

Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

DETAILED HIKING LOGS (January 1958 - April 5, 1959)

Down the Bright Angel Trail and then towards Horn Creek Rapids

[January 25, February 15, and March 15, 1958]

Dock Marston had said in a letter dated April 25, 1957 that two boatmen named Russell and Tadge had walked along the river bank from Horn Creek Rapids to Pipe Canyon with the qualifying phrase that he should check this information. I forgot the latter and got Allyn Cureton and Jim Lisonbee to repeat the project.

The Bright Angel Trail was a little icy at the top but we made good time trotting most of the way. We stopped for a moment to investigate a mine shaft in the side of the wash a little above Indian Gardens and also looked at the layout of the pumping station below it, but we still got to the river in one hour and 40 minutes. We ate an early lunch and left out packs and canteen at the river house. The going was very easy for nearly a mile. There is even an old trail beside the river for a few hundred yards. When you are about a half mile above Horn Creek Rapids, you have to begin some time consuming detouring up a ravine, over a ridge and down the other side. After about two or three of these places, we decided that the only way to get clear to Horn would be to climb above the Archean rocks and go down into Horn back from the river. About 100 yards before we arrived at this decision, I noticed the head of a pickax lying near a rectangular recouple built against the vertical side of a large rock which had rolled down from above. Allyn decided that this structure was the base for a forge. This was about 300 feet above the river and we noted a light colored dike across the river, the first of a series of vertical streaks that make prominent landmarks from here to the west. As we had already exceeded our time limit, we had to turn back the way we had come to pick up our packs. We found some sun tinted glass on the return. I got out at the Kolb studio about 5:15 p.m., four minutes slower than my best time up the Bright Angel Trail under the best of conditions. The descent was made 22 minutes faster than my previous fastest, but I had knots in my calves for the rest of the day.

A sequel to this was that Dock looked up his information about Russell and Tadge. They had beached their boats just downstream from Pipe Creek Rapids, but they had not walked back from Horn or anywhere near Horn. Reilly in 1953 had lost a boat at Horn and had looked the place over to see whether three of the party could climb out. He decided that it was impossible for a woman to do it. At the time that Sturdevant and Johnson drowned, Brooks landed on the north bank and climbed up to the Tonto Plateau and was able to get to Phantom Ranch. He led some men back to that side of Horn, but as far as Dock knew, no one had succeeded in getting down to the mouth of Horn Creek itself. Dan Davis had tried and failed in 1955. Emery Kolb said that it was impossible.

Three weeks later, on February 15, 1958; Jim Lisonbee, Allyn, and I were back again. I had agreed to take a picture for Dock of the beach at the mouth of Pipe Creek where the Kolbs moored their boats in 1911 to try to get a good check on the stage of the river at that time. Consequently, Jim and Allyn went on without me along the base of the Tapeats cliff at the top of the Archean without going to the bottom of the Bright Angel Trail. I wasn't trying to break my previous record for the descent since I didn't want to ruin my legs

again, but I did cut it down by seven minutes to one hour and 33 minutes. When I got back from the river, I didn't try to catch the boys. I followed Garden Creek back far enough to climb up to the base of the Tapeats and head west. Just to the west of bench mark 3702, at a place which doesn't show on the map, there is a ravine which pierces the Tapeats. I even found some initials and numbers scratched in the stone a little below where a tributary comes in from the east. I might not have seen this if I had been walking by it, but I noticed it from above on the west side. I believe it might be HHB Mor 4 06. I found out later that it said HB March 4, 06. Those are my initials, but I wasn't there in 1906! It appears to have been pecked by a nail and it is rather indistinct. After I had gone over to the angle in the plateau and had looked down into Horn, I came back and followed this ravine out to the deer trail which Allyn and Jim had used. Their tracks showed plainly. We found that white men had been here, leaving some rock-pile markers and a bit of a wall which may have been a windbreak to make sleeping more comfortable. I went ahead far enough into Horn to see where a descent might be possible. This was just south of a spur that projects into Horn not far from the angle.

Allyn and Jim found the going very simple at the top of the Archean rocks and they arrived at the bottom of Horn by 11:30 a.m. having gone down the same ravine I had regarded with favor. They proceeded downstream about halfway to the river before they came to a major obstruction, a waterfall about 100 feet high. They spotted a bottle with Dan Davis' and Bill Diller's signatures dated sometime in 1955. Jim stopped here, but Allyn tried a most improbable route down which he showed me four weeks later.

On the March 15 trip, Jim could not go, but Elena Favale and Roxyn Cureton made up the other members of the party. Elena was a good hiker and a good sport, but she was slow on the rock climbing of which there was only a taste before we got to the bottom of Horn. She elected to wait there for us. I changed into sneakers here and was quite glad later that I had. Roxyn accidentally dropped the Davis bottle over the cliff, but we signed our names on the paper and left it in a can under a few rocks about four feet above the creek bottom on the left. Allyn's route past the fall does not involve climbing above the level of the top of the fall. In fact this would be impossible unless one went back and climbed up to the west. In the smooth granite to the right, there is a place where there is a break in the perpendicular wall above and the one below. The average slope is still around 45 degrees, but there are also some footholds. On the return, I even found some deer droppings lodged in a crack. After crossing this place that I might have taken one look at and considered impossible, you go around a corner and are on a small sloping platform. From a few feet back from the edge, you would think that the drop is straight down, but when you actually look over, you see that there are ledges every few feet and quite a variety of holds. If you watch for loose rocks, there is no danger. When you are finally in sight of the river, there is another, somewhat lower fall of perhaps 60 feet, but here you have to backtrack a few feet and climb up about 200 feet on the west slope. You descend to the river right at the mouth of the creek. The slope is one of the consistently steepest we have ever followed, but again there are plenty of holds. One has to use some thought in finding the way but it is never impossible even if it might look that way at first. When we pushed loose rocks they crashed down to the bottom with only two or three bumps in 150 feet to the streambed. The rocks were pretty wet from the rain which began about 12:30 p.m., but my sneakers held all right. It took about 45 minutes from the river to our packs, but it seems as if this time could be reduced with a little practice on the route. From our packs to Indian Gardens it took about 90 minutes.

Search for the foot of the Grandview Trail

[November, 1954 to May, 1958]

During Thanksgiving vacation in 1954, Marvin Hole, Boyd Moore, and I took four days for a good trip, one of whose objectives was to reach the river at the mouth of Hance Creek which we had reason to believe had been the end of an early trail.

After spending around an hour at the big cave on Horseshoe Mesa (Cave of the Domes), we came back to the neck and went down to the east. When we reached Hance Creek, there was still some of the afternoon left to try to go down the creekbed. We left the packs up among the cottonwoods at the top of the granite. When we had succeeded in making one detour to the right to get around a fall, we came to a worse place. We made the mistake of trying to go almost straight up to the left without retracing our steps far enough to find a much easier way to climb up and around the obstacle. After I had dislodged some rocks and almost hurt Marvin, we decided that we had run out of time and had better get back to the packs. We were more eager to negotiate the Tonto Trail over to the Kaibab than we were to see the river at the head of Sockdolager Rapids, so the next morning we did not renew the attempt to reach the river. At that time, I hadn't heard of the burro trail up to the Tonto out of Hance Canyon so we had to go rather far back before we got up to the plateau about where we had entered the creek. It is quite a long drag around Horseshoe Mesa, but we took a bit of time out to inspect the little spur trail which goes below the Tapeats and then ends in agreement with the map. We went clear back into Cottonwood Canyon and came around to the point to the west. Here we again took time to follow the spur trail which the map shows going down through the Tapeats then down to the river. We thought the map showed the trail angling off to the west immediately below the Tapeats and we followed the top of the granite in this direction. We soon came to terrific cliffs which we were sure had not been the location of any trail and gave this up. Just in passing, we looked over into Cottonwood and thought that the trail might have been constructed down to the mouth before it fell away. We scrambled down to the end of Cottonwood Canyon without seeing any more of the trail and felt rather frustrated to find ourselves looking down 60 vertical feet to the river with no way to reach it. With just a little more resourcefulness, we would have done what Allyn and I did in September, 1957. We could have reached the edge of the river by going south a few steps and climbing up and over an easy spur to a rockslide clear into the water a 100 yards to the east of the mouth of the creek.

For the rest of that day, we followed the Tonto and slept where it crossed Boulder Canyon. On the third day we reached the Kaibab Trail and then spent the night next to the Bright Angel Trail on a sand bar half way to Pipe Creek where there was lots of driftwood for some big fires which kept us quite warm. The next day when we got to the top of the Bright Angel Trail we were met by Roma and Anne who took us back to the car at Grandview Point.

Reaching the mouth of Hance Creek

[1954 to 1957]

We went to Mexico after Christmas in 1954, but for three days before, I took a solo trip to do a little more looking for Sockdolager Rapids at the mouth of Hance Creek. I spent the first night at Hance Rapids by a good fire. The second day I started over to camp in Hance Canyon. I found a rock marker on the rim above about where I thought there was a chance to get down into mineral canyon, but gave up the attempt

as being too risky. I learned from Dock Marston that the Cal Tech Party had succeeded in getting down here, so I suppose this was their marker. When I came near Hance Canyon, I looked around a bit and found the place Art and Ray had told me you could descend without going far to the south. It was all right even with a pack. Again I put down the pack by the cottonwoods and tried to go to the river. This time I got up over the first detour and also located the right place for the second, one that took a fair amount of effort but involved no danger. By the time I came to the place for the third detour, this time to the right again, it was getting so late that I saw the necessity of getting back to the pack because I didn't want to be doing that careful type of climbing after dark. The next day, I wasn't in the mood to head back toward the river, although now I don't see why I didn't. I was more interested in seeing whether I could find my way up the route of the practically forgotten Old Hance Trail, and I wanted to allow time to come back and go out the Grandview Trail if necessary.

The attempt to find the old trail was entirely successful. I recognized the pinnacle at the box in the Redwall from a sketch which had been published in an ad for the railway. The trail actually showed some signs of existence from here up to the base of the pinnacle and then to the right into a wash. The bottom of the wash was just too steep for my shoes to grip and allow me to walk up, so I took a rather precarious route to the right above the water-worn bottom. When coming down on a later trip, we just ran down the bottom. In fact, Don and Bert found that by getting a running start, they could go up here. I then climbed out of this wash to the right and found some more trail construction. I would say that the best way up the juniper covered talus to the bottom of the Coconino is to stay over pretty much to the east, but when you are near the Coconino, cut across a gully or two and head up into the notch to the west of the wash. This notch, by the way, is the one farthest to the east which appears at all possible.

The next attempt to reach the mouth of Hance Creek was with Jack Morrow at the end of the school year in May, 1956. We went down the Old Hance Trail in the afternoon and camped where there is permanent water. For some reason, I had trouble remembering how to get through the Redwall. Jack and I climbed down a rather precarious place at the end and then went back up the right way to see where we had goofed. I put a rock marker where one should leave the wash with the slick bottom to go out to the right to the base of the pinnacle.

With two out of three necessary detours already worked out, we made good progress through the granite near the river. The third detour entailed about the steepest climbing of all, but it was not what you would need to label work for an expert. The view upriver from the mouth of Hance Creek was particularly impressive and coincided with an old picture. The river was really high, it filled the entire width of the river channel and continued downstream as far as one could see. The power of the high water appeared to be resist less. The backwater in the mouth of Hance Creek was tame and harmless and we enjoyed a good swim.

Since the mouth of Hance Creek was obviously not the place called the foot of the Grandview Trail under two other pictures, we tried again in the spring of 1957. This time Don Finicum, Allyn Cureton, Ellery Gibson, and I went down off Horseshoe Mesa by the trail off the west prong and followed the spur of the Tonto which the map shows going down below the Tapeats and ending over towards Hance Canyon. We saw a chance of getting down to the river at the foot of Sockdolager Rapids, and we were able to do this without much real difficulty although we had to select our ravines with a bit of care. At one place Allyn

made his own choice and ended by coming down a bad spot holding his canteen between his teeth. I went upstream to a big rock which projects a third of the way across the river and took a picture looking up towards Sockdolager Rapids. This spot is just across from the rockslide which comes down on the north bank from the bay where the old asbestos mines are perched.

