

Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

DETAILED HIKING LOGS (March 27, 1978 - December 15, 1979)

Boucher Canyon

[March 27, 1978 to March 29, 1978]

In the fall of 76, after Royce Fletcher had told me about the possibility of getting up the Redwall in Boucher Canyon, I had done it with Al Shaufler. Then last fall Bob Packard and Jim Ohlman told me that they could also get up the Supai in this canyon. I had tried to do this last December, but I had allowed only two days for the trip and I didn't have time. This time I went by myself with a double purpose, first to have a short visit with Dock Marston and then to take my three day trip.

On the way north I stopped for a bit of chess with Dick Hart in Sedona and I had my dinner at Tusayan before going to the El Tovar to look for Dock. I was lucky since his party of five wasn't called to their table at the dining room for nearly an hour after I arrived. I also renewed my acquaintance with Art Gallenson and met the local minister, Fred Dodge, and the man in charge of the Campus Religious Center at NAU.

At the permit booth on Monday morning I had a good visit with Gale Burak, a volunteer ranger. Just about all the places allowed at the usual camping areas were taken, but they allowed me to go to Boucher Camp. I met a 48 year old Canadian, Pete Walter, who also was given a permit for Boucher. He felt that he had to wait until 9:00 a.m. to see whether a man would show with whom he had been planning a hike the night before. I could give him transportation to Hermit Rest since he had arrived by bus. No one showed, so we took off and went first to the Bright Angel Lodge where Pete wanted to check his tent. Here he met Ken Kehn, the man he had talked to and Pete learned that Ken was the one I had brought with me from Flagstaff as a hitchhiker.

Pete and I finally started down the Hermit Trail at 9:55 and passed two parties also heading for Boucher. The first couple was having heavy going. The girl was carrying two gallons of water because she thought the rangers had told her to. She was interested in meeting Pete since both of them had come from England. We didn't see them at the campground. Perhaps they settled for going to Dripping Springs. Pete had talked about his 20 mile hikes in the Canadian Rockies, so I didn't hesitate to walk at my normal rate. However, when we were nearing the bend away from Hermit Gorge along the Esplanade, Pete said that he was nearly burnt out. He blamed the heat, but I'll bet it wasn't over 78. When I had eaten an early lunch I suggested that he walk with some of the people we had passed and I went ahead with a 16 year old, Brian Cord, who was the leader of the group from Los Alamos. He is a good hiker and seemed to hike my rate. He finally said that the others were carrying his lunch, so he let me go on about 12:30 while he waited for the party consisting of the Cords and Talberts to catch up. I had needed to tape only one toe and I had no aches in knees or hips as I sometimes do. I just kept on going without feeling very tired and got to the creek in four hours and 40 minutes, faster than in 76 and even than 20 years ago. On Wednesday I came up the Boucher Trail considerably faster than in 76, six hours and 40 minutes, and considerably slower than in 1958 without a pack.

After a rest of 35 minutes, I walked up Topaz Canyon to the Shale Muav contact. Gail Burak had told me that one can't get through the Redwall and I was close enough to see that she was right. There was quite a bit of water here and there all the way.

When I got back to camp taking nearly three hours for the whole trip, the sky looked threatening so I moved my gear into the mine shaft. There were a few drops of rain and one clap of thunder, but the other campers needed their tents more for privacy than for shelter. I got acquainted with the Talberts and Cords from Los Alamos. They had me over for desert the second night I was there. My lighter weight down bag was just right and I wasn't bothered by any mice. The threat of rain passed and the moon was bright both nights.

On Tuesday I started up Boucher Canyon at 6:30 a.m. Most of the water comes from a spring near the upper fourth of the Tapeats, but there was more running water higher too with more of the bed dry than wet. There was even a small flow over a fall in the upper Redwall coming from a tributary from the east. I reached the first major bypass in the Redwall in 95 minutes from camp. It is well marked by cairns at both ends and even along the bighorn trail connecting. One has to look carefully for the holds at the steepest place, but I carried my nearly empty pack up here. At the second major bypass, more than halfway through the formation, there were no cairns. The grips were much more meager and I preferred leaving my pack at the bottom of the crucial place. I could see that the steep rock face was whitened by bighorn hoofs. When I got back into the bed, I marked the place with a small cairn but a big flood would sweep this cairn away. On the return I overshot the place to get down and had to come back up a slope. I was glad that I could see my pack indicating the possible but rather precarious descent. Fortunately, the smooth chutes near the top of the Redwall narrows had no water beneath them.

Where the Redwall opens out of the narrows into the cone shaped valley, I noted a large cairn that indicated a route to the east. I went up this talus filled ravine until I could go over above a fall in the highest part of the Redwall to the south arm of upper Boucher Canyon. Here I could walk up slides of rocks of all sizes with here and there some vegetation. As I approached the walled alcove at the head of this talus, I looked where I heard some sliding rocks and saw two bighorn ewes running around a corner to the southeast. This seemed like the only logical route to go higher. When I got there I found a wall, nearly perpendicular, with rather meager holds for hands and feet, I chickened out. It seemed a little harder than the worst place on the route up Siegfried, and I hadn't liked that one either when I was alone. The bighorn tracks and droppings came right to this place as well as appearing all along the base of the cliff. I certainly wish I had been in sight of this ascent when the ewes were going up. It would be a sight worth remembering. It is this sort of route that I thought would be strictly a way that bighorns can jump down, but I wouldn't have thought that they could get up it. There was no other way for the ewes to disappear. I went back to camp nursing my injured pride with the thought that Packard must have had Ken Walters with him when he did this climb. Jim Ohlman may have done it alone. Jim Ohlman told me that he tried going up the Supai directly to the Vesta Saddle but that he couldn't make it. He said that the south arm was a walk up. This makes me wonder whether he has actually done it. The part that stopped me is at the base of the top fourth of the Supai.

I spent most of Tuesday afternoon finishing the March Reader's Digest and visiting with the other campers. On Wednesday I started out at 6:00 a.m. with two quarts of water. I had an empty gallon

container in my pack, but I finished the walk out with water to spare at the end of my six hours and 40 minute trip. Four young men started later and finished the route in about an hour less time, but this is slower than my best in 1958 without a pack. It was a good time of year when the weather was not hot and the flowers were beginning to show.

Supai rim in Boucher Canyon
[May 3, 1978 to May 4, 1978]

I had been wanting to see for myself the way to get through the Supai near the head of Boucher Canyon ever since Packard and Ohlman had told me that one could do it (cf., the logs for 12/9/77 and 3/27/78). This time I decided to approach the area from above by following the Supai rim on from where the Boucher Trail cuts down into Travertine Canyon. Bob Packard had done this when he climbed Vesta. He carried an overnight pack to the saddle south of Vesta and got back to it from the top of Vesta in one day from Hermit's Rest.

After playing eight games of chess on the way north (5 to 3 favor of Dick Hart) I reached the Visitor's Center just in time to get my permit for the next day. Sleeping was good in the Jimmy parked at the campground and I enjoyed the evening naturalist lecture. The new displays at Yavapai Point are also interesting and Peter _att the ranger there, let me use his binox to see Cheyava Falls. It has been flowing well this month.

On the way to the Hermit Rest parking I stopped at a viewpoint and ate breakfast as the sun rose. There I overheard a young couple talking about being careless. The girl, Cathy AUSA, had dropped her sleeping bag over the cliff. While I was coming out on Thursday, Cathy recognized me while she was on her way for a solo hike to Dripping Springs. It was 6:30 a.m. when I got started walking down the trail.

Spring flowers were in fine bloom. There must have been at least 12 kinds as well as shrubs covered with white flowers. I recognized Indian paint brush and mountain phlox and one solitary Mariposa tulip. There were several that looked like sweet peas and one looked like a light blue daisy. I also had a visit with a group of hikers whom I overtook. They had camped along the way and were pleasantly surprised to meet the author of Grand Canyon Treks. I reached the place where the trail cuts down into the Supai near the head of Travertine Canyon at 8:35 and then continued along the Supai rim into Boucher Canyon with my pack until around 11:15. In Travertine and around the point into Boucher the walking was rather easy, but after that scrambling through the rocks and brush and along the steep shale slopes was difficult and a bit hazardous. I really appreciated the work that Packard had done to carry his pack to the Vesta Saddle before putting it down. I ate an early lunch and left my pack at a small flat place in the shale across from the north end of the Coconino in Vesta. There was a gallon of water in the pack which made it unusually heavy. After lunch I went on without putting more water in my half gallon canteen. It was good that I could get a little more from rain pools and seeps. It had rained a little only two days before.

When I was nearing the head of the gorge I began inspecting the ravines for possible routes. The view from an overlook convinced me that the first is a no go. The next one seemed definitely promising. I went down far enough to decide that a nine foot wall was the only difficulty between me and where I had been in March. Furthermore, there was a pinyon pine growing at the edge of the shelf and a limb, mostly dead,

hung down quite far. I might have held onto this limb and let myself down, but I didn't want to chance any real problem in getting back when I was by myself. The next big ravine was also quite promising. There is a way down a chimney about 12 feet high. The crack is about two and a half feet wide and I have been up and down places that hard, but I decided against doing it too in order to have plenty of time to get back to my pack.

It would have taken me another half hour to walk around to where Packard had come up west of the head of the canyon. His break seemed like a very unusual break in the cliff and although I couldn't look directly into it, I could see that it is quite steep. I decided against taking the time and effort to see it right. Bob said that he had to strain some to get up and I would guess that my way involving the twelve foot chimney is the easier. To use it, one would go up the talus in the center ravine of Boucher and then follow the base of the top cliff to the northeast. I seem to recall that the place where I would need to hang on the sagging pine has a slope going clear to the rim of the Redwall.

As it was, I got back to the pack by 4:30 and could have carried it for an hour or more toward home, but by this time I was tired enough to enjoy loafing with my Reader's Digest. The night was so windy and my perch was so exposed that I didn't sleep too well. I put a rock on my pack to make sure it wouldn't blow away and I looked several times to see whether my plastic gallon jug was still there. I expected it to die down a couple of hours after sunset, but it was strong all night. Strangely it got quiet by 7:30 in the morning.

With the additional quart of water I had picked up along the way toward the head of the gorge, I had more than enough. Before I left the bivouac site, I dumped almost two quarts to empty my gallon jug. I got back to the trail in about 105 minutes between 5:10 and 6:55 a.m. On the way out, I stopped three times for some food and rest and I reached the car by 11:30. I met a few more people coming down the Hermit Trail. Some had my book and seemed really thrilled to meet the author out in the wilds. It was a fine trip with lots of flowers and birds singing. I haven't seen a rattlesnake for quite some time, but I made a close approach to a harmless one. It was very slender, over two feet long but only about three quarters of an inch in diameter at the thickest place.

I felt that some of my weariness in getting out was due to the bad sleep, less than four hours by my guess. I felt that it had been a fairly good trip since I had learned quite a bit about the Supai above Boucher Canyon even though I hadn't covered the whole route.

Upper Paria Canyon

[May 10, 1978 to May 11, 1978]

Virginia Ward, her son Leeland Dickerman, Roma and I left Flagstaff a little before seven and reached the campground at the head of Paria Canyon Trail just before 10:30. This is 35 miles from Page. The BLM has a trailer for a ranger station near the highway, but no one was in it. At the trailhead there is a registration box with the instruction that you should get a permit by phone to Kanab if necessary. Roma and Virginia Ward drove back to Page and got a permit for themselves and also for us by phone. They were to spend the night at the Page Boy Motel and then hike down the Paria on Thursday.

I had been able to get the USGS Quad map Paria at the Glen Canyon Visitor's Center, but I didn't try very hard to keep track of where we were on the map. As soon as we came to the first creek crossing, I took off my trousers and walked in my tennis shoes and swim trunks. We had to cross in a few inches of water that was nearly opaque. As we went farther the flow decreased and what water was left seemed to clear up. It must be getting filtered in the sand and gravel. I didn't notice the White House Ruins, but I saw an old metal tank on the west side of the river. At one crossing we saw a lizard about nine inches long swimming. It paddled fast and carried its head quite high. Another thing that surprised us was to find wheel tracks going down canyon for several miles about to the beginning of the narrows. The only sign warning one about getting through the narrows appeared at the very beginning of the trail. There is a similar sign facing down river at the lower end of the narrows, but this one is more appropriate since it is only about 50 yards to the actual narrows instead of about four miles at the upper end.

