

PREFACE

Within the boundaries of their twenty five thousand square mile 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 adaptation to an existence utterly alien to them. In past years nature ~~has~~ provided sufficient pasture for their flocks, sufficient arable land for their simple farming, the trading post a market for their products. *P* To-day the Navaho find themselves with a population three times greater ^{more than} than their land can support. Thirty years ago, they felt the white man far ^{away} ~~from their land~~, save for those few with whom they traded, but to-day they are surrounded by a constantly growing white population. Navaholand 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 this demand.

It has been my privilege ^{and} to observe ^{much} some of this transition ~~and~~ to know some of the old life. It has been intensely interesting,