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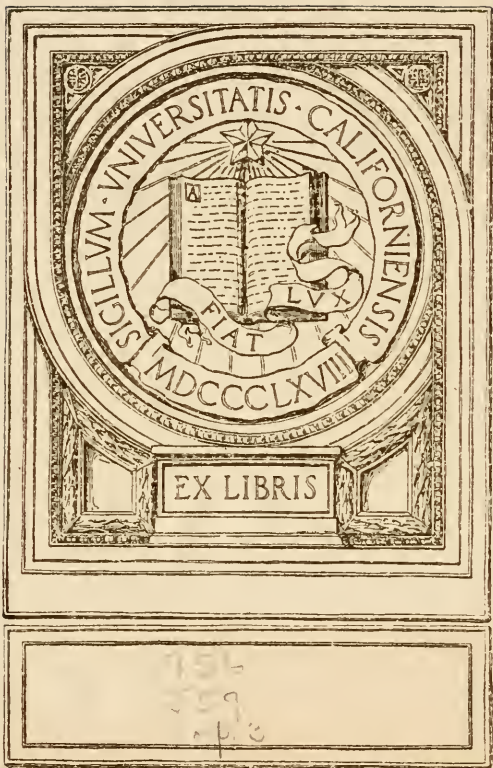
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# HOPI

## THE CLIFF DWELLER

MARTHA JEWETT







# HOPI

## THE CLIFF-DWELLER

BY

MARTHA JEWETT

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CALIFORNIA

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TO THE  
LIBRARY OF

**T**O the small travelers whose hands are knocking at the doors of the lands of the unknown, this volume is dedicated, with the sympathy of one who has passed that way before, and the hope that they may be led into larger realms of thought.





## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

"Hopi the Cliff-Dweller" is designed for children of the second primary grade. Reading, Language, and Literature go hand in hand; one cannot be taught without the other. It may be used as a basis for language work in the hands of the teacher, then as a reader in the hands of the children.

Extensive work in language should precede, having children reproduce orally. Let them express by means of charcoal or water color, or work out concretely on the sand table.

When the children have "lived" with these Cliff-dwellers; when they have learned all about their life and habits, and can reproduce in substance; then they are prepared to read.

The vocabulary may be found at the back of the book. All new words should be developed on the blackboard, before the reading lesson, either by phonics or word-building, according to the judgment of the teacher.



HOPI THE CLIFF-DWELLER

# HOPI THE CLIFF-DWELLER



Here is a Cliff-dweller.

The Cliff-dwellers were Indians.

They lived hundreds of years ago.

The Cliff-dwellers lived in this country  
before Columbus came here.

Would you not like to visit the homes  
of the Cliff-dwellers?

They lived in the far West.

The land there has hills like tables.

These high hills are of red sandstone.

The sides of these table-lands are  
called cliffs.

The sun shines bright and hot on them.

The Cliff-dwellers lived on these cliffs.

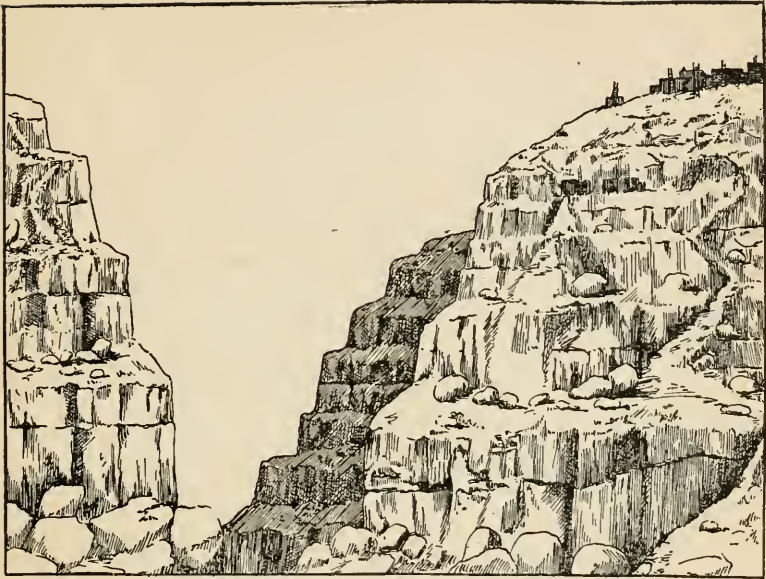
The cliffs looked down into canyons.

Canyons are the deep hollows between  
the table-lands.

There are some very deep hollows.

Many cool springs flow from them.

You may drink from these springs.



