

# ARIZONA'S HOT!

## Fock 5: Corkscrew Canyon

Monday, 16 June 2003. It's 6:00 a.m., but that's Arizona time which is Mountain Time, but I'm on a Navajo Reservation where they don't do Daylight Savings Time, so I have no freaking idea what time it is. Could be 7, could be 5. Whatever. Sun is freshly up, and Chief has no curtains. Live By The Sun: to Hell with technology!

Tuba City, as I find out when I rally myself into Road Mode, has *two* – count 'em, TWO! – McDonald's!! That's like one per person!! The early morning temperature is 63° and the sky is so brilliantly clear that the sun seems pure white.

Highway 160 is mostly straight, mostly flat, and very mostly empty. It takes a little over an hour to reach the next "significant" town, Kayenta, which bills itself as The Gateway To Monument Valley.

Towns out here should not be pictured the way Northeasterners picture towns. The most prominent feature is the combination gas station and grocery store. Nothing crowded together, because, well, why would you do that when there is so much Out Here out here?

The highway is pretty new, as is most of Kayenta. I'm sure it was an old wagon train crossroads trading post town way back when, and it really is not much more than that now: it still very much caters to the passers-through. The latter day wagon trains are SUV's, vans, and rented Cherokees, and the provisions are doughnuts, Cokes, ice, and beer instead of, well, whatever the hell those poor sufferin' settlers had to choke down.

And each of us was traveling in an hour what it would take a wagon train a week or more to cover. We click our photos and revel in the air-conditioned memories of that vast void, whereas they had poured out heartfelt gratitude and praise to their Maker when they were finally delivered from it.

*This Desert Life*, by Counting Crows, seemed like appropriate music for the area.

Music is always a major player on such drive-arounds. The tunes set the mood more than ever when there are fewer distractions. When the scenery is the only thing that occupies your attention – no traffic lights, no cars, no pedestrians, no tailgaters, no tall concrete buildings to block out the smiling rays of the sun – the music has a lot to do with how you remember it.

I will always remember Route 209 through the Poconos in Pennsylvania by the Propellorheads' tune "History Repeating" off one of Ban's collections, on the second day of Roadrage2000. In cases like that, a surprise song kinda ambushes you, and when you play it multiple times, it really stamps your mind. Every time I hear Shirley Bassey's deep throaty voice now, I think of that road, everything that went with it, and what a tremendous alternative to the Interstate that it was.

REO Speedwagon's little-known song *I Wish You Were There*, will always and forever take me back to southern Utah in that 2000 roadtrip, when Kevin Cronin's soul-emptying choruses put me roadside, bellowing along to the wide open heavens, arms spread in the empty desert, with the memories of a very special someone from 20 years before seeping out my eyelids and running down my cheeks as I sang along.

Music can do that to you, for sure.

So, as I took the left turn at Kayenta, and angled north towards Utah, I removed the spent Counting Crows CD from Chief's player, and inserted a very healthy dose of Tangerine Dream. The otherworldly landscape that I would



soon be encountering called for the band that would best chariot my mind to places where the imagination would thrive and sing.

And as I reached the Utah border, and the land became dominated by the immense and impressive jutting buttes, TD's *Pergamon* reached out and wrapped around the scenery, then came back and swam into my wide-eyed mind. It was *perfect*.

And I was sober! After all, it was 8:30 a.m.

The strangeness of the terrain alone was enough to bewilder, but what added an extra speck of perspective to it all were the few small and pathetic homes that lay in the flatlands between the buttes. Nothing more than old mobile homes, or a worn-out small box of a "house", they lay meekly in the



shadows of these towering red behemoths. They existed in small clusters on land that could not be used for farming, grazing, or water sports. You could probably have done some quality skeet shooting there, but I didn't see any skeets around. There was nothing even close to civilized around for miles and miles, so it was easy to wonder what the holy hell they were doing living out there.

[I would have said "remotely close," but that is one of the most moronic phrases ever uttered. "Remote" means "distant," so to call something "not even remotely close" – as I have heard more than a few people do – is to call it "not even distantly nearby," which means NOTHING, DAMN IT!! Not even close from far away!! Pshaw!!]

We paused at the state line to snap a couple of photos in the early morning sun, then ventured offroad. Chief found another dusty, red, dirt road and jumped at it. We jumbled and jostled up a long hillside. The tracks that were worn into the earth cut raggedly between thirsty brush, and snaked upward towards a tall, multi-butted butte. [It's a pretty good bet that nobody ever used that phrase before, doncha think?]

