

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

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

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

To the north we could see the piñon-covered mesas of the Defiance Plateau, whose formation is that of a wide bowl, gathering a great amount of natural moisture which funnels down into the sheer Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto, spilling eventually into the Chinle Wash. This is a dry, sandy stream bed on the surface for most of the year, though there is a continual underground flow. The wash slopes gently to the north for a hundred miles, emptying finally into the San Juan River at the northern boundary of the reservation. The Navaho penetrated into the region of the Canyons in the beginning of the eighteenth century, possibly earlier, when, according to some archaeologists, they may have found Hopi Indians farming in the Canyons and either drove them out or absorbed them into the tribe. It was from the north rim of Canyon del Muerto that a small company of Spanish soldiers, sent out from Santa Fe to retaliate against Navaho raiders, attacked a cave in the Canyon wall, killing most of the inhabitants. This was in 1804, the time of the Louisiana Purchase, when New Mexico and Arizona were under the rule of Spain, and Thomas Jefferson was wondering about this western land. From time to time the Spanish sent many expeditions against the Navaho, trying to stop the depredations of Spanish towns and Pueblo villages along the Rio Grande. They bargained and they bribed,

but like the ebb and flow of ocean tide the raids continued, though there were intervals of peaceful pursuits and welcomed exchange of goods.

Following Mexican independence in 1821, the government in Santa Fe, then directed from Mexico City, was struggling weakly to assert itself. Navaho raids increased in number and in strength. Twenty-five years later, after our war with Mexico, both Navaho and Apache depredations were at their height. The Southwest now became part of the United States, and new expeditions left Santa Fe for Navaholand. The Navaho had no comprehension of such political and governmental changes. This was all a very wild, rough country then, the distances were very great for horse or foot travel, and water sources were far apart. In 1851 the United States Army established Fort Defiance as a first base of operations. As we now approached the Arizona-New Mexico line, I could see the large grove of trees, some of them planted long ago and now obscuring the Fort from the air, submerging it in a pool of shade. Close by, amid a cluster of wind-worn sandstone, was Window Rock, the present seat of Navaho government.

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

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

Our plane approached Gallup, New Mexico, and as I looked north across the reservation I could see Shiprock standing above the desert, more shiplike than ever

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from this height and distance. And beyond, rising above the great promontories and canyons of Mesa Verde, glistening on the far horizon, were the snowy summits of Dibéntsaa, Navaho Sacred Mountain of the North.

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

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

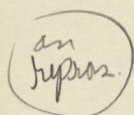
Yet the Navaho were willing enough to do what they could to better their condition. They learned to make adobe bricks; some became blacksmiths; they did their best to farm under the most adverse conditions of drought, wind, insect infestations, and illness among themselves. An epidemic of smallpox struck and many died, reducing their number to a little over 6,000; many were ill from undernourishment; all were desperately homesick. Finally, on hearing of a plan to move them to Oklahoma, several Navaho leaders

agreed to go to Washington to plead for permission to return to their own land.

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

So the humbled Navaho, in the fall of 1868, returned to their mesas and canyons, their deserts and mountains, to begin life anew. But more hardships were yet to be endured, for in spite of efforts by Major Dodd, the first civil agent, the promised supplies and sheep did not arrive. That first winter was grim indeed. The Navaho ate what they could find on the land—piñon nuts, roots, other small edible plants, and some game. The promised sheep did not arrive until the fall of 1869. Then the People felt a surge of hope as they began to till new fields, to start new flocks, to build new hogans, and to live the free life which was the very essence of their being.

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



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SPACE-SKY-DISTANCE UNLIMITED; canyons-deserts-rocks majestic in their contour and hugeness; color-landforms beautiful beyond belief—these are the elements of this magnificent land. Moving about in loneliness, though never lonely, in dignity and happiness, with song in their hearts and on their lips, in harmony with the great forces of nature, are the Dinéh—People of the Earth.

