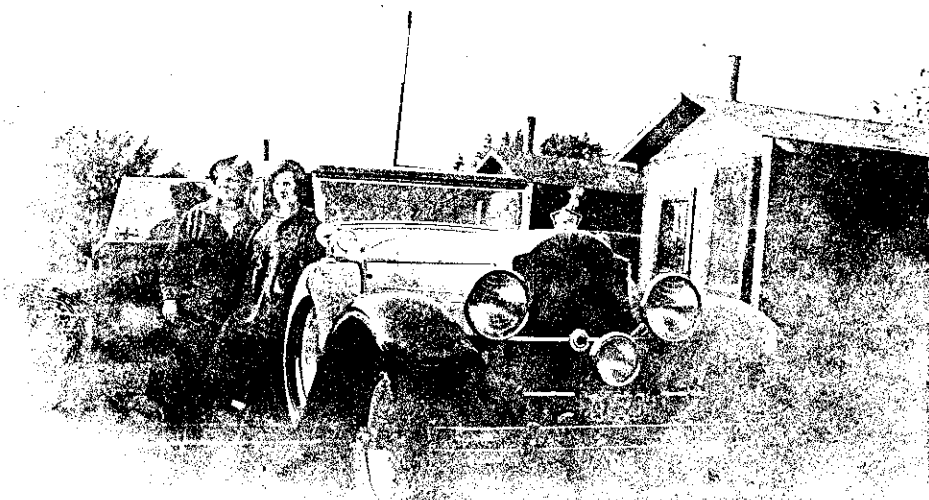


THRU THE SOUTHWEST BY PACKARD.

Sept. 28th to Dec. 5th

1931

Thru the states of
Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado,
New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada,
Old Mexico, Texas, Louisiana,
Mississippi, Tennessee and back thru
Missouri and Illinois .



Leaving the first camp at Chillicothe. (Note
Alys's expression, indicative of first camp's
experience.)

Speedometer, Sheridan Rd Chicago 38330, left 6:10 A.M. after glorious sunrise, thru Ogden Ave, past Joliet, Alys racing with fast freight into Bloomington. Cricle thru Springfield, via Jacksonville, Pittsfield to Hannibal after crossing Mississippi rather narrow here on low bridge. Went on that same day to Chillicothe, camped in poor place, at 38756.

Left 6:25 thru Ca,eron, south thru Excelsior Springs with its fine camp, coming into Kansas City Mo from north, the city presenting a fine panorama of misty skyscrapers soon left behind. Quickly thru Kansas City Kan., fine conc. roads thru Topeka almost all the way to Salina. Ft. Riley impressed upon us as the geographical center of U.S. though nothing special showed it. Fair gravel roads to Wakeeney, where we camped for night. Cottage double, clean, with Whitcomb Riley "Rest" room accommodations. Tempestuous day, blowing dust into everything, howling nights, with flaming sunrise that sent us early on the way.

Monotonous land, rolling plains and stubble fields in evanescent distances rather gray after the previous day's wind. Soon long detour, back to main road near Grinnel. Westward the remnants of grain fields and their towns and tall elevators sometimes gleaming in the hazy distances. Retarded clock one hr at Oakley. Changed driver at Kit Carson, in Colorado, where roads became dusty and worn. Took short cut at Boyers straight over a 50 mile lonely road to Colo. Springs. Only cattle here and there enliven the scene, now and then a shack, a lonely farm yard without tree or bush but all the more junk, a hazy brown pall in the distance from which soon the faint outline of Ikes Peak emerged, over 50 miles away. Life exhibited its strange drama of birth on the roadside, a bewildered cow licking her newlyborn that vainly struggled to stand on its legs like a - calf! Down into nothingness fades the thin ribbon of our arrowlike road, the blue segment of Pikes Peak looming higher and higher. Suddenly Colorado Springs appears below, we drive thru it, out to Manitou, where we ~~xxxxxx~~ found a delightful and refined haven at El Colorado Lodge, overlooking the Garden of the Gods, Pikes Peak and its crimson and green foothills. (39500)

A fire roaring in the Indian grate, fed by resinous pine logs, a refreshing drink, music and relaxed companionship mellowed the evening and ushered in an eventful next

Chillicothe, Mo.



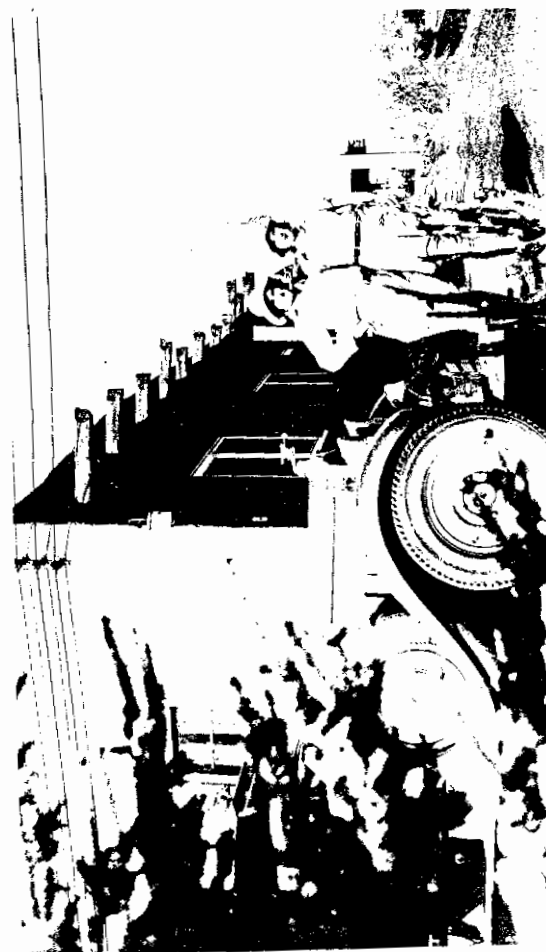
Day.

Oct. 1st broke clear and sharp. A twang in the air. Out on Ute Pass, the Packard ascended Pikes Peak - at times with puffs and groans. At Glen Cove Inn 11425 ft up, 7 miles below the summit, this difficulty was remedied by seasoned advice: Don't crowd your motor but go easy and slow in mountain driving. 24 miles from Manitou to the windswept summit, cold and chilling, but not as cold as could be expected. A few patches of old snow, glaciated in northern crevasses. A giddyness that benumbed Ch., affected Alys and myself, manifesting itself by head pressure and peculiarly bad hearing as if far away.

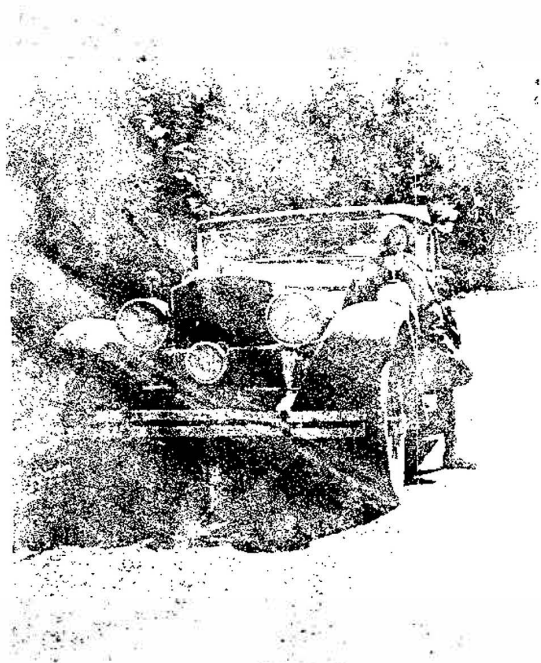
I looked down over the straight stretch of cog rail where I had toiled thrice, first time 26 years ago. The old Observation tower still there, but the summit bears the signs of the times a broad loops of auto roads. Our Radio worked perfectly, a concert on Pikes Peak floating away into distances where rose in cold blue majesty the Sangre de Christo, the Arapahoe and other ranges south, west and north. A tumbling mass of snowy peaks in the vicinity of Mt of the Holy Cross, the deeply serrated summits around Mt. Massive and the peculiarly empty and dull plateau land lying between the Rampart range and the peaks before mentioned.

The plains to the east are hidden in that brown vapor that resembles smoke spread interminably over the giddy distances. There's our road, shot like an arrow from Pikes Peak 90 miles east into space, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ an evanescent silver thread. Down was nearly all in low speed. Quacking Aspen dotted in full golden raiment the rich bluegreen forests whose individual trees stood silver-silhouetted against the mass of other trees, and above all towered the glowering granite mass of the imposing peak with its shadowy bottomless pit and palliated walls.

At 2 in the afternoon we started hiking up along the cogwheel road. My lady companions proved their mettle and settled all doubts about their future fitness. They surmounted - unaccustomed to walking even on level ground - the tiresome steep grades up to the "Half Way house" that was now a mass of debris. Past magnificent forests of Blue and White Spruce, Concolor Fir and Pine the brown ribbon of ascending road curved up and on - disappearing behind rocks and cliffs, egging on to go just a little farther, behind that next vexing promontory, that next



Our cottage at El Colorado.



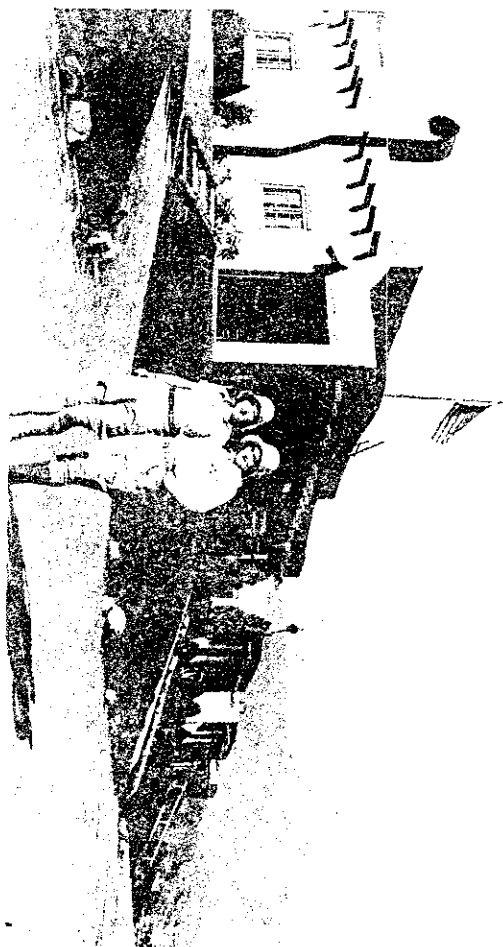
Near Timberline, driving up
Pikes Peak.



