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valve in the center. The bellows had two handles of
different lengths; the longer projected downward,
resting on the ground; the upper worked the bellows.
As the number of silversmiths increased, traders
stocked commercial bellows in their posts.

The Anvil. The very earliest anvils were simply
hard stones. Later, pieces of iron, such as parts of
plows or wagons, were used. After the coming of the
railroad, pieces of rails were used and still are by
many smiths. An anvil was fastened to the top of a
large log cut to the right height for comfortable work.

The Crucible. The early crucibles for melting silver
were made of clay, and baked hard in a fire. They
were about three or four inches in diameter and had
an outward-curved rim and one or more spouts. These
melting pots were not very durable and were replaced
by commercial crucibles when they became available.
Some smiths have found that cup-shaped pieces of
prehistoric pottery from a ruin served the purpose and
were more durable than any other container.

The Mold. Some molds are made of ingots for cast-
ing a bar of silver to be worked into a bracelet or other
ornament. Molds for making casts are incised in a soft
stone, preferably pieces of volcanic tuff, a very light
pumicelike stone which is found in several places on
the reservation.

The incised pieces of tuff for casts are cut to ap-
proximately the right size and shape and the surface
is perfectly smoothed. A cover piece is then fitted to
each mold, making as tight a fit as possible. Grooves
are cut at one end of the incised piece to permit the
entry of the molten silver, while two or more grooves
are cut for air passages.

All molds for casting are greased with mutton
tallow. Molds for beads are cut into iron or hard wood,
smooth surfaced, so that the silver coin or sheet can
be pounded into the depression, making a ~~spherical~~
half of a bead. Later two of these are soldered together
to make the ~~round~~ bead.

The Smelting Fuel. Charcoal has always been used
for smelting fuel. It is prepared during the summer
months from large fires of piñon or juniper branches.
After the flames have died down and only glowing
embers remain, the coals are smothered with earth
and allowed to cool, forming the charcoal.

The Blowpipe. Originally the blowpipe was ham-
mered out of a piece of brass or copper wire, bent
into a tube with a curved, tapering end. It was used
in soldering with a lamp or wick of twisted cotton
soaked in tallow. The modern blowtorch is a highly
prized tool used today by most smiths. Some ingenious
individuals have fashioned torches from cans by
fastening a spout on one side and forming an opening
on the opposite side into which a rubber tube is
fastened. Blowing through the tube produces enough
pressure to blow the flame out the spout.

The Solder. Silver solder is used with borax as flux
to make it flow smoothly.

The Materials. Some of the very early smiths worked
in copper and brass, making rings and bracelets. The
first silver to be used was American coin silver, melted
and fashioned to the desire of the craftsman. When
the United States government put a stop to the use
of coins for this purpose, some time in the 1880's, the
traders soon procured Mexican pesos in their place.
The Navaho smiths preferred the peso silver, for it
had less alloy and was somewhat softer. As the traders
began to buy jewelry to sell, they provided silver in
one-ounce slugs in a quality approximately that of
the coins.

The Stones. Turquoise first was used by the Navaho
in the 1880 period. The traders procured stones from
mines near Santa Fe, and later from mines in Col-
orado and in Utah. The traders supplied stones that
sometimes were already cut, and sometimes were in
chunks that had to be shaped and polished. Early
stones were set in deep bezels, with the edges coming
slightly over the top of the stones, holding them
securely in place. As craftsmen acquired greater skills
they were able to set stones in a lower setting. Other
kinds of stones also were used—malachite, garnets,
cannel coal.

Cleaning. The Navaho liked their silver well pol-
ished. Silver used to be cleaned with native alum, and
then polished with buckskin, but today it is cleaned
by being dipped in a diluted solution of nitric acid,
then put in a bowl of water and brushed with a wire
brush. It is buffed either by hand or with a buffing
pad attached to a grindstone, with the pad well cov-
ered with jeweler's rouge.

The skill of the Navaho craftsman lies in his ability
and judgment in all phases of his work—sprinkling a
little borax on the silver as it melts, to reduce the
melting point; heating the silver to just the right de-
gree of even moltenness; pouring the molten silver
quickly and evenly, to avoid the formation of a slight
crust causing brittleness and, later, cracks. There is
great skill in using the hammer correctly, striking
blows with the edge of the hammer and producing
blows of even strength. Coins are hammered by hand,
the smith singing as he works, obtaining a rhythm of
song and stroke. The most beautiful of the silver orna-
ments are the hand-hammered pieces. The smith must
learn to use his dies correctly, placing them exactly
and striking them with just the right amount of force.
These techniques of course require much time to
achieve.

The Navaho made jewelry primarily for his own
adornment and that of his family. It was not long,
however, until there was a ready market and a grow-
ing demand for his products. Just prior to 1900, the
Fred Harvey Company realized this potential market
and began to place orders with traders who had silver-
smiths in the regions. Soon came a demand for lighter
(in weight) pieces at lower cost, so that silversmiths
were producing two types of jewelry, the old heavy
pieces for their fellow Navaho, and light-weight
cheaper jewelry to sell to the white man.

The traders began to stock better tools for the
smiths—dividers, files of many sizes and degrees of
fineness, metal worker's saws, and gasoline blow
torches. The smith usually made his dies, with which
he stamped designs on bracelets and other pieces,
from all sorts of worn tools, old railroad spikes, old

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The variety of weaving is also great, for, following the old original clothes that were woven, there are shoulder blankets, ponchos, serapes, saddle blankets of both single and double weave, rugs, Yei blankets (sand-painting blankets), saddle girths, sashes, garters, hair-cords, stockings, and leggings. Weaving is unquestionably the great craft of the Navaho. The finest examples are to be found in leading museums of the world, as well as in many private collections. The new building of the Arts and Crafts Guild at Window Rock, with its contents of weaving, silver jewelry, and other crafts, is evidence of the vigorous production of the craftsmen of today. If the yearly volume of Navaho handicrafts which are sold by the many traders and shops all over the Southwest and elsewhere were added together, the aggregate would be impressive.

The Silversmiths

The art of silversmithing commenced in earnest among the Navaho soon after the return from Fort Sumner, though there may well have been earlier efforts. That a few individuals knew the craft of blacksmithing before the exile is recorded in Richard Van Valkenburgh's *Brief History of the Navaho People*. He attributes this knowledge to Captain Henry L. Dodge, the first civil agent to live in the Navaho country, though there may well have been previous knowledge of the craft, Captain Dodge was a veteran of the Washington Expedition of 1849, and he both understood and sympathized with the Navaho. Following his appointment in 1853, Captain Dodge built a house on the eastern slope of the Chuska Mountains not far from Sheep Springs, commencing his work with a Congressional appropriation of \$5,000. One of the first things he did was to bring a blacksmith, George Carter, an ex-soldier, to teach smithing to the Navaho in his area. He also brought a Mexican silversmith. But Captain Dodge's career was of short duration, for he was killed from ambush by the Chiricahua Apaches south of Zuni in 1856 while on a hunting trip with a group of Navaho chiefs.

