

Dean Lyons

CHRON



APRIL 5, 1974

VOL. I No. 1

Published by Stanford American
Indian Organization



Reno's 1974 INDIAN AND EARLY WEST

EXHIBIT AND SALE

Washoe County Fairgrounds, Reno, Nevada

MAY 3, 4 & 5, 1974. HOURS 9 TO 5 FRIDAY (KIDS DAY). FRIDAY EVENING RECEPTION 6 TO 11 P.M.
BY INVITATION ONLY FOR SHOW PARTICIPANTS AND GUESTS. SATURDAY 12 TO 11 P.M., SUNDAY 12 TO 8 P.M.

POW - WOW & INDIAN VILLAGE OUTSIDE. \$1500.00 CASH DANCE PRIZES
Only Authentic Indian & Early West Items will be shown -
with Awards in All Categories (Old & Contemporary).

STANFORD POW WOW

May 3-4-5



Sr. Men Fast Dance
\$150, \$100, \$50, \$25

Sr. Men Slow Dance
\$50, \$30, \$15, \$25

Sr. Straight Dance
\$150, \$100, \$50, \$25

Women's Buckskin Dance
\$75, \$50, \$35, \$15

Women's Cloth Dance
\$35, \$20, \$10, \$5

Young Men, 13-17
\$70, \$50, \$25, \$15

Young Women, 13-17
\$60, \$40, \$15, \$10

Jr. Boys, 8-12
\$55, \$35, \$25, \$15

Jr. Girls, 8-12
\$45, \$25, \$15, \$10

Tiny Tot Boys, 7 & under
\$30, \$18, \$5, \$2.50

Tiny Tot Girls, 7 & Under
\$15, \$8, \$5, \$2.50

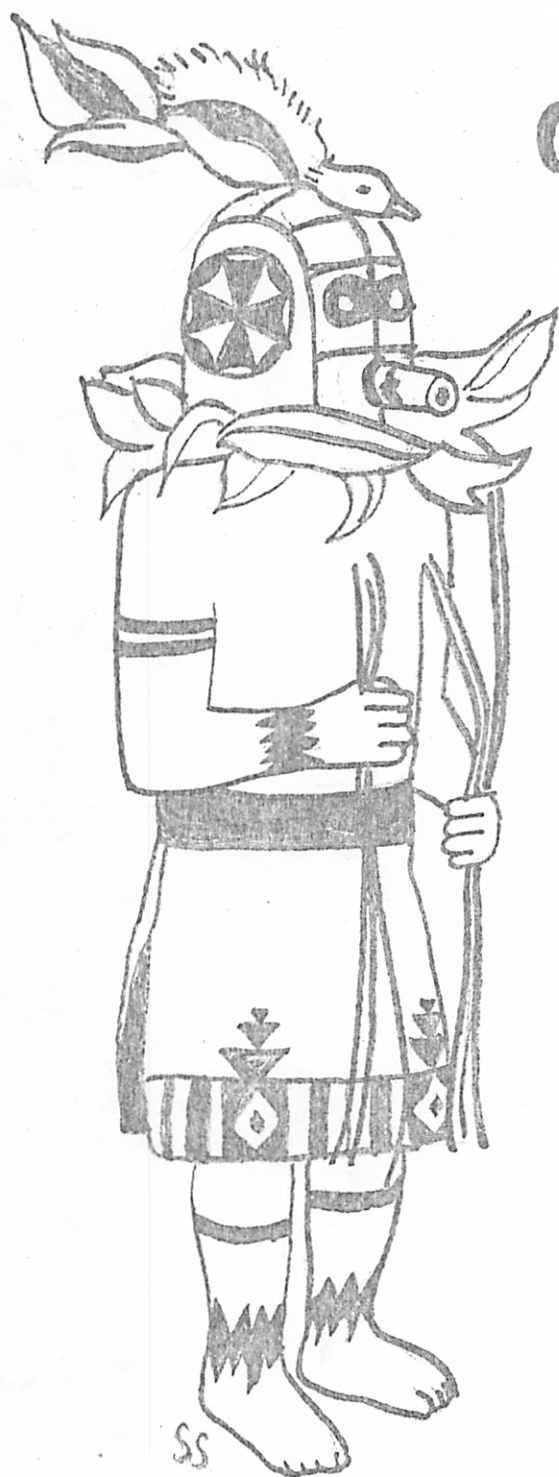
For More Information...
Mary Thompson,

COVERAGE IN

SMOKE SIGNALS

Gwen

Humming Arrows



April 12, 1974
vol. I no. 2

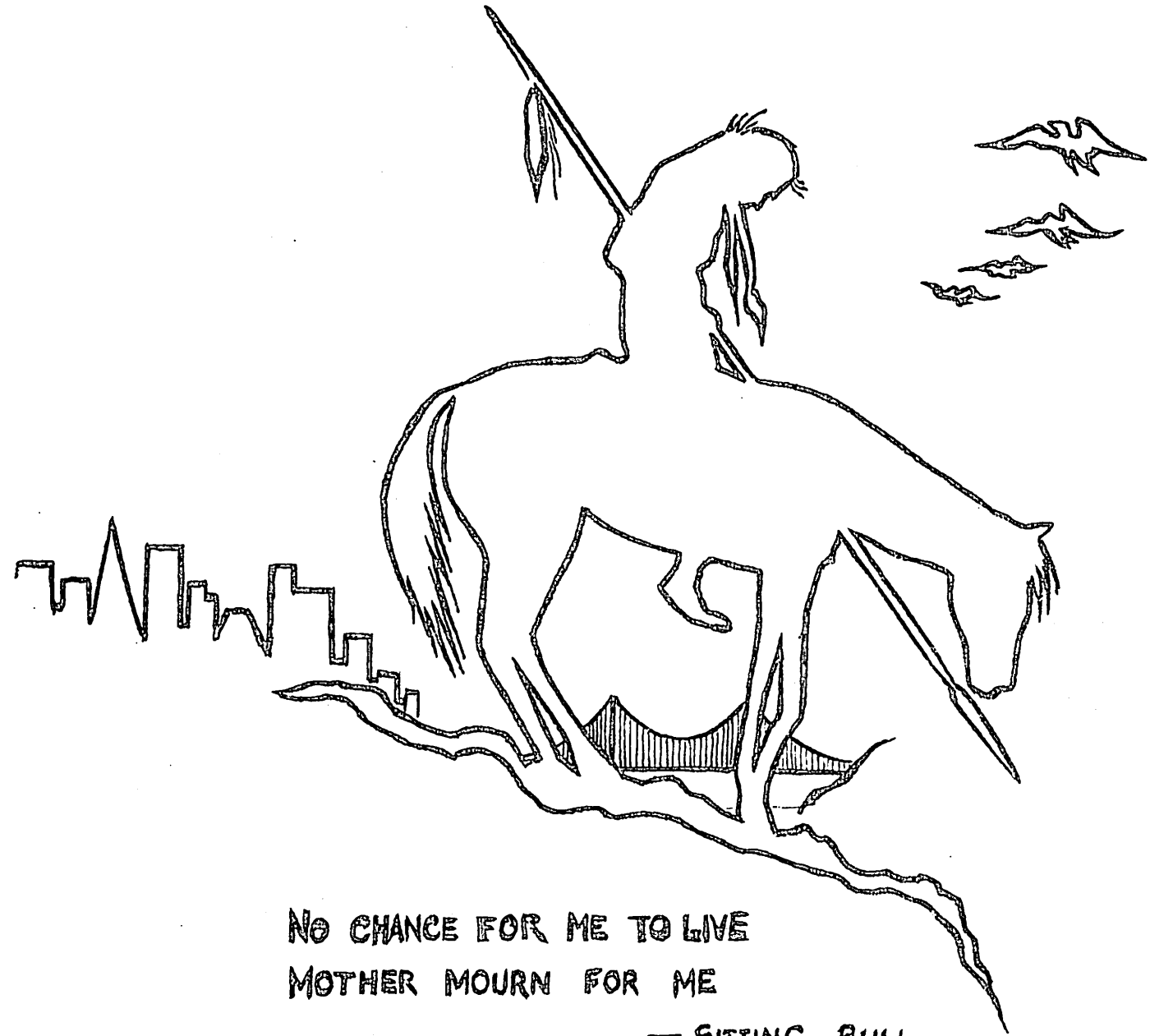
Published by Stanford Am. Indian Org.

