

## Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

### DETAILED HIKING LOGS (November 22, 1975 - October 5, 1976)

Jicarilla Point and Diana Temple

[November 22, 1975]

I got Jim Ohlman interested in going back and climbing Castor Temple. We left Flagstaff at 7:30 p.m. and met Steve Studebaker at Bright Angel Lodge about 9:00, and then we drove the Jimmy to the end of the road at Jicarilla Point. I didn't know that the cable barring the way from the West Rim Drive to the Park Boundary Road is now down, and I went out the Rowe Well Road to connect with it. On the return Saturday evening, we tried going to the pavement directly and found that this is now possible. I succeeded in driving between the trees on the Jicarilla Point Road without hitting the side mounted spare tire or the side view mirrors, but in full daylight on Saturday I had to stop abruptly with the tire against a tree and later I broke the right hand side view mirror when I went by a tree limb that I thought was non resistant. The young men slept on the ground and kept warm enough in ordinary down bags while I slept on a pad on the floor of the Jimmy and needed one down bag inside another before morning. We got off shortly after seven Saturday morning and found the descent route without delay. I slid down the pole while the others used the bumps in the little cliff. On the return, Jim went up again without removing his pack while Steve handed his pack up to Jim before climbing up himself. As before, I asked for a rope and for a handline near the top.

I hadn't remembered how difficult it is to go along the ridge towards Pollux. Some scouting for the route is necessary at a couple of places, and there is quite a bit of exposure. Then we came to the place where Al Doty had done all right by himself, but when he took me the next time he turned back. Then when he took us out to climb Pollux again, he was sure that he had gotten down the face of the steep place. The others were able to climb down and up here, but I had my rope along and used it as a handline. On the present trip, the place seemed higher and steeper, and I didn't even spot the bush where I had tied my rope five years ago. I should have climbed down as far as I could and should have looked at the rest of the way. If I had done this, I am sure that I would have seen that it was the same old way. Jim had done this steep part just four weeks ago, but he didn't press me to come ahead and try it. Both he and Steve were carrying their climbing ropes, so I could have had a handline again. Instead we backed up and Jim experimented with getting down to a lower ledge on the west side of the ridge. He found this impossible after getting halfway to the bottom of the Coconino. I was in one of my depressions concerning rock climbing and we also saw that a complete trip to Castor and back would take using more night walking and climbing. We all turned back to the car. We did a bit more climbing to the top of the ridge north of the notch below Jicarilla Point and we also looked over the Indian ruins and the petroglyphs on our retreat.

In thinking over what we could do with the rest of the day, the young men liked my suggestion about climbing Diana Temple. We parked 1.3 miles along the Park Boundary Road southeast of the Jicarilla Spur Road, and set off towards the rim. In 35 minutes we reached it about 10 minutes walk west of the takeoff. I checked the view from the rim into the canyon several times and finally remarked that we might be overshooting if we went any farther. Steve called my attention to the fact that I was standing within

two yards of a cairn which I had said we should find before we started down. I went down 10 yards and looked around carefully before I recognized the slot leading to the main Kaibab route where a handline is useful.

Here I decided to walk the rim to the east while Steve and Jim got over to Diana and back. I had pioneered this route and now I thought I would only hold them up if I went along. They had a fine afternoon and even used a new route to the top south of the bighorn trail that I had used. While they were up there, Jim ran onto a bighorn ram and it stood its ground while he got a picture. Jim and Steve tried to see how it went down after it made a 15 foot jump off the rim. They couldn't see it, but they could hear it going down a loose rock slope.

I walked to where the drift fence comes to the rim and then returned to the road in 20 minutes and went along the road to the car in 30 more. The climbers reached the road only a couple of hundred yards from the car.

### Pearce Canyon

[November 27, 1975 to November 29, 1975]

Originally Jorgen talked me into wanting to go down Emory Falls Canyon instead of doing something in Clear Creek and Vishnu Creek for Thanksgiving. I was more eager to go back to Pearce Canyon than to do Emory Falls Canyon, and Bill Belknap swayed the decision. Ed Herman would have gone along with either project. I took our boat to the Hackberry Meadview Road Junction Wednesday night and slept in the Jimmy while the other three reached the same place several hours after my rather late arrival and slept on the ground.

We launched the Crestliner at South Cove and camped where we had on 2/16/75. It was only 10:30 a.m., so there was time to do something good that day. From a distance I had picked a possible route up the cliffs to the south of Pearce Canyon. It was not in either of the two most prominent bays south of Pearce, but was easily reached from the burro trail that we had followed over into Pearce. At the saddle where we had formerly descended to the bed of Pearce, we continued up the ridge to the east and then followed it southeast to the vicinity of a small steep canyon, the closest to Pearce. What I hadn't seen from a distance was that there is a cliff about 60 feet high that seemed continuous as we got nearer. We looked at the fall in the little canyon. Ed thought it might go, but about 15 yards to the west he found a place that he liked better. It was hard enough to give him a struggle, and when Jorgen tried the lower part of the route, he gave up. I tried and gave up a possible route a couple of yards away from Ed's and then went up his route as easily as he had. The rest of the way up through the Redwall was not difficult, but it was an interesting exercise in route finding. We got into the bed and went up a short distance and then scrambled up a bypass to the east. After a hundred yards up a rockslide area, we reached a ledge that led us to the west and south around a corner and then back to the bed of the main ravine above the impossible falls. Where the valley broadened we were above the Redwall, and we could walk up with little difficulty to a projecting ridge pointing west below the large triangular mesa directly west of the first south side tributary of Pearce Canyon. Ed and I went as high as we could to the bench going along the south side of the triangular mesa and the section of Sanup Plateau south of Pearce Canyon. We decided that there wouldn't be time to do anything else significant, so we turned back.

When we had climbed down the difficult pitch that had turned Jorgen and Bill back, we were going west to descend to the burro trail when we saw Bill and Jorgen on a bench above the cliff that had caused the difficulty. They had found a fault ravine which was much easier and safer than our climb. They had also found a cave with a piece of pottery and a metate at the base of the cliff to the east of this break. We had all seen two mesal pits between the burro trail and the main climb to the base of this lowest cliff, and the fault ravine cut off an outlier Redwall pinnacle from the main mass. However, before we all started back to the boat, we checked to see that this bench continued around to where Ed and I had been. It did.

Around the campfire that Thanksgiving evening, it was decided to split up. Bill and the others would pack as much water as would be necessary for a two day trip into Pearce Canyon while I would try to go up the new route to the south of Pearce Canyon and try for a view of the great bowl shaped slump area at the upper end of the first south side tributary into Pearce. Our evening around the fire was cut short by a definite rain after a lot of minor threats consisting of a few small drops. We had a time getting the canopy raised over the rear deck of the Crestliner since the plastic slides are getting broken, but we got enough support so that it held fairly well in the windy rain. We all slept under cover. The rain was the best thing that could have happened for the backpackers into Pearce because it put water into pockets. They needed only about a quart apiece from the boat.

I ate breakfast in the dark and started, after conferring with Bill who was sleeping with me on the back deck, about 7:10 a.m. I was pleased with my stamina after some discouraging signs of weakness relative to the extra fine hikers who have been with me on recent hikes. With my knowledge of the route, I was able to reach the ledge where Ed and I had eaten lunch three hours after leaving the boat in only two and a half hours.

I followed our previous course to the top of the ridge in the Supai and then saw that the best way to approach the saddle separating the tributary of Pearce from the canyon draining to the west, the one south of where I had come up through the Redwall, would be along the low angle slope above the Redwall. I didn't see a way directly down to the south, so I went off the ridge where I had come up and walked around the point to the west and then turned east. Below the end of the promontory were two more mesal pits.

Progress was easy in this high valley and I was soon climbing up the gully at the southwest corner of the valley. It was easy to get to the base of the final Supai cliff below the Sanup Plateau at the south end of the saddle connecting it with the triangular mesa immediately south of Pearce Canyon. In the hope of coming to a place where the final cliff could be climbed, I proceeded south above the Pearce tributary. I had decided to turn back about 1:00 p.m. and when I saw a way down into the bed of the tributary, I was tempted to use the last of my time for this. Just then I also saw a possible way to get to the top of the plateau, a break leading halfway through the upper cliff a few hundred yards past a vertical ravine with a chockstone halfway to the top. The route ahead went all right. The final cliff was broken by a route about 50 yards farther to the south. I was rewarded by a fine view of Snap Point and I was also near the rim of the huge bowl where the Supai has slumped into some sort of broad pit that formed beneath after the upper rock was deposited. It was a little later than I had wanted to turn back, but the trip down went so well that I was back to the boat by 4:45, less than four hours from when I turned back.

I wasn't sure what I wanted to do on Saturday. The thought occurred to me to take an easy hike like finding out what lower Pearce Canyon is like below where we enter it from the burro trail up the ridge from our cove. I knew it would be a long day to do what I had failed in doing last February, find out if there is a way out of the east arm of Pearce Canyon, the longer one at the final junction. After I woke up early I decided to go after it. Last spring I had waited a half hour for the others and we had also spent some time inspecting the cave near where the main Pearce Canyon turns south through the Redwall narrows. I set a quick but steady pace and stopped for a snack about 10:30. By noon I was at the last junction where I had learned last February that the south arm is impossible. Only about five minutes from this junction, a short distance around the bend in the canyon, I saw a definite possibility for climbing out to the south. Burro droppings and tracks had continued up this arm, although they seemed much more scarce than in the lower parts of Pearce, so I assumed that one should be able to walk on out of this arm. To take the surer way, however, I climbed up the 400 foot rise to the south rim and found no difficulty. When I saw that there is a slump in the surface of the plateau down toward the bed of this arm, I thought that there must be a walk up in the bed, but when I got near for a good view, I found that there is still a 70 foot cliff. I had come up the only possible way near the end (John Green got out to the northeast of here, but I couldn't do his climb). The view of Snap Point whitened by fresh snow was terrific. I also took a picture of Point Gerrett, the extension of the Upper Grand Wash Cliffs to the south. I was surprised to see that a road penetrates this section of Sanup Plateau from the north. The new seven and a half minute quad map which Bill had brought didn't show a road going this far. I turned back at 1:30 p.m. and reached the boat by 5:35. I was gratified to see that I still felt good enough to come down much of the burro trail to the lake on the double.

While I was doing the above good hikes, the other three were having a fine time too. On Friday Bill and Jorgen checked the first tributary from the south and found what I had guessed, impressive scenery but a completely impossible high fall. Ed explored the narrow tributary that continues east where the main bed goes to the south. He found the best potholes of water here, probably reliable except during the hottest time of the year. He was not stopped, so on Saturday all three went up here and came out on top of the mesa that is separated from the mainland to the east by a saddle. When they had enjoyed the view they descended the simple broad slope into the main bed above the Redwall narrows and returned to their camp via the main bed. Their camp was a fine cave to the north of the best waterpockets, about 10 minutes walk up the bed from the first south side tributary.

East side of Cremation Canyon

[December 13, 1975]

Bob Packard and Ken Walters climbed Newton and Pattie on 12/6/75 and then while Ken went and climbed Lyell, Bob investigated a Redwall descent at the promontory on the south side of the bay separating Pattie from Newton. He found that the end of this point is split off by a crack which he could descend to the north. Further there was a good route through a lower cliff and the rest of the way was a simple rough walk. I wanted to see this route for myself and I also hoped to finish a Redwall route at the very head of the east arm of Cremation.

Jim Ohlman went with me starting from Flagstaff at 6:30 and Steve Studebaker had arranged to meet us at the Visitors Center. The ice on US 180 kept down our speed and we didn't reach the Visitor's Center until just before 8:30 only to learn that Steve had called from Desert View saying that he was coming but would be late. I talked to Kathy Green at the permit desk and gave her a copy of my trails marked on the Matthes Evans maps up to December, 1975. Steve arrived just before nine and we left our cars at the head of the Kaibab Trail about 9:20.

There were no snowbanks on the trail and only a few mud patches and our progress was good down to the bottom of the White Switchbacks. Proceeding across the rolling Tonto hills on faint burro trails at times, we started up the ravine just north of the place I had picked for Bob's route. We could have gone up a scree slope considerably to the north, but there seemed to be only one easy way through a lower cliff in our ravine. We first recognized Bob's tracks at this place. There were more going up to the slot separating the tower at the end of the promontory from the main rim. It was easy and safe to climb up this crack and walk out on top of the Redwall closer to Newton than Pattie. Jim tried climbing the low cliff to the top of the promontory but gave it up as a bit too risky.