It is probable that the Navaho had worked in metal even in the eighteenth century, and that inability to obtain silver may well have been the reason why they did not work in this medium at an earlier date. While there are a number of references to Navaho people wearing silver jewelry prior to the exile, it was doubtless obtained through trade or capture from the Spaniards, Mexicans, or even Plains Indian tribes, such as the Utes or Kiowa, who sometimes came in contact with the Navaho. Many of the designs later adopted by the Navaho were of Spanish origin, such as the so-called Squash Blossom, which in reality is the pomegranate blossom long used by the Spanish in Europe, fashioned of brass or silver for buttons, and of iron for ornaments on spurs.

One of the early Navaho to ply the blacksmith's trade was Atsidi Sani, who became known as a maker of bridle bits and knife blades. In his authoritative book, *The Navaho and Pueblo Silversmiths*, John Adair tells of Atsidi Sani's learning the silversmith's art from Nakai Tsosi, a Mexican craftsman who lived near Mount Taylor (Tsoodzil).

As there seems to be no record of any silver work by the Navaho prior to the exile to Fort Sumner, it must have been after their return in 1868 that practice of the art commenced. That it spread rapidly is evident from all the early records of the period between 1870 and 1880, for by the time that Dr. Washington Matthews was stationed at Fort Wingate at the latter date, there were a good many proficient craftsmen. Dr. Matthews employed two Navaho silversmiths, whom he established near his residence where he might observe them at their work, and he left for posterity a detailed account of the art as practiced by these two men. Some fifty years later, Father Berard Haile also left a similar record of his findings over a wider area, for he had been making a study of silversmiths as well as of many other subjects during his long years on the reservation.

The fine work of the early Navaho smiths was produced with the simplest of equipment, and though during the following decades new tools were added to the smith's work bench, the technique is basically the same.

The Method

The Forge. The forge was a square structure of stones and adobe mud, built to a convenient height with the rear slightly elevated. Air tubes were made of two pieces of wood, grooved and fitted together and lined both inside and out with adobe. The smith sat crosslegged on the floor of his hogan or wherever he had his forge. In later years benches or chairs were used to give a more comfortable sitting position for long hours of work.

The Bellows. The bellows was made of sheepskin in the form of a sack about eighteen inches in diameter, held distended by three or more hoops of willow twigs. One end of the bellows was firmly secured to a nozzle and fitted into one of the tubes leading to the forge. The other end was closed by tacking the sheepskin to a round disk of wood containing a leather

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Knitting. The Navaho also practice knitting, though interestingly enough it is usually the men who knit, making leggings or footless stockings. Originally sticks of hard wood were used for needles; later, wire or the ribs of old umbrellas served well. Regular knitting needles were of course carried by the traders when the demand for them became manifest.

As many as four or five needles are used at a time. The knitters create a raised rim at the top of the stocking with a purl stitch, giving a firm edge for longer wear. A knitted or plaited band is added at the bottom to pass under the foot to keep the stocking from working upward.

The Blankets

From the beginning of Navaho weaving, blankets and mantas were made for clothing. Beyond personal needs, as the chroniclers have told us, surplus blankets were made for trade. The great period, known as the classic period, was from approximately 1840 to the end of the nineteenth century. During the earliest part of this period, possibly even before, Spanish traders brought a fabric known as bayeta cloth to trade to the Indians. This was imported from England to Spain, thence to New Mexico, and, while it was called by the Spanish name, it was in reality English Manchester cloth. Red color predominated, a special shade of red which took the fancy of the Navaho weavers, who unraveled it, and, after careful scrutiny to test its strength and evenness, sometimes respun it, and then wove it into the intricate patterns of these early blankets. Many of the finest examples of Navaho weaving contain the beautiful bayeta, merged into the textiles along with the native hand-spun wool. Many serapes and blankets of this period were so firmly woven that they were waterproof. They were in great demand and were highly prized.

From about 1890 until the early years of this century, Navaho weaving deteriorated. The weavers commenced making coarser fabrics, largely for sale to the tourist trade as floor rugs. To a considerable extent the traders were responsible for this change. With the making of rugs rather than blankets, borders were introduced with patterns of very different character from the fine, vigorous designs of the classic period. Mr. J. B. Moore, of Crystal, seems to have been the first to suggest the idea of borders to the weavers of his area. This suggestion carried across the mountains to Two Gray Hills, where it was developed and has been used extensively ever since. In the early 1880's, Mr. C. N. Cotton left Ganado, where he had been a partner of Lorenzo Hubbell, to establish a wholesale business in Gallup, for he was intent on developing an eastern market for both blankets and rugs. With the coming of the railroad in 1882-1883, the outlook for such a business increased. As the Fred Harvey Company of the Santa Fe Railroad built its Harvey Houses along the length of the line, it not only used Navaho rugs in the building but developed shops where the travelers might purchase rugs and other Indian-made handicrafts. Rugmaking grew to be a great business, the entire output being sold to the American public.

In 1920 Miss Mary C. Wheelwright of Boston, who at that time owned a shop carrying Indian-made articles for sale, had a talk with trader L. H. (Cozy) McSparron at Chinle. One of the questions Miss Wheelwright asked was did he know if the Navaho weavers still knew how to use their old vegetable dyes? Both Miss Wheelwright and Mr. McSparron deplored the trend of commercial dyes and loss of the fine old designs. McSparron agreed to see what he could do to persuade the weavers of his region to return to the old dyes. After some experimenting, some of the weavers produced borderless simple designs with the wool dyed by their old native methods. Mr. McSparron was able to sell these at a higher price than those made of commercial dyes, and to sell them as fast as the weavers could produce them. This was

⁽⁵⁾ Amsden, *Navaho Weaving*, p. 224.

the beginning of another great change in the production of rugs, for other traders soon followed McSparron's lead, and, today, thousands of these beautiful rugs are on the market.

The Two Gray Hills region, however, has continued the border-patterned rugs which are woven with natural white, gray, brown, and black. The gray is a mixture produced by carding natural white with some black. The black is dyed to produce a true color, while a rich brown is obtained with dye made from a native walnut.

Occasionally, very large rugs have been made on special order, measuring twenty or more feet wide by nearly forty feet long. Special looms had to be built to accommodate such size, but they were, or are, built to the traditional specifications. Rugs of extremely fine texture have appeared in recent years from the Two Gray Hills area. One weaver, Daisie Tauglechee, spins strands so fine that her woven fabric counts, 110 weft threads to the inch. Others are now following her lead, but, so far, these are still bordered rugs and of the undyed wool, except for the black.

Throughout the nearly 175 years that the Navaho women have been weavers, they have produced an extraordinary variety of products; moving quickly from the first simple striped blankets to the superb classic period, through a time of decadence, until in very recent years a new surge of fine quality has appeared. The variety of design seems endless in its use of geometric shapes, the spacing of line and color, and the harmony of the whole, for there are never two exactly alike.

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33—Enduring Navaho U. of Texas S-15801 4-1 4-jnc poles, while the lower beam is securely tied at the bottom of the loom frame. These cross beams support the weaving frame after the warp has been strung to it.

