

# EDITORIAL

## 5/17/32 DEATHLY QUIET

It's deathly quiet in the river camp now.

They've all moved out, those men who formerly lived in those houses perched up on the side of the canyon.

We sat down there in the commissary last evening, three of us, and listened to the ticking of the clock, where formerly pool balls clicked and men moiled.

On a day long gone there was here virgin canyon, nothing but rock-slide and the river below.

Then came the men—the machinery—the railroad, the highway, the camps—the busy mess-hall.

And now comes the third stage—during the summer at least—a deserted camp.

A train rumbles past. Trucks thunder by. But the river camp is a ghost within—until cool weather returns in the fall.