

DEDICATED
TO

ELIZABETH WAHRAM FORSTER, R.N.

Dear Betsy:-

This is as much your book as mine. Not only have you shared in the making of it completely, but I owe you so much for your teaching me to understand the Navaho People, as much as any white person can. Our association with these people goes back to our vacation trip in the fall of 1930 when we were misdirected (by a white man) on the road from Kayenta to Chinle on the western side of the reservation, and got ourselves wonderfully lost and ended up by running out of gasoline. How we laugh now over this experience. Yet how important it was, for it led you to undertake your job as a field nurse to the Navaho. I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what we ought to do. I, being the daughter of a hardy Colorado Pioneer, had to do something about our situation immediately. We were in the middle of a desert-visibility in all directions fifty miles or more. We saw nothing, not even a distant Navaho hogan. So I set forth on foot leaving you to guard the car (from what I don't quite know!) and in hope that another traveler would come along and give you gasoline. How I remember my thoughts as I trudged over that limitless desert, recalling every tale I had ever heard or read of such similar experiences; and how mortified I was that I could have lost my way. I remember meeting a Navaho

wagon coming toward me. I tried to talk to the man and his 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 into the back of his wagon and handed me three delicious, cool peaches. Finally after an emotionally stimulated two and a half hour walk, I reached Fraser'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 with 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 from 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 you as a field nurse on the Navaho reservation. How would you live, what would you do there all by yourself, and countless other questions? Later, when I first went down to visit you, finding you in snug though primitive quarters and listening to your experiences, I too became interested in these people, 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,

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Dear Betsy:-

This is as much ^{your} book as mine. Not only have you shared in it completely, but I owe you so much ⁱⁿ in your teaching me to understand these people, as much as any white person can. Our association with the Navaho goes back to our vacation trip in the fall of 1930 when we were misdirected, by a white man, ^{on the road} and got ourselves wonderfully lost, and ended up by running out of gasoline. ~~This was on the desert road from Kayenta to Chinle.~~ How we laugh now over this experience. Yet how important it was, for it led you to undertake your job as a field nurse to the Navaho. I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what we ought to do. I, being the daughter of a hardy Colorado pioneer, had to do something about the situation immediately. We were in the middle of a desert- visibility in all directions fifty miles or more. We saw nothing, not even a distant Navaho hogan. So I set forth on foot leaving you to guard our car (from what I dont quite know) and in the hope that another traveler would come along and give you gasoline. How I remember my thoughts and emotions as I trudged over ~~that~~ limitless desert, recalling every tale I had ever read of such similar experiences, and how mortified I was that I could have lost my way. After half and hour or so I met a Navaho wagon coming toward me. I tried to ~~talk to the man and little boy~~ talk to the man and little boy, saying "Chinle" and pointing in

the general direction of that distant trading post, indicating that I would pay him to take ~~me~~ there. But the ^{man} shook his head, reached in the back of his wagon and handed me three delicious, ~~x~~ cool peaches. Finally after an emotionally stimulated two and a 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 on 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 on the scene, there ~~were~~ ^{were} you happily in the midst of the gathering playing cards with your visitors! And your ensuing tale of how they ~~hand~~ arrived one or two at a time seemingly out of nowhere, to find out what the trouble was and if they could help; ^{to see} your conversation by sign language and the final arrival of an english speaking young man 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 you by the New Mexico Association of Indian Affairs as a field nurse on the Navaho reservation, wondering what you would do there all by yourself, how you would live, and countless other questions. Later, when I first went down to visit you and found you in snug though very primitive quarters and listened to your experiences, how I became interested 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 litterally gave your substance

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This is as much your book as mine. Not only have you shared completely in the making of it, but you have taught me to understand the Navaho People, as much as any white person can. Our association with these people goes back to our vacation trip in the fall of 1930 when we were misdirected (by a white man) on the road from Kayenta to Chinle on the western side of the Navaho reservation, and got ourselves wonderfully lost ending up out of gasoline. How we laugh now over this experience. Yet how important it was, for it led you to undertake your job as a field nurse to the Navaho. I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what we ought to do. I being the daughter of a hardy Colorado Pioneer had to do something about our situation immediately. We were in the middle of a desert-visibility in all directions fifty miles or more. We saw nothing, not even a distant Navaho hogan. So I set forth on foot leaving you to guard the car (from what I don't quite know!) and in hope that another traveler might come along and give you gasoline. How I remember my thoughts as I trudged over that limitless desert, recalling every tale I had ever heard of similar experiences; and how mortified I was that I could have lost my way. I remember meeting a Navaho wagon coming toward me. I tried to talk to the man and his small son saying "Chinle" and pointing in the direction of that distant trading post, indicating that I would pay them to take me there. But the man shook his head, reached into the back of his wagon and handed me three delicious, cool peaches. Finally after an emotionally stimulated two and one half hour walk, I reached Frazers store. The trader was away but his ~~understanding wife~~ took me and the needed gasoline the ten and one 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 lonely car completely surrounded with 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 from 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 you as a field nurse on the Navaho reservation. I asked you countless questions, how would you live, what would you do there all by yourself? Later when I came to visit you, finding you snug though primitive quarters. As I listened to your experiences, I too became interested in these people, impressed by their rugged character, and their mode of life. 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 knowledge and your skill. I saw the response of the Navaho people to your attitude toward them, your willingness to go anywhere at any time when a call came for help. I know the succor you gave, the lives you saved, still unknown to any but those to whom it was given.

