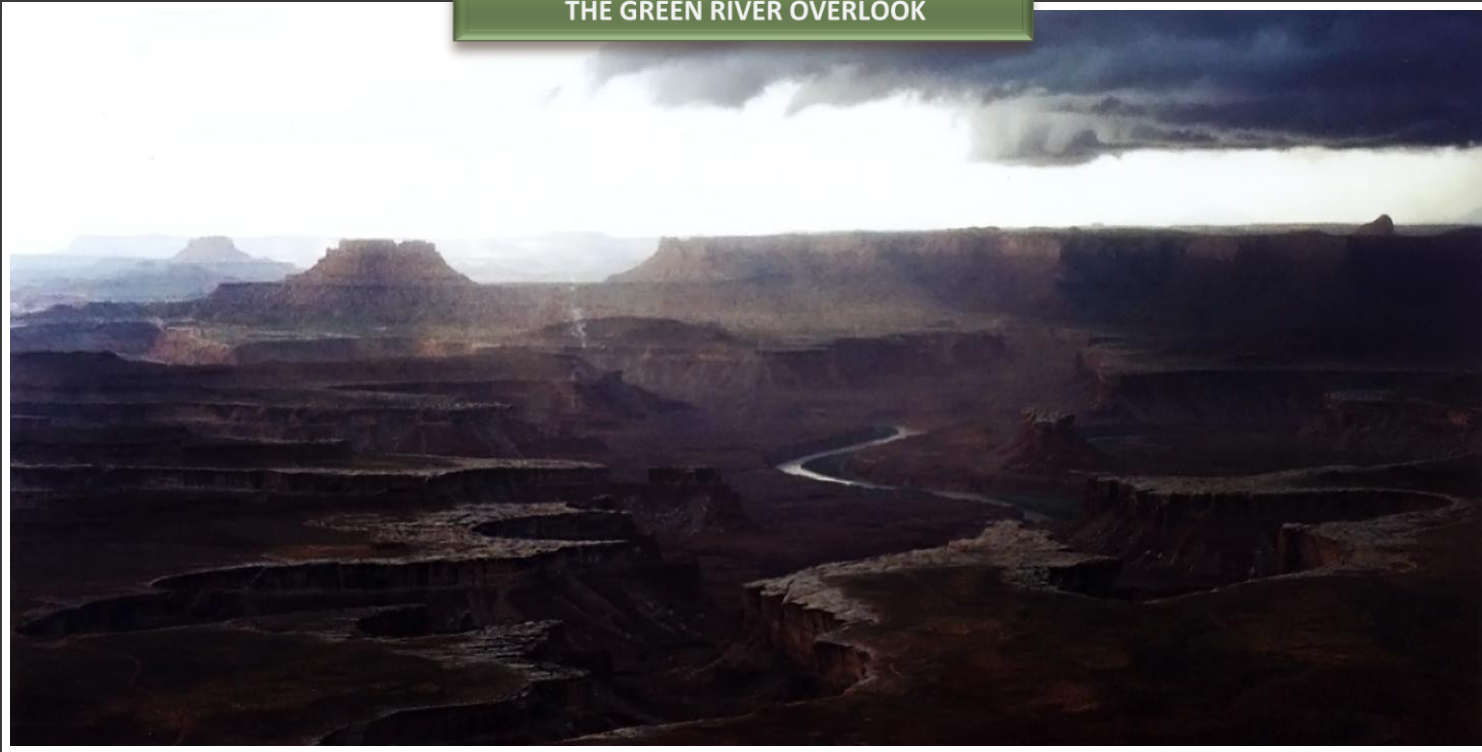


THE GREEN RIVER OVERLOOK



1988

- THE PAINTED DESERT
- SUNSET CRATER
- WUPATKI RUINS
- BRYCE CANYON

- MONUMENT VALLEY
- GRAND CANYON
- CANYON DE CHELLEY
- ZION

- ARCHES
- ESTES PARK
- CANYONLANDS

Our first trip to the West seemed like an exploration, we had a few ideas of where to go, but not sure what we would really see. I did my research but information availability was not the same in 1988. I looked at the map, plotted a course, bought a tent, and traveled to destinations close to KOA's because they seemed safe, or consistent, and had showers.