We went south along the Redwall rim passing by the easy descent through the major fault ravine. I didn't recognize the route I had tried at the end of Cremation from above. We could get down fairly far through the top, broken part of the rim. When it seemed from above that the descent to the west of the main ravine only led down to an impossible wall, we went down the easy way to the ravine itself. It ended at a 50 foot dropoff. I checked the possibility of going west along the wall about 30 feet up from the drop off and gave it up. I wish I had done the same thing at the very bottom of the ravine. We gave up this attempt and went back to our packs on top.

By now we could see that we were going to be short of time. The other two were leaning toward the route down the Redwall in the major fault and the return up the Kaibab Trail from below the White Switchbacks, but I thought that we could make better time along the rim of the Redwall back to the Kaibab Trail. I had forgotten precisely how slow this had been in years gone by. By the time we were halfway we had all come to the conclusion that we had taken the short but slower way. There was a faint deer trail for much of the distance, but from the east side of the end of Cremation to the Kaibab Trail took us two hours and 20 minutes this time. I had also forgotten where I had previously gone up through the slide area in the Supai to the trail. This time I led the young men up to a wall in the Supai below the trail. Jim was able to muscle up a shortcut while Steve and I took a longer way to the north.

By now snow was falling in pellets and higher on the trail the wind came in gusts that sometimes made me crouch to keep from being blown off the exposed ridge. Steve wasn't in the best of shape and probably shouldn't have come. Near the end of the day he told us that he had recently missed a day of school from having the flu. He elected to stop at a sheltered place on the trail and heat some chili. He was driving his own car and we figured that he could look out for himself.

Jim could go quite a bit faster than I, but I was able to keep up a steady pace. We did the last mile and a half in 55 minutes and then took two and a quarter hours to drive home.

East side of Cremation Canyon

[January 3, 1976]

On 12/13/75 we had given up trying to get down the Redwall at the end of the east arm of Cremation Canyon. Before 1959 I had tried coming up through the Redwall here and had given up only a few yards from success. I still wanted to finish this project even if a rope would be necessary. I didn't mind going alone since I could set my own pace.

Since the NPS no longer requires a permit for a one day hike, I drove directly to the South Kaibab Trail and started down at 8:15 a.m. The trail was just a bit icy, but with my lug soles, I had no trouble keeping my feet. I reached the place to leave the trail in order to follow the top of the Redwall going east in 45 minutes and the bottom of the White Switchbacks in 70 minutes. As usual I could find some signs of burro trails while I was going across Cremation Canyon. I got down to the bed of Cremation at the same place as in December, downstream from the Packard Route through the Redwall.

On the present occasion, I used the break through the Redwall where the geologic map shows the big Cremation Fault. I had been down this route years ago with Allyn Cureton and I recalled that it is relatively easy, but I didn't recall the precise approach from below. After going up the proper drainage to where the bedrock forms the lowest cliff, I found a seep. It formed a slab of solid ice about a square yard in area and several inches deep. When I came by about 2:15 p.m., enough ice had melted to form a little muddy pool. I could have camped with this much water, but I don't consider it reliable for hot and dry weather. Evaporation would keep up with this much flow.

There was a burro trail going to this seep and then the burros seem to follow the base of the cliff up to the west. I should have gone up the little cliff right near the seep. I came down this way and there was no difficulty, but I thought I should follow the burros on the way up. I had to leave the trail and scramble up a broken cliff and then work my way to the left to get into the fault ravine. I had remembered the chute to the west of the main bed and the only barrier consisted of overhanging bushes. It was still cold when I ate my lunch at the top of this route.

As we had done in December, I went down the drainage into the east arm of Cremation from the south side of the final bay in the Redwall. The fault accounts for the broken rock on this side of the promontory as well as the route on the north side. When I got down to the 40 foot fall, I went up a couple of yards to the west to a stout tree and looked for possible ways to get down and across to where I had come up so many years ago. I used the tree as a safe place to tie the rope and rappelled. After the first drop of eight feet, I moved the rope farther west and could get off the rope after going down about 12 feet. The rocks are so broken that a good climber might manage this without a rope.

I started to go down to the east in order to head the valley and come to the bed by the easy talus over on the south side. This would mean that I was abandoning the rope to be recovered on another trip. I had the Jumars with me and decided to go back the way I had come down. However, I first looked for a ropeless route. I could go higher a little to the west of the rope, and then I tried working my way back to the ravine to the east. The holds were as I remembered them from so many years ago, not quite good enough to reassure me. I believe men like Walters, Cureton, or Doty would have done this handily, but I came down and used the Jumars.

I returned over the same route as in the morning. I seemed to be in worst condition than in December, and my right hip socket was bothering me. It took me three hours and five minutes to cross the Tonto and get up the trail to where we had taken two hours and 20 minutes to do the same thing along the top of the Redwall.

Tincanebitts and Burnt Spring Canyons  
[January 5, 1976 to January 7, 1976]

Billingsley and Jensen couldn't go on this boating and hiking trip, and near the last minute I learned that Bruce Braley wanted to go. He was quite an interesting companion and was my superior as a walker and climber.

We reached South Cove about 6:20 p.m. on Sunday and got a fairly early start from there Monday morning. The lake level was about the same as it had been last Thanksgiving. I probably should have let the boat plane upriver, but I had the fear of hitting a mud bar too fast and only proceeded at about 12 miles per hour. There was no problem with the bars until we were past the Bat Cave, but above there several times we would have to raise the prop out of the mud and pole the boat loose. Then we would go back a short distance and cross the river.

Ed Herrman and Jorgen Visbak had tried exploring Tincanebitts Canyon, so I decided rather on the spur of the moment to stop there. Billingsley had been most interested in Burnt Spring Canyon, but I figured on coming back to the boat at night, and in three days we would have time to do both.

We moored the boat upstream from the middle of the tamarisk covered delta of the canyon, but we still had a lot of fighting through the jungle to get to the clear walking above the tangle along the east side of the silted in triangle. It took about a half hour to get above the tangle to the open streambed. Walking was quite easy but we took from 10:10 until almost noon to get from the boat to a sunny spot north of the fork in the canyon. I had forgotten what Ed had told me about the prospects of getting out on top. The long north arm of gentle gradient looked like the one with more chance of success, but there were only a few bighorn droppings along this route. In the Devonian we did a bypass or two of chockstones, but then we came to a huge barrier with a bypass. There were several rather deep pools of green (algae) water and some clean smaller pockets of water. Perhaps the sheep and deer come up this arm for a drink. We turned back at 1:30 and reached the boat rather early even though we took a good look at the steep bed of the eastern fork of the canyon.

The small scale army engineer's map shows only a bay here instead of a real arm of the canyon. When you look up from the main bed, you might not notice that it takes a turn to the north and isn't obviously a dead end. Around this corner it maintains the steep gradient and there is some scrambling to get past big boulders. When you are about 800 feet above the fork, there is an impressive chockstone blockade. This can be bypassed to the west by climbing a limestone wall with small handholds. I can imagine that this might turn some hikers back. We had been seeing many more animal droppings in this arm, so we wanted to prove that Ed was right about it going on through.

It was late enough for one day when Bruce had proved that one can climb this limestone wall, but we returned on Tuesday to make a real try. Incidentally, we moved the Crestliner up the river about 300 yards to a clearing on the bank where others had gone ashore to camp. It was quite a bit easier to get through to the good walking from here. We got back up to the fork in less than 90 minutes. I had intended to carry a rope so that Bruce could belay me or give me support of a handline at the bypass of the big barrier, but I forgot it. I found a fairly easy combination of holds and handled that little climb easily.

Not far above here we came to another distinct angle. A narrow crack seemed to cut across with the left hand one (going north) being the best chance to get out. There were more animal droppings along here, and at one place in the clay I noted bighorn tracks. If they can get up this canyon, I would like to see the system. At one chockstone, I put my canteen and camera up ahead of me and then struggled to make the right moves up a few yards. There were a couple of other places in the Redwall that required hand and toe climbing, but the hardest was in the Supai. Bruce found a way requiring a long reach to the right, but I used a zigzag route along two ledges to the left. Along the lower ledge, I had only a few inches to sidestep while holding to grips above my head. There were no grips for the upper ledge, but it was wide enough for me to crawl along. A nervier person could walk this ledge. There was no doubt about success above here, and we came out on the Sanup Plateau about three hours and 35 minutes after leaving the river. Perhaps the sheep use this route only for the descent. I would surely need to haul up a real backpack at several places on a rope.

A geologist would be interested in seeing the black volcanic rock that shows near the top for only a short distance. The rest is buried under the scree. This dike continues southeast through the Redwall but in that direction it doesn't crack the Supai above. When we walked across the narrow promontory that separates the two arms of Tincanebits, we could see the dike through the Supai northwest of us. Just south of the top of this route is a pinyon pine that seems to me to be a botanical freak. Each needle grows out of the twig by itself. I had heard that there are two sorts of pinyons, one with two needles in a cluster and the other with three. (I have now checked with a couple of biologists, and they say that the two kinds are those with two needles and one with the latter very rare.)

We got back to the boat taking our time at the chockstones and could have gone upriver to camp at the mouth of Burnt Spring Canyon then, but we had the canopy up from the night before where there was a heavy overcast, and we didn't want to take it down and then have to put it up again in a half hour. In the morning we had eaten and I had the canopy stowed ready to move the boat before 8:30. We had quite a bit of trouble dodging mud bars on the way upriver. We tied up at the foot of a neat bedrock slope on the east side of the mouth of Burnt Canyon. It was 9:30 a.m. when we got started hiking.

Quite soon we found a faint trail along the slope above the tangle of tamarisk jungle. There was a three stone cairn where one should leave the bed of the stream and go up to catch this trail. The gradient was gentle and uniform over gravel and rounded boulders with no barriers requiring climbing. After walking for two hours we reached a fork where two big arms come together. The one to the right had the steeper bed and seemed to be rather straight. One could see that it went a long way with no sun on the bed, and we were looking for a sunny place to eat lunch. We chose to go up the other (western) arm.

On the east side of the bed just south of the junction, I saw a terrace under an overhang that seemed to have charcoal in the soil. We investigated and found that the ceiling was smoked and fine charcoal permeated the soil quite deeply. Some showed a foot below relatively sterile sand where the bank had been eroded. There were traces of walls from at least a rock shelter. On our return past this place we checked a terrace 30 yards north of this overhang and saw that it is covered by a mesquite pit. Bruce called my attention to a seep in the east wall about 100 yards south of the shelter. There were signs that animals paw the gravel away beneath the two seep sources to get water here, but the gravel is so loose that I would think making bowls of clay beneath these seeps would be the only way to use them. Up the west arm we had lunch in the shade where the sun fell on the slope about 50 yards up the slope. Walking continued quite simple and after starting on at noon, we had to go up about 250 feet to get out on top, and there was one place requiring hand and toe climbing. We could see that this arm continues about due north and seems to present no problems since it is so long and uniform. There were sheep droppings along the way, so I assumed that it would make an easy route out on top. The map shows a road going to Oak Grove Ranch near the upper end.

We got to the boat from 1:40 to 5:10 p.m. and this wasn't steady walking. Bruce investigated the trails around the knoll above our boat and found a neat rock cabin made with a sheet iron roof with a shaded work table in front. Names in a glass jar indicate that a lot of river runners visit this place. I recognized Ron and Sheila Smith and Ed Abby. The earliest name was accompanied by a note that a prospector had lived here from August 15 to November 6, 1962. He must have furnished the glass jar for the register, but the names were written on random scraps of paper. I wish I had noted this occupant's name, but I know it was not Harry Aleson. This man said nothing about building the shack himself, so I wonder whether Aleson might have been the first occupant. This is surely a much more livable place than one of the shallow caves near the mouth of Quartermaster Canyon which is so close.

There are a couple of places where water runs in the bed of Burnt Canyon, but these are relatively close to the river, within walking times of 25 and 35 minutes, respectively. They would be good for backpackers coming down from the plateau in a long day who didn't trust the river for drinking. Below the lower of these sources is a grove of rather large trees. I was expecting them to be cottonwoods, but a good look shows them to be willows (probably ash trees) 30 or 40 feet high. I believe this is the only place in all my wanderings where I have seen this species rather than cottonwoods at a wet place in the bed of a tributary canyon.

