

October 31,
1964.

Dear Sammy Day:-

I will have pictures for you before long. Have been working very hard on final re-production prints for the book, further work on the text, etc.

I am still up in the air over the identity of the pictograph from Dinetah. I tried to find Scott Preston as I probably told you but he was away. The day after we took the trip with you to three turkey ruin (and what a lovely little ruin it is!) we went on to Shiprock. And how beautiful the road is up by Round Rock. We got in early enough to go out to see Sam Akeah even though it was late afternoon. He at once identified what was in the left hand as corn tassel & pollen, but then went on to say that there was nothing in the histories that told of a picture of Changing Woman up there. He thought it was some other supernatural being but couldn't remember the name. Surely and ear of corn and corn tassel & pollen are attributes of Changing Woman, and this plus the ray of light coming from the drops of water---? Anyway, I have written again to Sam sending him a tracing of the figure. We were not at his place very long as the road had been badly washed out and there was another big rain cloud coming. Sam was out in his fieldm looking at washouts when we got out there. He seemed well but he has had some paralysis in his right arm and hand. I should think he might have had a light stroke, but he was regain the use of his fingers and arm. I have also sent a tracing to Annie to show to Preston. The reason I send tracings is because I guard this picture zealously and I don't want any prints to go astray. Now do you have any further suggestion about this?

Yeibichais will be coming along now and if you know of one not too far off and you think you could help me get permission to make a photograph of one completed sand painting I would be so very grateful.

I do have the ones of making a sandpainting, but it would help my book a great deal to have one complete design and a real one, not somebody's copy. If you have any such possibility come up, just call me collect and I will come running. I have a good wide angle lens now which would take in nearly a whole floor of a hogan. My phone number is on the bottom of this sheet. And of you and Shirley can come over anytime, just give me a ring and I will clear my decks. I would certainly like to have you both meet some of the nicest anthropologists here who are with the Museum. I can put Shirley up and find a place for you.

I cant wait for that boat ride up Lake Powell, but that will have to wait until I get the book finished. Perhaps I can do some pictures for your Tribal Parks Publicity.

I have a print for you with the black hat. I shall use a small one in the checkerboard end papers, but the one putting on the hat just looks too much like a white man! Darn it. It is your hands, I think. I have a lovely portrait of Shirley with the Canyon for a background. Pleases me very much.

So you see, I am working hard to finish up.

The day of the opening of the Fair, or rather the evening before when we got back from Sam's we drove up to our room at the Lodge. I helped Betsy out of the car and asked her to wait until I got the door unlocked as I had both hands full. She didnt wait for me, started to step up on a low step and lost her balance and fell. She pulled a ligament in her knee and I had quite a time getting her into our room, then the next morning getting her into the car and then getting out of it when we got home. She had to be xrayed, and was in the hospital for two weeks under treatment. But nothing was broken, and she is now alright though so very frail.

My very best to you, and hoping to hear from you any time. If there is no answer try again later, for I might only be out for a short time & Betsy cant answer the phone.

Phone Area Code 505. 982-0032

P.S.

I meant to include another item. The Santa Fe New Mexican has asked me to review Mrs. Arthur Newcomb's new book HOSTEEN KLAH. I have just finished reading it. Somewhere just a short time ago I read that he had been captured by the Utes and emasculated. Later escaped and found his way back to his family. This was when he was a boy. Mrs. Newcomb says he was an hermafrodite. Do you know anything about this? Which ever is the correct fact, this explains the enigma of Klah. I never knew him, but ofcourse have seen the wonderful tapestries he wove. I never could understnad how he came to be a weaver. But ofcourse the above explains it. Also I never understood his great willingness to give his knowledge to the white people. Again I think this explains this. I know how important family is to all Navaho People and poor Klah had no family of his own. He must have been a very lonely person and turned to his sympathetic white friends who obviously befriended him to the greatest extent. If you dont have time to write, call me most any evening and we can cover a lot of ground on the phone.

L.G.