

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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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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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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

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

Sam Ahkeah	Ned Hatathli
Maria Teba Bia	Maurice McCabe
Sam Day III	Annie Wauneka

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

To John Adair, for checking the section on silversmithing; to E. Boyd, for her general appraisal; to David Brugge, archaeologist for the Navaho Tribe; to Ann Nolan Clark, for her sound criticism in writing; to Virginia Comer, for her help in general; to Dr. Alfred E. Dittert, Jr., curator in charge, Research Division of the Museum of New Mexico, for taking me to the site of the petroglyphs; to Alison Dodge, with the Navajo Sheep Breeding Laboratory; to Dr. Bertha Dutton, director of the Museum of Navaho Ceremonial Art, for her permission to photograph ceremonial objects; to Irene Emery, of the Textile Museum of Washington, D.C., for checking the section on weaving; to Elspeth Eubank, teacher at the Navajo Mountain School, for introducing me to Navaho People in her region; to Dr. Marion Hotopp, for help with the section on public health; to Mary Blue Huey, for her excellent map; to the Indian Arts Fund and the School of American Research, for permission to photograph

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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 helping hand along the way.

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THE CREATION STORY

Hemisphere its most stable food. For many years scientists have searched for the true ancestor of corn such as was found in the Americas at the time of the arrival of the first European explorers. A good many years ago scientists found two wild grasses related to corn, but not true corn itself. Recently the great antiquity of corn was proved with the finding of corn pollen in drilled cores taken from strata at the bottom of the lake site on which Mexico City now stands. These pollen grains are estimated to be eighty thousand years old.

Following this discovery a systematic search has been under way since 1960, headed by Dr. Richard MacNeish of Canada² and his associates. Some previous findings in New Mexico and northern Mexico had produced corncobs which, when tested by the remarkable Carbon-14 method of dating substances, were approximately five thousand years old. Now, after four years of excavation and research, cave sites in the valley of Tehuacan, south of Mexico City, have yielded the final evidence of the true corn plant and the proof of its domestication and hybridization. In these caves, beneath twenty-eight layers of human occupation, corncobs from the true wild plant were found dating back to 5000 B.C. Each era of occupation left its evidence: in later levels dating about 4000 B.C., cobs from early domesticated corn were found; then an early hybrid variety dating 3000 B.C.; and finally, dating 1000 B.C., cobs from modern corn, such as that found in a growing state by the European explorers.

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

Of the three major cereals of the world—wheat in Africa spreading to Europe, rice in Asia, and corn in the Americas—it is only corn, modern corn, that is, which cannot perpetuate itself in a wild state. With its seeds tightly wrapped in sheaths, corn needs man's help to disperse the seeds so that they may grow. As domestication and hybridization of this plant increased, following the early uses of irrigation, knowl-

edge of its cultivation spread from one Indian group to another and on to the far regions of both Americas where the plant could grow, and where it was found in its fully developed state by the first Europeans who set foot in the Western Hemisphere.

This food, so vital to existence for many centuries, has always been held sacred by Indian peoples. In the Southwest, corn is the symbol of the great dance dramas of the Pueblo People. To the Navaho, it is the symbolic emblem of life itself. It is treasured and revered. Every medicine man carries pouches of sacred corn pollen to be used in all rituals: in the Blessingway Ceremony; in the great ceremonials; in the blessing of hogans. Sacred corn mush is eaten simultaneously from the wedding basket by every Navaho bride and groom.

The Four Sacred Mountains

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

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

We headed north following the Rio Grande, seeing clearly the canyons cut by the river through the volcanic slopes of the Pajarito Plateau. As we crossed

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

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THE CREATION STORY

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

The Spanish colonists who arrived in New Mexico in 1598 came in contact with many Indian groups. During the years that followed, they wrote often of the Apaches, usually designating which Apache group, for there must have been several at that time, all speaking the Athabascan language. In the chronicle of Fray Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón, written in 1626, he speaks of the "Apaches de Návahúu," who were living in a small pueblo on the Pajarito Plateau not far from Santa Fe. *Návahúu* is a Tewa Indian word meaning "cultivated-field-arroyo" and is the word from which *Navaho* is doubtless derived.³ The Navaho learned the rudiments of agriculture from Pueblo Indians with whom they came in contact, for archaeologists working in the Old Navaholand areas have

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

found both Pueblo and Navaho structures in close proximity to one another. In these Navaho excavations the archaeologists found remnants of corn, squash, and bean seed.

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

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

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

← Title

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 Kii's'aanii, ancestors of the Pueblo People. We crossed the Escavada Wash, a wide, dry river bed, capable of carrying a raging torrent following a summer thunderstorm. Soon we could see the green valley of the San Juan River, imagining how the Navaho must have followed it as the more adventurous among them sought new homesites.

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

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

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

Shiprock, largest of the volcanic cones of the South-

west, rose more than 1,800 feet out of the desert sea, its two great flanking dykes bringing to mind the Navaho legend of an eagle with outspread wings. Beyond was the Red Rock area I knew so well, and I could trace the merging of the dun-colored landscape into opalescent red as we neared the Lukachukai Mountains, that small group which forms the northern boundary of the Chuska Range. This 9,500-foot range runs north and south, bisecting the reservation. It is densely covered with pine and fir, spruce and aspen, yielding a large timber reserve for the Navaho People.

