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The Enduring Navajo

18 pt. Weiss, Series II

10/12 Caledonia
any measure

24¹ ← By Laura Gilpin ^{② N+2 2° 11/12 Cal.}
 ① ②
 1P letter space as indicated

The Pueblos: A Camera Chronicle

Temples in Yucatan

The Rio Grande: River of Destiny

Letterspace optically to
fill $15\frac{1}{2}$ picas.
Same spacing in other words.

The Enduring Navajo

30 pt. Large Weiss Series II

by

Laura Gilpin

18 pt. Weiss Ser. II

Add # where indicated
for balanced spacing optically

9/12 Cal.
Set line for line

set

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(Set)

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DEDICATED

to

ELIZABETH WARHAM FORSTER, R.N.

1 1/2 pt. Caledonia
3 x 4 1/2

Dear Betsy:

9/10 Caledonia
X 19 1/2

[1] This is as much your book as mine. Not only have you shared completely in the making of it, but also you have taught me to understand the Navaho People. Our association with the Navaho goes back to a vacation trip in the fall of 1930 when we were misdirected (by a white man) on the road from Kayenta to Chinle, Arizona, on the western side of the reservation, and got ourselves wonderfully lost, ending with an empty gasoline tank. How we laugh now over that experience. Yet how important it was, for it led you to a position as field nurse to the Navaho the following year.

I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what we should do. I, for some reason, thought I had to do something immediately. We were in the middle of a vast semi-desert; visibility in every direction was fifty miles or more, but we saw nothing, not a distant hogan, nor a horse, nor a flock of sheep -- just empty land. So I set forth on foot, leaving you to guard the car (from what I don't quite know!) with hope that another traveler might come along who would give you gasoline. How well I remember my thoughts as I trudged along, recalling every vivid tale I had ever heard of a similar experience. How mortified I was at having lost my way. I remember meeting

Get

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a Navaho man and ^a little boy in a wagon, coming out of a wash. I tried to talk to them but they spoke no English. I pointed in the direction of Chinle, indicating that I would pay them to take me there, but the man shook his head, ^{he} then reaching for something under a canvas in the wagon bed, ^{he} handed me three cool, delicious peaches. Finally, after an emotionally stimulated walk of two and one half hours, I reached Frazer's trading post. The trader was away, but his understanding wife took me and the needed gasoline back to you and the car, a distance of more than ten miles. I remember imagining how worried you must ^{have been} be over my long absence. Never will I forget topping a gentle rise in the undulating desert and seeing the lonely car completely surrounded by Navaho Indians, like a swarm of bees about a honeysuckle. When we arrived, there you were in the midst of the gathering, happily playing cards with your visitors! Your ensuing tale of how the Navaho had arrived, two or three at a time, seemingly from nowhere, to find out what the trouble was and to offer help, both surprised and interested me.

^{of} A year later, I recall my concern when you told me you were accepting a position as a field nurse to the Navaho, sponsored by a private organization. I wondered where and how you would live, what your work would consist of, whom you would have to help you. Later when I came to visit, I found you in snug though primitive quarters. As I listened to tales of your experiences, I, too, became interested in these people, impressed by their rugged character and their mode of life.

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From time to time my visits revealed the work you were doing, your understanding, your patience, your kindness, and ^{your} generosity, for you literally gave of your substance as well as your knowledge and nursing 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 too, the lives you saved and the succor you gave.

When the depression came and there were no more funds ^{for the} to continue ^{ation of} your work, you had to leave. I helped you pack and move. I can re-live that final morning when six of your best friends arrived, watched our every act, then suddenly, solemnly, and without warning, ~~they all~~ stood, bowed their heads, and wept in unison.

During the past ^{eighteen} fourteen years, together we have hunted for old friends after a lapse of nearly thirty years, finding many, making many new ones, and exploring nearly the whole of the reservation. I have watched old friends turn to you for medical aid the moment they saw your face. What fun we have had evolving this book. Your help when I was after difficult pictures, your sound criticism, and ^{your} encouragement, finally, have brought the book to completion. So as a tribute to our long and happy friendship, this is your book.

