

After a two hour rest, we again took off this time climbing to an altitude of about 2500-3000 feet above the country. This elevation gave an entirely different aspect of the reservation. The horizon was far greater and I suddenly realized that I could see the northern limits of the reservation and see all the country over which we had flown in the morning. As we approached Gallup, New Mexico, far to the South one could see the valley where Coronado first approached the Zuni villages, bringing horses and sheep to the astonished Indians. There were no Navaho in these parts at that time, for they were still in the north region by the San Juan river, possibly a few spreading down to the Chaco Canyon area and toward the Four Corners. Nearing Gallup too, we could see to the northⁱⁿ the great gouges ~~and~~ the plateau that were the Canyons of de Chelly and del Muerto. They were like great splits in the earth, timbered to the very edge. Over another small divide we saw Fort Defiance, that early American outpost that played so important a part in the history of this region. Near it, we saw the community of Window Rock, now the seat of the Navaho Tribal Government. It was down this valley that the Navaho People people were marched, like the tribes of Israel, into a foreign land. This was in 1864 almost 100 years ago. They followed the route taken by Coronado south of Mount Taylor crossing the Rio Grande near Albuquerque and on another 100 miles to the Pecos River at Fort Sumner. Here the army established a camp and tried to convert the Navaho from the stockmen they had become into farmers once more. The land was poor, drought followed drought, insects consumed what small crops did survive until after four years of exile finally a treaty was proposed whereby the Navaho agreed not to molest their neighbors and the United States Government agreed to allow the Navaho to return to their own land. Shortly thereafter the present boundaries in general were established, and the Navho were left

to begin life all over again. They had nothing, no horses, no sheep, no tools--. The Government promised to allot one ram and two ewas to each family and to furnish seed, corn, squash. This was immediately after the Civil War, and Washington had little concern for more than a people two thousand miles away. T at first winter the Navaho subsisted on what they could gather from a sparse land, roots, a few berries, pinyon nuts, for it was to be more than a year before the first sheep arrived.

Leaving Gallup beneath us, we angled in a northeasterly direction into the central section of the reservation. Soon we could see the snow capped peaks of the San Juan Mountains, the range ~~considered~~ called Debentsa, the Navaho sacred mountains of the North.

*pull the whole text for old Navaho land
in case.*

I had been reading