

make more people, but they want the forms of these people to be like themselves. You have bodies like theirs, but you have the teeth, the feet, and the claws of insects. The new people will have hands and feet like ours. Have yourselves well cleansed when we return, which will be in twelve days."

On the morning of the twelfth day, the People washed themselves thoroughly, the women drying themselves with yellow corn meal, the men with white corn meal. Soon they heard the call of the gods shouted four times, each time nearer than before, and after the fourth call, the gods appeared. Blue Body and Black Body each carried a sacred buckskin. White Body carried two ears of corn, one white and one yellow, each perfect with grains to the tip. One buckskin was laid on the ground with the head to the West. On it they placed the two ears of corn with the tips to the East. Under the white ear they put ^a the feather from the white eagle, and under the yellow ear, a feather from the yellow eagle. Over all they spread the other buckskin.

The gods told the People to stand away to allow the Wind to enter. The White Wind blew from the East and the Yellow Wind from the West, blowing between the buckskins. While the Winds were blowing, eight Mirage People came, walking around the skins four times. While they walked, the People saw the feathers move. When the Mirage People had completed their fourth round, the upper skin was lifted. A man and a woman lay ~~there~~ where the ears of corn had been; the white ear had been changed into a man, the yellow ear into a woman, and the

Winds had given them life. It is the wind coming out of our mouths that gives us life ¹~~---m~~ when it stops, we die. In the skin at the tips of our fingers we can see the trail of the Winds. Thus the gods created First Man and First Woman.

The first children born to First Man and First Woman were hermaphrodite twins. Then more twins were born, ^{birth of the} and after the last pair, the gods took First Man and First Woman away to the East Mountain and kept them there four days. When they returned, all the children were taken to the same place. After they had all made the journey to the Sacred Mountain, they occasionally wore masks, and when this happened they prayed for all good things, for rain and abundant crops.

⁸
⁹ The children of First Man and First Woman married among the Mirage People, and they in turn bore many children. Some of their offspring married among the Kiis'aanii and the People from the lower worlds, and soon there were many people with First Man as their chief.

The People from the Third World had been in the Fourth World for eight years when one day they saw the Sky stooping down and the Earth rising to meet it. From the point of contact there sprang from the Earth Coyote and Badger, children of the Sky. Coyote, the elder, came and skulked around the People, but Badger went down the hole that led to the lower world and was rarely seen.

One day, following a feast of deer meat, First Woman made a remark which made her husband angry and they had a quarrel. The next morning First Man called all the men together, telling

them what his wife had said ¹~~---m~~ that the women thought they could get along without the men. "Let us leave them," he said, "and see if they can till the fields and hunt game, and let us take the Kiis'aanii with us." So they crossed the river on the raft taking with them the things they had made. The Kiis'aanii went too, but they took their wives with them.

^{During} The first year all went well, the women had plenty of food, and they sang and had a merry time. As the men had to start new fields, they did not have ~~so~~ much to eat. The second year the women did not do ~~so~~ well, while the men increased their fields and crops. In the third year, the women did still less well, and the men better by far. In the fourth year the women had little to eat and the men much more than they needed.

~~And~~ First Man began to think about what he had done and that the race might perish. He sent a ^{messenger} ~~man to the bank of the~~ ^{ask} ~~river who called to~~ First Woman ~~asking her~~ if she still thought she could live alone. The answer came back that the women could not live without their husbands. ^{Therefore} ~~So~~ amidst great rejoicing, the women were brought across the river on the raft. It was soon discovered that three were missing, a woman and her two daughters. After nightfall the voices of the missing ones were heard begging to be ferried across, but they were told to wait until morning. The mother could not wait and swam across, but the daughters disappeared. For three days and nights the People heard nothing of the missing ones.

On the morning of the fourth day the call of the gods was heard, and after the fourth call White Body appeared

holding up two fingers and pointing to the river. White Body went away but soon returned with Blue Body, each carrying a bowl, one white and one blue. They put the bowls on the water, spinning them as they did so, and the water parted beneath the bowls, giving entrance to a house with four rooms, one in each direction. The mother ^{of the missing girls} and her husband entered the house, Coyote following them, and finding the first three ^{rooms} empty, they entered the fourth room to the north. Here they saw Water Monster, with two of his children, and sitting beside him were their own two daughters. The man and woman demanded their daughters, and, as Water Monster said nothing, they took them and went away. While no one was looking, Coyote slyly stole the children of the Water Monster, hiding them under his robe. No one noticed this ^{for} as Coyote always wore his robe folded around himself.

The next day the People were surprised to see all sorts of game running past them, going from East to West. This went on for three days, and on the morning of the fourth day they saw a strange gleam after the white light rose in the East. They sent the Locust Couriers to see what it was. They returned to say that there was a vast flood approaching from the East. The People and the Kiis'aanii assembled, bemoaning their fate and knew ^{only} not what to do. They climbed a hill to hold a council. Then they saw two men drawing near, one was old and had grey hair, the other ^{was} young. They passed right through the crowd without speaking and sat down on top of the hill, the young man in front, the old man behind him, and

Locust behind them both, and they all turned and faced the East. The old man took seven bags from his robe, telling the People that he had bits of earth from the Seven Sacred Mountains. The People asked him if he could help them, and he replied that perhaps his son could, but the People must face the West, for they must not see him at his work.

