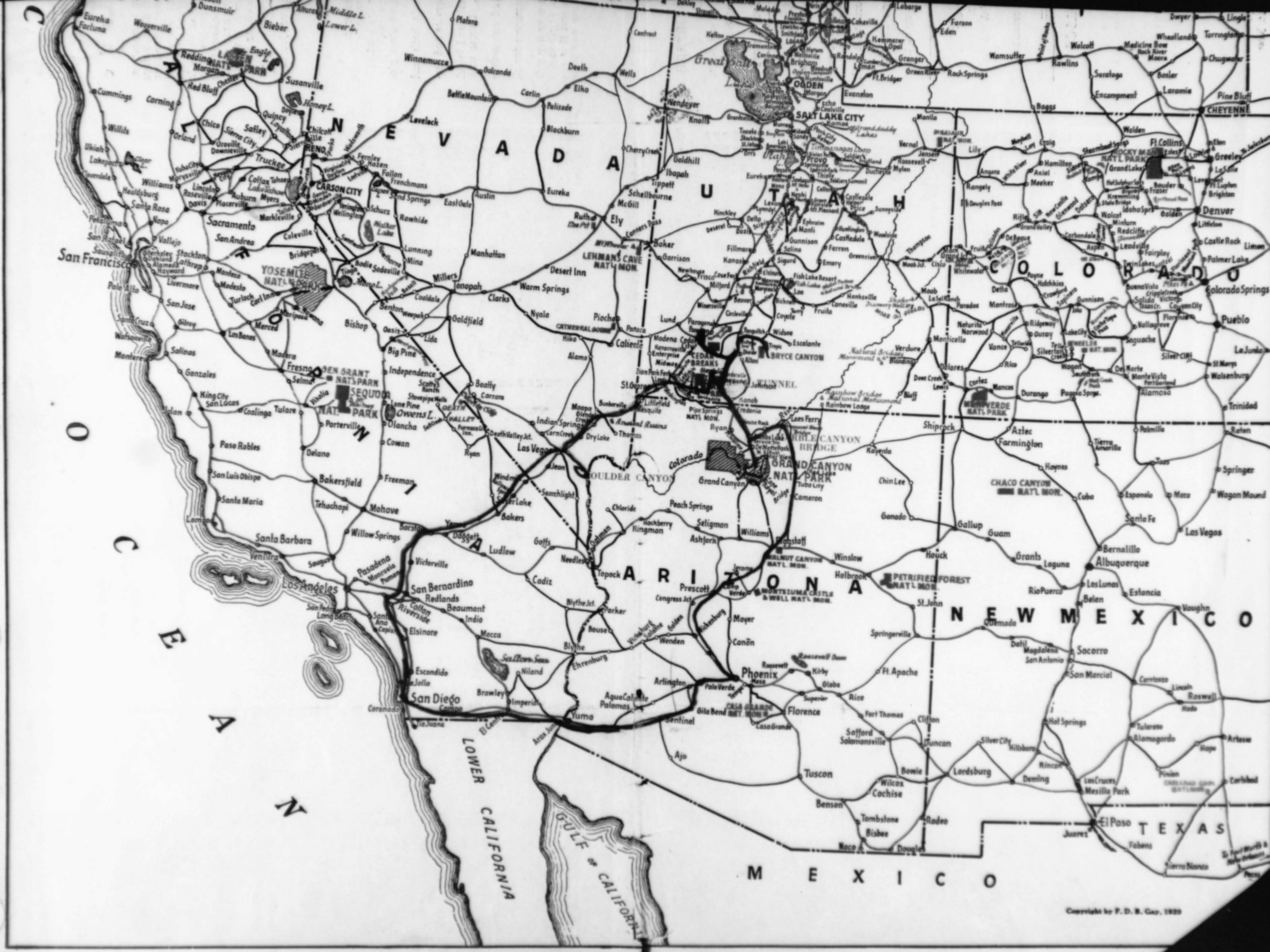


With Nature's
Wonders In
The West
For A
Week

By ED FLETCHER



WITH NATURE'S WONDERS IN THE WEST

FOR A WEEK

by
ED FLETCHER

We left San Diego at 8:50, Sunday, October nineteenth. In the party were Mr. O. J. Evenson, hereafter known as "Ole", F. M. White, hereafter known as "Fred", our chief engineer, Harry Taylor, known as "Harry", Mrs. Fletcher, the mother of the brood, hereafter called "Mary" and Ed, the hot air artist.

We were bound for Boulder Dam, Zion National Park Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, Kaibab Forest, Grand Canyon, four or five Indian Reservations and home thru Flagstaff, Arizona via Oak Creek Canyon, Jerome, Phoenix, Imperial Valley to San Diego.

We had the unique distinction of being in snow at 10,200 feet, ~~and~~ eating dates, and picking cotton below sea level.

Our destination the first night was Barstow. Our trip thru the mountains of San Diego County over paved highways was as interesting as ever. Sunset saw us overlooking Elainore Lake. We had our supper with us. Mary wanted it before dark, but I persuaded her that none of us were hungry so we had the pleasure of eating it under a half dozen electric signs at the junction of the March Field, Riverside Road. A perfect place to see the traffic go whizzing by but, nevertheless, we enjoyed it.

We dropped down into Riverside thru the orange groves for many miles. Then started to climb El Cajon Pass.

The fastest Santa Fe train tried to go by us, but failed. We reached the summit first. All the way to Barstow we passed numerous lights showing the pathway to the mail plane thru the fog and snow to Salt Lake City and the east. From El Cajon Pass to Barstow we travelled thru marvelous gigantic cactus which line the roadside.

Dedicated to Mary

From Ed

October 22nd to 29th 1930



Nevada Desert
Seven Varieties
Of Cacti
In sight



Boulder Dam

The desert air was cool and crisp. A splendid trip over paved highways the entire distance ^{we} arrived at Barstow at nine P.M.; four and a half hours drive; 135 miles, where we stayed at the Fred Harvey house for the night. For once we found the desert cool.

