

## Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

### DETAILED HIKING LOGS (March 16, 1974 – December 1, 1974)

#### Nankoweap Trip

[March 16, 1974 to March 23, 1974]

Tony Williams was planning his own trip to Hindu Amphitheater, but he accepted my invitation to go to Nankoweap. I met the early plane on Saturday, and after we had eaten, we took off for Nankoweap. Although I drove a gas saving 50 to 55, we got to the hunting cabins in time to eat our lunch and get under way by 12:15 p.m.

Our first objective was to check the route down through the Redwall at the very head of the arm of Nankoweap directly below the trail. Ellen Tibbets had found that this would go when she was trying to lead a party up via the break in the Redwall that Billingsley had rediscovered, the one that the cavers call the Huntoon Route. It is a steep ravine on the south side of the gorge that comes up where the Nankoweap Trail levels off after it has come down through the top Supai cliffs. We had to keep on west until we came to where a slide covers up the Supai ledges. From a distance we couldn't see how we were going to get down the 30 foot cliffs, but we found that the way was quite simple, down a rock slide in the bed of a ravine that goes directly down into the Redwall gorge. This fairly easy scramble kept to the left of the bed and continued about halfway through the Redwall. In fact, it was easy to descend too far here. We finally came to an impossible drop, and we had to get back up to where we had seen a flat topped fin sticking out into the canyon. Billingsley, who had gone down here not long ago, had told me that it was necessary to switch over to the right, and this was the place. When we got over to the south of this fin, we could look down a straight slide to the bottom of the Redwall. We had more difficulty in passing a fall in the Bright Angel Shale. Tony got down one way near the center of the wash, lowering his pack by a cord. I chose to creep down a ramp beneath an overhanging rock and slide my pack behind me.

We reached the shelter under the big rock near the junction of this arm and the one containing Mystic Falls about 6:30 p.m. We put down our loads and went down to the creek from Mystic Falls expecting to find a good flow. Although we had passed a nice little flowing spring up in the shale of the access arm, there was no water in the creek here. I insisted that we would find water if we went upstream toward the fall. After we had walked 15 minutes along the dry bed, we began to worry. If we had to go much farther, it might get dark on us before we got back to camp. Tony returned with the idea of having a fire going or perhaps coming after me with his flashlight while I continued upstream to fill our canteens. Less than five minutes after he turned back, I came to a standing pool, and I was able to get back to our campsite before dark. We slept fairly well although I was awake some because my bag was too warm and because I heard a mosquito or two and a mouse was interested in my pack.

My main objective for the whole trip was to try to climb Colter Butte, but I thought it would be too long for a day beginning at this place. We carried our packs downstream and found a good flow at the grove with the cane growing in a dense thicket. This is about a half mile before this arm joins the main arm of Nankoweap. This had been dry last June. We left the bed here and tried a supposed shortcut over to the main arm. We went too high and had to go up and down before we got to the place to start up the ravine

that leads to Duppa and Swilling. This is easily remembered by the grove of big cottonwoods and the cane thicket. It was now about 10:00 a.m. and too late to think of starting up Colter. We decided to try the ascent of Nankoweap Mesa, something that Tony wanted to do.

I hadn't reviewed my Nankoweap Mesa log from 1963 but I tried to remember my former route rather than use my eyes. As a result, I led Tony far too high. We got up to the pass in the Butte Fault where we could look down on Kwagunt Creek and then ate lunch on the lower part of the Redwall ridge just east of the pass. Here I decided to take it easy and let Tony go on without me. He was able to climb faster and I would have slowed him down. I indicated that he should follow the ridge around to the Hermit Shale slope above the Supai that forms the east side of the hanging valley in front of the mesa. He came back as I was finishing my leisurely lunch with the report that the high Redwall ridge sharpens to a knife edge and then breaks off without connecting with the shale of the mesa. By then I realized that I had entered the valley just west of the mesa across the Redwall notch far lower down. He figured that he wouldn't have the time to do a good job of seeing the top of the mesa if he would continue up after making this long false move, so we returned to our packs. Tuesday, Tony made a fine ascent of Nankoweap Mesa with a full three hours spent seeing all parts of the top and getting the great views that one has. Monday was my day to try the ascent of Colter. On the hunch that the Tapeats might not be broken in the ravine leading up between Swilling and Colter, I used the same lower route that Bob and I had used last June when we climbed Duppa. I went up the terrace at the grove and turned west along the rising rim above the creek. The springs up this main arm were flowing well enough to keep plenty of water in the bed all the way to the river. I had no trouble locating the ruin that is near the rim of the terrace just after I reached the second level. I swung wide to the west to avoid getting down into the gullies but curved around to inspect the good ruin that stands above the blackbrush. When the slope became quite steep with lots of stray rocks, I got into the bed to the left.

Well below the Tapeats, there is a chocolate red ledge that forms quite a fall. I bypassed it as we did last June, to the east. There was plenty of water in some bedrock pools just above the fall. I refilled my canteen here since I didn't expect to get up into the Bright Angel Shale where Bob and I had seen a spring. The Tapeats passage is an easy one with no bare wash showing. Above here I slanted up to the west to get between Swilling and Colter. It would have been easier if I had stayed lower and had dropped down a bit to enter the creekbed instead of struggling along some bare shale slopes to avoid losing altitude. I continued past the place to go up on the Redwall to Colter to get the view down across Kwagunt Canyon from the notch just east of Colter. There would seem to be no descent here nor on the other side of the isolated hump of Redwall between the two buttes.

The climb up the rest of the Redwall on the side of Colter was difficult for me near the bottom and at the top with an easy walk between. It is considerably harder than the climb up Swilling, being quite a bit steeper. It was easy to walk up the Supai until I reached the summit block. I circled the base of this 100 foot mass without finding a feasible way to the top. On the northwest side I scrambled up past the lowest ledge in the only break I could see all the way around. There seemed to be no continuation above this 15 foot rise, but I confess that I didn't walk around the corner to the north on a ledge. I felt that I would be baffled again here, but I should have gone as far as I could. There was snow on the northeast slope, but it didn't really bother me. On the way down the Redwall, I was glad that I had built a little cairn to make

sure that I used the same system as on the ascent. I had to proceed very slowly and look carefully to make sure of each move. It was a relief to get down to my canteen and pack below this difficult Redwall.

I came straight down the bed of the wash and checked that there is an impossible fall in the Tapeats in this valley. I went over to the good Tapeats break to the east and got down to our camp without incident. On the same day, Tony had been up toward the Goldwater Bridge and then had explored up the other arm that is directly north of Alsap Butte. He was at camp when I returned.

On Tuesday we carried our packs down near the Butte Fault and Tony left his in a prominent place while I carried mine up over the Butte Fault to Kwagunt Creek. This was the day that he had his fun in climbing Nankoweap Mesa with lots of time on top. I got my pack to the top of the pass in 80 minutes from Nankoweap Creek and then needed 85 more to reach Kwagunt Creek. It was flowing about half as much water as Nankoweap. After an early lunch I started on up the Butte Fault toward Malgosa Canyon at noon.

I stayed in the main ravine all the way to the top although there was one small fall to bypass. At the top I started to contour around the basin that drains into Malgosa north of a knob which is north of the main valley below. On an impulse I went down staying north of this knob to see what sort of descent there would be here. It was quite steep at the exposed Redwall but not really hard. I went down and up to the east just to stand on some Supai bedrock and score another Redwall traverse. Then I went down into the amphitheater that is almost surrounded by about half the thickness of the undisturbed Redwall east of the Butte Fault. It required a little inspection to find the route, but there were several ways to get to the bottom. I didn't go back up the main valley to see what the Redwall descent would be like there. I have a feeling that it might involve a real barrier.

The streambed winds down to an impressively narrow gate and surprised me by continuing down at an easy angle beyond. A deer trail led me to the right side of Muav. I had intended to turn back on my tracks here, but the canyon was so scenic that I wanted to see more of it. It is much narrower than the bigger canyons to the north and it even reminded me of Matkatamiba although it is not nearly that narrow. There is always some talus material on one side or the other to provide bypasses for barriers in the bed. I had been told that some student hikers had gotten down here to the river about four years ago, so I concluded that I could proceed and return along the beach and up the bed of Kwagunt.

I had figured on turning back at 3:00 p.m., but I was so near the river by this time that I went ahead. The hardest bypasses are in the Bright Angel Shale at the lower end. Just when I thought I was ready to walk down the bed to the river, there came a series of real barriers. When I would find myself on precarious steep shale covered with crumbling bits, I would back away and perhaps try the other side. It might be a bit better. I didn't want to get really high up near the foot of the cliff and go east for fear that I couldn't get down when I got to the river. In the end, I found that I should have done just this, along the south side of the canyon. I probably would have found a deer trail at this level, and at least I would have been above all the bad footing. A continuous slope of talus would have led me down when I arrived above the delta. It was 3:45 when I finally reached the sand of the delta.

Walking north to the mouth of Kwagunt was easier than I imagined it would be and the walk up to the pack above the Kwagunt narrows was also shorter than I had thought. I was at my pack by 5:35, the time it had taken for the loop. It was the most satisfying day of the whole trip for me.

On Wednesday I walked back from Kwagunt to Nankoweap and reached Tony's camp before he was ready to leave for some sort of activity. I should have followed him down to the river, but as it was I just loafed around and finished my Reader's Digest. He put in a more profitable day looking at the cliff dwellings south of the mouth of Nankoweap and talking to a riverman whose party was stopping there. On Thursday we got a good start at 7:10 a.m. to go out the Nankoweap Trail. I visited with the leader of another party who were going out at the same time, Ken Gooderall. He, Al Matsumoto, and Cindy Bowey had camped at Marion Point on the way in. The two men had taken a couple of hours and had climbed Marion Point. They assured me that it is not too hard to pass the two notches in the top of the Redwall in getting over there. They found no cairn but they assumed that the climb was fairly routine and didn't build one themselves. I ate lunch at Marion Point, on the trail above it that is, while I considered the project of going out to climb it. Tony went on up to the saddle since he was considering climbing Saddle Mountain. I decided against trying for Marion Point both because I might be too exhausted for the rest of the walk out and because it looked a bit dangerous. Tony was waiting when I came up to the saddle since there was a lot of snow on the north side of Saddle Mountain. We followed the best route back to the cabins, well above the bed of the ravine on the easy walking to the west. We had come this way in 90 minutes from the cabins to the saddle and it took about 80 to get back.

Tony and I still had enough energy left to take a walk of over two hours down into Saddle Canyon to try to locate the Indian ruin that Bob Packard had seen. I should have listened better and reviewed its location. We got down to the level where we had walked on the other trips and went on past the place where one can get down to the bed of the canyon above the Coconino fall. I thought Bob had said this was the right level and that the ruin was not far beyond. We walked quite far past this place and finally climbed to the rim not much west of the Coconino fall without finding the ruin.

When we returned to the cabins, we met Robert Henderson. He recognized me since he goes to the hiking club meetings. We had a good visit with him and enjoyed a fire in the stove before bedtime. The weather had been a bit threatening at night during most of the trip and it actually sprinkled slightly the night I was sleeping by Kwagunt Creek. Most of the days were fine, at least by noon. The night at the cabin was quite windy and we were glad of the shelter. I had been afraid that my bag wouldn't keep me warm at this elevation, but it was just right. Robert went on down into Nankoweap to see the Mystic Falls arm by himself.

On Friday Tony and I drove out to Buck Farm Point and enjoyed the view. Then we came back to the head of Buck Farm Canyon. Ron Mitchell and Dana Gable had told me that one can get down through the top cliffs at least through the Coconino here. From a distance I figured that the Kaibab would present no unusual problems, but when we tried it, both of us were wondering whether our informants had really gotten down through the Coconino or had just decided that it is possible from a distant view. I suppose we should have tried harder and we should have used my goldline rope that we had in the car.