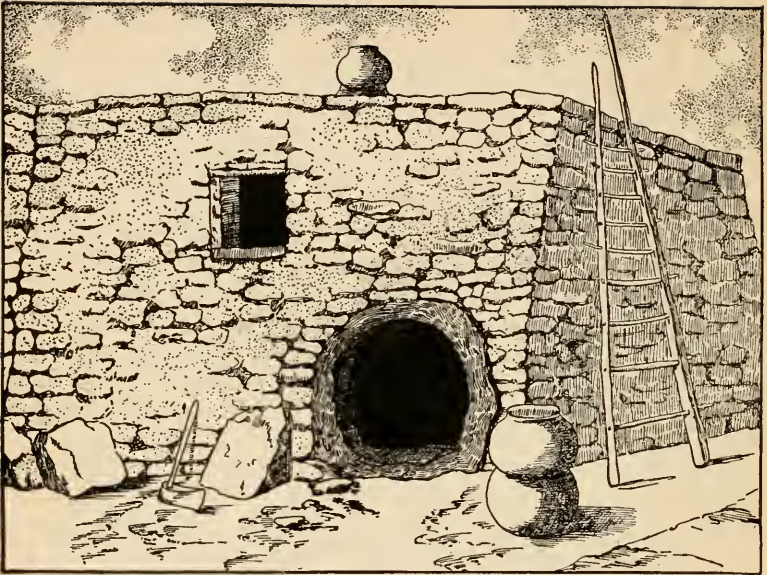
The Cliff-dwellers' houses were on the high cliffs.

They also had farms.

The farms were down in the valleys.

But the houses were high up on the mountains.

There were no trees near.

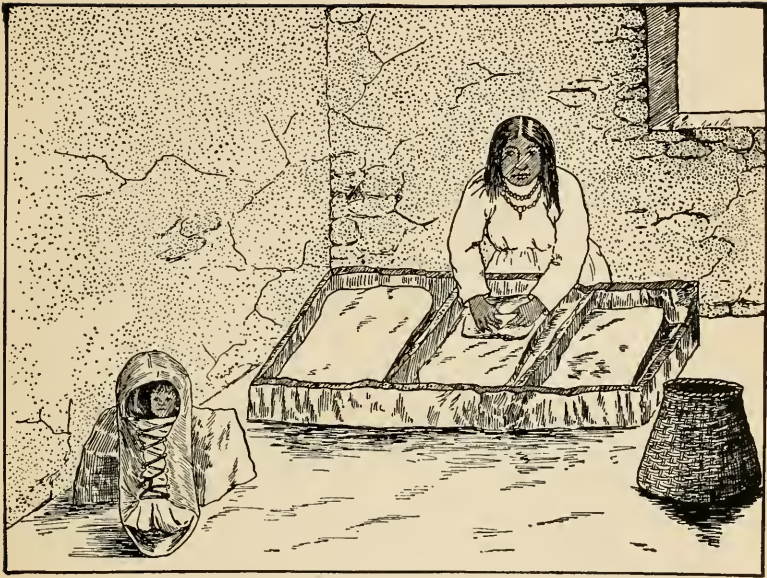


The Cliff-dwellers built their houses of rock.

The walls of rock were put together with a plaster made of mud.

Openings were left in the walls.

Stones were placed against these holes to keep out enemies.



## HOPI

Hopi was a little Cliff-dweller.

He was an Indian boy.

He had dark skin and coarse, black hair.

His head was flat, because he had been tied to a board when he was small.

His teeth were hard and white, and were worn off from munching corn.

Hopi's mother laid him up against the rocks when he was little.

She pounded the corn for dinner.

His father was often away from home.

He hunted with his bow and arrows.

He wore a shirt woven from strips of the bark of the basswood tree.

Around his neck was a string of bright-colored beads.

In winter he wore loose trousers of buckskin, which came just below his knee.

He wore leggings, too, and moccasins made of skin.



Hopi had thick, coarse hair.

He made a brush of leaves of stiff grass tied together.

He brushed his hair with this brush.

Then he stuck a turkey feather in his hair.

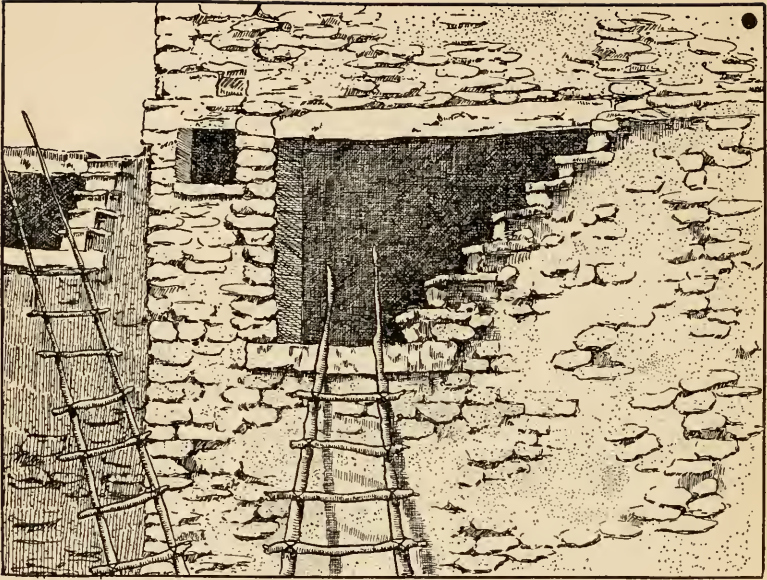
The Cliff-dwellers were not a very clean people.