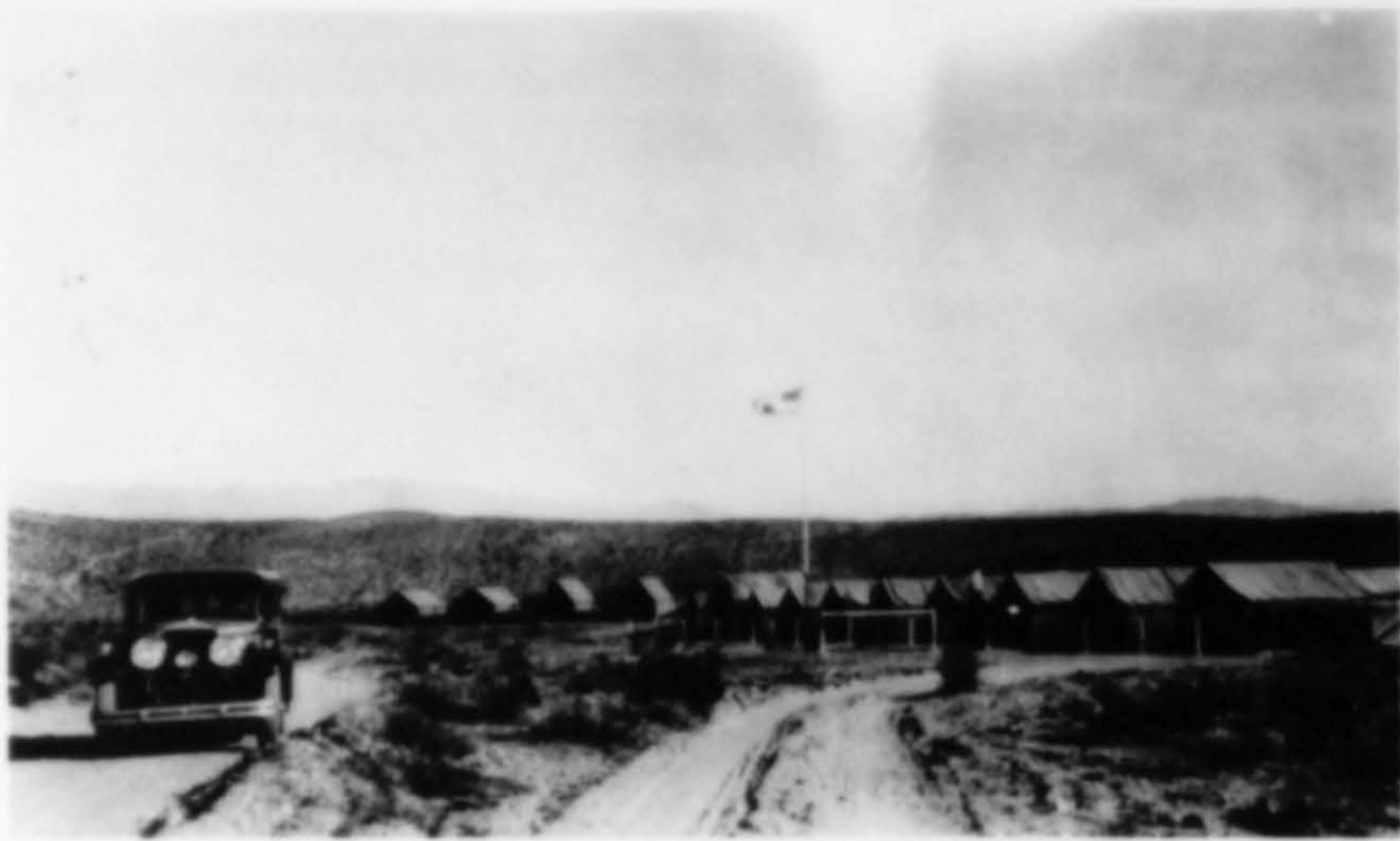
Eight A. M. Monday morning we were off for Boulder Dam and lunch over splendid paved highways. We saw mirage after mirage and made the 161 miles to Las Vegas, Nevada, in three hours and fifteen minutes averaging nearly fifty miles an hour with our good Cadillac and splendid driver.

We passed thru Baker, the gateway to the Death Valley. We stopped to take a picture, saw seven varieties of cacti, a tarantula, and enjoyed the flora of the desert. Our highest elevation for the day was 4800 feet.

Las Vegas is a wide open town with gambling, booze, and everything that goes with it. Hundreds of people there looking for a job and the construction of Boulder Dam not yet ready to employ labor.

White stopped at Las Vegas, entered a dry good store and came out with something in his hand. I pried it open and found it was a lady's garter. He could get no other and seemed pleased with his purchase. Mrs. Fletcher got a real kick out of it. He bragged about his purchase the entire trip and the service it had rendered.

We left ^{for} Boulder Dam at 12:30, twenty-eight miles from Las Vegas, for lunch. A motor boat soon took us thru the rapids down in to the canyon. That canyon is indescribable. The dam will be 576 feet high from stream bed. It is a perfect dam site. Its construction will be mostly rock filled and it will probably take five years to build it and three years thereafter to fill in addition to supplying the needs each year of the country below. The lake will be 118 miles long, back up in to the Grand Canyon and in places will be sixty miles wide.



U. S. Government engineering camp laying out Boulder town site



Boulder Canyon



Boulder Canyon & dam site

It will irrigate a million and a half acres of land as well as supply Los Angeles and the western slope with sufficient water to treble its present population from Los Angeles to San Diego.

After taking pictures and seeing the location of the four fifty foot tunnels that will throw off the water for the generation of a million or more horse power of electricity, we returned to our car thru the rapids again convinced that we had seen a most remarkable engineering feat that ever the U. S. has ever attempted to complete.

We arrived at Las Vegas at 3:30 P.M. and decided that we had done enough for one day. That meant bridge. Mary and I took Ole and Fred for a trouncing and when we finished, the score was 1589 in our favor.

A good dinner, a cool night and at 8:00 A.M. Tuesday we were off for St. George, Utah, and Zion Park over splendid paved roads again most of the way. We made the run of 188 miles in five hours flat including time that we took out for a puncture - the only one on our entire trip and that was caused by a nail. We ate our lunch at Zion Park on Virgin River. Our elevation here was between four and five thousand feet and the Fire Mountain was a blaze of color.

We had passed thru three states in a half hour; namely, Nevada, Arizona and Utah. Ten or eleven years ago we made this same trip. We were all day from San Diego to Barstow. This time it took us five hours.

