

looked down the hole through which they had come and saw that water was rushing up. First Man called a council and pointing at Coyote said that there was something wrong about Coyote for he never took off his robe. So the People searched Coyote and two strange objects fell to the ground. They were the children of Water Monster who^m Coyote had stolen from under the river in the Fourth World. The People threw the children into the hole and at once the waters subsided.

On the Fifth night one of the hermaphrodites stopped breathing, and they all wondered what had become of her breath,- they hunted for it everywhere. While the People were hunting for the lost breath, two men looked ^{down} the hole of emergence, and there they saw the hermaphrodite sitting on a rock combing her hair. They told the People what they had seen, but on the fourth day both men died, and ever since the People have feared to look upon the dead.

Now the Kisani were camped some little distance from the others, and one of the People found that the Kisani had brought an ear of corn with them from the lower world. Some wanted to take this away from the Kisani, others said this would be wrong, but some young men went to demand the corn from the Kisani and angry words followed. But the friendly Kisani offered to break the ear in two and gave the People their choice of the pieces. While the young men were considering which piece to take, Coyote grabbed the tip and ran away with it leaving the butt end for the Kisani,- and that is why the Pueblo People have always had better corn than the Navaho. After the angry words, the Kisani moved away from the People,- and that is why the Pueblo People and the Navaho live apart.

Then First Man and First Woman, Black Body and Blue Body built seven sacred mountains with earth brought from the lower world. And the Four Great Mountains were ^{DZIS-NA-JINI} TSISNADJINI to the East, ^PTSOPSIL to the South, ^{Bo-o-KO-csLUD} DOKO*OSLID to the West, and ^{Di-Beh-NINTSA} DEBENTSA to the North, and three lesser

The edging is woven in and out of alternate warp threads, keeping the spacing and tension even, at both the top and bottom of the warp. Next comes the preserving ~~of~~ the shed (the cross formed at the center of the warp by the over and under ^{winding} ~~stringing~~ of the warp threads). She places a small round stick or reed, on each side of the cross, tying them ~~in place~~ to hold this cross in place. The four poles of the warp frame are then removed, leaving a mass of warp threads, but in which the shed is preserved by the reeds, and the top and bottom edges holding the ends of the warp in place. The edges are then tied to the weaving frame cross bars, by weft threads which wind around the bars holding the edges securely to it. Sometimes this winding thread is placed between every two warp threads, sometimes more depending on the size and whether the rug will be woven of coarse or fine ~~weft threads~~ ^{material}. The bottom cross piece of the weaving frame is then tied to the bottom cross beam of the stationary loom, and the top piece is laced to the top cross beam by a rope with large loops ~~being kept~~ by which the tension of the frame can be adjusted. Again care is used to see that all cross pieces are parallel. x

The next procedure is the tying in of the healds (or heddles) to form the shed through which the weft is passed. The healds are tied to every other warp thread for simple basket weave, or to other combinations of threads for any other weaving pattern she desires. Sometimes several healds are used in intricate patterns. The loom is now set to commence weaving the rug. Everything about the loom has been made of simple native material and is completely functional.

found their way into the Third World. Again the couriers went out to explore and again found bare land except for a great river that flowed to the east. This was the female river, and flowing into it was the male river, thus symbolizing generation. Grasshopper people lived in the Third World and the people mingled with them asking them to join them that they live as one tribe. But once again there was quarreling, and once more they were expelled. They flew upward in wide circles but found the sky hard and smooth. As they searched for an exit a red head emerged from the sky. It was the Red Wind who told them to fly to the west. Here they found a spiral passage made by the wind, and flying up through it they reached the Fourth World. Four Grasshopper people went with one white them, one blue, one yellow, and one black, and to this day the people have grasshoppers of these colors.

