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GRAND CANYON AND NORTHERN ARIZONA



A Radio Presentation

Exploring America
With Carveth Wells

ARIZONA COLLECTION
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

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THE CONOCO PROGRAM No. 6

GRAND CANYON AND NORTHERN ARIZONA (AS RECORDED)

MUSIC—"PALE MOON"
(ORCHESTRA)
(MUSIC DOWN UNDER ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNOUNCER—Continental Oil Company, makers of Conoco Germ Processed Oil and Conoco Bronze Gasoline, invite you to go "Exploring America with Carveth Wells."

MUSIC—UP . . . THEN DOWN UNDER FOR ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER—Westward ho! Today, we go with Carveth Wells to Arizona, to stand on the brink of the Grand Canyon, and to see some of the wonders of America's Southwest.

MUSIC—OUT

ANNOUNCER—The native Indian tribes and the old Spanish atmosphere add much to the romantic charm of Arizona. So Frank Ventre leads the Conoco Orchestra in a special arrangement of Victor Herbert's beautiful "Natoma."

MUSIC—"NATOMA"
(ORCHESTRA)

WELLS—Hello everybody! This is Carveth Wells wishing you all a very happy Easter day. I wonder how many of you know the origin of the Easter egg. It dates way back to the days of Mary Magdalene and the Emperor Tiberius. You see, Mary Magdalene was very poor, but she wished to make a present for the emperor, so she took an ordinary hen's egg which she had carefully varnished red and presented it to the Emperor, saying the words, "Christ is risen!" Tiberius was so astonished at this original present from a poor christian woman that he stopped persecuting the Christians, and ordered that Christ should be numbered among the Gods. How on earth rabbits came to be associated with Easter, or why the people of France give one another fish on Easter, I have never been able to discover. Perhaps some of you will tell me. In any case, Easter is a glorious time, for spring is here, there is new life everywhere, the birds are back again, the trees are bursting into bloom, and the forests are full of flowers. So put care aside and take the family out in the car this afternoon and make for the lovely countryside. Scenery is like music, since it is soothing and makes you think. But, for you whose busy lives are spent in the shadows of lofty buildings, or in the din of some noisy factory, there is nothing so good for your tired nerves and business worries as the sight of sunny hills, flower-decked meadows and a spring tonic of good fresh air. Today I'm going to take you, in imagination, to the youngest of all the states, Arizona, the "Baby State." It's such a big baby that I shall not attempt to describe the whole state in one talk, so be patient, Tucson, Yuma, Douglas, and Bisbee, your turn will come later on in this series. Listen while I tell the world of the wonderlands of northern Arizona. And, as for you, Phoenix, be comforted by the knowledge that I have beside me, a box of your delicious dates to support me while I give this broadcast.

One of the greatest surprises to people who explore northern Arizona is to find that this part of the state contains the largest continuous belt of timber in the United States and, that in one county alone, there is the largest pine forest in America. I mention this on purpose to debunk a popular notion that Arizona is just a great desert. As a matter of fact, Arizona's scenery ranges from primeval forest and unexplored desert to well marked national parks and national monuments. Her buildings range from the ruins of ancient civilizations to the very last word in air conditioned hotels and skyscrapers. Her inhabitants vary from the wildest Indians to as smartly dressed women and pretty young debutantes as you'll find anywhere. And, as for climate, Arizona has every kind from sub-tropic to sub-arctic. In the Grand Canyon district, you can actually stand in winter's snow and look down into the canyon depths where a sub-tropical climate persists all the year 'round. I can almost hear some of you people who live in the lovely lake districts of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota exclaim, "I suppose Carveth Wells is going to tell us next about Arizona's lake district!" Yes, I am, for the wonderful thing is that, thanks to Boulder Dam, northern Arizona now has one of the loveliest lakes in America; and as the waters of the Colorado River continue to back up, Arizona will soon have the largest man-made lake in the country. But Boulder Dam Lake is not the only one by any means. Northern Arizona is dotted with particularly good lakes and fishing streams. There are no less than forty lakes within an hour's drive of Flagstaff, where you can catch all the bass and perch you want; while, as for trout fishing, the season in Arizona opens on June the first.