I remember heading out at night in the Red van and we followed semi trailers down through Oklahoma and then west into Arizona staying first in the Holbrook area then heading north. Nik was 10 years old, Lori 8, Chuck was 4. I was 32.

I was equipped with a Nikon F3, 50 mm lens and a VHS camcorder. I was pursuing a dream that we never really could afford before, and I wanted to try and capture my own pictures on film like those I saw in Arizona Highways and Ansel Adams prints. I was a b/w fan and even had my own make-shift darkroom in the bathroom of our 14 x 56 trailer.

When you had film cameras, you had to have film, so I stocked up on some Kodachrome and PanX.

I remember that the kids thought Oklahoma was boring, I thought it was beautiful. I remember it as big sky, rolling hills and lots of wheat. When we hit the desert we saw some small dunes and I remember standing by the side of the road taking photos of almost nothing. I was ready to shoot some film, but when you have film, it's like having a gun you want to shoot but don't want to waste your bullets either. Our first real stop was the Painted Desert then the Petrified Forest north to De Chelley. I remember a lot of ash from a volcano, and an old ruins stopping in to see it was very hot. I don't remember right now if that van had air conditioning or not but I don't think so, because we traveled with our windows down most of the time. The radio played a lot of Jackson Browne and John Cougar; maybe that was the cassette player.

I remember driving around Chinle and that there were many overlooks. The one I remember the most is Canyon Del Muerto, or the Canyon of Death. You could look down at the ruins, and I remember a tour bus pulling down through the valley. It made me want to go into the canyon, but that cost money, took time that we hadn't planned for, and I wasn't sure how to even start that process. We didn't have cell phones then. So we drove the rim and took a lot of rim shots.

