

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC  
**TRAVELER**

MAY / JUNE 1989

AN EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL RESOURCE

**Sacred Ground**  
Land of the Navajo and Hopi

Alaska's Katmai National Park  
New York's Finger Lakes  
Canoeing in Arkansas  
Historic Savannah  
Cornwall

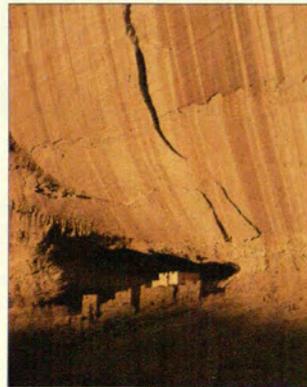
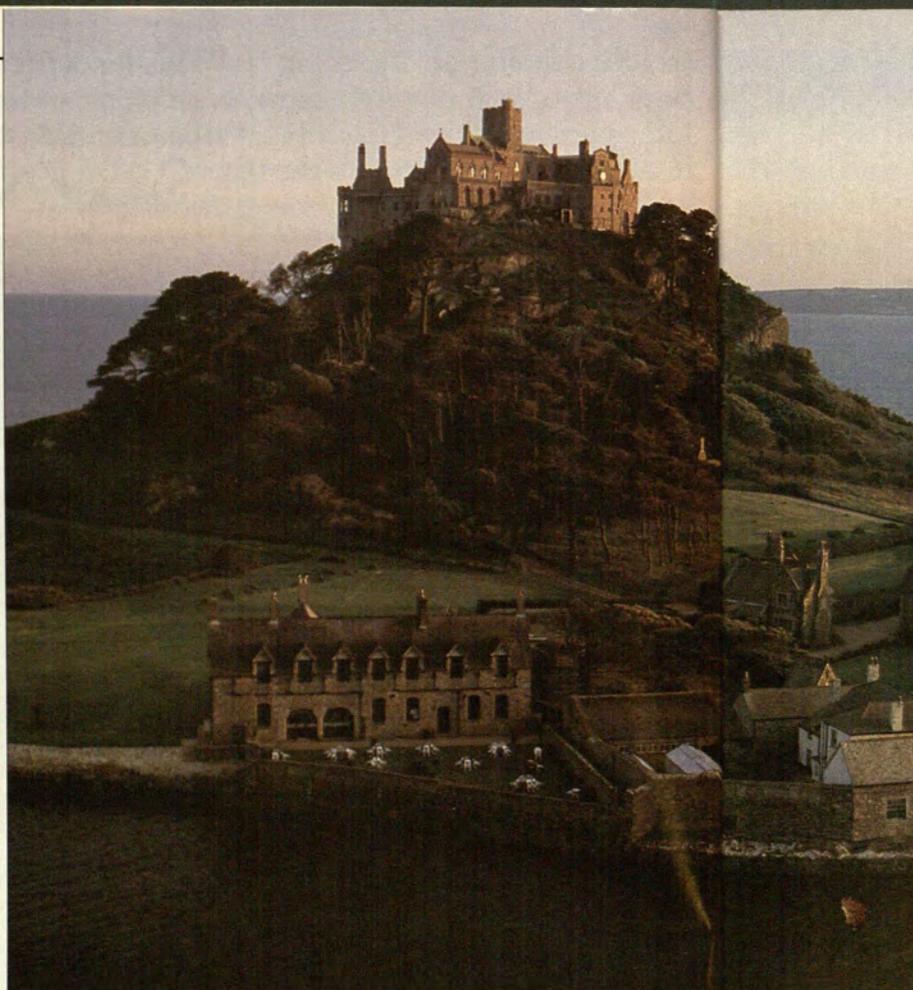
# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER

MAY/JUNE 1989  
VOLUME VI, NUMBER 3

An Educational Travel Resource



Katmai National Park—James Balog



COVER:  
by David Muench  
Afternoon sun warms Anasazi ruins  
in Arizona's Canyon de Chelly  
National Monument.

## Featured in This Issue

Up-to-date  recommendations for the  
Finger Lakes and Savannah (see page 117  
for an explanation of ratings and symbols).

## DEPARTMENTS

Letters	8
<b>Money</b> by Joseph Anthony Getting the best deal when exchanging dollars for foreign currency.	12
<b>Photography</b> by Arthur Goldsmith How to take outstanding vacation pic- tures when traveling by car.	16
<b>Traveling Easy</b> by Arlene Blum Trekking in the Himalaya.	20
<b>Bulletin</b> by Margo Browning News, events, trips, tips, and other items of special interest to travelers.	26
<b>By the Way</b> Interesting places well worth a visit when you're in the vicinity.	110
<b>Bookfare</b>	117

## Highlights: A Calendar of Events 118

by Johanna G. Farren

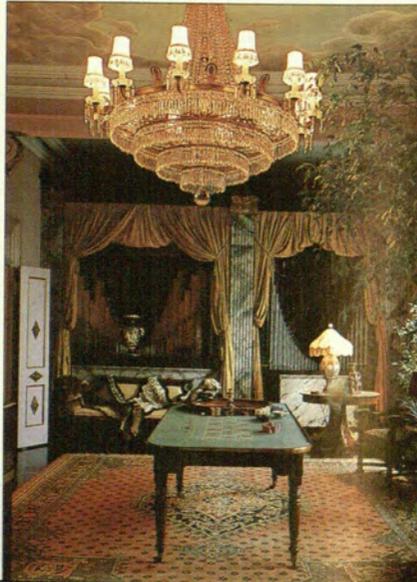
Northeast 118, Middle Atlantic 120, South-  
east 123, North Central 126, Mountains and  
Plains 128, Southwest 132, Far West 134,  
Canada 136.

## Departures 140

by Jerry Camarillo Dunn, Jr.

Sleuthing through the maze at England's  
Hampton Court Palace.

Savannah—Nathan Benn



## Realm of

by Patrick

photograph  
New York  
region be  
wine con  
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## Sacred

by Tony H

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Hopi hor  
sweepin  
and New

## Journey

by Joseph

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A canoe  
White Ri  
a voyage  
group of



Cornwall—Bob Sacha



Finger Lakes—Kenneth Garrett

vents 118

120, South-  
mountains and  
West 134,

140

England's



## ARTICLES

### Realm of the Long Lakes 30

by Patrick Cooke  
photographs by Kenneth Garrett

New York's historic Finger Lakes region beckons woodland hiker, wine connoisseur, road-racing fan, and boater alike.

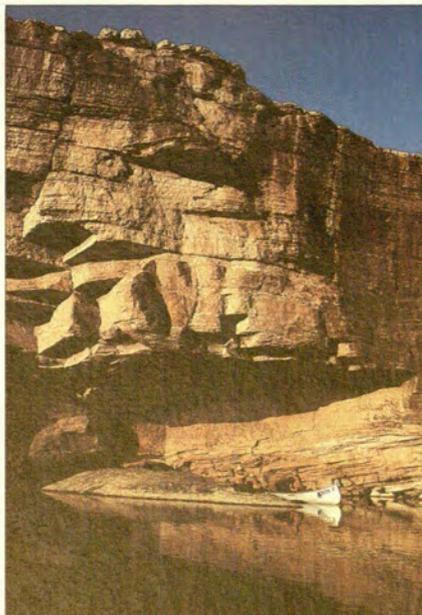
### Sacred Ground 44

by Tony Hillerman  
Roam the spirit-filled Navajo and Hopi homelands—set amid the sweeping landscape of Arizona and New Mexico.

### Journey to Self-Discovery 62

by Joseph A. Reap  
photographs by Declan Haun

A canoe trip on the Buffalo and White Rivers of Arkansas becomes a voyage of self-awareness for a group of disabled adventurers.



Journey to Self-Discovery—Declan Haun

### The Romance of Cornwall 66

by Edmund Morris  
photographs by Bob Sacha

Savor the high headlands and quiet coves of this southwestern English county, whose inhabitants charm visitors with colorful traditions and subtle wit.

### Historic Savannah 84

by James S. Wamsley  
Southern hospitality and a commitment to historic preservation make this riverside city a living link with the past.

