Notes on Arizona-New Mexico Expedition

Saturday, April 6, 1929 - La Quinta to Yuma

We left La Quinta at 2:30 - Dromio, Marg, and I. It was quite a job packing everything into the car for the first time. On the left-hand running board we have a box built to carry the gasoline stove, our aluminum cooking and eating outfit, dish-cloths, a bottle of milk, and odds and ends. On the right-hand running board we have a long trunk containing canned goods and other food, the necessary shovel, and the axe; four packsacks containing our clothes and other necessities are in the holder on the left-hand running board, covered over with a white tarpaulin of canvas. Inside the car we have the four bed rolls, rugs, and coats, our bed tarps, and the cameras. These consist of the big Akeley camera in its box, the tripod, and [illegible] three auxiliary cases. The first of these contains the film reservoirs, the second contains the nine-inch lens, the high-speed crank, tools, and extra film. The third contains the seventeen-inch lens. We also have the Eyemo camera and its tripod. We have two large pack frames containing about nine thousand feet of extra film. It makes a heavy load. On top of the kitchen box we have three large canteens. Two of them together carry four gallons of water, and one of them carries a gallon of gasoline.

The weather is cold and we are wearing all our coats. Hitting the main road at Indio, we pass on down the Coachella Valley, coming on to the route we had taken with the Rosses through West Moreland; but instead of going through El Centro we cut off to the east and hit the main southern highway a few miles beyond. As dusk came, we entered the famous sand dune country where the Sahara Desert movies are taken. Across this there used to be an old plank road which was raised from time to time so as to keep it on top of the sand dunes. We saw the remains of this, but the main road is now built up on a high embankment, the sides of which have been continuously sprayed with oil so as to keep it above the ordinary drift of the sand in the high wind. Now, however, some large sand dunes are heaping up against the embankment, and in another year or two sand will be blowing over even this new road. However, the road itself has a fine all macadam surface, and one can traverse it at high speed. It was too dark to get any pictures. We kept looking for a place to camp, but none offered; and finally, just about dark, we pulled a few yards off the main road where it crossed a side canyon just a little west of the Colorado River, and there in the shelter of some rocky mounds got out our stove and cooking utensils and had supper. There would have been a sheltered place to sleep here, but we had seen tramps walking along the road and did not care to camp in such proximity to a main highway. By the time the dishes were washed it was quite dark, so we kept on toward the Colorado River and were finally forced to take refuge for the night in a tourist cabin camp just west of the Colorado River Bridge. We hired one cabin for the standard price of $1.00, and there spread our beds.

Sunday, April 7 - Yuma to Phoenix, Arizona

As usual, I was the first one up and cooked breakfast on the gas plate stove we found in the cabin. By 8:30 we were again packed and away, only to be stopped by the inspectors of the Arizona Agricultural Department, who seemed to know my name, having probably read it in the papers; but who nevertheless insisted on making a thorough search for such fruit and vegetables as we might have. Fortunately, we had been warned and carried practically nothing. This thorough agricultural inspection is practised everywhere on the borders of Arizona to keep out fruit and vegetable diseases, and is almost as strict as crossing the border between the United States and Canada. We crossed the muddy Colorado and drove into the sprawling town of Yuma, where we got gasoline. Soon after leaving Yuma, the pavement

ended, but the gravel roads were very good. On we spun, the weather still cold, over ridges and through canyons, stopping by the roadside for lunch. There in the shelter of a wash and out of the wind, it was really comfortably warm for the first time. They make wonderful wine jelly in this country, which is a great lunch delicacy when camping. Keeping on again, we came to Gila Bend and then onto a new road over a steel bridge below the Gillespie Dam on the Gila River. There was considerable water coming over the falls, but it was so heavy with silt that the effect was that of a great sheet of slimy mud sliding over a precipice. It is great to be in the Arizona mountains again. Just before coming out into the Salt River Valley, we stopped by the roadside where the giant Sajauro cactus was growing thickly and threw stones at the cactus trees to see whether we could start out any elf owls, but none appeared. Along the roadside grew golden, daisy-like flowers which we identified as Baileyi. We now entered the Salt River Valley and passed miles of newly plowed fields, apparently being prepared for cotton. Here and there the wind picked up the loose soil and sand into miniature funnel-shaped cyclones, and some of them weren't so small, either, towering a hundred feet or so above the ground. These inverted cones of gray or brown traveled more or less slowly and appeared to spend much time spinning in the same place. Now green trees grew along the road, and we were again on a concrete pavement. The road took many sharp turns around farms, and a few frogs peeped in the irrigation ditches. On then to Phoenix, where in the dooryards grew Chinese umbrella trees. In town we inquired our way to the new Arizona Biltmore Hotel, which is eight miles northeast of Phoenix. The approach seemed, to us, very unattractive, the hotel being a great grey mass of supposedly Aztec architecture. The scars of building were not yet covered up, and there was a great mudhole in front of the hotel, made by an irrigation ditch. We were greeted by a much dressed up doorman, but neither he nor the clerk had any comment to make upon our dirty and dusty appearance; and we were shown along the cold stone corridors, with very modernistic lighting, to our rooms. Outside our windows was a hitch rack to which a number of burros were tied. Sometimes people rode them, but I think that theywere kept there mostly to add to the atmosphere of the place by their braying.

Monday, April 8 - Phoenix, Arizona

In the morning we called on Mr. M. E. Musgrave, representative of the United States Biological Survey in charge of the predatory animal work for Arizona. We had met him before in Tucson five years ago. Mr. Musgrave gave us an outline of the plans which he had for us and advised us at once to go and purchase chaps for all of the party, on account of the extremely rough riding. He seemed rather doubtful as to whether any of us would be able to be in at the kill of a lion. We then went to Porter's, which is the great saddle and outfitting store of the southwest, purchased chaps and leather, fleece-lined coats, for we had not expected the weather to be so cold, and Musgrave had told us we would be high up in the mountains. It was also necessary to take the car to the Pierce Arrow service station to have it tuned up again, and particularly to get the oil filter fixed, as it was still leaking. We returned to the Biltmore for lunch and afterwards Mr. Musgrave came and took us out to his house, which is also north and east of Phoenix a few miles from the Biltmore. There we met Mrs. Musgrave and heard about the various mountain lion and coyote pets which Mr. Musgrave had had. Musgrave told us of a pet coyote which got into some whitewash in the garage and walked all over his car. When he next took the car to be washed, the negro recognized animal tracks all over it, particularly on the front windshield, and Musgrave told him that he had been attacked by a wild mountain lion, ~~which the negro believed.~~ The car washer, however, could not understand why the tracks were pinkish white until Musgrave explained that the lion foamed at the mouth when he got angry and the foam dropped on his feet. This was certainly convincing and the colored gentleman now has a deep respect for lion hunters.

After supper, we again drove to town and met Finley when he arrived on the Southern Pacific at ten o'clock. He brought only one Kyemo camera and a couple of packsacks containing film cans which I had ordered.

Tuesday, April 9 - Phoenix to Safford, Arizona

Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave came to breakfast. A friend of Mrs. Musgrave's turned out to be the woman who handles the publicity for the Arizona-Biltmore Hotel and is a reporter on the Arizona Republican, so I suppose that some stories will soon be going out. We did not get off until about 9:30, which was later than we had expected. This time we drove from Phoenix over the route we had traversed several years ago in the opposite direction, stopping at Apache Junction, from which point we had the option of two routes, the short one direct to Globe or the longer one by way of the Roosevelt Dam. We decided to risk it and take the longer road. Soon we were pulling up the long grade through the canyon, which roughly followed the route of the Salt River on its way down from Roosevelt Dam. We made good time and soon had passed the side road leading to what used to be called the Mormon Flat Dam when it was under construction. This was the place where we had spent a very cold night when the car broke down several years ago; then on up Fish Creek Mountain and down the lovely Fish Creek Canyon hill, covering in half a day what it had taken us a day and a half to cover in 1925, when the truck ran off and blocked the road. We stopped for lunch at the Apache Inn at Roosevelt Dam. The water in Roosevelt Lake was very low and extremely muddy, there having been a much needed rain the week before. The water in the lower lakes, however, both of which were new since 1925, was blue and sparkling clear. Bronnie took the wheel from Roosevelt to Globe, and then we changed again. After a little rough road outside of Globe, we struck the fine new road only recently opened, which goes by way of the new Coolidge Dam. With fine, smooth surface, this road pulled up over the mountain grade and then went swiftly winding down, until suddenly we rounded a corner and confronted the new and spectacular construction of the dam itself. Built with great domes to hold back the water, and jutting side bridges to reach the outlet controls, this dam is more beautiful than any we have ever seen. It is truly a marvelous piece of architecture. There had been little rain, and the water of the Gila River had only begun to fill the lake behind the dam, so that we could get a good view of the whole engineering work. The road traversed the top of the dam on a concrete pavement with handsome side rails and electric ornamental lamps. Here we stopped for a few moments, but being considerably behind our intended schedule could not wait long enough to go back and get pictures. Our good road continued almost to Safford. There was one place where it had not been finished and we were obliged to take the older, rough road. There seemed to be no work being done on the new road, as if the money had given out and the project had been temporarily abandoned. After a few miles, however, we struck a good road again and then the pavement, which carried us clear to Safford, arriving at 6:05. We pulled up at the Olive Hotel and found that Mr. Simms and Mr. Miller had been expecting us for several hours. Subsequently, we met Miller and his rather attractive wife and little boy. The hotel had no dining room, so we went down the street to a cafe. During supper Mr. Simms appeared. He was very jovial, and the girls did not like his appearance at all. After supper he got a friend to open up a grocery shop so that we could buy supplies for tomorrow's pack trip. Mr. Simms assured us that everything would be all right and that he had all the horses, mules, and other equipment that anyone could possibly ask for. We told Mr. Simms that we would like an extra man besides himself and Miller and the wrangler who had been arranged for, so Simms went off to find a cook.

Wednesday, April 10 - Safford to Simms' Ranch

We got up early, had breakfast, and Carl Schroeder, who is to be our cook, checked over our list of supplies. Mr. Simms said that he was expecting a telegram and couldn't start quite yet. He gave us very full and complete directions as to how to find his ranch in the Galiuro Mountains and said he would join us there with the supplies and with Miller and the cook. Accordingly, we started off, retracing our way several miles and then turning off to the southward, up a long desert slope and through a low place in the ridge of the Graham Mountains; then down again by a steep and twisting hill until we hit a road which comes up into the Galiuro country from Wilcox. Following this toward Wilcox a way, we found a red mail box, exactly as described by Simms, and turned off on a narrow, sandy, Forest Service track, following the signs to Simms' ranch, about fifty-five miles from Safford. It was a fascinating country, overgrown with queer cactus. At the ranch Mrs. Simms met us. She was quite dolled up and looked like anything but a ranchman's wife. The cowboy on duty at the ranch was rather uncordial, and the only real person there seemed to be Mrs. Simms' mother. The first thing that seemed queer was that noontime came and passed as we hung around the outskirts of the cabin, and still no one invited us to come in and have anything to eat, an omission quite contrary to Arizona custom, for every Arizona ranch at least keeps a pot of beans on the fire at all times, and the rule is that all strangers must be fed. Finally we got out our stove and cooked ourselves a hot lunch, as the wind was blowing coolly. Still there was no sign of Simms or Miller. After a while we decided to take a walk. Some adobe buildings had been started and one of them nearly finished. Mrs. Simms had told us that they were the beginnings of a dude ranch which some man in the middle west was backing Mr. Simms in erecting. We heard there was a spring and went to find it, following a frost-broken pipe line which was completely ruined. The spring was way up the mountain side, so we had quite a bit of exercise in the now warm sun. We were at an elevation of about five thousand two hundred feet. There was very little water in the spring. As we turned to come down, we saw a car coming up the road and assumed that Simms and Miller had arrived. When we returned to the ranch, they had arrived indeed; they were gorgeously drunk, so drunk that Simms had lost the entire rim and tire off one of his front wheels without even knowing it, so he claimed. One of them had gone back to find the rim, but was unable to do so. Naturally, now there was no use trying to start before tomorrow, so Mr. Simms showed us what he said was a wonderful camping place up near the dude ranch buildings. Our cook, fortunately, was still sober; and he made supper while we tried to find a place for our beds. This was easily accomplished in the protection of some live oak trees. When the cook called supper, the full state of affairs revealed itself. Miller was talking a blue streak. He had left his wife and child in Safford, bound for Bisbee to stay with his wife's people; and he was certainly celebrating. According to his account, he was the greatest lion hunter in the world and had the most wonderful dogs that there ever were (Musgrave had told us to be very careful to praise the dogs, as they really were the best, and that every lion hunter was extremely sensitive about his dogs, anyway). According to Miller, those dogs of his were priceless, and he had trained them, one at a time, with the utmost care. Miller was only extremely talkative; but Simms was so drunk that he nearly fell into the fire. He was supposed to eat at the ranch house, but he took our food instead and spilled most of it into the fire, so that the cook had practically nothing to eat. He could not stand without the support of a tree. The source of their liquidation was now in evidence - a huge jug of corn liquor, moonshine of course. As darkness fell, it grew cold.

Thursday, April 11 - Corn Liquor and Catastrophe

We were up soon after six. Miller said he was ashamed of himself; but we were doubtful. Simms appeared after a while. His wife had come and taken him home last night. We made our way down to the corral to pack up. Jimmy, the wrangler, who had been none too cordial yesterday, was to go with us. Even to our greenhorn eyes, the packing was done in a very sloppy manner. It took a long time to pack the mules, which were small animals, apparently bred from small donkeys [redacted], or burros. Meanwhile, they brought out the saddle horses for us. There were just barely enough to go around - just five mules for the packing and just one saddle horse apiece, although we had hoped to have some extra in case of accident. Most of the horses had not been shod and were not in good condition, having just been brought in from the range. The packing proceeded. As each mule was packed he was turned loose in the corral, and he then proceeded to lie down and otherwise try to rub his pack off. One mule, a very dark brown with white face and feet, was particularly contankerous. Finally, everything was in readiness. We had selected our saddles and with great difficulty adjusted the almost non-adjustable stirrups. It turned out that Simms had rented the saddles for us and they were an old lot of stiff, hard leather, patched up in any old sloppy manner. The stirrups were of the kind that adjust by means of a leather lacing and these lacings were not only stiff and hard, but also frequently broken. Simms gave the word to stand back and open the gates. There was one extra horse in the corral -an old bony animal too weak to be used; and he it was who, suddenly seeing the open gate, began a stampede. The white-faced, contankerous mule followed, and as they came out into the open both horse and mule broke into a wild run. Before anyone could act, the rest of the animals followed. Marg and I were both mounted, as was Brownie; and our horses, trained cow ponies, started to jump to head off the stampede. However, we supposed the men knew what they were doing, and reined in. Too late shouts arose of "Head them off! Close the outer corral gate!" The outer gate of the pasture should have been closed, but our wrangler had begun to celebrate again and had left it open. Through it passed the wild stampede. Even as we looked the pack on the contankerous mule broke loose, fell over to one side, and began shedding. Potatoes and bags of flour spurted off in either direction. The befuddled cowboy, Jimmy, now jumped to his horse and raced after, but it was no use. It took the best part of an hour to round up our stock, and still longer to search for dishes, food, and other impedimenta strewn along the landscape. It was eleven o'clock before we were finally repacked and ready to start. This time all of us carefully stationed ourselves at intervals ahead of the pack animals to hold them back and keep them from stampeding across the open field. Jimmy and I were in the lead, and the last accident seemed to have sobered him somewhat. We trailed over the grassy slopes, deceptive in their smoothness, for underneath was all loose rock. After a mile or so, we passed a gate, and then the trail narrowed and began to go up. The pack animals settled down to a more even pace. Things went well for a little while, and then Jimmy began dropping back, leaving me to lead the procession. The trail was not hard to find, and I had a good horse; but after about an hour of riding I suddenly saw some mules break out from behind on my right and trot down onto a lower bench. Jimmy did not appear to round them up. Bill came up, and he and I pushed our horses down off the trail, endeavoring to drive the mules back. Just then, with a yip and yell, Jimmy appeared. He had stopped behind with Simms and Miller for more liquid refreshment; but he was still able to round up the mules. It was evident that there was still considerable liquor left; and I rode back to investigate. However, there was nothing to do but hope that it would soon be gone and that no further accidents would happen. Such was not to be our luck. Our crooked trail now wound up and up, over seven thousand

feet. The packs were not well adjusted and some of them began to come loose. The motto of both Jimmy and Simms seemed to be - "Oh, well, we'll fix it later." We had to go slowly, on account of the loaded mules and the steepness of the trail, which after going up for many miles quite as relentlessly proceeded to go down again. It was full of switchbacks and twists, at nearly all of which the mules seemed to want to go astray. Some of us rode ahead, the others following and endeavoring to urge the mules along with imprecations and such stones as were able to pick up from our saddles. We noticed that the men were letting us do most all the work. Miller rode happily along, telling the world what a wonderful country this was for lions and how he was sure we were going to get lots of lions there and how good he was, and how he never lost a lion in his life. Jimmy and Simms lagged behind, with the bottle. The cook alone seemed helpful. Bromie impetuously tried to remonstrate with Simms, but only succeeded in keeping their drinking operations at the rear of the procession. Finally Jim whispered to Simms and dropped out altogether. At one point in the trail we looked down into a tremendous wild canyon far below us, which they told us was Rattlesnake; and in the bottom of which we were to camp. Suddenly the dogs began to bay, and started off down the canyon, working very slowly and sniffing frequently. Miller announced that they were on a lion trail and they would sure get him. The dogs didn't seem to be getting anywhere, however, so finally he shot off his gun to call them back. The two younger dogs came back easily, but the only way he could get the two older ones off the trail was to get his puppy to bay at a tree in which Miller pretended to see a lion. It was apparently a very old trail, but Miller insisted that we would get that lion the next day. The cook had trouble keeping his saddle on his horse; the saddle wasn't good for anything. Jimmy was out; Miller was useless, and Simms alone remained near the mules. Simms was not even dressed like a cowpuncher, and we suspect that he is merely a politician who plays the game of ranching with somebody else's money. Two of the packs broke loose, but Simms wouldn't do anything about it, claiming that they would hold on somehow until we got to camp. The trail grew more crooked and steep, downwards, and we were tired. There seemed no end to the trail, and we kept worrying for fear that our camera pack would be the next one to break loose. The distance from Simms' ranch to our camping spot was supposed to be fifteen miles, but according to Simms we still had several more miles to go. At last we hit a creek with a little water in it and followed it downward. Here the trail was nearly level, and we moved a little faster. At last we saw a fence on our right and then a round corral built of rails, with two dirty tumble-down cabins beyond. We shuffled into the corral and unsaddled our own horses. Out of one of the cabins, the roof of which had fallen in from the blow of a broken limb of a big yellow pine tree, issued a dirty looking trapper and two boys. He had been trapping there with Simms' permission. This whole territory is part of the Cook National Forest. We were at an elevation of fifty-eight hundred feet in our camp on Rattlesnake Creek. It is a very dry country, nevertheless, and the creek gives out above camp a little way and probably sinks underground. We have to walk about three hundred yards to get water. All about us is a curious combination of live oak brush and pines mixed with cactus. Near where we camped a cholla cactus is growing between two rather large yellow pines. Simms rents this range of about eleven thousand acres from the Forest Service. We decided at once not to sleep in either of the cabins, although Simms suddenly became polite enough to suggest that he would ask the trapper to get out, if we wanted to occupy the better one. We knew that old cabins were alive with centipedes and other crawly things, and preferred to sleep out under the stars, feeling quite sure it would not rain in this country. The other cabin, a tumble-down log affair, had been used by the trapper and his sons for storing their furs; and there were a dozen skunk and as many fox skins hanging up inside. These naturally made a very sweet odor.