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

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

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

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in this vicinity. We came to a group of hogans, and saw, sitting in a summer shelter nearby, three older women. After shaking hands and finding that no one spoke English, I returned to the car to get Betsy, feeling sure that she would find someone she had known long ago. No one recognized her, nor she any of them, so by way of conversation I produced my portfolio. When we came to the picture made in Hardbelly's hogan in 1932, excitement spread amid a rapid flow of Navaho. I pointed to the nurse in the picture, then to Betsy standing beside me, but the oldest of the three kept shaking her head. Just then a teenage boy came to see what was happening. "My grandmother says this is not the nurse, she had dark hair." Betsy leaned over, taking a lock of the old lady's hair, and said, "Tell your grandmother she did too." Recognition broke through; the old woman stood up, put her head on Betsy's shoulder and her arms around her, and wept. After a few minutes Mrs. Hardbelly raised her head, shook herself, straightened her shoulders, and returned to the present. Later, we arranged to come back in two days, when their clothes would be freshly washed and they would all be ready for more pictures, for these three women were the widows of old Hardbelly. Plural marriages were common many years ago, and frequently one or more sisters married the man of the family. The Indian Service finally forbade plural marriages, which are supposed to be nonexistent today.

One tragedy that stands out in Betsy's memory occurred during the bitter winter of 1932 when the snow lay a foot or more deep over the land. In the middle of the night Betsy was awakened by a pounding on her door. Outside stood a Navaho man breathing heavily and dripping with sweat. His three-month-old baby was very sick; he had run more than three miles through the snow for help. After questioning him carefully, Betsy sent him to wake Timothy to get the car ready, while she prepared for expected emergency. Reaching the hogan after wallowing through the snow in the cold darkness, she found the baby very ill with pneumonia. She learned that in spite of the medicine man's ritual the baby had gotten worse.

Knowing that the only possible chance to save the baby was getting it to the hospital thirty miles away, she persuaded the parents to bring the baby, still in

its cradleboard. They should go at once. Although the interior of the car was warmed by the heater, the tires made the crisp, squeaky crunch that means extreme cold as they cut through the icy snow. All were silent except for the whimpering of the sick infant. Somewhere along the way that sound ceased and Betsy feared the worst. They all went into the hospital to find the doctor, but it was too late. After the doctor's examination, the parents decided to leave the little body at the hospital where the authorities would see to its burial in the cemetery nearby. As they were leaving the building, a very hard-boiled nurse scolded the baby's mother, telling her it was her fault for not bringing the baby to the hospital earlier.

On the way home to Red Rock, out in the wind-swept flat beyond Shiprock, the father asked Timothy to stop the car. The mother and father got out carrying the empty cradleboard. Walking a short distance from the road, they cleared away the snow and with bowed heads placed the cradleboard on the ground, covering it with fresh snow. It would never be used again, so the bereaved parents gave it to the elements. When they returned to the car, Betsy tried to comfort them. The medicine man had done what he could, but for this kind of illness, the white doctor had newer medicine.

Such thoughtless, unsympathetic remarks as those given by the hospital nurse have been one reason many Navaho have hesitated or refused government help for so long a time. Looking back on that tragic night after a span of thirty years, we can understand the conflict of thought in the minds of those parents. All their lifelong belief made them rely on the medicine man, who for many ailments was competent indeed, but respiratory infection was something the Navaho little understood. Perhaps one of the greatest changes on the reservation in the past thirty years is the quality of the white personnel working with the Navaho. Today these doctors and nurses are better equipped with social and psychological understanding to win rather than force—to teach rather than admonish. Doctors of today are aware of the abilities of the medicine men and are seeking their co-operation in many ways, while teaching them to understand the kind of help the white doctor can give.

A most amusing incident that happened several years ago was told to me by a friend who witnessed

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211. → THE DINÉH

the climax. A man and his wife from New Jersey were on their first trip to the West. They had been to the Grand Canyon and were returning across the Navaho Reservation. Never having experienced anything like the lonesomeness of the great open spaces of the Southwest, they were quite overwhelmed by it. Also they were somewhat afraid of the strange people who spoke a "foreign" language whom they had seen at one trading post where they stopped to buy gasoline and to ask for directions. After leaving Kayenta, in northern Arizona, they were heading south toward Chinle, when their car broke down. They seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. The man, deciding that he must walk ahead for help, left his wife in the car.

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

trader which white man was the woman's husband, whereupon he handed the rope to the astonished man, asking the trader to tell him that by the time they got there "she was leading pretty good!"

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

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

These are but a few of the many daily experiences of one nurse as she demonstrated the need for field nursing service among the Navaho People. Since 1934 the United States Public Health Service has increased such service many times; and in the past fifteen years

24

THE NAVAHO WORLD

24 Annie Wauneka, member of the Tribal Council, who heads the Navaho health and education program, has accomplished remarkable progress in developing medical and nursing service for her people.

