

“Traveling with Mr. Bernhardt in Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon National Park”

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I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt in Palos Verdes Estates, California U.S.A. from April 1980 to December 1990. They were in their late 70s when I arrived.

In May 1986, I was planning to go to Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon National Park in Utah alone. I was really more excited about being free from Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt rather than about going on the trip. A couple of days before I left, Mr. Bernhardt told me that he would go with me because it was very dangerous for a foreigner to travel alone. I told Mr. Bernhardt that I hadn't had any trouble going to San Francisco, Toronto, Quebec, Boston, or the Grand Canyon alone. Mr. Bernhardt insisted that traveling by airplane was different from traveling by car. He told me that he also wanted to go to Zion and Bryce Canyon National Park but I couldn't believe him because when I had told him that I wanted to go to those national parks, he had laughed at me and said, “Kyoko, you are stupid. You will not see anything in Utah except Mormons.” I didn't want to go on a trip with Mr. Bernhardt but I had to accept him because I had to use Mrs. Bernhardt's Mustang. I asked Maria, my Hispanic friend, to take care of Mrs. Bernhardt while Mr. Bernhardt and I were gone.

Mr. Bernhardt and I left at around 5:00 A.M. It was still dark. Mr. Bernhardt told me to sleep in the back seat. He was supposed to head for U.S. Interstate Highway 15 but before he reached it, he had lost his way. He had a road map of the Los Angeles area but he didn't have a map of California and Utah. He stopped the car somewhere and was looking at the road map. I asked him, “Did you lose your way?” As soon as he heard me, he shouted at me, “Be quiet! Go to sleep!” He always shouted at me when he was irritated; that was why I didn't want to travel with him. It took at least 15 minutes until Mr. Bernhardt started driving the car again.

After we stopped at a Denny's Restaurant in Barstow, I started driving and we headed for Las Vegas. I wanted to pass by Las Vegas instead of getting off the freeway in Las Vegas because it was very hard to drive in an unfamiliar and crowded city and to find a freeway entrance. As soon as Mr. Bernhardt saw a sign for Union 76, he ordered me to get off the freeway. I drove around the city for about 20 minutes to find a Union 76 gas station but I couldn't find one. I asked Mr. Bernhardt why he didn't want to use Chevron gas instead of Union 76, but he refused Chevron because he always used Union 76 and he believed that always using the same kind of gas and oil would keep the car in good condition. I saw many Chevron gas stations around us. I drove in the city for around 30

minutes to find Union 76 and then I had a hard time finding an entrance to the freeway.

After we had passed Las Vegas, the traffic became very light. It was easy to drive at 70 to 75 miles per hour. Every time the speedometer reached 70 mph, Mr. Bernhardt shouted at me, "Slow down to 60." As he shouted at me often, I was scared to drive and became very nervous. I was extremely nervous and I couldn't enjoy looking at the scenery while I was driving. After we passed the border between Nevada and Arizona, Mr. Bernhardt started driving. He drove around 30 miles in Arizona, and then we entered Utah. The freeway was surrounded by rocky pale pink or cream-yellow mountains. There was no greenery around there. Sometimes we passed through areas where the hills were brick-red. We had a motel reservation at St. George and we stayed one night there. Utah was famous for Mormons. There was a beautiful Mormon Temple in St. George.

Next morning we headed for Springdale, which was the closest town to Zion National Park. It was only 40 miles from St. George to Springdale but Mr. Bernhardt lost his way again. I couldn't understand why he had decided to stop in St. George and why he refused to use a road map of Utah. If I were Mr. Bernhardt, I would have stopped in Las Vegas or driven to Springdale directly instead of stopping in St. George. Of course I also would have used a road map.

At the registration counter in a Springdale motel, Mr. Bernhardt asked me to go out and to write down the license plate number. I couldn't understand what he wanted me to do for a while. He shouted at me in an angry voice, "Go out and read the license plate number." I asked him, "Are you talking about the Mustang's registration number?" He said, "Yes." I told him, "VOK 005" immediately. I couldn't understand why Mr. Bernhardt couldn't memorize the Mustang's license number even though he had used that car for many years and also he was always proud of himself because his IQ was 164.