### Katmai National Park: Land of the Great Bear 96

by K. M. Kostyal  
photographs by James Balog  
Enter an Alaskan wilderness as vast as the imagination—home to awesome brown bears, fighting salmon, volcanic landscapes, and snowcapped mountains.

# SACRED GROUND

The starkly beautiful land of the Navajo and Hopi is suffused with spirits, myths, and mysterious traces of its ancient inhabitants.

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By Tony Hillerman

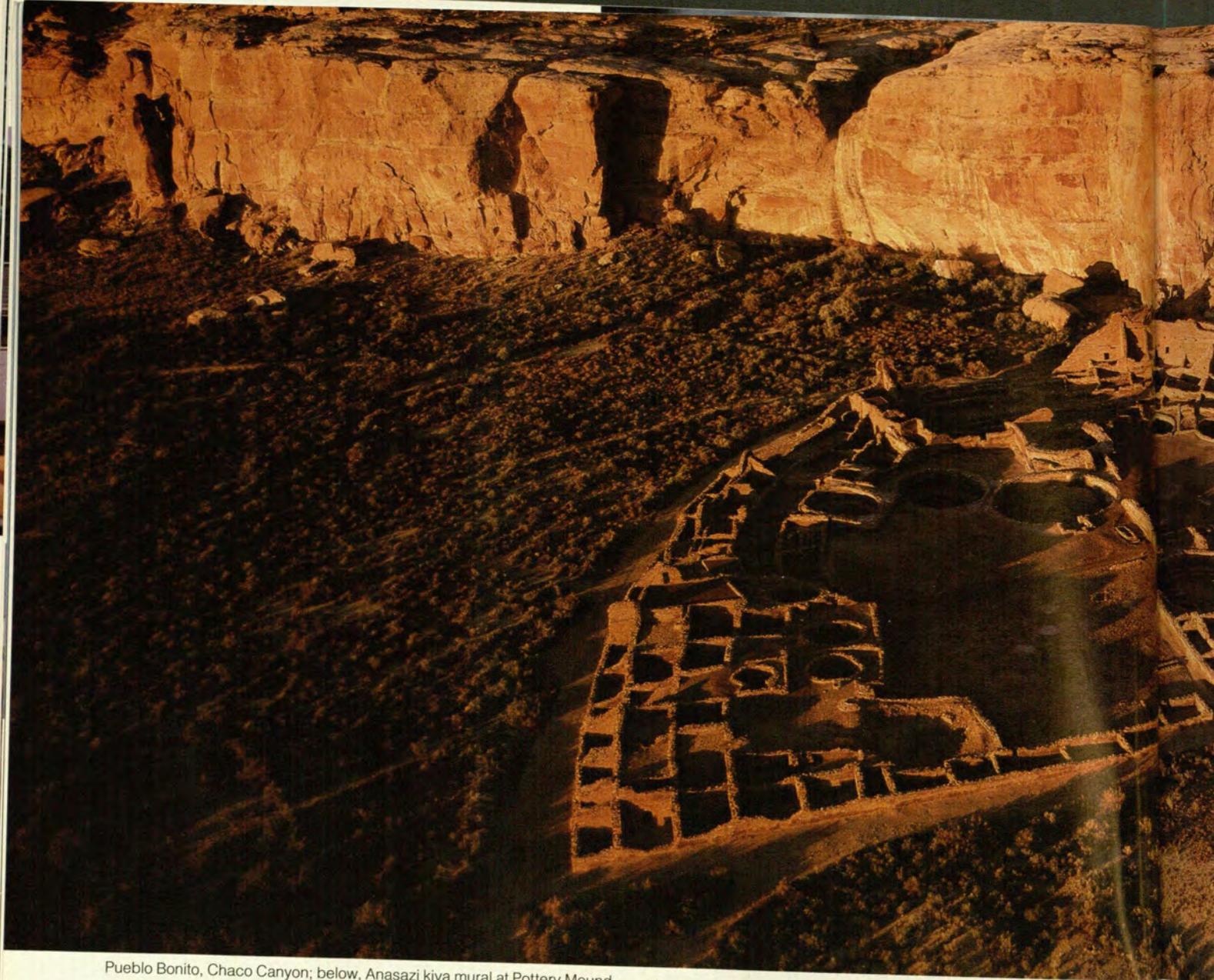
O

its,

dunes near Second Mesa.

JERRY JACKA





Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon; below, Anasazi kiva mural at Pottery Mound.

From the Albuquerque Airport you can see Mount Taylor, the sacred southern boundary mountain of the homeland that the Holy People gave the Navajo. Time has worn this old volcano down to a modest 11,300 feet, but it's still tall enough to form a ragged blue shape on the western horizon. The Navajo see it from their reservation on the other side—and from a more poetic viewpoint. They call it Tsoodzil, Turquoise Mountain. It's the first sign



that you are near the land of the Navajo and the Hopi, who have lived here for hundreds of years. To see it through their eyes, you must step back in time and consider two events.

The first happened in myth. The night the Hopi emerged from the world below into what is now Arizona, they found Maasaw, the ruling spirit of this world, awaiting them. They were welcome, he said, but they would have to be content with a land offering little food, water, or comfort.



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*Volumes have been written about Chaco and its mysteries. . . .  
I love to sit in one of the empty rooms at Pueblo Bonito,  
back against the cool stones, and ponder these riddles.*

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They would have to value spiritual life over material possessions. The Hopi chose to stay.

The second event occurred in May 1868, at Fort Sumner in the New Mexico Territory. The Navajo had been held captive there for four years, driven from their desert homeland by the U. S. Army after repeated conflicts between the Navajo and settlers led to the Navajo War of 1863-64. Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman gave the Navajo three choices: They could move to

rich river land to the east, keep a reservation near the fort, or return to the desert. Sherman rated that desert worthless, but the Navajo leader said his people would choose it even if it could only support a single goat. "I hope to God you will not ask us to go to any country but my own," he said.

From Albuquerque, Interstate 40 leads directly past Turquoise Mountain, into the heart of Navajo country and into that landscape of the spirit where the Hopi also chose to live (see

map on page 58). The road leads into a Native American Holy Land, where almost every landmark has its story and its shrines. I love to take visitors there and let them see why General Sherman considered the land worthless *and* why the Navajo and Hopi can never happily leave it.

A logical beginning is the Chaco Canyon area, where the predecessors of the Hopi and other Pueblo Indians enjoyed a cultural flowering and where the supernatural Holy People



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*The monolith towers more than 1,500 feet above the plain—as if a grotesque Gothic cathedral . . . had risen from a sea of sagebrush.*

taught the Navajo how to form their own civilization. Getting there from my Albuquerque home takes me right past Turquoise Mountain.

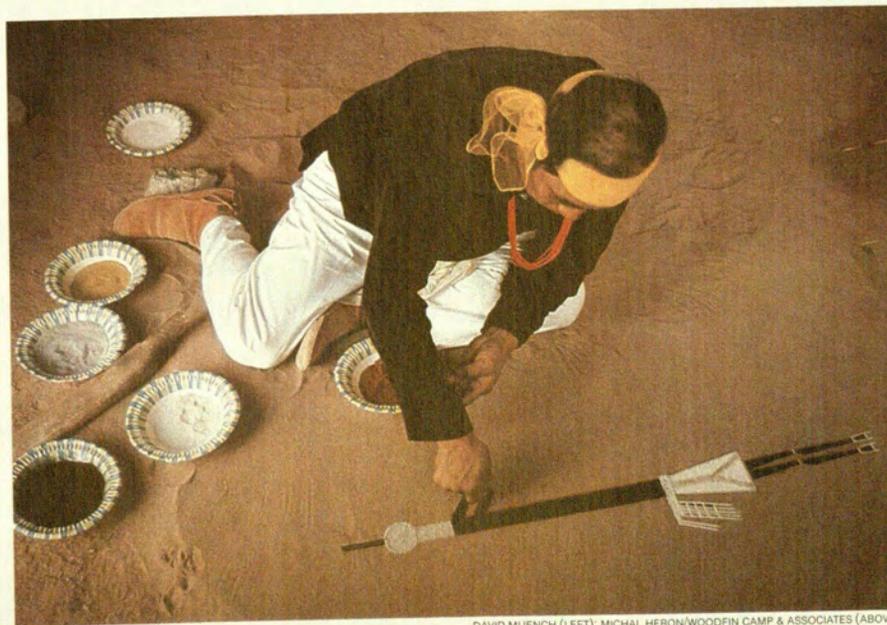
Navajo mythology tells us that Turquoise Mountain was fashioned from earth brought from the world below by the Holy Person called First Man. Myth also explains an adjoining 80,000-acre lava field called Yé'íitsoh Bidil, or Monster Blood. (Others call this place the Malpais, or "bad country.") There, Big Monster bled to death after being struck by arrows of lightning fired by the Hero Twins, who purged the land of monsters.

