

Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

DETAILED HIKING LOGS (November 15, 1981 - February 13, 1983)

Surprise Canyon

[November 15, 1981 to November 20, 1981]

This trip with Jorgen Visbak was planned to get us up to Twin Springs and preferably out from there to the Shivwits Plateau which I had been told is quite possible by Buster Esplin last July. The agreement was to meet at the Meadview Ranger Station around 2:00 p.m. on Sunday. I left home about 7:30 and had an early lunch at Kingman. I recognized Jorgen in his car beside Meadview road where the Hackberry road meets it. We parked his car at the ranger residence east of the Pearce Ferry Road and drove down to the beach. We got the boat launched and the motor started by 2:20. It was a brand new 7.5 hp Gamefisher that replaced the motor that was stolen from the boat as it was parked in the trailer compound last summer. According to the instructions, I had to break it in by going rather slowly for the first hour and fast in only short bursts for the next two hours. Hence, we were only a little way past the Bat Cave when it began to be evening and time to camp.

We stopped at a place on the south side of the lake where we figured there would be a couple of smooth spots for our beds. We were able to lift the boat clear up on the bank where waves in the night couldn't bang it on the rocks and where no more water could leak into it during the night. We had discovered that the battery for the electric starting Mercury motor had made a depression in the floor of the boat next to the transom and had caused a crack to open. The leakage could be handled by bailing every fifteen minutes.

In the darkness we heard voices out on the river. A young man, Scooter Jones, came over in his kayak and visited briefly. Their party of river runners had taken 30 days to get there from Lee's Ferry and now they were finishing by going all night. Scooter was quite excited when he learned that I am the author of the two books they had been reading as they came down the canyon. In the morning, I looked around and realized that we had stopped at the mouth of the canyon where Billingsley and Donald Davis had established that a route exits from the level of the river. I noticed a bypass on the west side that would take one above the lowest big drop in the bed. I wonder whether this cliff is the bed the hardest place that Davis didn't see how a sheep could pass.

When we reached surprise canyon, the sand and mud bar across the mouth surprised me. The lake was four feet lower than it had been at the lowest appearance last spring, and half the bar was gone. The channel was now about two thirds of the way from the east side of the canyon mouth to the west and instead of a lagoon there was only a short narrowing channel for 20 yards. The mud was fairly firm only a yard from the water, and we could slide the boat up on the mud terrace a couple of feet above the water. Still we tied the boat to a tamarisk and put the motor and the rest of the gear that we wouldn't carry up on a higher terrace in the tamarisks. We found a trail through the sprouting tamarisks north to where we moored the boat last year.

Jorgen and I walked for 15 minutes and then had lunch. Then we walked from 12:45 until about 4:30 to camp by water a little north of the mouth of the Amos Spring Arm. We slept on a level sand on the west side of the bed.

I hadn't brought the maps of the lower part of Surprise Canyon, but I kept track of the places we were passing. A little south of our old campsite by the two mesal pits, two ravines come down from the east. Just before we reached the southern one of this pair, both Jorgen and I noticed a fine overhang 40 feet up on the eastern wall. We had been on the lookout for the natural bridge that Jorgen and I thought we had seen a year ago, but that I couldn't find again when I was back there three more times. This time I didn't connect the overhang with the natural bridge until I went quite close. There is practically no drainage through it from the slope above. This time, both of us went close under the overhang to be able to look through the hole at the sky, and I got a picture for proof. Jorgen was standing a few yards away and he was the one who noticed that the opening above is split by a narrow arch or rock dividing the top of the hole into two sections. It is in the Muav or possibly the lowest part of the Devonian limestone. About ten minutes later we were at the mesal pit campsite. There was water here but much of the bed was dry to a place about 100 yards beyond the mouth of the Amos Spring Arm. I was willing to call it a day at a patch of level sand on the west of the bed near the mouth of the steep tributary from the west. When we walked the next morning around to the north side of the promontory crowned by the three towers, I pointed out the slope to the west where Billingsley thought that he could climb the Redwall. This time it didn't look as formidable as I had thought. A little farther I showed Jorgen an overhang on the right that I had concluded to be what we had thought to be a natural bridge. It is obviously nothing but an overhang in a dry watercourse. In due time we came to our old camp at the leaning rock where we had explored the forking tributary from the west. We were only a little way past here when Jorgen stepped on a rock in crossing the stream. It rolled and he went down on his back. He slipped his pack off where it had landed in the shallow water and got up, apparently none the worse for the mishap. He walked normally for a while and even after we had stopped for lunch and then got up to go on, he still seemed all right. However, before we got to the campsite a short way west of the mouth of Twin Springs canyon, he realized that he had hurt his right knee. When we had been at this camp for a time, his right knee swelled and became so painful that he could hardly get around the few yards from his bed to the fire. I passed a worrisome night wondering whether we would need a helicopter and how we could get him to the nearest place it could land. Where we had stopped the canyon is quite narrow and cluttered with trees and big rocks. We decided that it would be best for us to start out the next day and try short stages if Jorgen found that he could walk with a big cane.

Jorgen had three strong pain killing pills and took one on Wednesday as he set off very carefully with a stick for a brace. I carried his pack for him about 200 yards and then put it down while I went back for mine which I put down after passing his by another 200 yards. My triple travel was not as fast as his gait. In an hour he became worried and came back to find me. After that he found that he could carry his own pack. Before time for lunch, we had gotten back to the campsite with the leaning rock where we loafed through the afternoon. By the next morning Jorgen could walk quite well without a pill. He still used an agave stalk for a cane, but he decided that he could get down close enough to the boat to go out on Friday.

We stayed together until we came to the suggested Redwall route on the west side north of the three towers. I formed a tentative plan for the route at the bottom, but for some reason when I was getting quite

high, I changed my mind. I finally stopped at a crack that would have been easy and safe for some climbers I know. I looked along that level to the north, and then gave up. My route down was different. When I went down, I looked back up and decided that the way I had planned at the bottom would have had the best chance for success. This route deserves another try. (John Green did it with a rope for his pack.)

It took me less than two hours to walk down to the mesal pits where Jorgen was sun bathing. We had another fine afternoon and night there. It took us from 7:50 to 11:10 to go from the mesal pits to the boat. We were careful not to miss the natural bridge although it is less conspicuous from upstream. The lake level hadn't changed and all of our belongings were just as we had left them. While Jorgen was changing into his sneakers, I tried getting the boat off the mud terrace into the water and I succeeded. We used the oars as poles and paddles to get out into the lake. On the way up the lake, we had waited until the motor ran the small tank under the hood of the outboard dry before pouring in more. Now when we did that again, I had great difficulty in starting the motor by the pull cord. In fact I turned the job over to Jorgen. With his stronger arms, he got us going. After that I stopped the motor before the tank ran dry, and then I was able to pull the cord myself and start the motor very easily.

At first the ride down the lake was very comfortable in the pleasant sunshine, but later the sky became heavy with an overcast. I was glad to wear my sweater and jacket, and Jorgen put on his heavy plastic rain suit. I also wore my poncho, and still I tended toward the cool side. Full speed with this motor is slower than with the old one, and we needed about four hours to go from Surprise Canyon to Pearce Ferry launching ramp. In 20 more minutes we had the boat fastened to the trailer with all the duffel in the Jimmy as protection from the dust. The motor rode through the dust to Kingman and it needs a careful wiping. I should tie the boat down near the bow as well as at the stern. It jumped up on the rough road and came down outside the rubber V receiver for the bow.

