

## Traveling in Indian Country in the United States

Kyoko Saito

In 1988, as soon as the spring semester was over, I decided go on a trip to Petrified Forest and Canyon De Chelly in Arizona, Mesa Verde in Colorado, Monument Valley, Natural Bride National Monument, Arches National Park, and Dinosaur National Monument in Utah, Four Corners, Grand Teton National Park and Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, Glacier National Park in Montana, Jasper, Banff, and Lake Louise in Canada, and Crater Lake in Oregon.

This essay will be only about the part of the trip when I went through Indian Country: Petrified Forest, Mesa Verde, Four Corners, Canyon De Chelly, and Monument Valley.

Before I started traveling, I made reservations for motels, bought traveler's checks and received maps from AAA. This AAA (Triple A) is the American Automobile Association and they provide guidebooks, road maps for individual states, the entire U.S.A., and even for large cities. They also sell traveler's checks free of charge to their members. The most important thing that AAA provides to their members is that they would help members who had car troubles: running out of gasoline, leaving a car key inside the car, etc. I had already sent personal checks to motels before I set out on the trip.

On May 26, I left Palos Verdes Estates, California at 4:45 A.M. and drove on Paseo Del Mar, Palos Verdes Drive West, Calle Mayor, Sepulveda Boulevard, Carson Street, and Vermont Avenue, and finally got on Artesia Freeway 91. Even though it was around 5:30 A.M., the traffic on the freeway was already heavy. Driving past a car accident on the freeway, I wondered if I should stop my trip or carry on. My desire to go on trip was stronger than my worry about having an accident myself. After I drove on the Artesia Freeway for a while, its name changed twice, first to the Riverside Freeway, then around Corona to Interstate Highway 15. I paid attention to the road signs very carefully in order not to miss the sign for Interstate Highway 15. As soon as I changed from the Riverside Freeway to Highway 15, I wanted to use a restroom. I couldn't find any gas stations or public restrooms. No sooner had I entered a small restaurant to use the facilities than, a waitress asked me, "Restroom?" I wondered how she knew what I wanted. I didn't want to drink anything but since I had used the restroom, I forced myself to drink a cup of coffee. I entered Highway 15 again. I had to change from Highway 15 to Interstate Highway 40 eastbound in Barstow. After I got on Highway 40, I didn't have to be so tense because the highway would take me directly to Winslow. The highway was wide and I could see only a few cars around me. At times, I didn't see any cars at all. In Needles, which was the border of California and Arizona, I put 7.6 gallons (28.9 L) of gas. The price was \$8.25. I had driven 249 miles (398 km) from Palos Verdes to Needles. Around 15 minutes after I left Needles, I saw the Colorado River which was narrower than I had

expected. Shortly after I drove through Williams, I saw a sign which showed the direction to the Grand Canyon. I had a great desire to go to the Grand Canyon again but I decided not to go there this time. I had to arrive in Winslow before dark. I saw the sign for Flagstaff, a small town. I saw a couple of motels along Interstate Highway 40 in Flagstaff. I also saw a sign which showed the direction to the Grand Canyon again. I arrived in Winslow, where I had a motel reservation at the Freeway Inn for that evening. I drove through Winslow carefully but I couldn't find the motel. When I drove outside of the town to look for the motel, a middle-aged lady was walking. I asked her for direction to the Freeway Inn. The motel was right beside the freeway and it was too noisy to sleep.

On May 27, I put in eight gallons of gasoline near the motel. I left Winslow at 6:00 A.M. I got on Interstate Highway 40 eastbound and headed for Petrified Forest National Park. Highway 40 is one of the major highways in Arizona but the traffic was very light. The road was very wide and smooth. In Holbrook, I changed from Highway 40 to Federal Highway 180. After I got on Highway 180, I didn't see any cars around me. I could see only the horizon in front of me. There were no houses, cars, or utility poles around me. Not even a single car was on the freeway so I parked my car in the middle of the highway and took a picture. After I had driven around 20 miles, I saw a road sign that said Petrified Forest National Park. As I saw a couple of gift shops beside the entrance to the park, I went in for a look. They sold many Indian products in the gift shop: pottery, sandpaintings colored with decorative ground sand, rugs, turquoise and silver earrings, necklaces, and bracelets. They also sold several fish fossils where the fish bones were beautifully preserved. The fossil that had many fish bones was \$300. Unhappily, I couldn't afford it. I found other fossils. One fossil was 9 square inches (70 square centimeters) and contained only one shape of fish bones. As it was \$20, I couldn't stop myself from buying it. It was the first time that I had seen fossils for sale. I bought two sandpaintings and two agate rocks. I felt very happy with the fish fossil.

