

(re-placement page)

and said, "Tell your grandmother she did too." Recognition broke through, ^{the old woman} she stood up, put her head on Betsy's shoulder and her arms around her, and wept. After a few minutes Mrs. Hardbelly raised her head, shook herself, straightened her shoulders, and returned to the present. ^{Later,} 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, for these three women were the widows of old Hardbelly. Plural marriages were common many years ago, and frequently one or more sisters married the man of the family. The Indian Service finally forbade plural marriages, which are supposed to be non-existent today.

that * * * * * occurred
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 ^{Betsy} 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, ^{Betsy} 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.

Plates
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between
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Knowing that the only possible chance to save the baby was ^{getting} to get it to the hospital thirty miles away, she persuaded the parents to bring the baby, still in its cradleboard. They should go at once. ^{Although} While the interior of the car was warmed by the heater, the tires made ^{the} ~~that~~ crisp, squeaky crunch that means extreme cold, as they cut through the icy snow. All ^{were} ~~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 nearby. 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.

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} ~~to~~ teach rather than admonish. Doctors of today are aware of 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 ^{that} happened several years ago, ^{was} told ^{to} ₁ 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 ^{to buy} ₁ for gasoline and to ask for directions. After leaving Kayenta,

in northern Arizona, they were heading south toward Chinle, when their car broke down. They seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. The man, deciding that he must walk ahead for help, left his wife in the car.

A short while later, an elderly Navaho on horseback, having seen the stalled car, rode up, dismounted, and leaning his arms on the open door of the car, politely asked the lady (in Navaho, of course) if he could be of any help? The wife, terrified by the sudden appearance of the strange man and the stranger words, opened the door and quickly walked away. The old man, watching her, realized that he had scared her, ^{and} ~~so he~~ called to tell her that he only wanted to help. At the sound of his voice again, the woman began to run. The Navaho decided that he couldn't let her go ~~way~~ out into the region where she could get lost, or fall and hurt herself, or possibly stir up a rattlesnake, so he jumped on his horse and started after ^{her}. When the woman saw this she was more terrified than ever, ^{and} ~~so~~ she ran as hard as she was able. Finally, the Navaho took the rope from his saddle and neatly lassoed the frightened woman, again telling her that he wouldn't hurt her, ^{that} he only wanted to help. Turning, he led her back to the road and ^{headed} ~~on~~ in the direction her husband had taken. On the other side of a low mesa, out of sight from the car, was a trading post only four or five miles away. Inside the post was the usual colorful gathering of Navaho People, some sitting on the benches along the wall, a group of women with babies in cradleboards, gossiping, some making purchases at the counter, a group of

men standing in the center of the room conversing. A little apart stood several white men, among them the bearer of this tale who was talking to the woman's husband. The old Navaho man entered the post leading the white woman by his rope, to the surprise of all and the great merriment of several. He asked the trader which white man was the woman's husband, whereupon he handed the rope to the astonished man, asking the trader to tell him that by the time they got there "she was leading pretty good!"

In the fall of 1934 we made our first visit to the Red Rock area following Betsy's departure. From several old Navaho friends whom we met between Shiprock and Red Rock, we were told that the Ute Woman had died. Betsy refused to believe this rumor. At Red Rock we found an old friend, Francis Nakai, who told us that the Ute Woman had been very ill but was better and was now living ~~way~~ over beyond the Cove. He offered to go with us to find her. After a fifteen-mile drive over practically no road at all, we reached the edge of a wash, a deep arroyo, where we left the car and proceeded on foot. As we walked down a trail into the wash, we saw a diminutive figure hurrying toward us. She had recognized our old car and when we met, her arms went around Betsy's neck and she cried and cried. We walked back with her to an unbelievably frugal shelter where she was living alone with her cat. In an outpouring of Navaho words, she told Betsy all that had happened to her since her friend ^{had gone} ~~went~~ away. She had had medicine men ~~to~~ help her and in payment for their services had sacrificed her every possession.

Plate
P/40

from The Ute Woman's home

A few hundred yards away, was a beautiful summer shelter belonging to Willie Lee and his family, who were looking after the ^{old} Ute Woman whenever she needed help. As we passed the Red Rock Trading Post on our way back, we left an order with the trader to send out some coffee, sugar, and flour at the first opportunity. We continued our vacation trip to the Grand Canyon, then decided to return to see the Ute Woman once more on our way home to Colorado. We found her at the Willie Lee shelter, where we were profusely thanked for the food we had sent, as they graciously presented each of us with a gift, a beaded belt and a small blanket. We stayed an hour or more enjoying the beauty of this scene of Navaho summer life before us and the warm welcome of our friends.

These are but a few of the many daily experiences of one nurse as she demonstrated the need for field nursing service among the Navaho People. Since 1934, the United States Public Health Service has increased such service many times; and in the past ^{fifteen years} decade Annie Wauneka, member of the Tribal Council, who heads the Navaho health and education program, has accomplished remarkable progress in developing medical and nursing service for her people.

The organization sponsoring Betsy's work was forced to discontinue her service due to lack of funds during the Depression. She left Red Rock late in 1933 to assume a new public health position in Colorado. Twice during the next eight years we returned to the Red Rock area, receiving always warm welcome from many friends. These were years of work for each

of us far from the reservation. Then came the war years, and activities and thoughts were ^{even} ^{far} from Navaholand. Near the end of the war, Betsy was stricken with a near-fatal illness, polio^{encephalitis}, incapacitating her from further nursing service. In 1945, I moved to Santa Fe as headquarters for other work in which I was engaged. The following year, ^{my friend} she joined me, and it was not long until the strong pull of memories took us back among the Navaho People. ^{As I} ^{ed} Realizing the speed with which changes were coming to the reservation, the possibility of this book began to formulate, though work on it has of necessity been intermittent. This undertaking has been close to our hearts, for ^{Betsy and I} ~~we~~ both feel an enduring friendship, understanding and admiration for the Navaho People.

PART II ———— $\frac{1}{2}$ "
The Way of the People

24 pt. Weiss Ser. II

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HABITATION - 18^a Weiss Ser. II

Plate 43
30° L. Weiss
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The
Navaho homes, or hogans, are scattered far and wide over the reservation. Pasturage for 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 usually respected. Seldom does one encroach on another's pasture; boundaries are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and boundary 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.

Plate 44
The hogan is a most practical building for life in this 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 from the Creation Story, for it was the Holy People who built the first one, thus setting the pattern and the customs. Round, or nearly round in 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, pieces of turquoise or shell are placed beneath the door posts. When it is completed, the hogan is blessed by a medicine man if one is near, or by the head of the family. Corn pollen, symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the logs or stone while the chant invokes peace and a happy life.

