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Where Is the White Brother of the Hopi Indian

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Abstract: This article discusses the Hopi Indians and their connection with the Book of Mormon and includes an interpreted version of the Hopi Indian story as told by their chief in Salt Lake City.

WHERE IS THE WHITE BROTHER OF THE HOPI INDIAN

By CHIEF DAN KOTCHONGVA

Interpreted by HARRY NASEWYTEWA

HIGH on the mesas of the Painted Desert of Northeastern Arizona almost inaccessible to the onrush of advancing civilization toward the western frontier has dwelt, for generations, a tribe of Indians called the Hopi. Their place of abode was known to the early Spanish invaders as the province of Tusayan and termed the journey of death, so unconquerable did this desert waste appear to the conquistadors of Coronado. The terrors of the treacherous Colorado River and the seeming endless depth of the chasms of the surrounding mountains and canyons proved a stronghold to the Hopis, aiding them in their seclusion from the outside world. The conquerors of the West left this desert region to the lizards, coyotes, and Indians as the only ones able to survive its parched wastes of drifting sand.

But the Hopi loves every inch of the desert. His choice of this hideaway in the desert for his home, came from his desire to live a humble, righteous life, without the contaminating interference from other people seeking gain and selfish living.

To the Hopi his desert is God's country, the holy land of his beloved Mausauu, whom he found at this place. With his devotions and prayers the Indian has consecrated every nook and corner of this land of his in reverence of this spirit who dwelt among them there and taught them how they should live to gain peace and joy upon this earth, how to keep humble and to keep wickedness from among them. It was Mausauu who charged them to remain faithful through whatever came, though persecutions might fall upon them and though they might even suffer death. His charge to them was to keep the faith, not to suffer violence to be caused by them, not to strike back when another strikes, nor use war weapons in any way. He told them to look ever forward till their white brother would return. Then would their ills be cured, if they remained faithful. He would have power to bring about the destruction of the wicked and usher in an era of peace. The sign

HERE is an article which we believe will be of interest to our readers, especially to those who are interested in the Indians and in their connection with the Book of Mormon.

This article was received in this manner: a year ago Harry Nasewytewa, a Hopi Indian jeweler, was working at a shop in Salt Lake City. While there he learned of the Mormon people and saw *The Improvement Era*, the one published in March three years ago featuring the Indians. He read the magazine with interest and sent word to his chief, Dan Kotchongva, of Hotevilla, that he had found a people who were interested in the Indians and a magazine in which the Hopi story might be published. The Chief immediately came to Salt Lake City.

Harry Nasewytewa, Chief Kotchongva, and another tribesman whose English name is Ralph, met a few people including President Levi Edgar Young, Dr. Milton Marshall, Mrs. Elizabeth Moffitt and her sister, Marguerite Jackson, stenographers, and me, in the office of *The Improvement Era* and there the Chief related his story, Harry doing the interpreting.

The story, however, was not ready for publication. The stenographers transcribed it and handed a copy to Harry Nasewytewa who took it back to Arizona with him. He kept it for a year working it over and finally presented it to the magazine for publication.

Chief Dan Kotchongva is an earnest, religious leader seeking his white deliverer and the deliverer of his people. Those who heard him, though they could not understand his words, were impressed with his religious feeling. Last summer he sent an invitation to Salt Lake City to all those who would care to witness the July Home Dance of the Hopis to come to Hotevilla. His one request was that they should not interfere with the religious ceremony in any way. He suggested that there would be no charge, for the Hopi Indians at Hotevilla have never in any way commercialized their ceremonies.

