explain who people were and how they were related to us whenever anyone came around, if those people were relatives. That's the only way children can learn those things. But the way my mother talked, she made it sound as if they didn't know any of those things. I didn't think that was true and I didn't want her making them scared of people. I know she frightened them and made them wary of Navajo men and I was afraid she'd scare them about their own relatives, too.

In the old days, it was mainly the men who told the generation stories, how people were related to each other and how that went way, way back. Women didn't do too much of that. I don't know why it was that way; maybe because men traveled around more, going hunting and trading, going to the stores or to meetings, meeting different people, here and there, they were the ones who knew more about those things. Maybe that's how they learned those things, and how to explain them. If you don't travel around and visit people, then you don't learn who's who, who's living where, or what relatives are still living. In those days, the women were always home with their children and the sheep. Of course they knew who their relatives were, too, but it was usually the men who explained who was who and how people were related way back. Of course, they didn't just start talking about it at any old time; you had to show you were interested, you had to ask.

When I was growing up, my father did that for us. Whenever we asked who somebody was, he'd explain it and then go way, way back with their other relatives, too. Around here, Frank knew those things, both for his own side and mine, too. So, when he was home and somebody needed to understand things like that, he usually explained it. But when he was gone and those things came up, I did it. Some of my children were interested in things like that, and some of them weren't. But both Frank and I wanted them to know who their relatives were. And even though I didn't go to far away places very much like he did because I was here raising our children and taking care of the sheep and the corn, and weaving, I still could explain those things, if anybody asked. Of course, you don't tell children those things when they're small; they need to be older. Then you explain it to them. I remember explaining about my

half sister who married Old Red Bottom Man, and about other ones, too, like Man with a Cane, and Frank's brother, Jimmy, who lived in Fort Defiance and married Rachel, a Towering House woman. So, when my mother said my children didn't know those things, I knew it wasn't true.⁹

I know certain things are hard to explain to young girls. As mine got older, they started asking how they'd know they had become *kinaaldá*. I kept putting them off, just saying you'll know and that I'd talk with them later. When they were little, my mother did the same thing; she always tried to change the subject. But of course as they grew up, they saw different ones having their Puberty ceremonies and they heard us saying they'd have the same thing when it was time. So it wasn't strange they wanted to know about it. I think one of the problems was Mary no. 1 had hers when Agnes was very small so she didn't really learn anything from it, except that the *kinaaldá* runs races and gets molded [or shaped]. And then, because Agnes was at Fort Apache when she became a woman, she never had either of those ceremonies; she was the only one who didn't. Eventually, I explained that to each of them. I talked to them nicely about it and I didn't say any of the things my mother was saying.

I never told my mother I didn't want her saying those things to my daughters. She was in her old age and I didn't want to upset her or argue about things. I was happy with all the other things she was teaching them. And then, too, some of the things she said about being a woman I agreed with. Like my mother, Frank and I didn't want our children getting into trouble in any way, either. That's why we didn't let them run around or go places without an adult. I never asked them to go even to the trading post on horseback to get something for me by themselves because I didn't want them going around alone. That's when things happen. Even with the ones who went to school, I didn't ask them to go to the store by themselves until they got into their high school years. Even then, I worried about them until they came back.

The same was true with ceremonies. Although Frank was a Blessingway singer, we didn't let our children go into ceremonial hogans when they were little. Even though we were living according to the Blessingway and raising them with it, saying prayers at dawn and again toward evening, when they were small we didn't want them sitting in there, watching things they didn't understand. After they were maybe ten or twelve, old enough to help cook and feed the People, chop wood, wash dishes, and do other things, then we let them go in and out. And if Frank was doing a ceremony for someone in the family right here, then I did take them in and made sure they stayed awake and observed all the other rules, too. So gradually they started learning things about the Blessingway Ceremony from that. Sometimes now I wonder if maybe we should have handled that differently. Maybe if we had encouraged them earlier, one of them would have followed in Frank's footsteps and learned the Blessingway, as he hoped they would. I don't know.

With the other ceremonies, the girls were never exposed to those while they were growing up. Most of them never went back to a Nightway after they got initiated until they finished high school or got married and went to that or to an Enemyway with their husbands. Of course, the ones we kept home, the ones who didn't go to school, probably learned more about those things because they were around here helping all the time. But even with them, we never let them run around, going to whatever ceremonies were going on. With the boys, it was different; all of them got warrior names at Enemyways and all of them were allowed to go to those on horseback, or in wagons with others. Frank said that was all right; boys can protect themselves.

12. CS insisted that Mary no. 2 died from spinal meningitis, having lost a child the same way (Mitchell 1978:303 n. 3). Records at Our Lady of Fatima Church indicate that this disease was not rare, at least in the Chinle area from 1910 to 1945.

13. These ways of speaking were viewed as very respectful, friendly, loving, and special. They were preferred and highly admired. For another example, see Ashie Tsosie's comments in Johnson (1977a:119).

14. Some people use Lightningway and Shootingway as synonyms when referring to the Shootingway curing ceremony described earlier.

15. Both this story and the earlier one, wherein Frank accused Tall Woman of infidelity, were well known in the family where they're viewed as examples of Frank's foolishness and running around in his younger days. Later in life, when he was preaching about marriage and how to live as a couple to his children, he himself made sure they knew what he had done in both instances, using his behaviors here as examples of how *not* to act.