Plate 45
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er/

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); ^{hogans} ~~ones~~ built of upright logs topped with cribbed horizontal logs to build dome-shaped 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. ^{is used} ~~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.

I found
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 ^e ~~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.

On entering a hogan, one must move from left to right, clockwise, circling the fire in the center of the room. On formal occasions the women sit on the north side of the hogan,

the cooking side, ^{and} 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.

^{The pits are dug} This still ^{exists}, though in recent times many Navaho are using tin or iron stoves, sometimes small metal barrels, with 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 from 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 usually 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 regular 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 ^{Na kai} and Timothy to Santa Fe to see the wonderful collection of Navaho blankets in the Indian Arts Fund Collection. 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, ^{when} ~~for~~ ^{to be} there was a birthday party for the son of the house. Mrs. Francis' acceptance of that evening was something I shall always remember.

She had never been away from Red Rock, and her only contact with any white ^{man's} home ~~was~~ ^{had been} the very simple apartment Betsy had in the old hospital building ^{Mrs. Francis} 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.

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 lives with a minimum of possessions, ^{they have} ~~there is~~ little to move for life during the summer months. Cooking utensils, some extra clothing, wool for weaving, a few basic food supplies, ^{such as} ~~and~~ salt, sugar, coffee, ^{and} flour, ~~etc.~~ are all that are needed. The women set up their looms under ^{the} a shelter, the children watch the flocks, ^{and} the men haul water and wood and tend 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 hauled in wagons, sometimes for a distance of twenty miles. Today, 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, ^{but} ~~though~~ both the Tribal Government and the Indian Service are developing new wells, bringing some relief from the long hauls that have been necessary for ^{too many years.} ~~so~~ long. Water is still conserved to the utmost. Once, when we were visiting 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 cupful, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were

Plate
2/30

clean. It is surprising how cool it can be under ^{one of these} a shelter ³ on a hot summer day, for there is always a breeze th, 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, one 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 ^{thing} 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.

place 51
This shelter ^{of Old Lady Long Salt} was a natural one, for ^{here} 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, ^{been} they had hung canvasses for protection from summer rain storms. We were soon to learn, to our astonishment ³ 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 bread near the fire is the Old Lady's daughter; beyond the Old Lady, looking at my book of pictures, are her granddaughter and great-granddaughter. The little girl in the center is the great, great-granddaughter.

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

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21 areas, that a man must never speak to 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 ^{my} the book with the greatest of interest, pointing out differences in costume, ornaments, or possessions. We watched the making of kneel-down 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 ^{their} normal work ~~or occupation~~ must be resumed. It is well to be sensitive to this approaching moment and to take one's leave before wearing out a welcome.

Plate 52
At Navaho Mountain we found a distinct difference in costume ^{that of} from other parts of the reservation, such as a broader collar on the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Later, we were to learn that many areas have distinctive identifying stitching on the sleeves of the women's blouses. Before the days of American Occupation, the old apparel consisted (for the women) of two hand-woven mantas (rectangular piece of cloth) secured at each shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. When the women saw the pioneer white women's long cotton dresses of the 1870-1880 period, such as those worn by the Army officers' wives at Bosque Redondo, they copied them, though they quickly made adaptations to suit their own needs, eliminating the tight bodices and ^{substituting} ~~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 ^{similar material} ~~the like~~, and shorter in length. When C. N. Cotton introduced Pendleton blankets ^{around} ~~in about~~ the 1890s, their use as wearing apparel was quickly adopted, the men wearing the full blankets, the women the fringed large shawls.

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. ^{which} 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 fringed Pendleton shawls.

^{The} Family is very important to all Navaho People. They are proud of ^{having} many relations. There are today 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, ^{and other relatives} 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.

* Concha ("shell" in Spanish), used by the Navaho to denote a shell-like medallion.

Of the approximately twelve hundred Indian languages of the Americas, certain linguistic interrelationships have been described and established by scholars. In addition, many dialects still exist within the languages spoken by closely related tribes.

Navaho origins lie in a hypothetical group -- the Nadene people -- who are believed to have migrated to Alaska from Asia centuries ago, and who branched into four major language families, one of which is Athabascan. These Athabascan-speaking people gradually migrated over a wide expanse of territory stretching from Alaska to Mexico, some following along the Pacific Coast, others following along the Rocky Mountains. There are many subgroups and offshoots even of the Athabascan, one such subgroup being the Apachean from whom the Navaho are an offshoot.

The Navaho language is ^{not a} "primitive" form of expression but is a highly complex form of communication. Differing greatly from the English and other European tongues, it is a language full of movement, of subtle meaning, full of verbs whose action may be modified by a wide variety of prefixes.

Some scholars believe that there is a relationship between the ancient language of the Nadene and the Chinese-Tibetan languages, and though the relationship is probable, much more research is needed to establish it as a fact. Like the Chinese languages, Navaho is a "tone language", and the meaning of the words is distinguished by the pitch of the voice, whether it be raised or lowered.

Navaho is a difficult language for English-speaking people to learn, and many of the sounds are, ^{very hard} ~~most~~ difficult for us to produce, yet there are many who have accomplished this feat. Mr. Robert Young, ~~Area Tribal Operations Officer~~ of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Gallup, is one of those who has gained exceptional proficiency in this language. He has traveled in Western Canada, including British Columbia, where there are other Athabaskan-speaking people, ^e ~~and~~ with whom he had no difficulty in establishing a working relationship, ^e ~~and~~ though the Athabaskan languages have become too divergent over the centuries to be mutually intelligible, there are enough similarities in vocabulary, structure, and other features to demonstrate their close relationship. The people with whom he worked in the north were as interested in the Navaho language as he was in theirs.

In addition to a dictionary and grammar, Mr. Young has written an extensive article in the Navaho Year Book (1961)* focused especially on the problems of teaching English to Navaho beginners. It has sufficient detail to give insight into the grammatical structure and sound system of the language for those who seek some knowledge of the Navaho tongue.

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* The Navaho Year Book. Published by The Navaho Agency, Window Rock, Arizona.

Betsy and I

One summer while I was working in the Red Rock area, we heard about a road ^{over the} ~~up~~ on top of the Lukachukai Mountains which led to the trading post of Toadlena 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 Lukachukai on the western slope. As we reached the top we found the branch road leading south. At first it was almost impassable, 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. ³ 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!" ³ ~~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,

* Stone slab.

^{receiving}
^ following a nod of acquiescence, ^I 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.

