

News Notes

John Harrington, who has been working on the Zuni language at the Chaco camp for the past three weeks, left this week for Santa Barbara to continue his work with the California Indians. The night before his departure, the students of the camp entertained for him and Mrs. Maddox, a Karuk Indian, who has been visiting the camp. The program consisted of Indian songs and dances contributed by Mrs. Maddox and Nachapani, the Zuni who has been assisting Mr. Harrington in his study of the language, and punch and cakes. It wound up with the presentation, by the girls of the camp, of a Navaho (sic) pin to Mrs. Maddox as a measure of thanks for her kindness in teaching them Karuk songs.

Rear Admiral Roger Welles who has been a visitor in camp for several weeks, has returned to Santa Fe.

Fourth of July was celebrated in the Chaco camp by a wholesale attendance at the Indian races and contests at the Chaco Canyon trading post, a great number of firecrackers and a melodrama. The melodrama (sic) was composed, presented and acted by the inmates of Number 5, Sand Avenue, and was entitled "The Mortgaged House, or the Punster's Daughter" and was a drama of why girls leave home, in three parts. The text was a series of puns on the names of the students. The death scene was very sad.

Two Harvey cars have been in the canyon this week. They are the first since the upper road was closed. The tourists are housed at the Pueblo Bonito Lodge, just next to the ruin of Pueblo Bonito. It is a stone building in keeping with the ruin and the rest of the canyon, and has a typical Navaho (sic) shade shelter in front which is one of the most comfortable places in the canyon. The Lodge is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gus Griffin. Mr.

Griffin has turned over a number of rooms belonging to the lodge to the students of the Chaco camp to use as offices and laboratories.

Sunday, July 7, was spent by the students of the Chaco camp in visiting the pit houses several miles up the canyon. Mr. Griffin accompanied them and led the way to the pits. They are holes dug out in the tops of the cliffs and lined with sand stone slabs that protrude above the surface. The fireplaces are in the center, and entrance is gained by jumping, at present, and by ladders in the past. The origin of these houses is not definitely known.

Dust

Bang! Bang! Bang! Through the stillness (sic) of the night. Archaeologists sit up and look startled. A Navaho (sic) uprising? Not at all, my children. Just boys who insist upon being boys celebrating the fourth a few hours previously.

It is you know, a rather odd sensation to be waked by a firecracker shot off in your water bucket.

It is also odd sensation to find one's bed filled with shards – or so a young lady who got lost tells us. It is rather cruel of people to fill lost ladies' beds with shards. But is very rude of lost ladies not to be lost at all, but to stroll into camp and greet their doughty research with, "I've had the best time!"

These staircases in the vicinity are bad enough in the day time without having to climb them after dark. On moonlight nights, however ----- (sic). Ah well! Boys will be boys, and girls will be girls, and cliffs are very beautiful things when flooded with silver light.

The population of Chaco canyon has been greatly amused lately by the spectacle of Ye Editor entering the office each morning by crawling through a window the size of a porthole. Dr. Hewett carried the key in his pocket to Santa Fe.

Civilization is invading us! You may believe it or not, but an airplane flitted over the canyon last week. Not only flitted, but fluttered and came down low so the passengers could see the ruins. We expected to be bombed every moment.

The Admiral was very rash. He got out in the middle of the campus and fluttered a white shirt. Suppose the thing had come down! Our one excuse for cracking our necks looking at planes when we get back to where they run would have been gone. "I haven't seen one of those for six weeks!" Another good line gone flooey!

White shirts or knickers in camp are more than ever passe. Reconstruction work on the dig has started and the puddles of adobe are huge and sloppy. Woe unto him who shall put temptation before his brethern (sic)!

Next camp we have we are going to make it a rule that commissary managers can't import their sweethearts. At least not if those sweethearts are going to be cool pink-and-white summer girls. It is cruel and inhuman treatment to so remind us of the days when we too have worn white linen and Spanish heels and had waves in our hair.

Will we ever see a marcel again, do you suppose? Will we ever recapture those school girl complexions? And those haircuts that the young Reiter brought out from town didn't fit at all, at all. Our men are beginning to look like poets and musicians.

Stamm, Winifred, ed., "News Notes." *El Palacio* 27 (July 6-August 17, 1929): 30-33.