Later in the same spring, Allyn and I came down the Old Hance Trail again and met Dan Davis trying to reach the river at the mouth of Hance Creek. We showed him the right detours, but he was making slow going of them and didn't quite reach the rapid. This time Allyn and I went back by way of the spur trail at the top of the granite where we had been with Ellery. The climb up here was not complicated, and this method of getting to the mouth of Hance is now much the easier.

Another trip to match the elusive pictures was taken with Sharon Huff and Elaine Crowder. The map shows another spur off the Tonto in the direction of Cottonwood Canyon. Actually the map doesn't indicate even a descent of the Tapeats, and in this it is correct. We were able to get below the Tapeats by going down the draw to the east of Cottonwood, but we soon found progress in this direction impossible. When the girls saw what I proposed to try, they wisely backed out and watched my start to the river. A boy was killed doing this climb. This was about the most awkward way to the water that I have tried, but with patience, I found that it was possible. The views up and down from here were rather limited, and I knew long before I reached the bank that I could not be following the main trail to the river even though the reading matter said that you did not ride the horses down into the Inner Gorge. When I got back to the Tonto, I traced the edge of the plateau around towards Cottonwood Canyon and found the ravine just back from the river where you can walk down to the bottom of Cottonwood Canyon.

The next try was with Don and Allyn in September, 1957. We came off the west end of Horseshoe Mesa again and went out to the edge of the plateau above Cottonwood Canyon and then down to the bottom of the wash by the ravine I had noticed before. We soon found further progress barred by falls. Since I have already described this trip at length, I'll just say that although we found the way to get to the edge of the river, we didn't find the location of the foot of the Grandview Trail.

All three negative results put me back on the track I had been following at the very first of these efforts. I decided to check more carefully the existence of the spur trail just a bit west of Cottonwood Canyon. When I got below the Tapeats as before, I consulted the map more carefully than before and I noticed that the map shows the trail just below the Tapeats going towards Cottonwood Canyon as the trail construction indicated. Where the trail has fallen away completely in the scree above Cottonwood, it used to switch back to the north under the cliff which points toward the river. Then it climbs a bit and crosses a shoulder of this point and drops down by way of an easy ravine. After descending here a couple hundred feet, it rises slightly over another shoulder, and now you find yourself in a broad ravine of rather gentle gradient clear down to the river. The trail construction is quite obvious as soon as you leave Cottonwood. One has the freedom at the river to go along the bank for 50 yards without difficulty, and the views are not nearly as constricted as they usually are. The mouth of Vishnu Creek is only a short distance downstream and it would be easy to paddle across the river on an air mattress and climb out by way of Vishnu Canyon. On the way to the river, you get some excellent views of Grapevine Rapids. This was a most satisfying way to end the search for the foot of the Grandview Trail, and the relative ease with which the river can be reached by this route shows that the old trail finders knew the area most thoroughly.

There is a mining claim location a bit to the west and about 100 feet up from the water, probably to direct attention to the mica which is thick on the surface here.

On the way back, I climbed up the ravine through the Redwall which is northeast of the box at the head of Cottonwood Canyon. Allyn had already climbed the box itself using a dead tree at one place to get up a cliff. My way required an awkward bit of swinging ones weight across while holding on to some fairly good grips.

Asbestos Canyon via Clear Creek
[April 3, 1958 to April 6, 1958]

The weather prediction was for a new storm to come in Thursday evening. For once the weather man was exactly right. A light rain started when I was less than half way from Bright Angel Campground to Clear Creek. It was running harder by the time I reached the foot of the trail at Clear Creek itself so I decided to head for the best shelter available. It was the big overhang at the junction of the long arm and the shorter one with most of the water. This was about 25 minutes walk from the trails end, but I called that a cheap price for a comfortable night out of the rain. My bed was in a nook which cut out most of the wind as well as all of the driving rain.

Friday saw me off to an early start about 6:15 a.m. About 15 minutes walk downstream past the trail's end, you come to a side canyon which leads towards Cape Royal. If you turn south into the branch that points towards the pass between Angel's Gate and The Howland's Butte, I had learned last November that you could get up to the plateau over a clear deer trail. However, I decided to try what Allyn Cureton had done during Christmas vacation. There is a tower separated slightly from the main Tapeats cliff about where you would say that the wall turns from facing Clear Creek into this side canyon. At one place I had to remove my pack and put it up on a ledge above me, but otherwise the climbing was reasonably safe. At two places on this climb, I noted steps formed by what looked like artificial rock piles. It would be anybody's guess who put them there.

Last November Don Finicum and I had followed the edge of the plateau around to the river. I remembered that the route was winding and not smooth walking either, so this time I climbed up onto the yellow shale below the Redwall. The footing was a little precarious, but the going is more direct, and when you come down you are well back towards heading the canyon which leads southwest away from Angel's Gate. I climbed down into this canyon and up the other side, but I cut off so small a portion that I decided later that I would have been smarter to have continued around the head at the Tapeats level.

The chance for a close view of Grapevine Rapids led me out on a point which is so near the rapids that my camera couldn't get the entire rapids in one picture. The long canyon whose head is below Wotan's Throne seemed discouraging to walk around, so when I saw a chance to cross it, I took the gamble. The way out around the end of Hall Butte was obvious, and I could get down below the first ledge with no trouble. After some study, I decided that the only way to continue was to use a crack just wide enough for one foot to go in. The handholds were mostly a matter of bracing with the elbows to get friction. I knew I would feel insecure with my pack on so I tossed it down ahead of me. It bounced and rolled about 100 feet farther but stopped just above another similar drop. Incidentally, nothing worse than some cracker

crumbs resulted from this unscheduled roll. On the way back, I found another way farther up the canyon. One has to climb half again as high, but if I repeated the trip, I would prefer the short bit of rock work at the crack. On the return, I found that I was closer to the head where there would be relatively easy walking. I'm inclined to favor walking clear around this one too.

Vishnu Canyon is another situation. You need to go through the pass between Newberry Butte and the ridge to the north, so I believe I was wise to have gone down when I saw the chance at a place which came out just downstream from a fall. The catch came at the very bottom where some travertine spoiled my hope that I could walk a tilted ledge right to the streambed. For about five feet, there were a couple minute footholds, but there was practically no way to get any safety from one's hands. After investigating and deciding that it had to be crossed unless I were willing to go clear back up to the plateau. I practiced without my pack and then crossed with it. There was water in Vishnu Canyon which would go underground more than on the surface, but I would regard it as reliable throughout the year. I went up to the pass from a point a little farther downstream. When I had gone high enough to get a good view on the west side of Vishnu, I noted benches that sloped up to the south. I used the lower one of these on the return with relief at not having to cross the precarious bit of travertine. This ramp is above the fall and out at a different point of the west rim from where I had descended before. The map indicates that the cliff at the rim of the plateau is continuous along the river, around the bay where the mines are shown, and well into Asbestos Canyon. I could see that it was possible to get down into the canyon paralleling Newberry Butte. This was a roundabout way, but I was able to get a full canteen at a good waterpocket. When I tried to go below the quartzite cliff along the river and into the bay with the mines, I rounded a corner and faced a 500 foot vertical wall. Up on top again, I walked over and got a good view of the mines, but I still hadn't decided on the route to them when it was time to make camp. Here again I was in luck because within a few minutes I came to one of the best shelters in the Tapeats that I have ever seen. Within a short time it began to snow, but I fixed supper with the smug feeling that again I had won.

The first thing I did Saturday morning was to go up on the point to take a picture of Sockdolager Rapids. On the return, I discovered where I could scramble down to the Hakatai Shale. On a hunch, I passed up the first break and inspected a route that might be a bit more direct. Here I got the thrill of finding unmistakable signs of an old trail with switchbacks and crude retaining walls still showing. I soon lost the trail and went around to the mines on the steep bench which leads directly to them. This was slow and nerve stretching, because you realize that if you started to slide on these small pebbles covering the bedrock, you wouldn't stop and the vertical cliff was only a few yards away. When I investigated the mines, I still missed the burro trail up and out at the point nearest the river. I had to leave the way I came.

I went back over my route to the rim on the west of the bay and from there I could make out a definite trail in the shale on the relatively level bench above the mines. I decided to try a loop trip, over to Asbestos Canyon along the plateau and then drop down into the canyon wherever I could and return by way of the Hakatai ramp. This worked all right. There was a feasible way down into Asbestos Canyon where the map showed none at all. I saw the miners ruined shacks and, a bit farther downstream, a rather fresh looking sleeping bag fully extended and ready for the owner to retire. Camping gear, including a fairly new model can opener was cached back in a recess. Some of the stuff, a huge coffee pot for instance, had been picked up at the living quarters of the miners. What became of the lone camper is another mystery. I followed the stream towards the river, but before I had gone very far, there was a small

fall which I was able to climb around. On attempting this, I came on a trail which stayed above the black cliff and obviously went to the river or a mine in that direction. This turned out to be the main trail leading to the old ferry across the Colorado River. I found a piece of ore among the rocks at the river's edge where the Archean first shows. The crossing copes with rather swift water at the present stage, about 13,000 cfs. There seems to be significant backwaters along the banks. I suppose the ferrymen were able to come back upstream after they had made the crossing.

The return to the camp under the ledge was according to plan, along the base of the Hakatai Shale close to the river's edge. The trail became quite evident as the cliff side mines above Sockdolager Rapids were approached. At the point, I could see the trail down to the mines. It is certainly a picturesque remnant of the old west. A monument to the men who had more courage than business sense.

There was still time to move camp to Vishnu Creek for Saturday night, and on Sunday I trekked from Vishnu all the way to Bright Angel Campground. Getting up the South Kaibab Trail was an easy chore for Monday morning.

Down the Hermit Trail, along the Inner Gorge to Boucher Creek, and up the Boucher Trail - Version 1 [April 19, 1958]

Don Finicum, Ivan Dryer, Marshall Maynes, and I left promptly at 5:30 a.m. and were starting down the Hermit Trail at 7:30 a.m. The projected time schedule was to take three hours to reach the river, so we did some trotting.

At this time of year Santa Maria Spring was running very well, and there was water along the trail in the Supai at several other places. Four Mile Spring was wet, but we didn't note any water in the concrete basin. Don's opinion of the rockslides was that a Fredonia horse could cross them without too much trouble. He said that he would even stay in the saddle while the horse was doing it.

A short distance south of Cathedral Stairs where the trail goes down the Redwall, there's a rock choked ravine which leads almost directly down to Hermit Camp. I had noticed this before as being a possible means for a descent, so this time we tried it. The most awkward part is below the Redwall. It is quite slow and from the time it took us, we decided that we would have been better off on the real trail. Marshall got behind and then instead of leaving the streambed and coming up to the old camp, he tried to get down the side stream into Hermit Creek directly. He was stopped by the last steep 30 feet. While he was doing this, the other three had time to look over the campground. I took a picture of the anchorage for the old tram going to the rim, something I hadn't noticed before. The amount of construction and plumbing for irrigation was impressive. When we finally got together, we made it to the river in half an hour and were only seven minutes over the projected time. I believe that one could hurry down from the rim to the river in two and a half hours.