I ate at Denny's in Kingman and got home by 10:45, in just three hours.

Surprise Canyon

[January 9, 1982 to January 14, 1982]

I left home around 7:00 a.m. and got a gas refill at the Husky station near the Stockton Hills exit in Kingman. It was about noon when I reached Pearce Ferry and I ate in the car before launching. The new six gallon tank worked fine and I didn't have to think about any refills from the extra five gallon tank I carried. The Sears Gamefisher 7.5 hp motor worked fine and got me from the launch ramp to the mouth of Surprise canyon in three hours even though I had to slow down for a short while because of waves. The motor got me back on Thursday in about two and a half hours working with the current and no wind. What surprised me more than the speed was that the cheaper Sears product used less gas than the Mercury motor that was stolen. After taking me about 64 miles, there seems to be about a gallon left in the six gallon tank.

The situation at the mouth of Surprise Canyon was a pleasant surprise. I was prepared to moor just back of the bar and walk the way Jorgen and I did in November, with the possibility that the lake might rise and make me wade through mud five days later, but I found that I could row for 200 yards to the firm

gravel of the streambed. The lake had risen about three feet since November. My only cause for worry was that someone might come in and steal the boat or that a flood should come down the creek and bang the boat around on the rocks, neither event being very likely. I walked about 45 minutes before I found a level bit of sand and called it a day by 5:00 p.m. That day and the next were absolutely clear and I found a trace of frost on the sleeping bag in the morning, but nothing else showed any freezing. As usual I ate in bed before daylight and got started by 7:15. I knew it would be a long day so I didn't strain for speed. I now have to worry about my hips getting weak and painful so I walked rather carefully and rested after two hours. There are few stretches where one can take his eyes off the ground, but I kept looking up often enough to identify the places we had slept and I saw the natural bridge again. For some reason when I came back on Wednesday, I concentrated so much on my footing that I missed the mouth of the Amos Spring Arm and our campsite at the mesquite pits and even the natural bridge. It made me feel peculiar when I realized that I was past all of these check points and was arriving at the broad straight stretch with the cottonwoods near its lower end. I reached the campsite near the junction with the Twin Springs Arm by 4:15, so that a strong hiker could easily come there from the lake in one day.

Monday was going to be another big one. I left some of my groceries at the camp under the overhang but I carried a full two quarts of water since I thought the route up to Twin Springs would be dry. However, there had been rain recently, and I found enough in bedrock holes so that I didn't need to use the canteen until time to camp. Judging by fresh mud in the main streambed, the storm had been less than a week before, but there were fresh hiking shoe prints in the mud and in sandy spots of the main bed up close to the junction with the Twin Springs arm. This side canyon may be getting the reputation it deserves. I would predict that it should rival Spencer Milkweed for hiking popularity, but it takes a boat to make it equally accessible.

I was carrying four 7.5 minute quad maps in my pack, but I didn't get them out until I was as far north as I have been before, to the edge of the Amos Point quad. Then I carried the Mount Dellenbaugh quad in my hand and followed all the bends for a time. I figured that I was identifying all the side tributaries as I passed them, but then I slipped. My finger went to a place about a mile north on the map, and when I came to a fork with a rather level streambed from the west, I thought that my map reading indicated that I should take it. The bed was much steeper than the one I had been following and after several hundred yards, I decided that it couldn't be right. Before this I had been trying to identify striking towers that were an impressive backdrop to the north and west. I mistook at least one and this may have also got me started up the wrong canyon. When I looked more carefully at the map, I realized that it would be foolproof to stay fairly close to the east wall, the long headland called Suicide Point. I was quite sure of the identification of the projecting angle at the northwest corner of this whole headland, so I backtracked and went on north in the main bed. I was sure of my location when I was passing the fork to Twin Creek Canyon. It seemed like a good bet that one can go up to the rim to the east near the elevation mark 5725 at this northwest corner of Suicide Point. Another very likely route to the rim seemed to be in the tributary just east of the elevation mark 5456. This would have been a good place to try the ascent, because it faces south and seemed free of snow.

More and more snow was showing, first on north facing and shady places and then about everywhere. By the time I got to the place on the map with the word Canyon of the name Twin Springs Canyon, I began to look for a place where I could put my bed down on bare ground. There was a rare spot of clear gravel

on the side of the streambed next to the vertical bank, but just inside the mouth of the wash going up east of point 5456, I found some clear and level bedrock with a pool nearby that would supply water without my having to thaw snow. I put my pack down and went on with just the daypack holding a jacket and a few necessities. Even though the day was threatening rain, while I was walking hard, a sweater seemed warm enough.

The snow under foot was getting deeper steadily after I put down my pack. When I had passed the fork leading north to Lower Springs, the bed steepened, and six inch snow was making the walking perceptibly more difficult as well as more precarious on rounded boulders. It was only a little after 3:00 p.m., but what with wet feet and the slowdown caused by the snow, I decided to turn back well short of the destination, Twin Springs. I recovered my pack with time to carry it down canyon for an hour to a better place to sleep. I got below the snow except for small patches in the shade. The valley floor was mostly a maze of braided streambeds and flood rolled boulders and I thought I was lucky when I found a large pinyon with some level and soft ground beneath it. This spot had been a favorite with cattle too. I had to clear away some not very old cow chips. In fact I saw very fresh cow tracks in some snow. About the only wildlife I saw on this whole trip were birds. Mice didn't bother my food at any of my campsites. I saw tracks of raccoons, coyotes, and just once clear hoofprints of bighorns.

The rain that had threatened all day Monday held off all night. However, I was glad to be sleeping on the spongy pine needles and not in the bed of the wash. I ate breakfast in bed and then as I was putting things into my pack to leave, a light rain started. Alternately, I wore and carried my poncho for a couple of hours, but then the rain started in earnest. I reasoned that it would not be the sort of storm to start a flood that would make the Redwall narrows hazardous since the precipitation would be in the form of snow higher up the canyon. As I was reaching the narrows the rain got heavy enough to wet my trouser legs below the knee and my elbows also got wet. Once there was enough wind to toss the poncho up away from covering my pack. I didn't feel sure that the water wouldn't start coming down the bed, so I was in a hurry to get through the narrows and reach the well protected campsite on the south side of the main canyon five minutes walk from the end of Twin Springs Canyon. However, I did notice some things that I had missed during my previous three passages. There is a short and not so impressive Redwall narrows north of where the main narrows breaks into the open, and near the north end of this upper narrows, I noticed a vertical cave on the west side. I could climb up a few yards and enter the bottom of the cave, but the passage upwards seemed beyond my style of climbing. Not much more than fifty yards south of this cave, also on the west side, I found the best shelter for many miles. It is a flat floored, hemispherical pocket in the wall high enough above the bed to be safe except, perhaps, for hundred year floods. The ceiling seemed to be smoke stained. The only drawback is that the nearest water supply, except during heavy rain, would be down the canyon about 20 minutes walk. It is big enough to sleep six or eight people. No wind driven rain or snow could reach the camper here as it might where I was headed below the mouth of Twin Springs Canyon. Besides the lack of convenient water at the fine cave, one would have to go farther for much firewood.