The organization sponsoring Betsy's work was forced to discontinue her service due to lack of funds during the Depression. She left Red Rock late in 1933 to assume a new public health position in Colorado. Twice during the next eight years we returned to the Red Rock area, always receiving a warm welcome from many friends. These were years of work for each of us far from the reservation. Then came the war years, and our activities and thoughts were even farther from Navaholand. Near the end of the war,

Betsy was stricken with a near-fatal illness, poliomyelitis, incapacitating her from further nursing service. In 1945 I moved to Santa Fe as headquarters for other work in which I was engaged. The following year my friend joined me, and it was not long until the strong pull of memories took us back among the Navaho People. As I realized the speed with which changes were coming to the reservation, the possibility of this book began to formulate, though work on it has of necessity been intermittent. This undertaking has been close to our hearts, for both Betsy and I feel an enduring friendship, understanding, and admiration for the Navaho People.

57 Photo 42
58 ll

Bill

14 pts to left

← (OPPOSITE) Interior of horizontal log hogan in the Cove Area.

Washing dishes under a brush shelter.

← Add 24"

Photo 50

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.

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. [See pp. 70-71.] 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,

70 & 71 Photo 51

HABITATION

Photo 54

a/11

12^a Tying a "chongo."

with belts of silver *conchas*¹ strung on leather. For a long time dimes and quarters to which silver loops had been soldered were also used as buttons, but these are fast disappearing. Some men and women still wear moccasins. 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

¹ *Concha* ("shell" in Spanish) is used by the Navaho to denote a shell-like medallion.

men and boys, while the women wear scarfs or fringed Pendleton shawls.

The family is very important to all Navaho People. They are proud of having many relations. There are today more than sixty clans, groups of related people. Lineage is traced through the mother, and a son or daughter must marry outside his or her clan. Marriages are usually arranged by family or relatives. When a boy or a girl reaches 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

l.c. 10/12

Photo 73

Flocks of sheep are gathered prior to shipping to market.

Sheep Raising

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

When at last the Navaho were freed to return to their old land in 1868, they had nothing but the hope of the promised new start that the government would send them—seed, tools, and three sheep per family. It was more than a year, a time of near starvation, before this promise was fulfilled. Before the exile there had been some small groups who, with their flocks, had hidden in the remote wild canyons of northern Arizona, while Colonel Carson was rounding up the Tribe. There is a legend that one leader of the hidden groups urged the People to conserve their sheep so that they might help their fellow tribesmen when the day of liberation came. Doubtless some of the re-

Photo 80

Drying freshly cut alfalfa.

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

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.

x
9/11
12 pts to right 7/6

107 Photo 85
108 Photo 86

One more author's
correction for Enduring
Navaho.

This proof from extra set.

15801- Texas

Drying freshly cut alfalfa.

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*10 Cal
12 X 19 1/2
long desc.*

T/P

THE WAY OF THE PEOPLE

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

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.⁶

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

⁶ Adapted from Richard Van Valkenburgh, *Diné Bekéya*, p. 22.

113 Photo 89
114 + 115 Photo 90
116 Photo 91
117 Photo 92
118 Photo 93

km

HABITATION

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.

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

← Title

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 had 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

THE CRAFTS

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, as well as 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 Zuni 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. Heavier than the Saxony yarn, four-ply instead of

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 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-

139 Photo 106

Hold the steel by
and cut in the new
type. Saw holding the
by way.

Photo

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 approximately 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 rounded half of a bead. Later two of these are soldered together to make the spherical 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

141 Photo 107
142 Photo 108

Photo 113

Ambrose Roanhorse with his class at Fort Wingate school.

10/12
G/
these products in quantity, the total amount of sales by the guild alone came to a quarter of a million dollars in 1963.

Ned Hatathli went on to become a member of the Tribal Council in 1955, serving in this capacity until 1960, when he was made director of Tribal resources, the position he now so ably holds.

Away from the reservation, there is a quantity of imitation Navaho jewelry on the market. Any purchaser will do well to go to reliable shops or directly to the Guild at Window Rock, where all items bear

the seal of the Arts and Crafts Guild, and all are of unique Navaho design.

Ambrose Roanhorse, whose superb work as a master silversmith has won him many awards, including a decoration from France, is now teaching at the Vocational School at Fort Wingate, near Gallup, where boys and girls are given the opportunity to learn not only all the Navaho Crafts, but also other occupations, such as carpentry, shoe making, leather work, and dressmaking—trades that will equip these students for their future lives.

additional corrections -
page from extra set

THE COMING WAY

of smaller areas of jurisdiction greatly facilitated the work of each agency, but it did nothing to bring the Tribe together as a whole. Communication was still difficult, and in many areas, travel was possible only by foot or on horseback. Each political change in Washington brought a new commissioner of Indian affairs, who usually had new ideas and adopted changes in policy that must have been bewildering to the Navaho.

✓ It was the discovery of oil on the reservation in 1921 that brought to focus the need for tribal government for all the people. This discovery, located in the San Juan District near Shiprock, immediately brought about discussion as to whether oil leases were to be executed by this District Agency, or by the Tribe as a whole. T The treaty of 1868 required the consent of at least three fourths of all adult male Navaho from all parts of the reservation to determine the cession of any region. Therefore, the secretary of the interior ruled that these oil leases should be for the benefit of the whole Tribe, and authorized the Indian commissioner to sign oil and gas leases in their behalf. At the same time the establishment of the first Council was designated, to be selected from this large percentage of the male population. The next year a "Business Council" was formed to act for the Council—those chosen were Chee Dodge, long a powerful leader in the tribe, Charlie Mitchell, and Dugal Chee Bekiss.

