Indian Tribe, Walled In by Canyon, Ignorant Even of Matches

Havasupai of Arizona Believed to Be Only Folk on This Continent Who Still Use Fire Drill and Never Associate With White Man

MASONRY STORAGE CHAMBERS *and* THEIR GUARDIAN.

SUMMER HOUSE *of* "BIG JIM", ONE *of the* CHIEFTAINS.

MANAKADZA, *the* HEAD CHIEF *and* HIS WIFE.

By J. A. BRASHEARS.

THE recent discovery by scientists of a lost tribe of American Indians—the Havasupai—walled up in obscurity in a deep canyon of western Arizona reveals a situation so astonishing that it would seem incredible if the story came from a source less reliable than the American Museum of Natural History.

Cloistered in a fertile valley, where sheer walls cut the great plateau to a depth of 3,000 feet, Leslie Spier, a member of the museum's staff, has found a tribe of wild, primitive Indians still living the lives of their ancestors and in almost total ignorance of the forward march of civilization.

Here on the banks of Cataract Creek, which flows northward to cascade into the torrents of the Grand Canyon, these aborigines and their forebears have lived for ten centuries with seldom a glimpse of the territory lying beyond the canyon top. The chief of the tribe counts the visits of the white man on the fingers of one hand.

Anthropologists have poked into the utmost corners of the earth, from pole to pole; have studied and classified the various tribes of Indians for years, while in some remarkable manner the Havasupai, living within our very borders, have escaped notice.

Only 175 in Tribe.

These Indians—there now are only 175 in the tribe—constitute the only purely aboriginal and primitive community in the United States to-day. They have lived like hermits. The customs and machines, the social advances of the outside world have failed to penetrate the fastness of their realm.

The territory and tribe have been recorded as a reservation since 1880. There have been several visits in the last twelve years by the Government's Indian agent, but it was not until August of last year that a white man had set foot within their walled pit for purposes of observation and scientific investigation. Representatives of the American Museum are constantly combing the world for scientific data and Leslie Spier was selected in this case to act as ambassador from the white men to the red men.

Spier's task was no light one. It called for tremendous energy and perseverance in order to penetrate the barriers which isolate these people from the world. To reach their home, and this accounts in a measure for their hidden existence, a fifty mile ride over a waterless tract is necessary. When the brink of the chasm is reached the drop of 3,000 feet has to be made mostly on foot along a hardly perceptible trail. Only a small part of the hazardous twelve mile descent can be made mounted. One must literally cling to the walls of the canyon. In no place is the trail wider than three feet and the animals rub their sides raw through scraping along the side of the canyon.

They Used to Hunt.

In one place the two walls come together and form a corner. Here it is necessary to make a 500 foot drop by zigzagging from wall to wall. This is the most perilous section of the journey, for the trail is nothing more than a series of steppes. The animals must jump from one to the other. As the men on foot must walk in front their lives are constantly endangered. Should a pack animal miss its footing the man in front would be knocked to oblivion.

To-day the Havasupai subsist on a marvellously cultivated tract two and one-quarter miles long and about one-quarter of a mile wide. They depend chiefly on agriculture for their support, but in former days they descended far south down their valley in quest of deer, antelope and bear. The camps are situated along the east side of the creek, which irrigates the land so well that enough food is harvested off this small section of one and one-half square miles to supply them from season to season.

Mr. Spier classifies the tribe as "intermediary," since their culture embraces traits peculiar to the four adjacent tribes of the southwest area. "In general characteristics," he said, "they lean more toward the Pueblos of northern Mexico. The custom that prevails among the Pueblos—that of the men and women working together in the field—also exists among the Supai.

Clothes of Buckskin.

"The men also make clothing out of buckskin, a domestic trait characteristic of the Pueblos. The influence of the other adjacent tribes, while slight, may be seen in the construction of various types of huts and teepees. The Havasupai build four different types. There is a log and mud hut common among the Navajos; the conical thatched teepee built to a great extent among the Mohaves and the square thatched hut of the Plateau Indians. Another thatched type is used which is shaped like an igloo.

"Among the American Indians," he continued, "the nomadic and warlike traits predominate, but the Havasupai are unique in this respect. They are peaceably inclined and happy in the contemplation of their own works. This may be attributed in a large measure to their isolated position. They have never been warriors because they always have been numerically weak. At no time could their number have been more than 225. They are simple and intelligent. Hostile tribes have never concerned themselves, apparently, with assaulting so invulnerable a position.