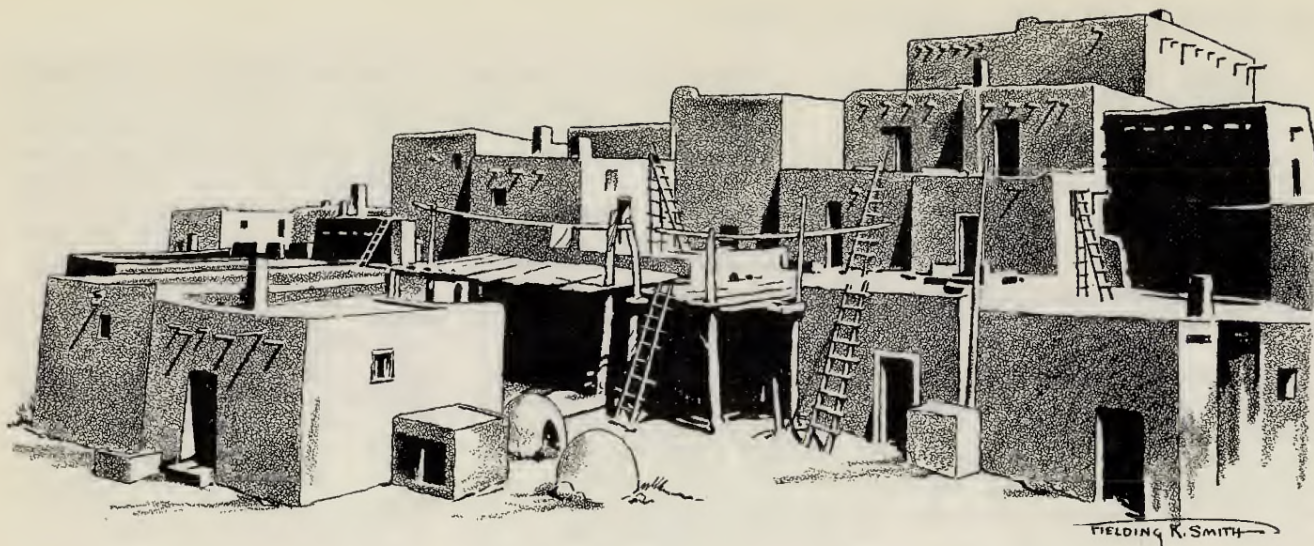
of the return of their white brother would be when a road was made in the sky.

For generations was this doctrine handed down from father to son among the Hopis. For generations the Hopis remained faithful to the perpetuation of this trust by living humble lives as examples to their children that they might be found worthy to withstand the day of destruction when their white brother would cure the ills of the world. Ever watchful was the Hopi for the sign of a road in the sky.

The Hopi is a peaceful, industrious person, congenial and honest in his dealings with a hospitable attitude towards strangers. He lives a communal life regarding the welfare of the group as paramount, and his interests as but secondary. In his social life he is happy, jovial, and playful, athletic, and skillful. Social festivals of songs, dances, games, athletic contests, and races have been developed by his genial nature. He is quick to catch the playful and the witty and enters into social fun with as much zeal as he is devout in his religion. He has been resourceful in his subduing of the desert.

For generations he has made the desert yield sufficient for his needs. From its weeds he has found food, medicines, dyes, and beverages; from its rocks he has formed implements and built houses; from its grasses he has woven baskets. The Hopi is an agriculturist, employing a system of irrigation handed down from his forefathers, with which he conserves sufficient moisture from the extremely limited annual rainfall to raise various crops. Building his home on the rocky mesas, he cultivates the sandy lowlands resisting the aggravations of having his entire crop buried in sand necessitating his having to dig it out over the entire area of his field. This may occur several times a season.

In spite of these difficulties, coupled with a scarcity of rainfall,



the Hopi raises crops of corn of various colors, squash, melons, beans, peaches, and many other products. He accredits the success of his crop to the recognition of his prayers and sacred devotions to his religion. The Hopi considers rain his greatest blessing. Showers of rain, fill the hearts of these Indians with thanksgiving to their God for the answer to their supplications, for their greatest desire, their humble devotions have been accepted.