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10/12 Caledonia
X 19 1/2

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PREFACE

14 pt. Weiss, Series II

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Within the boundaries of their ^{25,000 =} ~~twenty-five thousand~~ ^{100,000} ~~square-mile reservation, more than one hundred thousand~~ Navaho People, the largest tribe of Indians in North America, are striving for existence on a land not productive enough to sustain their increasing population. They are striving not only to exist, but also to meet an encroaching way of life with which they are in a large measure, unfamiliar. It is within the last thirty years that the Navaho have been faced with this growing necessity for change ~~from~~ a change so great for them, that we can scarcely comprehend it. Their traditional mode of living ~~is~~ ^m simple, carefree, undisturbed by the great pressures of our complex civilization, ^m ~~has required~~ ^(is being) changes ^d ~~needing~~ adaptation to an existence utterly alien to them. In ^{Navaho's} past years nature provided sufficient pasture for their ~~herds~~ ^{flocks}, and sufficient arable land for their simple farming, while the trading posts offered a market for their products.

Today the Navaho find themselves with a population more than three times greater than their land can support. Thirty years ago, they felt the white man far away, save for those few with whom they traded, but today they are surrounded by a constantly growing white population. Navaholand is no longer the far away wild country of the Southwest. This encroaching pressure is sharply felt, and the Navaho are rising to meet it. Thirty years ago, many were reluctant to go to the res-

ervation schools; they were shy and diffident about learning the ways of our people. Today, they are clamoring for education, for there are many more children who want to go to school than there are schools or teachers to fill this demand.

It has been my privilege to observe some of the old life and much of the transition to the new. It has been intensely interesting, often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general has filled me with admiration for these people. Photography is essentially the medium for recording and interpreting such change. There is no pretense here of a scientific or an ethnologic approach, but all factual statements have been checked with some of our leading scientists and, finally, with the Navaho People themselves.

There are many books about the Navaho; books by anthropologists, physicians, psychologists, and by experienced laymen. Many of the authors have far greater knowledge of the Navaho than I. My endeavor has been to create a visual image of these people, together with an explanatory text. As pictures and ideas accumulated, they fell into four categories; therefore, it seemed quite in keeping with Navaho tradition to divide this book into four parts. First, The Navaho World, with its geographic conception and mythology; second, The Way of the People, depicting their mode of life and their activities; third, The Coming Way, denoting the present transition from the old ways to the new; and fourth, The Enduring Way, the way of Navaho belief, which binds the People together through their traditional ceremonialism.

Some of these pictures were made more than thirty years ago, between 1950 and 1965 when the photographic work most of them during the past eighteen years. I am well aware

was completed

of many gaps, but it is my hope that these pages will stir an understanding of this energetic tribe, and awaken an interest in its imaginative and poetic background.

I have been fortunate indeed in the friends I have made and the co-operation I have received from interest^{ed} Navaho People. This, therefore, is an interpretation of a wonderful people just as I have found them, a people having great pride, dignity, and ability who deserve our sincere respect.

Laura Gilpin
Santa Fe, New Mexico fl. st.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

14 pt. Weiss Ser. II

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[4] So many people have helped in one way or another over the many years this book has been in the making, that it would be a long list indeed to name them all. To the following I am deeply grateful for their help and criticism.

[] To the many Navaho People who have willingly helped in allowing me to make these photographs and who helped in other ways, and to the following friends who have given specific help:

align
[] Sam Ahkeah
[] Maria Teba Bia
[] Sam Day III

[2] Ned Hatathli
Maurice McCabe []
Annie Wauneka

To Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel A. Owings, whose interest in this book has led them to the generous act of providing nine of the color plates.

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their joint

its collection. To David J. and Courtney Jones, for their valuable help. To Marjorie F. Lambert, curator, Research Division of the Museum of New Mexico for her appraisal of the entire work. To the late Dorothea Lange, photographer, who gave great encouragement to this project. To Martin Link, director of the Navajo Museum, Window Rock, Arizona. To Robert Measeles, Bureau of Indian Affairs, for his help in securing information about the Checker-board Area. To Mabel Morrow, long with the Education^{Division} of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, for her careful checking of the whole craft section. To staff members^{many} of the National Park Service, for their help at ~~any~~ locations. To Betty Toulouse, for her excellent proof reading. ~~To the School of American Research for permission to photograph the red blanket in its collection.~~ To Virginia von Schrenk, for her typing of the manuscript. To the late Richard Van Valkenburg^{IV}, for his interest and help. ^{and} To ^A Robert ^W Young, of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, for his help on the Navaho language and pronunciation guide.