The view was grand. I had hoped to get up to the feet of that towering wall, but a sheer drop into a dried up wash nixed that. Still, it was a very good start to what was planned as a day of scenic overload.

And *that* led to the '03 Utah ramble, which ended with a cut through those tall, ragged mountains of northwestern Arizona, just as this rockin' Roadrage extravaganza did in 2000, taking me away to Sacramento!

But, unlike RR2K, the SW03 ride crossed much of northern Arizona before looping back Nevada-ward. And that crossing uncovered one treeeeeeemendulous scenic place.

It was the final day of the western leg of that vaykay, so I had loosely planned some casual stuff. It would be the "sit-by-the-pool day", figuratively speaking. Most people fill their vacations with visits to theme parks, dinners in restaurants, rounds of golf, afternoons at the beach, planned excursions, scheduled diversions, and anything they can do to fill the day and "get the most out of" their precious vacation time. But, very often, the last day becomes the sit-by-the-pool day, when you just plop your exhausted butt into a chaise lounge next to the cement pond, and finally relax right.

Of course, my pool was the desert, and my lounge chair was Chief. With one exception, Day 7 was to be spent just fatassin' back in Chief's Comfy Chair and watchin' the wicked neat desert scenery slide on by. Most of it would not be exceptional, but that in itself would be exceptional: a 500-mile day of nothing but empty, uneventful desert. Muy relaxing, senior.



That one exception that I just mentioned was to be a pretty good one: the North Rim at Grand Canyon National Park. I had been there a few times already – three times physically, and once in spirit. Richie, Cliff, the very ugly hat, and I stopped by the Big Hole in '84 on our way back from L.A. Three years later, Alf and I had that moron morning at South Rim, and sunset at North Rim. Kelzo, Bobby and I stopped in for a quick look-see on the ride home from the 1990 Goodwill Games in Seattle.

And when Patrick and Joanne honeymooned with a southwestern tour in 1993 – much like Karen and Dave had done in '84 -- I had a postcard sent out and waiting for them, tacked to their door at their little North Rim Cabin.

Despite all that warm familiarity – or maybe even because of it -- I would end up blowing off the Grand Canyon in 2003, though I didn't know it when the day began in Kanab.

Kanab is Utah's southernmost town. You can't get much closer to Arizona than Kanab is. If you were any closer to Arizona, you'd be in Arizona. It's very nice country. Nice and empty, totally unspoiled. It lacks the spectacularities of the National Parks and National Recreation Areas that lie all around it, but even the ordinary landscape seemed real good to this East Coast dog.

This day would have a general westerly tack, with Las Vegas' McCarran Airport -- and a red-eye flight across the country -- as the eventual destination. Vegas was about 200 miles or so to the west-southwest of Kanab. So, of course, Chief and I -- contrary sumbitches that we were -- headed due east.

The first noteworthy scenes came at the first wave of the Vermillion Cliffs. Vermillion, as you well know, is a vivid reddish-orange color. I'm not sure what made these cliffs any more vermilion than, say, Cedar Breaks. In fact, I wouldn't have even called them cliffs; they were hills. The word "cliffs" conjures up images of tall rock faces and lonnnng vertical drops. This area was not that.

The hills that were there, though, were purdy dang cool: rounded, mounded, and dramatically striped with wide, alternating levels of whitish-gray and – care to guess? – vermilion. They rolled on for several miles, just sitting there in the early morning sun, doin' nothing, just being striped and round and lookin' purdy dang cool. Easy life, being a hill. Except for that erosion shit. That must suck.



It took about an hour to reach, once again, the waters of Lake Powell (above). That is one long-ass lake. It's man-made, did you know that? Lake Powell was formed with the construction of the Glen Canyon Dam in 1963, on the Colorado River in Page, Arizona. It is the second largest man-made lake in the United States and is 187 miles long with a coastline of approximately 1960 miles--more than the west coast of the U.S. from Seattle to San Diego. It holds about 8.5 **trillion** gallons of water. Fuggin-A.

I hung out for a while at this southernmost tip of Lake Powell, watching the boats carving white flowing lines in the shimmering blue surface, and just chillin' out in the warm mid-morning sunshine.