Bwen

Humming Arrows



April 19, 1974
vol. I no. 3
published by
stanford american indian organization



NO CHANCE FOR ME TO LIVE
MOTHER MOURN FOR ME

— SITTING BULL

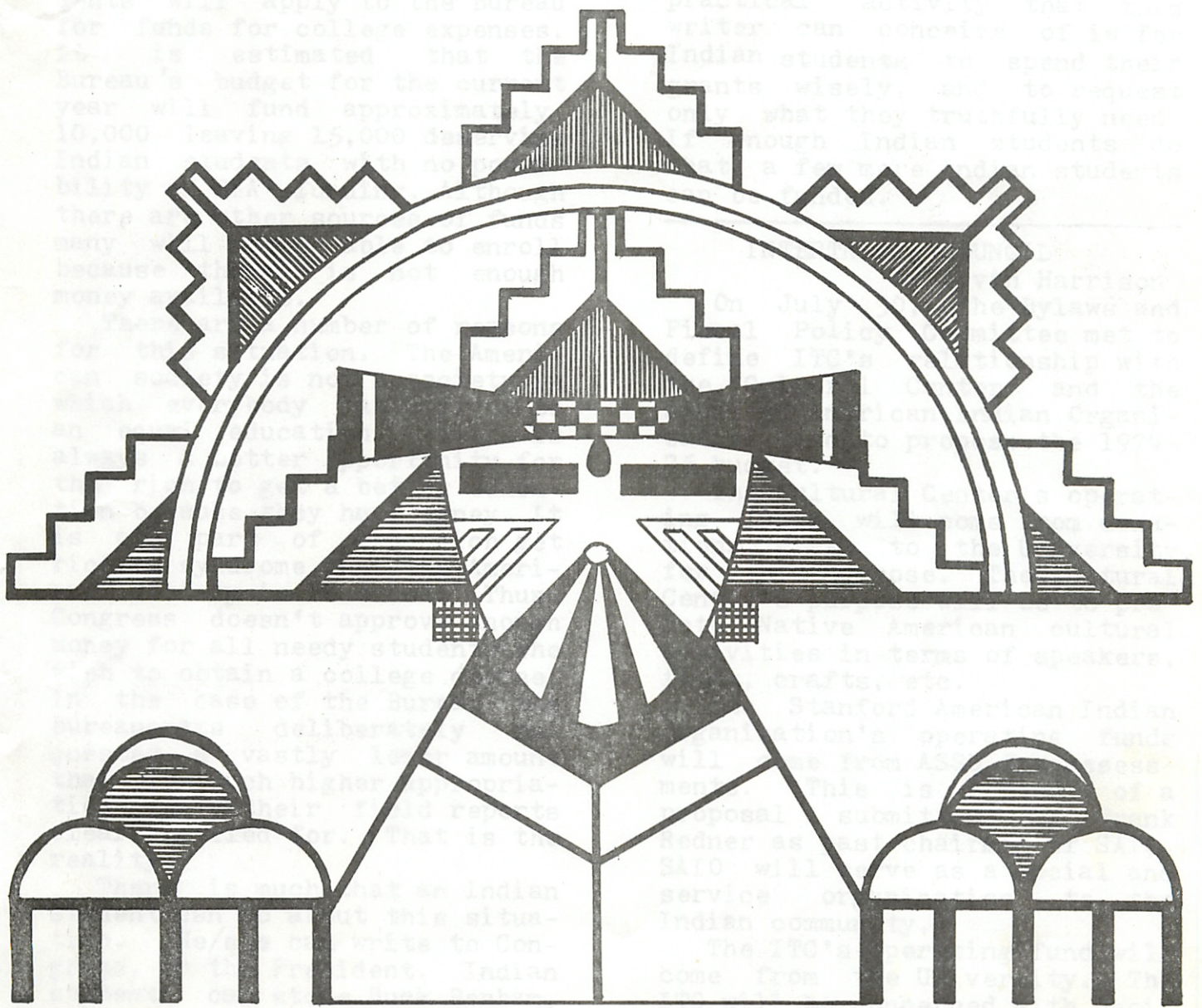
HUMMING ARROWS

VOL 1 NO 6

MAY 10, 1974

humming arrows

FINANCIAL AID
by Mike Pearson



VOLUME I, NUMBER 9

time, and that American education only changes and coopts Indian young people into the American mainstream anyway. An Indian group could kidnap a millionaire and force him to give away his millions for Indian education.