Access to both the lava beds and the mountain's high slopes is easy. Interstate 40 crosses the lava field. Wandering in that silent basalt moonscape is like walking through an ocean of frozen black ink; it gives me the eerie sensation of being alone on some strange planet.

The interstate also crosses the road

leading to the fire lookout tower on top of the peak. The lookout road crosses a tangle of fallen timber left by a forest fire of long ago. Nothing is better than a day on the mountain when rain clouds are gathering. Fog forms, enclosing you in a still universe where the only sound is a distant owl. On such a day it's easy to believe that Navajo deities live just beyond your vision in the mountain.

**O**n a clear day you can see the cliffs of Chaco Mesa from Turquoise Mountain. Anthropologists believe that this forested peak was the source of the timbers used as roof beams by the vanished builders of the Chaco structures, who would have carried the logs about 50 miles. Getting to Chaco by road today means a roundabout drive of some 90 miles—the last 20 on a rarely graded dirt track. What awaits you is well worth the trip.

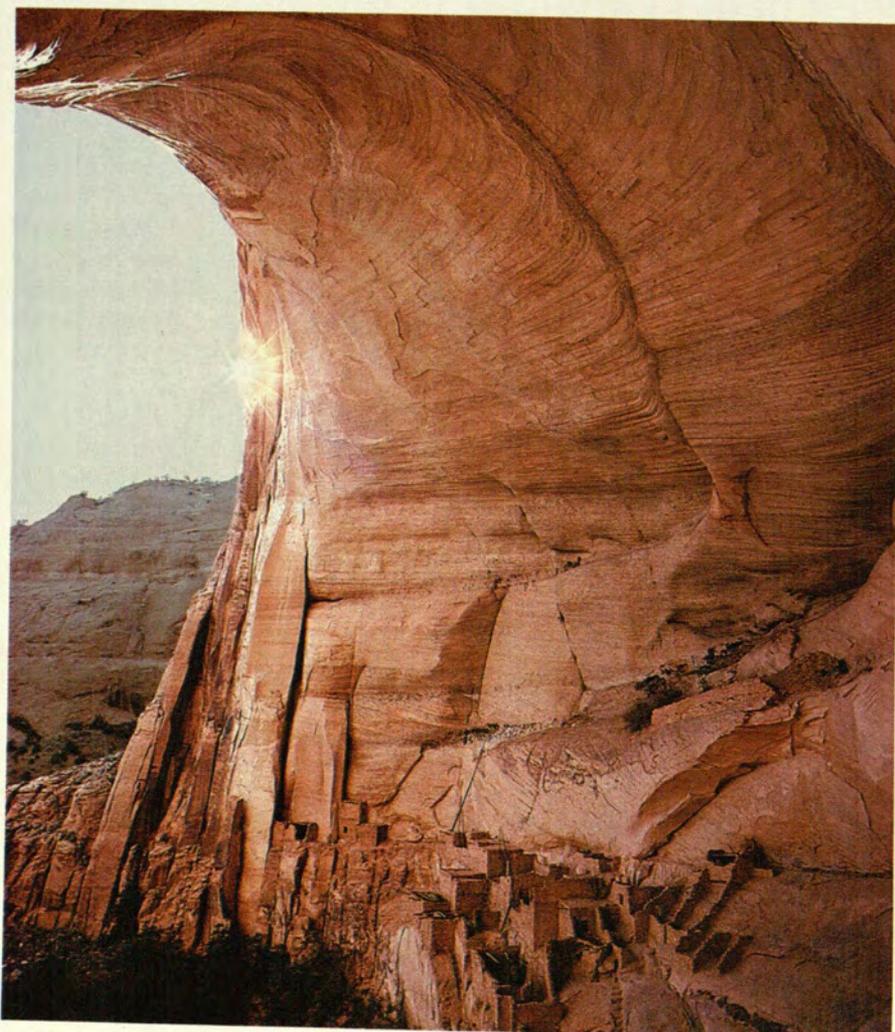


DAVID MUENCH (LEFT); MICHAL HERON/WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOCIATES (ABOVE)

Clouds gathering over Ship Rock; above, Navajo sand painter.

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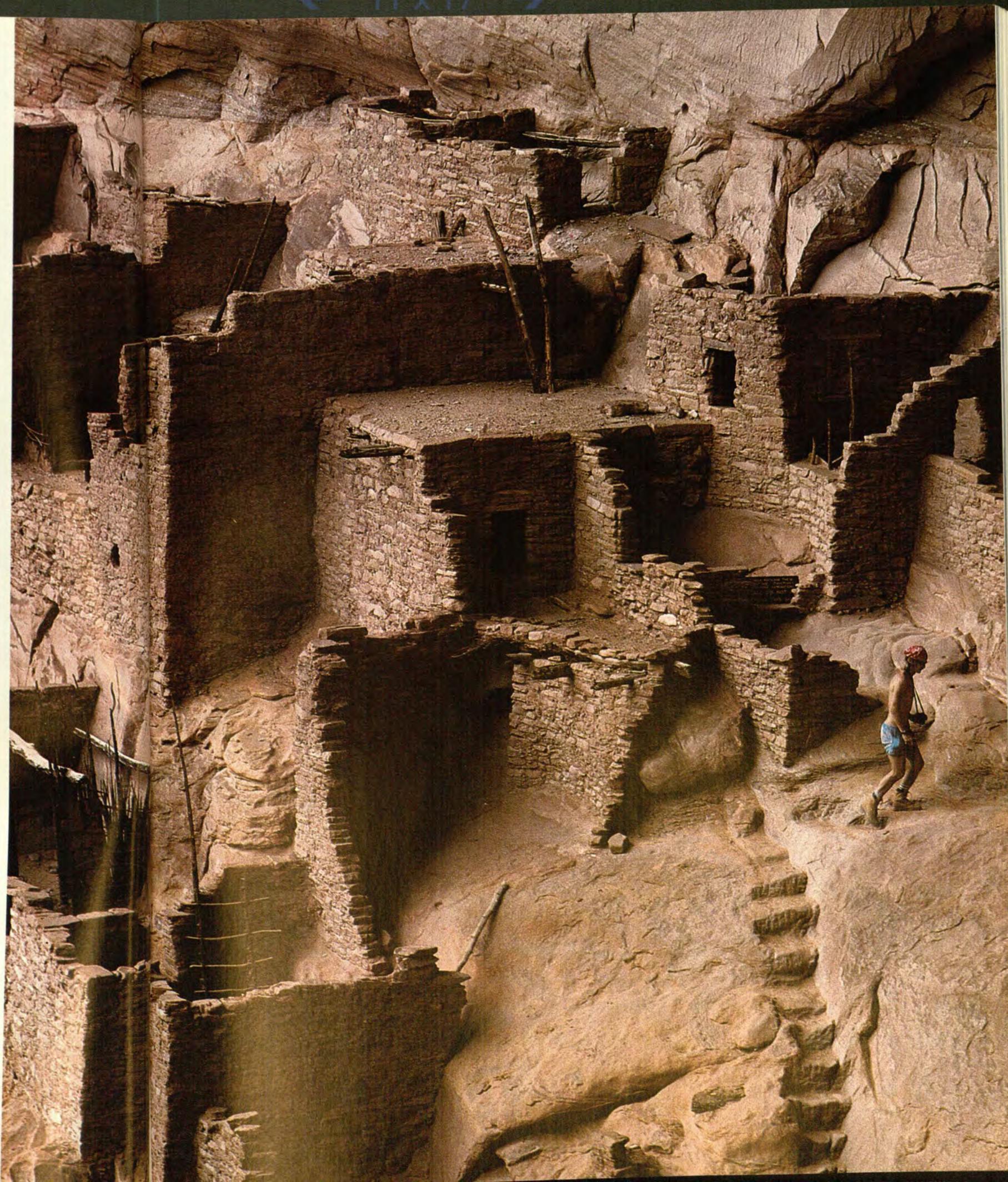
*Seen from above, the place seems to be waiting for its owners to come home from their fields.*