This time I was trying to hurry through the striking Redwall narrows and I got past the really narrow part in 30 minutes. The impression I had from last year that the entire bed was a uniform grade of gravel and sand was modified this year. There are now places where one has to watch his footing on the boulders. I also changed my estimate of how high above the floor the chockstone is wedged between the walls. The

bottom of the stone is more like 12 or 15 feet above the bed. A few yards south of this chockstone I was able to touch the walls alternately by leaning as far as I could one way and then the other without moving my feet more than raising the heel. This is also where the depth is the full height of the Redwall. When I reached the protected campsite west of the mouth of Twin Springs Canyon, I found the ground dry and even the place where I wanted to build a campfire was protected from the quiet rain. Things in my pack, even the sleeping bag, were a little wet and I was glad to build a fire and get myself and them dry and warm. Although I reached this site about 11:00 a.m., I loafed by the fire and in my bag reading the Reader's Digest the rest of that day. On Tuesday I had walked faster but only for three and a half hours. The weather improved and I could have gone somewhere else during the afternoon, but I didn't want to have to sleep in a wet place. Besides, the sunshine alternated with more clouds Tuesday afternoon.

The sky was fine on Wednesday and I was about half sure I wanted to try again to climb the Redwall where Billingsley had suggested a route just north of the four tower bend, where I had tried last November. When I got there, I spent some time studying the possibilities, but I thought that even on the most favorable route, I could see where I would get stuck. With a better climber, I would like to attempt this again. Rather than spend the three or four hours that a good try on this would take, I went on down the bed with the objective of camping with the protection of the Tapeats ledges. Although I was no longer afraid of rain, I liked the idea of a dry bed and protection from cows. It was an easy 105 minute walk to find the boat just as I had left it except that the lake was several inches deeper and I had to hike ankle deep to reach it. I got home by 6:15 p.m.

Clear Creek

[March 5, 1982 to March 11, 1982]

Mel Simons and Jack Shelburne asked me to meet their plane and take them some place of my choice in the Grand Canyon. They furnished the car and paid for all the gas and treated me to a good meal when we got out. I suggested checking the Redwall route that Baxter and I had seen from the Wotan Angel's Gate Saddle. I also had in mind Bob Dye's route through the Redwall, Supai, and Coconino at the north end of the Cheyava Falls arm, and the fact that Simons and Shelburne had been unable to find the figurine cave when we were there in October, 1981.

The plane from Fresno was one and a half hours late and we got to the South Rim just too late to get our permit. I used the night phone and the dispatcher gave me Curt Sauer's phone number. I wanted to talk to him about giving a talk to the rivermen's seminar near the end of March. Connie Sauer invited us over to wait for Curt to come home and we did that after eating at the deli. When Curt came home and heard that we were eager to get to the bottom and sleep where it is warmer, he called Brian Culhane who is now in charge of the permit office. Brian had been very friendly to me when he was at the South Rim before, and now he out did himself to accommodate us. He took us to the office and made out the permit. We got started down the Kaibab Trail by moonlight at 9:05 p.m. and reached the campground about 11:30. By moonlight one can see rocks in the trail, but it is hard to tell how far down one's foot is going to touch the ground.

The new comfort station near the River Ranger Station was brightly lighted and open, but for some reason, the similar one in the middle of the campground is still closed. Girl volunteers have made the

campground attractive with rocks bordering the paths and new plantings of trees and other vegetation. The night was clear and cold and Jack didn't sleep much. He would have been worse off if the Sauers hadn't urged him to borrow a sweater from them. There seem to be more and more people at the canyon with whom I would enjoy a visit. This time I didn't look up Chad Gibson. He is going to be the interpreter naturalist at Phantom Ranch after April 1.

We were told that there is water at Sumner Wash, so we didn't carry much up on the Tonto. All of us were rather out of shape for hiking and we didn't set any speed records in getting to Clear Creek. Mel hiked ahead of Jack and me, but he had trouble with his feet for the whole trip. He had some bleeding blisters before we were through, although he seemed to be more enthusiastic about doing a lot of walking than the others. We met some hikers on the trail, notably Wally and Jim Craig and Jim's wife, Annette. There were some other campers at Clear Creek but we didn't get acquainted. When we were leaving on Wednesday, I had quite a chat with a marine biologist from San Diego, Bob Hessler. His companion, Cecilly Ross, thought that at 50 she would be the oldest hiker around. I hardly ever meet contemporaries of mine, over 70. Bob had my book and he was pleased to have me autograph it.

On Sunday we went down the creek and up the arm coming from Cape Royal. We soon recognized bighorn as well as deer hoof prints on the terraces beside the watercourse. When we were in the narrows, I reminded the others that Merrel Clubb had found an Indian ruin supposedly on a high ledge on the south side of the bed, as I had written in Grand Canyon Treks. He didn't see anything of interest until we were through the first narrows and were walking a sheep trail on a terrace on the north side of the wash. Across to the south I recognized the route up onto the Tonto that Scott had spotted and which we had used when we climbed Hawkins. Mel found some bits of pottery on our path, and this gave us the idea of looking up along the base of the main cliff to the north. First we had to find a break in a little eight foot wall and then scramble up 50 feet to the base of the big cliff. Mel got up first and turned east. Within seconds he called to us that he had found the ruin we wanted. There were walls outlining several rooms and traces of a number of granaries. Someone had been there and had arranged some of the best bits of pottery together on a flat rock. I think this was the ruin where Clubb had found a fragment of yucca sandal. Clubb could easily have been confused in the precise location of the ruin. It was particularly satisfying to find this ruin that I had known should be somewhere here for 20 years and had missed seeing during all my previous visits to this area. I figured that this discovery alone would more than justify the present visit to Clear Creek. Jack went back to camp soon after we found the ruin.

Mel and I investigated the possibility of getting up the tributary from the north that cuts a deep slot through the Tapeats. After a detour around some chockstones at the lower end of the gorge, we came to a bare fall that I considered too chancy for me. A good climber probably could have done it handily, but we went on until we were through the upper narrows and had an easy way up through the rest of the Tapeats. I knew we had to go along the Tonto to the west but I wasn't sure which ravine contained the possible Redwall route that Scott and I had seen. An encouraging sign was that bighorn tracks were plentiful going in our direction. After about an hour of uphill and downhill walking, we came to where we could see a straight crack or narrow ravine heading up toward the saddle west of the butte 6057. The route is straight enough to be the result of a fault and it seems surprising that the main drainage beneath the saddle didn't develop along the fault instead of off to the east. Perhaps the faulting occurred after the bay was developed. However, the geological map doesn't indicate any fault connected with the Redwall route to

the Angel's Gate Wotan Saddle nor along the crack that Mel and I climbed. There were a couple of places in the climb that are quite steep but with good holds. From a distance one chockstone might seem discouraging, but when you get close you see a safe passage with steps. At another place the way is very steep and becomes a bit shocking on the descent. There are plenty of holes and the walls on both sides that prevent the feeling of exposure. In that respect it seems easier than the Redwall climb to Hall and Hawkins. The top of the Redwall to the points southwest and due west of the head of this break is remarkably level. One could have an airport here with less grading than anywhere else I can think of in the Grand Canyon. The views are great in all directions, especially toward Zoro, Brahma, and Deva. This trip took longer than I had figured and we didn't get back until late afternoon. The sky began to threaten bad weather and I carried my pack up to the overhang at the confluence of the Cheyava Falls arm and the wet arm. The sky was clear by sundown and we had no more worries until the next evening when the same threat built up and then disappeared.

