

"I know where there is a silversmith you would like to make a picture of". So off we would go to find someone I did indeed want to photograph. His judgement was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

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 hoped to capture the picture I saw.

One trip of Betsy's which I recall, was to a distant mesa where a teenage boy was very ill. She and Timothy had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that this was 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 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 Betsy's good judgement and skill, this 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

We turned southeast, leaving the western ^{Navaho} boundry behind us, and as we crossed Hopi Land, that island reservation surrounded by the Navaho, we looked down on the rocky mesa towns of this sturdy Pueblo tribe. We landed at Winslow, Arizona for a mid-day meal and a needed rest.

Later in the afternoon we took off once more, heading home to Santa Fe, more than three hundred miles away. During the morning we had flown at a low elevation, about one thousand feet or less, giving me a closer and more detailed vision of the land. Now, with bumpy air rising from the warm ground, we climbed to about three thousand feet, and to my amazement we could see all the country we had crossed on the morning's flight. We flew over the painted desert, saw the petrified forest, and far to the south, the long valley traversed by Coronado as he came from Mexico seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola, bringing with him many horses and five thousand sheep.

To the north we could see the piñon covered mesas through which Canyons de Chelly and del Muerte eroded their way into the Chinle Wash. It was from the north rim of Canyon del Muerto that a small company of Spanish soldiers, sent out from Santa Fe to retaliate against Navaho raiders, bombarded a cave in the Canyon wall, killing most of the inhabitants- giving the canyon its name. This was in 1804, the time of the Louisiana Purchase, when New Mexico and Arizona were still ruled by the ^{Spanish King (?)} King of Spain, and Thomas Jefferson ~~was~~ ^{ed} wondering about this western land. The Spanish sent many ^eexpiditions against the Navaho, trying to stop the depredations of Spanish towns and Pueblo villages along the Rio Grande. They bargained and they bribed, but like the ebb and flow of ocean tide, the raids continued.

Sun drenched and glowing red, we could see Monument Valley ahead of us as the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to meet the western desert. The beauty of the monoliths was startling from the air, so different from the ground aspect where one looks up at them into a contrasting blue sky. After circling the valley, we continued our western direction and in the span of a quarter hour were over the southern end of another timbered plateau which extends south from Utah into Arizona. Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us, and following a tributary we saw suddenly the Cliff Dwelling of Beta-ta-kin, most beautiful of all the thirteenth century ruins of the Southwest. The gracefully arched cave with its sheer clefts of rock at one end, protects the buildings from storm and wind. Rich green foliage nestles close to the spring these ²early inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their doorstep. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose colored rock of the high cave, that the shadowed rectangular doorways are all that make the cliff dwelling visible.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mountain, we turned southward over an expanse of yellow sand as yet another desert extends to the Grand Canyon, the western boundary of the reservation. A short flying time brought us opposite Doko-oslid (the San Francisco Peaks), and we saw the Little Colorado River marking a diagonal course in our foreground as it contributes its small share of water to its mighty brother, the Colorado.

Once more we saw a high landmark-- ~~DOKO-OSLID~~ Navaho sacred mountain of the West.

DOKO-OSLID
DO-O'-K'O-OSLID

DOKOOSLID

This ruin and others not far away, now comprise the Navaho National Monument.

Following plans for a longer flight to photograph the sacred mountains of the South, West and North, we left Santa Fe shortly after daylight on an early spring morning. We headed west toward the low end of the Jemez Range beyond which stretches the expanse of the Navaho Reservation. Crossing the Rio Grande, we saw below us on the river's western bank, the skeleton ruin of the once great Pueblo of the Tiguex Indians, who, in 1540, gave a friendly welcome to Coronado and his entourage. In a matter of minutes, seconds really, we could see on our right the living Pueblos of Santa Ana and Tsia, sun baked on the adobe banks of the Jemez River near its junction with the Rio Grande. ^{As we moved} Crossing a low hilly divide at the southern tip of the ~~of the~~ Jemez, a vast expanse of semi-desert came into view, broken here and there by Pinon covered buttes, ^{while} ~~and the~~ stark forms of ~~extinct~~ ^{ic} volcano cones rose above the terrain. To the ~~distant~~ north of us lay Old Navaholand, dimly seen on the horizon extending to the border of New Mexico and Colorado, and a little beyond.

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez Mountains behind ^{TSOODZIL} us, ~~TSOOTZIL~~ (Mount Taylor), Navaho sacred mountain of the South, rose in tiered mesas to its thirteen thousand foot snow capped summit. We circled several times seeking a proper foreground for this picture, finding such different country from the empty areas of the San Luis Valley. Thick clusters of cedar and piñon trees, broken by parklike openings, and rugged prominences built up to the mountain peak. We saw isolated hogans, sometimes three or four in a group representing a family unit, with sheep corrals and flocks grazing nearby. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two, -so few signs of life in this big empty-looking land. It seemed hard to believe that

more than ninety thousand Navaho People live on this reservation.

Turning in a northwesterly direction we were soon over land free of timber but covered with desert grass and shrubs. We crossed Chaco Canyon looking down on the extensive ruin of Pueblo Bonito and other ancient sites of this once populous region. The Navaho have stories about these ruins and their long forgotten prehistoric inhabitants whom they called the ^{ancestors of the Pueblo People} Kisaní. We crossed the Escavado Wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable carrying a raging torrent following a summer thunderstorm. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho must have followed it as the more adventurous among them sought new homesites. History tells us of the many conflicts between the Navaho and the Pueblo Indians and Spanish Settlers. It was Coronado who first brought sheep and horses to this country, and the Navaho, filled with envy, stole or traded for the animals they coveted. Horses gave the Navaho a new and better mode of travel and it was not long until they became stockmen. Horses also gave them incentive to hunt for new pastures and remote canyons in which to hide their stolen booty.

