



**de Stolfe Journal**  
**SPECIAL : 30 YEARS ARIZONA TRIP 1994**



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## SPECIAL : 30 YEARS ARIZONA TRIP 1994

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## ON THE COVER



*This is a wood fired kiln called an Anagama. It is a Japanese style kiln made by Tozan master Yukio Yamamoto. I took an extended studies class in 1994 from my community college in Jacksonville, Florida to be a part of firing this kiln in Flagstaff, Arizona on the campus of Northern Arizona University, where we spent over two weeks. This entire journal is dedicated to that trip from 30 years ago!*



*Firing the Anagama kiln took a LOT of wood!*

We live in the 2020s, not the 1920s! Wherever there is a web link like below, click it to go to the webpage it references! (Click it now!)

[www.destolfe.com](http://www.destolfe.com)



# COMMENTS BY RG

## A Trip Remembered

During the summer of 1994, I went on an extended studies trip. It is now 30 years later since that trip, and I am celebrating that trip with this special issue of the Journal!

I was a student attending Florida Community College in Jacksonville (FCCJ), and they were offering summer study trips to various places, some in the United States and some in another countries. The one I was interested in was a trip arranged by an art teacher I took a class with in 1991. He was a ceramics teacher and wanted to have a trip where students could fire their pottery in a special wood fired kiln located on the campus of Northern Arizona University located in Flagstaff. Half of the class would be making pottery in Jacksonville. Then, we would travel to Flagstaff, and spend the second half of the class in Flagstaff staying on the campus of NAU. In addition, we were technically also enrolled to take a class with Northern Arizona University as part of the arrangement. I suppose this is what allowed us to stay on campus and have access to the university's resources. A second class was part of the mix, a special topics literature class, in this case, Indian literature.

The FCCJ classes started in late June, and we would travel to Flagstaff in mid July and stay until early August when we would travel back to Jacksonville. We had several choices of how to go. Most of us took the bus option, a Greyhound, while a few travelled by their own means, usually by their own vehicles. Just the travel by bus was an experience all to itself! It would turn out that while we travelled as a group going out, I ended up travelling by myself returning home.

When I went on this trip, I was in the mindset that this was the only time I would ever go there and wanted to make the most of it! This mindset did create some frustration, however, while sightseeing specifically, because we did rush through some of the sites that I wanted to spend some more time seeing. It would turn out that I went on a similar extended studies trip again in 1995, and again in 1996! By that trip, I was already in process to move to Flagstaff to start school at NAU that fall, but would still travel back to Jacksonville before finally moving a few weeks later.

I have included as much as I could fit in this issue while still being a manageable number of



pages. There are also a few things I left out, intentionally and unintentionally. I think later this fall, I will make a supplement to this issue to include the things I could not add and to expand on some of the sites I saw, especially the photos. Also, I plan to create a special issue like this for the next two summers to cover the 30 years of each of those trips. They were similar but had different circumstances and so likewise different stories to tell, especially since I travelled those two summers by train!

I hope you like this look back at what ultimately became a change of life direction for me, starting with this trip!

*RG*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP

## Extended Studies Trip to Flagstaff in 1994—Introduction

In 1994, I went on an extended studies trip to Flagstaff, Arizona. I was already a student of several years attending Florida Community College in Jacksonville (FCCJ). Every summer those years, the college offered special trips of extended study to various places that were each separately managed by the

respective departments. Some of them were overseas, and some of them were to other parts of the United States. In early 1994, I heard about an extended studies trip being offered by an art professor I had taken a class with in the fall of 1991. This trip consisted of three classes that together would travel to

the remote location, in this case, to Flagstaff, Arizona. The classes were offered during the Summer Term, which was June 22 to August 9, 1994. (FCCJ in the early 1990s had terms of Fall and Winter, which were the long terms, along with Spring, Summer, and Cross, which were short terms between May and

August. Cross Term was a continuous term of both Spring and Summer that was basically a third long term.) A lady named Sue Pine was the administrator of the extended studies trip and handled the bulk of the arrangements and the various requirements that were needed.

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## Structure of the Extended Studies

The three classes offered were ART 2110C Ceramics Handbuilding I, ART 1000 Art Appreciation, and LIT 2930 Special Topics In Literature class. The special topic for the literature class was Indian literature. A student could take one or all three of these classes. As I recall, I don't think the Art

Appreciation class had enough students to make or was rolled over into the ceramics class, but the other two had plenty enough to satisfy the class minimums. I took both of the classes, which were electives towards my degree. Most of the students who went on the trip took the ceramics class and maybe half of those

were also in the literature class. I don't remember there being any who were only in the literature class. Because the term was short, about seven weeks, we had classes for each class every day. Half of the class was traditional classroom or studio work, while the second half included the round trip travel and

remote destination activities in Flagstaff. The local study was at the South Campus of FCCJ. By the middle of July, we all would travel from Jacksonville to Flagstaff, which took several days. We then spent two and a half weeks in Flagstaff to which we then travelled back to Jacksonville.

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## Flagstaff Class Requirements

The nature of the trip was reciprocal in that the main point of the trip was to make pottery in Jacksonville, bisque it, and fire it in a special wood fired kiln in Flagstaff. However, this wood kiln was located on the campus of

Northern Arizona University where they had their own classes and admission requirements. The bulk of this registration was handled by the trip administrator, Sue Pine, but we were basically going through the same

admission process as anyone else to NAU. Likewise, we would get class credit at NAU at the same time as we would get class credit for separate classes at FCCJ. The class we needed to sign up for at NAU was ART 298

Wood Fired Kilns. Yes, that is the actual class name. Along with that, the class had its own set of requirements taught by the professor, Dr. Don Bendel.

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP

## About the Ceramics Class

The handbuilding ceramics class was taught by Ron Wetherell. It is a ceramics foundational class in creating clay works by hand (versus the wheel, which is a separate class). The classroom work was as you would expect and not much different from it just being a regular class. But being a short summer term, we met every day instead of the usual two or three days a week like with full terms. We learned the usual terminology, techniques, and hands on activities as you would expect from a studio class. We also had to keep a journal, especially once on the trip. As I recall, we met in the mornings for around three hours.



Ron Wetherell

## About the Indian Literature Class

This class was taught by Carol Grimes. As I recall we met in the afternoon after a lunch break and the ceramics class in the morning. This class also met for about three hours. The point of this class was to study the oral and written nature of Indian culture using books and watching films based on Indian culture. We then had to do writings based on these things, along with writings of “visual images” while on the trip.

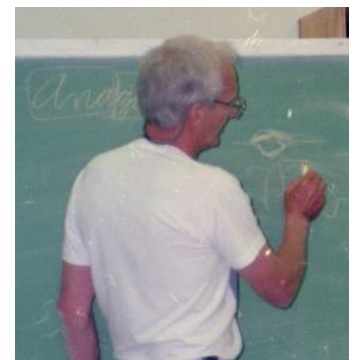


Carol Grimes

## About the Wood Fired Kiln Class

The course description for the ART 298 Firing The Anagama is: “This class involves all phases of firing the Anagama. For example, cutting the wood, loading the kiln, firing the kiln, unloading, and cleanup.” This is a rather basic description! The Anagama kiln was designed by Japanese Tozan master Yukio Yamamoto. He built the Anagama kiln on the campus of NAU in the mid 1980s and was a friend of Dr. Don Bendel. The name, Anagama, is Japanese and means ana- “cave”

and -gama “kiln”, so “cave kiln”. The related kiln, called Noborigama, is a chambered kiln. (However, a nobori in Japanese is a long narrow vertical banner or flag.)



Don Bendel  
1935-2019

## Jacksonville Arrangements

Since I lived on the west side of Jacksonville and the South Campus was on the east side of Jacksonville halfway to the beach, I needed to take the city bus to get to the campus. I recall it taking around 45 minutes each way to get

there, having to go to the terminal downtown first, then on to the campus. I think I was able to take the same bus the entire way, as I recall. Rarely, mom took me to or picked me up from the South Campus.

*The photos included in this special issue were scanned from the original negatives or prints. I had several cameras to take regular color photos, black and white photos, and the Kodak Panorama 35 disposable camera.*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP

## How I Found Out About The Trip

I don't remember exactly how I first heard about the trip. I think it might have been from a flyer I saw somewhere on my regular campus, Kent Campus. There was an informational meeting in March 1994 at the South Campus Gallery for those

interested in the extended studies trip to Flagstaff where we got some basic information about the trip and its requirements. The meeting talked about the purpose, the costs, and the general arrangements of how the trip was structured.

The cost was basically the same for everyone, except for the choice of how to travel to Flagstaff. There were three ways participants could travel: by bus, plane, or self drive. The bus or plane costs were part of the trip, but those choosing to drive

themselves paid their own way. A few people chose to drive themselves and do their own sightseeing before and after, but most of the rest of us chose the bus option.

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## Journal Writings

As I mentioned several times before, each class had requirements to keep journals and do other writing assignments. Most of the rest of this journal will include the various journals entries written daily I kept from the time we left Jacksonville through to

the time we returned, in addition to various photos I took. I am also including the original journal entries of the bus travelling. I created an essay of the travel into an illustrated booklet back in 1995, which I have included in the journals in the past, but this will be the

original source material instead! Also to note, I will include a "Cliff's Notes" version of the writings so that this journal is not 100+ pages long! In some cases, I might leave out or oversimplify entire sections if they do not add to the overall story about the trip, as well as

to leave out details that are not appropriate to include. Also note that I wrote these writings thirty years ago! So, it won't sound as refined or as organized as my writings often are today. [Modern comments to the original writing are in these brackets.]



*The place where I worked as a student employee was Student Activities on Kent Campus. Specifically, I worked in the Kent Gallery, which was managed by Student Activities. The secretary there at the time was originally from Arizona, and they threw me a going away party shortly before I left. They set up a table and decorated it, having chips and salsa, layered dip, queso, and punch!*



*As you go through this special issue, see how many times you find this cooler in the photos! I still have it and still use it too!*

# BUS TRIP NOTES

## Greyhound Bus Trip From Jacksonville To Flagstaff, July 14-16, 1994

### Thursday, July 14, 1994. About 11:30 PM ET.

I arrived at the bus station to find out that we got the wrong schedule or something and would need to wait for the 3:00 AM bus. Well, I mentioned about [some] special words [relating to the tickets,] ...and we finally got on the midnight bus...