At noon we stopped and ate until 12:30. Relatively close to the beginning we passed fretwork caves in the walls. A striking feature down in the narrows was an archway beneath a huge block of sandstone that had slipped down and had the small end resting in the middle of the bed. It was 1:40 when we reached the mouth of Buckskin Gulch so our walking time from the trailhead to Buckskin was two hours and fifty minutes. The distance is 6.8 miles so we were doing a little more than two miles per hour along here. On the return, when I was tired because of five hours of walking in the morning, I took three hours to do the same leg.

When we had walked another hour, to 2:50, we came to where a young couple were camping. They called out attention to a spring, the first one we had seen. This must be close to nine miles from the beginning of the trail. There are terraces for camping on both sides of the stream. Around the bend about five minutes walk downstream is a big cottonwood, the first one we had seen. We put our packs down and draped plastic sheets over them since there seemed to be a possibility of rain. I figured that I could reach my former highest point of last summer's trip in less than one and a half hours. About 40 minutes from camp we came to a break in the left wall where someone had installed a short tree trunk as an aid in climbing. Only a little farther there was a ravine coming down from the left. On Thursday morning Leeland went up the first opening and came down the second. It seems to be a former meander of the stream that has been cut off. A little farther we came to a gateway behind a column of rock that may have slipped down from the right. When we had been going a little over an hour, Leeland seemed to be slowing down so I suggested that he let me go ahead alone. I turned back at the end of 90 minutes still not sure that I had seen anything that was familiar from last year. On the return, when I wasn't taking any pictures, I needed only 75 minutes to reach the campsite. After talking with a couple of young men who were hiking past our camp, and after consulting with the BLM map they carried, I couldn't feel so sure that I had completed the route through the entire canyon. During the night I decided to go down river again and go almost twice as far. It rained a few drops Wednesday afternoon but the night was fine and there was no threat of rain on Thursday.

As I often do, I woke up at first light and ate breakfast in bed. Leeland was wide awake before I wanted to leave at 5:45 and I explained my decision to go down river quite a bit farther. He was agreeable to a lesser effort on his part. In covering the same territory I had been over the previous day, I of course recognized a number of features, but I wasn't sure where I had turned back. I had the topo map along, but I hadn't kept the bends in agreement with the map and I didn't know where our camp should be located on the map.

After I had come out of the short, close bends, I was sure that I was past where I had turned back last summer. To clinch this recognition, I came to the place on the map where big and straight ravines come down to the bed from both the north and south sides. I was positive that this is where Pat Reilly had marked the location of the Adams Trail, a climber's route down from the plateau to the south.

Only 15 minutes of the 150 I had allowed for the down river trip remained. Rather than continue until I had to turn back, now that I realized that I had already overlapped my upriver trip by two miles, I spent the rest of my time going up the ravine. Other hikers had done this rather recently to judge by the footprints in the sand. It was routine walking between and scrambling over big rocks until I came to a vertical pile of chockstones stopping up the narrow canyon. There is an obvious bypass to the west, but the route has some risk. One would have to be careful on some exposed ledges. I had run out of time so I turned back without going up this most interesting part of the trail.

On the return I kept the map in my hand and followed all the bends in the river right back to our camp. With every turn agreeing with the map, I was sure I had located the Adams Trail. On the way back I met Leeland walking down river to meet me and we got back to camp by 10:45, just five hours since I had left in the early morning. The day had been cool and there were no flies to bother us. I had noticed a few mosquitoes in the night, but there were no ticks as there had been in Boucher Canyon. There were deer hoof prints along the bed but no signs of bighorn sheep.

After a restful lunch we got going about 11:30 and reached the car by 3:30. Roma and Virginia had gotten back from their hike down to the beginning of the narrows about 20 minutes before.

Lower Kanab Canyon and vicinity
[May 30, 1978 to June 4, 1978]

When I drove to the North Rim on Monday, May 29, I detoured over to Lee's Ferry to see Pat Conley and also to get the Rusho Crampton book. Pat was no longer working at the store and was on the Green River with one of his own boat expeditions. I must have been talking to Susan Hucheson. I wish I had learned her name and had referred to Roy Carpenter. I have found the book most interesting and well worth the price.

At the North Rim I had time for a good visit with rangers Fritts and Thorum. Rich Thorum is a seasonal and still an ambitious hiker. He has climbed Shiva twice and was more than willing to go with me the following Tuesday, June 6, when I would be back from my first expedition. I had to discard my first objective which involved driving out the Tiyo Point Road. There is still too much snow and mud through the woods in this area. I got one six day permit and then took a walk out toward Uncle Jim's Point. While so engaged I got a hankering for a different way to spend the six days and returned to the permit desk. By good luck I engaged some strangers in conversation about their hike to Thunder River and discovered that they were Jeff Preston and his party. Jeff had been on the phone with me from Boston. I chose to drive the road not passing by Bee Spring since I seemed to recall that it is rather narrow and primitive. I followed the logging road west from the pavement north of the park through Dry Park and on north until you can leave it to go southwest down the main road that swings around to Big Saddle. Two or three miles before you reach Big Saddle I followed the sign toward Sowats point. There were a couple of forks that gave me

doubts but I arrived close to the head of the Sowats Point Trail with nothing worse than some bad bumps over the bedrock beyond the cabin where the USFS sign says not recommended for passenger cars.

This trail sign into Kwagunt Hollow was familiar to me from my trip several years ago. It is well maintained and I was down to the grove of trees in less than an hour in spite of the fact that my pack contained, besides many other things, a three and a half pound boat and four and a half pounds of bread. I was feeling fit and I carried the pack for almost three hours without a break to rest my shoulders. The water situation was about as before, none at the grove, but some below for a hundred yards or more. Between Tuesday and Friday it seemed to have lessened and the highest pool in the Supai bedrock had no inflow. There was still plenty of water at several places lower in the canyon. I took about an hour to get from the car to the beginning of the narrow Supai canyon and one and a half hours from there to the bed of Jumpup Canyon. During the latter period, I must never have been more than 20 minutes away from water. However, these springs and all that I saw along the Esplanade and in Kanab Creek leave a white deposit on rocks and mud as the water evaporates. Worse, by the end of my time using that water, I was thoroughly miserable with watery BMs. I put Halazone in the Colorado River water I used and it was a big relief. I don't remember having this trouble when I was down and back overnight, so it may be cumulative. A quick overnight trip is all right.

It was interesting to review the route through the Supai in Kwagunt Hollow Canyon. This time I followed the main bed below the grove. About half way through there are some drops that give pause. For the highest one the route seems to require hand and toeholds for eight or ten feet. At the next place there is a good bypass to the left for a big fall and the same deer trail takes one past the smaller drop just below. The scenery through here is appropriately gorgeous. as I had remembered the fine narrows of Jumpup, but I didn't recall that it would take me about two hours to walk from the mouth of Kwagunt Hollow to the mouth of Jumpup. There is a lot of loose gravel and sand. I was so intent on the footing that I missed seeing the recessed plunge pool on the right. On Friday I was watching and noted that it is about two fifths of the way from Kanab Canyon to the mouth of Kwagunt Hollow. It takes me about 20 minutes to walk from the latter to the mouth of Indian Hollow. There is another landmark along here, a fine overhang where the floods have undercut. In early June this year water was dripping.

When I reached the bed of Kanab Canyon, I got out the topographic map and kept track of my position around all bends. I reached the main bed at 11:25 and the next tributary from the left in 25 more minutes. A six minute detour up here assured me that there is still water in a plunge pool. These stagnant plunge pools probably have better rain water than the mineralized water in the springs. Water begins in the main bed about where on the Kanab Point Quad is printed the first "C" of the name Coconino County. There are springs right in the bed that keep sand dancing and also some water coming in from the left side wall a foot or two up. I also explored up the next side canyon from the left, and one that comes down from close to the first "N" of National Forest. There was some running water at a couple of places before I got stopped by big blocks of rock. the best Shower Bath Spring is located on the left wall at the beginning of the name "Kanab" about three quarters of a mile up canyon from the striking pinnacle that is pictured in Powell's and Dutton's books. The water in the shower comes from ferns that completely hide a mass of travertine projecting ten or more feet from the wall.

There are two pinnacles that make striking landmarks but the northern one is the better tower. The southern one is only a half mile in an air line from the other and it is more like a broken ridge than the northern one, a true tower. I would think that both deserve names and they should be real challenges to expert climbers. They are not smooth rock but instead have a lot of cracks and rough spots. The bed has reached the bottom of the Redwall here and the towers go through the entire formation. It was 4:15 when I reached Hillers Pinnacle, the northern one, so I decided to make this locale my first night's stop. This is also where the main west side tributary comes in. Unlike the other side canyons, this one has a nice flow of water all along the bed clear down to its junction with Kanab Creek. When I was thoroughly rested, I went downstream in the main canyon to inspect an overhang behind the catclaws on the right side. It would be a good shelter in a storm since it is high enough for safety and I was thrilled to find an Indian ruin here. The walls are pretty badly fallen since they were constructed of water rounded boulders, but there is part of the mud and wattle roof showing. A metate with a 12 rowed corncob lying on it is further evidence of its age. The position of the metate and little five inch corncob would indicate that some white person had examined the site and shifted them.

Royce Fletcher and Donald Mattox of Albuquerque had told me that they can get clear through the Redwall in the pinnacle tributary from the bay northwest of Kanab Point. On Friday morning I tried doing this. It is a really spectacular side canyon with high walls above striking narrows. I had to muscle up using handholds several times. When I came to a pool that would require deep wading or perhaps a swim, I left my shirt and trousers behind and put my watch in my mouth. About the hardest place where I wasn't turned back was a chimney climb in a wedge shaped crack where it was difficult to keep from sliding out. Finally, when I was nearing the top of the Redwall, I came to a chockstone where I would have to pull up with a poor grip and slide against the face of the stone. If I had had a boost I could have made it, but by myself I had to turn back. The trip up and back took about two and a quarter hours.

Another feature that is interesting about the Hillers Pinnacle area is a steep part of the main bed on the south side of the pinnacle. Huge blocks have fallen into the bed making it difficult to pass. When I was here in 1957, I am sure that we got by without seeing the bypass, but now I noticed that I could scramble up to the right and pass the bad place on the high talus. When I got there I recognized that this had been a constructed horse trail probably dating to the time when Powell was met by a pack train in 1872. There were a couple of other places where trails formed from footprints would parallel the stream cutting across a terrace. I saw tracks of mule deer and possibly of bighorns along here as well as hiker's footprints.

I went up two more side canyons until they became too hard. One was from the west heading near the word "Boundary" of the name National Forest Boundary and the other was about a mile downstream on the east side. I believe this was the one where I stopped in front of a high chute carrying a small amount of water over a 50 foot cliff. This gulch drains the south half of Fishtail Mesa. I had also gone up the tributary that drains the north half of Fishtail. I don't recall the appearance of the canyon where I was stopped, but I believe it was a jumble of huge rocks. I was taking pictures through here, or so I thought. On my next to last day, the exposure counter was going on way past the 22 mark, so I opened the camera and found that I hadn't threaded the film properly and that I hadn't any pictorial record until I was on the way to climb Racetrack Knoll.

There are a couple of interesting features in the main canyon due east of the map name Forest. At a swing to the east, there is a huge overhang where the stream has undercut, and water was dripping from the outside edge of this roof. A few hundred yards farther, at a swing to the west, the wall is covered with a large sheet of travertine which is brightened with ferns and wild grapevines.

