

When the Navaho returned from Fort Sumner to that portion of their old land allotted to them by the treaty of 1868, trading posts were soon to play a vital role in their lives. By the early 1870s Mormon traders were coming down from Utah establishing contacts for trade at the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. John D. Lee initiated a ^{in 1874} ferry which crossed the Colorado not many miles above the Grand Canyon. ^{was} Long in use, Lee's Ferry was not abandoned until 1926 when the Navaho Bridge, built at this site, linked the Navaho Country with North Central Arizona and Southern Utah. ^P Licensed by the Government Agent at Fort Defiance, traders began to appear as the Navaho produced wool and blankets. Few in number at the beginning, traders increased in proportion to the volume of Navaho production. Strict rules of trade were imposed by the Government when licenses were issued, and with but few exceptions, the traders ^{never} owned the land upon which ^{these} ^{were} posts ~~was~~ built.

The pioneer trader was a rugged individual, able to survive in remote areas under the most primitive conditions. He had to build what he needed, to be able to fix anything and everything, and through the years has taught many Navaho necessary construction and mechanical techniques. Built of stone, adobe bricks, occasionally of logs, the old trading posts consisted of one or more buildings with sheep and horse corrals nearby. In addition to the store, there was usually a barn, a storehouse, sometimes a visitors' hogan for the use of Indians who lived far away. Some of the old posts had only one ^{large} room with a dirt floor. Around three walls were shelves reaching to the ceiling, stocked with goods of all ~~descriptions~~ descriptions. In front of the shelves, and separated from them by a passageway, were high, wide counters, built so for protection as well as use. Beneath the counters were shelves for

106

ceremony for a sick Navaho. One of the singers came to the clinic room asking for cough medicine. His name-incredibly- was KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN. He came several times during this ceremony. She ran out of cough medicine, the doctor in Shiprock telling her that she must use it more sparingly. The next time KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN came she told him, through Timothy, that she was sorry but she didn't have any more. He left without a word. The next time he came, she still ^{did not} ~~didn't~~ have any. He didn't like it very well, but again left without comment. The third he came, he said to Timothy "You ask the nurse why she doesn't have the things a nurse is supposed to have" Betsy got behind a chair and pretending to tremble and shake said to Timothy "Ask him if he ever killed a white woman?" This sent the old man into a peal of laughter and from then on was one of her good friends. Betsy found out later that he really had killed a white man long ago. He had been out hunting and failed to find any game. He did find a white prospector in camp cooking his supper of which he had plenty. When he asked for something to eat, the prospector refused. He also had some wine, which he also refused, ^{to offer}. So KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN earned his name.

One winter when I was at Red Rock, it was necessary to take an ill old man to the hospital. The snow was deep and it was very cold. It took us three hours to reach Shiprock. As we were preparing to return, a Red Rock boy appeared having followed us in. Just after we had left, word came that Hosteen Nez's wife had been in labor for five days and needed help. Betsy and the doctor left at once, Timothy and I following in her car with a dismissed patient. About five miles before reaching Red Rock, Betsy and the doctor left the main road to drive several more miles to this hogan. The snow and drifts were very deep and they repeatedly had to dig themselves

out. When they finally arrived it was after dark. They found ^{woman as described} the ~~facts to be a~~ stated plus an assembly of neighbors who hoped to help. There was no light but that of the fire in the center of the hogan. After dismissing the onlookers, nurse and doctor improvised an operating table out of two orange crates; extinguished the fire so that ether could be ^{with only} safely used, and ^{to illuminate} by the light of a two battery flash light ~~directed~~ ^{in complete} first to the nurse administering the ether, then to the doctor, a live baby was delivered by instruments and the crisis was over- that is, except for more struggles to get home through the snow.

