

(add this page to end of section titled WOOL, page 165

In Santa Fe, in 1860, there were a number of German merchants who imported from Germany the fine vegetal dyed Saxony yarn with intent to sell it to the weavers of the Rio Grande Valley. It is believed by some authorities that some of this Saxony yarn found its way to the Navaho weavers while they were in exile at Fort Sumner. Having little or no wool of their own production, they may well have commenced using this soft, three-ply yarn if it became available to them.

There are in existence, mostly in museums, a number of extremely handsome and rare blankets woven by Navaho weavers at this time they were in exile made of this fine Saxony yarn, as well as others ~~others~~ woven between the years 1860 to 1880.

P Following this period, American made Germantown yarn made its appearance at some of the trading posts on the reservation. Heavier than the Saxony yarn, four-ply rather than three, it was used to some extent during the decade that followed, and with this yarn, cotton warp was first used. The cost of the Germantown yarn was a deterrent to the weavers, who in general, preferred to continue to spin and dye their own wool, and in addition the traders objected to the use of the cotton warp.

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each agency, but it did nothing to bring the tribe together as a whole. Communication was still difficult, and in many areas, travel was still possible only by foot or on horseback. Each political change in Washington brought a new Commissioner of Indian Affairs and usually each had new ideas and adopted changes in policy that must have been bewildering to the Navaho.

It was the discovery of oil on the reservation in 1921, that brought to focus the need for a Tribal Government for all the people. This discovery, located in the San Juan District near Shiprock, immediately brought about the discussion as to whether oil leases were to be executed by this District Agency, or by ~~by~~ the Tribe as a whole. The treaty of 1868 required the consent of at least three fourths of all adult male Navaho from all parts of the reservation, to determine the cession of any region. Therefore ~~the Director of~~ ^{the Secretary of} the Department of Interior ruled that these oil leases should be for the benefit of the whole tribe, and authorized the Indian Commissioner to sign oil and gas leases in their behalf. ~~In 1921~~ ^{At the same} time the establishment of the first Council was designated, composed of this large percentage of the male population. The next year a "Business Council" was selected to act ~~for~~ the council/ Those chosen ~~to fill~~ ^{for} this ~~business council~~ ^{group} were Chee Dodge, long a powerful leader in the tribe, Charlie Mitchell, and Dugal Chee Bekiss.

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to bring together the people of the region where representatives from
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Voting registration was adopted in 1938, and ballots with pictures
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Again their ability to adapt is serving them in good stead for ~~so~~

no other Indian Tribe has a government which can approach the scope and complexity of the Navaho.

During these formative years from 1923 to 1938, there were four Chairmen of the Tribal Council; Chee Dodge, Desha Chischillige, Thomas Dodge, (Chee's son) and Henry Taliman. With the election of Jacob Morgan in 1938, progress was accelerated, and though there have been controversies, the Council held a steady forward movement. Chee Dodge was again elected Chairman in 1942, (with Sam Ahkeah as Vice Chairman) holding this office untill his death near the end of his term.

The administration of Sam Ahkeah, 1946-1955, marked a point of great change and development for the Navaho People, for his sound and wise judgement brought many beneficial acts of legislation. He continued the organization of the Tribal Government, bringing capable Navaho into positions held by non-Indian personnel wherever they met the approval of the Agency, for it has been the policy of the Bureau to help the Navaho develop their own government as individuals came forward with the ability to serve.

Sam commenced a survey of the mineral resources of the reservation which eventually led to the discovery of uranium and new oil fields. It was Sam who ^{WITH HIS STAFF & ATTORNEY} located Tribal funds accumulated from oil revenue between the years 1922 and 1946, ~~same~~ deposited in the National Treasury to the credit of the Tribe. Realizing that the interest from this money was not coming into the Tribal Treasury, Sam went to Washington where he discovered the sum of \$200,000. in accumulated interest held in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. With these funds available, Sam planned other new developments for the benefit of his people.

To the outsider it seems that on the whole the wealth that has come to the Tribe has been wisely used, yet in the 1963 election campaign, unproved accusations of misappropriation of funds were made. After sixteen years of comparatively smooth progress, controversy has arisen in the Council following the election of Raymond Nakai, the present Chairman. In his eagerness to bring reforms with his administration, councilmen, and difference of opinion has emerged between the older ~~members~~ the newly elected younger members, resulting in a division in the Council.