✓ In 1923 the first Navaho Tribal Council was elected, holding its first meeting on July 7 of that year. The chairman was chosen from outside the Council membership, with one of the delegates being selected as vice-chairman. Thus Chee Dodge became the first chairman of the Navaho Council, serving from 1923 to 1928. Meetings of the Council were called by the Navaho agent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, rather than by the commissioner, and could be held only in his presence, the meetings to be held for a period of two days annually. This first Council, bringing together one delegate and one alternate from each of the six districts, was soon found to be inadequate and was followed with revisions; a second Council met in the same year, and again in 1927 and 1928, when voting rights for women were added. Only the outline of Navaho government as it has progressed since its inception is given here, interesting as it is, for a full account would entail many pages.¹

In 1927, Superintendent John Hunter, of the Leupp Agency in the southwestern part of the reservation, developed a local community organization called a Chapter. Meetings of this group made it possible to bring together the people of the region where representatives from the Bureau of Indian Affairs could discuss the Bureau's efforts for the betterment of agricultural conditions, the improvement of livestock, and the necessity for schools. This Chapter plan proved most beneficial as the people gathered to discuss their problems among themselves as well as with the officials. The idea spread quickly to the other districts, bringing better understanding between the Navaho people and the Bureau.

In 1931, the Council was increased to its present number of seventy-four delegates, these to be elected by the people of the districts in accordance with the population of each district. Those first ballots were pieces of ribbon of different colors, each candidate having a selected color. Leadership beyond the local level was still difficult for the people to comprehend, and by 1936 there were criticisms that the Council membership was not representative of the Tribe. It was the issuance of grazing controls that brought home to each locality the fact that the Council members rather than the local headmen were making the decisions.

Voting registration was adopted in 1938, and ballots with pictures of the candidates on them were used, as there were still many voters who could not read or write. There have been attempts to draw up a constitution for the Navaho Tribe, but as yet no satisfactory document has been achieved.

Many changes have come about from the late 1930's to the present, as the Navaho People as a whole have been learning the ways of government. During the formative years from 1923 to 1938, there were four chairmen of the Tribal Council: Chee Dodge, Desha Chischillige, Thomas Dodge (Chee's son), and Henry Taliman. The growth of the tribal government continued and the time for the Council meetings was increased from four days a year to one hundred, being divided into four sessions. Compensation for both Council and officers has likewise increased as the demands on the individuals' time have lengthened ✓

¹ For a fuller account see "Origin and Development of Navajo Tribal Government," *Navajo Yearbook*, pp. 371-429.

of smaller areas of jurisdiction greatly facilitated the work of each agency, but it did nothing to bring the Tribe together as a whole. Communication was still difficult, and in many areas, travel was possible only by foot or on horseback. Each political change in Washington brought a new commissioner of Indian affairs, who usually had new ideas and adopted changes in policy that must have been bewildering to the Navaho.

It was the discovery of oil on the reservation in 1921 that brought to focus the need for tribal government for all the people. This discovery, located in the San Juan District near Shiprock, immediately brought about discussion as to whether oil leases were to be executed by this District Agency, or by the Tribe as a whole. The treaty of 1868 required the consent of at least three fourths of all adult male Navaho from all parts of the reservation to determine the cession of any region. Therefore, the secretary of the interior ruled that these oil leases should be for the benefit of the whole Tribe, and authorized the Indian commissioner to sign oil and gas leases in their behalf. At the same time the establishment of the first Council was designated, to be selected from this large percentage of the male population. The next year a "Business Council" was formed to act for the Council—those chosen were Chee Dodge, long a powerful leader in the tribe, Charlie Mitchell, and Dugal Chee Bekiss.

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163 Photo 120
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the Council. Good may come from this, for the people as a whole have become aware that some tribal matters have come to a stand-still, bringing about the realization of the importance of each individual vote. These troubled times may well lead to a more truly democratic government, even, possibly, a two-party system. The situation at Window Rock today may be compared to a time when a President of the United States is elected by one party while the majority of the Congress belongs to the other. Doubtless the 1966 election will resolve many of these differences.

Aside from this monetary situation, the record of progress and development of the tribal government since its beginning in 1923 is most remarkable, for the People, who formerly had no governing body other than the leadership of chosen headmen, now are welding themselves into tribal unity showing great advancement in consideration for the people as a whole.

Recent Tribal Leaders

SAM AHKEAH

Sam Ahkeah, who became chairman of the Tribal Council in 1946 following the death of Chee Dodge, was born March 8, 1896. He grew up in the Shiprock area, going to school at Fort Lewis, near Durango, Colorado. As a young man he worked at Mesa Verde National Park, later moving to Santa Fe for a position at the Laboratory of Anthropology. During his years away from the reservation, Sam was quietly learning the ways of the white man—methods of business, the way government was conducted—and in many ways preparing himself for his role as leader of the Tribe.