When a weaver has determined the size of the rug or blanket she will make, she first prepares the warp. A warping frame is made of four long poles, of which the two longer ones are cut some twelve to eighteen inches longer than the rug to be woven. On top of these poles she places two shorter cross pieces, sometimes broomsticks, tying each corner very securely, taking care that all sides are parallel and the measurements accurate. She then raises this frame a little above the ground on low supports, just high enough so that a wound ball of warp thread will pass beneath the cross sticks. After tying one end of the warp thread at the top (usually the upper left-hand corner), she passes the ball over and under the lower stick, and then up over and down under the top stick, thereby creating the cross of the threads, continuing until the sufficient number of threads have been wound. The winding of the warp is most carefully done, the weaver making certain that the threads are straight, that the tension is even, and that no threads are twisted or crossed. She ties the last thread at the diagonal of the first tie.

Next she adds the end cords. These consist of two- or three-ply twisted strands of weft threads which have been measured twice the width of the rug. These are twined with each other as the edging is woven in and out of alternate warp threads, the weaver keeping the spacing and tension even for both the top and bottom edges. Next comes the preserving of the cross formed at the center of the warp by the over and under winding of the warp threads. The weaver places a small reed (the length of the rug width) on each side of the cross, tying the reeds to hold this cross in place. The four poles of the warping frame are then removed, leaving a mass of warp threads, in which the cross is preserved by the reeds, and the top and bottom end cords hold the ends of the warp in place. The end cords are then tied to the weaving-frame cross bars by weft threads which wind around the bars holding the edges securely to it. The creation of the firm top and bottom edges is one of the perfections of the Navaho technique. When the rug is finished it is removed from the loom simply by untying the edges from the loom cross bars. Sometimes this winding thread, which holds the edges in place on the loom, is placed between every two warp threads, sometimes every three or six, depending on the size and whether the rug will be woven of coarse or fine material. The bottom cross piece of the weaving frame is then tied to the bottom cross beam of the loom, and the top piece is laced to the top cross beam by a rope, using large loops by which the tension of the weaving frame can be adjusted. Again great care is used to see that all cross pieces are parallel.

The next procedure is the tying in of the heddles to form one or more of the sheds through which the weft is passed. The heddles are tied to every other warp thread for a plain weave, or to combinations of threads for any other weaving pattern the weaver chooses. Sometimes several heddles are used, as in the diamond-twill or herringbone weaves.

Yarn for the side edge cords is then tied to the lower beam, and loosely tied to the top beam. If the warp threads are light in color, the side edge cords are usually made of weft color threads, made in the same way as the top and bottom edge cords. The loom is now set for the weaver to commence weaving the rug. Everything about the loom has been made of simple native material and is completely functional.

Weaving. The simple tools used in weaving number only two—the comb and the batten—though every weaver will have several sizes of each. The comb is made of a hard wood into which tines have been cut, like a fork, perhaps three inches in length, with a handle carved out at the opposite end. The comb is used first to beat down the weft as it is passed through the shed. The batten, also made of hard wood, is a slightly curved piece about thirty inches long and three inches wide, though smaller sizes are also used. One shed is formed by the shed rod, the long upper stick just above the heddle; the other shed is formed by the heddles. The batten is inserted in the shed and then turned edgewise to make the opening wide enough for the insertion of the weft to be passed through. A true shuttle has never been used by the Navaho, for they insert the weft with their fingers, except when weaving plain long strips; then a small stick is used, around which weft thread has been wound. As so many of the designs require only a few inches of color at a time, the nimble fingers of the weavers seem adequate. As weaving is done in a sitting position, many weavers do not complete a whole line at a time when this would require moving, but weave several inches from one position before moving over to complete the line. After the weft has been passed through the shed, the comb is used to press down first the weft, then the batten; it is used also to press down over a longer area. The degree of firmness struck with both comb and batten determines the tightness of the weave.

The variety of weaves attained by the Navaho weavers is great: from the plain weave to the tapestry weave, the diagonal and the diamond twills, the rare two-faced weave which has a different design on each side, and the wedge weave, unique to Navaho weavers. Added to the variety of weaves are the variations of color and pattern, giving the weaver an extensive choice.

Most of the designs are carried in the weaver's mind. She does not use a diagram or drawing or counting of threads. The exceptions are some of the very intricate patterns of tapestry sand-painting rugs, or some of the classical designs—then the weaver makes a sketch in the sand. This carrying of a design mentally is a remarkable feat, for every weaver has many interruptions, and sometimes may be away from the loom for days at a time; yet when she returns to her loom she knows the exact place in her design where she had stopped and what is to come next.

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Heavier than the Saxony yarn, four-ply instead of three, it was used to some extent during the decade that followed, and, with this yarn, cotton warp was first used. The cost of the Germantown yarn was a deterrent to the weavers, who, in general, preferred to continue spinning their own wool, and, in addition, the traders objected to the use of the cotton warp, which is neither strong or elastic.

Shearing. In early times, sheep were shorn with the use of any piece of thin metal that could be honed to as sharp an edge as possible on a stone. But when metal shears were first brought to the trading posts, the Navaho were quick to use them. The shorn wool is sorted carefully, the weaver separating the longest hairs to use as warp, removing the shortest to be sold as wool, and saving the remainder for spinning weft threads. Burrs and other matter sticking to the wool are carefully removed.

Washing. Usually only greasy wool is washed. Using the pounded roots of the yucca plant for soap (still preferred by most weavers), and making a rich lather with it in a pan or a tub, the weaver pours the mixture over the wool as it lies on a slanting board or rock, repeating until all the dirt, sand, and grease have been removed. The wool is then spread out in the sun to dry, and finally stored in sacks ready for use.

Carding. In early times, cards consisted of burrs held in place by strips of leather mounted on small boards with handles at one side. These were replaced when metal cards of American manufacture were procurable at the trading posts. When a weaver is ready to card her wool, she first loosens it by hand, then combs it between carding tools until the hairs lie all in one direction. Carded wool emerges in the form of soft pads called "rovings," ready to be twisted into continuous strands. If a weaver wants to produce good gray color, she mixes wool from black sheep with that of white as she cards the wool. This method makes the finest gray used in many rugs, particularly those from the Two Gray Hills area.

Spinning. The Navaho spindle differs from that of the Pueblo spinners, and its method of use also differs greatly. The spindle consists of a round stick about twenty-five to thirty inches long, pointed at both ends. The whorl is a flat disk, four or five inches in diameter, with a hole in the center into which the stick fits. The whorl, which acts as a balance, is securely fastened to the stick about five inches from the butt end.

The spinner first attaches a roving to the upper end of the spindle, and, with the butt end resting on the ground, she starts a roving onto the spindle with a spinning motion of the stick. Then, resting the upper part of the spindle on her thigh, she rolls the spindle with the palm of her right hand in a drawing motion toward her body. With the free end of the roving held in her left hand out from the top of the stick, she stretches the wool as it slips off the top of the twirling spindle (as shown in the picture of Old Lady Long Salt). The skill lies in the steady motion of the spindle as she twirls it with her right hand, while at the same time she uses just the right amount of pull to stretch the twisting strands. As a given length of roving is twisted and stretched into yarn, the spinner winds it onto the spindle just above the whorl, where it is stored until she has a sufficient amount to wind off into a ball. Each successive spinning makes the yarn finer and stronger. All Navaho yarn is spun at least twice until it is smooth and fine, and all yarn is one ply with the exception of the two-ply cords made for the selvages, so characteristic of Navaho weaving.