### Friday, July 15, 1994. 1:30 AM ET.

I finally tried to sleep, which I did for about an hour.

### 2:30 AM ET.

I awoke from my sleep, or more appropriately a back and forth state of awake and rest. I noticed that the windows were fogged up, and there was some dense fog patches to the point where you couldn't see in front of you... when we would go under a street light, the whole window would light up.

### 3:00 AM ET.

We stopped in Tallahassee to change drivers and to have the bus floor cleaned. [We all had to get off the bus.] I bought a cup of mediocre coffee and

basically drank it for about half an hour, at which time about 3:30 AM, we left.

### 6:00 AM CT.

By this point, the sun has started to light the sky. We stopped in Pensacola. The story about the route we are supposed to be traveling is confusing. Ms. Pine gave a fairly detailed description of the route a few weeks ago. But when we got the tickets, the route was completely different. The route we are supposed to be taking is the northern route, but the one we got is the southern route. We are going to get the tickets changed and our luggage checked in because of the mix up.

### 7:30 AM CT.

As we started going through Alabama, there was a lot of farm lands and quaint little towns. When we neared mobile, we went on a long bridge to the downtown. We had to go through an underwater tunnel to downtown. Downtown mobile looks a lot like New Orleans. We stopped here for half an hour.

### 9:30 AM CT.

You wouldn't believe the city of Biloxi! There are casinos everywhere! Part of this city was like a large tourist trap. It looks like a neat place to go to for a trip if I ever had the time. I would try to look for a museum of the George Ohr pottery. Again, there are large fancy houses with big columns and fancy decoration. Gulfport seemed to be the same way. By around noon, we should arrive in New Orleans!!

### Noon CT.

We arrived in New Orleans! Mrs. Grimes finally got the tickets straightened out, and our luggage checked in. We left about 12:30 PM.

### 2:30 PM CT.

We stopped in Baton Rouge. I thought we would never get there! I think I dozed off during part of the time. I finally ate lunch, and now we are on our way off towards Dallas.

### 6:30 PM CT.

Since we left Baton Rouge, things seemed weird. Fortunately, the bus was much less

crowded. However, this is what happened. About 5 to 10 guys came on the bus wearing what looked like "prison blues" jeans and blue institutional type shirts. They apparently just came out of prison. As for the bus driver, for several hours, it seemed like he was zigzagging all over South Louisiana. We stopped at a McDonald's and at the station in Alexandria, and we are now headed towards Shreveport.

### Saturday, July 16, 1994. 3:00 AM CT.

We went to Shreveport and left and finally got to Dallas a while ago, but found out that our bus had left. So, the bus people rounded up some cabs, we loaded our bags, and made our way to Fort Worth, which was the bus's next stop. So here we are racing down the curvy highways at 70 mph listening to reggae while the wind blows through the cab! The windows were down. We finally caught up with the bus at the station and loaded up the bus, which was very crowded to the seat.

# BUS TRIP NOTES

## 11:30 AM CT.

We are now in Amarillo waiting for the last bus. This morning was nice with a nice sunrise and a lot of interesting buildings and lands. We stopped around 8:30 AM at a 24 hour truck stop café. The food was good, but I couldn't eat it all. It was just too much grease, which I haven't had in a while. We waited for the 12:15 PM bus, and meanwhile we got cleaned up. [*As best we could at a bus station!*] I quickly went to a photo store and got a shutter release cable and a star filter. We then got on the bus and

started towards Albuquerque.

## 5:00 PM MT.

We arrived in Albuquerque. We had lunch I think around 2:00 PM. During this route, the land started breaking from rolling hills to mesas and plateaus. Many areas were really nice. I did wish that I had my camera conveniently at hand! [*It might have been packed in my bag that was under the bus.*]

## 11:30 PM MST/PT/AST\*

We finally arrived in Flagstaff!! From

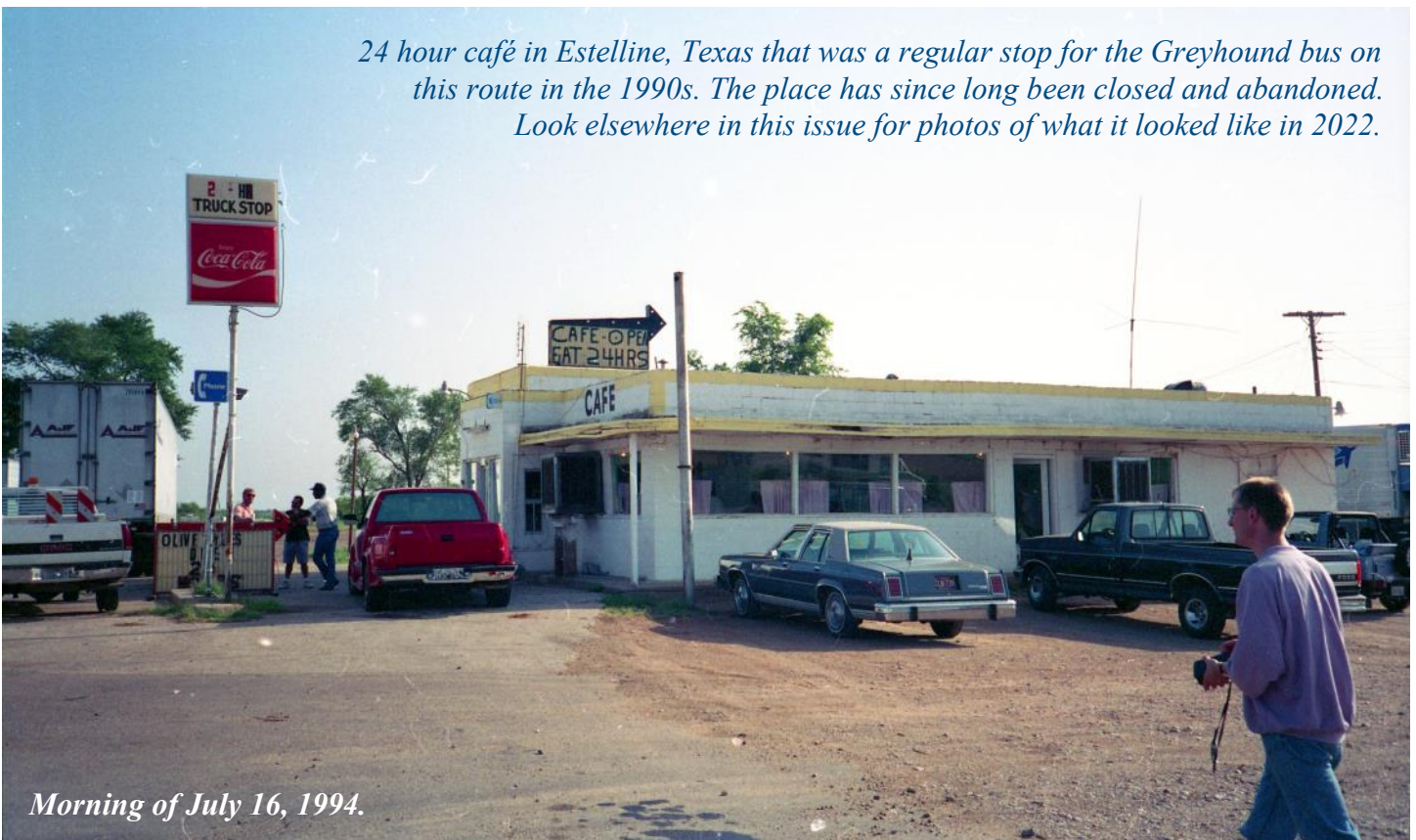
Albuquerque on to Flagstaff, it was getting dark. Because it was cloudy, the moon was all I could see. We stopped at this bus stop for dinner. It wasn't too bad. Shortly after we got to the bus station [*in Flagstaff*], Mr.

Wetherell arrived, and we loaded up the van and went to the Mountain View hall. From there, we got our rooms and unloaded our bags. In my case, I do have a roommate, but he is also here just for a workshop type of thing, not our pottery workshop. I took a shower, then went to

bed. These past two days' bus trip was so long, I don't know if I want to do it again or not. We will see. [*Not that I had any actual choice considering I still needed to get back home!*]

*\*Arizona does not follow the time change patterns like the rest of the country except for the Navajo Reservation. Therefore, Arizona time is the same as Pacific Time during the spring, summer, and fall. Locally, they might call it Arizona Standard Time.*

*24 hour café in Estelline, Texas that was a regular stop for the Greyhound bus on this route in the 1990s. The place has since long been closed and abandoned. Look elsewhere in this issue for photos of what it looked like in 2022.*



*Morning of July 16, 1994.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

## Daily Journal Notes, July 17-August 3, 1994

**Sunday, July 17, 1994**

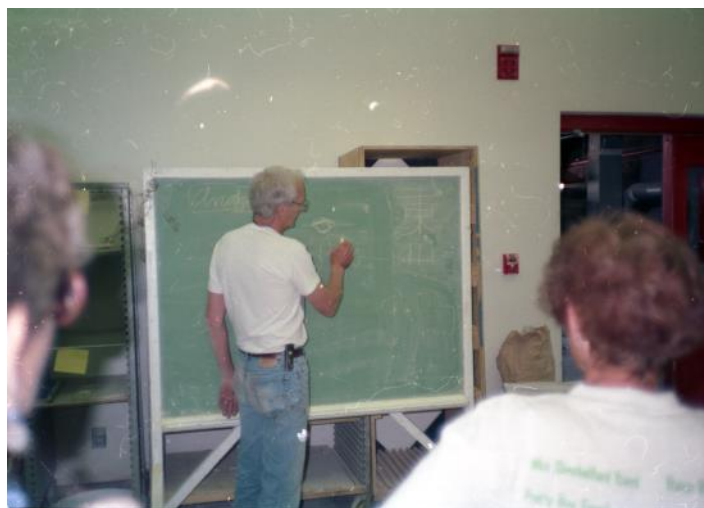
I woke up rather early I think, but considering the time zone, I think I am waking up at the equivalent of noon at home. I talked with my roommate who has lived in Arizona and I think also in Flagstaff for a long time. He is an administrator for some elementary school district, something like that. His name is Fred Stahl. He is going to run a long distance marathon through the Grand Canyon. That is going to be a lot of work! The view from our dorm room is great, a perfect framed view of the San Francisco peaks, of which there are three. [*Hence while they call it Mountain View hall!*] Anyway I got cleaned up and decided to walk around and see everything. [...] I did go to the downtown area where I got some bread at a bakery for a dollar a loaf. As I was walking back to the dorm, I caught up with Robin and Mindi. We went back downtown and ate lunch at this one restaurant. [*Then later,*] I stopped at this bookstore to look around. I bought three