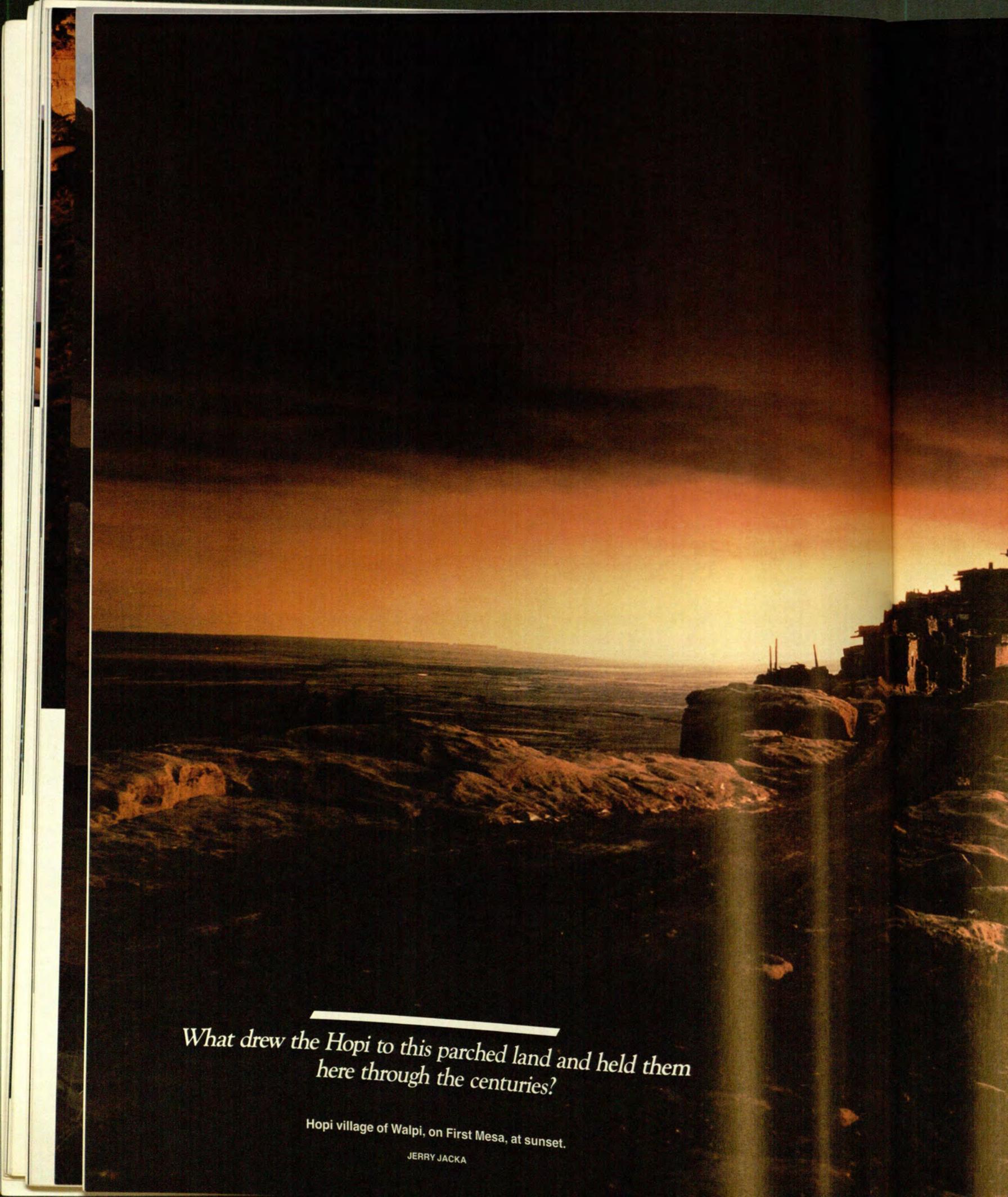


DEWITT JONES (ABOVE); RICH CLARKSON (RIGHT)

Volumes have been written about Chaco and its mysteries. The 53-square-mile area known as Chaco Culture National Historical Park holds more than 2,000 prehistoric sites, ranging from simple shelters to multi-story apartment buildings. Sandstone walls once rose as high as five stories and contained, in the case of the spectacular ruin called Pueblo Bonito, some 800 rooms and more than 30 kivas—round ceremonial chambers.

Among the mysteries of Chaco: What caused the population of this rocky, barren land to grow from perhaps 1,000 in A.D. 800 to 6,000 or so in just 250 years—almost triple the number that scientists believe the area could feed? Why did people who did not know about the wheel build a network of roads (an estimated 400 miles) radiating from Chaco like spokes? By 1115, at least 70 villages may have been linked to Chaco by these strange