In 1954 I went to Window Rock at the time of the tribal election when Sam was defeated by Paul Jones. While Sam had served nearly two full terms, he had been elected for the office only once. But many of the people felt that he was running for a third term, and voted therefore against him. The day after the returns were all in, I asked Sam if I might make his portrait. I wanted to do this in the Council room, at the chairman's desk, so we went over to the Council building. While I was setting up my equipment, I said to him, "Sam, you have done a wonderful work for your people since you have been chairman." He was silent for a few minutes, then he said, "Well, I think I have waked them up to what they can do for themselves." This eloquent remark summed up his eight years of hard work in the fewest possible words, for indeed he

Chairman Sam Ahkeah, 1946-1954.

the discovery of uranium ore and new oil fields. It was Sam, who, with his staff and attorney, located tribal funds accumulated from oil revenue between the years 1922 and 1946, deposited in the National Treasury to the credit of the Tribe. Realizing that the interest from this money was not coming into the tribal treasury, Sam went to Washington, where he discovered the sum of \$200,000 in accumulated interest. With these funds available, Sam planned other new developments for the benefit of his people.

To the outsider it seems that on the whole the wealth that has come to the Tribe has been wisely used, yet in the 1963 election campaign, unproved accusations of misappropriation of funds were made. After sixteen years of comparatively smooth progress, controversy has arisen in the Council following the election of Raymond Nakai, the present chairman. As a reaction to his eagerness to bring quick reforms with his administration, differences of opinion have emerged between the older councilmen and the newly elected younger members, resulting in a division in

possible was done to try to superimpose our culture onto that of the Navaho. Some children from twelve to sixteen were sent away to schools in California and to a number of schools in the East, with the intent of merging them into our society, but this was too much to expect in a few short years. More than 95 percent of these children came home where they found themselves to be misfits, for they were unaccustomed to reservation life.

With the coming of the New Deal a different policy was adopted, due in part to the road improvement program, to develop new day schools, bringing children to school by bus, just as in any county in the country. One other practical development of the new policy was the establishment of a number of trailer schools located in areas where small children could reach them from their homes, giving these youngsters the advantage of early education. These were big steps in the progress of education and soon many well-trained teachers with modern methods in teaching and with better understanding of the Navaho undertook the new teaching jobs. Some teachers created a desire on the part of the children to learn; some teachers even conducted adult education classes in the evenings, with people coming from miles away to attend. Navaho teachers were also coming into the picture, bringing, of course, the best possible relationship between children and teacher. But there were still many more children of school age than there were facilities for them. The Indian Service Educational System continued to grow and improve, until there came a day when many children were clamoring to go to school. Yet there were also those who were, and some who still are, shy and diffident, and there are backward areas, as in every state in the Union, but there are many hundreds who are absorbing their school work like little dry sponges, and who go on into fields of more advanced learning.

The slow process in education is paralleled in medicine. For many years it was unthinkable for a Navaho to turn to a white medicine man. But slowly progress has been made in such fields as the eye disease trachoma and other special lines. Since World War II young non-Indian doctors have come to work at some of the hospitals and health centers, finding themselves filled with enthusiasm for the people and the work to be done, and for the first time bringing a new

psychological approach to their endeavor. And though there have been superstitions to overcome, as well as the difficulties of winning trust, the doctors have forged ahead with progress in many ways. It has been here that Annie Wauneka has done so much in the field of interpretation, one of the doctor's major problems. They did not know it was forbidden for a younger person (who was acting as interpreter) to ask his elders many personal questions. The doctors were puzzled by the vagueness of many answers. But Annie had a solution: there must be a glossary prepared of medical terms in English and Navaho, with a simplified explanation as well. Annie was insistent that this be done. A young Navaho woman was selected to go to the premedical school at Cornell University, where she spent two years preparing this glossary. It has been highly successful and of great benefit to the many doctors working on the reservation.

Through help from the Education Scholarship Fund, the first Navaho doctor is now practicing at the Kayenta hospital, and there are many Navaho nurses (both registered and practical), dentists, and technicians, with many more in training. As this number grows, there will come a day when the Navaho will care for their own.

Since the Public Health Service took over the Indian Bureau medical program, there have been many developments, such as new hospitals, new health centers, and new health stations with accompanying services. Also there have been several privately sponsored clinics, such as that conducted by Cornell University at Many Farms, where I found a Navaho technician at work with the Cornell doctors. While there is yet much to be accomplished, as everywhere else, the acceleration of medical care for the Navaho during the past ten or fifteen years has accomplished a great deal for their benefit.

EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

One of the most worthwhile acts of the Tribal Council has been the establishment of the Education Scholarship Fund for higher learning. In 1953 a sum of five million dollars (later increased to ten million), accrued from oil, gas, and uranium earnings, was set aside for the special purpose of giving aid to honor students who were selected for these grants. One of these students is Herbert Blatchford, who graduated

TRIBAL GOVERNMENT

good many young women find employment of various kinds in restaurants or motels in the nearby towns. Many also have studied typing and have taken the place of former Indian Service typists at Window Rock, where they have proved to be efficient and skilled office workers.

The Indian Service has made some effort to relocate families, which has been partially successful, some Navaho moving to California, Colorado, the larger cities of New Mexico and Arizona, and even farther afield where they have found satisfactory work for their livelihood.