After a while, the ride resumed, and we headed up the road a mile or so to the town of Page. I had an errand to run. I had bought a beautiful, six-foot-wide photo poster of the Grand Canyon when I was at South Rim on Day Two, and it was obvious that it was not going to fit in my stuffed luggage. So, I decided to mail it home to myself. I had pretty much forgotten about it until I saw the Page branch of The UPS Store in a little shopping plaza along the main street. There was time, so I went in, packed up the poster in a tidy tube, and shipped it off to my work address.

I would never see that poster again, as it turned out. When I did return to work, the tube was there, with one end cap missing. It had been delivered that way, apparently, though I don't know why they bothered. *"Here's your package! Sorry we lost the contents. Nice tube, though!"* The damn mailman didn't even notice it was open. What a boning.

Anyway, it was on my way out of that UPS Store that the Grand Canyon got bumped. Something on the ground caught my eye, and made me look left. As I did, I noticed the big poster print in the window of the neighboring store. It was a beautiful photograph of one of those slot canyons that I coveted so much, with the words "Corkscrew Canyon Tours" painted above it. "Well, seren-freaking-dippity," I remarked, and proceeded therein forthwith to get info.

They were guided tours; there was no way in to the Canyon area except by shuttle, and the 10:00 ones had just left. I had seen them in the lot: two big old long-bed pickup trucks that were retrofitted with plank roofs, bench seats and hold-on-for-dear-life bars overhead. They were loaded with about thirty people, mostly little kids and older folk. A moment of indecision passed while I weighed the prospects for good photos, pensive pauses, and a comfortable ride.

As I pondered, I looked at the many posters that hung from the walls. The place looked awesome. I asked desk dude about photos, he said the 12:00 tour was best because it was the only time all day that sunlight actually penetrated the narrow canyon. Hmmm, sounded good.

Mindful of the penchant of little kids to roam willy-nilly in such places, thus ruining otherwise scenic shots, I asked him how many had signed up for the noon tour. He could tell where my questions were leading. "Nobody yet," he replied, "might be a few more individuals, but you won't get a big group like the 10 had." I told him I'd give it consideration, and would likely be back in an hour.

So, which Canyon: Grand or Corkscrew? The time factor would be similar. The drive up to and back from The Big Hole would roughly equal the waiting time till the tour of the Screw Hole. Time spent at each would be about the same too. Corkscrew it would be. North Rim got dissed again. I mean, WTF, you know? I had been there a few times, and it hadn't really changed much. I'm sure the erosion process had worn away a few grains here and there, and that maybe half a millimeter of earth had blown or washed from one spot to another, but I'm just not astute enough to discern those subtle differences. Nor would I want to be.

At any rate, now I have a "next time" even more firmly in place, and it will very likely involve hiking.

Only two other people signed up for the noon Corkscrew Canyon tour. That sounded fine to me: the fewer the better. The two were women about my age, maybe a bit older, who were on some kind of wing-it vacation. They were whacky, but not necessarily in the way that I usually like whacky. They, too, had stumbled upon this tour and did a why-not. Nancy was one's name. She was from Weymouth, Massachusetts, and she was loopy as all get-out. The other one didn't seem to have a name, unless it



was Nice To Meet You, because that's all she said when we exchanged introductions. I even said, "pardon me?" to try to get her to actually state her name, but she simply repeated "Nice to meet you." So, maybe she is part Heckowee Indian or something. Nice To Meet You was from Maryland or some lameass place like that. I never did figure out how or why these two were a pair, though I think they tried to tell me at least once.

They had an odd penchant for completely shredding conversation. Each of them was an impulse talker: not quite Turret's or anything like that, but totally susceptible to the next random thought that crossed their minds. I mentioned at one point how I was blowing off the Big Hole to see Corkscrew, and before I knew it the conversation had slithered through (a) a hole in the floor at a cabin they stayed in, (b) rodents, (c) cockroaches, (d) European sewer systems of the Renaissance period, and (e) something about Egypt.

Fortunately, any big jarring bumps in the half-hour ride to the canyon – and there were many -- would cause their trains of thought to jump the tracks, and they would look at each other in dazed silence for a second before starting on

something completely unrelated. I felt like I had been inserted into a Monty Python skit.