Good may come from this, for the people as a whole have become aware that some Tribal matters have come to a standstill, bringing about the realization of the importance of the individual vote. These troubled times may well lead to a more truly democratic government, even to a two party system. The situation at Window Rock today, may be compared to a President of the United States elected by one party, while the majority of the Congress belongs to the other. Doubtless the 1967 election will resolve many differences.

Aside from this momentary situation, the record of progress and development of the Tribal Government since its inception in 1923, is most remarkable, for the People, who formerly had no governing body other than the leadership of chosen head men ~~in clan groups~~, now are welding themselves into Tribal unity showing great advancement in consideration for the people as a whole.

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It is not the purpose of this book to give a detailed development of Navaho Government, only the outline as it has progressed from its inception.*

Only the outline of Nav Gov. as it has progressed from its inception is given here, interesting as it is, for a full account would ~~take~~ ^{entail many pages} ~~be a book in itself~~.

* For a full account see Navaho Year Book - 1951-1961

Following the Mexican Revolution in 1826, the Government in Santa Fe, now directed from Mexico City was struggling weakly 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~~ ^{became} now part of the United States, and new ^{exp}editions 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 long ago, and now obscuring the Fort from the air, submerging it in a pool of shade. Close by, amid a cluster of wind-^{worn} ~~carved~~ sandstone, was Window Rock, the present seat of Navaho Government.

Watching the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho historic events 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 it ~~was~~ no match for the Navaho, so skilled in ^{UP} ~~gorilla~~ warfare. ^{just prior} ~~By the beginning~~ ^{to} 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 rounded 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 was the first time they had ever been conquered- they were being sent into exile. The

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 ^{Navaho} ~~San Juan~~ reservoir, and as 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, rises 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 runs north and south, bisecting the reservation. It is densely covered with pine and fir, spruce and aspen, 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.

As we crossed the Lukaichukai, I could see to the south of us, great gashess in the plateau, splits in the land forming the Canyons of De Chelly and Del Muerto. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Navaho had penetrated this region where they found the Hopi Indians farming in the Canyons and probably drove them out.

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in a hogan door with hands on ~~either~~ side of the door frame, for this blocks the door. There are many good omens as well as bad; the white man is usually excused for not knowing, but better relationships may be had if the stranger takes the trouble to learn Navaho customs. Good manners and simple courtesy are very much a part of Navaho life, and 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 for a Navaho seldom changes his mind.

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 occasionally for help. He indicated this by placing his two forefingers together indicating that they would work side by side. Timothy constantly brought all the news of the 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~~ *road* when Timothy said suddenly " I think 'Mr. Jones' has been to Red Rock today." 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, the doctor from the Government Hospital in Shiprock came weekly to see patients who had been 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 were 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, giving me an opportunity to observe her many patients under the conditions of their every day lives. ^D Often we went to the trading post nearby, where we met many more Navaho people, and soon I learned how to ^{overcome a natural antipathy to} approach them to make photographs. In those 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. Some of these early pictures are in this book, the frontispiece, the first eight or ten 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 shake hands, but ^{it is unfriendly not to} first take off your glove, ^{take off your} ^{is} ~~for it was unfriendly not to~~; when offering a cigarette, never point it at a person, hold it upright or sideways; never stand ~~in a~~ ^{deliberately}

THE DINEH
(THE PEOPLE)

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons-deserts-rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-landforms, 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, -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 capable equally of inactivity. There are many good Navaho People and some bad, dependable and some undependable, strong and some 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 abide their tradition.

still
All this is what they have been and many are to-day. But as they acquire more of our way of life, as they participate in 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 using it as a part of their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of 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 the highest} ~~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 retain their original place in our American Democracy and that some will carry forward that place with destinction.

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THE ENDURING NAVAHO
His Changing World

DINE
(THE PEOPLE)

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On the way home, out in the windswept flat beyond Shiprock, the father asked Timothy to stop the car. The mother and father got out carrying the empty cradle board, and walking a short distance from the road, they cleared away the snow and with bowed heads placed the cradleboard on the ground. It would never be used again, so the bereaved parents gave it to the elemnets. The broken hearted parents returned to the car where Betsy tried to comfort them. The medicine man had done what he could but for this kind of illness, the white doctor had newer medicine.