Garfield joke books since it was my birthday. I went back to my room where later Peg knocked, and so I went with her to explore the campus. We went by a graveyard, which I will take pictures of later. We looked around the student union and collected rocks. It is amazing how smooth and rounded most of these rocks are despite the dry climate and little rain. [*Of course, these were landscaping rocks brought in from somewhere else!*] Later tonight, we're going to have a BBQ for my birthday. We all got together by the grill and had a great BBQ. [*Realize when I say "BBQ" this was just simply grilling burgers or something, not like a true real barbecue! A "northern BBQ", just grilling something on charcoal!*] I left the party to get warmed up, and I found out that they came out with a cake and sang happy birthday while I was out. A little later I got a card from them that they slipped under my door.

**Monday, July 18, 1994**

Today has basically been a one subject day. We woke up and went down to the kiln site. We unpacked our pots and also did some glazing. During the day, the kiln was loaded. I went with Fiona and Earlene to Walmart and a local grocery store to get some stuff. I also went to the Student Union to get my ID card

as well as to get some lunch. I also went to the bookstore. I then walked to the kiln site. Today, I had the 6 to 12 slot. We chopped wood, started firing, and basically cleaned up the site. [*The kiln took several hours to load fully with the pottery, kiln shelves, and fire bricks to hold the shelves.*] Kiln shift: 6:00 PM to Midnight.



Dr. Don Bendel explaining the Anagama kiln to the class who will be firing it for the next several days.



# JOURNAL WRITINGS



*Mr. Neid and Dr. Bendel inside the Anagama kiln.*



*The front of the Anagama kiln.*



*Loading the Anagama kiln is a meticulous process that takes hours to arrange the works and shelves.*

**Tuesday, July 19, 1994**  
*Kiln shift: 6:00 PM to Midnight.*

This morning, I got up as usual and got cleaned up. We had planned to eat a late breakfast or lunch around noon. So around 11:00 AM, I met with Mr. Neid and we waited in the lobby of the Mountain View hall. By 12:30 PM, [*who we were waiting for had not come yet, and so we*] went over to the Student Union for lunch. [...] Mr. and Mrs. Grimes... dropped us off downtown where we started looking through the shops there. I stopped at a western outfitters place called Gene's Shoe Hospital where I bought a duster and a wallet. We continued from there, and I stopped at many galleries and Indian ware shops. At this one shop which sold camping, hiking, and boating type of supplies, along with clothes, I bought an aluminum D clip to hold my recycled drinking cup to my bag. [*Something to note here was that the guy that helped me was really nice and actually sold me one of the real rock climbing clips that he had knowing what I wanted to do with it.* The recycled cup was a

*type of plastic cup that the NAU food vending service provided where you could get low cost refills by using the same cup. I ended up using the same cup even after moving to Flagstaff in 1996.]* We then stopped at the Artists Gallery, which is a co-op art gallery which shows the work of many artists. The type of work ranged from paintings to jewelry, clay, metal, and mixed media. We then went downtown to some other shops and ended up in an old looking ice cream parlor, which I think was only four years old, for ice cream. A little later I went back to my room... I started walking to the kiln site around 5:45 PM when Mr. and Mrs. Grimes and Mr. Neid came by to pick me up... We arrived at the kiln site where we were told about what was going on. So, I started to gather wood and move wood. I tried again to call Mom, which I finally did [*get ahold of her*], so I talked to her for a while. [*As I recall I had one of those long distance calling cards back at the time when you still had to pay for long distance calls, and it had a certain number of minutes on the card.*]

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

I then started moving wood again. I also watered down the roof and trees just before it got dark. [...] I finished raking and shoveling the areas I had started. Later that night, Mr. Grimes went to Bun Huggers to pick up a hamburger and onion rings for me for dinner. [...] My shift was over soon, and I went with Mr. Wetherell back to the dorm. We were talking about how the fire alarm in the morning scared us half to death. I was trying to call Mom when the buzzer went off, and Mr. Wetherell was resting... Anyway, I went to bed.

**Wednesday, July 20, 1994**

*Kiln shift: Noon to 6:00 PM.*

Today, I woke up around my usual time. I had the noon to 6:00 PM shift. So I started writing postcards and writing in my journals. I then got cleaned up and got lunch at the Student Union and walked to the kiln site. I basically split wood, moved wood, and washed down the area. I also stoked a couple times on the sides. After doing that for most of the time, Mr. Wetherell took me to Bun Huggers so I could have dinner. I

then walked back to the dorm where I waited around 45 minutes for Mr. Wetherell to take me to the kiln. During the wait, I talked with Amy who was the front desk person at the time. We talked about the Mountain View hall, the Greek letter clubs, and weather of different areas. Mr. Wetherell was late because he was eating dinner with Donna Marie. We then went to the kiln site where Dr. Bendel was showing slides of the making of the kilns, his various works, and cow dung! Many of these slides were funny! Afterwards, I took a few pictures of the inferno in the kiln. [...]

**Thursday, July 21, 1994**

*Kiln shift: 6:00 PM to Midnight.*

Today wasn't particularly interesting as far as things that went on. I woke up and got cleaned up as usual, then I went downtown. As I was going there, I stopped at the Goodwill store and a couple of other stores. I made my way to the Gene's Shoe Hospital where I got a hat box to carry my hat in when I go back to Jacksonville. From there, I walked over to



*Except for the wood in the front of the kiln, all of the rest of the wood had to be cut down into thin sticks to fit through the side stoke holes on the kiln.*



*The kiln was fired for up to five days, 24 hours a day. That requires a lot of wood! It also makes quite a mess, especially from the bark!*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*The kiln during firing got glowing orange inside!*



*The kiln is covered to keep rain from eroding the kiln.*



*Once the front fire got hot enough, it was sealed and three sets of side holes were fed sticks of wood in regular intervals until the entire kiln got hot enough for all of the pottery to be properly fired. At that*



*The "kiln monster" kept demanding to be fed wood!*



*point, all holes were sealed and the entire kiln allowed to cook, which took about a week.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS



*With burning crazy amounts of wood, inevitably, it also creates lots of smoke!*



San Francisco Street to an Indian wares shop that Mr. Wetherell recommended (I can't pronounce or spell the name). *[I did not write the name down then and have no idea if the place still exists.]* I almost bought a silver bracelet for Mom, but it wasn't exactly what I thought she... would want. I went down the street some more to Route 66. I stopped at a couple of shops there. Galaxy Saddle Shop was the second shop where I bought a poncho and a *[woven throw. This had an image of a cowboy on a horse in front of a sunset. I made it into a wall hanging in my room for the next several years.]* I went back to the dorm to drop the stuff off, and then went to the Student Union for lunch... I went to the game room for a game of pool. I played four games of pool with this young Indian boy, probably around 8 to 10 years old. I then got some dinner to take to the kiln, and I went back to the dorm where I rested until 5:30 PM. *[Once back at the kiln site, I saw that]* the kiln front was sealed and just the second stoke hole was stoked. By 8:00 PM, the

kiln was then allowed to start cooling. *[By this point what that means is that they sealed up all the openings as well as the front door with wet clay. From this point on, the kiln would just be left alone for about a week.]* I ate my salad, moved wood, and did some raking. After, we made a little fire to roast marshmallows for smores. I went back to my room to work on some odds and ends for my classes...

**Friday, July 22, 1994**  
*Kiln shift: Noon to 6:00 PM, but not needed since kiln was sealed Thursday night.*  
Today was a lot like yesterday in that not much was going on. *[Basically, I did some things around the campus, did laundry, had lunch in the Student Union, went to the computer lab, and went to the library.]* The Cline Library looks like it has a great archives section. However, it was closing when I got there, but I did go to the periodicals area and looked at some microfilm... After that, I walked to the graveyard by the dorm and walked all through there looking at the various dates. *[It is*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

*called Flagstaff Citizens Cemetery, a gated cemetery, and looking at it today on the map, it is several city blocks large right across from the entrance to the Mountain View hall. Half of it is forested. It was established in 1891, but it apparently did not have any graves until 1914. Would be interesting to know why that would be!* I quickly went to the Student Union for dinner before it closed... *[I also played some air hockey in the game room before it closed.]* I can't believe how early everything closes or stops! By this

point, the sunset was very nice, more color than I have seen since I've been here. *[During the evening,]* I could hear a train whistle every few minutes. It seemed some of the whistles are long and loud. Some trains do that five or six times. The trains that go through downtown are Santa Fe Railway trains *[although there is an Amtrak train that went through once or twice a day as well. Also, you can hear the train whistles all over town fairly loudly! Of course, the tracks go the length of the town.]*



*This was my half of the room. They were only 10x10!*



*This is why it is called "Mountain View" Hall!*

*Entrance of the Mountain View Hall.*



# JOURNAL WRITINGS

Saturday, July 23,  
1994

Today makes up for the past two days in [lack of] interest! Everybody met at 10:00 AM in the lobby for the day's planned trips. We went to the Coconino Center For The Arts where we looked around at the modern art. There in the gift shop, I bought a turquoise mine map and a book on Pueblo pottery families. Just outside of the center were some old rusted farm equipment... Next door was the Art Barn. There, I bought two small woven "rugs" [not to be confused as floor rugs, these were little drink holder mats like coasters] and a copper postcard. From there, we went to the Museum of Northern Arizona. Right behind the museum was a small gorge that I thought was really neat.