The river was at a relatively low stage and I could walk down southwest from the mouth of Kanab Canyon on rocks that would be covered by the river later in the day. Although the footing in Kanab Canyon had averaged a lot worse than the walking in the Paria, walking the bank of the Colorado was slower than either. I suppose that a mile an hour would be all that I could do. When I looked across the river from the mouth of Kanab, I was amazed that Kenton Grua could even get by without going a long way up. Perhaps he did. My plan was to walk down opposite Olo and camp. Then in the morning I would cross without my pack and go down to the mouth of Matka on the left bank. A nameless side canyon from the right at Mile 144.8 accounted for a rapid with bigger waves than those below Kanab Creek. At Mile 145.1, I had to step on a ledge that was only a few inches above the water. I could see that the river had been much higher. I found a campsite and then I began to think about getting cut off by a rise of the river. It wouldn't be bad if I could be sure that it would drop again at the same time of day, but there was also the chance that I was getting through on the low water from the previous Sunday. To play it safe, I went back upstream beyond this place and camped. Within the hour the river started to rise and the rapid at Mile 144.8 had extended to where I was. By the middle of the night the river was up four or five feet. By morning I could see that it was falling again, but it still looked rough for my boat. I decided to skip the plan of crossing and reaching the mouth of Matkat. However, when I had walked back to Mile 144.3 the current was quiet enough to make me think about crossing. To keep my hand in, I blew the boat up and crossed, drifting downstream about twice the width of the river. Cross currents were strong enough to put about a quart of water inside the boat, but there was no danger of flipping over. I got back just as easily and gave some thought to the idea of Matkat. I figured, however, that this would mean that I wouldn't get to climb Racetrack Knoll, and I might find it hard to get back to this quiet section of the river before the new rise would occur about 3:30 p.m. On my way back to the same campsite at the mouth of Hillers tributary, I inspected a couple of side canyons and still had several hours to loaf. I could have come up the side canyon that afternoon, but I was lazy and tired. By this time I had finished the Reader's Digest and was starting some of the articles over.

After my nearly successful trip up through the Redwall in Hillers Creek, I headed on back without keeping such a precise check with the map at all times. I had quite a chat with a young couple, the only hikers I met on this trip. The man, Eric Holly, said he had been in the Grand Canyon a total of 180 days and said he had been wondering whether he would ever run into me. His friend, Allen Claver, was carrying binoculars but he even had a banjo along strapped to his pack.

I had been thinking that I was somewhat overdue about seeing a rattlesnake. When I was walking in vines over the rough rocks to the horse bypass, I flinched and got away quickly when I heard the buzz and saw that I had stepped within a foot or less of a four foot rattler. While it was getting away, I had a good look at it, a diamond back. Two days later, on the open trail not far from the grove, I saw another only about eight feet ahead. It proceeded to crawl up the slope out of my way. Only when it was gone did I think of my camera. However, this was before I had rethreaded the film and I wouldn't have gotten a picture anyway.

When I was going up Kwagunt Hollow through the Supai, I figured that I could camp at the highest water which I remembered as being at the top showing of Supai bedrock. When I got there Friday evening, it wasn't flowing, but there was still plenty in a small pond and I stopped about 3:30 after a 5:00 a.m. start that day. I got away almost as early on Saturday south from the grove along a horse trail. I cached my boat and extra food, trash, etc. and proceeded in the cool of the morning at a good pace. In about an hour, I came on a fine grove of big cottonwoods hidden in a deep ravine. This is the farthest north fork of Indian Hollow Canyon. There was a little water on the surface even at the upper end of the grove. It seems strange that they shouldn't show water sources on the topographic maps. The Forest Service maps show a few springs, but the one in Fishtail above the Redwall is out of place by a half mile, and Indian Hollow Spring is shown so that one might not know whether it is below the Coconino or above. I knew where to look for it from George Billingsley's description. As I approached the arm of Indian Hollow just north of the main one, I could see the grove of greenery. Instead of heading up toward it I figured that I would see more if I got to the bed directly south of where I was. Incidentally, the horse trail is very sketchy south of that water in the north fork. I immediately found some good pools in the bedrock with a little water running into them. Strangely there was none on the surface most of the way up to the cottonwoods, but when I investigated, I found a good enough flow immediately below the trees.

It was still only about 7:30 a.m. so I put down most of my gear and proceeded with only my canteen, camera, and lunch. I found a place where I could cross the main arm of Indian Hollow without going far up toward Fishtail Pass. Something that intrigued me was to see a barbwire fence near the arm with the spring. In fact it was still in shape where it crossed this wash. The walking along the north side of Fishtail Mesa was particularly slow and rough. Above the bare bedrock of the upper Supai, the Blackbrush was thick and the ravines through the detrital slopes were frequent. I was expecting a horse trail higher, but the best bits of trail that I ran into were more likely to be down at the level of the flat surface of the highest exposure of Supai rock. Also, at this level I ran into small flows of water in two ravines. Toward the northwest corner of Fishtail, I climbed up to follow the nearly level surface out to Racetrack Knoll. When I got to the base, it was still too early for lunch and I went to the top with only my canteen and camera. The summit is about 800 feet above the Esplanade and the views down into the canyons were superb. My cairn was the first. The return to my campsite was routine but as I ran into one difficulty. When I reached the arm of Indian Hollow where I thought the spring should be, I couldn't see the grove up canyon where I thought it should be, and the bed where I crossed was completely dry. I concluded that I had been mistaken about the location of the spring and that it must be in some ravine farther north. Just before as I got over the rise north of here, I looked back and could see the grove. It was higher than I had thought. Then I went back down into this draw and walked downstream until I found my cached bedroll. In the shade of a big rock at a flat rock terrace on the south side, I kept very cool and had no ants. After resting an hour, I walked up the bed to the grove and found that this took 13 minutes one way. The bed was dry most of the way. It would be most interesting to explore the various side canyons that make up all of the net of Indian Hollow in the Supai. Perhaps one could shorten the trip from the north arm crossing over to Racetrack Knoll by going down the bed and then up the south arm and find a way out.

On this trip I saw plenty of lizards, the two rattlesnakes, an unusual number of birds including one raven, many wrens, many doves, and one ouzel. On a Supai terrace north of Fishtail Mesa, I came on a fine mule deer buck. Years ago Paul Martin of the U. of A. faculty was interested in the lower limit for junipers and

was surprised to find them near the river in Marble Canyon. I found just two maverick junipers in the bed of Kanab Creek at a still lower elevation.

On Sunday it took me two hours to get from Indian Hollow Spring over to Kwagunt Hollow Grove and then I was feeling so poorly that it took two hours more to go up the trail to the car. I rested five minutes out of every half hour. I showered and shaved at the North Rim and after reporting at the permit desk, headed for home. Even with a break for a meal at Flagstaff and a long phone call to Bob Packard, I got to Sun City about 10:00 p.m. Bob reported great climbing accomplishments for Ohlman, Kirschvink, Walters, and himself. Ohlman now knows three ways to climb out of Little Nankowep to the top of the Redwall, and three of that foursome climbed Ehrenberg Point as well as Alsap and Novinger.

Twilight, Music Temple, and Navaho Valley
[June 24, 1978 to June 28, 1978]

Roma and I couldn't get anyone to go to Lake Powell with us so we had a nice trip alone. We got away early Saturday and started gaily across the Wahweap Bay towards Warm Creek where we intended to stay Saturday Evening. I happened to notice the dashboard thermometer just as Roma smelled smoking oil. The water pump had failed and we were helpless in a rather rough sea that tossed the boat around in a rather alarming manner. Fortunately, we were in the boat lane and the second boat to pass took us in tow back to the pier. Finally we got our turn to put the boat on the trailer and show it to the repairmen. When I tested it for starting in the Lakeview Lake, I couldn't back the trailer in deep enough and part of the intake holes were out of water with the result that I had burned out the rubber impeller. They had that fixed before 6:00 p.m. on Saturday, but the mechanic noticed that there was water in the lower unit mixed with the oil and he suggested putting in new seals. We agreed and came back late on Sunday when they were through working the motor over.

We slept in the campground and on Sunday morning drove over dirt road 277 from Glen Canyon City to Escalante. At first I didn't think we were supposed to follow the road that leads to Warm Creek and Padre Bay but after following the old paving north and west until it had deteriorated to a mere track that crossed the creek twice, we came back to Glen Canyon City and got the right instructions. It was 78 miles by the way we went to Escalante and we met only two cars in all that way. The first appeared to be returning from Warm Creek and the other was only a couple miles from Escalante, so we set some sort of record for my driving by going over 50 miles with no other car. We wondered about ever getting help if we broke down. The experience of going up the switchbacks to the top of the Kaiparowits Plateau is really outstanding and we were impressed by the views. With a few picture and other stops and all the grades to cross washes, we only averaged 19 mph for the 78 miles. The BLM mileage signs didn't check, but it was probably because the 90 miles from the fork to Warm Creek must have included the road going to the Hole in the Rock Road and then to Escalante. We followed a new road for the last 34 miles that gets into town on the west side at right angles to the paved highway. We followed the paving back to Wahweap, three times as far but still quicker and easier to drive.

On Sunday evening we slept in the boat on the trailer parked near the State Line Ramp and then got an early start shortly after 6:30. The lake stood at 3647 and we could take all the usual shortcuts. We could go from the harbor area to Hippy Harbor across the west of the Rainbow Junction in 89 minutes. We

looked at the camping sites there and then proceeded to inspect Twilight Canyon. Pat Reilly had told us that one can hike clear out past 50 mile Point and wanted to see what sort of boating it would take to reach the end of the water. It did get rather narrow but there was very little driftwood and we could tie in shallow water and walk to land. I walked up the bed for 17 minutes but I had told Roma that I would be gone for no more than 30, so I had to turn back when the walls were getting low. I jogged some of the way back and made it in the limit.

Next we went to Emmerton Arch Canyon (Music Temple) and found a good campsite rather close to a place that was taken by a party who were away for the day. I hoped to take an eight hour hike on Tuesday over the country I had seen in May, 1975, when we were with the Wards. Right after lunch I started on a short hike that would take me up the drainage to the east beyond the barrier falls. Much to my dismay I was stopped by a climbing move up the first crack only about 100 yards from camp. I couldn't seem to find the right hole that I had used in 1975 or perhaps I am just not as brave. We played scrabble and laid in the water the rest of the day.

Early Tuesday morning we moved down the lake to Hippie Harbor and tied up rather close to a sailboat whose occupants were still asleep. After eating breakfast here, I was still able to get away for my hike by 6:30 a.m. At this lake level there was no problem in walking around to the crack near Cascade Canyon and I had no qualms about climbing where I had been before. It is fairly clear how to proceed until you are turning toward the tower extending out from Navaho Point. From a distance I thought that my old route leading up a ravine to a stubby tower was hazardous and I continued to the left along the slope above the water filled canyon. I was able to work my way along and hop here, but on the return I used the old way. It was easier to locate and I am rather sure that it is no more risky. There was one more easily climbed rock slope before I came to the black brush flats to get around into Navaho Valley. I should have hit the cow path and stayed with it until I could get down into the bed right in the main valley (the descent to the narrow inner canyon is on the east side). Actually I tried going lower and cut across several side drainages, but I couldn't get down into the main bed where I had been on Monday. These experiments slowed me and by 11:00 a.m., I seemed to have only one more steep sided gulch to cross, but since I had told Roma that I would be back by 3:00 p.m., I stopped and used a half hour for an early lunch. By 11:30 I was heading back and I used the cowpath most of the way back. I took only three and a half hours to get clear to the boat, so if I had used the trail on the way out, I would have made the main bed. In a 12 or 14 hour day, I think I could walk from Hippie Harbor up Navaho Valley to the top of the Kaiparowits and come down to water in Dry Rock Creek. Just as easily one could come back to the lake through Reflection Canyon or down to Hole in the Rock Road and also the descent via the old gauger's route down Davis Gulch.

I saw no surface water in Navaho Valley except for the lake in the narrows. At wet times of the year there are some seeps in the washes that drain the west side of the valley. I noticed a patch of cane just above the cowpath and there is a deposit of white mineral on the rocks of the bed. This may run for over half the year.

Something else worth mentioning is the great slide of shale forming a talus in the third bay from the south. There are spectacular narrow shale towers capped by a flat rock forming "hoodoos." One could go

up two thirds of the way from the valley to the top of the Kaiparowits on this talus. I also photographed a mushroom rock down in the slickrock area nearer the bed of Twilight Canyon.

Horse hoof prints and cow droppings show that this valley still gets some use. It furnishes an awkwardly long access route to the steps going down to Klondike Bar.

Upper Boucher Canyon

[September 29, 1978 to October 1, 1978]

Paul Schafer was already parked at Denny's, Dunlap (or Olive) and Black Canyon, when I came to pick him up at 6:30 a.m. We proceeded to the South Rim with only a gas stop in Flagstaff. He surprised me with the information that he can get to the South Rim faster (four hours and 10 minutes) by turning off to Prescott and going through Ashfork and Williams than he can via Flagstaff. We took four hours and 20 minutes via Flagstaff. After getting the permit and eating an early lunch in the car, we got started down the Hermit Trail at 11:55 a.m. There were surprisingly few hikers in the basin this time, but we met a young couple coming back from Dripping Springs.

