

After a short rest and second breakfast, we continued our journey. ^{as we left} following the San Juan River to that unique point where four States meet, we saw below us many Navaho farms, for this is the most cultivated part of the reservation. Green fields of alfalfa, fields of corn and oats, filled the pale yellow landscape with rich color. When the new dam is completed and its stored water becomes available for irrigation, the Navaho will expand this region to include many thousands of acres of new arable land, acres now bordering the narrow ^{cultivated} strip of the river's valley.

Shiprock, the largest of the Southwest's volcanic cores rose eighteen hundred feet out of the desert sea. We circled it, the rock's two great dykes reminded us of the Navaho legend of the eagle with outspread wings. In a few more minutes the Red Rock area, which I knew so well, appeared before us, and I was able to trace just where the dun colored landscape we were leaving turned to opalescent red as we neared the ~~Lukaichukai~~ and Chuska Mountains. ^{the dusty} Suddenly we were looking down on these heavily timbered mountains covered with spruce, pine and aspen. This 9500 ft range, runs north and south bisecting the reservation and yielding a large timber reserve for the Navaho People. ^{open} On the western slope, the mountains slope off into the Fort Defiance Plateau and the timber changes to pinon and cedar as the elevation drops. Red sandstone promontories jutted out into the red desert beyond.

To the south I could see gashes in the Plateau, great splits in the land which form the Canyons of de Chelly and Del Muerto. The Navaho had penetrated this region by the early part of the eighteenth century. They found the Hopi living in the Canyons and probably drove them out. It was from the rim of Canyon del Muerto, that a small company of Spanish soldiers bombarded a cave in the opposite wall, killing many of the inhabitants, thus giving the Canyon its name. This was in 1803- the year of the Louisiana Purchase, when New Mexico was still under Spanish rule. Thinking of the varied terrain over which we had so quickly passed, the ~~picture~~ image of those explorers and those who followed on foot and on horseback over then unknown land, filled me with a new respect for these hardy frontiersmen.

As the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to the red desert to the west, we could see ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Monument Valley ahead of us, sun drenched and glowing red. The beauty of these monoliths was startling from the air, so different from the ground aspect where one looks up at them into the contrast of a blue sky.

In the span of a half hour we were over the southern end of another timbered plateau extending down from Utah, and Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us. Following up a small tributary canyon we saw suddenly the Cliffdwelling of Be-ta-ta-kin, the most beautiful of all in the Southwest. The gracefully arched cave with sheer clefts of rock at one end, protected the buildings from storm and wind. Richly green foliage nestled close to the spring these inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their front doors. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose colored rock of the cave, that the shadowed squares of the doors were what made the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ the cliffdwelling visible.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mesa we turned southward over a sea of yellow sand, ^{and} another desert area extending all the way to the Grand Canyon, the western boundary of the reservation. A few minutes flying time brought us opposite Dokooslid, ~~Navaho~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ (the San Francisco Peaks) with the Little Colorado River diagonalizing our foreground to contribute its share of water to its mighty brother. Once more we saw a high landmark, -Dokooslid, Navaho sacred mountains of the west.

This 9500 ft range, densely covered with Pine &
fir - Spruce & aspen - runs north & south. bisecting
the reservation - & yielding a large timber reserve for the
Navaho People.

On the way I spied a small cliff dwelling in a beautiful little cave that must have water for there were bright green shrubs, and a cottonwood tree. There was not a sign of any kind of road for miles and miles and I imagine few white people have ever seen this cave.

* We flew over the Chinle wash which drains to the north to the san Juan river. We took a close look at the spectacular formations of Monument Valley, and then moved on to the west. And everywhere over all this land that we had already traveled we saw the remote isolated hogans of the Navaho. Much of the land looked almost completely barren, shorn of its vegetation by too many sheep and stricken by these recent years of drought.

