

STONE SOUP

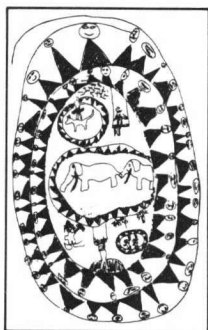
the magazine by children

Special Navajo Issue



Lynda Rockwell, age 14, Utah

Volume 17 Number 4
March/April 1989



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Stone Soup, founded in 1973, is a literary magazine containing stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children up to age 13. It is published in September, November, January, March, and May by the Children's Art Foundation, a nonprofit educational organization devoted to encouraging children's creativity. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup*, the Children's Art Foundation maintains a museum collection of international children's art and a library of books written and/or illustrated by children. We also run an innovative art school. Work from the collection and from the art school appears frequently in the pages of *Stone Soup*.

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Membership Information

Stone Soup is published five times a year, in September, November, January, March, and May. It is mailed to members of the Children's Art Foundation. In the United States, a one-year membership costs \$20, two years \$35, three years \$48. Foreign countries, including Canada, add \$4 per year for surface mail, \$16 per year for air mail. Single copies of *Stone Soup* cost \$4 each.

Information for Contributors

Stone Soup is made up of stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children through age 13. We encourage our readers to send us their work! To get an idea of the kind of work we like, and why we like it, read a few issues of *Stone Soup*. Be sure to read the Activities section, too. You'll see that we have a preference for writing and art on subjects that mean a lot to their creators. If you feel strongly about something that happened to you or something you observed, use that feeling as the basis for your story, poem, or picture. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, and we will respond within approximately six weeks.

Stories: Stories need not be typed or copied over. They may be any length. We are looking for writing in which you show us—through the realistic sound of the dialogue, and the clarity of your descriptions of people, places, and feelings—that you are closely observing the world around you and using these observations in your work.

Poems: In a poem a few words must go a long way to explain what you see and feel. Those words must be chosen carefully. Your poem should present a unique view of your subject and a way of using words that is special and all your own. And, it should sound beautiful when read aloud.

Art: Pictures are accepted in any size and any color. Preference is given to works that use the whole page. If you would like to illustrate stories for us, choose a passage from a story you like in *Stone Soup*, and send us an illustration for it. Enclose a note that lists your name, age, address, and the title of the story you have illustrated.

Book Reviews: If you are interested in reviewing books, write Gerry Mandel for more information. Aside from telling her your name, age, and address, tell her a little about yourself and what kinds of books you like to read.

Contents

STORIES

My Great Grandpa / Delphine Martin	8
When My Brother Got in a Fight / Marlene Johnson	12
The Indian Boy and the Hawk / Duane Hanley	22
The Puberty Ceremony / Leon King	27
How I Got Over My Dream / Diane Duboise	33

POEMS

Rain / Rosina Dee	6
(Untitled) / James Yellowman	8
(Untitled) / Julius Talker	8
Joyfulness / Karen Black	11
The Old Barn / Rosemary Gillis	26
Tired / Rolynda Yazzie	31

PHOTOGRAPHS

Portrait / Louise Silas	20
At Home / Lisa Atcitty	21
Portrait / Pernella Kitseally	25
Self Portrait / Lenora Mark	32

COLOR ART

The Way We Used to Live / Arthur Manuelito	4
Illustration / Franklin Wood	8
Illustration / Arthur Manuelito	41



"The Way We Used to Live" by Arthur Manuelito, 12, New Mexico

Introduction

When we first began publishing stories by young Navajo writers in *Stone Soup* in 1985, we had a dream that one day we would be able to devote an entire issue to this wonderful material. At last our dream has come true, and we are proud to share our Special Navajo Issue with our readers.

In many ways, Navajo children are like all children—they love their grandparents and their pets, they have squabbles with their friends, they watch TV. But in some ways Navajo children are different. The Navajos have preserved many of the

traditions of their ancestors. For example, when someone gets sick or has a problem, friends and family may gather in a hogan for a ceremony with a medicine man. Many Navajos herd sheep, just as their ancestors did, and they practice traditional crafts, such as rug weaving. Most Navajos speak both English and Navajo.

With two hundred thousand people in three different states (New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah), the Navajos make up the largest single group of Native Americans living in the United States today. Yet most people know very little about them and their culture. We hope that you will learn something about the Navajo people and what is important to them when you read this issue, and that your life will be a little richer for it.

Extra special thanks to Mary Janeen and Martha Janette Dorsett (twin sisters), who teach at Chuska Boarding School, Bureau of Indian Affairs, in Tohatchi, New Mexico, and to all of their students over the last few years who have worked so hard to help us put together this issue. Special thanks also to teacher/photographer Bruce Hucko and all of his students in the Artists in Education Program, sponsored by the Utah Art Council. The illustration on page 10 is from the Chinle School District in Chinle, Arizona, with thanks to Kent Tompkins.

We wish we could have published something by each and every one of the talented students who sent us their writing and art. We look forward to continuing to enrich the pages of *Stone Soup* with work by Navajo children for years to come.

Rain

Rain cries its
soft teardrops
against the green meadow.
It leaves dew
on the fresh grass.
It's like a cool, refreshing shower
to the small bugs.
It peels off the dryness
on the grass.
It paints the grass
more green.
It hauls away
the hotness.
It sings a small
breeze.
Then it goes away
to sleep.

Rosina Dee, 10, Utah

(Untitled)

The eagle
stops crying,
but the sound
keeps coming
out of the clouds.

Julius Talker, 7, Utah

(Untitled)

When I go to the rock
I see the red-brown mesa,
and the white sky.
I hear the blue creek water
splashing
in the yellow afternoon.

James Yellowman, 8, Utah

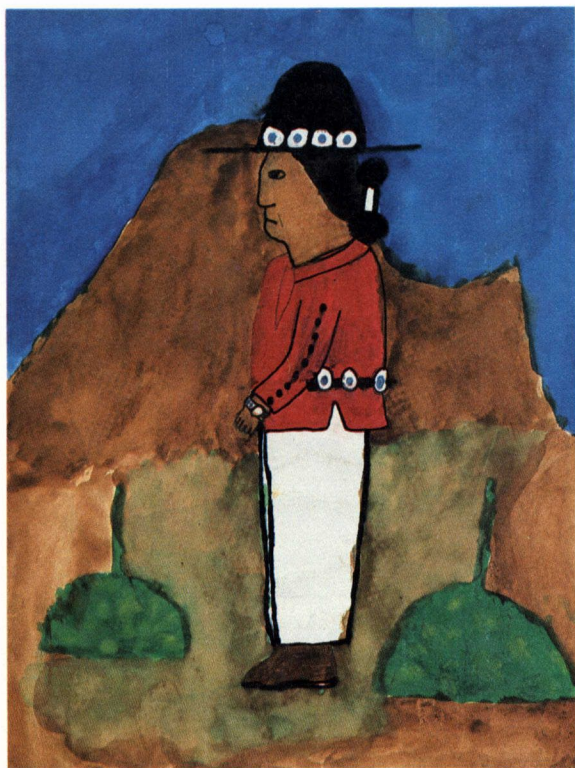


Illustration: Franklin Wood, 13, New Mexico

My Great Grandpa

MY GREAT GRANDPA'S name was Barney Holona. He was ninety-eight years old when he died. He died of a heart attack. He died January 26, 1986. Saturday the twenty-fifth of January my mom's aunt took him to Gallup. Nothing was wrong with him. He was happy. My mom's aunt dropped him off at the flea market and he didn't want her to pick him up. That day we were all getting

worried because my great grandpa hadn't come home. Then my grandma, my great grandpa's daughter, went into Gallup to look for him. When she came back she said that she couldn't find him.