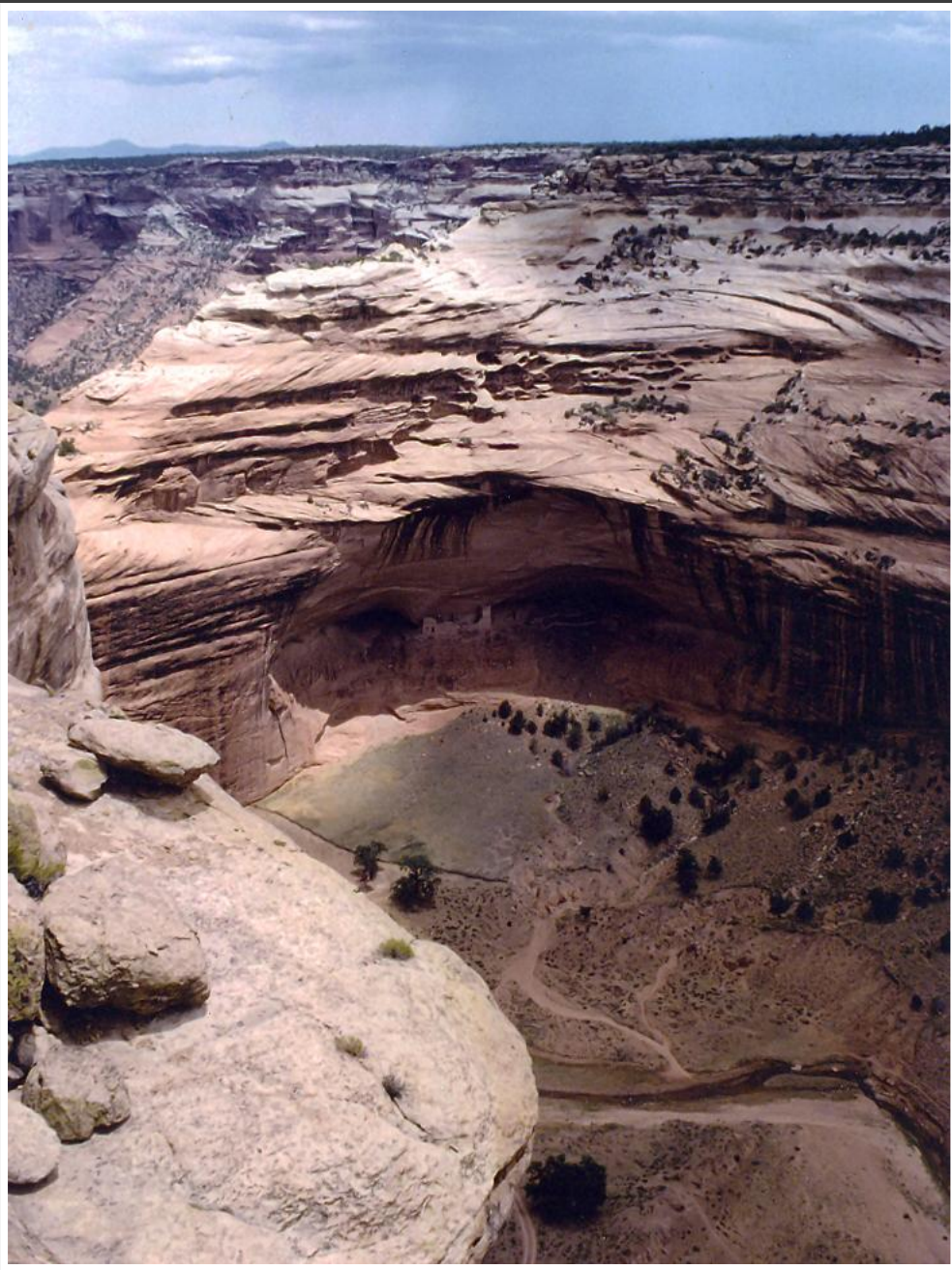


SPIDER ROCK CANYON DE CHELLEY

Chinle is Indian territory. All the land around DeChelley and the land in the canyon belongs to the tribe and they charge a fee. Driving around the overlook we met a park ranger and she gave us the history on this rock. It's a special place.