The quality of the wool, even more than the skill of the spinner, determines the character of the yarn. Coarse, short-fibered wool cannot be spun into smooth fine yarn, but wool from the old-type Navaho sheep almost spins itself. This is why the weavers objected to the introduction of the Rambouillet sheep.

Since the American occupation of the Southwest, traders and others have tried to introduce the spinning wheel, but the Navaho women have always rejected it, probably because of the lack of room in the hogans, and the nonportability of the spinning wheel. Perhaps now that so many Navaho move less frequently and have sufficient space in their modern houses, they might be more interested in this less laborious method of hand spinning.

Dyeing. Using a wide variety of native plants, the Navaho produce dyes of many colors and shades. The wool from black sheep is never a true black, as it tends toward a brownish tinge. Good black dye is made from a mixture of twigs and leaves of sumac boiled four or five hours and then added to a mixture of powdered native yellow ochre and an equal amount of piñon gum; both mixtures are stirred together over a fire until a black liquid is formed which dries to a fine black powder. The tannic acid of the sumac acts as a mordant to produce a rich, permanent black.

Indigo, on the other hand, was imported in lumps by the early traders and was used extensively until the end of the 1890's. The indigo, tied in a cloth, was suspended in a large jar of urine which acted as a mordant. Occasionally, some of this dye is still made. The wool was placed in the jar and left until the desired depth of color was obtained. The mordant used with most native plants is an impure alum found in limited quantities in certain regions on the reservation, while some plants require moss or lichen as a mordant.

Aniline dyes, perfected in 1856-1857, came onto the market from the first factory in 1864, and were in general use by 1870. They reached the Navaho traders about 1880 when Mr. B. F. Hyatt, trader at Fort Defiance, taught the weavers how to use them. C. N. Cotton, originally a partner of Lorenzo Hubbell, succeeded in obtaining dyes packaged ready for use, including a mordant, and these, under the trade name of Diamond Dyes, were soon available at most trading posts, and were used to dye native hand-spun wool.

The Loom. The structure of the loom is both simple and practical. It consists of two parts: the weaving frame and the stationary upright poles and cross beams which hold the weaving frame while in use. Looms are made of native wood, poles of a desired height being set into the ground with top and bottom cross beams. Usually the top cross beam is held in place by natural crotches at the top of the upright

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Plate 95

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Plate 96

Plate 97

Plate C-10

Plate 98

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Plates 99+100

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The picture evoked by these quotations indicates that within the thirty-two years between 1780 and 1812, Navaho weavers, through their imagination, versatility, and increasing skill, had gained widespread recognition throughout the Southwest.

A later picture is given by Charles Bent in 1846:

Navaho war and hunting parties might be found anywhere from the Coconini Plateau in Arizona to the buffalo plains of West Texas. They rarely ventured as far north as the Arkansas [river] and so were little seen at Bent's Fort. They did, however, go often to Taos to trade, many of their woven blankets finding their way into the Bent, St. Vrain and Company store, and ending up finally at the Fort as trade goods valued by the Plains Indians.

④ Frank McNitt, *The Indian Traders*, p. 35.

The Process

The Wool. The sheep that have been raised by the Navaho over a long period of time are small, are resistant to the desert heat and sudden changes of weather, can survive cold winters, and can exist on a minimum of food and water. Consequently, the fleeces of these sheep are light, and comparatively free of grease. The staple of the wool is long and wavy, and is particularly suited to Navaho methods of hand spinning.

Under the adverse conditions of raising sheep on most of the reservation, where flocks range over great distances in order to find enough to eat, heavier breeds, such as the Rambouillet, have difficulty in surviving. The crimped wool from the Rambouillet is very difficult to spin by hand, and when it is used it is apt to produce lumpy strands. The traders and the commercial wool buyers, however, have wanted heavier meat-producing animals and heavier fleeces. The difference in the character of the wool between the old-type sheep and new heavier breeds has been one of the major factors in the controversy over introducing the newer strains, for it is the Navaho women who usually control the sheep, and they want the old-type wool. While only 10 percent of the wool crop is used for spinning and 40 percent for sale to wool buyers, that 10 percent, by the time it has been transformed into fine rugs, brings a greater return than the wool that is sold.

Nevertheless, so much Rambouillet blood had been introduced into the Navaho flocks by 1936, in order to satisfy the demands of both traders and commercial wool buyers, that the type of wool needed by the weavers was in danger of extinction. The Rambouillet sheep, though heavier and better meat and fleece producers, did not thrive on reservation pasture. To meet this situation, the Department of Agriculture commenced a project at Fort Wingate, known as the Navajo Sheep Breeding Laboratory, under the direction of J. O. Grandstaff. Its purpose was to develop a breed of sheep that would have the conformation of the Rambouillet and the wool quality of the old Navaho sheep, while at the same time have the ability to subsist on reservation pasture. During the more than twenty-five years since its inception, this Laboratory has succeeded in fulfilling its purpose. Not only has the mutton conformation been achieved while retaining the subsistence hardiness of the old sheep, but also the quality of the wool has actually been improved.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs was working with the Laboratory during part of this time, endeavoring to interest the Navaho in improving their flocks. To accomplish this improvement it was necessary to keep the new sheep separated from other stock, and this proved to be very difficult. Whenever Navaho breeders would agree to this program, they were loaned three bucks of the new breed. The Bureau, however, did not have the personnel, nor did the Laboratory, to do the much needed field work. The Navaho themselves as yet have not shown sufficient interest in the project. Perhaps it followed too closely on the sheep reduction program for them to realize what the benefits really were. The Sheep Breeding Laboratory still exists, furnishing bucks to a few Navaho and Zuñi breeders, and at the present time there are some one thousand head of this new breed. What seems to be needed is an effort on the part of the Navaho themselves to profit from this long experiment. The Laboratory furnishes wool from these sheep to the Arts and Crafts Guild, already washed and carded and ready to be hand spun, but many of the weavers think it is too costly. It is hoped that where there are a number of weavers in a given area they will unite to improve the weaving wool for their own looms. The benefit they would receive would repay them many times over, but changes such as this take time to bring about.

Many goats are also raised by the Navaho, who like the meat to eat just as well as mutton, and goat hair (mohair) is also used in weaving. More difficult to spin, it nevertheless produces fine yarn, and rugs made of mohair bring a premium.

In Santa Fe, in 1860, there were a number of German merchants who imported from Germany the fine vegetal-dyed Saxony yarn with intent to sell it to the weavers of the Rio Grande Valley. It is believed by some authorities that some of this wool reached Navaho weavers, possibly while they were in exile at Fort Sumner. Having little or no wool of their own production, they may well have used this soft three-ply yarn if it became available to them at that time.

There are in existence, mostly in museums, a number of extremely handsome and rare blankets woven by Navaho women between the years 1860-1880, all made of this fine Saxony yarn. Following this period, American-made Germantown yarn made its appearance at some of the trading posts on the reservation.