Instead we drove out to South Canyon Point and studied more of Marble Canyon from the rim. We took quite a loop walk away from the car and I showed Tony how one gets down to the mouth of South Canyon from above Bedrock Canyon. Then we stopped and visited with Chuck Petty, the new ranger at the Buffalo Ranch. He told me something that is of interest, that the road goes past the hunting camp for a couple of miles and gives a still shorter approach to the saddle. He finds mountain lions still quite common in this part of the Kaibab Plateau. He also told us how much snow they had this past winter. In spite of the lower elevation, they seem to have had a harder winter than Flagstaff.

Next we drove along the highway east of Soap Creek and then south to walk over and look down on Soap Creek Rapid. We enjoyed a good dinner at Cliff Dweller's Lodge before going to the Lee's Ferry Campground for the night. It was windy but comfortable sleeping there too. On Saturday we came south to Cedar Ridge and drove out to Tatahatso Point. I was somewhat dubious about keeping to the right route, but by chance I never made a wrong turn. They have removed all evidence of the tram, or all except two big rods that were anchors for the guy cables. We drove on the tracks to the viewpoints both north and south of the old tram. Tony had the satisfaction of finding the site of a fine picture in the book, Navaho Wildlands. It is at the southwest corner of the area. He also found Loper's boat with his monocular.

Then he went down the Eminence Break Route and saw the fine fossil footprints as well as the unique bridge and the crystals in the cracks. While he was doing this, I hiked north to look at Tatahatso Canyon. After much doubt, I decided that one can get down through the top formations as far as the Supai at least. There are a couple of interesting points to this route, the most demanding being the move around a point on a six inch ledge. One can get down through the Toroweap and Coconino on the north side (no on the south side) where a rock talus fills the crack formed by the fault. We met at the car before three and drove on home.

#### Papago Canyon

[April 27, 1974 cf., 8/5/61 and 2/23/74]

When I climbed into Papago Canyon on 8/5/61, I thought that success from above was impossible and that deer probably couldn't make it into the valley from the river either. I was willing to accord it the title of least accessible of all places I have ever been. Then about 1968 I was told that some students, including at least one girl, had succeeded in coming down from above the Tapeats on the east into the bed. On 5/9/71, Jim Sears had led two friends up Papago Canyon and out through the Shinumo and Tapeats by a route in the east arm of the big drop at a place that Ben Foster and I considered absolutely impossible on 2/23/74.

Time had been a problem on the latter occasion. I figured that if I came down into Papago via the climber's route from the east rim of the east arm of Papago, I might have time enough to reach the bed where I had been in 1961. Ken Walters canceled a plan for the weekend to go with me. After getting our permit, we parked just east of the head of the east arm of Papago and went out to the rim to survey and review the route. Since the descent was still quite a walk to the east, we drove farther down the road and parked again. When we reached the rim a second time, we still had to walk farther east. On the return,

when we went directly to the highway, Ken noticed a culvert where we came out. This would serve as a landmark for parking at the closest approach.

I remembered the route fairly well since I had been over it three years ago. However, there were places in the lower Coconino that seemed uncertain. There are a few options. One can get down to either side of the big chockstone about halfway down, and Ken and I took alternate routes to get into the final chute at the bottom. I recalled that one should switch out of the main ravine to the one to the southwest about two thirds of the way through the formation. Previous logs (2/4/67, 2/28/67, 11/11/67, and 6/21/68) cover the details of this route down to the Tonto.

On 2/23/74 I had tried to follow the route Sears had marked on a map that he gave me, but Ben Foster and I couldn't believe that they had come up the Shinumo where his map was marked. This time I didn't carry his map along, but I thought I knew where the route must be, considerably to the north of where Ben and I had turned back at the base of the Tapeats in the east arm of Papago. This time I led Ken to the north along the route I had taken after coming up from 75 Mile Canyon. Near the north end of this promontory, the Tapeats is quite broken and leads easily down a long slope. When you are more than halfway down to the bed of Papago, well north of the junction of the two forks, you come to the final ravine through the Shinumo Quartzite. Just above the lip of the fall to the south is a large and well built cairn, the sort that the prospectors built. Ken and I took this as a good sign that we had come to the right place for the descent. It is clearly not the one that Jim Sears had marked on the map he gave me, but I didn't realize this at the time because I had not studied his map to remember that his route is south of the fork with the west arm of Papago.

When we stood on the lip of the Shinumo fall and looked down, I was pessimistic about our chances. Both of us gave up any thought of getting down at the north side where the rock was water polished, but Ken started down near the south side of the fall. There were some steps and handholds here, but I wouldn't have given much for his chances of getting clear through. There was one move, about halfway down, that was an awkwardly long step. I managed it by using my knee. Then we reached a ledge where we could walk north and get down into the bed again. From here the only thing that held us up was finding a way through a cliff of deep red rock. We solved this one by going up and to the south. I found the easiest way, out near the point farthest west where I could safely get through to the final slope down to the bed. Ken came down a more difficult route north of where I did.

We had started away from the rim at 9:00 a.m. and we took one hour to reach the bottom of the Coconino, 30 minutes to reach the place to start down the yellow slide, about the same time for the Supai, and another 30 minutes to descend the Redwall. I found one little seep with a small pool of good water where the Bright Angel Shale showed in the bed. It was only 11:45 when we reached this water, but I elected to eat lunch here and conserve the water in my canteen. I had brought two half gallon canteens from the rim so as to take no chances of running out. I carried more water out in the evening than I drank from the spring at noon.

When we were coming down the easy slope near the bottom of the Redwall, I showed Ken an anomaly of ecology, a small and misshapen fir tree (may have been a juniper seedling). It was only about three feet tall and was dead for the upper half of its height, but the needles tasted like fir or spruce needles. There

was nothing else like it in the vicinity and it was not in a cool, well watered place as are the colonies of fir forest in canyons below the Redwall of the north rim.

Ken was impressed with the flowers we saw at this time of year. He took pictures of several: cactus, Mariposa, paintbrush, and mallow. He was most appreciative of the cliff rose that was blooming profusely all along the bed below the Redwall. We also saw numerous redbud trees that were either beginning to bloom or were past their prime.

From where we started off the top of the Tonto down through the Tapeats and Shinumo to the bed of Papago took us 50 minutes. Ken wanted to go to the river and back, and I knew that he could outwalk me uphill, so I agreed that he should do it. I estimated that he would be at the river in 20 minutes. He hurried and got there in 18. After spending 10 minutes there, he got back to where I had turned around in 45 minutes. We returned the same way we had come down. When I was well started up the slope that covers the Redwall, I was relieved to hear him yell. I had begun to worry that all might not be well. He joined me just below the hand and toe pitch at the top of the Redwall.

I was going up the steeper slopes quite slowly, the Shinumo and Tapeats in 55 minutes, and the Redwall and Supai still slower. I seemed to get back my strength for the Coconino and Kaibab, perhaps because it got quite cool. We did this top combination in 65 minutes, apparently my fastest time yet for this part of the route. It was a good day, fine weather, beautiful flowers, and success in finding the route to the bed of Papago. If Ken hadn't been with me, I might have given up at the lip of the Shinumo fall. This route from the rim to the river seems to me to be one of the most interesting ones, in the same category as the Enfilade Point Route and the Matkatamiba one

#### Buck Farm Canyon

[May 4, 1974]

Ron Mitchell and Dale Graham invited me to go down off the rim of Buck Farm Canyon when they were starting a four day trip from there to Nankoweap. Ron had been over the rim route last fall. Dana Gable had been on a Lumberjack Hikers trip to Vasey's Paradise a couple of years ago, and when they had come out, they looked at Buck Farm Canyon. Dana came to the conclusion that after a short rappel at the very rim, it would be possible to go down through the rest of the Kaibab and Coconino. Later he and Ron and at least one other, Ron's eight year old boy, Randy, had done this rope route. When they were coming out they tried something else and succeeded without using the rope.

This time I waited at home until Ron and Dale stopped by about 9:00 p.m. on Friday evening. Then we drove up to the hunting camp at the end of the Houserock Valley Road in the two cars. Ron rode with me from Cameron to the turnoff from US 89A and we had an interesting discussion of our experiences in learning about the canyon country. We arrived at the hunting camp about 1:15 a.m. and had a poor night's sleep. We were all a bit sub par the next day because of the short and broken night.

We left Dale's VW at the camp and crowded into my Toyota for the ride to the rim of Buck Farm Canyon. After looking back at the general area for the descent from the viewpoint with a cairn a little east of the fork where one branch of the Buck Farm Road goes south to the Saddle Mountain Road, we drove back

and took the branch road or rather track that goes straight to the rim near the head of Buck Farm Canyon. Ron showed us the rappel site just north of this parking, but then he became confused about the head of the ropeless route. Just a little farther north of the rappel there is an alcove where Doty or Chuck Johnson would be able to get down using a narrow crack for about 12 feet. I would have a struggle and certainly need to lower the pack with a rope. We turned down this place and went farther north. Since I was carrying only my lunch and a gallon of water and the other two had 55 pound packs including 28 pounds of water, I was soon in the lead. I recognized the place where Tony and I had started down from the rim, a groove behind a big block that has split and formed a fissure. A little farther north, the soil fill gives way to broken fragments of rock. Tony and I had left the main fissure and had gone east and down to the Coconino. Ron said that this is a different route from the one he had found from below and that this one is easier. We built a couple of small cairns near the bottom of the fissure route and on the return I put up a couple on the top.

In the steep clay slope below this gorge, there was a distinct deer trail and some droppings that led to the Coconino route. It is slightly south of the Kaibab break. You make your way through almost a third of the formation from ledge to ledge before reaching the landslide material that covers the lower portion. At one place near this junction, I noticed a couple of rock piles that seem to be artificial steps, indicating that this is a prehistoric Indian route. This may be the only access that the ancients had to the benches below between South Canyon and Nankoweap (another way in the bay at 36.8 and at Park Boundary Ridge mile 49.4). There was no problem in getting down to the bed of Buck Farm Canyon to the contact of the Hermit with the Supai (first Supai gorge on south goes).

Where we reached the bed there was a seep spring that had kept a few small pools on the rock last fall. Ron thinks it is permanent. In the morning there was a trickle from one pool to the other, but at 4:00 p.m., the rock was dry between pools and there was no water showing even next to the bank, the source of the flow. There was still a good amount in a broad pool below a small fall 40 yards from the source. There are several big falls in the bed through the Supai that make a descent to the Redwall rim impossible directly down the bed. Ron and Dale put down their big packs and came out along the contour with me on the north side of the canyon. After about 15 minutes walk over rather rough and uncertain footing, Ron showed us where the group last fall had buried six gallons of water. It is at a fine campsite beneath an overhanging rock and has a very prominent large Supai rock standing on edge by the place. One can see this large rock from quite a distance. Ron spotted it from the rim when we first looked down.

Only 50 yards east of the cache is a big ravine going down into the main canyon. Ron said that Dana Gable had reported success in getting three fourths of the way down the ravine and that he said there was no reason for his stopping there except that time had run out. Ron and Dale now tried repeating his success. They got down about three fourths of the way to the easy going at the bottom, but then they were stumped. A rope would be necessary for the rest. Ron and Dale now went back to their packs to continue their laborious progress toward Saddle Canyon and Nankoweap while I went out to the river at the same level, the top of the Supai.

At places the Supai forms great rounded rocks with fantastic forms, mushroom rocks and the like. It reminds one of the Supai over near 140 Mile Canyon. There are neat protected campsites under overhangs. When I was coming back along here, east of the water cache, I found a couple of places where



there were signs that Indians had built rock shelters under the protection of such overhangs. Walking at this level became quite easy and relatively fast. Progress along the Redwall rim might be faster, but only because there are more detours around ravines at the top of the Supai. This ease of travel probably isn't representative for most of Marble Canyon.

I was particularly looking for ways down through the Supai to the top of the Redwall. None seemed absolutely sure along the south side of the main arm (Bob Dye first on south), but I feel sure that there are some ways to the east and south. There was no way from where I was walking until I got clear around Buck Farm Point. When I looked into the ravine that comes to the river just north of the north corner of Tatahatso Point, I saw what I was looking for, a landslide talus that completely covers all Supai ledges clear to the Redwall. This would be the way to reach the egress from Buck Farm Canyon if one were coming along the Redwall rim from upriver.