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to explore the gorge down the hiking path. [It was starting to rain.] I went through the museum and looked at the many baskets, pottery, and such that was there. In the gift shop, I finally bought a silver and turquoise bracelet for Mom. In the bookstore next door, I bought a T-shirt for [one

of Mom's neighbors] as well as a T-shirt for me. [While Mr. Neid and Mr. Wetherell stayed at the gift shop to look at pottery to buy, the rest of us] decided to leave and head towards the Snowbowl. Because of the rain, the ski lift was closed, but we continued on up the mountain anyway. We also wanted to go up there so we could eat. Mrs. Grimes scared some of us in the van by how fast she was beating around the winding and turning curved roads. We saw some great trees and scenes. [Once there,] we found out that both of the restaurants on this mountain were closed. By now, most of us were really hungry! On our way down the mountain, we stopped at one particular place to take pictures of the great views. We headed back to the museum... [This might have been as long as an hour or more, I don't remember.] We finally left and stopped a distance away at a small pizza place [called Roma's]. At this point, everybody was happy to eat! After lunch/dinner, everybody basically... did their own thing. I went back to my room and...



*Outside and around the Coconino Center For The Arts were some old dilapidated farm equipment.*



*Behind the Museum of Northern Arizona is a narrow ravine with a walking path through it. I could not find a specific name of it, but it could be a terminal part of Schultz Creek that is further away that seems to connect to it.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

*Photos of some galleries inside the Museum of Northern Arizona.*



[after a while went to check my PO Box and check out the Rec Center building.] As I was walking back, I ran into Casey, Faith, Nancy, Earlene, Katie, and Jennifer who were going to a concert. With Casey paying, I decided

to go. I would pay her back tomorrow. The concert was great, mainly a percussion group [called] Huayucaltia [pronounced why-yoo-cal-tee-ah]. [They] had a very South American sound.



*Arizona Snowbowl. This was the only ski area on the San Francisco Peaks so far as I remember.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

**Sunday, July 24, 1994**

Today ended up being another one of those playing days like the other two days. I started out early and basically wasted time until 11:00 AM before I went to the Rec Center to use the weight room. I used the... Cybex machines and also used the Life Climber. I tell you that it's probably something I don't want to do at the same time again! ...I was pretty tired when I finished it! [*A short time later, I went downtown and*] bought a couple of horseshoes [*at one store*] and at another store some leather cord to hang the horseshoes and my [*ceramic*] tile when I get it back out of the kiln. I also went looking for a chunk of turquoise, but did not find any [*at the specific stores where I looked. I also did a few other things, and*] I was really exhausted by this point. But I knew if I went to bed [*for a nap*], I would miss Briscoe County Junior. [*I also only had a short time to get to*

*the] Student Union before it closed. So, I [took a short rest,] then went to the Union to get dinner. I then watched my TV show and worked on some journals and other class related stuff.*

*[On a side note: The Adventures of Brisco County Junior was a TV show I had long forgotten about that apparently only lasted a season, according to Wikipedia, one season for 27 episodes before it was cancelled. I do vaguely recall watching this show. I must have watched the show on summer repeat since it was late July, and the show ended in May of 1994. I recall liking the show, and it was one of those shows in the early 90s that I liked but that didn't last very long. The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles was another one (lasting two seasons), along with a show called, My Life and Times (only lasted about six episodes).]*

**Monday, July 25, 1994**

I woke up today with my usual way. I went down to the kiln site to start making pottery for the dung firing. I found out though that the particular clay I was using was too soft and too pliable, so I tried to do some wheel throwing. The first try collapsed, while the second try came out. I threw a nice pot on the second try. Afterwards, I went back to the hand building and made four more pots. A little later, Donna Marie gave me a ride to the post office where I got a letter from Mom. I was happy to get it and especially the \$40 inside! I then went and had \$20 put on my meal card, and the other \$20 will be used for various trips and such.

*[\$20 in 1994 is the equivalent to about \$40 today in 2024!]* I went and had a quick lunch and after went to the library to go through the archive newspapers on microfilm. I looked through various newspapers until around 7:00 PM when I quickly rushed to the Union to get some dinner. After that, I quickly went back to the dorm... [*the Indian literature class scheduled a class assignment of watching the film Geronimo.*] [*The movie*] lasted over two hours. We watched a taped Letterman Show with Rush Limbaugh that was pretty funny. I came back to my room, which I haven't been back to all day to work on my journals.

*cow dung  
cow pies  
cow feces  
cow chips  
cow patties  
cow s#!t*



*I think this photo might be from 1995. This is inside the Cline Library on the campus of Northern Arizona University. It would turn out a few years later that I would be a student worker in the library.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

**Tuesday, July 26, 1994**

Today, we were supposed to go dunging. I went to the kiln site, of which we would then leave to go to a field to collect the dung. Well, at the kiln site, I tried to find my gloves which have been missing since Thursday [7.21.1994]. [Ultimately, I was mad at the circumstances that] I decided that I would not go with them to collect the dung. I walked back to my room from the kiln site where I found myself chilled and almost sick, probably from the sausage, hashbrowns, and chocolate milk I had for breakfast. I laid down, which was around 10:30 AM to 11:00 AM and got up by 3:00 PM... I felt much better. I changed my

clothes and went down to the van. This evening was planned to go horseback riding, which included a steak dinner. The ride was great, and the dinner was great. The horse I had was Misty. Many of the trails were hilly and even steep. [... Afterwards, we went back to the dorm.] ["Dunging", by the way, was the term used to go out into the cow pastures and collect dried disks of cow dung (or whatever shape they are in, so as long as they are dry!) In days past, if someone lived in an area with no or few trees, cow dung is an adequate substitute that is also a form of combustible plant material. I know, wonderful thought!]

*Another venture we did on our trip was to go horseback riding at one of the tourist ranches of the area called Hitchin' Post Stables. As I recall, we did*



*Horse: Misty*

*a three hour ride with a steak meal in the middle. The place is located to the southeast of Flagstaff. It was a nice ride through the ponderosa pine forest of Walnut Canyon.*



# JOURNAL WRITINGS

Wednesday, July 27,  
1994

The day started by 8:30 AM when we went over to the kiln area to unload the kiln. Just after 9:00 AM, the kiln was opened, and pottery was started to be removed. Everybody got in a line, and pottery, bricks, and shelves were slowly and carefully removed. Everybody was excited to see their own pieces as they came out... For the most part, everybody was happy with how the pottery came out. After everything was unloaded, we briefly talked about the work, and then everybody started collecting their work to put back into their boxes. A short time later, several of us went with Fiona to the store to get the food for the dung firing... I got some stew meat, frozen vegetables, French bread, rice, and broth for a type of stew. The pit was dug and started a fire. The food was then prepared, wrapped in aluminum foil, and sealed in clay. The food was put on the hot pit, followed by the pots around the food. The pit was then covered with wood leftover from the side stoking of the

anagama firing. On top of that were loads of cow pies. The pit was then allowed to burn for several hours. The rain didn't seem to affect it any... I then took my pottery to my room and then went to the Union for lunch. I went back to the kiln site where I basically waited around for a while. By around 5:00 PM, We dug around the pit and took out the food and pots. By 5:30 PM, we started eating. *[It turned out that the pottery ended up all broken and burnt as they were not bisqued first and were still too damp. In addition, it was a rainy day.]* I dug through the pit and even re dug out the pit to find some more pottery. I stayed until about 8:00 PM... I was walking back to the dorm when a campus security guard was nice enough to give me a ride back to the hall. After getting to the hall, I remembered about a movie for the Indian literature class *[that we were going to watch.]* However, I was in such an irritated mood... that I... *[skipped it]* and went up to my room. I called mom and talked to her for a while and then started working on my journals.



*The first step for the dung fire after digging a pit was to pile up some wood to start burning into coals.*



*Then, we piled clay wrapped packets of food in the middle and put our pots along the perimeter.*



*After that, we put wood sticks to add support over the packets and pots and piled up the cow dung!*

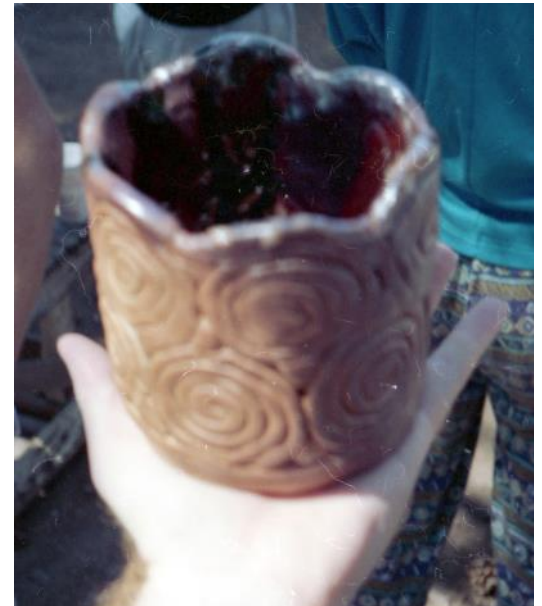
# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*Once the Anagama kiln has cooled enough, it is time to unload! It is like Christmas day! Realize though that the kiln and the pottery can still be somewhere between 150° and 300°!*



# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*This is the pottery I made in Jacksonville and took to Flagstaff to fire in the Anagama kiln. There are eight main pieces, and a few other smaller things.*



*Some of these pieces have glaze, but most of them did not. The coloring and shininess is caused by the flames and by the melting of the wood ash into a glaze from the burning wood.*



# JOURNAL WRITINGS

**Thursday, July 28, 1994**

Today, we went to the kiln site to clean up the area. After several hours, Dr. Bendel took us to Baskin Robbins for ice cream, which was very nice of him, and he then took us to his house for a tour. When we finished with the tour, we went back to the dorm. The rain and thunder and lightning was really fantastic! The lightning flashed across the sky like spider veins in a foot or leg. [*Wow that's almost a creepy description I had then!*] ...I took a shower from all of the dirt of the cleaning... Around 6:00 PM, I went to the Union for dinner. At 7:00 PM to 8:00 PM, we watched Thunderheart. Then after, I watched Ace Ventura, Pet Detective. I would say that today was an interesting day.