The bizarreness of it was entertaining at first, and I resigned myself to be pleasant and sociable with these whackpots. But their inanity soon wore thin, and I deliberately withdrew from their convoluted



convo. A couple of times, out of some misguided idea that I wanted to be included in their discussion, they would ask me something about my vacation. I would get out one phrase – “Well, I came from Key West...” – and they were off on an interruptive flurry about so-and-so doing such-and-such with mucky-muck or some such twaddle. In their own way, they were amazing.

The guide for our tour was a Navajo woman in her 40's. She looked healthy and lean. She didn't smile much, but she didn't look unhappy either. Our shuttle truck pulled off the highway, past a withered shack, through an open gate in the dried up split rail fence, and onto a flat plain of dust. Plumes rose up behind the truck as we rattled and rumbled across the flat space between two small, bland hills. In a few minutes, we pulled to a stop. The shallow canyon we were in dead-ended at a rough rock wall about 40 feet high. It looked intriguing, but my heart sank: there were other shuttle trucks there, from rival touring companies. Bah. Solitude lost.

The Navajo woman unhitched the tailgate and we dismounted into the brilliant northern Arizona noontime sunshine. It was hot. So was the soft, beige sand underfoot. You could feel the heat even through your sneaks. While she closed up the truck, I noticed a

large vertical gash in the face of the rock wall. Then I saw a couple of people emerge from the bottom of that gash, looking very small by comparison, and my enthusiasm rose again. Our guide acknowledged that it was, indeed, the entrance to Corkscrew Canyon, and we ventured in.

The immediate impression was immediately impressive: a room-sized cavern, with walls that were frozen in a strange vertical-axis undulations, with thin ribbings running diagonally and horizontally from the sand floor to the upper reaches. It was fairly dark in here, actually, and the wide, spasmy ripples of the canyon's dark gray sides blocked out any view of the rims.

Being in this “room” was like being in a big heart, but much less bloody. It was easy to picture the walls coming alive and galumphing inward to pump you along.

We admired it for a moment, and I kind of edged us along. For one thing, I wanted to see what else this place had to see, and, for another, a large tour group had just pulled in and I wanted to get a lead on them.

The twists and turns in Corkscrew Canyon are fun. Each turn opens you up to a new view that is every bit as bizarre as the one you were just looking at. But the best ones are when you first get the full upward view and see that thin, jagged strip of daylight up there. Parts of the walls sometimes jut out dramatically, and the opposing wall almost seems to recoil from it; residual effects from the rapid water flow that coursed through here for eons back in the day.



Water wore the rock mostly smooth, and subsequent winds have drifted a fine, pure sand down from the desert floor above. It was clearly Surface Creep, most of it, that got nudged through the narrow opening and drifted silently to the bottom of the canyon.



In fact, at places where the noontime sun penetrated into the canyon's "rooms," the whole chamber would brighten markedly as a whoosh of pinkish sand would waft down from above. Each grain caught and reflected the sun's rays sideways as they gently fell, spreading the sun's glow into otherwise shadowed recesses. It was beautiful.

Since we were just past midday in mid-June, the sun was at its most perfect place for Corkscrew Canyon enthusiasts. Though we never saw the Canyon from the top – i.e., ground level looking down into it – it was obviously just a crooked rip in the flat and dusty desert. Our guide told us that the native boys used to party there, and they would jump over the gap for giggles. No big whoop; it was only a few feet wide. And with the uneven nature of the walls, and the irregular juttings and such, much of the canyon had an enclosed feeling: the opening was up there, but it was outa sight, baybee.

In one particular hallway-like spot, though, it was well known that a noontime sunbeam would find its way through a small round gap, climb slowly down the side wall and, for a scant few minutes, stand like a brilliantly glowing column. Absolutely vertical, it was like a 4-foot-wide tube that rose straight to heaven.

So, a handful of people on the "Photographic Tour" (same canyon, but an hour-longer, and almost double the price) were stubbornly set up at the end of this corridor, their tripods set and their lenses eagerly awaiting The Sunbeam. I can understand their zeal, for sure, since I was there for the picky-wicks too, but photogs can be damn fussy sumbitches.

Four of them were poised at the only opening, obviously waiting for that specific moment. They actually tried to hold us back, urgently explaining they were waiting for The Beam to be just right. I kinda sympathized, but I snapped a photo of the Not-Quite-Just-Right Beam, and squirmed my way past, explaining above their gasping protests that I wasn't planning on lingering in their shot and that I'd be long gone before the perfect moment – which was still a few minutes away – would arrive.