I ate a leisurely lunch where I could see the entire talus to the Redwall and then started back about 1:30. Perhaps about a half hour of the way back was where I saw a fairly impressive set of fossil footprints on a block of Coconino that had fallen down to the rim of the Supai. The individual footprints were about as broad as long, about three inches each way. The animal must have been short legged since the prints were only about seven inches apart on one side, but the separation of two sides was about the same. The depression of each print was surprising, about three fourths of an inch, so my picture should show them.

It took me two hours and 20 minutes to reach the foot of the slide that covers the Hermit and part of the Coconino and an hour and 10 minutes to do the rest up to the car. The day wasn't too warm, and I was fortunate to be walking up the last steep part in the shade. I felt that the trip had been very rewarding, seeing first hand a very interesting route through the Kaibab and Coconino and noting some routes through the Supai. I was pleased to note the possible prehistoric rock shelters and improvement of the route down. The fossil footprints were another plus.

Possible route Montezuma Point

[May 12, 1974]

Last Fall Gary Stiles had told me about a descent from the rim to the Esplanade west of Point Huitzil. I had been intending to see this route ever since then. At last this project rose to the top and I went. Dana Gable and Frank Charron accepted my invitation and joined me in this. They drove over from East Flagstaff and we left home in my Toyota about 10:15 a.m., after I had been to church.

It was about noon when we got to the permit desk. We ate lunch from sacks while we were riding along the Rowe Well Road and reached Pasture Wash Ranger Station by about 1:20 p.m. I didn't ram the Toyota over the bumps as hard as I would have driven the Jimmy, but even so we scraped the high center of the road a couple of times.

I had never noticed a road that goes west from Pasture Wash Ranger Station along the south side of the long clearing in the woods. It is left off the recent map but it appears on the Matthes Evans West Half. We could have saved about 10 minutes of walking if we had driven as far as we could, to a fallen tree that blocked the road. Soon after we passed this place on foot from the station, we came to the old Supai

Telephone Line. It is still a helpful guide line through the junipers and pinyons. After I thought that we were getting too far west, we veered away to the north where the line seemed to be starting a new direction more to the west than northwest. Before we reached the rim, we came to the edge of a broad valley with a rather steep descent. Instead of studying the map carefully, I elected to go east a bit and stay on the high ground as much as possible. Still we saw that we needed to go down and up the other side of a narrow draw.

Quite soon thereafter we were looking out at the broad Grand Canyon across Aztec Amphitheater to Apache Point. I had brought the Havasupai Point Quad map with me, and I should have studied it carefully at this place. I gave it to Dana to consult and then we proceeded on my strong feeling that Point Huitzil was to our right. First we had to get down into a big gulch that cut through from the west and gave us the chance to go nearly to the base of the Kaibab. Deer trails led down this slope to the east and the west of a local barrier cliff. There was a fairly distinct trail most of the way north here. First it took us west to the end of the valley and then north along the gypsum clay slope. Progress was quite easy and we were soon going into a second bay at the end of another hanging valley. I should have noticed by now that this combination of valleys matched the map for Montezuma Point rather than for Point Huitzil.

We got down through most of the Toroweap directly south of Montezuma. When we came to the angle where we would change direction from northwest to due north, the lower trail had to go up to the top of the Toroweap or else down through the Coconino. We had seen plenty of burro or wild horse droppings along the way, as well as some hoof prints that looked like bighorn sheep more than deer. There were some in clay that had been wet right at the top of the Coconino. Here Dana and Frank went up to the top of the Toroweap and watched my progress as I went down to inspect the Coconino.

I found a crack system behind big blocks that went off to the right. The moves were not very hairy but there were lots of loose rocks ready to roll. About halfway through the formation, I came to a chimney with a couple of small chockstones. It would have been short work for men like Doty and Cureton (Doty used the rope as a handline), but I hesitated and gave up. I returned to join Frank directly above this route and then we followed Dana's track to the north. He got to where he could see Huethawali, but he didn't find any break in the Coconino there. He and Frank then took a look at the chimney where I had stopped, and they didn't like it any better. I think Ken Walters would have gone ahead and then I would have had the courage to do likewise. If I went back there with a 120 foot rope, this place would be easy and safe. I am sure I have done worse places on Coronado, O'Neil, and Wodo (no, this would be hard for Walters).

We returned to the car in less than two hours from below Montezuma (Packard found a ropeless route 50 yards north of here).

Down Crazy Jug Canyon and up Saddle Canyon  
[May 17, 1974 to May 18, 1974]

On 7/20/62 Jerry Bortle and I had tried to go from Swamp Point down through Saddle Canyon to the head of Tapeats Creek. We had been discouraged by a smooth chute into a pool and thought that a bit farther there would be a vertical drop into a similar pool. Several years later, D. M. Mattox led a party through the canyon without considering these chutes as very tough. His point of interest was a high fall farther

down that can be bypassed along a ledge to the left and down a talus. Others had done this descent and Bob Dye had told me about it in some detail. He said he had slid down a couple of places where he wasn't too sure that he could climb back, but he could see hiker tracks ahead.

Bob Packard and Ken Walters wanted to see the area too, so they started off with me. Besides seeing the Crazy Jug descent, they were going down Tapeats Creek to the river and then along the bank to Deer Creek. After seeing the falls, they went back to Surprise Valley and detoured to see Thunder Falls and then came out via Monument Point.

They have torn down all the old cabins at Big Saddle Camp but there is a new home with bottled gas across the road. I suppose so many hunters bring their own campers now that there was no call for the old accommodations. We ate lunch at the two cars just inside the gate that leads to Crazy Jug Point and Monument Point. We walked the road to the old corral and soon found the trail. This time I watched for the peculiar pictograph and found it not in the Coconino as I had thought but near the base of the Toroweap.

We stayed on the trail even going east to where it reaches a running stream. It wasn't clear beyond here, but I also realized that we had come down too far if we wanted to use the trail down to the breccia pinnacle. We climbed back and started west and soon reached a cairn and the trail over the saddle by the promontory. When we were about to the bed of the wash, just east of the pinnacle, the trail was badly overgrown. Below the pinnacle it was clear to the bottom of the fall, which had water down it at this time of year. A little farther we encountered a big well fed horse. It seemed lonesome or thought we might have some goodies because it followed us for some distance. I wanted to test my theory that the best way to the Redwall break near the end of Crazy Jug Canyon is along the Esplanade, so I followed the horse trail to the west. Then when it became circuitous and began to climb a lot, we changed our minds and went down to the bed of the canyon.

When we reached the Redwall we put our packs down where we would climb up to the west and I showed the others the Redwall slot and the overhang where I had slept on a rainy night. There was plenty of water in a couple of potholes here and no wasps to speak of. When we got to the top of the climb at the vertical contact of Supai with Redwall, I made the same mistake as before and tried to stay high. I ended by going down and then up the other side to go along above the Redwall out to the break. This took longer than it should have, and also Ken had a lot of trouble with the brush since he insisted on hiking with bare legs.

I had no trouble locating the top of the break. The way down is now marked by cairns along very much the same route that I took in 1968 (8/27/68). Loose rocks are the only difficulty. Water was running from the nameless canyon across the way and also from Timp. The flow wasn't enough to keep water above ground into the late afternoon, but before morning water from Timp was flowing past the junction of Crazy Jug with Tapeats. There are some drops in the bed of Crazy Jug just before Timp comes in and we went to the east for a bypass.

After a rest, Bob and Ken continued on to the big flow in Tapeats to camp while I stayed at the end of Crazy Jug. After my dinner, I walked up and had a look at the barrier fall and bypass in Saddle Canyon and I walked into Stina as far as it is easy which isn't far. There was water here also.

In the morning I started early (5:30) and started up Saddle Canyon. Surmounting the 80 feet barrier fall was routine. I had problems at the chutes into the small pools. My rubber soles got wet in one and I had a struggle chimneying up the chute. At the next chute, the water was too deep for throwing down stepping stones as before. Rather than get my shoes completely soaked, I removed shoes, socks, and trousers and waded to where I could get a bare foot up on the rock. This must have been where we stopped in 1962 on July 28 since there were no further obstacles. It is a beautiful canyon with a lot of maples. The birds were singing and the day was cool, a thoroughly pleasant trip. The canyon would also interest the cavers but I think that most of the openings are either inaccessible or are minor holes. I went on up until I was out of the Redwall on the southwest side and made sure that I recognized features that I had seen in 1962. If I had shown half the gumption of Donald Davis, say, and had looked around for a loose tree limb, Jerry and I would have succeeded in getting through the Redwall. I was back to the end of Crazy Jug Canyon in less than three hours.

When I went back up the Redwall via Crazy Jug, I found more cairns that someone has built. The route markers had found some vestige of a deer trail that bypasses a chute filled with loose material. This improvement was at the very bottom. For the rest of the way, I repeated what we had done the day before. Above the Redwall I tried what I have suggested as an improvement over following the creek bed, going to the top of the Esplanade as soon as possible. We had seen Vibram shoe tracks down the Redwall route and below going toward Saddle Canyon. Incidentally, I saw no tracks above the pools with the chutes. Now I found the tracks leading to a convenient break in the lower Supai cliff. It was a pull up but within my power as a climber. Above this bit there were numerous ways to get to the top of the Supai. I finally reached the well defined horse trail and followed it around the breccia pinnacle. The trail is so round about in crossing ravines and passing ridges that I have come to the conclusion that the stream bed is preferable even though it requires climbing over a saddle before you finally get to the contouring above the Redwall.

Just east of the pinnacle I lost the trail in the thick brush. I thought I might be on it for a while, but when I got a view, I could see that I was too high. Instead of going down to where I knew it to be, I tried going on up. This was a mistake because I had slow going across bare patches of shale and through brush. Just before I reached the horse trail, I was on a deer trail that made things better for me. I got to the car by 2:30 p.m.

Sowats, Jumpup, Kanab, and Kwagunt  
[May 19, 1974 to May 20, 1974]

For years I had been aware that the Sowats Point Trail led down into some fine country. It is a more convenient approach to Kanab Creek than the Hack Canyon route. When I got up from Crazy Jug Canyon, I decided to pass up the trip down to the Colorado via the Mortenson Route in favor of something less risky. It would be better to do that with a capable companion.

The Sowats Point Road is quite smooth and easy on a car at first, but it deteriorates. When I saw a parked car and had already put the Toyota over rocky places that are death to tires, I decided to park. By the odometer I should have been less than a mile from the road end, but I think their sign is wrong. I was

surprised how popular this road is. While I was sitting in the car, a Bronco passed. I learned later from Packard who talked to these people and that they had just finished a trip to Nankoweap with my book for a guide, and that they wanted to talk to me about some items. Then before morning, two people came along in a Scout and they were sleeping beside it when I took off in the morning. I met the owners of the Colorado car which was parked just east of mine. They had been on a seven day trip down to the mouth of Kanab Creek, along the river to Deer Creek, and up through Surprise Valley to the Indian Hollow Campground. They put their packs down there and walked cross country to try to find the car. They were amazed to find it right where they hit the road. They were Paul Cunacz and his wife, very capable hikers, since they had come up from Deer Creek that day and still reached the road near Sowats Point fairly early. They told me that the Supai gorge that drains Kwagunt Hollow goes all right. They used it to get into Jumpup when they missed the horse trail to the north into Sowats Canyon. They also told me where the trail starts, about 100 yards east of a fork near the end of the road.

After I had eaten at the car, I walked down the road to see the trailhead. It is marked by a post surrounded by quite a large rock pile. It was nearly a mile from where I parked, but the road did seem worse and I was glad I had taken no more chances on ruining a tire.