After we had put our luggage in our room, we drove into the park. As Mr. Bernhardt was a senior citizen, we didn't have to pay an entrance fee. The road inside the park was an unnatural bright brick-red color. Zion National Park was surrounded by high cliffs which went straight up into the sky. The cliffs were Vandyke brown, brown, and pale orange. Some cliffs were creamy-yellow. The walls of the cliffs looked as if someone had scraped off their surface with a sharp knife. As the cliffs stood up high into the sky, I felt as if they were leaning toward me. Some parts of the cliffs had arch-shaped indentations which were more than 90 feet high. There were several narrow paths leading to some interesting places like "Weeping Rock," and "The Narrow." The paths were paved but Mr. Bernhardt didn't come with me because some parts of the path were sloped. As Mr. Bernhardt had a stiff left leg, it was dangerous for him to walk on slopes.

I walked on the path which led to "Weeping Rock." It took only 15 minutes to walk there. "Weeping Rock" was located on the middle of a cliff around 30 feet up from the bottom. A small amount of water fell from part of the cliff. The waterfall was 15 feet wide

and it looked like a very thin lace curtain. I could walk behind it where I found some plants on the rocky wall. I saw high rocky mountains which stretched up into the sky from the green bush area. The sunlight hit the walls of the east cliff and the rocky walls showed their color clearly. The bottom of the walls were dark brown, and the higher the walls the weaker their color. The tops of the walls were mostly creamy yellow or creamy white. The walls of the west cliff, however, were not sunlit, and they were all dark brown.

I started walking on a different path which would lead me to “The Narrows,” which was sandwiched between high rocky cliff walls and was the narrowest place in Zion National Park. The paved path was narrow and curved following the walls of the cliff. Only the walls of the cliff on the east side were lit by the sunlight and the walls of the cliff on the west side were completely dark. It looked as though I was blocked by a wall of the cliff both in front of me and behind me. I continued to walk on the path. When I reached the corner of the wall of the cliff on the east side and the wall of the cliff in front of me, I found that the gap between the cliffs on either side was only as wide as the path. I walked on the path toward the other cliff wall which was blocking the path for around one hour. Finally, I arrived at the end of the path. There was a river in front of me. The river looked very shallow and clean and I could see many rounded rocks on the bottom of the river. To reach “The Narrows,” I had to walk in the water. Both sides of the walls of the cliffs were now completely dark, and only the white and pale pink upper part of a mountain in front of me showed off its shape and color. I took off both my shoes and socks and stepped into the river. I looked at the deep valley in front of me. It was very dark. I didn't know how far I had to walk to reach “The Narrows.” It was getting dark and nobody was there. I realized that it was dangerous to walk in the river by myself. If something happened to me, nobody could help me. I decided to return to the parking area where Mr. Bernhardt was waiting for me. Later I regretted that I hadn't seen “The Narrows”; however, I had some good reasons for not reaching there.

The next morning, I joined a horseback riding tour but Mr. Bernhardt didn't join it due to his stiff leg. I climbed up part of a mountain or hill by horse. I could see the panoramic view from the higher elevation. Seen from this high elevation, the walls of the cliffs went straight up and their tops were clearly separated from each other. The tops were triangle-shaped and they stretched into the sky. The tops were ivory or creamy yellow and their colors changed according to their height. The colors of the cliff walls also changed according to their height. The higher walls of the cliff were the color of coffee with a lot of cream and the bottom of the walls of the cliff were the color of coffee with a little cream. The bottom of the walls of the cliff was covered with dark green trees or bushes. There were no trees on the hill where I was standing with the horse, there was only gray grass. I had a great desire to look down at the park which had many deep valleys, from the top of the mountain in the park or from the sky.

The next morning, Mr. Bernhardt ordered me to drive to Bryce Canyon National Park.

I didn't want to drive because he shouted at me often while I was driving, but Mr. Bernhardt insisted strongly, so I had to drive. I pushed down on the accelerator a little and turned on the ignition. As soon as I turned on the ignition, Mr. Bernhardt clapped his hands and shouted at me. "Don't, don't, don't push down the accelerator before you turn on the ignition." I couldn't understand what he said and I turned off the ignition. He shouted at me, "Don't push down the accelerator before you turn on the ignition." I told him, "Mr. Bernhardt, you always told me to push down the accelerator halfway first and then turn on the ignition. The drivers who know well about cars do it that way. Why did you change your mind?" He said, "Here, it is Utah. All cars were built differently according to where they were driven. The elevation in Utah is higher than California." I asked him, "You told me that you bought this Mustang in Michigan. The elevation in Michigan must be higher than California." He didn't say anything. I couldn't believe that all cars were built differently according to where they were sold. I turned on the ignition but the engine wouldn't start. I turned on the ignition five times but the engine never started. Mr. Bernhardt told me to push down the accelerator a little. I pushed down the accelerator as I usually did and turned on the ignition, and as soon as I did that, the engine started. I drove beside the wall of a cliff with a creamy yellow upper half and a coffee and cream bottom half. The surface of the wall had a checked pattern. I also drove behind a rocky hill which had many parallel horizontal lines on its surface. I saw a huge creamy-yellow and pale pink wall of a cliff in front of me. The wall had an extremely flat surface and a flat top and it rose straight up into the sky. As soon as I saw the wall, I entered a tunnel through the mountain. There was a window in the tunnel and I could glimpse a small part of Zion National Park through the window but I couldn't stop because there was no parking space.