The next day was Sunday. My mom and my grandma went to look for my great grandpa again. I stayed home. When the sheepherder came back we asked him where my grandpa was. He told us what happened. I started to cry. I cried until I had a terrible headache. I couldn't believe that my great grandpa was gone.

When my mom came home she told us that they found him by the new Kentucky Fried Chicken. He tried to hitchhike back home when he had a heart attack.

I had thought back when every time I would go into his house he would always be singing in Navajo. I thought of what good teeth he had. He had the goodest teeth in the world. They were straight and white. It looked like they were fake, but they weren't. My great grandpa was my first generation. In the second generation my great grandpa had three sons and four daughters. In the third generation my great grandpa had forty-three grandchildren. In the fourth generation my great grandpa had eighty-four great grandchildren. In the fifth generation my great grandpa had five great great grandchildren. In the sixth generation my great grandpa had one great great great grandchild.

When I go into his house I always expect to see him.

When we went to his funeral there were a lot of

people. When the funeral was over we got to see him. He was dressed neatly. He looked different.

Now that my great grandpa is gone we can't go up in the mountains to see him. In the summer he lived up in the mountains. And then in the winter he comes back down. When he lives in the mountains he herds his sheep every morning and then

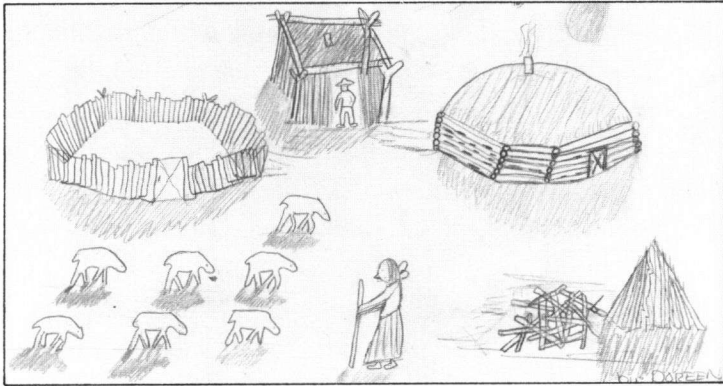
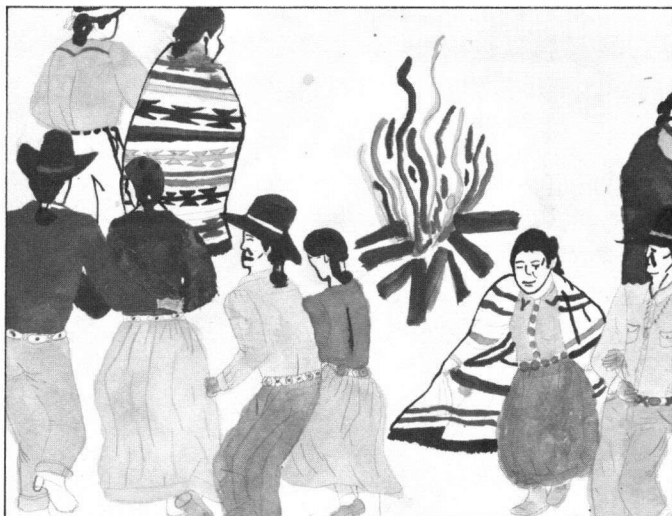


Illustration: Doreen Bia, 12, Arizona

comes back in the evening. It was fun to go see him. I wish my great grandpa was still alive. I miss him. He is probably happy that he is with my great grandma. He was the best great grandpa anyone could have. It is different without him.

Delphine Martin, 10, New Mexico





"Squaw Dance," by Franklin Wood, 13, New Mexico

Joyfulness



I shall dance tonight
when the sun comes crawling
There will be dancing
and feasting
I shall dance with the others
in circles
in leaps
in stomps
among the fires
Games will be played
and I shall be
part of it

Karen Black, 12, Utah

When My Brother Got in a Fight

ONE WARM SUNNY day my mother, grandmother, and I were looking for my brother in Gallup, New Mexico. We drove around by all the bars because we thought that he might be there. We drove by the Round-Up Saloon on Maloney Street and Grandmother said, "There's Frank."

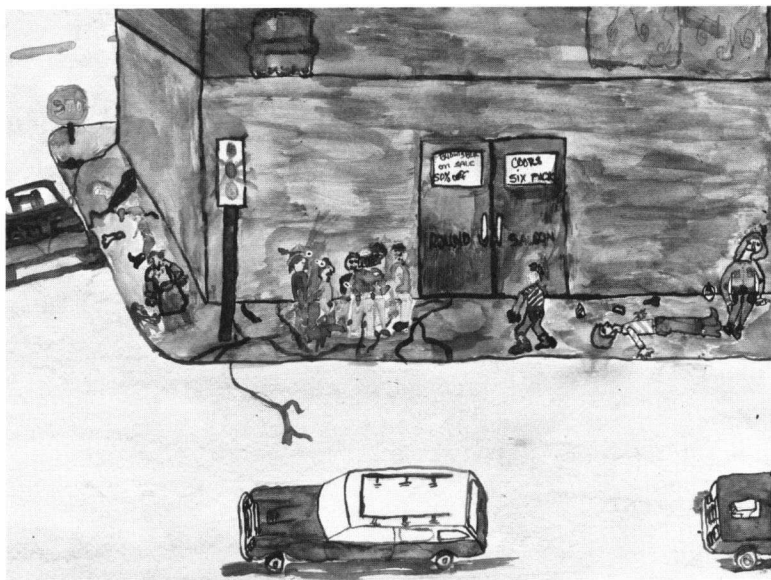


Illustration: Marvin Segay, 13, New Mexico

Frank was standing by the entrance surrounded by a gang of about five boys. Mother drove on and parked our blue GMC pickup in the next block. She said, "Marlene, you and Grandmother go get

Frank." I felt shy but I wanted to go over there and help get Frank. I was wearing my new boots, Levi jeans, and a black western skirt. I felt real good about the way I was dressed. Grandmother wore a gathered skirt with a matching blouse like most of the old Navajo women. She had her black hair tied up in a bundle in the back with white string. She wore her turquoise and silver jewelry. She wore a jaclah necklace and earrings and bracelets on each arm and turquoise rings on her fingers. She always wears her jewelry, except when she goes to her sheep. I glanced up at Grandmother's face. She looked serious. Her mouth was in a firm line.

