

There has long been misunderstanding regarding the names of these canyons, de Chelly and Del Muerto, its largest tributary. De Chelly Spanish is a ~~corruption~~ corruption of the Navaho word "Tseghi" meaning in between the rocks hence canyon. Many have thought that the name Canyon del Muerto came from the Spanish bombardment of Massacre Cave, but there is no evidence whatever that this branch canyon had a name until 1882. ~~It had been previously explored by two earlier expeditions.~~ In the accounts of two earlier expeditions there is no mention of

There has long been misunderstanding regarding the names of these canyons, De Chelly and Del Muerto, its largest tributary. The name "De Chelly" is a Spanish corruption of the Navaho word "Tseghi" meaning "between the rocks" hence canyon. Many have thought that the name "Canyon del Muerto" came from the Spanish bombardment of Massacre Cave in 1804, but there is no evidence whatever that this branch canyon had any name until 1882 when Colonel James Stevenson entered the canyon on an archaeological expedition. In a cave later called Mummy Cave, Col. Stevenson found two mummies, and in recognition of this find he called the canyon "Canon de los Muertos" later condensed to Canyon del Muerto.*

*ORIGIN OF THE NAME, CANXON DEL MUERTO.
BY David L. DeHarport. El Palacio
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Museum of New Mexico

*Members of Two earlier expeditions made no
mention of ~~the name~~ of any name save "de Chelly"*

the greatest care and diligence for their increase--".^{*} Another writer of the same year, 1795, "--they work their wool with more delicacy and taste than the Spaniards. Men as well as women go decently clothed, and their captains are rarely seen without silver jewelry." In 1799 an officer of the Spanish royal engineers wrote " The Navahos have manufacture of serge blankets and other coarse cloths which more than suffice for the consumption of their own people, and they go to the Province of New Mexico with the surplus and there exchange their goods for such others as they have not, or for implements they need." In 1812 Pedro Pino, who went as a delegate to the Spanish Parliament, wrote of the Navaho, " Their woolen fabrics are the most valuable in our province and in Sonora and Chihuahua as well."

The picture evoked by these quotations shows that within the thirty two years between 1780 and 1812, Navaho weavers, through their imagination, versatility and increasing skill, gained weaving supremacy in the Southwest.

A later picture is given by Charles Bent in 1846. " The Navaho could be found anywhere from Coconino Plateau in Arizona to the buffalo plains of West Texas. They rarely ventured as far north as the Arkansas River. They did, however, go often to Taos to trade, many of their woven blankets finding their way to ^{Bent's} Bent's Fort (on the ^{tribes} Arkansas) as trade goods highly valued by the plains ~~tribes~~ ^{tribes}."

Get correct
quote

* Amos den-

*Indian Traders. McNitt

Most weavers still prefer this water soap - the
pounded roots of the yucca plant which is poured
over the wool as it lies on a slanting board or stone,
or in more recent times porous tubs are used for
washing. This is repeated until ---

Check with Betty

my page 171

Conquest

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" Navaho was hunting parties might be found
They rarely ventured as far north as the Cukuruxes
and so were little seen at Bent's Fort

Get correct quote

In the late fall of 1932, Betsy sent me word that there was to be a Fire Dance at Lukaichukai, and wanted me to join her as she expected to go with a number of the Navaho People in her area. She was not sure of the date, but suggested that I arrive not later than November first. The Mountain Chant is a nine day ceremony with the Fire Dance, the climax on the last night. We went in our respective cars, Betsy taking five Navaho with her, and I taking four with me, arriving at the scene in the early afternoon, ^{of the eighth day of the ceremony-} And what a sight greeted us! We had crossed over the Lukaichukai Mountains and found ourselves near the base of the great red sandstone cliffs that jutt out into the broad expanse known as the Chinle Wash. Rich green pinon and cedar trees were scattered along the base of the cliffs, and as the slope dropped, soft grey-green sagebrush took their places.

We put up our tent on the outskirts of the activity, Timothy helping us eagerly. He was full of excitement for he had never seen a Fire Dance. We spent the afternoon watching all the preparations for the day and night to follow. Near us was a huge shelter newly completed where busy cooks would prepare food for the entire assembly. Here we learned that the patient giving the ceremony, furnishes the food for all who come. It is customary for visitors to help by bringing flour, sugar or coffee, and these donations are gratefully received, for such a ceremony can be a costly affair. We learned later that there were some eighteen hundred people gathered for this ceremonial.