We crossed the fertile valley of the San Juan circling for a landing at Farmington to refuel the plane and to have a short rest. As we turned, TSODZIL, still though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky- the one high landmark- ~~TSOTZIL~~, Navaho sacred mountain of the South.

TSODZIL

their sacred mountain of the East before them. To the west, over the continental divide from where we were flying, the new Navaho Dam has now been completed at the confluence of the San Juan and Pine Rivers. Just above the dam site during the field seasons of 1959, 1960, and 1961, the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of New Mexico uncovered the first comprehensive data of the early whereabouts of the Navaho and their Apache cousins. These recent unearthings have revealed simple, crude hogans (Navaho houses) dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century. This date, so much later than all other sources of Indian life in ^{this region} ~~the Southwest~~, seems to indicate that the Navaho may well have been the last migration ~~from~~ ^{to reach the Southwest. Where they came from yet to be determined.} ~~the north.~~ The Spanish Conquistadores did not encounter the Navaho until 1626, nearly a century after Coronado's arrival. The Benevides Chronicle of this date tells of the "Navahau de Apache" being farmers living in this old Navaholand area. It is assumed that they learned the rudiments of agriculture from the Pueblo People with whom they must have come in contact, for the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash and beans in these recent excavations.

Thinking always of the Navaho, where they came from and how they traveled, one could see from the air that the distance from Old Navaholand to ~~PSISNAJINI~~ is not great, and though there are mountains in between, there are passes through which travelers can find a way. Because of its severance by a wide low pass from the towering Sangre de Cristo Range to the north of it, ~~PSISNAJINI~~ appears a mountain by itself and is a natural landmark. ^{DZIS - NAJINI} ~~PSISNAJINI~~, Navaho sacred mountain of the East.

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 ~~DSISNAJINI~~, 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 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 ~~DSISNAJINI~~ 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 the^s western wall, the earliest evidence of human life in this area has been found, remnants from migrants who lived here twenty thousand years ago, so old is the history of our Southwest. ^{The present theory is that} These ancient primitives came to North America from Mongolia via Behring Straight, 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 ~~DSISNAJINI~~ (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

the cradleboard on the ground, covering it with fresh snow. It would never be used again, so the bereaved parents gave it to the elements. Betsy tried to comfort the ~~broken hearted~~ parents when they returned to the car. The medicine man had done what he could, but for this kind of illness, the white man had newer medicine.

Such thoughtless, unsympathetic remarks as those given 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 these parents. All their life long belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many ailments was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the Navaho little understood. *(white man's disease) except on his own terms* Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is the quality of the white personnel working with the Navahe. 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.

the cradleboard on the ground, covering it with fresh snow. It would never be used again, so the bereaved parents gave it to the elements. Betsy tried to comfort the ~~broken hearted~~ ~~parents~~ when they returned to the car. The medicine man had done what he could, but for this kind of illness, the white man had newer medicine.

Such thoughtless, unsympathetic remarks as those given 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 these parents. All their life long belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many ailments was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the Navaho little understood. Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is 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.

One tragedy stands out in Betsy's memory. It was during the bitter winter of 1932 when the snow lay a foot or more deep over the land. In the middle of the night she was wakened 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 questioning him carefully, she sent him to wake Timothy to get the car ready while she prepared for expected emergency. Reaching the hogan after wallowing through the snow in the cold darkness, she found the baby very ill with pneumonia. She learned that in spite of a medicine man's ritual, the baby was getting worse. Knowing that the only possible chance to save the baby was to get it to the hospital thirty miles away, she persuaded the parents to bring the baby, still in its cradle board, they should go at once. While the interior of the car was warmed by the heater, the tires made that crisp, squeaky crunch that means extreme cold, as they cut through the icy snow. All was silent except for the whimpering of the sick infant. Somewhere along the way that sound ceased and Betsy feared the worst. They all went in to the hospital to find the doctor, but it was too late. After the doctor's examination, the parents decided to leave the little body at the hospital where the authorities would see to its burial in the cemetery nearby. As they were leaving the building, a very hardboiled nurse scolded the baby's mother, telling her it was her fault for not bringing the baby to the hospital earlier.

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 cradleboard. Walking a short distance from the road, they cleared away the snow and with bowed heads placed

At the junction of the San Juan & the Pine Rivers in north
Central New Mexico, where the new Navajo Dam is now creating
a large reservoir, there was a ~~meadow~~ on the southeast side
of the river. Bordering the meadow was a cliff of reddish
sandstone, and etched into this ~~rock~~ 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 war gods, the sons of Changing Woman, who
slew the monsters on the earth, ~~saying~~ that the
Dinéh ^(the Navajo people) might safely live here. Here too was
a etching of Changing Woman herself - She who
symbolizes the continuance of life - who renews
growth - who benefits all living things.
The story tells how a ray of light passed from
drops of water into Changing Woman ~~within~~
before the twins were born, one of whom was named
Child of the Water. In one hand she holds an
ear of corn - in the other

This is the only known image of this most sacred
of Navajo deities. She is now submerged beneath
the waters of the reservoir, But surely the
the spirit of Changing Woman will bless This

water as it goes onto dry and barren land -
fulfilling her mission of renewing life, bringing
new crops and a richer life to the Dismal.

