

AUTHOR'S PROOF

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THE ENDURING NAVAHO

By LAURA GILPIN

The Pueblos: A Camera Chronicle

Temples in Yucatan

The Rio Grande: River of Destiny

THE ENDURING NAVAHO

BY LAURA GILPIN

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DEDICATED TO
ELIZABETH WARHAM FORSTER, R.N.

Dear Betsy:

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

I can see us now, sitting in the old Buick wondering what we should do. I, for some reason, thought I *had* to do something immediately. We were in the middle of a vast semidesert; visibility in every direction was fifty miles or more, but we saw nothing, not a distant hogan, nor a horse, nor a flock of sheep—just empty land. Leaving you to guard the car (from what I don't quite know!), I set forth on foot, with hope that another traveler might come along who would give you gasoline. How well I remember my thoughts as I trudged along, recalling every vivid tale I had ever heard of a similar experience. How mortified I was at having lost my way. I remember meeting a Navaho man and a little boy in a wagon, coming out of a wash. I tried to talk to them but they spoke no English. I pointed in the direction of Chinle, indicating that I would pay them to take me there, but the man shook his head; then, reaching for something under a canvas in the wagon bed, he handed me three cool, delicious peaches. Finally, after an emotionally stimulated walk of two and one half hours, I reached Frazier's trading post. The trader was away, but his understanding wife took me and the needed gasoline back to you and the car, a distance of more than ten miles. I remember imagining how worried you must have been over my long absence. Never will I forget topping a gentle rise in the undulating desert and seeing the lonely car completely surrounded by *Navaho Indians*, like a swarm of bees about a honeysuckle. When we arrived,

there you were in the midst of the gathering, happily playing cards with your visitors! Your ensuing tale of how the Navaho had arrived, two or three at a time, seemingly from nowhere, to find out what the trouble was and to offer help, both surprised and interested me.

I recall my concern of a year later, when you told me you were accepting a position as field nurse to the Navaho, sponsored by a private organization. I wondered where and how you would live, what your work would consist of, whom you would have to help you. Later when I came to visit, I found you in snug though primitive quarters. As I listened to tales of your experiences, I, too, became interested in these people, impressed by their rugged character and their mode of life. From time to time my visits revealed the work you were doing, your understanding, your patience, your kindness, and your generosity, for you literally gave of your substance as well as your knowledge and nursing skill. I saw the response of the Navaho People to your attitude toward them, your willingness to go anywhere at any time when a call came for help. I know, too, the lives you saved and the succor you gave.

When the depression came and there were no more funds for the continuation of your work, you had to leave. I helped you pack and move. I can relive that final morning when six of your best friends arrived, watching our every act, then suddenly, solemnly, and without warning, stood, bowed their heads, and wept in unison.

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

PREFACE

Within the boundaries of their 25,000-square-mile reservation, more than 100,000 Navaho People, the largest tribe of Indians in North America, are striving for existence on a land not productive enough to sustain their increasing population. They are striving not only to exist, but also to meet an encroaching way of life with which they are, in a large measure, unfamiliar. It is within the last thirty years that the Navaho have been faced with this growing necessity for change, a change so great for them, that we can scarcely comprehend it. Their traditional mode of living—simple, carefree, undisturbed by the great pressures of our complex civilization—is being changed through their adaptation to an utterly alien existence.

In past years nature provided sufficient pasture for the Navaho's flocks and sufficient arable land for their simple farming, while the trading posts offered a market for their products. Today the Navaho find themselves with a population more than three times greater than their land can support. Thirty years ago they felt the white man far away, save for those few with whom they traded, but today they are surrounded by a constantly growing white population. Navaholand is no longer the faraway wild country of the Southwest. This encroaching pressure is sharply felt, and the Navaho are rising to meet it. Thirty years ago many were reluctant to go to the reservation schools; they were shy and diffident about learning the ways of our people. Today, they are clamoring for education, for there are many more children who want to go to school than there are schools or teachers to fill this demand.

