OBSERVATIONS ON A PRESCHOOLER'S FIRST EXPERIENCE
WITH CROSS-CULTURAL LIVING

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While many people travel with their children, only those connected with the Foreign Service, military, various religious and secular service agencies, and sometimes, anthropologists live through the reactions which children have to living in a cultural milieu different from their own. Such reactions seem worthy of noting, for they not only indicate some of the steps in the process of adjusting to another way of life, but also show that even for a preschooler, the adjustment process is often difficult before it becomes rewarding.

Anthropologists are well acquainted with the phenomenon termed, "culture shock," and indeed, expect to experience it as part of the initial period of their work among contemporary people of a culture other than the one they call "home". Briefly, this phenomenon implies that shortly after arrival in culture X, the researcher will have trouble adjusting to the different customs, values, and practices. He or she will be annoyed, frustrated, angered, depressed, and/or disgusted, and will often ask, "Just why did I come here in the first place," and, "Why don't I give up and go home?" However, fieldworkers know that this period of culture shock must end, or rather, the adjustment must be made if the field work is to proceed. Only by resolving the problems of shock can the researcher hope to observe and participate in the new environment and begin effective data collection. Perhaps even more importantly, only after the resolution of culture shock can the anthropologist strive to practice culture relativism, the doctrine by which one views other solutions to life's events and problems with tolerance, understanding, and without ethnocentric judgments based on
comparisons to "your own way".

My husband and I, being a team of anthropologists, believe in the many potentially-positive benefits which can be derived from exposing children to cross-cultural experiences at an early age. Thus, in 1971, when I received a grant from the American Philosophical Society and further support from my own university to complete research on the life histories of a Navajo medicine man and his wife, both of us viewed it as an excellent opportunity for our daughter, then three and one-half years old and an only child, to experience life in a different culture. My own teaching commitments limited research time to the summer months, and since my husband was then finishing his Ph.D dissertation, we decided that Elizabeth, our redheaded preschooler, would spend the summer with me in New Mexico and Arizona, particularly Many Cottonwoods.¹

The Navajo, a North American Indian tribe of Athabascan linguistic stock, currently number 120,000, and are known as the largest and the fastest growing Indian tribe in North America. While the prehistoric route used in their original migration southward from a northern Canadian interior homeland, and the date of migration remain problematical, today, most Navajo live on a reservation which extends over portions of four southwestern states: Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. This reservation, approximately the size of West Virginia, includes many geologic formations of exquisite natural beauty and sites of archaeological and historic interests. It also provides the setting for Navajo daily life, which today revolves around an economy based on farming, sheep herding, the crafts of weaving
and silversmithing, and wage work (Cf. Kluckhohn and Leighton, 1946 and Underhill, 1953 for readable introductions to Navajo culture).

Having worked intermittently with "The People," (as the Navajo call themselves) since 1963, I had few qualms about returning during the summer of 1971; actually, I was excited about the opportunity, not only as a researcher, but also, for the first time, as a parent. The chance to share cross-cultural experiences with our daughter had come, and I was eager that she learn to know my Navajo friends and to understand and appreciate the beauty of many aspects of their culture. Elizabeth had had one earlier day-long exposure to The People, at the age of eighteen months. This experience had been mainly negative for all non-Navajo concerned, since Elizabeth got diarrhea from the drinking water and was unable to take her customary daytime naps. However, having decided to ignore the results of that visit because "obviously she was too young," I gave little further thought to her potential reactions to a three-month stay with the Navajo.

Not wanting to influence Elizabeth's perceptions and reactions to any great extent, I restricted her preparation for the trip to a few pieces of information which I knew would make her summer easier. She was introduced to Navajo material culture items, such as rugs, clothes, jewelry, moccasins, weaving tools, and rattles, and she was also shown slides of the family with whom we would be staying. Ages, names, and kin relationships of each person in the four domestic units of the extended family were explained numerous times.
In terms of field equipment, no special changes were made in my usual field preparations except for the addition of some child-oriented medical supplies, field clothes for Elizabeth, her "Linus" blanket, and a few books and toys which she decided to take with her. The latter included a Raggedy Ann, plastic horse, ball, and a Teddy Bear, which with the blanket, was her constant nighttime companion.