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 the earth brought from the lower world. And the four Great Mountains were DZIS-NA-JINI to the East, TSODZIL to the South, DOOKOSLID to the West, and DEBENTSA to the North, and three lesser mountains within the boundries, and these are still the Sacred Mountains of the DINEH, the Navaho People.

-*****-

These mountains that bound the Navaho world, are Mount Blanca (DZIS-NA-JINI) in the San Luis Valley in Colorado; Mount Taylor, (TSODZIL) north of Laguna, New Mexico; the San Francisco Peaks, (DOOKOSLID) NEAR Flagstaff, Arizona; (DEBENTSA) The La Plata Mountains in southwestern Colorado.

The lesser Mountains are
Navaho Mountain, in southeastern Utah
Harrfano Mesa, south of Farmington, New Mexico
Gobonador Knob, in Old Navaholand, southeast of the Navaho reservoir.

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 the earth brought from the lower world. And the four Great Mountains were DZIS-NA-JINI to the East, TSODZIL to the South, DOOKOSLID to the West, and DEBENTSA to the North, and three lesser mountains within the boundries, and these are still the Sacred Mountains of the DINEH, the Navaho People.

-*****

These mountains that bound the Navaho world, are Mount Blanca (DZIS-NA-JINI) in the San Luis Valley in Colorado; Mount Taylor, (TSODZIL) north of Laguna, New Mexico; the San Francisco Peaks, (DOOKOSLID) NEAR Flagstaff, Arizona; (DEBENTSA) The La Plata Mountains in southwestern Colorado.

The lesser Mountains are
Navaho Mountain, in southeastern Utah
Harrfano Mesa, south of Farmington, New Mexico
Gobonador Knob, in Old Navaholand, southeast of the Navaho reservoir.

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 any seen elsewhere. A broader collar ^{On} the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Before the days of ^{American} ~~Post~~ ^{Occupation} ~~Summer~~, the old Navaho apparel consisted, for the women, of two hand woven mantas secured at the shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. ~~At Fort Navaho~~ When ~~the~~ Navaho women saw the pioneer white women's long cotton dresses of the 1870-1880 period, they copied them, though they quickly made adaptations to suit their own needs, eliminating the tight bodices and supplementing loose, comfortable blouses. 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 us, and who now speak English fluently, are wearing clothes like ours. However, velveteen blouses are still widely worn, with a great variety of bright colors, still decorated with silver buttons, and with belts of silver conchas strung on leather. For a long time dimes and quarters, to which silver loops had been soldered, were also used as buttons, but these are fast disappearing. Some men and women still wear moccasins, but the old type man's costume is all but gone. This consisted of white cotton pants, velveteen blouse, and much silver ornament. Strings of turquoise, shell, coral and 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.

of Old Lady Long Salt at her summer hogan. Through our interpreter, who was her great granddaughter-in-law, she told us somewhat of her long life. She was eight years old when the Navaho People returned from the "Long Walk", and she told us of hardships they had endured, the effort of starting life again on their old homesites, and the fight for survival.

This shelter was almost a natural one, for the low cedar and juniper trees grew in a circle. there was the same pattern of entrance and placement of objects as in a winter hogan. Over the loom area and where the family slept, they had hung canvasses for protection from summer rainstorms. We were soon to learn to our astonishment that we were in the presence of five generations of daughters. The Old Lady (94 we figured, and still vigorous) sits at the extreme left of this picture: directly behind her, our interpreter: ~~beyond the old lady~~ : making knee bread near the fire is the Old Lady's daughter: beyond the Old Lady, looking at my book of pictures, are her grand daughter and great grand daughter. The little girl in the center is the great, great grand daughter.

The sons and grand sons were away at work, and sons-in-law would never be there, for the old rule still is imposed in ^{most} ~~many~~ areas, that a man must never look at his mother-in-law. We spent several hours visiting this family. They were interested in us and in the things we observed. They looked at every picture in the book with the greatest of interest, pointing out differences in costume, ornaments, or possessions. We watched the making of knee bread, green corn cut from the cob, put through a grinder, salted, packed into the green husks and baked in an outdoor oven. It was very good. We have found when visiting families such as this, that a time comes when their courtesy to us has been fulfilled, their curiosity is satisfied, and normal work or occupation must be resumed. It is well to be

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 ^{perfect} 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 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.

using tin or iron stoves, sometimes small metal barrels, with stove pipes extending out of the roof holes. To the right of the entrance, which may have a wooden door or the old time blanket covering, simple shelves made from empty orange crates or boxes obtained from nearby trading posts, will hold dishes, and some food staples. On the west side of the hogan sheepskins, which serve as beds at night, will have been rolled up and stacked out of the way. Hanging from pegs or nails along the sides, there will be extra clothing, blankets, and other items of daily use. In other places along the sides of the hogans are boxes, suitcases or even small trunks, in which other possessions are stored. There is a place for everything and there is always order. I cannot recall ever being in a ^{traditional} hogan that was not orderly. Following the ancient pattern to which all individuals subscribe, ^{This} a true sense of order permeates Navaho life. ^{Where} Navaho people have moved to nearby towns and are living in ordinary houses as we know them, I have seen disorder and a slovenly way of living. The reason seems twofold, poverty, and following the example of white people of low caliber, for few Navaho have had ^{much} ~~any~~ contact with cultured anglo homes. ^I I recall an episode in 1932, when Betsy and I ^{with} took Timothy and Mrs. Francis to Santa Fe to see the wonderful collection of Navaho blankets in the Laboratory of Anthropology. Following that experience, we stopped to say "hello" to friends of ours who lived in one of the loveliest of Southwestern homes. We were all invited to return that evening for dinner, for there was a birthday party for the son of the house. Mrs. Francis' acceptance of that evening is something I shall always remember. She had never been away from Red Rock. Her only contact with any white home was the very simple two room apartment Betsy had in the old hospital building, where for the first time she had sat at a table to eat. At our friends

But today, many harako are purchasing second hand
home furnishings, ~~like~~ bedsteads, tables, chairs, which
seems very out of place. But these inevitable changes
are coming rapidly and more and more houses are
taking the place of Logans.