They had very little water.

They sometimes went to far off streams for water.

Hopi's home was built high upon the cliffs.

It was made of rocks brought from the sides of the mountains.



The walls of Hopi's home were plastered with mud.

His mother plastered these walls.

She left the mark of her palm on the soft plaster.

There were steps cut into the rock.

Long ladders were also used for climbing up and down.

These ladders were made from trees, which grew far away on the rocky slopes.

With stone axe and knife they chopped down these trees and trimmed their tops.

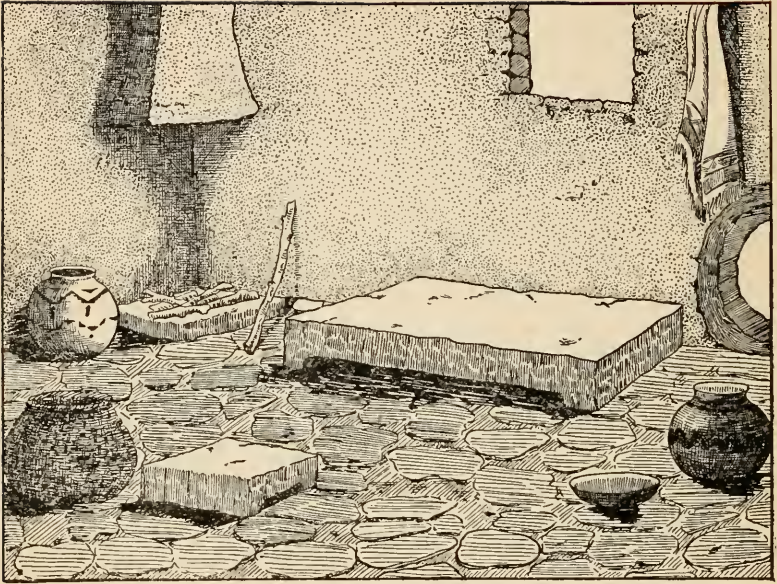
They cut cross-pieces and bound them with green bark.

In Hopi's house there were four rooms with small, round openings.

At the back was a granary.

This granary was a store-room high up in a nook of the rocky wall.

Here were the large water jars filled with water, and bins of corn and beans.



There was no furniture in this house.

There was only a stone bench.

This stone bench was all around the room.

It was often used for a table.

There were stone boxes, too.



Hopi's father was a potter.

He made ollas, or water jars, from the wet clay.

He put the jars in the hot sun, and baked them.

He painted pictures on them.

He painted them in bright colors.

Hopi's father was a hunter.

He hunted the wild deer, that his family might have meat.

He hung the deer meat in the store-room.

He killed the deer with his bow and arrows.

He skinned it with a stone knife.

Hopi's father was a warrior.

A warrior is a soldier.

He fought the wild Indians with his tomahawk of stone.

He had a bow and stone-tipped arrows.

He fought with stone knives and wooden clubs.



Hopi's father was a farmer.

He planted the corn on the rough mountain sides between the rocks.

He planted the beans in the dirt on the cliffs.

Hopi's father was a weaver.

He wove baskets of dried grass.

He plaited the corn husks which he had torn into strips.

He made sandals out of them.

He wove shirts from strips of the bass-wood bark.

Hopi's father herded the turkeys.

Hopi had a turkey for a pet.

He had a blanket made from its feathers.

He put a feather in his hair.

Hopi's father made stone arrow heads and spear heads.

He made axes and hammers of stone.

He tied them to wooden handles with strips of bark.





Hopi's mother cooked the dinner.

She gathered an armful of cedar twigs.

She took a piece of steel and a flint.

She struck them together to get a  
spark of fire.

This spark lighted the brush.

Now she had made the fire.

Hopi's mother cooked in the baskets.

She wove these baskets from dried grass.

She filled the baskets with water.

Then she dropped hot stones into the water.