I looked around me and saw some old buildings that were about to fall down. Some others were empty. The only good-looking building was the saloon. It had just been painted brown. The sidewalks were cracked and dirty. There were drunk men and women standing all over the place. I saw some passed-out drunks lying on the ground next to some of the buildings. There were empty liquor bottles on the ground where they fell. There were patches of broken glass all over the parking lot. I heard some of the drunks snoring and I began to get a feeling of fear.

We walked on with me in front and we began to hear loud arguing voices. We got to the bar and saw that Frank was arguing with these boys. We could not hear what they were saying. Then someone yelled a string of dirty words in English and I felt mad inside. Frank didn't answer them. Those

boys had bats—the ones you hit with. Still cussing they started to hit my brother. He was yelling with pain. He had put his hands and arms up to protect his face and head. I felt ugly inside and I wanted to hit those boys back with my fists. I glanced at Grandmother. I was scared and worried about Frank. So was she.

Grandmother looked angry and said, “I’m going inside the bar and call the police and the ambulance.” Then she said, “Marlene, you stay here.” She walked away fast. I just stood helplessly and watched the boys beat up on Frank. I saw the blood on Frank’s face and felt like I wanted to cry. The boys were just laughing and giggling as Frank tried to get one of the bats to hit them with. I wanted to rush in and just make those boys get back but I felt scared of what they might do to me. I felt like I wanted to cry a bucketful of tears. The tears were running down my face and I wiped them away with my hand as Grandmother came back. She looked over at Frank. She said, “The police are coming.” I said a silent prayer for them to hurry. I was afraid that those boys might hit Frank on the head and his head might bust open.

Then suddenly I was very angry. I thought, Why does Frank have to come to this bar? Why does he have to drink? Then like a flash I wished that I was in another place, a place where it was peaceful and nice, a place where people don’t fight and drink. I wished that I could throw away all the alcohol in the world and then there would be no drunk people.

The people standing around the bar were watching the fight. They were just laughing and they were saying, "Beat him up! Beat him up!" in English and Navajo. I just wanted to beat up the whole bunch of people. I noticed the cars driving up and down the street. They slowed down and turned their necks around to see what those boys were doing. I felt like yelling and screaming at the people staring. I yelled, "What are you looking at! You don't have to stare!" I screamed that in English but my voice was not loud enough to be heard over the noise. I yelled so loud that my throat began to hurt.

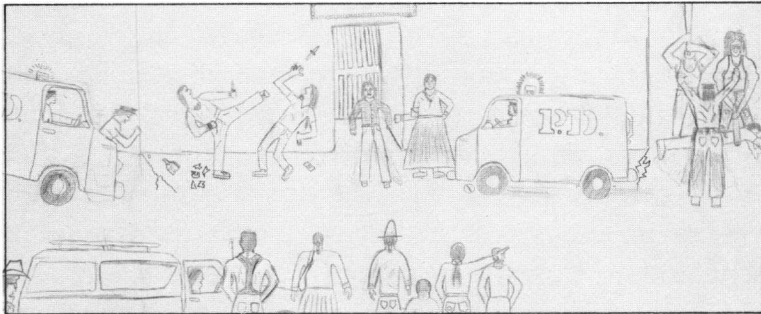


Illustration: Jan Micheal Patterson, 12, New Mexico

I heard the shrilling police sirens and saw the flashing lights as two blue vans arrived. The big policemen, I thought they were big like Paul Bunyons, rushed over to where the boys were fighting. They shouted, "Stop fighting," but they kept on hitting Frank. The policemen grabbed some of those boys from behind and held them tight. Then they put handcuffs on them. The boys were wiggling around trying to get away. Frank just fell on

the ground. He was lying on the ground covering his head with his hands. He was moaning. One policeman went over and checked on Frank. He said, "Are you all right? Frank didn't answer so he said, "The ambulance will be here in a few minutes."

Finally the ambulance came and the men dressed in white took a stretcher out and ran over to Frank. Grandmother and I walked over to Frank as one of the police vans drove away with those boys. The men turned Frank over and began checking his heart and if he had any broken bones. I really felt scared when we saw the blood around Frank's mouth and on the front of his shirt. They checked Frank's mouth. All seven front teeth were missing. One of the men looked around on the ground and he found all seven teeth. He put them in a small plastic bag. They put Frank in the ambulance and they drove away. I felt ugly inside and I started crying as they took Frank to the Indian hospital. The Indian hospital is run by the government and the Public Health Service. It is free to Indians.

Grandmother touched my back and said, "Don't cry, he's going to be all right." Then she prayed over and over to herself, "I wish he is O.K."

We ran back to Mother and the pickup and told her to follow the ambulance. As we drove we told Mother about the fight. I said, "Grandmother and I saw those boys beat up on Frank. I was really scared. He had blood all over his face and shirt."

At the hospital the nurse was checking Frank's mouth. She said, "He has no teeth in front." My

grandmother started to cry. My mother told my grandmother not to cry. The nurse said, "Frank will see the dentist and he will put the teeth back in." Then she said, "You can go ahead and go back home because you have nothing to do here." Then we went home to tell everybody about Frank.

When my older brother, Robert, heard about Frank he said, "When those boys get out of jail I'm going to beat them up. Then they won't be happy." Grandmother began to cry. Robert said, "Don't cry." Then he said, "They probably took Frank to jail after they checked his teeth."

The next day we all went to the hospital. The dentist said, "He went to jail for three weeks."

Later that day my sister, Bessie, and I went to see Frank. When we got there Bessie said, "What happened, Frank?" He would not talk to us. I think his mouth was really sore. Finally my sister took him out of jail. It cost one hundred dollars.

I asked, "Where are your teeth, Frank?"

Then he said, "The dentist said he couldn't put them back in. Probably I will have to get some false teeth and put them in later this year."

The next day was his birthday. He was going to be nineteen years old. So we had a birthday party for him. We had so much fun. All the family was there. It seemed like all the aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins, and brothers and sisters were there. Frank acted shy and crazy because of his missing front teeth. He kept his lips closed tightly so no one could see his missing teeth. When he talked he covered his mouth with his hand. We

tried to tell him to open his mouth. While he was closing his mouth he would just smile a little.

I said, "You shouldn't be ashamed of your missing teeth. You are part of the family."