On Pikes Peak summit looking
towards the Kansas Plains.
Heads felt giddy, ears singing,
heart like a missing
motor.



Snowballs on Pikes Peak Summit
looking northward.



El Dorado Camp, Col. Springs, Pikes Peak
and Mt. Manitou in distance.

The Royal Gorge from Suspension Bridge, over 1000 feet above Arkansas river in center. Looking west into the Rocky Mountains.



5

The twin peaks named The Spanish leap higher and higher into the violet evening sky alive with powerful cloudmasses singed by the setting sun. Far distances gleamed in the characteristic attenuated pink and gold of the southwest in sharp contrast to the farreaching evening shadows spread over the landscape. Long before Walsenburg the Fisher Peak Butte draws its individualistic outline on the horizon, and the first lights just began to twinkle when we coasted, weary and loaded with road dust, into Trinidad and made "camp" at The Trinidad, on the heights south of the city, at Mileage 38848.

The highest summits of the Sangre de Christo were seared with the gleaming white of fresh snow the next morning, Sunday Oct. 4th. It was fresh and bracing. Starting in a leisurely way, we soon ascended Ratón Pass and for miles drove over the pine studded mountain crests that end rather abruptly with a far reaching view over the extensive Cimarron plains, where the Maxwells dispensed their princely hospitality in the middle of the last century. A new land, this land below, New Mexico. Long horizontal mesas separated by dull green plains where in the early days the cattle barons employed herds of cow "pokes", whose periodical revelries invested the little towns of Cimarron and Maxwell to this day with lurid tales of the bygone days. The road shoots out over the soft grey green plains like an arrow. Only cattle guards break the monotony, here and there dots that resolve themselves into cud-chewing cattle. And then the Taos Range of the Sangre de Christo Mountains interposes, at first soft rounded hills studded with Pinion and Cedar with here and there an outcropping of sedimentary limestone. And then the Cimarron canyon, with romantically eroded cliffs named Fallisades cut by the Cimarron river full of trout, the fisherman's paradise in the hot summer months. Here among the tall pines and colorful blue spruces and firs it is always cool. The road crosses the river endlessly in the deep cool umbra of the odoriferous conifers while climbing higher and higher, and we reach the quacking Aspen altitude that paints the Rockies at this time with a blazing belt of pure gold, resembling masses of yellow flowers spread like magic carpets over the slopes of aspiring mountains.

The first pass surmounted, we dipped down into the mountainlocked Marino valley with Eagle Nest Lake

lying like an opal in its center. Then the road again dips upward, to the Taos Pass close around 13000 feet high with the road climbing up among magnificent forest trees with easy, graceful grades where formerly our car puffed and stalled and stuck in snowy mud on the first overland trip. But now we had fine highways and a Packard. The final Pass reached, a view opens south over the Sangre de Christo Peaks. For many miles the car coasts down thru Taos Canyon, among blazing autumn colors of Aspen and picturesque cottonwood. At length the road emerges from the mountains, far to the west stretch desert plains and long drawn out mesas, and etherial mountain peaks hundre and more miles away.

Taos, the strange, oriental, foreign habitat of strange people; mostly Mexicans, in the Taos of Don Fernando. A medley crowd of Artists whose reputation reaches from coast to coast. Writers, poets, and others, and, if we examine carefully, we might find a generous sprinkling of just plain freaks.

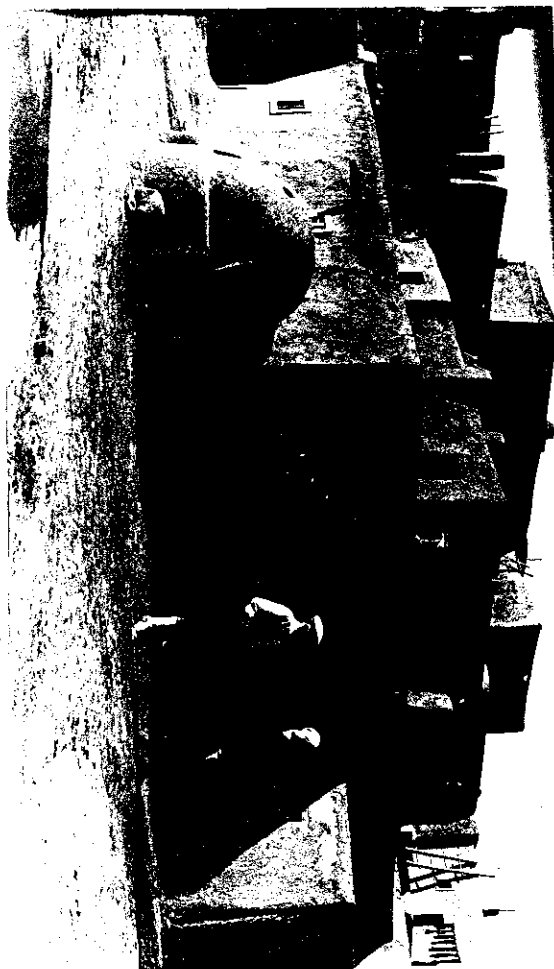
We put up at a fine, new cottage at an Auto court. Sightseeing in the afternoon. Out to the Taos pueblos, along deeply rutted roads, lined with shrubs loaded down with ripe wild plums that hung in crimson clusters. And who can adequately describe the weird charm and the pictorial domesticity of this Indian village of terraced domicils of dull earthen yellow in the silence of the Sunday afternoon sun! Yet, the place was not deserted; dusky figures, wrapped in pure white blankets sunned themselves high up on the parapets, staring statuesquely into space; now and then calling to the neighbor in the same strange tongue that echoed in these mountains ~~already~~ in the time of Columbus. How many Americans, rushing thru their country to the coast, realize the quaint poesy of ~~these remote corners of their country~~ ~~this ancient corner of America?~~ These who do, find more pure joy and inspiration in it than all the civilised amenities of the coast can offer.

The Taos Pueblos tower five stories like pyramids. Ladders lead from story to story, here and there a colorful figure ascends, or descends; perhaps an olla balanced on ~~head~~ a head ornamented with long braided hair; perhaps the inevitable white sheet draped in oriental fashion over head and body. The women in spotlessly ~~white~~ ~~leather~~ deerskin moccasins, ample enough to accommodate the legs of our biggest mammal.



Sunny Taos. Alys soon gathered a mob of children around us, all afflicted with a sweet tooth.

Terraced Taos where romance persists.



Sunday evening we visited a few acquaintances, the Fleck's in their new adobe, the Ufer's in their old unattractive home. Hennings invited us to accompany him next morning to the mountains, and we met him and Charles Dahlgreen, the Chicago painter and Etcher at nine, Oct. 7th. Taos, the oriental, with its terraced mud houses, flat roofed, every wall and surface an individuality, but intimately associated with the native soil, gleams like a yellow jewel ~~xxxxxx~~ in the morning sun against the deep blue-green mountains east and north. Far to the west the opalescent distances of the desert. As we drive north-west, over 'dobe roads deeply rutted, the splendid Grasshopper Peaks come near. The higher altitudes are flecked with rusty-yellow spots where autumn reigns supreme among the Aspens. A narrow ~~xxxxxx~~ road meanders down a precipitous grade; it was difficult to pass an up-coming car, but the driver, who was Alys this morning, circumvented all danger spots. Arroyo Hondo below, we followed its gurgling water course teeming with trout into a perfect wilderness of rock and mountain and exquisite forest. Bridge after bridge, home-made, with saplings cut by the roadside, sagging and shacking when passing, so narrow and with curving approaches that the big Packard had difficulty to negotiate the abrupt turn and not go off one corner of the bridge. Rock on both sides narrowed the trail that ~~scraping~~ was inevitable, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ it was necessary more than once to pick up or readjust the running board rack that held our ice boxes and rock samples from the important points of the trip.

It was well worth it, however. Wild, untamed nature in forest and mountain; gigantic Aspen studded the slopes and the narrow canyon floor with their long, smooth trunks, sometimes ~~so~~ so closely massed together that they resembled an aspiring gothic cathedral vaulted over by a golden dome of quivering little specks through which shone the sky in the deepest violet-blue.

Some 8 miles up in the mountains and beyond the toll gate guarding this road we got to work. The radio refused to do its entertaining on account of the copper ore prevalent in these mountains - so we were told. Came down in Taos, and Santa Fe. Only night seems to carry and assemble the voices and music of the air, and at night we had no use for the instrument.

A busy hour or two in this exquisitely primitive setting. My companions worked the typewriter and caught

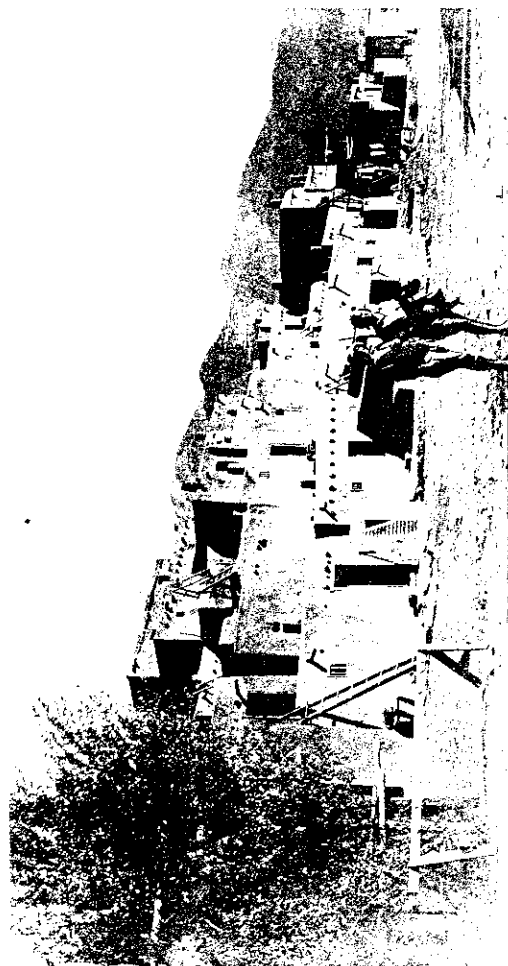
up with lagging correspondence, while I got out the paint box. Returned to Taos, our pleasant adobe cottage with its Indian decorations and inviting tan walls made possible ~~any~~ evening not easily duplicated in the banal setting of hotel rooms; but then - all "camps" are not as attractive as Taos and Colorado Springs.

