

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 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,