"I was received," said Mr. Spier, "with the utmost courtesy. There were two interpreters assigned to me. One spoke a little Zuni, the dialect of a north Mexican tribe with which I was familiar, and the other a little English gleaned from the Government agent. In order to make myself *persona grata* I addressed an assembly of the tribe and stated the aims of the American museum. I told them how all the Indians gradually were being assimilated into the white man's civilization and it was our intention to preserve their works and those of their ancestors for future generations to see. As a matter of tribal pride they readily assented to be represented among the other tribes. The chief even went so far as to requisition a full exhibit of all manner of things from baskets and pottery to a cradle board on which the papooses are carried."

Expert Corn Growers.

The Havasupai live in camps during the summer months along the creek in the midst of their farms. They are expert in raising corn crops. A great many important suggestions concerning the culture of corn have been passed along to the farmers of the United States by the Department of Agriculture, which has obtained its information from the Indians.

The deep canyon bed, irrigated by the cataract, is an oasis in the arid desert which surrounds the canyon. Corn, beans, squash and fruit are raised in abundance and the peaches are especially delicious, according to Mr. Spier. The nearby mountains abound in sheep, deer, antelope and wild turkeys, so there is no lack of fresh meat.

In winter the tribe takes to the ledges and caves on the mountainside high above the danger levels. Cataract Creek always overflows during the rainy season and inundates the land. "Here," said Mr. Spier, "I found some most interesting caves, unequestionably carved out of the walls by a prehistoric race. I found some fragmentary pottery in various places which supported my theory.

"These caves," he continued, "serve as excellent shelters, and here each family builds its storehouse for preserving its grain and meat. These are constructed out of mud, baked hard and then sealed."

The men and women work in the fields until noon. The rest of the day is devoted to recreation. The women, however, are more industrious than the men, for they devote some of the afternoon hours to basket weaving and making pottery.

The chief diversion among the males is to foregather about the various sweat lodges to gossip and discuss affairs of the tribe. The sweat lodge is their modern turkish bath. A bed of straw is laid down and a covering placed over it. It is made just large enough for one man to crawl inside. Baskets containing red hot rocks are placed inside and water is then poured over them, producing a cloud of steam. The covering holds the steam inside and as soon as the sweating process is deemed to have progressed sufficiently the bather jumps out for a "shock" in the icy waters of the cataract. As each man finishes his bath he joins the circle, all in breechclouts, for the discussion of tribal affairs.

The women do not devote all of their afternoons to domestic pursuits. They have a passion for gambling, Mr. Spier says, and for several hours after the day's toil in the fields they congregate and play at dice. The game is somewhat like the American game of craps, although four dice are used, fashioned out of goat's horn.

They Have No Matches.

To-day one never finds American Indians using anything but matches to light their fires. The Havasupai still use primitive fire drills. These are made from two pieces of hard wood. There is a circular staff, like a cane. The other piece, which has a hole in it is placed on the ground. The staff is inserted in the hole and the latter rolled between the palms, causing the tip to whirl. The friction produces fine dust which soon ignites.

Up to 1910 the stone knife was used exclusively. Lately some modern implements have filtered in through the Government agent. They have some horses and a small number of cattle with which they are having splendid success.

3,000 FOOT CANYON WALLS FLANKING HAVASUPAI VILLAGE.
PHOTOS — AMERICAN MUSEUM *of* NATURAL HISTORY

"So far as I was able to ascertain," Mr. Spier remarked, "they have but one religious ceremony a year. This takes place at harvest time and they congregate to dance about a pole. The various members of the tribe bring food and spend the day, alternately eating and dancing, somewhat in the manner of a May party. They also have a rite of praying for rain, a Pueblo custom, but this is seldom practised, I was informed. The only musical instruments they have are the drum and rattle."

The position of the two chiefs struck Mr. Spier as curious. "They have absolutely no prerogatives in the matter of power over the tribe," he said. "The tribe as a whole works well together and the members feel a certain definite social consciousness. It is the business of the chiefs to act as mediators when matters need adjustment, but whatever laws exist are enforced through public opinion. The chiefs are charged with advising the young women and instructing the youths growing into manhood. There is no capital punishment, and instead of the death penalty for murder the offending party must make a payment in land or goods. Illegitimacy does not exist among them. Every child that is born has a recognized father and no odium attaches to offspring, as happens so frequently among people of higher social development."