CHAPTER 15

1. As noted in the Introduction, this is one of the places where Tall Woman talked in a topical "chunk," or extensively about a single topic. This chapter, which covers activities ongoing from 1922 through 1934, is simultaneous with Chaps. 12-14 as well as the first part of Chap. 16.

2. Frank (Mitchell 1978:283-84) also mentioned this habit of his mother-in-law's, as well as her love for tomatoes; the latter was characteristic of many of the People before World War II, according to Wagner (1997:13, 24-25).

3. Another example Tall Woman gave me later was Spider Woman. She said sometimes the People tell children Spider Woman eats naughty children, after catching and hauling them to the top of her rock (Spider Rock) in the Canyon. While I never heard her do this, within the family over the years I did hear threats involving Wolf Man, skunks, mountain lions, and the bogeyman.

4. Tall Woman was afraid of swimming, even when I took her grandchildren swimming and on picnics at Many Farms Lake in the 1960s. Seya learned at Fort Apache and taught his brothers and sisters; they swam at the place mentioned here, and also at a swimming hole in the Chinle Wash behind the Presbyterian Church, which was created when the tailgate and irrigation system were put there to channel water from the Canyon to farms farther north.

5. While only briefly mentioned in Van Valkenburgh (1941:39, where his last name is given as Dunnaway), more information about Dick Dunaway is now available. One source is Cousins and Cousins (1996:2, 25, 26 ff.) for reasons clarified below. Dick, whose real name is given as Nobel, is described (Cousins and Cousins 1996: 25, 26) as a middle-aged bachelor (in 1925) who was employed in the government reclamation department, and was also the windmill tender. Documentation accompanying Leo Mark Studer's unpublished photographs (which include some of the Dunaway home across from Garcia's in 1922 or 1923) notes that Dunaway, who owned a Dodge auto later owned by Camillo Garcia, "had charge of the windmills for a certain area, and had a Navajo helper. Dunaway worked under Mr. Womack, Indian Service Bureau of Reclamation, who lived at Polacca on the Hopi Reservation."

According to SM, Dunaway "was a small, hunchbacked, old man with long whiskers who worked for the Indian Service checking windmills. His area of responsibility started by the Catholic Church and then came down the road [mentioned here] and went all the way to

Kayenta." He carried a tent, windmill parts, food, and a bedroll in his wagon; that was pulled by four mules. "It took him a month to check the windmills between Chinle and Kayenta, and then he'd come back the same way." SM added that Dunaway always teased any children near the road, and was always singing a song he made up as he traveled. SM recorded it; its words were "Dicky, Dicky, Dicky, D I C K." "The grownups really liked him and used to fool around with him, teasing and joking, at Garcia's. But kids always ran and hid when they heard or saw him coming, when I was small.*"

According to Margaret Garcia Delaney (p.c. 6/10/1997), Cordelia Jackson was a teacher first at the Chinle Boarding School (1925-28) and then at the public school there (1928-30), working in a one-room school (shown in the left foreground of St. Michaels Archive Negative C539.9-1, R112) before the public school was moved to a separate building east of the boarding school on the hill. (In 1997, that building, while still extant, was boarded up and condemned.) After "Cordie" married Dick in 1928, he became the stepfather of Jean, who married Bill Cousins in 1934 and then set up housekeeping for a short time upstairs in the Big House, which the Cousins (Cousins and Cousins 1996:77) say was then owned by Cozy McSparron (see Frisbie 1998). Dick and Cordie lived across the road from Garcia's Trading Post, in Dick's stone house which he soon enlarged. The government gave him a truck to use in his job in 1930 (Cousins and Cousins 1996:26). SM said that at that point, Dick also got two boys as helpers, Raymond Walker and Billy Bia. Dick and Cordie, who never had any children together, were still in Chinle in August 1938 when, for one month, Bill Cousins worked at Garcia's before moving to Wide Ruins with the Lippincotts (Cousins and Cousins 1996: 104-7). However, they eventually moved to California early in the 1940s (Cousins and Cousins 1996:147).

6. When people went to the store, they walked close to the Chinle Wash where there were a few trees, rather than on the dirt road. That "trail" came out by the "Presbyterian Hill" above Garcia's. It still does, although in 1992 a Holiday Inn was erected on the earlier site of Garcia's Trading Post, which closed in December 1985 or early 1986 (see Frisbie 1998:81).

7. Memories of the Old Owl Man still brought laughter in 1996-97. As one of Tall Woman's children said when learning about this during the project, "We should've paid attention to who was driving the wagon, instead of running away every time we saw it coming from the north. Obviously that man must have been riding in the back for a long time, and just having his daughter and her husband take him to the store or wherever he wanted to go because he was so crippled." Census information at Our Lady of Fatima Church shows there was a community member with the name Owl Man who was married to a Salt clanswoman and lived in the Chinle Valley. Family members also said GB's father was another person who scared them, especially HM, who'd always run and hide, most often in the ditch, when he was known to be approaching. No one knew why.

8. Her mother boiled them first, drained off the juice, and then sun-dried them. Tall Woman herself just washed them off to remove the stickiness before sun-drying them. Both made mush from them in the winter by boiling them with water and adding a white clay called *nomasi dleesh* (*nimasii dleesh*) to remove the bitter, tart taste of some of the berries they picked. The result was eaten in a variety of ways, both by itself and with other foods.

9. Many times during my work with Tall Woman, I heard her explaining such things to grandchildren who asked. She also told them many things about earlier times and events important in both tribal and local history.