Around Coronado Butte and along the Redwall

[January 17, 1976]

I wanted more pictures of the foot wide fossil footprints on the west Redwall rim of Mineral Canyon and I also wanted to settle the kind of rock they are in. Davis, who found them, was rather sure they are on a block of Supai that has rolled down from above, and I had Billingsley's backing for thinking that the rock was Coconino. I was glad to have Jim Ohlman along, because as a graduate student of Geology, he figured that he could give me a sure answer. His roommate, Rocky Dutt, and Bob Lojewski, also came with me.

First we went to the Visitor's Center and I made sure that the permit people were really interested in keeping my maps marked with the routes covered. I talked with four rangers in all, a full time veteran named Kline, and three younger people, Mary Langdon, Tim Mans, and another young man whose name escapes me.

We then drove east and parked where the shoulder is paved about 100 yards beyond the place to leave the highway to reach the head of the Hance Trail. It is now marked with a couple of metal fence posts, but they haven't provided any parking right at the take off point. There were tracks in the snow leading to the right ravine, and I noticed that it took us only three or four minutes to go from the pavement to the head of the trail.

The snow wasn't deep, but it was frozen hard and I was glad that I had lug soles. There are a lot more cairns to mark the route than there used to be, and from the tracks we could see that the Hance (Red Canyon) Trail is getting a lot more use than in former years. The weather was surprisingly warm for January 17, and we did most of our walking in shirt sleeves. The air was clearer than I have ever seen it, or at least as clear. The full moon was sharply visible right down to the horizon as it set, and Navaho Mountain was strikingly outlined as we drove past Desert View on leaving the park.

There was no difficulty in staying on the trail this time, and we reached the rim of the Redwall in Red Canyon in an even hour. There were plenty of places where we had to slow down in going along the Redwall rim, and it took us another hour to reach the footprints about 200 yards northwest of the head of the Redwall gorge in Mineral Canyon. This Redwall is deformed and bent in this gorge, and I was impressed by the observation that there may be a route down through the Redwall here. The investigation would give me a project for another one day hike.

Jim immediately called the block containing the footprints Supai. However, Davis might not get much of a thrill from the other statement of Ohlman's. Jim says that these tracks are the same kind as all the geology students observe along the South Kaibab Trail down a little way into the Supai. However, he says that those along the main trail are not connected as well into a continuous track going several feet. We had Jim's geologist's hammer and I took a piece from the underside of the footprint rock. I can show it to Stan Beus or any other geologist who may be interested in classifying the rock. (He says it is Supai.)

It took us another half hour to walk on north to the end of Ayer Point where we enjoyed the clear view of the north side of the canyon and also where we ate lunch.

I suggested the possibility of going down the Redwall to the west of the neck leading to Ayer Point and returning via the Old Hance Trail. Jim suggested going along the Redwall rim around into Hance Canyon, and we went from there up to the Coronado Saddle. We had the benefit of cairns for the start, but we lost them and then had to do some hand and toe climbing before we were out to the top of the saddle. I was trying to spot the upper end of the tunnel cave Tse An Bida, but I missed seeing it. We all had a fine hike although I was slowing the others down.

Redwall Route, east prong of Horseshoe Mesa  
[January 24, 1976]

The first project for this hike was the Redwall in the bed of Cottonwood. About 1958, Allyn Cureton had come up the bed by himself. On 10/21/61 I had led several hikers down here. Pete Huntoon was along with his climbing rope, but when we came to a 50 foot drop that seemed precarious, we gave up the attempt. A second project was presented to me by Bob Packard who told me that Ken Walters had found an interesting way down the Redwall near the end of the east prong of Horseshoe Mesa. Near the end of the week, Jim Ohlman's trip overland to Rainbow Bridge fell through, and he and Rocky Dutt came with me for the Grandview hike.

We left North Hall at 6:30 a.m. and got to the Grandview Parking lot by 8:30 over a fine dry road. There was snow on the trail well down into the Supai and Jim had trouble keeping his feet. My lug soles worked a lot better than my other type of hiking shoes and I didn't fall once. There was thick fog at rim level and the Canyon was hidden until we had descended about 300 feet. The footing being what it was, we didn't break speed records, but we reached the mines in an hour and 20 minutes. For a while the weather seemed to improve, but then it became much worse. For an hour there was a fine light drizzle, and then not all the time, but about ten thirty, it really began to rain.

One good thing about bringing Jim was that he could show me a neat cave on the east side of the mesa. It is only a little north of the old rock cabin and it is just north of the middle of the concave bend in the rim. The miners may have enlarged the entrance, and they installed a ladder to get on down the first 10 feet. We hadn't brought a light so we didn't go down to explore it, but Jim had seen that it is fairly extensive on a previous trip. I'll have to ask Davis about this cave.

We went around the east side of the butte and found an established trail along here. There were plenty of hiker footprints in the snow of the Grandview Trail, and there were a few tracks going out or coming back from the end of the east prong of the horseshoe. We looked over the rim into the horseshoe itself to check for possible Redwall descents. I recalled that when we were coming back from the foot of Sockdolager, Allyn had left the trail and had gone up the Redwall somewhere over toward the east. We couldn't see any promising place from above.

Jim went out to the very most northern point of the prong while Rocky and I went to the east where we could see that there was promise of finding a way down. We could see that one should get down a narrow steep ridge to a simple slope that covers the rest of the Redwall. Jim led the way and handled the climb with dispatch. I took it slowly and had to search for the best toeholds, especially near the base of this narrow ridge. Still, I feel sure that I could do it alone. The rest of the way to the Tonto was obvious and not far away, to the west and down.

When we were down the hard place, the rain began in earnest and we decided to go up the trail on the west prong of the horseshoe and eat lunch in the cave on the west edge of the mesa. While I was following them up the switchbacks, Ohlman and Dutt went out on the tip of the west prong and felt rather sure that they saw another route through the Redwall. The rain stopped and we ate lunch on the Redwall rim near the base of the horseshoe. I looked across to the east and figured that I had identified the place where Allyn had climbed the Redwall. I am rather sure that I would have to use a rope to come down there.

We talked about doing the Redwall in Cottonwood Canyon from below, the way Allyn had done it, but when the weather began to threaten more rain, we kept on going up the trail to the rim. It got nice again before we came to the view down into Grapevine, about 2 p.m. We all thought it would be interesting to go north and climb the peak without a name at the end of this ridge. I changed my mind and so did Rocky, but Jim went ahead and climbed it. He built the first cairn on top. The rest of the hike out was through an inch of fresh snow.

Shinumo Canyon to Tatahatso

[February 14, 1976 to February 16, 1976]

A lot of possibilities occurred to me for the three day weekend, but I finally settled on seeing the Shinumo Wash Trail to its end and then continuing along the Redwall rim. Jim Ohlman and I played with the idea of repeating Jensen's stunt of going clear to the Eminence Break Route to President Harding Rapid, but it turned out that this would have been too much for me.

Jim was waiting for me promptly at 6:30 a.m. on Saturday and we got up to Cedar Ridge without incident except that there was a very unusual fog for about 30 miles. I was wondering whether I would have trouble keeping to the right roads away from the highway if all distant landmarks were invisible, but before we got to Cedar Ridge we were clear of the fog. The road was somewhat muddy, but we didn't make any wrong turns this time. We were ready to start from the car at 9:30.

The two previous times I had gone down the Shinumo Wash Trail I had lost it as soon as I reached the bed at the bottom. During the past few years more hikers had used it and someone had taken the care to note where it went and mark it with numerous cairns. After a hundred yards or so along the streambed, it leaves the bottom and goes up on the left. When the Supai begins to show a real cliff, it gets down and crosses the bed to the right. For roughly a fourth of the way to the Redwall rim, it stays over on the right and then crosses to the left for a similar distance. For the last fourth of the way to the Redwall it is over on the right. We missed some of this leg and followed the bed until we saw the trail finally going up on the left. It is clearly recognizable clear to the old cable anchorage almost directly above Redwall Cavern. Jim had been no farther downriver than the break at Mile 30.4 and he was eager to see the approach to Vasey's and Stanton's Cave.

About a quarter mile short of the tram site, we came to a ravine that used to give access to the river's edge. A steel bar still shows where they used to have a rope fastened. Some of the hiking club members have been here and actually trusted their weight to the old rope and reached the water. At the bottom the wall is inclined about 60 degrees with the horizontal and some have said that they might get down without using the rope. We felt that we had miles to cover still and we didn't try this descent. Besides the collapsed shack and the concrete lower anchorage for the cable and rock foundations for some other structures, we were surprised to see planks lying on the Redwall rim on the other side of the river. A date scratched in concrete was 1951. By then they could have used helicopters, so this may have been the means by which the boards were delivered to the other side.

It was still cool and it had been quite wet recently so that Jim and I carried no great amount of water. We kept on the lookout for more supplies. There were numerous pools in Shinumo Canyon, and of course we could have gotten river water at Mile 30.4, but the best supply was in the ravine that was an access to the river. Most of the small notches in the rim were dry or the pools were inaccessible. There was a small supply, enough for camping for two, in Nautiloid Canyon at Mile 34.8. I was rather tired by this time, 4:00 p.m., and I considered settling on this as our first night camp. I had been telling Jim about the neat descent to the river at Mile 35.8. so he talked me into going on. We made it before 5:30 and were glad to be down where the ground was flat under substantial overhangs at the Indian ruins. We had been pelted by a few drops of rain off and on, but by morning on Sunday it was clear.

From map study and the appearance of the Supai leading to the top of the ridge just north of Tatabatso Canyon, Jim figured that it would be a great saving if we would climb up there and get down to the bed of the canyon whenever there was an opportunity. I didn't oppose his doing this experiment, but at first I said I would use the way I had done it, around on the Redwall rim into the side canyon. However, when I got close to this ridge, I realized that there was no doubt of getting to the top. I changed my mind and went up behind Jim. On top though I didn't see any good way to get down to the bed. When I came to a big ravine with a lot of dissected clay and rubble, I started down. This is the ravine that starts between an impressive outlying tower and the rim of the plateau. I got down to a place where the bedrock shows almost all the way across the ravine. Over at the east side, I considered taking off my pack and trying to get down. I could see another questionable place farther down, and I decided to stay up and follow Jim who had apparently continued high above the Supai rim. After a few yards in that direction, I got discouraged by remembering how far I would likely have to proceed before being able to get down. I backtracked to the valley upriver from Tatabatso Canyon and started to do what I had done before. This detour had taken two hours.

When I was coming up Tatabatso Canyon, I saw a couple of fairly sure ways I could have come down, farther west than the ravine I had given up. I also heard Jim shouting to me. He had continued high until he was almost to the north arm of Tatabatso where he found a good talus for the descent to the bed. He had left his pack there and had then retraced his route above the Supai rim until he reached the ravine I had tried to descend. Without his pack he came down handily to the bed of Tatabatso and walked downstream to meet me.

About 2:00 p.m. when we were about halfway through the Supai in the bed, it began to rain enough to wet things. Right where we happened to be, there was a fine overhang and I was tired enough to want to quit for the day. Jim had to go for his pack and bring it back to this campsite, about a 50 minute trip for a fast walker. By 3:30 p.m. the sky was clear again, but I knew that it would be a death march for me to reach the car that night. We had a leisurely dinner and enjoyed conversation by a campfire until nearly 8:00 p.m. There were some little rainpools nearby and much bigger pools both downstream and up. On Monday we got away from camp at the same time as before (7:45 a.m.) and reached the fork in the canyon in a half hour. I felt the effort of getting around and between the big rocks in the bed more than I used to and it took us three hours to get clear past all the difficulties and out on top. Jim was impressed by the neat crack I had found to get down the highest cliff. We soon found a sheep trail leading from the bed of Tatabatso around the point to the north and followed it more or less consistently to the flats west of Eminence Break. After an hour of this walking we ate lunch and soon thereafter reached a place where we

dropped our packs to pick up after we had found the car. The walking time after we were out of the canyon was just less than three more hours.

Some observations along the way might be in order. We saw the footprints of a lone hiker going north on the Shinumo Wash Trail. Also, there is now a cairn marking the descent to the river at Mile 35.8. We saw a sign that someone had camped where we did, opposite the Bridge of Sighs. Jim saw tracks of more than one hiker in the area toward Tatahatso Canyon. I can't say that I saw other footprints in Tatahatso Canyon itself. Perhaps these hikers had come around the Redwall rim from the Eminence Break Route. There were a few sheep droppings in Tatahatso Canyon all the way down and a few rather old mule deer droppings. About the strangest bit of wildlife was a very small frog right in front of the overhang where I had my bed. It could barely hop in the rather chilly afternoon.