Navaho homes, or hogans, are scattered far and wide over the reservation. Pasturage for their sheep is the primary reason for this. Each family has grazing rights, and though there is no individual ownership of land as we know it, 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 ^{for} and fresh grass.

The Navaho hogan is the most practical building for life in the desert country. It ~~xxx~~ heats with a minimum amount of fuel, it is cool in summer, and having no windows, it is a retreat from strong winds of early spring. There is a quiet peace within the 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 north side of the hogan, the cooking side, the men on the south, while the head of the ^mfamily 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

Wauneka

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 United States Public Health Service has increased such service many times. (In the past decade, Annie Wauneka, a member of the Tribal Council, in charge of the Navaho health and education program, has accomplished most remarkable progress in developing medical and nursing service for her people.)

more

The organization sponsoring Betsy's work, was forced to discontinue ^{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 headquarters 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. Realizing the speed with which changes were coming to the reservation, the possibility of this book began to formulate, though work on it has of necessity been intermittent. This undertaking has been close to our hearts for we both feel an enduring friendship, understanding and admiration for the Navaho People.

End of Part I

The Navaho have been farmers since the beginning of their known history. Evidence of their produce was found in the archaeological excavations in Old Navaholand where seeds of corn (maize), squash and beans were found, seeds more than four hundred years old. As the Navaho moved westward down the San Juan Valley they planted fields wherever they settled. These were subsistence farms of small acreage. During the past seventy five years, this picture has been changing, until today there are Navaho who do practise commercial farming and there are many more who wish to do so. ^U As about sixty five percent of land under irrigation on the reservation, at the moment, is concentrated in the San Juan Valley, a farm training school was established there about thirty years ago, to meet the need for new resources to take the place of sheep. ^{has} As this developed, the Navaho have found that the small subsistence acreage would not meet their needs, and as this need has increased, a consolidation of small areas has been developed, making productive farming as a livelihood more possible.

The new irrigation project, planned long ago but not put ~~into~~ effect until 1956, will bring water from the San Juan River, stored in the new Navaho Reservoir, to irrigate 110,000 acres of land. This area, now nearly destitute of any growth, will extend from near Farmington south as far as Newcomb. The first water will be turned into the new canals ^{in a few years} ~~in the spring of 1964~~, creating about one thousand new 120 acre farms for young Navaho farmers. This project is based on the premise that the land belongs to the Tribe to be leased to individuals with a five year rent free period in which to become established. Farming on a commercial basis is comparatively new for the Navaho and the benefits of the farm training program will be needed as this development gets under way.

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 to-day, 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 were taken to develop greater water supply by drilling new wells and building small drainage reservoirs. P 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 many areas of extreme erosion. To compensate for the reduction in number of sheep, a new education 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. P 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, for to the Navaho wealth is thought of in terms of livestock-not in 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 also 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

Although the Indian of the Southwest has practised irrigation since the twelfth century or before, wherever it was possible, all the techniques of modern productive farming ^{are} ~~is~~ bringing about a cultural change in Navaho life. The change from subsistence to commercial productivity is great but here once more the unique adaptability of the Navaho will serve him in very good stead.

While reading the Washington Mathews' Version of the Navaho Creation Myth, my mind's eye traveled to the four sacred mountains which border the ancient Navaho world. It was then, I think, that ~~it~~ occurred to me that photographing these mountains from the air would best give the feeling of this beautiful ancient belief. After making arrangements with a local pilot, we took off early one morning, heading first for Tsaad^{iv}jini (Mount Blanca in Colorado). Perhaps it is my love for landscape and geography that makes me love to fly. From the air one can see the great structure of the earth's surface, the different kinds of mountains, the age old erosions. In the air one's mind goes deep into the past and one thinks of Time in depth. Looking down on this great Southwest country, I thought of the earliest known existence of man in this area found in high in a cave in the Sandia Mountains. ^{20,000 years ago} Archaeologists tell us that these ancient primitives crossed from Mongolia to Alaska slowly spreading across the North American Continent. Migration followed migration over many centuries, some moving eastward, ~~many~~ to the south. Perhaps the last migration to reach New Mexico was the Navaho and their Apache cousins whose language is similar.

On this first flight we ~~flew~~^{headed} north from Santa Fe to photograph Tsaadjini. This traditional sacred mountain of the east is located some one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Santa Fe, in the southern part of Colorado. We followed the Rio Grande and saw beneath us the great

by centuries of rushing water over the lava beds laid down by ancient volcanic action. In no time at all we crossed the line between New Mexico and Colorado and off to the northeast dimly seen in the early morning light, was snow capped Mout Blanca, Tsnadjini, Sacred Mountain ~~of~~ the East to the Navaho. One Hundred ~~and~~ Fifty years ~~ago~~ or more ago, the Navaho roamed the southern part of Colorado, and to many of the Old Navaho people this mountain is still part of their tradition. Fortunately we were able to find an angle from which no habitation was visible and this made the Mountain a living ^{symbol} ~~part~~ of the Navaho Creation Story. This was a beautiful flight ^{making} ~~and it made~~ me eager to continue.

