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# El Palacio

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## CAMP ODDITIES

ODDITIES AT ANY archaeological field school are quite the order of the day—those at the Research Station seem to have been especially prepared (condensed) . . . Everything here presented is based on true fact but, to be on the safe side, dilute each case 50% and get the patient's own story . . . Camp's "Old Settlers," the Vivians, will tell those interested about life before Easter when all was cold and snow and struggle for existence . . . But with the advent of Grace Fisher and her supply of dime *Amazing Murder Stories* and *True Detectives*, the place took on new life . . . Then winter school terms sent into our midst such specimens as: Wesley Hurt, the best sleeper in the smallest shade on any "digs"; Adolf Bitanni, whose traps intrigued the birds but never caught them; Bob Young, well—what *would* Uberta have done without him, she suffering with fainting spells too . . . Joe Toulouse took a different road to Chaco every time he went through Crownpoint and Dr. Bissell found Kin Kletzin after the third attempt but the thing that really shook the camp was the great find of curious, blue painted artifacts from the hands of the ancients by "Mr. Bill" Postlethwaite in his "moat" . . . The proper procedure in settling down to camp life was ably demonstrated by our own Fran Watkins when, after somebody snatched her best beloved bucket from behind her back, she stalked the hogans until she got a better one . . . Then, of course, finishing touches were added to the hogans by the James, Luhrs, Murphy Sash and Window Co.—not to ignore said company's ability in assembling and keeping furnishings as was demon-

strated by the contents of their happy home . . . Of course it couldn't have been Murphey who did all the lying? . . . Egyptian Ella Eyer was the camp's best extoler in the lighter arts—she made her debut in the world of sports at the Field School vs. Research Station vollyball bout and then went home and licked Dottie at horseshoes; then, thinking she was pretty good, she learned to shoot and has been calling Garbo "Gordi Worti" ever since . . . Our excellent taste in candlesticks and Dottie's lines of drying underwear were voted most interesting by the Arizona mob after their tour of inspection of the hogans on the day that all of us were deliberately lured out into the field in the afternoon to work . . . The only casualty this season occurred when Margaret Woods accidentally discovered a beautiful Mickey Mouse in Murphey's brilliant depiction of the Shabik' eshchee sun symbol and it took all of us to save her life . . . But who of us will forget Lloyd, the mailman, who pocketed a batch one Sunday and mailed it the following Saturday . . . Or Esther's masterly cardboard skeleton of the spirit Wijiji sitting so importantly as acceptance bearer in his made-to-order Chick Sale special surrounded by such gems as: Women and children first, Remind me not to be an arguologist, *The* hottest hole on earth, and, What kind of a pot is this? . . . It was a close race to decide who was the biggest pig at Sunday dinners, but when one comes right down to it, Johnny Corbett was head and shoulders above the rest of us . . . To get up at 6:15 in the morning was a pleasure—so sweet and soft were the tones of the tire-tube tom-toms as wielded by Milly and Eva and one could always depend on French toast fro mFlorence . . . Johnny and Junnie were Lovers! And oh-ho *how* he could say: "I'm just an animated carry-all; but I love you Mrs. A." (He was her man; he didn't do her wrong) . . . Treasure hunts for entertainment are the most recent innovation, and now when Donald D. isn't hunting cottonwood trees for Reginald, Reginald is scur-

rying from one hogan to another for Donald D. The rest of us usually ended up either lost in the dust or digging ourselves out of sand . . . The popularity contest for Chaco's favorite was a complete flop because both Guinnett and Billy and Diana and Ann and Mousetrap were entered and it was a draw all around . . . If anyone should ask either Johnny C. or Wes Hurt what nights are for, they may be sure that the General Session will enter into the answer in one way or another—in fact, the boys missed no more or less than three nights the whole month of August and the only thing that kept them then was Dr. Bissel and his wicked horseshoes . . . By far the best stooge that has ever hit Chaco appeared this season in the guise of the good Jean Corbett—she marched on the scene during the last two weeks in huge black boots, holding a tiny blue water-bottle in one hand and a powerful flashlight in the other and immediately started to work at either washing potshards or drawing flowers for two of her hogan-mates and she appeared so happy that even Garbo was asking her to water the lawn for him before her first week was up . . . Dr. Bowden, the dude of camp, shaved *every* morning before breakfast . . . One word of advice, *don't* follow the example of the reconnaissance party that visited Rinconada on the last Friday night in the wee small hours because voices can be heard all over *both* sides of the canyon . . . Pul-eeze pass the peroxide . . . C. B.