But here is a suggestion for a trip that is probably the most spectacular in America. Just drive across Arizona on Route 66 from east to west or west to east, it makes no difference, for the whole journey will be packed full of wonderful things to see. If you enter from the east, I suggest you make the town of Holbrook your headquarters while you explore the surrounding wonderlands. Within a short drive of the city, there are three great petrified forests covering an area of over a hundred square miles, where you can see hundreds of immense logs that scientists tell us have been lying around for the last two hundred million years. Many of them are over a hundred feet long and while their sides are generally a reddish brown, the ends of the logs show every color of the rainbow, and the ground in all directions is littered with chips of agate, onyx, carnelian and jasper. To the north of Holbrook is the painted desert country, a great sea of shimmering sands, gorgeously colored purple, pink, scarlet, yellow and violet, while dotted about are strange outcroppings of brightly colored rocks, towering hundreds of feet and looking like fairy castle islands in a sea of phantasy. The whole region north of Holbrook is filled with strange sights—mirages, Indian villages, and cliff dwellings. Just drive to Chin Lee and explore the Canyon de Chelly and see for yourself this fantastic wonderland. Now resume your journey west on 66, and soon after passing the thriving town of Winslow, you will come to Meteor Crater, an enormous circular hole in the desert, a mile wide and six hundred feet deep, where something from some far off world was carelessly dropped. It must have given our poor old world quite a jolt when it landed. Just north of Flagstaff is Sunset Crater, a wonderful volcanic crater containing caves of perpetual ice. Flagstaff is probably one of the best

known towns in the world on account of its being the home of the Lowell Observatory, from which the world has learned so much of the Planet Mars. Close by is the highest spot in Arizona, San Francisco Peak, from which can be seen no less than five states, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, all of which are wonderlands of nature that every American ought to explore before he starts any kind of world travel. About sixty miles south of Flagstaff is the finest example of a cliff dwelling in the United States, Montezuma's Castle. If any of you visit the castle this summer, I'd like to know if they still have the old visitors' book that I signed about fifteen years ago. From Montezuma's Castle to Prescott, via Clarkdale and Jerome, is a lovely scenic drive, full of thrills guaranteed to keep the sleepest person wide awake all the time. Prescott was the first capital of Arizona, but although that political honor has now fallen to Phoenix, Prescott is still the "Cowboy Capital of the World." The town is over a mile high and surrounded by majestic pine-clad mountains. It is especially famous for the spectacular dances of the Smoki people, usually held early in June, but if you find yourself in Arizona during the first week in July, then you can attend the annual Indian Pow Wow at Flagstaff, when Indians come from miles around to compete in races and perform many of their extraordinary ceremonial dances.

From Flagstaff it is only a short run to Williams, where you should turn north and drive fifty-seven miles to see the greatest natural spectacle on earth, the Grand Canyon. One day, a little five-year-old girl looked at the canyon for the first time and whispered to her father, "Daddy! What happened?" Unlike so many other great spectacles, the Grand Canyon actually shocks you into *silence*, and it takes a considerable time before you give vent to your emotions and discuss its beauty and immensity with your companions. Even Bernard Shaw, who visited the canyon a short time ago, was shocked into seriousness, for he is reported to have exclaimed very quietly, "It makes me think of religion." Yes, something happened! The Navahos have a legend of a great flood that corresponds with the story of the flood in the Bible, and that the waters finally found an outlet by cutting a gigantic chasm, over a mile deep and from four to eighteen miles wide, through which the water escaped to the sea. At the bottom of the canyon roars the turbulent Colorado River. Some of the world's greatest writers and artists have tried to describe the Grand Canyon, but the task is impossible, because the Grand Canyon is constantly changing. Five minutes is a very long time for the canyon scenery to remain stationary, so that no painting can possibly convey a correct idea of the amazing changes of color that constantly occur with the shifting of the shadows. On both sides of the canyon the land is as flat as a pancake, although covered with lovely trees, but without the slightest warning you suddenly find yourself on the very brink of this tremendous chasm, miles wide and filled with phantastically shaped mountains that are actually a mile high, and yet they do not reach the level of your eyes. The colors are astonishing as the whole canyon, including the mountains within it, appear to have been built up in horizontal layers of vari-colored rock, deep red, bright scarlet, pale green, blue, grey, and even snow white. But, as the sun passes from east to west, so do these colors change unceasingly, while whole mountains appear to fade away and merge into the canyon sides, and other mountains you hadn't noticed