Next morning we again motored to Taos Pueblos. Blue wisps of smoke curled from multitudinous Chimneys. Breakfast or dinner under way - who knows. All is so strange and foreign, and yet, intimate and close. Alys patronized a few of the native craftsmen and women. A brown kiddies not as tidy as their elders swarmed about the hand that doled out candies. Altogether too fast the forenoon passed. Thru Taos, of Don Fernando, three miles south, the Taos of Kit Carson and many early frontiersmen, the Taos of the Fandango and of historic revelry and murder, we sped, on to Rancho de Taos, 5 miles south, the center of the penitente order. Here a huge Spanish mission church towers over squatly mud dwellings. Then over the sage-covered plains, to its south fringe where the chasm of the Rio Grande opens its lava-blackened maw. Twenty miles along the muddy Rio Grande, between towering lava mesas. Out of the Canyon, we pass near the San Juan, Santa Clara, and other pueblos. Magnificent erosions, tan and yellow and pink, in the Santa Fe Marls that cover the broad valley from Sangre de Christo to the Jemez mountains. About 70 miles, and we arrived at Santa Fe.

We put up the the Orchard camp again. Alys at the La Fonda. Among all the camp or auto court managements, this one stands out as equally offensive and graspingly stupid. But it is in the center of the town, and so it survives its own dumbness.

The first afternoon was spent calling on Balink. Shuster seemed inaccessibly sealed up on his Pinion Pine ranch cut off from the new road. Evening at the sleepy Tesuque pueblo, where we visited the home of an Indian I knew from the previous visit. A new, emaciated - starved and sickly baby had arrived that was destined to grow up in the dark, dank room of the pueblo dwelling, with an verabundance of pure air and sunshine going to waste outside.

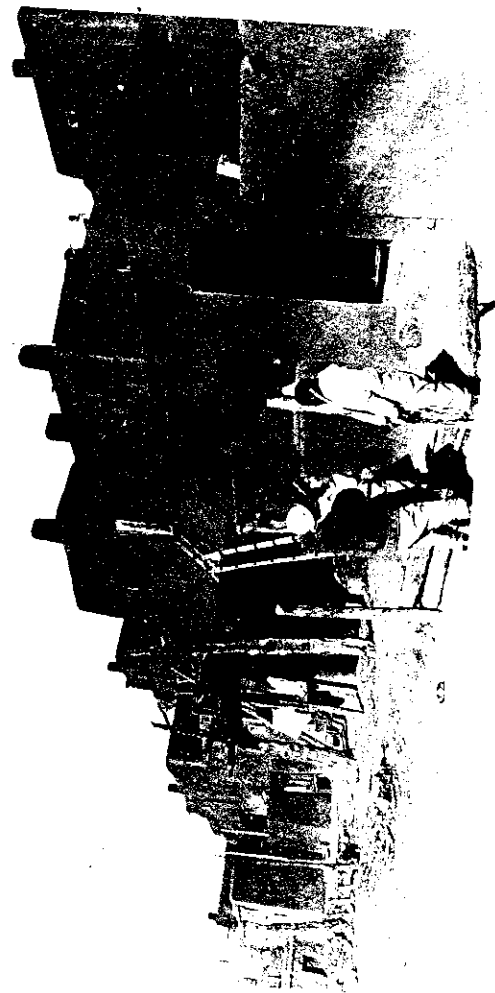
Wednesday the 7th found us early on the way to the land of the Cliff Dwellers. Five miles north of Santa Fe an inspiring vista, a hundred miles in extent,



Pyramidal Taos, N. Mex.

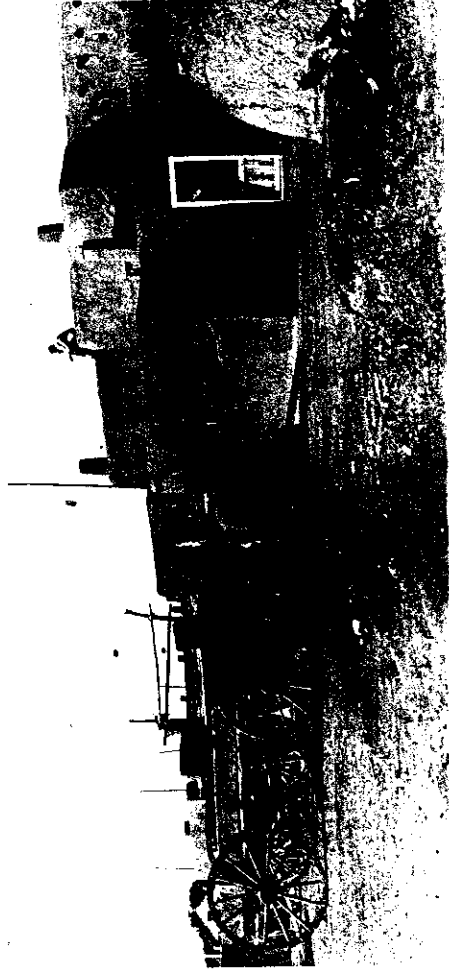
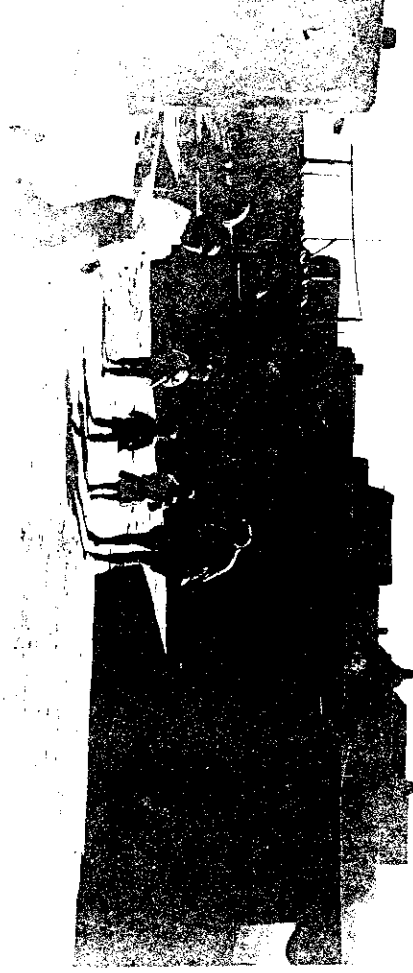


John Dee, creator of drums
steps obligingly out of his
doorway at Taos.



John Dee steps beyond his doorway and fascinates
the ladies (at Taos)

A sunny morning in Taos. Alys has quite a following in this pueblo.



Loading in Taos. Left bake ovens.

The east pueblo of Taos.



over the broad valley of the Rio Grande, now tain-locked on every hand. The plains below pink and yellow tumbled with cliffs and volcanic mud erosions. In the washes and arroyos clusters of Mexican homesteads over-shadowed by gigantic willows just wilting to the wooing of autumn. The walls covered and draped with brilliant peppers from crimson to vermillion. A gorgeous sight. Near Pojaque the broad wash coming from the Sangre de Cristo has traversed, now quite wet. But the sands and gravels beneath were firm. To the north rises black and haunting the Black Mesa, basalt cliffs on the Rio Grande held in superstitious awe by the Indians around there. Here nestles San Ildefonso, almost hidden from the world with its low mud houses, its sunny plaza with a circular and a new square Kiva.

She called in Rosalie, the pottery maker, in her clean home. Her mother, Susanna squatted in front of the out-door oven from which issued flames and smoke.

Crossing the Rio Grande bridge, we were soon lost in the world of yesterday, in the weird canyons and mesas of the Pajarito Plateau that held cliff treasure untold thousands of years in age. All the plateaus are of volcanic origin. Sheer cliffs of Tuff, yellow to rusty pink shoulder broad mesas and glare in the sun. It is a waterless waste of thrilling loneliness. But we have a new, good road. Up thru Alamo, Pajarito and Water Canyon just missed a deep washout in the road by an inch. Tsankawi to the left, Otowi and Tshiregi to the right, but we did not stop this time. The road soon comes to an end on the brink of a precipice, the walls of Frijoles Canyon.

We climbed down 600 feet, over the yellow tuff honeycombed with holes. In the bottom, the first sign of the prehistoric man greets thru the ages: the great circular ruin of Tyuonyi, community pueblo that once held close to a thousand rooms. Arriving at the bottom, where the only live stream, the Rito, feeds a luxuriant forest of pine and other trees, the amazing record of bygone days greets grimly from wall and cliff: hundreds of soot-stain caves where men once dwelled with their families, and love and strife went on in perhaps much the same way as to-day. Caves one after another, for several miles, sometimes in two or three stories, on top of each other; some high enough to accommodate a giant, others too low for full grown men. How many thousands of years ago they were

chiseled into this rock, no one knows. How many centuries held the soot of their fires, the wainscoted mud plaster on the walls of their caves, we cannot guess. We still see dots in the walls, cavities made to support the timber ends that held the roofs of squatty lean-to cliff houses built against the base of the cliffs when the caves were not enough to hold the population of this strange land. Then the caves became back rooms. The artificial structures built against the walls on top of the talus of debris are gone; centuries have crumbled them. But the caves remain, dark and gloomy spots in a yellow wall gleaming in the sun.

A mile or so up in the canyon the great ceremonial cave, 75 feet across, high enough to accommodate three story cliff houses once stuck against the walls like swallow nests, now in ruins. In the center the ancient sacred chamber, the kiva, or estufa. A ladder leads up from the subterranean chamber and pierces the sky. Strange rites were performed down there. Smoothly eroded white tufa, resembling huge sugar loaves below the great cave repel easily any attack on the cave. We climbed 150 feet up, over wunscorched ladders, over the tufa to reach this sacred spot of a vanished race.

