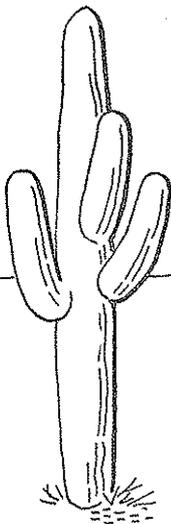


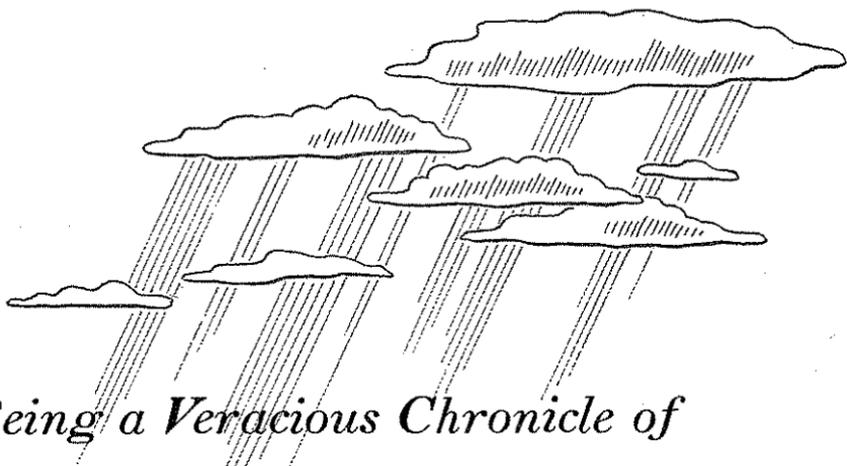
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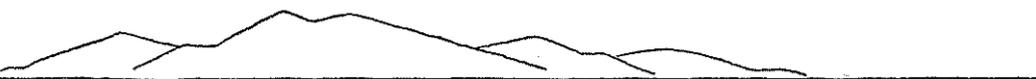
A WESTERLY TREND



By Godfrey Sykes, F.R.G.S.



*... Being a Veracious Chronicle of
More Than Sixty Years of Joyous
Wanderings, Mainly in Search of
SPACE AND SUNSHINE*



Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

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It was a common practice of the inhabitants of the various mountain townlets to invent excuses for escaping from the rigour of the Northern Arizona Winters (which few would admit as a drawback to the region), even long before gasolene and paved highways had made escape comparatively easy. This brought local business to a virtual standstill during the period of hibernation, and so the doors of our Engineering establishment were closed "for the duration" without much loss of business. Even astronomers made the plea of "poor seeing" and slept placidly throughout snowy and stormy nights. Cattle and sheep too, were on their winter ranges with a few hands to keep nominal watch over them. These conditions left all the rest of us free to indulge our individual tastes and desires in the matter of recreation. Some of us took to prospecting, some to exploration and river-travel, and some just to plain desert wandering. My brother and my late partner of the sore feet built a small, light canvas canoe upon one occasion and made a rather remarkable voyage down the Salt and Gila Rivers from Phoenix to Yuma—my brother having almost recovered from his acute hydrophobia and nerve-shock, resultant from having been drowned. The Colorado River was already claiming me for its own and so most of my winter voyaging was up and down it from the foot of the Grand Cañon to tidewater.

The desert itself may not be properly examined, understood, or appreciated save by patiently exploring it under the management and guidance of well-disposed burros. One quickly learns to succumb to their superior intelligence and dominant will-power when questions of hither? or yon? are to be decided and to defer to their wishes and instinctive knowledge of desert and mountain whenever they express a wish to assume responsibility. We had cherished the impression that our sagacious old horse Gotch represented the highest attainable wisdom in the animal kingdom; but it was our good fortune to meet and form alliances upon several occasions with burros who had condescended to carry our packs, select our camping places and temporarily manage our affairs, by whom even he would have been distinctly outclassed.

These river and desert wanderings had taken place before my brother and I had become the responsible heads of families, but the