These are all real alterna-

tive expenditures will be as follows:

1. Public Relations
2. Speakers
3. Special student-initiated projects.
4. Library research material
5. Guest-in-resident Program

(Continued on next page.)

humming arrows



o Volume II Number II. o

TRIBAL NONSENSE

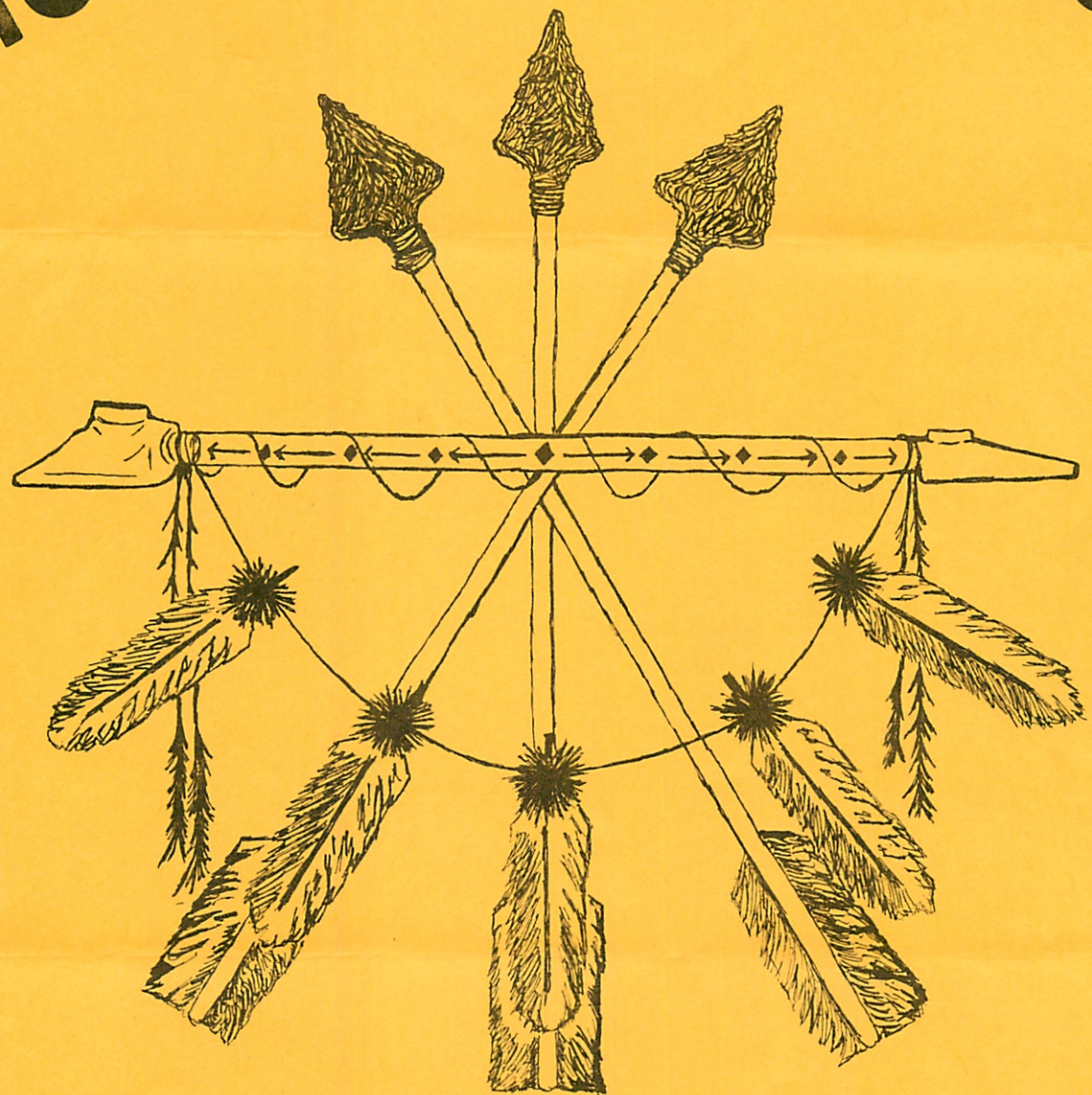
Tired of studying, then take a break with this puzzle. The names of 54 tribal groups are hidden in this maze of letters. The names read forward, backward, up, down, and diagonally, are always in a straight line, and never skip letters. Names may overlap, letters may be used more than once, but not all the letters will be used. Good luck. 25¢ will be awarded to the first person to discover two of the extra Indian-related words (Judge's discretion will be exercised, and staff are not eligible.)