We watched the butchering of sheep and goats, saw huge kettles being prepared for cooking the mutton and goat meat; we saw newly constructed stone and mud ovens, and women making quantities of bread to be baked that afternoon. We saw men hauling water, men hauling wood, not only for the cooking fires, but for the following night. They

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were making an enormous wood pile near the ceremonial hogan. It seemed as though there was enough wood to last a community for the winter, yet it was entirely consumed the following night. As we came near the ceremonial hogan, we heard the voices of singers as they performed the rites for the eighth day of the ceremony. We were afraid we might displease our host if we approached so we listened from afar.

As evening came, a crowd gathered, standing about in a circle to watch rehearsals of part of the dance for the following night. This lasted for some time, then there was a silence as a man stepped out into the center near the firelight. He spoke long and earnestly in a flood of Navaho, then suddenly we heard two words we knew, "Washington" and "Roosevelt". We had forgotten all about the election, it was strange and wonderful to hear the results spoken in a foreign language in this remote part of our own country. The singing went on and finally we left the scene to crawl into our sleeping bags, falling asleep before the singing ended.

There was a bustle of excitement the next morning and after our own breakfast we watched a crew of men bringing in freshly cut cedar and pinon boughs and constructing a huge circle or corral. They stacked the boughs more than six feet high completing a circle except for an opening to the east. The corral must have been ^{nearly a} full hundred yards in diameter, ^{with the boughs closely interwoven to keep out the wind.} ~~and~~ One crew brought long, dry logs stacking them on end in the center of the corral for the bonfire to be lighted when the night came. So absorbed were we in watching this that we had not been looked about us, but we became conscious of activity and looking ^{up} ~~about~~ we saw Navaho People coming from all directions, down through the trees, in from the valley, in covered wagons, in open wagons a few in cars. They came in family groups, singly on horseback, and all were dressed in their

burning cedar bark, flailing themselves as they ran about fire uttering shrill high pitched cries as they raced. Then they left the scene, the singers returning, always with the steady rythm of their dance as they moved back and forth. During all this excitement, little family groups were watching, the ~~xim~~ under rims of the mens hats catching the firelight from their own little fires, women, wrapped in their Pendleton blankets, many of them with babes in arms, or rather cradleboards. Then some of the special dances came. ~~Thax~~ A beautiful girl with a feather decorated frame appeared. She approaced the patient and before him in another basket lay one single eagle feather. The girl raised her feather frames, and began to dance; slowly the feather in the basket rose on end and moved in relation to her dancing. Then there would be a lull. More wood would be thrown on the bonfire, the fire dancers would come in again, then retire ~~and~~ the regular dancers continuing their uninterrupted song, picked up by the second team when their song series ended.

At one point, someone touched Betsy on the shoulder and she looked around to find one of her patients holding a coffee pot for us, and some cooked mutton in her other hand. She had noticed that we were not eating and wished to share with us. The night grew cold, really cold, but all were protected from wind by the high green wall of the enclosure. ~~But~~ gusts of wind would blow the smoke stinging ^{on} ~~one's~~ eyes bitterly. There were other bits of magic that night. The growing of the Yucca, where the plant grows to full size right before your eyes.

With the ebb and flow of the ritual throughout the night, the fire dying down, then being replenished, the singing of the dance teams, the ritual being performed for the patient, perhaps the most

memorable to me were the faces of the Dineh, grouped about their small individual fires, firelight playing over the ruddy dark faces alive with interest and wonder. Chee Dodge was there, Chief of the Tribe, handsome in a black Astrakan cap, and as far as we knew, only two other white people besides ourselves. Never the whole night through did we hear a baby cry. There was a pervading sense of quiet happiness, of friendliness that warmed the heart. This is not always so, for as the years have passed, alcoholism has been creeping in, ~~xxx~~ destroying this remarkable unity of feeling. ~~Afterxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Finally the first presence of dawn was felt almost, rather than seen. As it grew stronger and light penetrated into the circle, the fire dancers came in for one last crying race about the center bonfire refuelled for the last moments. They siezed more strands of cedar bark, then rushed to the cardinal ~~points~~ directions hurling the flaming strands outside the circle and breaking open the green wall. The people gathered ~~at~~ their few possessions, and emerged ~~by~~ from the corral ~~leaving~~ by the newly made exit which was in the direction of their own habitats.