Our original departure was delayed for two days when Elizabeth contracted a bad case of Poison Sumac (from who knows where). When medical treatment had been secured, I decided (mainly because of time limitations) to go ahead and leave, hoping that the rash and sores would clear up during the drive to Arizona. During the trip, I continued Elizabeth's preparation by teaching her how to say a few words in Navajo, such as "hello," "yes," "no," "grandmother," "mother," "dog," "horse," "sheep," "car," and "house." I also taught her to sing several Navajo secular songs, an activity always related to my visits with this particular family, in view of previous work on Navajo ceremonialism with the grandfather, John Harvey, the now-deceased Blessingway singer and male subject of the life history (cf. Johnson 1964, Frisbie, 1967,1968, 1970).

Descriptions: Elizabeth and the Summer Living Situation

The child who accompanied me was then a three and one-half year old, red headed, left-handed girl. In her own culture, she is physically active, highly imaginative, talkative, outgoing and quite sensitive and perceptive. A non-relative has described her as follows: "How to describe a little girl named Elizabeth? It is difficult to describe anything that is like quicksilver. When one meets her, she seems very shy--almost afraid of people, but
there is an inquisitiveness in her eyes that belies her fear. After five or ten minutes, Elizabeth wants to know what everything is for and her intelligent conversation and large vocabulary makes you aware that this little girl has a lot of potential. She is pretty with beautiful red hair and the creamy complexion to match. She is petite. She is well dressed, but manages to look somewhat askew; in other words, she is not a little girl who will sit for hours in a party dress, looking all the time as if she had just gotten dressed up.²

Our living situation was such that Elizabeth and I lived with an extended family, composed of four physically-separate households who shared the traditional Navajo house or hogan for ceremonial occasions, as well as the cookshack, sheep corrals and barn. The extended family included twenty-eight people, twenty of whom spoke both Navajo and English. Seventeen of the twenty-eight were home at least part of each day, four more were there on weekends, and two more were there for three weeks of the summer. Four generations were represented, the oldest being Sarah Harvey, eighty-two, and the youngest, Jackie Yazz, eighteen months. Elizabeth and I did not have a separate dwelling; instead, we slept in a room with two children, next to a room with two other children and Sarah Harvey, the eighty-two year old, widowed, great grandmother, source of the second life history. The Field Situation

The project entailed further work with Sarah Harvey both on her own life history and remaining supportive information for her husband's (previously collected).³ Other family members and relatives were interviewed, and much work of an ethnohistorical
nature was done in the community of Many Cottonwoods. Work, similar to the latter, but of an even greater amount was also done in Window Rock, St. Michaels, and Ganado; this work included spending hours on tribal records, documents, minutes, talking with officials connected with John Harvey, and reviewing photograph collections, letters and vital statistics at both government offices and missions. Thus, travel and research away from Many Cottonwoods was just as much a part of the summer's project as additional work there.

Reactions to the Field Situation

In general, the summer was a positive one for Elizabeth. Among the "firsts" it included for her were: field work, the cross-cultural experience itself, culture shock, separation of the family, different language, "drunks," cars stuck in the mud, no naps or possibility thereof, bogey man, butchering, ceremonies, sheep herding, horseback riding, waiting for people for hours, snakes, sleeping in a bed rather than a crib, and learning to go to the bathroom in the bush.