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## CANYON FEVER

(With Apologies to John Masefield)

I must down to the canyon again, to the lonely canyon and  
the sky,  
And all I ask is a pretty big ruin and a shovel to dig it by,  
And the wheel barrow's wheeling and the sand screen  
shaking,  
And the hot sun on my face and a hotter day breaking.

I must down the canyon again, for the call of the clinking  
trowels

Is a come-hither call and a call of truer avowals,  
And all I ask is a windy day with no fine sand flying,  
And if there is rain and mud, let the hot sun start drying.

I must down to the canyon again to the active archaeolo-  
gist's life

To a digging way and a troweling way that buries all  
personal strife,

And all I ask is a Chaco pot and a burial quite complete  
And a hogan and a mattressless bed to rest my aching feet.

—Neola A. Eyer

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## TREASURE HUNTS

WITH LACK of foresight but no malice aforethought in  
anticipating moon possibilities, the Research School,  
on August 7, of a Saturday eve, launched the Chaco Summer  
Session social season\* by entertaining and wearing  
out the General Session Chaco Canyon residents (and  
themselves) on a treasure hunt.

It was primordially Margaret Woods and Betty Mur-  
phey's bright idea, but personal inquiries under bond of  
secrecy will have to be made into their elimination as clue  
distributors and eventual emergence as prize winners. As  
it actually happened, Dotty Luhrs and Neola Eyer, blos-  
soming forth with poetic license, composed and planted the  
clues which at times so violently led and misled both the  
old-timers and the canyon neophytes.

Concealed resources of energy had to be tapped in dig-  
ging out cars and endeavoring to alight somewhere with-  
in the landing field of the car's physical limitation while  
racing over the Navajo roads.

Before the racing orgy began, all assembled in the  
Pueblo Bonito Sanctuary where Reginald Fisher read the

rules and numbers were drawn dividing the people into groups of four with one seasoned Chaqueño as a member. The clues were supposed to cover all phases of Chaco Canyon culture and were to be left where found, the finder having sketched the symbol on a card to be later presented as evidence of actual discovery. The first clue read:

Whether for pleasure or utility  
 All obtain it at the best of their ability  
 It is useful in and pleasant out  
 And it is found where there are no trout.

It isn't a wind and it isn't a flood  
 But after a hot day it takes off the mud.

Find the source  
 And you are on the course!

The symbol was a Pueblo raincloud design.

Many started on foot, but after a few minutes of wild searching for water sources it was inevitable that automobile conveyance should appear absolutely necessary, and in such a manner was the search continued.

Clue two with an altar design symbol directed  
 Where the intricate designs of ancient architecture  
 Supply the source for many a lecture.

Where concrete and iron now stand beside  
 The ancient walls, the archaeologists' pride.

Clue three, borrowed from a Navajo poem, had a hogan symbol:

This road of light ever and always led in peace to my home.  
 From my head to my feet  
 It was delightful.  
 Where I lay it was delightful.

It was delightful as I walked about my house  
 Where it was delightful, my house  
 "Lily doesn't live here any more."

By this time it was very, very dark and all of the flashlights seemed to be developing weak-battery trouble. Then too, only a few ethnologically minded souls appeared to have cultivated the deceased Lillie's erstwhile charming acquaintance. However, his "delightful house" was eventually found and so on to clue four, whose symbol was a prairie dog holding a bean pot.

Between the beautiful and the pot  
Is a hole which no prairie dog begot.  
Larger than any of the rest  
It will give answer to your quest.

This was found with nothing worse than a few scratched legs resulting but it was number five with the tree symbol which proved fatal to most. How ironic this sounded for Chaco:

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree,  
A tree whose thirsty mouth does rest  
Beside the river's flowing crest.