We were from eight o'clock in the morning until half past nine at night going to St. George, Utah. This time we made it in three and three-quarters hours. We were five hours going from St. George, Utah to Zion Canyon. We made it on this trip in one hour and fifteen minutes. You can get some idea of the remarkable improvement in our highways thru the west.



Zion Park



Boulder Canyon

What a splendid lunch we had, thanks to Mary. She made Ole wash the dishes. In a few minutes we were at the Lodge. The last time I made this trip I personally took pictures and assisted Secretary Work in locating the hotel. We had the pleasure of a visit from President Harding, Admiral Rodman while there on our first trip. The first time I took pictures of President Harding, Mrs. Harding, and our four boys and had the pleasure of telling him that I was a presidential elector from California.

Admiral Rodman, my friend, had introduced me to President Harding.

Some how, some way, it does not seem quite the honor now it did then.

Zion Canyon is indescribable. It has a beauty all its own. Not alone its magnificent mountains, sheer precipices, and riot of color. But at this time of year the fall leaves are as brilliant as can be found in Massachusetts. The reds of the maple and dogwood, the yellow of the poplar, with the marvelous colorings of the canyon walls, with the lights, and the shadows made it a dream seldom seen while a rushing river gives action to the picture. Our next destination that day was Bryce Canyon. It was 160 miles around, but a new two million dollar road has lately been built including a mile or two of tunnel thru the mountains shortening the distance to 95 miles. No more marvel engineering/^{road} feat has ever been recorded to my knowledge than the new construction of highway twenty-four miles in length from Zion Park to the east.

Winding roads in the early afternoon took us to a six thousand foot elevation. Such marvelous vistas and variety of scenery is ~~superior~~ to any, to my knowledge, as the turning road every moment or two gave us a new view.



Zion Park



Zion Park

The tunnel thru the mountains had openings every five hundred feet and each opening was a framed picture in itself.

After reaching the eastern end of the tunnel we had a splendid ride for fifty or sixty miles to Rubies, three miles from Bryce Canyon.

Mountain streams, beautiful mountain scenery, meadows and farms with thousands of head of sheep was the continual scene as we climbed to an elevation of eight thousand feet among the pines arriving at Rubies at 7:00 P.M., tired but happy.

Just before we reached Rubies, we reached what is known as the Divide. We hailed an interesting young lady asking for distances. She answered cheerfully and then asked for a ride for a mile and a half. We granted her request and soon found out that she was the milk maid and the pail she carried was for that purpose. It made no difference to her that she had to walk home with a pail of milk a mile and a half. Her husband was out deer hunting and she was attending the store, doing the milking and the boss of the work.

We had a fairly good dinner. We had telephoned for reservations and were well taken care of and again we had that game of bridge. The boys cleaned us that night with a score in their favor of 310 points.

The next morning, Wednesday, at eight o'clock, after a splendid breakfast with Fred getting his double portion of salt pork and bacon we were off for Bryce Canyon, three miles away. Bryce Canyon is not a canyon, rather it is a great horse shoe shaped bowl or amphi-theatre cut by erosion. It is a thousand feet in depth and its pink and white sandstones furnishes to me



Zion Park



Zion Park

the most beautiful picture I have ever laid eyes on. No one can have an adequate conception of the fantasy and beauty of Bryce Canyon without seeing it. It looks as if a sculptor had run riot and cut in to the soft sandstone every figure and shape known to or dreamed of by man. Domes, spires, and temples predominate, decorated in all colors with reds, pinks, and creams predominating.

In the early morning sun it gives one the impression that each spire and dome is transparent and has a softness and variety of color indescribable in its beauty.

We were in the snow. It was cold, yet even Ole went almost crazy with Bryce Canyon.

Please note the moving pictures where he is swinging his arms in excitement.

This was my third visit to Bryce Canyon, each one more enjoyable. It is so self-satisfying. We hated to leave but our schedule was Cedar Breaks and Kaibab Forest for the night.

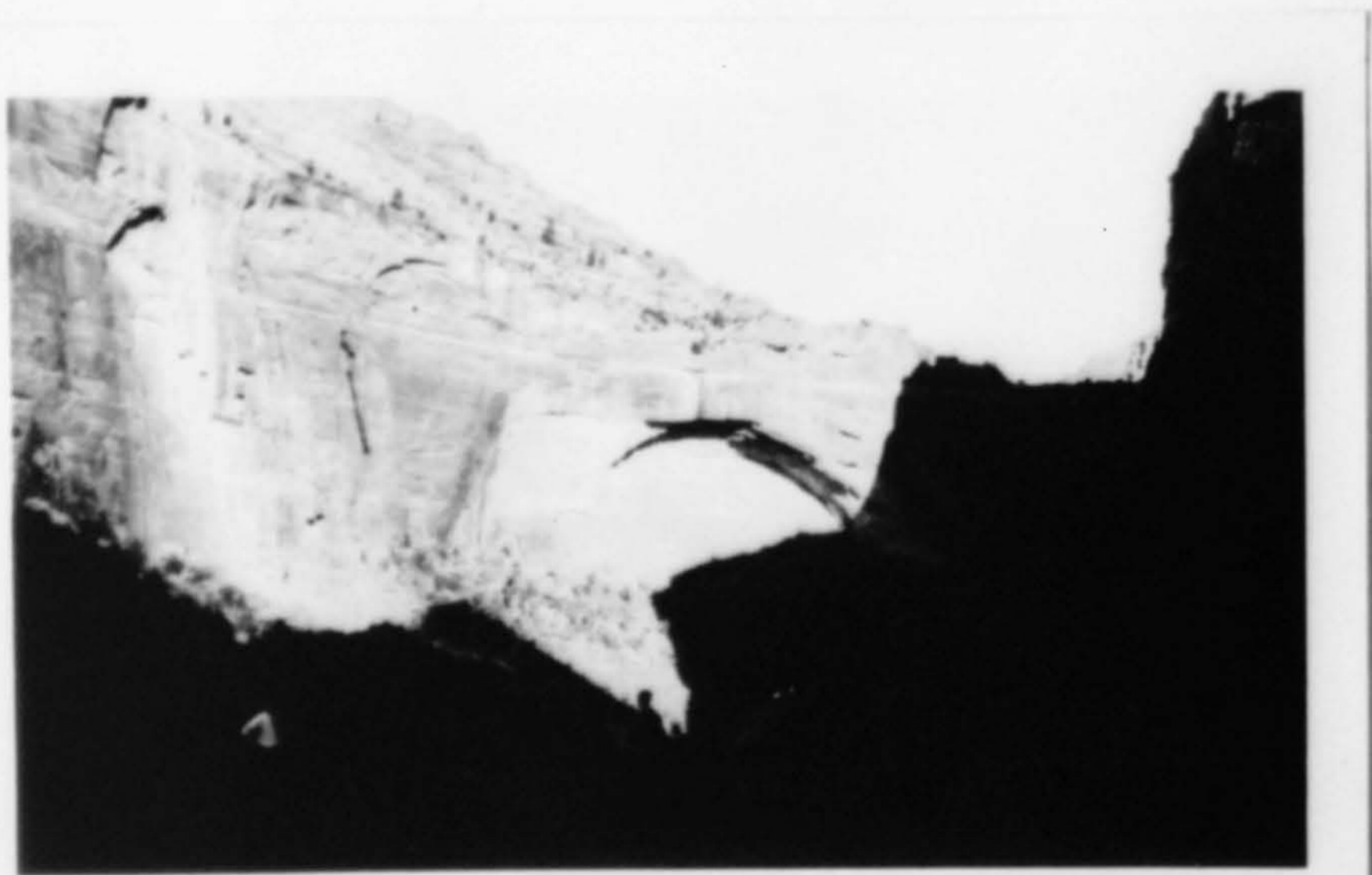
Again we were off, this time for Cedar Breaks, sixty eight miles away. The dirt roads were in splendid condition, and we made the run in two hours flat, climbing to an elevation of 10,200 feet.