Illustration: Brian Billy, 11, New Mexico

Then the family just laughed about him. We thought that he would copy my grandma the way she puts her cake in the cup. First she gets the milk and a spoon and she puts milk in the cup with the cake, and then she starts stirring it so it'll be soft. We all thought he would do that but he just ate it without doing that. It was a cake from the bakery so it was really soft. The cake said, "Happy Birthday Frank." Everyone cheered for him and Frank jumped up and down and laughed with us.

My big sister Gloria said to Frank, "Best wishes to you. We all hope you get your front teeth back."

I felt real happy and I thought that Aunt Susie and I could take him to the movie in Gallup and buy him anything he wanted.

He really likes the Bruce Lee karate movies.

There was one playing at the El Morro Theater. I like the karate movies too. I think that most of the Navajos like those movies and John Wayne movies. Maybe that is why they show so many in Gallup.

Then we gave him his own car because he wanted his own car for his birthday. It was a black Buick.

Grandmother said, "We all think you are old enough to be a man and stop drinking."

Mother said, "Your sister Bessie must always be with you when you are driving. We don't want you to be in an accident and get hurt."

I gave him a black hat and a ten-speed bike. He felt happy and excited. I felt real joyful about Frank. I wanted him to always have a good life. Then we all started laughing and talking. Frank and Bessie and I went for a ride in Frank's new car. We all had a good day.

Marlene Johnson, 12, New Mexico



Marvin Segay



Jan Micheal Patterson

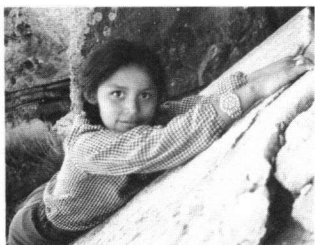


Brian Billy

Portrait



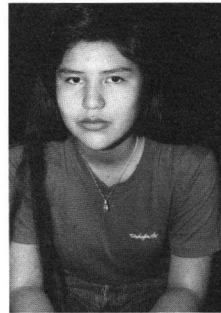
Louise Silas, 11, Utah



At Home



Lisa Atcitty, 11, Utah



The Indian Boy and the Hawk

ONE DAY ABOUT four million moons ago there lived an Indian boy name Kemo. He lived in a village of gentle people near the beautiful tall red mesas. It was there Kemo learned many things from his Chei (grandfather).

One day while they were walking, his Chei told him, "You should always respect the animals, like that hawk flying overhead." Suddenly, his grandfather called out, "Hawk, my brother, come and sit upon my arm." Kemo watched. To his surprise the bird came to rest on the old-timer's arm. Then it fled into the sunset of the never-ending sky.



One day while Kemo was weeding the corn-field, he saw a red-tailed hawk hovering over the mesa, then landing and giving something food. Kemo wondered what it had fed. Kemo continued his chore of pulling weeds in spite of his curiosity. His curiosity grew stronger. He kept thinking about what the bird had fed. Was it some magical creature? Was it

something that had the gifted power of the birds? Kemo knew of the mystical powers of unspeaking allies from talks with his Chei.

Finally, his curiosity got the best of him. He started climbing up onto the high mesa. Higher and higher and higher he went. He climbed until he could go no further. Kemo was exhausted from the climb. With no more footing, he thought to himself, I will never know what it is that my fellow brother has fed. He began to descend. He stepped down and all of a sudden the rock he was holding slipped and made Kemo fall down the side of the steep mesa. Kemo shouted out, "BROTHER OF THE SKY, COME!!" Kemo knew that it was a silly thing to shout out, but it was all he could think of because all other ideas were hopeless.



He had seen his life pass. He tightened for the fall. Just as he was about to hit the ground, something gently grabbed his shoulder and gently put

him down. It was he, the king of the sky, the red-tailed hawk. Kemo said with sincere gratitude, "Brother, I thank you! For you have saved my life!"

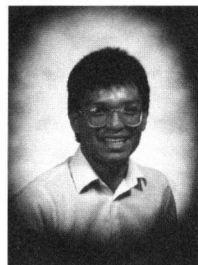
Just as the bird was about to take to flight, Kemo asked, "What is it that you were feeding, my brother?" The hawk went high up the mesa and came down with the most wonderful newborn hatchling in the world. The large bird gracefully and slowly placed the baby hawk in Kemo's hands. Kemo kept the bird until it was full grown, because it was a true gift from his brother, the king of the sky. There was no better gift an Indian boy would want.

After the baby hawk grew strong, Kemo let it go into the world.

From the day he was saved from the fall, Kemo always respected the animals of Mother Nature and believed that, sometimes, the old ways are the best ways. Our ancestors were taught to respect the animals and the land. I believe we, the young generation, should share Mother Earth with animals and live in perfect harmony.

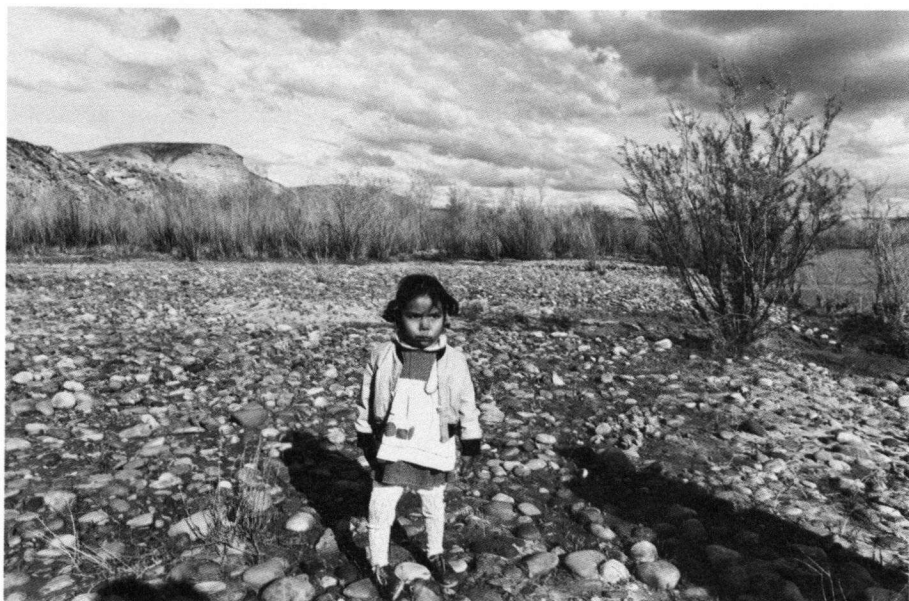
Duane Hanley, 13, New Mexico

Duane wrote this story in 1985. Now he is 16.



illustrated by Laurie Tsosie, 12, Utah

Portrait



Pernella Kitseally, 11, Utah



The Old Barn

The old barn
sitting there
losing all its
lumber like an
old man's hair
falling out.

In the summer
everyone getting
sunburns but
the old barn
is on fire.

On a rainy day
nothing to see
but burnt ashes,
the old barn
turned into ashes.