The warm-up in the weather during the last two weeks was very noticeable, and the near 90 degree heat was a bit hard on us as we climbed around on the schist of the Inner Gorge. We started down by the river at 11:00 a.m. and had gone along the river's edge for a short time when Ivan discovered that he had left his glasses back at Hermit creek. He hurried so fast when he retrieved them that he couldn't seem to

recover his wind for a long time. We soon decided that our best bet for consistent progress was to go up to the base of the Tapeats cliff and follow it along. In getting to that level, Marshall discovered a charley horse, and Don saw that he wasn't in tip-top shape either. We decided later that we should have been taking salt in that kind of heat. Marshall saw that he had better start back without going any farther, and then Don and Ivan agreed to go back with him. I told them that I probably wouldn't get to the car before 8:30 or 9:00 p.m., so that they didn't need to hurry. They had a good swim in a pool in Hermit Creek before they started up the main grind. The cooling was only temporary. They felt the heat more going up the long switchbacks to the top of the Redwall than anywhere else. I parted from the boys a little to the east of Travertine Canyon a bit after noon. Right off I had to go clear down to the river level. In fact I filled my canteen with Colorado River water. It was a simple but slow drag to get back to the top of the granite on the other side, and there are many small ups and downs at the base of the Tapeats. It is much slower going than the similar route from Pipe Creek to Horn Creek. There were two places where one could climb up the Tapeats to the Tonto Plateau, the first just a little west of Travertine, and the other about half a mile before you reach Boucher Creek. Just west of this easy escape route, there was the most serious obstacle of all along the top of the granite. A ravine in the granite had removed all talus material. I had to climb down into this ravine. Getting out the other side was about as dangerous climbing as I would attempt. I had to empty the canteen and put it in the pack so as to use both hands. The hard part only lasted for a few yards, and right after that I began seeing burro droppings and tracks. I got down to the water level at the bottom of Boucher Creek three and a half hours after I had left Hermit Creek. I think I could cut this down to three hours with my present knowledge, but it is slower than the projected hour and a half to two hours I had originally thought.

After a short pause to tape my feet some more and to eat an apple, I walked up Boucher Creek eating a sandwich as I went. I wanted to make every minute count. At Boucher Camp I got two pictures which will verify, by the skyline, that James had his picture properly labeled. In going up the trail, I noticed that the junction of the Boucher and Tonto Trails is marked by a piece of wood propped up by stones. This time I was able to keep on the trail almost all the way. At one place a slide had removed the trail and I followed a burro trail which started almost directly up. I soon saw the mistake and worked down to the real trail which still gives much the better footing as well as a sensible grade for climbing. You go south and up until you are in the neighborhood of the peculiar travertine deposit and then start the switchbacks upwards towards a conspicuous short exposure at the base of the Redwall. I remembered this spot from my previous trip, but at that time in coming down, I had followed a burro trail to the north at this level.

Another place where I did a lot better job of trail finding than I did last spring was in the Supai. The trail is just east of the streambed in the most southerly part of the bay of Travertine Canyon and continues until you have only one more cliff in the Supai above you. As soon as it gets to the shale slope below this top cliff, it turns east and angles up consistently until it meets this cliff right where Boucher fastened the iron rods in the rock. I missed this before by continuing the descent instead of turning as soon as I had come down the steep break in the cliff. One might remark that this break is very hard to see from below and you don't know where the trail goes through until you are right there. Following the Hermit Shale around to the Dripping Springs Trail was not at all difficult. You mostly have a good deer trail to follow but occasionally you proceed without that encouragement until you catch it again. My time for the different legs of this trip went as follows: Boucher Camp to the top of the Redwall - one hour and 25 minutes, the top of the Redwall to the top of the Supai - one hour and five minutes, the top of the Supai to the Dripping

Springs Trail - one hour and 20 minutes, and from the Dripping Springs Trail to Hermit Rest - one hour and fifteen minutes. Since this is five minutes less total elapsed time to come up the Boucher Trail than when I went down the trail last spring, I must have benefited by finding more of the trail. After these two experiences over this trail, I would say that it is one of the most interesting and satisfying of all the Grand Canyon trails and that it can't be any longer and harder than the Tanner trail. However, my time on the Tanner Trail of a little over five hours up was made carrying a pack, so I suppose it's really farther from Boucher Camp to the head of the Hermit Trail than it is from the Colorado River to the top of the Tanner Trail.

On the way up, I put some rocks on a dead juniper stump to mark the break in the top of the Supai cliff where you should begin the descent.

Down the Hermit Trail, along the Colorado River, and up the Boucher Trail - Version 2
[April 19, 1958]

Marshall Maynes, Ivan Dryer, Don Finicum, and I set a fast pace down the Hermit Trail since we knew it would take all day to carry out my proposal. We would have reached the river ahead of schedule if we hadn't tried an idea of mine to leave the Hermit Trail before you come to the Cathedral Stairs in the Redwall and go down a gully directly to the old camp. It went pretty well for a while, but at the bottom, when you are really through the Redwall, there were some awkward slopes and steep sided ravines with big rocks in the bottom. Marshall got way behind, and we left him to follow as best he could while we explored the camp. He made the mistake of staying in the creekbed clear down to Hermit Creek and got hung in at the last 30 feet. We had to go back to advise him and were delayed considerably.

When we were looking over the old camp area, we saw something I hadn't noticed before, the anchorage of the tram which was used to lower supplies to the camp. We also noticed wagon roads over the area, and of course the concrete bases for the tent cabins.

As usual, it was part trail and part streambed to get to the river. We got there about 11:30 a.m. and ate some lunch before we went on. All of us felt the heat, quite a contrast to the snowy weather we had only two weeks before. We followed the river bank for only a short distance before we had to begin climbing up and down to get past sheer places. Ivan discovered that he had left his glasses where we ate at the mouth of Hermit Creek and hurried so fast to get them that he was pooped for the rest of the day. We soon saw that if we were going to get anywhere, we would have to go clear up to the base of the Tapeats and try to go along there. In doing this, Marshall finally agreed that he was too tired to try the rest of the trip, and Ivan and Don agreed to go back with him. They took a good soak in Hermit Creek and then went back at a leisurely rate since I wasn't slated to get back to the car until perhaps as late as 9:30 p.m.

I had to go clear down to the river level almost at once when I reached Travertine Canyon. Soon after I got back to the base of the Tapeats, I could have gone up onto the Tonto Plateau. There was at least one more place where this would have been possible, just before I reached a very difficult spot where a chute in the granite came right up to the Tapeats. After I had passed this bad spot, there were burro signs, and I knew I had it made. It took me three hours and a bit more to get from the mouth of Hermit Creek to the

running water in Boucher Creek. I pushed on as soon as I could, even eating some more lunch as I walked up the streambed.

At Boucher Camp, I stopped long enough to take a couple pictures which would match James' view. The Boucher Trail was easier for me to find when I was going uphill, and I kept to it just about everywhere that it is still existent. It is quite a bit easier to follow through the Supai when you are going up, and I went from Boucher Camp to Hermit Rest in just a little longer than five hours and 10 minutes. Of course this time, I didn't stop for anything to eat during the entire trip, but I now have the impression that this trail is only a bit longer than the Tanner Trail and that it is much the better route from Boucher Camp to the rim.

Blue Springs Trail to the Tanner Trail
[May 26, 1958 to May 29, 1958]

After parking the car at Desert View, I shouldered my pack and started off gaily in the coolness of the morning air. It was 7:25 a.m. After I had walked about eight minutes, I thought to myself that walking with just a 20 pound pack was wonderful, and then I remembered that I had left my gallon canteen of water in the car. I lost more than 15 minutes by the time I went back for it.

As road E14 levels out towards the base of Cedar Butte, it goes rather near the rim. It's easy to see how the old version of the Tanner Trail went down here. I thought I might come up that way at the end of the trip. I was not sure about the best way to reach the head of the Blue Spring Trail, but when I came to Straight Canyon on the old vestige of a road labeled E15, I decided to stay with the road rather than turn down the wash. This time I followed the road more consistently than I had in reaching Comanche Point during Christmas vacation. When it seemed to be jogging too far south, I left it and came to a streambed with an old hogan on one side and a rectangular stone house on the other. The house was roofless, but it still had a fireplace. wonder whether that meant it had been built by a white man.

From here I headed towards Gold Hill and soon crossed the same old road. It seemed to be going farther to the north than was necessary, but I followed it anyway. By the time I was down in the wash which goes to the bay I had explored last December, it was still only 11:00 a.m. so I decided to take in Cape Solitude. I shot away my film at the river, the plane wreck, and the Little Colorado River. This was quite a long detour and I didn't reach the top of the Blue Spring Trail until 6:00 p.m. There was at least one frog in the cattle tank, but I decided against stopping there for the night. Since my canteen was almost empty, I swallowed the rest of my water and stowed the canteen in the pack.

I don't know what I expected after hearing about McKee's Party using a ladder and Wing and Womack having to rappel for 80 feet near the top. I had a strong hunch that this was foolishness, but I was a bit surprised when this mapped trail with car tracks leading to it turned out to be a good bit more abrupt and intricate than the way I had pioneered last December. Some of the rock-pile markers were most welcome and took me around points that I never would have considered as having any future. Some places you have to stand on tiptoe along a narrow ledge holding to something all the while, and other times you get down on all fours and go under a ledge. However, there was never any place where I had to take my pack off and let it down on the end of a rope. Just once I thought that I had missed the best way, but only for a

short distance and I didn't have to retrace my steps. It took an hour and a quarter to negotiate the difficult part through the Kaibab and Coconino Formations, and it took the same time to finish the trip to the bottom. The last steep bit through the Redwall was done in the dark.

A depression in the main wash of the Redwall still held quite a bit of rain water. I filled the gallon canteen here which also made the last part of the trip a bit slow. There were mosquitoes near this pool, but at the bottom there were none and I had a fine night, the last time my mattress held perfectly.

In the morning, the first two hours were spent in going upstream to try to see where the water was coming from. I got to where the Redwall was no longer showing but there was still a bit of spring water flowing. Quicksand was an obstacle here, but a stick reassured me that hard bottom was only 15 inches down.

After this detour, I got my pack together and started downriver at 8:00 a.m. The biggest springs of all were at the place where the trail wash ends, a little below where I camped. Very soon I was through with quicksand but I had to cross deep pools which came right up to the Redwall cliff. Here I inflated the mattress again and used it the rest of the day. I would be in the water a few minutes and then be walking for 15. It was perfect for keeping cool on a hot day. In fact, my teeth would chatter when the wind blew. I was as impressed as Wing and Womack were with the Travertine dams. The big grotesque blocks of travertine which had rolled down into the river were most picturesque, and the blue water tearing down between them demanded more pictures. I knew that I would regret it, but I shot my last film here. As I struggled over the big blocks and fought catclaw along the banks, I could see why Wing and Womack were rather slow in getting by these places with their 200 pounds of duffel. They were just too careful when you think that they carried all their drinking water. It took me four and a half hours to get down to Salt Trail Canyon where I had lunch, and then it took three and a half hours more to reach the mouth of the Little Colorado River.

On my other trips to the Little Colorado River, I had stayed near the water just south of the mouth, but this time the main river was so high (the boulder island delta was completely submerged) that I went higher and found the old trail at this level. After almost two hours of in and out walking, I came to the large cairn on a point just north of a good sized bay near mile 63.4. I had suspected that this point was the location of the driftwood ladder that I had seen against the bottom of the cliff by the river on a previous trip. The way down appeared to be on the south side out near the river. Just as I was about ready to concede defeat, I saw a very clear cairn 20 feet lower on a ledge. There was also a rock-pile built up for a step below an overhang very close to where I was standing. I needed the rope to help me down to the step since there were no good holds. The rest of the way to the bottom of the wash was easy, but that still left a 35 foot drop down to the talus beside the river.

First I crawled south along a narrow ledge with no head room to where I was directly over the driftwood ladder. It falls about 10 feet short of reaching the ledge, so the man who put it here must have had a rope too, or else he did some daring rock work to get down to the top of his ladder. Incidentally, the ladder has long since come apart, but you can still see about two rungs which are fastened to an upright at one end. Crawling back was a good deal worse for my nerves than getting over there, because now I had to go head down and I could also see how thick the fragile rock ledge appeared. For a foot or so it was only about 10 inches wide. After I climbed up the fixed rope, I suddenly remembered the Hopi story of the

peculiar rock they used for their rope in getting to the bottom, so I went back down to look for it. Above the place where the ladder is placed, I couldn't see anything special, but when I considered the possibility that they went down the middle of the wash I saw it at once. If it was ever in the shape of a man's chest, erosion has changed it. Now it looks like half a saddle sticking right out of the bedrock just over the edge of the fall to the river talus. It's still ideal for a climbing rope and it seems most odd to see such a knob right in the middle of the water worn rock. Some ledges below break the straight descent so that a person would have to climb hand over hand for only about 20 feet at a time. I didn't know how well I would make out getting back up a rope for even that distance, so I decided to come back in the fall when I could walk downstream along the bank after sliding down a rope to the bottom. I surely regretted not having any film left for a picture.