Marriage in the canyon is without ceremony. The bride's consent having been won in the orthodox fashion the couple merely live together without further ado. The brave must make payment, however, to the bride's parents, and the customary form is to give his service in the fields of his in-laws until the first child has been born. This method of payment is strictly enforced. There is no divorce recognized among the Havasupai.

There are no modern dishes, pots or pans. All meals are served from closely woven baskets. These are large and the members of the family sit around a sort of community dish and help themselves. Large, ladle-like spoons are made from the horns of mountain goats or sheep. Pottery and closely woven baskets, fireproofed with cactus juice, serve for cooking over the fire. Water bottles are fashioned from grass and rendered waterproof with pine resin.

"The Havasupai," Mr. Spier stated, "are of medium stature but well formed. They are healthy, but I am afraid that if the influenza penetrates into the canyon it will wipe out the tribe. The Indian is very susceptible to grip."

The Museum's representative believes that the Havasupai may be made useful citizens.

May Have to Move.

"They are domestic," he said, "and the difficulties of getting in and out of their hereditary hunting grounds make the task of bringing civilization to them impossible. I believe that if this tribe were taken out and established in a nearby cattle raising section it would become self-supporting in about twenty-five years. They now know something about raising cattle.

"They have already developed their canyon to the limit of its possibilities and will soon have to turn elsewhere for new land. Perhaps the Havasupai Indians, the remnant of a rapidly disappearing race, may yet play their part in the life of the outside world, from which they have always lived as much apart as though on a different planet."

East Side Loves Music

University Settlement Lectures Shun "High Brow" Pose but Teach True Appreciation

THE University Settlement is experimenting with an effort to qualify laymen to appreciate good music. It has provided a series of lectures by musicians and musical critics, men and women specially experienced in unfolding to the person who "never had a lesson in his life" the seemingly daunting mysteries of the composer's art.

These lectures have proved decidedly successful. They are given one a week on Sunday evenings. The first, on January 19, was by Daniel Gregory Mason. Other lecturers heard thus far have been James Friskin of the Institute of Musical Art, Arthur Whiting, W. J. Henderson, musical critic of THE SUN, and John Powell.

Announced for early dates are Howard Brockway, composer; Philip Gordon, director of music in the Newark schools; Kurt Schindler of Schola Cantorum, and David and Clara Mannes.

The lectures are well attended, eagerly attended indeed. On more than one Sunday evening the settlement building auditorium, in which 200 persons may be seated, has proved too small. And this despite an admission charge, 15 cents for a single lecture or $1 for the course.

One Man's Idea.

All this has grown out of the idea of a resident volunteer worker at the settlement, Harry Wilks. He is a young business man who puts in his days in a Broadway office and devotes his spare time to his boys' clubs and other settlement activities. He is a great enthusiast about the music project, though he says he did not care to have anything appear in print about it until there should be substantial results to show.

"When I was a student in the University of Minnesota," Mr. Wilks explains, "Emil Oberhoffer, the conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, was giving a series of children's concerts, so called, although many grown people attended them. On the days of the concerts the public schools were dismissed so that the children could go.

"Oberhoffer's programme notes, explaining the compositions to be played, are among the best and clearest I have ever seen. In that respect they resemble Prof. Mason's. But Oberhoffer went further in qualifying the auditors at these particular concerts to appreciate what they were about to hear. He gave talks not only on the music but on the orchestra itself.

"Figuratively speaking, he took you behind the scenes and showed you how a symphony orchestra is organized and how the instrumental forces are balanced. He would point out the strings as the fundamental part, the basis around which the rest is built up. Then he'd discuss the wood instruments and the brass and so on. Finally he would hold up a specimen of each kind of instrument, and you'd learn what use various composers have made of the cello, what the French horn supplies, how the piccolo, the smallest instrument of all, must be absolutely on key or the whole was ruined.

"When I came to New York it struck me that the settlement could profitably undertake educative work with a like idea. Up there at Rivington and Eldridge streets a few of the people who use the building and take advantage of settlement opportunities are Italians, but most of them are Russian Jews.

Russian Jews Musical.