When the people entered the Fourth World, they saw four great snow covered mountains on the far horizons of each direction. Once again the couriers went out to explore. To the east they found no sign of life, to the south they saw tracks of the deer and the turkey, and to the west again no sign of life. When they returned from the North, the couriers told of finding a race of strange men who cut their hairsquare in front, and who lived in houses on the ground, and who cultivated fields. The following day, two of these strangers- the Kisani (the Pueblo People) came to the exiles camp and later guided them to water. The water was red and the Kisani told the people that they must not cross the river on foot or their feet would be injured. The Kisani showed the People a square raft made of logs- a white pine, a blue spruce, a yellow pine, and black spruce. So the people crossed the river to visit the homes of the Kisani. ^{friendly} ^{who} The friendly Kisani gave the ^{men} people corn and pumpkins to eat. This land had neither rain nor

For Dances of the Ojibwa were raised by the Ojibwa

sentation of the Navaho as human beings,-what they look like, how they live, the things they do. Some pictures were made as long ago as 1932, most of them during the past six years. It would take several volumes to give the complete picture; and it is doubtful that permission could ever be obtained to record certain ceremonies. Nor would it be right to do so, for in the Navaho concept, a ceremony must move through to completion, it cannot be stopped. In the eyes of the Medicine Men a photograph stops this action. I feel very fortunate to have secured the ceremonial pictures I have, but I know that permission was granted because, though genuine, these were partial ceremonies, not complete ones.

This book, consisting chiefly of images, is my visual interpretation of a wonderful people as they are, and in their effort to take their place as an integral part of modern America,- a people who have great pride, great ability and who deserve deep respect.

Laura Gilpin
Santa Fe, New Mexico

At the junction of the San Juan and Pine Rivers in north-central New Mexico where the New Navaho dam is now creating a large reservoir, there was a meadow on the southeast side of the river. ^d ~~Bordering~~ the meadow was a cliff of redish sandstone along one side, and etched into this facade was a series of petroglyphs, chipped out of the rock with obsideon tools centuries ago. Here were the remnants of petroglyphs of the Twin War Gods, the sons of Changing Woman, who slew the monsters on the earth that the Dineh (the Navaho People) might safely live here. On this sheer slab of rock also was an etching of Chnaging Woman Herself- She who symbolizes the continuance of life- who re-
^{generates} ~~news~~ growth- who benefits all living things. In one hand She holds an ear of corn, in the other

The story tells how a ray of light passed from drops of water into Changing Woman before the twins were born, one of whom was named Child-of-the-Water. This is the only known image of this most sacred of Navaho dieties.

Now She is submerged beneath the waters of the reservoir, but surely the Spirit of Changing Woman will bless this water as it goes onto the dry and barren land, fulfilling her mission of renewing life, bringing new crops and a richer life to the Dineh.

THE CREATION MYTH

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. 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 embedded here in the middle of our own country, seems strange to ~~many~~ those who do not know Navaho 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 a religious head for there is no such office. It simply exists in every person, in every family, in every region of their land. As the myths, the chants, the symbolism are myriad, and as they must be handed down by word of mouth or they perish, Navaho capacity for memory has become very great. There is always a medicine man who carries on these beliefs, who performs the ceremonies, who teaches others.

The Creation Myth, ~~as its title indicates~~, contains the roots of this symbolism and indicates Navaho ~~ix~~ 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. While there are several versions of this myth, Dr. Mathews was the first to inscribe it, making his version seem the most authentic. It is a beautiful story and Dr. Mathews has given it a Biblical ring. There is a flood, expulsion from one world to another, and throughout the story a strong suggestion of evolution. Here too are the symbolic plants and animal life, colors and substances:- White and white shell for the East; blue and turquoise for the South; yellow and coral for the West; black and jet for the North. Then there is the sacred number Four- the four seasons- the four directions, *+ the 4 Sacred Mountains*

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A SELECTED GROUP OF PHOTOGRAPHS

FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK

THE ENDURING NAVAHO

BY

LAURA GILPIN

FOREWORD

Within the boundaries of their twelve thousand square mile reservation, some seventy five thousand Navaho people are struggling for existence on a land not ^{productive} ~~longer large~~ enough to support ~~them~~. ^{their increased population} They are struggling not only to exist, but also to meet an encroaching way of life with which they are, in a large measure, unfamiliar. It is only since about 1930 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, - carefree, simple, undisturbed by the great pressures of our modern economic strife, - ^a has within this short span of approximately twenty five years become changed with the need for adaptation to an existence utterly alien to them. In past years nature 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. Where twenty five years ago, they felt the "white man" far from their environs, save those few with whom they traded, to-day they are surrounded by a constantly growing white population, and the avaricious who seek

their recently discovered mineral resources. The reservation 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. Twenty five years ago they were reluctant to go to the reservation schools, shy and diffident about learning the ways of our people. To-day they are clamoring for education, and there are four times as many children wanting to go to school as there are schools or teachers to fulfill this demand. It is hard for us to realize that here within the boundaries of our Southwestern States, ^{is} are a people whose whole concept of life and method of existence ^{is} are utterly foreign to our own. To-day we are witnessing the heroic effort of this human group struggling to adapt itself to the economic concept of our own vastly larger group with whom it must mingle for self-preservation. To watch a people making such a change, to see their effort, their remarkable ^{adaptability} ~~ability in adaptation~~, their acute realism, their economic struggle, while clinging to their own sacred traditions,- to watch all this within the span of a quarter century, is indeed a moving experience. Since World War Two this change has been greatly accelerated, and with the passing of another generation most of the old Navaho life will be gone.