Soon the sun came up with welcome warmth and for the first time I dared to open a camera making a few photographs of the colorful groups as they approached their wagons. Then with smoke stung eyes, and tired limbs, we slowly started our way back across the mountain.

As I have seen other ceremonials in later years, I always look back to that first ceremonial as something wonderful, something special, something never to be forgotten.

* * * * *

There was one particular medicine man in Betsy's vicinity who became her friend. One year when I was with her for a

very best, in freshly washed long, full cotton skirts, beautiful blouses of reds, blues, purples, yellows, and greens, filling the landscape like a kaleidoscope. Never before or since have I seen anything to equal the color of that day, with the great red cliffs for a background and this medley of color moving through the changing greens of the foreground about us, as this gathering of the Dineh assembled. All day long they came, tethering their horses, greeting one another, partaking of the food prepared and constantly renewed within the cook shelter.

As the sun fell behind the distant mesas, the Medicine Man emerged from the ceremonial hogan, followed by his assistants. Taking his medicine pouch from his belt, he commenced sprinkling corn pollen as he entered the corral, moving slowly clockwise around the circle, singing the blessing song in which the others joined. As he returned to the hogan, the people started to move into the corral, finding places for themselves, some close to the green wall of branches, some in front of them. The evening was cold and soon there were little fires all about, lighted for warmth and always with a coffee pot close by. We joined the throng, Timothy finding ^{ex} place for us where we would be able to see ~~well~~, all the action of the night.

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This year, 1964, marks the one hundreth anniversary of the Navaho Long Walk into exile. Returning after four devastating years, bereft of all possessions, with the taste of defeat still bitter in their memories, they turned to the task of rebuilding their lives. There have been many ups and downs; years of hesitation and slow progress, years of good rains, ~~and~~ good crops and grass, years of drought when food was scarce for both man and beast. For a time there was apathy among many who felt frustrated in returning to their old ways and knew not how to adjust to new, but slowly they did adjust and now for two decades they have marched steadfastly along the road we call civilization with mounting acceleration. Those essential qualities so characteristic of the Navaho, adaptability and ^{practical ability} ~~practicability~~, are now carrying them forward at a rapid rate, perhaps faster than any other Indian Tribe. There are still frustrations, weaknesses to be overcome, but when one considers how short a time is one hundred years in the progress of a people, Navaho ^{achievement} is remarkable.

Many who know the Navaho, think that the great days of Navaho Ceremonialism are past. Possibly this is true, yet who can predict that there may or may not be a great revival. There are many thousands of young Navaho wanting to partake fully in our American way of life, and who at present, push away their own traditions. Yet there are also Navaho both young and old who fear this and who are working to preserve the Ways of The People. Song and singing are the very essence of Navaho being, and though manifestation of belief may change, as long as the Navaho keep singing, still retain that special quality that is their birthright, they will ~~long~~ endure.

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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} 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 ^{Participate in} ~~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 ^{using as a part of} making it their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of ~~psycological~~ 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 ^{retain} ~~find~~ their sure ^{firm} place in our American Democracy and that some will ~~can~~ ^{carry forward} that place with distinction.

*Correction on this page
made by Herbert Blatchford
Gallego h.h. Sept 22-1963*

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sensitive to this approaching moment and to take one's leave before wearing out one's welcome.

At Navaho Mountain we found a distinct difference in costume from those seen else where. A broader collar in the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Before the days of ^{American campation} ~~Fort Sumner~~, the old Navaho apparel consisted, for the women, of two woven mantas secured at the shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. ^{when} ~~At Fort Sumner~~ the Navaho women saw the pioneer white women's long cotton dresses, ^{of the 1870-1880s they copied them though they} ~~As looms and wool~~ were scarce in the exile camp, the Navaho were given cotton yardage with which they made long skirts, though instead of the whole dresses, they wore blouses made of velveteen. ^{make adaptations to suit their own needs ultimately the 19th century fashion of women dresses} ~~This type of dress, with some~~ local variations, has been worn for a hundred years. This year, 1964, commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the Long Walk to Fort Sumner. At present, there is a change from the cotton skirt to one of rayon and the like, and shorter in length. Many of the People who come closest in contact with white people, and who now speak English fluently, are wearing clothers like ours.. However, velveteen blouses are still widely worn, still decorated with silver buttons, and the belts are silver conchos strung on leather. For a long time dimes and quarters, to which x silver loops had been soldered, were also used as buttons, but these too are fast disappearing. Some men and women still wear handmade Moccasins, but the old type man's costume is all but gone. This consisted of white cotton pants, velveteen blouse, and much silver ornament. Always strings of turquoise, shell, ^{coral} or silver beads are still worn by both men and women, no matter what the costume. Silk scarf head bands and Stetson hats are worn by the men and boys, while the women wear scarfs or Pendleton blankets. I have never seen a