Suddenly we heard it ¹~~m~~ a Navaho song ¹~~m~~ soaring from the woods in the clear, silent mountain 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. ^{The shepherd} ¹He stopped abruptly when he saw strangers 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 ^{first} ¹unguarded ¹few moments we had glimpsed the Navaho soul. Soon we were on our way, enriched beyond measure by this experience.

We never did find the road to Toadlena; we came out at Sanostee instead. But what matter?

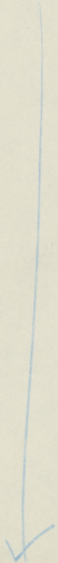


Plate
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Plates
58+59

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 supplication. 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 cradleboard.

Fastened to the bow of the cradleboard there is always a charm to ward off evil ¹---a piece of turquoise or shell. In some localities there are "lucky" cradleboards. When a mother has raised a particularly strong and healthy baby, other expectant mothers want to borrow the cradleboard, ^{so} that their children, too, may be strong and healthy. The Navaho themselves believe that the use of the cradleboard produces strong and straight backs in their children, and ^{that} the security of being bound onto the board tends to produce a calm and poised personality.

The Navaho have a different attitude toward children from ours. Children, even small ones, are treated as little people and learn to make their own decisions at an early age.

Plates between 60-68 here + p 469
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THE TRADING POSTS *10/12 Col. 1st ed*

When the Navaho returned from Fort Sumner to that portion of their old land allotted them by the treaty of 1868, trading posts were soon to play a vital role in their lives. By the early 1870s Mormon traders were coming down from Utah establishing contacts for trade at the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. John D. Lee initiated a ferry in 1874 which crossed the Colorado not many miles above the Grand Canyon. Here also he established a post, one of the first to deal directly with the Navaho, ^{where} ~~for here~~ he traded horses for the fine hand-woven blankets made by the Navaho women, ^{These lovely blankets} ~~and which~~ ^{among} were rapidly coming into great demand by the Mormons of Utah. Long in use, Lee's Ferry was not abandoned until 1926 when the Navaho Bridge, built at this site, linked the Navaho country with north central Arizona and southern Utah.

Licensed by the Government Agent at Fort Defiance, traders began to appear as the Navaho produced wool and blankets. Few in number at the beginning, ^{the} traders increased in proportion to the volume of Navaho production. Strict rules of trade were imposed by the Government when licenses were issued, and with but few exceptions, the traders never owned the land upon which their posts were built.

The pioneer trader was a rugged individual, able to survive in remote areas under the most primitive conditions. He had to build what he needed, ^{had} to be able to fix anything and

everything, and through the years has taught ^{to} many Navaho necessary construction and mechanical techniques. Built of stone, adobe bricks, ^{or} occasionally ^{of} logs, the old trading posts consisted of one or more buildings, with sheep and horse corrals nearby. In addition to the store, there was usually a barn, a storehouse, ^{and} usually a visitors' hogan for the use of Indians who lived far away. Around three walls of the post were shelves reaching to the ceiling, stocked with goods of all descriptions. In front of the shelves, and separated from them by a passageway, were high, wide counters, built so for protection as well as use. Beneath the counters were shelves for an assortment of articles, tools, and, in early days, a weapon or two in case of need. In the center of the room, or to one side, a large old-fashioned iron stove gave warmth in winter, and along the remaining wall were benches to accommodate the customers. Hanging from the ceiling were coils of rope, lanterns, buckets, bridles, harness, ^{and} and other items of trade. For sixty years many trading posts were in isolated spots, far removed from worldly contact. ~~There were~~ ^{were} few roads, usually bad ones, often impossible to travel at certain times of year. Horse ^{or} mule-drawn wagons were the only means of carrying supplies or delivering goods for sale.

~~There are~~ ^{are} many legendary personalities among those early traders on the reservation: Keam, the Hubbells, the Wetherills, the Hyde brothers (who were the first to send hides to the eastern market), C. N. Cotton, who saw a potential market for rugs in the east, Sam Day, "Cozy" McSparron, B. I. Staples, both Charles and Arthur Newcomb,

Bruce Bernard, and others whose names are synonymous with the posts they held. Off the reservation there were the Kirks, the Fred Harvey Company, and a few others.

The traders' abilities were legion. They had to speak a most difficult language, they had to be shrewd business men in order to exist, ^{and had to be} they ~~were~~ pioneers in every sense of the word. As the Navaho of these early times seldom had cash with which to make their purchases, a credit barter system was devised whereby a Navaho could place certain items of his possession, chiefly his jewelry, in pawn until that time of year when wool or sheep were sold.

Each trading post was, and still is, a center, like the hub of a wheel, the outer circumference being perhaps twenty or more miles away. To these posts the Navaho have been coming to trade for nearly a hundred years, bringing their produce to exchange for goods they desire or need. They bring wool at shearing time, sheep and some cattle at fall roundup time, ^{and} hides, piñon nuts, hand-made jewelry, woven blankets, and rugs. ^{throughout the year} The trading post ^{has} became a place of meeting, ^{as well as} the place to obtain water, for all posts had to be built where there were natural springs or good wells. The trader has been the connecting link between the United States Government and the Navaho People. The trading post is where Government officials come to set dates for spring branding and dipping of sheep, ^{to announce} for farm demonstrations, ^{and} to post notices, ^{and} it is the trader who interprets Government regulations and who makes contacts between the Government officials and ^{the} individual Navaho of his region. And it

has been the trader who^{has} established outside markets for rugs and jewelry. By and large, the trader has been the best friend the Navaho have had over a long period of time. It has been to the trader that the Navaho^{have} has gone for help in time of need, for many a trader has driven miles in good weather or bad, by day or night, to take sick Navaho People to the nearest hospital. There have been a few exceptions where exploitation or unfairness in trade have taken place, but such traders soon disappeared, for the shrewd Navaho quickly detect these practices and simply go elsewhere for their business.

During the past thirty years road improvement has progressed with increasing rapidity until today, new paved roads link the major sections of the reservation. Distances seem to have shrunk, as trucks^{now} today travel one hundred miles in two hours, where not long ago, they took two days to make the same trip.

The trader's influence has been great, depending on the way he has conducted his business, his attitude to his customers, and his interest in them and their mode of life. In all activities both in the store and out, the trader's actions are observed and noted. He must be ever on the alert for values, for the Navaho loves the game of trading and trying to get the best of any bargain. Spending time in a trading post, watching the comings and goings of the many people who appear daily, is a fascinating experience. Navaho People come in to the post, quietly greet those they know by a gentle touching of hands, then sit on the benches for a long time considering

what to buy. One will finally go up to the counter, and pointing to an article, put down the money for that one item, or if ^{the Navaho} he is pawning jewelry, the trader lists each purchase. Follow-^{procedure}ing another long interlude of consideration, this will be repeated. Sometimes individuals will stay at the post all day before the final lot of merchandise has been acquired. Always there is ^{the} purchase of tobacco (in early times there was a box of loose tobacco on the counter for free samples), ^{and} the purchase of candy ^{or pop} for children, ~~of pop~~, as the day proceeds. They ^{Navaho} observe everything, listen to all conversations, deliberate. When they go home they will remember everything that has transpired.