Something else that took our eye was a tower near the east rim above Nautiloid Canyon. It can also be seen from the road through the swale as you drive to the rim of Shinumo Wash. It would be a real achievement for any steeple jacks who could climb it. The one directly north of Tatahatso Canyon would very likely be easier than this one.

Hermit Trail and river at Mile 94.5  
[February 21, 1976]

I left home a minute after 6:00 a.m. by myself this time. The day was clear and cold and there was almost no snow on the ground. I reached the parking lot at the head of the Hermit Trail by 8:00 a.m. This is a popular hike now, and there were a number of other cars parked. The NAU Geology Club had gone down on Friday and I learned later that a group of boy scouts from Tempe were also down at the river. I soon caught up with a group of four men who were going to camp at the mouth of Monument Creek and go on to the Bright Angel Trail on Sunday. They wanted to take their time, and I wanted to see how long it would take me to go to the river and back. I had done so poorly with Jim Ohlman lately that I wanted to see whether I would be better setting my own pace. Even when I am walking ahead of a good hiker, I tend to go a little faster than I would by myself with the result that I end the day more exhausted than I should be.

When I came to Santa Maria Spring, I noticed the little spur trail that goes up to where the pipe is buried. I went up to see anything that had been done here, but there doesn't seem to be anything unusual. There is no artificial concrete basin, just the iron pipe coming out of the clay. More water comes from seeps lower down.

In the bay just around the corner to the north of the spring and rest area, I studied the slope to see what I thought about Donald Davis' climb up the Supai here. It didn't seem as remarkable as I had thought, although the low cliff about a hundred feet below the trail might stop me. On the way back I considered going down to it and seeing how it would feel to try getting down a crack I noticed, but I was fairly sure that it would be somewhat risky for me. At the top on the return I met Jim Ohlman and he was confident that he could do that climb.

There are some new rockfalls on the trail and it is surely not any better now than when I first knew it, but it is just about as easy a way to go to the river as it used to be.

When I was going down the Cathedral Stairs through the Redwall, I heard someone, presumably climbing Cope Butte. Jim Ohlman told me that he and his roommate were going to try that again. After some shouting back and forth, I finally saw them. They had gone straight up the west side by a route that seemed much harder than the way Chuck Johnson had told me about and that I had done solo. At my suggestion, they came down the easier way, a way that is hard enough to be a challenge.

It is only a couple of hundred yards to the right from the junction of the Hermit Trail with the Tonto Trail to see the route down to the river at Mile 94.3. The way seems easy and not far. The Tapeats seems a lot lower than it is east at Plateau Point. There were a couple places in the bed that caused slight delays. I bypassed one steep place where someone had built a cairn over to the west of the bed, but the scramble along the ledges was harder than the steep travertine of the bed. I used the latter on the return. At another place the bed was cut through a dike of very red granite and then under an overhang of breccia consisting of blocks of Tapeats cemented together. There was a trickle of water running through the sand along here for quite a few yards. It didn't taste too bad even though it seemed to be leaving a white deposit where it dried up.

I reached the river in three hours and one minute after leaving the car and this without consciously hurrying. Down here I talked with two young men who had come along the river from Hermit Creek. They had had to climb high to pass some of the river cliffs. After a leisurely lunch, I walked out in four hours and 45 minutes. This included an inspection of the spring at the base of the Coconino to the north of the trail. The water is low in the concrete basin now, but there is enough to dip a canteen. The rock shelter nearby has a wet floor at this time of year.

It had been a pleasant day and I had gone to the river at a new place.

Cane Spring Trail  
[March 16, 1976]

As usual I had big plans for the spring break, using the boat to explore canyons downriver from Surprise. First I was delayed by the starter needing to be replaced on the Jimmy, and then when I took the boat to the repairman and called attention to a bolt that had sheered off and was lying in the bilge, Glen Miller made no promises that he could get it done immediately. Ken Walters had been planning to go with me on the boating expedition, but he elected to do something else and I took the Jimmy by myself to the Whitmore region. After spending a good deal of Monday seeing about the boat, I got off around 3:00 p.m.

After dinner at Cliff Dwellers, I drove on and gassed up, including two five gallon cans, at St. George. I slept in the Jimmy about ten miles south of town. On Tuesday I got away early and drove by headlight up to Wolf Hole. The road was quite dry and there was no driving problem except for dust in my nose and on my glasses. I didn't miss any turns although I hesitated slightly about three miles south of Mount Trumbull. The road goes through a gate and makes a quick left turn. The correct turn is much more used.

I parked at the same place as I did with Jim Sears last year, at the shack just west of the volcano. By 9:30 a.m. I was walking away from the car.

My project for the day was to see the trail down to Cane Spring and then try to get to the river using the trail that Billingsley had sketched on the map of Whitmore Rapids. Because of careless map reading, I began looking for the trail to Cane Spring right by the volcano instead of west of the prominence over a half mile farther down the road. After a few yards I checked the map again and had no trouble finding the trail.

The last statement isn't quite so. First I got into the bed of the wash at the place where the 7.5 minute 1967 map shows the road ending. (It now continues around Whitmore Point and ends above Frog Spring road gone now 1982). When I came to a big drop in the bed, I climbed up to the east and found the constructed trail. It ends on the open flat as shown on the map, but cow paths lead up to Cane Spring. I had to consult the map to find the spring since there is no tangle of water loving growth to mark the place. There are a couple of cement basins and water coming down to them from 50 yards higher. At the source there is a meager growth of reeds giving the name to this spring. A plastic hose has been buried in the wettest place and water runs through it down to the tanks.

Only about 150 feet of Redwall shows on either side of the lower exit of this valley. From a distance I supposed that if I followed the narrows I would soon come to a big impossible drop, but since a cowpath went through here, I did too. In fact I followed four cows then and there. The Redwall is vertical along the sides of the defile, but it is more fractured than elsewhere. At the narrowest place the path went through a gate. There seemed to be little purpose in having it here since there was no fence across the bed of the wash. Beyond the narrows, the cows went left and I went right, where Billingsley had marked my map.

The most difficult place on the route was along the steep shale slope above the cirque of lower Whitmore Wash. I had to move carefully at several places, and I think that a cow might be stopped. The route crosses south on the next platform of lava. I am sure that a ravine from this platform goes down to the bed of Whitmore and thus there is a way to the river via the south side of the cirque. I was more interested in seeing the trail, but now I wish I had gone to the bed of the cirque and came up the trail. The trail leaves the platform where the lava meets the sedimentary rock. Instead of getting down to water as soon as possible, it parallels the river well up on the slope.

When I got back from this hike, I met Orville Bundy, who manages the ranching operation down here. He expressed the idea that this trail was constructed so that cows could drink from the river. The fact that I found it down as far as mile 190.5 when it could have reached the river 1.5 miles upstream, seems to argue against the view that it was built for cows. I would guess that it was a prospector's trail. I would like to know whether it was built before the standard trail upriver from Whitmore Wash. I have just reread the account by Powell of his trip from the camp in the Uinkarets guided by the human pickle down to the river, but an Indian ruin near the spring and the garden make it unlikely that they reached the river via the Toroweap Trail, the Whitmore Trail, or this one farther downriver (lower end of the Whitmore Trail). It is unusual for there to be two trails as close as the regular Whitmore Trail and this only two miles downriver from it.

My right hip was bothering me and this may have been the reason I chose not to go along the bank into the cirque and up to the trail by the ravine. As it was I followed the route back to the car in a little less than three hours in spite of favoring my right leg.

Shortly after I reached the car, Orville Bundy drove up from the west with his horse standing in the back of his truck. Then he used the horse to find a mare and her newborn colt. He fed the horse and gave them water from the big tank where he keeps rainwater from the roof of the shack. After we had eaten by ourselves, I visited with him by the light of my gasoline lantern and had a cup of his Mormon tea. He was a bit disturbed by the thought that they may declare his leased land a wilderness area and expel the cattle and destroy the road he has bulldozed. I agreed with him that it is better as it is, access for hikers to reach the best parts before walking, and some good use being made of the grazing possibilities.

Before 7:00 a.m. on Wednesday I was ready to leave. I had thought I might walk from the line shack, but with Lone Mountain and the dike at Mile 196.7 as my destinations, I figured that I should drive farther before walking. The road is really sporty and I wouldn't want to attempt it without four wheel drive. Orville says he gets his truck over it without that device, but I am sure he must gun it in compound to do it. I drove five miles and still had to walk for a half hour before reaching the place to leave the road and find the trail that George had marked on the Whitmore 7.5 minute quad map he had given me. He was right about which draw to go down but he put the place to leave the rim on the wrong side. It is really up from the bed a few yards to the east. This is at the first notch in the rim to the west of the big draw draining the valley to the west of peak 5045. The trail below the main cliff went north to the mouth of the big ravine I used last year to get down, and then I lost it under rockslides. Down in the bed of the fault valley I could follow it, and there were horse tracks along here.

When I was over halfway to the highest part of this valley, I started up towards Lone Mountain. If I had studied the Billingsley map better, I would have gone to see the dam and campsite less than a half mile north of Lone Mountain, but I simply scrambled over the easiest route to the top of this minor summit. It is a great viewpoint. I wondered whether I would ever penetrate the mess across the river that the Hualapai called Dr. Tommy Mountain.

There are quite a few cottontails over this part of the Esplanade, but I wasn't sure what made some very well used midget trails about four inches wide, perhaps mice. Walking was easy across the flat land out to the rim above the Colorado. I reached the rim a little west of where I should have for the shortest route, but I was glad to eat lunch and study the north side of the mesa across the river.

I soon reached the dike about one terrace lower than the broad Esplanade. The intrusive rocks here look quite dark while down lower in the Redwall and near the river they seem a lighter gray. The crack is impressively straight and narrow, here at the top only about ten feet wide. In just a few yards, I had to chimney down, and then a bit lower I came to a place where both sides of a big chockstone seemed too difficult for me. However, there was a break in the rim only about 100 yards to the east where I could scramble down the rockslides with no difficulty. The rest of the way down to the Redwall directly in line with the dike was no harder. There were a couple of places in the Redwall slot that made me look for the best route, but it wasn't too hard either. The gorge here has vertical walls, but they are more like 30 feet apart and no one chockstone ever blocks the entire width.

Just when I was wondering whether I should take the time to reach the place about 150 feet above the river where I had followed a bench to the east, I came to a place that stopped me. It is about halfway through the Devonian and I would estimate that I was still as high above the river as I was below the Redwall rim. A promontory split the ravine into two parts here. On either side I could get lower to the lip of a bare ledge. Billingsley must have led the student hikers to the west end of this ledge, but even the route over to the barely possible climb seemed most precarious to me. I was glad that it was now 2:00 p.m. and that I had resolved to turn back at that hour if not before. I am most happy that I elected not to try this way to the car last year. I would say that the way the Billingsley Party got to the river down the bed of Parashant Canyon from the mine road was easier than the way they returned using this dike (they used another dike farther east).

I would say that there would be a better chance for me to make it through the Redwall and Devonian cliffs farther to the east, somewhere north of mile 196 (only a little farther east, I left the Esplanade correctly). There was still a little water in depressions in the rock near the top of the dike. I got back to where I had left my canteen and day pack at the rim of the Esplanade in just under an hour. My route from there was more direct than it would have been if I had headed back toward Lone Mountain, but there were some tiring downs and ups. At one point I had to decide whether to go down a valley past the bottom of the trail through the rim, but I decided to go up and then down keeping somewhat north of the trail. I reached the rim above the big fault by 5:15, and the car by 5:45. I was gratified to find that I had no trouble with knees or hips hurting during my rather long day away from the Jimmy, from 7:45 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

I had intended to drive from here back to the fork and then south past Mount Dellenbaugh to get down to the Snyder Mine and see the old trail in Mile 214 Mile Canyon, but I found that the ten extra gallons of gas was still not quite enough. I had driven down the Parashant Road for 17 miles before I decided that I would have to go back to St. George for more gas. On the way back I was listening to the radio and heard that there would be a break in the mild weather and that they would have snow in Cedar City. By the time I heard some more weather news, that the storm might not be serious, I was already headed for home.

As usual, my accomplishments fell short of my ambitions, but I had followed another route from the rim to the river, and I had gotten through the Redwall in two more places. I had also climbed one more named Grand Canyon summit. It takes over nine hours to drive from Flagstaff to the volcano in Whitmore Valley, so I spent more time behind the steering wheel on this trip than I spent on foot.