Our cook, whose name is Carl, helped Simms with the unpacking. Miller wouldn't do anything but help carry some water. He had brought along some canned beans, and these Carl opened and heated up, which with bread and coffee quite saved the day. Just as we were turning in, about 8:30, Jimmy, the wrangler, appeared in the darkness. He had found his horse and his horse had carried him to where we were camped. All he wanted was to go to bed. Someone pointed out his bed roll, and merely inquiring whether the cabin was occupied, he entered the rotten old log cabin and was heard no more. Nature was just to Jimmy. The centipedes and the skunk odor got in their work, and sometime in the wee small hours Jimmy came tumbling out, quite evidently resolved that no matter how drunk he got in the future he would not again sleep in a cabin with skunks. The event rather pleased us.

Friday, April 12 - Camp in Rattlesnake Canyon

Carl got us up at six and gave us a good breakfast. Jimmy had a very hang-dog expression and, evidently, a very uncomfortable set of insides. He went to look for the horses, but he got a late start, and he was certainly a poor wrangler. Finally, he appeared with two. Meanwhile, Miller had been growing very impatient to get on to his job of lion hunting. He and Simms appropriated the first two horses that came in and rode off, saying that if they treed a lion one of them would come back and tell us so we could come and take pictures. I was rather doubtful of our ability to keep up with them in our present still soft condition, and although Brownie and Marg grumbled some, I did not object to this arrangement. A couple of hours later Jimmy appeared with some more horses - enough to go around - and we started off with him. We rode up Rattlesnake Canyon, at first following the trail by which we had arrived last night, and then keeping on straight ahead instead of turning off over the mountain. We covered about five miles and then stopped at a saddle, where Jimmy said we could hear the dogs if they were on a lion trail, and wait for a signal from Miller or Simms. Jimmy then proceeded to go to sleep, and we had a little lunch of bread and jam, which Carl had thoughtfully provided. About two o'clock we heard horses' hooves and presently Miller and Simms came up the trail. Tied behind him on his saddle, Miller had the skin of a lion. He explained that they had found the lion track not very far from camp. The dogs had followed it slowly at first in the wrong direction, then realized their error, faced about, and raced off. It had been a fairly fresh trail, and the dogs had gone rapidly. They had difficulty in keeping up, and finally lost the dogs altogether. Miller had then proceeded to trail the dogs by their footprints in the sandy soil, and they had followed as well as they could. They had proceeded thus for about ten miles, the lion apparently following the trail, which was an old trail made by miners and prospectors and kept open by the Forest Service. They had gone directly away from camp, out above the head of Rattlesnake, down into the next canyon, across to what they call the Dutchmans(the Dutchman is an old German miner who has been in that country for years and years and possesses a valuable claim which he refuses to sell), and then up a steep mountain to the top. Simms, at Miller's direction, had tried to take a short cut, but the going was so bad that he could not get over it and had been obliged to return. The dogs had jumped the lion at the top of the mountain and brought him to bay on a rock (there are very few trees in that country) about a quarter of a mile under the top of the mountain. Just as Miller and Simms rode up, the lion took his eye off the dogs a moment, and one of them jumped up and caught him by his foot, pulling him off the rock. Dogs and lion rolled down the mountain together. Miller had had to gett off his horse and follow on foot. Finally coming up with lion and dogs in a grand melee, he had clubbed off the dogs and shot the lion. Even had we been there,

there would have been no opportunity for pictures, as we could see for ourselves the type of brush country, and we could not have photographed the lion except on a rock or in a tree. We were angry that Jimmy had not brought the horses earlier so that we could have been nearer the finish; but I doubt whether we could have taken such a hard ride the first day. Miller's horse was cut and bruised, and so was Simms'. The lion was a small female. Miller had found where she had killed a calf near the Dutchman, for there are a few stray cattle ranging in that country, about eight miles from our camp. He had examined the lion's stomach, and had a piece of calfskin which he had extracted as evidence of the lion's depredation. They had not had any liquor all day, and their story was undoubtedly true, as we afterwards found. The dogs were dead tired, and we all rode slowly back to camp, resting in the afternoon and, in private, damning Simms and his outfit. We found that Carl had cleaned up the camp, built a table of boards from the old cabin, supported on cans, mended a couple of old chairs, and made things quite comfortable. He had a nice hot goulash or stew all ready of ham, potato, and cabbage, and biscuits made in the Dutch oven. We sat around and talked and listened to the men brag about lions. Privately, we wished that Simms would go home, as we expected that he would do when the liquor was all gone, and then we would be able to ride with Miller. The boys and trappers pitched horseshoes. Around the camp fire in the evening there was much lion. Carl finally broke up the party by telling how when he was trapping with his father (his father was a baker and that's why Carl purports to be a cook) they were baiting traps for bob-cat and lynx cat with oil of catnip. Very few people have ever seen a live mountain lion, except when treed by dogs; but, according to Carl's story, a lion and two kittens came into camp, right up to the camp fire and stampeded their mules or burros. They had dogs, but the dogs were too surprised to chase the lions. His father dashed into the cabin to get his gun and just as he came out he saw some-thing dash by him. He fired. Presently the dogs began barking off in the brush, and taking a lantern, they went to investigate. There they found a large male lion dead, shot right through the heart by Carl's father's bullet. This was a good sample of camp fire lion hunting.

This morning as we rode out, we passed the trap line of the old man and his two boys. In one of the traps was a gray fox or swift. Jimmy's idea was to leave the animal there, as it was none of his business, but we could not feel that it was right to leave the animal to suffer, and Bill got off and killed it with a club. We did not carry our cameras, believing that it would be impossible to do so in this rough country; but we packed them on a mule and covered them with one of our bed tarps. Jimmy did the packing, and this time, as it was a very simple job and a light load, it stayed all right.

Saturday, April 13 - Rattlesnake Canyon Camp

Yesterday's difficulties repeated themselves. We were up early, but had to wait for Jimmy to get the horses, and then there was none for us. Miller and Simms rode off again; and, although we got off a little earlier, we could not catch them. This time they rode down the canyon. Finally, we were ready, with our cameras packed on one of the less cantankerous mules; and we trailed down the canyon, accompanied by one of the trapper's boys. My horse and Brownie's had both lost shoes; and we re-ported to Jimmy, who said he had brought a shoeing outfit. Jimmy's only remark was that it would be good for the horses to wear off their hooves a bit, as they were too long. We kept on down Rattlesnake Canyon, a rather beautiful ride. The Canyon is called Rattlesnake not because of snakes, but because of its many twists. Finally,

at the junction of a side canyon, we came upon another cattle trap. A cattle trap is a large corral with a narrow funnel entrance, into which cattle are driven when being rounded up in rough country. They are kept there for branding and inspection. At one of these traps a narrow side canyon called Pipestem joined the main canyon. We followed this up a way, still with more or less of a trail, although in Glacier Park it would be called practically no trail at all. Then turning off again to the left, we followed off another tributary called Peakstem, which runs into Pipestem. Here the trail gave out, and we forced our way through oak brush. We were certainly glad that we had chaps, as otherwise our clothes would have been torn off entirely. The going was steeper than anything we had ever previously negotiated; and we simple had to break our way through the stiff oak brush, scrambling as best we might, and holding to our horses' manes in the terrific ascent. Finally we came out on the saddle at the head of this canyon, and again watted. Carl came along with us today, and brought some lunch of biscuits, chipped beef, and jam. We also had oranges, which were most refreshing, as there was no water. A cold wind still blew, however, and we were glad to have a little fire. Jimmy had recovered somewhat and began to show a little ability. He discovered the tracks of the horses ridden by Miller and Simms and followed them down the other side of the saddle a way, through terrific brush. Returning in about an hour, he reported that it would be impossible to get the mule with the camera pack down in this way, so we decided to circle around. We were strung out more or less in a line, Marg being ahead with Jimmy. They both thought they saw something moving - something yellow - and about the size of a lion. Jimmy watched it for a while and then suddenly shouted, "It's a lion - the biggest one I ever saw!" And, clapping in his spurs, he bounded away across the steep rocky slope after the object. The tawny creature took off like a flash, and we had only a glimpse of him. The rest of us came up in time to get a good look at a very fresh track, which was either that of a large lion or a wolf. However, Jimmy and Marg had seen the animal, and they both seemed to think that it had a bushy tail, which would indicate that it was a lone lobo wolf. We now retraced our route, circling around back to the saddle and down through the heavy brush again, hanging on for dear life on the steep slope. We did not suppose that anyone ever rode through country as rough as this, let alone tenderfeet like ourselves. Carl kept having trouble with his poor saddle. A little scratched, but otherwise sound, we came back Peakstem into Pipestem and back to Rattlesnake. Then at a side canyon, known as Post Office Canyon because there was once a shack there which acted as a mail distributing point for prospectors, we noticed horse tracks coming in from the right. We had tried to emulate the men who live in this country and keep a sharp lookout at all times for tracks. By these tracks we knew that Miller and Simms had circled around and come down Post Office, and that they would probably now be at camp. Accordingly, we quickened our speed, leaving Jimmy to bring along the mules, and rode back to camp, where Miller and Simms were already sitting by the fire. Here we took some pictures of the old trapper riding upon his little shaggy burro and also photographed the dogs. We sat around and talked for the rest of the day, and had a couple of horseshoe pitching tournaments, in which Bill joined. In the evening there were more lion stories. True to our expectation, Simms announced that unfortunately he would have to leave.

Miller told us about training dogs for lion hunting. His dogs are bloodhounds, mixed with what he calls redbone stock, though I believe the redbone is also a bloodhound. Training the first dogs is a very hard job. He must go with them and stay with them at all times; must punish them whenever they go off on the track of anything else but a mountain lion, and gradually develop them. Then as he can get hold of

puppies and raise them, he can take the pups - one at a time - with the older dogs. It is curious, but significant, that if he takes two pups with the older dogs the pups will think that they know more than the experienced dogs and go off on a deer trail together; but one pup will stay with the trained dogs. Miller said that a couple of years ago he had five trained dogs all at once, and he insisted that that was the largest number of trained lion dogs than anybody ever had in the world. His story of training lion dogs was most interesting; and his dogs are certainly intelligent at their job of lion hunting. They have never once run off on the trail of a deer or anything else; and they did follow that lion for ten miles. There are quite a number of white-tailed deer in this country, and these jump up from time to time when the dogs are running a lion, but without influencing the dogs in any way.

Jimmy told us that Simms had just sold a very considerable bunch of horses to the Mexican rebels, and that was why he did not have more now. A discussion arose as to whether it was legal to sell horses to Mexican rebels, inasmuch as the United States government was officially assisting the federals only. Jimmy insisted that this was all right, particularly as one of the horses he had sold was the worst horse he had ever known, and - as he put it - that horse would "cure end the revolution, for he was guarenteed to kill at least six Mexican rebels before they shot him". The trapper, who said that his wife died in Missouri and that he had to bring the boys out to Arizona for his and their health, is also quite a character. He certainly loves to talk, and he is an authority on skunks, live and dead. He insists that he likes the smell of skunks and doesn't see why other people object. When we stand or sit too near him, we believe it. He talked about trapping. He said he had once set out to trap coyotes, but had come to the conclusion that it was of no use for a man to try to trap coyotes unless he had more sense than the coyotes. Hence, he had given it up. This was not only a good coyote story, but a story with a moral as well.

Sunday, April 14 - Rattlesnake Canyon

We were up early, and Jimmy did better at getting in the horses, but still Miller would not wait. He is a high-strung individual and extremely impatient. He went on with one of the trapper's boys, mounted on one of our pack mules. Soon, however, we followed, Jimmy towing our camera mule on a lead string, for Jimmy was determined that this time if there was going to be any lion killed he was going to be there. I rode a very rough-gaited horse, but had hardened up sufficiently so that I did not mind; and, in order to get a start, in case I should want to go slowly later, I loped ahead up the trail. We went up the canyon this time, on over the saddle, where we had rested the first day, when Miller got the lion, down into the next canyon, and across it over to the Dutchman's. He had been over to see us the night before last. The Dutchman is a curious character, and there seems to be no doubt that he has a good paying mine. He rather loves the country and wants to live there alone; and he takes out of his mine just what he needs. They say that he has several thousand dollars worth of gold in his cabin, but takes good care of it. On the way over we passed a tumble-down cabin of the old Powers claim. It seems that in 1918 the Powers boys worked this claim with their old father. The father was a peculiar character and assured his boys that although they were drafted they did not have to fight if they did not want to; and he wanted them to stay with him and work the claim, which had proved a good one. The boys mistakenly agreed to stay with their father. Subsequently, deputy sheriffs were sent out to bring the boys in for refusing to accept the draft call. Something happened when the deputies showed their guns and threatened to use force. Two of the deputies were shot, and only one escaped to tell the tale. He returned with assistance and laid siege to

the cabin. The old man was killed, the Powers boys wounded; and they are now in the penetentiary. Some Los Angeles concern is said to be anxious to buy their claim which is quite valuable, there being strong indications of a considerable gold streak. We passed some broken mining machinery which the Powers boys had installed, and which had now rusted and lain idle for ten years, while the heirs fought over the claim. We stopped only a few moments at the Dutchman's, and then went on over the steep trail to the top of the divide. One of the trapper's boys was with us, and there we met the one who had gone with Miller. He told us Miller had said to follow on down the narrow canyon and led the way. He pushed ahead, Jimmy following somewhat behind with the mule, who had proved stubborn. There was very little trail, and we rode in the bottom of the wash, hemmed in by steep canyon walls. It was a wild and solitary place. At times, where the periodical stream had leaped over a fall, we had rough going with our horses. Otherwise, it was soft sand. Presently the trapper's boy pointed out tracks which he said had been recently made by a large lion. They were clearly enough defined so that we could see them ourselves. Suddenly, we heard the distant baying of dogs, off to our left. With the trapper's boy on his mule in the lead, we broke out of the canyon and went up a steep slope as hard as we could make our horses go. Coming out on a low ridge, we sighted Jimmy and the mule, who had cut across farther up the canyon; and he beckoned us to come on. What a scramble it was! The mountain side was fearfully steep, and our horses were blown. We got off and walked a bit, hoping to rest them; but in this altitude we were soon breathless ourselves. Finally, we saw Miller sitting on his horse far ahead. Below him the dogs were working in a canyon. With another great spurt, we caught up to Miller. This was the mountain on which Miller had killed the lion the first day; and he had struck the track near that point. The dogs had been working for perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour. It was a beautiful sight to see them try to work out the cold trail on the dry, gravelly desert slope of the north side of the ridge. There was no water near at hand, and the dogs seemed to be much handicapped by snuffing up the finer loose sand as they tried to smell out the track of the lion. We saw one of the younger dogs gently paw the top dust away and thrust his nose down into the cooler sand, where perhaps a little odor still lingered. The idea apparently worked, for he began to bay and soon all four of them were working on the trail again. We would watch for a while and then ride a little nearer, being careful not to get ahead of the dogs. Running back and forth, baying whenever they got the right smell, the working of these hounds was a wonderful sight. Their peculiar, specialized intelligence was now being called upon to its fullest extent; and they were working and working out the trail. Miller surveyed the situation for a while and then announced that from his experience the lion would probably make for the steep ridge a little to our left. "You stay here," said he, "and I will go ahead and cut signs" To "cut sign" is local parlance for picking up tracks by eyesight, as these experienced men can do. Miller proved that he knew his business, and his hunch was quite correct. He found the lion track several hundred yards beyond the dogs; and in a place where the ground had been more sheltered, so that they could follow it better. Calling over one of the old dogs, Miller let him sniff at the track. Old Sandy immediately raised his muzzle in a long bellow, which indicated clearly that it was a lion's track and the particular lion they had been following. Blue, the other older dog, so called because he comes from the Blue country and is spotted with dark splotches on white, took up the cry; and Boob and the puppy Rosy soon followed. Now the dogs moved faster. On up the steep side of the mountain to the very notch which Miller had predicted they led; but apparently, instead of going up to the mountain top, where Miller had hoped we might jump the lion, the lion had kept on down into the next canyon; and, as we rested our horses on the ledge, we realized that he had gone down into the narrow canyon we had been in a couple of hours before; and that it was the track of the very lion we were now after which we had seen. With our horses slipping and sliding, and sometimes sitting down

on their tails, we kept on straight down the mountain side into the narrow canyon, and then straight up the other side. Ahead of us loomed a higher summit, crowned with rough rimrock, and all its steep side bristling with boulders on end. The dogs kept right on. Miller and one of the trapper's boys were now ahead, closer to the dogs, we having waited to be sure which way the lion would go; but we were not far behind. There was no stopping for anything. Up we spurred, the horses puffing, blowing, scrambling, reaching for a foothold, and miraculously staying on their feet. My horse seemed to be the best, and so I took the lead of our party, trying to pick a way around a particularly bad rimrock. Here I found a place where Miller had dismounted and moved a number of stones to make a possible footing for the horses around the edge. I simply grabbed my horse's mane and let him do most of the way finding, for it was all I could do to stay on, while the brush tore at my legs and slapped at my face. I used one hand to hold my hat brim down over my eyes at times; and although my hands were encased in gloves, my wrists were cut and scratched. Fortunately, I did not see Bromie, who was behind in the brush, when her horse, tired and blown, missed his footing on an upward bound over a rock about three feet high. They told me later that the horse fell directly over backwards and that Bromie's leather jacket caught on the pommel. Fortunately, the jacket tore, and she fell clear. In the excitement she was game enough to mount again, for we thought that surely the lion would tree on the ridge just ahead. Suddenly, we burst through the brush and came upon Miller, minus his chaps and spurs and preparing to climb on foot over sixteen feet of sheer rock which the dogs had just surmounted by way of various cracks and crannies. The lion had gone on over the top. Miller and one of the trapper's boys climbed up and looked over. They could hear the baying of the dogs growing more faint in the distance, and Miller hastily climbed down again, mounted, and said that he would have to get his horse up there, if only to turn the dogs back. He rode along on a narrow ledge and somehow made his way up by a sort of side canyon. We had now hunted the lion for eight miles or more. We had come twenty miles from camp, and the lion was still going in the opposite direction. We had taken his trail too late, and could not possibly come up with him before night or tomorrow morning. There was neither food nor water, and so few trees in that country that the dogs might come up on that lion just as they did on the other one, and we would get no pictures. We talked it over hastily and the only thing practical seemed to be to call off the dogs and head back the fifteen miles to camp. Jimmy followed Miller, with the idea of helping him head off the dogs, or at least to be there in case any accident happened; and we turned to face climbing down the mountain we had so arduously gotten up. Without the excitement of the hunt, we wondered whether we could ever make it; and it seemed best to clamber down on foot, leading our horses. This was no easy job, as the horses had to jump down the rocks, and one had to step aside to keep from having the horse jump on top of him. It was killing work, but we made it. Alas, the canyon in the bottom was dry - no water within miles. So we simply called a short rest and decided we would have to get used to going without water. We had just remounted to start leisurely homeward when Miller came clattering up behind us. His horse was nearly dead, but he had called back the dogs by shooting off his rifle several times. He said he had not seen Jimmy, who had started up the last terrific place a few moments behind him. There was no use trying to find Jimmy in that country, and we would simply have to get back to camp and water, anyhow, so we pushed on, slowly but steadily. The ride back to camp was long and tiresome, but we were now in better condition, and it did not seem any worse than that first fifteen-mile ride over the mountains, driving the mules. It was nearly dark when we got in, but after bathing our faces, hands, and feet in the creek above camp, we felt better and were ready to do justice to the supper of real Mexican frijoles and biscuits which Carl had prepared. It was lucky he stayed in camp. * As usual, we turned into our beds about eight-thirty. Our day, in this country is from daylight to dark, for outside of a flashlight - which must be conserved - we have no lights to use at night.

