

they all returned they occasionally wore masks and when this happened they prayed for all good things, for rain and abundant crops. The children of First Man and First Woman married among the Mirage People. And again children were born every four days and grew to maturity in in four days. Many of their offspring married among the Kisani and among the People from the Lower Worlds, and soon there were many people in the world with First Man as their chief.

The People from the Third World had been in the Fourth World ofr eight years when one day they saw the Sky stooping down and the Earth rising to meet it. From the point of contact there spring from the easth, COYOTE and BADGER, the children of the Sky. COYOTE, the elder, came and skulked around the People, but BADGER went down into the hole that led to the lower world and was rarely seen, ~~and this is why BADGER has always had black feet.~~

One day, following a feast of deer meat, First Woman made a remark which made her husband very angry and they had a quarrel. The next morning First Man called all the men together telling them what his wife had said, and that the women thought they could get along without the men. "Let us leave them" he said" and see if they can till the fields and hunt game, and let us take the Kisani with us." So they crossed the river on the raft taking with them the things that they had made. The Kisani went too, but they took their wives with them. The first year all went well, the women had plenty of food and they sang and had a merry time. As the men had to start new fields they did not have so much to eat. The second year the women did not do so well, while the men increased their fields and crops. In the third year the women did still less well, and the men still better. In the fourth year the women had little to eat and the men far more than they needed. And First Man began to think



It has been my privilege to observe some of this transition and to know some of the old life. It has been intensely interesting, often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general filling me with profound admiration for these people. Photography is essentially the medium to record and interpret such a change. There is no pretense here of scientific or ethnologic approach. This book is rather the presentation of the Navaho as human beings, - what they look like, how they live, the things they do. Some pictures were made more than thirty years ago, most of them during the past fourteen years. This can be only a partial story. I have been fortunate indeed in the friends I have made, and the co-operation I have received. There are many books about the Navaho: books by scientists, ethnologists, physicians and psychologists. Many of the authors have far more knowledge of the Navaho People than I. But, to me, most of these books lack visual image and quality of interpretation, and even though some have good illustrations, these are incidental. My theme has been to create an image of the Navaho People, Navaho life, and Navaho Country, carrying it as completely as I was able with continuity, through important phases. I am well aware of many gaps. For those whose interest is awakened through vision, the bibliography contains a partial list of books to increase the reader's knowledge.

This book is my interpretation of a wonderful people just as I have found them, a people having great pride, great dignity and ability, and who deserve sincere respect.

Laura Gilpin  
Santa Fe, New Mexico



THE ENDURING NAVAHO

BY

LAURA GILPIN



## THE FOUR SACRED MOUNTAINS

While reading the Navaho Creation Myth, my thoughts traveled to the four sacred mountains bordering the Navaho World. It was then, I think, that it occurred to me that the best way to illustrate this beautiful story would be to <sup>use</sup> photographs of these mountains from the air. To do this two flights were necessary, the first for Tsisnajini, sacred mountain of the East, and a second longer flight for the other three.

Perhaps it is my love for landscape and geography that makes me want to fly. From the air one can see the great structures of the earth's surface, the different kinds of mountains, the sweep of contours, the age old erosions. In the air one becomes detached and the mind goes deep into the past, thinking of Time in Depth.

Chartering a small plane, my pilot lifted us from Santa Fe one morning with the picture of Tsisnajini as our goal. As we circled to gain altitude, the form of the ~~Sandia~~ <sup>San Juan</sup> Mountain Fault to the south of us became more and more visible, with its gently rising eastern slope and the sheer, abrupt western face. It was in a cave high in this western wall that the earliest evidence of human life in this area has been found, remnants from migrants who lived here twenty thousand years ago, so old is the history of our Southwest. These ancient primitives came to North America from Mongolia via Behring Strait moving slowly southward over a period of ~~perhaps~~ centuries.