From Saddle Canyon to Buck Farm Canyon  
[April 3, 1976]

Two years ago in May Ron Mitchell showed me how to get down below the Coconino in Buck Farm Canyon. I figured that this route would be a good one to use when I ever tried to fill in the rest of the way below the rim from South Canyon to Saddle, the part that I still hadn't done to connect a route for me from Lee's Ferry to Nankoweap.

I would have to rappel down the Coconino in Saddle Canyon at the place I had used in December, 1969. If I had someone who could carry the rope back for me to the car, I figured that I could walk the Supai

Rim around and come out at the head of Buck Farm in one day. Roma took me up on the idea of pulling our trailer up there and stopping at the Kane Ranch where there is lots of space to park 11 miles from the highway. We invited the Roths, and they were glad to bring their camper along. With Eldon along, it was my chance to have someone carry the rope back for me. He readily agreed to come down to the rappel site and to take the rope back after I had rappelled.

We left the trailer and camper before 7:00 a.m. but we wasted a few minutes while I started to show Eldon where I would be coming out at the end of the day. When I saw that this would delay my departure materially, I turned around and drove to the place on the Saddle Mountain Road that has a sign for the Saddle Mountain Trail. Roma and Maxine Roth came with us and it was rather slow getting across a small ravine and through the scrub timber. After several minutes we came to the corral at the east end of the old hunting camp. I realized then that it is better to drive into the parking at the camp. One could drive down the camp clearing and reach the corral.

We stayed together downhill near the rim of Saddle Canyon. When we had been walking about 30 minutes, Eldon and I said our farewells to the women and left the rim. It was rather slow walking below, and I realized that we should have stayed on top at least another five minutes. I got to the right level and followed the slight trail to the break that gives access to the bed of the canyon. It was easy to see a deer trail part of the time on the south side of the canyon and reach the landslide area beyond the big Coconino fall. I remembered the moves in getting down the slide and then east to the rappel site. My recollection of the actual rappel site was off by a few yards horizontally, but because of the steep bank at the bottom, my rope wouldn't reach. I couldn't see the bottom, and I wasn't sure of this situation until I followed a suggestion of Eldon's and tried tying a rock to the end of the rope to see whether it would rest on the ground below. It wouldn't so I moved the rappel rope as far south as I could. Then I realized that this was where I had rappelled before. I used a stout clump of shrubbery as the anchor for the rope and went down without incident. When I got below the overhang, the rope twisted me around as before, and I shut my eyes before I became very dizzy. We had left the car before 8:00 a.m. and I was hiking away from the base of the Coconino about 10:30.

There is very little to say about the route along the Supai Rim. For some stretch it was quite easy. There were places where deer hoofs had left prints, and there were short bits of deer trails in some of the steep slopes of clay, but there were mainly places where the fallen rocks made progress quite slow. I ate lunch at noon in the bay above Triple Alcoves and by 2:20 p.m. I was getting around the point that projects toward President Harding Rapids. I had a fine view of the riverbank where I had walked to the Redwall break at Mile 49.9 and I could see the trail up into Saddle Canyon from the river.

I had no trouble recognizing the place to go up the Coconino at the head of Buck Farm Canyon, but I had just a bit of uncertainty about the break through the Kaibab. The one I tried came sooner than I had remembered, but it turned out to be the same. Dick Petty, the Buffalo Ranch manager, afterward told me that there are two ways through the rim (out at 5:30 p.m.).

Comanche Point Route to the Colorado River  
[April 10, 1976]

When we climbed Espejo Butte, I looked toward Comanche Point and saw that the ravine coming down to the north from the base of Comanche might be a route through to the base of the Redwall, and from there to the river the way seemed sure. With the snow gone, and one day only available, the time seemed to be ripe for the investigation. I planned to go by myself, but Ken Walters looked in my office about something and I invited him.

We got started in the Jimmy at 6:00 a.m. since I needed to be back home by 6:00 p.m. In just two hours we were parked on the west side of Cedar Mountain just above the steep grade going down into Straight Canyon. We followed the road for about a mile on foot and left it where it swings to the east and starts downhill toward Goldhill. This is a little beyond where a fork leads to the west to the vicinity of a ruined hogan. It would have paid us to go higher to the west in the first place since we soon had to cross a valley. Sooner than I expected, we were on the high ridge with Comanche Point directly across the valley. We walked about 70 minutes to reach the top of the ravine going down north of Comanche Point.

On the top of a shoulder high rock at the rim there were a number of small rocks that might have been piled up as a cairn at some time. On my way out I rearranged them to form a cairn. Very near the top, I went to the west around a spur of rock and I observed a faint animal trail going down. There were some deer droppings and lower, a consistent trail of bighorn droppings. I didn't consider this a sure sign that I would be able to get clear through, because I have seen numerous places where deer or bighorns seem to jump down 15 feet or more.

We were leaving the rim in the lower Toroweap and very soon we were getting into the Coconino. Around Mile 19 the Coconino seems relatively thin, perhaps less than 100 feet, but here it is as deep as it ever gets, about the same as it is along the Tanner Trail. There were a few little problems in bypassing chockstones or extra steep ledges in the bed, but the first real problem was in the upper Supai. We left the bed to go to the west along a meager ledge with a low overhanging ceiling. I let Ken come back and take my pack across this place while I crept by on hands and knees. On the return we found that we could go along a higher ledge and get down beyond this uncomfortable place.

At one place we did a bypass consisting of going to the west along a shale slope that was a bit steep for comfort, but we stayed fairly consistently in the bed of the main ravine down into the top of the Redwall. Ken scouted ahead down a bare slope of Redwall and then was stopped by a big drop with smooth walls. We could see that a big slide had left a clay ramp against the wall to the west, so we climbed up the clay and rubble in that direction.

We could walk down the upper part of the slide, but then we came to a bare wall of limestone seemingly perpendicular for 150 feet or more. To the west of this talus a Redwall ravine went down at a gentle angle as far as we had been down the main bed. Before this dropped over a big fall, we could go to the right along a ledge from which we could get down by hand and toe holds to another meager ledge that continued down to the east. This narrowed in one place to mere toeholds, but there were good handholds above. This ramp led to a narrow alcove where one could climb vertically downward again using hands and toes. With more care in finding the right grips for fingers, one could go around a bulge and get to another narrow ledge going west to the head of the landslide rubble. Ken found this route while I waited rather impatiently on top calling down from time to time for him to be careful.

Finally, Ken came back up and we ate lunch together. Then he persuaded me to try the route, pointing out that he had found bighorn scat all the way down. He helped me find the grips and toeholds and we went clear down using the sheep trail to the west where the slide abuts the wall. This was my 144th Redwall route and just about the prize for exposure and face climbing without a rope.

### Salt Trail Canyon

[April 23, 1976 to April 24, 1976]

For a one day trip I considered trying the Redwall at the head of Mineral Canyon, the way on the west side of Beaver Canyon that avoids the chockstone in Little Coyote Canyon to get down to the bed in the Redwall, but finally I decided that doing the Redwall on the east side of Salt Trail Canyon appealed to me the most. George Billingsley had said that this would be possible, and Bob Packard looked at it and had reported his opinion. Jack Galbreath had been to see me in my office and I asked him to come along. We thought Tom Wahlquist might join us, but he had another engagement. We got away from Flagstaff at 6:00 a.m. and were turning away from the highway at Cedar Ridge after two hours of driving. I told Jack that I would be lucky if I made all the correct turns in getting to the head of Salt Trail Canyon. It might have been around ten years since I had been over this route, but I was lucky and avoided all mistakes. It is less than 20 miles from Cedar Ridge to the parking above the trailhead. We did this leg in about 50 minutes and I drove back even faster. One place to remember is the fork to the west just south of the point and east of The Tooth. Then one should avoid right forks until you see the valley that drains west into Salt Trail Canyon. Here you follow the main road to the southwest. It circles the broad valley and you take the next fork, a minor track, to the west again.

I wasn't absolutely sure of the trailhead until we saw the two cairns marking its head. The route down through the rim drops little less dramatic and severe than the head of the Eminence Break Route to President Harding Rapids, but they are rather similar. I was wondering how I could have gone down here using only one hand for balance 11 days after I had broken my left wrist. There may be more cairns now than when I first saw the route in 1956, but I recall that I saw quite a few then. Still there are places where it is easy to lose the right route in the jumble of big rocks. One might miss the way just below the top Supai cliff where it hugs the base of the cliff on the east.

Another questionable place is just after one crosses the bed of the canyon at the top of the Redwall. A dirt track leads up over a landslide and then one has to descend immediately after climbing 80 feet or so. This is what we did on the way down, but on the return we saw some small cairns pointing to a ledge along the cliff face at the lower level. In fact one can choose from two ledges only about 10 vertical feet apart.

We reached the river in just over two hours from the car and ate an early lunch beside a dirt floodwater. This is not the best time of the year to make our way along the banks with crossings. We wondered about taking a rubber boat downriver with this level. It might go all right.

On the way down, we had detoured to look at the Redwall across the way. The bed had an overhanging ledge that would prevent one from reaching a place where one could scramble all the way up. If there were a bypass, we figured that it would be via a talus slope near the river. We went up to the base of the

cliff and then turned to the southeast to inspect a crack that might lead to the right level. The base of this crack looked promising although it involved some hand and toe climbing. This led to a smooth walled narrow crack topped by a chockstone. Jack didn't see this place, but he took my word for giving it up.

He could have followed the top of the talus along the base of the cliff into the bed, but we knew this wouldn't work either so we went home.

### Reflection Canyon (Cottonwood Gulch)

[May 1, 1976]

Ever since 1968 when I was taking our 16 foot runabout around Lake Powell by myself, I had wanted to investigate the trail up Reflection Canyon. It was obvious that the east arm could be walked since there were several Indian ruins and signs that cows still used the gulch. I had never come back by myself and it seemed inhospitable to go off very long by myself when were entertaining guests. On the few occasions that Roma was with me alone, she never wanted to be left with a boat that she couldn't manage in case I never returned.

This time we had Anne Tinsley with us and Roma agreed that it would be all right for me to be absent for an hour and a half or two hours. Furthermore, there were quite a number of people camping at the end of the lake water. She could easily call for help in an emergency.

I moored the boat twice. When I first started walking, I soon realized that I could proceed by water for another 200 yards. There were some tricks in the channel in getting to the second mooring, but I tied to a root where there was deep enough water right to the bank.

There were still a number of occupied campsites north of the mooring, one of them being an established camp with seven picnic tables. It had a sign announcing that it belonged to Canyon Tours, Inc., and that it was there under an arrangement with the National Park Service.

The route from here on was fairly easy although one sometimes needed to push through cane beds and willows. There is a running stream which was intermittently above ground all the way. I walked the bed and for most of the way north, walking was easier up on the terrace on the east side of the bed. I passed a bull and a number of Hereford's shortly after I left the boat.

When I had been going about 20 minutes, at the end of a rather straight stretch of canyon, I happened to pause and look up at the east wall. About 15 feet above where I was walking and about 30 feet away were some pictographs, a bighorn sheep and a row of decorative diamond shapes in two shades of clay paint. I was hoping to be able to walk up and out of the inner canyon before I would have to turn back according to my pledge to return in one and a half hours. I just did succeed in finding the place, a break to the northeast. I got up high enough for a fine view of the Kaiparowits, but I had to turn back before I could look around at the bare and round topped slick rock country. When I returned and studied the Navaho Mountain Quad map, I could pick out the place and see that there was still a long way to go to reach Fifty Mile Point, the farthest east extension of the Kaiparowits, or to reach the road to Hole In the Rock. With a

day to hike, these objectives would be quite possible. I believe I'll try getting up on the Kaiparowits by this route before I go in from Dry Rock Creek again.

#### Buck Farm Canyon to South Canyon

[May 8, 1976 to May 9, 1976]

The work from Buck Farm Point in checking for a Marble Canyon Dam had turned up signs of Indian occupation along the Esplanade in the Saddle Canyon area, a mesquite pit on the south side of the main bed and a storage bin below the top Supai cliff on the north side of that drainage. These discoveries had gotten me interested in finding ways down to their level even if it meant going in from Nankoweap or South Canyon. Ron Mitchell had formed the ambition to go all the way from Lee's Ferry to Nankoweap below the rim, and he had found ways to get off the rim into Buck Farm Canyon and Mile 36.8 Canyon. Allyn Cureton and I had found one way into the head of South Canyon and we also followed the example of Stanton and found a way to climb out on the north side of South Canyon. Later we found a way off the slump block into Bedrock Canyon and thence down to Vasey's. Mitchell and several companions had stitched together pieces of the route until Mitchell was finally the first man to connect all of Marble Canyon below the rim. Then Tom Wahlquist and Bob Dye, hiking independently, did the same. I decided to fill in my last leg, the part between Buck Farm Canyon and South Canyon.