Some weeks later, we took off again, this time flying west until Mount Taylor, (Tsosil, to the Navaho) lay to the South of ~~of~~ us. This 13,000 foot mountain builds up to its peak from surrounding mesa like terrain, with foothills covered with pinon and juniper, interspersed with park like areas. We turned north and soon Old Navaho Land, where lie the earliest traces of the Navaho people, was visible ~~ahead~~ ^{to the northeast} and a little to the east of us. We could see all the semi-desert now known as the checkerboard area west and southwest of Old Navaho Land. Across this expanse, the Navaho slowly migrated during the ~~seventeenth~~ Century. In the heart of this region were the great Pueblo cities of the Chaco Canyon area, where hundreds of Pueblo Indians lived long before the Navaho came. We landed at Farmington, on the San Juan River, to refuel before taking a longer hop to the West.

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 ^{twelve} ~~ten~~ years. It would take several volumes to give t the complete ^{story} picture. I have been fortunate indeed in the friends I have made and the cooperation I have had from the Navaho people. Their interest in this undertaking has been of the greatest help. There are countless books on the Navaho; books by scientists of many kinds- ethnologists, sociologists, psychologists, physicians. Many of the authors have far more knowledge of the Navaho than I. But to me most of these books lack visual image, and even though many have good illustrations, these are incidental. My theme has been to try to create this ^{photographic} vision carrying it as completely as possible ^{with continuity} through important phases of Navaho life. I am well aware of many gaps. For those whose interest may be awakened through vision, the bibliography contains books which will give the reader scientifically based knowledge of many aspects of Navaho life and culture. This book, ~~consisting chiefly of images~~, is my visual interpretation of a wonderful people as ^{I have found them} 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 ^{sincere} ~~deep~~ respect.

Laura Gilpin
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Gubaudoz —

Remains at site of Navaho Dam —

Junction of River & San Juan

N.E. of Blanco

Navaho pictographus

wagon coming toward me. I tried to talk to the man and little boy who were driving it, saying "Chinle" and pointing in the general direction of that distant trading post, indicating that I would pay them to take me there. But the man shook his head, reached in the back of his wagon and handed me three delicious, cool peaches. Finally after an emotionally stimulated two and half hour walk, I reached Frazer's store. The trader was away but his understanding wife brought me and the gasoline back the ten and a half miles to you and the car. I remember imagining how worried you must be over my long absence. Never will I forget topping a gentle rise in the swelling desert and seeing the distant car completely surrounded by NAVAHO INDIANS, like a swarm of ants around a dead object. When we arrived, there you were in the midst of the gathering, happily playing cards with your visitors! And your ensuing tale of how they had arrived, one or two at a time, seemingly out of nowhere, to find out what the trouble was and to see if they could help; your conversation by sign language and the final arrival of an English speaking young Navaho who told you so much and asked you so many questions.

A year later, I remember my concern when you came to tell me that you were accepting a position offered by the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs as a field nurse on the reservation, wondering ~~whether you would do this all by yourself, how you would live,~~ ^{what you would do there} and countless other questions. Later, when I first went down to visit you and found you in snug though primitive quarters and listened to your experiences, ~~how~~ I became interested in

in these people, too, impressed by their rugged character, their colorful personalities, and their primitive life. And from time to time my visits revealed the work you were doing. Your understanding, your patience, your kindness and generosity, for you literally gave your substance as well as your skill and knowledge. How the Navaho under your care responded to all you did for them, to your attitude toward them, and your willingness to go anywhere at any time when a call came for help. I know of lives you saved, the succor you gave, still unknown to any but those to whom it was given.

How well I remember the day when, because of the depression, your work was ended and you had to leave. I went down to help you pack and move. I can still re-live that final morning when six of your best Navaho friends arrived and sat around watching our every move. How, solemnly and without warning, they all stood up, bowed their heads and wept in unison.

During these past six years, together we have hunted out old friends, made many new ones, and explored nearly the whole of the reservation. I have watched old friends turn to you for medical aid the moment they saw your face after twenty years. What fun we have had gradually evolving this book! And through it all your understanding of the people, your help when I was after difficult pictures, your sound criticism and encouragement have brought it finally to completion. So, as a tribute to our long and happy friendship- this is your book.

THE DINE
(The People)

Space-Sky-Distance unlimited; Canyons-Desert-Rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; Wind-Dust-^{Bitter Cold - Heat -}~~Piercing~~ Storm- Serenity; Color-Land Forms beautiful beyond belief- these are the elements of this magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature, are the Navaho-People of the earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith,-faith in nature-faith in themselves as a part of nature- faith in their place in the universe, deep-rooted faith, born of their distant oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is fine quality in the Navaho people; in their simple direct manner of thought and speech; in their judgement, 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 religion and to their traditional behavior, they are none the less individualists. They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they have humor and a great sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They love sports of all kinds, they love games of chance and will laugh at loosing as well as winning. They are tenacious, ~~they are practical to the utmost degree in their use~~ of objects, They are capable of long hours of steady work, and they are equally capable of inactivity. There are good Navaho

THE DINEH
(The People)