In every post there is a special place, sometimes a vault, often a small room, where pawned jewelry is kept. Items are ticketed with the owner's name, the date, and the amount owed. Most traders keep jewelry in pawn longer than the legal time ^(though this has recently been changed) of three years for the owner to redeem it. Then it may be placed in a case as "dead pawn" for sale to any who will buy. The traders are more than fair about this transaction. I recall an instance when I had been requested to buy some dead pawn for a shop. One piece was a particularly fine concha belt. It had been dead pawn for over three years. Six weeks after I had bought it, the original owner ^{rode} ^{more than} ~~had ridden over~~ fifty miles to redeem his belt. He was crestfallen to find it gone. The trader took the time and trouble to write ~~asking if it had been sold~~ and requesting its return. Fortunately, ^{been sold} it had not ^{and the Navaho} redeemed his prized possession.

Probably the least changed of the famous trading posts is the Hubbell Post at Ganado, Arizona.⁴* This is one of the exceptions where the land was homesteaded by Don Lorenzo Hubbell, for at that time, 1876, this land was not a part of the reservation. Don Lorenzo, the son of a Connecticut Yankee and a Spanish mother, purchased a store built six years previously at this site, in all probability the oldest post following the first at Fort Defiance. When Don Lorenzo bought this^e post, he also homesteaded a ~~one hundred and sixty~~¹⁶⁰⁻ acre tract of land. He erected a number of fine substantial buildings during the course of his life. His post became a mecca for anthropologists, archaeologists, writers, and a host of visitors, as did the posts of other famous traders.

Here, in Don Lorenzo's treasure room, is his late son Roman Hubbell, discussing the merits of a rug just brought in to be sold. On the walls are ^{hung} many relics of the past, ^m Kit Carson's gun scabbard, a fine old gun collection, water containers of many different types, a superb collection of Indian baskets from ^{various} many tribes, archaeological specimens from nearby early Pueblo ruins. Piled high along another wall of the room are stacks of Navaho ^{has always been} rugs, all of top quality, for which the Hubbell Post, ^{was} famous. "Cozy" McSparron, Hubbell, and later the Lippincotts at Wide Ruins, did much to restore the use of natural dyes in rug making. This is one of many instances ^{when} ~~where~~ the traders' influence has counted most, and today certain areas of the reservation are noted for rugs of widely different types.

* Now to be a National Monument.

Other traders whose interests lay beyond the trading counter, were John Wetherill at Kayenta, Sam Day, B. I. Staples at Coolidge, J. B. Moore at Crystal, and the Newcombs, to name but a few. Harry Goulding at Monument Valley has done much to promote the scenic beauty of his area. At Shiprock, Bruce Bernard has one of the finest pawn rooms, with an excellent system for recording the pawn. His room is a spectacle of turquoise, coral, and silver. The wives of these traders also have played an important role in their respective areas, teaching many useful household arts, aiding families, and learning much of the Navaho ways. The heyday of these posts is gone now, and modernization is rapidly taking over, though there are still a few smaller posts in remote areas retaining some of the flavor of the early years. It will not be long before these, too, are changed, and with their passing will go one of the most colorful phases of western history, one so closely bound to the Navaho that it became a part of the Way of the People.

13th

Plate
C-5

and the



Plate
P/70

Away from the well-traveled highways, old methods of locomotion still are used. A Navaho thinks nothing of walking many miles if he has no means of transportation. We have come upon this many times. Once, as we were traveling to Tuba City from the Hopi country, we came to a slight crest in the undulating desert; beyond we saw a family — ⁱ/_m a woman with a baby in a cradle board and a small child riding a burro, while two older boys were on foot. When we reached them we produced some candy for the children and tried to chat a little, though no one seemed to understand English. They were curious about us, surprised by our offer, and thoroughly friendly. They seemed miles from any habitation, yet in the gentle rise and fall of the desert, it is remarkable how a hogan can be hidden from view.

For three hundred years the horse has been a dearly loved possession. When a Navaho ^b dies, his horse is shot and the saddle is buried with the man.

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Another time, as we drove along in the Red Rock region, we came across a boy with a small flock of sheep. It was a wonderful day with great masses of clouds gathering for a possible storm. We pulled off the road to stop a while to enjoy the beauty of the scene. Soon the sheep came closer to us, the boy watching from a distance. We were so absorbed with this scene in one direction that we did not see a young man approaching on foot from another. Then up out of a wash appeared a lone horseman who stopped to talk with the young man on foot. After a while each went ^{his} ~~their~~ separate ways as we watched them ^{all} disappear into the landscape. The sheep moved slowly on, the little boy with them. We spoke to no one, they paid no attention to us whatsoever, yet I doubt not that later in the day they knew who we were and a surprising lot about us.

Plates
7/1 & 72

Plates 73-77 scattered through out this chpt.
 Plate C-6
 NAVAHOS SHEEP

Raising

41 ☐ Ever since the Navaho obtained their first sheep and horses from the Spaniards sometime in the seventeenth century, sheep and wool ^{has} become an ever-increasing resource ^{for} of the People. Between that time and the year 1846, when the United States took possession of the Southwest following the Mexican War, Navaho sheep had increased to ^{500,000} half a million head. Later, when Kit Carson defeated the Navaho through his scorched-earth policy, much of this livestock was captured or killed. Only some 5,000 head were moved to Fort Sumner with the Navaho People; many of these died along the way, for they had not sufficient time to graze, and more died later.

When at last the Navaho were freed to return to their old land in 1868, they had nothing but the hope of the promised new start that the Government would send them ^{the} seed, tools, and three sheep per family. It was more than a year, a time of near starvation, before this promise was fulfilled. Before the exile there had been some small groups who, with their flocks, had hidden in the remote wild canyons of Northern Arizona, while Colonel Carson was rounding up the Tribe. There is a legend that one leader of ^{the} hidden groups, urged the People to conserve their sheep so that they might help their fellow tribesmen when the day of liberation came. Doubtless some of the returning Navaho found their way to these remote regions, joining their relatives or friends. The rest struggled through

that first year until the promised sheep and seed were finally delivered late in the fall of 1869.