At the base of the Coconino we went over to the spring where there is a rock shelter, almost certainly post Columbian. The cement tank is empty and dry, but about 20 feet farther near the rock cabin, the little spring was running well enough to fill a small pool. Paul showed me the inscription the wall of Rohrer and Harry Kisslingbury, '89. I must have seen these names before when I was inspecting the rock cabin, but I had forgotten them. On our return on Sunday I photographed these names. The date precedes by many years the 1911 construction of the Hermit Trail, so it is clear that there were routes to this spring much earlier.

Traffic along the Boucher Trail may have fallen off because there were places where it is indistinct in the blackbrush flats above Hermit Gorge. Still we didn't waste time looking for it. I was having a little problem with toenails jamming into the end of the shoe and I also had to stop to put some tape on a heel, but we got down to Boucher Camp faster than I ever had before, in four hours and 20 minutes. Last March I had come down in four hours and 40 minutes, but this included a lunch stop. That was with cooler weather. This time the prediction was for 102 degrees at the bottom of the canyon. Since we were down by 4:15, I had a good rest and read Time while Paul looked around.

Along the Supai rim above Hermit Gorge, I missed seeing a rattlesnake until it buzzed. It was coiled but had its head down as if trying to escape notice. When we were going up Boucher Canyon on Saturday, Paul pointed out a rattlesnake I had just stepped near, only two or three inches away. It didn't rattle and seemed to lethargic to try to get away. These were my third and fourth for 78.

Mice or bigger rodents were a bother again. Something got into my pack and ate some of my bread. In the middle of the night I put the pack up in a little tree. This seems to be futile since something was in my pack up the tree during the second night.

On Saturday Paul and I started walking up Boucher Canyon a little before seven. I noticed the mescal pit with charcoal at the north end of the flat open area of Boucher Camp. There was a little less water in the

stream than there had been last spring, but it appeared above ground at the same places. No water was coming over the fall from the east near the upper end of the Redwall Gorge, but there was a large plunge pool at the end of the western arm. I had left camp with two quarts of water and Paul had three. He gave me some when mine was gone after lunch.

The lower one of the two Redwall bypasses was still well marked by cairns. There is no problem here, but we walked right past the beginning of the second bypass, the one that impressed me last spring and where I left my large but nearly empty pack below the hard part. Paul and I went on to a big chockstone with a steep ramp beneath it. I must have looked at this in the fall of 76 when Al Schaufler and I had used the bypass. I couldn't remember going up such a tricky place, but now I thought that it had to be the only way. Paul and I studied it for some time. I finally gave my canteen to Paul and tried worming my way up the outward sloping ramp to where I could get a poor grip on a rock wedged beneath the big chockstone. I was just able to make this climb. Then Paul came up with his day pack on his back and his camera and my canteen hanging beside him, and he was able to do it faster than I had. There was some minor scrambling above the Chockstone. Before we went on up the canyon, we looked and found a clear bighorn trail bypassing this place.

We proceeded up through several minor chutes until we could turn east and get up past the top of the Redwall in a ravine filled with broken rocks. As I had done before, we then went southwest across a slope and down to the head of a fall at the top of the Redwall in the main arm from the south. It is simple to scramble over broken rock slides in the main arm until one is about 200 feet from the top of the Supai. There was no possibility of going either to the east or west at this level.

The places I had seen as possible alternates from the Supai rim last spring would have to be reached by going up other ravines from the top of the Redwall. I am sure that Packard came up the way I had in the main arm. Ohlman had gone through the Supai farther east using a different ravine. In due time we arrived at the cliff where the bighorn ewes must have gone up, where I chickened out and came down last spring. This time, with Paul watching and able to direct me in coming down, I was able to get up the courage to proceed. Paul wasn't too sure that he could get down first, so he waited below while I finished the climb to the top of the Supai. After this 20 feet the rest of the climb was no sweat for me. It goes just as Bob said, over to the right to the one break in a small cliff and then back into the main ravine. In getting back I mistakenly got too high for the best crossing, but there was little delay. Near the base of the final Supai cliff in the main arm I found a neat little spring. There was a pint of water in a little pool, but this could be enlarged. It would be a real help for a person who wanted to travel the Supai rim from the Boucher Trail to Vesta. It was easy to go up the main south arm at the top. There were bighorn droppings all along this route.

It had taken two and a half hours for Paul and me to get from camp to the top 200 feet of Supai, but then I used one and a half hours to get up the last part of the Supai and back to Paul. Paul directed me to the best holds for the bad place near the bottom of this cliff. I went down all but the last 20 feet facing outwards. About 15 feet above the bottom, I had a bad moment before I found a meager hold to keep from falling. We ate lunch just across from this place. While I was finishing he went up and down the hairy place without any help from me.

We got back to camp about 2:35 and had a restful afternoon. On Sunday morning we got started by 6:40. I got to the top of the Redwall at White's Butte Saddle in one hour and 23 minutes and from there to the top of the Supai in an hour and 20 minutes. It took me an hour and 45 minutes to reach the Hermit Trail. The whole trip took seven hours and 23 minutes.

Alternate Version of Previous Description:

The lower one of the two Redwall bypasses was still well marked by cairns. There is no problem here, but we passed right by the beginning of the second bypass, the one that impressed me last spring enough to get me to leave my large but nearly empty pack below the hard part. Paul and I walked on to where we were stopped by a chockstone that leaves a steep ramp beside it. I must have looked at this in the fall of 76 when Al Schaufler and I used the bypass. I couldn't remember having gone up such a tacky place, but now I thought that it must be the only way. Paul and I studied it for some time. I finally gave my canteen to Paul and tried working my way up on the outward sloping ramp to where I could finally reach a poor grip on a rock wedged beneath the big chockstone. I just was able to make this climb. Then Paul came up with his day pack on his back, his camera and my canteen hanging beside him, and he was able to do it faster than I did. There were some minor scrambles above the chockstone. Before we went on up canyon, we looked and saw a clear bighorn trail bypassing this place.

We proceeded up through several minor chutes in the bedrock until we came out where we could turn east and get past the top of the Redwall in a ravine filled with broken rocks. As I had done before, we crossed a slope and went down to the lip of a fall at the top of the Redwall in the main arm heading up to the south. It is no big deal to go up this slope covered with rocks fallen from above until you come to the top 200 feet of Supai cliff. There was no possibility of going around at this level either to the east or west. The places I had seen as possible alternates to this route from the rim of the Supai on my trek last May would have to be reached by going up different ravines from the top of the Redwall. I am practically certain that I was mistaken when I spotted a break in the straight Supai cliff farther west that I thought would be Packard's route. I feel sure now that he was using the same route Paul and I were on. In due time we arrived at the cliff where the bighorn ewes must have gone up, where I chickened out and came down last spring. This time, with Paul watching and able to direct me in placing my feet on the descent, I was able to get up the courage to proceed. Paul wasn't too sure he could get down first, so he waited at the base of this climb for me to try to finish the passage through the Supai. After this hard 20 feet the rest of the climb was no sweat for me. It goes just as Bob said, well over to the right to the one break in a small cliff and then up and back into the main ravine. In getting back, I made the false move of getting too high for the best crossing, but there wasn't much delay. Near the base of the final Supai cliff in the western branch I found a neat little spring. There was a pint of water in a little pool, but this could be enlarged and it would be a real help for a person who wanted to travel the Supai rim from the Boucher Trail to Vesta Temple. It was easy to go up the main south arm at the top. There were bighorn droppings all along this route.

It had taken Paul and me two and a half hours to get from camp to the hard place near the top of the Supai but I used over an hour and a half to negotiate the last 200 feet of Supai. When I got back to the hairy place near the base of this final wall, Paul stood by and talked to me about the holes. I went down all but the last 20 feet facing outwards. About 15 feet above the bottom I had a bad moment or two before I

found a meager hold to keep from falling outwards. We had lunch just across from this place. I was longer finishing than Paul, and he went back to the hairy place and climbed up the 40 feet to where the rest of the climb out would be routine.

We got back to camp about 2:35 and had a restful afternoon. On Sunday morning we got off by 6:40. I got to the top of the Redwall at White's Butte Saddle in one hour and 23 minutes and from there to the top of the Supai in an hour and 20 minutes. It took me an hour and 45 minutes to reach the Dripping Springs Trail and another 35 minutes to get to the Hermit Trail. The whole trip up took seven hours and 23 minutes.

Reflection Canyon

[October 4, 1978]

Roy Carpenter and his nephew, Chuck, were already waiting for me when I arrived about 1:00 p.m. on Tuesday although our appointed time was 3:30. After I ate at the picnic area, we launched the boat and had a little trouble getting the motor to start. It seemed to flood easily. There was time so we went directly to Rainbow Bridge. Both Carpenters are enthusiastic shutterbugs and they took many pictures from all angles. Then we went to camp at Hippie Harbor without a landing at the marina.

We got away quite early. I had taken my breakfast of bread and orange juice on shore where I slept while the other two stayed in the boat. I was barely warm enough in my lightweight down bag and with one blanket over that. Also, I learned that mice are very active on this dry and bare peninsula. They ate more of my sandwiches than the mice at Boucher Camp even.

As we went up the lake I pointed out the site of Music Temple and various side canyons. Roy wanted to see the mouth of the San Juan so after we had gone that far, I went on to show them Hole in the Rock. Then I took them to Reflection Canyon. The lake level stood at 3640 feet and the boat had to go between numerous trees before we tied up in a dirty looking slough near the end of the water. We left the boat via the terrace on the west and had to walk through lots of Russian thistle. Almost immediately Roy spotted a ruin on a high ledge on the west wall. He and I looked at the climb and I concluded that good climbers can still do it, but that for me there was real risk of a fall, and we turned away. Soon the way was through dense thickets of cane near the running creek. After ten minutes of this, we found the cowpath on the terrace along the east side where the ground is uncluttered and walking is easy. Just beyond a place where we had to cross a gully, Roy spotted an Indian ruin which is easily accessible, merely a walk up to the base of the cliff. When we were through inspecting it and were coming down to the north, I noticed what I had seen when I was here before, a pictograph consisting of a bighorn sheep done in white clay and a peculiar design of double pointed wedges. They are touching each other and form a horizontal line of points reaching up and down. The upper half of each slender diamond is white and the lower half is brown.

Sooner than I was expecting it, we came to the place where I had climbed out on top of the slickrock country. Still this walk had taken us close to two hours. Here Roy and Chuck wanted to stop to investigate possible ruins and I wanted to proceed to try to connect a route to the road or get where I had been before

on the north side of Lewellyn Gulch. Roy later reported that he had seen five sites and was able to climb into two of them.

This time I noticed a few fence posts (metal) and I went through an open gate where the cowpath went up. On top I went mostly north and west especially where I could see the impossible bed of Lewellyn Gulch ahead. Near the top of one of the higher rock hills I found a BLM survey marker in a rather poorly preserved cairn. Beyond here I went northwest until I either had to find a way across the gulch or turn more south to the base of the Kaiparowits cliffs. I had resolved to stop at 11:30. At 11:15 I came to a ravine in the bed of the gulch filled with slide material and I could see a similar access route on the other side going down into the bed of the other arm. If these routes could be connected along the floor of the gulch, they would save quite a detour around the head over to the cliff.

This idea worked fine. I had to climb over a couple of chockstone stopped narrows, but these places were easy. Furthermore, the very narrow channel at the bottom was most interesting with partly overhanging walls. I tried going past the place where the rock filled ravine made a route, but the north arm of this very narrow canyon soon was stopped by an absolutely impossible fall. When I went out the slide ravine, I continued until I could see that I was essentially in the clear to pass the north arm. The narrow canyon had become a shallow depression and I could have walked on to the road or back to the northeast where I had been the time I gave up and returned to the Hole in the Rock.