The sky looked stormy Saturday evening, but by morning it seemed fine. The trail is constructed better and looks more distinct when it gets away from the road. The part not shown on my map leads down from the road along the side hill near where Kwagunt Hollow comes to the big drop over the Toroweap and Coconino. Then it contours to the north over to where a broad slide has broken the Toroweap Coconino cliffs. The trail heads for a grove of cottonwoods, but there is no surface water until you are past the grove down to where the bedrock shows.

I was surprised that Paul Cunacz had been unable to follow the trail north from the grove. It requires only a moment of looking. The Esplanade here is remarkably even and easy for the walker. The trail is very distinct until it gets to the bare rock flats near Sowats Canyon. This canyon is already several hundred feet below the rim rock and it seems difficult to believe that there is a good way down. The map shows the trail heading toward the rim, but it doesn't show it getting to the bottom. I began to wonder where the trail might be and then I spotted a cairn more than a quarter of a mile away. It was one of a series leading to a well built but concealed horse trail to the bottom. From the state of disrepair, this trail construction may have been over 50 years old. The route is more ingenious and this may be the only place to descend for several miles. I carried the map in my hand as I walked down canyon and kept my orientation. Mountain Sheep Spring appeared right where it was supposed to be. This flows a goodly volume and keeps water on the surface to the junction with Jumpup Canyon. However, the water is mineralized and deposits a lot of white material on the rocks when it dries. This water may have been the reason my internal workings seemed rather upset for the next 36 hours.

Jumpup through the Supai seems to be a fairly broad canyon and not especially scenic. I ate lunch at the mouth of Kwagunt Gorge. From the map I estimated that it might take me two hours to reach Kanab Creek from there, but I did it in about one hour and 40 minutes, reaching the junction about 1:00 p.m. The Cunacz couple had thought the walking through this stretch of Jumpup rather a chore. I could see that the footing was tiring, rather tedious in the loose gravel that was fatiguing like walking through snow. However, the Redwall aisle both above and below the junction with Indian Hollow Gorge is really

something spooky. There were places where the stream cut into the bend and formed a Redwall cavern effect with the ceiling far over in the middle of the channel. At other places both walls overhung forming a corridor like a dimly lit cave. The contact between the bright sun and these shaded portions was striking. Often the walls bulged out and cut off a view of the sky. It is easy and safe walking but to quote Coleridge "A savage place, holy and enchanted."

About halfway from Kwagunt to the main bed of Kanab Canyon, there is a vertical alcove on the right where water has polished a chute down into a plunge pool. The water here appears to be permanent. Although there were some dead moths on the surface and perhaps a few wrigglers in the water, I would prefer this rainwater to the mineralized stuff in the springs.

Something that amazed me was to see the tracks of a four wheeler in the bed of Kanab right at the junction with Jumpup. I feel sure it could have gone no further.

I was unable to match the map with the sinuosities of Jumpup through the narrows, but Kanab Canyon was broad enough so that it was easy for me to keep my orientation and see where I was on the map at all times. Paul and his wife had urged me to go down Kanab from the mouth of Jumpup, what they estimated to be two and a half miles to a fine spring. I passed one side canyon on the left and was approaching the next when I came to quite a series of clear pools in the middle of the bed. I had the impression that the Cunacz's had meant a sort of shower bath spring from one wall where there were columbines and ferns, but since my feet were sore, I decided to call it a day.

There was a slight chance of precipitation and an almost certainty of cold wind, so I welcomed the chance to scramble up into an overhang on the east. I was afraid that my light bag wouldn't be warm enough so I built walls at both ends of my bed and even gathered a supply of firewood if I should get cold later in the night. As it turned out, the wind died and I was plenty warm all night. I enjoyed a long and relaxed afternoon from 2:30 on reading the rest of my Time Magazine and admiring the walls. There were two inaccessible caves high on the opposite cliff.

Backpacking is booming at this time of year. I didn't meet anyone down there, but I saw plenty of footprints. They even went up the side canyon immediately below Jumpup. I figured I had spare time, so I resolved to go up there about 10 minutes. As it happened, I was stopped by a high drop in the polished limestone in only five minutes. There was a fine plunge pool at the end. I also tried going up Indian Hollow Gorge. The simple walking here was more extensive, but after Huitzil about 12 minutes I reached a great chockstone. Good climbers have told me that they have gone through the Redwall in this canyon, but the moves to pass this place are difficult and a bit dangerous. I was content to take a picture and return to the mouth of the gorge.

When I reached the mouth of Kwagunt Gorge, I was more determined to go up and through it. I found that the Cunacz couple were right. There are good bypasses for all barriers. The canyon is about the most spectacular thing I saw on the entire trip lots of towers and mushroom rocks. There was water coming over the falls, and ferns and columbines. Going up the horse trail through the Hermit and above was simple exertion, but the passage through Kwagunt Gorge was romantic and dramatic to the nth degree.

Tatahatso Canyon  
[July 31, 1974]

Last March I had looked into the upper end of Tatahatso Canyon. I couldn't really see the way to get down the first small cliff just below the open valley. It seemed to me that there should be a way hidden by an angle that at the worst might need a short rappel. I wasn't sure about all the Supai. From viewpoints across the river, I had gotten the impression that one might get down that formation somewhere besides in the bed of the canyon. The only way to make sure was to go down and see for myself. I left home a little before 6:00 a.m. and had no problems until I came to a fork in the dirt road northwest of the Tooth and south of Shinumo Alter. I took the south fork and soon passed an unusual outcrop of limestone to the south of the road. Eventually, this road, which aimed toward Saddle Mountain most of the way, ended at a hogan. I drove back a short way and found a road going north, to the west of a cattle tank that joined on the right way to Tatahatso. There was another fork and I took the right hand branch and was soon sure that I was on the way to Tatahatso. I had no problem in driving back to the highway. The direct route goes across the bottom of Black Spot Reservoir. This sometimes collects enough water to force a detour, but the recent rains hadn't made this necessary.

I parked where the road comes through the minor valley and gives a view across the Tatahatso Slump block. It was easy to stay at a high level even with the road and go north to look into Tatahatso Wash. It took just a little route finding to get down to the bed of the valley just above the Toroweap drop. From this position I could see that there was no ropeless descent across the way where I had guessed it to be. I took the climbing rope around there and began looking for the best rappel site, but before I had settled on one, I saw a crack behind a block on the south side that looked appealing. When I tried it, it was just as good as anyone would want. The lower end of the crack led to a broken ramp that was easy to follow to the bed of the wash.

The bed is an easy walk down to a high dry fall. Last Spring I had figured that one could go around a point to the right of the fall and follow a ledge over to the head of a broken rock slope in the actual Eminence Break. There is a bit of difficulty in getting on the ledge that goes around the point. A big fallen rock blocks the natural approach but I found that I could crawl through a hole between the rock and the wall. The fault break was easy to descend and I saw another way to get down. One could follow a bench around to the fault ravine on the other side of the canyon and come down just as easily. In fact, there is a distinct possibility of getting down through the fault on the south side right from the top (Ken Walters and Bob Packard went up here). It may require a 10 or 15 foot rappel. The rest of the bed had no distinct problems. However, the whole bed is cluttered with big blocks and one often has to get over to one side or the other. There are no big drops in the bed all the way through the Supai.

The upper part of this bed has more redbud trees than most. With the recent showers there were a number of rainpools through the Hermit and upper Supai. Most were muddy, some a bit scummy, and one quite clear. I carried a gallon of water on this hike, but the lower canyon was hot and I was glad to get a little extra water on the return. There were some clouds, but the rain that reached me was not enough to wet the rocks. I had to rest more than usual on the return. I left the car at 9:00 a.m. and got started back from the Redwall rim above the river at 2:15 p.m. and didn't reach the car until after 7:00. Hiking in the heat seems to bother me more than it used to.

When I came to the Redwall, I kept to the south side of the canyon and got the views of the river from there. If one were to sleep at the car and get a very early start at a cooler season, it would be interesting to follow the Redwall rim right around to the south side of the promontory and come up the well known route there.

Saddle Mountain Trail and Boundary Promontory  
[August 1, 1974]

The Saddle Mountain Trail goes from the backyard at the hunting camp to the bottom of Saddle Canyon. Although it is a bit overgrown as it crosses the bed, one can see it continuing across and up into the woods on the other side of the canyon. I had learned the hard way that it doesn't lead to the head of the Nankoweap Trail, but I thought that it might go east for a while and then up to the summit of Saddle Mountain. I figured it would be interesting to see where it goes and then leave it to get a look at the break off the rim that Mitchell and Graham had told me about, the one above the river at mile 49.3.

I got out to the highway from Tatahatso Canyon in time to take on more gas at Bittersprings and I got my dinner out of the pack shortly thereafter. I kept awake well enough to stay on the road but turned in for the night near Kane Ranch about 14 miles south of highway 89A. This was around 10:00 p.m. and I was surprised out of a deep sleep when Chuck Petty, the ranger in charge of the Buffalo Ranch, came along in his pickup. He had seen my lights from seven miles away and wondered whether a plane had been forced down.

I got an early start Thursday morning and I was ready to leave the Jimmy at the hunting camp by 6:45 a.m. Petty had warned me that the trail is a rough one, but I wonder what he expects. It was good walking as I knew from my former experience. After it climbs several hundred feet on the side of Saddle Mountain, it starts downhill as it goes farther and farther east. It never does head towards the summit. It must have been constructed for the convenience of hunters or perhaps ranchers who pastured cows through these woods. When I was nearly two hours away from the car, the trail became fainter and fainter. I would lose it and then rediscover it, but finally it was gone. About this time I went uphill to get the view from boundary ridge south across the east part of the National Park. I was directly above the head of Little Nankoweap and I could look down at the rim of the Redwall where I had picked my way so painfully most of the night in December, 1969.

The ridge is serrated with deep notches. After making my way as near the crest as possible, I dropped quite a bit lower on the north side. The next time I reached the skyline, I found that I was quite far back from the park boundary with a broad valley between me and the actual big drop. From my viewpoint I could see the forested flat between the slope and Saddle Canyon and the narrow necked promontory that the park boundary bisects. This looked rather distant for the time available, but I considered it a logical destination for my day of hiking. As I got lower toward it, the walking became quite easy and I knew I would be out there before noon.

A declivity of perhaps 60 feet in depth cuts this plateau of land from the rest of the rim. The highest part of the edge is above Little Nankoweap and I got a marvelous view down on the bends and tributaries of



that canyon. One might not guess that it is hard to climb out the north tributary (or perhaps impossible Bob Dye got lost) and definitely impossible to go up the main canyon from the river. It is also not clear from here that there is an easy deer trail out of the bed west of the big drop in the main bed. On the side of the promontory facing the river one can stand and look down at Mile 50 Canyon where one is supposed to be able to climb the Redwall. From directly above, it looks easier than it is. The views up and down the river from here are superb and I was reminded of the viewpoint on the north side of the Little Colorado. One is about the same height above the river as he is on the summit of Nankoweap Mesa.

My main purpose in doing this hike was to examine the route down through the Coconino that Mitchell and Graham had told me about. I hadn't reviewed the map I marked when they were talking to me and I thought that their route was just north of the promontory. As I looked down here I could see the way through the Kaibab and Toroweap, and the lower part of the Coconino is covered by a talus slope. I think I had put together a way through the upper Coconino too, but I didn't feel that I had the time nor energy to test it just then. When I came home and looked at the map, I realized that their route is in the next bay to the north.

On the return I walked the flats beneath the slope of Saddle Mountain and found the going quite a bit faster, three hours and 25 minutes for the way back to the car. I saw many deer antlers and two bits of pottery near some probable ruins.

Hakatai cable site

[August 14, 1974 to August 15, 1974]

For years I had been intending to visit the Bass asbestos mines in Hakatai Canyon. Last spring I learned that Donald Mattox had led a party down the North Bass Trail and over to the mines via Burro Canyon. This surprised me a little since from the Tonto across the river, no sure access route is apparent through the Tapeats cliff. Tony Williams, when he was coming down the river with Martin Litton, had also visited the mines. When Dock Marston told me that Eiseman had also visited the mines, I thought I was long overdue for a trip there too. Dan Davis had gone down to the tram anchorage on the south side with the intention of cutting the cable but had then decided that there was no necessity of doing so. More recently, the cable has been cut, but on the north end.