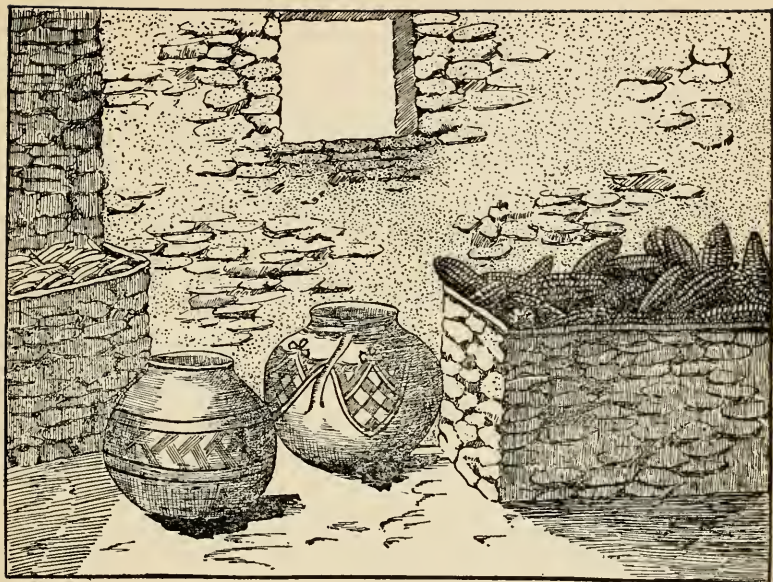
The stones made the water hot.

Hopi's mother pounded the corn with a stone.

She mixed the pounded corn with water.

Then she poured this mixture on a hot stone.

This is the way she made the piki or paper bread.



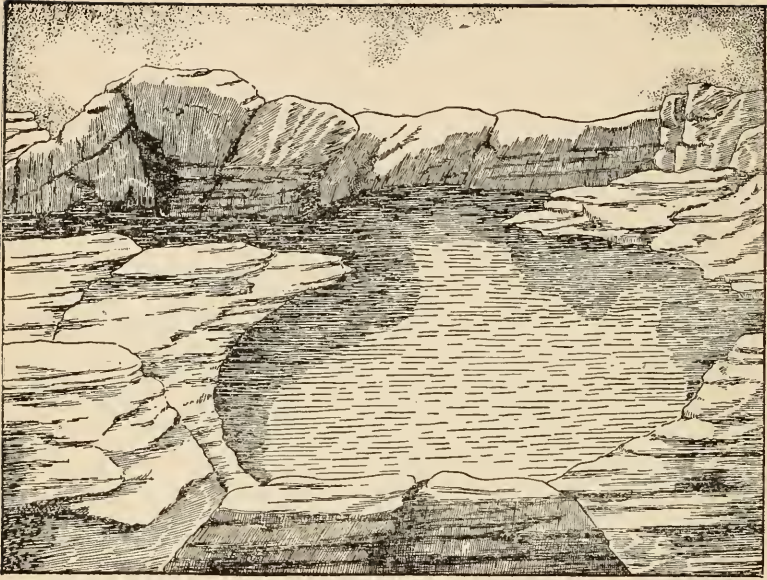
Hopi's house had a store-room.

In this store-room was kept the meat.

Bins filled with corn and beans were here.

The water jars were put in here, too.

Back of this room was a reservoir.



This reservoir was a place sunk in the rocks for holding water.

When it rained, the water came down and filled it.

In the dry season it was empty.

The water was used for cooking and drinking.

There was a ledge before the door of the house.

This ledge was the yard.

Hopi played in the yard.

His brother Ninah played with him.

Hopi loved his brother.

His dog Lobo played with them.

Hopi loved his dog.

Lobo was a yellow dog.

He had white spots.

He was a wolf dog.

Let us play we are Cliff-dwellers.

We will build our house of rocks on a high place.

We will plaster the walls with wet clay.

We will plant corn between the rocks  
on the hillside.

We will tend the garden.

We will herd the turkeys.

We will plant the grain.

Then we shall be farmers.

Let us make water jars of wet clay.

We can put them in the sun and bake  
them.

Then we shall be potters.

Would you like to be a weaver?

We will weave baskets as the Cliff-  
dwellers did.

We will weave the baskets from the  
dried grass.

## HOPI IN PRISON

Hopi grew into a large, strong boy.

He was as old as we are—just six years old.

He played on the rocks with his brother.

They played together just as all little boys do.

The little Indian boy made strings of beads.

The beads were of many colors.

He wore these beads around his neck.

Hopi and his brother were very happy.

They laughed and talked together in their language.

The Cliff-dwellers spoke the Hopi language.

They understood each other just as we do when we talk to one another.

We would think their language a very strange one.

We could not understand them.

Do you think you would like to string beads with Hopi on the high cliffs?

Hopi would always greet you by saying, "Lolami."

"Lolami" means "Good morning" in the language of the Cliff-dwellers.

Hopi always said "Lolami" to all whom he met.





When Hopi was six years old, he and his brother Ninah were playing on the cliffs outside their rocky house.

They were playing in the door yard on the ledge.

They were making necklaces out of red berries.

They laughed and were very happy.

Their dog Lobo was with them.

All at once the children heard terrible noises down the cliffs.

The air was full of yells.