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blers. That there are Navaho People who have extra-
sensory perception has been noted many times by a
number of people. Was my experience one of these?
I wish I knew the answer.

THE CRAFTS

4 1/2 picas only
The Weavers

align **T**HE 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 all 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 Zuñi 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 origin, indicating an early association of the two Indian cultures. As the Navaho moved westward in the early 1700's, 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. Pueblo looms are stationary, whereas Navaho looms are portable. The spindles are different, and the use of them 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 dominated by traditional forms and designs with little variation, while Navaho weavers are emphatically creative. Although 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 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 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 . . . The same Spaniard,

^①Charles Avery Amsden, *Navaho Weaving*, p. 130. Teodoro de Croix, fifteen years later refers to the Navaho: "The Navaho Nation has 700 families, more or less, with 4 or 5 persons to each one, in its five divisions of San Mateo, 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 along 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 officer of

^②*Ibid.*, p. 131. the Spanish Royal Engineers wrote, "The Navahos have manufacture of serge blankets and other coarse cloths which more than suffice for the consumption of their own people, and they go to the Province of New Mexico with their surplus and there exchange their goods for such others as they have not, or for implements they need." In 1812 Pedro Pino, who went as a delegate to the Spanish Parliament, wrote of the Navaho: "Their woolen fabrics are the most valuable in our province and in Sonora and Chihuahua as well."

^③*Ibid.*, p. 133.

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 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.

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. 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. 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, I had to guess what all the talk was about. There was no one around the Valley Store when we got there. I went inside to speak to the trader, but 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 valuable 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—and they are sought out by the Navaho People to find lost articles. I could

Hand trembling, one of the lesser rituals, is used to recover lost or stolen property, or to diagnose illness. For the latter, the ceremony is more elaborate, involving the sprinkling of pollen on the patient, the singing of special songs (always four in number), and the presentation of gifts to Gila Monster, to whom the ceremony belongs. It is believed that Gila Monster sees everything that occurs, and keeps track of the actions of all people. In the case of lost or stolen property the trembler's hand leads to the location of the property, or else the trembler hears the far-away voice of Gila Monster.

The Navaho name for this ritual is "To Search for Something without Looking." (See W. W. Hill, "The Hand Tremblers," *El Palacio*, 38 [March-April, 1935], 65.)

see Maria in wide-eyed wonder as the woman proceeded with the ritual. 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—two boys would bring the case back. I thanked the hand trembler for her services and made a small donation. Then we all decided that it was lunch time, 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. Since there was something about the car that needed fixing, I decided that we might just as well go into town and spend the night there. 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. I returned alone to Chinle, spending the night there. Monday morning, the fourth day, I went to the Valley Store. The trader said he did not have the case, but that two boys had just been there asking if the 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.

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 trem-

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Plate
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28—Enduring Navaho U. of Texas S-15801 4-1 4-jnc 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.

David L. DeHarport, "Origin of the Name, Cañon del Muerto," *El Palacio*, 67, No. 3 (June, 1960), 95.

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.

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.

Adapted from Richard VanValkenburgh, *Diné Bekéya*, p. 22.

In September of 1957 I made a special trip to Canyon de Chelly, taking with me Maria Teba, a young Navaho woman who was then working in Santa Fe, and whom Betsy and I 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 I found the Tribal Council in session. I obtained 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 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 made arrangements for the day after. We then rearranged our plans, driving up to Many Farms, some forty miles to the north, where Cornell University conducts 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 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 to our camp. After supper I got out my changing bag to reload 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 Many Farms Clinic. The next morning, having to postpone our trip up the Canyon, we drove all the way back to Many Farms. But the case wasn't there; 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. 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 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. 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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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 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 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 Navajo 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 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 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.

The Landscape

Navaholand abounds in interesting sites, as well as 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 Navajo 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 Navajo National Monument contain great prehistoric ruins indicating the extensive population that existed here between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, and there are other sites antedating 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 hundred years ago, and there are ruins of many other pueblos within this area. Navajo 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 the most spectacular monument for scenic beauty. Here is an area of 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, 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 *Tseghe*, meaning "between

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selling their lambs, thereby adding still more stock
to the overgrazed land.

With the advent of the new administration in 1932,
new agencies were created, the Soil Conservation
Service, the Public Works Program, the Relief Ad-
ministration, 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 pro-
duced 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. 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, and still did
not represent the people from all the areas of the
reservation. The first steps taken by the new commis-
sioner of Indian Affairs were in the field of land con-
servation, to be carried out by the Public Works Pro-
gram, giving work to many Navaho men. Steps also
were taken to develop greater water supply by drill-
ing new wells and building small drainage reservoirs.

98 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 ex-
treme 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 under-
stood the program and approved it. Work was com-
menced. 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 juris-
dictions of the reservation.

99 But many of the large sheep owners refused to com-
ply. 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 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.

Frustrated in getting some 3,500 of these goats to
the railroad from one far distant point, and because
the cost of hauling greatly exceeded the value of the
animals, someone ordered that the goats be shot
and left to rot. This action 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 mis-
trust, and even though the program was continued
and the stock reduced to a better level, sheep control
is still a matter of concern. In continuing the program,
range management districts have been established,
while the Bureau of Indian Affairs still issues the graz-
ing permits.

The coming of World War II alleviated the 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 California to
work in 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 live-
stock 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, and carry out other pro-
jects, all of which are helping to solve Navaho eco-
nomic life. While there are still many sheep on the
reservation, they are no longer the only means of
livelihood.

Farming

The Navaho have been farmers since the beginning
of their known history. Evidence of their produce was
found in archaeological excavations in old Navaho-
land where corn, squash, and beans were found—
seeds more than four hundred years old. As the

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this
chapter

25—Enduring Navaho U. of Texas, S-15801 3-22 4jne
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 separate way as we watched them all disap-
pear 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 sur-
prising lot about us.

Sheep Raising

Ever since the Navaho obtained their first sheep
and horses from the Spaniards sometime in the seven-
teenth century, sheep and wool has become an ever
increasing resource for the People. Between that time
and the year 1846, when the United States took pos-
session of the Southwest following the Mexican War,
Navaho sheep had increased to 500,000 head. Later,
when Kit Carson defeated the Navaho through his
scorched-earth policy, much of this livestock was cap-
tured 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—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 Ari-
zona, 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 re-
turning 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 1,500,000. 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 a report to
Washington requesting that the stock on the reserva-
tion 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, realiz-
ing the great increase in stock, particularly of sheep,
sent an urgent plea to Washington for more grazing
land for the Navaho, but this plea also was turned
aside. The next important effort to intercede in be-
half 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 stock-
men, 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," and, therefore, part of the public domain and
subject to homesteads.