* Just as we were emptying our plates, Jimmy appeared - safe and sound.

Monday - April 15 - Rattlesnake Camp

Lion dogs are certainly all right in their place, but they are surely a pest around camp. Old Boob, which is Miller's pet, pried open the lid of the bean pot, namely, the Dutch oven, sometime during the night and ate all the beans, thus making a perilous hole in our supplies. Boob is a sick dog today and can not go. I rose at daylight and breakfasted with the men. Thus, I actually got off with Miller. After our terrific ride of yesterday, there were only two horses able to carry a load today, so that only two people could go, anyway. One of the trapper's boys went with us, riding a mule again. The others slept late and rested about camp. We rode out past the old machinery of the Powers mine and a little farther on turned east up a side canyon, following the remains of an old trail for a way. Then the trail gave out and the brush was even worse than any we had ever encountered before. I stopped for a moment to tighten my cinch, but Miller never waits. By the time I had mounted he was out of sight, and I had several uncomfortable minutes of fighting my way through a seemingly impenetrable wall of brush which yielded no signs of where Miller had beaten through it. It was an awful feeling of being alone in the wilderness - and such a wilderness. Presently, however, the brush opened near the dry creek bed and I saw Miller on the slope opposite and caught up to him. Several times we saw the scratched up places made by lions, and old lion tracks. The tracks were going down the canyon, and were quite possibly those of the small lion which Miller had shot on Friday. The dogs ranged well ahead. Had they struck a fresh lion trail and started to go swiftly, we could never have caught up with them. Finally we came out into a pretty pine park, the yellow pines growing to considerable size. Here was very little underbrush, and we could get along quite nicely. Then suddenly the canyon narrowed again and became impassable. We tried to find a way out, but were obliged to give up; and Miller again had to resort to shooting off his gun to call back the dogs. We had intended to follow up the head of the canyon and come out on the skyline trail far above; but it was no use. On the way back the mule which the boy was riding got cranky and apparently endeavored to rub his rider off in the brush. He did lose his hat, and the branches cut his face. As he could not turn the mule, I had to dismount and retrieve the hat on several occasions. On down we rode steadily and got back to camp in time for lunch. The others were out bathing up the stream, the girls and Bill, respectively, having each found a hole deep enough for a bath. The bushes were beautifully decorated with underwear hung out to dry after a wash. We spent the rest of this day and the evening sitting around the fire and talking. Jimmy had actually condescended to shoe three or four horses. It had taken him all day. Bill took some more pictures of the dogs. Miller says he has another dog at home, the oldest one of the lot, called Red; but Red had gotten mixed up with a bear and probably would never recover.

Tuesday, April 16 - Leaving the Galiuros

Miller and I left at 7:45, pushing on up the trail by which we had entered this God-forsaken country. We took a side trail for a little distance, namely, the skyline trail which we had hoped to reach the other day. It is partially completed - a project whihhtthe Forest Service undertook, but has either abandoned or given up for the time being. Frequently we saw lion signs - places where they had scratched up the pine needles under the trees; but they were all old signs. A few months ago Simms had some cattle in this country, but he sold them all out on the rising market to pay his debts, or at least pay part of them; and apparently the lions have all left. Unquestionably, there are some lions down in the country beyond the Dutchman's, but it is too hard on our stock and particularly on the dogs, as well as ourselves, to ride ten or twelve miles before beginning to trail a lion, who will probably run ten or twelve miles more, at least. Miller had caught cold and felt discouraged, so we

kept on back to Simms' ranch. Once we stopped and watched several white-tailed deer across a little canyon, and Miller - being mostly boy at heart - could not resist shooting his rifle a little below them to see them jump. Having now hardened, the trip seemed comparatively easy, and we arrived at the ranch at eleven thirty. We again received an unsubstantial welcome from Mrs. Simms, who offered us no food, so I finally cooked up a little lunch with coffee from the remains and canned goods left in our car. We waited and waited, but the others did not arrive. They had left at nine, Bill carrying a camera on his saddle; but when he tried to get the first movies of the mules along the trail, the cantankerous one led a stampede. The packs were very badly done, quite as badly as ~~they had been done~~ on the way over. One of the mules threw his pack entirely, scattering implements all over the landscape. Jimmy would not look for the things, and some of the outfit was lost. They thought it all belonged to Simms, and it was Jimmy's funeral; but it turned out afterwards that Miller's bag with all his records was among the things permanently lost. Carl's saddle broke once and for all, and he tossed it over a cliff, walking in thirteen of the fifteen miles. It was awfully slow and tedious, although the day was lovely. Each mile was a terror. They had trouble all the way, although Bill did get some humorous pictures of the mules bucking and losing their packs. They did not reach the ranch until 4 P.M. Of all the hay-wire outfits, this one of Simms' is the worst. We were glad to find that Simms was not home, and we settled with his wife and his wife's mother.

Between the time Cleve and I arrived and the time the others arrived, I studied out the packing of the car and arranged things differently, finding a couple of boxes in which to pack our extra film and so forth. Thus, although it made a terrifically heavy load on the springs, we were able to find room for Carl in the car; and, proceeding very carefully over the rough parts of the road, we started out for Safford. Down in the sandy wash of the valley we saw the tracks where Simms' car had run off the road a week ago. It was a lovely warm day, and as we crossed the top of the divide before dropping down to the main highway to Safford, we ran over a large rattlesnake. It did not seem to do him any harm, so we got out to look at him, and Carl insisted upon killing him. The snake got under a bush, and Bill hoisted him out with a stick. The snake struck, but missed Bill by about a foot, having no means of striking very far. No rattlesnake, even when coiled, can strike farther than his own length, and can not injure a man wearing high boots. The people who get bitten are generally those who are bending over, generally at a spring to drink, or who are otherwise using their hands. We have the new Anti-Venin rattlesnake serum with us, but probably we shall not have to use it. We cut the rattles off the snake for Brownie. There were nine

At Safford we found the Hotel Olive filled up, so our ideas of getting a bath were perforce abandoned. We took refuge instead in an auto camp, taking two cabins, one for Bill and me and one for the girls, so at least we could clean up with a bucket of water. We were too late to get out mail. We had supper in the Safford Grill and afterwards talked to Carl about plans for another lion hunting trip, which we had outlined with Cleve Miller. We want Carl to go with us, but he has to report for a physical examination in Phoenix, in connection with his army pension. He was gassed during the War.

Wednesday, April 17 - Safford, Clifton, and New Mexico

We spent the morning visiting the post office and telegraph office and reading our mail. My father is still in the hospital, and Brownie's father has a badly infected hand from an X-ray burn. Marg's father is also not at all well. We learned, however, that our own children were in fine shape at La Quinta. I called at the Forest

Service office and learned from the supervisor of the Crook Forest that the Galiuro country is to be set aside as a wilderness area. This is the first Forest Service property to be set aside in this way, according to the new regulation, for no one takes any exception to the fact that the Galiuros are the most God-forsaken wilderness to be found anywhere. I also learned that we would have difficulty reaching the Blue River, to which Cleve Miller had directed us. It would be necessary to go around a considerable distance through New Mexico, because the snow was still so heavy on the so-called Coronado Trail which goes north from Clifton over the tops of the mountains to Springerville. I did succeed in getting a topographic map of that most northerly section of the Crook Forest on the east slope of the White Mountains, where we are to join up with Cleve Miller. Cleve has gone to Bisbee to get his wife and child, and promises to meet us at the old MJ Bar trap[illegible] on the Stray Horse Creek early next week. It is a romantic sounding place.

It was noon before we got away from Safford. Then our road led over a steep and spectacular grade to Clifton. The fan belt on the engine is loose, and I haven't got the proper grease for the water pump, so our car heats up easily and we had to stop two or three times to cool off the engine and put [illegible] more water in the radiator.

The road dropped down a steep mountain wall into the town of Clifton, zig-zagging back and forth with sharp hairpin turns. Then at Clifton we found that we should have turned off before coming down the hill, in order to strike the Mule Creek Road. The man at a gas station showed us a short cut crossing under the road by which we had come in and up a different canyon. This was all marvelously wild mountain-desert country, never level for more than ten feet, so it seemed. We started out of Clifton to the southeast, but soon turned east and up over another steep and still more spectacular grade, passing through a hollowed out rock, which we later found is referred to as the Camel's Eye. We stopped at intervals to take pictures. Soon after passing through the Camel's Eye, the road began to traverse a high, forested country, part of the Apache National Forest. It was a beautiful country with pleasant camp sites all along, but we could not stop yet. We had climbed to about eight thousand feet and then began to go down again, striking a rolling plateau country with queer-shaped buttes and mountains along the horizon. It is different from the Arizona country, but the difference is rather hard to describe in words. We stopped for gas at a little shanty labeled "Mule Creek Post Office", and about ten or fifteen miles farther on struck a splendid new Federal Aid highway running north. This was what we were looking for. The highway followed a pleasant valley, with the foothills of the White Mountains to the west and a black range to the east. We were now on the lower level, and spring had come in the canyon. There was water here; vivid green irrigated fields, cottonwoods and fruit trees. The green was so very green that it almost hurt our eyes. Of course, all of us wear dark glasses continually when driving, as it is [illegible] necessary in this country because of the glare. An abandoned older road wound and twisted, now on one side of us and now on the other. Our road was straight and new, crossing the deeply washed canyon by steel bridges instead of dipping down into them and winding [illegible] through the sand. We made good time, and it was wonderful to be alive and just to enjoy the spectacular beauty of it all.

Somewhere near where the town of Alma should have been on the map (we missed it somehow) we looked at the sinking sun and decided to camp. A short stretch of the old road wandered nearby, so we bumped across the new roadside ditch and under some live oak trees found a beautiful, soft, sandy spot [illegible]. We had purchased fresh supplies in Safford, and had real steak for supper, which is quite a treat.

Thursday, April 18 - New Mexico to the Blue

We were up at seven - at least, I was, for as soon as I wake up I always want breakfast. We had real fresh eggs and bacon. It takes about two hours to get up, cook breakfast, wash the dishes, and repack the car. We got off this morning about nine-thirty. For a way we found the road under construction, and then came on a good road again, which now began to wind upward, entering a canyon much like some of those in eastern Washington, but rougher. The road itself was fine. We were now in open pine park country, different again from anything we had previously traversed. Needing gas, we stopped at a small cabin where there was a gasoline pump, and were told that we could get water from a barrel hitched behind a Ford truck. There was no water at this altitude, and they had to drive several miles down the road to a spring, fill the barrel, and bring it back. Presently we came to a fork in the road, the right-hand road going to Reserve and then striking eastward for Socorro, New Mexico. We took the left, soon encountering a sign which announced that the road was very narrow, with few turnouts, and that a school bus traversed this road regularly between nine and ten o'clock in the morning and again in the afternoon. We headed slowly up the long, steep grade, pulling about ten miles per hour in second gear for mile after mile. We could have forced the car faster, but with our heavy load the engine would show signs of getting too hot. We must get that fan belt fixed. Up and up we twisted and turned, finally coming out at a sign which said that we were at the summit of San Francisco Pass, 8,010 feet above sea-level. Here Douglas fir and Concolor fir were mixed with the pine in a lovely wild forest stand. This was still part of the Apache National Forest. Then our road turned down again. Marg was in the front seat with me, and both of us simultaneously sighted a pair of wild turkeys close beside the road. We stopped and tried to photograph them, but they moved off too rapidly. We passed a ranger station, and then came to a small sign which said "Blue P. O., 20 Miles". Although we had not yet come to Luna, where we supposed we should turn off, this was undoubtedly our road, and we followed it. It was extremely narrow and rough, no more than a track through the woods, deeply rutted from the winter's snow which had now melted, and full of tricky bumps. Suddenly we came out at the head of a steep canyon and looked down into a valley, almost beneath us. The road started down so steeply that I had to drive in first gear, and with such sharp turns that our car could barely negotiate them. There were no turnouts, but, fortunately, we met no one. That was the steepest and crookedest road I have ever driven over. At the bottom of the hill we came into a narrow, steep sided canyon which the road traversed by means of the wash in the bottom, still twisting in serpentine fashion. Presently we began to pass through little streams and then larger ones, and we came out on the headwaters of the Blue River. Our track sometimes followed the river bed right through the clear running water. We could tell where to go by getting a sight of the track emerging on the other side somewhere. The fords all had steep sides, and we had to proceed very slowly with our heavily loaded car, using first and second gear and almost never getting into high. After about an hour we came to a gate and a sign informed us that we were crossing the line back into Arizona. This same Forest Service sign also announced that we had come just halfway and had ten miles more to go. Once the road followed the stream bed in a sort of box canyon, which was particularly bad; but it gave Bill an opportunity for some spectacular pictures which he took from time to time, occasionally getting his feet wet where we could not back up through the ford to get him. After another hour, we came out past a few scattered, shabby ranch houses and sighted the American flag on the other side of the river. We drove across and there met Forest Ranger Sweet and his wife. We had no more bread and hoped they would be able to tell us where to get some, but they said there was no bread in this country, that the people who could afford flour lived on biscuits. They had nothing extra at present. Accordingly, we kept on down several miles more; and, after an interminable

number of river crossings, turned left up a terrifically steep grade to stop in front of a low log building, bearing a shabby sign, "Blue P.O.". This was occupied by the Jones brothers, their mother, and a visiting woman somewhat younger. Mrs. Jones took us into an adjoining log cabin which was the store. There was practically nothing for sale except flour, sugar, salt, pepper, and dried Mexican beans. The other woman said that she would make us some biscuits if we wanted them, for we had no bread left. Mother Jones said that her boys often packed out hunting parties in the fall, after deer; and that her oldest son was a lion hunter for the Biological Survey. Skins of two very large lions were hanging on the wall.

We had had lunch by the roadside several miles back, there encountering a peculiar old fellow who said he had come out from Alabama for his health and was going to irrigate and farm a large section of the valley. He recognized us as strangers, of course, and told us he had the oldest Indian pottery in the world and that in a cave on the mountain side he had found the skeleton of a man, which he knew to be one of the earliest race of human beings ever known. His clothes were intact, they were partly woven out of bulrushes and partly out of wool, in texture as fine as my riding breeches, so our friend told us. We smiled to ourselves at his story and came on.

Just above the Jones' place and on the opposite side of the river a side canyon comes into the Blue. Here a few pines and oaks grew, with scattered black walnut trees. This was an ideal camp site, protected from the wind and with a great store of fine, dry firewood lying all about. There were also thousands of pine cones in a deep pine needle duff which made splendid tinder for starting a camp fire. Here we unpacked our bed rolls and made camp. After a good supper from our canned goods supply, we built a fine big camp fire and sat around it. The black walnut limbs made splendid fuel. Just as we were thinking about turning in, we heard a shout and a thrashing of horse's hooves, and the elder Jones boy, whom we had not seen, came riding across the river in the glorious moonlight. He tied his horse and sat by our camp fire for some time, talking about the big lions he had shot a few months ago. It had come almost up to his cabin, and when his collie had treed it in a low tree and he had come out to shoot it, it had sprung at him, the first and only lion he had ever heard of to attack a man. While it was in the air, he had shot it seven times with a German luger pistol. This lion was nine feet long, and he had the skin to prove it. He also told us about the hunters who come into that country in the fall, mostly "back country people from Texas way", not easterners. He told about their difficulties in shooting a deer, and how so many of them got buck fever. He was highly amusing when relating that it was his practice, when possible, and to his mind necessary, to shoot at the same instant that the tenderfoot did, thereby insuring that the tenderfoot would get his deer. Albert Jones, however, was not encouraging regarding lion hunting. He admitted that his dogs weren't really very good, and that he had been trailing a lion now for several days, two lions, in fact. His dogs kept losing the trail and all he did was hunt without getting anything. He said he would be glad to take us out, but that we would really probably do better to carry out our plan of meeting Cleve Miller, whose dogs were better than his, at the agreed spot on Stray Horse Creek. Jones, however, could not give us any help in getting to the Cosper Ranch, although he thought that if we could deliver Cleve Miller's letter to DeWitt Cosper, the head of the clan, he would find some way to pack us in. He told us, as had the other people, that there was a bad box canyon a few miles below and that it would be impossible for us to negotiate it in our car. We retired at the unheard of late hour of ten-twenty. It was a beautiful night and a lovely place for a camp; but Brownie was somewhat worried about the children. She realized that we had come so far that it would be very difficult for her to get out in time to meet Miss Duncan and the children when they

left Indio on route for San Gabriel Ranch in New Mexico.