By the year 1870 there could not have been many sheep on the reservation, yet between 1870 and 1894 sheep and other stock had increased to an estimated number of more than ~~a mil-~~
^{1, 500, 000} ~~lion and a half~~. During these first years following the exile, Government Agents were sent to certain areas on the reservation to maintain contact with the Navaho People. The first agent to realize the necessity for stock reduction was D. M. Riordan, agent at Fort Defiance, who sent ~~in~~ a report to Washington requesting that the stock on the reservation be reduced, and also urging the introduction of better stock to improve the breed. This was in 1883. Again in 1894, another agent, Edwin Plummer, realizing the great increase in stock, particularly of sheep, sent an urgent plea to Washington for more grazing land for the Navaho, but ~~again~~ this plea also was turned aside. The next important effort to intercede in behalf of the Navaho was ^{in 1914} by Father Anselm Weber from Saint Michael's Mission. Father Anselm became aroused when a group of non-Indian stockmen, with eyes on certain grazing areas, tried to bring political pressure to bear on the Indian Service, to declare this large section of land, then beyond the western boundary of the reservation, as "surplus land", ^{lands} therefore, part of the public domain and ~~con-~~sequently subject to homesteads.

~~In 1914~~, Father Anselm attacked this measure, sending reports to Washington showing the need for increased areas for the Navaho. ^{Riordan, Plummer, and Father Anselm} These three ~~men~~ were the first who realized how

the ^{recognized} fine pasturage was being destroyed by over-grazing, ^{who} and the danger of the destruction of the natural grama grass so necessary for stock of all kinds. Father Anselm saw, too, how certain areas of land were being eroded where the sheep, who crop ~~so~~ close ^{by} and often pull up the grass by the roots, were actually destroying the range. He urged Congress not only to preserve the Navaho range lands, but ^{also} to increase range areas. Father Anselm was successful in his mission, and new areas of land were added to the western section of the reservation. However, nothing was done about the overstocked range.

Following World War I, there was much discussion about the land and the sheep, but no one seemed to have any plan. Finally in 1930, an Indian Bureau forester, William H. Zeh, was appointed to make a general survey of range conditions on the whole reservation. Mr. Zeh's report showed that due to shortage of stock water, the distribution of stock was very uneven. Consequently, there were great inroads of soil erosion in some areas, and stock of all kinds ^($\frac{1}{m}$), sheep, horses, cattle, mules, burros, and goats ^($\frac{1}{m}$), were far in excess of the available range. He urged a stock reduction program. Once more there were delays and the detailed grazing surveys were not commenced until 1933, ^{to be} completed in 1935. It was then apparent that the reservation range could support only about ^{500,000} half a million head, and that the range at that time ^{percent} was overstocked by more than 200%. These were the depression years and the price of wool and lambs was at a low point. The Navaho were just not selling their lambs, thereby adding still more stock to the overgrazed land.

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With the advent of the new administration in 1932, new agencies were created, the Soil Conservation Service, the Public Works Program, the Relief Administration, to name a few. These services, together with the reports from the Indian Service, brought to focus the necessity for the Navaho stock reduction program of the 1932-1942 decade. This ^{program} produced an economic and social revolution, for the Navaho at that time did not have the education or the understanding to comprehend the necessity for this long-range ^{plan} program. To a people who had been shepherds for more than two centuries, to be told that they must reduce their flocks, came as a shock.

Until this time the Navaho ^{had} had no centralized government of their own. In the early days before the exile, they had been loosely governed by chiefs in various areas of the Navaho country. After the exile, the Indian Service had divided the reservation into districts of administration. Now, in 1932, the tribal government was just being formulated, ^{still} and did not represent the people from all the areas of the reservation. The first steps taken by the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs were in the field of land conservation, to be carried out by the Public Works Program, giving work to many Navaho men. Steps also were taken to develop greater water supply by drilling new wells and building small drainage reservoirs.

Then came the time when the whole land and sheep program was clearly stated and explained to the Tribal Council, showing them how too many sheep were destroying the grass and causing great areas of extreme erosion. To compensate for the reduction

in sheep, a new educational program would be put into effect which would include the building of some fifty new day schools. The construction of these buildings would be done by Navaho labor. The Council understood the program and approved it. Work was commenced. The Relief Administration was to purchase 100,000 head of sheep immediately in the fall of 1933, this number to be divided among the several jurisdictions of the reservation.

But many of the large sheep owners refused to comply. A compromise was finally reached on a percentage basis, but this worked hardships on the small flock owners. Suspicion and resentment reached a high pitch, for the Navaho think of wealth in terms of livestock, not ~~in~~ money, and they seemed unable to understand that money earned by wages would in any way compensate for loss of sheep. While the Council supported the program, enforcing it was something else, and the Council was placed in a difficult position with their fellow Navaho who disapproved the plan. There were several years of turmoil, climaxed when the Relief Administration purchased 150,000 head of goats, half of them females. At this point the Navaho women became very agitated and hostile to the entire program. These goats were to be delivered to small packing plants between September and December of 1934, with a purchase price of \$1.00 per head. Unusual weather conditions and long distances for hauling slowed the program, and a suggestion was made that the Navaho slaughter all the goats they could use for food, even though they had already been sold to the Government.

9 Frustrated in getting some 3,500 of these goats to the railroad from one far distant point, and because the cost of hauling ^{greatly} far exceeded the value of the animals, someone ordered that ^{the goats} these ^{action} be shot and left to rot. This ^{may} have been a practical solution, but its effect on the Navaho was catastrophic and sent a shudder of apprehension throughout the tribe, for, to the Navaho, animals are killed only for food. This was a tragedy which has left scars of mistrust, and even though the program was continued and the stock reduced to a better level, ^{sheep control} it is still a matter of concern. In continuing the program, range management districts ^{have been} were established, while the Bureau of Indian Affairs still issues the grazing permits.

The coming of World War II alleviated this tension to a considerable extent, for many Navaho men went into the army, many more, and women also, into war work of various kinds. Some went ^{to work in} to California ^{into} defense plants. They all did a superlative job. These war experiences also taught the Navaho a great deal about the ways of other people, for they are quick to learn through observation, and to many this was a new experience, for they had never been away from the reservation. Following the war, many more things have happened to help relieve the livestock situation. The discovery of extensive uranium deposits brought money into the Tribal Fund, as well as work for many young men. This ^{discovery} was followed by the development of new oil fields. The Tribal Council is doing much to produce new water supplies, build new roads, ^{carry out} and other projects, all of which are helping to solve ^{Navaho} their economic life. While there are still many sheep on the reservation, they are no longer the only means of livelihood.