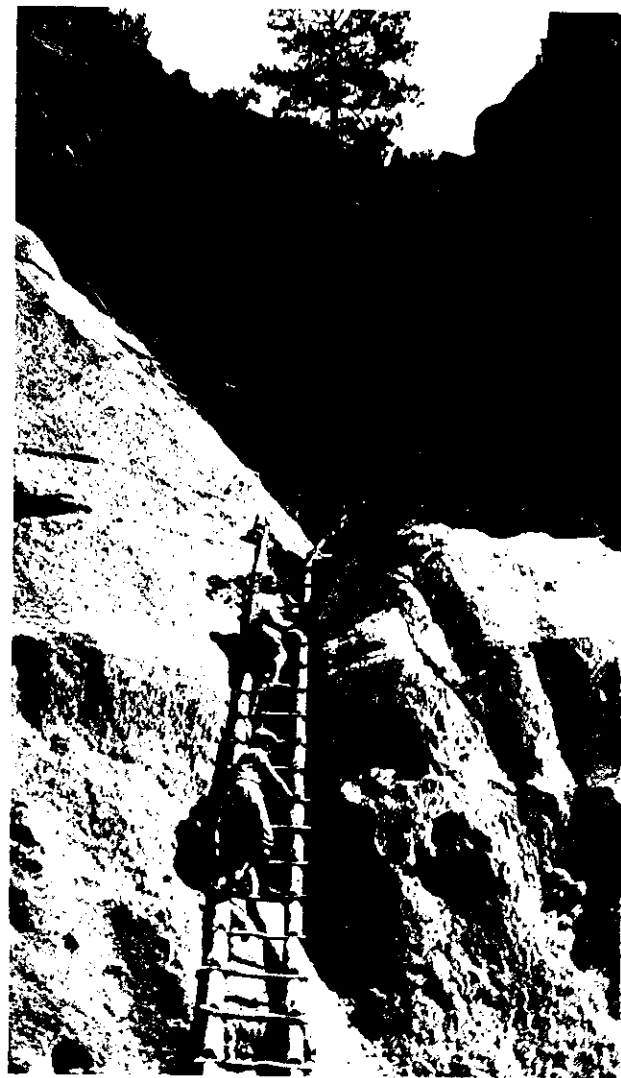
In the afternoon the ladies mounted the only available two horses and rode down the Rito, 3 miles to its junction with the Rio Grande. I hicked that small distance. It was Christine's first experience on a mount, and good practice for the Grand Canyon. Alys had a good time with her horse, with more experience than anyone of us. The Rito leaps over two precipices about 80 feet high where the lava walls of the canyon soar to stupendous heights and man and horse ride like pygmies on a narrow shelf along perpendicular walls of twisted and tortured igneous rock. The rock is lichen and age stained, streaked grey on somber undertones. From the heights of the trail the muddy Rio Grande crawls down in the gorge, here called Black Canyon. It's a land where the bear and the mountain lion and deer are at home and man feels the freedom and expansion that comes with close acquaintance with nature in its sublimest mood.

After the horseback ride, the climb out of the canyon of a dead and forgotten race was arduous for at least one member of our expedition. And no Tsankawi could induce to interrupt the return journey to 45 mile distant Santa Fe. From the uninhabited gorges of the Pajarito



Cliff ruins and caves, Frijoles Canyon.

Ruins of cliff dwellings and caves in Frijoles Canyon, already abandoned when Columbus discovered America.



Climbing up to Ceremonial Cave, 4 ladders, 150 feet.



Modern second story Cliff
Dwellers, Frijoles.



Along the Rio Rito, Frijoles Canyon.



Sacred Kiva, Ceremonial Cave
surrounded by yellow Tufa
Cliffs, Frijoles.



Cliffs of Acoma Mesa from the pueblo.

thru which we passed, shadowy in the evening sun, the view of the Rio Grande valley with its yellow cliffs, and the violet-blue Sangre de Christo beyond, all aglow in the orange light of the setting sun, was a never-to-be forgotten thrill...

Friday Oct. 9th we were on our way westward after loading the car at the door of La Fonda's fascinating hostelry. The day before we had lunched and scorched our throats on Mexican dishes and finished with a well selected dinner by Alys in La Fonda's historical atmosphere and dinner clothes. A Mexican speed cop threatened for a moment to disturb our peaceful pace at 60; but he was a good cop and his broad smile and Latin manners followed us like an official benediction beyond the confines of the ancient city of Saint Francis.

One year brings many a change in the rapidly improving road system of America. The old La Bajada grade, a rocky serpentine down the 800 foot volcanic drop from the Santa Fe Plateau to the Rio Grande basin belongs to the past. A new, easy grade swings gracefully down to the valley of Indian pueblos. One after another of these strange villages along the Rio Grande, though we pass actually only thru Isleta and leave Santo Domingo and San Felipe in the distance. The Rio Grande around Albuquerque waters a valley of green cottonwoods and scented fields that end abruptly with the westward turn of the road at Los Lunas. The landscape becomes stern, upsloping gravelly plains with here and there blackened hills and boulders that recall an age of fire not mentioned in the seven day creation of Genesis. Yet, this landscape is the result of catastrophic creation a million times longer than seven days, and infinitely more dramatic than the laconic "let there be this or that"...

A fine, oiled road glides like a black snake thru this land. The horizon breaks into huge blocks of eroded sedimentary rock banded as with colored ribbons. But these blocks are great mesas, or table lands, hundreds of feet in height; the ribbons are more or less sheer strata of colored rock with ~~xxxxxx~~ broad taluses of tumbled rock. One drives up into a canyon bordered by such scenery, with Mount Taylor's cinder cone dominating the aspect. It is noon. The sun burns brightly on the yellow rock and the oriental houses of Laguna Indian pueblo. We stop and lunch. High thunder clouds pile high

Beautifully banded rocks form the walls of
Prijoles Canyon (on trail to Rio Grande)



into the sky. Illkempt children pass our car on the way to the nearby reservation school. Green things form no part in the romance of the Laguna-ites. The mud and stone houses grow out of sunscorched rock that has disintegrated and heaped up yellow dunes a short distance from the pueblo.

Some 6 miles westward we leave the main road and pump southward over a mere desert track. Eroded rock sculptured like castles border the desert plain thru which we pass. Sand creeps insidiously over this track in spots, though not dangerously. Ten miles farther on a spectacular yellow cliff rises 500 feet sheer over the plain - the Enchanted Mesa, or as the early explorers christened it, the Mesa Encantada. Once a village gawled over its skykissed table top, now it is unscalable except to explorers equipped with a series of ladders. We pass along the base of this desert landmark, a few miles farther on, to Acoma. Acoma, the oldest inhabited town in America! Ancient already when Columbus landed. Still up on that impregnable rock that ailed Coronado 400 years ago on his march to find and sack the seven cities of Cibola.

We are on one of the most historical spots of the western hemisphere. A rocky road, yellowed by sun and mineral veins leads to the base, and from there a climb, several hundred feet in height, to the top of the mesa. Darkskinned feminine figures await us on top, sharply outlined against the festering sky. Upon reaching the summit of this fascinating mesa we face a row of primitive and yet picturesque homes one, two and three stories high, terraced one over the other. Ladders lead from story to story, the sunbleached ends piercing the heavens. Here and there a ~~striking~~ colorful figure ascending or descending. Everything seems tumbling, rotting, ageworn and ancient, yet everything fits into a charming picture that fairly grips with its strangeness and primeval charm. The Acomites have learned enough of the white masters way to commercialize their sky city's renown. We pay admission to the village; we pay for the privilege of taking a few snapshots; and we are importuned with every step thru its rocky streets to buy pottery and jewelry, though refusals bring neither ill-will nor resentment into the immobile bronze faces surrounding us.

The threatening sky made us leave Acoma sooner than desired. Rains in these desert lands play the devil with its roads. Adobe when dry is soft and slippery. Then



Silent Acoma.

Street scene in Acoma.



Acoma, the Sky City, oldest inhabited place in the United States.



A street in Acoma - bare rock where precious water puddles after rains form the only water supply on top



...it makes as good a road as soap, and we were 10 miles from a semblance of gravel.

To the north, over the San Mateo Mountains and the Taylor peak the storms unleashed their fury. The Zuni mountains south were none too promising. Darkness enveloped when we crossed the continental divide. Black lava fields, miles square behind, a black rampart of storm clouds heading for us from the west. Lightning criss-crossed the west and tremendous bolts shot down from the onswEEPing sky and blinded the driver. Thru the turmoil of the heavens the last rays of the sinking sun painted the cliffs behind us a luminous crimson and golden pink, and when we arrived in Gallup the rain ceased and we stayed for the night in the local towns' best auto camp.

Just too late to get an entire apartment, we secured a spacious room with bath and a good sized closet that was probably once used as a pantry. My offer to retire to that shelved compartment was refused and Alys took possession where milk bottles and cracker tins felt once at home. She could not afford the luxury of a yawn if that necessitated stretching. She probably didn't yawn. Anyway, the wall wasn't pushed out next morning.

Zuni, the largest and one of the remote Indian pueblos of the Southwest had more than once been our objectives in the past. Rain generally interfered with this off-the-beaten path detour, but last evening's rains were not bad enough to make the road impassable. We travelled south, over a rather rough, but graded road meandering at the west base of the Zuni mountains thru uninteresting country. After some 40 odd miles the imposing castellated Thunder mountain, a magnificent mesa, with Zuni at its base, hove into sight. Again a new aspect. Zuni is aglow with the reddish tint of its soil from which all building material was taken. The mud houses are that shade, here and there massive red stone walls, long, flat roofs. The town, over 2000 inhabitants, leans against a low shoulder of red earth, at the end of a green valley dominated by Thunder Mountain. We wandered thru its picturesque streets, rather silent, with the exception of a few urchins the color of the native dust. An old Mission lies a crumbling ruin. The bake ovens, superimposed on the flat roofs of the houses give the town more than any other an oriental flavor. The Jackasses' wild cry resounds in the distance. We take dinner at the only place available, at the home of a white trader, and are disappointed.