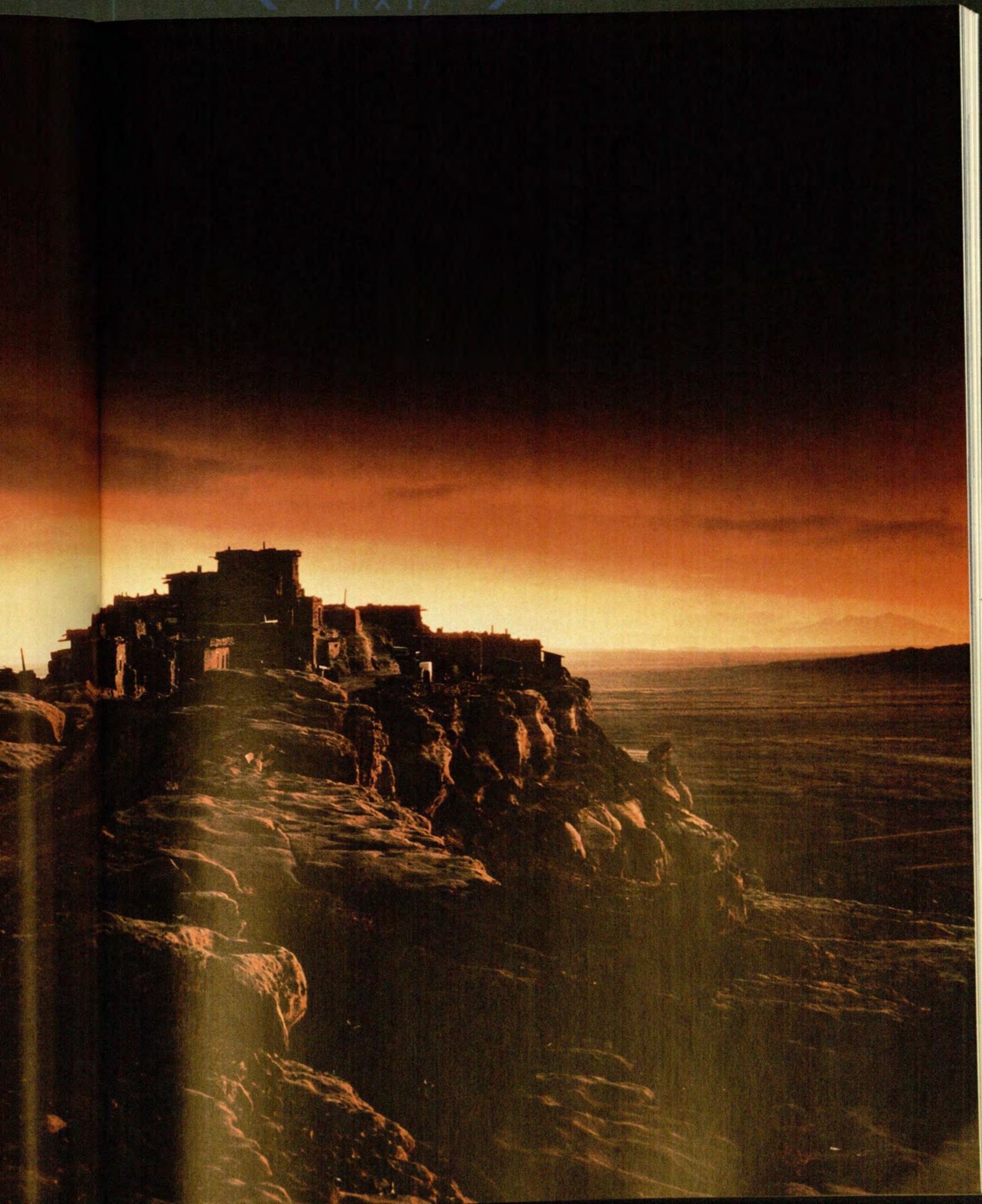


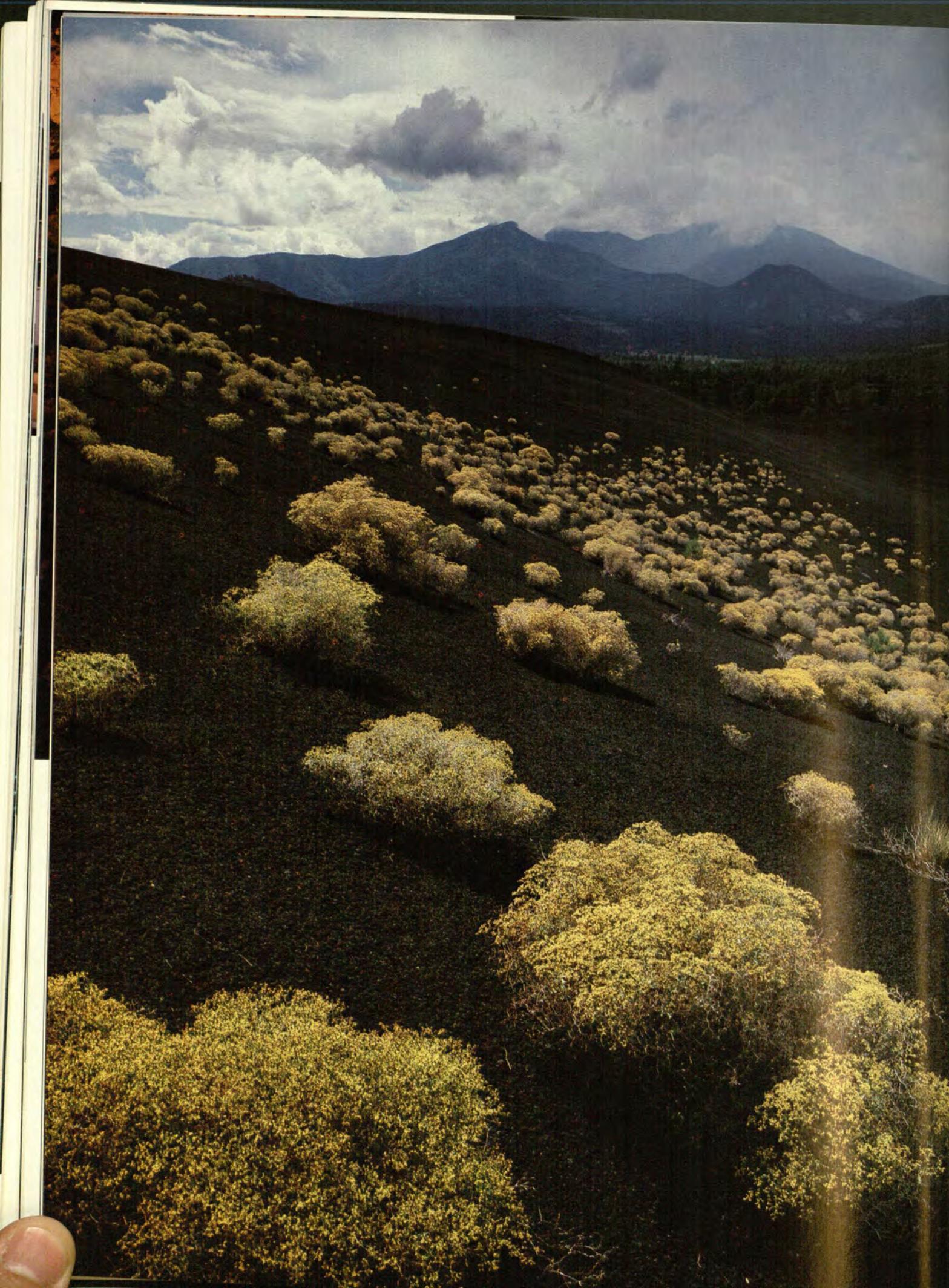


*What drew the Hopi to this parched land and held them  
here through the centuries?*

Hopi village of Walpi, on First Mesa, at sunset.

JERRY JACKA







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*The San Francisco Peaks dominate the landscape here, and no other part of Navajo and Hopi country is as sacred.*



DAVID MUENCH (LEFT); JERRY JACKA (ABOVE)

roads. Why? Does the scarcity of graves mean that Chaco was a religious rather than a residential center?

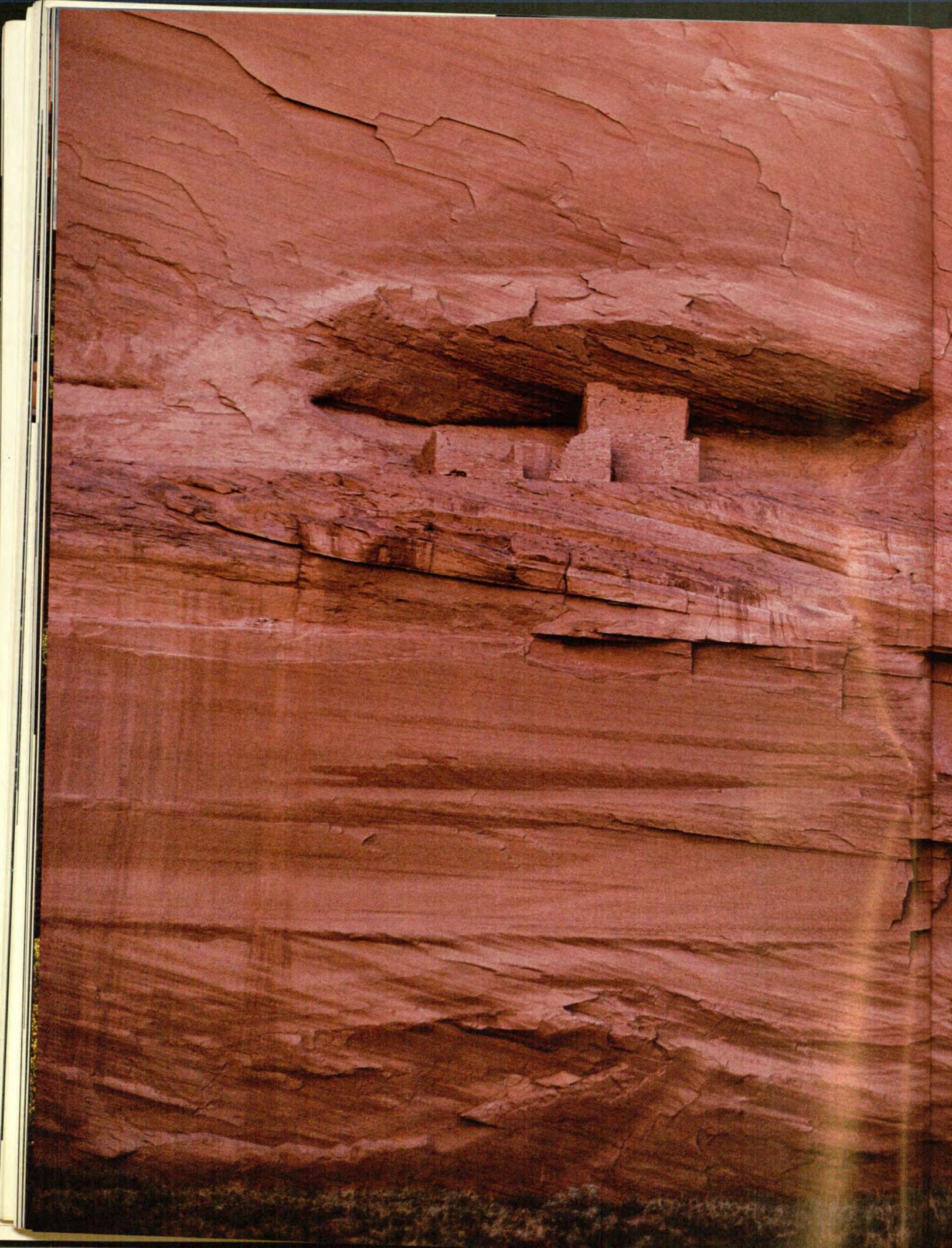
I love to sit in one of the empty rooms at Pueblo Bonito, back against the cool stones, and ponder these riddles. Through the doors I can see what someone from that vanished culture might have seen a thousand years ago. Same view. Different world.