Plates 78-84 in the apt.
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 ing
 NAVAHO FARMS

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 The Navaho have been farmers since the beginning of their known history. Evidence of their produce was found in archaeological excavations in old Navaholand where ^{corn,} squash, and beans were found, seeds more than four hundred years old. As the Navaho moved westward down the San Juan Valley, they planted fields wherever they settled, ^{but} These were subsistence farms of small acreage. During the past seventy-five years, this picture has been changing, until today there are some Navaho who do practice commercial farming, and there are more who wish to do so.

As about ~~sixty-five~~⁶⁵ percent of land under irrigation on the reservation at the moment is concentrated in the San Juan Valley, a farm training program was established in this area by the Government about ten or more years ago, to meet the need for new ^{occupations} resources to take the place of raising sheep. As this has developed, the Navaho have found that small subsistence acreage would not meet their needs, and as this need has increased, a consolidation of small areas has been developed, making productive farming as a livelihood more possible.

The new irrigation project, planned long ago but not put into effect until 1962, will bring water from the San Juan River, stored in the new Navaho Reservoir, to irrigate 110,000 acres of land. This area, now nearly destitute of growth, will extend along the south side of the river from near Farmington.

south and west all the way to Newcomb. The first water will be turned into the new canals in a few years, creating about one thousand ~~new~~ 120-acre farms for young Navaho People. This project is based on the premise that the land belongs to the Tribe and will be leased to individuals with a period of rent-free occupancy in which to become established. Farming on a commercial basis is a comparatively new occupation for the Navaho, and benefits from the farm training program will be needed as this development gets under way.

Although Indians in this part of the Southwest have practiced irrigation since the twelfth century or before, the modern refinements in head gates, ^{and} water storage, ~~etc.~~, have so increased production that they have brought about a decided change in Navaho life. The change from subsistence to commercial productivity is great, but here, once more, the ^{native} adaptability of the Navaho will serve him in good stead.

Plate C-7 early in Chpt. 1

The

NAVAHO LANDSCAPE

41 > ☐ Navaholand abounds in interest ^{ing sites, as well as} and scenic beauty. Adjacent to the reservation are three National Parks and seven National Monuments. The Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, and Mesa Verde National Parks are all in close proximity, as are the National Monuments of Walnut Canyon, Sunset Crater, and Wupatki to the west, El Morro (Inscription Rock) to the south, and Hovenweep and Aztec Ruins to the north. Within the reservation are four more, Rainbow Bridge, Canyon de Chelly, Chaco Canyon, and Navaho National Monuments, with the recent addition of the Navaho Tribal Park at Monument Valley, developed and operated by the tribe with uniformed personnel ^{who are}, graduates of the National Park Service Ranger Training School. Plans are under way for several more additions to the Tribal Park system.

Chaco Canyon ^{Monument} and Navaho National Monuments contain great pre-historic ruins indicating the extensive population that existed here between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, and there are other sites ante-dating these. The ruins of the great terraced structures of Pueblo Bonito and Chetro Ketl at Chaco Canyon reveal some of the finest prehistoric masonry. Here one sees the remains of two walled cities where perhaps a thousand people lived ^{nine} ~~five~~ hundred years ago, and there are ruins of many other pueblos within this area. Navaho National Monument contains the cliff dwelling called Beta-ta-kin, perhaps the most beautiful in the Southwest, as well as other ruins. Canyon de Chelly and its tributary, Canyon del Muerto, ^{comprise} ~~is~~ the most spectacular Monument for scenic beauty. Here ~~also~~ is an area of

Plate 85

Plate 86

long-continued occupation, seventeen centuries, from A. D. 200 to the present. Not only do these canyons contain evidences of ancient habitation, but through all these centuries the canyon floors have been farmed by successive tribes of Indians.

First came the so-called Basket Makers of A. D. 200 to approximately 700, followed by the Pueblos, who built the famous White House in Canyon de Chelly, and the cliff dwellings in Mummy and Massacre Caves, and others in Canyon del Muerto. Then, according to some archaeologists, came some Hopi, who left behind quantities of pottery in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Lastly came the Navaho in the early part of the eighteenth century. This is still an inhabited region, for some three hundred Navaho live and raise their crops within the Canyons, sheltered by their high protective walls. As visitors travel up the Canyons today, they are conscious of small farms of corn and alfalfa, but it is only from the air that the full extent, ^{of the farming} may be seen.

Throughout the summer, irrigating ditches bring water from higher regions as it flows down the Canyons following heavy thunderstorms. There are small peach orchards in Canyon del Muerto whose origins stem from trees brought to the Hopi Villages by seventeenth-century Spanish Padres. In September, the Navaho dry ^{large} quantities of peaches to be stored for winter use.

There has long been misunderstanding regarding the names of these canyons, de Chelly, and its largest tributary, del Muerto. De Chelly is a Spanish corruption of the Navaho word Tseghi, meaning "between the rocks", hence, canyon. Many have thought

that the name Del Muerto came from the Spanish attack on Massacre Cave in 1804, but there is no evidence whatever that this branch canyon had any name until 1882 when Colonel James Stevenson entered the canyon on an archaeological expedition. Members of two earlier expeditions made no mention of any name other than De Chelly. In a cave, later called Mummy Cave, Colonel Stevenson found two mummies, and in recognition of this find, he called the canyon, "Cañon de los Muertos", later condensed to Canyon del Muerto. *

The Canyons can be treacherous as well as beautiful. Few visitors realize how ^{quickly} water can accumulate following the great thunderstorms of this western region. Sometimes a storm will be miles away, not even visible from the lower part of the Canyons, yet with incredible speed the runoff accumulates, rushing down the Canyon floors, sweeping everything in its path. There are areas of quicksand, too, where many an automobile has become bogged down and even submerged, to the dismay of unsuspecting travelers. The Canyons twist and wind, creating one beautiful vista after another when the lowering light of afternoon mystifies and enhances, and giant shafts of rock, sunlit against a shadowed wall, are silhouetted in majestic beauty.

* ORIGIN OF THE NAME, CAÑON DEL MUERTO

by David L. DeHarport.

El Palacio, Vol. 67, No. 3. June 1960

There is a delightful legend of how the Canyons were made. [?]

Coyote went to the People begging them to give him some fire. At first they refused, for he was well known as the mischief maker. After repeated entreaties, some one said, "Oh, give him some." So they gave him some flint stones. He tried and tried but could not make a spark. Finally he became angry and threw the stones on the ground whereupon a great spark was lighted which quickly set fire to the dry brush. It burned and burned into a rushing fire and Coyote ran away. The earth split open from the great heat beneath the fire and finally Water Pourer came to put it out. This started the washing down of the Canyon walls, making them deeper and deeper. Today, when you stand on the rim you can see how the Canyons would all fit back together.