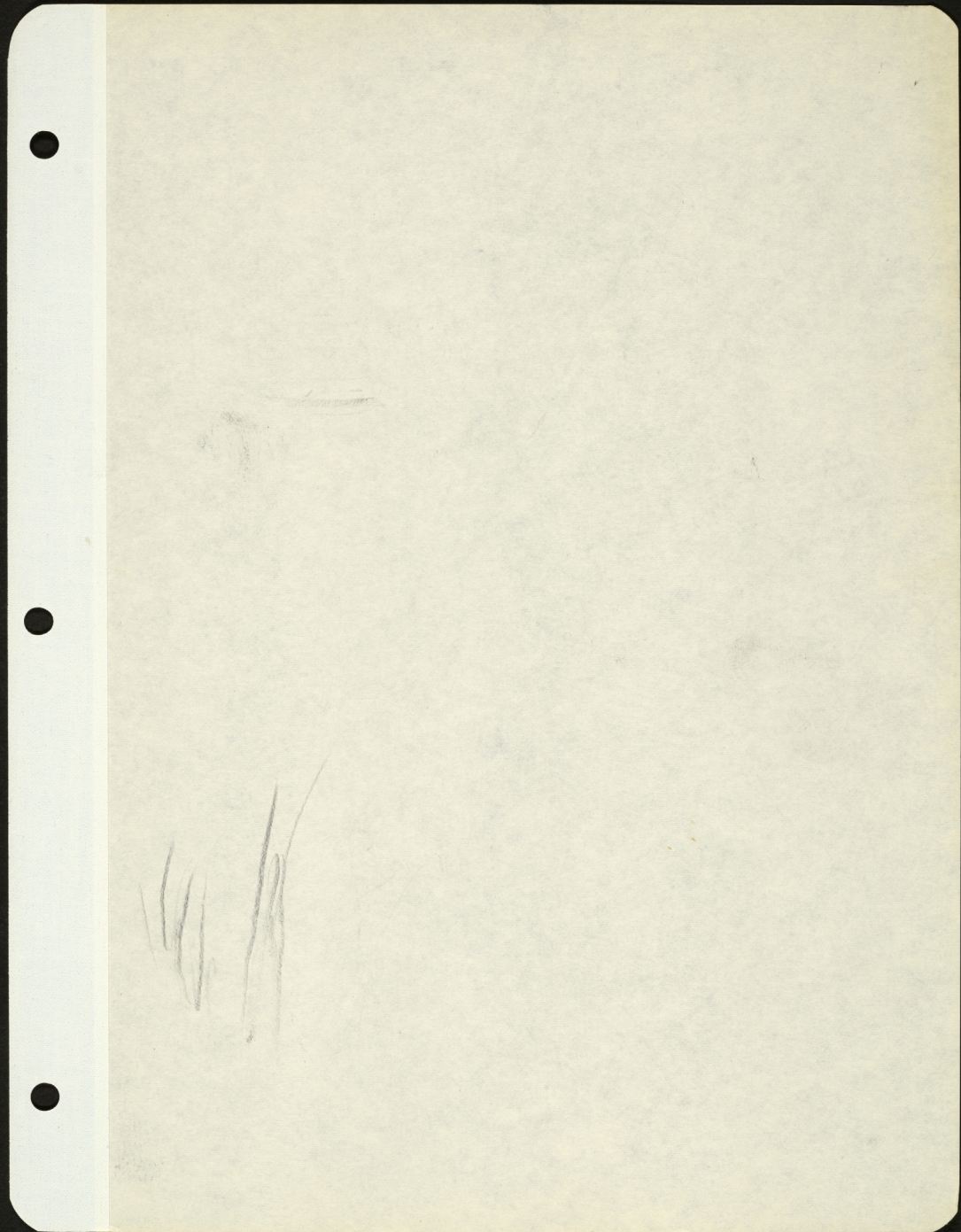
It has been my privilege to watch some of this transition. It has been intensely interesting, often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general filling me with profound admiration. ~~Because~~ photography is essentially the medium with which to interpret and record such a change. This volume is chiefly a visual expression of a wonderful people in their effort to take their place as an integral part of modern America. ^{There is no} ~~This book makes~~