Jim Ohlman joined me and we drove to the head of Buck Farm Canyon and slept in the Jimmy during three hours of hard rain in the middle of the night. I started over to the break in the rim that I knew best about 5:25 a.m. while Jim drove the car to the takeoff point at the head of South Canyon. I had the cairns to assure me I was at the right place, but when Jim came out on Sunday he found cairns at a second place, and he came up to the rim at a third place that isn't marked. Although I couldn't see the talus covering the Coconino from above, I went to the right place and got down to the bed in the Supai without much delay in just less than an hour from the car. The seep spring was flowing, and there was a lot of water from the rain in the night.

It took me a half hour to walk around to the south to the head of the Supai route that Bob Dye had found in the first tributary from the right. Bob Packard had assured me that I would have no real problem going down here, but I found that I had to study the route carefully to keep out of real difficulties. Coming up Jim wasn't that careful and he had to do a difficult climb at one place. I got down to the Redwall in about three hours from the Buck Farm Road, and I didn't spend any time trying to see what Ken Walters had done in trying to get down into the Redwall. I could hear a running stream below and when I looked down to the river, I could see brilliant red muddy water spreading tentacles into the clear Colorado.

The way along the Redwall rim upriver was easier than it usually is. I left the mouth of Buck Farm Canyon about 9:00 a.m. and arrived at the drainage from the north side of Buck Farm Point about 10:30. It may have been near the drop off in this streambed that I noticed a solution cavern mouth. I think I could see where it came out of the side of the cliff when I got farther north. In looking back I also saw a jug handle arch. These features were near a squatty tower standing out from the rim. This bay on the north side of Buck Farm Point has the only route through all of the Supai between Buck Farm Canyon and Mile 36.8 Canyon. It is up a talus formed by a landslide.

I ate an early lunch here and walked to the camper's cave at Mile 36.8 Canyon between 11:20 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Just as I was arriving, Jim Ohlman hailed me from across the Redwall gorge. We had a restful afternoon. I read through my Time magazine while Jim snoozed and reconnoitered the area. He found that one can get down into the narrow gorge to a two foot deep water hole.

I had been slightly cold in my winter weight bag in the Jimmy on top Friday night, but I slept soundly at the right temperature down at 3100 feet on my shorty air mattress. In fact I didn't get away as soon in the morning as I had intended. I found the walking rougher to the north with a lot of detours along the contour or else a climb down and back up. The notch immediately to the south of the one containing the Bridge of Sighs seemed easy to descend for a long way. Bob Euler told me that the Indian ruin where he got out of the chopper as it hovered with only one skid on the ledge is downriver from the Bridge of Sighs and is also on the right side. I went down this ravine to see whether it might lead to Euler's ruin. It ended about 150 feet above the river with no way to go laterally along a ledge. When I came to the next ravine where I was sure I should find the Bridge of Sighs, I went down it also. I was not mistaken and I got a good view through the bridge to the river although it would take some rappelling to get down under the bridge. A good climber might be able to climb down to the top of the bridge, but I didn't care to risk this, and anyway, I knew I would need to keep traveling if I were to come out to the car on time, before 4:30 preferably.

When I was approaching Redwall Cavern, I was back from the rim so that I couldn't see exactly where I was, but I began to hear voices. When I went down to the rim, I could see a three baloney boat party stopped to examine the cavern. I shouted down to them. The motors were shut off, and I suppose they heard me, but they couldn't see me and didn't wave. I noticed numerous surveyor's poles along here, guyed by three wires. I also had a good look at the fallen down shack on the other side of the river, and I saw where they had come down to the river with the aid of a long rope.

On Saturday I had noticed a lot of wires and trash left over from the more recent work on the Marble Canyon Damsite beneath Buck Farm Point. There were quite a few pieces of aluminum tubing that carried compressed air from the pump on the plateau down to the jackhammers at the drill sites. I suppose the other wires and cables supported the tubing, but a very long plastic cord had me guessing. It may have been the first line down, strung by unreeling from a helicopter. Then they could have pulled heavier wires and cables attached to the end of the cord.

I kept watching for ways to get through the Supai, but I think that the last way was the one out of sight on the north side of Mile 36.8 Canyon. There were several slides that would take one to the base of the top Supai cliff, but I couldn't see any that were sure to go clear through. At 11:15 a.m., I finally reached the Redwall gorge of South Canyon and soon thereafter I stopped beside a rather muddy rain pool and had lunch. I started on at 12:15 after filling my canteen with reddish water. As soon as I was able to get down in the bed, I found clear water and dumped my canteen for a refill.

Just below the junction with Bedrock Canyon there is a ledge with a simple bypass to the south. It is well marked now and has seen so much use that there is a clear trail along here. The route is at the height of the lip of the fall. I vaguely recall going higher than I should have when I first used this bypass. Another bypass farther west is also well marked. There were numerous water pockets and I wondered why I was

carrying my canteen nearly full. Above the Supai I could see the way that Allyn and I had climbed out to the north to follow the route of Stanton. I would say that he was fairly sure to get out where he could see the way and the route at the end of the canyon was still not a sure thing.

In fact when I got to the route near the end, I was glad to see cairns. The way looked worse than I had remembered it. I probably missed the best way because I had to go up the steep landslide area holding to rocks that were protruding from the clay and a lot of the footing was bad. It was a relief to reach the bare exposure of Coconino where one can walk a ledge over to the rounded smooth gully. Above this place, I was ready to walk the clay slope to the south to go out the way Allyn and I had come down, but Jim was back already and was shouting that the best way was a little to the north. The climb was more of the precarious sort through the clay and boulders but we finally came to a good break in the rim where it was an easy walk up through a crack. We were quite close to the car by 4:15.

It had been a good trip even though I hadn't kept up a very good pace. Flowers were blooming, birds were singing, water was easy to find, and it was not too hot. I was tired but glad to have all of Marble Canyon connected.

Red and Mineral Canyons  
[May 24, 1976]

From above, the Redwall descent at the head of Mineral Canyon seemed possible. I had been considering this as a possible one day hike for some time. I had done the Redwall rim from Red Canyon around into Mineral twice fairly recently, so I decided to use the Hance Trail and walk around into Mineral beneath the Redwall. In that way I would have a good hike even if the Redwall should prove impossible.

I didn't try to get anyone to go along and I got away at 5:45 a.m. I had told Roma that I would try to get home by 5:30 p.m. since we had accepted a dinner invitation with the Roths for 6:00. I drove the Toyota at a legal 55 mph and still arrived at the parking for the Hance Trail by 7:45. By now I have no difficulty finding the head of the trail. It gets a lot more use now than when I first began using it about 1951.

The day was clear and cool and the new leaves were just coming out on the aspens. May had been relatively wet and everything was beautiful and green. I was impressed once more by John Hance's choice for a tourist facility. His part of the canyon holds its own with any other for grandeur. Distant views are as inspiring as the nearer ones.

There are some alternate branches of the old trail, but with the increased traffic, one can find the best route. The way through the Supai first starts down between two ravines, then goes to the west, then to the east side of the wash, then west, and finally stays on the east side down to the Redwall. Now there would be no excuse for Dan Davis to spend two and a half hours looking for the right descent. I wanted to review the Redwall descent that is nearer the head of the gorge. I vaguely recall having gone down it once and up on another occasion via routes that varied only slightly. I thought I had scrambled from ledge to ledge without getting into any ravines. This time I started down between two towers and then followed a ledge around to the south. There were signs that animals go this way. Then I got into a ravine and followed it halfway down. When it came to a drop, I went out to the north and had an easy scramble the

rest of the way. There were fresh signs that burros use the water that is intermittently above ground through the shale of the bed clear below the lip of the Tapeats. I heard a burro bray while I was on my way out.

At the top Tapeats fall, it would be difficult to go along the shale slope to the east, but a very well defined trail proceeds west and up. It is good enough to be artificial, man built and burro maintained. It follows a natural ramp around into Mineral Canyon. A lesser burro trail continues to rise into the higher part of Mineral Canyon below the Redwall. I missed this and went down to the bed on my way in but I followed this slight trail on the way back.

When I came to the highest showing of Bright Angel Shale, I put down my day pack and climbed up several steep places. I had a good look at the impassible fall, a really striking chasm. When I was retreating, I noted the possibility of going up a talus to a higher bench on the west and walking around into the middle of the gorge. However, there seemed to be one more sheer wall, perhaps only 25 feet high, before one would reach the easy scramble from there to the top. One could use a rope here and get down all right.

I came from the car to the end of the trip from 7:45 to 11:20 a.m. and got back from 11:45 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Buck Farm Canyon from the river  
[June 3, 1976 to June 5, 1976]

Others had told me about getting up Buck Farm Canyon from the river so I finally decided to do it too. Billingsley had told me that it is quite pretty in the Redwall gorge although not as striking as Saddle Canyon. Jim David had thought that one might be able to climb the Redwall, and Ken Walters had made the attempt and had learned that someone had left steel pegs in the cracks and a ladder in one place. When they were test drilling the Marble Canyon Damsite, someone must have worked out a rope descent.

I left Sun City quite early and had something done to the car at Flagstaff. I took the current fork, the right, just west of the cattle tank north of the Tooth, but I erred slightly after I had made the correct turn to the left about 1.3 miles farther toward Shinumo Altar. I took the well used track to a group of buildings instead of going straight south of them. The mistake wasn't serious, but I reached Blankspot Reservoir from the northeast instead of by the old main road from the east. It takes me about an hour to do the 21 miles from Cedar Ridge to the parking above the grade down the Eminence Break slope.

The Eminence Break Route is receiving quite a bit of hiker use and there are a lot more cairns and tracks than there used to be. The hard places seemed a little more hazardous than I had remembered them, but this is because I am getting older. I saw all the usual landmarks, the Fallen Tower Bridge, the big block of Coconino with the fine footprints, and the place to leave the wash to go along a ledge below the top Supai cliff. Just above the Supai, about 100 feet to the left out of the bed, I noticed for the first time, another block having fossil footprints on it. They are mere bulging pads and don't show the toe marks.

Hiker tracks have worn a trail in the clay over to the Redwall descent, and there are quite a few cairns to mark the route down through the Redwall south of President Harding Rapid. However, on the return I missed by going too high before turning north. Also on the return I spotted two bits of pottery, a piece of plain brown ware in the lower Redwall, and a bit with black stripes on brown near the top.

When I got to the vicinity of the Hansbrough grave, I met a river party led by Jake and Peggy Luck. Jake recognized me immediately from having heard me talk at the South Rim. I enjoyed a visit with some of his passengers after dinner.

In the morning I went upriver past the Indian ruin beneath the left wall and the Bridge of Poles on the right before I blew up my boat and crossed. The current was slack and I had no trouble going more directly than a 45 degree slant. Walking averaged quite a bit better on the right bank. There were deer trails and I followed a buck for 10 minutes on the way upriver and saw a doe later when I had come down in the afternoon.

The Royal Arches were impressive and so was the short canyon at Mile 41.3. I knew that Loper's boat was supposed to be nearby, but I didn't find it. A trail now leads into this alcove and there are a couple of strangely built tables in there. One is topped with some sort of hard composition sheeting and the other by the planking from some wooden boat. I could tell what these boards had been used for originally by the rows of nails that were no longer functional. I suspected that Loper's boat had been dismantled and used to build the table. There are springs and ferns and columbines in this short canyon, and I am not surprised that the boaters like to visit it.

The bouldery bed of Buck Farm Canyon leads up gradually from the river. There was no water at this time except for standing pools in the shale. I had to take obvious bypasses around chockstones and then I came to the real narrows filled with water. I followed a ledge on the south but it ended at a precarious place where a good climber could go up, but I didn't want to take the chance. I backtracked ready to give up when I came to a place where I could go up safely. In fact there was another place farther west where I could have gone safely up to the level that leads on to the bed above the Bright Angel Shale. When I came to where the canyon forks, I was really stopped. Here is where Jim David and Ken Walters almost climbed to a steep peg in the rock. I took my picture and left.

