

# Deep and Shallows

## Wonders Of The West As Described By Former Highland Park

With the Grand Canyon as our goal we had to start early to get to Los Vegas, our first stop, by four that afternoon. We had reservations at Last Frontier Hotel, very modern as to accommodations, with everything for comfort to the latest—even a swimming pool. Their display of old Indian relics, old pistols, and even a covered wagon, were things of which they are very proud. As it was what the west calls a swanky hotel, we rested and then dressed for dinner, feeling that we must look our best. But the majority of men came in right from their autos, minus neckties, shirt collars turned in, no coats, mussed trousers, and looking tired and hungry. The women wore shorts with a combination of waist and brazier, which left several inches of bare skin exposed. No stockings, soft shoes and bright bandanas tied over their hair.

Of course these people, like ourselves, had been driving all day through the desert, and perhaps from a longer distance, going still further before stopping for the night. But we never dressed for dinner after that.

We left at 5 a.m. the next morning in order to get to the Grand Canyon to make a reservation for our Junior member who wanted to take the MULE TRIP to the bottom of the Canyon. It meant more desert all the way, and we all had to keep watch for a cool-looking place to get breakfast and later, lunch. There was dry ice in the car, and a new fangled cooler on the side of the front window, and though we were warm, we were not uncomfortable.

There was desert to the right, to the left, and in front as far as we could see, to say nothing of that which we had already passed through. About every twenty miles or so there would be a group of houses with auto repair shop, gasoline, sandwiches and cool drinks, plus a windmill, showing that they had water.

With nothing but sand and sky to look at, I noticed that there were white clouds both to the right and left of us. After watching them I was sure they were coming toward each other, and I mentioned the fact to the rest of our party, adding that if the clouds met we could expect a storm. But nobody paid the least attention to me. Later when we got into the hail storm I had the satisfaction of saying "I TOLD YOU SO!"

I have seen hail storms in many places, but this one had them all marked zero. There was lightning, thunder, hail and a very generous deluge of rain. All autos pulled

to the side of the road and stayed there half an hour, one time, and twenty minutes another. Then the storm turned and went on ahead, and when we reached our hotel, the El Tavor, we were met with a double rainbow and a clear sky. It was a wonderful sight.

The El Tavor is an old hotel, not even having an elevator, but our rooms were SPACIOUS and I mean it. Each room had two double beds, a desk, dressing table and low tables for our suit cases. Without moving a piece of furniture a ten-couple Virginia Reel could have been danced without crowding. The bell boys were all Hopi Indian lads, with the most serious looking faces. But if one smiled at them their faces would break into the sweetest smile, and after that take on a most friendly expression upon meeting.

We were allowed to stay three days, because our Junior member was taking the mule ride to the bottom of the Canyon. The party starts at 11 a.m. and returns at 4 p.m. the next day. It takes five hours to get to the bottom. They have lunch on the way down, provided by the men in charge of each group.

It is interesting to see how each rider is fitted to a certain horse. The rider cannot pick out his or her own horse. The men in charge do that. Every buckle and band is carefully looked over, to make sure it is not too tight or too loose.

When the bottom of the canyon is reached a nice dinner is served, followed by lecture, movies and story telling. Our Junior was thrilled, and we couldn't shut her up, she had so much to tell.

The Grand Canyon is 280 miles long and 56 miles of it is in the National Park, in which our hotel was situated. It is about five miles across to the north rim, and a mile deep. The view is simply beyond words to describe. Colors change by the hour, according to sun and weather conditions, and are always vivid.

There are many things of interest besides the Canyon. The Hopi Indians have a store where one can purchase anything from safety razor blades to the most gorgeous shawls and rugs, with pottery galore. There are illustrated lectures with good speakers. The Hermit's Rest is an ancient building with a roof that had me fascinated, and a fireplace large enough to roast an ox with a pig or two at either end.

Another place we went to see was the Watch Tower, built many years ago. It is several stories high, and one has to climb up ladders to reach the upper floors and windows, so I stayed on the main floor. Several old ladies came and talked to me. It is really as-

tonishing how many of these old dames travel alone.

At nearly every one of these side attractions one could get a large ice cold drink of orange juice for ten cents. The vendors did a thriving business.

The Painted Desert was the next attraction after leaving the Grand Canyon. It has the same colorings, not so vivid, and is very flat. We had been directed to stop for lunch at a place a mile and a half off the main road, and we were surprised when we turned the last curve to see all the autos parked. We had quite a time finding a place for ourselves. It was the cleanest place in which I have ever eaten, air conditioned, with good food nicely served at reasonable prices.

When we returned from Santa Fe we stopped there for lunch again, and all tables being filled, sat at the counter. Before we had finished our lunch an Indian woman came in and sat at the counter. She had the most beautiful Indian jewelry on fingers, ears and in long chains around her neck. Someone spoke to her about the value of the jewelry, and she said she felt safer wearing it than carrying it in her purse. She was going to some Indian celebration. The white woman who was with her told us that for many years this Indian woman had been Queen there.

As our party headed for the auto I saw a car with an Illinois license, and the word "Chicago" pasted on the back window, so I stopped. The party was all in the car except one man, who looked my way. I waved and called, "Hello, Chicago." He waved, and then I said, "This is Highland Park." He answered: "Well, good neighbor, we are a long way from home. How do you like it out here?" I said, "All O.K."

Then the members of my party accused me of flirting. What do you think of that? —A.C.O.

## Creative Writers To Sign Up and Sum Up Thursday, Sept. 16

A "Sign-Up and Sum-Up" luncheon will be given by the North Shore Creative Writers at the home of Mrs. Mildred B. Haessler, 1737 Rice St., Ravinia, on Thursday, September 16, at 12 o'clock. Mrs. Haessler, who served as president for the past two years, was one of the founders of the group which was formed ten years ago to further the interests of North Shore women who have that "urge to write."