It took me about an hour and 40 minutes to go from here on to the first wash into the Colorado River at the end of the bench trail. The day was hot and I spent a long time reading my Readers Digest while sitting in a few inches of water. After a two and a half hour walk from here I was at the mouth of Tanner Creek doing the same thing. The shade here is fine, and the mouth of the wash was blocked off by a sand bar with just enough depth to float in. It was a fine way to fight the heat and I finished the magazine here and had part of my supper before I started up the trail a little before 6:00 p.m. I must try to remember this trail better, because I missed it again by going too high too soon. The walking through the Hakatai Shale is a lot better when you find the vestige of the trail. I spent the night on the little saddle just below the Muav cliffs. The sunset was fine and the silhouette of the points east of Cape Final was most impressive. The moon was bright and at this elevation, my bag was just right for warmth. I had carried a full gallon of water up here with me, and it was plenty. In fact I poured some of it out before I finished the climb around 10:30 a.m. on Thursday. It had been a very successful trip except for two things. First, I snagged my air mattress on a catclaw and it wouldn't hold air after the first night, and second, my right foot was blistered near the top of the oxford by something. Sam Madariaga suggested that it was poisoning from the dye in the sock. Three blisters the size of half dollars kept me from thinking about another big trip before summer school, but Roma and I got our tour of Chaco Canyon and El Morro in anyways.

Grand Scenic Divide, Mount Huethawali, and Royal Arches Creek
[July 4, 1958 to July 6, 1958]

I left the rim drive at the Abyss trying to go to Pasture Wash via the telephone line road, but I missed the way and wound up going on the regular Topocoba Hilltop road. It was about as bad as ever, and I decided to return by the telephone line. When I did, I resolved to never try that again. The rocks were worse and more numerous than on the old road. The drive from the ranger station to Bass Camp is now in pretty good shape since they have made bypass tracks around two washed out places.

This time down the South Bass Trail I saw the dams where Bass had constructed two cisterns near the top of the Coconino Sandstone. I also noticed the small Indian ruins near the place where the trail turns to go down through the Coconino. They are about 20 feet above the trail. The better preserved one has enough room to shelter a sleeping man.

It is easy to walk out along the Grand Scenic Divide. I was mildly surprised to find a well developed burro trail leading most of the way out. At the end of the first level, there is a nearly continuous 20 foot

cliff. I saw a big cairn below, but the way down to it didn't seem a bit inviting. South, about a 100 yards on the west side, I found a much easier place to get down. The end of this second level really seemed to be the jumping off place unless one came up from below, from the top of the Redwall. James' picture of Dick Pillar corresponds to the Fin of Supai. I took a picture of it. His picture shows the pillar with its top above the skyline. I'm not sure if I was that low. The whole trip to the end and back to my pack took about two hours, waterless since I had left the canteen at the pack. On the way back, I overshot the pack and wasted about five minutes looking for it.

I carried the pack a short way towards Huethawali Point and then put it down again. It took me an even hour to go from the pack to the top. I didn't make any false moves in getting up, through the Coconino near the southwest end and to the top of the limestone cap at the nearest place. There was an old can full of pebbles in a small rock-pile at the very highest point. I wasted more than 15 minutes finding the pack again by thinking that the first white ledge was the right one instead of the farther one.

There was no trouble in following the burro trail around past Chemehuevi Point, and I was able to spot the exact place where the upper trail to the seep spring left the level route to the west and south. It was 7:00 p.m. when I reached the spring and was really gratified to see that I wouldn't have to make out on less than a quart of water that I had left in my canteen until I could reach the car. There were two good drips. The farther one from the wall would fill a gallon jug in something like three hours. It's a really inspiring campsite with some shade from a thicket on the edge of the small platform. The view is really something and the weather was just right for scanty attire in the evening, and the morning temperature was just invigorating. Since I didn't know of any further water supply to the west, I gave up the idea of going on over and out by Apache Point. I left the sleeping gear at the seep spring and resolved to go until noon away from base. The trail was both hard to find and hard to follow in the bay between Toltec and Montezuma Points and progress was rather slow. By the time I reached the arm of Royal Arches Creek, which starts south of Montezuma Point, I was ready to see what was down the creekbed. It was relatively straight and easy going compared to the everlasting winding of the contour trail around the head of every gulch. There were a couple of drops in the center of the bed, but they were easily bypassed to the north, I believe. After I passed the junction with the arm which comes from west of Point Huitzil, I found two or three potholes with water in them from nearby seeps. They should be permanent sources of water. They were full of tadpoles which may explain why they didn't have any bugs to speak of in them.

A little farther there was a formidable drop of about 100 feet with no obvious way to get down. I thought I saw a break quite a bit to the west on the north side of the canyon, but as there seemed to be a nearer place on the south, I tried that first. There were deer tracks in this direction, but at the hardest place I had to face inwards and step sideways holding with both hands to the top of a block for additional security. Maybe the deer get by here with a broadjump, something I would like to see. Progress was smooth until I reached a little way down into the Redwall just after this arm joined the main creekbed. There was a place where I had to brace my back against one rock while my feet were on another, so I left my canteen and pack behind again. Ten feet of rope to let the pack down would have been useful here. It was the toughest climb of all. There were a number of spots where I had to stop and study the problem, but they were all pretty easy. In a half hour near the bottom of the Redwall, there were some deep potholes with water in them, containing tadpoles. The lower one had a snake, not a rattler, basking nearby. At the end of an hour, I was getting thirsty enough to consider turning back to the potholes. However, a mighty cool bath was in

order before I started back. I took another drink at the pothole, but I was still uncomfortably dry when I got back to the canteen. I drank as much as I wanted to at my late lunch, and I picked up a half gallon at the cleaner waterhole on the return.

The flies were a nuisance on the trail, but I didn't notice any flies nor ants either at the campsite by the spring at the top of the Hermit Shale. I saw a lot more birds in this area than I usually do at this time of year. One evening, a hummingbird and a hummingbird moth were working at the same thistle at the same time. Twice I heard deer snort as they took alarm, the first time I had noticed one doing that.

Basalt Canyon, Lava Canyon, and the Butte Fault Trail [August 22, 1958 to August 28, 1958]

The Tanner Trail was covered between 8:30 a.m. and noon on Friday. As quite a coincidence, there were two hikers at the river when I got there. One of them was Marshall Scholing of 1081 N. Riverside Ave. Rialto, California. He has the same ambition I have of covering all the canyon that he can. We promised to exchange letters telling how our trips come out. We talked so long that I got a rather late start on the next leg of my trip. I changed my plan rather abruptly to cover new territory and go up Basalt Creek instead of following the east bank of the Colorado River to Lava Creek.

There was a quiet stretch of water above the mouth of Basalt Creek, but I had no trouble crossing it on the mattress. Judging by the narrowness of the west branch of Basalt Canyon as shown on the map, I thought it would be more feasible to go up the east arm and then cross the ridge into the west arm. Also, I wanted to check the springs in the east branch. In the east branch, I noted three rock markers which might have been an indication of a mining claim or possibly trail markers. If it had been a trail, it may have gone up over the ridge into Lava Canyon rather than going back into the west arm of Basalt as I did. I have noticed a place where one could go up over this dividing ridge from near where the fault reaches Lava. The springs were there all right, but they were decidedly strong with minerals. One pool of warm water tasted distinctly bitter like Epsom salts. In this canyon I disturbed a big owl. About the time I got back into the long arm of Basalt Canyon, it began to rain which helped save my supply of Colorado River water. When I got out to the top of the ridge below Juno Temple, I saw that the descent would be much safer farther to the northwest where I could see a promontory with a reasonably gentle profile. Walking the shale slope over to it was rather slow and took considerably longer than I had allowed. By the time I was starting down towards Lava Creek, it was already getting dark. It was about 8:25 p.m. and quite dark when I reached the creek which had a nice flow of water where I landed, within about 50 minutes walk from the Indian ruin.

The next morning I got off to a good start and scouted the ruin under the overhang near the bend where the long arm of Lava turns north. Only one room is still standing, and it has a good sized hole in the west wall. The rock forms the roof, and it has a feature which I have never seen in these structures before, a zig-zag line of loopholes about 18 inches from the floor on the south side. There wasn't any obvious loot around, but east of the Colorado River, I picked up a piece of black-on-white decorated pottery which Bob Euler says was made between 1070 and 1150 AD.

After a short walk, I came to the branch which heads just west of Hubbell Butte and followed it right on up the Redwall. Between the ruin and this turnoff was a pretty travertine spring covered with maidenhair fern. At a place where the Muav Limestone forms a cliff, I had to back up and go up on the east side, which held me up. Right here I began to note deer signs. I had seen none at all in Basalt and they were rare if any in Lava. There was quite a bit of choice in going up the Redwall, but sometimes I did need two hands on the rocks. I couldn't say that I had discovered an old burro trail.

I followed the top of the Redwall to the southwest and then decided to climb up a little of the Supai. When I returned, I saw that it would have been shorter and easier to climb as much of the Supai as I could as soon as I could have. This would mean at least a third of the formation. As it was, I got around into the main arm of Lava and went at least halfway to the head before I got a good chance to go up through the Supai. I did the first main cliff and went on north to the next recess before I came to a good place to go up the rest of the way. It was relatively easy walking along the lower edge of the Hermit Shale. I went to the south side of the larger isolated cap of Coconino at the head of Lava, quite a struggle part of the way because of manzanita. It was now around 1:00 p.m. and I knew I couldn't reach the point below the Coconino west of Point Atoka where I had been last summer, so I went on around this butte of Coconino to the north where there was a deer trail most of the way. A double fault dropping a slice of the rock down over 100 feet was quite noticeable just west of where I turned back. A little cap of Coconino shows this very well. The next thing I want to investigate is the possibility of getting down into Kwagunt Canyon at this fault. Coming off the rim by this route and down into Kwagunt Canyon, over to Nankoweap Creek along the butte fault, and then up the Nankoweap Trail would make a fine two day walk.

I was returning by the same route along the Supai when I happened to stop for a bit and look around. Something that I had missed on the way in was plain as day; a rather large natural bridge about halfway up the Redwall on the west side quite near the end of Lava Canyon. I took a couple of pictures then, and also on Sunday morning after spending the night at the same place as before. I went back along the bottom of the canyon and got some more pictures by climbing up a slide on the east of the bridge, but that made the top blend with the background. The more distant picture really shows it better when there was no sun on it, at least in the black and white. At the end of the trip, I reported to headquarters and found that it had already been discovered from the air about two years ago by a flier named Hartman. They have been calling it Hartman Bridge. They told me that a man had recently decided to try to reach it and take pictures, but he hadn't carried through and my pictures were the first ones. Sunday afternoon I went down the creek and saw the old still site and the grinder locked in the tree where the shoots came up from the stump and surrounded it. (South side of Lava Canyon where there is a little spring. Mouth of the two-armed creek below Juno Temple.) It would be interesting cutting down one of those four sprouts which are now about six inches thick and see when the still was abandoned. There has been quite a flood since the last time Dock Marston was here. Now there is mud and small stones mixed in with the grinder and a piece of the flywheel has been broken off.

I put the pack down where the fault meets the creek and went on to the river with my camera. There was still a central channel at this stage of low water, but a good sized rock was showing near the right bank and only a sheet of water was going over another near the left bank. Between Sunday evening and Wednesday evening, the water fell several more inches because the latter rock was completely out by then.