before, slowly take their places. Anyone who has not been to the Grand Canyon for some years will find a great improvement in the roads and trails, thanks to the unceasing labors of the National Park Service. Perhaps you are wondering how long it takes to see the canyon, and the answer is from an instant to a whole lifetime. One visitor who was in rather a hurry looked at the canyon in silence and then exclaimed, "Golly! What a gully! And where do we go from here?" As a matter of fact, you can go around the canyon by car and cross to the north rim via the Navaho bridge near Lees Ferry, a distance of over two hundred miles; but the trip is simply magnificent, and leads you to the great Kaibab Forest which contains the nation's largest herd of deer, over thirteen thousand of them. You can cross the canyon on muleback via the Kaibab trail, a three-day adventure that is packed full of thrills that will last you for a lifetime. You can fly across the canyon and back in less than an hour; but even that aeroplane trip is tame after a mule! No matter how short your visit must be, don't fail to visit the observation station at Yavapai Point where, with the aid of a whole battery of telescopes and a staff of trained scientists to answer your questions, you can learn in a few minutes more about geology than many people know in a lifetime. Perhaps the best known Indians of the Grand Canyon region are the Navahos, the Hopis, and the Havasupais. The Navahos are wanderers and famous for their weaving and silver work, and the Hopis live in pueblos on three high mesas north of the Painted Desert. Their villages can be reached by automobile and the time to see the famous Hopi Snake Dance is between August 19th and the 24th, at the village of Walpi, W-A-L-P-I, about sixty miles north of Winslow. But probably the most unusual adventure for anyone going to the Grand Canyon is to descend into the canyon and visit the Havasupai Indians in their lovely canyon of Havasu. After seeing the Grand Canyon, you cannot help feeling that man is an impudent creature to try to put a stop to nature's greatest undertaking, but the fact remains that in building Boulder Dam, man has at least temporarily stopped the work of the Colorado River. I, therefore, suggest that you compare the works of man and nature by motoring to the town of Kingman on Route 66 and then follow Route 466 to Boulder Dam. Your journey across northern Arizona will have been filled with such astonishing natural wonders that you will appreciate, more than ever, seeing this gigantic undertaking of man that has stopped the flow of the mighty Colorado River and formed an enormous lake whose shores are the vividly colored sides of the canyon. What once were fantastic mountain peaks are now amazingly colored islands, and the scenic effects are quite unique in all the world.

A copy of this broadcast will come in handy when you go to Grand Canyon this summer, so remember you can get a copy without any charge by dropping a line to the CONOCO Travel Bureau at Denver, Colorado.

If you drive to Arizona and the Grand Canyon this summer, you will see plenty of cowboys, but don't call them cowboys, because at home on the ranch, they are cowhands. You will see many ten-gallon hats, so here is a ten-gallon-hat song, one of the most beautiful cowboy songs ever written. By the way, its composer, Billy Hill, was a school-mate of our conductor, Frank Ventre. Now, the CONOCO

Orchestra plays, and John Carter sings, "THE LAST ROUND UP."

MUSIC—"THE LAST ROUND UP"
(VOCALIST WITH ORCHESTRA)

WELLS—This question and answer period requires quite a lot of research, so please be patient if I have not gotten around to your particular question. Here is a letter from Mr. Alvin E. Gillett of Madison, Wisconsin, telling me that if any one fails to see the cherry blossoms in Washington, D. C., they can see nearly a million cherry trees in blossom the last week in May, if they visit Door County in Wisconsin.