~~and distance, and beyond, the snowy summits of Debentsa (the La~~
~~Platta Range, the Navaho sacred Mountain to the North.)~~ *glistering in the*
distance - Debentsa -

We came quickly back to Santa Fe, cutting across close to Tsotsil
landing in the late afternoon. It was a memorable day. It seemed
incredible that in the course of a few hours, I could have seen so
closely and so clearly, the entire 25,000 square miles of ~~the~~ Navaho
domain.

*and beyond, glistering on the horizon - was Debentsa
Navaho Sacred Mt. to the North*

crossing the Hope Reservation - that island surrounded by the hawaks
We looked down on the mesa towns of this study study hike

We turned to the southwest, leaving the western boundary of the reservation ~~behind~~ and its sacred mountain behind us, and in fifty miles landed at Winslow, Arizona of a mid-day meal and a needed rest. Later in the afternoon we took off again headed ~~for~~ home to Santa Fe, *rather* three hundred miles away. All during the morning we had flown at an altitude of 1500 or under. Now with bumpy air rising from the warm ground, we climbed to 2500 feet ~~xxxxxx~~ and to my amazement we could see ~~everywhere we had been~~ in the morning's flight. We *flew over* ~~crossed~~ the Painted Desert and saw the Petrified Forest on our right. Farther to the south we could see the long valley ~~xxxxxx~~ traversed by Coronado and his band, as they drove 5000 sheep and many extra horses on their expedition of discovery.

As we crossed the Arizona-New Mexico state line we could see Fort Defiance on our right - that earliest outpost of the U.S. Army built in 1850, only four years after New Mexico became a part of the United States. Close by, amid a cluster of wind sculptured sandstone was Window Rock, - the present seat of Navaho Government. Watching the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho history filled my ~~thoughts~~ mind as I thought of all that had happened to the Navaho People since their ~~xxxxxx~~ land came under the rule of Washington. Fort Defiance had been built for the purpose of quelling the Navaho, who during the weak government under Mexico's short jurisdiction, had become exceedingly bold in their raids of depredation on ~~the all the other people within their range of~~ travel. The early efforts of the American Army ^(a small segment) proved fruitless for they were too small in number to be any sort of a match for the Navaho, so skilled in gorilla warfare. It was the skill of Frontiersman Kit Carson, who finally brought the Navaho to terms. Through a scorched earth policy he destroyed crops and livestock, ~~Kit Carson~~ finally rounded up most of the starving people. The commanding General of the New Mexico forces, decided to move the Navaho to a new environment and ~~turn~~ ^{turn} them into farmers. So the captive Navaho, in 1864 commenced a long and tedious march to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River in eastern New Mexico, a distance of some 400 miles. Many Navaho still talk of the "Long Walk" and in 1954 I ~~talked to~~ ^{talked to} two people who remembered that imprisonment all too clearly. This concentration camp was doomed to failure. Supplies failed to ~~arrive~~ from the Mississippi Valley, drought struck the land, grasshoppers destroyed most of ~~the crops~~ ^{the crops} left, and an epidemic of small pox hit the stricken people. This shameful episode of American history must be considered in relation to other events. The Navaho were moved at the end of the Civil war, and their imprisonment continued during the first years of that great reconstruction. Doubtless officials in Washington had little thought and cared less about a small group of unknown people so far away; ~~it was far away~~ ^{it was far away} ~~then in 1865~~ for it took weeks for mail to come and months for supplies. The railroad did ~~not reach~~ ^{not reach} New Mexico for more than a decade. The Navaho ~~pled~~ ^{pled} to be allowed to return to their own land ~~xxx~~ promising to stop all raids and disturbances, a promise they have faithfully kept. The only treaty ~~signed xxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{signed} and ratified by Congress was this with the Navaho. In return the U.S. promised to furnish one teacher for every 30 Navaho children, a promise which only now shows signs of being fulfilled. ~~xxxxxx~~

For a long way we flew over the trail of the Long Walk, and somehow from the air looking down on the scene, it ~~xxxxxx~~ filled one American with deep remorse.

Looking out to the north across the reservation, I could see, from this altitude, the northern boundary. Shiprock stood up above the desert. ~~xxxxxx~~ more ~~xxxxxx~~ shiplike than ever from this height, &