Bryce Canyon was around 80 miles away from Zion National Park. I didn't have any trouble finding the motel where we had reservations.

Bryce Canyon National Park was different from Zion National Park. First, we looked down on the canyon at Bryce Canyon instead of looking up. Second, the shape of the rocks and walls were different. Third, the colors of the rocks were different.

I looked down and saw deep into the valley. The wall of the valley was covered with a lot of irregularly shaped rock columns which looked as if they were statues of rock soldiers. The statues were around 15 to 30 feet high. Their colors were cream white, pink, pale orange, and yellow. Some walls had true arches. The statues looked as though they were separated from each other but they were really stuck to each other. Their feet were covered with a lot of trees.

Mr. Bernhardt and I decided to take a helicopter tour. As the tour group had to consist of four people, we had to wait for two tourists who would join the helicopter ride. The pilot never turned off the engine, and it was very hard to stand the sound of it. Even though we waited for 20 minutes, nobody came. The pilot decided to fly with just us. Mr. Bernhardt sat in the back and he needed all the seat space which was for three people.

I sat in the front. From the helicopter, I could see the rock statues and the rock walls clearly. There were very narrow spaces among the rock statues and the walls. Some walls had many arches and one very thin rock wall had a couple of holes in it. The wall looked very delicate, as if it would fall easily. From the edge of the valley, it was impossible to see the holes in the delicate wall, the spaces among the walls, and the spaces among the statue. Both Mr. Bernhardt and I enjoyed the helicopter tour very much.

Afterwards, I found a trail and I decided to walk on it. According to the directory on the valley, the trail would lead to “The Queen's Garden.” I walked among the rock statues to reach the garden. From far away, the rocks looked like soldier-shaped statues but they were actually rock walls which were around 30 feet high. Some rock walls were standing by themselves but most of them were stuck together and they made long and thin or very thick and short walls. The rock walls were so bright with their orange color. It was easy to reach “The Queen's Garden” where there were no flowers. I couldn't understand why they named it “The Queen's Garden” without any flowers. It was very hard to walk up the steep path to the top of the valley. Mr. Bernhardt was waiting for me in the Mustang.

The next day, I joined a horseback riding tour. The horse walked on a narrow trail down toward the bottom of the canyon. Every time the horse walked on the edge of the trail, I pulled the reins and forced it to walk close to the rock wall instead of close to the valley. The tour guide told me not to pull on the reins because the horse had been trained how to walk on the trail. We arrived at the bottom of the valley where there was a trail. The guide told us that it was a dried up riverbed. We started climbing up the trail. When we reached the middle of the cliff, the guide told us that we would see a very scary view so that we had better close our eyes. I didn't close my eyes. We passed through a small arch then I saw an extremely delicate huge rock wall in front of me. There were two or three holes in it. The wall was around 60 feet high and around 300 feet wide and looked very thin. I had seen it from the helicopter the previous day. The wall was pale orange and it was bright in the sun. We walked in front of the delicate wall and returned to the top of the valley.

It was 5:00 A.M. when we started driving. Mr. Bernhardt ordered me to drive to Palos Verdes. He told me that he had black spots in his eyes and it was impossible to drive a car. As Mr. Bernhardt shouted at me many times while I was driving, I didn't want to drive, but I couldn't say “No” this time. Before Mr. Bernhardt got in the car, I pushed down the accelerator a little and turned on the ignition. I wrote down the names of the roads and highways for getting home on a paper and started driving. As soon as I left Bryce Canyon National Park, I saw four deer beside the road. State Highway 12 merged with U.S. Federal Highway 89. After I had driven on U.S. Federal Highway 98 for around 20 miles, I drove onto State Highway 14 which merged with U.S. Interstate Highway 15. As soon as I got on U.S. Interstate Highway 15, I felt relaxed because the highway would