It has been my privilege to observe some of the old life and much of the transition to the new. It has been intensely interesting, often heartbreaking, sometimes amusing, and in general has filled me with admiration for these people. Photography is essentially the medium for recording and interpreting such

change. There is no pretense here of a scientific or an ethnologic approach, but all factual statements have been checked with some of our leading scientists and, finally, with the Navaho People themselves.

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

Some of these pictures were made more than thirty years ago, most of them between 1950 and 1965 when the photographic work was completed. I am well aware of many gaps, but it is my hope that these pages will stir an understanding of this energetic tribe, and awaken an interest in its imaginative and poetic background.

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

LAURA GILPIN

Santa Fe, New Mexico

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

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

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Maria Teba Bia	Maurice McCabe
Sam Day III	Annie Wauneka

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PART I
THE
NAVAHO
WORLD

THE CREATION STORY

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

our Old Testament, the Navaho story contains a flood, expulsion from one world to another, and, throughout, a strong suggestion of evolution.

Beginning with Dr. Washington Matthews, an Army surgeon stationed at Fort Wingate in the 1880's, and followed by a number of students and anthropologists who gathered their information from many medicine men, this legend has been recorded, and, though there are variations, the basic characters are similar. From the Story has come the Blessingway Ceremony—the ceremonial most sacred to the Navaho People—and also the great variety of symbolic uses of plants and animals, birds and insects, colors and substances. The sacred number *four* permeates Navaho thinking. There are the four directions, the four seasons, and the four colors and substances associated with the four sacred mountains: white and white shell indicate the East; blue and turquoise, the South;

yellow and coral or abalone, the West; black and jet, the North. In most rituals there are four songs and multiples thereof, as well as many other symbolic uses of four.

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

The Story tells of life beginning in a lower world, the First World, where it was predestined that the prototypes of living creatures, as well as inanimate elements, would come into being. Here began the duality of life, male and female. There were twelve kinds of people inhabiting this First World, which was dark, and though they are spoken of as people, they were insects as we know them. There were Dark Ants—Red Ants—Dragon Flies—Yellow Beetles—Stone Carrier Beetles—Dung Beetles—Hard Beetles—Black Beetles—Bats—White Faced Beetles—Locusts—and White Locusts. There were oceans far off in each direction, and in each ocean a chief or deity. The People quarreled among themselves and the chiefs told them they must go elsewhere.

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

Once more they flew upward and, finding a cleft in the sky, they found their way into the Third World. Again the couriers went out to explore and again found bare land, except for a great river flowing to the East. This was the female river, and flowing into it was the male river, thus symbolizing generation. Grasshopper People lived in the Third World and the People mingled with them, requesting that they

might live as one tribe. But once again there was quarreling, and once more they were expelled. The People flew upward in wide circles but found the sky hard and smooth. As they searched for an exit, a red head emerged from the sky. It was the Red Wind, who told them to fly to the West. Here they found a spiral passage made by the Wind, and flying up through it they reached the Fourth World. Four Grasshopper People went with them, one white, one blue, one yellow, and one black, and to this day the People have grasshoppers of these colors.

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

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

You do not understand the signs the gods make to you. I will tell you what they mean. The gods wish to make more people, but they want the forms of these people to be like themselves. You have bodies like theirs, but you

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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 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 Winds 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 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—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. After the birth of 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.

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—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 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.

First Man began to think about what he had done and that the race might perish. He sent a messenger to ask First Woman if she still thought she could live alone. The answer came back that the women could not live without their husbands. Therefore, 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 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 knowing 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; 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 it soon 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. The reed grew higher as the People climbed, 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 something was wrong about Coyote, for he never took off his robe. 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 all the People 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.