We headed north following the Rio Grande seeing clearly the canyons cut by the river through the volcanic slopes of the Pajarito Plateau. Crossing into Colorado, the superb mountain mass of Tsisnajini grew more impressive as we neared. Beneath us, the southern end of the San Luis Valley looked barren and uninhabited. Here once, was an abundance of game - elk, antelope, deer and bison, and here the ancient Navaho 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 divide from where we were flying, the new Navaho Dam is now being built. Just above the dam site during the field seasons of 1959, 60 and 61, the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of New Mexico <sup>uncovered</sup> produced the first comprehensive data of the early whereabouts of the Navaho 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, much later than all other sources of Indian life in New Mexico, seems to indicate that the Navaho may well have been the last migration from the north. The Spanish Conquistadores did not encounter the Navaho until 1626, nearly two centuries after Coronado's ~~first~~ arrival. The Benevides Chronicle of that year tells of the "Navahau de Apache" being farmers living in this old Navaho Land 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. It is possible that future probings may find evidence of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Navaho in the San Luis valley.

Thinking always of the Navaho, where they came from and how they traveled, one could see from the air that the distance from Old Navaho Land to Tsisnajini is not great; and though there are mountains in between, there are passes through which travelers can find a way. Tsisnajini, because of its severance by a wide low pass from the towering Sangre de Cristo Range, appears a mountain by itself and was a natural landmark to the Navaho becoming their symbol of the East.



After a short rest and a second breakfast, we continued our journey, following the San Juan River toward the Four Corners, that unique spot where the states of Arizona and Utah, meet Colorado and New Mexico. Below us were 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 landscape with rich color. With the completion of the new San Juan reservoir and <sup>as</sup> 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 productive strip of the River's valley.

Shiprock, largest of the volcanic cores of the Southwest, rose more than eighteen hundred feet out of the desert sea, its two great flanking dykes bringing to mind the Navaho legend of an eagle with outspread wings. Beyond was the Red Rock area, I knew so well, and I could trace the merging of the dun colored landscape into opalescent red as we neared the Lukaichukai Mountains. This 9500 foot range, densely covered with pine and fir, spruce and aspen, runs north and south, bisecting the reservation, and yielding a large timber reserve for the Navaho People. On the western side, the mountains slope into the Fort Defiance Plateau, the timber changing to piñon and cedar as the elevation drops. Huge red sandstone promontories jutt out into the sage covered foothills, like giant ocean piers.

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century, the Navaho had penetrated this region where they found the Hopi Indians living in the Canyons and probably drove them out. Sun drenched and glowing red, we could see Monument Valley ahead of us as the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to meet the western desert. <sup>Corrected</sup> As we approached, <sup>T</sup> the beauty of the monoliths was startling <sup>in the air</sup> ~~from the air~~, so different from the ground aspect where one looks up at them into a contrasting blue sky. After circling the valley, we continued our western direction, and in the span of a quarter hour, we were over the southern end of another timbered plateau <sup>which</sup> ~~extending~~ <sup>28</sup> south from Utah into Arizona. Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us, and following a tributary we saw suddenly the Cliff Dwelling of Beta-takin, most beautiful of all the thirteenth century ruins of the Southwest. The gracefully arced cave with sheer clefts of rock at one end, protects the buildings from storm and wind. Rich <sup>ly</sup> green foliage nestles close to the spring these early inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their doorstep. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose colored rock of the high cave, that the shadowed rectangular doorways are all that make the cliff dwelling visible.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mountain, we turned southward over an expanse of yellow sand as yet another desert extended to the Grand Canyon, the western boundry of the reservation. A short flying time brought us opposite Doko-oslid, (the San Francisco Peaks). with the Little Colorado River marking a diagonal course in our foreground as it contributes its small share of water to its mighty brother. <sup>- the Colorado</sup> Once more we saw a high landmark-Doko-oslid-Navaho sacred Mountain of the West.