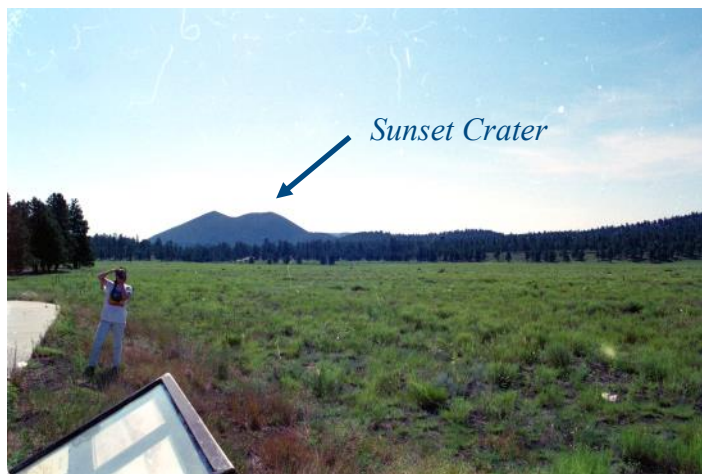
*Cleaning up the leftover wood after days of firing.*

**Friday, July 29, 1994**

Today is the day we went to the Grand Canyon. We left the hall around 8:30 AM and headed north. Our first stop was near Sunset Crater. We didn't actually go to Sunset Crater since we didn't have an official waiver of the fee. Our next stop was in Cameron where we went through a gift shop. [*This was the Cameron Trading Post.*] I wanted to see the ravine near the gift shop, but we didn't have enough time. As it turned out, we didn't have enough time at most of the stops we went to. Our first stop at the Grand Canyon was Desert View. At this point, there is a watchtower... Some of the other natural places we saw were Sinking

Ship and Ducks Head. Around 1:30 PM, we finally stopped at the Grand Canyon Village. While there, we ate lunch at the restaurant, took in some views, and went to the gift shops where I bought some film, a copper keychain, and some arrowhead replicas, and a piece of petrified wood. It was interesting to see how many Japanese and German people there were to see the Grand Canyon. In fact, many of the information signs were in English, German, French, and Japanese. When we left, our group split up and one van went home, while the other van, the one I was in, went to the IMAX theater. The movie, which was about the Grand Canyon, was projected on a very

large screen in Dolby stereo... The effect of the large screen and the steep seats gave the effect of actually being in the boat on the whitewater rapids or flying by hang glider down into the canyon. After the movie, we made our way back to the dorm. We passed through plateaus, forests of Aspen trees, winding roads, and many natural land formations. I tell you the Grand Canyon gives a false sense of space and depth! It seems smaller and shallower than it actually is. I suppose this could be from the haze or just from the sheer size of the canyon. [*After a while, I then went*] to the Union for dinner. I had packers stew for lunch and also had stew for dinner.



*A spot on the way to Grand Canyon where you can see Sunset Crater, Bonito Park, and the San Francisco Peaks.*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*I don't have any photos of the trading post in Cameron, but this old Cameron bridge that crosses over the Little Colorado River was right next to the trading post.*

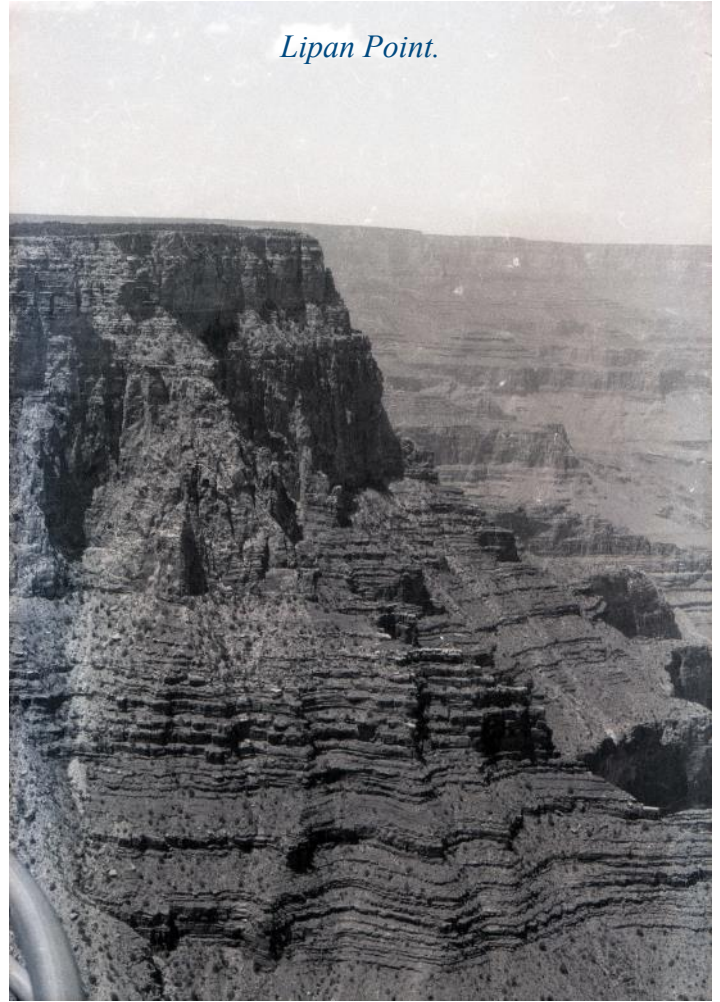
*Navajo Point, Grand Canyon National Park.*



# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*Desert View Watch Tower.*



*Lipan Point.*



*Lipan Point.*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*Moran Point.*



*Duck on a Rock Viewpoint.*



*Moran Point.*



*Desert View Watchtower.*



*Grand Canyon, viewpoint unknown*



*"Climbing out" at Duck on a Rock Viewpoint.*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP

*Remember these cameras from the early 1990s that took panorama photos? They were always grainy though!*



*Moran Point.*



*Lipan Point.*



*Petrified wood I bought while at the Fred Harvey gift shop in the Grand Canyon. (\$2.50!)*



*Possibly view from Grand Canyon Visitor Center.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

**Saturday, July 30, 1994**

I started out with all intentions of going to Snowbowl and the Museum of Northern Arizona. [*I think the group planned to go back since that previous visit did not go as planned.*]

Unfortunately, when I woke up, I had an awful headache, and I fell sick and very tired. I went back to bed and woke again around 1:30 PM to 2:00 PM range. At that point, I took a shower and went to the Student Union where I ate lunch and worked on my journal. I also was going to go to the watercolor demonstration at the Museum of Northern Arizona, but no one seemed to be around... therefore, I didn't go. I went to my room where I packed my pottery and worked on my journal. I must say this was the most boring day I've had so far since I have been here. I have been writing in my journal, and I have been hearing a pow wow going on downtown. As I write, I hear the drums beating, the people dancing and yelling, and the occasional yell-scream of a woman...

**Sunday, July 31, 1994**

Today was probably the busiest day we have had, so far as sightseeing. We left this morning around 9:30 AM and headed towards Walnut Canyon... We took the paths all through the Canyon. I tell you those paths and steps were really hard to climb! We saw many cliff dwellings that we could actually walk into, and we saw some that were across the canyon. There were many plants and trees. At one point, Nate lost a piece of his camera in a hole near the edge and started digging to find it. Luckily, he did find it as

we were hearing the echoes of joys. We all were really thirsty by the time we left. After there, we went to Meteor Crater. We were originally not going to go there because of the cost. I had found out though that it was only \$4.00 for students. So, we decided to go. I'm glad we did because it was different than I thought. I was expecting a nice clean hole where the meteorite hit that was very large. In fact, the crater was a lot smaller than I thought and was also shaped a little differently. We went to all of the different viewing level

decks. At the gift shop, I bought a box of petrified wood that was a lot cheaper than the single piece I got at the Grand Canyon. [*Although in all fairness, the single piece was much nicer, while the box of it was rather plain.*] ...After we left Meteor Crater, we went along this dirt road to some old rusted 1940s cars where we took a lot of pictures as well as admired all of the red half buried rocks scattered throughout the area. We even came across an old what looked like a stone church.