Soon the People were called and they saw the sacred earth spread out on the ground. Planted in it were four reeds with four joints, and, as they watched, the roots spread out, going into the earth, and the reeds joined into one, growing rapidly; and in the Eastern side of the big reed was a great hole. The young man told the People to enter, and when they were all in, the hole closed behind them and they heard the splashing of the waters as the flood came near. Turkey was the last to enter the reed and his tail got wet with the foam from the flood, and that is why Turkey has white tips to his tail feathers.

^{As} The People climbed inside the reed and soon it began to sway, but Black Body blew a great breath through the top of the reed and a black cloud formed around the top, holding it steady. As the People climbed, the reed grew higher and again it began to sway. Black Body took a plume from his headband and stuck it through the top of the reed, fastening it to the sky. And that is why the reed now always carries a plume. The People sent Locust up to find a hole in the sky, and finding a small opening he passed through it into the upper world, coming out on an island in the middle of a lake. But the hole was too small for the People to get through, so they sent Badger

to dig it out. When Badger returned, his legs were all covered with mud and that is why the legs of badgers have been black ever since.

Then First Man and First Woman led the way and they all emerged to the surface of this, the Fifth World. On the fourth day, someone looked down through the hole and saw the water rushing up. First Man called a council and, pointing to Coyote, said that there was something wrong about Coyote, for he never took off his robe. So the People searched Coyote and two strange objects fell to the ground. These were the children of the Water Monster whom Coyote had stolen from under the river. The People threw the children into the hole and at once the water subsided.

On the fifth night one of the hermaphrodite twins stopped breathing and ^{the People} they all wondered what had become of her breath; they hunted for it everywhere. While the People were hunting for the lost breath, two men looked down the hole of emergence, and there they saw the hermaphrodite sitting on a rock combing her hair. They told the People what they had seen, but on the fourth day both men died, and ever since the People have feared to look upon the dead.

Start 9 → [1] Now the Kiis'aani were camped some little distance from the others, and one of the People found that they had brought an ear of corn with them from the lower world. Some ^{People} wanted to take this away from the Kiis'aanii, ^{while} others said that that would be wrong, but some young men went to demand the corn, and angry words followed. But the friendly Kiis'aanii offered to break

the ear in two and give the People their choice of the pieces. While the young men were considering which piece to take, Coyote grabbed the tip and ran away with it, leaving the butt end for the Kiis'aanii, and that is why the Pueblo People have always had better corn than the Navaho. After the angry words, the Kiis'aanii moved away from the People, which is why they and the Navaho live apart today.

Then First Man and First Woman, Black Body and Blue Body, built seven sacred mountains ^{in the Fifth World, using} with the earth brought from the lower world. And the four Great Mountains were SISNAAJINÍ to the East, TSOODZIL to the South, DOKO'OSLÍÍD to the West, and DIBÉNTSAA to the North. Within these boundaries were the three lesser mountains, CH'ÓÓL'Í'Í, DZIL NÁ'ÓODILII, and NAATSI'S'ÁÁN. These are still the Sacred Mountains of the Diné, the Navaho People.

~~HERE~~ But times were bad and there were many Enemy Monsters who killed and ate people. One day First Man was standing ^{on} in DZIL NÁ'ÓODILII, and looking to the East he saw a rain cloud resting on CH'ÓÓL'Í'Í. Each day it enveloped the mountain more and more, and on the fourth day it completely covered it. He told First Woman that something unusual was happening, and set forth to see what it was, singing a Blessing Song as he went.

When First Man reached CH'ÓÓL'Í'Í, he heard a baby cry; ^{he found the baby} it was lying with its head toward the West. Its cradle was made of two short rainbows; over the baby's chest and feet lay the red beams of the rising sun. Arched over its face was another short rainbow. Four blankets covered the baby; ^{was} one black, one, ^{was}

set aside.
We have met.

Set l.c. all
will correct on
it = repeat
and all

blue, one, ^{was} yellow, and the fourth was a white cloud. Along both sides were rows of loops made of lightning, and, through these, sunbeams were laced back and forth. ^{A=} First Man did not know what to do with the fastenings, ¹ so he took the baby back to DZIL NÁ'OODILII to First Woman, telling her where he had found the baby in the rain and darkness. Soon they heard the call of Talking God, and then the call of House God, as they ^{gods} ^{approached} came. Talking God clapped his hands over his mouth saying that something important had happened, for the baby was what the Holy People had been wishing for. Talking God placed the cradle on the ground and with one pull of the strings, ^{freed} the lacings, ¹ came free.

"This is my daughter," First Woman said, and First Man said the same. Days passed which were the same as years, and when two days ^{had} passed, the baby sat up, and in four days she walked. Then she was dressed in white shell. On the tenth day she was named White Shell Woman (she was also called Changing Woman), and thus she was brought by the Holy People to become, perhaps, the most pre-eminent of the supernatural beings, for she symbolizes fertility, and ^{the} ^{of} regeneration, and bringing all green things to life year after year.

This is a part of the Creation Story of the Diné ^m the Navaho People.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS

SISNAAJINÍ:	Mount Blanca, San Luis Valley, Colorado
TŠOODZIL:	Mount Taylor, north of Laguna, New Mexico
DOKO'OOSLÍD:	The San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, Arizona

The Four Greater Sacred Mountains

Just below the junction of the San Juan and the Pine rivers in north central New Mexico, where the new Navajo Dam is now creating a large reservoir, there ^{was} ~~is~~ a meadow on the eastern side of the San Juan. Along one side of the meadow was a cliff of reddish sandstone, and etched into this façade was a series of petroglyphs, chipped out of the rock with obsidian tools centuries ago.