The wild Indians had come to fight and kill them.

To their home up on the cliff came the wild Indians.

They scaled the high rocks.

They climbed up the niche stairway, cut in the side of the cliff.

These wild men had painted faces, with feathers in their hair, and tomahawks in their hands.



The quiet Cliff-dwellers fought with them, for they had come to kill them.

The war-whoops sounded again and again, up and down the canyon.

They were all fighting for their lives.

Hopi's father pushed one wicked Indian over the ledge.

He fell far down to the bottom of the deep valley and was killed.

Another Cliff-dweller threw the Indian's brother like a war club over the ledge, to lie by the dead Indian.

Before Hopi could think, his mother rushed out and took him in her arms.

She thrust him into the granary and put the large stone against the door.

This store-room was at the rear of the house.

Now, she thought, the wicked Indians cannot get him.

In the next room, he heard his dear mother scream.

She screamed when one of the wild Indians followed her to kill her.

Frightened almost to death, little Hopi scarcely dared to breathe.

He listened.

He was very much afraid.

What should he do?

Did he hear his mother's voice calling her boy, "Hopi," "Hopi"?

O why did his mother not come to him?

He could hear nothing.

All was still, so terribly still, that his heart gave a jump, then almost stopped beating.



He called "Mother!" "Father!"  
Then he called "Indian!" "Anyone!"  
No mother's voice answered the little  
boy.

Where were they?  
Had they all been killed?  
Poor little Hopi!

He cried until, tired out, he sank upon the floor, asleep.

He dreamed sweet dreams.

In these dreams he and his brother Ninah were stringing berries for necklaces.

His mother was cooking dinner.

His father was down in the valleys tending the gardens.

At last he awoke.

How long ago it seemed since he had been a happy little boy, playing on the rocks!

He was alone, now, shut up in this room.

He could not get out.

Against the opening his mother had put a stone.

This stone was so heavy that he could not move it.

Happily, for him, in this granary were corn and beans piled high.

There were boxes of dried meat.

This meat was pounded fine.

Hopi's father had put the meat here.

He had laid it between melted tallow.

There were rolls of piki or paper bread, which his mother had cooked.

In one corner were his winter leggings and trousers.



In the reservoir, over the wall, there was water.

Stout wooden pegs were fastened in the wall

Hopi could climb to the top by these pegs, and reach the small opening above.

This opening led into the reservoir.

Hopi was a very hungry boy.

He ate the piki and buffalo meat.

Then he drank the water that he found in the water jar.

When he was satisfied, he sat on a pile of buffalo robes to think.

How strange it was!

Do you not feel sorry for Hopi?

What would you have done?

He knew that his mother and father must be dead.

If not, they would have come to him.

They would not have left him alone through the long, dark night.

No sound came to him, yet he listened.

He listened and waited.

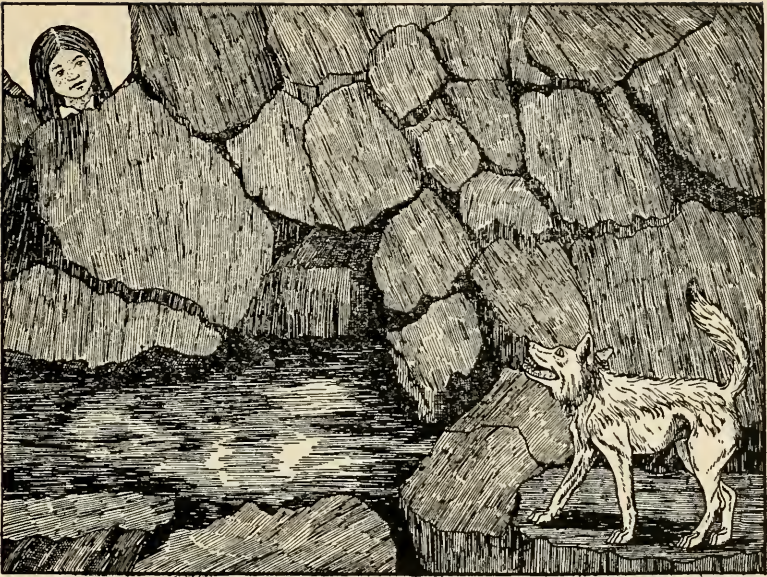
Should he cry?

No, he would be brave.

Besides, who could hear him?

But the tears would slip out of the corners of his eyes.

Down his cheeks they came, faster and faster, until he cried as hard as he could.



Just then he heard the howl of a wolf.

The wolf was calling to his mate.

Hopi was not afraid.

He felt that he was not alone.

He climbed up to the hole that opened  
into the reservoir.

He could see the wolf.

He sat for hours looking across the water.

He wished he could get out into the air and sunshine.

The water in the jar was gone.

How could he get any water from the reservoir?

It was so near and yet so far.