As individuals became better known to Betsy, and through her to me, their respective characters stood out. There was a little old woman whose only name was THE UTE WOMAN who used to come to breakfast every Sunday morning. She really was a Ute; she had been stolen by a Navaho family in her infancy, growing up a Navaho, knowing nothing of the Ute People. Every Navaho has a ceremonial or clan name, seldom known to outsiders. ^{But nick} The names ^{they were} they were generally known by, always fascinated us, almost always ^{they were} descriptive ~~names~~. There was HARD BELLY, SORE HAND, YELLOW MEXICAN, BUSHY HEAD, RED MEXICAN, MIKE CASEY, CALICO PANTS, and many more. One day we realized how many descriptive names there are among our own people such as WHITEHEAD, SHOEMAKER, WHEELWRIGHT, LONGSTREET, BROADHEAD, to name a few.

Betsy has a wonderful capacity for joking with a perfectly straight face. The Navaho sensed this and took delight in it. There was a Navaho named John Billy whom she had met when she first went to Red Rock ^{to} see what this nursing position would mean. She did not see him again ~~f~~for more than a year. One day he came to her clinic and she was dismayed to find him with a bad exophthalmic goitre condition.

ceremony for a sick Navaho. One of the singers came to the clinic room asking for cough medicine. His name-incredibly- was KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN. He came several times during this ceremony. She ran out of cough medicine, the doctor in Shiprock telling her that she must use it more sparingly. The next time KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN came she told him, through Timothy, that she was sorry but she didn't have any more. He left without a word. The next time he came, she still didn't have any. He didn't like it very well, but again left without comment. The third time he came, he said to Timothy "You ask the nurse why she doesn't have the things a nurse is supposed to have?" Betsy got behind a chair and pretending to tremble and shake said to Timothy "Ask him if he ever killed a white woman?" This sent the old man into a peal of laughter and from then on was one of her best friends. Betsy found out later that he really had killed a white man long ago. He had been out hunting and failed to find any game. He did find a white prospector in camp cooking his supper of which he had plenty. When he asked for something to eat, the prospector refused. He also had some wine, which he also refused. So KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN earned his name.

One winter when I was at Red Rock, it was necessary to take an ill old man to the hospital. The snow was deep and it was very cold. It took us three hours to reach Shiprock. As we were preparing to return, a Red Rock boy appeared having followed us in. Just after we had left, word came that Hosteen Nez's wife had been in labor for five days and needed help. Betsy and the doctor left at once, Timothy and I following in her car with a dismissed patient. About five miles before reaching Red Rock, Betsy and the doctor left the main road to drive several more miles to this hogan. The snow and drifts were very deep and they repeatedly had to dig themselves

out. When they finally arrived ~~at the~~ after dark. They found the facts to be a stated plus an assembly of neighbors who hoped to help. There was no light but that of the fire in the center of the hogan. After dismissing the onlookers, nurse and doctor improvised an operating table out of two orange crates; extinguished the fire so that ether could be safely used, and by the light of a two battery flash light directed first to the nurse administering the ether, then to the doctor, a live baby was delivered by instruments and the crisis was over- that is, except for more struggles to get home through the snow.

As individuals became better known to Betsy, and through her to me, their respective characters stood out. There was a little old woman whose only name was THE UTE WOMAN who used to come to breakfast every Sunday morning. She really was a Ute; she had been stolen by a Navaho family in her infancy, growing up a Navaho, knowing nothing of the Ute People. Every Navaho has a ceremonial or clan name, seldom known to outsiders. The names they were generally known by always fascinated us, almost always descriptive names. There was HARD BELLY, SORE HAND, YELLOW MEXICAN, BUSHY HEAD, RED MEXICAN, MIKE CASEY, CALICO PANTS, and many more. One day we realized how many descriptive names there are among our own people such as WHITEHEAD, SHOEMAKER, WHEELWRIGHT, LONGSTREET, BROADHEAD, to name a few.

Betsy has a wonderful capacity for joking with a perfectly straight face. The Navaho sensed this and took delight in it. There was a Navaho named John Billy whom she had met when she first went to Red Rock in see what this nursing position would mean. She did not see him again for more than a year. One day he came to her clinic and she was dismayed to find him with a bad exophthalmic goitre condition.