Friday, May 19 - Camp at Blue Post Office

We didn't get up until about eight o'clock, which is late for us, but Mrs. Jones appeared on the opposite side of the river with fresh eggs from her hens and some delicious corn bread, so we had a luxurious breakfast. We then trooped over to the post office, and Brownie sent a telegram to Miss Duncan at Indio to find out whether she would be willing to take the children to the ranch without us. The atmosphere about the Jones place, as it is everywhere in this valley, is comparatively one of extreme poverty. The Joneses were prosperous in that they had flour and other things, but the failure of the cattle business after the War boom had bankrupted nearly everyone; and the people of the valley were all alike in being completely broke. Then we drove on down the canyon, crossing and re-crossing the river ~~again~~, and stopping at each tiny ranch to find out how we could get word to DeWitt Cosper down below the box, and whether we could get through. We met an old man by the name of Thompson in a field, who was very talkative and claimed he had a lot of good apples but was no help. In the next house was only a woman. Finally we came upon a man with high cheek bones and bronzed face, like an Indian. He was plowing in a field. His name was Hodges, and he gave us our first real encouragement, agreeing to leave his plow and ride down through the box with Cleve Miller's letter to DeWitt Cosper. He said that if Cosper couldn't arrange to take us out he (Hodges), together with some of the other people in the valley, undoubtedly could. We then drove on down to a place in the road, which Hodges said was the last place we could turn around. We knocked a piece off the running board with a rock in one the fords across the river, but did no serious damage. Then on foot we investigated the road through the box canyon. There were some terrific turns and steep drop-offs to the river bed, deep water running fast with sand and hidden rocks; and I felt sure we couldn't make it with our heavily laden car, although we might get through if we unloaded everything. Then Hodges came by on his horse and we waited for his return, finally returning to our car for lunch. After an hour or so a Ford runabout came up the road, having crossed through the bad box canyon. This car contained on its single seat a man by the name of Smith and one of the younger Cospers (not the one we were looking for), a woman, and two babies. We noticed that the men got out and helped push the car up the hill ~~from the ford~~. Of course, as everyone does in this country, they stopped to talk to us. Smith and Cosper said that they were sure that an outfit could be gotten together to pack us in to Stray Horse; and that if DeWitt could not manage it, they would; or they would act with DeWitt Cosper. Evidently, DeWitt Cosper was the head of the clan. We waited some more, then walked down to the box, this time finding a piece of paper held down under a rock, which Marg had noticed before. This piece of paper proved to be a note which read, "The dance is all blowed up. Jim came down this morning, but found nobody here. Tell all below." This was certainly local color with a vengeance. We found out afterwards that there was to have been a dance tomorrow night at the last cabin above the box; and that the people below were expecting to come to it. The man at whose house the dance was to be given had gone out north, taking some grain or other produce of his ranch to Holbrook, eighty miles up on the Santa Fe Railroad, and expecting to buy supplies in exchange. After a while Hodges came back and said that DeWitt Cosper would follow him soon. Bill took some moving pictures ~~in the box~~ of Hodges; and after a while a Chevrolet car appeared. It came crashing and banging around the corner with water flying in every direction; and because of its short wheel base and experienced driver, it came through all right. At the wheel was a long, lean man - the DeWitt Cosper we had been so long looking for. With him ~~were~~ his dolled up and unhappy looking wife and three small children, rather well dressed. The Chevrolet looked comparatively new and exceedingly prosperous for

that country. DeWitt Cooper looked like the real thing, as did Hodges; and indeed Hodges, in true Arizona style, had offered us food at his house before he rode off. DeWitt Cooper said he could arrange to pack us in to the MK Bar trap on Stray Horse all right. Yes, he had the equipment; or he and Hodges together could get it. They had some stock, so he said. Some of the horses were out on the range, and it would take him a couple of days to get them; and he could supply some extra horses, which we would need because of the rough riding of lion hunting, as we well knew. He and I discussed the number of horses and mules to be needed. It would be impossible to arrange to start before Monday. Then he drove on with his family for the post office, and we followed, somewhat behind. How he did crash and splash through the fords, being used to that road! On the way back we stopped again at old man Thompson's and bought some apples, some wrinkled looking winesaps, but still with good taste and quite suitable for apple sauce. We also filled our canteens with fine sweet water from his well. He showed us around his place. He kept his apples in cornstalks in the barn.

I made a little better time getting back to the post office, being more used to this strange amphibious road. The touch between Blue Post Office and the outside world consists of mail service twice a week. The mail goes out on Monday by wagon team over the road to Alpine, which is too steep and rough to be negotiated by any automobile. From there it goes by motor stage to Springerville, and from there again by bus to Holbrook on the Santa Fe, I think. ~~[illegible]~~ Yesterday afternoon we had persuaded Mrs. Jones to order some supplies for us, which we had not been able to get at her store. She had phoned the order over the Forest Service telephone to Alpine, and the mail wagon driver had brought down such of the supplies as could be had. There was no bread, but we did get some oranges and a few other things. The driver was now at the post office, a rather nice appearing young fellow who looked like a college student from one of the western universities. He might have had to give up his studies and take this job on account of his health. Telephoning or sending a telegram is again a difficult ritual. This telephone is the last phone at the end of a long single-wire Forest Service circuit, which covers a large territory. There are so many parties and so many rings, and the central operator is so independent, that it takes about a half an hour of strenuous cranking and shouting to get her in the first place. Then, to send a telegram, she must connect ~~[illegible]~~ with Springerville; but I finally got through with this routine for the second time today, and sent out a wire to Cleve Miller. We also sent a wire to Miss Duncan, explaining the situation and saying that we would get to the ranch near Santa Fe after she did. I wired to the people at the ranch, asking them to be sure to meet Miss Duncan and the children at Lamy, New Mexico, on Sunday night. Then we returned to our camp. It was again a lovely night with full moon. Just before turning in at our usual eight-thirty hour, we walked along the river wash in the moonlight. It was beautiful beyond all imagination.

Saturday, April 20 - Blue Post Office to Hannagan Meadow

We were up at seven-thirty, packed, left our extra film and all surplus baggage at the Joneses, and then started out of the Blue. This time, being used to the run, I made it ~~[illegible]~~ out to the rim and the main road in an hour and three quarters. Our car pulled up the tremendous hills and around the sharp curves easily, but only in low gear. From the junction of the main road, it was three miles to Luna, a tiny hamlet where we got gas and oil; and while the others bought canned goods and supplies I greased the car a bit. Then on we drove through the mountains, winding among the pines by a fairly good road up hill and down hill to the little town of Alpine. There the store seemed to be closed; and we learned that even though we were on the main road,

mail goes out only twice a week. We had met the mail wagon from Blue on the road going out. At Alpine we turned south up the Coronado Trail, which leads over the high ridge of the White Mountains to Clifton. This is the road which would have shortened our trip from Safford considerably, had it been open for its full length; but it goes to such high altitude, well over 9,000 feet, that it has not been open since fall. Here was a fine pine forest, growing ever denser and denser. On the trees were Forest Service identification signs, giving the name of that variety of tree, together with a fire warning. These signs were scattered along the roadside at intervals and helped us to identify the peculiar alligator juniper, which we had wondered about. The weather was bitter cold. We lunched by the roadside and then kept on up. We were soon passing snow on either side not far from the road. We had reached an altitude of about 7,500 feet, and were rounding a steep bend where a drift fence(for holding cattle which might be grazing in the forest)crossed the road at a cattle guard. Right in front of us two wild turkeys walked by the roadside. Brownie stopped the car as soon as she could, but the breaks squeaked and scared the turkeys. Bill got out and tried to follow them cautiously, but they walked swiftly away from him. Later at another bend we encountered three more turkeys, and of these Bill got some good pictures by keeping in readiness his camera with a 6-inch lens and shooting from the car. One of these turkeys flew. Further on we came upon eight wild turkeys in a bunch and got a few more feet of moving film. These wild turkeys are a light brown on the back instead of black, and they have a white band on their tail feathers. They are quite different in appearance from domestic turkeys. After a while we came to a clearing on our right, near a little ranch shanty. In this clearing were about fifteen wild turkeys. We drove off on a side track and got quite close to them, but did not get very many pictures because the fence and the cabin would show, and Bill kept holding back for fear the finished pictures would look like a bunch of domestic turkeys. Returning to the main road, we kept on up, climbing steeply. Here the forest growth was made up of white fir or concolor and lovely blue and green Colorado spruce. On the north side of the canyon where the sun got in its drying work were still to be seen the yellow pines, so that the road served as a boundary between two quite different zones. At Hannagan Meadow we began to strike heavy mud. Here was a ranger station not now used. The altitude was 9,200 feet. There was snow all about and deep snow ahead. Here an old trapper stopped us. He said his name was"Suds"Williams and advised us not to go farther, at least until about eight-thirty in the evening, when the ruts would have frozen sufficiently to permit our getting through. He said that yesterday two or three cars had gotten through to Clifton in this way, but there were seven miles of very very hard going. We found it too cold at Hannagan Meadow for any comfort, and there were no turkeys about, so we turned around and drove back, camping in the woods near the ranch where we had seen so many wild turkeys. After supper the owner of this ranch appeared; and, as is proper in this country, I went over to speak to him immediately. His name was Josh, and he was living a rather lonely bachelor existence. He invited us all to his little cabin and gave us sweet milk from his cows, quite a luxury in this country. He said he hoped to start a silver fox farm. The ground was freezing when we made our way back from Josh's cabin to our camp, following the track across the blotches of moonlight that filtered through the trees. Accordingly, I drained the water from the radiator of our car, to avoid serious damage. We knew it would get still colder, so Brownie and I made our beds together as one double bed, and then put on all the clothes we had to boot. Even at that we were none too warm just before daylight.

Sunday, April 21 - Josh's Ranch Back to the Blue.

When I arose about seven to get breakfast, I found the water in our canteens frozen and was glad that I had drained the radiator. The elevation here was 8,000 feet, but the wind had blown cold from the top of the mountains. We

had no bread, so we made hot cakes for breakfast, and they were certainly good. No turkeys appeared, so we packed up leisurely and drove down the same road. There seemed to be no turkeys out in the morning. Apparently, they come out in the afternoon along the streams to get water. We did see one bunch of ten mule deer along the roadside. Nothing was open at Alpine, so we drove back to Luna; and at another little store, which we had overlooked before, we got gas and supplies. They had received a shipment of bread, and so we were able to bring back with us a good supply of baker's bread to start us on the pack trip. Brownie and I both bought some heavy leather gauntlet gloves to avoid having our wrists cut up by the brush as they had been before. We watched prairie dogs by the roadside, but did not succeed in getting any pictures, as we did not have time. Where the road turned off to the Blue we stopped and had a lunch of canned salmon, real bread, and fresh milk which Mr. Josh had given us. Then down we went via the big hill and the narrow road, making good time - one hour and three quarters for the twenty-to twenty-five miles to our former camp site. The speedometer cable on our car has passed out again, so we do not know how far we go or how fast. It broke sometime today. At the post office we met one of the younger Jones brothers. Albert was not there. He told us some wild lion stories. He said he went out one day with just a pistol and shot it at a wild turkey. Apparently a lion had been stalking the wild turkey, but the noise of the pistol made him jump and turn so quickly that he snapped eight inches off the end of his tail, and this particular eight inches young Jones offered in evidence. We are no longer greenhorns at this lion hunting business, and can do some pretty good lying ourselves. This time we left still more of our equipment, including the Akeley camera, tripod, and lens cases, and got everything in readiness for the trip. Then we went over to the same old spot and camped, using the two hours of remaining daylight as wash day. Just as we were about to turn in for the night, young Jones appeared and said that DeWitt Cosper had sent word that unless we had heard from Cleve Miller not to come until Tuesday. We debated for sometime what this curious message could mean. Had DeWitt heard from Cleve, or was he simply not ready to go? The telephone operator was off, so we could prove nothing.

Monday, April 22 - Blue River to MJ Bar Trap

We were up before seven, and after a good breakfast of boiled eggs and coffee with biscuits made by the Jones woman, we packed everything up and went across the river to the Post Office. There we got the operator to relay a message to Cleve Miller at his own ranch, and got back word that he would be at the MJ Bar trap either tonight or tomorrow morning. He said he had been sick. Then we waited, and I tried to ring the operator to find out whether there was any message for us. I couldn't get the operator, but finally I heard the complicated Jones ring, and - sure enough - there were two telegrams from Miss Duncan, saying that she and the children had arrived okeh at San Gabriel Ranch. This took a great load from Brownie's mind, as she had been considerably worried.

Then we packed up cheerfully and drove down to Hodges' place. He had had no word from Cosper, but had his portion of the stock ready; and while we were discussing what to do a wrangler appeared with horses and mules from Cosper's place. Hodges and this young fellow, Doyle Manes[illegible] was his name, we found out later, packed the mules, exercising considerable care and apparently doing a good job. The mules were, on the whole, well behaved, except that the white camera mule would wander off and threaten to roll. No one ever thought of tying up a mule after he had been packed, as the custom of the country is to simply pack a mule and then turn him loose. There weren't quite enough pack ropes and some of them had to be tied together. When it came to our saddles, however, these were the worst we had seen yet. They had been mended with strips of leather and pieces of hay wire, and the stirrups simply were non-adjustable.

Nearly everyone's stirrups were too short, and the leathers had been rotted off so that it was impossible to lengthen them. Finally, however, we traded around the stirrups and worked at the things until we each had a usable saddle, reasonably adjusted to our ~~stirrup~~ length. Then Hodges invited us into his shack for strong coffee and biscuits. At this point Mrs. Cosper appeared in her husband's car. She hadn't been home for a couple of days, had not succeeded in getting any horseshoe nails - which we understood she had gone for - knew nothing about DeWitt or his plans, and had only one idea, which was to flirt with Hodges. We mistrusted her considerably. About one o'clock we mounted and made good progress along the road down through the box canyon to DeWitt Cosper's ranch, about four miles. There we again found Mrs. DeWitt Cosper, rouged and painted and wearing very little in the clothing line. She was not particularly cordial and played the part of a poor abused butterfly who had been tricked into living in these rough surroundings and was taking it out on her husband accordingly. As a matter of fact, she had been born in the valley. DeWitt Cosper did not put in an appearance. It looked as if there had been a family battle and that he was deliberately keeping away from home. Mrs. Cosper indicated to Hodges that there was a pack saddle and a couple of other horses, which had been left for us. That seemed to be all the contribution that Cosper was making. We picked them up and started on. As usual, five small mules of the near-burro variety carried our entire outfit. There were our own saddle animals and about four extra horses, all loose and trailing ahead of us any way they pleased. We now turned west away from the Blue River and up a ~~very~~ steep grade, but the going was pretty good. From then on our route was up and down hill and across canyons. One mule ~~would~~ insisted on wandering under branches - in fact, they all took turns at doing it. On this trip we were packing grain to feed the horses, as there is very little horse feed in these mountains. We were glad of this, as it meant that the horses would be easier to find. The most cantankerous mule finally got his pack caught in a juniper and tore a hole in one of the grain sacks; but Hodges soon caught it and with a bit of string, which Marg happened to have, sewed up the sack. This was our only accident. The ride was not nearly so long or tiresome as the fifteen mile ride from Simms' over to Rattlesnake Canyon, but it is very tedious following slow mules, never stopping, but always moving slowly along without getting anywhere. We were weary when we finally came out at a cattle trap by the side of a stream which we had been following for some distance. This stream was the Stray Horse, and the cattle trap was the MJ Bar trap, where Cleve was to meet us. Needless to say, Cleve was not there. After some argument between Hodges and the wrangler as to the best camping place, Hodges won and we kept on for about a mile above the trap, camping right by the bank of the Stray Horse. Water was only a few feet away - good sweet water and plenty of it. That was certainly one thing to be thankful for. However, when the boys unpacked, it turned out that the only cooking utensils consisted of two Dutch ovens. There were three or four cups, three or four knives, forks and spoons, ~~xxxxxxx~~ three or four plates, and no other cooking utensils. This was the fine outfit which DeWitt Cosper had assured us we would have. Furthermore, DeWitt Cosper had simply left word with his wife that this young fellow Maness should go with us in his place. Doyle Maness, it seemed just happened to be out of a job and had stopped over at Cosper's for the night. Cosper had got him to help find the horses and then had wished on him the job of going along with us. We didn't feel very happy about it, although the boy seemed nice enough, because Miller had said that Cosper would be particularly helpful in lion hunting, as he knew the business. Hodges and the boy had to feed the horses, and there didn't seem to be anyone to get supper, so we finally decided that although we had paid for services we couldn't starve, and after spreading our beds we proceeded to get busy and heat some canned salmon, beans, and tomatoes in the Dutch ovens. Both Hodges and Maness seemed like very nice fellows, far superior to those we had had in the Galiuro country; and, on the whole, we were glad to trust them. We spread our beds a little way off from the camp fire beneath two large Douglas fir trees.

Although the altitude is only about 6,500 feet here, the Douglas fir comes down on the south side of the canyon and mixes with the pine. On the north side, where the sun strikes, is a great wall of slide rock, and above it pinon, juniper, and oak brush, a semi-desert growth. There is dry firewood everywhere. Very few birds are about, although yesterday along the Blue we saw some evening grosbeaks, the first I had ever seen. A gorgeous full moon. Cleve Miller did not appear.

Tuesday, April 23 - Our Lion Camp on Stray Horse

Last night we heard poor-wills and whip-poor-wills; they are both here. We all had a good rest. Then we spent the morning cleaning up, airing our beds, and shaking up the down. While we were having breakfast, which Hodges made for us, two cowboys came by. There was nothing to do but ask them to get down and have a cup of coffee, as is the custom of the country, although our only coffee pot was one which Maness had found down the trail. The two cowboys accepted, had a few cups of coffee each, and began to talk. They knew Cleve Miller, agreed that he had fine lion dogs, but did not seem to think so much of Cleve himself. These two cowboys had come in from the other side of the Coronado Trail road. They have part of this country under lease for cattle grazing, and they are in here to do their spring branding of calves. All this range was once under lease by DeWitt Cosper's father, who was apparently the wealthy cattle man of this country. The Cosper family like everybody else, however, went on the rocks after the War. The MJ Bar outfit belonged to the Cospers, as did at least one other outfit. Times have now changed, however, and these two men seemed to be small cattle owners in their own right. After these boys left, we decided that if we didn't want to starve we had better be giving some thought to substantial food, as we had no more canned goods; and so, under Marg's direction, we proceeded to get out the sack of beans and pick them over. There were lots of bad beans which had to be thrown away. Having picked over a good mess, everyone taking part, we put them to soak and proceeded to cut up the apples in the other Dutch oven to make applesauce. This caused some one to remark that lion hunting was entirely made up of lying and applesauce. It is also evident that wherever anybody is hunting lions there all the cowboys in the country who have nothing else to do, or who are willing to stop doing it anyhow, will flock. After quite a while, DeWitt Cosper appeared. He said very little, but took one of the mules and said he would go back and get something for a dishpan, a frying pan, a couple of kettles, some more cups, and a quarter of beef which was hanging back in his house. Noon came, and still no Cleve Miller. We wrote up some notes on such paper as was available, and then later all of us went down the creek to bathe and wash our clothes. We found a little pool that was fairly protected, and after Bill and I had bathed we stood guard above and below while the girls did the same. Even heavy woolen clothes dry quickly in this atmosphere.