When the summer was over, Elizabeth related many of her new experiences to her friends, and incorporated the experiences and the associated concepts in her play activities as well. She developed a continuing appreciation for sheep, goats, mountains, arroyos, tumbleweeds and canyons, increased her vocabulary immensely, and was introduced to a new culture, some of its ceremonies and other aspects. She also developed an expanded sense of independence and personal resourcefulness, made some very close friends, and continues to remain eager to return to Navajo land.
However, before the cross-cultural living experience became positive, Elizabeth had many negative reactions. These were rarely caused by medical problems or problems with the environment, climate, or diet. Although Elizabeth still had some healing scabs when we arrived and was still scratching them, she was healthy throughout the summer. Her brief physical problems included falling out of bed several times (her first experiences away from a crib and with sleeping with her mother), falling and skinning both knees at once, and generally being tired. Although Elizabeth was still taking one nap a day when we left for the summer, naps there were impossible. As a result she was often overtired. She adapted slowly and with great difficulty to communal sleeping arrangements, the snoring of others, noise during the night of people, dogs, radios, and to the lights which were inadvertently switched on to look for objects during the evening.

In terms of the environment, Elizabeth had her first experience with snakes (three, one a rattlesnake), and also was around sheep and goats for the first time. The latter resulted in an amusing incident on August 29, when she returned from a walk with some of the children to give me a present---sheep dung which she had labelled "a pine cone." Although she occasionally requested familiar staples, her only negative reaction to food was a two-day refusal to eat after becoming aware of what butchering meant. The particular sheep in question had become one of her playmates and "pets."

The most intensive reactions to the field situation on Elizabeth's part took place during the first three weeks;
after that, basic adjustments had been made, and her tolerance increased, especially as life in Many Cottonwoods became interspersed with alterations in location and activities. Some of the problems to be identified below, such as teasing of a particular type, remained insurmountable for Elizabeth throughout the entire summer and affected her reentry behavior upon returning to Illinois. In general, however, her adjustment was much more rapid and accomplished with much greater facility than I had hoped.

The First Week

During the first week Elizabeth adapted to the children and the Navajo way of playing. The first day she played mainly by herself, drawing roads in the sand with sticks, and watching the others. The second day, she brought pine cones home from a walk in the arroyo as a present for Sarah (who spoke no English), and started trying to find out what the children would like to play. She asked them if they knew games she played at her nursery school (Farmer in the Dell, London Bridge); blank faces were the response. Then she asked where their toys were, and how come they had no story books; answer, "we just don't have any."

After a few more abortive attempts, she hit on "Hide and Seek," which the group mutually enjoyed, and then she finally started telling some of them fairy tales, which included bad witch stories (which are not very acceptable among the Navajo, to say the least). That day she also went for her first horseback ride. The third day she began to play with all ages and with both male and female children; she began to react to the linguistic barrier, asking frequently "how do you say---in
Navajo" (a habit which she continued through most of the summer). She also began picking flowers, more pine cones, and feeding the sheep. She realized that Sarah did not speak English that day, when she got in trouble with her for running inside the house; the question which resulted was "Mommy, how come she can't understand me? I want to talk to her."

The first week also included some other events. Day one included two comments which were inappropriate in terms of the field situation; the first was Elizabeth's repeatedly telling an eight and one-half year old boy, Michael, that his shirt and pants were dirty and should be washed. The second (on that same day) was her telling Bud, the new husband of Mariam, one of Sarah's daughters, (whose attempts to befriend us were kept at a bare minimum during the entire summer) that he "looked like a doodo with that rag around (his) head" (when he put on his headband). The following day, she was introduced to the word "drunks" and the associated behavior; this was incomprehensible to her, and she kept repeating throughout the day, "Mommy, what are grunks?" This same day she reacted to her nickname, which had just been announced by Mariam; Elizabeth insisted that this was not her name, that her name was Elizabeth, and that her Mommy's name was no---(my nickname) but that it was Mommy. The third day she continued to pursue attempts to understand what "drunks" were by approaching those so labelled the previous day by the family, and saying, "Bud (and/or Sam, Mariam says you're a grunk and we have to be quiet around you; are you a grunk?"