Rather than spend the next day going up the Cheyava Falls arm and then not getting much beyond the Redwall, I decided to have a short day looking at the figurine cave. We got a late start because Jack and Mel didn't bring their packs to the overhang until well after 9:00. Travel up the creek is a lot easier than it was when I began coming to Clear Creek so many years ago. A fairly clear path has been trampled as far as the confluence of the two source arms. When we got there, I had my first jolt. I had thought that the 30 foot fall was just a few yards up the west fork, whereas it is more like a half mile farther. When we reached the fall, I got a better view of it because the leaves on the trees hadn't come out yet. My next shock was that I couldn't spot the cave up in the lower Redwall as I had remembered it. I even climbed the bare shale on the east side of the canyon and still couldn't see anything that looked familiar. My previous visit had been with Allyn Cureton in 1957, 25 years ago, so perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised that my memory of it had failed me. There was one round cave far up on the bare Redwall which would be inaccessible, a dark hole in a ravine topped by a chockstone, and another possibility that turned into a dark rock that had fallen on the ledge rather than a hole at all. Mel and I tried to climb to this ledge. There was a dangerous move, but we were close enough to cancel this one.

Then we found a way to climb to a juniper covered bench which had nothing but the blank Redwall cliff above. There were two difficult places. Jack conceded that he wanted no part of such climbs, and at a place in the upper difficulty, I stopped while Mel went on. However, I looked harder and found a way to proceed at the south end of the little ledge. Mel and I managed along this high bench in both directions without seeing any cave. I had put up a couple of cairns to mark the upper hard place, but we had to look twice to see where we should come down the lower one. We walked south along the base of the Redwall without finding the cave, but on further thought, I believe we should have gone still farther south. On my map of old routes covered, the cave seems to be near the south end of the promontory.

We gave up the search that day, but the next morning we came back. Frustration had gotten under my stubborn streak, and I thought that we could find the cave if we would go at the search again. This time we went a lot farther up the bed and tried to go as far up the Redwall as we could in the arm where the water starts. We could see from a distance that the Redwall is impossible in the branch farthest to the west, but there is quite a forested slope on the west side of the main branch above the waterfall. This penetration accomplished one more item in a long term project of mine, to reach the beginning of the water at each permanent stream in the Grand Canyon. Mel and I proceeded to the top of the talus and got

back into the bed. We could walk on a short distance and find that we were above about three fourths of the Redwall. Chockstones stopped progress in the main bed. A very strong climber could probably have used some meager holds and reached a ledge on the east side that leads back into the ravine above the first chockstones. Any further progress looked dubious, so we were content to come away and try something else. We had told Jack that we would be back to him in 30 minutes, and we really got back in 40.

When we got back to the confluence of our arm with the one from the east a half mile below the waterfall, Jack took my day pack back to camp while Mel and I went up to see whether there was anything of special interest beyond the place I had been the day I climbed Howlands Butte with only a third of the day left. We found the going fairly simple with a lot of sheep tracks forming intermittent trails. The springs were up on the south slope as I had recalled. Presumably the water comes from the Kaibab Plateau, and yet it seems to come the long route underground to reach the surface. Mel called attention to a little tower in the shale near the bend in the canyon. The bed rises steeply to the base of the Redwall, but there is no suggestion of a possibility of climbing the blank wall. When we were coming down the creek from the confluence to our camp at the overhang, Mel recognized the place where we had found a way to get through the Tapeats a long way south of the final Tapeats cliff. Then he noticed that someone had marked this place with a cairn. This reminded us that Mel had seen a web strap rappel sling discarded just below the place where we had done our most adventurous free climb.

On Wednesday we walked back to the Bright Angel Campground with a slight threat of rain. We were all in pretty fair hiking shape by this time. I took four hours and 13 minutes from Clear Creek to the North Kaibab Trail plus about 40 minutes for lunch at Sumner Wash. The other two traveled a little faster. We rested all afternoon and then worried a little about rain in the night. Before midnight the full moon shown through a haze, but about 2:30 I felt a few raindrops. The other two had a tube tent, but I moved my bedroll under the overhang over the walk to the south exit of the campground. It didn't rain, and by 5:00 I moved back. I ate early and was ready to start to the rim by 6:30 while Jack and Mel went to the ranch for a fine breakfast. They got started about 70 minutes after I did. Mel passed me near O'Neill Butte, but I came out ahead of Jack in five hours and five minutes. After threatening to rain with only short showers for the first half of the way, it finally began to rain and blow. The clay stuck to our feet and made us slip back and I would have expected to take extra long, but the thought of getting out of the rain into the car was a stimulant and I came up from the Bright Angel Bridge to the car in five hours and five minutes, perhaps faster than I have been able to do it in the last few years.

We felt sorry for the people who were going down the trail to camp and there were quite a few of them. I was still more sympathetic today and last night when the rain got worse. I was really glad to be at home.

All in all this was a good trip. Finding Merrel Clubb's ruin after years of frustration was a real plus and so was the 161st Redwall route. Black and yellow swallowtail butterflies were out and so were several kinds of flowers. Getting home before the big rain was something to be thankful for.

Burnt and Twin Springs Canyons
[April 28, 1982 to May 2, 1982]

I got away Wednesday morning a little after 6:30 and gassed at the Husky Station near the Stockton Hills off ramp. However, I noticed that the Peacock Mountain road station has a better price so I used it on the return. I got to Pearce Ferry in time to eat an early lunch and was under way in the boat before noon. According to a trash collector I met at the Meadview Overlook, the lake had been higher, but the island a half mile from the launching ramp showed only a foot or so above water. There is no warning marker, so when the lake is a couple of feet deeper, it would be a hazard. The afternoon was warm and I needed no wrap. I got to the Billingsley Davis route to the South Rim in the second ravine west of the Tram before two, so I stopped and started up to see what it is like for myself. At the start I stayed rather high along the west side of the wash and came down to the bed farther south than was necessary. On the return I followed the bed farther north, but I had to do a little scrambling to keep above the delta jungle. It seemed likely that there would be an impossible fall in the lowest narrows. Rather than run the risk of having to backtrack, I bypassed this narrows by scrambling up the slope to the east. On the return, I looked down and thought that I could go through most of the way, but I still used the same bypass. There were a few more problems in route finding and some places where I used my hands, but I was not really stopped in two hours and ten minutes of my rather slow 75 year old pace. By 4:10 I figured I was running out of time if I wanted to get on to camp at the mouth of Burnt Canyon. I was up near the top of what I took to be the Devonian and I had come to a wall of chockstones with a bypass to the east. I must ask Davis more about his 30 foot climb where a bighorn should have a real problem. I repeated Billingsley's and Davis' observation that bighorns leave droppings along the route. Another point was that I saw two rain pools in the bare bedrock above the first bypass of the lowest narrows. They seemed deep enough to be permanent and one had a frog. The water didn't look very choice, but I refilled my two quart canteen so that I had plenty for camping at the mouth of burnt Canyon and could start in the morning with my gallon canteen still full.