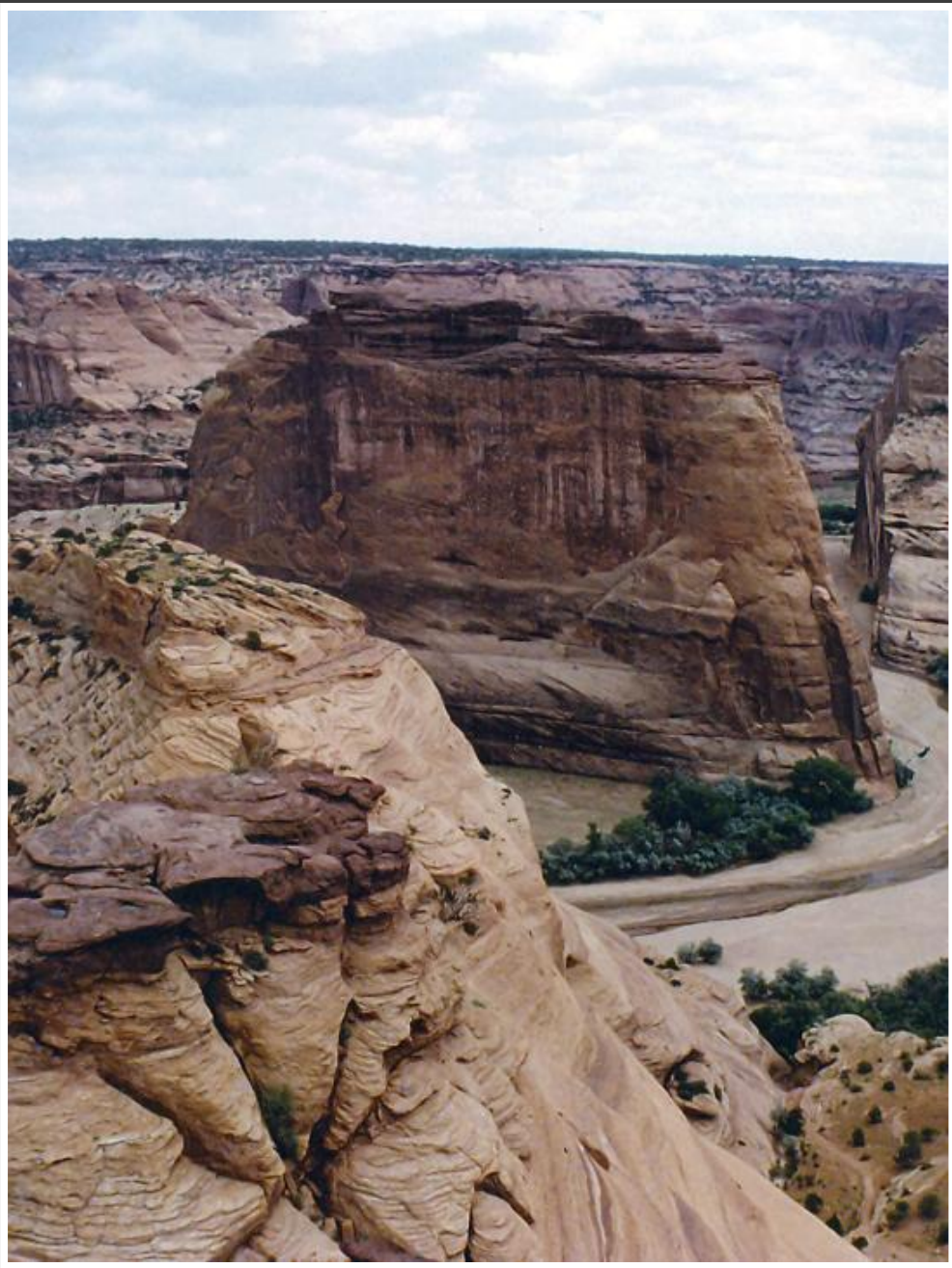
We left Chinle and drove up through Monument Valley. At the time the roads were edged with Indian vendors selling blankets and artifacts.

We stopped but never bought much.