Simultaneous with these first week's events were some others which Elizabeth found difficult to manage. The first involved
her toys; Raggedy Ann disappeared and later turned up in the mud outside, dirty, squashed, and covered completely with black magic marker scribbling. The plastic horse was broken and the ball disappeared. While Elizabeth had readily offered these as play objects to the children, she was unprepared for their destruction, or for the children's replies of "don't cry, it doesn't matter" which followed her reaction to the events.

It was at this time that the first signs of separation pangs also became obvious. The third night, saying "Star Bright, Star Light" while looking out the window before bedtime, Elizabeth wished for her Daddy. The next day she asked me twice "if summer was over now," and the following night, she dreamed her Daddy was dead and woke up terribly upset.

The fourth day was perhaps the worse re Elizabeth's own culture shock; the particular incident to which I am referring entailed her introduction to the bogey man. Although I knew this creature was used as a social control mechanism among the Navajo, I had not told Elizabeth about it earlier, and she had had no earlier contact with this phenomenon. This particular night, as it became dark, she came running into the room where I was talking with several women, crying and sobbing, saying, "Mommy, Mommy is there really a bogey man? Is he really going to eat me up? Save me." A sixteen year old girl, Lucy, had just used him as a threat to get Elizabeth to come inside at night, (telling her that the bogey man ate little girls, that he was big and had lots of hair, and that he would get her).
The Second Week

The second week included more of the same, as well as some teasing. The bogey man was used twice more and the third time, it became obvious to me that Elizabeth now believed in it. Problems with reactions to alcohol continued to be prevalent. One night at dinner, some women were trying to escort someone who was inebriated from the table to the hogan; the latter turned on Joseph, a twelve-year-old boy, and tried to hit him with a chair. Elizabeth jumped up and screamed, "Stop it; don't you hurt him," which only seemed to make matters worse. When the problems continued the next day, Sarah began to cry; Elizabeth went over and hugged her, and could not understand why she was crying and would not stop.

The next day, Elizabeth reacted to the fact that Navajos spit. It began with a remark to Mariam, "Don't spit like that" and came to a head with a question while people were spitting outside the door during a meal; "Mommy, how come the Navajos spit outside the door like that? Don't they have germs too?"

Other reactions to cultural differences were also expressing themselves in an increasing number of questions. Elizabeth had already learned that she could get something to eat in any of the households, and was using this traveling routine to fill herself up. My comment on her behavior was met with, "Well, Mommy, how come the Navajos don't have enough food? I'm hungry." On the same day as this discussion, her question about dessert occurred during dinner, with everyone from Mariam's household present; "Mommy, how come the Navajos don't have dessert?" (A very interesting question since
while she has dessert at nursery school, dessert is a rarity in her own home.) During this week, the request for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches began.

Crying became more frequent as the level of exhaustion increased, and Elizabeth even managed to have a tantrum in one of the trading posts. Although some behavior which I considered appropriate and considerate (such as picking flowers for an ailing Mariam) continued, for the most part Elizabeth, with increasing frequency, began to act inappropriately, by both Navajo and non-Navajo standards. This corresponded with my initial interview attempts and did little to increase our own friendly interaction.

Role conflicts were increased by another situation that week, involving Elizabeth's Teddy Bear. Elizabeth and I had gone away from Many Cottonwoods for the day in order that I might work at St. Michaels. Her Teddy Bear had been left on the bed, and while we were gone, and Sarah and Lucy were cleaning, Sarah found it, and turned it over, whereupon it make its "cow-like-moo" noise and scared her. The Teddy Bear was gone when we returned, and Elizabeth noticed it immediately. I asked Lucy about its possible whereabouts, and she told me that Sarah had made her take it out of the house and had told her to tell me she was upset with me. I went to talk to her and was told that I should have known better than to bring a thing like that to their house. "If you believe in Navajo sings, you don't keep those things in your house; if you have a jish (medicine bundle) there you don't keep them there either."

