

village, burning tips and the Indians' winter supply of food. Over 1,000 horses and ponies were herded together and shot while the Indians scattered over the plains . . . homeless and on foot in the approaching winter.

In Clovis, New Mexico, I planned on treating the bike to a new set of points. I arrived at the Honda dealership at quitting time, but when the owner found I was traveling, he stayed to do the necessary work. It's a great feeling to encounter such an honest, helpful dealer. Thank you, sir!

It was at this time that I started a love affair with New Mexico. But before I start raving about all the fine things in that state, I have one beef. Foot Sumner is undoubtedly the "Crass Commercialism Capital of the World." To the local museum owner (whose eight-page newspaper advertisement mentions Billy the Kid no less than 73 times), and to the person who has turned the outlaw's grave into a tourist trap for personal profit, I say only this: "When you die and go to the hereafter, I hope a fellow named William H. Borsney looks you up."

Between Ft. Sumner and Vaughn, I traveled a memorable road across plains dotted with yucca, cactus and grass. The afternoon was brilliant and the sun shone warm in my face. The brown earth, blue sky and eerily deserted road caused some weird sensations. I was alone — but not lonely — moving without a sense of motion. It seemed as if time had been suspended and I could go on forever . . .



Perhaps some of the most interesting things about New Mexico are the ruins of Spanish Missions and Indian Pueblos. I visited two of these — one at Quarai, the other at San Gregorio de Abo.' Both were large pueblos built originally around 1300. In the early 1600's, Spanish Franciscans established missions and Christianity was mixed with the Indian's native beliefs until the early 1670's. At that time the pueblos in the area were abandoned due to drought, pestilence, and Apache raids.

Though over 300 years old, the ruins are still very impressive. The padres had grand ideas when it came to building churches. The walls rose 20 to 25 feet above the ground and were five to six feet thick at the base. It must have taken

*Here is where you find it — even in a desert culvert. Flash floods stay away from my door!*

fantastic effort and dedication to build such structures from only stone and mud.

I'll always remember Pie Town, New Mexico. It was so named because a baker there made very good pies. It is also very near the Continental Divide which was the Milestone, the high point of the trip. From there it was all downhill.

In a drive-in at Springerville, Arizona, I met a fellow traveler. Our bikes looked very funny parked next to each other since his was a full-dress Harley which weighed three or four times as much as mine. We talked a little and sat together drinking coffee for a while, then parted. It was nice to know that there was someone else riding a bike all over nowhere. I hope that he felt the same.

From Window my route led west to Flagstaff, then north on US 89 to the Grand Canyon. On the way, lie Wupatki and Sunset Crater National Monuments. Sunset Crater is a young volcano which erupted in 1065. From this reddish cone a fine volcanic ash spread over 800 square miles. This ash formed a moisture-retaining mulch which made the area exceptionally good for farming. Indians from a variety of cultures quickly descended on the area to take advantage



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