Now the Kiis'aanii 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 the earth brought from the lower world. And the four great mountains were Sisnaajini to the East, Tsoodzil to the South, Doko'ooshid to the West, and Dibentsaa to the North. Within these boundaries were the three lesser mountains, Ch'ool'ii, Dzil ná'oodilii, and Naatsis'aán. These are still the sacred mountains of the Dinéh, the Navaho People.¹

But times were bad and there were many Enemy Monsters who killed and ate people. One day First

Man was standing on Dzil ná'oodilii, and looking to the East he saw a rain cloud resting on Ch'ool'ii. 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'ool'ii, he heard a baby cry; he found the baby lying with its head toward

¹ The contemporary locations of the sacred mountains are *Sisnaajini*, Mount Blanca, San Luis Valley, Colorado; *Tsoodzil*, Mount Taylor, north of Laguna, New Mexico; *Doko'ooshid*, the San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, Arizona; *Dibentsaa*, Mount Hesperus, La Plata Mountains, Colorado; *Ch'ool'ii*, Gobernador Knob, in Old Navaholand, southeast of the reservoir; *Dzil ná'oodilii*, Huerfano Mesa, south of Farmington, New Mexico; and *Naatsis'aán*, Navaho Mountain, southeastern Utah.

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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: one was black, one was 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. As First Man did not know what to do with the fastenings, he took the baby back to Dził ná'oodikii 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 the gods approached. 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.

"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 regeneration, and the bringing of all green things to life year after year.

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 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 the 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 Dinéh might safely live here. The story relates how a ray of light from the Sun passed through drops of water from a waterfall, impregnating Changing Woman. When the twins were born, one was called Monster Slayer, 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 ear of corn; in the other, a corn tassel containing pollen; around her neck is the rainbow necklace, made from the sacred stones from the four sacred mountains—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 Dinéh.

Maize

The domestication and hybridization of maize, or corn, has been perhaps the most important achievement of the American Indian, giving the Western

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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 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 corncobs 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 human occupation, corncobs from the true wild plant were found dating back to 5000 B.C. Each era of occupation left its evidence: in later levels dating about 4000 B.C., cobs from early domesticated corn were found; then an early hybrid variety dating 3000 B.C.; and finally, dating 1000 B.C., cobs from modern corn, such as that found in a growing state by the European explorers.

Dr. MacNeish's team, which included archaeologists, botanists, and scientists of other related subjects, has found that this hybridization was achieved with the use of the wild corn plant itself and the two related wild grasses, teosinte and tripsacum, thus producing the early corn of some three thousand years ago.

Of the three major cereals of the world—wheat in Africa spreading to Europe, rice in Asia, and 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, corn needs 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, knowl-

edge of its cultivation 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. It is treasured and revered. 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. Sacred corn mush is eaten simultaneously from the wedding basket by every Navaho bride and groom.

The Four Sacred Mountains

While I was 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, 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 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 Bering 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

² Dr. Richard MacNeish, "The Origins of New World Civilization," *Scientific American*, 211, No. 5 (November, 1964), 29-37.

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into southern Colorado the superb mountain mass of Sisnaajiní 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—elk and antelope, deer and bison—and here the ancient Navaho came to hunt, seeing always their sacred mountain before them. To the West, over the continental divide, the new Navajo 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 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 is the word from which *Navaho* is doubtless derived.³ 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

³ Navaho can be spelled two ways: the phonetic spelling with an *h*, which assures correct pronunciation, or the Spanish spelling with a *j*. The latter has been adopted by the United States government, and a few years ago the Navaho Tribal Council officially adopted the *j*-spelling, in spite of years of using the *h*. Many authors, Dr. Washington Matthews, Father Berard Haile, and Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, among others, have long used the *h*-spelling. To assure correct pronunciation, the *h*-spelling is used in this book, with the exception of certain official names and titles.

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 Sisnaajiní is not great, and, though 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, Sisnaajiní appears to be a mountain by itself and is a natural landmark—Sisnaajiní, 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 semidesert 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.

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, nearby, flocks grazing. There was an occasional horseman, a car, a truck or two—so few signs of life in

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this big empty-looking land. It seemed hard to believe that more than 104,000 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 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, Tsoodzil, still though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into the turquoise sky—the one high landmark—Tsoodzil, Navaho Sacred Mountain of the South.

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 cultivated part of the reservation. Green fields of alfalfa and ripening fields of corn and oats filled the pale landscape with rich color. After 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.

Shiprock, largest of the volcanic cones of the South-

west, rose more than 1,800 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 Defiance Plateau, the timber changing to piñon and cedar as the elevation dropped. 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 Navajo National Monument.