We found the bear at the house of Marie, another of Sarah's
daughters. Marie reported that a similar event had taken place when she had purchased a big bear for one of her children when she was Elizabeth's age; Marie had had to throw it out, and she suggested that we get rid of this one too. Elizabeth refused, saying it was hers, it was only a pretend bear, she'd tell "Grandma" it wasn't real, and tell her not to be afraid of it. She and I took a walk and talked and talked about it, partially because I was trying to make a decision which would be acceptable to all. I finally decided to put the bear in the trunk of the car, with the understanding that while we were away from Many Cottonwoods, Elizabeth could sleep with it, because then people would not be afraid of it. The only part of this event that Elizabeth seemed to comprehend was that since we were staying with "Grandma," we did not want to upset her, and if she really was afraid of the "pretend bear," we should put it away so it did not scare her.

The Third Week

The third week represented in most ways the culmination of Elizabeth's culture shock; during this time all of the remaining adjustments to life in a different culture which were going to take place occurred. Elizabeth's questions continued, loud and clear, and rarely in appropriate situations. The third week the inquiries included, in addition to repetition of earlier ones, "How come we're always waiting and waiting for people?" (outside the trading post). Despite the explanation, when the group returned to the car, Elizabeth rephrased her question into: "Why do you take so long in the store, and
how come Mommy says we have to wait for you?" The noise level at night was also still bothering Elizabeth who now frequently verbalized that she was tired. One night as we were laying in bed listening to the dogs barking, people talking in the next room, the radio playing, and bureau drawers being opened and shut, she said: "Mommy, why don't they be quiet so we can sleep? If they don't stop it, I'm going to go out there and clamp my hands over their mouths and scream and yell at them." This was followed by one final remark the next night: "Why do they scream and yell when it's time to be sleeping?" From that night on, however, Elizabeth adapted and slept through almost everything.

It was during the third week that the separation problems were most acutely felt. Daily remarks such as "Come on, Mommy; summer is over now; I want to go back to my house," and repeated questions about "how long is summer?" were frequent occurrences. Then too, during this week Elizabeth announced that she knew that Daddy really was never going to come out and join us.

It was also during this week that the teasing of Elizabeth by many children of all different ages became almost malicious, at least from my point of view. It began with Joseph telling her I was "going bye bye without her," and grew into threats from many of the children (perhaps because Elizabeth acted so violently to the suggestion), that "your mommy is going to leave you here for good." Despite denials on my part, and constant attempts to take her wherever I went, (which some days frustrated research
attempts beyond words), these made a lasting impression, and were immensely annoying to me as her mother who was aware of her child's adaptation problems. The teasing then expanded to include surprise scares, especially by Larry and Johnnie, the eighteen and twenty-seven year old boys. The two of them would hide and jump out, say "boo" and grab Elizabeth—again behavior to which, as far as I knew, she was formerly unaccustomed. Joseph began rolling his eyes out of sight, folding back his eyelids, walking toward her, saying "A vampire is going to get you;" others joined him in this and added "I'm going to put you in a hole." All of this resulted in Elizabeth crying and running away. There also were some children who began chasing her with sticks threatening to spank her, and a twenty-three year old, Martin, who threatened to cut off her ears if she were not quiet, getting out his pocket knife to verify this threat and completely terrify Elizabeth. Along with this type of teasing, with which Elizabeth was most unable to cope late in the day, were deriding remarks that she was a "cry baby," and fun made of her because she was "left-handed." 5