Father Anselm attacked this measure, sending re-
ports to Washington showing the need for increased
areas for the Navaho. Riordan, Plummer, and Father
Anselm were the first who realized how the pasturage
was being destroyed by over-grazing, who recognized
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 closely 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 res-
ervation. 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—
sheep, horses, cattle, mules, burros, and goats—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 ap-
parent that the reservation range could support only
about 500,000 head, and that the range at that time
was overstocked by more than 200 percent. These
were the depression years and the price of wool and
lambs was at a low point. The Navaho were just not

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Probably the least changed of the famous trading posts is the Hubbell Post at Canado, Arizona. This

Now to be a national monument.

is one of the exceptions where the land was homesteaded by Don Lorenzo Hubbell, for at that time, 1876, this land was not 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 the post, he also homesteaded a 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 relics of the past—Kit Carson's gun scabbard, a fine old gun collection, water containers of many different types, a superb collection of Indian baskets from various tribes, archaeological specimens from nearby early Pueblo ruins. Piled high along another wall of the room are stacks of Navaho rugs, all of top quality, for which Hubbell Post has always been 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 the traders' influence has counted most, and today certain areas of the reservation are noted for rugs of widely different types.

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.

Away from the well-traveled highways, old methods of locomotion still are used. For three hundred years the horse has been a dearly loved possession. When a Navaho dies, his horse is shot and the saddle is buried with the man. 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—a woman with a baby in a cradleboard 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.

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

23—Enduring Navaho U. of Texas, S-15801 3-22 4jnc corrals nearby. In addition to the store, there was usually a barn, a storehouse, and 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, harnesses, and other items of trade. For sixty years many trading posts were in isolated spots, far removed from worldly contact. The few roads, usually bad ones, were 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.

Many legendary personalities were 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 were 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 they had to be 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, handmade jewelry, woven blankets, and rugs throughout the year. The trading post has become 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 farm demonstrations, and to post notices. 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 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 travel one hundred miles in two hours, where not long ago the same trip took two days.

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 into 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 is pawning jewelry, the trader lists each purchase. Following another long interlude of consideration, this procedure 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, as the day proceeds. The 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 of three years for the owner to redeem it (though this has recently been changed). 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 fifty miles to redeem his belt. He was crestfallen to find it gone. The trader took the time and trouble to write requesting its return. Fortunately, it had not been sold and the Navaho redeemed his prize possession.

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One summer while I was working in the Red Rock area, Betsy and I heard about a road over the 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.

78 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. They seemed surprised that a car had come

Plate 56
A stone slab with a concave upper surface, 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!"—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, received 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—a Navaho song—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 added the tinkle of sheep bells as out of the forest they all came, the sheep, the man, his little son, and a dog. The shepherd 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 few unguarded 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 57
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.

79 Fastened to the bow of the cradleboard there is always a charm to ward off evil—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.

Trading Posts

60-68
+P
Atlet H
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 1870's Mormon traders were coming down from Utah establishing contacts for trade at the San Juan and Colorado rivers. John D. Lee, in 1874, initiated a ferry 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 he traded horses for the fine hand-woven blankets made by the Navaho women. These lovely blankets were rapidly coming into great demand among 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 necessary construction and mechanical techniques to many Navaho. Built of stone, adobe bricks, or, occasionally, logs, the old trading posts consisted of one or more buildings, with sheep and horse

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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 must
be resumed. It is well to be sensitive to this approach-
ing moment and to take one's leave before wearing out
a welcome.

At Navaho Mountain we found a distinct difference
in costume from that of other parts of the reservation,
such as a broader collar on the women's blouses, dif-
ferent 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 pieces 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 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, and shorter in length.
When C. N. Cotton introduced Pendleton blankets
around the 1890's, their use as wearing apparel was
quickly adopted, the men wearing the full blankets,
the women the large fringed 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

²³ *Concha* ("shell" in Spanish) is used by the Navaho to de-
note a shell-like medallion.

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. All but gone is the old-type man's costume,
which consisted of white cotton pants, velveteen
blouse, and much silver ornamentation. Strings of
turquoise, shell, coral, and silver beads are still worn
by both men and women, no matter what the costume.
Silk scarf headbands 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. Mar-
riages are usually arranged by family or 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, cousins, and
other relatives. I have heard Navaho people speak
of "my uncle," only to find quite a different relation-
ship from our knowledge of the word. A true uncle is
spoken of as "my mother's brother," for instance.

Of the approximately twelve hundred Indian lan-
guages of the Americas, certain linguistic interrela-
tionships 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
Athabaskan. These Athabaskan-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 sub-groups and
offshoots even of the Athabaskan, one such subgroup
being the Apache from whom the Navaho are an
offshoot.

The Navaho language is not a "primitive" form of
expression but is a highly complex form of commu-
nication. Differing greatly from English and other
European tongues, it is a language full of movement,
of subtle meaning, 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 rela-
tionship 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
for us to produce, yet there are many who have ac-
complished 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 the language. He has traveled in West-
ern Canada, including British Columbia, where there
are other Athabaskan-speaking people, with whom he
had no difficulty in establishing a working relation-
ship. Though the Athabaskan languages have become
too divergent over the centuries to be mutually intelli-
gible, 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 lan-
guage as he was in theirs.

In addition to a dictionary and grammar, Mr.
Young has written an extensive article in the *Navajo*
Yearbook (1961) focused especially on the problems

⁷⁷ ²⁴ "A Sketch of the Navajo Language," *The Navajo Yearbook*,
pp. 430-510.

of teaching English to Navaho beginners. It has suffi-
cient detail to give insight into the grammatical
structure and sound system of the language for those
who seek some knowledge of the Navaho tongue.

Plate
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20—Enduring Navaho, U. of Texas S-15801 3-21 4jnv 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 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 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 Nakai 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 there was to be 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 had been the very simple apartment Betsy had in the old hospital building, where for the first time Mrs. Francis 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, 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 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 live with a minimum of possessions, they have little to move for life during the summer months. Cooking utensils, some extra clothing, wool for weaving, a few basic food supplies, such as salt, sugar, coffee, and flour, are all that are needed. The women set up their looms under the shelter, the children watch the flocks, and the men haul water and wood and tend the small farms.

68 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 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. 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 cup, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were clean. It is surprising how cool it can be under one of these shelters on a hot summer day, for there is always a breeze—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 something of her long life. She was eight years old when the Navaho People returned from the Long Walk, and she told us of hardships they had endured, the effort of starting life again on their old homesites, and the fight for survival.

69 The shelter of Old Lady Long Salt was a natural one, for here 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, canvasses had been hung for protection from summer rain storms. We were soon to learn, to our astonishment, 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 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 book with the greatest of interest, pointing out differences in costume, ornaments, or possessions. We watched the making of kneel-down

Plate
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Plate
51

[See pp. 70-71.]

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tinued 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
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, 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 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 possibil-
ity 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 admira-
tion for the Navaho People.

PART II

THE WAY OF THE PEOPLE

HABITATION

NAVAHO HOMES, OR HOGANS, are scattered
far and wide over the reservation, in order to obtain
adequate pasturage for the sheep. Each family has
grazing rights, and though there is no individual own-
ership 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.

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 tur-
quoise or shell are placed beneath the doorposts.
When it is completed, the hogan is blessed by a medi-
cine 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 chanter invokes peace and a
happy life.

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 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 hex-
agonal with always the domed roof. A special form of
roof construction is used, as may be seen in the interior
pictures. In recent times, one finds occasionally that
windows have been cut into walls.