In September of 1958, I made a special trip to Canyon de Chelly, ~~xx~~
^{taking} ~~I took~~ with me a ~~Navaho~~ young Navaho woman ^{Maria Tebe} who had been working in
Santa Fe, and whom we knew very well. She had never been to the
Canyon and she was most eager to go. On the way we stopped at Window
Rock and when I found that the Council was in session, I got permission
to make some interior photographs with the council members present.
I also made a portrait of Paul Jones who was chairman at that time.
We proceeded to Chinle ^{putting up our tent in} and made our camp in the ~~firmxxxxxxxgroundxxxxx~~
the Canyon De Chelly National Monument, camp grounds, ~~where we put up~~
~~our tent and made ourselves comfortable.~~ We were unable to obtain
the jeep ride up the canyon for the following day, but did make definite
plans for the ~~following day.~~ ^{day after} So to fill in the time, we decided to
^{Some 170 or more miles away} go up to Many Farms where Cornell University had a clinic. I watched

and photographed the school children as they came in for tests, and
found that the laboratory technician was a Navaho. As the noon hour
was approaching, we started on our way back to our camp. ~~xx~~

On our way we ~~passed~~ ^{were started to} a small trading post called the Walley Store
when I realized suddenly that this was the old Frazier post, the end
of my long walk back in 1930 when Betsy & I ran out of gasoline. We
stopped and bought ourselves something for lunch and talked to the

present trader. As we started back to the car, a wagon drove up ~~xx~~
~~with~~ a man and his wife coming to fill their water barrels. As this
was an activity that I had somehow previously missed, I got out my ~~small~~

^{and} hand camera and a case containing much extra equipment including film
both used and unused. ^{Picking up the camera I walked} over to the water tank
~~The man was willing for me to make the pictures~~

~~xxxxxx talked a while. (Marie acting as interpreter) and we learned a~~
~~little of the surrounding country.~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ and with Marie as interpreter, I

asked if I might make the picture I wanted. The man seemed quite willing
so I proceeded to make a number of exposures from different angles.

It was a beautiful fall day and we took out time driving up the Chayon stopping frequently to work or to look at whatever interested us. We passed numerous hogans, for this is the canyon where many ~~live~~ Navaho people live. We went all the way up to Mummy Cave, a cliff dwelling miles from the mouth of the canyon. But just before we arrived at this spot we came to a group of hogans and seeing several small children running to meet us, Art stopped the car to give them some candy we had brought along. In a few minutes two women appeared, one of them approaching Maria saying in English "Did you girls find the case you lost yesterday?". I was astonished at this for we must have been about thirty miles from the Valley Store. How could this news have reached these people in ~~less than~~ ^{forty miles} ~~that~~ ^{in less than 24} eighteen hours, and how were we recognized? I did not have a camera visible and we were not in my own car. This was a striking instance of how news travels on the reservation and how carefully all strangers are observed.

We had our lunch in the shade of some beautiful pine trees across the canyon from Mummy cave, resting a while before starting on our return trip. About half way down the canyon is a group of hogans, almost a community, called "Standing Cow", so named for ^{an ancient} pictograph carved on ~~at~~ the face of the canyon wall above one of the hogans. Here we found a busy scene. As we had passed this point on our way up the canyon in the morning, no one was visible. Now we found a group of Navaho women and children busily spreading out that season's crop of peaches to dry/ ^{at the base of the canyon wall} They had swept an area clean of loose dirt and were placing the halved peaches open side up in the sun to dry. We watched this activity for some time, Maria in continual conversation with the women and thoroughly enjoying herself. Finally we left driving down the rest of the way as the late afternoon light threw long shadows across the canyon floor.