Adult reaction to this behavior was limited, more so on the part of our hosts than on mine. Various female adults, especially Sarah, admonished Elizabeth about particular aspects of her unacceptable behavior including: playing inside the house, running and falling in the house, leaving objects in the doorway, yelling, crying, playing near the campfire, and bringing sticks into the house. In general, the Navajo women
said Elizabeth needed to learn to be quiet, especially during play and at mealtime. Mariam made one attempt to stop Lucy from scaring Elizabeth by jumping out and saying "boo;' she told Lucy that if Navajos scare bilagaana (non-Navajo) children that way they can cause them to die; if they scare Navajos that way, it doesn't matter. This admonition was never made to the boys (although similar behavior was observed), nor was it repeated. Although the adults used the bogey man, slap on the face, switching on legs, threats of swatting with a fly swatter and other behavior which "would make one cry," they never applied any of these to Elizabeth, directing them instead toward their own or their sisters' children.

The Fourth Through the Tenth Weeks

As the summer progressed, the situation improved. Elizabeth's culture shock and initial adjustments were over, and even the teasing became familiar to her, to an extent, with time. Then too, with the frequent changes of scene, the occasional opportunity for her to play with non-Navajo children, and the increasing frequency of her chances to talk with Daddy by phone, she began to be comfortable in the Navajo world.

She conformed to Navajo sleeping and eating habits, learned what was appropriate household, trading post, and visiting behavior, adapted to the extended family arrangement and Navajo patterns of play. Much of her time was spent playing with the children and old, discarded objects around the place, such as abandoned bed springs, corn cobs, partial toys, pots and pans, sling shots, tires, and partial bikes. There was also much playing with ropes, balls, string, much wrestling,
tug of war, hide and seek, playing in the trees, and in and with the sheep and goats. Imitative play included building miniature cook shacks, corrals, and hogans from sticks, making food out of mud, forming animals and pots from mud, and imitating grinding, winnowing, and ritual behavior, such as body painting and singing. Elizabeth participated in all of this, although she avoided wrestling and ball games when possible, and also refused to join in any and all harrassment of the animals. The latter was another topic that never ceased to be a source of questions, such as: "How come they are so mean to the dogs; why do the children kick the sheep and throw stones at them?" She finally limited her questions, and began going out to find the gods which were usually hiding under the wagon, cars, boxes or other objects, and bringing them some left-over food so "they wouldn't be hungry."

The children never used Elizabeth to get each other in trouble, nor did she tattle on them, except at one time, when one of them had started a forbidden fire down in the arroyo. They did teach her a lot of swear words and encouraged her to go tell these to her mother, accompanying her to laugh at the reaction and result. She and they eventually gave it up, when it was negatively reinforced and finally ignored by her mother.

Elizabeth also incorporated the bogey man, managed to cope with all but the most severe teasing, and gave up her Teddy Bear. She absorbed some of the "Navajo quiet" ideal, although she never fully incorporated it with mealtime behavior. Nor could she conform to Navajo values and behavior toward dogs.
She also never gave up the Linus blanket or her bedtime stories.

The problem which in the end remained the most constant and the most difficult for her was the separation. Accustomed to two parents, Elizabeth had an extremely hard time adjusting to an absent father. "Where is Daddy, why is he still working on his dissertation, is he really ever going to come out?" were constant questions. The separation problem was perhaps heightened by the fact that she still had not learned how long a summer or a week was. Letters and post cards both ways did not make much difference to a three and one-half year old; phone calls helped, but when morales were low, they just intensified separation difficulties for her.

Reentry Problems

Few people, except Schultz (1961) have commented on the reentry problems of their children, although those facing the returning anthropologist are well documented. In an effort to add to the remarks by Schultz, I offer the following observations, based on watching Elizabeth return to her own home and nursery school, and readapt over a four-month period. The fact that the relationship between the observer and observed biased the observations is acknowledged.