"I know where there is a silversmith you would like to make a picture of". So off we would go to find someone I did indeed want to photograph. His judgement was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

At the time of one of my periodic visits to Red Rock, Betsy had a patient, a small child who had fallen, and in trying to save ~~at~~ herself her little hands had gone into the hot coals about the open fire in the center of her mother's hogan. The burns were bad, and Betsy went daily to dress them. The day I accompanied her, I found the lovely mother seated at her loom on the far side of the hogan. As there was a blanket over the door, the only light within was from the smoke hole in the center of the roof. The beautiful overhead light accented the oriental quality of this woman as she sat patiently while Betsy attended to the child's hands and I ~~was~~ ^{ed} hoping to capture ^{the picture} ~~what~~ I saw. ^P One trip of Betsy's which I recall, was to a distant mesa where a teen age boy was very ill. She and Timothy ^{her nephew} had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that this was a ruptured appendix. She persuaded the boy, and his parents, to let her take him to the hospital at once. Placing him carefully on a blanket which she used in lieu of a stretcher, she got four men each holding a corner of the blanket, to carry the boy down to the car. Then, with very careful driving took him more than thirty miles to the hospital. The doctor found that it was indeed a ruptured appendix and operated immediately. Through Betsy's good judgement and skill, this boy's life was saved.

Not long after Betsy's arrival at Red Rock, there was a "sing" going on some little distance away. This, she learned, was a curing

"I know where there is a silversmith you would like to make a picture of". So off we would go to find someone I did indeed want to photograph. His judgement was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

At the time of one of my periodic visits to Red Rock, Betsy had a patient, a small child who had fallen, and in trying to save herself her little hands had gone into the hot coals about the open fire in the center of her mother's hogan. The burns were bad and Betsy went daily to dress them. The day I accompanied her, I found the lovely mother seated at her loom on the far side of the hogan. As there was a blanket over the door, the only light within was from the smoke hole in the center of the roof. The beautiful overhead light accented the oriental quality of this woman as she sat patiently while Betsy attended to the child's hand and I was hoping to capture what I saw. One trip of Betsy's which I recall, was to a distant mesa where a teen age boy was very ill. She and Timothy had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that this was a ruptured appendix. She persuaded the boy, and his parents, to let her take him to the hospital at once. Placing him carefully on a blanket which she used in lieu of a stretcher, she got four men each holding a corner of the blanket, to carry the boy down to the car. Then, with very careful driving took him more than thirty miles to the hospital. The doctor found that it was indeed a ruptured appendix and operated immediately. Through Betsy's good judgement and skill, this boy's life was saved.

Not long after Betsy's arrival at Red Rock, there was a "sing" going on some little distance away. This, she learned, was a curing

it upright or sideways; never stand in a hogan door with hands on either side of the door frame, for this blocks the door. Good manners and simple courtesy are very much a part of Navaho life. There is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything. This is why Navaho people deliberate before every act, before every spoken word. This deliberation is often misjudged by white people. The Navaho is not slow, he is deciding what is the right thing to do or say. Once this decision is reached it is irrevocable. There are many good omens as well as bad; the white man is usually excused for not knowing, but it makes for better relationships if the outsider takes the trouble to learn Navaho customs.

When Betsy was at Red Rock she had an interpreter, for there were many in her region who spoke no English. This young man, Timothy by name, lived in a small hogan near the trading post with his wife and two small boys. Timothy drove Betsy's car for her, translated both questions and answers and soon considered himself her assistant. Betsy's human understanding of the People and their needs, quickly won her many friends, and her obvious interest in their lives and beliefs were appreciated greatly. That she did not oppose the medicine man, came as a surprise to many and it was not long until one medicine man of the region came to her for occasional help, making a sign by placing his two forefingers together indicating that they worked ~~together~~ side by side. Timothy constantly brought all the news of the entire area, and one of the great surprises to both of us was the rapidity with which news could travel. I recall one day as we were driving along a little used road when Timothy said suddenly "I think 'Mr. Jones' has been to Red Rock to-day." When I asked how he knew the answer was "I see the track of his left rear tire." Timothy soon became my friend also and would say