"Now Russian Jews are naturally musical, and their natural taste in music is a serious one. I don't know whether it's true or not that the Jews are a race especially disposed to value the fine arts. But they are deeply emotional and expressive, and the circumstances of their history have closed to them almost every other art medium of expression. In mediæval times their church withheld them from the plastic arts under the commandment to have 'no images.'

"Only music remained not only sanctioned but incorporated in the religious services. Thus the Russian Jew has a heritage of appreciation of music. His musical feeling, down to the present time at least, has tended to have what I might loosely term a rather melancholy coloring—the result of centuries of persecution in Europe, I believe. At all events, the music to which he takes naturally is either the sobby trash song or it is genuine artistic expression of introspection and sorrow.

"Leave him to himself and he's likely to waste his appreciative endowment on 'I'm Sorry I Made You Cry.' Guide him and you find him astonishingly ready to do what Prof. Mason calls the listener's essential share in a fine concert—and thus to enrich and brighten his own life and to improve himself as a member of the community and in every other way. He may or may not discover in himself an aptitude for music making. But if his children do—and you know how many of our rising young musicians have come of this people—he will be likely to encourage their bent and give them all the help he can.

Prof. Mason Cooperates.

"I laid my notion before Prof. Mason and found him all sympathetic interest. He is the real father of the enterprise, and to all the people who have attended the lectures he seems like a sort of musical big brother.

"One of the most encouraging features of the experiment so far is the number of cases we see in which people have dropped in to hear one lecture and have been so delighted that the following week they've come again, piloting friends. We have a group of regular attendants who come all the way from Brooklyn, and I know of a man and his wife who live on 207th street—they show up every Sunday night, and say they wouldn't miss one for anything.

The Rise of the Cults.

"The two things we hope to help people to get away from are the dread of 'classical' music as a lot of dismal noise, comprehensible only to the qualified elect, and what I may call the false kind of appreciation that's all too common. A singer, for instance, makes a tremendous success. It becomes the thing to go and hear her. And so many people fall over themselves to go, and sit through the evening excited about her celebrity and deceiving themselves into feeling that they're having an artistic treat, whereas if they hadn't read about her in the newspapers they wouldn't know whether her singing was good or bad.

"In that way cults spring up—Caruso cults, Galli-Curci cults and so on. We hope our people will want to hear Caruso and Galli-Curci, but that when they do hear them they'll enjoy something more genuine than Caruso's or Galli-Curci's mere reputation."

Prof. Mason's introductory lecture was on "The Listener's Share in Music." As reported by the *Outlook* he warned his hearers against the fallacy that all music is divided into "classic" and "popular," the classic being dry and formal, while the popular alone has interest for the ordinary mortal. This he spoke of as the "low-brow" fallacy. He went on to arraign the "highbrow fallacy"—citing Brander Matthews's definition of a highbrow as a man educated beyond his intelligence. The fallacy is the assumption that all "classical" music is good, and all "popular" music is bad—the truth being that some works by classical composers are not so good as others, and that some popular tunes are genuinely good, although classical music as a whole goes deeper and affords a more lasting joy.

A Progressive Education.

The programme of the course is constructive and progressive, the idea being to guide the audiences upward through successive stages of appreciation, and if possible to turn them out in the way of becoming good concert-goers.

The second lecture, by Mr. Friskin, was on early piano music, down to Beethoven. The third, by Mr. Whiting, dealt with modern piano music. The fourth, by Mr. Mason, was a discussion of early symphonies, with special reference to Beethoven's famous Fifth. Mr. Henderson followed with a talk on modern symphonies and symphonic poems, for which two young pianists furnished illustrations in four hand arrangements, one of these being of Goldmark's "Prometheus Bound."

John Powell talked of the music of the romantic period, dwelling upon Chopin, Schumann and Liszt. Mr. Schindler will be heard on folk songs with special attention to Russian and Yiddish ones; Mr. Brockway on "The Art Song" (this evening), Mr. Gordon on modern opera, especially Verdi, Bizet and Wagner.

"Into Death Haunted Belleau Wood" Marched Our Marines

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the Germans from this position for the same reasons that made it essential to drive them from Belleau Wood.

Shortly after the attack on Belleau Wood had been launched the Ninety-sixth Company of Holcomb's battalion and one of Sibley's reserve companies were order to take the town, and two platoons started, one from each company. There was a short bombardment, and then the Marines advanced in four waves just as the others had done in going into the wood—twelve men in each wave, five yards apart and twenty yards between the waves. The first and third waves were supplied with automatics and grenades, the second and fourth with rifles. They advanced across a little valley and a wheat field in the face of a sharp fire from three-inch and machine guns.