The next morning was a Friday, the opening day for the Window Rock

pair, so we broke camp and prepared to leave. We stopped at the
 Thunder Bird Trading Post, as I wanted to tell Mr. Nelson about the
 loss of my case in the event that any of the items showed up at his
 post. I ^{brought} ~~stopped to buy~~ some food for lunch and when I joined
 Marie at the car she was talking to two older Navaho people near by.
 She told me that these people wanted to know if they could ride in to
 Window Rock with us. I answered that we would be glad to take them
 but that I must first drive back to the Valley Store to see if my
 case had been found. So we all got in the car, the man riding on
 our camp beds in the back of the station wagon, the woman in front with
 Maria and me. Maria was engrossed in conversation and I realized that
 she was telling the woman about my missing case and also about the book
 for she soon got it out to show pictures to the woman. Neither of ^{the men nor} ~~the woman~~
~~these two~~ spoke any English so I had to guess ^{about} ~~as to~~ the conversation.
 There was no one around the post when we got there, so I went in to
 speak to the trader. No sign of the case, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{getting back into the car}
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{immediately removing} so I started to turn around to head for the Fair. ^{the loss of much valuable property}
 The woman spoke up telling Maria to tell me to go around "that hill where
 it would be quiet". I couldn't imagine what she wanted, but I have never
 failed to follow such a lead. We drove three or four miles ~~and~~ ^{with}
 a place out of view from the highway, ~~and~~ not even a hogan in sight.
 Then she asked me to stop. She got out and asked us to ~~also~~ ^{found}. She
~~asked~~ ^{old} Maria to put a rug down on the ground and asked me to get a ^{out} case
 like the one I lost. I still couldn't imagine ^{what this was all about} why all this procedure,
 but I said nothing and followed directions. ~~Then~~ Maria told me I was
 to kneel ~~down~~ on the rug beside the woman. Then to my complete sur-
 prise she began a hand trembling ceremony over me. Hand tremblers
 are frequently sought out by the Navaho People to find lost articles,
 as well as their ^{diagnostic} ~~other~~ abilities. Out of the corner of my eye I could

see Marie in wide eyed wonder as the woman proceeded with the ritual and I listened to the encantation, as I watched the shadow of the trembling hand and arm cast by the sun right in front of me. This went on for about fifteen minutes. Then the woman spoke to Marie telling her that three boys had taken the case from my car ~~while I was making the pictures of the filling of the water barrels three days before~~. I was not to worry, nothing would be hurt (I had been worried about the exposed film in the case being ruined). That I was to come back to the store in four days. That two boys would bring it back. After this we decided it was lunch time, so we proceeded to make some sandwiches and eat our lunch right there.

So In the afternoon we drove back to Window Rock and as we approached Marie told me that these people wanted to go on in to Gallup. As there was something about the car that needed fixing, I decided that we might just as well go on in to town and spend the night there. So we parted with our friends in Gallup, some 125 miles from the Valley Store. We never saw them again. Saturday morning after a trip to the garage, we went back to the Fair for the day returning to Gallup that night as I had to put Marie on the bus Sunday morning to return to her job in Santa Fe. ~~So I went back to the Fair again and then instead of returning home via the Shiprock road, I decided that I might just as well go the long way around.~~ ^{Gallup to} ^(then was other write I wanted to do) So I returned alone to Chinle, spending the night there. Monday morning, the fourth day, I proceeded to the Valley Store. The trader said "No he didnt have the case, but two boys had been in just a little while before to ask if the case had been found". I decided that ~~there~~^w were seeing if the ~~casst~~ was clear, so I left the reard money and postage with the trade^r, and knowing that they would recognize my car, I thought the best thing was just to go on my way. A few days after ~~my return~~^{I reached} home, the case was returned, its contents