After Acoma, Zuni, though larger, is at a decided disadvantage. But it is interesting historically. Here - at the outskirts of this strange village, Fray Marcos, with a lone negro servant, observed the town after tramping in 1539 all the way thru deserts and mountains, the first white man. He rushed back with a whole of a story of gold and the seven cities of Cibola; and it was he who induced the Coronado party the following year to tramp all the way thru what we know as the Southwest. He may have been a good friar and Christian, but he was a much better liar.

From Zuni we took a short cut thru an uninhabited stretch of country lying westward. A mere desert track thru the sage, sometimes thru mud wallows, mostly thru grey sage and bleak country. There was some discussion about taking this road between us, Alys favoring short cuts and taking her chances, I remembering, perhaps too faithfully, the advice of seasoned Westerners: Don't take short cuts, but stick to the main road. With moderate autumn weather chances may be taken, though on this day we were lucky in keeping to the "right" track and not getting lost in the sage. At Navajo we picked up the main road again, and passing thru Holbrook, we were soon entering the Petrified Forest Natl. Monument.

The wretched road thru the monument leads northward for several miles. Petrified wood lies like reddish clinkers all about, on top of the peculiar clay mounds that characterize the Painted Desert of which this is the south end. The prohibitory zeal of our government also mothers these precious splinters of bygone aeons, but ~~until~~ as long as the fair female form is inviolable to the profane touch of a mere government agent, petrified wood and good liquor cross the dead-line in perfect safety...

It was a bright Sunday morning when we left the uninviting town of Holbrook, on the illsmelling little Colorado. Ahead was terra incognita - for us. The Hopi country to the north, strange roads, strange towns and people. A disagreeable delay over a recalcitrant tire with a nail in it. Alys wanted to carry both unrepaired into the desert, trusting to good luck. Christine and I lacked such faith. The tire was repaired. North into the desert! A sunny, mild morning. The road climbs over the rim of the Little Colorado desert and typical bad-lands formations appear. Black buttes, or pinkish cones with black stratas frowning on top. Forbidding pyramids of



Zuni, the largest of all Indian pueblos. Here, Fray Marcos, the first white man, stood in 1539 and hastened back to Mexico to claim the discovery of Cibola.

After Acoma, Zuni, though larger, is at a decided disadvantage. But it is interesting historically. Here - at the outskirts of this strange village, Fray Marcos, with a lone negro servant, observed the town after tramping in 1539 all the way thru deserts and mountains, the first white man. He rushed back with a whole of a story of gold and the seven cities of Cibola, and it was he who induced the Coronado party the following year to tramp all the way thru what we know as the Southwest. He may have been a good friar and Christian, but he was a much better liar.

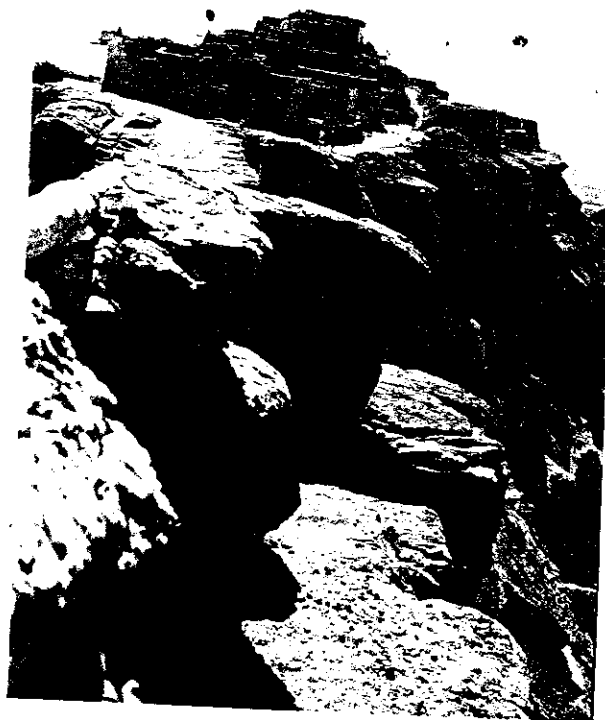
From Zuni we took a short cut thru an uninhabited stretch of country lying westward. A mere desert track thru the sage, sometimes thru mud wallows, mostly thru grey sage and bleak country. There was some discussion about taking this road between us, Alys favoring short cuts and taking her chances, I remembering, perhaps too faithfully, the advice of seasoned Westerners: Don't take short cuts, but stick to the main road. With moderate autumn weather chances may be taken, though on this day we were lucky in keeping to the "right" track and not getting lost in the sage. At Navajo we picked up the main road again, and passing thru Holbrook, we were soon entering the Petrified Forest Natl. Monument.

The wretched road thru the monument leads northward for several miles. Petrified wood lies like reddish clinkers all about, on top of the peculiar clay mounds that characterize the Painted Desert of which this is the south end. The prohibitory zeal of our government also mothers these precious splinters of bygone aeons, but ~~until~~ as long as the fair female form is inviolable to the profane touch of a mere government agent, petrified wood and good liquor cross the dead line in perfect safety...

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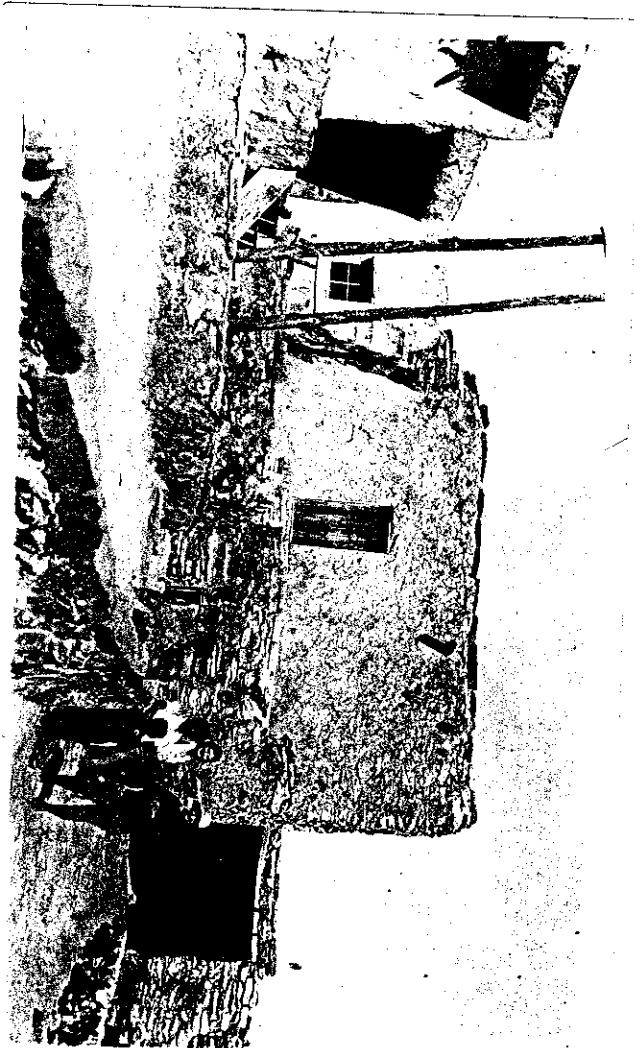


Walpi, remote from the white
man, overlooking the Navajo desert,
a gem without peer.



Unconsciously pictorial
Walpi.

Alys promised to send this picture to the posing children of Walpi.



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of deeply gashed rock rose here and there, flat topped, grotesque and weird. We cross the crest of the Five Buttes stained a forbidding cinder-brown. In the distance white marl cliffs, with white cone prominently rising over sage. Here are no towns, nor ranches. It is grim desolation. Tumbled rock, from white to all the shades of hades. Yet not entirely repellent. The crossing of the washes are fairly well bridged over; the narrow road even shows some signs of the road scraper. Not bad, we congratulate ourselves. Sage, juniper and Pinion, the plains streaked silvery by sage, the grades rocky and some precipitous. With never a farflung view ahead, the land remains a mystery. After some 80 miles of this Keams Canyon opens its adamant maws, lay down are the roofs of the Indian agency and a strip of fresh green hemmed in on all sides by cliffs. The road becomes more primitive after Keams Canyon, dipping into washes, but they are firm and not sandy. The road is still well travelled, comparatively speaking. A string of Hopi villages lies ahead, and the Indians do some travelling- not much.

Great bleak mesas pile up to the west, the scenery is grey, streaked with yellow and ochre and a sickly pale green resulting from a thin growth of parched desert vegetation clinging to precipitous slopes. We distinguish the first of the Hopi villages on the first mesa: Tewa, Sichumovi and Walpi. Way up in the sky, superimposed on the cliffs, they look part of the rock, and one not knowing of their existence, would take them for rock pinnacles and pass on. But we know the land, at least from reading and geographical knowledge. Back at Zuni we were told their dancers had ridden across the desert to the Hopis to feast and dance. Somewhere on these strange cliffs the still stranger ceremonial took place. Unusual luck favored us. Inquiry at Polacca, at the base of the first mesa, brought the information that the dance was going on that same moment at Sichumovi. We followed an Indian party driving up the spectacular road to the top, a road hewn into the steep mesa walls with giddy drops on one side. A tremendous view opened on top, to the south the familiar dark Hopi buttes, all around us strange houses set on bare rock and we surrounded by the immense blue dome of the heavens that spans like an amethyst vault over the desert home of Hopi and Navajo!

We were in Tewa. A short xxix drive (the brave Packard had made the climb) brought us to Sichumovi, farther south on the same mesa. Here Indians seemed to congregate

from every side. Low ~~musical~~ rythmical sounds came from the pile of ancient buildings that made up the village. As we approached, the sounds rose to the strange chanting howl characteristic of Indian ceremonials, the roof tops were a kaleidoscope of blazing color, hundreds of Indian spectators gazing intently at the spectacle below, on a plaza surrounded by one story stone and adobe houses where the Zuni dancers thumped the dusty earth and the Hopi Koshares performed their capers in complete nudity except white chalk painted over their bodies and breech cloths fastened around the waist and a few rattles and evergreen boughs for ornamentation.