Returning to camp, we found Cleve Miller and Albert Hall, his brother-in-law, who had come up with him from Bisbee. Cleve has really had the flu and been very sick, with a high fever. He is not well now. We spent the afternoon picking over more beans and soaking prunes. Doyle had gone back with Cosper. Hodges had to feed the horses. Neither Cosper nor Doyle appeared, so finally we cooked a supper of bacon and fried potatoes, cooked in the lower part of the Dutch oven, as we had no other utensils. Just as they were finished, Doyle returned with a pack mule, bringing the quarter of beef and the utensils; but no coffee pot; and we still had to use the one we picked up down on the trail. This is one which Cleve says he left there about a year ago. Cosper merely sent word by Doyle that he had been called away. We figured the matrimonial fight was still on. We all spent the evening around the fire, hunting lions and telling lies and watching the beans simmer.

Wednesday, April 24 - Lion Camp on Stray Horse

We brought along just enough food for four or five days, figured out for six people.

At breakfast time the two cowboys - Hugh Trainer and Joe Somebody-or-other - appeared again in time to eat. With them was a dark looking fellow, not very friendly in disposition, who proved to be Ben Black, Cleve's worst enemy - a rival hunter put in on this territory by Musgrave. Ben Black had three more dogs to help steal our supplies. He said he had just come into this territory. Cleve said that if he had known Ben Black was here he wouldn't have come, that Musgrave had done him a dirty trick by putting someone else in on his territory. (Later we found out that Ben Black was put here because Cleve had been falling down on his job; but that didn't come out until the end of the trip.) Yesterday and the day before we had no lion hunters and no dogs. Now we have too many of both. Everybody sits around the fire and talks, and there is hostility in the air. For breakfast we had slices of beef, rolled in flour and fried in fat. It certainly is good to have meat. However, our meat won't last long at this rate. Doyle seemed to have some difficulty getting the horses, and Ben Black and the two cowboys had ridden off northward before we got outs and all were ready to start. We rode down the canyon, following Cleve Miller and Albert Hall and the dogs. Albert rides a mule, which is a pretty smooth going saddle animal, and I should think would be better for this country than our horses, as he can stand more abuse. We rode down the canyon and then turned south, going up steeply and following the ridges. It was hard going, but Frank Hodges carried my camera on his saddle horn, and Bill carried his own. I carried the tripod on my saddle horn. We had given up the idea of carrying a mule to tote the cameras, as the cameras were never ready when we wanted to take pictures. After a while the dogs picked up a cold trail and worked it slowly. We followed the ridges and watched them. The oak thickets were very bad going, particularly thickets of white oak which had not leaved out as yet. The trees grow very close together, only a few inches apart, and the horse has to force his way through them. The branches are very stiff, and even worse than the live oak brush we had encountered before. The trail was rather old, and the dogs finally lost it. We joined Cleve on a high saddle and worked up Red Mountain a way. There were many old lion scratches, but the dogs could not seem to find a hot trail. Then we pitched off very steeply through the brush. How the horses do it and how we stay with them, I don't know. My horse had a habit of jumping down from rock to rock, which, when his back was at an angle of about forty-five degrees, made it very difficult to hold on, especially with a tripod banging across one's knees. We made our way down to a side canyon running into Stray Horse; and at the head of this canyon we dismounted for lunch and to readjust our saddles, which in spite of the tight girths, had slipped more or less with the very steep going. We had to do all these things for ourselves, as the men in the country are not used to tenderfeet and won't do anything for us. Then we made our way down the Stray Horse and deliberated whether to cross and risk trouble with Ben Black. Finally, we decided to cross and follow up the side canyon. We had not gone far before the dogs broke off with a rush and there was great excitement. We followed, scrambling swiftly up the steep mountain side. I saw a couple of deer bound off through the brush. Then suddenly the dogs were with us again; the trail was lost. A little later the dogs again broke and just as things seemed to be promising they came back. The sun had dried up the trails too much on the north slope. We followed back along the ridge west and south, coming out above camp. Then there was a terrific pitch-off; but Cleve rode straight on down and the rest of us had to follow. It was about the hardest riding yet. Brownie was somewhat hurt by a stick, but kept on back to camp. Doyle had stayed in camp, and had a fine beef stew with coffee ready for us. We were certainly hungry. We spent the afternoon around the camp fire, the girls mending. Brownie made a night-cap for Cleve to keep his bald head warm, using the knitted wool trimming of her leather jacket, which had partially torn off. In the evening we all began to get acquainted. Brownie and I sang some of our songs, which were enthusiastically received; and Doyle Maness proved to be quite an entertainer. He sang a song entitled "I Have no Use for the Women", which was a great success, and then recited quite dramatically "The Face on the Bar-room Floor".

Thursday, April 25 - Lion Camp on Stray Horse

Doyle was late again in getting the horses, and Cleve was mad. One of his horses was lost, and he had to ride one of ours, which he didn't like. We had biscuits and beef for breakfast. Cleve and Albert got off at seven. The rest of us took our time. We rode up Stray Horse and then took a side canyon to the north, called Neck Up. We circled around over ridges, close enough to the Coronado Trail highway to get a good view of it. There were, of course, no cars, as the road was closed. After a while we saw Cleve and Albert on an opposite point of the ridge. We rode around to find them gone. I felt quite sure that Cleve would not wait. This ridge was quite spectacular, so we stopped and took motion pictures of climbing and going through the brush and so forth. Bill seemed to take an endless time with his picture taking and camera loading. He couldn't decide what picture he wanted. Then we rode on down, Bill lagging behind. He took more pictures on the rocks, and there was more argument about his wasting time and lagging behind the party, which is something that simply isn't done in the west. We came back into Neck Up Canyon, reaching camp about two-thirty to find Cleve and Albert, who said they had followed some lion tracks almost to the road and then lost them. Later they found another track in Neck Up and lost that. They said it was too dry. We suspected the truth of some of Cleve's statements, as we had seen his tracks and knew pretty well that he had not gone as far as he said he had. We found Hugh and Joe in camp, and they had just had a large lunch off our grub; also, DeWitt Cooper had come again. He said that this time he was going to stay. He reported that he had seen lion tracks leading up Oak Creek. We were getting rather tired of this. We suspect that because Cleve does not feel very well he is not hunting hard, and we think he lied to us. About three o'clock we ate beef stew with beans and biscuits, as usual. Brownie and Bill played with a rope, and Bill and I shaved. Cleve got a grouch and threatened to quit tomorrow unless he could get some meat for his dogs. He rode off in a huff about two miles to the cowboys' camp, to see whether he could get any dog meat from them. Cooper and Frank Hodges sat quietly by. They said nothing. They seemed to disapprove of Cleve. Apparently, they felt that Cleve had been lying down on his job, but in true western style they said nothing. Doyle has disappeared. [redacted] Cleve returned about supper time and said that Ben Black had gotten a lion today. This did not help the atmosphere about camp. Cleve's rival had gotten a lion; Cleve had not. Cleve had failed. Everybody knew it, and the question was - what to do? Later we learned that Doyle was coming back, that he had gone to get food. Still later we learned that Cleve Miller had asked him to hunt up a certain moonshiner in the mountains and bring some moonshine. That did complicate things. I laid the situation clearly before Frank and DeWitt. Frank said that he had sworn off whiskey, as he knew he couldn't hold it; and he promised not to drink. DeWitt said he would be all right, anyhow; and we believed him. We all came to the conclusion that if Miller got some liquor maybe he might work harder. Bill wanted to try to dicker with Black, so that if he got another lion we would get a chance to photograph it. In view of Cleve Miller's feelings, it did not seem wise to do this; but presently Frank Hodges beckoned me off and he and DeWitt unfolded a plan. I realized then for the first time that they were really working for us and trying to help in every possible way. Frank said that he would slip off quietly in the morning, join Black and ride with him; that if I would agree to giving Black about five dollars, if necessary, Frank thought he could persuade Black to hold the lion if he got one, while Frank rode back to get us and the cameras. It was also privately agreed that while we would pretend to ride off with Miller under Cooper's leadership, we should quietly switch off and come back to the MJ Barrtrap. If Ben Black gohld lion, Frank would come and let us know. If Cleve got a lion, DeWitt would come and let us know. Brownie is getting very restless, wants to get back to the children, whom she has not seen for some time; and we are all getting a bit discouraged. This improvement in the situation certainly helped.

Friday, April 26 - Lion Camp at Stray Horse

Cleve and Albert kept in their horses last night and rode off about six o'clock. Frank got in our horses and started breakfast; and DeWitt finished the job. Then Frank went off to find Ben Black and go with him. DeWitt saddled horses for us, and then he in turn rode off to try to find Cleve Miller. We took our time, and then, with the cameras on our saddle horns rode down to the MJ Bar trap to wait. We hoped that either Frank or DeWitt would come, stating that the hunter he was following had got on a hot lion track; but we had little hope. About eleven-thirty DeWitt suddenly appeared, "Come on," said he, "Cleve has a lion treed!" We couldn't believe it. Did DeWitt see the lion? Well, no, he hadn't; but he had heard the dogs running on a hot trail and then Cleve had shot off his gun twice. Meanwhile we were mounting our horses and riding off after DeWitt; but the more DeWitt talked, the more I reasoned that he had got over-enthusiastic and there was something seriously wrong. We knew, as DeWitt did not, that Cleve never shot off his gun as a signal to us, but solely for the purpose of calling the dogs off a trail when absolutely necessary. We felt sure that the dogs had been on a bear trail and Cleve had been trying to get them off, for bear is the one other animal which Cleve's dogs had been trained to run. We had hoped that all the bears were still hibernating and we would not have trouble of this kind. However, we rode up about half a mile to a ridge, and there we faintly heard the dogs, although not quite in the direction that DeWitt had pointed out. Finally, DeWitt said that he would ride on, for the sound from the dogs was very faint, and might have echoed back from the mountain side, and the dogs might have been in quite another direction. DeWitt said that he would come out on a high ridge opposite us and signal, in about half an hour. A whole hour passed. We did not see DeWitt again. We began to worry for fear that Ben Black had got a lion and Frank would come back to the trap looking for us. As we had promised not to leave the spot unless we were sure there was a lion, he would go back to Ben Black, and Ben would kill the lion. After some discussion, we drew straws as to who should return and Marg and I, having drawn the short straws, rode back down the mountain side toward the trap. On the way we met Hugh Trainer, driving a steer. He said he was going to butcher this steer, and that Cleve had said we would take half the meat. As our meat supply was about gone, this would be all right, providing we did not immediately get a lion and pull out. Hugh rode back to camp to see whether Frank had been there, and came back shortly reporting that our camp fire was dead and there were no signs of anyone; so we knew that Frank was still out with Ben. Hugh had worked with Cleve; and when we told our story he seemed sure that the dogs were on a bear trail. After a while Ben Black himself and the other cowboy, Joe, appeared. Ben had had no luck; and he said Frank had gone back to our camp. Then Brownie and Bill came down from the mountain, having got tired of waiting. It was now about two o'clock. They had no longer heard any dogs, nor had they seen any sign of DeWitt.

Suddenly, about ten minutes after two, Cleve Miller and DeWitt both came riding up the canyon, driving several of our stray horses ahead of them. To our incredulous really
ears they reported that they had gotten a lion; that it was a big male and that it was up a tree on top of Red Mountain. Their horses were nearly dead, and both of them said it had been a heart-breaking ride, for the north side of Red Mountain was simply one series of rimrock, which it was next to impossible for any horse to negotiate. It seems that Cleve's dogs were on the trail of a lion for a while, when DeWitt had heard them. When DeWitt left us and rode back, he found Cleve discouraged. The dogs had lost the trail, and Cleve was all for coming home. DeWitt, however, had suggested that they cut sign on ahead away farther up the mountain, where the ground had not been dried out so much by the sun. Cleve had agreed to this, and DeWitt had gone on ahead, finding a lion track. When they brought the dogs up, the dogs recognized it as the track of the lion they had been trailing. Apparently the same lion we had trailed the first day - the one that had killed a deer several days ago, for Hugh had shown Cleve the remains of

the deer. The dogs had kept on up the side of the mountain, lost the trail at another open sunny place, and again DeWitt had found it for them. They had gone on to the very top of Red Mountain. Their horses had failed several times, as was quite evident; but being experts, they had escaped injury. Then, just over the top of the mountain, the dogs had apparently come upon the lion asleep or resting, for Cleve had seen old Sandy jump the lion out of the brush. He was a big fellow and so surprised to find the dogs close upon him that he had run only about a hundred yards or so and gone up a pine tree. They said it was an awful place and it would take us hours to get there; and when we looked at their horses, we believed it. Accordingly, we all rode back to camp to get a bite to eat, finding little or nothing there, as Frank had only just gotten back himself; and Cleve couldn't understand why he didn't have a hot dinner ready, not knowing that Frank had gone off with the other hunter; and we didn't dare tell him. Cleve said that we would have to take water to the dogs, as there was not any within miles of where the lion had treed. The dogs were up there with Albert Hall. We would also have to take food to Albert. It was also evident that Cleve had chosen to ride back himself because he had expected that Doyle would be back from the moonshiner's still with some liquor; but there was no sign of Doyle. Cleve and DeWitt both thought that we could get up to the place where the lion was more easily by starting up Stray Horse and going up until we hit a drift fence, which ran toward the peak of Red Mountain. Then we could follow that and have only a last bad scramble up over the mountain. The country was so bad that it would be impossible to take any bedding with us,* We four held a council of war as to what to do. They said it would take at least three hours to get up there; and by that time very little daylight would remain for pictures. As we had waited three weeks to get this lion, we simply couldn't afford to miss pictures; and the only alternative was to spend the night under the tree. Albert would have to be sent food and relieved, for he was tired out. Frank said that he would spend the night under the tree, providing somebody would go with him, but he refused to stay alone under the tree with the lion. Bill volunteered to go. The mountain was nearly 9,000 feet high, and it would be bitter cold. Someone would have to stay in camp and bring up water and food in the morning. Cleve said he would come back to camp with Hall, after showing us the way.

I tried to persuade Brownie and Marg that it would be better for them to stay in camp and ride up to the lion tomorrow morning; but they seemed to think that this was the one great chance for the experience of a lifetime - blankets or no blankets, food or no food. We packed one mule with the cameras, tripods, and a lot of extra film; also, water, coffee, and bread; and then we started up Stray Horse Creek. At one place we had to dismount and lead the horses over a particularly bad rock; but then we kept on up to the drift fence and southward along it toward Red Mountain. This route was very much better than the one the lion had taken; and indeed, accustomed as we were to rough going, it did not seem bad at all, except for a very steep climb from the end of the drift fence to the first ridge on top of Red Mountain. We "topped out", as the expression is in this country, crossed the saddle through the brush, and climbed up again along the ridge. Finally Miller led the way down over a steep ledge and there below us, about a quarter of a mile below the top of the mountain we made out a ~~xxxxx~~ dark object in the top of a pine. The barking of the dogs came weakly, for they were evidently very tired. We set up our Eyemo cameras with six-inch lenses and took some pictures of the lion in the tree from about a hundred feet away on the steep mountain side. This made only a fair picture, and we hoped and prayed that the lion would stay until morning, when we might be able to persuade him to change his position. When Cleve again appeared on the scene, the older dogs, Sandy and Blue, could not understand why the lion should be kept so long in the tree. They leaped upon their master, and in every possible dog way begged and besought him to kill the lion and be done with it. Old Sandy refused to drink. He simply sat at the base of the tree and looked up. His

*as it would be torn off the mules and reduced to ribbons in the brush.

business was to catch that lion; and until the lion was dead, he could not see why all this fuss should be made. Finally Cleve sat down in front of the dog and poured a few drops at a time on the panting tongue. Sandy did condescend to swallow in this manner, but still it was evident he did not understand.

Cleve and DeWitt helped us gather firewood and build a good camp fire at the base of the tree, and we made great piles of wood to keep the fire going during the night. Then, no doubt with thoughts of the corn liquor which Doyle might even now have brought back to camp, Cleve, Albert, and DeWitt set out for the return journey, hoping to get in before dark. We took a few more pictures and waited, and darkness slowly came. The canyons below us were already dissolving into gloom, and the last rays of light gilded the mountain top above us. A cold breeze stole in from the main range of the White Mountains to the west. We hugged the fire. As the flames leaped up, our lion climbed a little higher in the tree. He did not seem to be excited about it, but disposed himself in as much comfort as possible upon a limb; and, if he moved to any extent, we were not aware of it. The dogs gradually came to realize that we were looking after the lion. They had earned their rest, and when we made beds of leaves and pine needle duff beside them, they condescended to lie down and doze. The pine tree was on a steep hillside, and it was hard to find a place for five people about the fire. It is all very well to talk about sleeping about a camp fire, but in the high mountains in April the word sleep is a complimentary term, not justified by the fact. In spite of all our heaviest clothes and leather fleece-lined coats, the side of our body away from the fire was always cold, and the other side almost too hot. We sat and shifted positions and talked about the trip. The hour grew later. Even the thought that up there in the darkness forty feet above our heads lay a large mountain lion no longer ranked in importance with the urge to keep warm. Once or twice Bill snored, and surely we all dozed, to wake up and shiver. The flames of the fire threw eerie shadows; hours crawled slowly, slowly by. Somewhere not far away a great horned owl hooted. We imitated his call, and he came a little nearer. Would the lion try to jump to another tree and get away? After three weeks of hard work, he was our only chance for good photographs; and we must not lose him. Certainly he was less uncomfortable than we were, for all through the dark hours there was nothing above us but silence and the night breeze sighing through the pine boughs.

At last, over behind the opposite ridge, the stars began to grow dim; morning was coming; but in the mountains this is the coldest time of all. We threw more wood on the fire and hugged it closer still. Never was sunrise more longed for, but at last it came. Now that I could begin to see my way, I walked a little way up the steep slope from the tree, just to be able to move about, to throw surplus effort into my climbing and shake the aches from my cramped muscles.