Space-Sky- Distance unlimited; Canyons-Rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; Wind-Dust-Fierce Storm; ^{Serenity} 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 Navaho-People of the Earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith- a faith in nature- a faith in themselves as a part of nature-faith in their place in the universe, deep-rooted faith, born of their distant oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is quality in the Navaho People. Quality in their simple direct manner of thought and speech. Quality in their judgement, in their action, in their manual skill and dexterity. They bring to their everyday living, dignity, sureness, vitality, ^{realign,} acceptance of things as they are. Material possession counts for little, they are poor judged by our ^{material} standards, but by their own, rich in the quality of living, rich in character, rich in the mysticism of their faith. Conforming to the pattern of their religion, and to their tradition of behavior, they are none the less great individualists. They have humor, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they love to bargain and get the best in a trade, with each other as well as with us, ^{they love to gamble, there are many good people some bad,} They are capable of long hours of hard work, they are equally capable of long hours of ^{inactivity} play or rest. They have their own high code of honor. These-

FOREWORD

Within the boundaries of their twelve thousand square mile reservation, some ^{more than 90} ~~seventy-five~~ thousand Navaho people are struggling for existence on a land no longer large enough to support them. They are struggling not only to exist, but 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 that we can scarcely comprehend it. Their traditional mode of living,- simple, carefree, undisturbed by the great pressures of our modern economic strife,- 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 they 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 the Navaho find themselves surrounded ^{by} with 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. Where 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 most of us to realize that here within the boundaries of our southwestern states, are a people whose whole concept of life and method of existence are utterly foreign to ours. To-day we are witnessing the heroic effort of this human group struggling to adapt itself to the economic concept of our far larger group with whom it must mingle for self preservation. To watch a people making such a change, to see their effort, their remarkable ability in adaptation, their economic struggle, clinging to their own sacred traditions, - to watch all this within the span of a quarter century, is indeed a moving ~~spectacle~~^{experience}. Since World War II 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 heart breaking, 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} be-
^{Place as} come an intergral part of ~~the~~ American People. This book makes no pretense of having an ethnological approach; - it is ^{rather} the presentation of the Navaho as ~~a~~ human beings- what they ~~look~~ like- how they live- the things they do. Some pictures were made as long ago as 1930, ^{most of them during the past 5 years} ~~the balance since that date~~. It would take several volumes to give the complete picture, but it is ^{hoped} ~~my hope~~ that in this final selection ^{of material you will find} ~~will be found~~ a comprehensive statement- a visual statement of a people who have great pride, great ability, ^{who} Laura Gilpin and ^{deserve} ~~for whom I have~~ deep respect. Santa Fe. N.M.

F O R E W O R D

Within the boundaries of their twelve thousand square mile reservation, some seventy five thousand Navaho people are struggling for existence on a land no longer large enough to support them. They are struggling not only to exist, but 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, - simple, carefree, undisturbed by the great pressures of our modern economic strife, - 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 they 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 the Navaho ^{the Navaho} ~~find themselves~~ ^{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. ~~Where~~ 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, are a people whose whole concept of life and method of existence 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 ability in adaptation, 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 II 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 heart breaking, 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. 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 1930², most of them during the past five years. It would take several volumes to give the complete picture, but

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.

Of the many experiences Miss Forster had during her years as a nurse on the reservation, one tragedy stands out in my memory. It was during the bitter winter of 1932 when the snow lay a foot or more deep over the land. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a pounding on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man dripping with perspiration and breathing heavily. As his three months old baby was very sick, he had run more than a hundred miles through the snow for Miss Forsters help. After questioning carefully she sent him to her interpreters house nearby to have him get the car ready while she prepared for expected emergency. Reaching the hogan after wallowing through the snow in the cold darkness she found the baby very ill with pneumonia. She learned that in spite of a medicine man's ritual, the baby was getting worse. Knowing that the only possible way to save the baby was to get to the hospital thirty miles away, she asked the little mother if she would bring the baby, still in its cradle-board, - they should go at once. While the interior of the car was warm from the heater, the tires made that crisp squeaky crunch that means extreme cold, as they cut through the icy snow. All was silent except for the whimpering of the sick infant. Somewhere along the way that sound ceased and Miss Forster feared the worst. They all went in to the hospital to find the doctor, but it was too late. After his examination, the parents decided to leave the little body at the hospital where the authorities would see to its burial in the cemetery nearby. As they were leaving the building, a eary, hard-boiled nurse scolded the baby's mother, telling her it was all her fault for not bringing it in earlier.

2

Following plans for a long flight to photograph the sacred mountains of the southwest and north, we left Santa Fe shortly after daylight on an early spring morning. We headed west toward the low end of the Jemez Range beyond which stretches the expanse of the Navaho Reservation. Crossing the Rio Grande, we saw below us on the river's western bank the skeleton ruin of the once great Pueblo of the Tiguex Indians who, in 1540, gave a friendly welcome to Coronado and his entourage. In a matter of minutes, seconds really, we could see on our right the living Pueblos of Santa Ana and Tsia, sun baked on the adobe banks of the Jemez river a short distance above its confluence with the Rio Grande. Crossing a low, hilly divide at the southern tip of the Jemez, a vast expanse of semi-desert came into view, broken here and there with pinon covered buttes, and the cores of extinct volcanoes whose stark forms rise above the terrain. To the distant north of us lay Old Navaho Land, dimly seen on the horizon extending to the border of our states of New Mexico and Colorado, and a little beyond.

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez behind us, Tsotsil, Navaho sacred mountain of the south rose in tiered mesas to its thirteen thousand foot snow capped peak. We circled several times seeking a proper foreground for this second picture, finding such different country from the empty areas of the San Luis Valley. Thick clusters of cedar and pinon trees broken by parklike openings and rugged prominences built up to the mountain peak. We saw isolated hogans, sometimes three or four in a group representing a family unit, and always sheep corrals and flocks grazing not far away. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two, so little signs of life in this big empty looking land. Yet I knew that on the reservation lived more than ninety thousand Navaho.