Two salient qualities of these people are dignity and happiness. Both spring from their vital traditional faith, faith in nature, faith in themselves as a part of nature, faith in their place in the universe, deep-rooted faith born of their Oriental origin, moulded and strengthened by the land in which they live. There is fine quality in the Navaho People, evident in their quiet direct manner, their action, their manual dexterity and skill. They bring to their everyday living

dignity, vitality, realism, and acceptance of things as they are. Conforming to the pattern of their tradition, they are nonetheless individualists. They have character, they have the ordinary run of human weaknesses, they have humor and a sense of fun, they have their own code of honor. They are tenacious. They are practical to a high degree; they are poetical. They are capable of long hours of work, and they are capable equally of inactivity. There are many good Navaho People and some bad, dependable and some undependable, strong and some weak. Their powers of observation are photographic. They are immeasurably adaptable. They can be shrewd, they can be inscrutable, they are highly intuitive. Among themselves they are a gentle people. Through all runs a vein of kindness, inherent good manners, and a special quality for which it is difficult to find the right word. Perhaps

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integrated personality is the attribute, for there is a "oneness" about these people. Simply and quietly they abide by their tradition.

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

But generalities are not enough; one must know the individuals. My first acquaintances were made when I visited Elizabeth Forster not long after she assumed her duties as a field nurse. She was stationed at Red Rock, Arizona, just over the line from New Mexico, some thirty miles west of the community of Shiprock. Here she had an apartment in an abandoned missionary hospital, with a clinic room in the basement where she kept the tools of her trade. Here the doctor from the government hospital in Shiprock came weekly to see patients who had been assembled by the nurse for his visit. The usual run of minor ailments, sore throats, slight injuries, the ever present impetigo among small children, various dietary ailments, and often illnesses of a more serious nature, were examined. Treatments were prescribed for the nurse to administer, necessitating visits to hogans within the radius of her field work. It was my good fortune to accompany Betsy on some of her rounds, giving me an opportunity to observe her many patients under the conditions of their everyday lives.

Often we went to the trading post nearby, where we met many more Navaho People, and soon I learned how to overcome their natural shyness or antipathy to photographs. In those days of the 1930's I was using a large view camera and I was able to interest the people in both the instrument and the results, for

they always wanted copies of the pictures I made. It was not long until the people of the Red Rock area were used to seeing me around and I was accepted as the nurse's friend. Some of these early pictures are in this book—the frontispiece, the first eight or ten portraits, the summer hogan, and others.

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

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

Timothy constantly brought to Betsy all the news of the area, and one of the great surprises to both of us was how rapidly news could travel. I recall one day

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parents had to tell her, she felt sure that he had a ruptured appendix. She persuaded the boy, and his parents, to let her take him to the hospital at once. Placing him carefully on a blanket which she used in lieu of a stretcher, she directed four men, each holding a corner of the blanket, to carry the boy down to the car. Then with very careful driving she took him more than thirty miles to the hospital. The doctor found that it was indeed a ruptured appendix and operated immediately. Through Betsy's good judgment and skill this boy's life was saved.

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

Not long after Betsy's arrival at Red Rock, there was a "sing" going on some little distance away. This Betsy learned was a curing ceremony for a sick Navaho. One of the singers came to her clinic room asking for cough medicine. His name—incredibly—was Killed-a-White-Man. He came to Betsy several times during the ceremony. She ran out of cough medicine and, when next in Shiprock, asked the doctor for more, but he told her she must use it more sparingly. The next time Killed-a-White-Man came for cough medicine she told him, through Timothy, that she was sorry but she didn't have any more. He left without a word. The next time he came she still didn't have any. He didn't like not getting his medicine, but again left without comment. The third time he came he said to Timothy, "You ask her why she doesn't have the things a nurse is supposed to have?" Betsy got behind a chair, and, pretending to tremble and shake, said to Timothy, "Ask him if he ever killed a white woman?" This question sent the old man into a peal of laughter and from then on he was one of Betsy's good friends. She found out later that he really had killed a white man long ago. The Navaho had been out hunting and

Timothy Kellywood and his family.

when we were driving along a little-used road and Timothy said suddenly, "I think Mr. Jones has been to Red Rock today." When I asked how he knew, he answered, "I see the track of his left rear tire." Timothy soon became my friend, also, and would say, "I know where there is a silversmith you would like to make a picture of." So off we would go to find someone I did indeed want to photograph. Timothy's judgment was unerring and I seldom failed to follow his lead.