*Here we are under one of the cliff dwellings along the path through Walnut Canyon.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

*[Using modern research tools and comparing my old photos, it turns out that the dirt road we drove down was part of the original Route 66 that was not redeveloped when I-40 was built. (I-40 went more to the north in this area.) While I could not find the exact location of the old cars if they are still there, the stone*

*building was not a church, but what was called Nininger's Old Meteorite Museum that once existed during the Route 66 travel heydays. The Guidebook To Highway 66 by Jack D. Rittenhouse shows this stone building to be the Meteor Crater Observatory, "a castle like stone structure on a hill".]*



*Old rusty cars found somewhere off old Route 66.*



*Meteor Crater Natural Landmark. (Privately owned)*

*We travelled all along the roads through the lower Navajo Reservation area north of I-40. Using Google Street View, these two photos appear to be on AZ 87 northeast of Winslow maybe 30 miles.*



*While I thought this might be some old stone church, it was actually the remnants of the Nininger's Old Meteorite Museum, circa 1942 to 1953.*



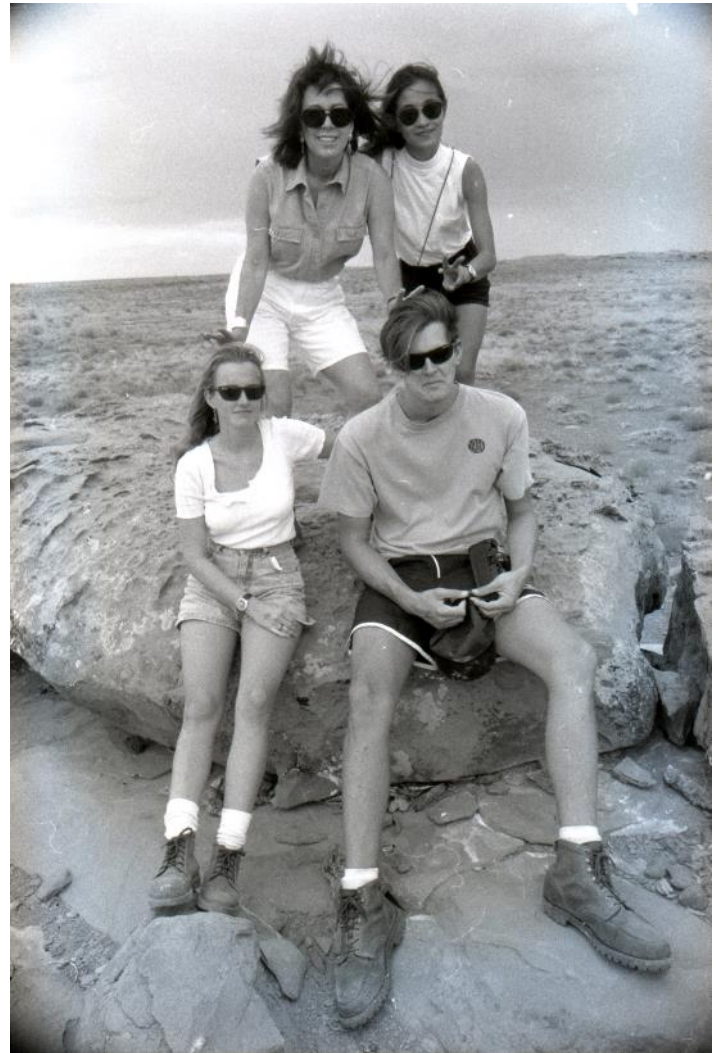
*(Meteorite Times Magazine)*



# JOURNAL WRITINGS

By now it was 2:30 PM, and we were very hungry. Therefore, we travelled on through Winslow where we finally stopped at a KFC for a buffet. I was stuffed when I left, of course. In Winslow is the Homolovi ruins. These ruins are slowly being excavated. All over these areas are loads and loads of colored sandstone, flint, and pottery shards. ... We must have spent two hours at least looking through all the ruins. After the ruins, we headed towards the painted desert. Unfortunately, we did not go to where the painted desert is famous. [*This is referring to the national park called Painted Desert.*] We did, however, go to the Little Painted Desert. The sun wasn't quite low enough to show the many

colors, but the scenery was really nice. As we headed down some road on the Navajo reservation, the sun gave some very nice oranges, reds, and yellows of the sun to the many rock formations in the area. We stopped many times and got quite a few pictures. By now, it was dark, and we needed to get back to Flagstaff. We ended up going probably several hours out of the original plan, but we all had a great time seeing everything. On the way back, we stopped at this very western looking truck stop center. It was the Holbrook truck Plaza. I mean, there were gift shops, a café, and arcade, some other restaurants, and even a western clothing store selling things like jeans, boots, and hats. By 11:45 PM or so, we got back to the dorm.



*Somewhere in the wilds of the Navajo Reservation!  
(Otherwise, no clue where this was.)*

*Homolovi State Park ruins archaeological site.*



# JOURNAL WRITINGS



*The Little Painted Desert along AZ 87 near the border of the Navajo Reservation about 15-20 miles north from Winslow, Arizona.*

**Monday, August 1, 1994**

Today has been a fantastic day, even more exciting than yesterday! [...] We went on our way south. The first stop was at Montezuma's Castle. We toured through the park there and admired the cliff dwellings, as well as the many plants and animals. I never saw a Sycamore tree before and to see the incredible bark and size of the tree just impressed me. Also saw a gecko. The geckos just look like large lizards

though to me. From there, we headed to Don Reitz's house. The ride to his house was impressive as well as extremely bumpy. [*Washboardy roads!*]

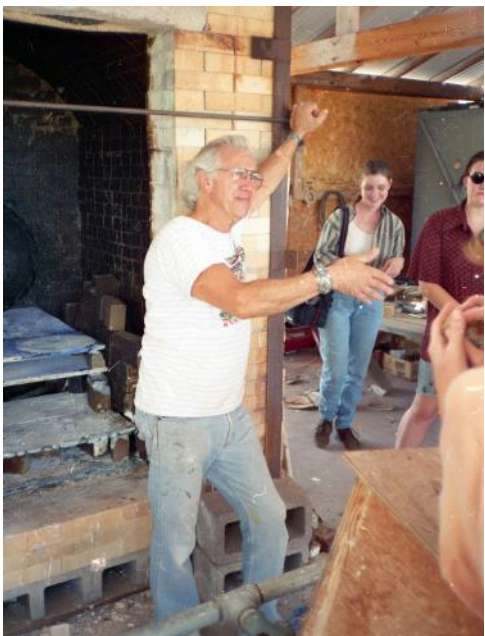


*Gecko, maybe the Mediterranean gecko? (hemidactylus turcicus)*



*Montezuma Castle National Monument*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS



*Don Reitz (1929-2014)*



*Tuzigoot National Monument*

Don Reitz, who is one of the ten best potters in the world gave a great and memorable talk about his pottery, beliefs, life history, pottery methods, etc. Mr. Reitz I think is one of the best people you could ever know. It's just one of those people you couldn't not like. From his ranch, we headed to the Tuzigoot ruins. Mr. Wetherell was very nice to pay for my fee since I didn't have a lot of money left. It was neat to see all the different rooms and even walk up in one of them. By this point, the sun was very hot and made everybody miserable. I bought three books from the

gift shop there. We went further down to the ghost town of Jerome. I had no idea that this copper mining town was built up on a hill. That might explain why many of the houses are gone, while only the foundations remain, houses sliding down the mountain into the valley.

*[When I wrote this, I'm not entirely certain that's actually true or if that was just my guess because of the steepness of the town on the mountains and just assumed that they were old, fell apart, and went down the mountain. I don't think that's entirely correct. It may be that they just*



*View of the valley from Jerome State Historic Park, which includes the historic Douglas Mansion.*

*collapsed like a lot old buildings when they're empty and eventually either gets thrown away or rots or gets reused or whatever.]*

The one stop was to the Douglas Mansion. Unfortunately, since I only had \$3, which I

was saving for lunch, I could not tour through the house. But I did walk around the building. *[In recalling this it seems like they might have just let me go through the museum later since I was part of the group. Perhaps they*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

*didn't worry about me paying. I remember going through the building and seeing exhibits inside the building, including a scale model of the copper in the ground.]*

We continued on through to downtown Jerome, where we finally stopped for lunch. We ate lunch at the Jerome Grill. The food, which was southwestern, was really good. I had the southwest chicken sandwich. The tortillas they had were real and good.

I didn't know what to think about our waitress though. She seemed like a flirty dumb blonde or a strange airhead. I don't know, all I can say is that she was weird.

*[One thing I recall that I didn't write down that added to this was that I had seen a sign on the wall or by the checkout*

*or the menus or somewhere about trying their corn salsa. So, I had asked that waitress if I could have some corn salsa, and I clearly remember that she was strangely giddy or overly friendly about that. And I recall that someone next to me had said something about she might have been a prostitute working as a waitress. I don't know, but all I know is that I didn't leave a tip because I didn't have enough cash for a tip, but I was glad to leave. The food was really good as I had said in the journal.]*

We then went next door to a shop where I finally bought some turquoise... It was now late afternoon. So, we headed to Sedona. We stopped at a point near the airport Mesa for a long time. We climbed and walked to the

mountains and took pictures and just meditated with the great surroundings. We then went to a Catholic Chapel that is built right into the rocks. [*Chapel of the Holy Cross.*] The color of the rocks were bright reds and oranges and saw a great sunset. We then travelled along Route 89A towards Flagstaff. We stopped near Slide Rock and found a great little stream [*Oak Creek*]. Mindy, James, and Robin went down the steep hills to the stream to play. I got some good pictures and even got a sunflower. It was now dark, and Route 89A is very curvy and even steep in some places. Mr. Weatherell did a great job driving. He stopped at a scenic viewpoint [*Oak Creek Vista?*] where we stood and stared at the thousands and

thousands of stars we could see. [*I remember him telling us that he wanted us to see the stars because it was so black dark you couldn't see anything in front of you, but you could see more stars being in a very dark area without the city lights drowning out seeing the stars. I wouldn't doubt that I probably also saw Milky Way.*] We then headed back to Flagstaff [*to the dorm*]. [...] This whole trip to Flagstaff has been great and well worth the money.