For the Navajo, Chaco is no puzzle. In their legends it was here that Wind, Bat, Great Snake, and other Holy People teamed against Great Gambler, who had won the Chacoan people in a series of contests. The Holy People cheated Great Gambler, won all his property and the gambler himself, and exiled him to live in the

sky. Another legend teaches that the Ancient Ones were dispersed by a whirlwind because they had abandoned the ways of their ancestors.

The Hopi have their own interpretation. While traditional Navajo avoid what they believe are the ghosts of the vanished Ancient Ones who haunt the ruins, the Hopi hold that their ancestral clans passed through Chaco Canyon in their wanderings. They consider these ruins the "footsteps" of their forefathers, left during the migrations toward their final home farther west, in present-day Arizona.

The Colorado Plateau is dotted with such ruins of the Anasazi, the forebears of modern Pueblo Indians like the Hopi. One of my favorite





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*The cliff . . . soars above,  
immense, its streaks of desert  
varnish giving it a painted look.*

Anasazi ruins is Betatakin, a stone apartment house perched on a ledge in Betatakin Ruin Canyon. Betatakin and several hundred acres of other ruins form Navajo National Monument. Though it's in northern Arizona, almost 200 miles west of Chaco via Farmington and Kayenta, the trip there offers interesting distractions.

You can detour across the rolling pastureland to the Bisti Wilderness, where eons of wind and rain have turned layers of shale, sandstone, ash, and igneous rock into a demented giant's sculpture garden. Mammoth tabletops cap slender pedestals. Duck-shaped heads jut from walls of perlite in fields of upside-down ice cream cones—all gigantic in size.

This same erosion bared one of America's richest deposits of fossilized dinosaur remains and exposed the boundary between the Cretaceous period, when dinosaurs thrived, and the Tertiary, when they vanished. Scientists puzzling over what caused dinosaurs to disappear can put their finger on a line in the layered cliffs here, knowing that when the rock below was formed, dinosaurs lived, and when the rock above was deposited, they didn't.

**T**he faster route to Betatakin takes you directly past Huerfano Mountain, the setting for many Navajo creation stories. One of the sacred inner mountains in Navajo mythology, Huerfano is among the many homes of the Holy People called First Man and First Woman. Here they placed the stars in the sky. Nearby they found the infant Changing Woman, who would form the first Navajo clans from her skin, teach them how to walk in the Navajo way, and give birth

to the monster-slaying Hero Twins. The highway runs just below Huerfano Mountain, now cluttered with oil company radio towers. Ahead, in Colorado, lie the La Plata Mountains, the sacred boundary of the north in Navajo country. To the west, above the sagebrush-covered countryside, looms Ship Rock—or Winged Rock, as the Navajo call it, once home of some of the Winged Monsters of Navajo legend.

Ship Rock looks near. But getting there from Huerfano Mountain means a 65-mile drive past the lushness of irrigated Navajo fields and through the oil-gas-farming town of Farming-

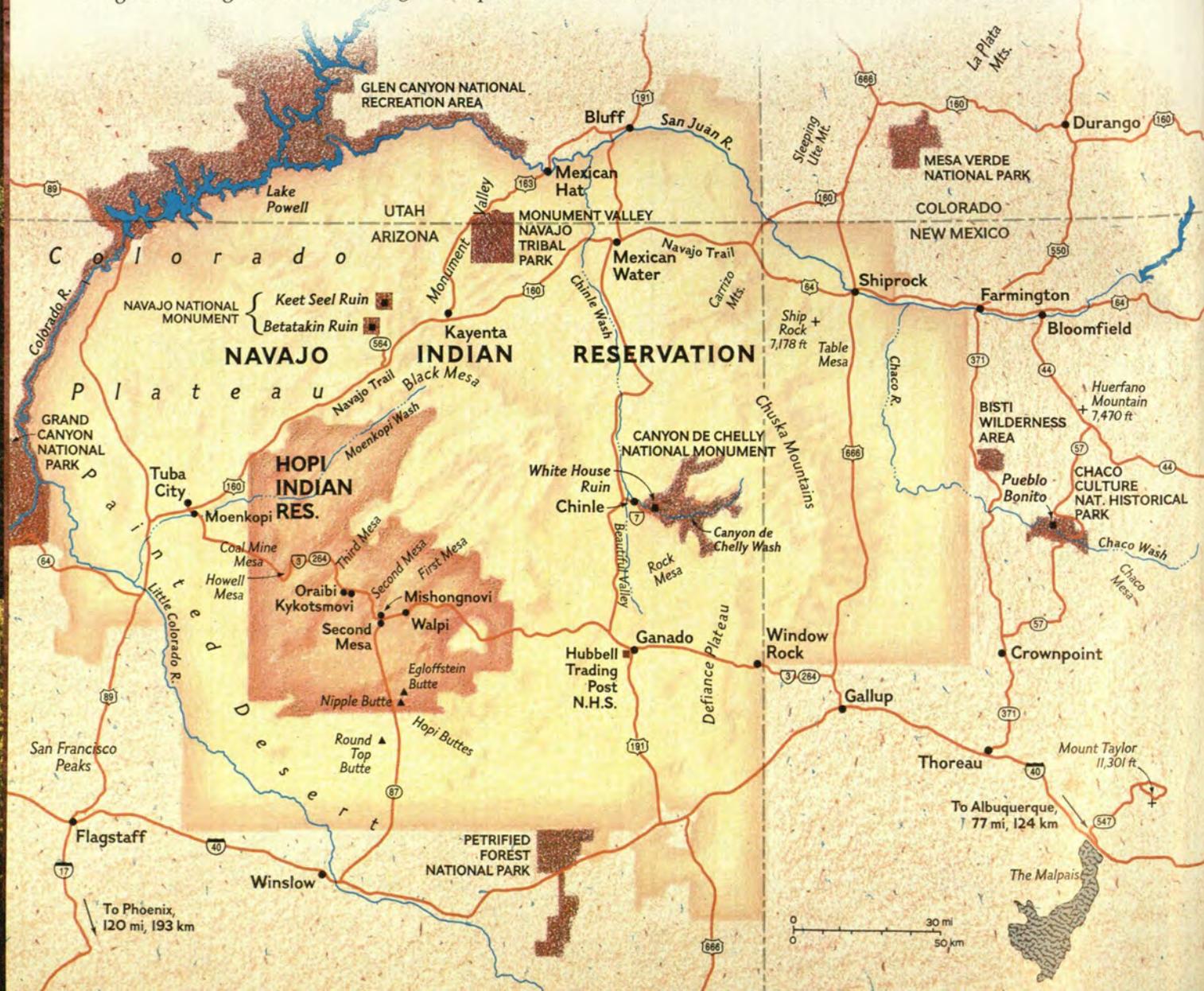
ton. Though a bona fide Navajo trading center, Farmington looks like a Texas "oil patch" community. It is tidy, with neither the frontier hue of Flagstaff nor the unkempt color of Gallup, where myriad pawnshops, the blue-collar bustle of old Railroad Avenue, and a mixture of Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and Laguna create a border-town ambience.

Although Ship Rock has been looming ahead for 50 miles, it's hard to realize how big it is until you top the long hill south of the town of Shiprock. The monolith towers more than 1,500 feet above the plain—as if a grotesque Gothic cathedral, 20 stories

taller than the Empire State Building, had risen from a sea of sagebrush.