W C G E N I O B I N I S S A X A P A C H E T
 C T R L Z M A L E E K O R E H C F T I H M U
 D H X I P O B O R Z B I T B K O M O P O U L
 E T O K J T R O T P S A N D O M I N G O V A
 J Z E C V A Z D N E D E T U I A P C I P R L
 C R E E T W J M E R S P O K A N E M A A V I
 P S K N S A C W V C J K Z T R C D W F L T P
 L H O D A T W A S E N E C A M H N E B K V I
 U A R E N O H S O H S T W O S E R D O T R M
 T W E R I P V C R O M I K S E K Z P T I B A
 M N H O L F R O G P A Q S A N J U A N G W W
 A E C S D C T A M I K A Y B L Z N E R N I E
 T E N H E J A O N S A L F K A M I N D I N P
 I K R T F Y R C J F H X O F R O E N I L N P
 L N E I O Z A L O A K A R O K J B E N T E I
 L I T S N J P M D M V N T R D A T Y E O B H
 A V S B S T A R S Z A A Y E W V O E M K A C
 N J A C O C H I T I C U N O T E B H S I G J
 B S E V R M O E Z D F I I X E M D C D E O M
 P A P A G O J F I O D K N I U T E A J K Z A
 T D W L Z D W G K S A T E L S I O U X M A F

TRIBES HIDDEN ABOVE: Acoma, Apache, Arapaho, Assiniboine, Blood, Cherokee, Cheyenne, Chippewa, Choctaw, Cochiti, Comanche, Cree, Crow, Eastern Cherokee, Eskimo, Fox, Gros Ventre, Haida, Hoopa, Hopi, Iowa, Isleta, Karok, Kiowa, Lumbee, Makah, Mojave, Navajo, Nez Perce, Paiute, Papago, Pawnee, Pima, Pomo, Potawatomi, Sac, San Domingo(Sorry, Benjie), San Ildefonso, San Juan, Seneca, Shawnee, Shoshone, Sioux, Spokane, Taos, Tlingit, Tulalip, Umatilla, Ute, Wasco, Winnebago, Yakima, Zia, and Zuni.