When I had returned to my day pack at the top of the first access ravine and had eaten my lunch, I was almost 15 minutes behind my schedule. Not entirely intentionally, I returned by a different route not so close to Lewellyn Gulch as before. I went south as well as east and missed the cairn with the survey marker. I was wondering how well I would get back when I began to see the familiar area leading to the cowpath through the fence near the bottom of Reflection Canyon. I had come back in 45 minutes where I had taken 75 in the forenoon. On my way down the bare slope to the fence, I noted two big potholes with standing water, the only water I had seen since the stream in Reflection except for a minor seep in a bank on my way up from the bed in the morning. Here there was a streak of wet rock with a growth of yellow and red flowers on either side.

When I got below the fence to the bed of Reflection, I walked right along but didn't miss the ruin with the pictograph. I used a quicker route at the end and got to the boat in about an hour along the bottom of the canyon. The others had been waiting for me for about that long.

I was back to the boat about an hour ahead of my projected schedule so I figured that I might do my hike in Twilight Canyon the same day. I only wanted to walk up through the narrows until I could get into the open. As we boated into Twilight, we got into the narrow part where the boat could not be turned around, but I didn't realize that it had gotten shallow until the skeg dragged in the mud and gravel. We brought the prop up and poled ahead until we could see the bed above water. We would have to anchor and I would need to wade for 50 feet before starting my hike. I could see that the Carpenters didn't want to come with me and I hated to see them wait so long. I decided to call off this part of the trip.

There was still time to go back to Wahweap and put the boat on the trailer. I did it awkwardly and I had to put the boat back into the water twice to get it positioned right. When it was finally set, the Carpenters

took off to reach Jacob Lake Wednesday night and see the North Rim before they would have to start back to San Angelo.

I ate at the Empire House and then had a long delay while a young Indian mechanic tried to fix my trailer tail lights. They went out in just a few miles and I spent the night in the boat at Bitter Springs before driving here by daylight on Thursday.

Cave Canyon, Rampart Cave, and Quartermaster and Burnt Canyons
[December 30, 1978 to January 3, 1979]

Jim Kirschvink left his car in our driveway and went with me to Havasu City to get Jim Ohlman. We left with Ohlman about 1:00 p.m. and reached South Cove about 4:15. We moored for the night near the mouth of Pearce Canyon. There was no wind or we would have been bumped against the shore. Ohlman and I slept in the boat and Kirschvink was on shore in his neat Jansport tent.

We moored again within the line of tamarisks on the west side of the Columbine Falls cove and started up a rough trail about 8:30 a.m. There were a few cairns leading above the falls, but the trail gave out at the streambed and we bucked brush as well as climbed over big rocks to get into the narrows. As I had done on 2/17/75, I finally quite trying to keep my feet dry and waded with my shoes on in the upper narrows.

The previous log covers the trip above the narrows and up to a barrier fall next to a blunt tower. We were stopped here in 1975, but time was a major factor since we had allowed only half a day for our trek. Jorgen had told me about getting up here without using any pitons and now the two Jims and I saw a cairn indicating that one should start up the place I had been before to the west of the blunt tower. This time we noticed that it is possible to climb up in the angle to the west of the tower. It is hard enough for me to like a person below to direct my footing on the descent. You reach a bench, narrow in places, that takes you around to the bed above the fall. This bypass is on the left side of the canyon when one is facing downstream.

About 100 yards farther up the bed, we noticed another cairn. The walking continued good, but about 100 yards farther, we found the reason for the cairn, another barrier fall. We went back and climbed to the east or the right wall. The bypass is longer than the lower one but not nearly so hairy. Where we came down into the bed, Jim Ohlman looked down a fall and saw quite a pile of rocks against the wall forming a large step. On the return he tried going down the main bed over this fall. He got down the first drop easily, but the next was clearly impossible. Evidently someone had gone down the first drop and then had needed help from the rock pile to get back up.

About a quarter mile south of the top barrier, there is a cave on the west side of the canyon up an easy scramble from the bed. When we came back from the junction of the two big arms of Cave Canyon, our destination for the day hike, we examined the cave and found an old broken shovel and quite a bit of digging in the floor. I spotted a bit of pottery and the walls and ceiling were smoke blackened. This must be the one that Jorgen and Bill Belknap found long ago. We reached the top of the lower bypass in about two and a half hours from the boat and we turned back at the major junction about 1:30 p.m. The west arm, from the scouring of the bed, would appear to be the main arm, but Jorgen and Bill came down the

east arm. Study of the Grapevine Wash Quad shows a road ending near an upper part of this arm. The way back to the boat was uneventful except that I appreciated advice in placing my feet at the steepest part of the lower bypass. We got to the boat about 5:00 p.m. and went up the river to a campsite with a fire ring about at mile 267. The night was very windy and we had trouble mooring so that the boat wasn't bumping the bottom all night. Furthermore, pieces of the bank broke off into the water and splashed the boat. Kirschvink had a better sleep on shore in his tent than Ohlman and I did in the boat. As I lay awake, I also began to worry about the effect of the dirty river water on the pump in the motor. In the morning I was ready to retreat so as not to get stuck without an engine.

The boys wanted to see the outside of Rampart Cave, so we went down river for eight miles. With the lake level at 1192,feet, we could moor clear across the cove at the foot of the trail. We didn't find the actual trail until we had gone about a third of the way up to the cave. The last bit up to the entrance was harder climbing than I had remembered. I was glad to use the fixed rods in the rock for handholds. We saw the plywood bulkhead and the plastic seal that had been around it to make it airtight during the campaign to put out the Sloth Dung Fire. The bulkhead was torn away, but what surprised us was to find the steel grill door standing open. The chain and padlock were still there, but the padlock was snapped shut so that we couldn't use it to lock the cave. The air in the cave had a bad smell and since we had no light, we weren't tempted to go very far into it. While we were going down to the lake, a ranger boat came along. We had quite a visit with the two men, Craig Dorman and Dan Shurline. They told us that a helicopter had been used in the fight to quench the fires, and that the whole operation had cost something like \$100,000. Various experts had argued long and hard about how to do it and several ingenious and expensive methods had been tried. What finally succeeded was to dig a trench to bedrock in front of the fire and let it go out when it came to the end of the deposit. Only about one fourth of the dung had been saved for scientists of the future. The rangers were perturbed to hear that the cave was open to the public and they told us that articles left unattended in boats were now subject to theft and vandalism. They also told me not to worry about my water pump since their outboard motor had been running in that dirty water for two years.

With that reassurance, I decided to proceed upriver again to do some real hiking. With only a half day left, I took the boys to Quartermaster Canyon. We found a fine place to moor, in the channel at the mouth of the creek. We used the anchor beyond the stern so as to keep the bow from bumping, but we were close enough to step off on the bank. After lunch we proceeded along a dim trail at the base of the cliff to the east of the tamarisk jungle. We had to bushwhack a bit and then we reached the travertine slope south of the tamarisk jungle. Here we could go up and get down into the streambed above the big fall. I remembered how to go far enough south and then go up to the farming area with the barbed wire fence and the irrigation ditches that have been fossilized by travertine. I led the boys over to the bare travertine cone above the springs and then we tried going through the vegetation back into the dry streambed. It was a jungle of willows, weeds, and monkey flowers. After I stepped in deep water, we retreated to the north and got through to the dry bed. We went up to the mouth of Jeff Canyon before I figured it was time to turn around. We had seen mesquite pits north of the farm area and we found more near the junction of Jeff Canyon and Quartermaster. In fact one of these was about the biggest and deepest I have ever seen.

After a comfortable night at the mouth of Quartermaster, we moved on to the mouth of Burnt Canyon. I had had to switch from the 12 gallon gas tank to the 18 gallon tank before we reached Quartermaster, so

for safety, I decided not to go any farther than Burnt Canyon. After looking at the possibilities, we decided to moor on the upriver side of the rock headland. By 9:15 a.m. we were on our way. The tin roofed stone shack with the Ocotillo ramada nearby was just as it had been, and we soon located the trace of a trail on the hillside to the east of the tamarisk jungle. We had packs with winter weight bedding and food for three days. It took me about 20 minutes to get past the tamarisk jungle and the trees in the wet part of the delta. As I had noted in the log for 1/7/76, there was water here and at two more places only a little farther up the bed. With only a lunch I had walked to the junction of the main and east arms in two hours, but now it took me two and a quarter hours. Ohlman called our attention to the little spring I had seen near the Indian campsite on the terrace just south of the fork. There were icicles hanging from the rocks but the little spring was flowing freely, so I assumed it comes from some depth and is permanent. It was 11:00 when we left the fork and by noon we had come to an impressive gate at the base of the Redwall. There is a short cave southeast of this gate and the fire blackened walls and the charred floor show that it has been used as a campsite. We had lunch here in the first sunshine of the day.

After a stop of 45 minutes, we proceeded. I found that I hadn't drawn my line of progress on the map for the 76 trek as far as I should have. I remembered that at that time I had climbed about 200 feet to the top of the Redwall on the east side. This had to be north of the sharp, meandering narrows. We came to the top of the Redwall due east of the point marked 4370 on the Tincanebitts Quad. There were no difficulties nor barrier falls and we came to water in the bed shortly before we reached the fork. The east or main arm here goes up to Burnt Canyon Spring, and there is another spring in the straight west arm that is formed along a dike. Just north of the fork in the main arm there is a 15 foot fall with an animal bypass on the east side. The wall was well festooned with ice, but the running water underneath made a clear sound all night. In order to keep warm, I put my bed under an overhang to the west of the top of the fall while the two Jims slept in the Jansport tent below the fall. We were higher than 3900 feet but we all were warm both nights. We had arrived about 3:00 p.m. after five and a half hours of actual walking from the river.

To use our time, we put down the packs and went up the bed. In less than 10 minutes we came to a constructed trail down to the bed from the Esplanade to the east. There is a barrier fall north of here that would be hard for cows. We found plenty of their droppings on the Esplanade. We went west across the bed north of the barrier fall and got into the west arm. Here a barrier fall stopped me from getting to the bed directly but I found a trail on the west side south of the barrier. Ohlman called our attention to some igneous rock in the bed and showed us that this fork is fanned along a dike. We got back to the packs about 4:00 p.m. I had been planning to go back to the boat the next day, but when we checked our food, we decided to take a full day to explore the area.

By 8:15 on Tuesday we were on our way to climb Red Point, a long ridge of Hermit Shale to the west. As we went up the trail out of the dike ravine, we found a couple of cairns to mark the spot. The blackbrush was a bother in walking, but we avoided some of it by getting on a bare south facing slope, and eventually we got on a ridge projecting east from the main Red Point ridge. The boys climbed all summits of the ridge no matter how minor. Walking varied from simple to a bit precarious along blocks forming the crest of a narrow ridge. We think that the map is in error about the heights of the summits. The highest point is formed by twin summits at the south end of the ridge where the map omits elevation figures. The printed heights of the other summits should be interchanged. We got back to camp by 12:15 after a four hour hike.

By 12:45 we were ready for the hike to the top of the Shivwits Plateau to the east. A rather steep talus leads up to a break in the top cliff directly east of the stock trail to Burnt Canyon Spring. We could use the bed of a wash until the going got steep. We tried to stay on firm ground and follow a trace of an animal trail, but I slipped many times and it was slow going to the top, 2000 feet above our camp. Ohlman built a small cairn and then we went south along the rim. The view was great, especially of Red Point where we had been in the forenoon. I turned back at 3:15, but the two Jims continued to the survey point marked red on the Tincanebitts Quad. They had a good look at the rim of the east arm of Burnt Canyon and were convinced that there is no access route into it. They caught up and passed me just below the rim on the way to camp. I just made it in time to get dinner and set up camp by daylight.

Getting back to the boat was easy and I held the map in my hand and kept track of all bends down to the big fork. The boys went ahead and had time to see what I had seen of the east arm two years ago. Then they did something that had been suggested by George Beck. When he was in the east arm, he found a cave on the north side about halfway from the junction of the arms and the end of the line in the east fork. Beck had told me that the cave is hard to reach and that he had had a worse time getting down than up. What was most interesting was that Beck had seen split twig figurines here. With this information, Ohlman and Kirschvink were able to see it from below and climb up to it. With no light, they missed the figurines. They estimated that the cave is 450 feet above the bed and they reported that the climb is more difficult than what we did in Cave Canyon. The figurine Indians were expert climbers.