Here also were the remnants of weatherworn rock paintings of the Twin Hero Gods (The Twin War Gods), sons of Changing Woman and the Sun, who slew the Enemy monsters on this earth so that the Diné^h might safely live here. The story relates how a ray of light from the ^S~~Sun~~ passed through drops of water from a waterfall, impregnating Changing Woman. When the twins were born, one was called Monster Slayer^e, the other, Child-of-the-Water.

Nearby, on this sheer slab of rock was a petroglyph with all the attributes of Changing Woman herself: in one hand she holds an ⁿ~~a~~ ear of corn; in the other, a corn tassel containing pollenⁿ; around her neck is the rainbow necklace, made from the sacred stones from the four sacred mountains ¹/_n white shell, turquoise, coral, and jet.

Now these ancient pictures are submerged beneath the waters of the reservoir; but surely the spirit of Changing Woman will bless this water as it goes forth onto the dry and barren land, fulfilling her mission of renewal, and bringing new crops and a richer life to many of the Diné^h.

MAIZE

10/12 ital cslr

Plate 6
 somewhere
 in this chpt.
 8" 4"

Here
 Spent all

The domestication and hybridization of maize, or corn, has been perhaps the most important achievement of the American Indian, giving the Western Hemisphere its most stable food. For many years scientists have searched for the true ancestor of corn such as was found in the Americas at the time of the arrival of the first European explorers. A good many years ago, scientists found two wild grasses related to corn, but not true corn itself. Recently the great antiquity of corn was proved with the finding of corn pollen in drilled cores taken from strata at the bottom of the lake site on which Mexico City now stands. These pollen grains are estimated to be ^{eighty thousand} 80,000 years old.

Following this discovery a systematic search has been under way since 1960, headed by Dr. Richard MacNeish of Canada², and his associates. Some previous findings in New Mexico and northern Mexico had produced corn-cobs which, when tested by the remarkable Carbon-14 method of dating substances, were approximately five thousand years old. Now, after four years of excavation and research, cave sites in the valley of Tehuacan, south of Mexico City, have yielded the final evidence of the true corn plant and the proof of its domestication and hybridization. In these caves, beneath twenty-eight layers of

* Scientific American, November 1964.

human occupation, corn cobs from the true wild plant were found dating back to 5,000 B. C. Each era of occupation left its evidence, and in later levels dating about 4,000 B. C., cobs from early domesticated corn were found; then an early hybrid variety dating 3,000 B. C.; and finally, cobs from modern corn, dating 1,000 B. C., such as that found by Europeans in a growing state. ^{the explorers.}

Dr. MacNeish's team, which included archaeologists, botanists, and scientists of other related subjects, ^{has} have found that this hybridization was achieved with the use of the wild corn plant itself and the two related wild grasses, ~~the~~ Teosinte and Tripsacum, thus producing the early corn of some ^{three thousand} 3,000 years ago.

Of the three major ^{and} cereals of the world, ^{the} wheat in Africa spreading to Europe, rice in Asia, ^{the} corn in the Americas, it is only corn, modern corn, that is, which cannot perpetuate itself in a wild state. With its seeds tightly wrapped in sheaths, ^{s)} corn seeds need man's help to disperse ^{the seeds} so that they may grow. As domestication and hybridization of this plant increased, following the early uses of irrigation, ^{of its cultivation} this knowledge spread from one Indian group to another and on to the far regions of both Americas where the plant could grow, and where it was found in its fully developed state by the first Europeans who set foot in the Western Hemisphere.

This food, so vital to existence for many centuries, has always been held sacred by Indian peoples. In the Southwest, corn is the symbol of the great dance dramas of the Pueblo

People. To the Navaho, it is the symbolic emblem of life itself. Every medicine man carries pouches of sacred corn pollen to be used in all rituals: in the Blessingway Ceremony; in the great ceremonials; in the blessing of hogans; and sacred corn mush is eaten simultaneously from the wedding basket by every Navaho bride and groom. ^{I+} Corn is treasured and revered.

② THE FOUR SACRED MOUNTAINS

I was

While reading the Creation Story, my thoughts traveled to the four sacred mountains bordering the Navaho World. It was then, I think, that it occurred to me to illustrate this beautiful story with photographs of these mountains from the air. To do this two flights were necessary, the first for Sisnaajini, Sacred Mountain of the East, and ^{the second} a longer flight for the other three. Perhaps it is my love for landscape and geography that makes me want to fly. From the air one can see so clearly the great structures of the earth's surface, the different kinds of mountains, the sweep of contours, the age-old erosions. In the air one becomes detached and the mind goes deep into the past, thinking of Time in depth.

In a small chartered plane, my pilot and I left
~~Chartering a small plane, my pilot lifted us from Santa Fe~~
early
 one morning with the picture of Sisnaajini as our goal.

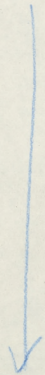
As we circled to gain altitude, the form of the Sandia Mountain fault, to the south of us, became more distinct in structure with its rising eastern slope, and the sheer, abrupt western face. In a cave high in this western wall, the earliest evidence of human life in this area has been found, remnants of migrants who lived here fifteen thousand years ago, so old is the history of our Southwest. The present theory is that these ancient primitives came to North America from Mongolia via Behring Strait, moving slowly southward over a period of centuries.