lead to California. When we came near Las Vegas, Mr. Bernhardt asked me to get off the freeway but I didn't obey him. I didn't want to have a hard time finding an entrance to the freeway. After we passed Las Vegas and when I saw a sign for Union 76, I got off the freeway. There was a Union 76 gas station near the freeway. After I put in gas, I wanted to use the restroom. There were around 10 people near the restroom. Some of them were standing and some of them were sitting on a fence. Nobody was standing in front of the restroom so I opened the door and found that someone was using the toilet. As soon as I closed the door, I heard a voice behind me. The voice said, "We are waiting." I had to wait. When I used the toilet, I wondered why there were two toilet bowls in the restroom without a wall between them.

After I passed Cajon Pass, I had to watch out for where to get on U.S. Interstate Highway 10 westbound. U.S. Interstate Highway 10 was busy and I became tense. When Mr. Bernhardt told me something, I asked him not to speak. I drove on U.S. Interstate Highway 10 for a while and transferred to U.S. Interstate Highway 110 (the Harbor Freeway). As soon as I got off the Harbor Freeway, I told Mr. Bernhardt, "You may speak to me." Mr. Bernhardt only said, "Thank you."

It was 6:00 P.M. when I arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt's home. I had driven 700 miles that day by myself. It took 13 hours to drive 700 miles. I thought that if I had gone on the trip alone I would have enjoyed the trip more. I would never go on a trip with Mr. Bernhardt again because he was so fussy; however, he did pay the all expenses for the trip.

Since then I thought that if I have a chance to go on a honeymoon, I will do that alone.

"Visiting Death Valley, Valley of Fire, and the Hoover Dam Alone"

I received the result of my comprehensive examination for the master's degree on December 2nd 1989. Happily, I passed the exam. After I had sat the exam, I felt very uncomfortable thinking about it. On the one hand, I really wanted to pass it and on the other hand, there was a possibility that I had failed it. I thought only about the exam for a week. I had wanted to go on a trip as soon as I finished it but I wasn't willing to go. Thinking about the exam would make my trip unhappy and it was also dangerous to drive while I was worrying about the result.

So as soon as I received my exam result, I decided to go on an overnight trip. My destinations were Death Valley, Red Rock Canyon, Valley of Fire, and the Hoover Dam. I decided not to make motel reservation because sometimes I had had difficulty finding the motels where I had made reservations on my previous trips. As I was going to stay a night in Las Vegas, I thought it should be very easy to find a low-priced motel.

On December 10th 1989, I left Palos Verdes Estates at 4:20 A.M. I drove on the Harbor Freeway (the 110 Freeway) and I changed to the Artesia Freeway (the 91 Freeway). As

soon as I entered the Artesia Freeway, I felt relaxed because every time I changed from one freeway to another freeway, I had to spend all my attention on the traffic, but as long as I was on the Artesia Freeway, I only had to drive on it for a while until I saw a sign for Interstate Highway 15. While I was driving on the Artesia Freeway, I couldn't pay any attention to the scenery around the freeway because the traffic on the freeway was always so heavy that I had to concentrate on driving. As soon as I saw a sign for Interstate Highway 15 north, I changed to it. The traffic on Interstate Highway 15 was heavier than I expected because it was during rush hour. I drove through Riverside and started driving in San Bernardino, which was at a higher elevation than Riverside. I had to pay attention not to miss the sign for U.S. Highway 395 that would take me to Death Valley; however, I would have to leave Highway 395 after I drove around 70 miles. The traffic on Highway 395 was very light so I could enjoy looking at the scenery. I was driving through a desert area and there was no green. I could see only yellow ochre, cream yellow, and whitish pale brown. Some part of the area was covered with dead whitish pale brown bushes and grass but most part of the area was the color of the desert land itself.