The Hopi Indian reveals in his handicrafts an artistic and skillful nature, showing a higher degree of intelligence than displayed by cruder artisans of other tribes. His blankets are of a fine weave, often with a different design on each side. His silver and turquoise jewelry displays a dainty, artistic touch assuring the Hopi the place of the best silversmiths among the Indians. The pottery and basketry show the artistic nature of the Hopi.

THE HOPI's face is turned always toward the spiritual. He desires peace and humility above other things the world has to offer. He enjoys the achievement of his own efforts gained through honest toil and desires to be known as a self-supporting Indian. He is anxious to live in harmony with the rest of the world but wants the right to worship his God in his own way and to express himself as an individual in the kind of customs he likes, religious or otherwise. He welcomes better and easier methods of doing things which he might adapt to his way of living as long as they do not interfere with his sacred emotions. He wishes, however, to have the freedom of his own choice of what is best for him. He is open to conviction and tolerant toward the

belief of others and is liberal in his thoughts toward other people. He desires only to be allowed to retain without restraint his staunch belief in the doctrines of his religion, given to him by the Forefathers.

The Hopi has been faithful and watched long for the prophetic sign of the return of his White Brother. Eagerly yet patiently have his eyes been cast across the sky to see a road established there that would mark the time of the Day of Retribution and the Dawn of the Reign of Peace, preparatory for the return of Mausauu to be his ruler.

Lo—the time is now! The sign has come! The airplane has indeed made a road in the sky. It courses its way over well-defined routes, and beacon lights glisten all along the way lighting the highway in the sky from ocean to ocean over Mausuu's land, in whose custody the Hopi was given until the White Brother returned.

It is time that the Hopi become diligent in his search for Him. It is with this deep conviction that Chief Dan Kotchongva, who presides over the staunch defenders of their religion, the people of the village of Hotevilla has come forth from his village to give his message to the world in hopes that his White Brother will hasten to help his people. His message is also a warning to the wicked to live better lives that they may escape the day of destruction, before the time has passed which is very short. Chief Kotchongva has suffered long and much for his stalwart defense of his convictions as have also the people of the Village of Hotevilla, which was founded in defense of their religious liberty.

It is with confidence that Chief Kotchongva has come to the Mor-

mon people to tell his story. Among the Hopi people the Mormons have been regarded as people who have always treated the Indians fairly. Their friendship with the Mormons has extended over a long period of time. It was 1858, eleven years after the Mormons came to Utah, that Jacob Hamblin was sent on a Mission to the Hopi Indians. President Brigham Young was highly impressed with the sterling characteristics of these people and sent missionaries for many years among them, who braved hardships unknown to anyone except the frontiersmen of those early days in crossing over such treacherous country.

Jacob Hamblin many times tried to persuade the Hopis to move up into the land of the Mormons where they would have better chances to raise crops, but the Hopi refused, and told him that the time would come when the Mormons would move into their country. This did happen, for the Mormons established a village about two miles from the Hopi village of Moencopie which was called Tuba—a ward of Snowflake Stake. The Mormons were neighbors of the Hopis until 1902, when the government enlarged the reservation and bought them out.

The Hopis and the Mormons have always extended a spirit of goodwill toward each other. It is with this good-will of fellowship that Chief Kotchongva has come to Salt Lake City to tell his story in his search for his White Brother. This is his story:

CHIEF KOTCHONGVA'S STORY

I AM HERE from Hotevilla Village today among you people to say a few words. I am here looking for someone that will help me through

my sufferings and if you are the people who are going to listen to me, then I will tell you my story. I have tried to tell this same thing to other white people before but I have always been stopped because I have been trying to tell of my own people, the Hopis, and of their traditions, and no white man has ever tried to listen to it to the end from me.

The ruins we see all over the country, do they mean anything to you white people? Somehow we got onto this earth and there must be something to the meaning of these ruins. So I ask you again, do these ruins mean anything to you?

Since this story cannot be told in one day, I will be able only to bring out the main points today.