This has not been a particularly wet year in Flagstaff, but on the way out to the Bass Trailhead, I could see more flood damage to the road than I had noted for years. North from the Topocoba Hilltop Road, it seemed rather necessary to keep the wheels out of the deepest ruts for fear of getting hung up on the high center. Similarly, the Bass Trail showed more change than I had noted since I began using it. There were numerous rock slides and places where water had scoured all the surface gravel away. Still it is not too hard to follow. There is still less chance of missing the trail than along the Red Canyon Trail, for instance.

I got started down the trail about 9:30 a.m. and I was not oppressed by the heat. We were having weather a few degrees below normal for this time of year, but I was glad that I was carrying a full gallon of water. I reached the large cairn at the base of the Hermit in 45 minutes and noted the mesal pit near the trail a bit farther north. I used the shortcut off the rim of the Supai directly down to the trail in Bass Canyon. The old timbers are still in place, one with nails dating from the Bass era, no doubt. These help one down an

eight foot drop in an angle to the east of the notch in the rim. I was prepared to follow the talus down farther than I had to when I encountered the actual trail higher than I had remembered it. The trail is very obscure in the tangle of boulders and vegetation halfway down through the Redwall, but I remembered that here one must get from the left side to the right. Finally, it goes down where the valley opens out and crosses the bed for a short distance. Where it crosses to the right of the wash, the Tonto Trail leaves and goes up to the west. There are now some cairns along here and there is a shelter under an overhang on the west that has been improved with some boards that date from the Bass days. These trails are not as clear as they were before the slaughter of the burros. There were a few burro signs, but the number are a small fraction of what they were fifteen years ago.

I ate my lunch a little early in the shade of a ledge near where the Tonto Trail leaves the bed and I finished two quarts of water here. I used some salt along the rest of the way, but I still had a little of my second two quart canteen when I reached the river. The Tonto Trail is rougher and more obscure in places than I had remembered. There are a couple of cairns where one should get off the Tapeats rim and find the trail down to the Bass copper mine in the bed of Copper Canyon. I went down to look the place over. Although it had flooded at some recent time, there was no hint of water in any rain pocket. The water in the vertical shaft of the copper mine was at the same height as ever, too far down to reach without a ladder. There were a few changes. The timbers along the sides of the vertical shaft had fallen into the water and there is now little free surface to dip a pail in the water. However, a pole lying in the entrance would serve to push the timbers aside. One might tie a pan or pail to the end of the pole and reach for water, something that I didn't need to try.

The steel mesh spring cots had been moved out of the mine shaft to the open campsite. I put one back in the shaft with the purpose of resting in the shade as I had done once before. There was a change for the worse. The water is now a breeding ground for mosquitoes, and a few minutes of rest was enough. I went up to the west a bit upstream from the mine and found a trail built in that direction. When the trail seemed to be going too far to the south before joining the Tonto, I climbed on up through a break. I was on the lookout for the beginning of a trail going down to the Hakatai Cable, but none was apparent. There were no cairns to show the start down to the river. I did see a vertical mine shaft that must have been of more than superficial depth judging from the tailings. There were confusing minor burro trails below the Tapeats rim, but nothing that seemed sure to lead to the cable. I went along the Tonto Trail until I could look directly down and across to Hakatai Canyon. The entire slope along here is not precipitous and I picked a route that swung left to a ravine that trended to the right. This was all right, but I did have to take it slowly. When I was over halfway to the river, I ran onto the trail and followed it to the tram anchorage.

As I had remembered the cable, there was just one supporting strand and another to pull the car. The number of places where cables are fastened to the rock got me confused. Cables about as thick as my middle finger were fastened at three different places. I wondered whether there was one main cable and others to keep it from swinging. I rather think that there was one cable and that the others were false starts that didn't seem safe to Bass. One thing that surprised me too was the height, over 100 feet above the river, at which the cable started. The strand that is lying the straightest down to the water is threaded under and behind a large rock the size of two upright pianos. I wondered how much Bass knew about engineering and what factor of safety there would be in the size of cable he used and how much force it would require to pull this rock out of its place.

From the cable anchorages I couldn't see a suitable place to lie down near the river, so I put down my pack and clambered down over the rocks to fill my canteens. When I got to the water, I discovered a small sand terrace a few feet above the water. When I was going back for my pack, I found signs of an old trail continuing from the tram platform down near the river level.

The river was cold enough to give me cramps in both feet after a short immersion, but perhaps this would be only a temporary effect. I dunked to my neck and jumped out. When I inflated my brand new air mattress and lay on it, I found that it didn't hold air for five minutes. The river was fuller and swifter than I like to cross, so I decided not to press my luck with a crossing. I marked the waterline in the sand with a stake and watched to see whether my bed might be flooded in the night. Within an hour, I could see that the water level was going down. By morning the river was six feet lower than in the evening, and the current was correspondingly slower. There isn't a long stretch of water along here free of riffles, but I believe I could start from far enough upriver to cross safely, when the water is as low as it was in the morning. Similarly, along the north side, one can't go along a beach for any distance, but one can climb up and then get down higher upriver.

I could just barely make out a trail through the rough rocks to a platform at what I took to be the north cable anchorage. Bass and his crew had to do some hard work to make even a rough trail through this country. When I came along the Tonto going west, I could see two baloneys tethered just upstream from the mouth of Shinumo Creek, and when I was going back on Thursday I saw one moored farther upriver where one could get onto the trail going from the switchyard around into Shinumo Creek.

I had used eight hours to get from the car to the river at the cable site and it took me nine and a half to go back on Thursday. I had a little of a gallon of water left at the end of the climb out, but I found that I was greatly weakened by dehydration. This Bass Trail and Tonto area is far better in the cool weather. Water is a real problem. On both of my days down here, I was helped by the shade of a few clouds. I might have been in real trouble if it weren't for that uncertain assistance. The burros must use the river for water. On the return I followed the trail up from the cable site to the east of where I had come down. It petered out on a knoll covered with quartz fragments just a short way below the Tonto.

#### Point Huitzil Route [August 24, 1974]

On 5/12/74 I had made an attempt at finding a route off the rim to the Esplanade which Gary Stiles had discovered. On that occasion I had mistaken Montezuma Point for Huitzil and had found a difficult way to get down through the Coconino. All three of us, Dana Gable, Frank Charvon, and I had considered a rope essential to get back up a chimney near the middle of the climb. Gary had said that his route was ropeless and had been used by Indians as it showed Moki steps at one place. Since we had run out of time last May, I was eager to go back and find the right place.

I left home in the Jimmy before 6:15 a.m. and picked up Bob Dye at Tusayan Ranger Station. After we had gotten the permit and had driven out past Pasture Wash Ranger Station to our parking, it was 9:25. We stopped and talked to a young graduate of Prescott College, Larry Stevens, who is making a study of

the birds around the station. This time we stopped at the fallen tree about a half mile along the road northwest of the ranger station. When we had walked the telephone line for a short distance, we found that we could have followed the road around the obstruction and taken the car about four tenths farther, what it took 10 minutes to walk. We used the road in preference to the woods until it petered out. At a place where the telephone line took a sharp bend to the left, we struck out through the woods and eventually crossed the deep draw that crosses the park boundary near the figure 13 on the 1962 map. We got a view into the canyon across to Point Huitzil from the southwest. We could see bighorn trails in the clay slope at the base of the Kaibab and I picked out a place where the talus covers almost half of the Coconino as a probable place for the Stiles Route.

Before we had reached the rim, Bob and I had noticed a place or two where there would be a collection of small pieces of chert. At one of these we soon saw bits of pottery and Bob picked up imperfect artifacts of obsidian and chert. At the rim we went down and out on a small promontory for a better view and I noticed a plain brown piece of only slightly curved pottery. Only a yard away was about half of a large olla reduced to pieces no more than three inches across. At several places in the woods, both going out and returning, we found bits of decorated pottery, black on red.

In reaching the supposed route below Point Huitzil, we had to go up a bit and then down into the draw that meets the rim just south of that point. We walked the easy path at the rim of the Toroweap past a place where there is a break in that formation with light brown limestone. Neither of us could think of an explanation for this very local change in color, but this feature makes a fine landmark (Stile's Route just south of here). After we had passed by this chance to get down to the rim of the Coconino, we had to go clear around below Point Huitzil before we found another break. This detour gave us a fine view of Montezuma Point, and I could see where I had nearly succeeded in going through the Coconino in May.

When we came back around the angle of Point Huitzil at the Coconino rim, we didn't see any way to get through the top part at the place which I had picked from across the bay. About 50 yards south of there, we found a break that led down a few yards very easily. Below that slope a crack with bumps in the walls would allow ordinary climbing for 20 feet almost straight down, and then for about 10 feet at the bottom, there were almost no holds and a slight overhang. A fine big pinyon offered an anchorage for my rope and I did a rappel to the bottom, about 35 feet down. Bob didn't ask me to send up the rig, and he waited for me at the top while I proceeded down a slope to the south. There was a real chimney climb down a crack where my day pack tended to get caught. I could go on down to another crack that was wider and straight down. If I had had another rope to do a second rappel, I would have been clear through the Coconino, but I was stuck. I had a struggle as it was to get back up the higher crack. I had to push my pack up ahead of me. Before I jumared up the fixed rope, I tried going north to the place I had thought the route to be, at the top of the talus, but I couldn't even reach a crack that might have worked. If this is Gary's route (not his), he can have it. I would prefer the one below Montezuma Point. I had to get home to a bridge party so we didn't take the rope and do it.

Montezuma Point Route

[September 14, 1974, cf., 5/12/74 and 8/24/74]

After giving up the idea that the Stiles Route through the Coconino is beneath Point Huitzil, I was ready to try the place I had found below Montezuma Point, this time with a rope. Al Doty, Tom Wahlquist, and Dave Grede went with me. We got to the permit desk at 8:00 a.m., but the new ranger there assured us that no permit was necessary for a one day hike. We knew he was wrong but we didn't argue. I asked a few questions about the recent fatalities below Monument Point, getting contradictory responses in the morning and the evening when we returned. Both rangers understood that Heifeld and Kafka had gone down the cliffs from ledge to ledge with a rope which they pulled down after them. The first impression was that they had been stopped somewhere in the Coconino, but the second report was that they got stopped in the Redwall right above Surprise Valley. After one man had fallen and been killed, the other wedged himself in behind a rock and died of dehydration. They had left notes at several levels as they descended, and they had made the mistake of going down places where there was no possibility of climbing back. The man who said they were found in the Redwall seemed to know more about the affair.

I parked the car 1.4 miles north of Pasture Wash Ranger Station just off the road to the Bass Trail. We had a compass and set our course at right angles to the road, a little north of west. Before long we reached the fence and in about 20 minutes we noticed the big draw to the north. We followed it clear to the open canyon which we reached in about 45 minutes from the car. I thought that this seemed a more efficient approach to the valley south of Montezuma Point than we had used before, but when I read that it took us less than two hours to get to the car from below Montezuma in May, I wonder. This time it took us an even two hours to get back from the top of the Coconino Route to the car. On the return we climbed out of the ravine to the north and walked the level ground on top. However, we probably veered farther than necessary to the north.

When we left the place where the big draw opens out on the main canyon, we had a sheep trail along the top of the Toroweap. This continued into and past the indentation to the north, the bay immediately south of Montezuma. We stayed at the rim of the Toroweap although in May we had gone down to the Coconino rim just south of the bed of this ravine. There is a trace of a trail down here. I remembered from the other time that there is a way through the Toroweap right above the Coconino break that I had found. For a couple of minutes I was confused and overshot this way down, but I soon led the others down to the Coconino at the right place. I indicated the place and Al led us down through the same chute that I had found in May. We all took a look down the vertical crack and then Al fastened the rope to the clump of shrubs that I had noticed before. About 75 feet of rope would have been long enough to reach.