I paid the five dollar entrance fee and entered Petrified Forest National Park. In the museum, they displayed pictures of the park. They also showed a video of how the Petrified Forest was made. I started walking in the park to see some petrified wood in the field. First of all, I saw only a couple of petrified logs which were one foot (30 cm) both in diameter and in length. The farther I walked, the more petrified logs I saw. When I walked deep into the park, I saw a 10 foot-long petrified log which was lying on the field. There was an old house which had been built of petrified logs by pioneers. I picked up a small agate rock and put it in my purse. It is against the national park regulations to pick up anything, even a seed, a leaf, a stone, or a flower. If we violated the law, we would have to pay a 100 dollar fine. After I went home to California, I felt guilty about stealing the agate rock and I mailed the rock back.

I started driving in the park where there were no trees and only a small amount of grass. Petrified Forest National Park was in a desert. While I was driving, I really enjoyed looking at the unusual scenery, the brown desert which had only a little

sprinkling of green and the hills beyond the desert. The hills were divided into several layers. Each layer had a different color: light yellow-white, light pink, light gray, light brown, and light purple. The hills looked as though they were painted. I wanted to stay in Petrified Forest National Park a little longer but I had to arrive in Cortez that same day.

I got on Interstate Highway 40 eastbound and headed for Cortez in Colorado. While I was driving on Highway 40, I could see only empty yellow-brown desert. The traffic on the highway was very light. Highway 40 and U.S. Federal Highway 666 merged in Sanders and then divided into Interstate Highway 40 and U.S. Federal Highway 666 in Gallup. I entered U.S. Federal Highway 666 northbound in Gallup. The scenery around Highway 666 was nothing but yellow-brown desert. Sometimes I saw huge uniquely shaped rocks which looked like rock hills. There were wooden poles and wires between the poles along Highway 666. They might have been fences. I didn't understand why there were fences along the highway. If there were any horses, bulls, or sheep on the desert, I would have understood the purpose of the fences. Many beautiful clouds were floating in the blue sky. I wanted to take pictures of the sky but the fences, electricity transformers, and wires didn't fit with the clouds and the sky.

While I was driving in Gallup, I saw that many Hispanics were walking along the highway. Some of them were trying to hitchhike and the others were only walking. I wondered why there were so many Hispanics around there; however, the state of Arizona borders with Mexico.

I could drive at 65 miles (104 km) to 70 miles (112 km) per hour. Sometimes slow cars bothered me. The highway had two-way traffic and it was very hard to pass the slow cars. I enjoyed driving on U.S. Federal Highway 666 and enjoyed looking at the scenery around the highway. Near Sheep Springs and Shiprock, I saw gift stores. They sold Indian products such as pottery, turquoise, and silver jewelry. They also sold fossils. I bought two fish fossils which had a whole fish in each fossil. Most of the fish was covered with sand or rock and I couldn't see the whole shape of the fish. One of the fossils was \$25 and the other was \$22.31.

It was easy to find the entrance to Mesa Verde National Park. There was a large sign which said, "Entering Mesa Verde National Park" beside U.S. Federal Highway 160. In front of the sign, I saw a rocky mountain which looked like a rhombic pyramid with a rectangular cubed table on it. It was in 1972 that I had first learned about Mesa Verde. One of my American friends, Lonny Weltzer, whom I had met in Hawaii in 1971, sent me a postcard from Mesa Verde. The postcard showed a cliff house which was built by Native Americans, Anasazi, several hundred years ago. The cliff dwellings were built at the bottom or in the middle of a huge vertical cliff. The Anasazi also piled up many stones and built two-story houses. Before I looked at the postcard, I had thought that all American Indians lived in tents, Tepees. I was going to stay in Mesa Verde National Park for one hour at most. To see the cliff ruins, I didn't need very much time. When I passed through the entrance, I paid \$5.00 as the national park entrance fee. A park ranger gave

me a pamphlet about Mesa Verde. The ranger also gave me a pamphlet which was written in Japanese. According to the pamphlet, there are several cliff dwelling ruins in Mesa Verde. First of all, I visited the museum in the park. In the museum, I got some more information about Mesa Verde. I bought several postcards and a book in the museum.