With mesquite, sagebrush, scrubby junipers and other species looming up in the Stygian blackness, who could ever have been expected to find a "mythical" tree. By this time everyone was trying to elicit information from any possible source. So many "bum steers" were being bandied about that the truth, as given out by the Colonel and Trading Post authorities concerning a certain cottonwood down the arroyo, was taken as simply another snipe hunting expedition. Johnny Corbett took his party, including Dr. Casterter, who really should have had that particular tree spotted, on a most bumptious ride up the Cuba road to where three cottonwoods were growing. Other searches led to and fro up both sides of the arroyo. But at last the tree was found. Former Monument Custodian Hurst Julian was a visitor that night and he knew of where there was a cottonwood growing down by the arroyo. Soon a couple of other parties caught up with

the notorious tree, and rushed on to clue six with its circle symbol:

General Sessions, this place you must know.

O. K. if you do,—if you don't a zer-o.

This led to the pottery tent at the General Digs.

Finally number seven directed to the sign of the cross:

Where secret halls admitted the selected few

Where sacred balconies beheld the religious crew.

One hour had been thought sufficient time to recover the clues before darkness would descend, but the pall of night fell all too soon and at ten o'clock some of the stragglers still hadn't arrived. Why was Dr. Brand so long coming in? *Cherchez la femme!* Was it Lillie, or la Cottonwood who kept him guessing? Or maybe just the sinking sands who bade him longer linger!

At last the Great Sanctuary of Rinconada claimed all of its wandering children, who gathered about her glowing bosom, toasted marshmallows and drank coffee.

Prizes were awarded to the first parties in who correctly presented the copied symbols. First winners who emerged with pottery ash trays were Hurst Julian, Roy Malcolm, Ann Harding, and Elizabeth Puckett, who later had an unfortunate accident in attempting to commune with the Ancients down Rinconada's underground passageway. The second and third parties to come in seemed to have aligned themselves as co-hunters and Frank Hibben, John Keur, Bill Mulloy, Molly Boynton, Homer and Mary Hastings, Jimmy Brewer, Margaret Woods, and Betty Murphey were all claimants to antique pieces of Navajo jewelry and candy kisses.

Music ended the gathering of the clans and out from under Rinconada's star-studded canopy emerged the weary treasure seekers and wended their way homeward in peace or in pieces.

*Interlude.*

Two weeks have elapsed. Behold! What is this strange apparition which approacheth with menacing and threatening mien before the very doors of Research Station? Within his mouth writhes a venomous serpent with little bells upon his tail. In the viper's coils are held an ancient parchment. It comes closer—into the innermost room—and from the skeletonous figure's mouth is spewed forth the message bearing serpent. The apparition cavorts and vanishes, born away by a horseless mechanism. The Researchers warily approach and gaze upon the message. Ah! "Vengeance is mine," saith the handwriting on the parchment. We read:

"The Spirit of Wijiji walks until a treasure sought by his master, long since dead, is found. Wijiji wishes to rest in his grave. Can you meet him in the General Session tent at 6:45 p. m. Saturday, August 21, so that he may start you on the trail to the hoard sought but never found.

Wijiji."

The Researchers realized the seriousness of putting Wijiji's bones to rest. They went into the inner recesses of the secret kiva and conjured up Wijiji's spirit. His apparition appeared. In whinnying, sepulchral tones he gave instructions to reassemble his bones and with his two fore feet he would carry back a message (in proper atmospheric setting) to let the General Session know that only too gladly would the Hoganites join in seeking the long lost hoard so his bones could lie at rest.

At the appointed time the assembled groups received instructions from Dr. Brand, who with MacKinney had previously torn up the country planting the clues. The mileage limits were defined. What! Is this to be a marathon? Within the canyon to the north; 9 miles to the southwest, fifteen to the south and five to the east—to be done (barring getting lost) in 44 miles. Shades of Wijiji! Do