You are all looking at me, the kind of skin I have, as a poor looking Indian, and you wonder where I originated. I know the history of my own people, where they came from and how they got here.

There was a lot of wickedness down below this earth somewhere, where my people used to live and some of their wise leaders anxiously looked ahead for the people. These people with their wise leaders have been told way far back, for hundreds of years that there was another earth to come to, which was this earth we are now on. They knew someone was on this earth as they heard his footsteps above them, and realized that only through a marvelous performance would they be able to find some way of penetrating through from the world below.

The chief of these wise leaders had cultivated the friendship of various kinds of birds. He made the birds as messengers to the man who was already here to gain his permission to come to the earth. The man on the earth told the Bird Messenger to take back the message that he had nothing here that was very good; his life was hard; he was very poor and that they would not like to live as he had to do. The leaders of the people said they wanted to come anyway. They wanted to live here just as he had been living, as they were willing to live under any hard circumstances to get away from the wicked two-hearted people—people, who have two hearts, one for good and one for evil.

When these leaders found a way to come, they desired not to bring any wicked people to this earth, as

that was the main idea of getting away from the place where they were. Somehow one of these two-hearted deceivers came with them, unseen by anyone. He was discovered by the chief almost as soon as they got here. The people, being very disappointed, decided to throw this young boy back to the world below, but hesitated as they listened to his pleadings to be allowed to stay. Finally winning them over, he was allowed to stay upon the earth, with the understanding that he must shift for himself, and would not be taken among them or cared for by anyone, hoping that he could not survive. Allowing him to remain proved to be their first mistake, as this brought Evil and Death into the world.

Their leader had always taught them not to be greedy or to seek after gaining large amounts of food in a selfish way, but to be satisfied in humble living. One night this leader left his people unseen, seeking the owner of the earth. He was rewarded by finding the place and the man of his search. The man, extending him a hearty welcome, placed all kinds of nice things to eat before him, things that he did not have very often. As everything looked so good to him, without thinking he went ahead and ate up everything that was put before him. He then went back to his people. After he got back he felt the stomach-ache was coming upon him. He had made a mistake by grabbing at first sight. For this reason it has ever since been a Hopi's belief, that any sweet or fresh food will always give one a stomach-ache. The chief's two sons scolded their father over what he had done.

The leader feeling that his part was played, resigned his leadership in favor of his two sons, but they waited until the old chief was dead before becoming the leaders. After his death, the younger son said, "All right, it is up to us to carry on."

ACCORDING to their beliefs it is the son's place to carry on what the father has begun. The younger brother told the older brother to go ahead and in a hurry; told him to go up to where the sun rises, that he must not stop there very long. He must get there to touch his forehead to the Sun and then come back, otherwise he would be so late he would hold a lot of things back.

This older brother went along the edges of the ocean, along the edges

of the Gulf of Mexico, and probably around by California. As he was going along, he was told that he was going to be a white man and become a wonderful man and could perform any kind of great things he might wish. With this power, he made a horse to help carry his burdens. He had a lot of provisions to carry along. The rest of the people had some things to carry too, but since this brother had to go in a hurry, he needed a horse to help him along. The younger brother, leader of the people, knew where this brother was going. The rest of the people thought only of their quest to find the Man who owned the earth.

Everybody was in a big rush to get to this Person. They were all rushing to see who could get to His place first, where the Bird Messengers had found Him. This is the way they started off. They divided into small groups or clans under the leadership of the person who was the head of one of their sacred ceremonial dances, and went out in different directions. According to their beliefs, they were able to receive the blessings of raising their crops for food through their devotion to their sacred dances, which they brought with them to this earth from the world before.