The road from the museum divided into two roads. Cliff Palace and Balcony House were along one road and Spruce Tree House, Square Tower House, Pithouses, and Pueblo Ruins were along another road. I drove along the latter road and looked down at Square Tower House and Sun Temple. Square Tower House was under a high cliff. The houses were built in the huge indentation under the cliff. A large part of the cliff overhung the houses as if the cliff were the roof of the houses. I should rather call them the buildings. Most of the buildings had two or three stories. Each building had a couple of small windows. One of the square-shaped buildings had three stories and it stretched up to the overhanging ledge. The top of the building was attached to the ledge. There was a two-story cylinder-shaped building. There were three or four holes in front of the buildings. The holes were surrounded by many flat rocks. It was said that around 250 people used to live in Square Tower House.

All the buildings were built of many milk-caramel-color flat rocks. I couldn't see the details from so far away. The view was exactly the same as the postcard which Lonny had sent me.

The Pithouses and Pueblo Ruins were only the ruins of the bases of tiny houses. I walked through the ruins for 10 minutes. I drove up near the museum where the road divided into two roads. Cliff Palace and Balcony House were along one road. I looked down at Cliff Palace from a viewpoint. Cliff Palace was similar to Square Tower House except there was no tower in Cliff Palace.

I drove down the road to see Balcony House. There were around 15 people standing in front of the entrance to Balcony House and around 10 people were sitting on a long bench beside the entrance. When I tried to pass through the entrance, a park ranger stopped me. He said that I had to join a tour. He also told me to sit on the bench and wait for the next tour. When I tried to sit on the end of the bench, a man next to me told me that he was the front of the line and I should sit on the other end of the bench. The park ranger explained about Mesa Verde: for example, when the cliff houses were built, what kinds of food the people ate, and why they left Mesa Verde. The park ranger took 15 tourists to Balcony House. We had to walk down a narrow steep slope for around 30 yards (28 m) then we walked along a narrow path beside the cliff for around another 30 yards. There was an 11-yard (10 m) long wooden ladder. The ladder was made of logs around three inches (7.6 cm) in diameter. The ladder was set against the cliff wall and the cliff stretched into the sky vertically. A couple of the tourists returned to the entrance because they decided not to climb the ladder. The other tourists started climbing the ladder except for a man with a child who was around five years old. The park ranger told

the man not to carry the child under his arm. The child should climb the ladder by herself like the others. All 13 people had finished climbing the ladder. The child was crying under the ladder and her father tried to help her to climb it. People who had stopped on the rock balcony had to wait for the man and the child. We had to wait for them for around ten minutes. The child was still crying. The park ranger started explaining about Balcony House. I couldn't hear the crying of the child anymore. Then I realized that the man and the child were with us. Some of us congratulated the man and the child for climbing the ladder.

I could observe the cliff buildings very closely. The buildings were made of many flat rocks which looked like bricks. Mud was used as cement between the layers of rocks. The walls of the buildings were straight and the walls had 90-degree corners. There were several logs between the first and the second stories. The logs were about three-inches (7.6 cm) in diameter. There was a wall (fence) which was built with flat rocks at the edge of the balcony. The balcony was about 10 feet (3m) deep and about 30 feet (9m) long. Both the balcony floor and individual room floor were flat. There were several large flat single stones which were 12 inches (30 cm) wide and 16 inches (40 cm) long. There were small flat stones on the single stones. According to the park ranger, these stones were grinders for corn. There were a couple of cylinder-shaped rooms under the floor. These rooms were called Kivas, which were used as ceremonial places. I asked the park ranger about the ceremonies but I couldn't understand clearly what he said. When we left Balcony House, we had to pass through a very narrow passage between the cliffs. I had to pass through the narrow passage walking sideways.

As there was no requirement to join a tour at Spruce Tree House, I could walk around freely except there were signs that said "Not to step in". There were two park rangers at the house. The construction of buildings was exactly the same as Balcony House. I could get in one of the Kivas. I climbed down a wooden ladder. The Kiva was 10 feet x 10.8 feet (3 m x 4 m) in area and around 6.5 feet (2 m) high. As the Kivas were built in the floor, there were no windows in them. While I was in the Kiva, someone closed its ceiling entrance and the inside of the Kiva turned completely dark.