Cutting across the western edge of Black Mountain, we turned southward over an expanse of yellow sand, as yet another desert extended to the Grand Canyon, the western boundary of the reservation. A short flying time brought us opposite Doko'ooskíid, 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.

Once more we saw a high landmark—Doko'oosłííd, Navaho Sacred Mountain of the West.

We turned southeast, leaving the western boundary behind us, and as we crossed Hopiland, 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 Canyon de Chelly and Canyon 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, 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 wondering 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. 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 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 watched the passing landscape, the procession of Navaho historic events filled my mind, and I thought of all that had happened to these people since they had come under the rule of Washington, 119 years ago. The early efforts of such a small segment of the American Army had proved fruitless in the attempt to quell the Navaho raids, for in this rugged country the soldiers were 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 rounded up most of the starving people.

Then the commanding general decided to move the Navaho to a new environment—to Fort Sumner, more than three hundred miles away in eastern New Mexico on the Pecos River—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; 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

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from this height and distance. And beyond, rising above the great promontories and canyons of Mesa Verde, glistening on the far horizon, were the snowy summits of Dibéntsaa, 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 in the first, others following during the spring, until a total of some 8,500 Navaho had made the long march. Only the very old and the very young were permitted to ride in the few wagons the People still possessed. They had nothing left, only a few horses, some sheep, and some goats—that was all.

Those four years of exile were tragic years indeed. Lack of understanding, lack of supplies, and lack of communication caused 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 long, heavily laden wagon trains labored across nine hundred miles of prairie. Of the original appropriation, 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; 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 the Navaho returned to Fort Sumner, General Sherman was sent to draw up a treaty in which the Navaho promised to stop their raids, a promise quite faithfully kept with but 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; also one teacher for every thirty children. After 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—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 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.

While 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 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.

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SPACE-SKY-DISTANCE UNLIMITED; canyons-deserts-rocks majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-landforms beautiful beyond belief—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—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 weaknesses, 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, inherent good manners, and a special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps

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integrated personality is the attribute, for there is a "oneness" 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 by the nurse for his visit. 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 many more Navaho People, and soon I learned how to overcome their natural shyness or antipathy to photographs. In those days of the 1930's I was using a large view camera and I was able to interest the people in both 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 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 shaking hands, but it is unfriendly not to take off one's glove; when offering a cigarette, one must never point it at a person, but must hold it upright, or sideways. If one sees a fox, he must either turn around and go back to where he came from or wait until four other creatures, either animals or birds, pass him 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 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, Timothy Kellywood 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 appreciated greatly. That she did not oppose the medicine men came as a surprise to many and it was not long until one medicine man of the region occasionally came to her for help. He indicated his acceptance of her 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 how rapidly news could travel. I recall one day

parents had to tell her, she felt sure that he had 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 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 judgment and skill this boy's life was saved.

At the time of another of my periodic visits, Betsy had a patient, a small child who had fallen into the hot coals of 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 was the usual 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 I attempted 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 learned was a curing ceremony for a sick Navaho. One of the singers came to her clinic room asking for cough medicine. His name—incredibly—was Killed-a-White-Man. He came to Betsy 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 came for cough medicine 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, 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, "Ask him if he ever killed a white woman?" This question sent the old man into a peal of laughter and from then on he was one of Betsy's good friends. She found out later that he really had killed a white man long ago. The Navaho had been out hunting and

Timothy Kellywood and his family.

when we were driving along a little-used road and 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 judgment 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

had failed to find any game. He did find a white prospector in camp cooking his supper, of which he had plenty but which he refused to share. The white man also had some wine which he refused to offer. At that time Killed-a-White-Man earned his name.

One winter when I was at Red Rock it was necessary for Betsy, Timothy, and me to take an ill old man to the hospital. The snow was deep and it was very cold. It took us three hours to reach Shiprock. As we were preparing to return, a Red Rock boy appeared, having followed us in. Just after we had left Red Rock word had come that Hosteen Nez's wife had been in labor for five days and needed help. Betsy and the doctor left at once, Timothy and I followed in her car. About five miles before reaching Red Rock the doctor left the main road to drive several more miles to the Nez hogan. The snow drifts were very deep and Betsy and the doctor 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 only a two-battery flash light for illumination, the doctor's interpreter had to direct the light first to the nurse, administering the ether, and then to the doctor, who by use of instruments delivered a live baby. The crisis was over—that is, except for more struggles to get home through the snow.