Some of these people were moving along from place to place with but one thought in mind, that of living worthily enough to find this Man, and did not think much of their history or of trying to gain wealth. They went along slowly, not greedily but humbly, building their homes, raising crops, making their clothing, and filling their other needs. They were always looking forward to finding the Man at the center of this world. Therefore, they would abandon their homes and move again a little farther, always looking forward to finding the Man. They were anxious at all times to live peaceably and humbly, to be sincere in their prayers and sacred dances, and faithful always to the teachings of their prophets and high priests, that they might be acceptable to the Man, who owned the earth.

We see the track of these people right now in the ruins all over the country. These faithful people are called Hopis. They moved slowly from place to place over a long period of time until they came to the place which is called Moencopie. All the clans which

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now make up the Hopi nation did not come together at one time. The three clans, Spider Clan, Snake Clan, and Spirit Clan arrived first at this place, being very careful to examine things carefully. They saw that the land was good. Deciding to put up a landmark at this place, Moencopie, they had a record written in some form of hieroglyphics on the wall of the cliff, stating that this good land would be held for the humble but poor people among them. This record was to be a landmark for their poor from generation to generation and has been held sacred by these people.

Leaving Moencopie, they traveled southeast coming to the north end of the village now known as Oraibi. At this place they were rewarded in their long search, for there was the Man for whom they had been looking. Having been expecting them for several days, he often stayed very late at this meeting place. The Spirit Clan led by the younger brother was the first to reach Him. They asked this Man where he lived to which he answered, "Just south of here on a hill."

Then they asked Him the name of the place. Hesitating at first, he finally told them it was Oraibi, which was the first place named or pronounced by this Man. Their first understanding was that He lived at this place called Oraibi, but later learned that it was only His resting-place, where He comes to rest under a big rock, later going away home to somewhere, nobody knows. It was at one of these times of rest that He was found by these Indians. He told them they might build their houses at this place and He would be with them except in the evening, when He would go home, somewhere. This Spirit was known to the Indians as Mausauu and was the Man who owned the earth.

After they had settled for awhile at the place called Oraibi, they decided to find some way of governing their people. Since this place belonged to the Mausauu they asked this spirit to be the chief of them all, but this man, Mausauu refused, telling them that their leader, who had brought them over, should be the chief among his own people.

After they counseled over the leadership for four days, Mausauu still told them he could not do it. He told the leader of the people to look over the land and whatever he could use he could put his people on and make use of it, but the Mausauu could not be their leader at this time. He told them that they had many ambitions and plans for the future in their own minds, which they would have to experience, such as the things they are doing now-a-days, before he could be their leader. They must work out their own ideas for themselves and after they had gone through this period under their own leadership He could return to lead them. But if he did it at this time, He would do it out of His place, as it was not the time for Him to be their leader.

MAUSAUU left the village, circled around and came back, then told the people, "All right, I have finished marking out the land for you. I have fixed it for you at this time."

He meant that all this land from ocean to ocean belongs to Him and that He was going to make them guardians over it, until He could come to be their leader. He could not give them title to it or divide it up individually into small pieces, such as so many acres, but they could live on it and make use of it. The humble, valiant Spirit Clan, who had come to him first and who had proved their faithfulness, were to be next to Him in authority and were to have charge of his sacred trusts.

In this manner Mausauu fixed the land which is held sacred by the Hopi Indians today; it is never to be forgotten by them. They are going to be faithful to the trust placed upon them by the Mausauu who will bless them at His return, if they hold this land for Him and not turn it over to any other people. When Mausauu fixed the land this way He did not make any mistake.

This Spirit Clan, who lived with Him before He disappeared and the people, who are still staunch believers, are seeing him and their leaders in the fires. While this Spirit, Mausauu, was still with them, they held a ceremony of different sacred religious dances. They began to talk over how they were going to make a plan to live together and govern all the people, what would be the best for the world, and which clan would be the one to gov-

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ern. They wished to find the best plan that would help them live righteously enough to fulfil the trust the Mausauu had placed upon them. The leaders of the sacred dances, counseling together looked back upon their lives to see how they were able to get to this place and to raise their crops. They knew that they had lived according to the laws of right living and that by their faith-

fulness to their prayers and ceremonials expressed in their sacred dances they could still make their living in this land.