My group, probably afraid I might be trying to ditch them, followed on my heels. We got to the far end of that particular chasm – out of view of the photogs – and started ooh-ing and ahhhh-ing about how much better The Beam looked from this end. It was a crock, though it looked good from here too, but we just wanted them to be kicking themselves for missing an even-better shot.

The canyon just continued to be amazing with each cranny and nook. It went on for a few hundred yards, maybe less, and then emerged back out into the blinding sunshine. I took a quick look around, decided that if you've seen one desert you've seen them all and turned to plunge back into the canyon.



Nancy and Nice To Meet You had other ideas though, the twits. Nancy wanted to get a rock. Fine. There were little rocks aplenty; they were extraordinary profuse. [I confess that I stole the second half of that sentence – word-for-word goddamn plagiarism – but I defy any reader to identify where I stole it from.] But Nancy wanted a “special rock” and set about wandering the area waiting for it to jump up and bite her. I had a “I’ll meet you all back inside” ready for the guide, but she insisted that we stay together.

As we waited, the guide told us that Corkscrew Canyon had only been found fairly recently (1978), and that it was only because some little Navajo girl was looking for a sheep that had wandered off. It then became a very popular party place for the young Navajo. I can definitely see why: at night, the flickering glow from a couple of small fires would do amazing things with those tinted and rippling walls – especially after smoking a little sagebrush or popping a few buttons, if you know what I mean. I wish they had a tour for that! What a sweet night that would be.

Soon enough, the preservationists took control of the area, put up fences, cleaned it all out, and began charging people like me to come have a look-see.

Noting the soft, almost-duning sand that we were standing on (while Nancy still rummaged for a rock), I commented on the depth of the canyon and the purity of the sand within it. Nice To Meet You jumped in with the inane question, “How long did it take them to dig it out?”

The guide and I looked at each other in befuddlement. She could only respond, “Dig what out?”

“That,” Nice To Meet You replied, pointing at the canyon’s back entrance. “It was full of sand when they found it, right?”

I was too stupefied to laugh. The guide searched for a way to explain it without calling her a moron. “Ahh, I think he meant, how much deeper the Canyon actually goes, without all the fine sand that has blown *into* it over the years. Nobody knows how deep it actually is.”

Then Nancy wandered back, carrying this stupid, ugly, football-sized rock that looked nothing at all like the canyon’s texture or color. She seemed quite proud of it. Nice To Meet You oooh’ed it. Part of me wanted to ask if she was really going to bring that onto a plane with her, but I had had my fill of these two women by now, so I just turned and walked back inside. I heard the guide say behind me, “Maybe we should go back in...”

If the tour company offered me a night alone (or almost alone, nudge, nudge) in that place, with a boombox full of Tangerine Dream music, that would easily be worth a couple hundred bucks. For illumination, fires – or torches! -- would be better than flashlights. Oscillating strobe lights would be intense as all hell. That just might drive a man insane. You would definitely not emerge as the same person the next morning.

The walk back through Corkscrew was great. It was cooler in there, and the sand underfoot was like walking on clouds. There was yet another tour group that had arrived and it was getting hard to get an unpopulated photo. In the low light, I had to hold the camera very still to get crisp pics. I had one great one all lined up, and had just snapped the shutter when some dork (right) just came walking into view. I regrouped, shifted my position just a tad and re-snapped. Then, I figured, it was good to have at least one photo of a person there, like I had at Fisher Towers, just to remember the scale of the place.

The ride back to town couldn’t go quickly enough. Nancy, her rock, and Nice To Meet You rambled on and on

about how Mr. Smith should be running this country, and how many languages Enoch Powell can speak, and such-like poppycock. I practically jumped out of the truck when we pulled in at Page, but I have to admit that my haste was partially motivated by thirst.

Once back in Chief, the mindset locked onto The Long Ride To Vegas. It was closing in on 3:00, and the flight would be taking off, with or without me, at 9:40 p.m. That was PDT, but I was already in MST, which is the same damn thing. I guess I got my missing hour back when I crossed from Utah into



Arizona. Of course, that was on loan anyway, from the three-hour flight difference from Florida. Anyway, I had to get to Vegas, and I had to do it with some small degree of casual haste, whatever the hell that is. I guess it just means that I couldn't stop at any bars along the way.