CANYON DEL MUERTO
CHINLE ARIZONA

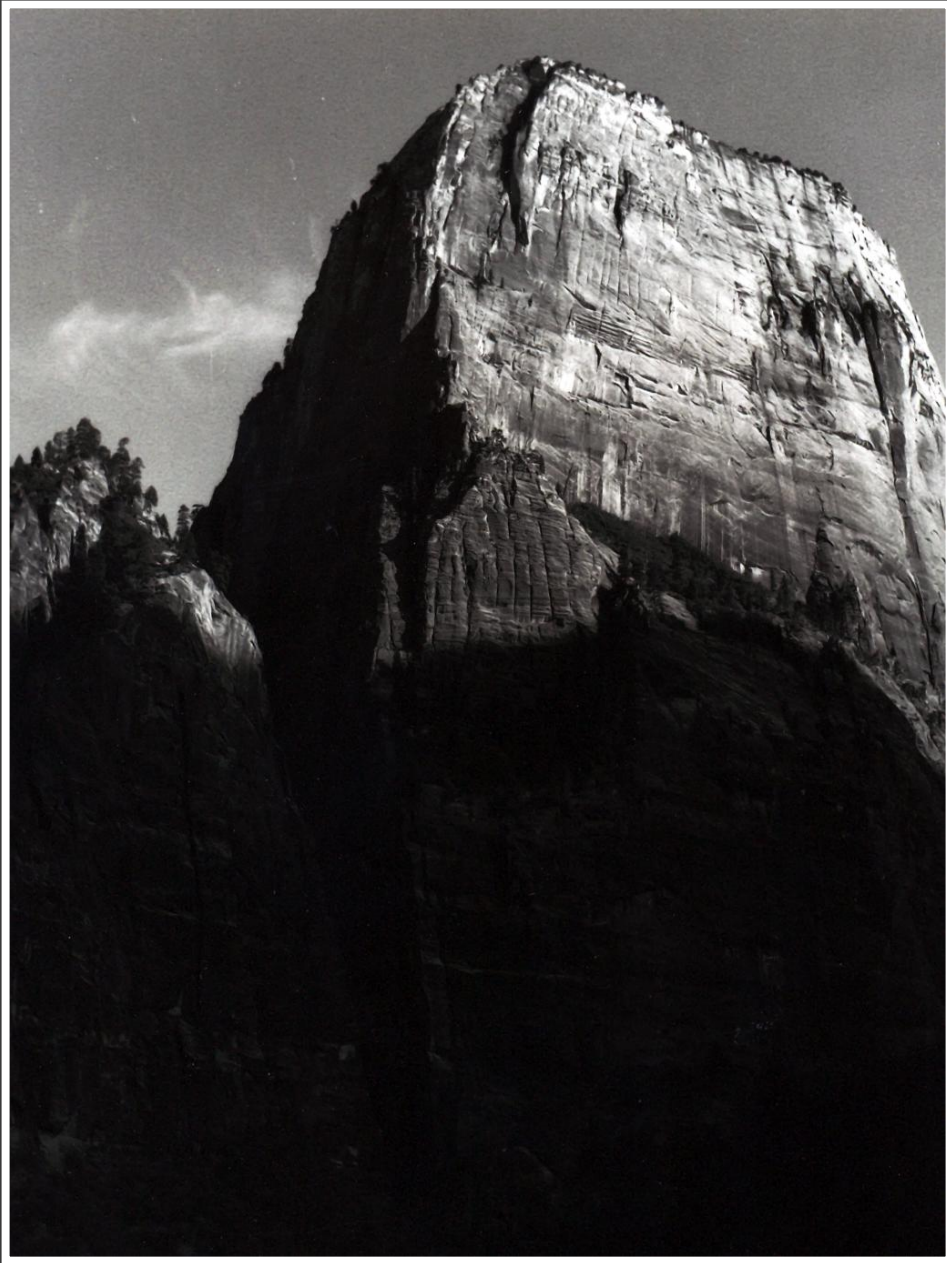




We drove west to the Grand Canyon, it was nice and I remember leaving in the morning and shooting some goodbye video of the fog in the canyon. I think we camped at the campground there.

We drove to the Bryce overlooks, then on to Zion and then headed toward the east part of Utah. We probably drove on Hwy 12, but can't remember. Zion was beautiful, we took the shuttle and there were very few people there. While in the visitor center I saw a poster by Lynn Radeka entitled Land of Standing Rocks. It made me want to go there. There were several posters including Angel Arch and I opted for that one, always thinking later that I should have purchased both.

To Moab and the Canyonlands, we saw lightning heading in. The road is long, and I was not impressed with the scenery. Maybe I was ready to go home, maybe I had seen too many canyons, but the Canyons seemed to be too distant and the overlooks were .. Crowded. When we got to the Green River Overlook it rained and I remember being pretty frustrated. When it stopped I got out, snapped a quick pick then back into the van and we drove off. I remember being disappointed. After several trips to there, I can now say that I chase storms, and look forward to the abnormal weather and the sky, and the contrast. My 1988 disappointment has become my 2017 goal. I want to repeat that scene with a digital camera with high resolution. I want a re-do.



We left the Canyon area, headed back to Colorado. We went north into Estes Park and had a campsite, but we slept in the van. It was cold. I remember getting out of the van just long enough to take some snapshots. We didn't stay long and headed home on the north route coming back through the Chicago armpit.





THE PHOTOS FROM 1988 ARE SCANNED PHOTOS