With these thoughts in mind each clan gave a performance of its own sacred dance. In different months throughout different seasons of the year, the Hopis today put on these sacred dances in humble thanksgiving. These dances are ceremonies or dance-dramas commemorating the coming of each clan to the place of the Mausauu, Oraibi Village.

While they were counseling and dancing Mausauu looked upon their leaders in admiration. The only time they would eat was after the sun went down—in the afterglow. He considered these people as most important people, because of their sincere devotion as expressed in their sacred dances. This is the way we Hopis feel toward one another in our desire to prove true to our beliefs.

As the Mausauu watched their dances, He saw that their devotion had enabled them to go far ahead of what he had done. Intending to give them more than they now had, He showed them His ceremonial dance. He made preparation for His dance by fasting sixteen days, only eating a small portion of cornmeal soup in the middle of the night. This soup was made with a small measure of His own, of equal parts of cornmeal and soup, this measure is still in the hands of the Hopis today. When His great day came all the people watching eagerly, learned much more than they had ever known. This still proved that the Mausauu had more powers and more knowledge than they had and was still their leader. Today the Hopi Indians perform the sacred dance in memory of the Mausauu's great day and the instructions He gave them which they are never to forget.

After His performance, he told them that he could not live among them any longer at this time. He gave them instructions to remember while He was away. He said they had many things on their minds which they wanted to accomplish and that many things would happen during His absence. He chose the Spirit Clan, otherwise known as the Mausauu Clan, to be next to Him in authority. He left in their care a sacred record which was in the form of a pink marble tablet, or plate, upon which was a map of his land and they were charged to protect it until the White Brother, who

had gone to touch his forehead to the sun, would return and translate it for them. They were to fight against any people taking possession of the land. He would tell them what the map meant.

He charged them to be faithful to this sacred trust until the day of the White Brother, which was to be when a road is made in the sky. Their faithfulness to this sacred trust would cause them to go through many hardships; people would strike them; they would wipe tears out of their eyes, as they went along trying to uphold what they have been told and waiting for their White Brother to come to their relief. But they were told to hold on courageously to what they believed, not to strike back or to commit violence or bloodshed, but staunchly to defend their religious beliefs and the trust of the sacred tablet throughout whatever came. When the White Brother came, He would cure all these evil things and we would all be more brotherly. That is what the Hopi Indians are looking forward to today.

WE ARE all really brothers and sisters, but we have, up to the present time, done wrong toward one another. When the winters would be very cold and the summers very dry, when earthquakes and other signs of nature came; when men would be uneasy and restless in their minds; when a road would be made in the sky, then all men would know that they must live better for the time was then come, when the White Brother would return and all things would be made right. If men did not heed these warnings and live better and more humbly, they would be destroyed when He comes. The destruction of the wicked would be the way in which the world would be cured of evil doings.

These are the firm beliefs of the Hopi people, who are living very poorly, much more poorly than other people would care to do, in order to stand firmly to their beliefs, that they may be worthy to receive the good things to be had after the wicked are destroyed.

They were further told that after the time of the destruction, the faithful people would be rewarded for their faithfulness, that there would be a place provided for the poor people for their inheritance for the reward of their sufferings, that the righteous white people and the Indians would be as brothers; they would be taken to a place in this

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land of ours where a lot of riches are to be found. During the peaceable time these people who have been faithful will unite and share these treasures in equal parts and live as the white people do. This shall be a time of plenty when there will be nothing but happiness for everybody. There will be but one language spoken, which according to the Hopi traditions, will be the Hopi language because it is easy to learn, but it may be the white people's language. As we will all be as brothers and sisters there will be no objection to intermarriage from either side.

That is what we are all aiming for and this is known among every nationality. But we, Hopi Indians, want this never to be forgotten for this is what the Mausauu told us before He went away. That is why we are striving so hard to hold fast to our religious beliefs. This has not been recorded in a written record but has been handed down from generation to generation from mouth to mouth the way I received it from my people.