I had been walking in the rain and under clouds quite a bit of the time each afternoon, so I misjudged my need for canteen water as I started out Monday morning. However, I should say something about Sunday night. Some animal kept rattling my discarded sardine can for a good part of the night. Also, I could hear rustling going on in my knapsack where the food was stored. First I tried hanging this near my head from a stick jammed into a crack of a little cliff. The noises continued, so I carried it far enough away and hung it from a mesquite tree so I couldn't hear the noises even if they continued. Between those interruptions and my mattress, which needed more air every two or three hours, I didn't sleep very well. The one wool blanket was warm enough all but about one night when I was glad to pull the plastic sheet over me too. I slept with my shirt on, and sometimes I put on my trousers too.

The trip up and down over the ridges separating Lava Canyon from Carbon Canyon (hardly any rise here), Carbon Canyon from mile 60, then on to Awatubi, Malgosa, and finally Kwagunt was pretty fatiguing. You must have to climb a total of about the same altitude as from the bottom of the Canyon to the rim, but you do get there. Near the top of the long arm of Carbon along the fault, I noted some barbwire and fence posts. A corral here seemed odd when there was no water around. Maybe in the winter or spring there is some. This may have been put here by the horsethieves, or it may have something to do with the attempted deer drive. The three little springs in Carbon Canyon along the fault leave a white deposit on the soil, so they might not be very good for the health. I thought I noticed a bad taste on my way north, but when I was coming back the water in the upper one didn't seem half bad. Perhaps I was a lot thirstier. In 60 Mile Canyon you should keep to the west of the fault even though it involves a bit of climbing to reach the other branch. On the return, I went down the bottom and up the other side and decided it was a bit longer but more interesting. While I was doing this, I saw a horned owl which seemed to be living in a small cave in the cliff. All these canyons have impressive gates through the ridges formed by the fault, especially Carbon. I followed down into the Tapeats at Carbon and soon came to a falls which barred the way.

From Malgosa into Kwagunt, you probably shouldn't go right on up the fault as the descent on the Kwagunt side is quite steep and something that a horse couldn't do. You branch off to the west and go a bit higher but have an easier descent. I did this on the return and found several not so rusty cans near the top. Dock tells me that E. A. Hinds took some students into this area in 1934 and thinks that these cans may date from them. It took between 9 and 10 hours for my trip from Lava Canyon to Kwagunt Canyon and I was going along with a dry canteen for the last hour. When I got to Kwagunt, there was a good flow of water which I sat in for a while and read my Digest. The flow in Lava dried up completely during the afternoon. I woke up about three in the morning and heard the stream gurgling merrily. After a rest, I went down to see Kwagunt Rapids. They looked much harder to navigate than the ones at Lava Creek (not to be confused with Lava Rapids) and were making a real roar. One could walk three-fourth of the way across the river with the rapid concentrated on the left side. Upstream the river looked calm and encouraged me to think that it would be no trick to float down from Nankoweap to Kwagunt Rapids. It took nearly an hour to walk from the fault to the river. I noticed that the clear water above the fault picked up enough dark shale to become muddy looking for the last third of the way to the Colorado River.

On Tuesday I thought from the map that I didn't have a very ambitious assignment, so I didn't start as soon as I usually do, about 7:00 a.m. It took me three hours just to get over to Nankoweap Creek. I went

over the loose shale saddle west of the fault and somewhat lower. When I started up to reach the lower end of the Nankoweap Trail, I missed the mouth of the ravine which comes directly down from the trail end and I climbed the ridge directly west of this ravine. At the end, I found a bit of a deer trail but couldn't bring myself to follow it when it went down into the ravine. I had myself a tricky time climbing along the ridge of rotten rock which connects with the point just above the right ravine. I was able to follow the trail up through the talus covering the lower part of the Redwall pretty well although at one place I decided it was completely gone and decided to go straight up. However, I soon hit the trail above and followed it on to the top of the Redwall. At one place some retaining wall is still intact as the trail goes around a point. Where it tops out, there is a handle-less sledge hammer and two worn-out steel drills. I built a cairn here to help one see where to leave the top of the Redwall.

By this time I had run low on water again. I spent almost an hour following the trail up and along the Supai (hour for the round trip). There was no trail improvements to be seen, so I don't think the man has it in shape to take horse parties down to see Goldwater's bridge. The bottom of the Little Nankoweap seemed quite a bit higher than the creek in Nankoweap and since I was so short of water I decided against trying to get to the Colorado River down Little Nankoweap Canyon. I wish now that I had trusted the map, because I believe I could have gotten to the river about as soon as I got down to water in Nankoweap. (I found out later that this isn't true.) I went down the ravine directly below the end of the trail and found this route quite a bit better than going along the ridge. By the time I got to the river, it was too late to think about climbing up to the cliff ruins or going back to explore Little Nankoweap Canyon from the mouth. I walked to the bottom of the rapids and blew up the mattress. Before I had gone very far by water, I could hear rapids ahead. Rocks formed a bar out from the left bank and more and more water went through this bar to form a narrow sharp rapid next to the right bank. With my shoes off and in the pack, I couldn't do much barefooted, so it was very slow walking the rocks past this rapid. I wore my shoes for a while and then paddled over to the right bank again. By this time it was completely dark, and instead of guessing about rapids in the moonlight, I decided to walk the right bank. This was not too hard along the sand beaches, but I came to a lot of willow and mesquite thickets. Sometimes there were places where rain streams had cut vertical slits in the deep sand and crossing them was tricky. It was a slow job and I took to the water once more to bypass one of these thickets. Here I had to paddle against a backwater, so that wasn't good either. It must have been 9:00 p.m. by the time I reached the mouth of Kwagunt because it was 10:10 p.m. when I got back to my campsite at the fult. I was bushed. This struggle caused me to give up the idea of going back by water and I returned by the fault on Wednesday. There was a little shade and a few raindrops in the late afternoon, and I had no real trouble getting to Lava Canyon in nine hours or in floating for a half mile below Lava Creek Rapids. I reached the end of Tanner Wash by 6:15 p.m. in quite good shape. The river was so low that I could walk below the last cliff above Tanner almost the whole way and it wasn't hard to climb up and over the final bit.

My feet had taken a beating, mostly bruised with a couple of minor blisters, and I seemed not to be very peppy otherwise because it took me about six and a half hours to get up the Tanner Trail with a very light pack on Thursday.

Besides the owls and lots of gophers and squirrels, I had a good close look at a coyote in Malgosa Canyon. There were also a couple deer in lower Nankoweap narrows. On Wednesday, a little rattlesnake buzzed at me from under a rock, and a big one coiled and buzzed about 10 feet in front of me.

Kwagunt and Nankoweap Canyons

[September 20, 1958 to September 21, 1958]

Roma let me out 1.3 miles south of Two Rivers Junction scenic view about ten Saturday morning. I wasted a little time finding the break in the Coconino by going out on a point near the base of the Kaibab instead of following the deer trail farther east before starting down. The way down was just as easy as I remembered it. A burro would have no difficulty. Just a few feet west, at the bottom of the Coconino, there is a little spring which accounts for the popularity of this place with deer. When I had proceeded a bit farther east at this level, I saw that I could have gotten through the Coconino where I had first tried, directly down from the road. Just to the north near the bottom, there is a chute where I could have gone over a small ridge and entered. However, going through the woods higher up is easier than along the Hermit Shale so my actual route was superior. I thought that there were no other breaks in the Coconino farther east but Davis and Ellis found one later.

Travel along the shale slope was not as bad as it might have been because I could follow a fair deer trail most of the way. I did lose it at times and it took me three and a half hours to get from the car to the dividing ridge between Lava and Kwagunt Canyons which I had reached in August. If I hadn't been timing myself to this ridge, I could have cut down into the Kwagunt drainage a little sooner. All this slope over the Supai is forested and easy. You don't see any rock at all.

The beginning of the Redwall is quite easy also with the Supai showing distinctly lower on the east than on the west. Either here or a little lower I made the mistake of not leaving the stream bed and going into the forested slope to the east. When I came to impassable falls, I decided to rockclimb out to the east without backtracking much. This was probably a mistake because I had to move very slowly past some difficult spots, especially with my pack containing nearly a gallon of water. When I did get past a couple of small ravines into the woods at this level, there was a definite deer trail so that there should to be a much easier way of coming down. A burro route here would be a good bet. Before you reach the very bottom of the Redwall, you come down into the creekbed again. In fact, the last of this wooded slope seems to be separated from the bottom by a final cliff. In the shale below the Redwall there are numerous small springs which keep a small flow moving for about a half a mile. I felt so sure that the water would continue that I emptied my canteen, and when I came to where it disappears, I didn't fill it thinking that more water would appear shortly. The Tapeats is a real barrier here with no chance of following the creekbed through it. I elected to go to the west along the rim thinking that I would find a break shortly and that I might find the Indian ruins which are supposed to be in Kwagunt. The cliff continued as far as I inspected it in this direction, but I could see a convenient break just south of the angle in the cliff on the east side of this tributary. I lost a half hour on this detour, so when I think that I got down to the main bed of Kwagunt in six and a half hours from the car, I should remember that I took a half hour to eat lunch as well as this bit of lost time. I also should be able to come through the Redwall quite a bit faster another time.

I might have decided to go upstream looking for the Indian ruins if I had kept all the water in my canteen, but now I was in a hurry to find the main springs which keep the good flow in lower Kwagunt. I did take time out to build a good fire which I hoped Roma could see and know that I had reached the bottom of

Kwagunt safely. Actually, she didn't notice this fire. Progress was steady and relatively easy down the streambed. There was one place where two small holes in the shale held water, but they may have been a bit unhealthful since there was white stuff around the edge. Coyote tracks indicated that animals use this water, however. The good springs start rather far down, only a half hour's walk from the butte fault.

My camp Saturday night was a few yards upstream from where I had slept before. It was just where you start up the streambed to go towards Nankoweap. If I had known what sort of day Sunday would be, I would have eaten supper at Kwagunt and then walked over into Nankoweap after dark.

The beginning of the wash leading to Nankoweap confused me a bit as I had not remembered it as being choked with reeds. After a few yards I recognized it as the same one I had been in before. The start was early, 5:45 a.m. in fact. I felt fine and peppy, and this time I continued on to the top of the divide along the fault instead of going west to a lower pass. When you get to the top of this pass, you have to swing slightly to the west as you go down to stay west of the canyon which makes a perpendicular drop into the Redwall. This route is much straighter than the one I used before and there are no serious obstacles. There were two good sized claim markers about three feet high and about one-third the way to the bottom and two-thirds of the way down.

The day still seemed reasonably cool when I got to the river and I undertook the Indian ruins, which are really only granaries. I had to expect some climbing skill to get into the one facing north. This one and the others facing the river all surprised me by their small size. One is likely to judge them as being full sized rooms from a distance, but there is only one which is long enough for a man to stretch out in. There is a well worn trail leading to the main set, undoubtedly formed by people coming down river on boat trips.

It was 10:30 a.m. when I was through with the ruins, but I was still in the mood to go out by way of Little Nankoweap Canyon which the map indicated as possible. It was narrow and scenic, and there were several pools of rainwater which had stood for a week since the last rain. I also noted a pool of clear water from a seep. There were two or three rockfalls which made some detouring out of the creekbed necessary. After I had passed a side canyon from the north, the main canyon entered a narrows, very gloomy and forbidding. Around a bend I came to a 30 foot fall which did have a rather precarious route up around it to the south. It was about all I could do to negotiate this with my pack on, but just above this place around another bend, the end appeared. A narrow notch about 70 feet up formed the lip of another fall, and there wasn't a chance of going up anywhere. Before I began the descent, I noticed a three-fourths inch diameter climbing rope partially buried in the gravel and boulders. It was still quite strong and I could neither break it nor jerk it entirely loose from the gravel. In order to make the descent a little safer, I let the pack down using the 50 foot line I had in my pack. I hurried back to the river from this point in a half hour. I was now two and a half hours behind the schedule that I had set for myself in getting back to the rim.