Saturday, April 27 - Lion

As soon as I could get a good angle of view to the top of the tree, I turned to look. "He's still there!" I shouted. The girls came scrambling up to see for themselves. The great cat lay sprawled out on the limb, with one forepaw doubled beneath him and one forefoot and one hind foot hanging down, probably to give him better balance. He did not look particularly comfortable, but certainly he could not have been as cold as we were, for he merely raised his head and looked at us in a rather bored manner, as much as to say, "Those darned human beings are still there. Won't they ever go away?" At my shout, however, two of the younger dogs began to bark. The lion turned his head to look at them, and snarled, whereupon the other dogs joined in the chorus. It was still too early to take pictures, and the lion was not in a very good position now, most of his body being concealed by the branches. There was no more water for coffee, and we would have to wait until the other men came back to rescue us. It was after eight when they appeared, maybe later, for as the sun rose and the air began

to grow warmer, we had all dosed again. They brought coffee, water, and beer, for Doyle had returned from his visit to the moonshiner's still; and it was evident from Cleve's cheerful appearance that there had been refreshment at camp. We did not dare touch the beer before breakfast; but we made ourselves some hot coffee and ate a little dry bread and jam. We had hardly finished when there was a great shouting, yipping, and barking above us and down the ridge rode High Trainer, Joe, and the rival hunter, Ben Black, with his dogs. They had heard that Cleve had a lion treed and in true Arizona style had followed the tracks of the horses to the spot to see the fun. Soon the fun began. We had done all we could with the lion in his present position, and as we wanted more pictures, it was necessary to get him to change. A shower of small stones seemed to be all that was necessary. The lion snarled at the flying missiles and although none of them could hit him with any force in his position about forty to fifty feet above the ground, he decided that this was no place for a self respecting animal and proceeded forthwith to come down. Where there were limbs he came down head first, spiraling about the tree for the best foothold. My camera was mounted on a tripod on the steep slope, where with the 6-inch lens I could get a good picture of his actions. Bill was well placed at an opening in the brush, and used only a 2-inch lens, so as to get a broader sweep. This combination worked excellently, for as the lion came out on the bare trunk, about twenty-five feet from the ground, suddenly and without any warning he leaped clear in one magnificent jump, striking the ground in close proximity to one of the dogs, a good thirty feet away from the base of the tree. His long body, with tail straight out, described a beautiful arc right in front of Bill's camera; and we only regretted that we did not have a slow motion machine to take the full value of his leap. At the first movement of the lion the dogs had set up a howling and barking; and as the tawny body launched itself through the air everyone present began to shout and yip with the excitement. The lion landed with a thud, but safely and cat-like on all four feet, so that before the dogs could recover from their surprise he was scurrying off through the thick oak brush. Such a yelping and shouting was never heard. I tried to follow the progress of the lion with my camera, but the brush was too thick. Swinging the lens around in advance of the lion's probable path, I sighted through the finder the great cat making up another tree, and began to crank. Not one of the dogs reached him, and he scrambled up cat-like, but with a spiral motion about the trunk until he was once more among the limbs and could climb with their aid. He kept on to the very top of the tree. We all hurried down with our cameras, as rapidly as we could; but the ground was so rough that it was not easy. All seven dogs were barking their heads off and jumping about the trunk. This tree was another pine not quite so large as the first one, being about fifty feet high at the most. Near it grew an almost exactly similar tree, the distance between the two trunks being about twenty feet. This was marvelous luck; and without further ado Bill proceeded to avail himself thereof. Still wearing chaps, which he had kept on for warmth, and because he thought they might be some protection in climbing, he borrowed a rope from one of the boys and got him to throw it over a limb. Then with the aid of this he began to climb. It was slow work, and when he reached the first good limb he had to stop and haul up the camera, but Bill has climbed to the aeries of eagles and has a wonderful head for that sort of thing. Our guides and cowboys looked on more or less aghast. In the first place they could not climb, and in the second place we were surprised to discover that they were more or less afraid of the lion. Bill kept on slowly working his way up the tree and hauling the Eyemo camera after him. The lion was well concealed in the branches of his tree; but as Bill kept on climbing so did the lion, until both the great cat and Bill were seated opposite each other on the last branches strong enough to hold their weight. I measured the distance between the two trees to check on Bill's focusing, and it was about nineteen feet. Bill looked at the lion, and the lion laid back his ears and snarled. We all looked on intently, watching for what would happen next. Bill was in his element and quite jovial. "What shall I do if he jumps

on me?" he called down.

"Throw the camera at him."

"Do some heavy jumping yourself."

"Change places with him."

Various bits of useless advice were called up from below. The lion kept on snarling and Bill's camera began to buzz. I worked around the mountain side with my camera, trying to get a place where I could get both Bill and the lion in the picture. It seemed as if either one or the other was concealed by the limbs from every direction. Bill worked until his film gave out; then came part way down the tree and lowered his camera by the rope, exchanging it for mine, which Brownie had just reloaded. She spent most of her time sitting beneath the tree loading cameras. As the rope was not long enough to reach to the ground, and the limbs were too thick, anyhow, much time was consumed by these film changing operations, because Bill had to climb down so far and then up again. After a while the lion seemed to conclude that this rumpus was inevitable and composed himself again as comfortably as possible. Bill climbed back, this time with a six-inch lens, so as to get a full-sized close-up. The lion turned his back and acted quite bored by this picture taking business. Bill had to pull off bunches of pine needles and cones and throw them at the lion before he would come out and act properly belligerent. Once indeed the animal did come out on the limb as far as he could toward Bill, and for a few seconds those of us below held our breath to see what would happen. I had at last found a fairly good set-up and stood poised with my hand on the release lever, determined that inasmuch as I could not help Bill, I was going to get a splendid picture of his rapid demise. But the lion didn't have much bluff in him and no fight at all. Such is the way with our American mountain lion. He can do a lot of damage if he wants to, but he makes it his business to avoid a fight unless absolutely necessary. The lion lay down again; and when Bill climbed down for the second time to get his film changed, the lion sat licking his chops and decided to take a cat bath all over.

The next time the camera was sent up to Bill, he climbed to the very top and leaned as far as possible out of the tree to give me an opportunity to get both him and the lion to best advantage. He pointed his camera at the huge pussy cat and pushed the lever. Nothing happened, for one of the spools had been bent, and the film was jammed. Bill had to climb part way down again, and then down in a fork of the tree called for a changing bag and proceeded to straighten out the jam. I do not see how he ever had the sense of balance to stay there with both hands in the changing bag. Then he climbed back and finished his picture taking.

By this time the men were getting restless, for it was high noon, and we were all suffering from lack of food and water, particularly water. Bill had photographed the lion washing himself, and now called down that it was his ambition to get the lion yawning. He tried for sometime without success, and finally at one o'clock he came down the tree, saying that he had taken all the pictures he could and that we should try to get the lion to move again. With both cameras set up at points of vantage, we again hurled rocks at the lion. He merely snarled, but apparently had made up his mind that it was no use coming down. Finally one of the men got the range, so to speak, and a couple of rocks hit him squarely. They evidently hurt, for the beast snarled fiercely. Still he would not come down. Miller said that it was unusual for a lion to jump out of a tree more than once or twice at the most, so we had to give it up.

Now, we knew that that lion had caught a deer, to which he was certainly entitled. We had no evidence that he had killed any calves recently, and besides he had acted very nicely for us. The girls wanted to go away and let the lion go; and Bill and I were strongly of the same mind. However, here was a serious complication. Although Cleve Miller had been hired by the Biological Survey as their crack lion hunter, still he had agreed to let the lion go, if we wanted to; but there were two cowboys present who had stock in that part of the country, and a rival lion hunter whose record we knew was not very good recently. Even if we departed, it was more than likely that Ben Black would stay around and get that lion sooner or later and take the credit for it with the Biological Survey authorities, when the credit really belonged to Cleve Miller, or at least to DeWitt Cooper who had kept Miller at it. Albert Hall was sitting by with his rifle across his knees, looking anxious. Cleve was distinctly worried, and there was a sort of tension in the atmosphere, so I told Albert to go ahead and shoot. It was an easy shot, of course, and the great beast came tumbling down through the branches a moment later. Before I could gather up my camera and climb down again to the base of the tree from the cliff where I had taken my position, Cleve had the lion nearly skinned. The cowboys and Ben Black were already swearing and stumbling through the underbrush after their horses, and the party was over.

Bill, too, was packing up his camera and heading back toward the horses, which we had tethered at various places on the mountain side. "Hey!" said Cleve. "Don't you want to take some of this mountain lion meat back and eat it? It's good." I had heard before that [illegible] mountain lion meat was good, but we had never tried it, so I gathered up the still warm and quivering steak which Cleve had cut off before feeding the dogs. With it in one hand and my camera in the other, I started to climb back up the mountain. That was certainly hard work in our tired condition; but we got to the horses at last and while the boys rode off to start dinner at camp, Frank stayed with us to pack the mules and pick up the odds and ends. About three o'clock the last of us reached camp to find biscuits, beef, and beans nearly ready. We ate with the relish of success, and then turned in to rest.

Sunday, April 28 - Goodbye to the Stray Horse

After breakfast the men talked leisurely, for the end of the lion hunt had been duly celebrated with the corn liquor Doyle had brought. We left camp about nine-thirty with the horses and mules and made a slow and tedious trip out, behind the plodding pack animals. Doyle taught us that lugubrious song of his about "I am Done With the Women", and this was the accompaniment to the plodding feet of our horses. It was a glorious day, with beautiful clouds. We passed Cooper's ranch without a stop, and Hall got off to take pictures of our pack train crossing a ford of the Blue River. At last we reached Frank Hodges' place and unpacked again. We rather hated to leave Frank and DeWitt. It takes some time for strangers and tenderfoot to get acquainted with these back-country ranchmen, but Frank and DeWitt had finally taken us in, as had Doyle. For some time they had been perhaps a little aloof with Bill. We thought perhaps this was because of his lagging behind when he rode, which is contrary to the best etiquette of this country; but after he climbed that tree so close to the lion, all bets were off, and it was easy to see that the men admired him for doing something they would not do themselves. We settled up with Frank and DeWitt. The bill for the horses and mules came to three hundred dollars, and we gave them each a twenty-dollar bonus, with the request that they give five to Doyle, as

our money was in twenty-dollar traveler's checks. Then in Frank's shack we had beef and biscuits and coffee.

We all discussed mountain lion hunting. It seems to all of us that it is wrong in policy for the United States government to hire men at the small price of five dollars a day to exterminate mountain lions. The U. S. Biological Survey figures that a lion does a thousand dollars worth of damage a year; but in figuring this one thousand dollars worth of damage they estimate the deer killed by a mountain lion at about twenty-five dollars apiece, because of their value in bringing sportsmen into the country. They entirely disregard the much higher sporting value of the mountain lion. To us it seems that mountain lion hunting is the finest and most exciting of all big-game hunting we have ever done, and that includes nearly all the big game there is in this country. To be sure, the mountain lion himself is a coward and not at all dangerous to human beings; but the element of excitement and danger lies in the terrific riding. The thrill is in watching the dogs work out a difficult trail, and really there is nothing else quite like it. It seems as if it would be far better, if the number of lions must be kept down somewhat, to encourage parties of real sportsmen to come in and try lion hunting. Perhaps many of them could be persuaded to do most of their hunting with cameras. They would bring real money into an impoverished country and build up a good business, which that country certainly needs. But this can not be done if every time that a mountain lion is seen or heard of a government hunter is sent out to kill it. It also seems that not sufficient consideration is given to the question of over-multiplication of deer. This country between the Blue and the top of the White Mountains is a state game reserve, located on Forest Service land. The deer are multiplying very rapidly, as we can testify from the number we saw at different times. If there are too many deer, the grazing of cattle must be cut down. It is quite evident that deer hunting is a mighty poor sport compared with hunting mountain lions. The only real question, however, is that of getting dogs for trailing mountain lions. Miller certainly has the best dogs anywhere in this part of the country; but the other men all seem to think that Miller is nowhere near as good a hunter as he used to be, as he gets discouraged too easily and he keeps calling his dogs off when he gets hungry and wants to go home; and that is the worst thing to do with trained lion dogs, or any other hunting dogs, as a matter of fact. Miller is pretty proud of his reputation, but DeWitt and Frank both think that he is losing it rapidly, and that is why Ben Black has been put on his territory. DeWitt says he has tried to buy Miller's dogs, in order to be able to take parties out lion hunting. It would be a fine thing if either he or Frank had some good dogs, for DeWitt certainly has all the ability that Miller has, and a great deal more stamina and character.

About three o'clock we said goodbye to Frank and Doyle, made a place in our car for DeWitt, and drove back to Joneses'. DeWitt had refused to take a quarter of the beef, which was left over, in payment for that which he had given us, on the ground that he was leaving the Blue for a while. He said he was going to meet his wife at her peoples' place up the road a way and could we take him at least part way. We figured out without difficulty that his wife, when we had met, was the dissatisfied type and she intended to see that she herself should have a good time with the money we had paid to DeWitt. At Joneses we loaded the rest of our stuff and still somehow or other found room for DeWitt. Then we drove on out. Where the road forks and the old wagon road goes to Alpine - the road taken by the mail wagon - we left DeWitt who said that his wife would pick him up there presently. Then we drove on up the fork of the dry Blue, up the big hill, and out. At Luna we stopped for supplies and then kept on to Alpine. It was at Luna that we saw Mrs. DeWitt Cosper. DeWitt had expected her to pick him up shortly, and so we told her.

She was taking her own good time and didn't seem to care.

Clouds had gathered over the Blue, and thus we had pushed on to get up the big hill through the narrow canyon, in case it should rain, for a few drops actually fell - the first we had seen in Arizona. From Alpine we followed the road through Nutrioso and on over the ridge. It began to grow dark, but such a cold wind blew down from the mountain that we kept delaying selection of a camp site, hoping to get into warmer territory. We were afraid we might have to keep on into Springerville; but finally the wind seemed to die down, and we drove off into a grove of juniper at one side and there made camp. Mrs. Jones had given us some eggs, and we had omelet with peas for supper, quite a luxury after the three B's as our only diet. Then we had a big camp fire and with all our clothes on crawled into our beds.

Monday, April 29

After breakfast we backed the car back onto the road and kept on down almost to Springerville, cutting off eastward to the Socorro Road. This was a fine Federal highway, and we were soon across the border into New Mexico again. At noon we stopped at a tiny village boasting the name of Pie Town, and Pie Town it was, for they served delicious raisin pie and good sweet milk. The scenery was different again, with flat plateaus and rough, squared-off, New Mexico mountains. At the town of Magdalena, wherein most of the people seemed to speak Mexican, we stopped for gas and then kept on to Socorro, following down the canyon to the Rio Grande del Norte. Here it was lower and the weather was really hot, quite a welcome change. At Socorro, after a brief rest, we turned north. It was only eighty-eight miles from here to Albuquerque. As we had plenty of time, we stopped by the roadside, where in the irrigation ditches we saw Wilson Phalaropes, both male and female, playing and feeding. Bill sneaked up quite close on his stomach and got some good pictures. Ahead of us the sky was rapidly darkening. We could not tell whether it was rain or wind, but we were pretty sure that it was the latter. Darker and darker it grew, until just as Bill shot the last of his film on the phalarope and came back to the car, a brownish gray wall materialized in front of us; and a few seconds later we were in a howling, shrieking dust storm. Bill wanted to take a picture of our entering the storm and coming out again, but there was no film left in his camera, and the driving sand was so heavy that we simply had to put everything under the covers and duck. Then, too, the road became quite rough - a piece that had not yet been finished, with deep gravel and sand; and how the wind did howl down those washes. We made slow time, but came out of the storm at last. The high wind still persisted. Passing through Belene on the southern route of the Santa Fe, we came at last to Las Lunas on the main Santa Fe trail and there struck a macadamized road. Three times it crossed the Rio Grande before reaching Albuquerque. Here was irrigated land with patches of brilliant green and soft cottonwood trees. The river was quite high, boiling in a muddy torrent close to the planks of the steel bridges. The last bridge, entering Albuquerque, was a new concrete structure and quite handsome. It seems strange to be in a big city - for this is the largest city in New Mexico, boasting a population of a little over ten thousand, I believe. No camp for us. We wanted a first-class hotel and made our way to the Franciscan. We were all exceedingly dirty, and Bill and I both had several days' growth of whiskers. As usual the room clerk accepted us without a question, and we had three rooms, each with a bath - the very height of luxury. Then we had dinner served in our rooms, with fried chicken and such delicacies, and had a glorious time. Brownie called up Miss Duncan at the ranch and learned that the children were well.

Tuesday, April 30 - Albuquerque to San Gabriel Ranch

We indulged in such luxuries as haircuts and shampoos, and at a grocery store we got a box and shipped off twenty-four hundred feet of exposed film, sending it to Van Scoy in Portland to be developed. It was noon before we got off for Santa Fe, following the road up and down and finally over the famous Bajada Hills. There was a strong following wind, so that it was hard to keep the engine cool with the loose fan belt. Santa Fe is a quaint place, and quite interesting. We had a delicious lunch at the Harvey Hotel (La Fonda), but I could not find a place to get the water pump on the car fixed. We bought toys for the kids and then drove on to the ranch, at first passing Alcalde and going on about eight miles, as there was no sign turning off to the ranch. Our total trip yesterday was about 250 miles; today about 130 miles. We found the children fine, especially baby Margaret, who is flourishing for the first time in her life.

Wednesday, May 1. - San Gabriel Ranch

We talked with Mrs. Pfaffle about the Indians and the possibilities of pictures. There is delicious food, with fresh vegetables - aspargus and peas. At three o'clock we took a little ride on the splendid ranch horses, with good saddles and fine equipment. The rule of the ranch was that we had to take along a guide the first time, which rather made us smile. The people at the ranch now have a hunter here who has caught lions. His name is Lloyd. However, I imagine that his dogs can only trail lions when the ground is wet, or through the snow. This we gather from his conversation. We also met Orville, the chief automobile mechanic and guide who took out Doctor McKenty and the Bryans. We met Mr. Pfaffle, and inthe evening we talked until late. This ranch has a wonderful pack house, with all sorts of equipment for taking pack trips. Each pack mule has his own special saddle, made to fit him; and every type of utensil or piece of outfit has a cupboard of its own. We can hardly get over it, after the kind of outfits we have packed with lately. There seem to be some nice people at the ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Albright, of Chicago; the Schoellkopfs from Buffalo; and a doctor and his wife from Rochester, Minnesota.

Thursday, May 2. - Taos

We watched the pack party start off. How different it was from the packing which we had been doing. The pack mules were all kept tied up, and there was no chance for them to wander off and roll on their packs. Everything was systematized and all the packing was done in a few moments. Again, we say, "How different!" We took the children with us in the car and drove to Taos, a beautiful trip up the canyon of the Rio Grande, and then up a side canyon and over the top, with views of snow peaks. Taos is an interesting little town, and there is a good hotel there, the Don Fernando. We got milk and supplies at the store and drove three miles to the Pueblos for a picnic lunch there. Alas, the whole thing seemed to be commercialized. There was a sign announcing that if we wanted to visit the Pueblos we would have to have a guide and pay twenty-five cents apiece. If we wanted to take still pictures, the charge was one dollar; home movies, price $4.00. We were greeted by a man in a white burnoose, like an Arab, and had to register. We paid $4.00 for a movie camera, and then got out the Akeley which, with heavy color filters, we thought could do the best work. The governor sent word to us that he was sure we were taking theatrical pictures, and we had to doubly assure him we were not. It was a lovely place, and the groups of Indians on the housetops were most picturesque. I photographed them with the 17-inch telephoto lens on the Akeley, without their knowing it. We were intrigued by the dome-shaped adobe

ovens and the women making bread in them. They build a wood fire in the oven and let the oven get good and hot. Then they rake out all the fire, put in their bread, and cover up the door. It is a fascinating operation, and we wanted to take pictures of the picturesque women in their high white moccasins like hip boots doing this work. However, we found we had to make a separate bargain with every man or woman we wanted to take a picture of, and that they would never stay by their end of the bargain. We finally got the guide to dicker with a woman who charged us $2.00, and then collected $2.00 more before she would finish the picture. We were disgusted with the graft and realized that tourists had spoiled this place. Bill got very angry and began to take pictures of Indians with his Kyemo camera without asking permission. The Indians grew angry; and, realizing that we were in trouble, anyway, after the use of the big camera, we felt rather uncomfortable and decided to move on. Meanwhile Brownie, Marg, and Miss Duncan had given the children their lunch, and Bill and I each had a glass of milk and a snack between times. We drove back to Taos and looked for the artists' studios, which were not very much in evidence. We found one, but it was closed. Then we had a glorious drive back to the ranch.