One trip of Betsy's, which I recall, was to a distant mesa where a teenage boy was very ill. She and Timothy had to climb some distance to the hogan, leaving the car at the foot of the mesa. After examining the boy, taking his temperature, and hearing what his

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

One winter when I was at Red Rock it was necessary for Betsy, Timothy, and me to take an ill old man to the hospital. The snow was deep and it was very cold. It took us three hours to reach Shiprock. As we were preparing to return, a Red Rock boy appeared, having followed us in. Just after we had left Red Rock word had come that Hosteen Nez's wife had been in labor for five days and needed help. Betsy and the doctor left at once, Timothy and I followed in her car. About five miles before reaching Red Rock the doctor left the main road to drive several more miles to the Nez hogan. The snow drifts were very deep and Betsy and the doctor repeatedly had to dig themselves out. When they finally arrived it was after dark. They found the woman as described, surrounded by an assembly of neighbors who hoped to help. There was no light but that of the fire in the center of the hogan. After dismissing the onlookers, nurse and doctor improvised an operating table out of two orange crates, then extinguished the fire so that ether could be safely used. Having only a two-battery flash light for illumination, the doctor's interpreter had to direct the light first to the nurse, administering the ether, and then to the doctor, who by use of instruments delivered a live baby. The crisis was over—that is, except for more struggles to get home through the snow.

As individuals became better known to Betsy, and through her to me, their respective characters stood out. There was a little old woman whose only name was The Ute Woman, who used to come to breakfast every Sunday morning. She really was a Ute; she had been stolen by a Navaho family in her infancy and had grown up a Navaho, knowing nothing of the Ute people.

Every Navaho has a ceremonial name seldom if ever known except to his family. In addition to this name, he will have one known to the Navaho People. Navaho custom does not permit the direct addressing of a person; he is spoken of indirectly as "my sister's son," or "my nephew's wife." Then each Navaho will have a nickname, often descriptive, by which he is called as a child. When he goes to school he will be

given another name, by which he is generally known. Often these names are selected from among well-known white people. For instance, a former Indian commissioner has two namesakes that I know of. But the descriptive nicknames always fascinated us. There was Hardbelly, Sorehand, Bushyhead, Calicopants, and many more. One day we realized how many descriptive names there are among our own people, such as Whitehead, Shoemaker, Wheelwright, Younghunter, Longstreet, and Stonebreaker, to name a few.

Betsy has a wonderful capacity for joking with a perfectly straight face. The Navaho sensed this and delighted in it. There was a Navaho named John Billy, whom she had met when she first went to Red Rock to see what the nursing position there would involve. She did not see him again for more than a year. One day he came to her clinic and she was dismayed to find he had a bad exophthalmic goiter condition. He was willing to go to the hospital where he was operated on under a local anesthetic. In a very short time he was sent back to Red Rock, arriving in the early evening. Betsy fixed him up for the night in her clinic room. Several Navaho in the immediate vicinity came to see him, and all evening Betsy could hear voices from the basement as John Billy told about his operation. Because it was impossible to drive him home through the deep snow, Betsy urged him to borrow a horse to ride the eighteen miles to his hogan. She explained that he must not overexert himself and that she hoped he would take two days, stopping at some friend's hogan on the way. In the morning when she called him for some breakfast he had already gone, and, as she later found out, he walked the whole distance to his home through the snow in one day.

Off and on all winter she heard tales that John Billy was sick, but he did not come in, nor could she reach him; however, as soon as it was possible to get the car through she did go to his hogan. Thinking that he should see the doctor for a check up, she urged him to come with her to the hospital. But he said, "No." Finally after much conversation and with a straight face, Betsy said, "John Billy, I am going to take you to the doctor, even if I have to rope you." His wife, who spoke no English, asked him what the nurse said. There were some whispered words, then he said, "All right, I go." "When?" asked the nurse. "Now," an-

Elizabeth Forster in Hardbelly's hogan in 1932.

swered John Billy. Husband and wife went into the hogan, emerging in a few minutes as Mrs. John Billy led her husband by a rope, which she handed to Betsy with great merriment. Later, he used to come to Betsy's apartment, asking her to write some letters for him, which she, of course, was pleased to do. One day Timothy said, "Miss Forster, why do you write John Billy's letters? Don't you know he is a Carlisle graduate?" Betsy decided that John Billy had had the last laugh.

One day we drove out to Hardbelly's hogan where

the old man was suffering from a heart condition. The doctor having prescribed digitalis, Betsy was to instruct the old man's elder wife (he had three) how to measure the proper dose. As we entered the hogan we found Hardbelly lying on his pallet, his wife and family sitting about him. Betsy proceeded with her mission while I wondered if I dared ask to make a picture. To my surprise they seemed pleased that I wanted to, which was one more evidence of their confidence in their nurse.