This monolith is basalt, the core of an ancient volcano. The same force that formed it also cracked the earth's crust around it. Through these cracks, molten lava was squeezed upward like toothpaste into the blanket of ash laid down by the eruption. The ash eroded, exposing "tails" of hardened lava that radiate from Ship Rock for miles. The largest tail is thirty feet high in places but only three or four feet thick—a great black wall undulating across the grassy hills.

I like to walk along this reminder of a more violent earth and listen to the



breeze talking through the holes time has created. With its dramatic view of Ship Rock, it is a good place to contemplate the stories the Navajo attach to their Winged Rock. The Winged Monsters nested in its highest crag until the Hero Twins killed them with magic and changed their hatchlings into the eagle and the owl.

From the town of Shiprock westward into Arizona, the Navajo call U. S. 64 and U. S. 160 the Navajo Trail. Driving this road always restores my spirits. But it won't appeal to those who find beauty only in green fertility. About the only reminders of civilization in the 97 miles to the town of Kayenta are the giant pylons carrying power from the generators near Farmington to warm the hot tubs of Los Angeles. Traffic tends to be mostly pickups, often with four people jammed in front, Navajo fashion. The Carrizo Mountains, and then the massive Black Mesa, rise on the left. To the right the land falls toward the San Juan River. Beyond the river, Sleeping Ute Mountain in Colorado and Utah's Abajo Mountains dominate the horizon. Occasionally, in the distance, you'll spot the hogan, outbuildings, and corrals of a Navajo family.

The famed symbols of Navajo country—the huge stone thumbs of Monument Valley on the Arizona-Utah border—come into view on the horizon about 60 miles before you reach Kayenta. I can't imagine an American who hasn't seen Monument Valley in TV commercials, calendars, and Western films. If you dine at Goulding's Trading Post and Lodge in the valley, you'll be eating on the set built for John Wayne's *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. Goulding's is perched on the talus under towering red cliffs, its balconies looking across a stony wilderness as empty as the Arctic but as beautiful as any I've ever seen.

I've always believed that this beauty motivated the ancients to build their stone villages in places like Betatakin and Keet Seel—the cliff dwellings of

Navajo National Monument, in northern Arizona, about 30 miles from Kayenta. On the way to the monument you cross what the Navajo call Slickrock Country. Here, potholes in the wind-polished stone trap rainwater into little bathtubs, and dirt forms islands of grass and wildflowers. After crossing the slickrock, the road ends at the visitors' center, from which a half-mile trail takes you to the Betatakin Ruin Canyon overlook directly across from the ruin.

Looking through the telescope here is like looking back in time. Seven hundred feet below, aspens, firs, and pines grow along a seep on the canyon floor. Across the narrow canyon the houses of Betatakin crowd a ledge protected by an overhanging cliff. The stone walls look intact, with many roofs still in place, but the windows and doorways are empty. Seen from above, the place seems to be waiting for its owners to come home from their fields. Studies of Betatakin's timbers show that construction started in A.D. 1250 but stopped in 1286. By about 1300, at the end of a 25-year drought coupled with a lowering of the water table, the site had been deserted.

**F**or a closer look you can tour the canyon floor—an arduous, five- to six-hour trip requiring sturdy shoes and good physical condition. The rim is 7,300 feet above sea level, and walking the trail is like climbing down, and then back up, a 70-story building. But fatigue vanishes quickly and the memories linger: of standing in cool shadows on the canyon floor and gazing up at those stone houses, just as their builders did almost a thousand years ago; of the feathers recently tied to brush at the spring below the ruins as an offering at a Hopi shrine; of the petroglyphs cut into the cliff by a vanished people.

Seeing Keet Seel, the other famous ruin at Navajo National Monument, takes all day. Whether you hike or rent horses from a Navajo family for a

guided tour, the eight-mile trip into the canyon is not for those nervous about heights. A primitive trail twists down the face of a thousand-foot mesa to the ruin, tucked beneath a soaring sandstone overhang. A walkway—rarely found in cliff dwellings—zigzags past storage chambers, kivas, and clusters of rooms once occupied by several households.

Although they have been studied for years, these ruins are full of puzzles. At Keet Seel, for example, a massive white-fir log leans across the entry to the ruin, as if barring the way. How did the builders get it there without pulleys? What was its purpose? What happened to the occupants? The Hopi say that Betatakin is empty because some of their clans, who they say once lived here, moved on to Túwanasavi, the Center of the Universe, as destiny required.

What the Hopi call Túwanasavi is 60 miles south of Betatakin—three long fingers of stone jutting from Black Mesa. There lies the Hopi Reservation, an island surrounded by the 25,000-square-mile Navajo Reservation, an area the size of West Virginia. There the Navajo and Hopi share land for hunting, gathering, sheep grazing, and religious purposes. And there most Hopi make their homes on the three stone fingers called First, Second, and Third Mesas.

The route to these three mesas passes through Tuba City. Like Shiprock and Crownpoint, it is a sprawling Navajo town with a hospital, school, police station, courthouse, motel, trading post, service stations, a few stores, and scattered dwellings. A Navajo friend once told me you can tell that the Navajo don't like to live in towns by looking at the towns they live in. Tuba City proves it. The Navajo, like ranchers everywhere, prefer to build their homes far apart.

The Hopi, however, are born townspeople, and Moenkopi, founded in the 1870s just outside Tuba City, points up the cultural difference.

From the shoulder of State Highway 264 (Navajo Route 3) you can gaze down on the rooftops of a compact little village. Neat houses of red stone cluster around the packed-earth plaza where religious societies hold ritual dances. Just outside the village, tidy fields of beans, corn, and squash line Moenkopi Wash.

Fifty miles from Moenkopi, across the empty grasslands of Coal Mine and Howell Mesas, rises Third Mesa. There, in the 12th century, the Hopi Bear Clan founded Oraibi, one of the oldest continuously occupied villages in North America. Sometimes a sign asks visitors to stay away. If so, a drive of less than a mile down the access road provides a view from the outside. Other Hopi villages may also display such signs when their religious societies are preparing a ceremonial, but visitors are usually welcome.

The San Francisco Peaks dominate the landscape here, and no other part of Navajo and Hopi country is as sacred. This triple-spired massif, which the Navajo call Dook 'o'oolííd, is the holy mountain that marks the western boundary of their homeland.

For the Hopi, this mountain is Nuvatekiaqui, gateway to the world of the kachinas. Hundreds of these spirits link the Hopi with their Creator. The kachinas create the clouds and bring rain, fertility, and all blessings. They live among the Hopi during the half-year between planting and harvesting, then return to the spirit world through the mountain. You can see them personified by masked dancers at ceremonials in many Hopi villages. And you can buy kachina dolls made by Hopi artists—human shapes, usually carved from the roots of cottonwoods, with the distinguishing mask or head of the spirit they represent. The kachinas often carry prayer plumes or symbols of the myth in which they played a role.

I always stop at the Hopi Cultural Center on Second Mesa. Shops here sell fine kachina figures, pottery,

jewelry, and the basketry for which the Hopi are noted. A restaurant, motel, and museum make up the rest of the center. But the highlight of the trip for me is the low-gear climb up the winding roads to lofty villages like Walpi on First Mesa and Mishongnovi on Second Mesa.

The last time I stood at the mesa rim in Mishongnovi, it was afternoon. Three thunderstorms were drifting across the Painted Desert, trailing frail curtains of rain that barely touched the ground. I gazed down on perhaps a thousand square miles of the gray-brown velvet of high desert. Beyond, the dark shapes of Nipple Butte, Egloffstein Butte, Round Top Butte, and the line of basalt thumbs called the Hopi Buttes stood against the horizon. Nowhere was there the green of fertile fields or good grazing.

What drew the Hopi to this parched land and held them here through the centuries? I've never talked to a Hopi who didn't know: From the time humans emerged on the earth's surface, the Creator's plan was that the Hopi clans would be drawn together here at the Center of the Universe to live in the Hopi way and perform their rituals until this world ends and the next one begins.

The drive from Mishongnovi to the White House Ruin of Canyon de Chelly is a two-hour trip from one world to another. The road leads east across endless desert to an overlook on the canyon rim, where a trail winds down the cliff into de Chelly Wash, a shady place closed in by sheer sandstone walls.