If this that I have told you is to be sent out to different places and even to the foreign countries, perhaps our White Brother will read it, for He is a person today who will come to us and will be able to translate the marble record we have with our people, which was given to us by the Mausauu. He will bring forth the destruction of the wicked and a great day of peace and happiness will follow for the good people. Then Mausauu will return to be our leader.

WHEN the people who formed the government at Washington, D. C., first came to this country, they knew that there was someone on this land before they came. They found the corn growing, someone's corn, no one else's but this great Spirit Clan. Before they erected a building for the government they asked these Indians of the Spirit Clan, who had the custody of the land for the Mausauu, if they could cultivate the land, too. They were told, yes, they could. There was nothing bad to this agreement at that time.

By this spirit of good will, they came to one another without fighting or without killing one another. To this day, the people of Oraibi, the Hopi Indians, have never shown their war weapons to a white man. The bows and arrows are gone. This has been well kept, for it is



going to be known that the Hopis have never fought the white people. The government of Washington, D. C. is therefore not for one particular people but for everyone in this country and we Hopi Indians look for the government at Washington, D. C. as head of all of us; they are the people who decide what is right for all of the people. Washington, D. C. is the head of all other cities, likewise Oraibi is the town where the Great Spirit Clan met the Spirit Mausauu, the holy city of the Hopi people, the seat of the government of the trustworthy Spirit Clan, with whom the first agreement was made with the government at Washington. These people have suffered a great deal in their attempt to prove faithful to their trust and to keep their religion from being destroyed by misunderstanding white people and from exploitation and graft.

They have appealed to Washington to help them but Washington has not listened to anything they have said. The government has

sent soldiers to these people who have forced white man's ways upon them, disregarding the Hopi traditions and beliefs, which has almost destroyed their religion, their sacred dances and ceremonials to which the Mausauu told them to remain faithful.

The Hopi Indians have appealed to the government at Washington, which is the head of all the people, to help them but if they have heard anything about it they have done nothing. In this the government at Washington has made a mistake. There has been much suffering among the Hopi Indians, because they have tried to remain faithful to their beliefs and they have been made to cry over these things.

So I, Dan Kotchongva, Chief of Hotevilla Village, am not looking at the office at Washington for help right now, but we Hopis are looking for the return of our White Brother, who will come to us and bring forth a relief of the suffering of all the people. We have looked toward Washington, Chicago, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, as places for this Word to go out in search of our White Brother, but so far nothing has been done. That is why I am here today talking to you people and if this word goes out from here, maybe He will know of our search for Him and come to us. This is the time to which we have looked for generations. We were told that his time was when a road was made in the sky. The road of the airplane is well made. If we do not find Him through this effort we will keep on searching and shall not stop looking until He returns.

A Lesson in Hay

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"You're back so early I thought the teacher must be sick," the puncher laughed.

Lafe strode on into the house. Old Henry took his shoeless feet off a chair.

"What happened to your mouth, boy? Horse hit you with its head?"

"No. Chauncey Stone hit it with his fist," Lafe replied.

Old Henry's face cracked into a grin. "Did they have to haul him home?" he queried.

"I don't know. I didn't wait to see."

"Heck, you don't mean he licked

you? You didn't run from him?"

"No; I didn't run. He was sitting on the floor when I left."

"That's better. But, heck, I thought Chauncey Stone was your best friend."

"So did I. Look here, Dad, what're we going to do about this hay? We can cut down the feed an' spare anyway three hundred tons. If it's fed right it ought to save all the cattle in the valley. They won't be fat, but if it's a decent spring even the weak ones ought to live."

"That's what I figger," old Henry said. "Only I figger we kin sell more than that. Orta be able to spare four hundred tons."

"Then why didn't they come to us like men instead of jumpin' onto