We headed north following the Rio Grande, seeing clearly the canyons cut by the river through the volcanic slopes of the Pajarito Plateau. As we crossed into southern Colorado, the superb mountain mass of Sinaajini grew more impressive as we neared. Beneath us, the southern end of the San Luis Valley looked barren and uninhabited. Here once was an abundance of game ¹¹ ~~the~~ elk and antelope, deer and bison, ¹² and here the ancient Navaho came to hunt, seeing always their Sacred Mountain before them. To the West, over the continental divide, the new Navaho Dam has now been completed at the confluence of the San Juan and ^{the} Pine rivers. Just above the dam site during the field seasons of 1959, 1960, and 1961, the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of New Mexico uncovered more comprehensive data of the early whereabouts of the Navaho and their Apache cousins. These sites, farther north than excavations made some years ago by other archaeologists, have extended the area known as Old Navaholand. These recent unearthings have revealed simple, crude hogans (Navaho houses) dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century. This date seems to indicate that the Navaho may well have been the last migration to reach the Southwest. Whence and how they came has yet to be determined.

The Spanish Colonists who ^{arrived in} ~~came to~~ New Mexico in 1598 came in contact with many Indian groups. During the years that followed, they wrote often of the Apaches, usually designating which Apache group, for there must have been several at that

time, all speaking the Athabascan language. In the chronicle of Fray Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón, written in 1626, he speaks of the "Apaches de Návahúu," who were living in a small pueblo on the Pajarito Plateau not far from Santa Fe. Návahúu is a Tewa Indian word meaning "cultivated-field-arroyo" and from which Navaho is doubtless derived. ^{is the word} The Navaho learned the rudiments of agriculture from Pueblo Indians with whom they came in contact, for archaeologists, working in the Old Navaholand areas, have found both Pueblo and Navaho structures in close proximity to one another. In these Navaho excavations, the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash, and bean seed.

Thinking always of the Navaho, where they came from and how they traveled, we could see from the air that the distance from Old Navaholand to Sisnaajini is not great, and, though there are mountains in between, ~~there are mountains in between,~~ there are passes through which travelers can find a way, and the Navaho doubtless came into the valley to hunt. Because of its severance by a wide, low pass, Sisnaajini appears to be a mountain by itself and is a natural landmark. ^M ~~Sisnaajini~~, Navaho Sacred Mountain of the East.



Following plans for a longer flight to photograph the Sacred Mountains of the South, West, and North, we left Santa Fe shortly after daylight on an early spring morning. We headed west toward the low end of the Jemez Range, beyond which stretches the expanse of the Navaho Reservation. Crossing the Rio Grande, we saw below us on the river's western bank, the skeleton ruin of a once great pueblo of the Tiguex Indians, who, in 1540, gave a friendly welcome to Coronado and his entourage. In a matter of minutes, seconds really, we could see on our right the living pueblos of Santa Ana and Tsia, sun baked on the adobe banks of the Jemez River near its junction with the Rio Grande. As we crossed a low, hilly divide at the southern tip of the Jemez Range, a vast expanse of semi-desert came into view, broken here and there by piñon-covered buttes, while stark forms of volcanic cones rose above the terrain. To the north of us lay Old Navaholand, dimly seen on the horizon, extending to the border of New Mexico and Colorado and a little beyond.

Leaving Santa Fe

As we flew over this arid land, leaving the Jemez Mountains behind us, Tsoodzil, Navaho Sacred Mountain of the South, rose in tiered mesas to its eleven-thousand-foot snow-tipped summit. We circled several times seeking the proper foreground for this picture, finding such different country from the empty areas of the San Luis Valley. Thick clusters of cedar and piñon trees, broken by parklike openings, and rugged prominences, built up to the mountain peak. We saw isolated hogans, sometimes three or four in a group representing a family unit, with

sheep corrals and flocks grazing nearby. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two ~~—~~ ^{104,000} so few signs of life in this big empty-looking land. It seemed hard to believe that more than ~~one hundred and four thousand~~ Navaho People live on this reservation.

Turning to a northwesterly direction we were soon over land free of timber but covered with desert grass and low shrubs. We crossed Chaco Canyon, looking down on the extensive ruin of Pueblo Bonito and other ancient sites of this once populous region. The Navaho have stories about these ruins and their long forgotten prehistoric inhabitants ~~—~~ ^{the} the Kiis'aanii, ancestors of the Pueblo people. We crossed the Escavada Wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable of carrying a raging torrent following a summer thunderstorm. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho must have followed it as the more adventurous among them sought new homesites.

History tells us of the many conflicts between the Navaho and the Pueblo Indians and Spanish settlers. It was Coronado who first brought both sheep and horses to this country, and later, following the Spanish Colonization, the Navaho, filled with envy, stole or traded for the animals they coveted. Horses gave them a new and better mode of travel and it was not long until they became stockmen. Horses also gave them incentive to hunt new pastures and remote canyons in which to hide their stolen booty, as well as giving them new and mobile means for war upon enemy Indians and raids upon the Pueblos and ^{the} Spanish settlers.

We crossed the fertile valley of the San Juan, circling
for a landing at Farmington to refuel the plane and to have a
short rest. As we turned, Tsoodził, still though distantly
visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky--
the one high landmark--Tsoodził, the Navaho Sacred Mountain
of the South.