As many of the new projects on the reservation have developed, more opportunities for Navaho people have arisen at home, such as work in road building, in the oil fields, in the uranium mines, in the Sawmill project, and in other lines of endeavor replacing the sheep industry on the overused land. Mechanical ability seems to be natural to all young Navaho boys, and they find work in garages along the border towns of the reservation. It is interesting to see the skill with which these young men handle big machinery, so far removed from the old life of a generation ago.

Law and Order

The development of the Department of Law and Order has been slow, for traditionally every individual Navaho is a free agent and no one should try to impose his will upon another. For many years there were few serious offences, and those that did occur were usually handled by the headman of each clan. As disputes among the Navaho were relatively minor, they were settled by arbitration.

In 1880, acting Navaho Agent Bennet said in his report to Washington:

The crying evil that most besets this people is whisky. There are several traders at nearby points . . . where whisky of the vilest description is delt out to these people in open violation of the law, being an incentive to crime and greatly impoverishing many of them. . . . Outside of this aspect of the question no community of like population will exhibit so small a record of criminal acts of a flagrant character as the Navahoes².

Even today the high percentage of arrests are due to problem drinking; other misdemeanors are relatively few.

² Navajo Yearbook, p. 275.

Captain William Yellowhair, Navaho Police Force, Tuba City.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs was responsible for the maintenance of law and order on the reservation until 1953 when the need for a tribal police force became acute in the Checkerboard Area, off the reservation. The state of New Mexico could not handle these Indian problems and asked for help from the Tribe. This area has long been a veritable no man's land as far as policing was concerned. For example, bootleggers from surrounding communities went to the area with quantities of cheap liquor, selling it to the Indians and demanding the immediate return of bottles so that no evidence was left behind. The state agreed to help police this area if its force were augmented, so six Navaho policemen were trained and equipped for the work. These men were the beginning of the Navaho Police Force. It has grown steadily since, and today there are approximately two hundred enforcement officers with sufficient administrative personnel.

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Photo 140

Judge Hadley's court at Tuba City.

Now there are seven courts, one in each subagency and two at Window Rock, conducted entirely by Navaho judges and officers. I had the very interesting experience in being present at a court session at Tuba City. I do not know what offence the young man had committed, but I was impressed with the conduct of the court, and with Judge Hadley's handling of the prisoner. The Judge gave the boy a long talk, which of course I could not understand. But I could understand the quality of his voice and the meaning of his words by the inflection of his voice and the manner in which he spoke. His voice was persuasive rather than dictatorial, kind rather

than harsh or critical, and I felt that the boy was being taught rather than admonished. The whole procedure was quiet, reserved, sincere, and dignified. I wished that George Washington, looking down from the wall, might have heard this session.

The Tribe has just completed a wonderful new Law and Order Building, situated within the Window Rock grounds. This is a handsome building of modern design containing the last word in police and prison facilities. On the second floor are two courtrooms with adequate chambers for the judges, a law library, and the finest of modern equipment.

Whenever new projects are commenced by the

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but also have used funds to develop programs of many sorts created for the benefit of all the Navaho people. Having known for nearly twenty years some of the individuals who now hold responsible positions, I find it most heartening to see how they have

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risen to the challenge of their respective departments, and to see the ability they are showing in executive posts. Certainly they seem to have the good of the Tribe as a whole at heart.

Photo 156

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HERITAGE

Photo 191

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Navaho gathering for a Squaw Dance (1934).

The Enemyway

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Betsy and I have been privileged to witness some ceremonies in part only, but from these experiences we have realized the great mass of intricate ritual that each ceremony contains. To learn or even to witness portions of them all would take a lifetime, and there are probably but few non-Indians who could fathom the often delicate and subtle differences, the significant symbolism, the true meaning that these rituals have for the Navaho people. But we can comprehend the beauty of many of the ceremonies that we are permitted to see, and become aware of the reverent feeling that exists among not only those conducting the rituals but also all those who attend. From such experiences we can realize how deeply the Navaho are concerned with the proper ordering of life in this world, and the traditional ethics which guide human relationships.

Perhaps the most frequently given ceremony is the so-called Squaw Dance, also called the War Dance,

though its real name is **The Enemyway**. This is a three-day ceremony stemming from the legend of Changing Woman's twin sons, Monster Slayer and Child-of-the-Water, who went to visit their father, the Sun, to seek his aid that they might slay the monsters who inhabited this earth in order to make it a safe place for the Dinéh to live. After slaying the monster Yeitso, the twins carried his scalp as a trophy, hanging it on a tree before telling their mother of their adventure. While relating their story to her, they swooned and lay unconscious. Changing Woman prepared a potion made of herbs which had been struck by lightning, sprinkled her sons with this, and then shot arrows of spruce and pine over them to restore them to consciousness.

The Enemyway has never been a ceremony to prepare for war, as many people think, even in the days of long ago, but rather it is to rid the patient from the effects of any "enemy." It is a ritual conducted for

Photo 198

The cook shelter for the Enemyway.

brought by the patient he painted the faces of those nearby, and sprayed them with the herb mixture. The Receiver's party also prepared a pot drum. The Stick Receiver was now in complete charge of the ceremony. We did not stay beyond this point at this particular ceremony, but we knew that there would now be a rest period and the eating of a meal.