Kirschvink and Ohlman got to the boat about an hour after I did. We took the boat directly to South Cove and got it on the trailer before we slept beside the road about a quarter mile away from the lake. Except for the fact that we came home four days sooner than I had planned, it was a good trip. I was especially happy to get past the barriers in Cave Canyon that had stopped me before. In Burnt Canyon I had done my 155th Redwall route since I can figure that going up the bed is different from the way I climbed the upper 250 feet up the east wall. Then I got my 80th named canyon summit when we climbed Red Point. I have to thank Ohlman for this since he noticed that it has a name on the new map. It was interesting to learn that one can walk from the river to the road east of Burnt Canyon in eight hours or less. I also learned the best way to go from a boat in Quartermaster Canyon to the farming area near the springs.

We saw quite a few ducks on the lake and a flock of juncos up on the plateau. There were coyote tracks and droppings everywhere, and we saw cattle and bighorn tracks on the Esplanade.

Upper Cave Canyon

[March 16, 1979 to March 17, 1979]

Ohlman, Kirschvink, and I had come up from Lake Mead to the big fork in Cave Canyon south of the Indian cave at the end of December, so I was eager to complete the route from the rim down to the bottom. Art Foran was near Ajo and he knew about my date to meet Bill Mooz on the evening of the 15th. He wrote me and then phoned, and he was waiting where the dirt road from Kingman meets the Meadview Road when I arrived about 7:15 p.m. We had a good visit sitting by a campfire while one of his kites carried a strange sort of tubular light aloft. Bill arrived and had no trouble recognizing my Jimmy even though I had been asleep for an hour. We were ready to move on by 8:00 a.m. Friday morning.

Bill left his sporty Studebaker at Diamond Bar Ranch and got in with me. Art and his two dogs followed in the Jeep. The ranger, Craig Gorman, had given me the idea that we wouldn't be able to drive the road up Grapevine Wash, but we found that this merely took care at a few places. I didn't need to use four wheel drive and the second half of the way to New Water Spring was still easier. From the map we knew that the road makes a sharp turn near the spring, but we had no trouble locating it since there is a tin shack and corrals nearby and a cement tank farther up the canyon. A very rough road goes up past the spring, but this is now impassable even for four wheel driving. The water is plentiful and good with no algae. We filled our canteens and took off for the end of the road near the head of the east arm of Cave Canyon. Jorgen had told us that this was the route Belknap and he had used.

At first we could walk the grassy banks beside the wash where the cows make paths, but before long we were down in the wash on boulders of all sizes. Art and his dogs seemed to be coming along all right and Bill was with them while I was ahead. Then I noticed that Art was out of sight while Bill had caught up with me. We considered waiting for Art and the dogs, but Bill assured me that it would be all right to have two contingents, two in ours and three in theirs. I thought that Art might be having a slow time getting the dogs over the boulders but that he would decide to take them back to the car if that seemed best. Bill and I were careful to note the various forks so that we wouldn't lose our way on the return. We had considered doing a loop by coming back to the car up a different arm, but I thought that there might be impassable barriers in the other arms. We reached the big fork in about two and a half hours although I hadn't driven the car quite as far as I might have.

We ate our lunch here and then Bill went down canyon to try to reach the Indian cave in 30 minutes. I had the impression that we had needed only 25 minutes to go back from the fork to the cave, but this must have been wrong. Bill turned back without reaching it. I spent about 50 minutes on a round trip up the west arm and back. I had reached the junction of this arm and the tributary going through blocks six and seven of the Columbine Falls Quad. The walk back to the car took longer for the uphill walk, but we reached it about 4:45. Art had driven off and we found his note saying that he had become completely blind but that his larger dog had led him back. He didn't say how long it had taken him to recover, but since he had driven away, we assumed that he hadn't been blind all the way to the Jeep. That walk over boulders, through brush, and past cactus would be no joke without sight. We wished that he had told us when this began to hit him and also that he had waited before leaving the area.

Bill and I spent a pleasant evening near the shack at New Water Spring. Before we turned in but well after dark, two identical, new looking, big four wheel drive vans came by without stopping and tried to go up the canyon past the spring. They got farther than I had thought possible and then had to back down part way when rocks at the edge of the track gave way and nearly ditched the lead car. When they came back they stopped and we learned that they had come in from Peach Springs until they reached the locked gate at the boundary of the reservation. Then they had found a way to go north and get past the fence. Their only map was a state highway map and they had turned north instead of south to reach the Diamond Bar Ranch Road. It was very odd that they had driven by us the first time and that there shouldn't be just one person in each of those big vehicles. It was also odd that they were using the Buck and Doe Road instead of US 66, and at night too. We thought later that they might have been eluding a road block to stop car thieves. Another strange thing happened that night. About 2:00 a.m., a car came past our camp and took

the very obscure road beyond the sharp bend at the spring. Then when we were driving over this track about 7:30 a.m., we met these two people coming back. The driver said that they were looking for arrowheads, but I am sure that they hadn't found any between 2:00 and 7:00 a.m.

On Saturday morning, Bill and I took the left fork of the road about the middle of block 19 of the Grapevine Wash Quad. I had to look sharp to see this track, but it became clearer farther along. We parked when we were about halfway across block 18 and we went down the valley to the northeast. There were no confusing tributaries to worry us on the return, and besides we hoped to get back up the next canyon to the west. The canyon was similar to the one we had used the previous day. There was one impressively narrow slot of a side canyon. It appears on the map just north of the northwest corner of block five.

Only a little farther on, we came to a deep drop in the bed, probably 120 feet straight down. Benches on both sides gave a little hope for a bypass. Bill took the left side while I went to the right. He came to a sheer wall where his bench ended. He could see a ravine on my side but the possible route ended in a sheer wall of 50 feet at the bottom. When I went past this ravine and on around a corner, I came to a fine wide break filled with broken rock that made a perfect route to the bottom. There was no other barrier and we reached the place I had come up to on Friday by 10:30, two and a half hours after leaving the car. My tracks were clearly showing in the sand to prove I had been there on Friday.

We went up the main bed of the west arm only a little way before reaching another junction. The main bed comes from the west, but we now turned into the tributary coming through block six. It was more impressive and narrow than any other part of our two day trip. Just after entering it, I stopped to photograph a skyline arch. Bill then realized that he didn't have his camera and had to retrieve it from a short way back where we had rested for a snack.

Seeing a vertical fall ahead gave us some worry for a moment until we got close and could see a good way to climb past it on the east side. It was steep enough to persuade me to hand my pack up to Bill. We got out of the bed and walked over the blackbrush flats before coming to the road. It didn't take long to reach the car along the road. We had a late lunch about where we had left the valley because we had been waiting for a snow flurry to stop. We noted a cave up from the bed on the east side that might have been shelter for at least one person.

There was one Indian paintbrush in bloom!

Surprise and Lost Canyons

[May 2, 1979 to May 3, 1979]

Joe Hall had heard so much about Rampart Cave that he wanted to see it at close range, so we stopped and climbed to the gate. He got a picture or two of the entrance and we got back to the boat in about 75 minutes for the entire trip. We still had plenty of time to go upriver to a good mooring place in the entrance in Quartermaster.

Here things were very different from how they had been in January. We could step off the bow of the boat down a few inches to the level of the dry mudbank covered with dead wild oats. The land to the east of the channel has been burnt over some years ago and it is now clear and forms a good place to sleep on shore if desired. Joe elected to do this both nights that we spent here. The birds were thick: swallows, swifts, warblers, and especially red winged blackbirds. We could also hear the waterfall at the head of the tamarisk delta. When we had gotten settled, we took a short walk and could see the fall. The next morning we walked south on the best, but rough, route to the hinterlands and got a closer view of the fall. I have never before seen it running but now it looked almost as good as Columbine Falls. My Petri camera jammed again and I had to give up the idea of recording the present trip on film. Joe spent a good deal of time with his elaborate equipment taking scenery, bird life, and he even set up his camera on a tripod with a trip device for animals to take their own pictures at night. The night we were at Surprise Canyon nothing happened, but the second night that we spent at Quartermaster, his shutter was flipped but the flash bulb failed to go off.

We moved on to Surprise Canyon and moored at the edge of a gravel bar. I was careless about the depth of the muddy water and nicked the prop on the gravel. The first surprise was the good flow of clear water in Surprise Canyon. I had supposed it would be as dry as Burnt Canyon, but of course with more than the usual amount of water in Quartermaster and other canyons, perhaps Burnt Canyon is also flowing from the melting snow above. When I set off from the boat about 8:55 a.m., I waded away from the boat and then put my shoes on. There was so much water in the creek that I had to get my shoes a bit wet in some of the crossings. After the first half mile I was able to hop across on stepping stones and let my shoes dry out.

The part of Surprise Canyon I would hike through is shown on parts of three of the new seven and a half minute quads. I had them all with me and while I was walking upstream I held the appropriate map in my hand and kept my precise location at all times. I didn't try to hurry, but my steady pace was producing results and by noon, I was only a little way short of the side canyon that heads at Amos Spring. I had resolved to turn back at 1:30 or the junction with this tributary, whichever came first. I wanted to be sure of my location in case I wanted to come down from above and connect a route from the rim to the river.

I must have passed the mouth of the tributary about 1:00 p.m., a half hour after lunch, but I thought that the gravel and sand bed was simply an alternate channel of the main bed. As 1:30 approached, I began to hurry to get to my intended turning point, but there was no tributary. The skyline ahead made me think that there might be a fork coming, so I continued long past my suggested deadline. At 1:53 I came to the place that had looked like a fork, but there was only a turn to the east and a steep ravine coming down from the west. (This side canyon south of the C in Surprise Canyon on the Amos Point map. In order not to arrive at the boat long after 6:00 p.m., I turned around rather completely confused. I hadn't been able to recognize places on the map for some time. When I had been going back for 55 minutes, I recognized the east side tributary that had been my objective. I had overshot my goal by almost 25%. On the way back I didn't keep the maps handy and concentrated on speed. However, I got a bit dizzy from watching my footing on the boulder bed and had to slow down. The landmark on the way back that I recognized was the one and only grove of cottonwoods which was about 100 minutes walk upstream from the boat. On the return I kept to the west side of the bed along here and found quite a good spring coming out of the bank. After the snow melts completely, this might be the only water in the lower part of the canyon.

When I was only five minutes from the boat, I recognized a deep pool of the clear water where a bath and some swimming strokes would be possible. A sign that the river people come in here was a low dam made of large pebbles to raise the water in this bathtub. I got to the boat at 6:15 after nine hours of actual walking besides the time out for lunch. It was an unusually hard day and my feet were sore.

On Thursday we moved down to the mouth of Lost Canyon and tried to force the boat in through the tamarisks to where I could get out and walk up the bed. We must have killed more than 20 minutes this way before we gave up. I considered mooring at the west edge of the delta but getting out of the boat was no better here than near the mouth of the channel. Finally we tied on the west bank of the channel and forced our way up the bank through the jungle. On the way to a higher silt terrace that was free of tamarisks, Joe and I found someone's camp. There was a box of heavy wire mesh that might have protected food from rodents and a square board frame that might have formed low walls beneath a canvas roof. Tamarisks had grown up through these things.

I climbed up the dry slope above the delta thinking that I would be able to get down to the bed of the stream a little to the south, but from what I could see, the water was up forming a wet jungle for quite a distance. At one place the water would have been open in an area as big as several tennis courts except for some cattails. This may have been the lake that Marston had said someone had seen inside Lost Canyon. With some effort I was able to climb up through all of the Tapeats to the west of the jungle and it was nice to find the trace of a trail above the Tapeats rim. This may have been made by burros at some time, but there were a few places where it seemed to have been made by man. I saw no signs of burros at present, and the trail had large bushes growing right in it. It appeared very old.

There was a lot of water in the last mile above the tamarisk delta but the trail came down to the bed about five minutes walk above the uppermost spring. It took me almost two hours to go from the boat up to the trail along the Tonto and then contour back to the bed. After another hour I was at the end of the biggest tributary of Lost Canyon on the south side. The upper end of this arm would be walkable to quite a high level and it seemed quite likely that one could go around a point and get on up the Redwall and out to the top of the plateau. I didn't have the time or energy to try this, but I walked up the arm for 15 minutes and ate my lunch there. There was a little very old burro manure at the lower end of this canyon.