1974-75 N X Prog

humming arrows



VOLUME II, NUMBER 3

HUMMING ARROWS



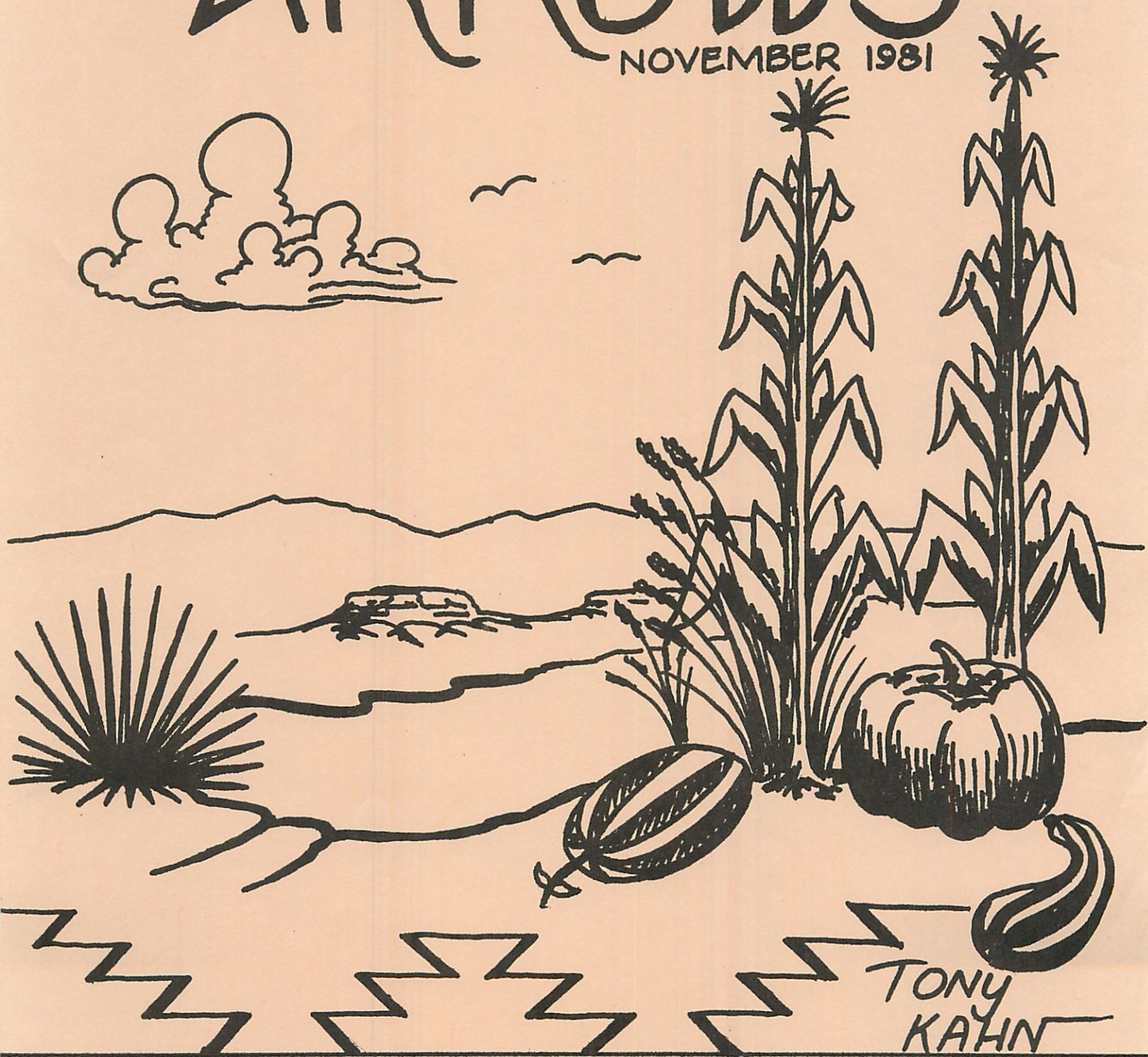
HUMMING LEWIS ARROWS



September 1981

HUMMING ARROWS

NOVEMBER 1981



From the Editors-

It is with great pleasure that we present this edition of Humming Arrows. Humming Arrows is a publication compiled by and for the American Indian community at Stanford. We hope that everyone will find our publication relevant and entertaining. A very special thank you to all those who have contributed their talents to Humming Arrows. (For a list of contributors see the last page.)