Such thoughtless, unsympathetic remarks as those used by the nurse at the hospital have been one reason so many Navaho have hesitated

or refused government help for so long a time. Looking back on that tragic night after a span of thirty years, we can understand the conflict of thought in the minds of those parents. All their life long belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many illnesses was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the non-English speaking Navaho little understood. Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is in the quality of the white personel working with the Navaho. Now these doctors and nurses are better equipped with social and psycological understanding to win rather than force-to teach rather than admonish. Doctors of to-day are finding the abilities of the medicine men and are seeking their co-operation in many ways, while teaching them to understand the kind of help the white doctor can give.

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when offering a cigarette, never point it at the person, hold it upright, or sideways. These are but a few of many simple courtesies extended from one to another. Good manners and simple courtesies are very much a part of Navaho life. There are many good ones as well as bad, ^{that} the white man is excused for not knowing but it makes for better relationships if the outsider ~~th~~akes the trouble to learn Navaho customs.

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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 hands 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 leave the car at the foot of the mesa and climb some distance to the hogan. After examining him, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that the boy had 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 the trail 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 her good judgement and skill, one 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 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

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 did not have any more. He left without a word. The next time he came she still didnt have any. He didnt like it very well, but left without comment. The third time he came, he said to Timothy " You ask the nurse why she doesnt have the things a nurse is supposed to have?" Betsy got behind a chair and pretending to 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 failded to find any game. He found a white prospector in camp cooking his supper of which he had plenty. When ~~he~~ asked for something to eat, the prospector had 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 Red Rock, word had come 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 his 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 the facts as 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 clearing out the onlookers, nurse and doctor improvised an operating table out of two orange crates, extinguished the fire so that ether could be 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 littlewoman 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 a Navaho, knowing nothing of the Ute People. Names used by the Navaho always fascinated us. There was HARD BELLY, SORE HAND, YELLOW MEXICAN, BUSHY HEAD, RED MEXICAN, MIKE CASEY, CALICO PANTS, and many more, almost always descriptive names. One day we suddenly realized how many descriptive names there are among our own people such as WHITEHEAD, SHOEMAKER, WHEELRIGHT LONGSTREET, BROADHEAD, to name but 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 went to Red Rock to 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. He was willing to go to the hospital where he was operated on with a local anesthetic. In a very short time he was sent back to Red Rock where Betsy fixed him up for the night in her clinic room. Several Navaho in the immediate vicinity came to see him and all evening she could hear voices from the basement as John Billy told about his operation.

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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 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 whole 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 these people, and some of the simple things one must or must not do. Always take off your glove before shaking hands; ~~do not speak a Navaho's name directly to him, it is bad luck to speak the name directly.~~

x never stand in a hogan door with hands on each side of doorframe.

when offering a cigarette, never point it at the person, hold it upright, or sideways. ~~x These are but a few of many simple courtesies extended from one to another.~~ Good manners and simple courtesies are very much a part of Navaho life. There are many good ^{ones} as well as bad; the white man is excused for not knowing but it ~~makes~~ ^{is} for better relation ships if the outsider ~~makes~~ ^{is} the trouble to learn Navaho customs. *There is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything. This is why Navaho people deliberate before they act & every spoken word.*

When Betsy was at Red Rock she had an interpreter for there many in her region who spoke no English. This young man, Timothy by name, lived in a small hogan with his wife and two small boys near the Trading Post. 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~~ ^{lives} and beliefs were appreciated greatly. That she ~~did~~ ^{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 to-gether indicating that they worked side by side. Timothy constantly brought all the news of 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 traveled road when Timothy suddenly said " 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 as well as his employer's and he would say to me " I know where there is a silver smith you would like to make a picture of". So off we would go to find someone I did ^{indeed} ~~very much~~ want to photograph. His judgement was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

This deliberation is often seen followed by white people. The Navaho is not a slow, he is only deciding what is the right thing to do as they say. Once his decision is reached there is no changing it. it is himself.

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 hands 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 leave the car at the foot of the mesa and climb some distance to the hogan. After examining him, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that the boy had 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 ~~shriving~~ a corner of the blanket, to carry the boy down the trail to the car. They 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 her good judgement and skill, ^{this} ~~one~~ 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 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

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 did not have any more. He left without a word. The next time he came she still didnt have any. He didnt like it very well, but *again* left without comment. The third time he came, he said to Timothy " You ask the nurse why she doesnt have the things a nurse is supposed to have?" Betsy got behind a chair and pretending to 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 failded to find any game. He found a white prospector in camp cooking his supper of which he had plenty. When he asked for something to eat, the prospector had refused. He also had some wine which he also refused. So KILLED-A-WHITE-MAN earned his name.