By the end of the summer, Elizabeth was coping with the roughest teasing by returning it with aggressive, defensive behavior. Thinking that this behavior would disappear, once the cultural context changed, we prepared for our return trip, being aware mainly of such problems as idealizing Daddy (after his arrival on the reservation during the last week of August),
refusing to sleep by herself, and no longer being content to play by herself. During the return trip, however, it became obvious that we had much defensive, aggressive behavior with us for the first time, and that both of us found this undesirable. For a while we continued to hope that the behavior would disappear, but when our friends and the staff at Elizabeth's nursery school began to remark about how much she had changed, and how unruly and unkind she now was, we gave up these slim hopes. Some of the behavior, henceforth, was treated with negative sanctions, much to Elizabeth's amazement, since she told us, "but the Navajo kids do that and it's okay;" some was cause for spanking.

With time and concentrated conscious effort, in four months, we reached the level where this behavior disappeared (at least from the surface), and we were left mainly with questions once or twice a week concerning Navajo people, places, and events of the summer. For example, the following were typical, and continued with varying frequency for four months. "How's my Navajo grandmother now, Mommy?; do you remember Janet? Do you remember how the kids used to play grinding? Do you remember....(starts a song)?" All long trips in the car were now prefaced with "Are we going to Arizona?", and sometimes, during her play, the Navajo words for "house," "grandmother," "mother," "shut up," and "be quiet," were incorporated. She also occasionally questioned us about certain customs, especially spitting and animal treatment, and whenever meat was put on the table, we were
asked, "Who butchered this?" Finally, for the first month, all gray haired ladies she saw brought forth the question, "Is she a Navajo grandmother?" There seemed to be confusion about where the Navajo had gone, but after four months, Elizabeth finally understood that The People were still in Arizona and we were once again in Illinois.

Several years later now, Elizabeth remains interested in her Navajo friends and their activities, and eager to return to Many Cottonwoods. The opportunity for another family visit has yet to present itself, although both my husband and I have made single trips to the Southwest in the interim. Friendships with The People in Many Cottonwoods remain firm through letters and phone calls, and Elizabeth offers ideas for the former and participates freely in the latter. She has already begun telling Jennifer, her seventeen month old sister, about her Arizona friends, and if one listens to their play, it is obvious that the 1971 memories are still vivid. Appreciation for the Navajo and their culture is firmly established, as is another lesson, that of cultural relativism. Also obvious (now that Elizabeth has entered the public school system) is that her first hand experiences with "the Indians" challenge ideas that all of them wear feathers and buckskin clothing, and live in tipis.

What the most beneficial result of Elizabeth's 1971 experiences in cross-cultural living will be is, of course, impossible to predict. However, despite the problems of initial culture shock and adjustment, and reentry, it is obvious that the total experience has already led to an increased awareness, interest
in, and understanding of other human beings in the twentieth century world.

NOTES

1. The individual Navajo involved and the community in which they lived have been given pseudonyms in order to acknowledge a preference for anonymity.

2. Ann Van Horn, Personal Communication on December 22, 1971; composed because I could not write an "objective" description of Elizabeth.

3. The life history of John Harvey will be published, with both the writer and David McAllester serving as co-editors; Sarah's life history will be published at a later date by Frisbie. Editing of the former is currently in process.

4. Elizabeth's "bad witch stories" were fantasies modeled after witches in Hansel and Gretel, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Baba Yaga, and other similar tales. For a classic treatment of beliefs and attitudes regarding witchcraft among the Navajo, see Kluckhohn (1944).

5. For further information about left-handedness, which is viewed by the Navajo as a "behavior problem" worthy of concern and correction, see Leighton and Kluckhohn (1947:55).

6. The Navajo value quietness, restraint, and order as ways of responding to certain premises they hold about life, such as "life is very, very dangerous" (Kluckhohn and Leighton 1946:223-226). Being wary of non-relatives and withdrawing or at least maintaining silence in strange and/or crisis situations are behavioral corollaries of this premise, and these are expressed in child rearing through an emphasis on children being neither seen nor heard. Further comments on "Navajo quiet" can be found in Jewell (1952:32-36) and McAllester (1954:78-79).