

couriers went out to explore. To the East they found no sign of life, to the South they saw tracks of the deer and the turkey, and to the West again no sign of life. But when they returned from the North, the couriers told of finding a race of strange men who cut their hair square in front, and who lived in houses on the ground, and who cultivated fields. The following day, two of these strangers -- the Kiis'aanii (the Pueblo People) came to the exiles' camp and later guided them to water. The water was red and the Kiis'aanii told the People that they must not cross the river on foot or their feet would be injured. The Kiis'aanii showed the People a square raft made of logs -- a white pine, a blue spruce, a yellow pine, and a black spruce. So the People crossed the river to visit the homes of these friends who gave them corn and pumpkins to eat. This land had neither rain nor snow and the crops were raised by irrigation.

Late in the autumn the People heard the sound of a distant voice calling. It came from the East. Three times more they heard the voice, each time nearer than before. At last four mysterious beings appeared. They were White Body, Blue Body, Yellow Body and Black Body. These beings made signs to the People but did not speak, and after they had gone the People wondered what these signs meant. Three times the gods visited them but still did not talk. On the fourth day Black Body stayed after the others had gone and spoke to the People in their own language. "You do not understand the signs the gods make to you. I will tell you what they mean. They wish to

DIBĒNTSAA

Mount Hesperus, La Platta Mountains,
Colorado

THE THREE LESSER SACRED MOUNTAINS

CH'ÓOL'I'I'

Gobernador Knob. In Old Navaholand,
southeast of the reservoir

DZIL NÁ'ÓODILII

Huerfano Mesa, south of Farmington,
New Mexico

NAATSIS'ÁÁN

Navaho Mountain, southeastern Utah

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Part I

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

*confusion
of antecedents*

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

Part I

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

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

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

part I

more ~~Paragraphs~~ needed

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

Pub. I

Corrected

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Dung Beetles -- Hard Beetles -- Black Beetles -- Bats -- White Faced Beetles -- Locusts -- and White Locusts. There were oceans far off in each direction, and in each ocean a chief or deity. The people quarreled among themselves and the chiefs told them they must go elsewhere.

Entering a hole in the East, the People emerged into the Second World. Here they found the Bird People with whom they made friends. They sent out their couriers, Locust and White Locust, to explore the land, but though they reached the edge of the world, they found only bare ground. After a while there was more quarreling, and the Bird People told them they must go away.

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

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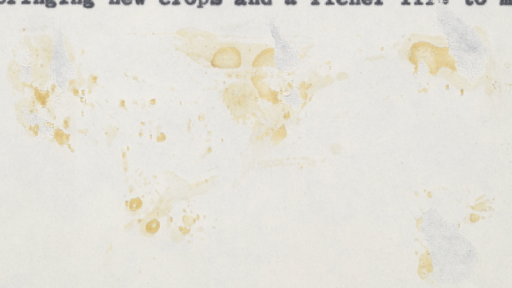
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Part 7

Once as Betsy and I left a hogan where she had been on a nursing visit, we encountered this woman carrying her small son and two lambs. Twenty five years later we found the woman again, and while we were talking to her, her husband rode up with a small boy in the saddle in front of him. This baby turned out to be the son of the boy held by his mother.

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PART I

B.

THE DINÉH

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15 this owl 6 ft 10 in

One day we drove out to Hard Belly's hogan where the old man was suffering from a heart condition. The doctor having prescribed digitalis, Betsy was to instruct the old man's wife how to measure the proper dose. As we entered the hogan we found Hard Belly lying on his pallet, his wife and family sitting about him. Betsy proceeded with her mission while I wondered if I dared ask to make a picture. To my surprise they seemed pleased that I wanted to, which was one more evidence of their confidence in their nurse.

Thirty years later we found ourselves again in this vicinity. We came to a group of hogans and sitting in a summer shelter near by, were three older women. After shaking hands and finding that no one spoke English, I returned to the car

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PART II
HABITATION
AND
OCCUPATION

(color. covered wagon on mountain)

81 } old sp. pix
82 }
83 - pin. logan

Navaho homes, or hogans, are scattered far and wide over the reservation. Pasturage for ~~these~~ 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; ^abound^uries are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and bound^ury 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 fresh grass.

The hogan is the most practical building for life in the desert country. It heats with a minimum amount of fuel, it is cool in summer, and having no windows, it is a retreat from the strong winds of early spring. There is a quiet peace within the hogan, for the only light is from above, through the smoke hole in the roof. The form of the hogan ^{Stems} comes from the creation ^{story for} ~~man~~ where the Holy People built the first hogan and set the pattern and the customs. Round, or nearly round ^{is} 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^{is} symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the logs or stone while the chant invokes peace and a happy life for the family.