As soon as I started driving on the road which led me to Death Valley, I saw scarcely any cars. Even though there was hardly any traffic, the road was paved. The road stretched to the horizon and in some places it disappeared into violet-gray mountains. There was not a single car, a road sign, a house, nor a utility pole so that I couldn't judge how wide the area was. My car shook often, which it did if I drove over 80 miles per hour. Even though I was driving at 80 miles per hour, I didn't feel like I was going at a high speed. I felt as if it were around 40 mph because the area was so wide and empty that I couldn't judge the speed. I felt extremely free. Nobody bothered me. Not even a single car bothered me. Even though I was driving 25 miles faster than the speed limit, no police car would bother me because there was no traffic around there. I felt as if only I lived in this world. On the other hand, if I had car troubles like running out of gasoline or engine trouble, nobody would save me. I couldn't contact anyone from there because there was no emergency telephone and no traffic around there. Sometimes I drove over a hill and looked down the valley. The yellow-ochre desert stretched to the violet-gray mountains. I saw a road in the desert and the road looked like a path from a long distance. I expected that I would drive on that road sometime soon. Finally, I saw a sign for Death Valley. As soon as I drove near the sign, a car passed me. It was the first time that I saw a car since I had left Interstate Highway 395. I drove through the desert for around 30 miles to reach Stovepipe Wells where there was a motel. It was 10:45 A.M. when I arrived at Stovepipe Wells.

At the Stovepipe Wells Motel, several young people were changing the sheets for their guests. There were around 10 tourists near the motel. I entered a gift shop next to the motel. They sold such American Indian products as pottery, sandpaintings, small rugs, and turquoise and silver jewels. They also sold junk souvenirs such as key holders, and

pottery which were made in China, etc. I left Stovepipe Wells and headed for Furnace Creek where there was a visitor center. The scenery between Stovepipe Wells and Furnace Creek was unusual. I saw several hills colored whitish chocolate, whitish yellow, and whitish gray. Their surfaces had many deep cuts which looked like they had been made by heavy rain. I also saw sand dunes in the far distance. It was too far to walk to the sand dunes. In the visitor center in Furnace Creek, there was an exhibition about Death Valley. A lady park ranger explained about Death Valley: for example, about animals, vegetation, and weather. She also explained about borax. I couldn't understand what borax was for. Before I could ask her about borax, she disappeared.

From Furnace Creek, I drove to Artists Palette, a hill with a surface of several colors: yellow-gray, brown, and whitish yellow-ochre. I also drove to Bad Water where there was a small pool in the salt. A large area was covered with salt and it looked like snow. I saw a sign for the Devil's Golf Course. I was curious about the golf course and I drove to the road but it was a gravel road. The gravel would harm my car tires so I stopped driving to the golf course and returned to the previous road. Since I hadn't made a reservation for a motel in Las Vegas that night, I thought that I had better head for Las Vegas. I didn't want to look for a motel after dark.

I drove back to Furnace Creek from Devil's Golf Course and drove onto California State Highway 190. At the Death Valley junction, I drove on California State Highway 127 southbound and in Shoshone, I drove on California State Highway 178 northbound. The highway then merged with Nevada State Highway 160. While I was driving on it, I drove through a rocky mountain area. The mountains were shining dark red due to the sunlight. I never expected that I would pass through that unusual scenery. According to the driving map, it was Red Rock Canyon. As it was twilight, I didn't take any pictures of Red Rock Canyon. I saw a lot of lights in the distance. That was Las Vegas. A huge man-made man in a cowboy hat was waving. That might be the symbol of Las Vegas. I started driving on the Strip, which is the main street in Las Vegas. There were many gorgeous casinos on both sides of the Strip with a lot of neon signs around their buildings. I looked for a small motel and found one with a "vacancy" sign in front. The price for a night was \$30 so I decided to stay there. After dinner at Denny's Restaurant, I entered one of the casinos to make money. I bought ten dollar's worth of chips and played a slot machine. The chips disappeared quickly. I bought ten dollar's worth of chips again but I lost the chips soon. Then I bought twenty dollar's worth of chips and lost them easily again. Finally, after I lost \$100, I decided to return to my motel.

Next morning, I drove up to a Union 76 gas station. Two men who looked around 50 years old were working there. After I had put in gasoline, one of the men offered to examine my tires. As nobody had examined my tires before, I thought how kind he was. The man examined all four tires and told me that three tires needed changing because they had holes in them. I had driven on those tires for only 8,000 miles. They were Bridgestone tires and they were expensive. I had driven 38,000 miles with my previous

Toyo tires. I couldn't understand why there were holes in them. The man took me to the back of the gas station and pointed out the damage to the tires and told me, “You will have the same problem. You will not make it home to California.” I was going to Valley of Fire which was in the desert and I was also going to the Hoover Dam which was on the border between Nevada and Arizona. I asked the man if there was a gas station or a store that sold Bridgestone tires because I wanted to make sure whether I could use the three tires or not. The man told me that no stores sold Bridgestone tires in Las Vegas. He asked the other man about Bridgestone tires and made sure that Bridgestone tires were not sold in Las Vegas. I doubted the man for a while but when the other man made sure that Bridgestone tires were not sold in Las Vegas, my doubt disappeared. They charged \$100 for each tire. While I was driving to Valley of Fire, I was thinking about the tires. In Los Angeles, the price of the tire was \$30 to \$40, but they charged \$100 each. That was too expensive. On the other hand, when I imagined having a tire blowout on the freeway or on an empty road, I thought that \$300 might save my life.