The heat at 12:30 p.m. was now getting me down. I sat in the creek for a minute at one place, and ate a rather leisurely lunch trying to get rested for the rigorous climb ahead of me. It was after 2:00 p.m. when I really left the creek, and I went up the ravine that leads directly to the end of the trail. This part went off all right and so did the part going up the Redwall which I knew quite well by now. However, I was slow as I felt rather upset to the stomach. It was after 5:00 p.m. when I started on the Supai lap, and almost immediately beyond where I had seen it in August. The trail was completely obliterated by slides of small

and large rocks. For as far ahead as I could see in a big horseshoe bay, the trail was non-existent and the footing would be dangerous with every step since a slide of only a few feet would mean a drop over a small cliff. As it would be dark before long, I gave up any idea of proceeding at this level. At this point there is a very unusual break in the top cliff of the Supai, in fact the only one I had seen or could see, so I started up. I put the gallon canteen in the pack and used both hands for climbing, but when I was four-fifths to the top, I encountered a mean step. The next toehold was about as far away as I could step without jumping across the face of a 20 foot straight drop, and the space where I wanted to be was occupied by a clump of brush. I almost gave up and went back, but that prospect seemed worse than taking the chance. I hooked one arm around the brush and got a friction handhold on the rock nearby and made the step. Somehow I wiggled until my pack came clear of the brush and I knew that nothing but a long grind would prevent me from reaching Point Imperial.

By this time I was quite tuckered out. I stopped and built a fire, partly to heat a cup of bouillon but mostly as a signal to Roma on Point Imperial that I was on my way back safely. She was unable to notice this light so far away, and likewise she didn't see the one I built farther along about 11:00 p.m. If one moves slowly along the Hermit Shale, he can be fairly safe even at night. The walking through manzanita and other brush was miserable and there were plenty of loose stones to watch for. I wore just my shorts to keep as cool as I could and make my water last longer. After drinking less than I needed for hours, I finally finished my water supply a little after eleven o'clock. At midnight I was on the saddle west of Saddle Mountain, but the walking after that was still bad in the dark. My way was often barred by briars and the pine needles on the steep slopes were difficult. Once in a while I would find a short stretch of trail, but I would promptly lose it. The moon had gone down about midnight. I was so weak by this time that I had to sit or lie down for about as long as I spent walking up the grades. Up on the rim, the wind began to blow and my trousers and shirt were not too warm. I used my blankets when I needed to rest. When I finally got to the top and was beyond the ravines, I could walk for longer intervals and finally reached the parking lot at Point Imperial about 20 minutes after sunrise. I surely was glad when Roma came back from one of her regular inspections down the rim road to see whether I could be coming out where I had gone down near Two Rivers Junction. I had lost nine pounds in two days, but with plenty of water and food at home, I gained it back in two days.

Unkar Creek

[October 18, 1958 to October 19, 1958]

I started down the Tanner Trail at 7:52 a.m., and reached the river in just under three hours. Since I did no running (only a quick step now and then), it must not be much over the estimate of 10 miles. Since I wanted to cross the river below Tanner Rapids, I angled to the west from the shale ridge near the bottom and didn't get to the bottom of Tanner Creek at all. The river was real low, about the same as when I crossed in late August, but now there was very little silt in it. When you drank it, there was no grit in your teeth, and the last of the canteen was just as good as the first.

Dock had asked me to check the possibility of the existence of an old trail just below Point Ochoa heading over in the direction of Cardenas Creek. I climbed the shale slope to the west of the mouth of Basalt Creek where along one rather level stretch there seemed to be a poorly defined trail for about 50 yards. Farther on there seemed to be rocks cleared away for a trail for about 20 feet, but I saw nothing that

was a sure sign of an old trail on the way over into Unkar Canyon as I kept rather high and crossed the arroyos near their upper ends beneath the basalt cliffs. It took about three hours to get from the mouth of Basalt to the bottom of Unkar, including a half hour stop for food.

There is a large tributary of Unkar which comes down from the bay beneath Jupiter Temple. I reached Unkar downstream from this streambed and was pleased to find a fair flow of water where I was. The water runs on the surface for about a mile and the spring was only a few yards above. There was more surface water further up indicating another spring existed. I left the pack here and started up Unkar at 2:45 p.m. with the camera and light meter. It was warm enough to hike in just a pair of trunks, but the heat wasn't oppressive as it had been four weeks earlier. I had gotten soft, however, and I was a little dismayed to have to rest when I was just walking up a slight grade in the streambed.

Unkar surprised me by being more closed in than the beds of Lava, Kwagunt, or Nankoweap. There were very few good views of the Redwall, but I don't think that there are any good breaks which would help you climb out in this area. Some kind of green herb which grows about three or four feet high was in bloom with small green flowers all over it. The air was perfumed for miles along here. Sometimes mesquite blooms are almost too sweet to be attractive, but these were just right. Another experience which was new to me was being startled by a certain kind of bird. It was about the size of a robin but had the build of a hawk. It would wait until I was only a few feet away and then it would start off with a sort of quick hiss. I had never noticed this kind of bird before, but on this day I saw at least six of them.

If I had the time, I wanted to see whether one could climb out of Unkar where it reaches north nearest to Lava. I followed the arm which goes in this direction below Cape Final. Where the bed comes up to the base of the Tapeats, there is considerable basalt showing which makes an abrupt cliff on the west side of the bed. The stream comes over part of the Tapeats and about 40 feet of this basalt is a vertical fall, but over to the east there is a simple climb up a talus. A 50 foot fault is quite noticeable here. The bottom of the Tapeats is higher to the west. The valley to the north was fairly open but bounded by the Redwall. I estimated that it would have taken another hour to reach the end and check the possibility of climbing out. There is a good chance of doing this since I know that there is the same fault here which makes it possible to go down into Kwagunt and probably makes a descent possible into Lava from the north. I would like to check both of these ideas out sometime. Going from the mouth of Unkar clear to Nankoweap would be much quicker if one could go from Unkar at its head into the south branch of Lava and go on to the north fork of Lava and then into Kwagunt. The traverse from Kwagunt to Nankoweap would have to be by the well known Butte Fault Trail or over a lower ridge west of Nankoweap Butte. Another possibility is between Colter and Hutton Buttes.

When I returned from this tour my wind seemed much better, and I came down in only a little more than an hour. I carried my pack downstream until 5:40 p.m. and decided to stop for the night. It was cool enough by then that I wanted my shirt on, but I would have been a little more comfortable if I had a lighter sleeping bag. The air mattress held air much better than the ones I have been using lately, and I slept all of eight hours. After 4:30 a.m., I watched the sky for quite a while and saw more meteors than usual. I think they must have been coming on the average of one a minute for a half hour. It may have been a regular shower, but I couldn't make out the radiant.

Breakfast was over before it was light enough to travel and I was ready to move by 6:10 a.m. I had already had to negotiate a couple of spots in the streambed which took just a bit of scrambling, but ahead the way was easier. It was just plain walking down the gravel. At one place I sat down and read to let the sun get high enough for me to snap a picture of the north rim. From most of Unkar you're too shut in to take good pictures, but now and then you round a bend and get a good view of Vishnu Temple or Freya Temple. Vishnu looks pretty wicked to climb. I'm afraid Merrel Club can have his corner on Vishnu.

Unkar Rapids occupied me for quite a while. It was a bit dark for good pictures. I took one on bulb resting the camera on a rock. When I had crossed the river, which I could do at about a 45 degree angle, I went down near the rapid and shot some more. Walking the bank on the left of Unkar Rapids is impossible even at the present low stage.

It was easy to walk the bank up almost to Cardenas Creek. The footing either gave out or else was very narrow below a bluff near here, and since I wanted to see the Indian ruin on the ridge, I climbed up and away from the bank. I spotted the ruin when I was below it and a couple hundred yards away. It is quite large with walls still standing about five feet high along one side.

Hopi Salt Spring

[December 6, 1958 to December 7, 1958]

Allyn Cureton and I left the car at 8:00 a.m. and were down to the river a bit after 11:00 a.m. We noted that the water was still lower than it had been as a white line was showing on the rocks about four inches above the present level. Keith Runcorn's rocks were still in the mesquite tree. This time we tried going along the rocks beside the water instead of climbing up and around the cliffs just upriver from the wash. We were able to climb up the spot where I had previously rejected the possibility of coming down and stayed near the water all the way. The island at mile 66.9 was no longer an island. It was connected to the left shore near the lower end and also still more at the upper end. Some nearly clear water was filtering through the mud and rocks, but the river would have to rise at least nine inches before there would be any direct flow. Just for the record, we walked across the island. Upriver from here the dunes were really something artistic. At mile 66.3, a pebble and boulder bar formed a partial dam for a pool which began just below Lava Creek Rapids. It looked as though a man could wade the river here, and a horse would have no trouble at all. At Lava Creek Rapids, the water was following a well defined and rather narrow channel near the center of the river. There seemed to be no obstructions here as the water was swift with no breaking waves. The waves were not much more than a foot or so high and quite smooth. There were at least three places between Lava Creek and Tanner Rapids which were distinctly rougher.

We walked by the old mining camp where the best structure was built of driftwood saplings with mud still showing between them. The lower mine shaft still had a pool of water over its floor, but there was no crust on the surface. The upper deep shaft was wet near the entrance, but back a bit farther we had to straddle mud and water in the middle of the floor. The walls and ceiling are crusted with bubbles of salt so thick that no rock shows. At a place or two, wet spots in the salt are stained a brilliant green by the copper. Back where the shaft forks into three parts, a short timber holds up the roof. We followed two of the branches to their ends, but the one towards the surface of the cliff had too much water on the bottom. About here I noticed my candle was burning very low. The flashlight gave all the light we had. At the

same time we became aware that it was much warmer than out farther. When we got into the fresh air again both of us had a slight headache. I wouldn't have minded sleeping near the mouth because the candle burned twice as bright as it had at the end of the shaft. However, as the inward slope was down, the cold night air would have penetrated freely and we would not have had much protection from the cold. We dropped our packs on a smooth spot in the sandy soil where the mesquite is spotty near where the trail takes off to go up above the Tapeats cliff. It took us about one and a half hours to get to the bay where the Hopi climbed down for their salt at mile 63.4. Strangely, I didn't recognize the place for sure until I had passed it and stood on the point just north of where there's a distinct rock-pile. This rock-pile seemed unfamiliar too since less seemed to be standing than I remembered. However, from this point, I could recognize the exact route I had followed down across on the south side. We hooked the clothesline around the same square block to slide down to the step built up from below. When we were both down, we couldn't loosen the rope so Allyn climbed up and then came down with no help from the rope although he had a bit of help from me in showing him where to place his feet. I had also forgotten the exact location of the peculiar rock used by the Hopi for fastening their rope when they went down. It's not in the middle of the smooth bottom of the wash but over to the left side on a ledge about six feet lower than the main lip of the fall. It's shaped pretty much like the rear of a saddle and holds the rope perfectly. After taking a picture of Allyn with his head against the rock, I got ready and rappelled down with no ill effects. The rope hangs out about nine inches from the cliff at the steepest place, but you reach this vertical place after an eight foot slope of about a 45 degrees inclination. The straight drop can't be much more than 15 feet until you reach a shelf of conglomerate where you can land and get off the rope. By rope measurement, it's 35 feet from the saddle rock to the ground below the conglomerate platform.

There were at least three salt seep springs along the next third of a mile downriver from this descent. The whole cliff face is white with salt stalactites and some stalagmites. The definite springs had built up big deposits. After we had just about given up finding a cave, Allyn found two rather close together. They were about five feet deep and about 20 feet long parallel to the cliff face. I could see nothing that looked like a prayer feather or any sort of offering. One dusty looking lump might have formerly been a pedestal where a spring had dripped forming a pool on the top, but if this had once matched the Hopi account, it no longer did. Our photography was handicapped by the failing light and it was a good thing that Allyn had a tripod which served for my camera as well as his.