He could not reach down to the water.

He would bring the water to him.

He took the leather thongs off the ends of the meat boxes.

He used one for a rope.

He drew up water in his mug.

In this way he filled the jar.

As the days passed, he looked upon this room as his home.

He pounded his corn.

He ate it uncooked, as he did not know how to make a fire.

He sat on one box and used the other for a table.

One day he heard a noise in the house like scratching.

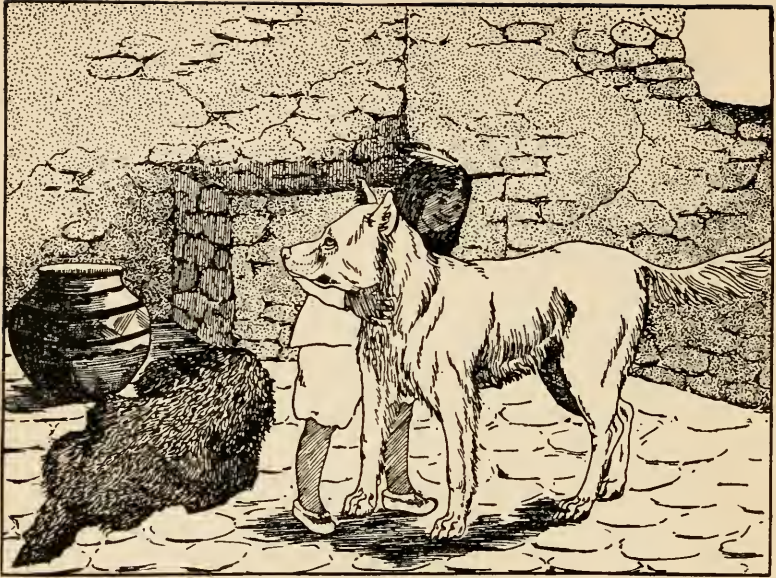
He knew it was his dog.

“Lobo! Lobo!” he cried, “Lobo!”

“My dear dog Lobo!”

He was answered by a joyful bark.

The dog ran hither and thither, trying to reach Hopi.



He ran around the house.

He ran to the shelf of the reservoir.

Hopi climbed up and saw him looking  
at him across the water.

He jumped from the hole down into  
the opening.

Oh, how happy they were!

Hopi hugged him, and Lobo barked with joy.

Now Hopi was not so lonesome.

Lobo went in and out, bringing Hopi rabbits to eat.

Hopi talked to him in his own language.

Lobo understood him.

One day Lobo went away.

He did not come back.

Hopi waited and waited.

No Lobo came back.

Several days and nights followed, but he did not come.

Poor little Hopi!

He would sit in the opening and watch the sunlight come and go.

He drew up the water in the basket.

He felt very lonely.

He looked again and again for Lobo.

Where was he?

Had he been killed?

Had he forgotten his little friend Hopi?

One night an owl flew down into his room.

He welcomed him gladly.

How happy he was to see some one.

He fed him with pieces of buffalo meat.

They grew to be great friends.





The owl's night is the day, you know.  
He can see better at night.

They were happy companions.

When a long time had passed, whom  
do you think came to Hopi?

His dog Lobo.

What do you think he brought to Hopi?

His mother's shoe.

He barked and wagged his tail.

Hopi would never know what had happened to him.

Now Hopi began to notice that the supply of meat, corn, and beans would soon be gone.

He must get out of this place or he would starve.

The water, too, in the reservoir was almost gone.

What should he do?

He sat in the opening and looked down into the reservoir.

A thought seemed to come to him.

Lobo was with him as usual.

He filled the baskets with the few beans and grains of corn that were left.

He tied the strips of leather on the baskets.

All this time, Lobo jumped up and down, barking joyfully.

He seemed to understand when Hopi told him that he was going out into the world with him.

He ran backwards and forwards.

Hopi threw the leather strips through the hole into the reservoir.

Then he climbed up and cast a long, loving glance at the room below.



He felt sorry to leave this room that had sheltered him so long.

It had been his home for two long years, although he did not know this, for he could not keep account of the time.

He, Lobo, and the owl had lived, for the most part, a pleasant life.

Lobo was calling to him from the cliff outside the reservoir.

He must go!

He jumped into the reservoir.

What a long jump it was!

But he landed safely on his feet.

He pulled the baskets carefully into the reservoir.



Now how could he get upon the ledge that ran around the reservoir?

First, he stood on top of the baskets, but they all tumbled to the floor.

He looked hard at the straight wall.

Lobo was at his feet barking, talking to him in his dog language.

Oh! he would get on Lobo's back.

So he stood up on Lobo's back, and threw the strips over the ledge.

In this way he could pull the baskets to him when he was on the other side.

He climbed up slowly.

Lobo gave one loud bark.

Hopi was safe!

