



COLIN FLETCHER is best known in the West for the six-month, 1000-mile walk he made from Mexico to Oregon through the deserts and mountains of California. His lectures on that experience fascinated thousands of listeners.

Born in Wales and educated in England, he served for 6½ years during World War II (captain, Royal Marine Commandos). In 1947 he emigrated to Africa. After a brief spell as hotel manager ('Not my line,' he says) he farmed for four years in the Kenya highlands and found the life interesting and satisfying. But it lacked stimulation. He determined to see the world—and to write.

He drove to Southern Rhodesia where, rather to his surprise, he built a road over a virgin mountain. He reconnoitered the terrain on horseback, laid out the alignment with instruments, drove the only bulldozer on the job, and supervised the ditching gang.

After six months back in Britain, he set out for the New World. He crossed the Atlantic by tending a plane-load of cattle from Ireland to New York, hitchhiked to Toronto, then drove a new car on delivery to the West. His fare from London to Vancouver, B.C., totaled \$10. For three summers he prospected and laid out roads in northern and western Canada. Winters, he hibernated and wrote.

In 1956 he moved south and settled in San Francisco, where he writes free-lance for such top-ranking magazines as *Reader's Digest* and *Field & Stream*. In 1962, driving from New York to California, he detoured to the rim of Grand Canyon. A year later he made his amazing journey. On it, he learned the truth of Emerson's dictum: 'There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. . . . The hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours.'

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## THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH TIME





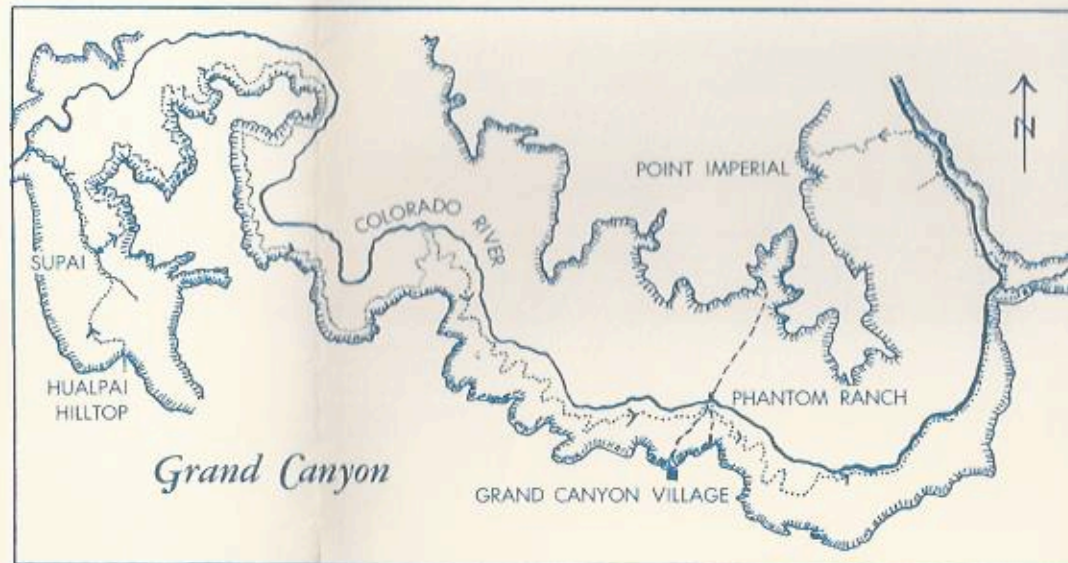


# COLIN FLETCHER

first man to force a land passage of Grand Canyon,  
tells his story:

How he mastered the formidable physical challenge . . . and how his two months' solitude and effort revealed The Canyon as a huge 'natural museum' of the earth's unfolding history: from ancient rocks and fossils, through living animals, to today's dominant species—man.

His perceptive account of the journey, illustrated with magnificent slides, carries audiences through The Canyon's hazards—and lifts them for a while beyond our man-centered thoughtways.



In the moment of shock when he first stood on the rim of Grand Canyon, something happened to the way Colin Fletcher looked at things. And, without consulting logic, he decided that if a route existed he would walk from one end of The Canyon to the other.

A year later he began his journey. It had never been attempted on foot—only by boat down the Colorado River. Some experts said it could not be done. At first, leap-frogging from rain-pocket to rain-pocket, he slogged with 60-pound pack along one of The Canyon's savage

terraces, 2000 ft. above the Colorado. Snow fell; then the sun beat down. He raced toward his first airdrop of food.

Slowly the physical struggle eased. Silence and solitude wrapped themselves around him. For two months he saw, except by arrangement, no one. Living simply, he immersed himself in spaciousness and beauty—and time.

He climbed over rocks a billion and a half years old. He found fossils that had died on a primeval seabed. He met wild horses and burros and bighorn sheep. He discovered an ancient Indian encampment with arrowheads



and pottery. Then he lived in a centuries-old cliff dwelling and sensed the fabric of his predecessors' lives. Slowly, he came to understand the successive halls of Grand Canyon natural museum—echoing halls marked 'rocks' and 'fossils' and 'animals'; and he grasped something of the huge time-spans it took to build them. Finally, an unexpected incident showed him why man dominates today's world.

By the end, after perhaps 400 miles of actual travel, he was eager to be 'out' and applying what the ages had taught him, applying it to the insignificant yet overwhelmingly important time-span that circumscribes his life—all our lives. The journey had succeeded.