I had forgotten the best way to go downriver along the bank and we tried following the edge of the water. When a cliff developed, we went only as high as we thought necessary, but by this time it was completely dark and it was difficult to determine the best route. When our ledge seemed to be getting worse, I finally insisted that Allyn turn back and we climb up to the bench just below the Tapeats cliff. This would have been easy in the daylight, but it took a bit of care in the dark. We went down to the edge of the water again where we could see that we were back in the vicinity of the open area. This also proved to be a mistake because we had to pass the place where we left our packs before we could break through the mesquite. I was leading when we got through the mesquite and started looking for the packs. More by luck and intuition than sense, I practically stumbled over the packs in the dark when we couldn't make out the landmark we had picked, a peculiar rock with a distinct circle embedded in it.

The night was a bit cold especially since I was still sweaty when I went to bed, but we slept quite a few hours. The return was quite leisurely with a late start about 9:00 a.m. and arrived back at the Tanner Trail

about 10:45 a.m. I noted an overhang of conglomerate just downriver from the last cliff on the left bank and Allyn investigated it. He found a five gallon can of Firechief gasoline and some wheat germ in glass jars, possibly one of Georgie White's caches. The trip out took about six hours. Allyn wanted a number of pictures and at one place he was delayed a bit by losing a part from his camera. After he looked through his pack, he found that he had put it on the ground. We were up to the car about 5:00 p.m.

From the Tanner Trail to the New Hance Trail
[January 3, 1959 to January 4, 1959]

I got started down the Tanner Trail at 8:30 a.m. There was about four inches of snow over the loose rocks which called for careful footwork down to the bottom of the Coconino Sandstone. It had been quite cool since this recent snowfall because there was a bit left in the shade clear below the Redwall.

There was a car parked where I had left mine when I took Allyn to the salt spring and when I saw the footprints on the trail ahead, I was pretty sure it was Allyn with a couple of other people with him. They had slept below the Redwall just above where the trail starts into the draw to go below the Muav. They had left their bedrolls there while they went to the river and back on Friday. I didn't meet them as I left the trail at the top of the Tapeats. When I was starting down the ravine to the west through the Tapeats, I thought I recognized a rock-pile, presumably marking a possible descent. It was pretty crude, however, and it may have been a natural circumstance. The way down wasn't particularly difficult, but it called for constant vigilance as I found when I rolled a rock and almost wrecked my wristwatch. The going was easy in the bottom of the wash, but towards the river it turns toward the east and the saving in distance would be minor if one were to follow it. The trail itself would still be best if one were coming upriver along the bank and were headed for the rim. When I was pretty well down, I climbed the shale slope and kept to the region about 500 feet above the river. here was a clump of mesquite and cane which signified some sort of seep spring. here was no surface water at this time of year, but this area showed quite a bit of travertine and someone has built a claim marker about three feet high on this mound of travertine. Keeping at this level, I went into Cardenas Creek and climbed a ridge above the one where the Indian ruin is perched.

The map omits showing the streambeds in the bay west of Unkar Rapid, but they are well developed and are surely as worth recording as the system of washes between Basalt and Unkar Creeks on the north side of the river. I went down to the beach and tried following the river downstream. The strata tilt up to the west and form little drops directly into the water even at the present low stage. With some climbing and descending when there was a chance, I got to the angle beyond which I could see the rather open area at the mouth of Escalante Creek. The catch was that there was a 30 foot drop to a sand dune and no way to go up or down this time. I had to back-track and climb clear away from the river above this series of cliffs (going into Escalante is much better). The cliffs on the east side of Escalante appeared improbable and worked clear around to the west side of this bay. (George Billingsley has since gone around this corner at the river level.) I might have been able to descend to the bottom of Escalante on this side, but I went down a place that looked promising into 75 Mile Canyon instead. There were places that looked a bit rugged in this route, but by choosing the best way, it went through all right. I came to the bottom just where 75 Mile enters its final impressively narrow and deep canyon. Rather than chance getting caught by a fall in the narrow bottom at this time of evening, I followed the east rim of the gorge to the river. This

put me closer to the mouth of Escalante than to that of 75 Mile Canyon. I just had time to collect some firewood before nightfall. It had taken three hours to go downriver about three-fourths of a mile, but I had seen some amazingly rough country.

It appeared that going from Unkar Creek to Asbestos Canyon on the north side would be considerably easier. You can follow the river bank from Unkar to the mouth of the wash at mile 73.9 and then go up the ridge which forms the west rim of this little canyon. A steady grade will take one right on up behind Solomon Temple. From there you should be able to walk around to the south side of Sheba Temple and down into Asbestos Canyon. While I was looking this terrain over, I saw a very potent little whirlwind move across the canyon just downstream from where I was standing. The dust was scooped up from the bottom of the canyon just as easily as it was from the rim many feet higher.

The two sleeping bags were almost too warm for the first part of the night (neither was down) and just right for the cold towards morning. At one time when I was awake, I heard the honking of flying geese. I wondered where they could be going on the fourth of January. They should have already flown south, and surely it was not time to be going north again. While Flagstaff was getting a dusting of snow, my sky was perfectly clear, but the wind for an hour or more kicked up the sand and little piles of it formed in the corners of my eyes. I had to shovel out before I dared open them. As usual, I ate crackers in bed before it was completely light. Before I got under way, I spent a little time looking into the mouth of Escalante Creek. The bed was easy to follow as far as I went up, but I feel pretty sure it is boxed in higher with dry falls. (I found out later that this is not true, there is a deer trail out.) I believe I could have come directly down into it on the west slope, but if I had I wouldn't have been able to plot my next move so well. There was evidence that prospectors had been in this area also. There was a rock-pile on the ramp next to the river where I came from 75 Mile Creek. I liked the open area at the mouth of Escalante. It formed such a contrast with the imposing cliffs both up and downstream.

There was no way to get down to the beach which formed quite a distance upstream from the mouth of 75 Mile Canyon directly from the rim next to the river, but I saw that there might be a chance to follow the bed down from a half mile above the river. There were a number of places where I had to use care in seeing that I could get back up some short drops, but they were all fairly easy. This inner canyon, which was about 200 feet deep and only about 30 feet wide, is one of the most impressive examples of narrows in the entire Grand Canyon. There were also water pockets in the narrow. It seemed so logical that there should be an unscalable obstacle somewhere, but instead one could go right out to the boulder strewn beach with enough driftwood to make a nice fire in cold weather. I thought that the hour I spent reconnoitering here wouldn't be missed at the end of the day, but it almost turned out otherwise.

The slope up to the west from the place where the narrows begin is fairly easy going except where one strikes really loose material. When I was above most of the slide with some really loose shale still ahead before I would be at the break in the Tapeats, I noticed that I could have gone up the creek around a bend and then up with less loose scree to cope with. Incidentally, the Tapeats in this area has very few breaks. I noted one on the south side of the bay formed by 75 Mile Canyon, but there seemed to be no others all the way back to where I had come off the Tanner Trail. (Later I found two such breaks in the Tapeats.) You go up the Tapeats near the north end of the point separating Papago from 75 Mile. I was on a faint deer trail much of the way from here well around into the side of Red Canyon. Papago Canyon is a short one,

but it may be one of the relatively small number whose bottoms cannot be reached except by a rope climber. It looked wild and by now I knew that I had no time to waste investigating things no matter how interesting they seemed. (4-28-74 There are two ways through the Shinumo just north of the fall, one on the east arm near the river and one on the east side. Both are hairy. Enter the lower end or from the east (?) down cliffs just west of the point separating the two arms of Papago.)

When I looked to the bay below Zuni Point, the headwall seemed to have very little of the typical shale slope in the Muav. What benches there were looked so narrow and devoid of vegetation that it seemed suicidal to try that route. I saw that if I could get to the bottom of the wash, the rest of the route would be clear with a good deer trail up the red shale to the part of the New Hance Trail I had been over before. However, from above on the north, I couldn't see a break in the Tapeats and I wondered whether at last my luck had run out. When I came to a narrow rockslide, I climbed gingerly down it among annoyingly loose boulders and only realized when I got to the bottom and started up the opposite slope that there was an easier way just a few feet farther to the southeast.

At the top of the shale I noticed some copper ore and then saw a small shallow shaft showing where the miner had gotten a few dollars worth of the green and blue stuff. A definite trail went uphill from this mine for several hundred yards and then disappeared. The Redwall seemed rather broken from this direction, but I didn't recognize the official place where the trail surmounts it. When I went towards the place that seemed most promising, it turned out to be the right spot and I was above the Redwall just before 3:00 p.m. The rest of the trip was routine, but I have to confess that I missed the trail a few times and was truly grateful to Dan Davis for more rock-pile markers than had been along here before. Crossing the steep clay slopes at the heads of about three or four bays before you reach the valley in the Supai required about as much care as anything on the whole trip. It was similar to a lot of walking that I had done, and by this time I was in the mood to forget it. It took me about an hour to reach the Supai valley and two more to get out on the rim. I was pretty cold when Allyn Cureton stopped his car and backed up to see who was walking at that time of night. He took me to my car and pushed it when it wouldn't start from a coast. He even loaned me a flashlight to unstick the jammed choke. Even in the car I was thoroughly chilled by the time I got home. This was about the most continuously rough walking of any of my trips.

P.S. There is a driftwood pole about 25 feet long propped up among some boulders just west of the mouth of 75 mile Creek.

Trip from Clear Creek to the foot of Deva Temple
[January 23, 1959 to January 25, 1959]

Allyn Cureton, Reider Peterson, and I went down the South Kaibab Trail at a leisurely pace to Phantom Ranch in two and a half hours. Allyn's knee was bothering him and he stayed at the Bright Angel campground by himself while Reider and I went on over to the Clear Creek Indian ruin to the most protected campsite I know about, short of an actual mine shaft in the Canyon. We slept fine out of the breeze and the full moonlight.

On Saturday we went upstream to the break in the Tapeats where Allyn and I had gone up to the figurine cave. This time we turned south into the canyon which comes down from the saddle between Deva Temple and Obi Point, actually just north of Deva. A picture I had taken from the base of The Howland's Butte indicated that one might go up through the Redwall here. One surprise was water flowing for about a mile in this streambed just above the Tapeats. We got around the first fall in the Redwall up a ravine to the south of the bed. It wasn't hard to go up nor was it difficult to go down again to the bed, but only a short distance above, we thought that there was a bigger fall with no way to bypass it. We were so sure we would be turned back that we left our lunches, water, and even my camera behind. When we investigated, we found another ravine to the south and just when it became vertical, there was a narrow shelf on which we could go back into the bed above all obstacles in the Redwall. From there it was straightforward up to the very top small cliff in the Supai. Just below this cliff, we found a rather fresh looking tin can. We would have had to make a long detour along this cliff except that there was a small juniper growing out of a crack just high enough to reach. After pulling up to it, there were foot and finger holds the rest of the way.

Deer tracks were not observed on the way through the Redwall until we came out on the Hermit Shale above Bright Angel Creek. They led north, but there was no break in the Coconino in sight. However, I think there is one around Komo Point via Obi Canyon. Walking on the frozen shale in a light coat of snow was very tricky. We also knew we could go to the south shoulder of Deva and get up it, but we didn't want to go that long without food. It took us a bit over an hour to get back to the packs and we were back to our campsite before 4:15 p.m. It took 25 minutes to go from the ruin to the place you leave the stream and three hours and 25 minutes to go from Clear Creek to Bright Angel Divide. Reider made it to the rim from the campground with a 17 pound pack in three hours and five minutes while I took three hours and 18 minutes for a 19 pound pack. Allyn came out a couple minutes faster than I with a 26 pound pack even with his stiff knee.

To Horn Creek Rapids on the north side of the Colorado River
[February 28, 1959 to March 1, 1959]

Allyn Cureton and I made it down the South Kaibab Trail in good time and ate an early lunch. We walked along the north side of the river on the old telephone trail, starting away from the engineer's station about 11:30 a.m. We left the trail shortly before it gave out and found the climb out of the inner gorge not too bad. We had to do more worrying on the way down on Sunday, but this was not bad either.