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 family and any guests sit on the west, facing the entrance. In early times a shallow fire pit was dug in the earth floor. This still exists though in recent times many

86- Fin. Dep. 100-12
87 Harriet

86- Logan - Counsel
87 Harriet

Navaho are using tin or iron stoves, sometimes small metal barrels, with ~~x~~ 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 ^{so} ~~form~~ empty orange crates or boxes obtained from nearby trading posts, will hold dishes, and food staples. On the west side of the hogan sheepskins, which serve as beds at night, will have been rolled up and stacked away. 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 hogan, are boxes, suitcases or even small trunks, in which other possessions are stored. There is a place for everything and there is always order. Following the ancient pattern to which all individuals subscribe, this true sense of order permeates Navaho life.

Where Navaho people have moved to nearby towns and are living in ordinary houses, 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 contact with cultured anglo homes. I recall an episode in 1932, when Betsy and I took Mrs. Francis and Timothy to Santa Fe to see the wonderful collection of Navaho blankets in the Laboratory of Anthropology. Following this 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 ^{was} ~~was~~ something I shall always remember. She had never been ^{away} ~~away~~ from Red Rock, and her only contact with any white home was the very simple apartment Betsy had in the old hospital building where for the first time she sat at a table to eat. At our friends' house

that evening, we sat down to a formal dinner for twelve people at a table exquisitely set with shining silver, sparkling glass and 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. 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 had found myself in such completely foreign surroundings, with such different customs, and listening to a language I did not understand. At the present time, however, during this transition period from the old life to the new, Navaho people are buying second hand beds, tables and chairs, and the old sense of order is disappearing.

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); ones built of upright logs topped with cribbed horizontal logs to build domeshaped roofs; and hogans with 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 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.

Near the winter hogan there is always a summer shelter, for the Navaho live chiefly out-of-doors during the summer months. Built of upright poles, the shelter has a roof of fresh green boughs from cottonwood trees, or cedar or juniper. In areas where sheep are taken to the mountains for summer pasture, the winter hogan will be closed. As the Navaho ^vlies with a minimum of possessions, there is little to move, for life during the summer months. Cooking utensils, some extra clothing, wool for weaving, a few basic food supplies-salt, sugar, coffee, flour, etc. The women set up their looms under a shelter, the children watch the flocks, the men ^vhaul water and wood and ^dten the small farms.

Water in most areas must be brought from wells or from the few rare springs which may be miles away. Barrels filled with water are ^uhauled in wagons sometimes for a distance of twenty miles. To-day, the wagons are rapidly being replaced by pickup trucks, and where, long ago, the horse changed Navaho life, now the automobile is bringing another great change. Water is still scarce, though the Tribal Government ^{as well as the Indian Service} ^{are} is developing new wells, bringing some relief from the long ^uhauls that have been necessary for so long. Water is conserved to the utmost. Once, when we were visiting ~~friends~~ under a summer shelter, our friend Paulina was making ready to wash a few dishes. I asked her if I might make a picture showing how the Navaho can wash dishes in a tea cup full of water. She took me quite literally and measuring out a cupfull, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were clean. It is surprising how cool it can be ^{un-}der a shelter on a hot summer day, for there is always a breeze, and all one needs is shade.

In the summer of 1954, we made a trip to the Navaho Mountain area in southeastern Utah. This is still a remote region, ~~and~~ containing much old Navaho life. We spent a memorable day with the family

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 of hardships they had endured, the effort of starting life again on their old homesites, and the fight for survival.

This shelter was 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 rain storms. We were soon to ⁱⁿlearn 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; making ^{Kneel down} 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 gand daughter. The little girl in the center is the great, great grand daughter.

The sons and grandsons were away at work, and sons-in-law would never be there, for the old rule still is imposed in most 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^r or possessions. We watched the making of ^{Kneel down} knee bread, green corn cut from the cob, put through a meat 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 sensitive to

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this approaching moment and to take one's leave before wearing out a welcome.

At Navaho Mountain we found a distinct difference in costume from other parts of the reservation. A broader collar on the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Before the days of American Occupation, the old apparel consisted, for the women, of two hand-woven mant^as secured at the shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. When the women saw the pioneer white woman'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, worn for so long a time, to one of rayon and the like, and shorter in length.

Many of the Navaho 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.