Rosemary Gillis, 12, Utah

The Puberty Ceremony

TODAY WAS THE big day! Relatives from J.B. Tanners, Canyoncita, China Springs, Gallup, and the medicine man from Zuni all gathered in our hogan. Today was going to be the beginning of the puberty ceremony for my sister, Ernestine. She had to run to the east every morning and do whatever the people told her to do. Ernestine had to do these things for four days. She dressed in



her very best Navajo clothing and jewelry; shining turquoise, reflecting silver, and dazzling corals. She wore a bright red velveteen blouse and a white gathered silky skirt, reddish moccasins, and smoothed white leggings, and a pretty red sash belt with a silver concho belt over it. She also wore a nice tightened

bun tied with white yarn on her long black hair.

All night the medicine man chanted and sang his songs of prayers. When daylight came Ernestine ran out to the east. The other people jogged behind.

Nobody dared to run past my sister because if anyone did they would get old before she did. Then she came back. My uncle waited for her with a bucket. "Your mother says that water is needed. Go to the water well and get some," my uncle said to Ernestine. She went down to the well and came back with a bucket filled with fresh water.

"Corn needs to be picked," I said to her. After a while she returned with a barrel full of corn.

"It is to be ground," my mother said to her next. Ernestine got two big flat stones and started to grind the corn.

Late in the afternoon it was very hot. I told my sister again, "Mother said that firewood is needed." She set her stones aside and went to chop wood and put it beside the hogan. Then she set to work again on the corn.

"More water is needed," my aunt told her in the evening. She ran down to the well and got some. Then everyone got into the hogan and the medicine man began to sing. Ernestine had to stay up all night and listen to the songs and the stories the medicine man told.

On the second day we ran to the east again. We ran from the hogan to the windmill which was a half mile away. Back at the hogan the medicine man said, "More corn is to be picked." So Ernestine went to the cornfield and got some corn. And so it went on. My sister did everything we told her to do.

On the third day after the run, my sister was told to grind the rest of the corn. When she began I told her, "Four loads of wood for the fire are needed."

"I want to stop this ceremony," she said to me. "It is like slavery!"

I said, "You can't stop now. You'll never be a woman."



She made up her mind and got the wood from the wood pile. When the corn was nicely ground the women and Ernestine started to mix the corn to make a big corn cake. They used long straight twigs to stir the mix. They had to use these straight twigs for they wanted my sister to think well. Then

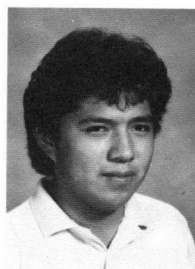
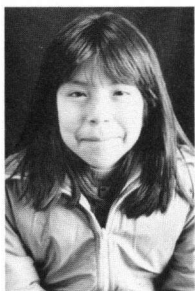
the cake mix was poured on a big round mat made from corn husks in a four feet deep round hole dug in the earth. Then the mixture was covered with hot glowing ashes on the top to let the mix bake.

It was evening. A man who watched the cake stayed outside and he took care of the fire. Ernestine had to stay awake again all night. The medicine man took the grinding stones, corn pollen, and white corn and sang on them. He sang on the things and on my sister too. In the middle of the night I told my sister, "Tomorrow you'll be all through with this stuff. Then you can do the same things you used to do." She smiled.

On the fourth and last day of the ceremony we all went out of the hogan. The cake was done and it looked beautiful. The middle part of the cake went to the medicine man and his family. After the medicine man, the cake went to the persons who took care of the fire and the cake. Then the medicine man's singers and their families, then the guests. After we were served with the cake everyone gathered in the shade. My aunt said a short prayer and we ate mutton stew with fry bread. It was good! We thanked our relatives for coming and the medicine man too. We gave him money for the good ceremony. They all went home. We cleaned up and stored the left-overs of the cake. Then my sister and I rode our horses to the mountain and we chattered under a piñon tree. It was evening as we started to ride homeward. "You may take the trail first, Madam," I said to my sister, and she

did. I looked at her and she looked at me. We both laughed and then we rode home.

Leon King, 12, New Mexico



illustrated by Kristina Long, 10, Utah

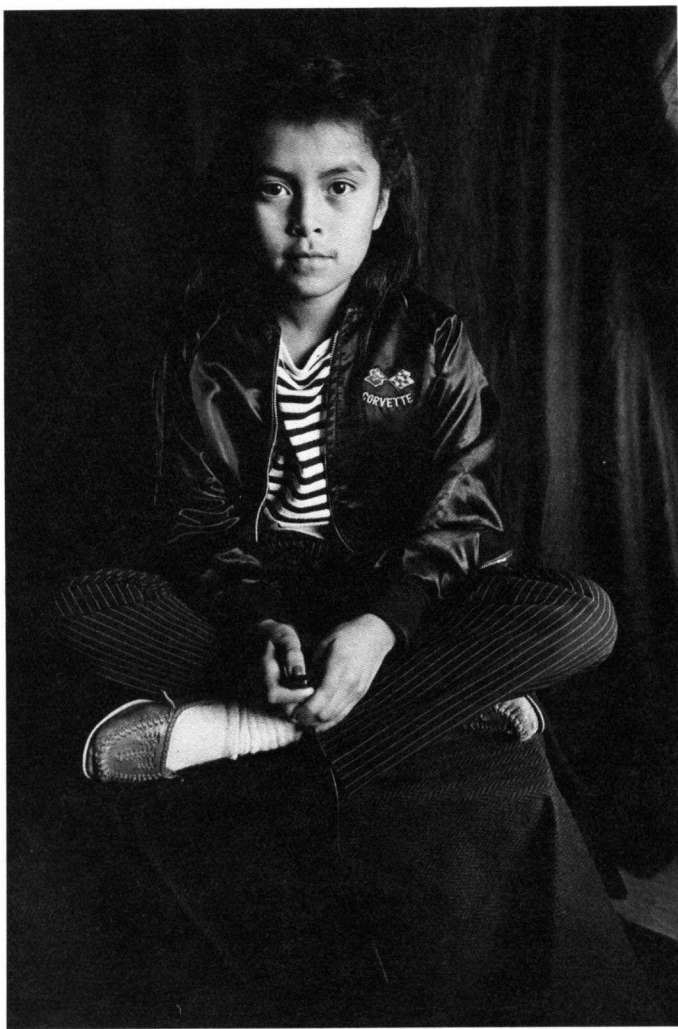
This story originally appeared in Volume 14 Number 3 of *Stone Soup*. Leon is now 16 years old.

Tired

The stars
are tired of standing up
like cows eating grass all day,
a tree
is tired of holding up leaves,
a dog
is tired of playing with
lazy children,
a woman
coming back from work.