your bones demand this to lie at rest? The first clue is announced and off the hunters race to the Post. From here the trail led to the gastronomic a-pepasing metallic clanker and then to the bridge. But now the fun began, for the clue directed nine miles to the southwest to the Dark House, Kin Klizhin. Sinister tales have since been rumored of barbed wire fences held apart for cars to pass, which said fences resented the stretched tension of their strands and in retaliation clawed viciously at certain tops and Frankly catapulted Hibben some full ten to twenty feet into the eery spaces of the night; of roads that vied to suck into their muddy squash and sandy depths some unsuspecting prey; of gophers that maliciously undermined the earth in the path of an oncoming car until in ignominy the differential came to rest within the gopher's private hall, and then the inmates of the car had to heave and sweat to Fisher out; and of a certain car which thought it would be heavenly Bliss to oust its lights to lose another car and by short circuiting be the first to reach the ruin. But oh, how ruinous was that move, for as the hours passed and passed, it almost forced poor Gordon out into the night to seek his Myrtle.

Kin Klizhin's tower kiva revealed the next endurance race three leagues or more away toward Crownpoint to find the Round House beside the road. But after this the scribe begins to falter, for lagging far behind, the other clues were never found, while more ambitious knowing souls went on and upwards toiling in the night to hogans close to Hungopavi, then to Wileto's old abode and on to Bertha's Dig, where Johnny Atkinson, by this time somewhat affected by the night's unusual speed, simply leaped forth into space and landed in a mass of tumbleweeds, sank into the shaft, emerging with minor bruises. Dorothy Keur was also able to parade unusual scratches from this pit. The last clue led to the old southern stairway and then back to the campfire. There was a little retracing of

tracks to recover lost clues but eventually four cars raced in triumphant. Our own Reginald, with his group, upholding the honor of Research, came in first with the least mileage. To them was granted a toss-up for a copy of "Tseh So, A Small House Ruin," and molasses sticks for all.

In length of time consumed . . . Wittmore's group under Wes Hurt's expert guidance carried off the honors and here again a toss-up for "Tseh So." Next in order came Atkinson's group and then Corbett's. Reginald threw the gauntlet down to all of the cars who had gone betwixt the Colonel's barbed wire fence, but the bout was called because of previous crooked fixing on the part of the managers.

After the strenuous hunt and the thrill of seeing Kin Klizhin by the most gorgeous moonlight of the season, the subsequent relaxation around the campfire was thoroughly enjoyed by all, while Mary Scanlon coaxed tunes forth from her accordian and by special request Frank entertained by singing in accents sad and disconsolate the group's favorite gory, bloody, and touching ballads. And so the night ended. Tired hunters left to put their weary bones to rest and bid Wijiji's Spirit never more to roam but lie in peace in mother earth.—E. F.

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## THE 'GUEST BOOK

THE FIRST visitor of the 1937 season was Miss Harriett Eyer, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, sister of our own Neola Eyer. She arrived on the tenth of June, departing the next day, leaving Neola behind.

Two tourist visitors, Miss Aline Hensley and Miss Louisa A. Ward, both of Denver, Colorado, celebrated the Fourth of July by a visit to the Research Station. They were hungry and had no place to eat. They were taken in and fed.

Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the School of American Research, with Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. Mary E. Van Stone,

curator of the Art Museum of New Mexico, and Mr. Edwin N. Ferdon, curator, Branch Museums, all of Santa Fe, arrived on July sixth for an inspection of the Station and its work.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Strohm, of Santa Fe, and their son, Billy, friends of the Fishers, spent July third to fifth at the Research Station. Mr. Strohm is the engineer in charge of the bridge division of the New Mexico State Highway Department. Mrs. Strohm is keenly interested in anthropology.

Dr. Mathaius, head of the Geological Department, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado, who came to take "Mr. Bill" Postlethwaite back home to Colorado Springs, arrived July twenty-first and left with "Mr. Bill" next day.

Mr. Carrol Miller and family were guests for supper on July twenty-fourth. Mr. Miller is chief custodian of the Aztec and Chaco Canyon National Monuments.

The Bob Harrises were guests of the Vivians several times during July. Mr. Harris is the chief engineer for the E. C. W., Park Service Mobile Units for Ruin Repair.

Thelma Springstead deserted her Post long enough to be the Fisher's guest for supper on July fifteenth.