In crossing the valley southeast of Cheops Pyramid, we dropped down to cross the wash about as far south as it's feasible and kept to a fairly direct route to the west. We noted that there is no way to climb out of this valley up to the base of the Pyramid short of going up the wash itself. However, there is a break with a deer trail up on the plateau to the northeast. On the return we saw a beautiful sight, five deer breaking into a gallop down and across the wash and up this route.

In the drainage directly south of Cheops, we went west above the ledges well above the bottom of the wash. The going was rather rough, so we returned along the bottom of the wash until we hit the drop-off at the Bass Limestone. The return was probably better.

With the hope of finding water in the streambed to the west, we went around the base of the Tapeats plateau to the north. There was no water in evidence unless we were willing to go a long way down, so we kept going just below the base of the Tapeats and arrived at the head of the ravine leading south to the river just below Horn Creek Rapids before 2:30 p.m. The start down here was so easy that we both thought we would be at the river in less than a half hour. However, about one-fourth of the way down, the bottom of the wash dropped out, and we had to climb out of it to the east. There was plenty of unsound rock and scree covering steep rocks where one has to be very careful. When we finally found our way back to the bottom about two-thirds of the way down, plenty of time had passed, and our half hour had become an hour by the time we reached the river. It was another ten minutes for us to go up the river bank to the rapid itself where we finally found some small patches of sand that made good spots to bed down.

The river was lower than we had seen it last year in the middle of March, and the waves were really ferocious. If a boat would go down the middle, it would meet explosive waves where the direct current strikes big submerged rocks.

The temperature was just about perfect for our bags except that I got a bit clammy and cold towards morning. It must have been warmer than it was five weeks earlier because my hands stayed warm in the morning without gloves.

Climbing from the river to the base of the Tapeats on the return again surprised us by taking an hour and a half. We estimated that following the base of the Tapeats east is impossible. When we went back we varied the route by going up on the Tapeats plateau at the break rather near the west end. We crossed the top to the south and stood directly above the top of our route ravine. Then we went east and checked the break in the Tapeats by which you can go down to the granite on the side of river. We think that one can go around the point here into the ravine with the yellow bottom. This is a good route to the river, but you can't get downstream to the rapid itself.

Allyn found a hole in the top of a flat rock which had about a half inch of water in it. He said that it was about four inches deep and would hold a good many gallons. This was just east of the drainage across the middle of this plateau between the two humps. We returned by the route already described and were slightly disconcerted to find that the way down to the telephone line was harder to find than we had thought it to be on the way up. It was 2:30 p.m. by the time we were at the bridge and we both had a slow time getting out a little after 6:00 p.m. Allyn went ahead and must have been about a mile above me at one time. He tired out at Cedar Ridge, and by the time he had eaten more food, I was up with him, so we walked out together.

Red Canyon to Old Hance Trail loop
[March 27, 1959]

The Gibsons let me take their car to the head of the Red Canyon Trail while they hiked to Phantom Ranch by the South Kaibab Trail and returned up the Bright Angel Trail. I left the car at 8:35 a.m. and had no trouble finding the head of the trail. A car track goes right to it except that when you are in the beginning of the draw leading to the trail head, the track stays out of the draw.

My objective for the day was to identify pictures in Stoddard, and I found the one called starting down, the one at the joint of the Toroweap Formation and the Coconino Sandstone. I missed the site where the men were obliged to walk. I wonder whether the printer could have reversed that view. I also got his shot taken from the top of the Redwall showing the point of the Redwall projecting north from the base of Coronado Butte.

I was able to follow the trail better this time than on previous occasions. Below the Coconino the trail swings west on the gentle slope towards Coronado Butte and then switches down to the west side of the wash where it is fully developed in the Supai. It crosses to the east side of the wash for a few yards and then keeps to the west for another good stretch. For about the lower third, it's on the east side.

Dan Davis has told me about the other way to get down through the Redwall before you have reached the old official way, and I thought I would try it. I looked ahead when I got down to the Redwall and noted a place where the slope comes high on the Redwall. It seemed closer than I had remembered the right place to be, but I decided to try it anyway. I wish I had timed myself in getting to it, because it came along in what seemed far less time than the right spot had last spring. I had been going along lower than the trail and didn't notice the rock-pile and other marks of the old route, but when I got out on the promontory and started down north of the point, I realized that I was back to the standard descent.

Below, everything was familiar to me. The trail was clear for a while, but just before I reached the arroyo-like ravine to the north, I lost it and crossed the ravine a bit too high. When I followed it down a bit before climbing out, I came to a rock-pile showing the official crossing. I went north in the vicinity of the copper diggings, but I missed that hole this time. The way I had gone to the bottom of the tributary gulch which separates Moran and Zuni Points was easily identified, but from this angle, it didn't seem so impossible to keep up on the slope just below the Redwall. I might have saved time doing that last January. I followed the ridge on the south side of this gulch and ran into the trail still well defined before I got to the bottom. It was very clear on the north side. This was clearly a bypass for some big rocks and drops in the main stream. When the trail returned to the wash, the bed was still rock and a little water was trickling along it, something which is not true for most of the year. Towards the river, there was a narrow gorge. Before I entered this, I looked back at a view of Coronado Butte and recognized one of Stoddard's pictures. When you are through this narrows, there is a mesquite flat on the east. About in the center there is the old campsite with a cast-iron stove and sundry other gear lying around.

Down river from Hance Rapids, I didn't find the trail down to the ferry site, but the Tonto Trail was higher from the river than I had been on the other occasions I was along here. I kept on the trail most of the way but I didn't follow it clear back into a big horseshoe bend into Mineral Canyon. This time I didn't look down into the impressive drop of Mineral down to the river in the granite. When I climbed out of the depression still farther west before coming to Hance Canyon itself, I must have been closer to the river than previously, for I almost started down into Hance too soon. There was a burro trail leading down through the Tapeats, but I couldn't see what it was like below that. It might have been quite feasible to go all the way down. However, I continued along the contour and got a good look at the route out of Hance to the west beginning about where the canyon becomes narrow in the granite and where the last cottonwoods are growing. This was opposite the route I had used before to get down into Hance from the east. I was glad to go down here again because my canteen had been dry for some time and I also think

it's quicker to get to the bottom and then go steadily up instead of having to wind along the contours of the upper slope. The bottom of this descent is a few hundred yards up Hance from the last cottonwoods where I had camped before near the start of the burro trail out to the west. It was only a short walk upstream until I recognized the picture of the overhangs referred to as being near the Temple of Set. I take it that the latter is an alcove in the Tapeats just downstream on the east side of the wash.

As I proceeded up the wash, I was interested in a helicopter going up and down the canyon sometimes rather close overhead. I began to wonder whether someone was lost and they were trying to decide whether I answered the description. I discovered the reason for all this traffic about half way from the junction of the east and west arms of Hance to the head of the east arm in the Redwall. A few hundred yards north of the biggest cave on the east wall of the arm, about where the old Hance Cabin should have been, and where the walls of an elaborate corral still stand, was a disabled helicopter. It had been transporting a government surveyor and had to make a forced landing. The second helicopter landed nearby while I was still talking to the two men. Apparently whoever had come down at the time of the mishap had not realized that they could walk to the rim in three hours or less, for they had built a very good leanto out of juniper boughs, a piece of work that must have taken about three hours.

At this spot, near the seep spring on the east, I got a good match for the background in Stoddard's picture of the Hance Cabin, but the foreground rocks eluded me still. There are no longer any cottonwoods at all south of the beginning of the gorge through the Tapeats, so I suppose a flood got those fine trees and also the cabin.

I found more of the trail above the Redwall than I had on the previous trips, but I seemed more confused near the top. The notch in the Kaibab which was farthest east had been the clue I had used before, but this time it seemed unpromising. I headed for the break just west of it. There were rusty tin cans down here, but I got out on the rim without finding the old trailhead. I then saw that the eastern most notch was correct, but I had done better by coming out where I did. There was a lot more snow in the right break.

It took me about three hours to go down Red Canyon to the river and about four to come up the Old Hance Trail from the cottonwood camp in Hance Canyon.

Cheops Pyramid and the Colorado River
[April 4, 1959 to April 5, 1959]

Allyn Cureton and I hiked down to the Bright Angel Campground in a bit less than two hours and arrived at around 10:00 a.m. We had passed a group of boy scouts on the trail and I had marveled at their warm jackets when I was going shirtless or at least wanting to. While we were eating a snack, we made the acquaintance of the math teacher at Verde Valley School who was also down there with a group of boys. They were taking the trip in easy stages, down one evening, up as far as Indian Gardens the second day, and out the third day. Mr. Caley, I believe his name is, is quite an enthusiastic Sierra hiker.

We started at about 11:00 a.m. to hike up the granite at the north end of Bright Angel Campground. Allyn still seemed a bit uncertain about the direction to take towards the top of the granite and he confessed that he had wasted quite a bit of time being confused about this part of the route when he went over to Trinity

Creek on a previous trip. I went up a deer trail which was very clear but was a bit farther north than I had remembered the route to be the two times I had come down it. his good trail abruptly ended and we had to do some rock climbing to get back on the former route which was only a few yards away. We noted the trail cairn at the top of the granite ridge and also the one at the top of the ravine through the Tapeats Sandstone when we arrived at this higher level.

In order to save distance at the expense of some climbing, we dropped down into the upper end of the valley to the east of Cheops Pyramid. Here Allyn called my attention to a peculiar looking rock pile which proved to be a mescal pit with quite a bit of charcoal still showing. It was right against the base of a cliff.

Allyn had left his pack at the campground as he had decided to study while I went on after the ascent of the pyramid. I left my pack about where I knew I would have to go to get down from the pyramid to the shale, quite near the upper end of this steep valley. We looked the route over and decided to go up a talus slope to a shelf about one-fifth of the way up the Redwall on the east side of the pyramid. Then we walked around near the southwest angle. Here we had the steepest climbing, but after about 50 feet of not so difficult scrambling, we were able to finish by walking up to the east and then to the top by an easy route. A deer could probably get to the top, but we didn't see any signs that they wanted to.

Clubb's can and writing were still there under a small rock pile. He had written on a piece of cardboard, "Climbed by M. D. Clubb in his 60th year on July 12, 1957 in lieu of the great pyramid at Gizeh, which he was prevented from doing by virus jaundice." We had reached the top in just under three hours from the campground and we thought we had made all the right decisions about the way up.

When we had recovered my pack and had eaten a little, Allyn went with me down the draw to return to the camp via the Telephone Line Trail along the river. I went across the cactus covered shale flats to the east end of the isolated plateau of Tapeats next to the inner gorge. I decided in favor of skirting the east base of the Tapeats instead of going across the top to the break about in the middle above the inner gorge. There were three awkward spots where I had to use my hands a bit to get past small ravines, but when I reached the head of the sulfide ravine going down to the river, I saw that it was rather questionable whether one could get around the point to the west to reach the ravine we had previously used to get to the river at the foot of Horn Creek Rapid. Emery Kolb had said that he had run down the sulfide ravine to the river in 25 minutes. My time from the base of the Tapeats to the river was more like 45 minutes, but it was easier than the route presumably used by Chief Ranger Brooks after Sturdevant and Johnson had drowned.

I had been planning to sleep near the river somewhere and return to Bright Angel Campground the next day. I had my mattress with me and I had time to try something. I found that I could carry the inflated mattress over little promontories and paddle across, upstream on the quiet water between them. When I had gone along the north bank far enough, I paddled across the river. By then it was getting late and I just had time to find a nice bit of level sand for sleeping. In the morning it was only a short walk to the bottom of the Bright Angel Trail and I was back to the campground long before Allyn expected me. If I had some way of telling him where I was without going to the campground, I would have had a shorter walk to the car, but there was no big deal about having to go to the campground first.