

and saw a new desert area extending all the way to the Grand Canyon, the western boundry of the reservation. A few minutes flying time brought us directly opposite DoKoolsid, Navaho sacred mountain of the West, (the San Francisco Peaks) and the Little Colorado river ~~diagonal~~ ~~xxx~~ our foreground to contribute its share of water ~~to~~ its mighty brother. Once more the high landmark gave the Navaho their Sacred mountain of the west ,

We turned southeast, leaving the western boundry behind us, and as we crossed Hopi Land, that island reservation surrounded by the Navaho, we looked down on the rocky mesa towns of this sturdy Pueblo tribe. We landed at Winslow, Arizona for a mid-day meal and a needed rest.

Later in the afternoon we took off once more, heading home to Santa Fe, more than three hundred miles away. During the morning we had flown at a low elevation, about one thousand feet or less, giving me a closer and more detailed vision of the land. Now, with bumpy air rising from the warm ground, we climbed to about three thousand feet, and to my amazement we could see all the country we had crossed on the morning's flight. We flew over the painted desert, saw the petrified forest, and far to the south, the long valley traversed by Coronado as he came from Mexico seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola, bringing with him many horses and five thousand sheep.

To the north we could see the pinon covered mesas through which Canyons de Chelly and del Muerte eroded their way into the Chinle Wash. It was from the north rim of Canyon del Muerto that a small company of Spanish soldiers, sent out from Santa Fe to retaliate against Navaho raiders, bombarded a cave in the Canyon wall, killing most of the inhabitants- giving the canyon its name. This was in 1804, the time of the Louisiania Purchase, when New Mexico and Arizona were still ruled by the King of Spain and Thomas Jefferson was wondering about this western land. The Spanish sent many expiditions against the Navaho, trying to stop the depredations of Spanish towns and Pueblo villages along the Rio Grande. They bargained and they bribed. but like the ebb and flow of ocean tide, the raids continued.