I saw a sign which said, "Petroglyphs." As I wanted to see it, I started walking in the direction of the arrow to see the petroglyphs. I don't remember how many yards I walked. I stopped walking because I had to drive to Canyon De Chelly that day. I really wanted to stay in Mesa Verde longer but I couldn't change my schedule. I had to force myself to leave Mesa Verde.

I entered U.S. Highway 160 westbound and it merged with U.S. Highway 666 in Cortez. It then divided into U.S. Highway 666 and U.S. Highway 160. I had to get on U.S. Highway 160 which had very light traffic. I could see hardly any cars, houses, animals, or utility poles. I could park my car in the middle of the road and take pictures of it without a single car on it. The highway stretched straight into the mountains. I drove to Four Corners Monument where four states--Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona--touched each

other. There was a one-foot high concrete stage at the corner where the four states touch each other. There were cross lines on the stage and the states' names and their seals were minted among the lines. I stood on the exact place where the four states touch and had my picture taken. There were many Hispanic or Native American vendors and they sold American Indian products. Most of the products were Indian jewelry. I drove in a hurry to arrive in Chinle. The land around U.S. Highway 160 was brown and it looked very poor. I saw yellow-green grass only occasionally. Five sheep were walking in front of me and they crossed the highway. As I couldn't believe what I saw in the U.S.A., I stopped my car in the middle of the road and took a picture of them. Around Mexican Water, I entered U.S. Highway 191 northbound. After I drove three miles (4.8 km) on it, I entered U.S. Highway 191 southbound. The highway divided into U.S. Highway 191 and U.S. Highway 12 in Round Rock. I had to be very careful not to enter U.S. Highway 12. I saw an upside-down salad-bowl-shaped mud house. I wanted to take a picture of it but a man was walking near the house, so I didn't take a picture. I kept on driving on U.S. Highway 191. I passed through a place called Many Farms; however, I didn't see any farms or even what looked like farms. I didn't see even a single sheep. I had a reservation at the Canyon De Chelly Motel in Chinle. The motel was much cleaner than I had expected. The room was spacious and there was a double bed in it. The bathroom was clean but the hot water was slightly brown and I could feel sand on the bottom of the bathtub.

Before the Canyon De Chelly tour started at 9:00 A.M. at the Thunderbird Lodge, I entered a gift shop which sold Indian products such as rugs, turquoise rings, necklaces, baskets, pottery, sandpaintings, and Kachina Indian dolls. These Indian products were very unique and expensive. I found a small rug which was 16 square inches (100 square cm). There were four Indian-shaped patterns woven in the rug. The Indians' faces in the rug were square. If I had bought the normal size, which was three feet by two feet (90 cm x 60 cm), it would have been at least \$1,200. The small rug which was 4 inches x 4 inches (10 cm x 10 cm) was \$40. I thought about the rug for a while and decided that after the tour I'd better think about it again.

I walked out of the Thunderbird Lodge at 8:30 A.M. I saw around 40 people gathering in front of the lodge and they were waiting for tour vehicles. Three or four trucks which had several wooden benches on them were driven in front of us.

There was a strong wind and sand and yellow-white cottonwood seeds were being blown around. A man with a list appeared and called out our names. As soon as people were called, they got on the trucks. All the people on my truck wore blue windbreakers except for me. They must have been a tour group from somewhere. A tour guide introduced himself saying that he was an American Indian. I could not remember which tribe he was from. According to the guide, Navajo Indians still live in the canyon. He told us not to take any pictures of Native Americans.

The canyon was divided into two rims, the north rim and the south rim. Massacre

Cave, Mummy Cave, Antelope House, and Ledge Ruins were along the north rim. White House, Sliding Rock, and Spider Rock were along the south rim. We were going to the north rim first.