The last few days in July the advance guard of the General Sessions, comprising Messrs. Wesley Bliss, Bill Mallory, Bob Lister, and Arthur Rogers, were guests of the Research Station.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew H. Woods and Bob Woods, of Iowa City, Iowa, Margaret Woods' family, arrived July thirty-first, after a trip through the Southwest, and remained until August third.

Jimmy Brewer, the Roving Ranger of Hovenweep, was the guest of Betty Murphey and Margaret Woods August seventh and eighth.

Dean Byron Cummings, head of the Department of Archaeology, University of Arizona, brought his travel-

ing class in archaeology for a visit August tenth. There were twenty students in the class.

Mrs. Lula Fisher Jordan and Mrs. Evelyn Goerlitz, respectively of Oakland City and Booneville, Indiana, Dr. Fisher's mother and sister, were guests from the eleventh until the fourteenth of August.

Bertha Dutton and Hulda Hobbs, of the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, blew in August fourteenth, and blew out again on the sixteenth.

Mr. Joseph G. Masters, principal of the Central high school, Omaha, was through the Chaco on August fourteenth and fifteenth. Mr. Masters, who is perhaps best known for his studies on the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails, was a member of the Jemez Field School in 1933. Mr. Masters was guest of the Research Station at supper on the fifteenth.

Dr. Frank C. Spencer brought his class in Indian Life, Adam's State Teachers' College, of Alamosa, Colorado, for a short stay in the Canyon, August fifteenth and sixteenth. The twenty-four members of the class pitched their camp nearby, so that the feminine contingent might enjoy a taste of hogan life, as lived at the Research Station.

General H. F. Robinson, of Albuquerque, arrived August fifteenth and remained until the eighteenth. General Robinson, who is Mrs. Fisher's father, was formerly of the U. S. Indian Irrigation Service.

Dr. Edgar L. Hewett again visited the Research Station on August seventeenth and eighteenth, bringing with him this time Dr. James Zimmerman, president of the University of New Mexico.

Mrs. Wade Smith and her brother, Harold Lavendar, were luncheon guests August nineteenth. Wade Smith is president of the McKinley County Cattle Growers Association and has been builder for the Research Station during both this season and last.

Mr. Lewis McKinney, custodian of the Chaco Canyon National Monument, was the guest of the Research Station several times during July and August.

Mary Scanlon, accordionist-extraordinary for the General Session, was the guest of Carol Bloom for supper on Sunday, August twenty-second.

The Frank Hibbens were the Fisher's guests for supper on August twenty-third. Mr. Hibben is curator of the Museum of the University of New Mexico, and one of those in charge of excavation at the General Session. He is also noted for his amazing repertoire of western ballads.

Dr. Irwin Schwab, of Colorado Springs, a good friend of the Fishers' and camp physician at the General Session for the last week, came for supper on August twenty-fifth.

Dorothy and John Keur, respectively of Hunter College and Long Island University, New York City, who are old timers in the Chaco, spent the month of August in the Canyon, after a trip through Aztec, Mexico, earlier in the summer. The Keurs have long been interested in Chaco studies and have participated in many Research Sessions.

Miss Jean Corbett, sister of John Corbett, fellow of the Research Station, spent the last two weeks in August at the Station as a visitor. Her interpretation of the role of "visitor" being to act as assistant to whoever needed a hand, whether at tracing out a wall, photographing specimens, or sketching the flora of the region.

Professor and Mrs. Lansing Bloom, of Albuquerque, parents of Carol Bloom, arrived with their son John on the twenty-third of August, after an extended trip from California by way of the Sequoia National Forest. Professor Bloom is the editor of the *New Mexico Historical Review*, and professor of history at the University of New Mexico. They continued their journey next day.

Guests for overnight, August twenty-fourth, and for luncheon, August twenty-fifth, were J. Marshall Miller, Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Ford. "Jim" Miller of the 1934 Chaco Research Session did work on "G" kivas (East Tower), and worked up an excellent report. He is now going to the Department of Architecture, Texas A. and M., College Station, Texas.

Miss Betty Didcoct, of last year's research session, sent regrets that she was not here this year. A recent snapshot was included with a carton of Beechnut fruit drops. (Fruit drops always Betty's contribution.)