On the return, I inflated my boat and coasted downriver to the delta at Mile 41.3 where I got out to walk around a riffle. A boat party was parked here so that the dudes could go up and take a shower at the spring. One of the young boatman told me that he had heard the rumor that formerly a hermit had lived near where the tables are now. They also told me where to find Bert Loper's boat, so I went back and located it a little upriver from the mouth of the alcove. It is behind some willows and tamarisks and not very easily seen from the river. The bow and foredeck are still in good shape. After I talked to the manager of the party, he took me downriver to the vicinity of the Platform of Poles.

One of the two main projects of the trip was to climb up to this structure and record it in color slides. I didn't see it from below but a well traveled path led upwards. Then I reached a place where the climbing seemed quite a bit harder than I had remembered it and I thought I might be at the wrong place. I went downriver at that level and saw the doe, but I became convinced that the platform was not in that

direction. Then I went upriver from the end of the path and got a glimpse of the poles from below. After choosing the safer of two rather difficult moves, I was up the hard place and came to the edge of the platform. I got my pictures, but when I was changing film back in Flagstaff, somehow I lost the 36 shot roll. The river was lower in the afternoon and I crossed right to where I had left my pack. I felt that I had slowed down quite a bit, but I got from the rim to the river in two hours and 20 minutes, and I got back up the Eminence Break Route in three and a half hours including 25 minutes when I stopped to eat. I regarded it as one of my more successful trips except for losing the photographic record of the whole thing.

Hakatai Canyon, Modred Abyss

[June 7, 1976 to June 10, 1976]

I had wanted to visit the asbestos mines in Hakatai Canyon for a long time, and ever since Jerry Hassemer had told me about getting down to Abyss Cave via the route south from Elaine Saddle, I had wanted to do that too. I came back to Flagstaff after my Marble Canyon jaunt and was glad to hear that Bob Packard could go with me. He promised his wife to be home before midnight on Thursday. We got a fairly early start and were getting our permit at the North Rim Lodge before noon. We thought we would spend the night at the car on the rim at the junction of the Swamp Point and Point Sublime Roads before going down to Modred from Elaine Saddle on Tuesday. Then we got the idea that a trip to the top of Powell Plateau would be a good way to spend the rest of Monday p.m. On our way to Swamp Point we followed the logging road west from DeMotte Park and turned south on the road to Bear Lake, three miles. After about two miles along here, I turned west toward Quaking Aspen Spring and then south to the Fire Point Road. Here we turned east to the road that is marked Swamp Point. The gate to the park is unlocked. We took the simpler way out on Thursday, east on the Fire Point Road past the one mile spur to Bear Lake and back north to the big logging road.

When we got to Swamp Point, we got the idea that it would be a good thing to start down the North Bass Trail immediately and camp somewhere at water below the Redwall. Then we would be more sure of reaching our destinations. There has been a lot of hiker traffic down the trail and the route below the spring east of Muav Saddle was quite well marked by cairns. We looked around the spring at the base of the Coconino and located the rock ruin with the chimney and also noticed a metal bucket at the end of the trail to the spring. The trail detours east to another spring about two thirds of the way down the Hermit Shale and there was running water through much of the bed in the Supai. We both took pictures of the cave with an open top at the upper end of the Redwall gorge.

There were places where the trail was easy to follow over the ravines on top of the Redwall to the west, but we also lost the trail, especially when we were supposed to start down the Redwall. I believe this place is after you have crossed three ravines. After a quick look over the fourth ridge, I knew that we should backtrack. After a short walk in the bed below the Redwall, we came to running water in the shale. Where the trail went up to the west, we followed it and came to a fairly good Indian ruin, but soon I thought that it would be more bother to cross the ridges than to follow the bed. We got down to the bed again, but we would have been better off if we had stayed there in the first place.

I intended to stay on the east rim along the Tapeats, but there was a question as to whether we should stay above it or below where the bed was still broad. We guessed right that we should stay low until the narrower slope developed. When it opened the bottom dropped out, perhaps 100 feet down with no warning. There were two chockstones wedged between the walls high above the bottom. We could get down to the bed quite easily in the tributary ravine on the left side north of Redwall Canyon. I'll try to remember to show Bob the Kolb picture of the chockstone in the narrows which we took the time to enter. Flowing water started shortly and we found a good terrace where we camped. It had taken five hours to come down here from Swamp Point.

I created quite a bit of excitement when I set fire to toilet paper after dark and it caught the grass. It made quite a blaze as it went 15 feet up the wall and then started toward our beds. Even green bushes burned brightly and driftwood also caught. Bob was for picking up our stuff and getting out. The fire would stop at natural barriers where the bare walls reached the stream but he helped me fight it, and we put it out by beating the edge where the grass was lower. It was under control in 10 minutes but I attended to all the smoldering sticks for another 30. I threw the bigger ones in the water.

Walking down the bed of White Creek was fairly easy although not very fast over the rocks and along the gravel. We soon passed the mouth of Redwall Canyon which has an impossible drop in the Tapeats. We didn't notice it at the time, but on the return on Wednesday, we found bits of trail construction going up on the Tonto to the east at a minor alcove. The map shows only a slight nick in the wall here. A little less than halfway from the bed of Redwall Canyon to Shinumo Creek, there is a large gulch, bent like a shallow S whose boulder filled bed leads up through the Tapeats also. We didn't notice this access route until we were walking south along the Tonto on Wednesday. It took about 45 minutes to reach Shinumo Creek from our camp. There is a trail bypass for a 20 foot fall near the end of White Creek, and Bass must have installed the steel rod in the rock which was to hold the trail construction, now gone. Deer and burros must keep this trail clear, and now hikers are also helping. It took us another 45 minutes to go along Shinumo Creek to the Bass Camp. There are a few dry footed crossing sites, but I decided to wade in and accept wet feet. Bob was trying to hold out, but he got wet to his hips when he slipped on a slimy rock.

We observed the rock shelter under a huge overhanging rock on the right side of the creek that I had remembered and we were impressed with the amount of pioneer tools at the camp itself. We didn't recognize all of the items. An end of a wooden box was inscribed with the names W L Vaughan and Claude T. The same inscription is carved on the vertical side of a big rock beside the trail farther south. I didn't study it but Bob thinks there was a date, 1912. We also passed the stone chimney near the inscription rock.

The lower end of the trail to Burro Canyon was obscure, and for a few minutes I was wondering whether I had led Bob up the wrong place. It seemed hard to believe that a trail could pass the wall ahead, but it does, near the base of the hard place. Bass must have had a lot of guts to take his trails through some places. The new map doesn't show this trail at all, and the Matthes Evans map shows it stopping at the bed of Burro Canyon. I didn't recall for sure whether Donald Mattox had led his group up on the Tonto or along the base of the Tapeats and quartzite to enter Hakatai along the Archean, but I figured that the Tonto would give much easier walking. The quartzite is broken leading up to the base of Fan Island, so

we started up. There were plenty of burro tracks on the lower slope and toward the top I found a constructed trail. Bob came out above me using a break in the crags to the south of the trail. There was a cairn to mark the top, and when I returned, I found another at the lower end. After some cross country walking we found a well defined burro trail contouring along into Hakatai Canyon.

I had the impression that Mattox had gotten through the Tapeats in the tributary from the east that is southwest of Fan Island. Bob led the way down and even found a cairn midway. We were getting very hopeful and then came to a 25 foot drop. There was a slight chance of chimneying down a slight crack on the left, but neither of us fancied trying to come back up that way. We found that the trail continued just as definitely to the north. But first we went back to the point overlooking the mouth of Hakatai. We could see that at the corresponding position west of the Hakatai bay, the Tapeats is broken, but there is no chance for a descent on the east side. In fact, we could see that moving along the Archean beneath the Tapeats would be most difficult. After some real soul searching, Bob and I agreed to go north and head the Tapeats gorge of Hakatai and come down where we could see a trail through the Tonto cliff across the way. We figured on using three hours if necessary for just getting to where we could start down.

Bob went ahead at his rate and waited for me when he came to a bay near where the Tapeats closes in to form the final narrows at the upper end of Hakatai. He couldn't see the trail crossing this gorge. While I rested, he went down to investigate the possibility of getting through the Tapeats here. It had the same 25 foot drop as the other tributary, but this time there was a ledge going to the right and leading to a talus which continued down to the bed. Bob came back to report using a burro trail. When we went down, we both saw unmistakable signs of a constructed trail complete with switchbacks and pieces of retaining wall. It was well defined clear down to the lower end of the Tapeats gorge of the main canyon. We dropped our packs and investigated this impressive narrows. We startled four burros in here including a foal. Just before we were stopped by a big chockstone, we found a seep spring where the burros drink. We could climb to a higher clean pool, but the water may be too mineralized for good drinking. We had plenty of Shinumo water left.

It was a long, easy walk along the bed down to the mines. They are above the bed on the left at the junction with the tributary southwest of Fan Island. There are two shafts, one about 10 feet deep and the other about 25 feet deep. They are only 50 yards apart, and there is another surface excavation close to the longer shaft. Nearby is trash from an old camp. A little way down canyon here the bed drops off into a fall through the igneous rock. A trail goes up to the west along the rim of the igneous intrusion and continues clear through to the Tonto leading to Waltenberg Canyon. About 200 yards along this trail, a spur takes off and goes down below the drops in the bed. There were several pools of fairly clean water here, and I supposed this to be the supply of the miner's camp. Bob and I handed down the packs at a couple of small drops in the bed, but we could have managed alone. After a fine bypass to the left, we arrived at the river. A channel with straight walls goes out into the river. We enjoyed standing in the shallow, quiet water over the sand bottom of this recess and cooling off. Bob then climbed around above the river and reached a sand beach then went up 100 feet or so and found the north end of the cable anchorage. He took me back up the trail out of the bed to this place. The north end of the cable was through a five foot hole clear through the bedrock.

After we had eaten an early dinner, Bob set off for a two hour exploration. We had needed about one and a half hours to go from our camp to Bass Camp at Shinumo Gardens and we had used eight hours to go from there to the Colorado at the mouth of Hakatai, and I was ready to rest on my bedroll. Bob found that there was no sign of a trail for loaded burros to take ore to the Hakatai cable. The slope west of where the trail comes down into the bed from the cable and anchorage is broken and could have allowed a trail. After beating his way up this slope, Bob reached the trail to the Tonto quite high. He followed it around into a little bay and found an Indian ruin just below the place to get through on top of the Tonto. The trail was going on clearly towards Waltenberg when he had to turn back (Mattox went on and got to the river in Waltenberg Canyon. No trail beyond Waltenberg Canyon). On the return he looked without success for more mines and then started down the bed where we had left it in the afternoon. He got down one fall and then was stopped cold by the next. It was difficult climbing back to use the trail.

On Wednesday Bob wanted to make time over to Shinumo Creek and be able to get to the Colorado via the old trail to the north end of the Bass Cable and also see where the ferry was. He got from our camp (we stayed together well past the mines) to Shinumo Creek in four hours. I came along in something over five, quite a lot faster than our eight of the previous day. I had not put river water in my canteen since I could get a supply farther up the canyon. What I didn't know until I was well away from the river is that the water from seeps tastes like dilute Epsom Salts. I held back from drinking any more than necessary on the hot day, but I must have taken in a quart in four and a half hours. I waited for Bob and ate lunch at Bass Camp. He had needed two hours to go to the boat crossing and then return via the loop that took in the mouth of Shinumo Creek. About 12:15 we started on up the creek. We wanted to get to the junction of Modred and Merlin on Wednesday and go out up to Elaine Saddle on Thursday.

We went up White Creek again and found the trail to the Tonto without going clear past Redwall Canyon, but we passed the other possibility and didn't see it until we were coming south along the Tonto. There is a good burro trail most of the way along the Tonto rim around into Shinumo to the mouth of Modred, but there are more detours across lateral ravines that I had remembered, and getting north to the mouth of Modred was slower than I had thought. We got down to the creek just south of the junction and then walked up Modred to find the campsite we had used in 1969. When we were prepared to wade into the water, there was no problem in getting up the creek from the junction. We had needed less than two hours to get from Bass Camp to the break we used in the Tapeats above White Creek, and about three to go from there to the camp site above the Tapeats narrows in Modred. In 1969, Nelson, Sears, and I had needed four to go from the same camp to Redwall Canyon.

On Thursday morning Bob and I got away at 5:15 a.m. but we soon saw that it would take two hours to go two miles. We tried the north side of the creek above the jungle, along the creek, up on the south side, and the north side again. In only a few places we had a deer trail or relatively open flats. We saw two mesquite pits and the broken metate that I had seen seven years ago. Going up to Elaine Saddle was also slow traveling, but the chockstones or falls always had simple bypasses. Climbing up dirt slopes that slide is frustrating and laborious, however. The Supai averages steeper than the Redwall and then at the very top of the Supai a cliff is rather continuous. We could see only two or three places that gave a bit of hope.