Thirty-three years later we found ourselves again

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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Betsy was stricken with a near-fatal illness, polio-encephalitis, incapacitating her from further nursing service. In 1945 I moved to Santa Fe as headquarters for other work in which I was engaged. The following year my friend joined me, and it was not long until the strong pull of memories took us back among the Navaho People. As I realized the speed with which changes were coming to the reservation, the 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. ✓

PART II
THE WAY
OF THE
PEOPLE

HABITATION

NAVAHO HOMES, OR HOGANS, are scattered far and wide over the reservation, in order to obtain adequate pasturage for the sheep. Each family has grazing rights, and though there is no individual ownership of land as we know it, the individual's rights are usually respected. Seldom does one encroach on another's pasture; boundaries are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and boundary lines follow the contour of the land, for there are no stock fences. The same rights prevail for summer pasture in mountain areas where sheep are moved to higher elevations for fresh grass.

The hogan is a most practical building for life in this desert country. It heats with a minimum amount of fuel, it is cool in summer, and, having no windows, it is a retreat from the strong winds of early spring. There is a quiet peace within the hogan, for the only light is from above, through the smoke hole in the

roof. The form of the hogan stems from the Creation Story, for it was the Holy People who built the first one, thus setting the pattern and the customs. Round, or nearly round in shape, and with a dome-like roof, the hogan always faces East, to the rising sun and the new day. When a new hogan is built, pieces of turquoise or shell are placed beneath the doorposts. When it is completed, the hogan is blessed by a medicine man if one is near, or by the head of the family. Corn pollen, symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the logs or stone while the chanter invokes peace and a happy life.

Depending on the environment, hogans are built of a variety of materials. Where logs are available, there are two or three general types: the old forked-stick hogan (nearly extinct); hogans built of upright logs topped with cribbed horizontal logs to build dome-shaped roofs; and hogans with logs laid horizontally

A hexagonal hogan near Red Rock.

An upright log and mud plaster hogan in the Checkerboard Area.

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in hexagonal or octagonal form, all being chinked with adobe mud or clay. In areas where timber is scarce, hogans are built of stone, again, either round or hexagonal with always the domed roof. A special form of roof construction is used, as may be seen in the interior pictures. In recent times, one finds occasionally that windows have been cut into walls.

In a barren area I found a round stone hogan. The woman was bringing the sheep home to a nearby corral for the night. The building seems small in the broad, majestic landscape, yet the interior of the same hogan gives a suggestion of its height and roominess, though the picture contains less than a quarter of the whole.

On entering a hogan, one must move from left to right, clockwise, circling the fire in the center of the room. On formal occasions the women sit on the north side of the hogan, the cooking side, and the men on the south, while the head of the family and any guests sit on the west, facing the entrance. In early times a shallow fire pit was dug in the earth floor. The pits still are dug, though in recent times many Navaho are using tin or iron stoves, sometimes small metal barrels, with stove pipes extending out of the roof holes. To the right of the entrance, which may have a wooden door or the old-time blanket covering, simple shelves made from empty orange crates or boxes obtained from nearby trading posts will hold dishes and food staples. On the west side of the hogan sheepskins, which serve as beds at night, will have been rolled up and stacked away. Hanging from pegs or nails along the sides will be extra clothing, blankets, and other items of daily use. In other places along the sides of the hogan are boxes, suitcases, or even small trunks, in which other possessions are stored. There is a place for everything and there is usually order. Following the ancient pattern to which all individuals subscribe, this true sense of order permeates Navaho life.

Where Navaho people have moved to nearby towns and are living in regular houses, I have seen disorder and a slovenly way of living. The reason seems twofold, poverty and the example of white people of low caliber, for few Navaho have had much contact with cultured Anglo homes. I recall an episode in 1932, when Betsy and I took Mrs. Francis Nakai and Timothy to Santa Fe to see the wonderful collection of Navaho blankets in the Indian Arts Fund Collection.