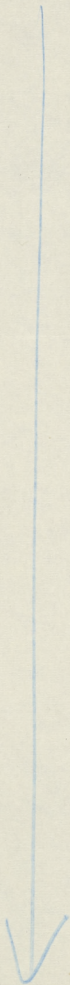


Plate
8
Tsoodził
all

After a short rest and a second breakfast, we continued our journey, following the San Juan River toward the Four Corners, that unique spot where the states of Arizona and Utah meet Colorado and New Mexico. Below us were many farms, for this is the most ^{and golden} cultivated part of the reservation. Green fields of alfalfa, ^{After} fields of corn and oats, filled the pale landscape with rich color. ^{With} the completion of the new Navaho Reservoir, and as its stored water becomes available for irrigation, the Navaho will expand this region to include many thousands of acres of new arable land, acres now bordering the narrow productive strip of the river's valley. *an? Coue?*

Shiprock, largest of the volcanic cores of the Southwest, ^{rose} rises more than ¹⁸⁰⁰ ~~eighteen hundred~~ feet out of the desert sea, its two great flanking dykes bringing to mind the Navaho legend of an eagle with outspread wings. Beyond was the Red Rock area I knew so well, and I could trace the merging of the dun-colored landscape into opalescent red as we neared the Lukachukai Mountains, that small group which forms the northern boundary of the Chuska Range. This 9,500-foot range runs north and south, bisecting the reservation. It is densely covered with pine and fir, spruce and aspen, yielding a large timber reserve for the Navaho People.

To the south of us, as we crossed the Lukachukais, we could see the whole Chuska Mountain Range sloping into the ~~Fort~~ Defiance Plateau, the timber changing to piñon and cedar as the elevation drops. ^{ped} Beneath us were huge red sandstone promontories jutting out into the sage-covered foothills, like giant ocean piers.

Ahead of us, sun drenched and glowing red, we could see Monument Valley as the timbered plateau dropped beneath us to meet the western desert. The beauty of the monoliths was startling from the air, so different from the ground aspect, where one looks up at them into a contrasting blue sky. After circling the valley, we continued our western direction and in the span of a quarter of an hour were over the southern end of another timbered plateau which extends south from Utah into Arizona. Tsegi Canyon emerged beneath us, and following a tributary we saw suddenly the Cliff Dwelling of Beta-ta-kin, one of the most beautiful of all the thirteenth-century ruins of the Southwest. The gracefully arched cave, with its sheer clefts of rock at one end, protects the buildings from storm and wind. Rich green foliage nestles close to the spring, ^{which} these early inhabitants were fortunate enough to have at their doorsteps. So completely do the buildings blend into the rose-colored rock of the high cave, that the shadowed rectangular doorways are all that make the cliff dwelling visible. This ruin and others not far away, now comprise the Navaho National Monument.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mountain, we turned southward over an expanse of yellow sand, as yet another desert extends to the Grand Canyon, the western boundary of the reservation. A short flying time brought us opposite Doko'oosliid, and we saw the Little Colorado River marking a diagonal course in our foreground as it contributes its small share of water to its mighty brother, the Colorado.

Plate 9
To sand
all

Once more we saw a high landmark -- ⁱ_m Doko'oosⁱⁱid,
Navaho Sacred Mountain of the West.

to point
left

We turned southeast, leaving the western boundary behind us, and as we crossed Hopi land, that island reservation surrounded by the Navaho, we looked down on the rocky mesa towns of this sturdy Pueblo group. We landed at Winslow, Arizona, for a midday meal and a needed rest.

Later in the afternoon we took off once more, heading home to Santa Fe, more than three hundred miles away. During the morning we had flown at a low elevation, about one thousand feet or less, giving me a closer and more detailed vision of the land. Now, with bumpy air rising from the warm ground, we climbed to about three thousand feet, and to my amazement we could see all the country we had crossed on the morning's flight. We flew over the Painted Desert, saw the Petrified Forest, and far to the south, the long valley traversed by Coronado as he came from Mexico seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola, bringing with him many horses and thousands of sheep.

To the north we could see the piñon-covered mesas of the Defiance Plateau, whose formation is that of a wide bowl, gathering a great amount of natural moisture which funnels down into the sheer Canyons ^{Canyon} of de Chelly and del Muerto, spilling eventually into the Chinle Wash. This is a dry, sandy stream bed on the surface for most of the year, though there is a continual underground flow. The wash slopes gently to the north for a hundred miles, emptying finally into the San Juan River at the northern boundary of the reservation. The Navaho penetrated into the region of the Canyons in the beginning of the eighteenth century, possibly earlier, ^{when} where, according to some

archaeologists, they may have found Hopi Indians farming in the Canyons and either drove them out or absorbed them into the tribe. It was from the north rim of Canyon del Muerto that a small company of Spanish soldiers, sent out from Santa Fe to retaliate against Navaho raiders, attacked a cave in the Canyon wall, killing most of the inhabitants. This was in 1804, the time of the Louisiana Purchase, when New Mexico and Arizona were under the rule of Spain, and Thomas Jefferson^{was} ^{ing} wondered about this western land. From time to time the Spanish sent many expeditions against the Navaho, trying to stop the depredations of Spanish towns and Pueblo villages along the Rio Grande. They bargained and they bribed, but like the ebb and flow of ocean tide, the raids continued, though there were intervals of peaceful pursuits and welcomed exchange of goods.