*The valley of Sedona with its iconic red rocks.*



*During the sunsets, Sedona looks like it is glowing!*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

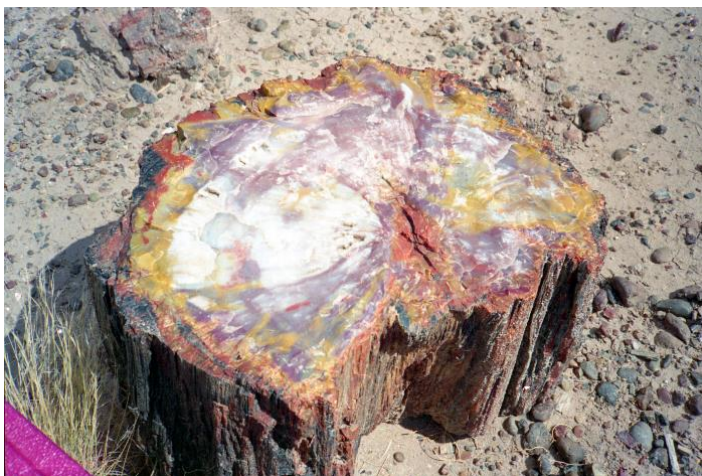
Tuesday, August 2,  
1994

Today, we planned to go to the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest. ... We went east on I-40. We decided to stop back to Homolovi Ruins where we spent a short while looking at the ruins and talking to the archaeologist. I found out that the ruins were part of the Hopi tribe, and the pot hunters came in the past 30 to 40 years. *[For the time of this visit, this was from about the 1950s to*

*the 1980s. Pot hunters were basically grave robbers who came to dig up and steal whatever was in the ruins. They left large holes and mounds around the ruins. At the time, there really were no laws that fined such actions.]* After here, we headed to Holbrook where we ate lunch at Pizza Hut. At that point we went to the Petrified Forest National Park. We started in the south and made our way north. [...] We

continued through the many stops and saw the rest of the forest as well as the Painted Desert. By this point, the sun was starting to set. We then went down I-40 to AZ 77 and Rez15 and AZ 87. *[In looking on a map today, we travelled through a really rural part of the Navajo Reservation!]* We saw a nice sunset with many buttes in the background. We stopped many times to take pictures and other things. We saw on those

roads some sheep crossing *[the road]*, many cows close to the road, and other animals. After dark, we stopped along the side of the road and watched the stars. Some of us saw meteors flashing across the sky. We also saw little bats. *[It was really dark, but what we saw was too erratic in movement to be birds, and too large to be insects.]* From there, we got back on I-40 to Flagstaff... then went back to the dorm.



*Petrified trees in the Petrified Forest National Park.*



*Blurry, grainy photo... I think this is of sheep crossing the road on the Navajo Reservation.*



*Here's the use of that star filter I bought during the bus layover in Amarillo. This is during sunset while on the Navajo Reservation.*

# JOURNAL WRITINGS

**Wednesday, August 3, 1994**

Today, I woke up as usual and took care of some writings and other things. By noon, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes picked me up so I could go to the bus station to finalize my bus ticket. [...] I took care of the ticket, which in fact, the route listed did not exist, and I changed it to a *[bus route similar to how I came.]* I then went to the Union for lunch where Mr. and Mrs. Grimes joined me. I went then to the library where I finished my pottery notebook and briefly went to the

archives area. After finishing the notebook, I went to the post office and the bookstore. I returned a pottery book *[I had bought]* and got the full refund back. So that gave me some money for the trip home. I then went to the Snack Shack, which I have been wanting to go to, and bought some snacks for the ride home. *[Fast forward a few years after I moved to Flagstaff and was living on the campus while attending NAU. There were different times when I went to the Snack Shack way too often to get pints of Ben*

*& Jerry's ice cream using my Flexi card, which is basically a cash deduction debit feature on my ID card. I did the Flexi instead of doing meal plans.]* I went back to the dorm where I started arranging stuff to be packed. While I was doing so, Mr. Wetherell gave me one of his pots as a keepsake of the trip. I thought that was really nice of him to do that! He also gave his other students a pot as well. I

walked over to the kiln site where we had a BBQ. It was just at dusk when I saw one of the best sunsets I have seen since *[being in Flagstaff]*. After about 10 minutes, it was gone. I thought that sunset was a nice signal, along with the BBQ, for the ending of a great trip. After spending several hours... I went back to the dorm where I did laundry and packed everything.



*Crummy photo... I think this is the end of trip sunset.*



*Anagama fired pinchpot made by Ron Wetherell gifted to me at the end of the trip prior to leaving Flagstaff.*

**Thursday, August 4, 1994**

I woke up then took care of the rest of my packing and finished some odds and ends and took a nice long shower.

Then after everything was ready to go, I went to the Union where I used up the last of my money on my card for a bagel and chocolate milk. I also checked my

PO Box where there was a letter from mom with \$20. I went back to the dorm, loaded my stuff in Mr. and Mrs. Grimes's car, and went to the bus station. The

bus was supposed to leave at 12:05 PM. I checked in my bags and waited for the bus. We finally left around 12:40 PM PT/AZT/MST. I am now on my way home.

# BUS TRIP NOTES

## Greyhound Bus Trip From Flagstaff To Jacksonville, August 4-6, 1994

### Thursday, August 4, 1994. 7:00 PM MT

I have been traveling for 5½ hours now. We just left the city of Grants. In this area, there was an old lava flow which goes on for miles. According to an old Indian legend, a giant was slain and his blood flowed, which was the lava, and it was stopped at some point in order not to contaminate a water supply of the Indians. The blood, the lava, was considered poison. Anyway, we have stopped at several different points, and also stopped at the same bus stops as on the way to Flagstaff.

### Friday, August 5, 1994. 9:10 AM CT

Well, I changed buses in Amarillo around 4:00 AM CT, and I tried to get some sleep as best I could during those times. We just left the Wichita Falls station, and we will be in Dallas in a few hours. For the total trip, I will be taking seven buses. I am still on the second one now. On the way to Wichita Falls, I saw these oil pumps [like I also saw on the way out]. I was just thinking about how some of

these cities get their names. Some of them are like simple descriptions of something, while others are one word names, and others still are rather complex. (Twin Arrows, Two Guns, Jolly, Shreveport.) [*In looking back now, I knew what I was thinking, but poorly explained in the journal what I meant!*] Anyway, we should be in Dallas by Noon. The landscape of northern Texas is interesting. It is, in a way, similar to Jacksonville but with fewer trees. [*I guess. I really don't remember. I know that east Texas does have more trees, but they are of a different type than of the ones in Jacksonville/ North Florida, which are much taller. Also, since this was 30 years ago, I'm not so sure about the accuracy of some of my comments in that most of my comments are just very general and over glossing!*]

### 4:50 PM CT

We arrived in Dallas around Noon and changed buses there. We again made many stops. However, I was

getting hungry, but there was no place to get anything to eat. So, I just ate some of the snacks I bought [*while I was in Flagstaff*]. We arrived in Shreveport around 4:45 PM. According to the schedule, we should be in Jackson by 10:00 PM, where I will change buses to Meridian and then again to Montgomery. I am probably over halfway home by now.

### Saturday, August 6, 1994. 1:10 AM

Well, this was an interesting part of the trip! At one point when we stopped (about 9:00 PM), a band of police were waiting [*for us*]. They had everybody get off the bus while they searched every bag inside and underneath for drugs. They even had a police dog to sniff out the bags. The dog thought it found one bag. They even frisked a couple of people. Later, we crossed over the Mississippi River. I saw some lasers flashing across the river. There must have been some sort of light show. Later still, the fog was really thick in many areas. After we arrived in

Jackson, I was going to eat dinner. Instead, I had breakfast, since that was all they had. I am now in Meridian waiting to go to Montgomery. The past few stops have only been changes of drivers. So, I actually did not need to change buses. Therefore, I have a total of only five bus changes.

### 5:00 AM CT

I arrived in Montgomery an hour late. So, I only needed to wait an hour instead of two hours for my next bus. [*I went to the bathroom and*] changed my shirt and got somewhat cleaned up. [*One additional point that I didn't write in the journal back then but that I distinctly remember is that as I was getting cleaned up in the bathroom, I had brought a washcloth with me by suggestion of Mom when I originally packed for the trip. I got out the washcloth, wet it with hot water, and cleaned my face and arms and such. I remember another guy noticing me doing that and saying something to the effect that he wished he had a wash rag. (I call it a washcloth.*

# BUS TRIP NOTES

*Other people might call it a rag. But, I actually make a distinction between a washcloth and a rag, with a rag being more for dirty work, while a washcloth being more for use on the body.)]. So now, I only need to wait for half an hour before I leave. At this point, I am  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way home. I should be home in 11 or 12 hours. Now, I will try to get some sleep on the way to Tallahassee.*

## 12:20 PM ET

After I left Montgomery, I rested for what seemed like hours. I think it may have been only a couple of hours. Anyway, I am now in Tallahassee, and we will be home in just a few hours. I just finished eating a sandwich that I paid

[*way*] too much for. Southern Alabama, from what I could tell, was very pretty. Although, I wasn't sure if it was Alabama or Florida. I hope my luggage is okay, likewise, also my pottery. I can't wait to go home and unpack and open all of my mail.

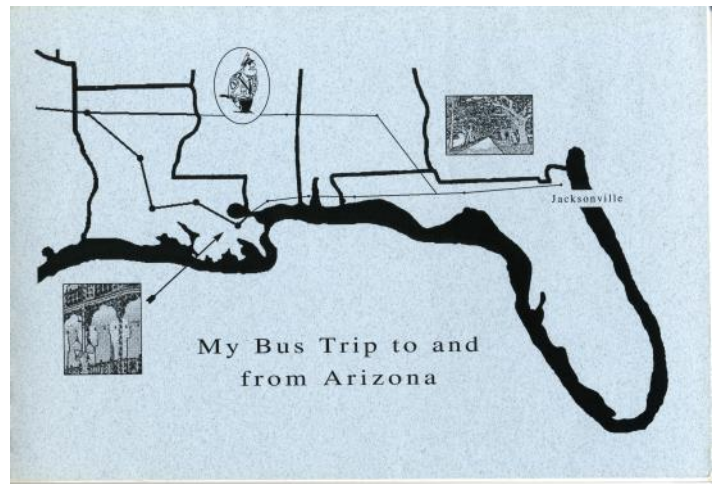
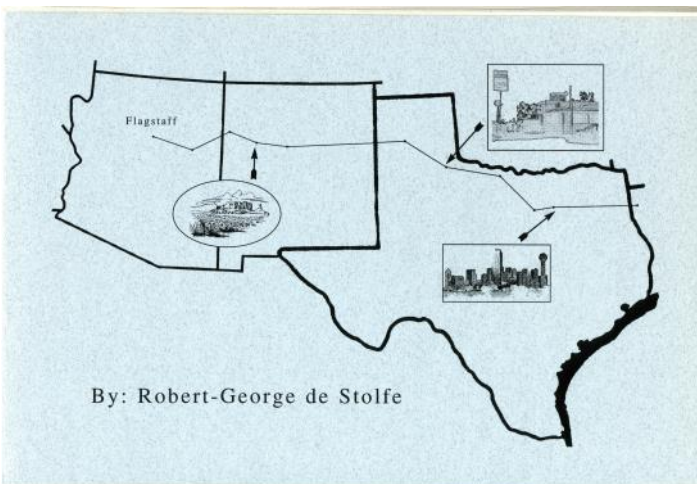
## Sunday, August 7, 1994

Later, I arrived in Tallahassee, where I waited around an hour for the next bus. Meanwhile, I bought a sandwich and worked on my journal. I also bought a Tampa newspaper. Near 1:00 PM CT, I loaded on the bus and luckily got a seat for myself for a while. Later, the bus was completely full. It seemed like it took

forever to go from Tallahassee to Jacksonville. Of course, we didn't take I-10 at all. We stopped at most of the little towns near West Jacksonville from Lake City on into Jacksonville. The rain, thunder, and lightning got heavier and heavier, especially from the West Jacksonville stop to downtown. I got off at the downtown station where Mom was waiting for me, and we then went to get my luggage. Only one bag was there, and the rest would be delivered later. The luggage didn't come on the next bus later, but it did sometime during the night.