At Burnt Canyon I moored in the cove just east of the promontory where I used to leave the 19 foot cruiser in deep water and where one could step right onto rock. The only trouble was that my little aluminum boat has some new leaks around a couple of rivets, and by morning I had to do some bailing. I had an idyllic night on the bare, flat, hard clay with a perfect view of the quiet lake by moonlight. There were no mosquitoes or any rodents to bother the food at this and likewise not at the other campsite up the main arm at Burnt Canyon Spring.

In the morning when I saw how much the boat had leaked in the night, I rowed it around the point and found a slopping mud beach where I could pull it mostly out of the water before tying it to a stout bush. Since I had been told that the lake was falling, I didn't worry about the boat floating and leaking. However, when I got back Sunday noon, I found that the lake had risen and that much of the bottom was in the water. I had to bale 100 scoops of a soup can to dry it out reasonably well. It is fairly easy to walk the gentle slope above the jungle of the delta and when I got to where I could get down the little cliff, I checked south along the base of the wall until I came to seeping water in the cane and tamarisks. When I walked up the creek, I found more water in the little stream. The highest showing was separated from the rest by a walk of at least five minutes. The next water is a tiny drip about 100 yards south of the mouth of the east arm of Burnt Canyon. I figured that if I tried to collect it with a poncho set back as far as possible in the little cave I might channel it enough to get a quart in about 20 minutes. Walking was slower with my rather heavy load of a full gallon on the warm day and I took regular rest periods about every half hour. Thus it took me over three hours to reach the east arm and over seven to Burnt Canyon Spring. On

the way back I was carrying a little less downgrade with a light rain to keep me cool and I got to the east arm in just over three hours of nearly continuous walking. After that I began to rest more and I reached the boat by 11:30 after starting before six. I noticed more on the way back too, a jug handle window up near the skyline on the east side, and still in the twisting narrows of the lower Redwall another window shaped a little like the map of Nevada. It is also on the east side much lower in a minor spur. One has to face down canyon to see these. There are also some striking towers in this twisting section.

I got worried when I came closer and closer to the place where the two Jims and I had camped before with water flowing in the creek for a good quarter of a mile below the spring. There was no water coming over the fall, but when I had gone up to where I had slept under the overhang, I found a little in a couple of shallow holes fed by seepage out of the gravel. I put my pack down and went farther up the bed and found a deeper pool in the bedrock. As I walked on up canyon, I noticed the constructed trail going out to the east to the Esplanade and there was still a wet place or two in the gravel. Farther on there was no sign of water but I determined that I could climb out to the top of the Supai in the bed without using the trail if necessary. When I was on my way back to the pack, about five minutes walk south of the trail, I found something that we hadn't noticed on our first trip here. On the west side, just a few feet above the bed of the creek a concrete dam about eighteen inches high and four feet long held a pool of good cool water about eight feet long and fifteen inches deep. The source seems to be drips off the rear wall, but this supply looks permanent. This country seems the ultimate in stark and lonesome wilderness until one comes on such an improvement for the convenience of cows and people. Forage seems very sparse and it surprises me that any rancher would think it worth the time and effort to pack cement down here. For that matter, the map shows a corral with a trail leading down to the spring a couple of miles south of Twin Point. I am still eager to see such places, but I would want to go at a time when rain pockets or snow would supplement the spring.

I had three nights under the overhang on the west side of the water pocket fall. The first was cool enough to make me want to use my Dacron underwear in addition to my lightweight down bag. This lack of extra protection against colder nights convinced me that I shouldn't move camp 2000 feet higher to the vicinity of Twin Springs, and the shorter water supply at Burnt Canyon Spring made me leery of trusting all springs shown on the maps.

On Friday morning I left camp with enough water for a short day and just my lunch and poncho. I used the trail to the Esplanade east of the wash and walked through the rolling country south toward Red Rock Spring. I knew that I would get nowhere near the spring before I should turn back. Walking through the small but stiff black brush isn't the easiest, but at times I felt that I was on a cattle or bighorn trail. Sometimes I would be at the edge of a 500 foot cliff going down through most of the Supai in one leap, but most of the time I followed the broad slope well back from the rim. The numerous shallow ravines kept the walking from being the easiest, but in three hours I was at the head of the second branch of the east arm of Burnt Canyon Spring and Red Rock Spring. I might have carried my full pack there to camp if I had been sure I could locate the spring. The map doesn't show a circle with a curlicue to pinpoint the spring as it does at the lower end of the trail at the corral south of Twin Point. The day was warm and I drank quite a bit after my early lunch. I rested about every half hour on the return and I had only a comfortable reserve left of my three quarts of water when I got back to the spring about 1:30. I had learned about my rate of travel toward Red Rock Spring and I had seen some fine flowers on the

Esplanade. I was especially thrilled to see one Mariposa lily blooming. I hadn't known that there were any in the western canyon. I spent the afternoon loafing and reading the Reader's Digest, resting for the big push on Saturday.

I had already abandoned the idea of a loop hike to Twin Spring and then to the corral spring south of Twin Point and back to Burnt Canyon Spring. It looks much more feasible to go there from Burnt Canyon Spring using Red Rock Spring as a way station. If one could climb out of Surprise Canyon where Billingsley suggested near the four tower bend, he could go very directly to the corral spring. I have also considered starting from the mouth of the Twin Springs arm and going north to the end of the Redwall narrows and then trying to cross the rough country from there to the corral spring. For the present trip, however, my main hope was to go down past Twin Spring and connect with the end of my walk last January so as to complete another way from the rim to the river. I was doubtful that I could do it and get back to Burnt Canyon Spring in one day when long past my prime as a hiker. I considered a more modest effort of getting to the rim and proceeding due east to see whether I could get down to Mathis Spring and check the descent below there. I decided that if I took three hours or more to top out, this would be the hike for the day, and I got into the mood to go home on Sunday.

On Saturday I got an early 5:50 start with a full gallon of water and the idea that I would keep going fairly steadily all day. After getting up the constructed trail I wasted some time in the blackbrush slope but soon got the idea of walking up the gravel wash north of there. Along here I encountered a big rattlesnake, my first since one in Wall Creek last October. It didn't rattle until I was going on. At the upper end of this easy wash, I followed ridges to the south. The slope increased to nearly 45 degrees and the footing was often loose. For the top half mile I was on a bighorn or deer trail. I saw the evidence that at least one cow had gone quite high on that slope, but presumably they have an easier way from the Esplanade to the rim. When I got to the rim, I looked for a small dead tree and draped some toilet paper near its top for a sign when I came back. I was pleased to see that it was only 125 minutes since I left camp, so I gave up the idea of looking for Mathis Spring in favor of my real ambition to locate Twin Spring and get down the canyon to connect with my former route up from the mouth of Surprise.

Mount Dellenbaugh was a fine landmark and I kept my route through the junipers as straight as I could heading toward it. The sun was not too high yet and also helped me navigate. There were a lot of big dead junipers in piles and I figured that the area had been chained in an effort to get more grass. More small junipers and sage had prospered rather than grass. In 25 minutes I reached the road and marked sage brush on both sides with toilet paper. The road was amazingly smooth and I figured that 40 mph would be easy on it. Perhaps I'll consider coming down here from Saint George some time. I don't care to challenge the Kelly Point Road again.