When the ritual is resumed toward evening, the Receiver selects an unmarried girl to be the custodian of the Stick, and, following her, both parties move to the dance ground where, as at the first site, the Four First Songs are sung over the pot drum as it is tapped. Following this, the people group themselves around the drummer, and with a swaying motion sing a great variety of songs. The dancing commences as each girl chooses a man, and, standing behind him, moves him

in a circle several times, then reverses the motion. If a man wishes to be released, he must pay his partner before she will let him go. Much amusement is derived from this phase of the dance. Toward dawn, the Receiver again takes the Stick and standing in the midst of the circle awaits the daylight, when he takes it inside his hogan while both groups join to feed the entire assembly, which may have grown large during the night.

The following morning, relatives and friends of the Receiver bring small gifts of tobacco, food, money, cloth, and other items, heaping them on a blanket laid out for the purpose just inside the hogan. The members of the patient's group gathered outside to serenade the Receiver. The leader once more sings the Four First Songs at the entrance while the drum is

HERITAGE

Photo 201

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The "She" rain.

The Nightway

Of all the long ceremonials, the one most frequently given is the Nightway, or Yeibichai. This nine-day ceremony is very complex, containing much ritualistic procedure which must be carried out in minute detail and in exactly the prescribed order. It begins in the evening of the first day when the medicine man, or chanter, arrives at the selected site. His first act is to apply the Yeibichai talisman to the patient by successively placing it about the patient's waist, his shoulders, his neck, and his head. This talisman is made of four carefully selected pieces of willow, each

eighteen inches long, attached to each other with woolen strings, so that they may be spread out into an open rectangle and folded up again. A chanter receives his talisman from his preceptor and may keep it for life, transmitting it eventually to his pupil.

To describe in detail this entire ceremony would take many pages and has been done magnificently by Dr. Washington Matthews.² It has been my good fortune to see parts of the first eight days, and Betsy and

² See the Bibliography.

238 Photo 201A

I have seen the ninth day and night several times. The Nightway, perhaps more than any other ceremony, contains the greatest amount of minute detail in the preparation of the many prayersticks, the costumes, and the masks (for there are many impersonators of the Yei), and in the making of five beautiful sand paintings.

The chanter consecrates the ceremonial hogan by sprinkling sacred meal as he moves clockwise around the interior of the hogan. If the patient is a man, he uses white meal, if a woman, yellow. This consecration is repeated on the fourth night, the night of the vigil of the gods. All during the day there is much preparation for the vigil when the impersonators keep watch over their masks and other objects as they sing and pray the whole night through. The principal character of the Yeibichai is Talking God (Hastseyalte), the creator of the ceremonies, who utters his peculiar cry, "Wu, hu, hu, hu," at the important moments to announce that all has been done correctly.

Usually only the patient and his family are present for the first eight days of the ceremony, with the medicine man and his helpers, but on the ninth day visitors arrive to participate in the final rites. As with the Mountainway, the daytime of the last day is filled with preparation for the night ceremony. An area before the hogan is cleared for the dancers. A wood pile is prepared, and as the people arrive each family finds a place along the side of the clearing. An arbor of green branches is erected at the far end where the impersonators will put on their masks. All during the day and evening, ritual goes on inside the ceremonial hogan.

Shortly before the night ceremony begins, four great fires are lighted. Inside the hogan the dancers are being prepared: their bodies are painted with a white clay, and the costumes are put on. The masks, the wands of spruce, and the fox skins have previously been placed in the arbor along its northern side. Talking God masks and dresses in the hogan and when all is ready he gives his cry to clear the dance ground. Then the four impersonators, wrapped in blankets, precede Talking God and the chanter as they go to the arbor to put on their masks. While wearing the masks no impersonator must ever speak—only Talking God utters his special cry. The dancers' costumes consist of short kilts, made of some special material, often

hand-woven, silver belts from which the fox skins hang from the back, long hand-knit stockings, necklaces, and the plumed masks with spruce-twigg collars attached. Each dancer carries a gourd rattle in his right hand, a wand of spruce in his left. Talking God wears his special mask and collar, is clothed in his deerskin robe, and carries a fawn-skin bag in one hand. As the dancers leave the arbor the medicine man leads, with Talking God and the four impersonators following. The chanter utters the benediction, scattering pollen as the group crosses the dance ground to the hogan. As they approach, the dancers quietly shake their rattles, singing as they walk. The patient comes out of the hogan carrying a ceremonial basket containing sacred meal, sometimes with four special prayersticks on top. While the chanter says a prayer over the meal, the four Yei keep up a constant motion of their feet. After this prayer, the chanter assists the patient, who advances to sprinkle the sacred meal over each of the Yei in turn. Taking a large pinch, the patient lets some fall first on the right hand of each Yei, then sprinkles the meal up the right arm, over the top of the forehead, and down the left arm, and drops what is left in the palm of the left hand, the patient using his right hand while he carries the basket on his left arm. Then the patient and the chanter resume their positions in front of the hogan door, facing to the East. The Chanter now recites the long prayer to each of the Yei, the patient repeating after him, verse by verse. These prayers are similar except in mentioning certain attributes of each Yei. The prayer ends:

In Beauty (happily) I walk
With Beauty before me I walk
With Beauty behind me I walk
With Beauty above me I walk
With Beauty all around me I walk
It is finished in Beauty.