it upright or sideways; never stand in a hogan door with hands on either side of the door frame, for this blocks the door. ^{To mean her a few} Good manners and simple courtesy are very much a part of Navaho life. There is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything. This is why Navaho People deliberate before every act, before every spoken word. ~~Th~~^{Si} deliberation is often misjudged by white people. The Navaho is not slow, he is deciding what is the right thing to do or say. Once this decision is reached it is irrevocable. There are many good omens as well as bad; the white man is usually excused for not knowing, but it makes for better relationships if the outsider takes the trouble to learn Navaho customs.

When Betsy was at Red Rock she had an interpreter, for there were many in her region who spoke no English. This young man, Timothy by name, lived in a small hogan near the trading post with his wife and two small boys. Timothy drove Betsy's car for her, translated both questions and answers and soon considered himself her assistant. Betsy's human understanding of the People and their ^{ne} needs, quickly won her many friends, and her obvious interest in their lives and beliefs were appreciated greatly. That she did not oppose the medicine man, came as a surprise to many and it was not long until one medicine man of the region came to her for occasional help, making a sign by placing his two forefingers ^{would} together indicating that they worked ~~side by side~~. Timothy constantly brought all the news of the entire area, and one of the great surprises to both of us was the rapidity with which news could travel. I recall one day as we were driving along a little used road when Timothy said suddenly " I think 'Mr. Jones' has been to Red Rock to-day." When I asked how he knew the answer was " I see the track of his left rear tire." Timothy soon became my friend also and would say

But generalities are not enough; one must know the individuals.

My first acquaintances among the Navaho were made when I visited Elizabeth Forster not long after she assumed her duties as a field nurse. She was stationed at Red Rock, Arizona, just over the line from New Mexico, some thirty miles west of the community of Shiprock. She had an apartment in an abandoned missionary hospital, with a clinic room in the basement where she kept the tools of her trade, ^{Here} ~~and where~~ the doctor from the Government Hospital in Shiprock came weekly to ^{See} ~~examine~~ ^{who had been} patients assembled for his visit by the nurse. There the usual run of minor ailments, sore throats, slight injuries, the ever present impetigo among small children, various dietary ailments, and often illnesses of a more serious nature ^{were examined.} Treatments would be prescribed for the nurse to administer necessitating visits to hogans within the radius of her field work. It was my good fortune to accompany Betsy on ^{some of} her rounds ~~of visits~~ giving me an opportunity to observe her many patients under the conditions of their every day lives. When we went to the trading post nearby, we met many more Navaho People, and soon I learned how to approach them to make photographs. In those early days of the 1930s I was using a large view camera and I was able to interest the people both in the instrument and the results, for they always wanted copies of the pictures I made. It was not long until the people of the Red Rock area were used to seeing me around and I was accepted as ^{the nurse's friend} ~~a friend of~~ [✓] ~~the nurse.~~ Some of these early pictures are in this book, the frontispiece, the first ^{eight or ten} ~~six~~ portraits, the summer hogan, and others.

Gradually I was learning the customs of the Navaho, and some of the simple things one must or must not do. ^{but first} Always take off your glove before ~~shaking hands~~, ~~and~~ Always shake hands, for it is unfriendly not to; when offering a cigarette, never point it at a person, hold

THE DINE
(THE PEOPLE)

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons-deserts-rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-land forms, beautiful beyond belief- these are the elements of this magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature, are the Navaho- People of the earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith, faith in nature, faith in themselves as a part of nature, faith in their place in the universe; deep-rooted faith, born of their oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is fine quality in the Navaho People; their quiet direct manner, their action, their manual dexterity and skill. They bring to their everyday living, dignity, vitality, realism, acceptance of things as they are. Conforming to the pattern of their tradition, they are none the less individualists. They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they have humor and a sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They are tenacious, they are practical to a high degree. They are capable of long hours of work and are equally capable of inactivity. There are many good Navaho People and some bad, dependable and undependable, strong and weak. Their powers of observation are photographic. They are immeasurably adaptable. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Among themselves they are a gentle people. Through all runs a vein of kindness

of inherent good manners, and some special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps intergrated personality is the attribute, for there is a "one-ness" about these people. *Simply and quietly,* ~~They quietly and simply~~ live their tradition.