It seemed that I needed to walk about four miles along the road to reach the head of Twin Springs Canyon. About 20 minutes north of my paper marked bushes, I came to the only steeper part of the road on the north side of a little wash. Some bedrock ledges showed, but the road was not too rough for an ordinary car. There was a spur road to the west, not shown on the map, just south of this grade. When I had walked about the expected time, I noticed a dim road turning off the main one to the southeast. This was to be my key to finding the head of Twin Springs Canyon a little farther north. Just when I figured that I had come to the beginning of the right canyon, I came to the substantial sign announcing the

boundary of Lake Mead Recreational Area. I believe this sign is placed wrong since the map puts the boundary distinctly north of where the canyon begins. After heading toward a bright reflection of the sun in the bushes (a fresh beer can) I turned to the wash and very shortly discovered that someone had bulldozed a Jeep road down parallel to the bed. At a couple of places the Jeep was supposed to bump along on the bedrock of the wash and bushes had grown high in the middle of the roadway, but it still made the walking much easier than I thought it would be.

Just before the Jeep track reached Twin Springs, there was a spectacular vertical wall through more than 100 feet of the Toroweap and perhaps some of the Kaibab. There is a corral at the end of the road and a bit before grading leads one to the north of the bay. I think a Jeep would have to back up to the corral before it could turn around. Two trails diverge from the end of the road. The upper one goes about 50 yards to a horse trough with a trickle of water coming out of a pipe set in a clay dam. You can walk over the dam down into a natural cave. Drips of water from the ceiling form a clear cold pool about six inches deep and 15 feet long. There isn't enough water to form a noticeable stream outside the cave, and again I wonder who discovered this spring. Plastic tubing led from near the spring down the steep broken slope but it was wrecked and draped in useless coils in the brush. Ranchers must have wanted to save the cattle the arduous climb from the bed up to the spring.

Near the upper half of the descent from the road, no trail was visible now but down below, construction still shows. Cows have to have agility nearly matching deer and bighorn to get up and down here, but they do it. I encountered a half dozen cows and calves down below. There was one more smaller drop that required a bypass through a steep and brushy slope on the south side of a small promontory. The rest of the walking was simple down a flood graded bed of gravel. The towers and alcoves of the canyon in the vicinity of Twin Spring make this about as scenic a canyon as I have seen anywhere. After I was fairly certain that I had reached the place I turned back last January, I walked another ten minutes so that I could look up the canyon where Lower Spring is located. I ate an early lunch in the shade of a pinyon, but after that the sky began to show more clouds. A little fine rain fell on me when I had been so sure of fair weather that I had left the poncho at camp. I made it along the road to my paper markers faster on the return than I had in the forenoon. Again I tried to walk directly away from Mount Dellenbaugh, but according to plan I came to the rim distinctly north of the head of the deer trail. When I walked south I couldn't see my little tree with the paper marker but I did spot a cairn that we had built on the rim three years ago. I soon found the trail. Close to where I had seen the rattlesnake in the morning, I photographed a pink rattler. Arrival time at camp, 5:10. It had been raining hard enough to dampen my firewood and fill new little rain pools. However, I had no real trouble making my little fire under a good overhang and I was gratified to see that I was not too tired after ten and a half hours of actual walking to do my cooking and get to bed.

There was a little quiet rain in the night, but I was snug and dry under my overhang. Instead of clearing in the night, morning looked just as threatening. I had plenty of food for two more days, but the weather and the thought that I had accomplished my main objective convinced me that I should get home. I got off early, before six, and had to walk most of the way with my poncho over me. I paused only a few times to take some pictures in the Redwall winding narrows and reached the mouth of the east arm in perhaps my fastest time, three hours and ten minutes. After that I rested about every half hour, but still I reached the boat before noon.

The sight that the boat and motor were still there in a conspicuous place was a relief, but the lake had risen and I had to bail with my soup can about 100 dips before I figured that it was dry enough to start. I also had to go to the other side of the promontory and pick up my inflatable that I had for the emergency that my aluminum boat might be gone. There was no problem about starting the motor except that it stopped abruptly when I had been running for a few minutes. I was afraid I might have trouble getting it started again, but it was no harder to start than the first time.

The trip back to the launching ramp took about ten minutes more than it might have since I had to slow down in some waves for a time. I enjoyed a fine early dinner at Denny's in Kingman after going without lunch except for a snack of peanuts and raisins.

There was one more adventure. Just as I stopped at the main intersection in Wickenburg, the lights went out and the ignition key had no effect at all in starting the car. Fortunately I was right in front of a big Chevron station. The high school age boy came out with an outfit for starting by jumper cables, but he found that the trouble was not a dead battery but a broken wire near the battery. When he pushed the ends together, I could start and get the rig out of the way into the station parking. The mechanic cut away some tape and joined the ends of the broken wire with a splice. With a little tape around it, I was ready to roll, the entire delay being about fifteen minutes. I shudder to think what might have happened to me if I had been without lights on some section of the road with very little shoulder for parking. I still got home before 10:00 p.m.

I figured it had been a very satisfactory trip with my main objective accomplished and the birds and the flowers at their finest hour.

Routes to Lake Powell

[May 22, 1982 to May 28, 1982]

Jorgen came to Sun City on Friday and we took off quite early on Saturday. We checked at the Alpineer Store, but Lee Dexter was out. Since it was Saturday, we figured that George Billingsley would not be in his office and continued to Glen Canyon Dam. A quick look at the large relief map didn't tell me anything that I didn't know.

At Glen Canyon City, the lady at the first motel wasn't reassuring about the road over the mountain to Escalante. She said, "if you don't know that road, don't take it." I assured her that I had been over it once, but I should have asked her where it left town. The sign on US 89 said it was Utah 277, but there was never another indication that Utah had any more interest in it. I made the same mistake that I had made years ago and went west on the old pavement, but by looking at the Southeastern Utah map, we got corrected and came back and took the turn that said the road would go to Lake Powell. This correct road soon crosses Wahweap Wash and then goes several miles to the fork where one branch goes down a wash to the lake in one arm of Warm Creek. The next fork is where one branch goes to Grand Bench and the left turn takes one to the cut off more primitive road up Smoky Hollow to join 277 on top. The main road to Escalante is wild enough with spectacular drops from the outside of the well graded roadway. It seems amazing that they could ever start making such a road along the steep and narrow slopes between cliffs.

One has to drive in second or low most of the way to Escalante, but the 77 miles from Glen Canyon City to Escalante can surely be covered with less gas for the motor than the surely twice as long route through Kanab and Bryce. We carried five gallons of gas in a can and half intended to use the cut off to the Hole in the Rock Road down Collet Canyon. We saw a sign that said we could turn off to go to Grand Bench again, but we didn't study the map of Southeastern Utah and notice that this was the right beginning for our short cut to Hole in the Rock. Jorgen spotted a couple of ruts going across a pasture at the mileage that he figured was right for the cut off, but I decided that it would be better to go to Escalante first. We gassed up there and were thus able to take the cut off up Collet Canyon on the return. There is a good sign where one should turn to go up Collet, but very soon one sees the warning that it is a road for four wheel drivers. We took it and found that it was a good thing to use the four wheel drive for about four miles of the grade up the side canyon to the top of the plateau. When we had driven down the Hole in the Rock Road (after taking a false turn on an unmarked road to a ranch) until almost 7:00 p.m., we saw a chance to turn onto the road to Red Well. A mile from the main road we found a good place to camp and even had some firewood left by a previous camper. Early the next morning I walked the last half mile to the end of the road and found a parking for the Red Well Trail provided with a register and two parked cars. This seems to be one of the ways to get into Coyote Gulch.