In a barren area I found 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 the interior of the
same hogan gives a suggestion of its height and room-
iness, 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
still are dug, 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

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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.

g
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.

SS A most amusing incident that happened several years ago was told to 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 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 con-

Plate
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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 dis-
mayed to find he had a bad exophthalmic goiter con-
dition. 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 him-
self and that she hoped he would take two days, stop-
ping 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-
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 gradu-
ate?" 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 in-
struct 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 fam-
ily 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 Hard-
belly's hogan in 1932, excitement spread amid a rapid
flow of Navaho. I pointed to the nurse in the picture,
then to Betsy standing beside me, but the oldest of
the three kept shaking her head. Just then a teenage
boy came to see what was happening. "My grand-
mother 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." Recog-
nition 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 shoulder,
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 pound-
ing on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man breath-
ing 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 ques-
tioning 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

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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
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." Tim-
othy 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 Tim-
othy had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving
the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the
boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his
parents had to tell her, she felt sure that he had 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 accom-
panied 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 at-
tended 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 Nav-
aho. 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 medi-
cine 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
had failed to find any game. He did find a white pros-
pector 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 neces-
sary 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 doc-
tor improvised an operating table out of two orange
crates, then extinguishing 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, ex-
cept 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

THE DINEH

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Art account

18 pts

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 Diné—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 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

Plates C-2, C-3 + C-4 in this chap

Plate 11

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Plates 12 + 13

Plate 14

14-Enduring Navaho, U. of Texas S-15801 3-21 41nv
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 its effort 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. Though 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 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 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—pinon 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.

Plate 10a

Plate 10

The attempt

End

13—Enduring Navaho, U. of Texas S-15801 3-21 4jnv
cultivated part of the reservation. Green fields of
alfalfa and ~~golden~~ 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 produc-
tive strip of the river's valley.

Shiprock, largest of the volcanic cores 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. Be-
yond 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 south-
ern end of another timbered plateau which extends
south from Utah into Arizona. Tsegi Canyon emerged
beneath us, and following a tributary we saw sud-
denly 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 for-
tunate enough to have at their doorsteps. So com-
pletely 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 Moun-
tain, 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'ooshlid, 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'ooshlid,
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, head-
ing 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 mois-
ture 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 Mexi-
co 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 ex-
peditions against the Navaho, trying to stop the depre-
dations 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 con-
tinued, though there were intervals of peaceful pur-
suits 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 Na-
vaho 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.

ripening

Am
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Plate
9

16

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—and here the ancient Navaho came to hunt, seeing
always their sacred mountain before them. To the
West, over the continental divide, the new Navaho
Dam has now been completed at the confluence of
the San Juan and the Pine rivers. Just above the dam
site during the field seasons of 1959, 1960, and 1961,
the salvage archaeology project of the Museum of
New Mexico uncovered more comprehensive data of
the early whereabouts of the Navaho and their Apache
cousins. These sites, farther north than excavations
made some years ago by other archaeologists, have ex-
tended the area known as Old Navaholand. These
recent unearthings have revealed simple, crude
hogans (Navaho houses), dating from about the mid-
dle of the sixteenth century. This date seems to indi-
cate 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 chron-
icle of Fray Ceronimo de Zarate Salmeron, written in
1626, he speaks of the "Apaches de Navahuu," who
were living in a small pueblo on the Pajarito Plateau
not far from Santa Fe. *Ndavahtu* is a Tewa Indian word
meaning "cultivated-field-arroyo" and is the word
from which *Navaho* is doubtless derived. The Nava-
ho 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
Halle, and Dr. John 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.

ho learned the rudiments of agriculture from Pueblo
Indians with whom they came in contact, for archae-
ologists working in the Old Navaholand areas have
found both Pueblo and Navaho structures in close
proximity to one another. In these Navaho excavations
the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash, and
bean seed.

Thinking always of the Navaho, where they came
from and how they traveled, we could see from the air
that the distance from Old Navaholand to Sinsajañi
is not great, and, though there are mountains in be-
tween, 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, Sinsajañi appears to be a mountain by itself and
is a natural landmark—Sinsajañi, 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 ex-
panse 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 pñon-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, Tsodzil, 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 pñon 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
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 Kiti'ani, ancestors of the
Pueblo People. We crossed the Escavada Wash, a
wide, dry river bed, capable of carrying a raging tor-
rent 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 homelands.

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, Tsodzil, still
though distantly visible, lifted its snowy summit into
the turquoise sky—the one high landmark—Tsodzil,
Navaho Sacred Mountain of the South.

After a short rest and a second breakfast, we con-
tinued 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

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Maize

stet # The domestication and hybridization of maize, or corn, has been perhaps the most important achievement of the American Indian, giving the Western Hemisphere its most stable food. For many years scientists have searched for the true ancestor of corn such as was found in the Americas at the time of the arrival of the first European explorers. A good many years ago scientists found two wild grasses related to corn, but not true corn itself. Recently the great antiquity of corn was proved with the finding of corn pollen in drilled cores taken from strata at the bottom of the lake site on which Mexico City now stands. These pollen grains are estimated to be eighty thousand years old. 10

Following this discovery a systematic search has been under way since 1960, headed by Dr. Richard MacNeish of Canada² and his associates. Some pre-

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

vious 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, knowledge 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.

stet # 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 into southern Colorado the superb mountain mass of Sisnaajini 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. 12

BW

10—Enduring Navaho, U. of Texas S-15801 3-20 4jnc 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.

7
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 Sinaajini to the East, Tsoodzil to the South, Doko'oosliid to the West, and Dibentsaa to the North. Within these boundaries were the three lesser mountains, Ch'óół'íí Dzil ná'oodilii, and Naatsis'áán. These are still the sacred mountains of the Diné, the Navaho People.

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Add on
repros
The contemporary locations of the sacred mountains are Sinaajini, Mount Blanca, San Luis Valley, Colorado; Tsoodzil, Mount Taylor, north of Laguna, New Mexico; Doko'oosliid, the San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, Arizona; Dibentsaa, Mount Hesperus, La Plata Mountains, Colorado; Ch'óół'íí, Gobernador Knob, in Old Navaholand, southeast of the reservoir; Dzil ná'oodilii, Huerfano Mesa, south of Farmington, New Mexico; and Naatsis'áán, Navaho Mountain, southeastern Utah.

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'óół'íí. 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.

8
When First Man reached Ch'óół'íí, he heard a baby cry; he found the baby lying with its head toward the West. Its cradle was made of two short rainbows; over the baby's chest and feet lay the red beams of the rising sun; arched over its face was another short rainbow. Four blankets covered the baby: 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 Dzil ná'oodilii to First Woman, telling her where he had found the baby in the rain and darkness. Soon they heard the call of Talking God, and then the call of House God, as 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.

stat #
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.

Plate 4
Here also were the remnants of weatherworn rock paintings of the Twin Hero Gods (The Twin War Gods), sons of Changing Woman and the Sun, who slew the Enemy Monsters on this earth so that the Diné 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.

Plates
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 Diné.

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

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 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.