94. Paulina Shultz
95 } dbb. sp. Long Salt hoguen
96 }

Family is very important to all Navaho People. They are proud of many relations. There are to-day more than sixty clans, groups of related people. Lineage is traced through the mother, and a son or daughter must marry outside his or her clan. Marriages are usually arranged by family and relatives when a boy or girl reach the proper age. A dowry of sheep or horses, or other items is presented by the family of the boy. Navaho relationships are hard for us to understand for the Navaho have other words, or groups of words, for aunts, uncles, cousins etc. I have heard Navaho people speak of "my uncle" only to find quite a different relationship from our knowledge of the word. A true uncle is spoken of as "my mother's brother", for instance.

The Navaho language is extremely complex. Athabascan in origin, it has certain similarities to oriental languages, such as the raising or lowering of the voice at the end of a word or phrase changes the meaning. It is a verbal language, a language full of movement, of subtle differences of meaning when action is added.

It is only in recent years that the Navaho language has been put into written form. Father Berard Haile from Saint Michael's Mission and school, invented new symbols for sounds we do not have in English, and established a Navaho alphabet. He produced a Navaho dictionary. During the long years of his life on the reservation, he translated many Navaho Myths into English. His research in this field was very great, not only for the benefit of English speaking people, but in addition he transcribed ^{many} Navaho ^{legends} ~~mythology~~ into written Navaho.

98 Washburn Begay
99 Timothy Mottin under shelter
100 Oed komau & Wheel
101 Emma's Hands
102 Making cradle board
103

One summer while we were working in the Red Rock area, we heard about a road up on top of the Luka~~X~~chukai Mountains which led to the trading post of ~~road~~^{uk}Alena on the Eastern slope of the mountains. Deciding to explore this, we started on the old road that crossed the Mountains to the post of Luka^{uk}chal on the Western slope. As we reached the top we found the branch road leading south. At first it was almost impossible, and at one extremely rough and steep point I remarked as we started a third attempt, "If we don't make it this time we'll go back". Fortunately we did make it and soon we were driving through a beautiful pine and spruce forest with occasional groves of aspen.

As we rounded a bend, before us on a rise a little above the road level, was a beautiful log hogan, built in a small clearing, the pines and spruces towering beyond. Sitting outside busy at their work were two women and a small child, the elder woman carding wool, the younger, grinding corn on an old type metate. They seemed surprised that a car had come from the northerly direction, but greeted us as we approached. We found that neither of the women spoke English, so in a little while I produced my book of pictures and soon they were engrossed in looking at them. Then I heard an exclamation of "Mamma, Mamma!" and it seemed that I had photographed the older woman's mother at some distant point. I took the print out of the book and gave it to her, to her delight. After a while I asked if I might make some more pictures (sign language) and following a nod of acquiescence, set to work. We spent the rest of the morning with these people and as noon approached, we packed up and were ready to continue our journey.

98/b

Suddenly we heard it-- a Navaho song--soaring from the woods
in the clear, silent ^{mountain} ~~ain~~tain air. It was a song of utter joy,
of complete freedom of spirit, such as I had never heard. We
stood spellbound. Soon there was the ^{added} tinkle of sheep bells as
out of the forest they all came, the sheep, the man, his little
son and a dog. He stopped abruptly when he saw ^{strangers} ~~us~~ and a veil
came down like the dropping of a curtain at the theatre. He
approached slowly, greeting us with usual Navaho courtesy. But
in those few moments we had glimpsed the Navaho soul. Soon we
were on our way enriched ~~by this experience~~ beyond measure by
this experience.

We never did find the road to Toad~~le~~lena- we came out at Sanostee
ⁱⁿ instead- but what matter?

99 b fix washer

I make a baby-board for you, my son.
May you grow to a great old age.
Of the rays of the earth I make the back,
The blanket I make of the rainbow,
The side-loops I make of the sunbeams,
The foot board I make of the sun-dogs,
The covering I make of the dawn,
The bed, I make of the black fog.

This Prayer is sung when a baby is placed in the cradle-board.

The Navaho have songs of many kinds. There are sacred songs, the chants from the many ceremonies, hundreds of them. There are songs for an individual, songs for chorus. A medicine man must know all the chants in every ceremony he conducts. There are songs related to all forms of living creatures, songs of protection, , songs to ward off evil. There are songs for daily activities, there are songs about sacred mountains and places. There are songs of sorrow, songs of gladness, songs of suplication. There are songs for games, songs for pleasure. A Navaho feels rich according to how many songs he knows. There are songs for smaller ceremonies, songs for the blessing of a new hogan, *a* song for the building of a baby's cradle board.

Heater copy of baby board song

105. Grandma & baby