## HOPPI'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON

When Hopi was safely upon the ledge,  
Lobo jumped up after him.

Hopi pulled up his baskets.

Away these two would now go into the  
great world.

Hopi had at last made his escape from  
his dark prison.

He walked around the house.

He found a stone knife and a ladder.

His father had made this ladder.

He climbed the ladder and went into  
the front rooms.

There was nothing to be seen.

Everything was gone.



Hopi was thirsty.

He and Lobo must go in search of water.

Side by side they climbed up and down the cliffs and canyons.

How good it was to breathe the fresh air and walk in the sunshine!

How good it was to be free!

Soon they would go and find Hopi's mother.

Hopi knew that Lobo would surely find her.

How the little boy longed to see her!

They had not gone far, when they spied the gleam of water.



It was a small stream, which was fed by a cold spring.

Hopi and Lobo took a refreshing drink. Hopi then retraced his steps toward his old home.

In another storehouse he found corn, beans and meat.

He tied the legs of his trousers tightly around the bottom.

He filled one leg with corn and the other with beans.

He bound a piece of deer meat on Lobo's back.

Lobo had a basket in his mouth.

This basket was for water.

Hopi said "Good-bye" to his old home.

He would go far west and hunt for his people.

He and Lobo started on the journey.

They drank from the little streams.

They slept together under the stars.

They traveled for many days.



At last they saw houses in the distance.

Lobo barked joyfully.

He tried to tell Hopi something.

Hopi wondered what he meant.

As they approached these houses on the cliffs, Hopi saw that they looked like his own that he had left behind.

People came running out to him.

They were his own people.

One woman rushed forward and gathered him to her bosom.

It was his long-lost mother!

She kissed him, and cried, "My son Hopi!"

The wicked Indians had taken his mother prisoner.

She had run away from them and found her people.

They had been driven away from their homes.

They had settled here.

She had often longed for her son Hopi.

She thought he had been killed by the wicked Navahos.

Now Hopi and Lobo were truly happy.

Hopi told all his people how he had escaped from prison.

They prepared a great feast for him.

Hopi understood now where Lobo had been those weeks, when he had missed him so much.

Now he knew where he had gotten his mother's shoe.

Good old Lobo!

How all the people loved him for his kindness to Hopi!

Do you think Lobo was a good friend?

## “LOLAMI”

“Lolami,” call the springs among the  
foot-hills,

“Lolami,” gleam the peaches in the sun,  
As brown-limbed lads do bravely breast  
the swift rills

And merry maidens up the niche  
stair run.

While daring fathers boldly hunt the  
wild deer

And loving mothers weave their  
baskets bright;

Or happy farmers glean their grain, the  
home near,

And potters mold their clay before  
the night.

“Good morning,” to the dwellers of the  
cliff-land,

Fleet morning passing all too soon  
away,

And leaving but a memory of the brown  
band,

That fought and lived and conquered  
in its day.

— *Margaret Randolph Jewett*



## AN INDIAN LEGEND

In the heavens there are seven little stars.

These stars are called the Pleiades.

They look as if they were quite close together.

Sometimes people call them the Little Dipper.

The Indians tell a story about these stars.

There were once seven little Indian boys who were great friends.

Every night they used to come to a little mound to dance and feast.

They would first eat corn and beans, and then one of their number would sit upon the mound and sing, while the others danced around the mound.

One time they thought they would have a much grander feast than usual, and each agreed what he would bring for it.

But their parents would not give them what they wanted, and the lads met at the mound without their feast.

The singer took his place and began his song, while his companions started to dance.

As they danced they forgot their sorrows and "their heads and hearts grew lighter," until at last they flew up into the air.

Their parents saw them as they rose, and cried out to them to return; but up and up they went until they were changed into the seven stars.

Now one of the Pleiades is dimmer than the rest, and they say that it is the little singer, who is homesick and pale because he wants to return, but cannot.

## VOCABULARY

## PAGE 7

Hōpī

Cliff-dweller

here

is

were

Indians

lived

hundreds

years

ago

this

country

before

Columbus

came

## PAGE 8

would

you

not

like

visit

homes

far

West

land

there

has

hills

tables

these

high

are

red

sandstone

sides

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them

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canyons

deep

hollows

between

some

very

many

cool

springs

flow

from

may

drank

## PAGE 9

houses

also

had

farms	keep	off
valleys	out	from
but	enemies	munching
mountain	PAGE 11	corn
trees	little	mother
near	boy	laid
PAGE 10	dark	him
built	skin	up
their	coarse	she
rock	black	pounded
walls	hair	dinner
put	his	father
together	head	often
with	flat	away
plaster	because	hunted
made	tied	bow
mud	board	arrows
openings	when	wore
left	small	shirt
stones	PAGE 12	woven
placed	teeth	stripe
against	white	bark
holes	worn	basswood