As individuals became better known to Betsy, and through her to me, their respective characters stood out. There was a little old woman whose only name was The Ute Woman, who used to come to breakfast every Sunday morning. She really was a Ute; she had been stolen by a Navaho family in her infancy and had grown 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 will have 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 son," or "my nephew's wife." Then each Navaho will have a nickname, often descriptive, by which he is called as a child. 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, a former Indian commissioner has two namesakes that I know of. But the descriptive nicknames always fascinated us. There was Hardbelly, Sorehand, Bushyhead, Calicopants, and many more. One day we realized how many descriptive names there are among our own people, such as Whitehead, Shoemaker, Wheelwright, Young-hunter, 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 nursing position there would involve. 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 had a bad exophthalmic goiter condition. He was willing to go to the hospital where he was operated on under a local anesthetic. In a very short time 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 it was impossible to drive him home through the deep snow, Betsy urged him to borrow a horse to ride the eighteen miles to his hogan. She explained that he must not overexert himself and that she hoped he would take two days, stopping at some friend's hogan on the way. In the morning when she called him for some breakfast he had already gone, and, as she later found out, he walked the whole distance to his home 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, as soon as it was possible to get the car through she did go to his hogan. Thinking that he should see the doctor for a check up, she urged him to come with her 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 said. There were some whispered words, then he said, "All right, I go." "When?" asked the nurse. "Now," an-

Elizabeth Forster in Hardbelly's hogan in 1932.

swered John Billy. Husband and wife 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.

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, and saw, sitting in a summer shelter nearby, three older women. After shaking hands and finding that no one spoke English, I returned to the car to get Betsy, feeling sure that she would find someone she had known long ago. No one recognized her, nor she any of them, so by way of conversation I produced my portfolio. When we came to the picture made in 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 hair, and said, "Tell your grandmother she did too." Recognition broke through; the old woman 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, we arranged 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 nonexistent today.

One tragedy that stands out in Betsy's memory occurred 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 was awakened by a pounding on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man breathing heavily and dripping with sweat. His three-month-old baby was very sick; he had run more than three miles through the snow for help. After questioning him carefully, Betsy sent him to wake Timothy to get the car ready, while she prepared for expected emergency. Reaching the hogan after wallowing through the snow in the cold darkness, she found the baby very ill with pneumonia. She learned that in spite of the medicine man's ritual the baby had gotten worse.

Knowing that the only possible chance to save the baby was getting 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 the interior of the car was warmed by the heater, the tires made the crisp, squeaky crunch that means extreme cold as they cut through the icy snow. All were silent except for the whimpering of the sick infant. Somewhere along the way that sound ceased and Betsy feared the worst. They all went into 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 wind-swept 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. 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 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 lifelong belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many ailments was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the Navaho little understood. Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is the quality of the white personnel working with the Navaho. Today these doctors and nurses are better equipped with social and psychological understanding to win rather than force—to teach rather than admonish. Doctors of today are 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 me by a friend who witnessed

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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 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 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 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 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 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, some making purchases at the counter, a group of gossiping women with babies in cradleboards, 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 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 away. She had had medicine men help her and in payment for their services had sacrificed her every possession.

A few hundred yards away from The Ute Woman's home was a beautiful summer shelter belonging to Willie Lee and his family, who were looking after the old 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 before us of Navaho summer life 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

ll → 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, always receiving a warm welcome from many friends. These were years of work for each of us far from the reservation. Then came the war years, and our activities and thoughts were even farther from Navaholand. Near the end of the war,

→ Betsy was stricken with a near-fatal illness, poliomyelitis, 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 joined me, and it was not long until the strong pull of memories took us back among the Navaho People. As I realized 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 both Betsy and I feel an enduring friendship, understanding, and admiration for the Navaho People.