Since we had not been able to get the car in place up on 50 Mile Bench on Saturday, we decided to do the one day hike toward Reflection Canyon (Cottonwood Gulch). We wasted a few minutes with a false start and then moved the car down farther along the Hole in the Rock Road. We knew from the map that we should get into the second bay of the main cliff to the west and then stay on the left side of the developing Cottonwood Gulch Wash. We mistook the farthest arm of Lewellyn Gulch for the desired head of Cottonwood and wasted time getting stopped by the deep slot here. After following it upstream, we were able to get across and then we made sure that we were far enough into the second bay before we started downstream along the left side of the rapidly developing canyon. Very soon I was sure that I had reached the place I had passed coming up from the lake, but the day was still young so I formed the next ambition to go to the place where one can get down to the bed of Reflection Canyon. We got there and went to the bottom and still had time for more. Then the goal became the first water in the bed, but this was reached so soon that we continued and came to the lake. After a swim and lunch we were able to return without any miscalculation in about three hours. My only regret was over the fact that I failed to find the Indian pictograph on the left wall. Perhaps it is farther than we got because we were stopped by the lake. On our way east along the north side of the increasingly deep Cottonwood Gulch, we saw two cairns. Since I knew from past experiences that the descent to the bed was a sure thing as long as one stayed fairly close to the rim of Cottonwood, more cairns were unnecessary. When we came back, we stayed still closer to the rim and passed to the south of a skyline window about 20 feet wide and 10 feet high. Someone had left what might have been a broomstick in a cairn nearby. When we came to the angle where one can go down into Cottonwood, Jorgen was leading and he spotted two seeps. Only the lower one was flowing well enough to be a possible help for drinking water.

The walk from where we arrived at the bottom of the wash and the lake took only 45 minutes, and we saw footprints of boaters along here. the floor of the canyon is rather broad and the sand is firm and clean. The temperature of the water was rather bracing but enjoyable on a warm day. The grade of the bed is slight and a large boat would have trouble coming very close to the last of the lake. Since we made no false moves on the way back to the car, we got there in less time than we took to get down to the lake, less than

three hours. The project I had set myself on, to go from the boat at the foot of the Hole in the Rock Trail up and over and down to the lake in Reflection Canyon, was quite reasonable. When we were driving back on the Hole in the Rock Road, we talked briefly with a man at the wheel of his car who had just backpacked down Forty Mile Creek and up Willow Creek. We proceeded up the spectacular road up to Fifty Mile Bench and turned southeast on the road up there. About two and a half miles from the junction I came to a rocky and rather steep place in the road. I could have taken the car through easily in four wheel drive, but I elected to turn around and find a place to camp near there. It was a fine spot with a terrific view to the Henries and the entire Slickrock Country Wilderness. There were many kinds of flowers blooming, but the lupines were especially profuse and about the richest display that we had ever seen.

On Monday we carried overnight packs along the road for about 30 minutes and then made our way as best we could through the brush and small gullies until we finally found a trail. When we were about one and a quarter hours from the car, we came to a little seep with a lot of cow tracks in the mud. The water was not very attractive, but one could dam a little pool and use it in a pinch. About a half mile farther we were rounding the end of the Kaiparowits Plateau and getting a fine view of Navaho Mountain and the rock wilderness on the south side of Lake Powell. The trail continues to be quite clear and there are some survey marker steel posts and quite a few cairns. In fact there are some cairns at odd places where they seem purposeless. A striking feature of this bench above Navaho Valley is that the soil is cracking deep down like crevasses in a glacier and parts of the slope have peeled off and gone down forming mud slides. We soon passed the old ruined corral where Jorgen and I had left the trail in October, 1979, when Chad Gibson had been with us except that he elected to take a solo hike on top of the Kaiparowits Plateau. We remembered that then we had gotten hung up on cliffs at the head of Navaho Valley. On the present occasion, we continued until we were almost to a deep, bare sided gulch whose head is far above the present trail. I think that the original trail has been removed by landslides. On the return the next day, we found that we should have descended to the bottom of this gulch where the sides became not so steep and bare and then we should have gone to the top of the long slope which leads directly to the bed of Navaho Valley. On the descent we kept to the left down the slope north of the gulch and got a look ahead from the rim of the cliff. We then went down to the bed of the big gulch right at the dropoff and contoured just above the top of the cliff clear around into the next ravine and from there got onto the final long slope to the bottom. If we had done this the best way, we would have been on the grade to the south of the big gulch and would have found a trail going down to cross the minor ravine onto the final slope. As it actually occurred, we finally got on the right slope without seeing the cowpath until we were nearing a big lump of bare rock in whose welcome shade we ate our lunch. One attraction of this hike down the rather bare slope was the presence of delicate sego lilies, white on the higher elevations and then yellow lower down.

Only a short way south of the lunch rock we got down to the bed and soon came to a big cottonwood and then in a few more yards a seep spring. It flows through depressions that seem only deep enough to be made by cows and the soil is rather oily looking fine mud. We paused long enough for Jorgen to scrape the mud away to form a small pool, and I dipped several cupfuls of water on the return the next day. Quite soon after we passed the seep, we came to the first showing of red bedrock on the left. If I had looked carefully, I would have seen that the cowpath comes down from the east into the bed here and that this was the place where I turned back when I had brought Bill Crawford here. I couldn't believe that we were

now so far along and I led Jorgen on into the narrows. When we had gone far enough so that backtracking seemed like a waste, we came to an impossible drop in the bed. By some strenuous scrambling up the steep, bouldery bank on the east we finally got around to the rim above the inner slot, but we had to continue some tough going where more ravines came down. Finally we got back from the rim just after we had crossed another ravine requiring a lot of care and we went by a boulder strewn indentation in the wall of the inner canyon without looking down it. If I had taken a half a minute and looked down this bay, I would have seen that it was where Bill and I had gotten out. As it was, we walked on south across mostly slick rock. In about fifteen minutes, I began to feel sure that we were too far south already. When we came to a deep side canyon, I was sure of it. While we were scouting for a way to cross, Jorgen found three potholes of water, one containing perhaps as much as five gallons and deep enough to fill our canteens by immersion. This best hole was down near the last step just before one would have to give up trying to get down into the side canyon. Only about 30 yards from there was a thin rock canopy projecting from a column of sandstone that gave us welcome shade in the 88 degree afternoon. We settled on using this for our campsite and we had comfortable beds on the sand nearby.