All this is what they have been, and many still are to-day. But as they acquire more of our way of life, as they assimilate our education- (many are doing so at remarkable speed) will they retain the fine qalities of their inheritance? They are now taking from our civilization what they wish of it and making it their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of psychological frustration and have not yet found a way around it. Barred at first by language, many have now acquired a high degree of education and are intelligent, capable people judged by any standards. The hope of their future lies in their unique adaptability and their desire and quickness to learn. It is my belief that the Navaho People as a whole will find their sure place in our American Demoscraacy and that some will fill that place with distinction.

THE DINEH
(THE PEOPLE)

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons-deserts-rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-land forms, beautiful beyond belief- these are the elements of this magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature, are the ^{Dineh} Navaho- People of the earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith, faith in nature, faith in themselves as a part of nature, faith in their place in the universe; deep-rooted faith, born of their oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is fine quality in the Navaho People; their quiet direct manner, their action, their manual dexterity and skill. They bring to their everyday living, dignity, vitality, realism, acceptance of things as they are. Conforming to the pattern of their tradition, they are none the less individualists. They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they have humor and a sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They are tenacious. They are practical to a high degree. They are capable of long hours of work and are equally capable of inactivity. There are many good Navaho People and some bad, ^{some} dependable and ^{others} undependable, strong and weak. Their powers of observation are photographic. They are immeasurably adaptable. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Among themselves they are a gentle people. Through all runs a vein of kindness,

of inherent good manners, and some special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps intergrated personality is the attribute, for there is a "one-ness" about these people. ^{Simply and quietly they} ~~They quietly and simply~~ live their tradition.

All this is what they have been, and many still are to-day. But as they acquire more of our way of life, as they assimilate our education- (many are doing so at remarkable speed) will they retain the fine qualities of their inheritance? They are now taking from our civilization what they wish of it and making it their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of psychological frustration and have not yet found a way around it. Barred at first by language, many have now acquired a high degree of education and are intelligent, capable people judged by any standards. The hope of their future lies in their unique adaptability and their desire and quickness to learn. It is my belief that the Navaho People as a whole will find their sure place in our American Democracy and that some will fill that place with distinction.

But generalities are not enough; one must know the individuals.

My first acquaintances among the Navaho were made when I visited Elizabeth Forster not long after she assumed her duties as a field nurse. She was stationed at Red Rock, Arizona, just over the line from New Mexico, some thirty miles west of the community of Shiprock. She had an apartment in an abandoned missionary hospital, with a clinic room in the basement where she kept the tools of her trade, and where the doctor from the Government Hospital in Shiprock came weekly to examine patients assembled for his visit by the nurse. There the usual run of minor ailments, sore throats, slight injuries, the ever present impetigo among small children, various dietary ailments, and often illnesses of a more serious nature. Treatments would be prescribed for the nurse to administer necessitating visits to hogans within the radius of her field work. It was my good fortune to accompany Betsy ^{some of} on her round of visits giving me an opportunity to observe her many patients under the conditions of their every day lives. When we went to the trading post nearby, we met many more Navaho People, and soon I learned how to approach them to make photographs. In those early days of the 1930s I was using a large view camera and I was able to interest the people both in the instrument and the results, for they always wanted copies of the pictures I made. It was not long until the people of the Red Rock area were used to seeing me around and I was accepted as a friend of the nurse. Some of these early pictures are in this book, the frontispiece, the first six portraits, the summer hogan, and others. Gradually I was learning the customs of the Navaho, and some of the simple things one must or must not do. Always take off your glove before shaking hands, and always shake hands, for it is unfriendly not to; when offering a cigarette, never point it at a person, hold