~~no~~ pretense of ~~having~~ an ethnological approach:- it 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 as long ago as 1932, most of them during the past five years. It would take several volumes to give the complete picture, and it is doubtful that permission could ever be obtained to record certain ceremonies. Indeed I feel very fortunate to have secured the sand painting & Yeibichai pictures for these were made during real ceremonials and nothing has been "staged". It is hoped that in this final selection of material, you will find a comprehensive statement- a visual statement of a people who have great pride, great ability, and who deserve deep respect.

Laura Gilpin
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

PART II
B.

NAVAHO CRAFTS



Just below the junction of the San Juan and the Pine Rivers in north central New Mexico, where the new Navaho Dam is now creating a large reservoir, there was a meadow on the eastern side of the San Juan. Along one side of the meadow was a cliff of reddish sandstone, and etched into this facade was a series of petroglyphs, chipped out of the rock with obsidian tools centuries ago. Here were the remnants of petroglyphs of the Twin Hero Gods (Twin War Gods), sons of Changing Woman and the Sun, who slew the monsters on this earth that the Dineh might safely live here. On this sheer slab of rock also was another petroglyph- that of Changing Woman Herself- , She who symbolizes the continuance of life-who renews growth, who benefits all living things. In one hand she holds an ear of corn, in the other

The story relates how a ray of light from the Sun passed through drops of water from a waterfall, impregnating Changing Woman. When the twins were born, one was called Monster Slayer, the other Child-of-the-Water. This is possibly the only image of this sacred Navaho Deity, for she is never depicted in any sand painting or in any way.

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house that evening, we sat down to a formal dinner for twelve people at a table exquisitely set with shining silver, sparkling glass, lighted candles and all the trimmings for a birthday party. Mrs. Francis quietly watched what others did and with the utmost dignity followed suit as though she were accustomed to such elaborateness. And during the evening Timothy repeated to me over and over, "Oh, I never saw such a beautiful house." His eyes were shining. As we took our departure he spoke to our hostess saying, "My relative thanks you very much for everything and she wishes that she understood English so she could have known all that has been talked about." As we returned to our motel, I wondered if I could have conducted myself with such poise and dignity if I found myself in such completely foreign surroundings listening to a language I did not understand.

Depending on the environment, hogans are built of a variety of materials. Where logs are available, there are two or three general types; the old ^{forked stick} ~~round stick~~ hogan, (nearly extinct), one built of upright logs, topped with cribbed horizontal logs to build a dome shaped roof; one of logs laid horizontally in hexagonal or octagonal form, all being chinked with adobe mud or clay. In areas where timber is scarce, hogans are built of stone, again either round or hexagonal with always the domed roof. There is a special form of roof construction as may be seen in these interior pictures. In recent times, one finds occasionally that windows have been cut into walls.

Here in a barren area is a round stone hogan. The woman of the family was bringing the sheep home to a nearby corral for the night. The building seems small in the broad, majestic landscape, yet this interior of the same hogan gives a suggestion of its height and roominess, though the picture contains less than a quarter of the whole.

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often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general filling me with admiration for these people. Photography is essentially the medium to record ~~xxxx~~ and interpret such change. There is no pretense here of scientific or ethnologic approach. This book is rather the presentation of the Navaho People as human beings, - what they look like, how they live, the things they do. Some of these pictures were made ~~more~~ than thirty years ago, most of them during the past twelve ^{fourteen} or fourteen years.

There are many books about the Navaho: books by scientists, ethnologists, physicians and ~~psy~~ psychologists. Many of the authors have far greater knowledge of the Navaho than I. My endeavor has been to create an image of the Navaho People, Navaho life, and Navaho country, carrying it through important phases. I am well aware of many gaps.

I have been fortunate indeed in the friends I have ~~amde~~, and the co-operation I have ~~xxx~~ received. This is an 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.