The rest of the day's ride would be, as I said before, unspectacular. The desert just stretched its big old arms wide, and said drive right across, babe, but don't expect to see a whole lotta much. The highway was empty, the sunshine was intermittently mitigated by some high thin clouds, and Cruise Control was on at 85 MPH. Maybe it was the mood that the Corkscrew-at-night reverie had put me in, maybe it was just the desert itself, but the TD tunes sounded extra good as the sun-soaked roadway whooshed along underneath Chief and me.

Tunes had been good all week, actually, thanks to the 70 or so CD's I had brought with me – including a couple of Misc. CD's I had made especially for the trip. I had music for every mood, and I went through a good amount of it too.

Navajo Bridge, at Marble Canyon, was the next specific point of interest. I had been there twice before. In 1984, Richie and Cliff and I came across that narrow bridge en route from Grand Canyon's North Rim to Four Corners, that cheesy little spot where – oh, my God, yes, it's true! -- four states actually touch! Marble Canyon itself was deep and steep and cool to see, and the bridge that spanned it was narrow and steel. It's not very long, but we were about a third of the way across it when a big rumbling Winnebago approached the other end. We saw it coming, and knew it would stop and wait while we trundled our big blue van across. Somehow, the Winnie driver must have seen a different bridge than we were looking at, because he just came barreling straight ahead. It was like Robin Hood and Little John, and we didn't have a stick. But we stood our ground, squeezed waaaaaaay right, pulled in our mirrors so we wouldn't hit the guardrail or the motorhome, and I banged my fist hard on the side of the big metal monster as it elbowed its way past. The big galoot.



Three years later, Alf and I crossed this bridge in the other direction, as the midpoint of our South-to-North Rimquest. It was still scenic and narrow, but there was no Winnie to wrestle with this time.

Well, apparently, a lot can happen in sixteen years. Marble Canyon is no longer just a narrow bridge over a chasm. It has expanded, and there is even a small museum there now. The old bridge is now a footbridge, and a new, wider span parallels it. The name Navajo Bridge is now marked on the map; I don't recall it having a name before, but there are a lot of things that I don't recall about those halcyon days.

Trouble is, the coolest thing about the bridge back then was the view that you got when you looked westward, and that is all blocked now by the new bridge. I stopped for a moment to survey the differences between reality and memory, then moved on. I have no idea what was commemorated in that small museum, nor do I particularly care. No "next time" for this one (or so I thought).

Route "Alt-89" rolled on across Arizona's northern desert, again passing a region labeled the Vermillion Cliffs. They looked vastly different than the last Vermillion Cliffs. They were much bigger, much rockier, and not striped. The only thing they appeared to have in common with the other Vermillion Cliffs was the name Vermillion Cliffs.

Now, what's with this bullshit "Alt-89" designation? Is it 89 or isn't it? Is it there because they close 89 on a regular basis, and you are forced to seek an alternate route that has the same dang number? Give the road its own freaking number! There are plenty of them! If all the two-digit ones are taken, then try Highway 983697. I bet that number is available. Or cop out and call it 89B. WTF, there is already an 89A, so, as the third grade teacher who taught me about outlining said, "If you have an A, you need to have a B." Bingo! Problem solved. 89B. Alt-89, my ass. But anyway...

After another hour of empty landscape, there was the tiny town of Jacob Lake, my woulda-been turnoff to North Rim. I saluted as I zoomed on. And then there was Fredonia a half-hour beyond that.

Then we were on Highway 399, and caught the amazing sweeping view of the vast empty desert to the south (photo, next page). And then, another half-hour west, was Colorado City, which, strangely

enough, was on the Utah/Arizona border. Somebody's ass was good and lost when they named that town.



There was one last brief pass-through Utah, but, no, I did not make any attempt to adjust my watch. Hurricane and St. George were tallied off quickly. There was no urge to stop. The mission had changed to Move Along Now. There was plenty of time to spare, but missing my flight would NOT be an option. Besides, all airports have bars. And besides besides, I had to use up what was in my cooler before I turned Chief in.

Right after those small towns, the lesser Highway 399 met up with the grand I-15, like a small stream feeding into a wide, fast-flowing river. The Interstate led back into the northwest tip of Arizona, and through what I call The Grand Funnel: those remarkable roads that have been carved right through high hills, and sliced into twisting hillsides as you plunge from the high plateau and emerge into the bleak nothingness of Nevada ... on your way to ...

*SACRAMENTO!!!*