promised supplies, seed, tools and sheep did not arrive. That first winter must have been hard indeed. The Navaho ate what they could find on the land, pinon nuts, roots, other small edible plants, some game. The promised sheep did not arrive until the fall of 1869. Then the People felt a new surge of hope as they began to till new fields, to start small flocks, to build new hogans, and to live the free life which was the very essence of their being.

As the memory of all this history flashed through my mind, we were rapidly flying home to Santa Fe, as the long shadows of late afternoon reached across the mountains. It seemed incredible that in the course of a few hours, I could have seen so closely and so clearly the entire twenty five thousand square miles of Navaho domain, and looked down on the areas where so much of their history had taken place. It gave me new insight and new understanding of the Navaho and their land. It was a memorable day.

was the first time they had ever been conquered-- they were being sent into exile. The year 1864 became a tragic milestone in Navaho history.

Our plane approached Gallup, New Mexico, and as I looked north across the reservation, I could see Shiprock standing above the desert, more shiplike than ever from this height and distance. Beyond, glistening on the far horizon, were the snowy summits of DEBENTSA Navaho Sacred Mountain of the North.

* * * * *

For many miles east of Gallup, we flew directly over the route of the "Long Walk". Looking down, one could visualize the straggling line of slowly moving, destitute people. It was in early March of 1864 that the Long Walk began. The People were moved in groups, some twenty four hundred in the first, others following during the spring until a total of about eight thousand Navaho had made the long march. Only the very old and the very young were permitted to ride in the few wagons they still possessed, *in* *They had nothing left save for* addition to a few horses, some sheep and goats, - that was all. *2 Santa Fe*

The four years of exile were tragic years indeed. Lack of understanding, lack of supplies, lack of communication were the cause of much hardship and suffering. The exile began near the close of the Civil War. The Government in Washington had little thought for one small group of captured Indians so far away. The wonder is that Congress appropriated \$100,000. for their rehabilitation. The money was entrusted to two individuals who were to proceed to Independence, ~~Missouri~~ *where*, there to purchase the necessary supplies. These were the days of the Santa Fe Trail *which* *ed* and long heavily laden wagon trains, laboring across nine hundred miles of prairie. *of*

Of the original appropriation, less than a third ever reached its destination. Yet the Navaho seemed willing enough to do what they could to better their conditions. One superintendent relates that they were industrious and ready to work. They learned to make and lay adobe bricks, they learned the art of blacksmithing, they did their best to farm under most adverse conditions of drought, wind, insect infestations, illness among themselves. An epidemic of small pox struck and many died, reducing their number to a little over six thousand; many were ill from undernourishment; all were desperately homesick. Finally, on hearing of a plan to move them to Oklahoma, several of the Navaho Chiefs agreed to go to Washington to plead for permission to return to their own land. One can imagine the revelation such a trip must have been to these men, the long horseback ride to Independence, the first sight of a railroad train and the long trip on it to Washington, realizing for the time, the great size of the United States, the arrival in the capitol city and a meeting with President Andrew Johnson. Shortly after their return to Fort Sumner, General Sherman was sent to draw up a treaty, the only treaty with any Indian Tribe ratified by Congress. The Navaho promised never to raid again, a promise, with with one or two ~~very~~ minor exceptions, which has been faithfully kept. In return the United States Government promised to give them a new start, by supplying tools, seed corn, and three sheep per family, -also one teacher for every thirty children. In one hundred years this last part of the treaty has not yet been fulfilled, though to-day, the goal is in sight.

So the humbled Navaho in the fall of 1868, returned to their mesas and canyons, their deserts and mountains, to begin life anew. Major Dodd was the first civil agent, appointed to administer government aid, but more hardships were still to be endured, for the

Navaho People lived on the reservation.

