

# Navaho Songs

ADAPTED BY EDA LOU WALTON

## *Day-break Song*

All night the gods were with us,  
Now night is gone.  
Silence the rattle,  
Sing the day-break song,  
For in the dawn Blue-bird calls  
With voice melodious, Blue-bird calls,  
And out from his blankets of tumbled gray  
The Sun comes, combing his hair for the day.

## *Voices that Beautify the Earth*

Voice above,  
Voice of Thunder,  
Speak from the dark of clouds;  
Voice below,  
Grasshopper voice,  
Speak from the green of plants;  
So may the earth be beautiful!

## *Weapon Song*

Look, I make it beautiful,  
This Axe of mine.  
I clip, I clip,  
I shine, I shine.  
This axe is very glad to be.  
I am my axe  
And make my axe me.  
We melt together.

## *Maid-who-becomes-a-Bear*

Maid-who-becomes-a-Bear  
Walks on the summit of blue mountains,  
Far around.  
Far spreads the land below,  
It seems not far to her;  
Dim spreads the land below,  
It seems not dim to her.

## *Song of the Stricken Twins*

We have cried so long  
That our cry has become song!

## *Vision*

I walk with gods,  
Gods go before me,  
Gods follow after me,  
I walk in the middle.

## *The Marriage Dance*

I weave my blanket red,  
I weave my blanket blue;  
I weave my blanket all my life  
Until I come to you.

I bring my blanket red,  
I bring my blanket blue;  
They are the story of the wife  
The gray chief sold to you.

I spread my blanket red,  
I spread my blanket blue;  
I spread my blankets for your bed.  
We belong now to you.

## *Where my Kindred Are*

Where my kindred are, there I wander,  
Child of White Corn, I,  
Dwelling in the Red-Rock House,  
The house of long life,  
Of long, long happiness  
With my kindred.  
Beauty is before me,  
Behind me is beauty.  
In old age, with my kindred  
I shall walk down  
The beautiful trail.

## *Over the Flowing Water*

Over the flowing water  
My thought wanders  
To where my kindred dwell.  
Broad is the flowing water  
Between me and my kindred,  
And the land of my people  
Is of earthly beauty.  
Only in my old age,  
In the broad, slow water of old age,  
That flowing, flowing water,  
Shall I know again  
My people's welcome.

## *Maggie Song*

In the white of his wings  
Are the foot-steps of morning.

## *Song of Those Stricken*

From the white plain where stands the water  
We are come.  
Bereft of eyes one leads the other,  
Bereft of limbs one bears the other,  
Down to the healing of tall grasses,  
Seeking that we may recover,  
Praying that we may discover  
Healing here.  
From the white plain where stands the water  
We are come.

## *Benedictory Chant*

Now Talking God,  
With your feet I walk,  
I walk with your limbs,  
I carry forth your body,  
For me your mind thinks,  
Your voice speaks for me.  
Beauty is before me  
And beauty behind me.  
Above and below me hovers the beautiful.  
I am surrounded by it,  
I am immersed in it.  
In my youth I am aware of it,  
And in old age  
I shall walk quietly  
The beautiful trail.

## In the Driftway

ONE of the enterprising young men who discover "interesting people" for the picture pages of the nickel weeklies should look up the genius who rewrites horror news for the Department of State. Many of the loveliest tales that ever came out of Russia, or thereabouts, were hatched in Washington. The Geneva correspondent of the Associated Press, who recently cabled to the United States that Lenin was personally plotting a world-wide general strike for May day, is unimaginative compared with this great brain of the State Department. The lucubrations of this genius usually appear as special dispatches from Washington. On the morning of April 5, for instance, your New Yorker had his choice; he could read of Lenin's latest misdeeds—"official reports to the State Department"—under the heading "Special to the World," "from the Tribune's Washington Bureau," or "Special to the New York Times"; all of these specials manifestly cribbed from the same dope-sheet handed out by the master-mind who outlived Lansing. Indeed, the *World* "Special" and the *Times* "Special" carelessly quoted the same paragraphs whole—and without quotation marks.

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SOMETIMES the master-mind slips a cog; on that same April 5 we read of a message from Lenin, dated February 23, and "just received by the State Department." It was printed in French newspapers more than a month before. Much of the misinformation which the interesting person at Washington has put before the American people as "official advices to the State Department" has been just such second-hand trash, culled from the yellow press of Scandinavia. The young man should be written up; the American people love to read about the great men who gull them.

