

dish cover. This stripping down to bare necessities makes gypsying simple and a lot of fun. Deliberately we avoid city trailer camps with their modern conveniences and their packed-in parking areas.

We knew the road to remote Coal Basin would be rutted, so we got the trailer ready for rough travel. We packed the ice box so milk and foods wouldn't spill. As an extra precaution we tied the refrigerator doors tight together. Once, before we learned this trick, we found a hundred pounds of ice scooting up and down the whole length of the trailer after a bumpy trip. In the cupboards I laid tea towels on the plastic dishes to keep them from moving about. However, there is never too much preparation for travel because everything fits in its place. We find cabinet drawers the best place for ink and anything else that might tip over.

Poncho learned it was important to keep a well-balanced load, so the heaviest articles such as books and typewriters go in the center of the trailer. He never allows too much weight at the hitch end. That would mean trouble for the rear end of the car.

Rough roads never keep us from going where we want to. Poncho knows how to ease the car over places without too much wear and tear. However, we do try to avoid mud and sand. If a road looks threatening Poncho gets out and inspects it for sand or bog holes.

We found Coal Basin hidden behind a mass of rimrock cliffs several miles northwest of Gallup. We also found old Buss, the town's colored caretaker from whom we got permission to camp. We always first get permission to stay if the spot is on private property. And if we stop any length of time on an Indian reservation, we go to the agent for a permit.

This was once an active coal producing camp. Then flowers grew in the yards and smoke curled out of chimneys. Now the only moving thing was a great tin smokestack swinging and

*Above—Near Bylas, Arizona, Andy—old Apache scout—stopped by our trailer for lunch. He was on his way to cut mesquite wood.*

*Center—At Manzano, New Mexico, the Woods camped for a month on a pit-house ruin. Here the author's husband finds an arrow sharpener in ruins.*

*Below—Pleasant campgrounds. Elephant Butte, New Mexico.*

