

we were somehow kindred
Spirits for we each cherished
memories of places on the
Navajo that had, in some
measure, changed us forever.

All of us who have loved
it here belong to a coterie all
our own - a Navajo clan of
our own making, bound
by remembered camp sites,
old Navajo names, sandstone
walls in the sun - and
when one is gone from us -
the clan is saddened and
is never quite the same
again.

For you who loved her
well and devotedly through
all the happy times and

Dearest Laura,

It was with sadness
that we read in the New
Mexican of Miss Betsy's death
on Saturday last.

Those who knew her for
many years past tell us
she was a person of vitality
and ready wit. We met her
only after she had long been
ill, but even then one could
sense her charm, warmth
and love of life. She wanted
to hear from us of the Navajo,
wanted us to tell her of our
life there and was pleased
we clung to the memory of
it, as she did. And there,
that night, you, Miss
Betsy and us, we all knew

the sad, we send our
sympathy and our handclasp
in friendship.

The Measeles.

Robert and Evelyn

January 5, 1972
On The Hondo
Santa Fe.



NAVAJO HERDER

R. Measeles