Rolynda Yazzie, 12, Utah

Self Portrait



Lenora Mark, 10, Utah

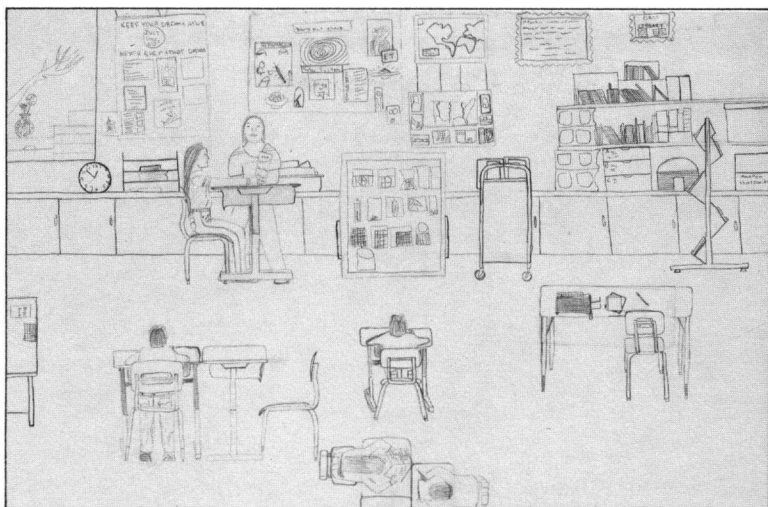


Illustration: Shawn Chambers, 12, New Mexico

How I Got Over My Dream

ONE WARM SUNNY afternoon in November I was sitting at my desk reading a library book about gorillas. I was looking at the gorillas when Kathleen, my cousin-sister, said, "Diane, why are you looking at that picture?"

I said, "I'm just looking at it." Then I said, "That gorilla looks big and scary. I only like orangutans and chimpanzees. They are small and they're not mean."

It was three-thirty, time to go to the dorm. The students walked down the hallway heading for Dorm Two. That is where I live Monday through Friday because I am a Navajo girl and I live way out on the Navajo Reservation. I live out too far

to go to a public school so I go to a boarding school. I started going to boarding school when I was very young and I don't really like it. I miss my family and I look forward to going home every Friday afternoon.

I said happily, "Kathleen, let's go to the canteen after we eat supper."

Kathleen said, "O.K."

I looked up and I thought that I saw a giant hairy gorilla in front of me. It was like a dream but I was awake. I was scared and I ran behind Kathleen.

Kathleen just started laughing. I think she thought that I was playing with her.

I peeked from behind Kathleen's shoulder and the terrible gorilla was showing his teeth and beating on his broad chest. My heart was racing and my hands began to sweat. Suddenly I felt a chill and I shuddered in panic.

Kathleen, feeling my hands tremble on her shoulders, said, "What's wrong?"

I answered, "I'm scared."

She said, "What are you scared of? There is no one in front of us."

Then I looked up again and the gorilla was gone. I thought to myself, It was there!

Kathleen was looking at me funny. She said, "What's wrong with you? Are you crazy?"

I didn't want her to think that I was crazy so I said, "Let's hurry and go to the dorm."

After a few hours it was shower time. There were about twelve of us girls in the shower. Their

being there didn't bother me because I was used to it. At home I used to take showers with my sisters. The girls were laughing and giggling. They were throwing the soap and washcloths around. I just smiled at them because I thought they were just being silly. Then I joined in and laughed and giggled. I forgot all about seeing the gorilla. I got out of the shower after I washed. I got my clean clothes and put them on. I felt a lot better.

That night at eight-fifteen the dorm aid, Mrs. Capitan, came and said, "It's time to go to bed." She turned the lights off and I got scared. I remembered seeing the gorilla. I was suddenly scared to go to bed. I tried to go to sleep but I kept getting up. I kept feeling that someone was watching me. I was shaking and my eyes were wide open. I kept looking around in the dark but I didn't see anything. I drew the blanket up under my chin and I finally went to sleep. When I went to sleep it was almost morning. I kept dreaming about the angry gorilla.

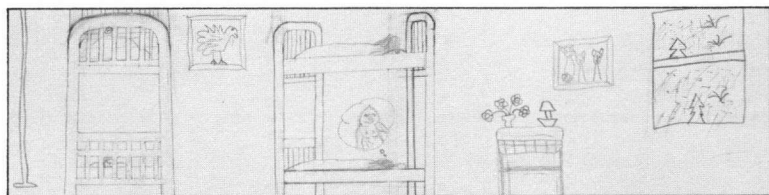


Illustration: Sandra Nez, 11, New Mexico

The next day was a fine day. The night was scary and I was happy that it was daylight again. It was Thursday and I would be going home Friday and everything would be O.K.

I went to class. The kids were working so I went to Miss Dorsett, my fifth grade teacher, and whispered to her, "I keep having dreams about gorillas."

Miss Dorsett said, "When you go home tell your mother about it. You may need to have a ceremony."

I felt better after that and I smiled. I knew Miss Dorsett would understand and help me. She always had time to listen to me and help me.

After school I was back in the dorm. I was watching cartoons on TV in the living room. Mrs. Capitan was calling me. I got up and went to her. When I was standing by Mrs. Capitan I thought a gorilla started to hit me. I jerked back but nothing happened. I looked at Mrs. Capitan. She didn't see anything so I thought I was dreaming. I felt like I was going to cry. Mrs. Capitan said, "Do you still have a headache?"

I said, "Yes." She gave me two aspirins and I took them. I thought that the aspirins might help me stop thinking about the gorilla. I went to bed but the aspirins didn't help. Every time I slept the gorilla came back to me. I would just wake up shaking. I lay in my bed feeling alone. I kept thinking, Tomorrow is Friday. I'll go home and I'll tell my mom. Maybe I do need a ceremony.

It was Friday morning and time for class. When I was going down to class with the rest of the noisy students I saw some orangutans in front of me. They were smiling at me and waving their furry little hands at me. I thought, The kind and nice orangutans are coming to say hello. I smiled at

them and I felt really happy because I really like orangutans. Then suddenly a giant snarling gorilla flashed in front of me. He got between me and the friendly orangutans. With one gigantic paw he

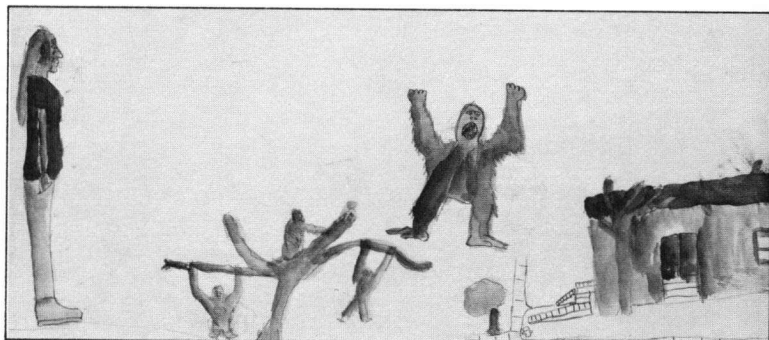


Illustration: Gary Willie, 11, New Mexico

grabbed the orangutans and hit them with his other closed fist. The poor helpless orangutans were screaming and hollering. The gorilla killed them in a few seconds. I almost started to cry.