Friday, May 3, 1929

I drove the girls and the children to Santa Fe for errands, visited the museum there, got the pump on the car and the fan belt fixed. In the evening I loaded film for the Akeley camera.

Saturday, May 4, - San Gabriel Ranch

In the morning we drove to Santa Clara Pueblo, with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Pfaffle. This letter worked like a charm, and we were able to get motion pictures of an Indian woman making pottery, grinding corn, and so forth. We also got some pictures of Indian children. Thanks to our introduction and the fact that these Indians are not nearly so much spoiled, they lived up to their bad of the bargain, and we got our pictures without great expenditure. Then we drove on to the Puye cliff ruins, over a very picturesque, narrow road. These ruins are up in the mountains among the junipers just about on the edge of the pines. We took pictures there and got back at just one o'clock. We hurried the lunch at the ranch and then, as per arrangement, I drove down to San Juan Pueblo. One of the Lincoln cars belonging to the ranch was driven by a man named Joe. Between us we brought back twelve Indians, including the chief, or governor, and a splendid old Medicine Man - a wonderful type. The Indians were all garbed - or ungarbed, as the case may be - in their old dancing costumes, no modern clothes. By arrangement, which Mrs. Pfaffle had made for us they gave all sorts of dances solely for the purpose of our taking pictures, inside the walls of our ranch inclosure. As the walls are of adobe, it looked very much like a pueblo. We got some wonderful stuff. Mrs. Pfaffle served fruit drinks and cigarettes in the kitchen for us and the Indians. We had a great time, and the whole thing cost us only twenty-four dollars.

Sunday, May 5, 1929 - San Gabriel Ranch to Gallup, New Mexico

At nine-twenty our car was again packed; and, saying goodbye to the children and Miss Duncan, we started off on our trip to the Grand Canyon. It was a windy day, with many sand storms. We followed the regular route to Santa Fe and then on back through Albuquerque, stopping for lunch by the roadside in a partly protected place near Isleta; then on across the Rio Grande River through Los Lunas, keeping directly westward instead of turning off south to Socorro the way we had come several days ago. The wind shrieked and howled, and in places the road, which had just been rebuilt, was deep with loose sand and gravel. The ruts were crooked and the going hard. We were bucking directly against the wind, and the top of our windshield kept blowing in, so that whoever rode in the front seat beside the driver had to keep his foot against it. Cars coming in the opposite direction were overheating badly because of the heavy going and the fact that the following wind was so strong as to make the radiator fans practically useless. There were many small sand storms, although not serious; but the wind and dust obscured the scenery a great deal. We had the Geological Survey Santa Fe route book, describing everything that we passed, and from it we learned regarding the mineral formation of the rock and lava beds. Finally at a roadside gas station I stopped and got some hay-wire, twisting it about the windshield in such a way that it could no longer blow in. We laughed to think how hay-wire has been pursuing us throughout our trip, and now even the Pierce Arrow is fixed with it.

About six-thirty in the evening we reached Gallup, New Mexico, stopping at the very attractive Navajo Hotel, under Harvey management, beside the railroad station. There we had excellent rooms and after supper in the Harvey restaurant went to the movies. We are on U. S. Route 66, and - on the whole - it is pretty good. After the deep sandy stretch west of Los Lunas, we hit a number of miles of good oiled road on which we made good time. In other places the road was bumpy and there was always enough loose gravel to be hard on the tires.

Monday, May 6 - Gallup, New Mexico, to Flagstaff, Arizona

In the morning we visited a grocery store and got a box, shipping to Van Scoy another twenty-five hundred feet of film. The garage man reported that we had had a flat tire during the night - a stone bruise which he had fixed. Yesterday our route carried us 220 miles, as near as we could estimate from the map and scarce signboards. Today we kept on toward Holbrook, Arizona, crossing the border and again undergoing inspection by the Arizona Department of Agriculture. The wind continued high, but we found a fairly protected place to stop by the roadside for lunch from our supplies. Later we stopped again on the edge of the Painted Desert at a lion farm, where they had a tame badger, coyote, and five young mountain lions. The mountain lion kittens were quite tame, and we were allowed to handle them. Later we persuaded the man in charge to let us take pictures of some young lions about six months old, which he took out of the cage and set down on the desert floor. This consumed considerable time, but we kept on through Holbrook, where I had the cylinder oil in the car changed; and then on upward toward the snow-capped San Francisco peaks on the horizon. These peaks were covered over with rather heavy snow, for they reach an altitude of 12,000 feet. As we approached the mountain barrier the wind lessened somewhat and we had a race with a Santa Fe Railroad mail train, when our road happened to be near the railroad track. The road, also, was getting better all the time, and presently became a macadamized highway at the boundary of the Coconino National Forest. Now we were up in the junipers again and gradually the pinons and pines appeared about us. It was a pleasant relief after the flat mesa, which we had been crossing for the past several hours. Just before the road entered Flagstaff, we turned off to the north, wound up through lovely yellow pine in a saddle

below the San Francisco Mountains, and finally camped about one-half hour from the road junction, beneath the trees. It was a lovely camp site. We figured that we had covered about 240 miles today.

Tuesday, May 7 - Painted Desert, Tuba City, to Grand Canyon

Having a long day before us, we rose at six, breakfasted and packed up. Our road now left the pines and wandered out into the Painted Desert, twisting and turning around rocky buttes and through extremely rough country. We passed the little settlement of Cameron and crossed a most interesting suspension bridge over the Little Colorado. The road beyond was rocky and narrow, but extremely scenic because of the lovely colors of the Painted Desert - pinks, blues, and greens dyeing all the much eroded soil. We twisted and turned across the wide canyon of the Little Colorado and then up a steep grade to the plateau above, looking across at still more colored cliffs. Along the roadside was a procession of cinder cones and the country reminded us very much of Death Valley. As we turned upgrade again toward Tuba City, we passed near the roadside some dinosaur tracks in the rock. These tracks were made many, many thousands of years ago in soft sedimentary mud. Later other sediments were deposited above. The animals which made the tracks died out so long ago that no one knows much of anything about them. Thousands of years later, when wind and water again ate down the surface of the plateau, the tracks were uncovered, being in a harder strata than that immediately above.

Now we saw green trees in the distance, cottonwoods. There were irrigation ditches and glimpses of cultivated fields. Rounding a corner, we came upon scattered Navajo hogans. One of them was most picturesque, with the entire family grouped outside and the children quite naked. We wanted to get pictures, but knew that the Navajos objected seriously to having their pictures taken, believing that their soul went out of them and into the camera. A mile or so beyond we came upon Kerney's Trading Post, where we got water and inquired about the road. They said there was a short cut to Moencopi, the first of the Hopi Indian villages, and that it was only a few miles by this road. We were warned, however, that two cars had been stuck in the sand yesterday. We followed this and were not troubled by the sand; but in one place an irrigation ditch had flowed over the road and made deep mud. This mud was so deeply rutted that our running boards grounded; and, with our heavy load sticking out on the sides of the car a few inches beyond the edges of the running boards, we could do nothing. We deliberated whether to dig our way through or turn back, and finally decided on the latter course. Of course, we couldn't turn around, but had to back up for some distance. Then we took the other road up a big hill to Tuba City, an which was an interesting old Indian Post; and there were two Indian traders. We passed up the first one and kept on to the second on the farther side of the town. This post, operated by Mr. O'Farrell and his wife, was quite fascinating. They had some splendid Navajo rugs, a couple of which we bought. Not many tourists came here, and O'Farrell did a big business in lending money to the Indians, who pawned their jewelry and ancient relics with him. He showed us some of the most marvelous silver ornaments and strings of wampum we had ever seen in our lives. However, it was his practice to give the Indians a chance to redeem these for as long as possible, as it won their good will. Mrs. O'Farrell was a Boston woman, an ex Arizona school teacher. These people also took us out to a board and burlap shanty behind the post where an Indian silver smith was at work. He was copying a marvelous silver belt and doing most remarkable work with homemade tools. Reluctantly leaving the O'Farrells, we kept on down the hill and through the sand to Moencopi, arriving there without mishap. This was a regular Indian pueblo village, but the adobe houses were mostly only one story high. The Indians were not particularly picturesque, and we found

nothing going on worth photographing, although we tried - by going up and down the village street - to find some woman who was in the act of making a basket and whom we might bribe to let us photograph her. Although Bill and I visited one Hopi family for perhaps twenty minutes, we could get no satisfaction. Accordingly, we walked back to the car for the return trip; but this time we evolved a system for getting a few motion pictures en route. Whenever we passed some interesting Indians on the trail, mounted on their burros, I would stop the car, and we would pretend to be very much interested in eating oranges or studying out a large map. Bill would be firmly braced in the back seat, with a six-inch lens on an Eyemo camera; and while we clustered around, talking in loud voices to drown any possible noise from the camera, he would shoot over my shoulder and in this way get some stuff. We pulled this trick near the Navajo hogans, but couldn't keep it up for long, lest the Indians grow suspicious.

Now we began to retrace our route, stopping at the edge of the big pitch off into the Canyon of the Little Colorado for lunch and pictures. For the first time on our whole trip the weather was very hot. We crossed the Little Colorado again by the suspension bridge and stopped at Cameron, where two girls explained about the dinosaur tracks. They had ice at the trading post there, and we got some cold Budweiser.

Our route now led over the Navahopi Road, working up from the canyon of the Little Colorado to the high plateau on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. The road was narrow, rough, and rocky, and passed logs of petrified wood. Navajos with their great mixed flocks of sheep and goats were everywhere; and the hooves of these small animals almost obliterated the road ahead of us. Once we had to stop, while Marg got out and walked ahead of the car, shouting at the goats and making a passage for us. This road did everything but tie itself in knots; and it was slow going, but extremely spectacular. There were side canyons running into the Grand Canyon everywhere, and we had to go all around each one of these, sometimes with the road clinging to the very brink and with no turnouts. As usual, however, in this country, we hardly ever met another car. Below us the steep walls of these side canyons would drop off perpendicularly for several hundred feet into unbelievable tracks. We were delighted that we had taken this route. Up and down, up and down we went, and then finally up a long hill to the rim of the plateau. This hill was very steep, so that we had to negotiate it in low gear; and like all the rest it was very narrow. Now we were again among the alligator junipers and then the pinons, and lastly the pines, entering the Tusayan National Forest. We followed this up a valley for some distance, and after a while came upon a much better road entering the Park boundary. Although we had been careful to conserve the water in our canteens and drink only the best, we all suffered from a weakening effect; and, having done all the driving, I was extremely tired and gave out in favor of Brownie at the wheel. Now our road switched into a splendid oiled boulevard along the rim of the Grand Canyon, with gorgeous glimpses into the Canyon itself. These glimpses were understandable and glorious, but when we pulled off to Grand View Point, carried the Akeley camera out to a rock, and took some photographs of the whole great canyon itself, it was too big to grasp; and, as on our previous trip, we were not so thrilled. Evening shadows were now falling, so we pushed on to the El Tovar. At Park headquarters we learned that Superintendent Tillotson was away, so we had supper at the hotel. I felt so tired, for the first time during this trip, that I could hardly eat. We had driven only about 160 miles today, as closely as we could estimate, but what a hundred and sixty miles! While we were eating supper at the hotel, who should come over but Vernon Bailey, Chief Naturalist of the United States Biological Survey, from Washington. He said that he was out in the Canyon with Mrs. Bailey to make studies of the animal life, and would be in this region for several months. He introduced us to a young fellow

by the name of McKee, who is the new Park Naturalist, replacing the man who was drowned in the Colorado River. Later, with McKee, I went to see Mr. Petro, Assistant Superintendent of the Park, and discussed our plans with him. The Vernon Baileys and McKee are going down to Phantom Ranch in the bottom of the Canyon early tomorrow morning. I got hold of the Fred Harvey transportation people and arranged for mules to take us down also tomorrow. For a short time we sat on the edge of the Canyon in the starlight, and then to bed in the hotel. We had hoped to camp out on the rim, which would have been much nicer than the rather stuffy hotel rooms, but this was against the rules, and the regular automobile camp did not attract us in the least.

Wednesday, May 8 - Grand Canyon, Indian Gardens

The Vernon Baileys left right after breakfast, but we could not get ready to start until afternoon, as we had to go down to Park headquarters and talk with Chief Ranger Brooks. He is the same man who took Finley out in the Yellowstone some years ago when he went moose hunting. At that time Brooks insisted on running everything and keeping on the move, instead of waiting for the animals to come. At eleven o'clock we took our duffle over to the barn, ready to be packed. This time we concluded that we would take the Akeley camera with us as well, as this was a good outfit and the men seemed to know their business. They also had good kyacks, or pack boxes, and we felt sure everything would be all right. The horse concession here belongs to the Fred Harvey outfit, as does everything else. They have good, well trained Missouri mules, and experienced men. Horse outfit, however, is probably a misnomer, as they use the Missouri mules for everything, including saddle animals. We had an early lunch and were ready to start at one o'clock. The mules looked so tall, well-fed, and well-kept, after what we had been used to. We rode down the Bright Angel Trail, although the Vernon Baileys had gone down the new Kaibab Trail which is shorter to Phantom Ranch, for we wanted to photograph the antelope which hang around Indian Gardens, where the Bright Angel Trail comes out on the Tonto Plateau. Being used to tourists, our guide was most amusingly solicitous of our welfare, getting off from time to time to tighten our cinches, although the saddles were all double-rigged, with a back cinch. All the way down we joked about the tameness of the trail, although the mules, having been packed, had the habit of following the very outside of the trail and hanging their heads over on the turns. Where the trail went through a tunnel, Bill, who was carrying his camera on his saddle horn, got off to take pictures. Our guide, however, was still suspicious and insisted that we get off and walk down Jacob's Ladder. This amused us considerably, especially when the guide lifted Marg off her saddle, and the slope of the trail seemed hardly anything at all after what we had been used to when lion hunting. My mule wouldn't lead for a cent, so I got back on him about halfway down.

We passed several day parties bound upward, and some of the people looked very insecure and quite unhappy at the idea of passing our outfit, although we were well off on the side of the trail and there was plenty of room.

Sure enough, as we rode down the last slope and gaze out among the tangled alders of Indian Gardens, there were seven antelope, peacefully lying in the shade. They hardly bothered to get up when we rode by. Here we met up with our pack animals, which another guide by the name of Carson had brought down a little ahead of us. The boys unpacked quickly, and a few moments later I was working the Akeley camera on the antelope. The Ranger in charge of the Bright Angel Trail, which now belongs to the government, having been purchased about two years ago from Coconino County, has been feeding the antelope regular grain, the same mixture that they feed the mules; and the antelope are so tame that it is very difficult to get any pictures with action.

Some of the does would walk right up to the camera. There were one old buck, two young bucks, and three does, two of the latter giving every indication of having fawns within a couple of weeks. There was also another old buck, blind in one eye from a fight, but he did not come in until about dark. Our picture-taking operations were not very exciting; only the two younger bucks gave any action. Bill worked his camera too, to a certain extent, but there was no need of a hand camera.

After a couple of hours the boys had supper ready of bacon, potatoes, and canned peas. It seemed so strange to have everything done for us. We did not have to unsaddle our own animals, or anything. After supper we sat on a rock and read about the formation of the Grand Canyon, from the National Park Service booklet, while the last rays of sunlight gilded the queer shaped buttes and lastly just tinged the canyon rim. Later we sat around the fire, which was not a very large one, as wood is scarce, and talked with Carson and Lee Somebody-or-other, our guide. Carson was very pleasant. He put down our beds in a lovely grassy spot behind one of the old buildings, the stone frame of which still stands. It was warm and pleasant, and we had a wonderful rest.

Thursday, May 9 - Indian Gardens to Phantom Ranch

We were up about 6:45, and Carson had a good breakfast of eggs, hot cakes and bacon ready. The antelope were still all around us. In fact, last night just at dusk the old buck and one of the younger ones had been having a game of tag 'round and 'round our camp. We took more pictures very easily, and I made several tries of a slow motion shot of the antelope jumping up the bank. The Ranger, Newton Schaefer, would coax them down with grain and then we would scare them up again. The antelope liked the shade, and when we finally got them out in the sun began to scatter up the canyon and went so far that we concluded that we had enough pictures. Meanwhile, several parties of tourists came down from above, and we enjoyed watching their facial expressions. One guide brought up the rear with a girl, whom he seemed to be keeping all to himself. The boys again made a good job of our packing, and we got off about ten-thirty. We rode along the Tonto Trail, winding in and out for all the side canyons, past Pike Creek and Burro Springs, where there was water to drink. Beautiful blossoms of the prickly pear cactus grew by the trail-side, and there was another cactus we could not identify with similar blossoms. The delicate flowers ranged in shade from pink to rose and magenta. After an hour or so, we came out on the Junction of the Tonto and Kaibab Trails and then had more spectacular and interesting going. This new trail, however, is about four feet wide or more, and like the Bright Angel Trail has a parapet of rock on all the hairpin turns and steep corners. We stopped for lunch in the shade of an overhanging ledge. Our boys were now more friendly and seemed to trust us to look after ourselves, especially Carson. After our lunch of oranges, sardines, bread and jam, we rode on down the trail, which presently began to loop and hairpin back and forth, making its way down the steep wall of the Canyon to the Colorado River. Bill stayed behind and took pictures of us going down, and apparently got some good trail material. Below us was the new steel bridge across the Colorado River, completed last fall to replace the old one, which had been directly under it. Only one mule at a time was allowed on the old bridge, and the dudes had to walk. The new bridge is accessible from the southern end by a tunnel through the rock, and this gave us an opportunity for more pictures. Lee was afraid his mule would shy at Bill's camera, so Carson gave him the pack train and rode along with us, and he did not object to anything we wanted to do.

The Colorado River was quite high and, of course, muddy. We could enjoy the granite gorge and the swirling river far more than the Canyon as a whole, a small part of it being more comprehensible. Crossing the bridge and taking more pictures, we came to the mouth of Bright Angel Creek and up it a short distance to Phantom Ranch. Phantom Ranch is maintained by the Harvey organization for parties who want to spend a night down in the Canyon, or are en route to the north rim. It consists of a cluster of low stone buildings and frame cabins with canvas covering. We were located in one of the latter, next to the Vernon Bailey party. The Vernon Baileys greeted us with Miss Barbara Hastings and Mr. McKee, the Park Naturalist. After supper at the main building of the ranch, we walked up the lovely canyon of Bright Angel Creek with the Baileys and McKee to hunt bats, as Bailey is collecting everything in the mammal line that he can lay hands on. We saw a few, but it was too windy to have much luck, although we batted at them with willow switches. I succeeded in getting a winged helgramite but that was all.