Returning to the car which was on the opposite side of the water tank, we drove off a way until we found a nice spot to stop for our lunch. Then we returned to ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{the Chino} and drove up on the rim of the canyon ^{to watch the sunset & before returning to our camp} in the late afternoon light before returning to our camp. After supper I got out my changing bag to reload ~~six~~ ^{film} holders and suddenly I couldn't find the case that contained all my extra small camera equipment. We hunted and hunted, ending by taking everything out of the car. It just wasn't there, so I assumed that I had left it at Many Farms. ^{the clinic} So the next morning we had to postpone our trip up the canyon for a day ^{to get my case which contained many things I needed} and we drove back to Many Farms. ^{to get the case} To my surprise it was not there, so we drove back again to the Valley Store which was where I ^{now} knew it must be. We entered the store and there was only one man sitting there in addition to the trader who was busy behind his counter. I asked him if such a case had been found, thinking I must have put it down on the ground and left it there. ~~He~~ said "no one had seen or heard of it. Then the lone customer spoke up in Navaho to Marie ^{telling her} saying that he thought a certain young Navaho boy knew something about it. ^{Then} So I realized ^{that} ~~that~~ it must have been stolen; something that had ~~xxxxxx~~ happened to only once before. ~~me xxxxxx~~ So I posted a notice saying it was lost and offering a reward. We returned to our camp to prepare for our trip up the Canyon the following day. ~~Then~~ I realized that I would be very handicapped in the use of my hand camera as all its accessories were in the case including a brand new exposure meter. But of course I had my large camera, so we set forth early the following morning with the Jeep to ourselves and a nice Navaho driver. The floors of the Canyons are very treacherous, both with dry sand and quicksand and one must be accompanied by someone who knows where the safe routes are. Our driver, Art, lived up in Canyon del Muerto, and as this was the Canyon we wanted to see, we proceeded on our way, stopping at Art's hogan where he introduced us to his family and showed us a fine rug his mother was weaving.

Following World War I there was much discussion about the land and the sheep but no one seemed to have any plan. Finally in 1930 an Indian Bureau forester, Wm H. Zeh, was appointed to make a general survey of range conditions on the whole reservation. Mr. Zeh's report showed that due to shortage of stock water, the distribution of stock was very uneven. Consequently there were great inroads of soil erosion in some areas, and stock of all kinds, sheep, horses, cattle, mules, burros and goats were far in excess of the available range. He urged a stock reduction program. Once more there were delays and the detailed grazing surveys were not commenced until 1933-completed in 1935. It was then apparent that the reservation range could support only about half a million head and that the range at that time was overstocked by more than 200%. These were the depression years and the price of wool and lambs was at a low point. The Navaho were just not selling their lambs thereby adding still more stock to the overgrazed land.

With the advent of the new administration in 1932, new agencies were created, the Soil Conservation Service, the Public Works Program the Relief Administration, to name a few. These services together with the reports from the Indian Service brought to focus the necessity for the Navaho stock reduction program of the 1932-1942 decade. This produced an economic and social revolution, for the Navaho at that time did not have the education nor the understanding to comprehend the necessity for this long range program. To a people who had been shepherds for more than two centuries, to be told that they must reduce their flocks came as a shock.

Until this time, the Navaho had no centralized government of their own. In the early days before the exile, they had been loosely governed by chiefs in various areas of the Navaho Country. After

The first agent to realize the necessity for stock reduction was Dr. H. H. Henshaw, agent at Ft. Defiance who sent in a report to Washington requesting not only reduction but the introduction of better stock to improve the breed.

with the Navaho People. Among these was Agent Edwin Plummer, who, in 1894 realizing the great increase in livestock, sent an urgent plea to Washington for more grazing land for the People, but his plea was turned aside. The next important effort to intercede in behalf of the Navaho, was by Father Anselm Weber from Saint Michaels Mission, established not far from Fort Defiance in 18 . Father Anselm became aroused when a group of non-Indian stockmen with an eye to certain grazing areas, tried to bring political pressure to bear on the Indian Service regarding one phase of the 1868 treaty. This was a provision for assignments of 160 acre tracts of land to individual Navaho families. This matter was soon dropped for it could not possibly have functioned on much of the desert area, nor was this kind of division and ownership comprehensible to the Navaho. As the years went by, these non-Indian stockmen tried to revive this order which would have declared a large section of land, then beyond the western limits of the reservation, as "surplus" and part of the public domain therefore subject to homesteads. In 1914 Father Anselm attacked this measure, sending in reports to Washington showing the need for increased areas for the Navaho. *and agent Plummer was of course* He ~~seems to have been~~ the first who realized how the fine pasturage was being destroyed by overgrazing, and the danger of the destruction of the natural gramma grass so necessary for stock of all kinds. *Father Anselm* He saw too, how certain areas of land were being eroded where the sheep, who crop so close and often pull up the grass by the roots, were actually destroying the range. He urged Congress not only to preserve the Navaho range lands, but to increase range areas. Father Anselm was successful in his mission, and not only was the old treaty measure rescinded, but new areas of land were added to the western section of the reservation as well. However, nothing was done about overstocking the range.