I looked around to see if anyone else had seen me. The other kids were running around laughing and chattering as they walked to school. They had not seen anything. I was so scared. I struggled to hold the tears back and a little voice inside me said, "Someone has witchcrafted you!"

I bumped into the girls that were in front of me. They said, "Watch where you're going," in an angry voice. I didn't say anything. I just kept walking.

In class I just sat. My mind was racing with thoughts about the evil gorilla. I started counting the minutes until three o'clock when I knew Mom would come to the dorm. I finally got some of my

work done but it wasn't real good work. Finally it was three o'clock and I ran all the way back to the dorm.

Mom was waiting for me to go home. She said, "We'll go to Gallup first to buy food." When we were going to Gallup I told my mom about my dream. I was so upset that I began to cry.

Mom said, "Don't cry, Diane. We must get a medicine man to make things right again." She said, "We are going to have a meeting at the trailer on Saturday."

Saturday night came and when the old wrinkled-faced medicine man came Mom told him about my dream. He listened patiently as Mom told him in Navajo. I just listened to her and I wanted to cry for myself.

Then the medicine man said, "Tell her to come in the meeting." Then he went into the hogan next to our trailer. He was carrying a large box of medicine.

The new hogan beside our trailer is always used for ceremonies. The family had just made it last

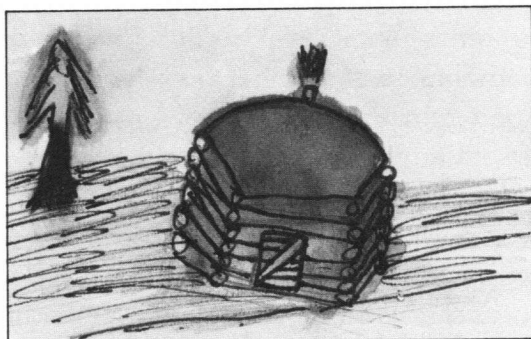


Illustration: Marvin Segay, 13, New Mexico

year. A hogan is a one-room house made of wood, stones, and mud. All Navajos used to live in hogans. The door always faces the east so they could wake up with the rising sun. Now many Navajos live in houses or trailer houses. Now they use the hogan only for ceremonies. I like living in a trailer house. I have never lived in a hogan. My grandmother says that it is good living in a hogan.

I went into the hogan by our trailer. The medicine man was in the middle of the dirt floor by the wood stove. He said, "Sit by your dad and your mom." Other people were sitting around the walls of the hogan. I was nervous because of all the eyes that were staring at me. I was trembling and shaking. I sat down and the medicine man began. He said in Navajo, "What happened to you at school this week?" I told him in an excited rush what had happened to me. I told him about the gorilla. He looked at me and at the ground as I answered him. I was real nervous and I sometimes mixed up my Navajo words. Sometimes I forgot the right word and the medicine man helped me by giving me the word.

When I finished I felt really tired and I was holding my hands tightly in my lap. I bowed my head and waited for the medicine man to speak.

The medicine man put something green in the ashes in front of him. White and gray smoke rose up from the ashes. He got his eagle's feathers and he waved them in the smoke for a few minutes. Then he told me to hold my palms up toward him. He began chanting as he touched my open palms

with the feathers. He touched each shoulder and then my head. As he did this, he sang,

Help this girl with her life.

Don't let her get any more of these dreams.

I want to find out who it was.

Restore everything to beauty.

As he was singing I had a strange feeling. I kept watching the smoke rising. I felt good inside and I knew that the medicine man would help me.

The medicine man felt my right shoulder. Somehow he took out a big black circle thing out of my shoulder. I did not feel anything. I just looked at the black thing. Then I felt free. I listened as the medicine man told my dad, "Something was witchcrafting your daughter." He said, "A woman caused the gorilla at the Albuquerque zoo to scare you." Then he asked Father, "Has Diane been to the zoo in Albuquerque?"

As soon as he said that I remembered our trip to the Albuquerque zoo in October. My family and I went to Albuquerque for a trip. We went to the zoo. When we went into the house with the gorilla's cage, the gorilla was angry for no reason. I stood looking at the gorilla through the glass. There were lots of people in the gorilla house. The kids were laughing and making faces at the gorilla. Some were tapping on the glass with their fingers. I felt angry and wanted to tell them to stop. I was afraid that the gorilla would burst the glass. I just stayed quiet because I knew that it wouldn't do any good.



Illustration: Arthur Manuelito, 12, New Mexico

Suddenly the gorilla ran and almost burst the window right in front of me. I jumped back scared. He was yelling and hitting his chest. At least I think it was a he. I stepped backward and I looked in the gorilla's eyes. They were red and full of anger. I felt that he hated me and he wanted to kill me. I looked around for my mom and dad. They were on the other side of the room. The people next to

me saw what happened and they were scared and some left. One white man told the zookeeper that the gorilla was mad. I didn't wait to hear any more. I was so afraid. I rushed and hurried and got away from there. I heard voices talking in Navajo, English, and Spanish as I rushed outside. I didn't pay any attention to what they were saying.

When I got outside the gorilla's cage the bright sunlight hurt my eyes. I was still scared. I was shaking like a leaf. I wondered why the gorilla was so angry with me.

Later we went to the park to eat. The sun was shining and I could hear the birds singing so I felt better. I didn't tell anyone about the gorilla.

Then I heard the medicine man say in Navajo, "It was one of Diane's friends' mothers. She made her afraid of the gorilla and she made her see the gorilla at school and almost anywhere. She made Diane have nightmares. It was because her daughter doesn't like Diane anymore.

Then I remembered Linda, this girl at school who used to be my friend at the beginning of school. Some other girls wanted to be my friends. Linda got mad. She didn't want me to have any other friends so she got jealous and left. I remembered that I said, "Come back, Linda. We can all be friends."

Linda said, "I don't want to be your friend because you have new friends." She started saying dirty words in English and then she said, "You'll be sorry."

I felt mad at Linda and I just walked off with my new friends. I felt sad about losing a friend.

I listened to the medicine man again and he said, "You'll never have these nightmares again." Then he put some water in some dark green medicine and he rolled it in a small ball and said, "Eat this." He sang a Navajo chant and then he said, "Now everything is restored to beauty."

I felt contented and happy. I knew that the medicine man had made me better and I wouldn't have any more bad dreams about the gorilla.