Can you imagine a contour road for thirty miles thru a beautiful forest of pine and white aspen, here and there a beautiful meadow, and just what we wanted?

Soon we were in snow and at the rim of the ~~Bryce~~ Canyon, six inches of snow with drifts much deeper in places. We were disappointed in Cedar Breaks after seeing Bryce Canyon.



Zion Park



Zion Park

It is similar in character, but you can't look off for a hundred miles in to a magnificent expansive valley. While on both sides again, you get that combination of color seen at Bryce Canyon.

Cedar Breaks is in reality a series of amphitheatres eroded to the depth of approximately two thousand feet in the Pink Cliff formation. Its principal charm lies in its blazing color. Here we found white and orange at the top breaking into tints of deep rose and coral in the huge bowl below with very unique erosional formations. It was cold and soon we were off again.

Twenty-eight miles brought us to the milkmaid and the divide. Again Mary furnished us with a marvelous lunch on a lumber pile. The milkmaid brought us out a hot dish of beans and we had the time of our lives.

Along came a Salt Lake couple with two splendid buck that they had shot in Kaibab Forest. One of them claimed her name was Fletcher. Pictures were taken and a story told about the deer in Kaibab Forest, ^{and} excited the curiosity of our party. I told them that I had counted 387 ^{deer} ~~deer~~ at the V. T. Ranch. Fred said that was probably the biggest story I ever told. Ole razzed me all the way. So when we arrived at the V. T. Ranch that night just before dark, my first question was as to the greatest number of deer that had been seen from their front porch. The manager stated he had never counted over 400 but his wife had counted over 500. The laugh was on Fred and Ole.

It was 108 miles from the divide to the V. T. Ranch where we were stopping for the night, thirty miles of it was thru a marvelous canyon which we considered only ordinary and would not even look at it after seeing Bryce and Cedar Breaks.



Zion Park



Zion Park
Ole standing at
attention

We had reached the saturation point as far as scenery was concerned.

Soon we were at the Piute Indian Reservation and in the town of Kanab where we filled up with gas, took a picture of a Piute Indian, had root beer, and soon we were on our way climbing from a 5500 foot elevation at Kanab to 9000 feet at the V. T. Ranch.

Ole was a scream on the whole trip. I don't think he slept so well at Eubys where the elevation was 8000.

As we climbed upward toward the V. T. Ranch and Kaibab Forest, he continually asked, "When in the name of heaven are we going to get below a mile high?"

Twenty miles out from Kanab we were at an elevation of 7000 feet and for the last thirty miles thru pine trees with here and there a clump of white aspen, we motored over the most wonderful forest road, Mary and I agreed, we have ever seen. Here and there one, two, four, and six deer would appear crossing our path orgazing at us as we passed by.

A mountain, meadow, another climb over splendid mountain road was the continual change that greeted us until the V. T. Ranch was reached. My, but how cold! Snow and ice around the door steps and the thermometer registering the next morning 14° above 0.

Ole and Fred slept together that night and Fred said it was the worst night he had had. Mary and Ed were in a little log cabin. Thank heaven, in a double bed and so cold even with five or six quilts on that it was a continual change of base. Before morning we became adapted to conditions and in unison could turn over together perfectly. I asked Mary why she left the door open and she said she did not. I could see the stars thru the roof and thru the door and I thought it was open but next morning we found out the door had shrunk an inch. I had to get up and build a fire. A wood fire in the cabin stove. Heaven and earth, I nearly froze to



Zion Park on \$2,000,000 Highway



Peak hole thru tunnel on \$2,000,000 Highway

death - something I had not done for thirty years.

Harry said he could not stand it another night. Poor devil, he slept alone in another cabin.

We had our game of bridge again and was set back to the tune of 180 by Fred and Ole.

A splendid breakfast, a picture of Virginia, the waitress, and we were off at 8:30 for the Grand Canyon bridge across the Colorado. This was our only rough road of the entire trip.

Another twenty mile drive thru the forest. We were fortunate in seeing a rare animal, a squirrel with black body and white tail; a most remarkable sight. We saw two of them.

Mary thought the aspen were birch. They grow in wonderful clumps never lower than six thousand feet elevation so we stopped to take a picture. Mary walked out in the aspen and scared up, within a hundred feet of her, two bucks and four doe.