Turning in a northwesterly direction we were soon ~~overland~~ free of timber but covered with desert grass and shrubs. We crossed Chaco Canyon looking down on the large ruin of Pueblo Bonito and other ruins of this once populous region. The Navaho have stories about these ruins and their long forgotten pre-historic inhabitants whom they call the Kisani. We crossed the Escavado wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable of becoming a raging torrent following a summer ^{thunder storm} ~~cloudburst~~. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho must have followed it as the more adventurous among them sought new homesites. History tells us of the many conflicts between the Navaho and the Pueblo Indians and the Spanish settlers. It was Coronado who first brought horses and sheep to this country, and the Navaho, filled with envy, stole or traded for the animals they coveted. Horses gave the Navaho a new and better mode of travel and it was not long until they became stockmen. Horses also gave them incentive to hunt for new pastures and remote canyons in which to hide their stolen booty. Both Pueblo Indian and Spanish women and children were also stolen resulting in many years of conflict and retaliation.

We crossed the fertile valley of the San Juan circling for a landing at Farmington to refuel the plane and to have a short rest. As we turned, TSOTSIL still, though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky- the one high land mark; the Navaho sacred mountain of the south. Tsolsi)

~~The~~ and the stark forms of extinct Volcanic ^{cones} ~~forms~~ rose above the Terrain

Following plans for a long flight to photograph the sacred mountains of the south, west and north, we left Santa Fe shortly after daylight on an early spring morning. We headed west toward the low end of the Jemez Range beyond which stretches the expanse of the Navaho Reservation. Crossing the Rio Grande, we saw below us on the river's western bank, the skeleton ruin of the once great Pueblo of the Tiguex Indians who, in 1540, gave a friendly welcome to Coronado and his entourage. In a matter of minutes, seconds really, we could see on our right the living Pueblos of Santa Ana and Tsia, sun baked on the adobe banks of the Jemez river a ~~short~~ ^{near its junction} distance ~~above~~ its confluence with the Rio Grande. Crossing a low hilly divide at the southern tip of the Jemez, a vast expanse of semi-desert came into view, broken here and there by pinon covered buttes, ~~and~~ ^{what} the cores of extinct volcanoes whose stark forms ^{come} rise above the terrain. To the distant north of us lay Old Navaho Land, dimly seen on the horizon extending to the border of New Mexico and Colorado, and a little beyond.

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez behind us, TSOTSIL (Mount Taylon), Navaho sacred mountain of the south, rose in tiered mesas to its thirteen thousand foot snow capped summit. We circled several times seeking a proper foreground for this picture, finding such different country from the empty areas of the San Luis Valley. Thick clusters of cedar and piñon trees, broken by parklike openings, and rugged prominences built up to the mountain peak. We saw isolated hogans, sometimes three or four in a group representing a family unit, with ~~always~~ sheep corrals and flocks grazing nearby. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two, so few signs of life in this big empty-looking land. It seemed hard to believe that more than ninety thousand

TSISNAJINI, because of its severance by a wide low pass from the towering Sangre de Cristo Range to the north, appears a mountain by itself and was a natural landmark to the Navaho- their sacred symbol of the East.

Beneath us, the southern end of the San Luis Valley looked barren and uninhabited. Here once was an abundance of game-elk, ^{and} antelope, deer and bison, and here the ancient Navahe came to hunt, seeing always their sacred mountain of the east before them. They must have come ~~into~~ this valley from the region over the mountains to the west known as Old Navaho Land. At the junction of the San Juan and Pine Rivers ~~just~~ over the continental divide from where we were flying, the new Navaho Dam has ~~just~~ ^{now} been completed. Just above the dam site during the field seasons of 1959, 1960, and 1961, the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of New Mexico uncovered the first comprehensive data of the early whereabouts of the Navahe and their Apache cousins. These recent unearthings have revealed simple, crude hogans (Navaho houses) dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century. This date, so much later than than all other sources of Indian life in New Mexico, seems to indicate that the Navahe may well have been the last migration from the north. The Spanish Conquistadores did not encounter the Navahe until 1626, nearly ^{two} centuries after Coronado's arrival. The Benevides Chronicle of this date tells of the "Navahau de Apache" being farmers living in this old Navaholand area. It is assumed that they learned the rudiments of agriculture from the Pueblo People with whom they must have come in contact, for the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash and beans in these recent excavations. clarify