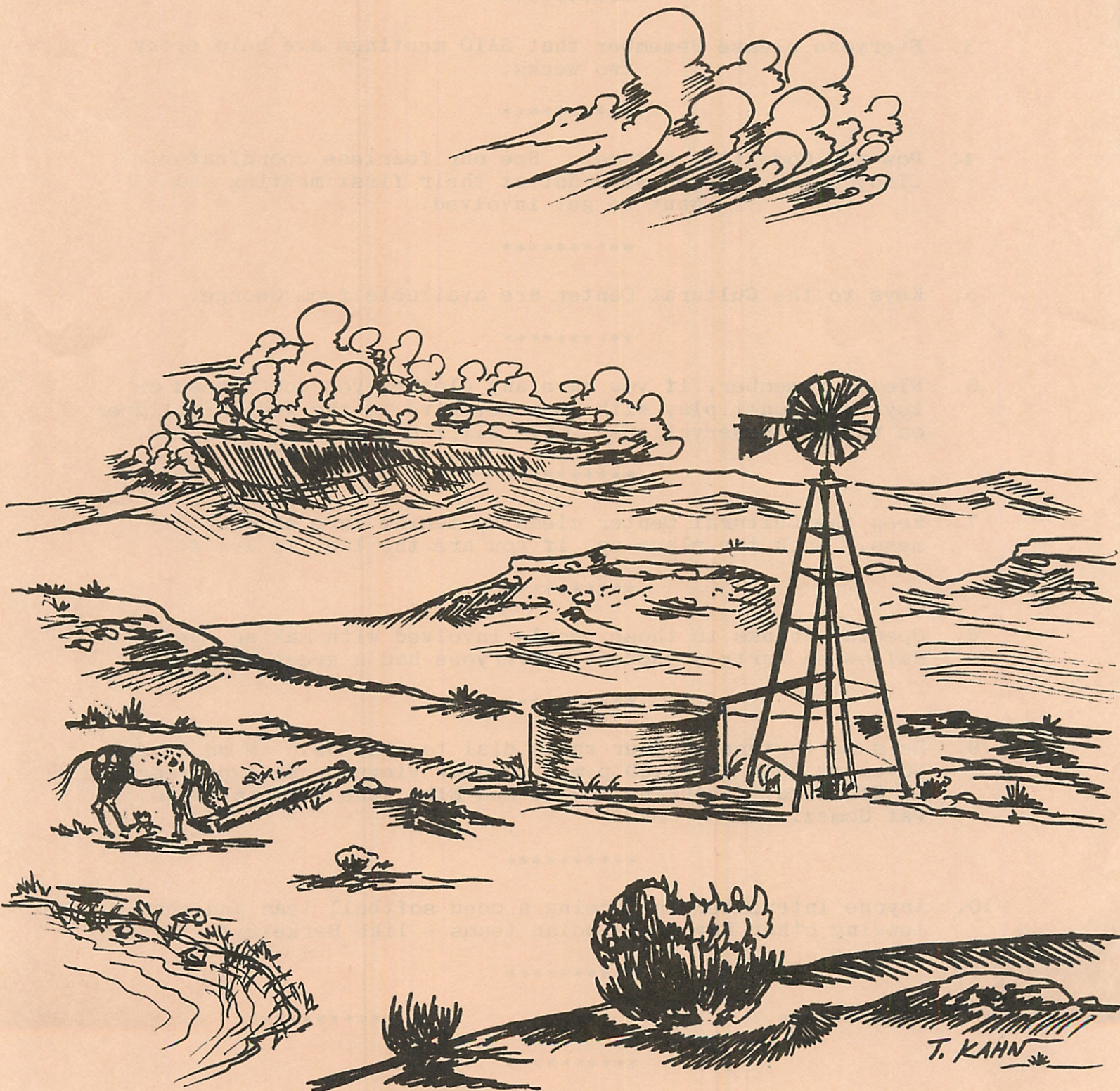
We would also like to announce that this edition is dedicated to all Stanford American Indian Alumni.

Leslie Stanhoff

Pat Gomez

- TO STANFORD AMERICAN INDIAN ALUMNI -

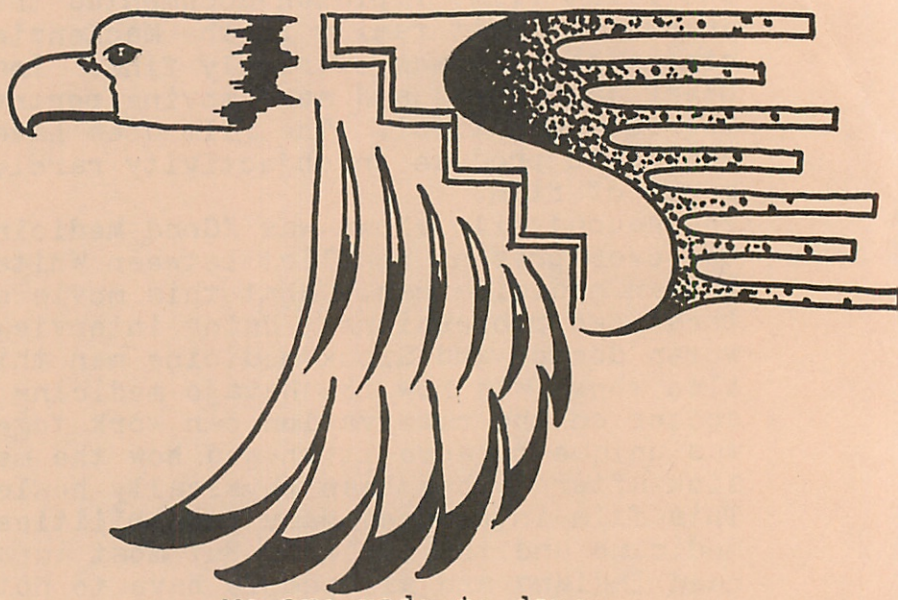
Your perseverance and courage is an inspiration to all generations of American Indians who share the vision of education for their people.