Al went down using the rope as a grip only two or three times. He could have braced on the walls and passed the chockstone all right without the rope, I feel, but it was more assuring to have it there, and it certainly made this process faster. The other two did likewise but I had brought my rappel rig and used it. I also used the Jumar clamps in getting back up, but the other three went up faster than I with only the ropes to hold to. Fortunately, there is a little platform right below the chockstone at the top. Passing this chock with the Jumar clamps and nothing else to stand on would have been hard. There are several places to stop and rest during the climb up this crack. We saw no sure fire Moki steps that Stiles had mentioned although Dave Grede thought he saw a depression in the rock that might be artificial. Below this 35 foot descent is an easy walk over broken talus to the bottom of the Coconino and on down through the Hermit. I went down until I was sure I had crossed the tracks I made when I first went down Royal Arch Creek and thus covered another route from rim to river. Using this route, one could probably get from the car to

Royal Arch in six or seven hours and could very likely reach Elves Chasm in one long day from the road. We were hit by a pellet snow storm with lots of lightning about the time we were getting up the crack.

### Grapevine Canyon

[September 21, 1974 cf., 3/24/62 and 4/14/62]

Bob Dye and a correspondent whose name I can't recall told me about an inscription under an overhang near where the Tonto Trail crosses a tributary on the west side of Grapevine. I thought I had it pegged and that I would just have to get down there and photograph it. While I was getting my permit for the hike, I noticed that a young couple at the desk were uncertain where they wanted to go. I invited them to go down Grapevine with me. They guessed my identity and introduced themselves as Tom and Louise Strong. I thought it quite a coincidence that I should meet the people who had been with Donald Davis less than a week after receiving his letter concerning the trip out to Maroos Terrace south of Powell Plateau.

We drove to the Grandview parking and when they had arranged their packs for their two day trek, it was 9:15 a.m. when we got started down the trail. This was the first time I had used the Grandview Trail after they opened it for hikers. The new construction avoids the old cribbing of logs near the top and they have rebuilt the lower cribbing at the top of the Coconino. The new construction makes the trail quite narrow in short stretches and I would wonder about trying to take a horse down there now. There would be a lot of packing necessary to bring in the juniper logs used in the lower construction. Perhaps they brought mules along the Tonto and up to the place where they would be needed to carry these logs. It would be interesting to see whether I could learn more about this from some ranger.

Tom had a heavy pack of 40 pounds or so, but he set a fast enough pace for me, even when we left the trail about 50 yards north of the trail on the east side of the Grapevine drainage. Louise, with a lighter pack, also was fast enough. I had a day pack with just my lunch and incidentals, but the Strongs didn't hold me back. We got down to the bed where the Supai forms a 12 foot ledge. I turned south and went into the bed right where the ledge crosses while the Strongs found a break 20 yards to the north. On the return I went through a gate in the ledge right in the bed and had no trouble going up the slope just south of here. Farther south in the bed, the Hermit and Coconino form a very sheer cliff.

On the way down, we kept fairly close to the bed and got out only to avoid dense brush or local drops. When I was coming back I noticed that the slope on the east side of the wash seemed better and more open. I believe it pays to stay up here consistently. A cairn on a prominent rock in the bed seems to indicate that someone thinks that the way up through the highest part of Supai is better farther north. I recall that I did this once and came out in the notch just south of the butte that forms the north end of the Coconino ridge. On the present occasion I elected to go on up the wash to where we had come down. I found an animal trail up near the top of the ridge, but there was quite a lot of loose material that made progress frustrating.

I took the Strongs down to the lip of the fall in the lower Redwall and then we climbed at the old cairn to the east. I ran into a difficult place right away and then followed Tom up a better place south of my first attempt. We had to scout the way ahead since I had forgotten the details in twelve and a half years. Tom

tried the false lead, a higher ledge, that I had tried in 1962, and then we came down and went north around the corner on the meager ledge at that level. Louise and I were now in the lead and we attempted to get across to the clear descent on the contour but ran into a very bad spot. I then went down and found where I was pretty sure that Jerry Bortle had led me in 1962. The way looked bad, particularly if we would have to get down straight past the platform about 10 feet below where I was standing. I looked harder and saw that this would be unnecessary as there was a ledge leading to an easier place farther north. After we were on the broken slope to the north, it was almost clear sailing down to the streambed. At one place I had handed Tom his pack and at another place he had hauled it up and lowered it by a cord.

My conclusion this time is that the tangle of grapevines can be passed best on the east side. There is a fair burro trail from the springs on down if you take the trouble to find it. Louise was quite excited when we saw a live burro and she got a couple of pictures. Besides the burro tracks, we saw bighorn tracks and droppings from both deer and bighorn sheep.

The water begins near the ravine on the east below Olla Cave, and by the time the Tapeats begins there is quite a brisk flow. We followed a dim burro trail mostly along the west above the bed when the Tapeats showed. Willows grow dense in the narrow wet bed. The way along the bed below the Redwall is longer than I had remembered, and it was at least 12:45 p.m. before we came to a drop in the Tapeats where the trail seems to cross the bed. The water looked good here so the Strongs decided to stop and eat and rest. I knew I would be pressed for time so I went ahead to find the inscriptions. After following the trail along the west side a short distance, I followed it down to the bed of the wash. Here it is dry and fairly easy walking. It is a very impressive Tapeats narrows, but there are no bad drops. The first side canyon on the west comes in deep in the Tapeats, but there seemed to be no inviting overhangs. I went on down near the bigger tributary that drains the south slope of Lyell Butte. Following a burro trail I got out of the bed and went around into this canyon and scrambled down about 50 feet into the bed. This seems to be the place where the real Tonto Trail crosses Grapevine. The Tapeats which is quite deep south of here seems to be much lower. The banks of the wash are the Bright Angel Shale again near the mouth of this western tributary, but the Tapeats is beginning to form cliffs again right at the junction.

When I got to the bed of the tributary, I went up to the west but didn't see any sign of the inscription (west in this bed). I realized that I was running short of time and turned around. When I got back to the other tributary farther south, I went up it for ten minutes or so but still didn't see any inscription. I went up on a platform on the south side at a place where there is a slight overhang, but it wasn't the right place. I was still going up where the Tapeats is quite deep when I decided, about 1:50, that I would really be much later than I said I would get back if I persevered.

The Strongs were waiting where I had left them although they had gone north some distance during the interim. After I had filled my canteen using their cup for a dipper, I found a couple of nice pools deep enough to immerse a canteen only a few yards south among the willows. I got up to the parking lot at Grandview from this place, at the south end of the upper Tapeats narrows of Grapevine, in just under four hours.

One hazard of the Redwall climb in Grapevine is the strong chance for encounters with cactus. There are several sorts including the small ones that you don't notice until you put your hand on it. As usual agave

also grows in strategic places. Still this is a most interesting and enjoyable route and I hope to do it again after I get better directions on where the inscription is.

Inscription overhang Grapevine Canyon  
[October 5, 1974]

Bob Dye and a correspondent had told me of an interesting overhang with names inscribed just west of the Tonto Trail where it crosses the Grapevine tributary south of Lyell Butte. Three weeks ago I had gone down there and had looked for it in the Tapeats gorge east of the Tonto Trail. I had forgotten that Bob had said it was west of the trail, and I assumed that a good overhang would be found downstream in the Tapeats cliff. The log for 9/21/74 tells of my effort then.

Now, armed with a map marked by Dye, and answers to questions about location, I felt sure that I could go right to the place. Two NAU students, Dave Grede and Phil Strawther, gladly accepted my invitation to go along. Tom Wahlquist was interested, but he preferred going with Bill Reitveld on an overnight backpack. We got off early on Saturday and were at the permit desk a bit after 8:00 a.m. It was 8:45 when we started down the Grandview Trail. The weather was fine and we soon were leaving the trail along the ridge to the north in the Coconino. Just before we left the trail, we exchanged greetings with a young military airman, Jerry Jury, who was on a solo overnight trip to Horseshoe Mesa.

I led Phil and Dave down the talus to where the bed of Grapevine cuts through the top Supai cliff. Mostly we stayed in the bed, but now and then we would get a bit to the east. At the place where huge Supai blocks form a big drop in the bed, we detoured to the west. I believe this is better than the detour we had used before to the east.

I was 20 feet away from the others at the top of the Redwall when I came on a rattlesnake. It hadn't rattled and it hid its head in a crevice without trying to get away or showing any tendency to fight. It would have been easy to kill this rattler, but my attitude toward them has changed over the years. We just looked at it with interest.

I remembered all the moves in the climb down the Redwall at the big drop, but it still seemed rather hairy. Phil had never done anything like this, and he was glad to have me go first and show him the moves. He and Dave did it all right, although I think they needed more courage to do it than I. On the way back, I built some small cairns to indicate the route. There were burro droppings at the very base of this Redwall descent, but I don't think they can come up the cliff by this route. I feel sure that bighorn sheep could get down here but possibly they couldn't get up.

On the way down the wash we saw one burro and on the way back we came on a group of five. We were able to follow their trail down the canyon most of the time, but to avoid the mass of grapevines we had to be content with a meager trace of a trail on the slide rock for part of the way. When we came to the very narrow part of the bed in the Tapeats where water was flowing and the bottom was choked with willows, we tried to follow the burro trail on the slope above the bed. When the trail went back into the narrows we went down too. The boys were very much impressed with the narrow and deep Tapeats gorge that



broadens out where the Tonto Trail crosses. The Maxon geologic map shows the fault that explains 200 feet of Tapeats above the Bright Angel Shale where the Tonto Trail crosses.

We left the bed of Grapevine and followed the trail to where it crosses the tributary south of Lyell Butte. The overhang was apparent from some distance and we went right to it. The sand surface under the projection is only about four feet above the streambed and it wouldn't be a safe place during a flood. Red clay has formed a coating over the sandstone on the ceiling and the upper part of the wall. Perhaps this was where spray from a flood dried as it hit, and the lower part of the wall had the deposit washed away. The main inscriptions were the names, P.D. Berry, R.H. Cameron, April 20, 1890, and Hotel de Willow Creek.

It took us three hours and 10 minutes to get there from the car and over five hours to climb out. Phil had knee cramps.

Redwall at Mile 50 and lower Saddle Canyon  
[November 9, 1974 to November 11, 1974]

Summer before last I had walked up the river from Nankoweap and had climbed nearly through the difficult part of the Redwall at Mile 50. I must have had an off day because I gave up the attempt at a place that should not have stopped me. I wanted another chance at this reputed Redwall route, and I also wanted to see the Redwall gorge in lower Saddle Canyon. Billingsley had told me that this was really a beauty spot.

Since we had a three day weekend, I figured that I could do these things from the approach via the Eminence Break Route. I could also have approached these projects from the end of the road in Houserock Valley on the west side of the river. There had been snow and wet weather recently, and I preferred the greater ease of driving out to the Eminence Break Route. Dave Grede asked if he could go along. When I explained that I would be away from him for at least a full day, he asked whether he could bring his roommate, Ed Bryles, so that they could have each other's company while I was gone. I readily agreed, although I probably should have made a bit more sure that Ed would be able to take this rather rough going.

We got started promptly at 6:30 a.m. and were ready to turn off the highway at Cedar Ridge in two hours. I still haven't learned the road to Tatahatso Point for sure, and this time I took a turn that got me too far north. Well before I got to the base of Shinumo Altar, I turned south and came to a three dwelling spread, an old style hogan, a rectangular frame shack, and a modern board built hogan of eight sides painted a classy blue. Here I swung to the west and was soon on the right road to Black Spot Reservoir and Tatahatso Point. The recent precipitation had muddled the bed of the stock tank, but it hadn't flooded the road. We made it across without using four wheel drive. This time I parked the vehicle above the steep rocky grade down to the head of the trail under Fallen Tower Bridge. It is less than 100 yards of extra walking, and I considered this worth the need to use four wheel drive to get up the bad and steep road.