## B.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a copy of the original, and is signed by the President.

Planning all half-title pages in color



THE DINEH  
(THE PEOPLE)

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons--deserts--rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; wind--dust--storm; bitter cold--blazing heat--serenity; 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 ~~quality~~ in the Navaho People; their simple 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 great sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They love sports of all kinds, they love games of chance, and will laugh at losing as well as winning. They are tenacious, they are practical to the utmost degree in their use of materials and objects. They are capable of long hours of work and are equally capable of inactivity. There are good Navaho People and bad, dependable and undependable, strong and weak. Their powers of observation are photographic. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Through all runs a vein of kindliness, of inherent good manners, and some special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps intergated personality is the attribute, for there is a "one-ness" about these people. They live their tradition. ~~They are immeasurably adaptable.~~ *Among themselves they are a gentle people.*

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 remarkable <sup>high</sup> degree of education and are intelligent, capable people judged by ~~high~~ 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.



C O N T E N T S

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PREFACE  
CREATION MYTH  
THE DINEH (The People)

PART II  
HABITATION AND OCCUPATION  
CRAFTS

PART III  
TRANSITION AND GOVERNMENT  
RECREATION

PART IV  
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Map  
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~~the sacred number four.~~  
and stones. ✓ White and white shell, fo the East; blue and  
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Here is a condensed version as Dr. Mathews has written it:-



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 addition to a few horses, some sheep and goats,- that was all. 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, there to purchase the necessary supplies. ~~St. Joseph, Missouri~~ These were the days of the Santa Fe Trail and long heavily laden wagon trains, laboring across nine hundred miles of prairie. ~~of~~



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.



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 the 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 under nourishment; 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 childred. 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 goerment aid, but more hardships were still to be endured, for the



Following the Mexican Revolution in 1826, the Government in Santa Fe, now directed from Mexico City, was weakly struggling to assert itself. Navaho raids increased in number and in strength. Twenty years later, after our war with Mexico in 1846, both Navaho and Apache depredations were at their height. The Southwest was now part of the United States, and new expeditions left Santa Fe for Navaholand. The Navaho had no comprehension of such political and governmental changes. This was all a very wild, rough country then, the distances were great, water sources far apart. So in 1850 the United States Army established Fort Defiance as a first base of operations. As we approached the Arizona-New Mexico line, I could see the large grove of trees, some of them planted so long ago, <sup>and</sup> which now obscure <sup>ing</sup> the Fort from the air, submerging it in a pool of shade. Close by, amid a cluster of wind-<sup>caved</sup> sculptured sandstone, was Window Rock, the present seat of Navaho Government.

Watching the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho history <sup>ice events</sup> filled my mind as I thought of all that had happened to these people since they came under the rule of Washington, one hundred and eighteen years ago. The early efforts of a small segment of the American Army proved fruitless, for they were too few in number to be any match for the Navaho, so skilled in gorilla warfare. By the beginning of our Civil War, the Army commissioned the famous scout Kit Carson, to bring the Navaho to terms. Through a scorched earth policy, he destroyed crops, killed or captured livestock, finally rounding <sup>ed</sup> up most of the starving people. Then, the commanding General decided to move the Navaho to a new environment- to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River more than three hundred miles away, and the captured Navaho were forced to march to "Bosque Redondo" as they called it. It



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century, the Navaho had penetrated this region where they found the Hopi Indians living in the Canyons and probably drove them out. Sun drenched and glowing red, we could see Monument Valley ahead of us as the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to meet the western desert. As we approached, the beauty of the monoliths was startling from the air, so different from the ground aspect where one looks up at them into a contrasting blue sky. After circling the valley, we continued our western direction, and in the span of a quarter hour, we were over the southern end of another timbered plateau extending south from Utah into Arizona. Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us, and following a tributary we saw suddenly the Cliff Dwelling of Beta-takin, most beautiful of all the thirteenth century ruins of the Southwest. The gracefully arced cave with sheer clefts of rock at one end, protects the buildings from storm and wind. Richly green foliage nestles close to the spring these early inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their doorstep. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose colored rock of the high cave, that the shadowed rectangular doorways are all that make the cliff dwelling visible.