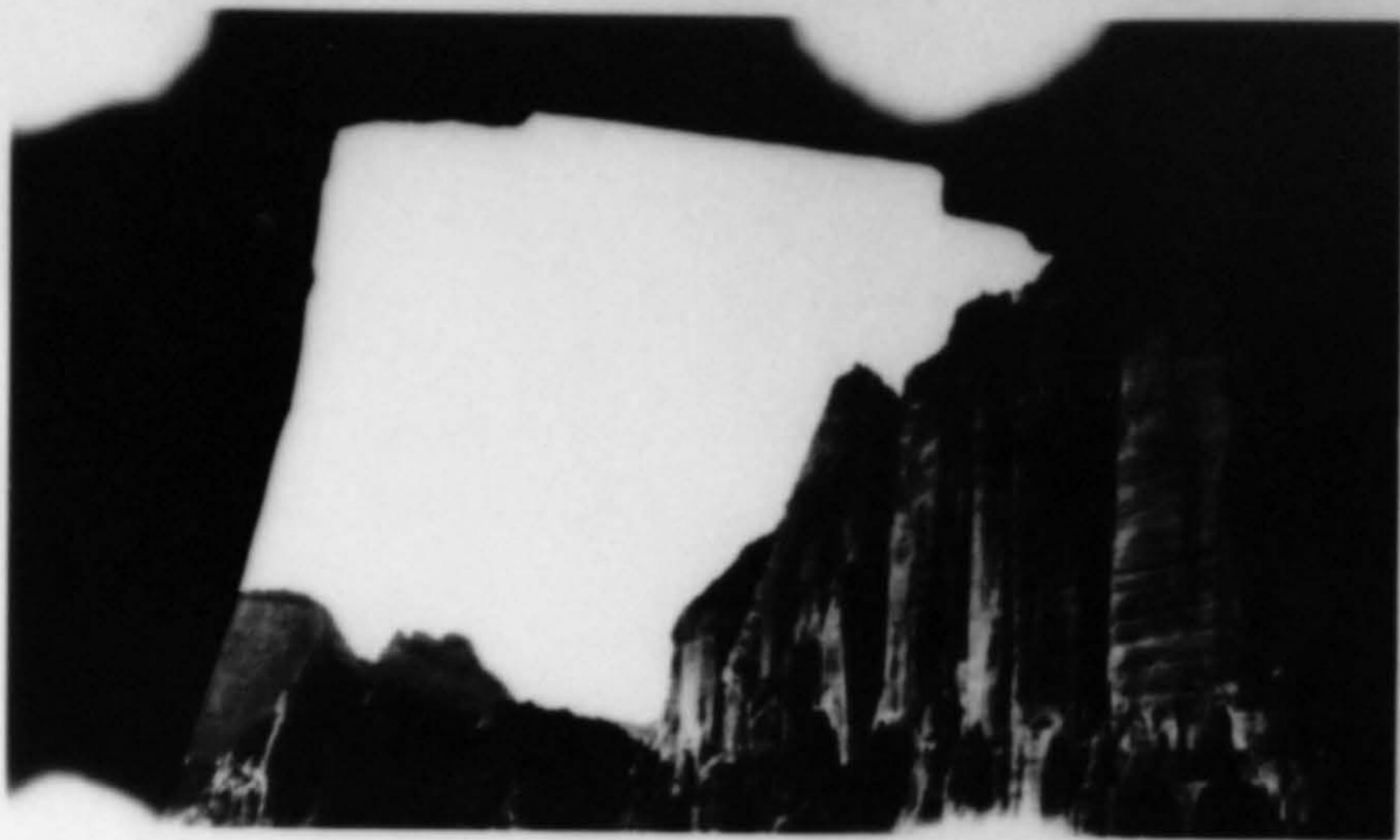
Our trip of eighty-two miles to the Grand Canyon bridge meant a drop of 9000 to 3500 feet.

We went down a road very comparable with Eagle Peak road and the west end of Palomar Mountain, but Harry drove splendidly.

We were soon out of the timber and passed thru the Piute, Hopi, and Navajo Indian Reservations.

It was nothing to ride forty or fifty miles without seeing a house with mountains six and eight thousand feet high, and valleys fifty miles wide, and two hundred miles long. While the road was narrow and rough, we thanked heaven that there were no high centers to speak of. Our Cadillac car only has eight and a half inches clearance and while on the bounce only about six so we had to be very careful. Harry certainly did his job right and we never had a bad bump on the entire trip.

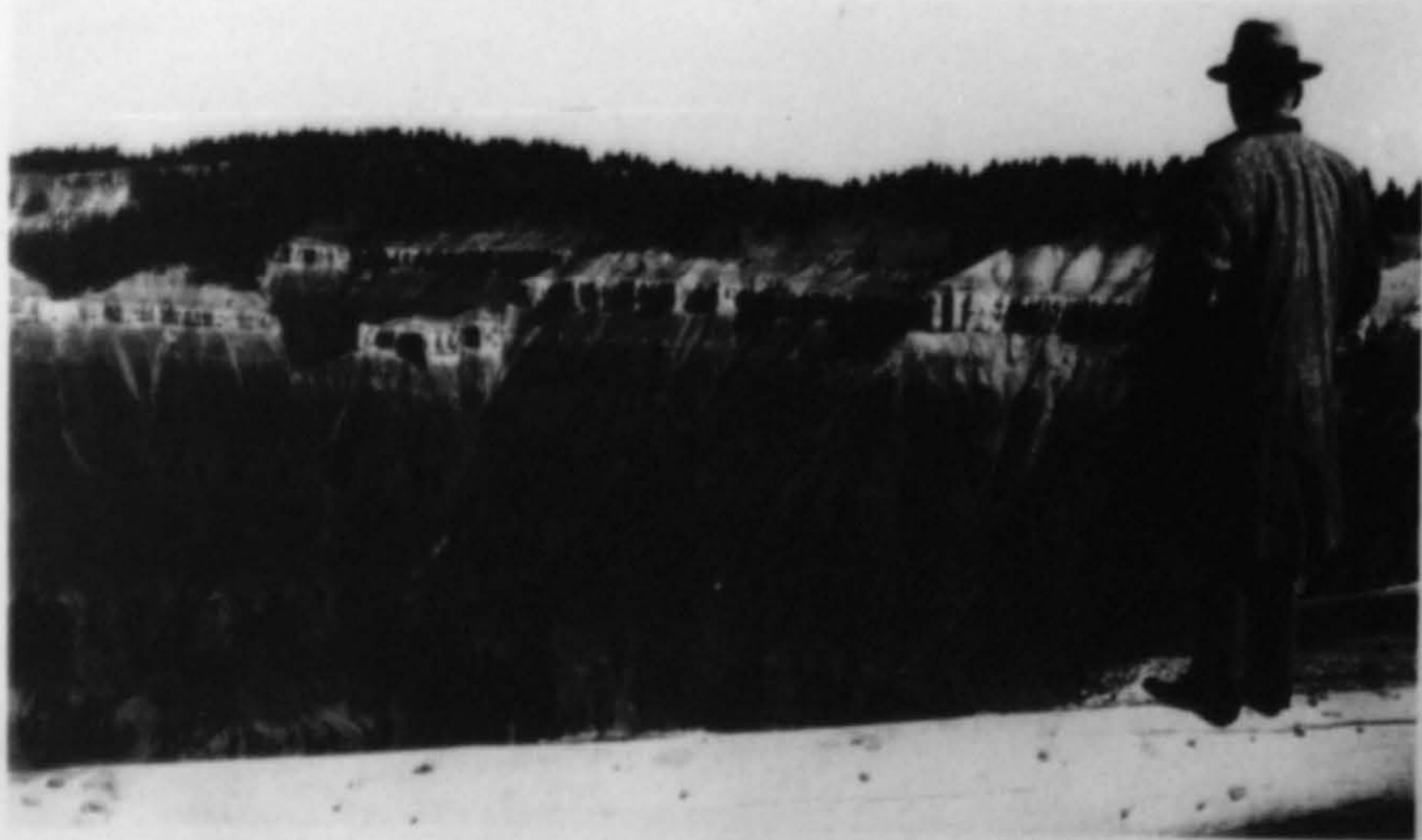
We were glad to see the government and the State of Arizona at work building new splendid grades thru the mountains to Kaibab Forest from Grand Canyon Bridge. It will be a couple of