Hataakii

Sacred things
are painted in sand.
In muted colors
they create
the gods and legends
our people remember.
When the sun rises
the painter begins.
He paints with ceremony
in the sand on the ground..
He is the medicine man.
His hand is steady-
a design emerges.
He chants as he paints
and his medicine is strong.
He is the medicine man.
With an eagle feather fan
Corn pollen in his hand
He is the medicine man.
He prays.
High above
the eagle soars.
He listens, hears
the chanting, the prayers.
A message he carries,
flying high
above the mesa,
across the mountains
above the clouds
he flies.
A message he carries
to one who waits-
watching the people,
watching Hataakii,
sending the medicine.

-by Lori Cupp-



we are made to dance
led by the hand
we dance
on the open field
we slide along
they walk along

days we dance for death
alive we are
for death
tired men teach few
forgotten songs
the lonely songs

we jump for the drum
and scary sounds
the drum
but we know or felt
where we belong
and they belong

the old ways are deaf
our times again
are deaf
the cougar is fat
his world is wrong
his life is wrong

like children we dream
in sleep we want
to dream
of days we wish for
away so long
away so long

-by Patrick Gomez-

Solitude

Our day has long been in passing.
Yet, in my old shelter
Where it's warm and still,
Aged visions comfort my night.
If power were given me,
I'd return us to secret havens
To unleash again your valor
at dawn or sunset . . .
Could it be a sin?
Each person has in his dreams
An image of Love . . .
pervasive and enduring,
promising as its gift
the epitome of each season.
Is it you I see resting by my side
Amidst beds of Autumn's Aspen
or leading me through Winter's
crystalline miles?
And is it you who'd cast
our hopes into the wind
At the height of spring . . .
To harvest at Summer's end
the fruits of our exchange?
Indeed, your name echoes
in my quiet solitude.

-by Addlee Red Elk-

synderesis
like glue
touching
like magnets
pole to pole
fighting again
sometimes not
you walk away
I run to you
but pass and
I continue
separate
like a magnet
minus to plus
loving again
sometimes not
you turn to me
I turn to you
you turn again
and move away
like mercury
synderesis

-by Patrick Gomez-

The Beauty of the Sky

Far away, in the distance,
I see you.
Far away in the distance,
I see you all, your splendid brilliance.
The countless number of my cousins fill the sky
And give light to Earth during the night.

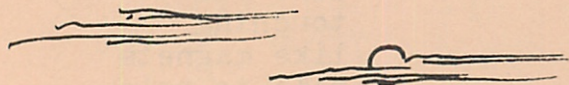
The city lights have dimmed your brilliance.
And I too have lost this brilliance.
Nevertheless, I see you.
Although, there is an eternity between your
world and ours . . .
I know that you see us, though dimly.
I also know that you understand.

-by n.w. winder jr.

A Walk to My Grandparents Home

The earth is all covered with snow
And the moon is full.
The sky is filled with countless numbers of stars.
I can see the milky way , , ,
The light of the stars, moon and planets seem to light up the Earth,
And the snow glows with beauty.

-by n.w. winder jr.-



Dawn Boy

I offer a prayer
for the beauty of this day.

You bring the new dawn
and a clear day
Your fingers touch
my cheek
and I offer a prayer stick
as you warm your mother
Changing Woman
as you lead your father
Sunbearer
across the sky.
You are soon gone
you leave me here
you bless my day.

-by Lori Cupp-



Wind Spirit

My arm raised to the sky
To a Spirit calling
This Spirit to be praised
above all others
It is the Wind Spirit
And I listen.

Wind takes me to the rivers of
Water flowing over rocks
Wind takes me to the hills where
My People singing praises of the
Wind.
And I listen.

-by Leslie Stanhoff-

The Rules of the Game

At first it was all fun--the companionable nights,
the whiskey by the fire, the dark behind us,
the light inside us lifting the old tales
over the ancient woods. But even then
the game was receding from our hearts. By now
it has been years since anybody saw
the great brown bear, now even the squirrels and rabbits
are talking to themselves, and the old forest
has dwindled to this lawn below the porch
where I've sat hunting in my peculiar way,
the lights and liver darkening, the last cloud
no bigger than a man's hand, one of my own.
So whistle up the dogs, and piss on the fire,
this was the last hunt, and it's over now.

-by Kenneth Fields-

Contributors to this edition of Humming Arrows:

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Kenneth Fields
English Professor

Special thanks to Gibbet for typing some of the articles for us.

