

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? Don't you know he is a Carlisle graduate?" Betsy decided that John Billy had the last laugh.

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.

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

to get Betsy, feeling sure that she would find someone she had known long ago. No one recognized her, nor she any of them, so by way of conversation I produced my portfolio. When we came to the picture made in Hard Belly's hogan in 1932, excitement 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.

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.

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 near by. As they were leaving the building, a very hard-boiled 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 to Red Rock, 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 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. When they returned to the car, Betsy tried to comfort them a little. The medicine man had done what he could, but for this kind of illness, the white doctor had newer medicine.

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Such thoughtless, unsympathetic remarks as those given by the hospital nurse 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 those 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. Today these doctors and nurses are better equipped with social and psychological understanding to win rather than force -- to teach rather than admonish. Doctors of today 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.

A most amusing incident happened several years ago, told me by a friend who witnessed the climax. A man and his wife from New Jersey were on their first trip to the west. They had been to the Grand Canyon and were returning across the Navaho reservation. Never having experienced anything like the lonesomeness of the great open spaces of the Southwest, they were quite overwhelmed by it. Also they were somewhat afraid of the strange people who spoke a "foreign" language whom they had seen at one trading post where they stopped for gasoline and to ask for directions. After leaving Kayenta,