Following Mexican independence in 1821, the Government in Santa Fe, then directed from Mexico City, was struggling weakly to assert itself. Navaho raids increased in number and in strength. Twenty-five years later, after our war with Mexico, both Navaho and Apache depredations were at their height. The Southwest now became part of the United States, and new expeditions left Santa Fe for Navaholand. The Navaho had no comprehension of such political and governmental changes. This was all a very wild, rough country then, the distances were very great for horse or foot travel, and water sources^{were} far apart. ^{So} in 1851 the United States Army established Fort Defiance as a first base of operations. As we ^{now} approached the Arizona-New Mexico line, I could see the large

13

14

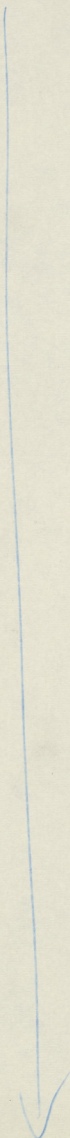
grove of trees, some of them planted long ago, and now obscuring the Fort from the air, submerging it in a pool of shade. Close by, amid a cluster of wind-worn sandstone, was Window Rock, the present seat of Navaho Government.

^{As I} ^{ed)} Watching the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho historic events filled my mind ^{and} as I thought of all that had happened to these people since they ^{had come} came under the rule of Washington, ¹¹⁹ ~~one hundred and nineteen~~ years ago. The early efforts of such a small segment of the American Army ^{had} proved fruitless in its effort to quell the Navaho raids, for in this rugged country ^{the soldiers were} ~~it was~~ no match for the Navaho, so skilled in guerrilla warfare. In 1863 the Army commissioned the famous scout, Colonel Christopher (Kit) Carson, to bring the Navaho to terms. Through a scorched-earth policy, he destroyed crops, killed or captured livestock, ^{and} finally rounding ^{ed)} up most of the starving people.

Then the commanding General decided to move the Navaho to a new environment ^m to Fort Sumner, more than three hundred miles away in eastern New Mexico on the Pecos River, ^m and the captured Navaho were forced to march to Bosque Redondo, as they called it. It was the first time they had ever been conquered ^g they were being sent into exile. The year 1864 became a tragic milestone in Navaho history.

Our plane approached Gallup, New Mexico, and as I looked north across the reservation, I could see Shiprock standing above the desert, more shiplike than ever from this height and distance. And beyond, rising above the great promontories and

Plate 10
canyons of Mesa Verde, glistening on the far horizon, were the
snowy summits of Dibéntsaa ~~the~~ Navaho Sacred Mountain of the
North.



For many miles east of Gallup, as we continued our journey, we flew directly over the route of the exile march, the Long Walk, as the Navaho call it. Looking down, one could visualize the straggling line of slowly moving, destitute people. It was in early March of 1864 that the Long Walk began. The People were moved in groups, some ^{2,400} ~~twenty-four~~ hundred in the first, others following during the spring, until a total of some ^{8,500} ~~eighty-five~~ hundred Navaho had made the long march. Only the very old and the very young were permitted to ride in the few wagons they ^{people} still possessed. They had nothing left, only a few horses, some sheep and ^{some} goats ¹ ~~that~~ that was all.

Those four years of exile were tragic years indeed. Lack of understanding, lack of supplies, ^{and} lack of communication were the cause ^d of much hardship and suffering. The exile began near the close of the Civil War. The Government in Washington had little thought for one ^{small} group of captured Indians so far away. The wonder is that Congress appropriated \$100,000 for Navaho rehabilitation. The money was entrusted to two individuals who were to proceed to Independence, Missouri, there to purchase the necessary supplies. These were the days of the Santa Fe Trail, ^{when} ~~where~~ long, heavily laden wagon trains labored across nine hundred miles of prairie. Of the original appropriation, ³ less than a third ever reached its destination.

Yet the Navaho were willing enough to do what they could to better their condition. They learned to make adobe bricks;

some became blacksmiths; they did their best to farm under ^{the} most adverse conditions of drought, wind, insect infestations, and illness among themselves. An epidemic of smallpox struck and many died, reducing their number to a little over ^{6,000} ~~six~~ ¹ ~~thousand~~; many were ill from undernourishment; all were desperately homesick. Finally, on hearing of a plan to move them to Oklahoma, several Navaho leaders agreed to go to Washington to plead for permission to return to their own land.

One can imagine the revelation such a trip must have been to these men; [?] the long horseback ride to Independence, the first sight of a railroad train, and the long trip to Washington; the realization for the first time of the great size of the United States; the arrival in the capital city and a meeting with President Andrew Johnson. Shortly after ^{Navaho} ~~their~~ ^{ed} return to Fort Sumner, General Sherman was sent ~~out~~ to draw up a treaty in which the Navaho promised to stop their raids, a promise quite faithfully kept, ^{but} with a few minor exceptions. In return, the ~~Government~~ of the United States promised to give them a new start by supplying tools, seed, and three sheep per family, ^{After} also one teacher for every thirty children. ¹ In one hundred years this last part of the treaty is only now being fulfilled.

So the humbled Navaho, in the fall of 1868, returned to their mesas and canyons, their deserts and mountains, to begin life anew. But more hardships were yet to be endured, for in spite of efforts by Major Dodd, the first civil agent, the promised supplies and sheep did not arrive. That first winter

was grim indeed. The Navaho ate what they could find on the land, ^{the} piñon nuts, roots, other small edible plants, and some game. The promised sheep did not arrive until the fall of 1869. Then the People felt a ~~new~~ surge of hope as they began to till new fields, to start new flocks, to build new hogans, and to live the free life which was the very essence of their being.