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Plates
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In September of 1958, I made a special trip to Canyon de Chelly, taking with me a young Navaho woman who was then working in Santa Fe, and whom ^{Betsy and I} we knew very well. She had never been to the Canyons and was most eager to go, and I thought it delightful to have a Navaho companion. On the way we stopped at Window Rock, ^{where} and when I found the Tribal Council in session, I ^{obtained} got permission to make some interior photographs of the Council room with the members present. I also made a portrait of Paul Jones, who was Chairman at that time.

Proceeding on to Chinle, we put up our tent in the National Monument Camp Grounds and settled down for a stay of several days. One thing I wanted to do was to hire the Jeep and its driver from the Thunderbird Ranch for a trip up Canyon del Muerto. As this was not possible for the following day, we ^{d/} did make arrangements for the day after. ^{then} So we rearranged our plans, driving up to Many Farms, some forty miles to the north, where Cornell University ^{s/} is conducting a clinic. We spent a busy morning watching the school children as they came in for tests, making numerous pictures, and learning about the interesting work that is being carried out by this University.

At noon we started on our way back to camp. As we were passing a small trading post called the Valley Store, I realized suddenly that this was the old Frazier Trading Post, the end of my long walk in 1930 when Betsy and I ran out of gasoline. We stopped to buy something for lunch and to pass the time of

day with the trader. As we started back to the car, a wagon drove up with a man and his wife coming to fill their water barrels. As this was an activity I had not yet photographed, I got out my hand camera, and with Maria as interpreter, asked if I might make the picture I wanted. The man was willing, so I proceeded to make a number of exposures from different angles. ^{After} Returning to the car, which was on the opposite side of the water tank, we drove ^{for a short distance} ~~off a way~~ until we found a nice spot to stop for our lunch.

Then we returned to the Canyon and drove up on the rim to watch the sunset before ^{going} ~~returning~~ to our camp. After supper, I got out my changing bag to reload ~~all~~ my exposed film holders, and suddenly I could not find the case that contained all my small camera holders, as well as extra equipment. We hunted and hunted, ending by taking everything out of the car. It just wasn't there, so I assumed that I must have left it at the Manyfarms Clinic. ^{So} ~~the next morning we had~~ to postpone our trip up the Canyon, ^{and} we drove all the way back to Manyfarms. ^{But} ~~The case wasn't there, so~~ we returned to the Valley Store, where I now knew I must have left it. Entering the store, we found only one man sitting there talking to the trader, who was busy behind his counter. I asked him if such a case had been found, thinking that I must have put it down somewhere and left it ~~there~~. He said he had not seen ^{it} or heard of it. Then the lone customer spoke in Navaho to Maria, telling her that he thought a certain young Navaho boy knew something about it. I realized then that it had been stolen, something that

had happened to me only once before over the years. I posted a notice saying that it was lost, ^{and} offering a reward. We returned to our camp to prepare for ^{the} our trip up the Canyon the following day.

I was unhappy over the handicap I would have without the use of my hand camera, as all the extra film I had for it was in that case, including other accessories and a new exposure meter. But, of course, I had my large camera, ^{so} we set forth early the following morning with the Jeep to ourselves and a nice Navaho driver. The floors of the Canyons are very treacherous with both dry sand and quicksand, and one must be accompanied by someone who knows the safe routes. Our driver, Art, lived up in Canyon del Muerto, and, as this was the Canyon we wanted to see, we proceeded on our way, stopping at Art's hogan, where he introduced us to his family and showed us a fine rug his mother was weaving.

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It was a beautiful fall day and we took our time, stopping frequently to work or to look at whatever interested us. We passed numerous hogans, for this is the Canyon where many Navaho People live. We went all the way up to Mummy Cave, a cliff dwelling miles from the mouth of the Canyon. But just before we arrived at this spot, we came to a group of hogans and, seeing several children running to meet us, Art stopped the car to give them candy we had brought along. In a few minutes two women appeared, one of them approaching Maria, saying to her in English, "Did you girls find the case you lost yesterday?" I was astonished at this, for we must have been about forty

miles from the Valley Store. How could this news have reached these people in less than twenty-four hours, and how were we recognized? I did not have a camera visible and we were not in my own car. This was a striking instance of how news travels on the reservation and how carefully all strangers are observed.

We had our lunch in the shade of some beautiful pine trees across the Canyon from Mummy Cave, resting a while before starting on our return trip. About half way down the Canyon is a group of hogans, almost a community, called "Standing Cow", so named for an early pictograph carved on the face of the canyon wall above one of the hogans. Here we found a busy scene.

When
As we had passed this point on our way up the canyon in the morning, no one was visible. Now we found a group of Navaho women and children busily spreading out the season's crop of peaches to dry. They had swept an area clean of loose earth and were placing the halved peaches open side up to dry in the sun. We watched this activity for some time, Maria in continual conversation with the women and thoroughly enjoying herself. Finally we left, driving down the rest of the way as the late afternoon sun threw long shadows across the Canyon floor.

Plate C-8

The next morning was Friday, the opening of the Window Rock Fair, so we broke camp and prepared to leave. We stopped at the Trading Post, as I wanted to tell Mr. Nelson about the loss of my case, in the event that any of the items showed up at his post. I bought some food for lunch and when I joined Maria at the car she was talking to two older Navaho People.

~~nearby~~. She told me that these people wanted to know if we
 would take them to Window Rock. I said that we would be glad
 to, but that I wanted to go back to the Valley Store first to
 see if my case had been found. ~~So~~ we all got in the car, the
 man riding on our camp beds in the back of the station wagon,
 the woman in front with Maria and me. Maria was engrossed in
 conversation and I soon realized that she was telling the woman
 about my missing case and also about my book, for she got it
 out to show the pictures. ^{As} Neither of these people spoke any
 English, ~~so~~ I had to guess what all the talk was about. There
 was no one around the ^{Valley} store when we got there, ^{but} ~~so~~ I went inside
 to speak to the trader. ⁵ No sign of the case.