To the following traders:

^{align}
The late Bruce Bernard
Sam Day III
Charles Dickens
Rubin Hefflin
The late Roman Hubbell
Troy Kennedy
Sally and William Lippincott
The late "Cozy" McSparron
The late Carlos Stohlworthy
Don Watson

Shiprock
Pine Springs
Shiprock
Shonto
Ganado
Red Rock
Wide Ruins
Chinle
Red Rock
Cortez

And to several anonymous friends who lent a helping hand along the way.

to Cornelia G. Thompson, for permitting me to photograph many pieces from her Navaho silver collection;

PART I

12"

The Navaho World
 The Creation Story

Letterspace optically
 24 pt. Weiss Ser. II
 Each word flush right

10 pts between words of title

F.U.P. No. 3

10 1/2 Caledonia
x 19 1/2

0018

THE CREATION STORY - 18 pt. Weiss, Series II
lettersp. opt.

Stick up.
30" Large
Weiss--

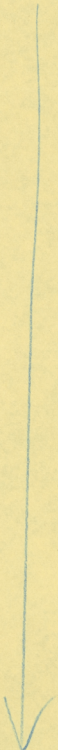
5 picas

3 1/2 picas
to small cap

To understand the Navaho People, even in small measure, it is essential to know at least some part of their symbolic ritual. That they have so rich a tradition comes as a surprise to those unfamiliar with their background. The Navaho have retained their culture through centuries without the use of written language, without centers of education, and without a religious head, for there is no such office. It simply exists in every person, in every family, in every part of their land. As the legends, the chants, and the symbolism are myriad, and as knowledge of these must be handed down by word of mouth or they will perish, Navaho capacity for memory has become very great. There is always a medicine man who carries on these beliefs, who conducts the ceremonies, who teaches others. The Creation Story, as its title indicates, contains the roots of this symbolism, and signifies Navaho relation to all of nature. Like our Old Testament, the Navaho story contains a flood, expulsion from one world to another, and throughout, a strong suggestion of evolution.

[1] Beginning with Dr. Washington Matthews, an Army surgeon stationed at Fort Wingate in the 1880s, and followed by a number of students and anthropologists who gathered their information from many medicine men, this legend has been recorded, and though there are variations, the basic characters are similar. From the story has come the Blessing Way Ceremony -- the ceremonial

sacred to the Navaho People^m and also the great variety of
symbolic^b uses of plants and animals, birds and insects, colors
and substances. The sacred number four permeates Navaho think-
ing. There are the four directions, the four seasons, ^{and} the four
colors and substances associated with the four sacred mountains:
white and white shell indicate the East; blue and turquoise, the
South; yellow and coral or abalone, the West; black and jet, the
North. In most rituals there are four songs and multiples thereof,
as well as many other symbolic uses of four.



The Navaho believe that the People came from lower worlds, passing through four of them (some say twelve) to emerge into this present Fifth World. Early Navaho concept, like that of ^{primitive peoples;} all ¹ races, was that the world was flat, that the sky was supported by supernatural beings, ^{and} ~~and~~ that the sun came in the morning and left at night, ^{and} that the moon and stars were hung in the sky to be seen after the sun had departed. They believe ^{which is} that the next world is the world of the spirit, ¹ ~~and~~ beyond ¹ that a world where everything merges into the cosmos. Their only concern, however, is with this present life in the Fifth World. 7
8

The Story tells of life beginning in a lower world, the First World, where it was predestined that the prototypes of living creatures, as well as inanimate elements, ^{would come} ~~came~~ into being. Here began the duality of life, male and female. There were twelve kinds of people inhabiting this First World, which was dark, and though they are spoken of as people, they were insects as we know them. There were Dark Ants ¹ ~~---~~ Red Ants ¹ ~~---~~ Dragon Flies ¹ ~~---~~ Yellow Beetles ¹ ~~---~~ Stone Carrier Beetles ¹ ~~---~~

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 flow-
 ing into it was the male river, thus symbolizing generation.
 Grasshopper People lived in the Third World and the People min-
 gled with them, requesting 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 yel-
 low, and one black, and to this day the People have grasshoppers
 of these colors.

When the People entered the Fourth World, they saw four great snow-covered mountains on the far horizon of each direction. Once again the 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 ¹--- the Kiis'aanii (the Pueblo People) ¹--- came to the exiles' camp and later guided them to ^{a river} 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 ¹--- a white pine, a blue spruce, a yellow pine, and a black spruce. ^{new} So the People crossed the river to visit the homes of these ^{As} friends, who gave them corn and pumpkins to eat. ¹ 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

gods

6"
9 1/11 Cal.
x 19 1/2
Full measure