PREFACE

Within the boundries 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- ~~q~~ 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 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 more than three times greater than their land can support. Thirty years ago, they felt the white man far away, 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 to know some of the old life, and to observe much of this transition. It has been intensely interesting,

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Now she and her Hero sons are submerged beneath the waters of the reservoir, but surely the Spirit of Changing Woman will bless this water as it goes forth onto the dry and barren land, fulfilling her mission of renewing life, and bringing new crops and a richer life to many of the Dineh.

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 piñon 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

Navaho homes, or hogans, are scattered far and wide over the reservation. The reason for this is Pastorage for their sheep. Each family has grazing rights, and though there is no individual ownership of land, for it belongs to the tribe, the individual's rights are strictly respected. No one encroaches on another's pasture. Boundries are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and boundry lines follow the contour of the land for there are no stock fences. The same rights prevail for summer pasture in mountain areas where sheep are moved to higher elevations and fresh grass.

The Navaho hogan is the most practical building for life in the desert country. It heats with a minimum amount of fuel, it is cool in summer, and having no windows, it is a retreat from the strong winds of early spring. There is a quiet peace within a hogan, for the only light is from above, through the smoke hole in the roof. The form of the hogan comes from the creation myth where the holy people built the first hogan and set the pattern and the customs. Round, or nearly round in shape, and with a dome like roof, the hogan always faces east, to the rising sun and the new day. When a new hogan is built, it is blessed by a medicine man if one is near, or by the head of the family. Corn pollen, symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the logs or stone while the chant invokes peace and a happy life for its occupants.

On entering a hogan, one must move from left to right, clockwise, circling the fire in the center of the room. On formal occasion the women sit on the ~~South~~ ^{the cooking side,} side of the hogan, the men on the ~~North~~ ^{South}, while the head of the family and any guests sit on the west facing the entrance. In early times a shallow fire pit was dug in the earth floor. This still exists though in recent times many Navaho are

THE FOUR SACRED MOUNTAINS

While reading the Creation Myth, my thoughts traveled to the four sacred mountains bordering the Navaho World. It was then, I think, that it occurred to me to illustrate this beautiful story with photographs of these mountains from the air. To do this two flights were necessary, the first for Sisnaajini, sacred mountain of the East, and a 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 so clearly 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 Sisnaajini as our goal. As we circled to gain altitude, the form of the Sandia Mountain Fault, to the south of us, became more distinct in structure with its rising eastern slope, and the sheer, abrupt western face. In a cave high in this western wall, the earliest evidence of human life in this area has been found, remnants of migrants who lived here twenty thousand years ago, so old is the history of our Southwest. The present theory is that these ancient primitives came to North America from Mongolia via Behring Strait, moving slowly southward over a period of centuries.

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 Sisnaajini 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 and antelope, deer and bison,

took the baby back to Huerfano Mesa to First Woman telling her that he had found the baby on Gobonador Knob in the rain and darkness. Soon they heard the call of Talking God, and then the call of House God, as they came. Talking God clapped his hands ~~together~~ over his mouth saying that something important had happened, for the baby was ^{what} ~~what~~ the Holy People had been wishing for. Talking God placed the cradle on the ground and with one pull of the strings, the lacings came free.

"This is my daughter" First Woman said, and First Man said the same. Days passed which were the same as years, and when two days passed, the baby sat up. Then she was dressed in white shell. On the tenth day she was named WHITE SHELL WOMAN (also she was known as Changing Woman), and thus she was brought by the Holy People, to become, perhaps, the most preeminent of the supernatural beings for she symbolized ^{ing} re-generation, brings all green things to life, ^{year after year.} and ~~who~~ ^{symbolizes} fertility.

* * * * *

This is a ~~partial~~ story of the Creation Myth ^{of the Navaho}.

Away from the well traveled highways, old methods still are used. A Navaho thinks nothing of walking many miles if he had no means of transportation. We have come upon this many times. One time, as we were traveling to Tuba City from the Hopi country, we came to a slight crest in the desert, beyond we saw a family- a woman with a baby, and a small child riding a burro and two older boys on foot. When we reached them we produced some candy for the children and tried to chat a little, though no one seemed to understand English. They were curious about us, surprised by our offer, and thoroughly friendly. They seemed to be miles from any habitation yet in the gentle rise and fall of the desert, it is remarkable what can be hidden from view.