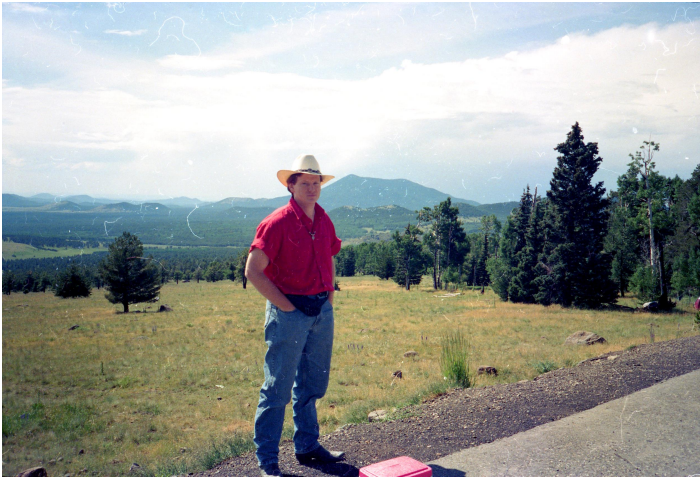
Around noon today. Mom had the supervisor of the luggage area

deliver my 3 bags [*to the house*], which was really nice of them to do. Anyway, after I unpacked everything and went through it all, luckily only my volute krater broke, but only a piece that could be easily glued back together. All of my other pottery was fine. Later in the evening, I went to [*the neighbor's house*] and delivered the T-shirt I bought. He really liked the shirt, and the trip is now over. I had a great time these past six weeks. I think the trip was well worth the money, and I would definitely go again if I can. This trip was just the vacation I needed to get away from everything. I am glad I went and had a great time! Thank you for the chance to go.

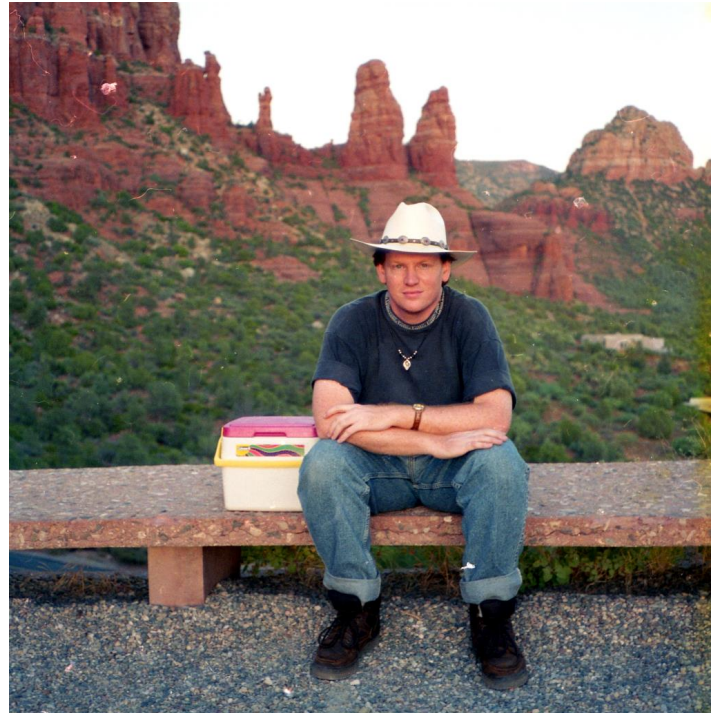


*In 1995, I created a little booklet about the 1994 trip for a computer class. Here are the back and front covers.*

# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP



*Sunset Crater in the background.*



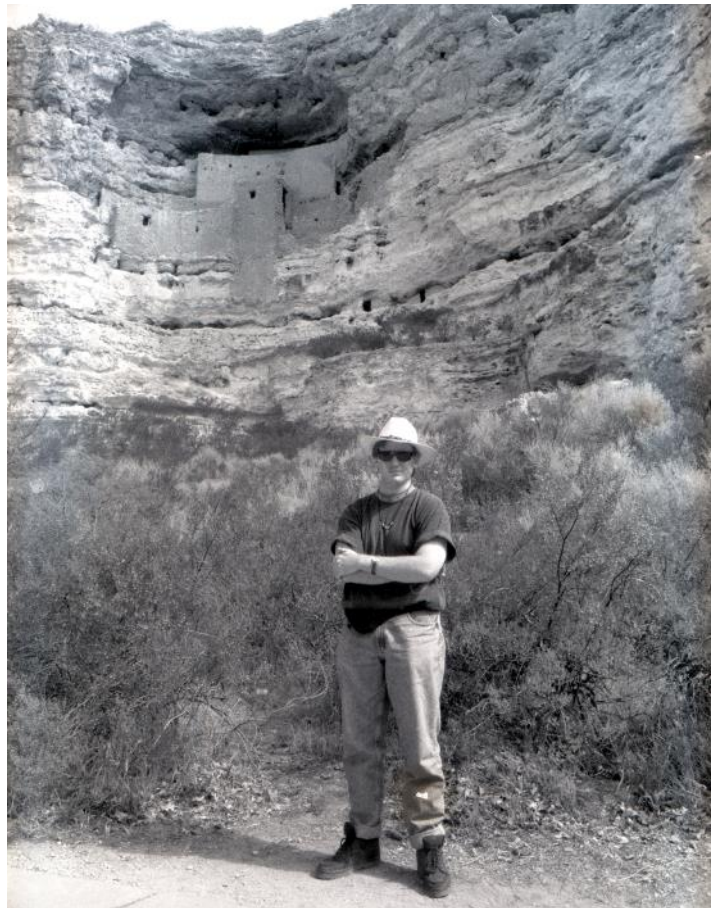
*Sedona at sunset.*



*Inside an ore bucket, Jerome State Historic Park*



*Sunset while on the campus of NAU.  
(The sunset was nicer than the photo shows.)*



*Montezuma Castle National Monument*

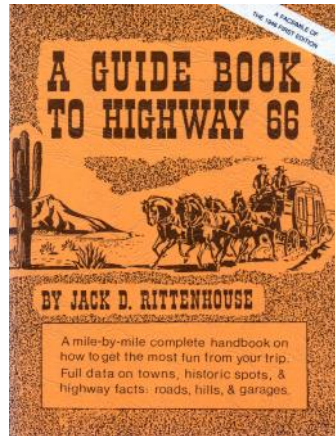
# 1994 EXTENDED STUDIES TRIP

## United State Route 66

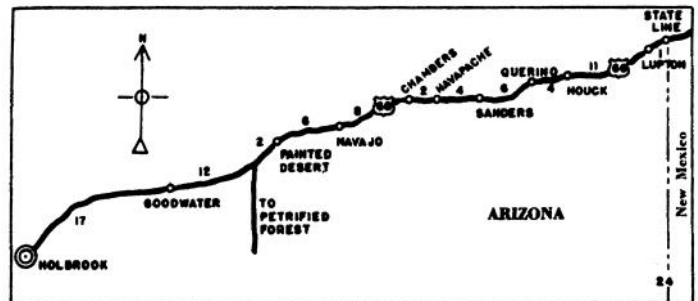
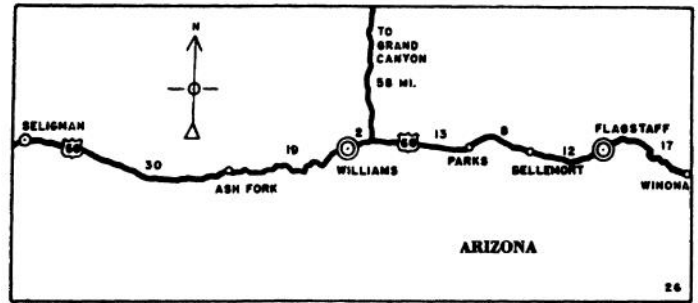
I cannot talk about Arizona and Flagstaff without also mentioning Route 66! For Flagstaff, Route 66 is a major identifier as the historic road runs the length of the town, with most of it overlapping with Route 180 or Business I-40. In addition, much of I-40 parallels the old “Mother Road”, except for a major diversion in western Arizona between Seligman and Kingman.

Here are a few places on this trip where I crossed over Route 66.

- Downtown Flagstaff
- Walnut Canyon
- Meteor Crater/City
- Holbrook
- Painted Desert



*A Guide Book To Highway 66  
by Jack D. Rittenhouse.*



*Road maps through Arizona from  
A Guide Book To Highway 66  
by Jack D. Rittenhouse.*



*The line in red shows Route 66 going between Chicago to Los Angeles through eight states: Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.*

# FINAL THOUGHT

## Cooler Search



*Did you find all of the photos that showed this cooler?*

*Did I miss any other photos?*



*Dorm Room*



*Sedona*



*Petrified Forest*



*Grand Canyon*



*Near Sunset Crater*



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