Plate 100
While
 As the memory of all this history flashed through my mind, we were flying rapidly home to Santa Fe, as the long shadows of late afternoon reached across the mountains. It seemed incredible that in the course of a few hours, I could have seen so closely and so clearly practically the entire ^{25,000} ~~twenty-five thousand~~ square miles of Navaho domain, and looked down on areas where so much history had taken place. It gave me new insight and understanding of the Navaho and their land. It was a memorable day.

14
 15

(10/12 Cal. x 19 1/2)

Plates
c-2, c-3, + c-4
in this dept.

5 pics

30" Large Weiss
st-up

3 1/2 pics

THE DINÉH } - 18" Weiss Ser. II

Space-sky-distance unlimited; canyons-deserts-rocks,
majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-landforms,
beautiful beyond belief ¹/_m these are the elements of this
magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never
lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts
and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature,
are the Dinéh ¹/_m People of the earth.

□ Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and
happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith,
faith in nature, faith in themselves as a part of nature, faith
in their place in the universe, deep-rooted faith, born of their
oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which
they live. There is fine quality in the Navaho People, ^{evident in} their
quiet direct manner, their action, their manual dexterity and
skill. They bring to their everyday living, dignity, vitality,
realism, ^{and} acceptance of things as they are. Conforming to the
pattern of their tradition, they are nonetheless individualists.
They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weak-
nesses, they have humor and a sense of fun, they have their
own code of honor. They are tenacious. They are practical to
a high degree, they are poetical. They are capable of long
hours of work, and ^{they} are capable equally of inactivity. There
are many good Navaho People, and some bad, dependable and some
undependable, strong and some weak. Their powers of observation

are photographic. They are immeasurably adaptable. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Among themselves they are a gentle people. Through all runs a vein of kindness, ^a of inherent good manners, and ^a some special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps integrated personality is the attribute, for there is a "one^{ness}" about these people. Simply and quietly they abide ^{by} their tradition.

All this is what they have been and ^{what} many still are today. But as they acquire more of our way of life, as they participate in our education (and many are doing so at remarkable speed), will they retain the fine qualities of their inheritance? They are now taking from our civilization what they wish of it and using it as a part of their own. Some are finding themselves against a wall of frustration and have not yet found a way around it. Barred at first by language, many have now received a high degree of our education and are intelligent, capable people, judged by the highest standards. The hope of their future lies in their unique adaptability and their desire and quickness to learn. It is my belief that the Navaho People as a whole will retain their place in our American Democracy and that many will carry forward that place with distinction.

But generalities are not enough; one must know the individuals. My first acquaintances were made when I visited Elizabeth Forster not long after she assumed her duties as a field nurse. She was stationed at Red Rock, Arizona, just over the line from New Mexico, some thirty miles west of the

community of Shiprock. Here she had an apartment in an abandoned missionary hospital, with a clinic room in the basement where she kept the tools of her trade. Here the doctor from the government hospital in Shiprock came weekly to see patients who had been assembled for his visit by the nurse. ~~There~~ ^{the} usual run of minor ailments, sore throats, slight injuries, the ever present impetigo among small children, various dietary ailments, and often illnesses of a more serious nature, were examined. Treatments were prescribed for the nurse to administer, necessitating visits to hogans within the radius of her field work. It was my good fortune to accompany Betsy on some of her rounds, giving me an opportunity to observe her many patients under the conditions of their everyday lives.

Often we went to the trading post nearby, where we met ^{their} many more Navaho People, and soon I learned how to overcome a natural shyness or antipathy to photographs. In those days of the 1930s I was using a large view camera and I was able to interest the people both in the instrument and the results, for they always wanted copies of the pictures I made. It was not long until the people of the Red Rock area were used to seeing me around and I was accepted as the nurse's friend. Some of these early pictures are in this book, ^{the} the frontispiece, the first eight or ten portraits, the summer hogan, and others.

Gradually, I was learning the customs of the Navaho and some of the simple things one must or must not do, such as always shake ^{ing} hands, but it is unfriendly not to take off ^{one's} your

plates
12 + 13

glove; when offering a cigarette, ^{one must} never point it at a person, ^{but} ^{must} hold it upright, or sideways. If ^{one} you see a fox, ^{he} you must either turn around and go back to where ^{he} you came from or wait until four other creatures, either animals or birds, pass ^{him} you going in the same direction ^{as the fox}. There are good omens as well as bad, and the white man is usually excused for not knowing these customs, but better relationships may be had if the stranger takes the trouble to learn Navaho ways. Good manners and simple courtesy are very much a part of Navaho life, and there is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything. ^{This is} why Navaho People deliberate before every act, before every spoken word. This patient deliberation is often misjudged by ^{non-Indian} white people. The Navaho is not slow, he is taking time in deciding what is the right thing to do or say. Once this decision is reached it is inconsistent for a Navaho to change his mind.

When Betsy was at Red Rock she had an interpreter, as there were many in her region who spoke no English. This young man, ^{Kellywood} Timothy by name, lived in a small hogan near the trading post with his wife and two small boys. Timothy drove Betsy's car for her, translated both questions and answers, and soon considered himself her assistant. Betsy's human understanding of the People and their needs, quickly won her many friends, and her obvious interest in their lives and beliefs ^{was} were appreciated greatly. That she did not oppose the medicine ^{men} man, came as a surprise to many and it was not long until one medicine man of the region came to her occasionally for help.

his acceptance of her

He indicated ¹this by placing his two forefingers together, to show that they would work side by side.