Mr. John Jennings of Green Farms, Connecticut, wants to know the size of the largest smoke stack in the world. That just shows you what a variety of questions I have fired at me, but here's the answer and I hope it is correct. The city of Anaconda, Montana, claims to have the largest, and it is the smoke stack of the famous Anaconda Copper Mining Company. The stack is five hundred and eighty feet high, and the width of the wall at the very top is sufficient for a four-horse team to drive around, but I'd certainly hate to be the driver.

Several people have asked me who was the designer of the wonderful archives building in Washington. The building was designed by Mr. John Russell Pope of New York.

Mr. Routt Bryant of Denver, Colorado, asks me to name an American sailor who was once an admiral in the Russian navy. Mr. Bryant is probably referring to America's most famous sailor, whose shrine is at Annapolis. Yes! John Paul Jones was once an admiral in the Russian navy. Miss Nan Smith of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, wants to know which would be the winner in a battle between a scorpion and a tarantula spider. I often wondered about that myself, so I actually staged several fights only last summer, and in four fights, the scorpion won twice and so did the tarantula. It all depended upon which animal got in the first punch for the poison of each proved to be deadly.

By the way, the San Jacinto celebrations started in Houston, Texas, today and will continue until April the 21st, which is also the date of the Battle of Flowers at San Antonio.

Mr. William Birthright of Indianapolis asks me if I can tell him where Rip Van Winkle is supposed to have had his long nap. The Catskill region of New York is known as Rip Van Winkle land. It is a lovely region with mountains, streams and quaint little villages tucked away in deep cool valleys—the kind of place that would make any one want to sleep.

Miss Margaret Corcoran of Birmingham, Alabama, asks me to tell her the length of the nose on the Statue of Liberty! Four feet six inches! And here are some more interesting facts about America's most famous statue. The first finger is eight feet long and the nail is thirteen inches long. The head is ten feet thick from ear to ear, and seventeen feet, three inches high from chin to cranium. The right arm is forty-two feet long, and each eye is two feet, six inches wide. Forty people can stand inside the head, and twelve can be accommodated inside the torch. In her left arm, Liberty

carries a book representing the law, and upon the cover of the book is the date, July 4th, 1776.

ANNOUNCER—Thank you, Mr. Wells. You'll be planning your vacation trip soon. Wouldn't you like to know, *before* you leave, the best way to go, what the roads are like, where to stay, and what to see? You can know all that in advance if you let the Conoco Travel Bureau help plan your trip. The Conoco Travel Bureau will send you, free of charge, road maps for every mile of your trip, with your best routes and latest road conditions marked. With each map is a directory of that region's hotels and camps, with rates given, and descriptions of the country and the most interesting sights. All this complete, accurate travel information will be compiled especially for your trip, then bound into a handy *book*, called the Conoco Touraide. Your maps will be spiral bound in your Touraide in the order in which you will use them. Surely you'll want this helpful travel service for your next trip. You can get it, absolutely free, simply by filling out an application card at any of the 22,000 Conoco stations, or by writing the Conoco Travel Bureau, Denver, Colorado telling where and when you want to go.

Now for the final curtain of our trip to Arizona. the Conoco Orchestra plays a new Western song, filled with the dashing spirit of the open range, "Saddle your Blues to a Wild Mustang."

MUSIC—"SADDLE YOUR BLUES TO A WILD MUSTANG"
(ORCHESTRA)

MUSIC—"PALE MOON"
(ORCHESTRA) . . . UNDER ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER—And so we say goodbye until next week at this same time, when Carveth Wells will take us exploring the lakes and woods of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. You will hear about a delightful island in Lake Huron which, like the island of Bermuda, allows no automobiles; but which you can explore by horse and buggy.

MUSIC—"PALE MOON"
(ORCHESTRA UP FOR FEW BARS, THEN DOWN UNDER)

ANNOUNCER—These travel programs are brought to you by Continental Oil Company, whose Conoco Bronze Gasoline gives you a bonus in mileage, and whose Conoco Germ Processed Oil, alloyed, gives you an oil-plated motor.

MUSIC—"PALE MOON"
(UP AND OUT)