I drove on Interstate Highway 15 and headed for Nevada State Highway 169. Interstate Highway 15 was very wide and it stretched into the wild light brown desert. Sometimes the highway reached the horizon and sometimes it disappeared into slightly purple mountains. I saw only a couple of cars on the highway and sometimes I didn't see any. After I had driven around 30 miles from Las Vegas on Interstate Highway 15, I came onto Nevada State Highway 169. It had only two lanes and its surface was rough. I didn't see a single car around me on the highway. According to the driving map, I had to drive 25 miles to arrive at Valley of Fire State Park. Some part of the highway were paved and some parts were gravel. The gravel road was a milk-chocolate color. I could see whitish yellow-ochre desert with the same colored dead grass around the highway. I could also see slightly purple mountains on the horizon. I saw a sign for Valley of Fire State Park. I didn't see even a single car on Nevada State Highway 169. As soon as I passed by the sign, I realized that the scenery around me was different from the scenery around Nevada State Highway 169 and Interstate Highway 15. I saw many rocky hills which were a dark orange. I had a great desire to use a restroom. I found one but there was a parked car in front of the restroom. It was the first car that I saw after I left Interstate Highway 15. I thought it was dangerous to use the restroom because there was no one around there and there was a possibility the driver of the parked car would attack me. I decided to wait until the driver came out so I waited for around 10 minutes. The driver didn't appear. As I could not wait anymore, I decided to use the restroom. I started driving again. I saw a huge chocolate-colored iron ladder which reached up to a cliff which had a flat surface. I wondered why there was a ladder there. It didn't fit in with the scenery around there. By the ladder, I saw many petroglyphs on the rock surface. The petroglyphs were deer, man, human hands, trees, human feet, etc. Native Americans had carved or painted those pictures on rock surfaces.

I saw only a couple of people in the visitor center. I realized that Valley of Fire was not

a popular place. The rock color and its structure were similar to those in Arches National Park in Utah.

I left Valley of Fire and headed for the Hoover Dam. I drove on Nevada Highway 169. There was no traffic on the highway. It ran through the desert, a wilderness area. Sometimes between the rises of the land I caught glimpses of dark blue water, which was Lake Mead. Lake Mead was made by the Hoover Dam. The brown desert and the dark blue pools contrasted with each other. Again I didn't see any cars. Once in a while, I saw torn tires beside the highway. I felt a sense of relief that I had put on three new tires at Las Vegas or I would have blown my tires. There was no traffic on that highway so that if I had car trouble, nobody would help me. I enjoyed looking at the unique scenery which consisted of pale yellow-ochre land, pale gray-purple mountains, pale blue sky, pale gray-purple cliffs, dark orange land, and whitish yellow-ochre land. At the same time, I enjoyed driving.

When I arrived in Boulder, the traffic became heavy. All the cars looked like they were heading for the Hoover Dam. I had to drive around 40 to 50 mph instead of 70 to 80 mph. When I got close to the dam, all the cars were jammed together and I had to drive 10 to 15 mph. Finally, I arrived at the dam.

To park my car, I had to drive onto the dam and it took time to find a parking space. After I had parked, I walked on the dam and looked down the dam from its top. The wall of the dam was very high and was not built straight so that I felt that I could slide down on the wall to the bottom. There was a tour which took us inside the dam. I used the elevator and could go down to the bottom of the dam. Inside the dam, there were several huge turbines. I was the only Asian there; therefore, some people looked strangely at me. Some of them asked me why I came there and where I came from.

When I left the Hoover Dam, it was still bright. It was 5:00 P.M. when I drove on Interstate Highway 15 northbound but when I arrived in Henderson, it was getting dark. It took time to find the entrance to Nevada Highway 146 and when I got onto it, it was completely dark. From the highway, I could see bright lights where Las Vegas was. I wondered whether I should go to Las Vegas or not but I decided not go there. Soon I could see the lights of Las Vegas in the rear mirror.

I arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt's home at 11:15 P.M. I drove a total of 978 miles during that trip. Traveling alone is the best.