Following this experience we stopped to say "hello" to friends of ours who lived in one of the loveliest of Southwestern homes. We were all invited to return that evening for dinner, when there was to be a birthday party for the son of the house. Mrs. Francis' acceptance of that evening was something I shall always remember. She had never been away from Red Rock, and her only contact with any white man's home had been the very simple apartment Betsy had in the old hospital building, where for the first time Mrs. Francis sat at a table to eat. At our friends' house that evening, we sat down to a formal dinner for twelve people at a table exquisitely set with shining silver, sparkling glass, lighted candles, and all the trimmings for a birthday party. Mrs. Francis quietly watched what others did, and, with the utmost dignity, followed suit as though she were accustomed to such elaborateness. During the evening Timothy repeated to me over and over, "Oh, I never saw such a beautiful house!" His eyes were shining. As we took our departure he spoke to our hostess, saying, "My relative thanks you very much for everything and she wishes that she understood English so she could have known all that has been talked about." As we returned to our motel, I wondered if I could have conducted myself with such perfect poise and dignity if I had found myself in completely foreign surroundings with such different customs, and listening to a language I did not understand. At the present time, however, during this transition period from the old life to the new, Navaho people are buying second-hand beds, tables, and chairs, and the old sense of order is disappearing.

Near the winter hogan there is always a summer shelter, for the Navaho live chiefly out-of-doors during the summer months. Built of upright poles, the shelter has a roof of fresh green boughs from cottonwood trees, or cedar or juniper. In areas where sheep are taken to the mountains for summer pasture, the winter hogan will be closed. As the Navaho live with a minimum of possessions, they have little to move for life during the summer months. Cooking utensils, some extra clothing, wool for weaving, a few basic food supplies, such as salt, sugar, coffee, and flour, are all that are needed. The women set up their looms under the shelter, the children watch the flocks, and the men haul water and wood and tend the small farms.

Water in most areas must be brought from wells or

from the few rare springs which may be miles away. Barrels filled with water are hauled in wagons, sometimes for a distance of twenty miles. Today, the wagons are rapidly being replaced by pickup trucks, and, where, long ago, the horse changed Navaho life, now the automobile is bringing another great change. Water is still scarce, but both the tribal government and the Indian Service are developing new wells, bringing some relief from the long hauls that have been necessary for too many years. Water is still conserved to the utmost. Once, when we were visiting

under a summer shelter, our friend Paulina was making ready to wash a few dishes. I asked her if I might make a picture showing how the Navaho can wash dishes in a tea cup full of water. She took me quite literally and, measuring out a cup, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were clean. It is surprising how cool it can be under one of these shelters on a hot summer day, for there is always a breeze—all one needs is shade.

In the summer of 1954 we made a trip to the Navaho Mountain area in southeastern Utah. This is still a

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

Washing dishes under a brush shelter.

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,

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are her granddaughter and great-granddaughter. The little girl in the center is the great great-granddaughter.

The sons and grandsons were away at work, and sons-in-law would never be there, for the old rule still is imposed in most areas, that a man must never speak to his mother-in-law. We spent several hours visiting this family. They were interested in us and in the things we observed. They looked at every picture in my book with the greatest of interest, pointing out differences in costume, ornaments, or possessions. We watched the making of kneel-down bread—green corn cut from the cob, put through a meat grinder, salted, packed into the green husks, and baked in an outdoor oven. It was very good. We have found when visiting families such as this, that a time comes when their courtesy to us has been fulfilled, their curiosity is satisfied, and their normal work must be resumed. It is well to be sensitive to this approaching moment and to take one's leave before wearing out a welcome.

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

Many of the Navaho People who come closest in contact with us, and who now speak English fluently, are wearing clothes like ours. However, velveteen blouses are still widely worn, with a great variety of bright colors, still decorated with silver buttons and

A Navaho costume of the 1880's.

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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

I.C.

other relatives. I have heard Navaho people speak of "my uncle," only to find quite a different relationship from our knowledge of the word. A true uncle is spoken of as "my mother's brother," for instance.

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

Navaho origins lie in a hypothetical group—the Nadene people—who are believed to have migrated to Alaska from Asia centuries ago, and who branched into four major language families, one of which is Athabascan. These Athabascan-speaking people gradually migrated over a wide expanse of territory

stretching from Alaska to Mexico, some following along the Pacific Coast, others following along the Rocky Mountains. There are many sub-groups and offshoots even of the Athabascan, one such subgroup being the Apache from whom the Navaho are an offshoot.

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

Some scholars believe that there is a relationship between the ancient language of the Nadene and the Chinese-Tibetan languages, and, though the rela-

Washburn Begay's hogan on the mountain.

tionship is probable, much more research is needed to establish it as a fact. Like the Chinese languages, Navaho is a "tone language," and the meaning of the words is distinguished by the pitch of the voice, whether it be raised or lowered.