The truck drove into the canyon. The canyon floor was still wet and I doubted that the truck would ever drive into the river. The canyon was surrounded by high cliffs which stretched into the sky vertically. The cliffs had several colors: brown, milk chocolate, purple-pink, and milk coffee. Some cliffs had dark brown traces as if someone had painted brown lines from the top of the cliff to the bottom of the cliff with a huge paintbrush or someone had poured coffee from the top of the cliff. It was impossible to take a picture of the view all the way from the top of the cliff to the bottom of the cliff. Sometimes the truck stopped and the guide explained about some cliff houses and paintings pointing out the cliff. These were built and painted between A.D.400 and A.D. 1,300 by Anasazi. I was not surprised by these cliff houses because they were much smaller than those of Mesa Verde. As we couldn't walk near the cliff houses in Canyon De Chelly, we only looked at them from a long distance away. It looked like the structure of the cliff houses was almost the same as in Mesa Verde. They had piled up many flat brick-sized stones and used mud between the stones as cement. I was interested in the pictographs painted by Navajo. I could see white shapes of human hands, antelopes, horses, snakes, etc. Some pictographs showed for sure that they were Spanish because people were riding on horses and a man wore a cape which had a white cross on it. When we arrived at the deepest end of the north rim, we got off the truck. The air was sandy and a lot of sand entered my mouth. It was too hard to open my eyes. Ham sandwiches and a cup of coffee were served and I ate the sandwiches with sand. After lunch I looked at Massacre Cave which was much smaller than the cliff house in Mesa Verde. While we were going to the south rim, I enjoyed looking at the scenery. The cliffs stood straight up to the sky and at the bottom of the cliffs, there were some green bushes. There was a brown river near the green bushes.

The cliff house at White House was slightly whiter than the other cliff houses. The house on the cliff floor was almost destroyed but the house on the upper cliff was still in good condition. The houses were built of many flat stones and mud. The house wall was around one foot (30 cm) thick. I found a wooden cottage near White House which was a restroom. There was no front door on the cottage just a wooden fence in front. I saw a toilet bowl in a booth but there was no door. I walked into the next booth but it had no door. Neither did the third booth. There were no more booths but I couldn't wait anymore so I forced myself to use the third booth. I felt lucky because nobody walked in while I was using the toilet. While I was walking toward the entrance, I saw two people using other booths. I didn't look at them but I saw them even though I looked straight ahead. I couldn't believe that this was in the U.S.A. Of course there was no water or bathroom tissue, either.

While we were heading deep into the south rim to see Spider Rock, I was able to take

some pictures of views such as the top of the cliff to the floor of the canyon. The sky was blue, the cliffs were a light yellow-camel color and there was some green on the canyon floor. I could see the clear-cut vertical cliff and horizontal cliff top. Sometimes I saw horses on the canyon floor beside the huge vertical cliff. There was a naturally made triangular window in a cliff. A rock tower which was standing alone separate from the cliffs, appeared in front of me. According to the guide, it was Spider Rock which was 800 feet (240 m) high. I wondered why Spider Rock was standing without falling down and whether anyone had ever climbed the rock. We ate a piece of watermelon and left the place where Spider Rock was.

I started thinking about the small Indian rug which I had seen in the morning. When we got back, I entered the gift shop and looked at the rug and touched the rug again. I wanted to buy it but \$40 was too expensive. I expected that I could find a cheaper one somewhere on my trip in the future.

At 6:30 A.M. on May 30, I left Chinle. I headed for Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park which was located on the border between Arizona and Utah. I drove on U.S. Highway 191 northbound. The highway was familiar to me because I had driven on it two days ago from Mesa Verde to Chinle. In Many Farms, I changed from U.S. Highway 191 to Indian Highway 59. While I was driving on Indian Highway 59, I enjoyed looking at the scenery around the highway. I could see only the light brown straight highway in front of me and camel-colored desert and rocky hills in layers. A hill about 150 feet (45 m) high with a flat top appeared in front of me. I thought that I had to climb the hill. When I drove close to the hill, I could see that it had been cut through and the surface of the cut parts looked as if it had been cut by a knife. Indian Highway 59 passed through between the separate hills. As there was no traffic around me, I parked my car in the middle of the highway and took a picture of the hill in front of me. Indian Highway 59 merged with U.S. Highway 160 northbound. I entered U.S. Highway 160 westbound. Then in Kayante, I entered U.S. Highway 163. After I had driven 30 miles (48 km) from Kayante, I found the entrance road to Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park. Several vendors around the entrance sold Indian products like jewelry and rugs.

While I was driving on the highway, I saw several huge rocky hills in the far distance. I wanted to take pictures of the rocky hills but utility poles and power lines bothered me. The rocky hills were getting closer and closer. I could see the shapes of individual hills. One of the hills had the combined shape of a cube and a rhombic pyramid. The cube was on top of the rhombic pyramid. One of the hills looked like a rectangular cubed table and one of them looked like a mitten. Finally I arrived at a visitor center.