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Navaho People lived on the reservation.

Turning in a northwesterly direction we were soon againland 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 Escavade 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 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.



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 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 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 New Mexico and Colorado, and a little beyond.

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez behind us, TSOTSIL ( Mount Taylor), 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 pinon 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



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We headed north following the Rio Grande, seeing clearly the canyons cut by the river through the volcanic slopes of the Pajarito Plateau. As we crossed into southern Colorado, the superb mountain mass of TSISNAJINI ( Mount Blanca) grew more impressive as we neared.



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and stones. White and white shell, fo the East; blue and turquoise, for the South; yellow and abolone shell, for the West; and black and jet for the North.

Here is a condensed version as Dr. Mathews has written it:-

To understand the Navaho People, even in small measure, it is essential to know at least some part of the symbolic ritual of these Indians. Their lives, their thoughts, their behavior are deep rooted in their culture. That they have so rich a background comes as a surprise to many. One expects it on foreign shores, but to find it so strongly imbedded here in the middle of our own country seems strange to those who do not know this heritage. The Navaho have retained their culture, (as have the Pueblo People of the Southwest) through many centuries without the use of written language, without centers of education, without tribal dictates. There is no individual head of their religion; it simply exists in every person, in every family, in every region of their land. This capacity for memory is very great, <sup>as</sup> for the myths, the chants, the symbolism are myriad, <sup>and</sup> ~~for~~ they must be handed down by word of mouth or they perish. There is always a Medicine Man who continues their beliefs, who performs ceremonies, and who teaches others.

The Creation Myth, as its title indicates, contains the roots of symbolism and indicates Navaho relation to all of nature. The first ethnologist to study Navaho Religion was Dr. Washington Mathews, an Army physician, stationed at Fort Wingate in the 1880s. There are several versions of this myth, most of a later origin, but as Dr. Mathews was the first to inscribe it, his seems the most authentic. It is a beautiful story and Dr. Mathews has given it a Biblical ring. There are interesting comparisons to the Old Testament; - there is a flood, - expulsion from one world to another because of sin, - and throughout the story a strong suggestion of evolution. Here too, are the symbolic colors



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## PREFACE

Within the boundaries of their twenty five thousand square miles reservation, more than ninety thousand Navaho People are striving for existence on a land not productive enough to sustain their increased population. They are striving not only to exist, but also to meet an encroaching way of life with which they are in a large measure, unfamiliar. It is within the last thirty years that the Navaho have been faced with this growing necessity for change- a change so great for them, that we can scarcely comprehend it. Their traditional mode of living-- simple, carefree, undisturbed by the great pressures of our complex civilization,-- has required changes needing a adaptation to an existence utterly alien to them. In past years nature has always provided sufficient pasture for their flocks, sufficient arable land for their simple farming, the trading post a market for their products. To-day the Navaho find themselves with a population three times greater than their land can support. Thirty years ago, they felt the white man far from their environs, save for those few with whom they traded, but to-day they are surrounded by a constantly growing white population. Navaho Land is no longer the far away wild country of the Southwest. This encroaching pressure is sharply felt, and the Navaho are rising to meet it. Thirty years ago, many were reluctant to go to the reservation schools; they were shy and diffident about learning the ways of our people. To-day, they are clamoring for education and there are many more children wanting to go to school than there are schools or teachers to fill the demand.



It has been my privilege to observe some of this transition and to know some of the old life. It has been intensely interesting, often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general filling me with profound admiration for these people. Photography is essentially the medium to record and interpret such a change. There is no pretense here of scientific or ethnologic approach. This book is rather the presentation of the Navaho as human beings, - what they look like, how they live, the things they do. Some pictures were made more than thirty years ago, most of them during the past fourteen years. This can be only a partial story. I have been fortunate indeed in the friends I have made, and the co-operation I have received. There are many books about the Navaho: books by scientists, ethnologists, physicians and psychologists. Many of the authors have far more knowledge of the Navaho People than I. But, to me, most of these books lack visual image and quality of interpretation, and even though some have good illustrations, these are incidental. My theme has been to create an image of the Navaho People, Navaho life, and Navaho country, carrying it as completely as I was able<sup>am</sup> with continuity, through important phases. I am well aware of many gaps. For those whose interest is awakened through vision,<sup>day</sup> the bibliography contains a partial list of books to increase the reader's knowledge.