Getting back into the car, I started to turn around to
 head for the Fair, inwardly bemoaning the loss of much valu-
 able equipment, as well as the exposed negatives of Chairman
 Paul Jones and the Tribal Council. The woman spoke to Maria,
 asking me "to go around that hill where it would be quiet".
 I couldn't imagine what she wanted, but I have never failed
 to follow such a lead. We drove three or four miles to a
 place out of view of the highway, with not even a hogan in
 sight. Then she asked me to stop. She got out of the car,
 asking us to join her. She told Maria to put a rug down on
 the ground and asked me to get out a case like the one I lost.
 I still couldn't imagine what this was all about, but I said
 nothing and followed directions. Maria told me to kneel down
 beside the woman. Then, to my complete surprise, she began a
 hand-trembling ceremony over me. Hand tremblers are diviners

diagnosticians ¹~~and~~ and they are ²also sought out by the Navaho People to find lost articles. I could see Maria in wide-eyed wonder as the woman proceeded with the ritual, ³as I watched the shadow of the trembling hand and arm in front of me and listened to the incantation. This lasted about fifteen minutes. Then the woman spoke to Maria, telling her that three boys had taken the case from my car. I was not to worry, as nothing would be hurt. I was to come back to the store in four days, ⁴that two boys would bring ^{the case} it back. I thanked the hand trembler for her services and made a small donation. Then we all decided that it was lunch time, ~~so we~~ made some sandwiches and had our lunch right there.

We drove on to Window Rock and, as we approached, Maria told me that our new friends wanted to go on in to Gallup. ⁵Since ~~As~~ there was something about the car that needed fixing, I decided that we might just as well go ~~on~~ in to town and spend the night there. ~~So~~ in Gallup we parted with these two, some 125 miles from the Valley Store. We never saw them again.

Saturday morning we returned to Window Rock and the Fair, where we spent an interesting and busy day. Sunday, I took Maria back to Gallup to put her on the bus, for she had to return to her job the next morning. There was other work I had intended to do in the Shiprock area, but instead of taking the direct road north, I decided to go the long way around. ~~So~~ I returned alone to Chinle, spending the night there. ⁶Monday morning, the fourth day, I went on to the Valley Store. The trader said he did not have the case, but that two boys had just

been there asking if ^{the} ~~that~~ case had been found. I thought that they were probably seeing if the coast was clear, so I left the reward money and postage with the trader, and knowing that they would recognize my car, I thought the best thing to do was to go on my way. A few days after I reached home, the case was returned, its contents complete and unharmed.

plate 93

29
30

This was a most interesting experience, leaving many unanswered questions. I know that the ~~Hand~~ Trembler and her husband had spoken to no one but Maria and me from the time they got into the car at Chinle, until we left them in Gallup. There are many accounts of lost articles being found by hand tremblers. That there are Navaho People who have extra^s sensory perception has been noted many times by a number of people. Was my experience one of these? I wish I knew the answer.

①

5 1/2 pica

②

30 1/2 Weiss
st. up

3 1/2 pica

4 1/2

THE WEAVERS

10 1/2 ital

center x 16
slug fl. nt.

and

The raising of sheep, the spinning of wool, and the weaving of textiles, are age-old activities in most parts of the world where fabrics of great variety and use have been produced during many centuries. When the Spanish Conquistadores first came to the American Southwest in 1540, they brought with them the first sheep ever seen by the Indian inhabitants. To the surprise of the invaders they found cotton garments woven by Pueblo Indians, made on well-perfected looms of Indian origin. In later years archaeologists were to find scraps of woven cotton fabrics buried in prehistoric ruins whose dates go back to the fifth century A. D.

□ These first sheep brought by Coronado were used chiefly as food for his marching army, so that eventually they were consumed. Later, when Don Juan de Oñate came up the Rio Grande Valley to colonize New Mexico, he also brought sheep for domestic use. These animals were the common Spanish breed known as the churro. The Pueblo Indians soon learned the use of wool, and, as production of sheep spread, the western Pueblo Indians of the Zuni and Hopi villages soon were weaving woolen garments.

At the time of the Great Rebellion of 1680, when all the Pueblo People united to drive the Spanish from their land, some groups, fearing the return of the Spanish soldiers, took refuge in Old Navaholand. In this region archaeologists, those intrepid investigators of ancient human habitation, have found remains

of Pueblo dwellings in close proximity to those of Navaho ^{early} origin, indicating an association of the two Indian cultures. As the Navaho moved westward in the early 1700s, they encountered the Hopi in Canyon de Chelly and at the villages farther west. Possibly because of this close proximity of the two distinctly different Indian groups, many students of Indian culture in the Southwest have believed that the Navaho learned the art of weaving from the Pueblo people. However, recent research is pointing more and more to the probability that the Navaho brought the knowledge of weaving with them when they migrated to the Southwest. During these travels and sojourns they came through country where other Indian tribes were already spinning and weaving, and it is quite possible that the Navaho learned to make and to use the spindle and the loom long before they entered the area where they now live.

Had the Navaho learned from the Pueblo weavers, they would probably have used the same techniques, ^{but they do not} ~~And there are other differences.~~ Pueblo looms are stationary, whereas Navaho looms are portable. The spindle ^{is} ~~is~~ different, and the use of it most distinctively so. Among the Navaho it has always been the women who are the weavers (with a few rare exceptions), while among the Pueblo, the weavers are usually men. Pueblo ^{weavers are} ~~weaving is dominated~~ by traditional forms and designs with little variation, while Navaho weavers are emphatically creative. ^{Although} ~~While~~ it is true that traders of many areas have in recent years influenced types and designs of rugs to some extent, within these bounds there is great creativity. Over the long years of production from Navaho

looms, the infinite variety of design, color, and weaving patterns, ^{has} have stamped the Navaho as masters of their art.

Navaho weavers have never changed in their use of the upright loom, nor have they made any change in its construction. The Spanish settlers in the Rio Grande Valley brought with them from Europe the knowledge of the treadle loom, which they built here of native woods, but the Navaho have steadfastly continued to use the upright aboriginal invention.

While the earliest examples of Navaho weaving have long since disappeared, there are references to this craft contained in letters from a number of Spanish writers. These remarks, together with their ~~chronological~~ dates, are interesting indeed. One early letter of 1780 says, "The Navahos, who although of Apache kinship, have a fixed home, sow, raise herds, and weave their blankets and clothes of wool ~~of the~~" * The same Spaniard, Teodoro de Croix, fifteen years later refers to the Navaho ~~as~~ "The Navaho Nation has 700 families, more or less, with 4 or 5 persons to each one, in its five divisions of San Matheo, Zebolleta, or Cañon, Chusca, Hozo, Chelli with its thousand men of arms; ^{that their possessions consist} ~~of~~ 500 tame horses; 600 mares with their corresponding stallions and young; ^{about} 700 black ewes; 40 cows also with their bulls and calves, all looked after with the greatest care and diligence for their increase." Another writer of the same year, 1795, ^{states,} "...they work their wool with more delicacy and taste than the Spaniards. Men as well as women go decently clothed, and their captains are rarely without silver jewelry." ** In 1799 an

* Navaho Weaving, Charles Avery Amsden, p. 130.

** Ibid., p. 131.