

citement spread amid a rapid flow of Navaho. I pointed to the nurse in the picture, then to Betsy standing beside me, but the oldest of the three kept shaking her head. Just then a teenage 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 on Betsy's shoulder and her arms around her, and wept. After a few minutes Mrs. Hard Belly raised her head, shook herself, straightened her shoulders and returned to the present. After a while it was arranged that we were to come back in two days, when their clothes would be freshly washed and they would all be ready for more pictures. *add new text ?*

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 awakened by a pounding on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man breathing heavily and dripping with sweat. His three months' old baby was very sick; he had run more than 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 the medicine man's ritual, the baby had gotten worse.

*New text added*