I looked at Monument Valley from the viewpoint in the visitor center. I saw the familiar huge rocks which looked like mittens from that viewpoint. When I drove to the entrance to the valley, I had seen that the road was not paved. It might be very difficult to drive on an unpaved road with my car. I paid the \$10 and joined the tour. The tour guide was a Navajo Indian. He was listening to Indian music that made me uncomfortable. The



sound was singing and a drum beating. The tour vehicle was a van whose windows were dirty and it was very hard to see outside. When we arrived at various viewpoints, we got out of the van and took pictures: for example, of a “W” shaped rock, a pair of mittens, and a cube on a rhombic pyramid. The guide took us to a place where there were several pictographs. These pictographs were cut into the rock surface. They looked like people playing the flute, deer, and snakes. A couple of rocks had a hole in them. One rock had a hole on the top and I could see the round blue sky through the circular hole. The other hole looked like a bridge. I could see an egg-shaped section of sky through the hole. In the valley, I could see the pair of mitten hills clearly. They stood relative to each other as if they were reflected in a mirror diagonally. The guide took us to a mud house which looked like an upside-down salad bowl covered with mud. There was a cylindrical metal chimney on top of the mud house. The mud house was called a “Hogan.” An old Navajo Indian woman was sitting on the dirt floor in the Hogan weaving a rug. She couldn't speak English so a small boy who looked around 10 years old translated the Navajo language into English. There was a single bed on the dirt floor. According to the guide, there was neither water nor electricity in the Hogan. The Navajo Indians who lived in Monument Valley had to bring water from outside and used a generator for electricity. Several Navajo families lived in Monument Valley and they raised sheep. However, I didn't see any sheep in the valley. It seemed impossible to raise sheep there because I saw only a few bushes and a small amount of grass in the valley. After the tour, I returned to the visitor center and looked at the valley again. The sun shone on the valley and the valley looked red-brown and individual rocks showed their shapes clearly. I left Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park and headed for Goosenecks State Park. I didn't know anything about Goosenecks State Park but a manager at the Canyon De Chelly Motel suggested that I should visit there. After I entered U.S. Highway 163 northbound, I headed for Mexican Hat. While I was driving on U.S. Highway 163, I looked in the rearview mirror. I could see around the Monument Valley area in the mirror. The area was covered with thick dark clouds and it looked like it was raining.

After I passed through Mexican Hat, I got on State Highway 316. The highway led me to Goosenecks State Park. There was no traffic on State Highway 316. Of course, there were no houses, utility poles, nor animals around the highway. There were no cars or buildings at all in Goosenecks State Park. There were only a couple of garbage cans in the park. Goosenecks State Park looked like the Grand Canyon National Park. The land had been deeply scoured out by the river. Both sides of the river were cliffs and the layers in the cliffs could be seen clearly. The river flowed deep down in the valley. The river was the same color as the cliff, the color of café au lait. I stayed in Goosenecks State Park for 15 minutes and then headed for Natural Bridges National Park.

I entered State Highway 261 northbound from State Highway 316. State Highway 261 was a two-lane highway. I saw only poor land which had a small amount of green and light brown dirt. I also saw light brown flat hills in front of me and they were getting

closer and closer. The hills were rocky and clearly layered. I expected that the highway would pass between the rocky hills but I saw that the highway climbed up the cliff and I drove up in zigzags. On the highway, one side was the face of the cliff and on the other side was the valley. I had to drive very carefully. It would have been impossible to pass a car in front of me; however, there were no cars around me for a while. Then I came up behind a camping trailer. It drove up the hill very slowly at around 20 miles (32 km) per hour, and I had to follow it. I still had to go to Natural Bridges National Monument and had to arrive in Moab before dark so I was irritated by the slow-moving camping trailer. It was impossible to pass it on the narrow cliff highway so I just had to follow very slowly. Since I was driving very slowly, it gave me a chance to see the scenery on the cliff highway. I saw a flat area, most of which was light yellowish-pink but some parts were light green. The nearby cliffs looked pale yellow and the far distant cliffs looked pale purple. I decided to enjoy looking at the beautiful scenery instead of looking at the tail of the camping trailer. It was too bad that there was no place to park my car and take pictures. As soon as I finished climbing up the cliff, I passed the camping trailer and I headed for Natural Bridges National Monument in a hurry.