Timothy constantly brought ^{to Betsy} all the news of the area, and one of the great surprises to both of us was ~~to learn~~ how rapidly news could travel. I recall one day ^{when} ~~as~~ we were driving along a little-used road ^{and} ~~when~~ Timothy said suddenly, "I think Mr. Jones has been to Red Rock today." When I asked how he knew, he answered, "I see the track of his left rear tire." Timothy soon became my friend ^{also}, and would say, "I know where there is a silversmith you would like to make a picture of." So off we would go to find someone I did indeed want to photograph. ^{Timothy's} ~~His~~ judgement was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

One trip of Betsy's, which I recall, was to a distant mesa where a teenage boy was very ill. She and Timothy had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his parents had to tell her, she felt sure that ^{he had} ~~this was~~ a ruptured appendix. She persuaded the boy, and his parents, to let her take him to the hospital at once. Placing him carefully on a blanket which she used in lieu of a stretcher, she ^{directed} ~~got~~ four men, each holding a corner of the blanket, to carry the boy down to the car. Then with very careful driving ^{she} ~~took~~ him more than thirty miles to the hospital. The doctor found that it was indeed a ruptured appendix and operated immediately. Through Betsy's good judgement and skill, ¹this boy's life was saved.

Plates
15-19 between
this page and
top of p. 42

At the time of ^{another} ~~one~~ of my periodic visits, Betsy had a patient, a small child who had fallen into the hot coals ^{of} ~~in~~ the open fire in the center of her mother's hogan. The burns on her little hands were bad, and Betsy went daily to dress them. The day I accompanied her, I found the lovely mother seated at her loom on the far side of the hogan. As there ^{the usual} was a blanket over the door, the only light within was from the smoke hole in the center of the roof. The beautiful overhead light accented the oriental quality of this woman as she sat patiently while Betsy attended to the child's hands and ^{attempted} I ~~hoped~~ to capture the picture I saw.

Not long after Betsy's arrival at Red Rock, there was a "sing" going on some little distance away. This ^{Betsy} ~~she~~ learned was a curing ceremony for a sick Navaho. One of the singers came to her clinic room asking for cough medicine. His name ~~was~~ ^{to Betsy} Killed-a-White-Man. He came several times during the ceremony. She ran out of cough medicine and, when next in Shiprock, asked the doctor for more, but he told her she must use it more sparingly. The next time Killed-a-White-Man ^{for cough medicine} 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 didn't have any. He didn't like ^{not getting his medicine} it very well, but again left without comment. The third time ^{he came} 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, ^{question} "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 ^{he} her good friends. She found out later that he really had killed a white man long ago. ^{The Navaho} He had been out hunting and ^{had} failed to find any game. He did find a white prospector in camp cooking his supper of which he had plenty but ~~of~~ which he refused to share. ^{The white man} He also had some wine which ^{At that time} again he refused to offer. ^{So} Killed-a-White-Man earned his name. ^(Timothy; for Betsy and me)

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. ^{Red Rock (had) to} Just after we had left, word came 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. About five miles before reaching Red Rock, the doctor left the main road to drive several more miles to ^{the Nez} this hogan. The snow ~~and~~ drifts were very deep and ^{Betsy and the doctor} they repeatedly had to dig themselves out. 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 safely used. ^{Having} ^(doctor's) 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 use of instruments, ^{The} delivered a live baby. ^{This}

crisis was over ¹/_m 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, ^{and had grown} growing up a Navaho, knowing nothing of the Ute People.

Every Navaho has a ceremonial name seldom if ever known except to his family. In addition to this name, ^{he} there will be, one known to the Navaho People. Navaho custom does not permit the direct addressing of a person; he is spoken of indirectly as "my sister's ¹⁶son", or "my nephew's wife". Then ¹⁷there will be a nickname, often descriptive, by which ^{have} a Navaho child ^{as a child} is called. When he goes to school he will be given another name, by which he is generally known. Often ^{these} names are selected from among well-known white people. For instance, ~~there was~~ a former Indian Commissioner ~~who~~ has two namesakes that I know of. But the descriptive nicknames 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, ^{and} Stonebreaker, to name a few.

Betsy has a wonderful capacity for joking with a perfectly straight face. The Navaho sensed this and delighted in it. There was a Navaho named John Billy whom she had met when she

first went to Red Rock to see what ^{the} ~~this~~ nursing position, ^{there} would involve ^{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 ^{he} ~~him~~ with a bad exophthalmic goitre condition. He was willing to go to the hospital where he was operated on ^{under} with a local anesthetic. In a very short ^{time} ~~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 Betsy could hear voices from the basement as John Billy told about his operation. ^{Because} ~~As~~ it was impossible to drive him home through the deep snow, ^{Betsy} ~~she~~ urged him to borrow a horse to ride the eighteen miles to his hogan. She explained that he must not over-exert himself ^{that} 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} he had already gone, and, as she later found out, ^{to his home} ~~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 reach him, ^{however} ~~but as~~ soon as it was possible to get the car through, ^{to his hogan} she did go. Thinking that he should see the doctor for a check up, she urged him to ^{come with} ~~let her take him in~~ to the hospital. But he said, "No." Finally after much conversation and with a straight face, Betsy 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 the 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~~^{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} had the last laugh.

* Carlisle Institute. Pennsylvania.

One day we drove out to Hardbelly'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 elder wife (he had three) how to measure the proper dose. As we entered the hogan we found Hardbelly 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-three years later we found ourselves again in this vicinity. We came to a group of hogans, ^{saw} and sitting in a summer shelter nearby, ~~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 ^m by portfolio. When we came to the picture made in Hardbelly'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