[Repeated four times]

This oft-quoted poem, impressive as it is, is far from an adequate translation, for there seems to be no English word to convey the idea of the Navaho concept of "in harmony with." Navaho words, of course fit into the song, while an English translation is difficult to adapt. Gladys Reichard has given the following:

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THE ENDURING WAY

gins, usually with twelve dancers taking part. There will be six Yebaka (male) dancers and six Yebaad (female) dancers, though the latter usually are impersonated by youths or small men. Both the Yebaka and the Yebaad are dressed alike with the exception of the masks, those of the Yebaad being domino masks.

Again the chanter leads them from the arbor with Talking God following him, then the twelve dancers, while Tenenili, the raid god, and Fringe Mouth, the clown, bring up the rear. They approach the hogan and commence their dance with songs of many verses and many repetitions. To relieve the monotony throughout the rest of the night, the clown does acts of simple buffoonery, Talking God sometimes joining him. Slowly, with constant rhythm, the dance continues, variations being largely in the words of the songs.

Just as the dawn breaks, everyone, visitors and performers alike, stand facing the East as the Prayer to the Dawn is repeated. All inhale the dawn in prayer that its purity and strength may enter into them. When the prayer is ended the Bluebird song is heard, for to the Navaho, too, the bluebird is the symbol of happiness and heralds the break of day.

Just at daylight bluebird calls.
The bluebird has a voice
His voice melodious that flows in gladness
bluebird calls. Bluebird calls.³

A Yeibichai mask.

and down but at the end of each stanza he gives his cry to indicate that he has detected no error. When the song is finished, the singers are facing the West. They turn to the East and, as Talking God leads, they start for the arbor, at first shaking their rattles, then walking in silence. In the arbor they take off their masks and lay them with their rattles along the north side. After the masks are off the impersonators may talk. They return to the hogan without formality, where they pray, wash the paint off their bodies, and resume ordinary dress.

Following an interval, the long Yeibichai dance be-

To observe such a ceremonial as the Nightway is an experience long to be remembered. Listening to the high-pitched voices, watching the dancers, observing the spectators who have come to take part in the ritual, feeling the assembled reverence as the Prayer to the Dawn is sung in the chill, clear Southwestern air, makes one realize the strength and beauty to be derived from closeness to the elements. Here is something vital, something real.

³ Translation by Frances E. Watkins, Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles, California.

photo 207

A Yeibichai mask.

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THE ENDURING WAY

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Again the chanter leads them from the arbor with Talking God following him, then the twelve dancers, while Tenenili, the raid god, and Fringe Mouth, the clown, bring up the rear. They approach the hogan and commence their dance with songs of many verses and many repetitions. To relieve the monotony throughout the rest of the night, the clown does acts of simple buffoonery, Talking God sometimes joining him. Slowly, with constant rhythm, the dance continues, variations being largely in the words of the songs.

Just as the dawn breaks, everyone, visitors and performers alike, stand facing the East as the Prayer to the Dawn is repeated. All inhale the dawn in prayer that its purity and strength may enter into them. When the prayer is ended the Bluebird song is heard, for to the Navaho, too, the bluebird is the symbol of happiness and heralds the break of day.

Just at daylight bluebird calls.
The bluebird has a voice
His voice melodious that flows in gladness
Bluebird calls. Bluebird calls.³

To observe such a ceremonial as the Nightway is an experience long to be remembered. Listening to the high-pitched voices, watching the dancers, observing the spectators who have come to take part in the ritual, feeling the assembled reverence as the Prayer to the Dawn is sung in the chill, clear Southwestern air, makes one realize the strength and beauty to be derived from closeness to the elements. Here is something vital, something real.

³ Translation by Frances E. Watkins, Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles, California.

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A Yeibichai mask.

and down but at the end of each stanza he gives his cry to indicate that he has detected no error. When the song is finished, the singers are facing the West. They turn to the East and, as Talking God leads, they start for the arbor, at first shaking their rattles, then walking in silence. In the arbor they take off their masks and lay them with their rattles along the north side. After the masks are off the impersonators may talk. They return to the hogan without formality, where they pray, wash the paint off their bodies, and resume ordinary dress.

Following an interval, the long Yeibichai dance be-

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8

Sisnaajini (Mount Blanca), Sacred Mountain of the East.

10

Tsoodzil (Mount Taylor), Sacred Mountain of the South.

12

Doko'ooskiiid (San Francisco Peaks), Sacred Mountain of the West.

14

Dibéntsaa (Mount Hesperus), Sacred Mountain of the North.

18

17

Lilly Benally,

21

22

The quiet overhead light in a hogan.

Portrait of a young boy.

25

26

Costume of the 1930's.

27

28

Once as Betsy and I left a hogan where she had been on a nursing visit, we encountered this woman carrying her small son and two lambs. Twenty-five years later we found the woman again, and while we were talking to her, her husband rode up with a small boy in the saddle in front of him. This baby turned out to be the son of the boy held by his mother in the earlier picture.

The women as we found them in 1955.

29

34

33

Navaho twins,

35

36

Georgie Garcia.

Tom Navaho.

37

38

May Adson.

An old Navaho woman.

39

40

A portrait at Navaho Mountain.

Ason Kinlichine.

41

42

The letter.

43