We searched the strange crowd and found ourselves the only whites present. We just happened on one of their unannounced ceremonials, prayers for rain. Most remarkable was their complete nonchalance to our presence. Those who noticed us showed friendly faces. Most ignored us. Some were loaded down with turquois ornaments and jewelry, stuck lavishly thru the ears or worn on their bodies. The Koshares were a noisy, boyish crowd, crowing at the top of their voices, trying to make their Zuni guests understand Hopi; apparently without much success. Squatty women brought baskets of golden yellow bread, around which most of the merriment and attention seemed to center. Some old fellows, seemingly leaders, were calm and dignified. We watched the performance for some time from the roof tops, fascinated by the colorful array of dancers and spectators, deeply impressed by this primitively sincere drama of semi-barbarians in a remote corner of America! And there are Americans who do not even know such scenes are enacted within the confines of their country!

Up here, on the rock of Sichumovi we are transported back hundreds of years in time, we live and breathe in centuries of the past and learn we moderns have not yet levelled the world to the monotony of our own standard.

A few hundred feet farther south, on the very tip of the lofty mesa, clusters the jewel of all Indian villages - Walpi. It is an architectural dream, a picture-ized primitive jewel, with its stone houses terraced on the mesa's pinnacle, with its dips in the narrow rock lanes, tunnelled gateways, sagging, rough hewn timbers and tiny dormers and windows set back or forward, aslant or whimsically crooked or broken as if carved by wind and rain and the moods of strange and remote sky builders.



A street in age-worn Walpi

Walpi - the house in the tip of the Mesa.



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After Acoma, Zuni, and the various Indian pueblos I have visited in New Mexico and Arizona, Walpi is beyond doubt the most fascinating. Utterly off the beaten path, beyond desert sands, dangerous washes and frowning buttes, it literally grows out of the skyscraping tip of the first mesa, a sister of the clouds, born of rock and the whim of centuries and primitive man. As we crawl on its rocky lanes under the vast sky which we seem able to grasp, we begin to doubt our physical existence, consciousness, and incline to consign the whole thing to the realm of dreams; but just then an open doorway permits a glimpse into a dimly lit interior - where a dusky female is busily grinding the frugal meal in the same primitive fashion as her ancestors at the time of Columbus. Farther up, thru the tiny, gypsum-glazed window a mother with a chubby papoose peer after us. In the distance the weird cry of a thirsty burrow - otherwise all is silent and still on this desert eminence flooded with yellow sunlight.

Over at Sichumovi they still dance. We hear the dull thud of their feet; the rhythmic sing-song of these fascinating barbarians in their own home. It is a spectacular drive down these sheer cliffs hallowed by Indian legend. At Polacca, at the base, the road becomes more and more primitive. With eyes trained to the desert architecture of these Indians, we distinguish Mishongnovi and Chimopovi high up on mesas. Not much different than the cliffs on which they are reared.

After some more desert miles, we reached Oraibi and Bacobi - two ruinous looking villages sprawled out on less spectacular heights than their sisters farther east. At Bacobi we lost our way. At the last of the Hopi towns, Hotevilla, 36 miles west of the first, we made our final inquiries about the best road to choose thru the Painted Desert. One well-meant advise was to return to Flagstaff by all means, and not go ahead. Others gave us the choice of two roads, admittedly bad, but how bad, no one knew. Roads in the Navajo and Hopi country change after each storm or rain and have to be re-located. No one had passed over our route ahead lately who could advise us first hand. So we decided on the longer of two choices, the track thru Blue Canyon to Tuba with some hope to reach that outpost of civilisation by night.

Daylight was already fading after we left Hotevilla and dropped down a rough, rocky road into the first big wash that cut across our road. We crossed Dinnebito wash

safely. In Arabia they call these "washes" wadi. They are broad, sandy river beds usually flooded after a down-pour. When it rains in the desert, it usually pours. With no bridges in these desolate regions, every rain obliterates the track in these washes. Quicksands form and the first passage after a rain is often extremely hazardous. Mud puddles were visible in all the washes we crossed, it had rained recently. Someone had driven over the route, however, and it was imperative that we stuck close to the track.

The heavy Packard was loaded to capacity. Its long wheelbase presented difficulties to maneuver the car around sharp twists in deep sand. Leaving the rut meant being hopelessly stuck in sand. We did mind the rock that at times swallowed every trace of the road ahead - at least it was solid. But this treacherous sand worries the nerves.

I was the driver, as every afternoon, Alys in the morning. After Dinnebito Wash, we travelled over miles of sage plains, deeply rutted, but permitting a good rate of speed. Seemed everything would go alright, with Tuba looming as a strong probability. At last, Blue Canyon drew its colorful gash across the plains. The Pillars of Hercules, forming its east wall, were ablaze with the orange and crimson of the setting sun. A grandiose scene of overpowering beauty and loneliness. As we started on the descent into the rocky abyss, something went wrong with our judgement. We choose a faint fork of the road, the other being lost in rock. It proved to be sandy. We skirted steep slopes and got deeper and deeper into the sand and finally stuck, with the wheels buried up to the running board.

It is not exactly comfortable to be stuck at sundown with thirty miles of unknown roads and desert sands ahead and behind. The nearest habitations Indian villages equally far away, the nearest garage a hundred and more desert miles. But the ladies of this expedition took things coolly. The sandy hillock, surrounded by gorges, was scantily covered with small stones and some sage. We gathered all we could to throw into the rut. The shovel cleared away the worst of the obstruction, and the rear tires were deflated to give them better traction. And just as the sun disappeared, Alys had backed up the car sufficiently to be out of the worst. But it was too late to go farther. Washes were ahead, the yawning canyon below,



Grand Canyon. Tapeats sandstone cliffs above Inner Gorge, with Zoroaster in distance. The guide was more anxious to get his wife into the picture than me.



The wind underworld of Havasupai trail, a red desolation.



Morning after camp in the desert, Blue Canyon below.
(Though faces unwashed, everybody looked respectable)

The weird underworld of Havasupai trail, a red desolation.



and dark filling it from rim to rim while the stars began their flickering reign.

The boiling motor subsiding, three army cots were set up against the car to protect against the chill of a desert night. The scant growth of sage promised but a poor camp fire, and I went around kicking each bush first to make sure it harbored no reptiles before gathering it for firewood. With the help of flashlights and hard plugging, we soon lit the desolation surrounding us with a roaring fire. Christine and Alys put themselves out to prepare a meal that would have done credit to a first-class dining room. A "Mulligan" stew as Alys called it, but fit for the bowels of a princely clan. We always carry emergency rations, ~~xxxxxxx~~

Night comes quickly in this country. Soon all tangibles vanished into the brilliant stellar night. No moon, but the Milky Way drew a magnificent pattern across the sky. Our radio had never performed well on this trip, but tonight it made up for everything. It was a Sunday night, and music and voice came clear as a bell from old Mexico. I don't expect anyone else to get the thrill out of that night's program that we got, out in the silence of the desert. ~~xxxxx~~ Tucked away under blankets and everything else that could be mobilized to ward off the cold, with the cosmic illumination overhead circling the Polar star, the strains of La Paloma floated thru the air; then came a recital of an Indian massacre, rather inappropriate in our situation with nothing but Indians behind and ahead. If anything, it added a touch of romance. Many other numbers. "Waiting for the sunrise" - did they know there was a party camped in the desert waiting just for that? The sage-fed fire died down, the embers glowed red like Aldobaran rising in the east. Faint sounds far away of prowling things - Coyotes or what? The great silvery splash of the Milky Way revolved westward, eyes, not always sleepy, noted the revolution of the heavens and the rising of winter constellations...

Dawn followed, and the first rays of the rising sun found the camp alive. There was no water for faces, nor hands, not even for the tooth brush. What could be saved after coffee was poured into the radiator, depletedly boiling. Breakfast, toilet, loading the car, all quickly and simply accomplished. The ladies behaved wonderfully, fit for any trip or emergency of this kind.

The Packard was successfully backed out of the sand, to the junction of the right road that dropped abruptly over a rock ledge and disappeared into the canyon. And our real difficulties first began.

It was morning, and Alys' turn to drive. It required nerve and skill to pilot the car that forenoon. The canyon walls were fired with the sun's early rays. A superb architecture of rock, ribboned and festooned with different colored strata. At the bottom a deep, broad wash swallowed the road. We stopped and surveyed the chances of crossing. There were damp spots in it, but a car had passed and left a meandering track that lost itself in the sand. Where it climbed the other side out of the wash we did not see. But cross we must.

Soon enough did we reach that point. About 8 feet high, at an angle of 45 deg. the track led out of the wash thru pure sand, and made a sharp turn at the same time. We stuck in the first attempt, and backed the car sufficiently to get a good start. In the meantime Christine and myself blistered our hands to tear down sage to reinforce the ruts with. The car had to be speeded up sufficiently to wallow up the grade with its momentum and at the same time not deviate an inch from the track or get hopelessly stuck. At the same time the sharp turn had to be negotiated. We held our breath - the bottom of the car scraped the sand - up to the running board - our pushing the heavy vehicle was but a well meant gesture; but we made it. On top the track again forked, one thru a long stretch of deep sand; the other thru a short steep grade of the same. It all depended on the driver keeping cool and to the rut. She made it over the short, steep incline of shifting sands, with a rush to the top and terra firma; and once more we piled in and made ready for the next adventure.

- It came, one after another. The road became hard and entered the narrow, gloomy defiles of Blue Canyon. Picturesquely eroded sandstone walls shot vertically heavenward. We twisted and meandered between these walls for miles, sometimes on narrow shelved rock scarcely permitting the car to pass. The running board racks were strapped off and twisted. Impossible to pass another car here, and none came. We were alone all right. Then came sharp turns out of it, to the top, were one simply drives over rock ledges, with here and there a bruise in the rock that proved that we were still on the "road" marked black

enough on the map, if nowhere else.

Again after some exciting miles, just before the junction of the road from Red Lake to Tuba came an evil looking wash. Astounding how these roads have a habit of disappearing in sand, on narrow rock shelves and in canyons that seem to offer no escape until you are in them. It requires less nerve to get into them than to get out, to the top. This last wash is decidedly bad, with a steep climb out of it. But it worried me less, because if stuck, there were only some 10 to 15 miles to Tuba in case help was needed, although we learned afterwards that there was no public garage in Tuba, except a government agency for the Hopi Indians, with the isolated Moenkopie, the last and most recent Indian pueblo nearby.