Another time as we drove along in the Red Rock region we came across a boy with a small flock of sheep. It was a wonderful day with great masses of clouds gathering for a possible storm. We pulled off the road to stop a while and enjoy the beauty of the scene. Soon the sheep came closer to us, the little boy ^{ch} watching from a distance. We were so absorbed with this scene in one direction that we did not see a young man on foot coming from another. Then up out of a wash appeared a lone horseman who stopped to talk with the young man on foot. After a while each went their separate ways as we watched them disappear into the landscape. The ^esheep moved slowly on, the little boy with them. We spoke to no one, they paid no attention to us whatsoever, yet I doubt not that later in the day, they knew who we were and a surprising lot about us.

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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 Dzis-na-jini (Mount Blanca) 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 and antelope, deer and bison, and here the ancient Navaho came to hunt, seeing always

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 1898. 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. 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 ^{va} natural gramma grass so necessary for stock of all kinds. 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.

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Following ^{World} ~~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 ^{ere} ~~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 to-gether 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 ⁿ ~~time~~ did not have the ^e ~~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

point the women of ^{the} tribe became very agitated and hostile to the entire program. These goats were to be delivered to small packing plants between September and December of 1934, with a purchase price of \$1. per head. Unusual weather and long distances for hawling slowed the program and a suggestion was made that the Navaho slaughter all the goats they could use, even though they had already been sold to the Government. Frustrated in getting some 3500 of these goats to the railroad from one far distant point, and because the cost of hawling far exceeded the value of the animals, someone ordered that these be shot and left to rot. This may have been a practical solution, but its effect on the Navaho was catastrophic and sent a shudder of apprehension throughout the tribe, for to the Navaho animals are only killed for food. This was a tragedy which has left scars of mistrust, and even though the program was continued and the stock reduced to a better level, it is still a matter of concern. In continuing the program, range management districts were established and the Tribal Council now is impowered to issue their own grazing ~~permits~~ ^{permits.} But there again, to the Navaho who has always been so free, to be restricted by law even by their own people, to the number of sheep they can raise, is still a matter of debate.

The coming of World War II alleviated this tension to a considerable extent, for many Navaho went into the Army, many more into war work of various kinds. Some went to California into defense plants. They all did a superlative job. These war experiences also taught the Navaho a great deal about the ways of other people, for they are quick to learn through observation- many of them had never been away from the reservation. Following the war, many more things have happened to help the live stock situation. The discovery of extensive uranium deposits brought money into the Tribal

the exile, the Indian Service had divided the reservation into districts of administration. Now, in 1932, the tribal government had not yet developed into the assemblage it is today, and it did not represent the people from all areas of the reservation. The first steps taken by the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs were in the field of land conservation, to be carried out by the Public Works Program, giving work to many Navaho men. Steps also were taken to develop greater water supply by drilling new wells and building small drainage reservoirs.

Then came the time when the whole land and sheep program was clearly stated and explained to the Tribal Council, (as it existed at that time) showing them how too many sheep were destroying the grass, causing great areas of extreme erosion. To compensate for the reduction in number of sheep, a new educational program would be put into effect which included the building of some fifty new day schools. The construction of these buildings would be done by Navaho labor. The Council understood the program and approved it. Work was commenced. The Relief Administration was to purchase 100,000 head of sheep immediately in the fall of 1933, this number to be divided among the several jurisdictions of the reservation.

But many of the large sheep owners refused to comply. A compromise was finally reached on a percentage basis, but this worked hardships on the small flock owners. Suspicion and resentment reached a high pitch, ^{to} for ^{the} the Navaho wealth is thought of in terms of livestock- not money- and they seemed unable to understand that money earned in wages would in any way compensate for loss of sheep. While the Council supported the program, enforcing it was something else, and the Council was placed in a difficult position with their fellow Navaho who disapproved the plan. There were several years of turmoil, climaxed when the Relief Administration purchased 150,000. head of goats, half of them females. At this

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.

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 our education, (and 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 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 many will carry forward that place with destinction.

twenty five thousand square miles of Navaho domain, and looked down on areas where so much history had taken place. It gave me new insight and understanding of the Navaho and their land. It was a memorable day.