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EVERYONE knows how nearly impossible it is to inveigle a child into accepting any information whatever from home sources as of a really superior brand. Father makes a most lucid explanation of the baffling arithmetic "example"—does it so well that he experiences a thrill of self-satisfaction. Son, his forehead puckered, digs a heedless toe into the stuffing of the sofa while he coldly remarks "Teacher didn't explain it like that." Daughter tells an acquaintance before the horrified mother's face that she has "learned to sleep with open windows since joining the Girl Scouts." Mother knows the girl has never slept with her windows shut in all her hygienic young life, thanks to rounds of inspection on extra-cold nights, but—only the strange prophet hath honor, and all home words on fresh air have flowed as gently out of one ear as they did into the other.

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AN acquaintance sent her little girl of ten away to a boarding school. "Dear Mother," ran one of the earliest letters, "when I found that I had to break my slice of bread in half, and then those pieces in half, I thought I should never care to eat bread again. But now I do it quite easily." Perfectly dewy-fresh to her young mind, the idea that bread should preferably not be held in one complete slab on the palm of the hand, with a knife slapping butter on! All that Mother had ever said on the subject had slid away like water off a glass mountain.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Tacna-Arica

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* this week gives expression to what seems to be the prevalent misunderstanding about the Tacna-Arica controversy, which is that this is due to Chile's unwillingness to part with the disputed territory because of its mineral resources. Presumably in stating that those provinces contain the richest nitrate of potash fields in the world *The Nation* meant nitrate of soda. But that is not important compared with the fact that the Tacna-Arica region does not contain the nitrate deposits. They are in the provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta, neither of which is in any way involved in the dispute over the Tacna-Arica plebiscite. Both those provinces are Chilean territory.

Regarding other statements in *The Nation's* article, if Chile protested loudly when the Peruvian National Assembly passed a resolution for the submission of the whole matter to the League of Nations, it would be interesting to know on what this statement is based. Moreover, the implication that the time-honored game of snatching the spoils while the other two parties (Peru and Bolivia) fight over them will prove irresistible hardly seems to apply, since the Tacna-Arica "spoils," if any there be, are already in the possession of Chile.

New York, April 8

CHARLES M. PEPPER

### Schleswig-Holstein

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Christian Anderson's article on Schleswig in *The Nation* for March 13 is contrary to the facts on nearly every point. Schleswig has, as proved by the old Danish place-names and runic inscriptions, been inhabited by Danes as far back as history goes. Mr. Anderson is rather amusing when he says that Jutland in the time of Christ was not inhabited by Danes but by "purely Teuton stock." For to the Teutonic peoples belong not only the Germans, but also the British, the Hollanders, the Norwegians, the Swedes, and the Danes; and the Danes are considerably purer Teutons than the Germans.

Southern and parts of central Schleswig became Germanized through centuries of German aggressiveness and Danish neglect, and Bismarck cleverly made use of this to deprive Denmark of Schleswig as well as of Holstein in 1864. But even Bismarck did not deny that the north Schleswigers were Danes and when Schleswig in 1866 was ceded by Austria to Prussia, he recognized their Danish nationality by agreeing to this reservation in the Treaty of Prague: "The populations of north Schleswig shall be again united with Denmark in the event of their expressing a desire so to be by a vote freely exercised."

Prussia disregarded that clause and finally abrogated it, but, though suppressed and persecuted in every way, the north Schleswigers fought unceasingly for their Danish nationality, electing a Dane and sometimes two to the German Reichstag as well as two Danes to the Prussian Landtag. They never gave up hope of being reunited with Denmark and the hope was fulfilled by the outcome of the Great War.

If Denmark had wished it, she could undoubtedly have had all of Schleswig returned without plebiscites, as France got back Alsace-Lorraine. But Denmark wanted only the Danish parts of Schleswig, and when the peace treaty provided for a plebiscite also in south Schleswig, the Danish Government and Rigsdag protested and succeeded in having the third zone eliminated and given to Germany, as they feared that the south Schleswigers, although thoroughly Germanized, might vote for Denmark for economic and other materialistic reasons. The revised peace treaty provided for plebiscites in only two zones