Impossible to tell with what relief we slid into Tuba. Nestling in the Painted Desert, around the few good springs found in that superb desolation, this outpost is a garden of green cottonwoods to eyes accustomed to the sunny wilderness. We had a good "breakfast" at noon at the Trading Post. The afternoon took us thru the gorgeously colored cliffs and bad lands shelving down from the higher plateaus of the Hopiland to the Painted desert proper. Crossing the little Colorado at Cameron, where it flows sluggishly between low canyon walls of sheer brown cliffs, we decided to go on to Flagstaff to reach the Grand Canyon rather than take the decidedly shorter, but terrible road over the Waterloo Hill.

A fine new road thru volcanic territory leads to Flagstaff thru the San Francisco mountains, cool and bracing in the lofty altitude of the lava-capped plateau. East rises sunset mountain, a brown cinder cone with a reddish summit from which it derived its name. Though the roads were bumpy in spots, they were celestial boulevards compared with what we had passed thru.

Before reaching Williams, a new road branches off to the Grand Canyon, and by 4 in the afternoon after our track thru the desert we pulled up in front of El Tovar, on the brink of the magnificent chasm that has become more or less a second home to me.

The Harvey auto camp offered the best available accommodations for our purpose, in spite of the wanton stupidity of its location far removed from the rim. The first two days practically passed in preparation for the trip down Navasupai Canyon, in forwarding bets and camping

22
ment and supplies.

Wed. the 14th of October - After driving to Yaki Point where the eye embraces a panorama but seldom vouchsafed to man - with the Grand Canyon west, Marble Canyon north and the Painted Desert East, Alys persuaded us to accompany her on a projected trip to Phantom Ranch that same day. It was Christine's big experience on horseback. I had tramped over this trail five years before. At 1:30 in the afternoon we were at Yaki Point, ~~making~~ climbing the broad-backed mules and trying to look nonchalant and comfortable. We had a splendid guide - one who talked little and only when importuned. He led the way, although Yaki trail is as broad and comfortable as the proverbial highway to Hades, and almost as hot in summer. But we had delightful October sunshine.

Compared with the Bright Angel trail it is by far the more scenic. The serpentines that criss-cross the O'Neill Butte, that red sandstone remnant of the Supai formation, are spectacular and offer stupendous vistas into the Inner Gorge's violet shadows and across the broad mass of Zoroaster Temple with its massively hewn promontories and ramparts. Of unusual interest on this trail is the ancient Algonkian strata not seen on the Bright Angel, not Hermit Trail, and we pass thru ~~xxxxx~~ it at the base of the grey-green Tonto. Here, in the oldest of sedimentary deposits are imbedded the first signs of life in fossil form - primitive, but distinguishable as "life".

From this strata we drop down the zig-zag over the granite gorge, great, gloomy black walls with schist intrusions of mottled brown and red. The flora becomes semi-tropical as we descend, Yuccas swing top-heavy yellow stalks, here and there uprooted; prickly pear cacti grow higher and higher and where the scant moisture penetrated timidly to the upper surfaces a blush of fresh green appears, fringed with blue-grey Catsclaw, Mesquite and other denizens of the sub-tropics. The sight of the Inner gorge with its roaring, muddy river re-echoed in its labyrinthine depths is breathtaking in its grandeur. The frail suspension bridge span the depth like the web of a spider, and we cross it, for the first time aware of the magnitude of the ~~xxxxx~~ Rio Colorado.

A mile or so north of the river we halt by the clear gurgling Bright Angel. The smell of verdure, of water abundant mingles like spice with the heated blast of the gorge. Attractive camp cottages dispersed thru



Morning in the Inner Gorge, with Colorado River and Zoroaster Temple, Grand Canyon.

A view of the upper rim from Phantom Ranch,
Grand Canyon.



the cottonwoods make Phantom Ranch a paradisaical spot. Already the evening shadows envelope the narrow canyon walls of the Bright Angel. Like a flood from the heavens the higher walls of the Grand Canyon beyond glow in the setting sun. It is still down there - so still and odoriferous for overwrought nerves fed on broad daylight on high crags and spectacular vistas.

An ample evening meal at the dining room - we the only guests. Our exclusiveness lends special flavor, it is already dark when we grope our way over splashing ditches and thru cottonwoods to the cottage. The hostess reminds us of the community Hall, a victrola, dancing. Have muleback and trails incapacitated us? We try. The records have been fearfully used and abused. But they scratch some sort of melody or rhythm and we dance. Our guide and his wife drop in, our host and hostess. That makes Phantom Range's attendance 100%.

The ladies appropriate the best part of the cottage - the porch. Bones and muscles ache somewhat, but not enough to rob us of sleep. By morning our party is on its legs early. A walk down to the Colorado river, over the swaying home-made footbridge spanning the Bright Angel. A huge breakfast and we swing as gracefully as we can into our Western saddles. Arriving at the Tonto Plateau on top of the sandstone-trimmed granite gorge, we leave the Yaki trail and meander for miles in and out of the grey-green shelf of shale. It is a typical desert ride terminated by the rich green of Indian Garden, where a spring robs aridity of its terror and builds a veritable garden of scented verdure and cool shade.

A short stop here for lunch and for stretching joints rebellious and painful after unaccustomed exercise, and we begin to climb the geologic fault in which was built Bright Angel trail. On the whole it is steeper than Yaki and far inferior scenically. But it is nevertheless spectacular enough to rouse the most blasé globe trotter to genuine enthusiasm. The fault is especially apparent when we reach the cross-bedded sandstone wall, that awful yellow cliff of sheer rock running thru all the Grand Canyon like a white band; here the earth slipped along the fault line 187 feet in vertical height. Above this point the trail has been rebuilt since last year - but at what cost! One of the finest stands of firs, a delight to the trail parties of former years, has been ripped to pieces by blasting the new

trail. The top of Bright Angel is an eyesore today and I would like to see the government explain a ruthlessness that would have done credit to vandals...

The next day, Friday the 16th might have been a day of rest. It was for Christine- if we allow ~~xxx~~ the nursing of aches and pains to stand for "rest". Alys, the Kolb's and myself started for Havasupai about 9 in the morning. A lonely but fair road to "Hilltop", past Bass's trail and camp, over the pinion-studded Coconino Plateau, with here and there extensive areas of silvergrey sage. It is a lonely country where primitive nature ~~xxxx~~ reigns supreme; the haunt of wild burrows, of cats that slink noiselessly thru the sage, and coyotes that put nightmare in sleep. An eagle swoops down from the sky and is caught in the act of murdering a prairie dog. The pitiful squeal of the unlucky denizen of the earth - only a few feet away from the car is plainly audible, yet the eagle hold on, unafraid of us. Only after we stop and get out does he leave his writhing victim - reluctantly.

Our horses are ready, small, but wiry steeds, with worn saddles, to which are fastened our packs, consisting of beds, camera and canteens. It is but a short distance from where we stopped the car to the drop-off, from which half of the canyons thru which the trail led, was visible.

I had seen this vista of twisted gorges carved into the red Supai formation under heated summer skies; such time the depths below are a flimmering hell of searing heat waves. The red masses stretch interminably outward out of which rise the castellated promontories of the distant upper rim, such as Panya Point. On this day of middle October the atmosphere seemed soberly luscious and frank. Little of the blue atmosphere that veils the red rock abyss in summer with uncertainty and mystery. It seemed more attainable, less forbidding. The upper part of the trail over the first and only sheer drop of about 1000 feet had been somewhat improved, though still rough and loose so that the animals frequently slipped and fumbled. Our old Indian guide led the party, more Mongolian in type than the average Supai who exhibits marked characteristics of the Asiatic.

It is a spectacular climb over that first short drop of the trail. Christine and the chauffeur greet him on the cliff like...



On the trail to Havasupai Canyon, Ariz.



Where smooth sandstone forms
the trail in Havasu Canyon.



On the Havasu Trail.

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Their farewell cry re-echoes faintly down below. The rock sculpture of the upper two strata corresponding the Grand Canyon; the Kaibab line and the Coconino sandstone is elaborate and ornate. Great pillars and buttresses jut out, and the plateau above that is flat and fairly level at the Grand Canyon, is here more or less sloping and curving, giving the distant promontories the semblance of roofed over fortresses of palladian dimensions. I closed the rear of the party with my mount that always wanted to beat Alys's, with her's just as determined not to let it pass.

For miles the faint trail meanders thru the washes of Lee's Canyon before its junction with the Supai. Hemmed in closely on both sides with great, mushroom-shaped red rock projecting at times 75 and more feet over the wash, horse and rider can almost lose themselves in the murky shadows of these cliffs. Then comes a stretch where the Indian guide commands dismounting. The gorge narrows, the walls seem to crush us like a vice and the loose gravel and sand wash gives way to a sloping sandstone floor deeply grooved by erosion, where the horses have difficulty in finding solid footing and slip. Farther down some Indians are engaged in rebuilding ~~part~~ ~~of~~ the trail to circumvent this part of the trail and they are ready to let off a blast. Our guide frantically waves us back under the projecting rock and crawls himself into the safest niche he can find. In view of the fact that it was a rather innocuous boom that went off far away, the performance was comical. Soon our guide crawled out into daylight, and we rode on.

At the junction of the two canyons are pictographs painted on a cliff that may be ancient, but have all the earmarks of recent renovation. At last the green tracery of giant cottonwoods appeared late that afternoon, marking the beginning of Havasupai Canyon and the end of desolation. The creeks' thousand seepages moisten the hitherto parched ground like a sponge, and the waters untite into the sparkling turquoise flood of the finest tributary of the Colorado within the Grand Canyon. As at Phantom Ranch, the air is charged with that precious tang of fresh water and luxuriant verdure. We pass the decrepit and utterly poverty-stricken and filthy homes of the Indians, most of which are at present on the rim gathering the nuts of the Pinion for the winter season.

Dismounting and resting for a short while at the Indian Agent, himself a half-breed Comanche from Oklahoma. I had met last year, we loaded our supplies sent ahead two days earlier. Then we pass down the Canyon towards the three beautiful falls, past the "Supai Gods", red sandstone pinnacles that rise like cyclopean structures from broad foundation rocks like steps of giants. From here onward, towards the Colorado, the course of the Supai is marked by travertine built slowly thru the centuries by the accretion of soluble material in the waters of the river. It is phantastic brownish rock shaped like stalaktites, baroque as the frozen spray of a waterfall become rigid in midair.