This book is my interpretation of a wonderful people just as I have found them, a people having great pride, great dignity and ability, and who deserve sincere respect.

Laura Gilpin  
Santa Fe, New Mexico



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them, your willingness to go anywhere at any time when a call came for help. I know too, the lives you saved, the succor you gave, still unknown to any <sup>one else</sup> save those to whom it was given. ✓  
When the depression came and there were no more funds to continue your work, you had to leave. I helped you pack and move. I can ~~still~~ relive that final morning when six of your best ✓ friends arrived, watching our every act, when suddenly and solmenly, without warning, they all stood, bowed their heads and wept in unison.

During the past twelve years, together we have hunted for old friends after a lapse of twenty years, finding many, making many new ones, and exploring nearly the whole reservation. I have watched old friends turn to you for medical aid the moment they saw your face. What fun we have had ~~gradually~~ evolving ✓ this book. Your understanding of the poeple, your help when I was after difficult pictures, your sound criticism and encouragement, have finally brought the book to completion. ✓  
So, as a tribute to our long and happy friendship, this is your book.

to take me there, but the man shook his head, then turned to reach for something under a canvass in the wagon bed, handing me three cool, delicious peaches. Finally after an emotionally stimulated walk of two and one half hours, I reached Frazer's store. The trader was away, but his understanding wife took me and the needed gasoline back to you and the car, a distance of ten and one half miles. I remember imagining how worried you must be over my long absence. Never will I forget topping a gentle rise in the undulating desert, seeing the lonely car completely surrounded by NAVAHO INDIANS, like a swarm of ants about a dead object. When we arrived, there you were in the midst of the gathering, happily playing cards with your visitors! Your ensuing tale of how the Navaho had arrived, two or three at a time, seemingly from nowhere, to find out what the trouble was and to offer help, both surprised and interested me.

A year later, I recall my concern when you told me you were accepting a position as a field nurse sponsored by a private organization. I wondered where and how you would live, what your work would consist of ~~and~~, who <sup>you</sup> would have to help you. Later when I came down to visit, I found you in snug though primitive quarters. As I listened to your experiences ~~to your experiences~~ I, too, became interested in these people, impressed by their rugged character and their mode of life. From time to time my visits revealed the work you were doing, your understanding, your patience, your kindness and generosity, for you literally gave of your substance as well as your knowledge and skill. I saw the response of the Navaho People to your attitude toward



them, your willingness to go anywhere at any time when a call came for help. I know too, the lives you saved, the succor you gave, still unknown to any save those to whom it was given. When the depression came and there were no more funds to continue your work, you had to leave. I helped you pack and move. I can still relive that final morning when six of your best friends arrived, watching our every move. When suddenly and solemnly without warning, they all stood, bowed their heads and wept in unison.

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Dear Betsy:-

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man) on the road from Kayenta to Chinle, Arizona on the western  
side of the reservation, and got ourselves wonderfully lost  
ending with an empty gasoline tank. How we laugh now over  
that experience. Yet how important it was, for it led you to  
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I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what  
we should do. I, being the daughter of a hardy Colorado Pioneer,  
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vast semi-desert, visibility in every direction was fifty miles /  
or more, <sup>but we</sup> ~~we~~ saw nothing, not a distant hogan, nor a horse, no  
sheep- just empty land. So I set forth on foot leaving you to  
guard the car ( from what I don't quite know!) with hope that  
another traveler might come along who would give you gasoline.  
How well I remember my thoughts as I trudged along, recalling  
every tale I had ever heard of a similar experience. How ~~is~~  
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