Peak hole thru tunnel on \$2,000,000 highway



Bryce Canyon



Bryce Canyon

years before this work is completed.

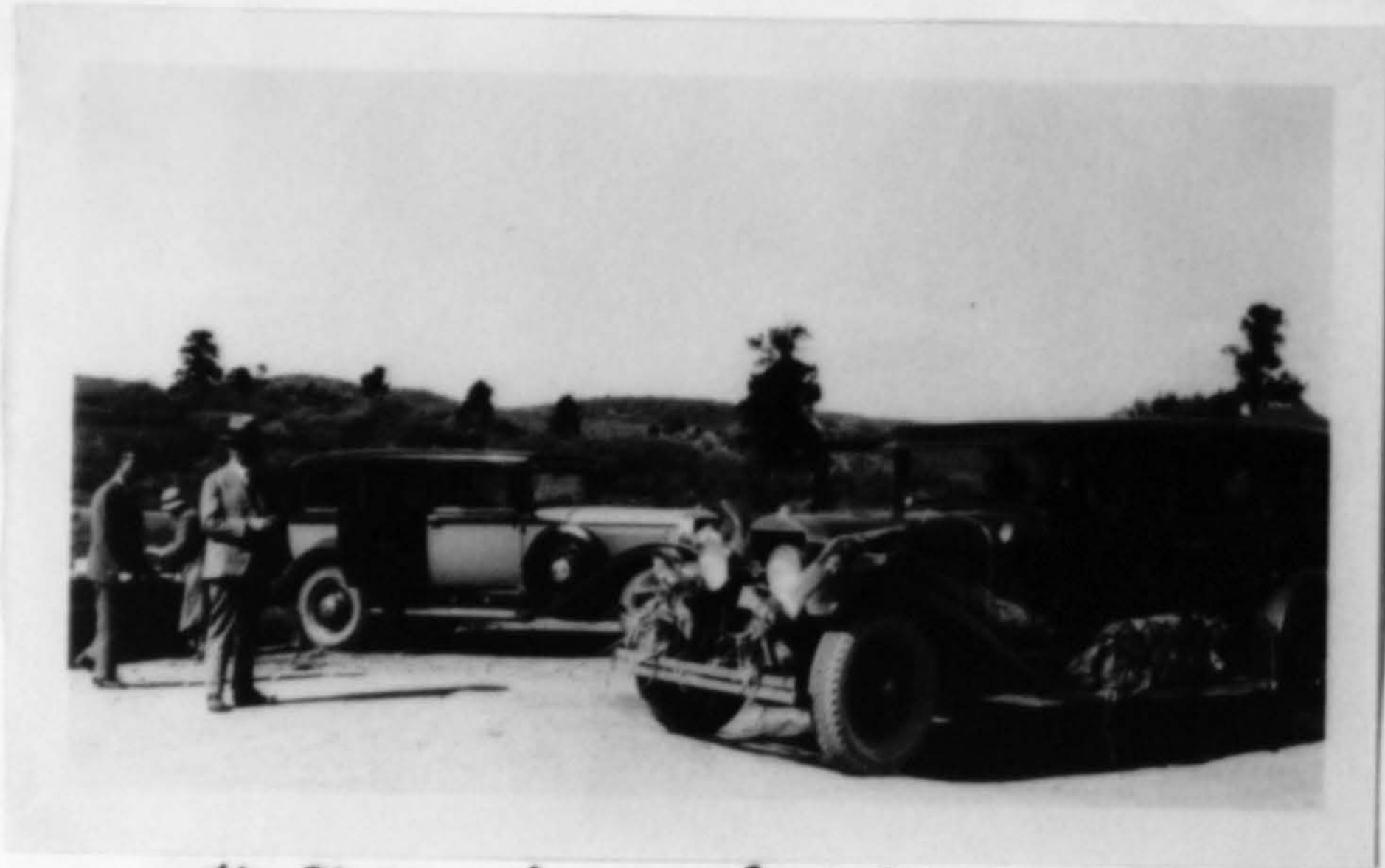
For forty miles we drove over a rough road up the Grand Canyon, in places forty miles wide. The marvelous boulder formation interested us. Boulders twenty feet high had rolled off at the top of the mountain on to the desert and most fantastic were their shapes and sizes. One particular boulder we enjoyed the most stood up but how it did was more than we know. You can guess by looking at the picture for your guess is as good as ours.