Following an outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease at the General Session Miss Mary Scanlon loaded her accordion into her "A" model Ford and joined the Research Station for the remainder of the season, arriving on August twenty-fourth.

F. E. W.

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### TALUS UNIT BLUES

I've got those Talus Unit blues  
 Dig,—dig,—dig,—dig,—  
 Trowel here, trowel there,  
 Everybody's got to trowel.  
 There's a wall, follow it through  
 Is it masonry three or masonry two!  
 And these Talus Unit blues  
 Get me there at seven-thirty  
 Also get me slightly dirty—  
 From the top of my head to the tip of my toes  
 I've got those Talus Unit blues.

I've got those Talus Unit blues  
 Sherds,—sherds,—sherds,—sherds,—  
 Trowel here, trowel there,  
 Everybody's got to trowel.  
 Here's a pot, dig it up—  
 Is it Chaco or Gallup?  
 And these Talus Unit blues  
 Let met off at the hour of four  
 To let me rest up for some more—  
 From the top of my head to the tip of my toes  
 I've got those Talus Unit blues. —N.A.E.

## A NOTE ON NAVAJO POTTERY-MAKING

*By* MARJORIE JAMES

**E**DITORIAL NOTE. The observation of Navajo pottery-making given below is an excerpt from a paper written this past summer by a student at the Chaco Canyon Research Station, in the course of her work on a census of the Navajos of the Chaco country. Kinipai, the old Navajo woman mentioned in the account lives in the neighborhood of Buck's Trading Post which is situated about 30 miles northeast of Crownpoint, New Mexico. Kinipai has several claims to distinction. Aside from being an hermaphrodite, she is one of the few remaining Navajo potters.<sup>1</sup> Kinipai moreover, has the added claim to fame in that she is one of the very few living Navajos who can recall the Bosque Redondo episode of some seventy years ago. The following excerpt briefly describes present Navajo pottery-making.

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During a previous visit, Kinipai had promised to demonstrate her method of pottery-making. Upon arrival at the appointed time twelve pots had already been shaped and dried. They were ready for firing. While waiting for the fire to die down Kinipai described and demonstrated the process up to this point. The clay, yellowish in color, had come from a riverbank about a mile to the west. Crushed potsherds from a little ruin nearby had been used for tempering material. They were finely ground and the paste was quite smooth.

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1. In an article by Dr. W. W. Hill, "The Status of the Hermaphrodite and Transvestite in Navaho Culture," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 37, pp. 273 to 279, a good picture of Kinipai is printed which shows, among other things, several pieces of pottery which she has made. This article not only describes Kinipai but gives an interesting discussion of the position of the hermaphrodite in the psychological pattern of the Navajo.

Kinipai giggled a little as she drew a package out of an old tin can and started unwrapping it. She removed several layers of oiled bread paper and finally produced a hunk of leftover clay. She wet it, kneaded it, pressed it with her thumbs into the shape of a small bowl and smoothed it over with water. From this as a starting point she built up with coils the sides of a small bean pot.<sup>2</sup> Kinipai then took out her smoothing tools from an old pot—a piece of gourd from Jemez to smooth the inside, a corncob and a polishing stone for the outside. The little bowl, after the polishing, was set aside in the shade to dry.

By this time, a good bed of coals was ready for firing the other pots. They were carefully inverted in the coals—the hot coals inside made black interiors, she said. However, it was noted that one pot fired to a pink caste inside. Piñon wood was then laid over the pots and burned. The firing process lasted about an hour and a half. In the meantime a bed of piñon needles had been prepared on the floor, quite close to the fire. Also several little brushes of piñon twigs had been made. About a quart or more of piñon pitch was then warmed. As each pot was taken out in turn, the pitch was applied with a piece of sheepskin—the hair turned in. The pitch sizzled and fumed. Soon the hogan was filled with piñon smoke. The bed of needles absorbed the surplus pitch. As a final step Kinipai rubbed the pots with the Piñon twig brushes until they were shiny. The pitching was done to make the pots waterproof, she said. Some pots were pitched twice to give them a higher polish and a browner color. A little decoration was noted. Most of this consisted of superimposed, raised coils or raised geometric figures.