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. The lives you saved, the succor you gave, still unknown to any but to those to whom it was given.

How well I remember

And 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 still relive that final morning when six of your "best 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, ~~and~~ made many new ones, and explored nearly the whole of the reservation. I have watched old friends turn to you after twenty years for medical aid the moment they saw your face. ^{And} ~~what a~~ ^{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 Archeologists tell us that by A.D. 1712 ^{some} ~~the~~ Navaho were living in the Canyons de Chelly and Del Muerto, those spectacular canyons on the western slope of the Chuska Mountains. ^{in approximately the center of the present Navaho Res.} And it is believed that many Navaho had moved west from their original Old Navaho Land during the preceeding centuries.

Little proof has yet come to light of these semi-namadic people, ^{which} ~~which~~ gives more exact location of ^{the} ~~their~~ habitat. Unquestionably ^{Knowledge} they moved about, as they have done within our historic ~~period~~, seeking good grazing ranges and small areas to farm. Shortly after Antonio's death, at the time of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the Spanish sent an expedition out to quell the raiding Navaho. They came to the rim of Canyon del Muerto and seeing

Navaho people in a cave across the canyon, ~~they~~ ^{Indian} fired their small canon into the cave. It so happened that the ^{from group} ~~men of this cave~~ were all out on a hunting expedition, with the result that only women and children were killed in this episode. So it was that ~~Massacre~~ Massacre Cave and Canyon del Muerto received their names. From that time the Navaho were, of course, at war with the Spanish. Less than twenty years later came the Mexican War and with it a greatly weakened government in the New Mexico Area. ^{in 1846} And once more Navaho raids were in the ascendancy. Then came the war between the United States and Mexico and on May 14th 1846, General Stephen W. Kearney entered Santa Fe proclaiming the sovereignty of the United States over all citizens, including the Indian Peoples, of this vast Southwestern area.

^{Navaho} The ~~Indians~~, of course, understood little of such changes in government and knew little, if anything, of the United States,

~~Government.~~ At this time our forces were few. ~~ix~~ Even so, during
the Mexican War, Colonel Doniphan ^{was sent on} ~~made~~ an expedition to Bear Springs,
(now Fort Wingate) to make a treaty with the Navaho. This gesture
was useless and ~~ix~~ for the next three years five military expeditions
were sent out ~~ix~~ in an effort to stop the Navaho raids. All of
these were of little avail in so vast ^{and huge} a country, ^{where the people scattered out kept on} ~~Navaho raids~~ In
~~continued~~ 1851 Fort ^{Candy (now Defiance)} ~~Defiance~~ was established right in the heart
of
of the most hostile area, The first civil agent to the Navaho was
~~Captain Henry L. Dodge, frontiersman and soldier.~~ but the garrison
was small, the efforts to subdue the Navaho fruitless. This
ineffectual ~~ixix~~ gorilla war continued for ten years, the Navaho
and their southern Mescalero Apaches continually ^{Indian} raiding the
~~Spanish~~ settlements and stock ranches along the Rio Grande, ^{as well as the pueblos}
In 1861 the military forces from Fort Defiance were withdrawn to
participate in the Civil War action along the Rio Grande. With all
the attention of the ^{Federal} military forces united to throw back the
Confederate Army from the Santa Fe region, the Navho ^a were once
more left to their own pursuits. In June of 1863 Brigadier General
James Carleton signed a General Order, ~~which was~~ an official declara-
tion of War against the Navaho. General Carleton sent Lieut.
Christopher (Kit) Carson with 1000 troops to the Navaho Country
to subdue the Navaho, with orders to ^{only} destroy crops & kill stock & thus
reduce these people to starvation & subjugation.
Stated at Ft. Union, New Mexico.