We reached the Grand Canyon bridge on time and Mary again furnished us a splendid luncheon. The bridge across the Colorado River is a marvel of an engineering feat nearly 900 feet long, 457 feet high above the water. It spans the mighty Colorado.

We took photos of seven Phoenix business men who with an auto and truck had hunted in the Kaibab Forest. They had shot 14 deer. The picture is self explanatory. They were making a day and night trip to Phoenix to get the deer in cold storage.

The U. S. Government men were having a ceremonial on the bridge while we were present. They had a fourteen year old typewriter which was in such bad condition it forced a riot and they all gathered in the center of the bridge and threw it into the Colorado making a report to that effect to the Government. I hope they got another typewriter.

I will not try to describe the Grand Canyon at this point. It is not nearly as attractive as the Grand Canyon that we know of north of Williams yet it has the same characteristics.



The Divide where we had lunch



Salt Lake City Sportmen

Our destination for the night was Cameron or Flagstaff. It was a desert country for sixty odd miles to Cameron. We only saw one trading post or house. There we took pictures of both Hopi and Navajo Indians. The Navajo was a Chief. Please note his turquoise beads and hair done up in a bob. The Hopi Indian helped to build the Boy Scouts camp in Balboa Park - the Pueblo - and could speak English well. He was a clever chap.

I was determined to go to Tuba City. We took a short cut and the roads were horrible for ten miles. We passed up Tuba City when told we could not get hotel accommodations there so we went on to Cameron.

Harry got off the road just three miles from Cameron as it was getting dark. He saved the day by finding the road eventually and tired but happy we arrived at Cameron where we had splendid accommodations for the night, in the middle of the most desolate country I have ever seen.

Mary, the Hopi Indian waitress served us efficiently. A sweet girl as the picture will show.

The Cameron Bridge is a feature in that territory, also a remarkable engineering feat.

The Indians live wholly in mud houses. Everything is red - Indians red, mountains red, dirt red, sunrise red, and sunset red.

We bought from a trading post at Cameron a most interesting gift for Mary Louise, her eighteenth birthday - a relic of the Navajo Indians. Mary Louise must wait as the rest of you until that eighteenth birthday comes but if she has as much pleasure out of it as we did in buying, happiness of her father and mother will be complete.

Again we had our bridge and again Fred and Ole

cleaned us up to the tune of \$80.

Another glorious cool morning without a cloud in the sky and again we were on splendid roads travelling thru country that Harold Belle Wright would probably describe as "The Country Good forgot", yet to us it was fascinating. Unusual rains had probably visited this country, sometime, but when?

In the distance we could see the white capped mountains known as The San Francisco Range back of Flagstaff. Soon we were in the pines again.

Ole rung his hands as we were climbing to an elevation of 7200 feet. He said, "My God, will we never reach sea level again?", "When am I going to have a good sleep?" Yet, we continued to climb for twenty miles while we drove thru forest of beautiful pine and reached Flagstaff, fifty-four miles from Cameron, in one hour and twenty minutes. A telephone call to San Diego to know that all was well and we were off for Phoenix, our destination that night.

Leaving at 11:00 A.M. we again climbed. Ole continued to ring his hands. For twenty miles we passed thru pine forest, a splendid dude ranch, a logging railroad in operation loading timber and interesting scenery when all of a sudden our car stopped on the edge of a precipice after we turned the corner. We were speechless with wonder as we looked down two or three thousand feet in to Oak Creek Canyon. There we found all the colorings of Bryce Canyon and Grand Canyon while in the ^{distance} city was the city of Jerome perched on a mountain side. We were looking at least fifty miles over a beautiful expanse of country. I asked Ole what he thought of it. He said, pointing down a steep mountain side with a winding road, probably the most crooked and steepest I have ever seen, "Are we going down there?" I answered "Yes", what do you think of it?"



"Ole" wipes the dishes - Zion Canyon lunch



Snow - Cedar Breaks
Elevation 10,400 feet

Memorandum to Mr. Marston

Dear Mr. Marston:

We have noted your wishes concerning economy in advertising and have cut down space for next week in compliance therewith. At the same time I wish to let you know that newspaper space December 1 to December 11 will show a saving of about 25% this year compared with last. This is for space only.

For the first 11 months of 1929 our percentage of advertising covering the entire cost of all advertising charges was 2.9% while for the corresponding period this year it is 2.7%.

If our advertising in the daily papers seems large in comparison with other stores? it may be due partly to the fact that we concentrate our space where we think it will be most advantageous. Stores like Holzwarsser and Montgomery Ward use the Sunday paper and the Shopping News, which we do not. They also come out occasionally with big sections of 4 or 6 pages. We are aiming this year to have our total percentage for advertising 2.6% instead of last years 2.8%.

Mr. Wangerheim -
Please do not
stay more than
20 minutes
M. Babicky

Kauf

His reply was, "A damn deep hole. Harry, as usual, made good although it got Mary's goat for a while, she being in the front seat but we negotiated that steep grade soon to be entirely eliminated by a new highway built 70% by the U. S. Government and 30% by the State of Arizona, up a canyon and making a short-cut from Jerome and Prescott to Flagstaff, another most scenic highway.

We were soon down in the canyon, a beautiful stream of water and then we reached a settlement called Sedonia. As usual, Mary furnished us a splendid lunch. We purchased some supplies at the store and found everybody most agreeable. In fact, one of the most enjoyable lunches we had on the trip. Fred drank most of the milk.

Ole said the best thing on the whole trip was Mary's lunches.

We left ^{Sedonia} Cameron about two o'clock crossing a splendid plateau and neared Jerome made famous by Senator Clark thru the development of his mines. Five thousand people live on that side of the mountain, a sheer precipice at an elevation a mile high.

Ole rung his hands again as we climbed and fairly sighed as we headed toward Clarkdale and Jerome. We found our way up thru the town over the steep roads, the steepest in any city I know of. San Francisco is backed off the map. Not a shrub or tree grows in Jerome. I assume it is on account of the gases from the smelter.

My sympathy goes out to that entire population. I was amazed to see the wonderful schools built out on stakes of cement and playgrounds as well.

Above the fumes of the smelter those who are more fortunate can live and have a few flowers and shrubs.