Turning in a northwesterly direction we were soon again over land free of timber, but covered with grass and some low shrubs. We crossed Chaco Canyon looking down on the large ruin of Pueblo Bonito and the other ruins of this once populated region. The Navaho have stories about these ruins and their long forgotten inhabitants whom they called the Kisaní. We crossed the Escavado wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable of becoming a raging torrent following a summer cloudburst. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho, by the beginning of the eighteenth century must have followed it, as the more adventurous among them sought new home sites. History tells us of the many conflicts between the Navaho and other inhabitants of the Southwest, the Pueblo Indians and the Spanish settlers. It was Coronado who first brought horses and sheep to this country, and when the Navaho saw these animals they both traded and stole what they wanted. Horses gave the Navaho a new and better mode of travel and it was not long until they turned more and more to raising stock. This too, gave them the incentive to hunt for new pastures and remote canyons in which to hide their stolen booty. ~~But~~ Along with stolen horses, women and children were also stolen, and for some years there was great conflict with the Spanish who in turn frequently retaliated by capturing Navaho women ~~to make slaves of them~~. ^{captured Navaho women} ~~weakened~~

We crossed the fertile valley of the San Juan circling for a landing to refuel and to have a short rest. As we turned, Tsotsil still, though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky- the one high landmark- the sacred mountain to the south.

Hispanic - from T. H. H. H.

11th Century

This expanded to a sizable slave trade up to the time of American occupation of the Southwest.

THE FOUR SACRED MOUNTAINS

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

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

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

We headed north following the Rio Grande seeing clearly the canyons cut by the river through the volcanic slopes of the Pajarito Plateau. Crossing into Colorado, the superb mountain mass of Tsisnaini grew more impressive as we neared. Beneath us, the southern end of the San Luis Valley looked barren and uninhabited. Here once, was an abundance of game - elk, antelope, deer and bison, and here the ancient Navaho came to hunt, ~~seeing always their sacred mountain of the east before them.~~ They must have come into this valley from the region over the mountains to the west known as Old Navaho Land. At the junction of the San Juan and Pine rivers just over the divide from where we were flying, the new Navaho Dam is now being built. Just above the dam site during the field seasons of 1959, 60 and 61, the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of New Mexico produced the first comprehensive data of the early whereabouts of the Navaho and their Apache cousins. These recent unearthings have revealed simple, crude hogans (Navaho houses) dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century. This date, much later than all other sources of Indian life in New Mexico, seems to indicate that the Navaho may well have been the last migration from the north. The Spanish Conquistadores did not encounter the Navaho until 1526, nearly two centuries after Coronado's first arrival. The ~~Benavides Chronicle~~ of that year tells of the "Navahau de Apache" being farmers living in this old Navaho Land area. ~~It is assumed that they learned the rudiments of agriculture from the Pueblo People with whom they must have come in contact, for the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash and beans in these recent excavations.~~ It is possible that future probings may find evidence of the Navaho in the San Luis valley.

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

crossing the mountain from the region known as old Navaho Land to the west

must have

the Navaho

JL Benevides Chamie of 1626 speaks of the
"Navahou de Apache" who were famous
living in this old Navaho Area -- This first
mention of the Navaho was nearly a century
after Coronado's first arrival in New Mexico

PART I

B. (37432)

THE DINEH

THE DINEH
(THE PEOPLE)

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons--deserts--rocks, majestic in their contour and hugeness; wind--dust--storm; bitter cold--blazing heat--serenity; color--land forms, beautiful beyond belief-- these are the elements of this magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature, are the Navaho- people of the earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith, faith in nature, faith in themselves as a part of nature, faith in their place in the universe, deep-rooted faith, born of their oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is fine quality quality in the Navaho People; their simple direct manner, their action, their manual dexterity and skill. They bring to their everyday living, dignity, vitality, realism, acceptance of things as they are. Conforming to the pattern of their tradition, they are none the less individualists. They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they have humor and a great sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They love sports of all kinds, they love games of chance, and will laugh at loosing as well as winning. They are tenacious, they are practical to the utmost degree in their use of materials and objects. They are capable of long hours of work and are equally capable of inactivity. There are good Navaho People and bad, dependable and undependable, strong and weak. Their powers of observation are photographic. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Through all runs a vein of kindness, of inherent good manners, and some special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps intergated personality is the attribute, for there is a "one-ness" about these people. They live their tradition. They are immeasurably adaptable.

All this is what they have been, and many still are to-day. But as they acquire more of our way of life, as they assimilate our education- (many are doing so at remarkable speed) will they retain the fine qualities of their inheritance? They are now taking from our civilization what they wish of it and making it their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of psychological frustration and have not yet found a way around it. Barred at first by language, many have now acquired a remarkable degree of education and are intelligent, capable people judged by high standards. The hope of their future lies in their unique adaptability and their desire and quickness to learn. It is my belief that the Navaho People as a whole will find their sure place in our American Democracy and that some will fill that place with distinction.

4 We crossed the ~~land~~ of the Hopi, whose reservation is surrounded by the Navaho, ~~+~~

We turned southeast, leaving the western boundary of the reservation behind us and as we crossed Hopi land, ~~that island~~ surrounded by the Navaho, we looked down on the rocky mesa towns of this sturdy tribe. We landed at Winslow, Arizona, for a mid-day meal and a needed rest.