After all the times I have used this route, I headed down the two wrong breaks from the rim. The right one is the break in the rim farthest east of the three, and it is marked by a rather inconspicuous cairn. Grede

and I soon found that Ed was making hard work of the descent. He and Dave both started more loose rocks rolling than I did, and Ed didn't seem to be in very strong hiking condition. We had to wait for him rather frequently. I nearly missed the fossil footprints and had to come back up a few yards to show them to the boys. We took the turn out of the streambed below a couple of the top cliffs of Supai Sandstone on the left. This turn over on the ledge is well marked by a couple of cairns. I believe I built the first one here, but others going down this way have vastly improved my markings. We passed the mushroom rock on its pedestal of clay and rubble and went down the ridge for a short way and then contoured to the south to descend the talus through the Supai. We kept out of the streambed until we were down below some of the Redwall. Cairns now point one out of the bed up the little ravine to the south. Dave found a good rain pool in the bed nearby. We went on south and descended to the river on the old deer trail that had a few cairns before I found this route in 1963.

Ed was too tired to think about going any farther than a campsite at the river, and I said goodbye to both of the boys when the final stretch to the river was obvious. We had eaten an early lunch near the top of the Redwall, and it was 1:15 p.m. when I reached the river. I went downstream along the bank but soon found the way blocked by water up to a minor cliff. However, I found a deer trail going up around these places. For almost an hour and a half I was up on the deer trail away from the river. I was beginning to worry about whether I would be able to get down to water for camping. Finally, I came to a spur trail that seemed to lead down. I could even see a ring of rocks that might have been a human shelter at one time, but the way was so steep and precarious that I decided to look farther for a better way down.

About 15 minutes later I came to a better way, but even so it requires care. While I was following the deer trail on the side hill slope above the bare shale cliff, I was thrilled to see a big doe. It would bound away and then wait and then bound away again. There were a good many fresh deer tracks and droppings. After I got down to the beach I was able to make quite good progress behind the tamarisk thickets for about a half hour until I was opposite Triple Alcoves. Here the cliff ran down into the water again, and a very vague deer trail went up very high. I could see that the slope that would support a trail was getting narrower, and I was more and more sure that the best walking was on the other side of the river. Although it was only 3:15, I decided to make camp and cross the river in the morning. I had a good campsite on dry sand at the base of the cliff and no mice bothering my food. In the night I heard a faint scraping sound. Both on my side of the river and on the right bank there were fresh beaver cuttings, so perhaps this sound was a beaver at work.

By 6:45 a.m. on Sunday I was through my breakfast and blowing up the new little boat. I carried my shoes and canteen and lunch in a day pack as I lay prone on the boat. My bare feet stuck out at the stern from the knees down, but they didn't get wet except while I was launching and landing. I can't propel it as fast as I can an air mattress, but at least I stayed dry and warm. The deer trail on the right side of the river was if anything better established than the one on the left. It had taken two hours to walk the left bank from Mile 43.9 to Mile 46.5 and now it took another two hours to walk from there to Mile 49.9. I noticed a few places where surveyors have painted rocks with yellow markings denoting the elevation or pointing to a bench mark. I had crossed the river by 7:00 a.m. and by 7:15 a.m. I was on my way south. By 9:15 I was down to the familiar canyon that leads up through the Redwall. I found everything as described in my log for 5/29/73. The night before I came on this trip, I had looked at my pictures of the two places that had made me turn back.

Since the day was cool and it was only 9:15 when I started up, I had left my day pack with the lunch at the bottom. This time I tried climbing alongside the chockstone that had baffled me almost a year and a half ago. I found that there were enough good holds and I went up successfully. After a short easy scramble I came to a place where I had to get into another narrow crack. Getting into it from one side was harder than what I had done at the chock, but the crack itself was safe and easy. After a few yards of upgrade walking at the top of the crack, I could turn to the east and climb rather easily through some ledges. I feel that I could have gone on to the top of the Redwall in this direction, but instead I walked a side hill slope to the right and came to where I could get down easily into the main drainage above the big drop. From here there are all sorts of ways to go to the top of the Redwall and I chose to go west and come out where I knew I had passed in the night of 12/20/69. When I was ready for the return to the river, I resolved to see what the other place was like, the route at the end of the ledge where I had stopped last year. It was easy to find the route, especially since I had seen it from above as I was going up this time. You leave the bed and scramble up to the east just before the big drop. I found myself going too high but I could look back and see the place where it is possible to get to a narrow slope going over to the ravine opposite where I had quit last year. When I got to this place, I could see a perfectly safe way down to the bed of the ravine and then an even easier way presented itself to climb up to where I stood in 1973. I had already done worse things to get here. This is by quite a margin the better way through the Redwall in this side canyon.

On the way back upriver, I took 35 minutes to look into the canyon at Mile 49.3. I had to get up through a couple of chutes in the shale and I didn't go as far as I could have gone with more time. However, I am sure that one cannot get up through the Redwall here. Huge rocks and slide material have fallen from the rim.

A mile or so downriver from Saddle Canyon, I noted a running stream that makes a small volume fall of 40 feet or so. A little stream stayed above ground down to the river. At another place I noticed a wet streak on the rock with some drippings from the wall.

I hadn't allowed a great deal of time to see lower Saddle Canyon and still get back across the river to my pack, but I started up with the resolution to turn back in 30 minutes. After a short walk up the bed, I came to the place where huge rocks from a landslide have made the bed no good for travel. I bypassed this by going up the slide on the north side. There are no difficulties but walking is slow over such rough material. When I got near the top I could look across to the south side and see a well defined deer trail. This upper valley rivals Elves Chasm for beauty and vegetation. There is a running stream lined with monkey flowers, and some of these scarlet blossoms were blooming on November 10. The trail weaves back and forth across the little stream, and it amazes me that it is so well defined. I saw some human footprints along here and going back down the trail to the river, no doubt still showing from one of the last boat parties. I got to the end of the trail, to where the bed becomes bare rock forming a mere notch entirely filled by the stream. If I had had the time to take off my shoes and wade, I could have gone farther. It was easy to come down the deer trail, now marked by a few cairns.

While I was following the deer trail through the thickets near the river, I saw a fine mule deer stag bounding ahead of me. It had a magnificent rack of antlers. This must be a favorite wintering ground for a

number of deer from the plateau. I am sure they would have no trouble doing the route through the canyon at Mile 50, or they could come up here from Nankoweap. I suppose they can still swim the river even though it must be harder with the water so much colder than before the dam in Glen Canyon. Euler told me about a route through the higher cliffs somewhere south of Saddle Canyon and Mitchell and Graham also pinpointed it for me on a map. It isn't far from the Redwall route at Mile 50, so it would likely be a more convenient route for the prehistoric Indians to cross the river than the Nankoweap Eminence Break Route.

After another good night opposite Triple Alcoves, I walked back to the way out in two hours and then took far longer than my former time to get from the river to the rim. This time I used four and a half hours. The college boys had spent the first night in the Redwall gulch where Grede had seen the water. They got up to the car about 10:30 a.m. and were cheering me on when I arrived about 1:40 p.m.

The weather bureau had predicted showers and snow for the entire three days, so we were particularly pleased when the sky turned as clear as a bell and stayed that way with no wind at all. It was a most satisfactory trip with my two main projects accomplished. In addition I had gone a short distance up another canyon at Mile 49.3, and when I was nearing the base of the trail out, I happened to go down toward the river off the main deer trail and chanced on the grave of Willie Taylor. What a grand place to be buried! I took a close up shot of the bronze plaque.

Fiske Butte

[November 16, 1974]

Al Doty wanted a good hike and we got together on a climb that he had already done, Fiske Butte at the end of Spencer Terrace. It is an inconsequential hump at the end of the Redwall promontory west of Copper Canyon, but the fun is getting down the Supai to the Redwall rim without walking for miles first.

We were prepared for a long day and we met at the junction of routes 180 and 64 a bit before 6:30 a.m. We drove directly out to the head of the Bass Trail using the cutoff behind Moqui Lodge and got there by 8:00. The day was fine and cool and we made good time down to the Esplanade and out toward Mystic Spring. On Al's former trip he had run into a white man inscription on the bare rock under foot. He was looking for this and he wasn't sure where to begin watching. He thought it was out rather close to the descent from the Supai rim. We weren't able to see it this time. He doesn't recall whether there was any date with the name. It would only show up from a few yards away and one can take any number of equally good routes through this area.

I couldn't say a thing about this inability to find the inscription again since I was unable to show him the Indian ruin which I had found fairly close to the direct route along the east side of Huethawali when you are going to Mystic Spring. I should be able to locate the ruin if I go armed with my location picture showing trees lined up with Mount Huethawali in the background.

We wanted to see Mystic Spring again, but for a time we hesitated about going there before or after we had been to Fiske Butte. I talked Al into the short detour and we got down a crack through the rim of the Esplanade that comes out between the spring and Seal Head Rock. I took Al to the latter first. Then we

noted that a little water is flowing at the spring, but very little. There was more coming from a seep around the point north of the old Bass Campsite under the overhang. Al was intrigued by this ample overhang and especially by the tunnel and hole up to the surface just to the north. We had needed considerably less than two hours to reach the spring from the car although we spent a few minutes trying to locate the Indian ruin east of Huethawali.

It was only a short walk from the spring to the rim of Spencer Terrace where Al had started down through the Supai. This is just east of the narrow promontory which extends farthest north. The route looks quite unpromising although other places along here are clearly impossible. One goes to the right along a bench below the first crack and on a lower bench you swing quite far to the left to go down another crack. Then you go quite far to the right again to go down to the level of a bench that leads still farther left to a pinyon pine. Here you go around the corner and see a long and narrow ridge of perfectly bare rock extending to the north. The descent route is again at the base of this promontory and just east of it. The descent leads to the real puzzle of the whole route, a pile of large and small chockstones filling up a wide crack. Al used a rope to get down here the first time and I had brought a light rope to do this again if necessary. On his return he had found a small and not straight passage under the rock pile. At first this time he couldn't locate the hole again and he considered the idea that the rocks had shifted during the past five weeks and the hole had been closed. Finally he found it. We had to remove our day packs and pass them down through the hole. However, I am sure that I could have handled my pack here without help. Below here the route was simple and we reached the top of Fiske in just under three hours from the car. We had a fine view of the river and Hakatai Canyon from the rim of the Redwall.

I wanted to see what sort of trip we would have along the rim of the Redwall to the west and south to Garnet Canyon. Some parts of this were decidedly slow and rough, but much of it had a burro trail. We encountered three burros where the rim was broad and followed their trail up to a seep at the bottom of the Supai cliff. Down in the Redwall streambed below Mystic Spring we came to some good rain pools and refilled our canteens. We were rounding the corner into Garnet Canyon by 2:50 p.m. and we had only a little problem or two bypassing falls in the Supai in Garnet. We reached the car on the return from Fiske in five and a half hours.

Fourth try for the Stiles Route off Point Huitzil  
[November 23, 1974]

A recent letter from Gary Stiles told me that I would recognize his Coconino Route by a log ladder near the top of the Coconino somewhere below Point Huitzil, and that he was quite sure that it was Point Huitzil rather than Montezuma. I figured that it would now be easy to go back there and find the place. I picked up David Grede at the south campus at 6:30 and we got away from the permit desk by 8:20 a.m. On the way out of the park on the Rowe Well Road we saw a flock of about 15 wild turkeys, the first I have seen for quite some time. David was also thrilled by a doe that dashed across the road.

The road was dry enough and we had no more than the usual rough spots to hold down our speed. I drove off the track that goes west from Pasture Wash Ranger Station along the telephone line and parked where it ends, about a mile from the station. We followed the line past a large tree that has fallen across the wire and on across a shallow valley. After walking perhaps 20 minutes along the line, we swung to the north,

crossing another narrower valley. I could see the main canyon rim from one higher point, but farther north we seemed to be looking toward the lower land south of the canyon. When we came to a deep valley running down to the west, I was confused. First I led Dave west without trying to cross, and then changed my mind. When we got to the top of the high ground and out to the rim, we could see Montezuma Point to the north and we knew that we were on Point Huitzil.