Embowered in jungles of trees and bushes leaps the first of the falls, Navajo, divided in many little ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ cascades from rock to rock. The canyon walls begin to narrow and to tower higher and higher. Below we ford the gorgeously colored flood. Travertine forms its bed like white coral reef, and the deeper pools take the hue of the richest turquoise. A roar between the narrowing canyon walls heralds the second, Havasu fall, dubbed Bridal Veil ~~xxxx~~ by some unknown commonplace mind. It is a sheer drop of the solid sheet of Havasu's water over 100 feet ~~xxx~~ of beautiful Travertine into a great blue pool.

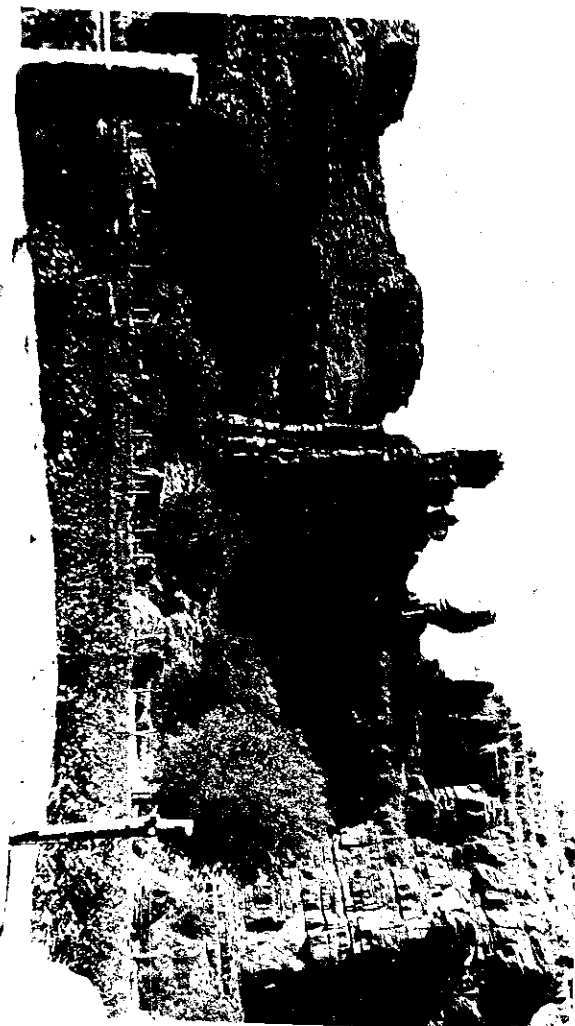
A short distance below this second fall we make camp. It is the site of a platinum mining claim with some discarded paraphernalia strewn about. The Kolbs prepare a comfortable bed on the ground, and we set up the army cots brought for that purpose. Night quickly overwhelmed and between the branches of arching cotton-woods stars shot out. A wellfed fire lit the surrounding with the light of magic wilderness. Soon after supper we all retired. The night was cool and scented with a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ strange fragrance. Between the sublime canyon walls the roar of the falls reverberated and thundered ceaselessly - so different from the serene calm of the open desert.

The second day was spent in visiting the Mooney, or Hualpai falls, two columns of leaping water crashing 200 feet into the ravishingly beautiful pool below. The descent over and thru Travertine is quite unusual. Steps here and there hewn into Travertine, Stalacmites shot out overhead that ring like a bell when struck, and over the steepest parts of the frail trail iron rods are



Havasu trail, Alys and Mrs. Kolb ahead.

Supai Village almost crushed by the red
Supai "Gods"



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Havasut trail, Alys and
Mrs. Kolb ahead.



The Supai Gods.

cemented into the travertine for the hand to grip in the descent down the vertical sediment at whose base lies the seething pool. Where the rock is insurmountable, the early prospectors cut two tunnels thru travertine that are nothing but twisting holes for man to crawl thru and down. At the base one shivers. The roar of the falls are deafening and the air is surcharged with penetrating mist rising like steam from the vortex. The awful depth of the hole chiselled into the canyon bottom by the fall is mostly dark and gloomy, beyond the reach of the sun.

We donned our bathing suits. Not quite accurate though. I had forgotten mine, and borrowed the extra one Alys had brought along. No surplus material wasted by the designers, I felt like a misplaced Nymph, shivering very un-nymphlike. Kolb and Alys swam the mysterious deep turquoise pool below the second falls like regular helldivers. I tried it too and felt the current uncomfortably for my method of swimming, and when I tried to plumb bottom with my feet there was no bottom. The travertine reef, on which they had clambered rose like a sheer wall from unknown depths, but only a short distance below the seething mass tumbled over shallow travertine that cut across the stream like a recessed dam built by masters of the strangest in art.

Havasupai, with all its remoteness aloofness from the rest of the world, yet is strangely linked up with the most intimate pulse of civilized life. We marched to the Indian village the second day and from the Indian Agent's home telephoned to Grand Canyon and left directions for our return trip. Walking on foot that evening we had completely forgotten the stream that has to be forded below the first falls. Stripping myself up to the knee, I slid on the soft magnesium and lime deposit at the shore and made an ungraceful dive that left its slimy memento where it had to be left until dry. It is no particular pleasure to wade on the sharp crags of travertine formations, and we all felt its mild lacerations days after this trip to Supai. Owing to this fording and delay at the Indian Agency, night overtook us when half way back to camp. The moon rose as a faint growing sickle silvering the magic caves; phantom shadows projected by dimly rising cliffs drew weird patterns on the canyon floor where cacti and cats-claw bushes lurked in the dark close to the narrow trail. At last

the faint illumination of our camp fire gleamed way down in the bowels of the canyon. Mrs. Kolb had prepared a delicious chicken dinner and we spent another night under the shadows of giant cottonwoods and frowning canyon walls.

Sunday morning we were again on our horses, upward bound to the world. The same old, taciturn guide with the mongolian physiognomy and inscrutable smile. You ask him a question and he just grunts in reply. At noon we share our lunch with him. No more blasting to frighten him to the cavernous shadows of ~~stiff~~ beetling cliffs. Mrs. Kolb is uncomfortable and tired on her horse; I squirm to shift the ache in my muscles to the other side, and I sing to forget I had any sides. Alys affirms that she is fresh and acheless and expected far worse. Hard to please ladies! Shifting the body's moment of inertia from side to side makes you at home on horseback, and sheer cliffs or yawning depths have less than no effect. Seemed a long time before we spied Hilltop and the great cliffs that marked the end of our trail, but once sighted, we were soon on top, where the chauffeur engaged by Alys was awaiting us with her car. Arriving at our cottage at Grand Canyon just at dusk, Christine had a steaming dinner of substitute sardines and Saurkraut awaiting, and a few cooling drinks glossed over the substitute and mellowed an evening into night and a drowsy dawn.

Monday passed in packing. The skies were tempestuous and cold. Great areas of the canyon were drowned in storms and mists. Temples and crags rose like islands in stormbound seas and what was visible of the stupenduous chasm was glum and forbidding. We motored to Hermit trail. Several horseback parties crawl like ants down over the Tonto. Over at Navapai the view is dismally grand. The depths seem to shiver. So did we.

Came Tuesday morning and parting. What a wild sky that morning, with cold blue clouds tumbling pell-mell over the heavens, the San Francisco Peaks obliterated by swirls of storm-raked cumuli. The main road thru Williams and Ash Fork is wet and slippery and the forest-clad mountains are silvered with the crisp cool grey of Alpine frost clinging to every branch and needle.

Before reaching Ash Fork we dip down into the semi-desert basin of northwestern Arizona. Pinon and Cedar dot immense surfaces gently swelling up to the mountains in every direction. The horizon is sawtoothed by Arizona's distant desert ranges for which we are heading.



Prickly Pear Cactus, Supai Canyon.



Havasus Falls, Supai.



Fording the Havasu. Returning on foot, I slipped and fell into the stream, but carried Alys safely across after locating the dangerous spots.



Hualpai (Mooney) Falls.

We change time to Pacific at Seligman and gain one hour. From an altitude of 7000 feet at the Grand Canyon, even higher at Williams, we drop to one of about 500 at Needles. In a day's drive we accomplish in altitude what it would take a distance of about 2000 miles from north to south longitudinally; climatically. And we leave the flora of the northern temperate and arrive in the land of sub-tropical character. That is the descend from the Coconino Plateau to Needles.

After Kingman the change comes quickly. Extreme heat and aridity stamp their character on all creation. The mountains rise forbidding, with jagged and needled skylines, beetling cones and grotesque forms. New forms appear in the flora, bristling cacti such as Cocotillo and Jolla. The wiry greasewood replaces sage, the washes, chocked with loose gravel, are fringed with tortured bushes that still bear the marks of extreme summer heat in their growth and appearance. We climb up the gentle talus to the Gold Roads grade; An enterprising South Haven'er here sells gold bricks to the Tourist, or gives them away. He's generous to a fault and we load our car with our quota. To the north the dominant Squaw tilt's peak - a name bestowed by others than parlor-lizards, I guess.

At the summit of this Pass our first view of the golden land - California - unfolds. A wild jumble of cinder-colored peaks march down the Arizona side, dwarfed to lomas that fade into the smooth velvety desert valley of the Colorado. The afternoon sun plays magic on the great wild river way off in the distance, in the center of this breath-taking depression. Beyond in the west the desert peaks of California seem to rise into the ~~xxxxxx~~ very heavens where they reflect the soft tints of the colorful upper stratas of the air.

Past Batman, the goldmining town we glide. Mines all around, great mounds of debris like ugly sores on the burning brown mountainsides. We circumvent Pilot Knob, a prominent landmark dominating the Colorado Valley far and near. New oiled roads lead down the gentle slopes to Topock where we cross the river into California. The weirdest of mountains are to the south, nothing in the world approaching them in strangeness - the Needles. Muddy and thick as always, the Colorado's broad sheet carries its daily million tons of silt past these phantom summits, down to the eternal sea.