End
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her region; to Dr. Marion Hotopp, for help with the
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on the Navaho language and pronunciation guide,

To the following traders:

The late Bruce Bernard	Shiprock
Sam Day III	Pine Springs
Charles Dickens	Shiprock
Rubin Hefflin	Shonto
The late Roman Hubbell	Ganado
Troy Kennedy	Red Rock
Sally and William Lippincott	Wide Ruins
The late "Cozy" McSparron	Chinle
The late Carlos Stohlworthy	Red Rock
Don Watson	Cortez

And to several anonymous friends who lent a help-
ing hand along the way.

pin
PART I

THE

NAVAHO
WORLD

THE CREATION STORY

Plates 3
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 cere-
monies, 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 anthropol-
ogists 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 sub-
stances. The sacred number *four* permeates Navaho
thinking. There are the four directions, the four sea-
sons, 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.

4
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 con-
cern, however, is with this present life in the Fifth
World.

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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Maria Teba Bia	Maurice McCabe
Sam Day III	Annie Wauneka

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THE ENDURING NAVAHO

By LAURA GILPIN

The Pueblos: A Camera Chronicle
Temples in Yucatan
The Rio Grande: River of Destiny

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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.

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The Enduring Navaho

WORKING SET

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Drying freshly cut alfalfa.

Irrigating a newly plowed field.

Winnowing beans on a small farm.

Agricultural exhibit at the Shiprock Fair.

The Nakai family with a crop of melons on the bank of the San Juan River,

The first appointed Navaho to the National Park Service staff, serving as a ranger at Navajo National Monument, was Hubert Laughter. Today he is a member of the Tribal Council.

The ancient cliff dwelling of Beta-ta-kin in the Navajo National Monument.

The upper end of Canyon de Chelly from the air.

Many small farms cover the floor of Canyon del Muerto.

A corn field and hogan at the foot of soaring cliffs.

After a rain in Canyon de Chelly.

Canyon del Muerto joins Canyon de Chelly a short distance above the mouth.

The White House cliff dwelling in Canyon de Chelly (1930).

Wool is still carded by hand.

At age 94, Old Lady Long Salt of Navaho Mountain was still spinning her wool.

Daisy Tauglechee produces many of the finest rugs.

The weaver is dyeing wool in a solution made from a native plant called Navaho Tea.

Reset x 1 1/2

This woman is preparing to dye wool with the yellow root of the Holly-grape.

Because this rug is too wide to weave an entire row from one sitting position, the weaver commences several rows before moving over to complete them. Here the heddles are tied to every other warp thread.

These three pictures show clearly the process of weaving: the shed stick at the top of the warp, then three heddle sticks, then the battens, one turned on edge to spread the warp. ABOVE, a stick is being used as a shuttle; AT LEFT, the usual hand method is seen. ABOVE, a diamond twill; ON THE RIGHT, a herringbone weave. The picture on the right also shows the top and side edge cords.

The skilled hands and the fine yarn of Daisie Tauglechee.

A silversmith at work in 1934. In the winter Navaho men often wear headbands made of fur—there is no top.

Taking a cast medallion from the mold.

In recent years Navaho women have also become silversmiths.

Soldering silver squash blossoms for a necklace.

Carving a mold for a bracelet.

Naf Hatathli, first Navaho manager of the Arts and Craft Guild.

Ned #

Ambrose Roanhorse with his class at Fort Wingate school.

One of the few remaining potters.

Navaho basketmakers are dwindling in number.

Harrison Begay—one of many fine artists.

The Navaho make use of ceremonial gatherings to discuss either local or tribal problems. When we arrived at the Squaw Dance on the mountain above Red Rock in 1934, we found this Chapter meeting in progress.

Since the erection of the new Tribal Council building at Window Rock, all Council meetings are held here. On the walls are beautiful murals depicting the life and history of the People, painted by the Navaho artist Gerald Nailor.

With Sam Ahkeah as chairman, Manuelito Begay rises to discuss problems in his Crownpoint area.

Navaho women casting their votes at the poll.

Chairman Sam Ahkeah, 1946–1954.

Chairman Paul Jones, 1954–1962.

Maurice McCabe, treasurer of the Tribe in 1954.

Annie Wauneka in 1954.

Wearing the Freedom Medal, 1964.

A classroom at the Crystal school with Navaho teacher Esther Henderson.

Children at the Red Rock Day School.

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- ✓ A Navaho trained nurse at the Fort Defiance hospital.
- ✓ The clinic at Many Farms conducted by Cornell University.
- ✓ Herbert Blatchford in the field.
- ✓ At work as a counselor.
- ✓ Nancy Rose Benally when a student at the University of New Mexico.
- ✓ Anthropologist Shirley Sells as a ranger at Canyon de Chelly.
- ✓ Captain William Yellowchair, Navaho Police Force, Tuba City.
- ✓ Judge Hadley's court at Tuba City.

align The meeting at Counselor,
New Mexico.

✓ Navaho woman and children gather scant fodder for their sheep in the Checkerboard Area.

✓ In the dry Checkerboard Area, where the going is rough.

✓ Men leaving Gallup for work on the railroad.

✓ A young man operating large road-building equipment.

✓ Agnes Draper, a skilled typist.

✓ A waitress in a Gallup restaurant.

✓ In the pine forest of the Chuska Mountains.

✓ The old lumber plant at Sawmill was out in the open.

Monument Valley.

Looking west to the Monument Valley silhouette from the desert area near the uranium mines. Navaho Mountain is in the distance. 3^ 3^ 3^

✓ A worker in a uranium mine on top of the Lukachukai Mountains.

✓ Sorting uranium ore at the Shiprock processing plant.

✓ An oil pumping station near the Four Corners.

✓ Much Navaho wealth comes from oil.

✓ The Navaho gather on the hill for the Gallup Ceremonial.

Awaiting the entry at the Gallup Intertribal Ceremony.

✓ Behind the scenes at the Gallup Ceremonial.

✓ Onlookers at the Gallup Ceremonial.

✓ Outside the exhibit area at the Shiprock Fair.

✓ A family argument at the Shiprock Fair.

✓ Rodeo events at Shiprock Fair.

✓ The Grand Entry at the Window Rock Fair.

✓ The Window Rock arena, 1953.

✓ The Window Rock arena, 1964.

✓ Overlooking the fairgrounds from the Community Center.

✓ The Community Center.

✓ A medicine man with his paraphernalia.

✓ The medicine man up on the mountain.

✓ A medicine woman.

✓ A modern medicine man and his children.

✓ The blessing ceremony at Crownpoint school.

✓ Making fry bread for the Crownpoint ceremony.

✓ Navaho gathering for a Squaw Dance (1954).

✓ Bringing in the stick to be trimmed,

✓ The women go to the shelter.

✓ Racing off with the Rattle Stick.

✓ Bread making at a Squaw Dance.

✓ The cook shelter for the Enemyway.

✓ Gathering for the dance.

✓ The "He" rain.

✓ The "She" rain.

Sand painting
at a Yeibichai Ceremony.

✓ Wood for the bonfires.

✓ The dance ground for the Nightway.

✓ Awaiting the night ceremonial.

(opposite and below)

The long prayer
at the Nightway.

✓ A Yeibichai mask.