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Of the many experiences Betsy had during her three years at Red Rock, one tragedy stands out in her memory. It was during the bitter winter of 1832 when the snow lay a foot or more deep and drifting heavily. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a pounding on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man breathing heavily and dripping with perspiration. His three months old baby was very sick, he had run three miles through the snow for help. After

or refused government help for so long a time. Looking back on that tragic night after a span of thirty years, we can understand the conflict of thought in the minds of those parents. All their life long belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many illnesses was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the non-English speaking Navaho little understood. Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is in the quality of the white personnel working with the Navaho. Now these doctors and nurses are better equipped with social and psychological understanding to win rather than force-to teach rather than admonish. Doctors of to-day are finding the abilities of the medicine men and are seeking their co-operation in many ways, while teaching them to understand the kind of help the white doctor can give.

These are but a few of the many daily experiences of one nurse as she demonstrated the need for field nursing service among the Navaho People. Since 1934, the U.S. Public Health Service increased such service many times. In the past decade Annie Wauneka, a member of the Tribal Council and in charge of health and education program, has accomplished most remarkable progress in developing medical and nursing service for her people.

The organization sponsoring Betsy's work, was forced to dis-continue her service due to lack of funds during the depression. She left Red Rock late in 1933 to assume a new public health position in Colorado. Twice during the next eight years we returned to the Red Rock area, receiving always a warm welcome from many friends. These were years of work for each of us far from the reservation. Then came the war years and activities and thoughts were far from Navaholand. Near the end of the war, Betsy was stricken with a near fatal illness, polio-encepholitis, incapacitating her from further nursing service. In 1945, I moved to Santa Fe as head-quarters for other work on which I was then engaged. The following year she joined me, and it was not long until the strong pull of memories took us back among the Navaho People. ~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxx~~
Realizing the speed with which changes were coming to the Navaho People, the possibility of this book began to formulate, though work on it has of necessity been intermittent. This work has been close to our hearts for we both feel a ^{an enduring} close ~~kinship~~ friendship, understanding and admiration for the Navaho People.

In the fall of 1934, we made our first visit to the Red Rock area since Betsy's departure. From several old Navaho friends whom we met between Shiprock and Red Rock, we were told that the Ute Woman had died. Betsy refused to believe ~~thase~~ rumors. We found one particular friend, Francis Nakai, who told us that the Ute Woman had been very ill but was better and was now living way over in the cove area. He offered to go with us to find her. After a fifteen mile drive over practically no road at all, we reached the edge of a wash where we parked the car and proceeded on foot. ~~XXXXXX~~ As we walked down a trail into the wash, we saw a diminutive figure hurrying towards us. She had recognized the car and when we met, her arms went around Betsy's neck and she cried and cried. We walked back with her to an unbelievable frugal shelter where she was living alone with her cat. In an outpouring of rapid Navaho words, she told Betsy all that had happened to her since her friend went away. She had had medicine men to help her and in payment for their services had sacrificed her every possession. A few hundred yards away was a beautiful summer shelter belonging to Willie Lee and his family who were looking after the Ute Woman whenever she needed help. As we passed the Red Rock trading post on our way back, we left an order with the trader to send out some coffee, sugar and flour at the first opportunity. We continued a vacation trip to the Grand Canyon, and on our return journey decided to see the Ute Woman once more. We found her at the Willie Lee shelter, where we were profusely thanked for the food we had sent, as they graciously presented each of us with a gift, a beaded belt and a small blanket. We stayed an hour or more, enjoying the beauty of the scene before us and the warm friendliness of these Navaho People.

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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, which now obscure the Fort from the air, submerging it in a pool of shade. Close by, amid a cluster of wind-^{worn}-~~sculptured~~ sandstone, was Window Rock, the present seat of Navaho Government.

Watching the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho history 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 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

Colorado Springs
September 30, 1937.