Navaho is a difficult language for English-speaking people to learn, and many of the sounds are very hard for us to produce, yet there are many who have accomplished this feat. Mr. Robert Young, area tribal operations officer of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Gallup, is one of those who has gained exceptional proficiency in the language. He has traveled in West-

ern Canada, including British Columbia, where there are other Athabascan-speaking people, with whom he had no difficulty in establishing a working relationship. Though the Athabascan languages have become too divergent over the centuries to be mutually intelligible, there are enough similarities in vocabulary, structure, and other features to demonstrate their close relationship. The people with whom he worked in the north were as interested in the Navaho language as he was in theirs.

In addition to a dictionary and grammar, Mr. Young has written an extensive article in the *Navajo*

Yearbook (1961),² focused especially on the problems of teaching English to Navaho beginners. It has sufficient detail to give insight into the grammatical structure and sound system of the language for those who seek some knowledge of the Navaho tongue.

One summer while I was working in the Red Rock area, Betsy and I heard about a road over the top of the Lukachukai Mountains which led to the trading post of Toadlena on the eastern slope of the moun-

tains. Deciding to explore this, we started on the old road that crossed the mountains to the post of Lukachukai on the western slope. As we reached the top we found the branch road leading south. At first it was almost impassable, and at one extremely rough and steep point I remarked, as we started a third attempt, "If we don't make it this time, we'll go back." Fortunately we did make it and soon we were driving through a beautiful pine and spruce forest with occasional groves of aspen.

As we rounded a bend, before us on a rise a little above the road level was a beautiful log hogan, built

²"A Sketch of the Navajo Language," *The Navajo Yearbook*, pp. 430-510.

in a small clearing, the pines and spruces towering beyond. Sitting outside busy at their work were two women and a small child, the elder woman carding wool, the younger grinding corn on an old-type

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metate.³ They seemed surprised that a car had come from the northerly direction, but greeted us as we approached. We found that neither of the women spoke English, so in a little while I produced my book of pictures and soon they were engrossed in looking at them. Then I heard an exclamation of "Mamma, Mamma!"—it seemed that I had photographed the older woman's mother at some distant point. I took the print out of the book and gave it to her, to her delight. After a while I asked if I might make some more pictures (sign language) and, receiving a nod of acquiescence, I set to work. We spent the rest of the morning with these people and, as noon approached, we packed up and were ready to continue our journey.

Suddenly we heard it—a Navaho song—soaring from the woods in the clear, silent mountain air. It was a song of utter joy, of complete freedom of spirit, such as I had never heard. We stood spellbound. Soon there was added the tinkle of sheep bells as out of the forest they all came, the sheep, the man, his little son, and a dog. The shepherd stopped abruptly when he saw strangers and a veil came down like the dropping of a curtain at the theatre. He approached slowly, greeting us with usual Navaho courtesy. But in those first few unguarded moments we had glimpsed the Navaho soul. Soon we were on our way, enriched beyond measure by this experience.

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

The Navaho have songs of many kinds. There are sacred songs, the chants from the many ceremonies, hundreds of them. There are songs for an individual, songs for chorus. A medicine man must know all the chants in every ceremony he conducts. There are songs related to all forms of living creatures, songs of protection, songs to ward off evil. There are songs for daily activities, there are songs about sacred mountains and places. There are songs of sorrow, songs of gladness, songs of supplication. There are songs for games, songs for pleasure. A Navaho feels rich according to how many songs he knows. There are songs for smaller ceremonies, songs for the blessing of a new hogan, a song for the building of a baby's cradleboard.

Fastened to the bow of the cradleboard there is always a charm to ward off evil—a piece of turquoise or shell. In some localities there are "lucky" cradle-

*I make a baby-board for you, my son.
May you grow to a great old age.
Of the rays of the earth I make the back,
The blanket, I make of the black clouds,
The bow, I make of the rainbow,
The side-loops, I make of the sun beams,
The foot board, I make of the sun-dogs,
The covering, I make of the dawn,
The bed, I make of the black fog.*

*[This prayer is sung when a baby is placed
on the cradleboard.]*

³ A stone slab with a concave upper surface.

boards. When a mother has raised a particularly strong and healthy baby, other expectant mothers want to borrow the cradleboard, so that their children, too, may be strong and healthy. The Navaho themselves believe that the use of the cradleboard produces strong and straight backs in their children, and that the security of being bound onto the board tends to produce a calm and poised personality.