During the day Doctor Bailey had shot a large chuckwalla. We knew that the Indians ate this lizard-like animal, and Doctor Bailey wanted to try him, so we built a little fire and after Doctor Bailey had skinned the creature for stuffing, he roasted the remains. We each had a tiny sliver, which was quite gamey and very tough.

Being at an elevation of only a little over 3,000 feet after the high altitude we have been used to, we found it exceedingly hot at Phantom Ranch, and we all felt very lazy. Although we had a tent cabin with a screened porch, we all more or less preferred to use our own bed rolls and spread them between our shack and the next one, under the stars. However, we could use the cabin for undressing purposes; and here it was really so warm that one positively needed to undress.

Friday, May 10 - Phantom Ranch

After breakfast at seven-thirty, I set up the Akeley camera [illegible] prickly pear cactus clumps which the black-chinned and broad-tailed hummingbird had been visiting. There were two large clumps of this cactus, apparently exactly alike; but one had pink flowers and the other had yellow flowers. Bill also took up position nearby the other clump. We waited until eleven o'clock, but didn't have very much luck - just one or two shots of the hummingbirds. Accordingly, we gave it up, believing that it was too late to get anything after eleven o'clock, and amused ourselves getting some close-ups of the blossoms, with red and orange filters on the Akeley camera. To our surprise, the hummingbird came back, so we hastily set up again, and I tried a couple of high speed shots with the multiplying crank. These were perhaps better.

They do not serve lunch in the main building at Phantom Ranch, but put up box lunches for everybody, so we took ours to the Baileys' cabin and sat with them, chatting for a while. In the afternoon we set up the big camera again to work on lizards, particularly the large scaly lizards which were everywhere among the rocks, especially about our cabin. We had remarkably good luck, and I got a considerable sequence on the courting antics of these queer creatures. The female was sunning herself on a rock and the male was hunting for insects nearby. Suddenly he ran over to her rock, climbed up it and began running around above and beneath her, all the time pumping himself up and down on his legs and throwing out his throat. Then she entered into the dance, and they wove and interwove in circles, while I cranked steadily. Later we found that we could fool the lizards by snapping a small pebble in the air and allowing it to fall near them. Apparently,

the lizards considered that this was some sort of grasshopper, for they invariably jumped in that direction. The afternoon was hot and enervating after our sojourn in the high altitudes. We all took shower baths, and Bill and I shaved; then I loaded film for the Akeley camera.

Staying here at Phantom Ranch for a couple of days are Ronald Colman and William Powell, the movie actors who played in Beau Geste. They had observed our movie work, but kept their distance. This evening at supper they were feeling rather jovial, probably from some liquid refreshment; and, when at our end of the long table Doctor Vernon Bailey began talking about bats, Powell showed a great interest and finally moved his chair up beside Doctor Bailey, egging him on to deliver a full lecture on the subject of the habits of bats and pet bats he had owned. Good old Doctor Bailey was delighted to find such interest on the part of a mere layman and expanded in the apparently warm glow of Powell's interest. We had a hunch, however, that Powell, whom we know to be a good mimic, was getting material for a parlor lecture, taking off the professor, as he called Doctor Bailey. He and Colman decided that they would both like to go bat-hunting with us this evening. Doctor Bailey thought it was still a little too windy, but as he had so many recruits, he decided we might as well start out, anyhow. We all walked up the Canyon, Doctor and Mrs. Bailey with the four of us, Miss Hastings and the two movie actors. Mr. McKee had gone back to the south rim. Nobody got any bats, but later we returned to our cabin and lay in wait around the light there. Two bats were caught, but those by the boy who washes dishes at the camp, and not by any of us. Again we slept out between the cabins.

Saturday, May 11 - Phantom Ranch back to the Rim of the Canyon

In the morning Bill, Brownie, and Marg, with Carson, rode up Bright Angel Creek way and took some pictures in the Canyon. We heard that last night a ranger farther up the trail had been bitten by a rattlesnake. The reports this morning were that it was only on the finger and that while he had spent an uncomfortable night, there was no indication of serious complications. Therefore, neither Doctor Bailey nor I had to use our Anti-venin. I stayed in camp, having hit upon the idea of taking single exposure pictures every half minute, to get the whole story of the opening of a cactus flower. The flowers close up at night and last only one or two days. I had my troubles, as some clouds came up and so obscured the sun at times that the blossoms didn't open steadily. Also, it was hard to gauge the exposures of the separate pictures, so that the finished strip of film would be evenly exposed. Behind me some Gambel quail crowed and clucked, sometimes coming quite close. My flower finally opened and the bees came to visit it. Although I was only a little over two feet away from the blossom, the hummingbirds came, too - at least one of them did. As long as I sat still they visited the blossom right in front of the camera lens; but I had difficulty in getting much of anything in the picture line, for as soon as I started to crank the birds would fly away. Miss Hastings came by and, at my request, made some syrup of sugar and water, which I poured into the blossom. This pleased the hummingbirds, and they came a little more frequently. It also pleased the bees and the flies. Altogether, it would be possible to get a very interesting pictures in this way of a flower's day; but I had only a half a day to work at it and not very favorable weather at that.

After a while the other members of our party came back, and we all had our box lunches again in the Baileys' cabin, or rather, on their porch. Our other guide had gone back with the extra mules which we no longer needed, now that we didn't have to have a cooking outfit and food. He left us two mules, which Carson carefully packed with all our cameras and bedding. On account of the weight of the Akeley camera and cases, this made a pretty good load; but Bill carried his

Eyeno again on his saddle horn.

We left Phantom Ranch early in the afternoon and retraced our route of the day before yesterday to the junction of the Kaibab and Tonto Trails; but this time we kept on up the Kaibab Trail, which is the shortest route to the south rim. It is a much more spectacular and interesting trail than the Bright Angel Trail, because instead of following in the bottom of a side canyon it angles up a great ridge or abuttment, twisting back and forth with ever-changing views of the Canyon itself. Thus Bill was able to get still more attractive trail pictures. On one saddle we stopped and then rode our mules along the very edge for picture purposes. Bill also took a comic of my trying to lead old Supai, as my mule is called. Carson realized that we were able to look after ourselves and let us do about as we pleased. He was a mighty good fellow. He had telephoned from part way up the trail, at a little booth maintained for this purpose, and a Harvey automobile met us at the rim. Thus we reached the El Tovar Hotel in time for supper. Right after supper Bill had to take his train, and we saw him off at the station. He goes on the Santa Fe to Barstow, there changing from one car to another, over Tehachapi Pass to Stockton, where he takes the Southern Pacific for Portland. The two movie actors were also taking the same train, and Powell was already able to imitate Doctor Bailey in fine style. Later I learned that Superintendent Tillotson had returned, and Brownie and I called upon him and Mrs. Tillotson at their house. They have a young daughter. The interior of their living room was beautifully furnished with Navajo rugs and Indian handicraft; and their prize possession is a guest book, the cover of which is made out of an old pair of Mr. Tillotson's chaps. Mr. Tillotson personally laid out the Kaibab Trail and the new trail from Phantom Ranch up to the north rim. We wished we had been able to take this, and would indeed have liked to go on with the Vernon Baileys to the north rim, a trip which they are taking within the next week. However, I felt that it was time we were getting home. Marg went to a dance with Carson.

Sunday, May 12 - Grand Canyon to the Painted Desert

After dropping in at Park headquarters once more, we made a leisurely start and drove over the regular road to Williams, there hitting the main Santa Fe Trail. There were only three of us in the car now, and since practically all of our film had been used up, we had plenty of room. It was a question of retracing the route we had come by; and our only change was a stop at Indian Miller's place, west of Holbrook. Indian Miller, or Crazy Thunder, as he calls himself, is part Indian and he has a rather interesting place, with very large and spacious cages full of mountain lions, badgers, foxes, gila monsters, owls, raccoons, coyotes, and practically everything that may be found in this country. Two of his mountain lions had grown to almost full size, but were still as tame as kittens. Indian Miller is a remarkable man with animals. He possesses that curious sense which enables a few human beings to handle wild animals successfully. Vernon Bailey had visited him, and said he was one of the best men with wild animals he had ever met. He certainly had his lions taged and could rub them and romp with them. The big cats purred noisily; and even the badgers and gray foxes were as tame as puppies and kittens. All the time Indian Miller talked about himself and his theory regarding animals. He was certainly no scientist, and all his beliefs and ideas were those of a child. However, it was interesting to watch him work with his pets.

We kept on to the edge of that portion of the Painted Desert which comes out to the main road near where the other lion farm is, the one where we photographed the baby lions on the way to the Canyon. As we had stopped in Holbrook to have a tire repaired, it was growing dusk as we took the side road which runs along

the rim of the Painted Desert to a sort of inn resort. However, we did not stop there, but found a secluded and protected place on the rim above the desert, to make our beds. We had had supper in a little restaurant at Holbrook. This was to be our last night camping out, and the conditions were nearly perfect. We saw the last rays of the setting sun over the Painted Desert, and the final glow; and then we had a glorious night's sleep.

Monday, May 13 - Painted Desert to Acoma and Albuquerque

We opened our eyes just for a bit, to see the last sunrise on the desert, and after breakfast took the road again. This time at Laguna we turned off southward, following a narrow track to Acoma, the most picturesque and, in fact, the oldest continuously occupied Indian pueblo. Acoma is about eighteen miles off the main road; but when we had gone about half way we passed a big Buick sedan with a Massachusetts license, and the driver - an elderly man accompanied by three ladies - hailed us to say that there was very heavy sand ahead and he had been stuck for four hours. He advised us to take a fainter track around to the right and thus probably avoid difficulty. Thanking him, we drove on. After a while we came to the place he mentioned, and on the straight away road it was evident that the sand was deep and bad. However, we kept around the outside, finding that our friend from Massachusetts when referring to what he called the mosquite bushes, meant small juniper shrubs. Just beyond we came upon two people inna big open Lincoln car, with an Illinois license. They were in the act of putting up a sign, with skull and cross bones, advising people to take the outside, righthand track to avoid getting stuck in the sand. These people followed us past the beautiful Mesa encantada, a great rock which rises a couple of hundred feet above the floor of the dry desert valley. This rock is flat on top and is supposed to have been the old location of an Indian pueblo which antedated Acoma. We kept straight on, seeing the great pile of rock on top of which is the pueblo of Acoma on our right. The road finally swung toward it and became a more track over the sand dunes. As we were pulling up grade, we dared venture until the car actually stuck, knowing that we could readily back out downhill. When we could go no farther, we abandoned the car and started out on foot toward the rocky cliff. We had not gone more then a quarter of a mile before we met two Indians, one of whom spoke perfect English. He said his name was Frank Johnson, that he had attended school at Carlisle and worked in New Jersey near Trenton. He told us that this was the wrong road to take to Acoma and that we should go back to the Mesa Encantada and take a fork to the westward. Then he very kindly offered to go with us and guide us. We got back to our car and there met the people from Illinois, a man and his wife, walking uphill through the sand. They also returned to their car and, after I had backed out, followed us back to the fork in the road. There had been a sign there, but it was insecurely set up in the sand and had blown down. Besides, the sign had evidently been prepared by the Indians and it was mostly backwards. Just at this point another one of our rear tires went flat from a stone bruise (this tire trouble we have had during the last couple of days is the only tire trouble we have had on the entire trip). The people from Illinois agreed to take Brownie and Marg with them on the running board of their dar, as it was getting late, while I stopped to fix the difficulty. Frank Johnson, the Indian, also went with them; and just then another car appeared. Altogether, this little piece of desert near Acoma seems quite a meeting place.

I soon had the tire changed and drove on alone, following the tracks which the other cars had made. I bumped along over some rocky places and through a little sand, finally coming up to the imposing entrance to Acoma. On top of an isolated cliff were the houses of the pueblo, rising two or three tiers with their adobe brick construction. There was a great crack in the side of the cliff, guarded

by immense outlying rocks, and through these the road led. The prevailing winds are from the west, and on the westerly side of Acoma desert sand had been piled in high dunes, one of which reached almost to the top of the rock wall. At the foot the car which had last followed us was stuck in the sand. The two men occupants and one of the Indians were laboring mightily, but could do little until I lent them a shovel and a tarp to run out on. Seeing no sign of Brownie and Marg or of the people they went with, I left my car in a safe place and followed some footprints up the big sand drift. This was evidently what is called the Horst Trail to the top, and supposedly the easiest method of access to the rock, yet this certainly could have been very easily defended in ancient times, for it is no easy job to climb up a steep pile of loose, blown sand. I was tired and winded before I got almost to the top and came out on a narrow trail which led to the top of this strange mesa. I was not far from the walls of the old church, which is now reserved by the Indians for their exclusive use, and to which no visitors are allowed entrance. Presently I sighted Brownie among the houses of the pueblo and made my way over to her, past Indian women who stared but said nothing beyond returning my "How do you do?". Brownie told me that the people she was with were the Frank Chases from Chicago, and said that they knew how to handle the Indians. They had gone with Frank Johnson up the narrow and ladder-like trail of the Padres, which is little more than a stone ladder worn in the rock. They were now in the house with Frank Johnson and his wife and children. Accordingly, I followed her up a ladder and some adobe steps, across the roofs of the first tier of houses, and into a doorway on the second tier. Here were Frank Johnson's wife and children, sitting about on the floor with the rest of our party, while a dozen or so Indian women stood about everywhere, endeavoring to sell pottery, carved bone necktie holders, and what not. The members of Frank Johnson's family were quite cordial, for Mr. Chase had been giving dimes and candy to the children and talking in a sensible manner, as so few people think to do with an Indian. We sat around for a few moments, and my eye fell upon the fore-quarters of a lamb hanging from the ceiling beam. Nearly all these Indian dwellings have meat drying somewhere. This house was scrupulously clean and not in the least evil smelling. Evidently, like most of the other Pueblo Indians, the Acoma Indians are a clean and sanitary race.

After a few moments' conversation, we made our way out again, endeavoring to escape the importunities of the pottery-selling women, and came to the top of the ladder of the Padres. This trail led almost straight down a cleft in the rock. There were footholds worn in the rock, evidently having been originally cut out; and there were also much needed hand-holds at the proper height to steady oneself in this ladder-like descent. Altogether, it was a most fascinating city entrance. We climbed down for some distance and then, turning sharply in our tracks, came out upon a narrow-topped sand dune, which we followed down to the gateway below, where our cars stood. Brownie and Mr. Chase took some snapshots on the rock stairway, but even Mr. Chase was unable to get permission to take any pictures of the Indians themselves, as they wereveery superstitious about it, and their superstition could only be overcome by an interview with the governor and the payment of a sufficient sum of money. Here at Acoma was taken a part of the film, "Redskin", and the people knew all about movies. They had the notion that all movies were worth money, as undoubtedly they had been paid well by the movie company. Accordingly, I realized that the only way we could get any motion pictures would be to use a hand camera, after a proper introduction. The governor would charge too much for letting us use the Akeley. As we had no Kyemo film, I took no pictures at all; and indeed it would have been very difficult to properly show that marvelous stairway.

Our Indian friend, Frank Johnson, told us the story of the Mesa Encantada

how this was supposed to have been the ancient home of the Acoma Indians. Even now it is the custom of the Indian men to work the fields down below, spending a great deal of their time at Acomita, up nearer Laguna. The majority of the women and a few men only are left at Acoma proper. Frank Johnson said it would be his turn to live at Acoma for a year, and then he would go down into the valley to work the fields. This was also the ancient practice, and the story is that one day, while nearly all the tribe, except a few old women, were down below, a thunder storm struck the Mesa Encantada and destroyed the rock staircase by which they went back and forth. The Indians could not get up, and the old women could not get down. Finally the women up there starved to death, and the rest of the tribe, being by far the largest portion, finally moved over to Acoma and built a new city. All this, however, happened many years before even the first Spaniards came.

The Frank Chases were such pleasant people, interested in the kind of things that we were and so forth, that we struck up a friendship. They were going on to Albuquerque for the night, even though it was already six o'clock, so we decided to do the same; and after saying goodbye to our friendly Indian, drove back to Laguna and then on eastward.

We stopped at the little hamlet of New Laguna to get gasoline and some very poor supper, and then hurried on about eighty or ninety miles to Albuquerque. The Chases had not stopped at Laguna, and got there ahead of us, so that when we drove up to the Fred Harvey Hotel, the Alvarado, we found that they had already spoken for rooms for us. It was quite late - somewhere around nine o'clock - but we thought we would like something more to eat, and strolled into the all-night Fred Harvey restaurant, there to find the Chases eating a belated supper.

Tuesday, May 14 - Albuquerque to San Gabriel Ranch

At the suggestion of the Chases, we set out from Albuquerque over a different route to Santa Fe, starting southward through Tijeras Canyon and the long ridges of the Ortiz and Sandia Mountains. This was a marvelous trip, and much more beautiful than the regular route. We passed through a couple of coal mining towns, where soft and anthracite coal is taken out of the ground; and then through Cerrillos we passed close to the famous turquoise mines. This brought us to Santa Fe in time for lunch at La Fonda Hotel.

We spent the afternoon shopping. The Chases came in considerably later than we had, having started later over the same route. Mr. Chase has connections in Santa Fe, as he has purchased some property on the ridge above the town, where the road to Bishop's Lodge turns off the main northerly road to San Gabriel Ranch and Taos. Accordingly, he was able to help me get a check cashed so that I could pay for Pullman tickets and so forth. We did our last shopping and bought presents for various people. Accordingly, the afternoon was well advanced before we started for San Gabriel Ranch, and even then we stopped for a few moments on the way to use up some film in the Akeley camera on some lovely cloud effects at sunset, which might come in handy for the beginning or end of finished reels. We found everything at the ranch very quiet. Most of the people had left or gone on pack trips, but our children are flourishing.

Wednesday, May 15 - San Gabriel Ranch

We spent most of the day packing and making arrangements to leave our cameras and car either in Mr. Pfaffle's care or in Santa Fe. The Chases drove up from Santa Fe for lunch with us, and we had a very nice visit. Mrs. Pfaffle has a very hard cold, and apparently is enjoying a nervous breakdown. The doctor said she should

go off somewhere with a trained nurse, but she refused to take a trained nurse. Marg, of course, has been trying to get a job here; and at the last moment Mr. Pfaffle thought it would be a great idea if Marg would go with Mrs. Pfaffle to the new ranch up near Canjâlon Camp. This seemed to Marg and the rest of us a good chance for her to get started with a good contact; and she accepted the job. She drove back to Santa Fe with the Chases to do some last shopping. After supper we all got into one of the ranch Lincoln cars, with Joe as driver, and drove for about two hours or more to Lamy. Marg joined us at Santa Fe and saw us off on the ten o'clock train for Chicago.