Clear Creek

[August 23, 1979 to August 26, 1979]

I left home quite early Thursday and stopped off at the math department and saw quite a few of my old buddies. Ev Walter took me to look up Lanny Westbrook who used to beat me in chess when he was going to college. Now I won three in a row and then we drew. After lunch with Lanny and West Brown, I stopped off at the Museum where I visited with Billingsley and exchanged greetings with Katherine Bartlett and Ned Danson. That evening I had a good visit with Tom Davision at his trailer after visiting Gail Burak and Mary Ochsner. Mary confirmed the statement that Tom Pillsbury and Dave had led a Sierra Club group up from the southeast to the Wontan Angel's Gate Saddle and had gone down into Clear Creek. Tom also impressed me with his climbing ability by telling me that they had climbed Brady Peak.

With my permit made out on Thursday, I was able to get started down the Kaibab Trail by 6:08 a.m. I visited with two groups of hikers down the trail but then I went ahead and was leaving Phantom Ranch by 9:00. For a while I was able to keep a slow but steady pace, and then I began to drag with frequent rest periods. The heat got to me and I also had to realize that I am a lot weaker than I was just last year. This time it took me 7.75 hours to get to Clear Creek from the Ranch. One shallow rain pool near the trail below Sumner Point was mostly filled with dirt now, but two fairly deep ones in the bed coming down from the route to Zoroaster were well filled with possibly permanent water. They occur below the trail just before the drainage joins the larger one directly below Zoroaster.

I started from Phantom with three quarts of water and still had some when I got to Clear Creek. I was very glad to sit down in the water and to wash off the sweat. I moved my pack down near the mouth of the canyon coming from between Royal and Wotan to camp just south of the mesquite pit. Tiny ants were a bother in the night, and one even got into the ear canal. I could hear rodents working in my pack and toward morning something hit me on a shoulder and dashed away. I believe it must have been a bat.

On the next day, to try for Hawkins and Hall Buttes, I was away by 5:45 a.m. I found that I didn't remember details of the route up the canyon from the Howlands Saddle, but it gave me no real trouble. On the Tonto toward the Angel's Gate Saddle, I made the mistake of going a little too high and having to come down to cross a wash. Three hours after leaving camp I was up to the steep upper part of the route. There was a simple way behind a big rock that had looked discouraging from a distance. At one place a little higher, I shoved my pack up on a ledge ahead so that I could climb more safely. Then I went up and to the east where I decided to leave the pack with the gallon of water and my lunch. There was one more place that took a little care and courage for me at this age and then I was on top of the saddle and could see Hall and Hawkins. I knew that the higher one would take too long for me to go without water safely in the present heat. For some reason I rejected the idea of hauling up the pack with a rope I had and then going after at least one of these peaks. I was also set back when I went down the approach to the saddle from the southeast side. I got down where I could see two drops that looked too hard for me.

When I had gone along the Tonto from Clear Creek to Vishnu Canyon, I had formed the impression that there is a Redwall route on the west side of the Hall promontory, and from the top of the Angel's Gate Saddle I had this impression confirmed.

There was shade where I had left the pack, so I ate an early lunch. A fine swallowtail butterfly stayed close and a canyon wren also came close. On the way back I checked the route to the bed of the main drainage to the east. I had to go across one big draw, but I got down the next and followed the bed easily in shade much of the time. This was a review for me, but I found flowing water from below the Angel's Gate Saddle on down almost to where I had turned out of the bed to go toward the Howland's Saddle. I got back to the bedroll in two and a half hours, but this route would probably take longer than the other if one were climbing. The fine narrow places make it more interesting, however, and I had the pleasure of seeing a big buck with quite a rack.

My general weariness and feeling of indigestion in the heat and the poor rest at night made me decide to leave sooner than planned. After resting and reading most of the afternoon, I ate an early supper and started up the trail to Bright Angel Creek by 6:00 p.m. I got to the top of the switchbacks in 40 minutes,

but the trail along the Tonto seemed plenty long. After walking fairly steadily in the shade for one and a half hours I found a smooth place in the trail and went to bed. I hoped that no rodents would find me here, but they were after the bread in my pack earlier than usual. I thought I was a long way from water, but more mosquitoes bothered me here than down by the creek.

The flashlight had failed so I didn't know the time when I found myself fully awake and started on in the star lit night. At 4:10 a.m. I struck a match and lay down for some more sleep. By 5:10 it was light enough for easy walking. I had eaten some breakfast about 3:30 before breaking camp and I ate a better meal near Bright Angel Creek on the Clear Creek Trail.

At the ranger station I met Scott Berkinfield and told him that I wouldn't be by to say hello to Gail Burak on Monday. He told me about tracking the man whose pack was found at Bright Angel Campground and then how they found the body about where he had predicted that it would be.

On the way up the Kaibab Trail I began by walking twenty five minutes and resting five, but later there was lots more resting. While I was eating just below the top of the Redwall, I met Gail Burak coming down and learned that at 62 she can hike better than I ever could. Then along came Brad Jones and Steve Carrothers. We had quite a visit. I had started up with three quarts of water and had some left when I reached the car by 5:20 p.m., about eight hours after I had left the bridge. I realized that I had better not try hot weather hiking again.

Twilight Canyon
[September 18, 1979]

We had taken Bill and Eleanor Crawford to see the usual attractions of Lake Powell, the movie, the power plant, Cathedral Canyon, Rainbow Bridge, Cathedral in the Desert, Davis Gulch, and Reflection Canyon. The lake level was down six feet from its 1979 high mark of 3685 feet but it was five feet deeper than we had ever seen it in 1975, the former year of highest water. It had come up 57 feet from February to July. No wonder that Lake Mead was also allowed to rise this year!

We had taken the precaution of having the mechanic at Sports Center check over the starting qualities of our boat motor and had paid \$44 for the assurance that all was well. It was aggravating to find that the battery was clear down when we put the boat in the water at Wahweap. They gave it a charge of 80 minutes before the service station at the head of the ramp was to close Sunday evening. We tried again and this time the starter spun the motor quite well but it had great difficulty starting. It finally did start and then I didn't let it run long enough with the cold start lever out. After the motor died while I was trying to shift from reverse to forward, I couldn't start it again in spite of using the quick start aerosol spray pointed at the air filter. We used so much of this fluid that the air filter mesh was dripping with goop when I tried taking it off and looking at the choke butterfly valve. I should have used the spray directly into the choke, but I didn't think of that until we had given up the effort and had pulled the boat out of the water.

While I lay awake part of the night, I tried to decide whether to take the boat to the repairman at the marina or try once more to start it with the spray directly into the choke. The battery was not turning the motor as fast as it had when I first tried after the half charge, but I figured that the chance was worth

taking. The idea was a good one since the motor took right off and we were careful to let it run until it was thoroughly warm.

After the usual sightseeing, the hike up Twilight Canyon was to be the high point for me. I approached the end of the water fairly careful since I remembered nicking a prop blade on a rock when I came in here with Roy Carpenter. This time I had Bill sit on the bow and report any rocks he could see. He reported one but didn't taken any action with the oar and we ran the middle of the keel onto it. When we got loose, we approached the end of the water with me on foot leading the boat among the remaining rocks.

Eleanor stayed with Roma and they didn't seem to have too bad a time waiting for Bill and me. We scheduled the hike to last from 10:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. In something like 20 minutes we came to a tributary from the west that was very narrow but cut down to the same depth as the main bed. I believe I inspected it before and had come to a dead end. Walking was quite pleasant with the footing firm and not many big rocks in our way. We've found tracks up from the lake as far as the narrow tributary. There are a couple of places where seeps on the wall kept some flowers blooming, but there was no water for camping. We carried two quarts apiece and this was plenty for the less, than five hours we were gone.

I was watching, for places to climb out and I saw one chance on the west side not far north of the side canyon. I didn't go up to check that this actually got out on top. There was another place on the west where one could go up to the top of a landslide, but I am rather sure that this would not be good enough because of cliffs above. The same was true of a place on the east, but we finally came to a place on the east where I was pretty sure there would be a route if the main bed didn't go. This place was about 65 minutes walk from the boat. About 10 minutes farther on, there was another opening to the east, but I could rule this out. The slide material formed a vertical wall near the top. When we were 80 minutes from the boat, we sat in some nice shade and ate lunch. Only a few minutes farther we came to an absolute dead end where big chockstones stopped the narrow sandstone canyon. We had to backtrack about 20 minutes to reach the route out to the east.

I looked it over and started up keeping mostly to the north. My way was simple and relatively easy. Bill thought he had a better way directly to the east about the middle of our bay. He got into trouble with some hazardous climbing through loose material and rocks that might come loose. When he was nearing the top, he was really worried that he couldn't go down nor up either. I went down a few yards and gave him a hand. I had to caution him not to pull too hard on me because my footing wasn't really solid either. This took a lot more time than it should have. In the open valley up above we soon came on a well established cowpath. Eventually it led us back into the main bed of the wash above the narrow sandstone slot and we could have proceeded out of Navaho Valley up on the Kaiparowits, but at 1:10 p.m. I figured that we should turn back so as not to overrun our deadline.

When we first got out of the bed by the landslide talus, I was so anxious to make immediate progress that I hadn't looked around for landmarks. When we were going back, I recognized the place up canyon from our route where the rubble walls were too steep, but then I overshot the real route by staying too far to the east. We had come out on a grassy talus, so when we found ourselves crossing bare flat slickrock, I suspected that we had overshot. Fairly soon, I walked into the canyon and decided that we had to backtrack. Between five and ten minutes later, I had found the right place. Bill agreed with me that my route

was vastly superior to his. He had had another disquieting mishap, a surprisingly serious fall right on the cowpath. He must have stepped on a round stone that rolled and sent him into a spinning fall on his shoulder. This shook him up and he didn't seem to walk as well on the last part of the trip as he had at first. After the delay in finding the way to the bed of the canyon, I was concerned lest we show at the boat considerably behind schedule. It didn't help for me to walk at a brisk pace because I would soon have to hold up and wait for Bill. Still we reached the boat with 15 minutes to spare.

I should have waded and pulled the boat past all the rocks, but I carelessly assumed that we could use the motor and I even went out in reverse. The result was that I damaged one blade of the prop on a rock. It gave us a bad vibration at slower speeds, but at 3800 we weren't shaking much.

I decided that we could skip the proposed gas stop at Rainbow Marina and go directly to our usual campsite at Warm Creek. When we reached it, the gage was way down. After Roma looked it over, she decided that it wasn't up to her standard as a camp and we went back to the ramp before the motor had cooled down. By this time the gage showed empty, but when I filled the tank, I found that I must have still had two gallons of gas.

Colonnade Route and Dutton Canyon
[October 4, 1979 to October 5, 1979]

I attended the Home Coming Dedication Banquet on Tuesday evening and drove to the North Rim on Wednesday. It was early when I arrived and I had no trouble getting a site at the campground. I walked the Transept Trail to the lodge and visited with Rick Thorum the ranger who was going with Jorgen and me down to the Colonnade Saddle the next day. He invited me to dinner that evening after which I met Jorgen.

The other two are not particularly early risers, and we didn't leave for the Widforss Point fire road until 8:20 a.m. and we were leaving the car at the road end about 9:15. We followed a good route down the ridge between the two valleys, marking the place where we reached the bed with some sticks on a fire blackened stump. Then we walked the bottom of the ravine for 20 more minutes until the bed began to be narrow and brushy. We scrambled up on the flat ground and went to the point extending toward the Colonnade. I should have reviewed my log from four years ago. I half remembered a good deer trail down through the top cliff on the west side a little north of the point, but I failed to find it. When we were stopped by a cliff at the top of the Toroweap, we climbed back to the top and went farther north. From a point we thought we could see a way down. When we tried it, progress was good down to a final drop. Here Rick went down first and actually jumped a short way where he could not climb back. I was fairly sure that we could find a better way back, so Jorgen and I followed him. At this place we had to hand Rick our packs and I accepted some help too. We then went south and down and came on a deer trail at last.