The original plan was to have the battalion of Sibley's company go into Bouresches, while Holcomb's undertook to straighten the line from there to Triangle Farm, but through some misunderstanding of the orders Holcomb's men got to Bouresches first and went in.

Half of this little force was under Capt. Duncan and the other half under Lieut. Robertson. The enemy's fire as they neared the town was frightful and more men fell than kept going. Duncan was shot down while coolly advancing with his pipe in his mouth. Robertson, who, by the way, was afterward shot through the neck near Soissons, led the remnant on and entered the town.

There were probably 300 to 400 Germans in that town and the place bristled with machine guns. There were guns at the street corners, behind barricades and even on the housetops. The Marines attacked those machine guns with rifle, bayonet and grenade in their bitter struggle for a foothold. They were outnumbered when they started, and one by one they were put out of the fighting. But they kept going, taking gun after gun, until the Germans, for all their numbers and advantage of position, began to fall back. And Lieut. Robertson took Bouresches with twenty men!

He sent back word at 9:45 that he had got in and asked for reenforcements, but he did not wait for them. Those twenty men started in to clean up that town in the approved Marine fashion, and he was well on his way when Capt. Zane's company of Holcomb's battalion arrived to support him. Then engineers were sent in to help consolidate the position.

But the town was not yet fully won. The Germans began displaying counter activity and the Marines sent back word that they were running short of ammunition. Lieut. William B. Moore, the Princeton athlete, and Sergeant-Major John Quick volunteered to take in a truckload. With a small crew chosen from fifty who wanted to go they started with the precious, perilous freight over a torn road under a terrific fire.

The whole way was brilliantly lighted by enemy flares and the solitary truck offered a shining mark to the German gunners. It rolled and careened fearfully over the gullies and craters, shells shrieked and whistled over their heads and burst on every hand, and as they neared the town they drove straight into the fire of the spouting machine guns. But John Quick bears a charmed life and they got through unscathed.

That ammunition truck saved the day at Bouresches, for after it got in Zane's men proceeded to clean up the town. At 11 o'clock that night the report was sent into headquarters to the effect that the Germans had been driven out of Bouresches. At 2:30 A. M. they made an attempt to get in again, but the counter attack was smothered by our machine gun fire.

The next day, with the help of the Engineers, our position in the town was made secure. Later the garrison was reenforced by replacement men under Quick. Fighting continued through the 8th, but all counter attacks were repulsed and the town remained in our hands. Contact was established with Sibley's men in Belleau Wood and Holcomb straightened and consolidated the line from Bouresches to Triangle Farm.

Through all this fighting our men were obliged to get along without direct telephone connection with headquarters, and our runners were depended upon to carry out the reports and the requests for assistance. All that night they plied their hazardous trade, dashing through machine gun and shell fire and keeping open the lines of communication.

As night deepened and hostilities diminished in Belleau Wood and Bouresches, the first stage of the battle ended, with our line extended for some distance to the north, taking in nearly a third of the wood and the town of Bouresches, and running from there straight down to Triangle Farm. All night the indefatigable Engineers labored to make good our position while the fighters snatched such rest as they could, and the dawn of June 7 found them ready for another attack on the monster in the forest.

To be concluded in next Sunday's SUN.

Nests of the Woodpecker

IT may sound like a joke to speak of the manufacture of woodpecker nests, but there is actually a factory in Maine that takes many orders for such nests.

The bird houses are constructed of pine blocks fifteen inches long and from five to six in diameter. The back of the block is squared to permit of the patent adjustment being properly attached to the tree or placed where the house is to be located, a canopy or top piece to keep out the weather being made like a roof. A perfect nest is drilled by a reamer. (Within three inches of the bottom a corkscrew indentation is made to the bird entrance, as the toes of the woodpecker are in pairs, two before and two behind, with sharp, strong claws, the whole structure of the foot making it adaptable for climbing.

The houses are sold to orchard owners, as the claim is made by the ornithologists that the woodpecker's food consists chiefly of insects and their larvæ which the birds get by digging into the bark and wood of trees. The woodpecker's tongue is an important instrument in obtaining this feed, as it can be extended far beyond the bill, its tip being horny and furnished with a barbed filament.