The vast stone labyrinth called Canyon de Chelly National Monument is actually two major canyons: Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto. The easy way to see them—and the only way to see much of their inner reaches and the art galleries of pictographs and petroglyphs left by Anasazi cliff dwellers—is on the jeep tours that a concessionaire runs with local Navajo guides.

But I like to walk the 600 feet down the White House Ruin trail to the canyon floor, splash through the clear, cool water of Chinle Wash, and enjoy the shady silence of the cottonwoods below the ruin. White House Ruin is an impressive site, once home to several Anasazi families. But the cliff that soars above, immense, its streaks of desert varnish giving it a painted look, reduces the ruin to dollhouse scale—and me to a dot on the sandy bottom of a great stone bottle.

It's a lonely place, far below the noisy world on the canyon rim. Years ago, sitting in the shade here, I heard a whistling sound approaching from upcanyon. A flute, I thought, remembering the pictographs of Kokopelli, the humpbacked flute player, drawn long ago on these cliffs by Anasazi artists. But no. It was the tinkling of bells on the goats of a Navajo's flock, blended into a tenorlike warble by the echoing cliffs. That day I decided I would try to communicate my feelings for the Navajo and their sacred land in my writings.

**M**y final stop is 35 miles south, at Hubbell Trading Post near Ganado. The store and its adjoining barns and corrals are much like they must have been when pioneer John Lorenzo Hubbell, who began his career as a trader here in 1876, built them of stone, timbers, and rough-cut planks. Although the post is now a national historic site, it is still very much in business. The groceries and dry goods for sale are modern, but stepping into its dark interior is like stepping into the past.

The post offers an impressive assortment of Navajo rugs and blankets. (On my last visit, prices ranged from \$28 to more than \$3,000.) Hubbell's home displays his collection of Americana and Southwestern art. At the visitors' center, you can watch Navajo weavers and other artisans at work.

And still there is more: the Vermilion Cliffs towering over the Colorado

River, earning their name at sunset. The Crownpoint School auditorium, its walls lined with Navajo women in their best silver and velvet watching dealers bid for their rugs. Kykotsmobi (New Oraibi) on Third Mesa, with small Hopi children, earmuffed and bundled, peering from the rooftops of its stone houses while their relatives perform the Buffalo Dance in the snow-packed plaza. The yellow cliff of Table Mesa, with a pair of golden eagles hunting—casting their moving

shadows on its face. A hundred other places beckon.

One is the basin below Rock Mesa, north of Ganado. From U. S. 191 you can see this immense, multihued sink of gray caliche, clay walls as red as New England barns, bluish streaks of shale, black veins of coal, cliffs stained green and purple by minerals, and oval deposits of gypsum cracked into surreal patterns by the sun. It is a landscape offering no shady comfort, no water, no life. Not a tree or a blade of

grass grows here. But in the crystalline high-country air, the eye is dazzled by shapes and colors. We would name it Desolation Flats. The Navajo call it Beautiful Valley. □

*Albuquerque author Tony Hillerman was declared "a special friend" by the Navajo tribe in 1987 for "authentically portraying the strength and dignity of the traditional Navajo culture" in his novels. His next book, Talking God, will be published by Harper and Row in May.*

## Travel Wise

### PLANNING YOUR TRIP

Spring and fall are the best seasons to visit Navajo-Hopi country. Summers can be very hot, with temperatures climbing to 100°F or higher. **WARNING:** This is an isolated area with long distances between settlements. Carry extra water for both your passengers and your car; don't let your car run low on gas. Be cautious when using unpaved roads; inquire about conditions ahead.

**NOTE:** All telephone numbers listed below have a 602 area code unless otherwise indicated.

### HOW TO GET THERE

The best way to see Navajo-Hopi country is by car. Access points by air are Albuquerque and Phoenix, where car rentals are available. It is possible to fly from Phoenix to Flagstaff and rent a car there. A list of tour operators is available from the Navajoland Tourism Office (see address below).

### VISITOR ETIQUETTE

The Navajo and Hopi people are courteous and hospitable. Visitors should remember, however, that their country is not a theme park, but rather someone's home. Dances and other community observances are religious ceremonies. Prying or disrespectful behavior that would not be proper in a neighbor's home or church is certainly not in order there. A sign at a village entrance asking visitors to stay away generally means that preparations for a ceremony are under way.

The Hopi and Navajo dress modestly. Visitors should not wear shorts or halter tops at ceremonial events. Use cameras judiciously; do not photograph without permission. Photographing, sketching, or tape-recording ceremonials is not permitted. No intoxicants are allowed on the reservation. Do not prowl around shrines, kivas, or burial grounds. While on the reservation you are under the jurisdiction of the tribal police.

### THINGS TO SEE AND DO

**NOTE:** For the best routes to the parks and monuments listed, please see map on page 58.

**Canyon de Chelly National Monument** Box 588, Chinle, Ariz. 86503; 674-5436. Lodging and meals at Thunderbird Lodge; camping, hiking, canyon tours, scenic drives.

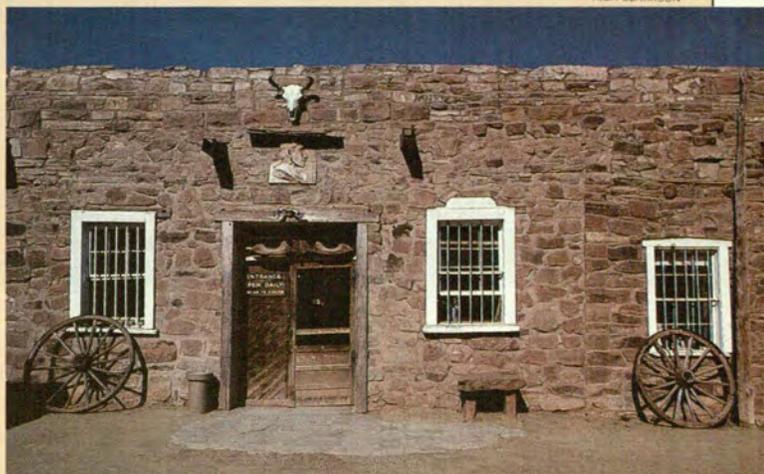
**Chaco Culture National Historical Park** Star Route 4 - Box 6500, Bloomfield, N. Mex. 87413; (505) 988-6716. The last 20 miles into the park are unpaved road. In bad weather, call ahead to check on road conditions. Campground available, but no lodging, food, or gasoline. Open year-round.

**Crownpoint Rug Auction** Crownpoint Rug Weavers Association, P.O. Box 1630, Crownpoint, N. Mex. 87313. Navajo rugs auctioned six times a year. Write for dates.

**Hopi Cultural Center** Second Mesa, Ariz.; 734-2401. Located off Arizona 264 (Navajo Route 3), five miles west of junction with Route 87. Motel, restaurant, museum, shops.

**Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park** Box 93, Monument Valley, Utah 84536; (801) 727-3287. Camping, scenic drives, tours. Admission fee charged. Lodging and meals in Kayenta or at Goulding's Lodge, Box 1, Monument Valley, Utah 84536; (801) 727-3231.

**Navajo National Monument** HC71 - Box 3, Tonalea, Ariz. 86044; 672-2366. Campground,



*Hubbell Trading Post near Ganado, Arizona, serves the Navajo people as it has since John Lorenzo Hubbell's arrival in 1876.*

half-mile trail to Betatakin Overlook, tours to Betatakin and Keet Seel ruins.

**Navajo Tribal Museum** Located off Arizona 264 in the Navajo Arts and Crafts Building, Window Rock, Ariz.; 672-2366, ext. 1673. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

### PLACES TO STAY AND TO EAT

A list of motels and restaurants in the area is available from the Navajoland Tourism Office.

### FOR MORE INFORMATION

Write or call the Navajoland Tourism Office, P.O. Box 308, Window Rock, Ariz. 86515, 871-6659; Office of Public Relations, Hopi Tribe, P.O. Box 123, Kykotsmobi, Ariz. 86039, 734-2441, ext. 360; or Arizona Office of Tourism, 1100 W. Washington St., Phoenix, Ariz. 85007, 255-3618.

All information is accurate as of press time. It is, however, subject to change.