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. They had nothing left, only a few horses, some sheep and goats-that was all. ^{use} 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. These were the days of the Santa Fe Trail where long, heavily laden wagon trains labored across nine hundred miles of prairie. 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 condition. They learned to make and lay adobe bricks, they learned the art of blacksmithing, they did their best to farm under most adverse conditions of drought, wind, insect infestations, illness among themselves. An epidemic of small pox struck and many died, reducing their number to a little over six thousand; many were ill from undernourishment; all were desperately homesick. Finally, on hearing of a plan to move them to Oklahoma, several of the Navaho Chiefs agreed to go to Washington to plead for permission to return to their own land.

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. And Beyond, rising above the great promontories and canyons of Mesa Verde, glistening on the far horizon, were the snowy summits of DEE-Beh-NIHTSA- Navaho Sacred Mountain of the North.

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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 first time the great size of the United States, ^{then} 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 ^{VC} ~~not~~ to raid again, a promise faithfully kept, with one or two minor exceptions. In return the Government of the United States promised to give them a new start by supplying tools, seed, and three sheep per family, also one teacher for every thirty children. In one hundred years this last part of the treaty has not yet been fulfilled, though to-day, the goal is at last 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. But more hardships were still ~~to~~ be endured, for in spite of efforts by Major Dodd, the first civil agent, the promised supplies and sheep did not arrive. That first winter must have been grim 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 new 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 flying rapidly 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

One day we drove out to Hard Belly's hogan where the old man was suffering from a heart condition. The doctor having prescribed digitalis, Betsy was to instruct the old man's wife how to measure the proper dose. As we entered the hogan, we found Hard Belly lying on his pallet, his wife and family sitting about him. Betsy proceeded with her mission while I wondered if I should ask to make a picture. ~~Betsy's?~~

Thirty years later we found ourselves again in this vicinity. Near a group of hogans I saw three women sitting in a summer shelter. After shaking hands and finding that no one spoke English I returned to the car to get Betsy, feeling sure that she would find someone she had known long ago. No one recognized her, nor she any of them, so by way of conversation I produced my portfolio. When we came to the picture made so long ago in Hard Belly's hogan, excitement spread amid a rapid flow of Navaho. I pointed to the nurse in the picture, then to Betsy standing beside me, but the old lady kept shaking her head. Just then a teen age boy came to see what was happening. "My grandmother says this is not the nurse, she had dark hair." Betsy leaned over taking a lock of the old lady's hair saying "Tell your grandmother she did too." Recognition broke through, she stood up, put her head down on Betsy's shoulder and her arms around her, and wept. After a few minutes Mrs. Hard Belly raised her head, shook herself as her mind returned to the present. After while it was arranged that we were to come back on two days when their clothes would be freshly washed and they would all be ready for more pictures.

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He was willing to go to the hospital where he was operated on with a local anesthetic. In a very short while he was sent back to Red Rock, arriving in the early evening. 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. As it was impossible to drive him home through ^{the} deep snow, she urged him to borrow a horse to ride the eighteen miles to his hogan. She explained that he must not over exert himself and she hoped he would take two days stopping at some friend's hogan on the way. In the morning when she called him for some breakfast, he had already gone, and, as she later found out, had walked the whole distance through the snow in one day. P Off and on all winter she heard tales that John Billy was sick, but he did not come in, ~~nor could she~~ reach him, but as soon as it was possible to get the car through, she did go. Thinking that he should see the doctor for a check up, she urged him to let her take him in to the hospital. But he said "No." Finally after several urgings, and with a straight face she said- "John Billy, I am going to take you to the doctor even if I have to rope you!" His wife, who spoke no English asked him what the nurse had said. There were some whispered words, then he said "All right, I go" "When" asked the nurse. "Now" answered John Billy. They both went into the hogan, emerging in a few minutes as Mrs. John Billy led her husband by a rope which she handed to Betsy with great merriment. P Later, he used to come to Betsy's apartment asking her to write some letters for him which she, of course, was pleased to do. One day Timothy said "Miss Forster, why do you write John Billy's letters? Dont you know he is a Carlisle graduate?" Betsy decided that John Billy certainly had the last laugh..

When they finally arrived it was after dark. They found the woman as described surrounded by an assembly of neighbors who hoped to help. There was no light but that of the fire in the center of the hogan. After dismissing the onlookers, nurse and doctor improvised an operating table out of two orange crates, then extinguished the fire so that ether could be used safely. With only a two battery flash light for illumination, the interpreter had to direct the light first to the nurse administering the ether, and then to the doctor who by the use of instruments, delivered a live baby. This crisis was over-that is except for more struggles to get home through the snow.

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

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

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

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