Bob went to the most likely place, directly above where we had come up. He had to remove his pack and had to do a couple of moves that required some skill. The lower place required lying over the edge of a

shelf and then sliding forward. The other forced one to use some meager hand and footholds that didn't give one much of a feeling of safety. We handed the packs up at both places and Bob came down to give me a bit of support at the upper slot (others have found a better way). Then I decided that it would be more direct to beat our way through the brush to South Big Springs Canyon and go up that creek to find the way through the Coconino and out north to the Swamp Point Road. We took longer to get from Elaine Saddle to the creek than Sears and I had, probably because Bob and I tried to go too high most of the way. Getting around log jams in the creek was bad too. The Coconino break on the north side seemed harder than I had thought, and it took us about 30 minutes through the woods on top to reach the road. It was quite cloudy and blowing a gale, and we were not always sure which was north, but we reached the road about 3:20. I got into my bag to keep warm while Bob put on his running shoes and jogged 5.6 miles to the car in 48 minutes. He reached me about 4:50 and we drove straight home to Flagstaff before 9:45. Tent caterpillars seem to be swarming all over the Kaibab this summer and are killing a lot of the aspens and many other trees (leaves drop off, but the aspen puts out more). The ponderosa pines seem to be immune.

#### Marion Point and Huntoon and Tibbetts Routes

[July 16, 1976]

I left home about 6:00 a.m. in the Jimmy and got to Flagstaff before 9:00. I had a good visit with Dick Meyer and Bob Packard. The latter was elated that he had finally beaten Allyn Cureton in a 6.3 mile race and Bob's time was better than Cureton had ever done. Bob also told me about getting to the top of the highest point in Texas with little Keith, and also about a terrific day with Ken Walters when they not only climbed El Diente but about four other fine peaks too. They went along the ridge connecting El Diente to Mount Wilson. Their approach to El Diente was from the north.

It seemed a bit too early for dinner when I passed Cliff Dwellers so I drove on to the south end of the road in Houserock Valley and ate canned goods in my car. I was impressed by the evening light across the plain to the gorge of Marble Canyon and on to the Echo Cliffs with Navaho Mountain looming beyond. The old hunting camp would be a fine place for a vacation retreat.

I was awake at first light and started hiking at 5:15 a.m. I went down the trail to the bed of Saddle Canyon and upstream until the trail goes to the west of the bed. I was able to follow this better than ever before and I continued up the open slope beneath the pines when the trail gave out. This route reaches the trail coming down from the high country about 100 yards to the west of the place where the Nankowep Trail goes down the top Supai Cliff, and it is about 50 feet higher than this low point on the saddle. I got over this best route in less time than it has ever taken me from the car to the saddle, one hour and ten minutes.

The trail as far as Marion Point seemed rougher than I had remembered it, and it took another hour and 10 minutes for me to cover this lap. I got back a bit faster, perhaps because I didn't stop for pictures. On the way out, I was interested in studying the Tibbetts and Huntoon Routes through the Redwall, at the very end of the canyon and east of here on the south side, respectively.

I started down through the Supai in the angle west of the Marion Point promontory and then went along the rim of the lowest Supai cliff until it gave out at the end of the promontory. On the return I chose the slightly better way up the end of the promontory with a detour to the west at the top near the trail.

There were footprints from several hikers going out on Marion Point, perhaps dating from the Steve Studebaker Party. They were there when the ground was soft with rain. Crossing the notch was surprisingly easy, a simple walk on the north side and an easy scramble with good holds on the south. There were a few small ledges farther on that required some route finding, but the trip is not a demanding climb. There were three cairns, two to mark the highest point and another to show how far along the ridge someone had gone. From the end, I could see the V of firs and Mystic Fall, but to tell that it had water, one would need binoculars. everything in the northeast section of the park is visible from the end of Marion Point. It is a grand detour off the Nankoweap Trail.

Without much determination, I checked for Redwall descents to the east at the notch and the narrow bridge farther south. A good climber could handle a wide chimney and go down a long way at the latter, and I could have gotten quite far down at the notch. I think these routes are impassible farther down.

Coconino route into the east arm of Clear Creek  
[July 17, 1976]

Ever since Bob Dye told me about getting down through the Coconino and Supai on the east side of the Cheyava Falls arm of Clear Creek, I had been intending to try it. First I thought I should locate it the way he had, from the west rim of this arm. About 0.4 miles from the end of the fire road to Francois Matthes Point, the road goes close to the rim. I walked down through the trees until I could get a good view of the east side. I saw what I took to be Dye's route. His ravine slants to the north and the bed is invisible from across the canyon. The bottom of the Coconino appears to have at least a 30 foot bare fall, and I can't claim that I saw the fir tree he used to get down this cliff. I didn't feel a bit sure that I could handle this climb alone, especially after Packard assured me that I would need a rope to do Dye's route through the Redwall in Little Nankoweap.

I noticed that one could not get through the Kaibab directly above the Coconino route, but there are good ways both to the north and the south. To reach the south (nearer) one, I estimated that one should drive 4.2 miles south where the fire road forks. On the way back I saw the signs announcing the fire roads connecting these two forks, but there were no visible tracks to assure one that the routes are feasible. I would figure that they have steep grades to cross sizable valleys. I would want to drive clear back to the fork.

Tritle I and Tritle II

Near the rim on the ridge separating Kwagunt and Nankoweap Canyons are two large limestone towers. On the Matthes Evans Map, the longer of these two (and nearer the rim) was called Tritle Peak. On the 1962 map, the farther east tower bears the same name. Thus we can call these towers Tritle I and Tritle II. On 10/24/70, Al Doty left my car at the viewpoint above Kwagunt and in an even hour got out to both

towers and climbed them. I wanted some insight into what he had done, and I had the idea that perhaps I could climb the farther and lower tower which Al had said was the easier.

The way to them and along their bases was not too bad although there was some brush to break through. On the return, I used a deer trail that is nearly continuous along the north side of the closer tower. I saw that there is no easy and safe way up either. I climbed up about 25 feet on the far side of Tritle II, but for me to continue would have been suicide. I have seen Al do some tricky moves, but I have never seen him do anything as nearly impossible as these climbs. I would have had a fit if I had been watching him. I would have told him to postpone that sort of climbing until I would not be along. I walked the ridge beyond Tritle II until it was dropping off. There is another smaller tower out here without a name, but it would seem as hopeless to climb as any.

I would like to see Lee Dexter and Scott Baxter climb these towers. They would go slower and play them safer than Al Doty, but I am sure they could do them. Tritle I and II have the advantage of being accessible. They may become popular with the experts.

Red Canyon and Redwall in Mineral Canyon  
[October 3, 1976]

I had noted the possibility of a Redwall route down Mineral and I had investigated this from below and I had thought that a short rappel would be enough. Wanda Seglund wanted to write an article for the Republic so I agreed to take her along for as much of the hike as she cared to do. She brought her 14 year old daughter, Julia. Just a few days before the time, Allen Schaffler got in touch with me, and I agreed readily to take him too. Allyn Cureton was at the Grand Canyon Symposium and he decided to go with us also.

There had been some rain, but Sunday seemed fine. We picked up the Seglunds at the Visitors Center before 8:00 a.m. and we started down the Red Canyon Trail by 8:30. Frequent use has made the trail more distinct. Allyn told us that he had timed himself for speed down to the river and back on this trail. He had reached the river in one hour and 19 minutes and had come back to the rim, after a three minute rest, in one hour and 39 minutes. Our party got to the Redwall in a little more than an hour and took over an hour to walk the Redwall Rim around to the Redwall Gorge of Mineral Canyon. This sort of walking was new to Wanda and she said she was so busy watching her footing that she had no idea of the entire route. When Al, Allyn, and I prepared to go down the Redwall, she and Julia were content to stay on top. As I had seen before, the top was easy, mere walking over rockslide material. Then there were several places where Allyn led the way and Al was able to go down without too much hesitation. However, they seemed risky to me, and I had to be encouraged by such remarks as "There is a good step just three inches lower." These places didn't seem hard on the way back.

Then we came to the drop. If we had rappelled at the main fall, it would have been almost twice as far down as it was above a bench to the left. Over here there was also a sturdy juniper that made a fine place to tie the rope. The rappel was about 40 feet but there were a couple of places where one could stand on ledges. The bottom 18 feet was slightly overhung, but you could touch the wall with the feet. We used a

diaper sling and gave the rope three turns around a carabineer for friction. I went down first and, while the others were descending, I followed the bench to where one could walk down to the Tonto level.

When I was Jumaring back up the rope, I used the same nylon rope for holding the slings against my body. Halfway up, when I had put my weight on a ledge, the square knot came untied and the nylon rope dropped. I took no chances and had the others send it back up before I proceeded, this time with a better knot. I assumed that Al and Allyn had seen how the Jumars work and I went up to where I had left my lunch and took shelter under a rock.

Al came up next and Allyn put some tension on the rope so that the lower Jumar would slide up the rope as well as the upper one. When Allyn tried to come up, the rope was slack and neither he nor Al could see how to use the thumb to hold the lower ratchet clear away from the rope to slide the lower Jumar as I do routinely. Al had to instruct Allyn in tying a Prusik sling that would support him under the arms while he wrestled with the Jumar with both hands. From my position high up in the chute, I couldn't see what was taking them so long. I decided to go on when they assured me that the problem was solved. I found the women waiting for me to lead them back up the trail. Al and Allyn caught up with us when we were on the trail through the Supai and we all reached the car just before a real downpour. Wanda thought our hike more exhausting than her climb of Pikes Peak.

#### Boucher Canyon

[October 4, 1976 to October 5, 1976]

Al Schaufler camped with me at the campground and we went down the Boucher Trail leaving the car by 8:30 a.m. I was startled by how clear the trail has become over the years of frequent use. There was really no chance to lose it. The place where it gets down the upper Supai cliff is still rather a rock scramble, but now there is no question about keeping on the trail below. It contours immediately over west into the main draw and switchbacks through the old rockslide. Without hurrying, we got to the old camp in five and a half hours, counting time out for lunch. This compares favorably with my five hours and ten minutes also including time for lunch. On the way out the next day, I was by myself while Al was following the Tonto for a two day trip out via Indian Gardens. I was a bit discouraged when I noted that it took me almost seven and a half hours compared to my best time of old, five hours and 20 minutes. On that former occasion, I had no pack but it was after I had gone down to Hermit Rapid and had followed the base of the Tapeats from Hermit to Boucher, the same day.

I was puzzled when I couldn't walk right to the old Boucher rock cabin. I thought it would be on the south side of the creekbed that comes down to the left of the trail. Actually, it is on the north side of this bed, and the mine shaft isn't as far from the cabin as I had remembered. The thing I call a chicken house has no roof now, but the walls are still good. It is a bit bigger than I had thought and it is as large as some Indian ruins. A short man could lie down in it.

After resting for 20 minutes, Al and I started the real project, going up Boucher Canyon to try to get through the Redwall. This had been declared possible by one of my correspondents. The creek was flowing quite well right by the campground. Most of the water comes from the top of the Tapeats, but there are places where it is running higher also. There were rainpools in the Redwall, and all along the

bed one could see signs of a very recent small flood. I recognized the place where I had turned back before, where the shale forms a bedrock ledge clear across the bed. This is a long way below the real Redwall.

There were two or three places where chockstones or falls have to be bypassed in the Redwall. We found cairns at the bottom and tops of a couple of places and bighorn signs including tracks were evident. Near the top there were a couple of very narrow places where the bed would make a sharp turn. If we hadn't seen the bighorn tracks and were the discoverers of the route, we would have sworn that we would be stuck. Some of the climbing on the bypasses made me think twice and I didn't mind having Al tell me where to put my feet.

At the upper end of the Redwall Gorge, the canyon widens from a spectacular narrows into a steep sided cone rich with vegetation. All in all, it is a really intriguing trip. We took two hours and ten minutes to get from the camp to the top of the Redwall, but some of this time was spent route finding. We got back considerably faster, in time to make camp and cook by the last light. I was really ready to stop after nearly nine hours on the go.

The night was pleasant although there were a few mice. Al copes with this problem by hanging his pack a few feet above ground and spreading some grain around on the ground beneath. He thinks there were more than a dozen mice at once around him, but I didn't notice them. I hung my pack in a different place.