Later in the afternoon we took ~~once more~~ heading home to Santa Fe, ~~more than three hundred miles away.~~ All during the morning we had flown at an altitude of not more than fifteen hundred feet. Now with bumpy air rising from the warm ground, we climbed to about three thousand feet and to my amazement we could see all the land we had crossed in the morning's flight. We flew over the painted desert- saw the petrified forest on our right, and far to the south the long valley traversed by Coronado as he came to this land from Mexico.

As we crossed the Arizona-New Mexico line, Fort Defiance came into view on our right- that earliest outpost of the U.S. Army built in 1850 only four years after New Mexico and Arizona became part of the United States. ~~Close by amid a cluster of wind 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 their land came under the rule of Washington. Fort Defiance had been built for the purpose of quelling the Navaho who, during the weak government under Mexico's short jurisdiction, had become exceedingly bold in their raids of depredation. The early efforts of a small segment of the American Army proved fruitless, for they were too small in number to be any sort of match for the Navaho, so skilled in gorilla warfare. It was frontiersman Kit Carson who finally brought the Navaho to terms. Through a scorched earth policy, he destroyed crops and livestock, finally ~~rounding up~~ most of the starving people. ^{and} The commanding

general of the New Mexico forces, decided to move the Navaho to a new environment and turn them into farmers instead of stockmen. So the captive Navaho in 1864 commenced a long and tedious march of some four hundred miles to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River in Eastern New Mexico, a distance. Many Navaho still talk of the "Long Walk". In 1954 two people who remembered that imprisonment all too clearly told me of it. This concentration camp was doomed to failure. Supplies failed to arrive from the Santa Fe Trail; drought struck the land- grasshoppers destroyed most of the feeble crops, and an epidemic of small pox took the lives of a large number of the stricken people. This shameful episode of American history must be considered in relation to other events. The Navaho were moved at the end of the Civil War, and their imprisonment continued during the first years of the reconstruction. Doubtless officials in Washington had little thought and cared less for a small group of unknown people so far away- for it was far away in 1868. It took weeks for mail to come and months for supplies. The railroad did not reach New Mexico for ^{over} another decade. Pleading to be allowed to return to their homeland, the Navaho promised to stop all raids and disturbances, a promise they have faithfully kept. In return the U.S. promised to furnish one teacher for every 30 children a promise which ~~is~~ only now in 1962 shows signs of fulfillment. For a long way we flew over the trail of the Long Walk, and looking down on the scene from the air one American was filled with remorse.

Looking north across the reservation, I could see the northern boundary. Shiprock stood up above the desert more shiplike than ever from this high and distance. Beyond, glistening on the distant horizon were the snowy summits of Debenetsa, Navaho sacred mountain of the North.

We came quickly back to Santa Fe, cutting close to Tsotsil, landing in the late afternoon. It was a memorable day. It seemed incredible that in the course of a few hours, I could have seen so closely and so clearly, the entire 25,000 sq. miles of Navaho domain.

After a short rest and a second breakfast, we continued our journey following the San Juan River to the area of the Four Corners, that unique spot where four states meet. Below us were many Navaho Farms for this is the most ~~cultivated~~ ^{productive} part of the reservation. Green fields of alfalfa, fields of corn and oats, filled the pale yellow landscape with rich color. When the new dam is completed and 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.

On our right, Shiprock, largest of the Southwest's volcanic cores, rose eighteen hundred feet out of the desert sea. We circled it, the two great flanking dykes reminding us of the Navaho legend of an eagle with outspread wings. In a few more minutes the Red Rock area I knew so well appeared before us, and I was able to trace just where the dun colored landscape we were leaving turned to opalescent red as we neared the Lukachukai and Chuska Mountains. This 9500 foot range, densely covered with pine and fir, spruce and aspen, runs north and south bisecting the reservation and yielding a large timber reserve for the Navaho People. On the western side, the mountains slope into the Fort Defiance Plateau and the timber changes to Pinon and cedar as the elevation drops. Red sandstone promontories jut out into the sage covered foothills.

To the south I could see gashes in the Plateau, great splits in the land which form the Canyons of De Chelly and Del Muerto. The Navaho had penetrated this region by the beginning of the eighteenth century. They found the Hopi living here and probably drove them out. It was from the rim of Canyon del Muerto that a small company of Spanish soldiers bombarded a cave in the opposite wall, killing most of the inhabitants, thus giving the canyon its name. This was in 1804 - the time of the Louisiana Purchase when New Mexico was still under Spanish rule and Thomas Jefferson was wondering about this western land.

As the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to meet the western desert, we could see Monument Valley ahead of us, sun drenched and glowing red. The beauty of the Monoliths was startling from the air, so different from the ground aspect where one looks up at them into a contrasting blue sky.

In the span of a half hour we were over the southern end of another timbered plateau extending down from Utah, and Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us. Following up a tributary we saw suddenly the Cliffdwelling of Be-ta-ta-kin, the most beautiful of all the thirteenth century ruins in the Southwest. The gracefully arched cave with sheer clefts of rock at one end, protected the buildings from storm and wind. Richly green foliage nestled close to the spring these inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their doorsteps. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose colored rock of the cave, that the shadowed doorways are what make the cliff-dwelling visible.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mesa we turned southward over an expanse of yellow sand as yet another desert extended to the Grand Canyon, the western boundary of the reservation. A short flying time brought us opposite Doko-oslid with the Little Colorado River diagonaling our foreground as it contributed its small share of water to its mighty brother.

Once more we saw a high landmark- Doko-oslid, Navaho sacred mountain of the west.

less than
volcanic