Thinking always of the Navahe, where they came from and how they traveled, one could see from the air that the distance from Old Navaholand to TSISNAJINI is not great, and though there are mountains between, there are passes through which travelers can find a way.

on the western side of the Continental Divide

To the west ~~just~~ over the Continental Divide
from ~~where~~ /- where we were flying is the
confluence of the San Juan & Pine Rivers.
It is here that the new Navaho Dam has just
been completed. just about the Dam Site

July 1
1965

Following plans for a long flight to photograph the sacred mountains of the south, west and north, we left Santa Fe shortly after daylight on an early spring morning. We headed west toward the low end of the Jemez Range beyond which stretches the expanse of the Navaho Reservation. Crossing the Rio Grande, we saw below us on the river's western bank the skeleton ruin of the once great Pueblo of the Tiguex Indians who, in 1540, gave a friendly welcome to Coronado and his entourage. In a matter of minutes, seconds really, we could see on our right the living Pueblos of Santa Ana and Tia, sun baked on the adobe banks of the Jemez river a ²⁰⁰⁰ distance above its confluence with the Rio Grande. Crossing a low, hilly divide at the southern tip of the Jemez, a vast expanse of semi-desert came into view, broken here and there ^{by} piñon covered buttes, and the cores of extinct volcanoes whose stark forms rise above the terrain. To the distant north of us lay Old Navaho Land, dimly seen on the horizon extending to the border of our states of New Mexico and Colorado, and a little beyond.

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez behind us, Tsotsil, Navaho sacred mountain of the south rose in tiered mesas to its thirteen thousand foot snow capped peak. We circled several times seeking a proper foreground for this second picture, finding such different country from the empty areas of the San Luis Valley. Thick clusters of cedar and piñon trees broken by parklike openings and rugged prominences built up to the mountain peak. We saw isolated hogans, sometimes three or four in a group representing a family unit, and always sheep corrals and flocks grazing not far away. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two, so little ^{few} signs of life in this big empty-looking land. Yet I knew that on the reservation live more than ninety thousand Navaho.

Turning in a northwesterly direction we were soon again over land free of timber, but covered with grass and some low shrubs. We crossed Chaco Canyon looking down on the large ruin of Pueblo Bonito and the other ruins of this once populous region. ^{The Navaho have} stories about these ruins and their long forgotten inhabitants whom they called the Kisaní. We crossed the Escavado wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable of becoming a raging torrent following a summer cloudburst. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho, by the beginning of the eighteenth century, must have followed it as the more adventurous among them sought new home sites. History tells us of the many conflicts between the Navaho and other inhabitants of the Southwest; the Pueblo Indians, and the Spanish settlers. It was Coronado who first brought horses and sheep to this country, and when the Navaho saw these animals they both traded and stole what they wanted. Horses gave the Navaho a new and better mode of travel and it was not long until they turned more and more to raising stock. This too, gave them the incentive to hunt for new pastures and remote canyons in which to hide their stolen booty. But along with stolen horses, ^{and sheep} women and children were also stolen, and for some years there was great conflict with the Spanish who in turn frequently retaliated by capturing Navaho women to make slaves of them.

We crossed the fertile valley of the San Juan circling for a landing to refuel ^{to have} and to have a short rest. As we turned, Tsotsil still, though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky- the one high landmark- the sacred mountain to the south.

See p. 11 about the Navaho

Tsis najini - Sacred Mt. of the East

PART I
B.
THE DINEH