To me, the city of Jerome stuck out on that rugged



Zion Park
Autumn leaves
a riot of color



Rock formation
Grand Canyon
Harry Taylor takes
a chance

mountain was the most fascinating thing of the whole trip and is worth alone going to see.

Thru Jerome we climbed up again to an elevation of 7200 feet. Again Ole howled but we soon reached Prescott, and had a splendid ice cream soda. We left Prescott at 3:15 for Phoenix, 118 miles away making the run in two hours and fifty minutes over splendid dirt roads most of the way across a desert country that will some day be, a large part of it, under irrigation thru the construction of dams in the mountains and pumping from underground gravels.

Phoenix looked good to us that evening.

We had a splendid dinner and then a hand of bridge. Again they wipped us to the tune of 110 Mary and I were getting pretty sore by that time and told them that while they might play well in high altitude our luck was in playing bridge below sea level, but not let's get ahead of our story.

As we only had 399 miles to go the next day home we decided to stay in bed late. Had our breakfast at nine and left at ten. The Westward Ho, the new hotel at Phoenix is a charm. The service is splendid and rates reasonable and how we did enjoy that night's sleep at Phoenix.

We left at ten. The roads were, with few exceptions, perfect to San Diego. As we travelled thru the Salt River Valley toward home ^{at} ~~the~~ forty and fifty miles an hour I dreamed of our twenty years fight for a national highway.

I went over again the meeting at Yuma, called by Governor Hunt of Arizona and myself twenty years ago when the San Diego Arizona Highway Association was formed. I was elected its first President. We pledged ourselves to stay with the work until the highway was built to Phoenix. I raised the money by private subscription in



Big Boulders in Grand Canyon from above
see "Ole"



margin aspen - Kaibab Forest
she startled six deer



Mary's luncheon at the Divide



No. 44. V. T. Ranch
14° above zero
"Ole" frozen stiff

San Diego and Imperial County to build our share of the Yuma bridge. We bought thirty-six carloads of lumber, planked the sand hills, demonstrated the feasibility of the project and today a paved highway along that identical plank road alignment demonstrates that sand is as good a foundation as rock for a highway and it cuts off forty-five miles across the continent instead of going around.

After a long fight and a personal trip of the U. S. Government engineer, Dr. Hewes and Austin B. Fletcher as my guests we won the federal aid highway via Yuma with the result that within a year every foot of the highway will be paved from Phoenix to San Diego, the first route thru the south of Arizona in to San Diego and Los Angeles that has been completed.

Ten years ago not ten cars a day was coming in to California thru Yuma. Transcontinental travel has so increased that on Friday, October 24th, Government records show 350 cars came into California and nearly as many more went eastward thru the Yuma gate, with an average of ~~eight~~ ^{a month} eight thousand cars/coming in to California thru the Yuma gateway ^{the last three months} alone/and the travel increasing 10% to 20% a year. Last year 88,000 cars, 248,000 people came thru Yuma gateway to California alone.

I dreamed along for some time until Mary said she was hungry and we stopped at Ralph's Mill, a splendid road house for lunch. We had made the 152 miles in three and a half hours. It was delightful in every particular.

We decided to stay an hour and have another game of bridge. We were again walloped by Fred and Ole to the song of 163. The elevation was 358 above sea level. We left at three o'clock over more splendid highways reaching Yuma at 4:15, San Diego time, Saturday afternoon. A few minutes call on a friend, Sanguinetti,

the acceptance of a nice box of dates by Mrs. Fletcher from Mr. Sanguinetti and the purchase of more, a U. S. inspection and then we were headed for El Centro.

Along the way we stopped to pick cotten in different stages for the children and my how we did enjoy the drive thru the sand hills at fifty miles an hour over a paved highway.

We made the 62 mile drive in one hour and fifteen minutes.

The Barbara Worth Hotel was as attractive as ever. After a few minutes reading the San Diego paper, the call for revenge was too great and another hour of bridge below sea level commenced. I over bid my hand, Mary gave me H - - - the boys, Ole and Fred chuckled and said the fight was on. Mary twice over bid her hand but I heaped colds of fire on her head and never said a word of criticism. Theylicked the very dickens out of us and added 643 to their score. Our score the first night out was 1589 in our favor. We lost every night the rest of the trip yet we held them down to the tune of so the record stands for the 1800 mile trip, a week's playing 103 in favor of Mary and Ed.

Ole and Fred are demanding that we play them again soon and we accept the challenge.

A splendid dinner which the Barbera Worth is noted for and at 7:15 we headed for San Diego, 122 miles which we made in two hours and fifty-five minutes, perfect roads. Another dream of work well done which Jim Morse and I ^{Fred Jackson} did in building the Mountain Springs grade by private subscription from San Diego citizens nearly twenty years ago which route was adopted by the State and is now completely paved. Another dream come true.



Bridge 456 feet above water
568 feet long



new bridge over Grand Canyon
where we had lunch
near Lees Ferry

Soon we bade good bye to the lights of the valley from the top of the Mountain Springs grade. We were soon in the oaks and pines, a new moon, soft balmy air and Harry coasted us safely down the eastern slope, most of us asleep until San Diego and home was reached.

We had visited five national parks, four Indian Reservations had been in the snow 10,000 feet above sea level and among cotton and dates below sea level, a variety of climate and natural beauty unsurpassed in the United States, if not in the world.

It was a perfect trip. We had covered 1819 miles and used 185 gallons of gasoline. Not a harsh or unkind word was said. They were all good scouts and sports and during the rest of our lives I know there is not a person but what will remember it as one of the most enjoyable trips of our lives.



Grand Canyon from Bridge



Government engineers throwing 14 year old typewriter into Colorado River



70 hoenly hunters with 14 deer in a truck shot in Kaibab Forest



Piute Indian



Hopi Indian



Navajo Indian
notice turquoise
beads



Mary - Hopi Indian
Friend of Harry's



Two marya



Trading Post



Navajo Indians



Oak Creek Canyon



Herry's Pulpit Rock



"Al" after looking at view and 30% road below
said, "Damn deep hole."



"On our way"



Sedonia luncheon



Paved highway thru sand hills

Ed Fletcher Papers

1870-1955

MSS.81

Box: 74 Folder: 6

**Personal Memorabilia - "With Nature's
Wonders of the West for a Week"**



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