Dear Emily:

Laura and I are just back from a vacation trip to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon which we have long wanted to see again. On the way down we could'nt, of-course, resist the temptation of a visit to Red Rock which always seems to me a home coming and a cementing of old friendships. The Francis family welcomed us royally but my heart ached sorely for a welcome I could not expect since the Ute Woman's death had been repeatedly reported to us by Indians whom we had met and greeted on our way in. Even the Trader had verified the news. After the excitement of our unexpected arrival had subsided and Francis and I had settled to neighborhood gossip in true Navaho fasion I remarked sadly that the Ute Woman's death was greivous news to me. Francis looked surprised and said "She isn't dead". "Are you sure?" said I, "Can you take me to her?" By that time Laura and I were in the car, Francis followed less swiftly. With him as guide we travelled with what speed we might over to the cove towards Prayer Rock. Lovely, familiar country which quickened dormant memories and thrilled us anew with its amazing beauty of form and color. At last we reached a great "wash" where we must leave the car and travel on foot, and away off in the distance I spied a moving speck which grew and grew until it became a figure coming swiftly towards me and swiftly I went to meet my old friend. I think I have never experienced a more moving reunion. She said she knew at once when she saw the car who was coming, and she wept with joy and led me to her poor little camp in the wash. It consisted of a small shelter made of flour sacks sewn to-gether and stretched on poles.

Beneath were gathered her meager possessions, - her sheep skin bed, her cooking utensils and scant supply of food, her wool and spindle, and last but not least her "Moose", a big eared kitten which was evidently a loved companion. Somehow without an interpreter, she managed to make me understand her story. She had been sick, very, very sick, had had sing after sing until her flock and jewelry had all gone to pay the medicine men. Sadly she showed me that her rings and bracelets, beads and coral were gone. Then she had been taken to the hospital at Shiprock and cared for until she well again. Back at Red Rock she had longed for me, and remembering the many meals I had been wont to share with her I realized with a heartache that her feeling must often have been a physical as well as a friendly hunger. What is the mysterious kinship of the heart which makes me feel so keenly the suffering and yearning of this brave and lonely old ^{Indian} Navaho woman? Here on the great desert in the shadow of Prayer Rock we looked into each others eyes and recognized the true friendship which had grown between us.

We were presently joined by Laura and Francis and finally moved on to a large camp where lived the Ute Woman's last husband's later family. This family looked upon Mrs. Ute as a member though she preferred to live apart in her own pathetic little camp. Here again we found a happy welcome, and were glad to feel that these people would surely help the Ute Woman when her need grew urgent. When we left we made arrangements with the Trader to send her a supply of such food as the Post ^{could supply} afforded and promised another visit on our return trip.

Accordingly two weeks later we returned. This time we found the Ute Woman at the large camp and I shall always be glad to keep the memory of that scene as a background for the last picture I shall

have of her. Very fortunately Laura was able to make a lovely photograph of it for me. It was a typical Navaho Summer Hogan ~~(frontispiece)~~ ^{collared} made of ~~apen~~ boughs. The ~~little~~ leaves were stirred softly by the wind and ^{the} sun made a lovely shifting pattern ~~with~~ in the shelter. Beneath this shelter were stored the household "furniture". Beds, blankets and a loom ~~with~~ a partly woven rug. Outside, the remnants of a fire and a collection of cooking utensils indicated the "Kitchen". Nearby a heap of pale gold corn husks attracted goats from a grazing herd, ^{dark} and the corn in brilliant variegated colors was hung to dry on a frame of poles. Yes it was a typical Summer Hogan, but so beautifully set in a wash of pink sand below a mesa grey green with sage and accented by the dark green, almost black, of pinon and cedar, - a foreground to Prayer Rock silhouetted against a golden cloud flecked sky. Here in this lovely setting we were given such a welcome as our memories will always treasure and gifts which had been prepared for our coming, - a handsome bead belt for me and a saddle blanket for Laura. The human atmosphere of the Hogan family accorded so harmoniously with the beauty of its surroundings that we spent a memorable hour with these happy kindly people and I was comforted to leave the Ute Woman with them. While I was enjoying my visit with my friend, Laura had been busy making her picture of the camp and since a storm was beginning to gather, the clouds and the sunlight grew fitful, ^{so} she must race with time to get the lovely sunlit picture before the clouds finally obliterated the sun. When the picture was made and our visit ended, we climbed to the mesa top and faced the desert to the East. Never shall I forget the sight which climaxed our visit, - Shiprock, monument to Navaho life and legend, sailed in majesty beneath repeated arches of a full double rainbow. Do you wonder that my heart will never lose its longing for that magic land?