When we came to the point again, we were again stopped by the lowest ledge of Toroweap. I was in favor of scouting north and lower on the west side, but Rick went down a break very close to where we were on the east side. This worked although there was a place at the bottom of the small cliff where I had to remove my pack. According to my log of 10/12/75, there is a better place on the west side. The way

through the Coconino was rather easy, just west of the ridge where the crest was hard. We had taken three hours just from the car to the saddle whereas I recorded a time of three hours from the campground to the top of the Colonnade in 1975. After eating lunch on the saddle, we drifted down to the south through the top of the Hermit Shale. The Supai cliffs below didn't look at all obvious and our water was going. Finally we all agreed that we couldn't count on getting to Haunted Canyon Spring using the rope at the head of the Redwall Gorge in time, and we felt it especially unlikely that we could come up from there the next day on our two quarts of water apiece. We had given up the idea of climbing Schellbach Butte and Manu Temple, and now we gave up the idea of going down into Haunted Canyon and returned to the car. We used the descent route through the Coconino and Toroweap but I led along a faint deer trail near the base of the top cliffs and found a clear trail through the Kaibab. We should have looked for a deer trail when we were trying to come down. After looking over the whole area from the end of the point, we went back to the car first along the high ground and then in the bed of the valley where we were glad to recognize the markers for the final ascent to the car.

Rick couldn't hike on Saturday, but Jorgen and I decided to use Friday and Saturday to repeat Donald Davis' route down Dutton Canyon to the spring at the base of the Coconino. We got to Swamp Point and started at 9:15. The cabin near the saddle was in quite good shape with water in a couple of plastic jugs.

During most of my North Rim hiking, I felt discouraged at my failing strength in going uphill. The one exception was the trail from the saddle up to the top of Powell Plateau. I was able to walk up steadily without resting in about 45 minutes. The trail was overgrown in places but it was still clear until one reaches the top. Here we were able to spot the tin patches nailed to trees most of the way where the map shows a trail out along the east rim to the head of Dutton Canyon. On the way out we went past a vertical box of fire fighting tools and also two horizontal boxes much farther south, which we missed on the return. About where the map shows the trail ending, I spotted the outline of an Indian ruin and farther toward Dutton Point another.

We kept to the high ground on the east side of Dutton Canyon until we were about a half mile from where it comes out on the cliff. Unfortunately, here is where the walking became much more difficult. We tried going up on the steep bank on the left side, but the walking soon became something like rock climbing at that level and I went to the bottom again while Jorgen stayed up there. I had to fight my way through chest high thick brush and thorns with broken rocks for footing under a screen of thick grass. My progress was extremely slow, but I was keeping up with Jorgen who was almost stalled. I saw a chance of going up into the woods on the left and took it and we got together again. If I were to try this another time, I would stay up in the pines as long as possible and go down only where the canyon comes out on the cliff. Perhaps this would bring me to Donald's deer trail. One might also look for Doty's way down off the cliff farther east than the mouth of Dutton Canyon. As it was, we had the time to go out to the south end of the Dutton Point promontory and get a good look at King Crest and Masonic Temple. Jorgen particularly liked the view up the inner gorge to Ruby Canyon's mouth. Then we walked back to the cabin missing the blazes now and then.

Camping there was pleasant but I might have slept better out on the ground with Jorgen since there were lots of mice in the cabin. On Saturday morning we refilled the water jars and walked up to the car. There was plenty of time so we walked to Widforss Point on the good trail. We followed the sketchy

continuation down through the brush to where we could look over the brink. I believe the trail leads to a point west of the real Widforss Point since we were not at the head of the canyon directly west of Oza Butte but were at the head of Haunted Canyon. I couldn't see whether the Supai is broken all the way down in Haunted Canyon, something that one could study from the west side of Oza. If it is not broken continuously there, I believe one should get down the Supai in the draw just west of the ridge separating the two forks of Haunted Canyon. We enjoyed the views and Jorgen took some pictures, but we still got back in less than four fifths of the five hours that the NPS suggests for the round trip.

Escalante Country

[October 7, 1979 to October 11, 1979]

When we got to the campground Saturday evening, we found that Chad Gibson had been waiting for us all that day. He was slightly upset to hear that I had changed from a four day trip down into Nankoweap to the project of seeing some of the Escalante River Country. In the end, though, he enjoyed it as much as Jorgen and I. We had time to detour to see Bryce Canyon on our way to Escalante, and we saw the seven minute slide show at the Visitors Center and also walked the loop trail through the Queen's Garden. We couldn't find the ranger at the BLM office in Escalante, but we had gotten the recreation map of southeast Utah and knew how to find the road down Harris Wash. We slept at the tank called Corral Spring and in the morning drove to where the road forks one part going to the left up a valley while the other goes down the bed of the wash. Another car was parked here, so we thought it might be safer to leave ours too. The car road goes through loose sand in the bed for more than a mile farther before one comes to the boundary of the Glen Canyon Recreation. Area and a sign forbidding further vehicular travel. This is self enforcing for all but motor scooters. We could see the tracks of two scooters clear to the Escalante.

Walking down Harris Wash is generally rather easy, but sometimes the meager trail takes one through loose sand and sometimes one has to push through willows and high weeds. We had water in the metal tank at Corral Springs and continuous water started in the bed of Harris Wash before we came to the boundary sign. One has to start hopping the water about where the valley closes in and soon one has to wade in. The other two had brought sneakers and they kept their big hiking boots dry while I went in wearing my leather work boots. My shoes were none the worse for the wetting. Near the end of the second day, Chad found that his feet were getting bad where sand had bunched beneath the insoles of his jogging shoes. He had more trouble with his feet on the way out and ended by wearing his leather boots in the water. Harris Wash gave us plenty to look at with lots of hollows up high on the walls and some fretwork where the sandstone seemed pocked with small holes. At many bends one wall would overhang as much as 100 feet. On one shelf at the base of a cliff we suspected that rocks had been laid in a row by human hands, but when we detoured to see it, we found that it was not a ruin. The day was pleasantly warm and we enjoyed our lunch in the shade. By the time we reached the Escalante, we had used five hours for the walk in addition to the time we were eating. We still had the time and energy to go down the main river for one and a half hours and come back to our campsite with plenty of light for cooking.

On Tuesday we went up Silver Falls Canyon with day packs for eight hours of actual walking in addition to the 35 minutes we sat and ate. It was most interesting to see the line shack near the river and the plaque on the wall near the large inscription of G. B. Hobbs who was stalled under an overhang during a snow storm in 1883. The bed of Silver Falls Canyon is mostly dry at this time of year. Where it does run there

is a white deposit of alkali clear across the bed that looks like a slight snow. Naturally the water tastes a bit bad and we wondered how it would affect us. We walked on about two hours beyond the big fork in the canyon where one runs into the Chinle formation. There were numerous mining claims along here, uranium no doubt. The sign forbidding further vehicles down the old road in this canyon is several miles lower than the boundary of Grand Canyon National Recreational Area. One of the better water sources is about a quarter mile above the big fork. This water has filled deep ruts in the clay. I got a refill here on my way out and the taste was not too bad.

Just before we came to a better road, there was a corral with a little water in the bed. We weren't sure at first that the better road was the one on our map where our canyon seemed to meet a straight road at right angles. Instead, the better road seemed right in line with the one we had been following but a branch doubled back out of the canyon toward the south and continued at the higher level to the east. We followed the better road for 45 minutes without getting out of the shallow canyon and getting a really clear look at the distant landscape. We turned back at 1:30 when we figured that we needed to in order to cook by daylight. Chad had trouble with his feet and then rested while we went on. I was getting worried about the time that he came into camp.

On Wednesday we broke camp and walked back to the car in less than five hours, not including the time it took us to eat. In order to use the rest of the day, I drove to Hole in the Rock where we spent the night. Jorgen hadn't been there for over 20 years and Chad had never seen the place, so this little extra was appreciated. We scrambled down a short distance and saw the spring well festooned with poison ivy and other plants.

In the morning we drove back along Fifty Mile Mountain but couldn't see any trail that was indicated on the map. The road to the top of Fifty Mile Bench was easily located, especially since it has a road sign. We drove up to where it meets the road that contours along this bench and parked. Jorgen went with me to see how far down into Navaho Valley we could get in a day hike. Chad preferred going to the top of the Kaiparowits Plateau, a climb that is only feasible here and there.

It took 65 minutes for Jorgen and me to reach the end of the road. We were surprised to see a couple of travel trailers parked at the end of a short spur toward the end. At first we didn't find any trail, but there were enough cow tracks to encourage us. Later we came on long stretches of fairly clear trail. We saw two places where the trail turned down near the northwest side of Fifty Mile Point. Jorgen spotted several very old tin cans along the way. We took about an hour to reach the corner where we could begin to look down into Navaho Valley. As we were reaching the bare shale, we came on a USGS benchmark and a clear section of trail. Big areas of this mud have deep cracks that have formed in wet weather and sometime sections of the trail may go down the mountain. When we came to an old corral made of rotten tree trunks, we left the trail and headed for what I thought would be a logical way down the shale and clay slopes. We did find some cairns in this direction and got a view that showed us that our idea would be possible but not as easy as a route farther south starting down from the west side of the valley where the trail seemed to be heading. We didn't have time to check this. Our return seemed to go just as fast or faster on the whole and we got to the car with almost an hour left. Chad used up all of the stated time, arriving at the car by 5:00 p.m. I would like to drive to the end of the road with enough water for checking Navaho Valley and also the way across the top of the plateau down into the Dry Rock Creek arm of Rock

Creek. These ideas seem rather unpopular although we did see one very old shoe print along the trail above Navaho Valley.

On Thursday afternoon the weather seemed to be deteriorating so we crossed Harris Wash before stopping for the night. On Friday I took the others to their cars parked at Fredonia while I proceeded home arriving in Sun City about 7:00 p.m.

Clear Creek

[December 12, 1979 to December 15, 1979]

I went to Peach Springs to get a permit for hiking in Milkweed Canyon and Lost Canyon, but Margaret Beecher said that they were keeping out all hikers until the bighorn hunt is over by January 1st. The hunters pay \$1000 apiece and don't want any interference from Sierra Club types who have tried to keep the sheep away from the hunters in Southern Arizona. I had to turn around and go to the South Rim as my objective.

Chris Harnes gave me the permit to spend three nights in Clear Creek Canyon. I learned that Tom Davison was off in Flagstaff going to school. I got down the Kaibab Trail to Bright Angel Camp between 4:10 and 6:20, fairly fast time for me. By candle lantern light, two young men were playing chess and I had the pleasure of playing one game against each of them. I won both times, but they were contests.

Before heading out for Clear Creek on Thursday, I talked to the rangers at the River Station and met two climbers, Dave Bassinet and Glen Barnhart. They were working to renovate the quarters for NPS but on their days off they were going to try to climb Zoro. When I had walked for two hours I took a break on the trail and they caught up for some more visiting. Shortly after I went on, I met Chris Morchak coming back from Clear Creek. While I was eating lunch about 40 minutes later, Lisa Dunkle passed me on her way back from Clear Creek. The weather was invigorating, but I was out of shape having not hiked for two months. By the time I had reached Clear Creek in six hours I was pooped and my legs got stiffer all night. I had one chance fellow camper, Ed Hinchey, who had loafed around camp the previous day and was going back on Friday morning. Chris Morchak had used his one day at Clear Creek for the ambitious project of going down the bed to the river and then returning via the Tonto south of Howlands. He is going to combine his work at Phantom Ranch with all the exploring he can do. I was so crippled on Friday that I loafed and read a lot of a soft cover book about Dan Rather. Then early on Saturday I walked back to Bright Angel Creek instead of doing my thing which was supposed to be the climb of the Redwall east of Angel's Gate and then Hall and Hawkins Buttes.

From the rim of the Tonto I noticed a route up from the bed of Clear Creek east to the Tonto. Probably the fastest way to go from Clear Creek to Vishnu Creek would be via the Wotan Angel's Gate Saddle and the next fastest would be through the saddle east of Howlands Butte. This route from the bed of Clear Creek to the Tonto west of Howlands would very likely be faster than the route I have used, up to the Tonto toward the Howlands Saddle and then around the west side of Howlands. I got over to Bright Angel Creek in six hours without feeling very tired and then read my book the rest of that day. On Sunday I walked up the Kaibab Trail in six hours without too much exhaustion. I had accomplished nothing new but I had had a hike that some come from a distance to do.

On Saturday evening I had a good visit with two young women, Theresa Balboni and Carol Frost, and the two Zoro climbers, Bassinet and Barnhart. Their attempt ended about halfway up the Coconino. While I had had freezing temperatures beside Clear Creek, it must have been really cold in the wind up near the Zoro Saddle where they slept.