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

Trading Posts

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

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

The pioneer trader was a rugged individual, able to survive in remote areas under the most primitive conditions. He had to build what he needed, had to be able to fix anything and everything, and through the years has taught necessary construction and mechanical techniques to many Navaho. Built of stone, adobe bricks, or, occasionally, logs, the old trading posts consisted of one or more buildings, with sheep and horse

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

Many legendary personalities were among those early traders on the reservation: Keam, the Hubbells, the Wetherills, the Hyde brothers (who were the first to send hides to the eastern market), C. N. Cotton, who saw a potential market for rugs in the east, Sam Day, "Cozy" McSparron, B. I. Staples, both Charles and Arthur Newcomb, Bruce Bernard, and others whose names were synonymous with the posts they held. Off the reservation there were the Kirks, the Fred Harvey Company, and a few others.

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

Each trading post was, and still is, a center, like the hub of a wheel, the outer circumference being perhaps twenty or more miles away. To these posts the Navaho have been coming to trade for nearly a hundred years, bringing their produce to exchange for goods they desire or need. They bring wool at shearing time, sheep and some cattle at fall roundup time,

In 1932 the Red Rock trading post still had its original dirt floor.

and hides, piñon nuts, handmade jewelry, woven blankets, and rugs throughout the year. The trading post has become a place of meeting, as well as the place to obtain water, for all posts had to be built where there were natural springs or good wells. The trader has been the connecting link between the United States government and the Navaho People. The trading post is where government officials come to set dates for spring branding and dipping of sheep, to announce farm demonstrations, and to post notices. It is the trader who interprets government regulations and who makes contacts between the government officials and the individual Navaho of his region. And it has been the trader who has established outside

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

During the past thirty years road improvement has progressed with increasing rapidity, until today new paved roads link the major sections of the reservation.

Distances seem to have shrunk, as trucks now travel one hundred miles in two hours, where not long ago the same trip took two days.

The trader's influence has been great, depending on the way he has conducted his business, his attitude to his customers, and his interest in them and their mode of life. In all activities, both in the store and out, the trader's actions are observed and noted. He must be ever on the alert for values, for the Navaho loves the game of trading and trying to get the best of any bargain. Spending time in a trading post, watching the comings and goings of the many people who appear daily, is a fascinating experience. Navaho People come into the post, quietly greet those they know by a gentle touching of hands, then sit on the benches for a long time considering what to buy. One will finally go up to the counter, and, pointing to an article, put down the money for that one item, or if the Navaho is pawning jewelry, the trader lists each purchase. Following another long interlude of consideration, this procedure will be repeated. Sometimes individuals will stay at the post all day before the final lot of merchandise has been acquired. Always there is the purchase of tobacco (in early times there was a box of loose tobacco on the counter for free samples), and the purchase of candy or pop for children, as the day proceeds. The Navaho observe everything, listen to all conversations, deliberate. When they go home they will remember everything that has transpired.

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

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

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

Other traders whose interests lay beyond the trading counter were John Wetherill at Kayenta, Sam Day, B. I. Staples at Coolidge, J. B. Moore at Crystal, and the Newcombs, to name but a few. Harry Goulding at Monument Valley has done much to promote the scenic beauty of his area. At Shiprock, Bruce Bernard has one of the finest pawn rooms, with an excellent system for recording the pawn. His room is a spectacle of turquoise, coral, and silver. The wives of these traders also have played an important role in their respective areas, teaching many useful household arts, aiding families, and learning much of the Navaho ways. The heyday of these posts is gone now, and modernization is rapidly taking over, though

⁴Now to be a national monument.

there are still a few smaller posts in remote areas retaining some of the flavor of the early years. It will not be long before these, too, are changed, and with their passing will go one of the most colorful phases of Western history, one so closely bound to the Navaho that it became a part of the Way of the People.

Away from the well-traveled highways, old methods of locomotion still are used. For three hundred years the horse has been a dearly loved possession. When

a Navaho dies, his horse is shot and the saddle is buried with the man. A Navaho thinks nothing of walking many miles if he has no means of transportation. We have come upon this many times. Once, as we were traveling to Tuba City from the Hopi country, we came to a slight crest in the undulating desert; beyond we saw a family—a woman with a baby in a cradleboard and a small child riding a burro, while two older boys were on foot. When we reached them we produced some candy for the children and tried to chat a little, though no one seemed to understand