around	grass	stone
neck	tied	axe
string	stuck	knife
bright-colored	turkey	chopped
beads	feather	trimmed
winter	very	tops
loose	clean	cross-pieces
trousers	people	bound
buckskin	water	green
which	brought	four
came	PAGE 14	rooms
just	mark	back
below	palm	granary
knee	soft	store-room
leggings	steps	nook
too	cut	large
moccasin	PAGE 15	jars
skin	long	filled
PAGE 13	ladders	bins
thick	used	beans
brush	climbing	PAGE 16
leaves	grew	furniture
stiff	slopes	only

bench	wild	pet
boxes	tomahawk	blanket
PAGE 17	stone-tipped	heads
potter	wooden	spear
ollas	clubs	hammers
wet	PAGE 19	handles
clay	farmer	PAGE 21
baked	planted	cooked
painted	rough	gathered
pictures	sides	armful
PAGE 18	between	cedar
wild	dirt	twigs
deer	weaver	took
that	wove	piece
family	baskets	steel
might	dried	flint
have	PAGE 20	struck
meat	plaited	spark
bring	husks	fire
skinned	torn	lighted
warrior	into	now
soldier	sandals	PAGE 22
fought	herded	mixed

poured	played	neck
mixture	brother	brother
piki	Ninah	happy
paper	loved	laughed
bread	dog	language
<b>PAGE 23</b>	Lobo	<b>PAGE 28</b>
kept	yellow	understood
back	white	another
reservoir	spots	think
<b>PAGE 24</b>	wolf	strange
place	<b>PAGE 26</b>	would
sunk	hillside	greet
holding	tend	"Lolami"
rained	garden	whom
dry	grain	<b>PAGE 29</b>
season	<b>PAGE 27</b>	outside
empty	large	rocky
cooking	strong	making
drinking	old	necklaces
<b>PAGE 25</b>	just	berries
ledge	played	<b>PAGE 30</b>
door	colors	heard
yard	around	terrible



noises	thought	PAGE 36
yells	cannot	heavy
scaled	dear	move
niche	scream	happily
stairway	PAGE 33	melted
painted	almost	tallow
faces	death	PAGE 37
PAGE 31	scarcely	stout
quiet	dared	pegs
fought	breathe	reach
war-whoop	listened	fastened
pushed	jump	hungry
sounded	beating	satisfied
wicked	PAGE 34	buffalo
PAGE 32	anyone	sorry
bottom	answered	PAGE 38
valley	PAGE 35	knew
threw	sank	slip
rushed	dreamed	corners
thrust	sweet	cheeks
granary	shut	faster
store-room	awoke	until
rear	opening	hard

## PAGE 39

howl

mate

alone

## PAGE 40

hours

across

sunshine

reach

bring

thongs

ends

boxes

rope

mug

## PAGE 41

passed

uncooked

scratching

joyful

bark

hither

thither

trying

lonesome

## PAGE 43

rabbits

away

## PAGE 44

watch

sunlight

drew

lonely

forgotten

friend

night

owl

flew

welcomed

gladly

pieces

great

## PAGE 45

better

companion

passed

## PAGE 46

shoe

wagged

tail

happened

notice

supply

place

starve

thought

## PAGE 47

usual

jumped

joyfully

world

backwards

forwards

## PAGE 49

felt

leave

sheltered

although

account

pleasant	PAGE 53	drank
outside	thirsty	slept
landed	search	under
safely	breathe	traveled
pulled	fresh	PAGE 56
carefully	air	joyfully
PAGE 51	free	tried
stood	surely	wondered
tumbled	longed	meant
straight	spied	approached
barking	gleam	behind
pull	PAGE 54	PAGE 57
slowly	refreshing	people
loud	retraced	running
PAGE 52	toward	woman
escape	another	rushed
prison	PAGE 55	forward
two	tied	bosom
great	legs	kissed
world	tightly	wicked
dark	good-bye	prisoner
walked	started	driven
found	journey	settled

## PAGE 58

killed  
 Navahos  
 truly  
 told  
 prepared  
 feast  
 weeks  
 kindness  
 friend

## PAGE 59

peaches  
 brown-limbed  
 lads  
 bravely  
 breast  
 swift  
 rills  
 merry  
 maidens  
 daring  
 boldly  
 wild

## PAGE 60

glean  
 mold  
 night  
 passing  
 fleet  
 memory  
 band  
 conquered

## PAGE 61

heavens  
 seven  
 stars  
 Pleiades  
 quite  
 close  
 Dipper  
 story

## PAGE 62

mound  
 dance  
 number  
 sing

## grander

usual  
 each  
 agreed  
 parents  
 place

## PAGE 63

forgot  
 sorrows  
 heads  
 hearts  
 lighter  
 rose  
 return  
 changed  
 dinner  
 homesick



14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED  
LOAN DEPT.

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