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2. Editorial note: The pots shown in the picture of Kinipai mentioned in footnote No. 1 are of the so-called bean pot type.

## RESEARCH PROJECTS OF THE 1937 SEASON

**T**HE IMPRESSION must not be taken from the foregoing that the Chaco Canyon Session is all play and no work. On the more serious side of Chaco life it must be said that the fun comes equally from work as well as play, and play has really not more than its share in the complete picture.

Many projects, important and of lasting value, were carried on this summer. Among these should be noted the following:

### EXCAVATION OF CHETRO KETL TALUS UNIT NO. 1.

Miss Wood in charge, assisted by Mr. Hunt, Miss Eyler, Miss Bloom, Mrs. Atkinson.

Mr. Atkinson, visiting engineer, did the survey work on the excavation.

Miss Luhrs supervised all repairs of the ruins after excavation.

### A CENSUS OF THE NAVAJOS OF THE CHACO BASIN

By Miss James, with Miss Eva Bitsili as Navajo interpreter.

### A STUDY OF THE NAVAJO DWELLINGS OF THE CHACO BASIN

By Mr. Corbett, with Fred Yazzi as Navajo interpreter.

### A STUDY OF NAVAJO ARCHAEOLOGY

Carried on during the spring months by Miss Murphey.

### NAVAJO LINGUISTIC STUDIES

By Mr. Young (under the supervision of John P. Harrington), assisted by Adolph Bitanni, Navajo student.

### A STUDY OF THE INDO-EUROPEAN NAMES OF THE NAVAJO OF THE CHACO BASIN

By Miss Watkins.

**A STUDY OF CHACO CANYON PICTOGRAPHS**

By Miss Murphey.

**THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A CONTROL SYSTEM  
FOR KEEPING A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF  
PHYSIOGRAPHIC CHANGE IN THE CHACO  
CANYON**

By Dr. Bissell, assisted by Mr. Toulouse.

**A STUDY OF THE PHYSIOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF  
THE CHACO CANYON**

By Dr. Bissell.

**A STUDY OF THE CLIMATE OF THE CHACO BASIN  
AND ITS CORRELATION WITH VEGETATION**

By Dr. Fisher, assisted by Mr. Toulouse and Mr. Atkinson.

**THE COLLECTION OF THE SEEDS OF THE CHACO  
CANYON PLANTS AND A STUDY OF THEIR  
POSSIBLE USES AS FOOD DURING PREHIS-  
TORIC TIMES**

By Miss Funk.

**A STUDY OF THE SEEDS OF CHACO CANYON  
PLANTS WITH RESPECT TO CLASSIFICATION,  
IDENTIFICATION, VIABILITY, AND GERMINA-  
TION**

(To be conducted during the winter) By Mrs. W. E. Strohm (under Dr. E. F. Castetter's supervision).

**A STUDY OF THE POSITION OF THE KIVA IN THE  
RELIGION OF THE LIVING PUEBLOS**

(A student paper) By Mrs. Atkinson.

**A STUDY OF THE KIVA AS AN ARCHITECTURAL  
FEATURE, FROM THE HISTORICAL POINT OF  
VIEW (a student paper)**

By Miss Eyer.

*DIRECTORY OF THE RESEARCH SCHOOL*

- John Atkinson: A.B., Stanford. Graduate work at California Technology—1 year. Will receive M.A. at Stanford. Interests are Engineering and Military Science. 9331 Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.
- June Atkinson: Senior at Stanford. Interests are Anthropology and French. Address same as above.
- Adolf Betanni: A.B. University of New Mexico. Acts as interpreter. Interests are in Navajo Linguistics. Fort Defiance, Ariz.
- Malcolm Bissell: Ph.b. (Bachelor of Philosophy) Yale; M.A., Ph.D., Yale. Professor and head of Geography Dept., U. S. C. 1556 N. Hayworth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
- Carol Bloom: Senior at University of New Mexico. Interests in Anthropology and Spanish. 612 N. University Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.
- A. O. Bowden: A. B., Kentucky; M.A., Harvard; Ph.D., Columbia. Head of the Anthropology department of U. S. C., Los Angeles.
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