

and at last succeeded in taking a picture. After this was accomplished we drove upon the south side of the rock and stopped at the buttress for lunch. While we were eating Mr. Smith began shooting at an eagle up in the concave of the rock. All that we heard after each shot was the echo; it sounded like some one shouting "hello;" the following shot seeming to say "who are you?" The eagle still continued to fly in the same circle and a third shot was fired which seemed to say "run."

At this instance a swift, cold wind came upon us; the atmosphere grew black with the storm; our dinner pail, and the hay for the horses were blown away; the horses appeared in distress, and of course we were; Ship Rock, itself, seemed in distress and looked as though it might tumble down. We felt that we were in a position to know that we were not welcome to visit Ship Rock. Having no excuse left for remaining longer, while the storm continued in most violent activity, we hooked up our horses as swiftly as possible and started for home. We had proceeded homeward but a few rods when the storm suddenly ceased and Ship Rock had assumed an aspect similar to that of other like monuments in the country.

If only nature would permit that it be touched up. It seems as though some great power is connected with Ship Rock, probably more fully understood by the Navajo Indians of New Mexico than by any other race or people, and they most likely could give the best explanation if given an opportunity. As we were passing on the east side of Ship Rock we met a coyote. He says, "Where have you been?" We told him that we had just come to learn some things about Ship Rock. The coyote said, "Yum! I knew there was something wrong. You should have come to see me first. I am placed here to watch Ship Rock; I am the one to direct strangers. It is remarkable that you escaped unhurt. I oppose and protest against any act that would endanger personal life. The next time you happen to visit here, come and see me first."

Just as the coyote got through talking a mosquito came along with his joyful song and at once got busy at the job of planting his drill in the coyote. The coyote says, "What are you doing?" The mosquito replied, "I am boring for oil." The coyote commanded, "Move your drill as soon as possible or I will break it; furthermore, I will have to levy an indemnity against you." It was certainly difficult to arrange a settlement. To create further agitation the mosquito called his friends. In a few minutes they began to arrive. As soon as the mosquito had what he considered sufficient force to hold the situation, he ordered that possession of Ship Rock be taken, and at once set to work devising ways and means to enlarge and strengthen his force sufficiently to cope with his enemies. They immediately lined up on the top of Ship Rock