We went back south into the valley and followed it out to the bay south of Point Huitzil. I had resolved not to pass up any chances at getting through the Coconino anywhere below Huitzil. First we went along the rim north of the end of the valley and came to a good break for a descent in about 100 yards. Below the top ledge, the faint trail turned north and in a few yards we came to a good overhang that had smoke stains on the ceiling and ashes in the floor. The trace of a trail went down from this cave and we got nearly to the Coconino directly below. Here we went across the wash to the southwest and got down to the actual rim of the Coconino. If we had gone farther west here and had studied the Coconino wall across to the northeast, we would have saved a lot of time. As it was I didn't notice the possibility of getting down a ledge system from north to south starting down from the base of a yellow and broken section of the Toroweap.

We did see that we couldn't follow the top of the Coconino to the north very far since it connects with the Toroweap in a straight cliff. We could go back to the top of the Toroweap and we went north along a perceptible sheep trail. We went back down to the Coconino at the yellow, fractured zone. This peculiar part of the Toroweap makes a fine landmark with its outlying towers of the yellow, laminated rock. Bob Dye and I had come up here. Now Dave and I proceeded north along the rim of the Coconino with frequent detours to inspect every least suggestion of a way to go down off the rim for even a few yards. I recognized the place where I had rappelled down before, but this time I hadn't brought the rope since I expected to locate the ropeless Indian route. We got around the corner of Point Huitzil and I recalled that the north side Coconino wall is absolutely impossible as seen from across beneath Montezuma Point.

I was now ready to give up on Point Huitzil. The idea had occurred to me that Gary might have confused Point Huitzil and Centeotl Point, so Dave and I went back and climbed to the top and walked over to Centeotl Point. We were starting down the wooded slope to the Toroweap when we looked back at the wall below Huitzil and saw the sloping ledges going from below the yellow towers down into the wash below the Coconino. It was now 1:30 p.m. so I figured that there would still be time to go back there right where we had eaten lunch and try that route. This we did, but I was stopped by a 10 foot drop of smooth Coconino to a sloping platform. I hadn't seen any petroglyphs or ladder, so I gave up. I may come back with a rope for this 10 foot drop. It is an interesting chase, but it makes me feel foolish. The Montezuma Point Route seems safer.

Enfilade Point Route, Specter, and Fossil  
[November 27, 1974 to December 1, 1974]

Jorgen Visbak, Ed Herrman, and Gary Stiles came on Wednesday and we went to the south rim arriving about 12:30 p.m. After getting our permit and eating, we rattled out to the rim north of Enfilade Point a little before 3:00 p.m. I found the right place to leave the rim very easily. Someone has built a good cairn there and also put one at the top of the Toroweap descent and also one at the bottom of the Coconino. I

know that this route has been used by Jim Sears and by Joanna McComb and very possibly others since Davis and I worked it out. My log of 4/24/71 says that Davis and I built some cairns. The four of us took one and a quarter hours from the Jimmy to the Esplanade at the waterhole. I went on around a point or two but I couldn't see any more water. I didn't feel sure that we would find water below the Supai descent in the Redwall where I had slept on April 24, 1971, so we decided to camp where we were on the Esplanade. Although it was only 34 degrees by morning, I got rather chilly in spite of having a new bag and my Dacron underwear along. I got out almost an hour before the others and scouted the area, but I still didn't find Donald's ruins. At this time and on our way back, I saw three good mesal pits in the neighborhood. I also found another water pocket with cleaner water lower in the wash that is directly below the Coconino descent.

We camped on some soft soil covering the rock one terrace below the highest part of this section of the Esplanade and left in the morning at the same level contouring around several points before we got out on the level ground leading directly to the Supai descent just south of Fossil Canyon. On the return we got too high and then lower than we should have been. In these wanderings I chanced on a neat little natural bridge about three and a half feet high and perhaps 20 feet long. Along here is where we saw three mesal pits. We needed less than an hour to go from the waterhole to the base of the Supai and only 50 minutes this time to go from there along the top of the Redwall to the slot leading down through it. At the top chockstone we lowered our packs with a rope, but the way is easier than I had remembered it. Only at the bottom eight feet is it necessary to face in and look hard for hand holds. The lower chockstone seemed a bit harder. Jorgen liked to hold to the rope here and for a little while I wondered how I had done it alone in 1971. I could grip the upper edge of the stone and get my feet on a step over to the right. We got down as I have described the route in my previous log. I had forgotten just where the break in the lower brick colored cliff is, but we located it just to the left of the dry fall. This is where there is a rock pile to serve as a step, presumably left by the Indians. As I got down here I glanced to the north and saw a fairly well preserved ruin of low walls just 30 yards away from this crucial part of the route. It took us a total of five hours to get from the car to the river and we all felt challenged by the difficulties of the route.

After lunch we proceeded downriver to Fossil in about one hour. Just beyond the large sandy beach north of Fossil, we came to a good spring which supports a thick growth of willows and tamarisks. About 15 minutes later we passed another smaller flow of spring water in a narrow slot of a gulch. Quite often the walking was relatively easy along terraces of Tapeats Sandstone, but it finally got as bad as I had guessed it would be, precarious walking along a steep slope among all sizes and forms of rocks. Jorgen began to slow down. I told Ed and Gary that they should go on ahead toward Specter if they wished and that I would go back with Jorgen to the first good campsite and come on over to Specter in the morning. Ed and Gary agreed to this and left us.

Within about 15 minutes Jorgen and I got on a ramp that led down to the river where there were a lot of rocks spilling into the water and also some good sand. I found an overhang that had a smooth floor and spread out my pad and bag there. There was plenty of wood and Jorgen and I sat around and talked until 10:00. On Friday I got away at 6:55 a.m. while Jorgen was still asleep. This camp is easily located since it is across from and below a fine cave opening, a big one near the top of the Redwall about a half a mile south of the mouth of Mile 127 Canyon. Perhaps this is the one that Donald's friend was excited about.

The walking became much slower beyond this point, but about a fifth of the time, I figured that I was following a bighorn trail. There were lots of the tracks and droppings all around this area.

I have heard that bighorn won't drink from a waterhole fouled by burro droppings. For what it may be worth, I saw a small water pocket with some bighorn droppings in it. Presumably the animals will continue to drink from a rain pocket that they have fouled themselves. Ed and Gary didn't make it all the way to Specter Thursday evening, but they also found a way to get down to the river. There were two or three rain pockets in the bedrock of narrow washes on the way to Specter. It took me two and a half hours to walk from our campsite over into the bed of Specter or a total of four hours from the mouth of Fossil and five hours total from the foot of the Enfilade Point Route.

When I got to the bed of Specter, I couldn't see any footprints left by Gary and Ed, but I went on up to inspect the possibility of climbing the Redwall without them. There was no problem about clambering over the blocks of slide material in the bed of the longer southwest arm until I got to within about 60 feet of the top of the formation. There were two rather smooth chutes ahead and the upper one was stopped at its head by a neatly fitting chockstone. Perhaps I could have made it up the lower chute (a feat that Gary did do), but I figured that I couldn't get up the upper chute. Gary agreed with me on this. I also looked to the right side at a big block of bedrock with a rough vertical crack. There seemed to be some rather meager holds and I believe some sharp climbers could get up here and probably walk across above the upper chute and the chock. If this were possible, one would be up the Redwall in Specter (I should have tried the travertine or talus to the northwest of the bed).

When I had been going down about 15 minutes, I met Gary and Ed coming up. They had assumed that Jorgen and I would be slow in getting started and had slept in. Jorgen had told me the night before that he didn't care to struggle over to Specter and that he would spend his time in lower Fossil. I could see that if I wanted to get down to the river in Specter and get back to my bedroll and food, I couldn't wait to do that with Ed and Gary. Somewhere I had gotten the impression that one can't go down Specter to the river, but Billingsley had recently told me that you can. He was right of course. The drops are quite easy to bypass without going out of the bed. At the largest one, I thought that I needed to do this and I went up quite far to the south, about 60 feet high, and came back to the bed below the fall. The river at the mouth of Specter is particularly impressive. A narrow black rock was sticking up out of the water ten feet or so. The black shiny walls of the Middle Granite Gorge are still getting higher, and Steamboat Mountain is a showy backdrop.

The only water in all of Specter was a spring that starts in the upper Tapeats and gets bigger with more seeps. All this water is salty and bitter, and I made the mistake of filling my canteen before I tasted it. I should have taken on river water.

I got back to my bedroll in a little less than two and a half hours and had time to get supper by daylight. I spent twelve and a half hours in bed and kept quite warm and slept more than I ever do at home. I was ready to move on by 7:00 a.m. and I got to Jorgen's camp just as he was waking and getting breakfast. He told me about the lower gorge of Fossil and how he had been stopped by a pool below a chute with a trickle of water coming down it. He walked back up Fossil with me for sociability. When we got to the pool with the chute in it, I took off shoes and even trousers and waded in. I was able to brace against the



rather smooth surface and work my way to the top of the chute. Immediately above this is a chockstone stopping the way. I didn't seriously try to get by it since there was nothing but smooth wall and smooth stone forming a tapering crack between them.

When Jorgen and I were walking back down the canyon, we met Gary coming up. He offered to go up and get me past the chockstone with my rope. He went up the chute out of the pool as easily as I had come down and then I used the rope as a handline to go up again. Then he wedged himself into the crack at the right of the chockstone and doubled up his fist in the narrow inner part of the crack. He was able to wriggle upward until at last he was through. It was easy to do with the rope as a grip. We soon came to a higher climb up to the next chockstone. The key was to get up a projecting angle of white, travertine like rock with small bumps for grips. I don't think I could have done this, but Gary struggled up it. At the very top, next to the chockstone, it was not so steep, but there were no bumps to hold to. Here Gary really had to struggle, but he knew that he could do it since he had done it before. The rope made it easy for me. There was one more chockstone, but I could handle it without help. Likewise at the route out of the bed just before one comes to a high fall with a travertine apron, I was able to walk up the rockfall and then use the grips in the rough limestone to get out on top. I recognized that I had been here before and thus Gary had enabled me to do another rim to river route. If I would fix ropes in position as I came down, I could do this alone. There might be a problem concerning where to tie the ropes, but I suppose one could drive some sort of rod into the gravel.

Gary and I arrived at the place we were all going to camp together the last night right at the bottom of the route we had used to come down. I felt foolish since I didn't recognize the place and Ed had to assure me that we were right below the break in the low cliff and the Indian ruin. We had a pleasant evening around the fire and a rather cold but clear night. We went out without incident except that Ed, who was leading up the lower ravine, didn't remember what he should do when it gave out. I shouted to go clear over to the left, but he went a little to the left and then started up a narrow and extremely difficult slot, almost straight up. It led over into the right ravine up through the main Redwall. We did the rest all right except that I got a bit confused in trying to go directly to the waterhole. We could see the right break through the Coconino, but I expected the water in the ravine too soon. During this wandering we saw two more mesquite pits than we had seen on the way down and we also walked over the little natural bridge. At the top of the Coconino some of the party didn't realize that we had to go up the first ledge of Toroweap in the same bay where the Coconino route comes up. We used the harder of the two ways to get through this ledge just as I had done in 1971. We got from the river to the rim in six and a half hours, including the time we were sitting still to eat lunch. We all felt that we had been in great country and had a fine time.

P.S. While Gary and I were going up through the Fossil Redwall, Ed was looking for Indian ruins. He didn't notice the meager rock shelter where Bob Euler had left a Kodachrome can under the overhang on the east side of Fossil just inside the gorge, but he found a much better one facing the river north of the mouth of Fossil.

Another thought: there was lots of water at this time in the ravine at the top of the Redwall just south of the Supai descent. The pool right below the top fall was over a foot deep and eight feet across.