The published works of members of the group will be on parade, and the authors will be on hand to tell of their experiences in achieving their goal of publication.

Members of the board of the North Shore Creative Writers who will assist Mrs. Haessler as co-hostesses are: Mrs. Geo. M. Simpson, Kenilworth; Mrs. Darrell S. Boyd, Winnetka; Mrs. Joseph G. Mosey, Lake Forest; Mrs. Morgan H. Brightman, Elgin; Mrs. Alice M. Jelinek, Chicago, and Mrs. Cliff D. Carpenter, Mrs. Edward Herman and Mrs. John Blackmore, of Evanston.

This luncheon will be the last of a series of four informal meetings which have been held throughout the summer months to keep up interest in writing and acquaint prospective members with the purposes of the group.

On October 7 the North Shore Creative Writers will open its eleventh season with weekly workshops under the direction of Miss Marjory Peters.

Anyone interested in attending

this luncheon may secure further information by calling Mrs. Mildred B. Haessler, Highland Park 1330.

## Highland Park Tops Building Construction List For August

According to the August building report, Highland Park leads Lake county communities for the month with a total of \$485,005, bringing the total amount for 1948, so far, to over \$4,000,000.

During August the city issued 17 single family dwelling permits, averaging \$25,000 per home in value.

Nine other permits were issued during the month: five private garages, \$7,400; two single family dwelling alterations, \$950 one private garage alteration \$500, and one beach house, \$49,455. The beach house is being erected by the park board at Roger Williams ave., Ravinia.

Total fees for other permits were \$4,372.12.

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—Sidetracks

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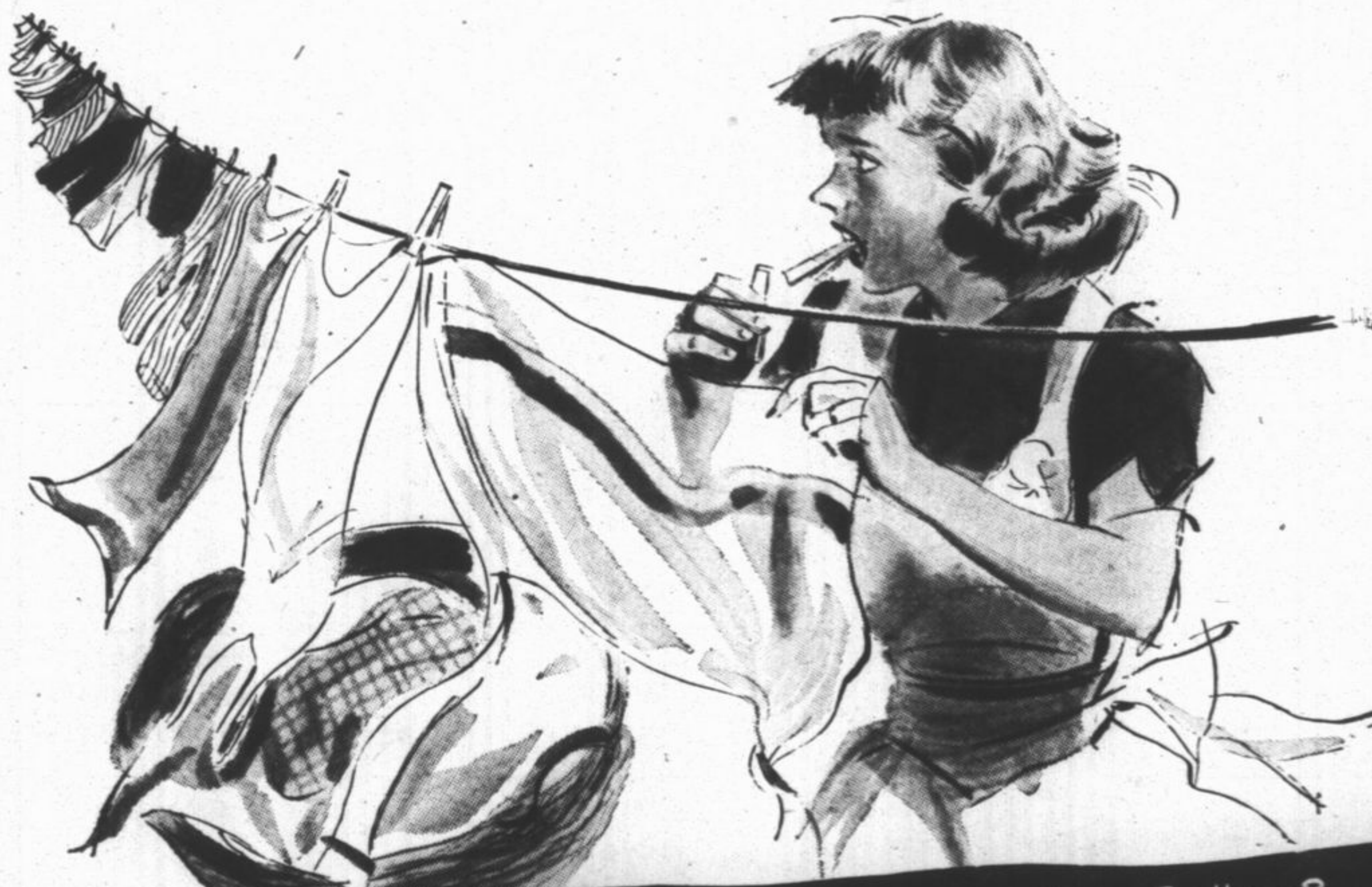
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