Diane Duboise, 11, New Mexico



Shawn Chambers



Sandra Nez



Gary Willie



Arthur Manuelito

Your Support Makes the Children's Art Foundation Possible

The Children's Art Foundation is a nonprofit organization founded in 1973 by William Rubel and Gerry Mandel. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup* and other materials by children, the Children's Art Foundation operates a Museum of Children's Art and a Children's Art School. Our three projects are closely related, with work from the Museum and the Art School enriching the covers and color art pages of the magazine. When you subscribe to *Stone Soup* you help support all our projects. We thank you for your support and welcome you as members of our multifaceted organization.

Since 1977 the Children's Art Foundation has been collecting art from around the world for our Museum of Children's Art. With thousands of works from dozens of countries currently in the collection, our Museum is one of only a handful like it in the world. In the last few years, we have made many friends in the Soviet Union. Works donated to the collection from children's art schools throughout the Soviet Union represent some of the most exciting new additions to the collection.

In 1982, the Children's Art Foundation began offering classes in painting, drawing, and sculpture. All of our teachers are practicing artists as well as experienced teachers. They work closely with each child in small classes, applying techniques learned from studying the work in our international collection. Children are encouraged to find their own personal style, and the result is work ranging from abstract to expressionistic to realistic.

We hold changing exhibits from the international collection and the Art School in our Museum of Children's Art in downtown Santa Cruz. Through April 28 we are exhibiting recent paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the Art School. Beginning in May, we will be exhibiting paintings from Turkey. We invite all our readers to visit the Museum when they are in the area. Call ahead for our hours: (408) 426-5557.

Seventy-five percent of the Basic Membership Fee you pay when you order *Stone Soup* goes toward the magazine itself. The remaining twenty-five percent helps support our other projects and is tax-deductible. Please consider making additional tax-deductible donations to the Children's Art Foundation. With your help we can make the Children's Art Foundation (and *Stone Soup*) better and better.

Attention Teachers!

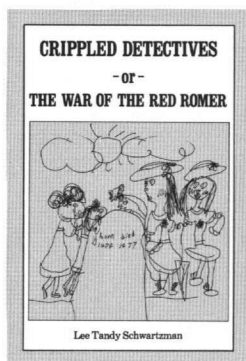
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As many of you know, *Stone Soup* can play an active role in classroom language arts programs. With the help of the Activities section, stories and poems in each issue can be used as models for writing projects. The magazine itself is a model for classroom or school publications. *Stone Soup* makes a great reading text and springboard for discussions. Stories can be dramatized and performed as plays, and book reviews can be used in critical reading and writing projects. Interested students may want to submit their work for possible publication.

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Take advantage of our offer and give every one of your students contact with this inspiring magazine!

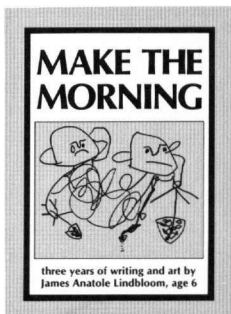
Crippled Detectives



Volume 7 Number 2 of *Stone Soup* was a special issue devoted entirely to an adventure story written by Lee Tandy Schwartzman of Seattle, Washington when she was seven years old. On the surface, *Crippled Detectives*, or *The War of the Red Romer* is a fast-paced adventure story about a group of children who try to save the world from an evil pirate. What makes it special is Lee's beautiful use of language. The story is full of her own lullabies, songs, poems, word games, number games, magical stories about "our ancestors," and elaborate

descriptions of everything from wedding feasts to the building of a schoolhouse. We published this fantastic story as a forty-eight-page book, illustrated by the author.

Make the Morning



Between the ages of three and six, James Anatole Lindbloom of Poughkeepsie, New York made up many strikingly original and evocative poems and stories. When these pieces were published in the early issues of *Stone Soup*, they were praised by so many people that we decided to collect them in one book. In addition to the title poem, *Make the Morning* includes “Where are the Snow Queen’s Designs?”, “The Elephant’s Stew,” “Baseball Story,” “Lao-Tzu,” and nine other

wonderful poems and stories. This thirty-two-page book is beautifully illustrated by the author.

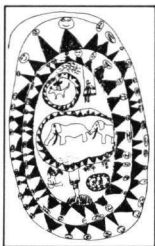
Note Cards



The Children’s Art Foundation’s international art collection includes an impressive set of woodcuts from Japan. The children who made them are already masters of this difficult craft. And the images

themselves are very special, including self portraits and scenes from daily life in rural Japan. Three of the woodcuts from the collection—“An Old Man Carrying Stones,” “Self Portrait: the Thinker,” and “A Woman Roasting Tea Leaves,”—have been reproduced on note cards, with matching envelopes. The cards are available in sets of nine, three of each image.

T-Shirts



The Children’s Art Foundation T-shirt, which includes our name and logo in white on either bright red or bright blue, comes in seven sizes: children’s small, medium, and large, and adults’ small, medium, large, and extra large. The short-sleeved shirts are a sturdy 100% cotton.

To order subscriptions, books, postcards, and T-shirts, see page 48.

Postcards

The Children's Art Foundation has made a set of eight full-color postcards reproducing some of the finest work from our international art collection. The cards are each four by six inches, and they are beautifully printed on a quality card paper. Reproduced below in black and white, the pictures are from (1) Cyprus, (2) Malawi, (3) Hungary, (4) Egypt, (5) Switzerland, (6) Luxembourg, (7) Sri Lanka, (8) Cyprus. If ordering the cards individually, please refer to them by number.



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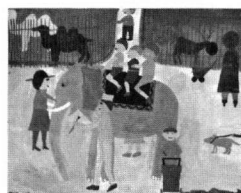
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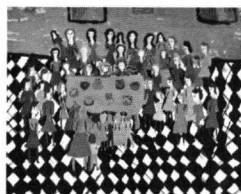
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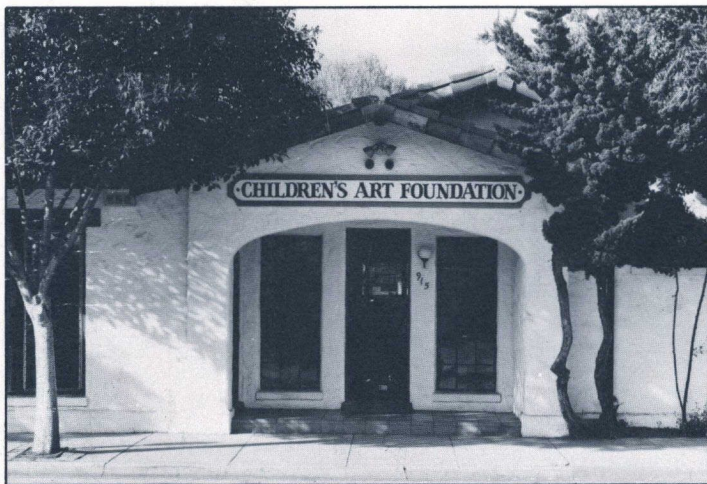


Photo: Tony Grant

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