After quite a rest reading our magazines, I decided to go back and look for the lost way to the bottom of the slot canyon. I found our footprints only yards away from where I would have recognized it. Some time after I had reported success, Jorgen decided that he might be able to get down to the bottom of the slot canyon via the side canyon just south of our campsite. He could walk down a slick rock ravine to a sand dune in the open bed. I followed him quite a bit later when he was slow in getting back and I found a USGS survey benchmark driven into the sand bearing the usual sign that it would cost the trespasser \$250 to remove or mar the marker. I looked down at the bed of the main canyon past a forty foot drop at the lower end of this canyon, but I didn't do what Jorgen discovered he could do. He got out of the side canyon to the south near its lower end then found a chute of talus material that he could scramble down to the bed of the main canyon. He went on down to the lake, a hike that took more time than I had thought, and enjoyed a cooling swim in the trash covered water. His trip to the lake and back took about two hours and I was getting worried before he showed. At this campsite we had a threat of rain and a few drops fell during the night, but the only real drawback was the numerous little biting flies. It was far better to be camping by the rainwater pockets away from all danger from flash floods and a good half hour closer to the car than it would have been to be close to the lake in the bed of the narrow slot canyon. On our way back, we were able to find a cowpath most of the way to the seep spring, farther east than we had walked in, and I realized that I had led Bill Crawford over the same route, much more up and down than I had remembered it.

At the seep I used the pool Jorgen had dug and refilled my canteen. The 2000 feet elevation gain up the long ramp to the trail was quite a drag for me even though we were able to find the trail for most of the way. Where we crossed the bed of the great ravine with the bare upper end we came to a trickle of water. Thus we had found three seep springs and potholes at the low end of our hike. The trail seemed to disintegrate a little to the west of the seep spring on Fifty Mile Bench and the walk to the end of the road seemed longer than we had thought. Along here we saw some kind of game bird that resembled a grouse but may be the kind that has been introduced from India, called chukars, I thought, except that I can't find that name in the dictionary. We saw the same kind of bird deep in Willow Canyon. We got to the car early in the afternoon and just thought a bit about going up 1000 feet farther to the top of the Kaiparowits.

We decided to take it easy and spend our last two days going down Willow Creek and up Forty Mile Canyon.

The map shows two branches of Willow, so we left the road where the western one goes under the road. For the first half hour on Tuesday morning we were able to walk beside the wash on cow paths. Then for some distance it seemed best to step on hard cakes of dry gray mud brought down by floods. It dries into polygonal cakes that curl up along the edges. It was generally only an inch or so thick and didn't mix with the sand and gravel beneath. After about an hour of walking, the wash became the bed of a narrow red rock canyon. The first narrows ended in a broad basin which would have allowed us to climb out on top again, but soon the wash goes into the final narrows that persists clear to the lake. The map had given us no indication that Willow Creek has permanent water, but after an hour and a half we were walking through willows and tamarisks beside a little stream.

I must spend too much of the time looking at my footing because Jorgen was the one to see several interesting things before I did. This was true when we came to a fine arch that we hadn't noticed on the map until we got back to the car and looked. It was Broken Bow Arch, very shapely and beautiful. We passed a side canyon from the left that had cottonwoods at the junction, but it was dry and we figured that the Forty Mile Arm should have running water. Below this was a pool where we took off our shoes and waded through a very narrow slot, perhaps only five feet wide at shoulder height. There were places where the bed was wide enough but without a bit of soil or vegetation. Then another side canyon came in from the left which had a flow of water. On the way in on Wednesday, we considered this the end of forty Mile Canyon although it seemed rather insignificant for a tributary that drained as large an area as Willow. Near here Jorgen's eye was caught by a hummingbird landing on a very tiny nest. Once it had settled with its spike of a bill sticking out in front and its little tail out over the other edge of the nest, it let us approach to take pictures as close as we wanted to.

After seeing Davis Gulch, Harris Gulch, and Silver Falls Canyon, I wasn't surprised by the overhangs and towering walls, but I wasn't prepared to interpret correctly the rather deep pool we came to. Because of the bend, no shore showed ahead and the water seemed to get deeper. I told Jorgen that we had come to Lake Powell. We disrobed and entered prepared to swim if necessary. The deepest part came to our hips and then we were walking out on the other side to the normal bed. We went back and picked up our packs. Next we came to a strange place where projecting points of the walls about 30 feet up arched over the bed from both sides with only a five foot separation. This place gave us fine shade and a few yards farther, there were good sandy places for our beds. We put down our packs, ate lunch, and went on down to the lake without even a canteen. We came to the lake sooner than we had expected and waded in bare feet to where we could walk down to a point between the main canyon and a rather steep tributary from the west. Sandy clay graded down into the water and this was a good place for a swim. Jorgen swam around quite extensively. In addition to the swim, I wore my shoes to walk high on the bank to get a better look at the side canyon, and from here I could see a low promontory. While we were still there we heard a power boat coming in to join the party at the houseboat.

When we got back to our packs, I inspected a low ceilinged overhang above a flat floor about eight feet up from the stream. It was only 100 yards north of our campsite. We turned in after enjoying a campfire for over an hour, but I didn't fall asleep since the clouds were more and more menacing. After an hour in

the bag, about 10:00 p.m., I picked up my stuff and headed for the perfect rain shelter. Jorgen did likewise and we slept with no more worry about a light rain. A super flood could have drowned us since there was driftwood on our shelf. In one narrow place, a big cottonwood trunk was lodged between the walls twenty feet up in the air.

On the way out on Thursday, we couldn't believe that the steep little side canyon with the flowing water was indeed Forty Mile Creek. If we had carried the Southeastern Utah map, we could have seen that Forty Mile enters Willow north of Broken Bow Arch, but we didn't have this map. When we had gone a long way past the arch, we turned around and walked downstream for 25 minutes trying to decide where forty Mile Creek is, but we turned around before we came back to the running stream and walked directly to the car.

I had poured in the extra gas from the jerry can, so we had enough to use the Collet Canyon cut off instead of going into Escalante before turning toward Glen Canyon City. The warning sign that a four wheel drive vehicle is needed for this road shook me some, but Jorgen braced my morale and we took it. Hitting the bumps rather hard would have taken us up all the way in conventional gear, but we were glad to use four wheel drive for the grade up the side canyon to the top of the plateau. On top there was a fork with the better branch going to Grand Bench and a short branch going to the Glen Canyon Escalante road.

There was a slight chance of light rain, but we got over the scenic drive to Glen Canyon City on a perfectly dry road. After a short stop at the Visitor's Center and a gas and grocery stop in Page, we drove on to Cedar ridge where I turned off about a mile west and then a short distance south to camp among the junipers. In Flagstaff we found that George Billingsley was not in his office, but I had a good visit with Bruce Grubbs and had a phone conversation with Bob Packard. On the way through Oak Creek Canyon, we had a two hour walk up West Fork. We got home to Sun City about 5:30.

Powell Plateau

[July 10, 1982 to July 13, 1982]

I figured that a good place for some hot weather hiking would be the top of Powell Plateau or down no lower than the Esplanade around it. The Esplanade surrounding Powell forms about the biggest area on my Grand Canyon map that I haven't penetrated. I have done three hikes on top, one of which was a frustrated project of getting down below the Coconino in the Dutton Canyon area. Jorgen Visbak and I started very early, 9:15, from Swamp Point and I misunderstood the way that Donald Davis had gone down the Coconino near the drop in Dutton Canyon. On that October day of 79, I had gone to the bottom of Dutton Canyon about a quarter mile before it reaches the big drop over the Coconino and the walking soon became impossibly bad, chest high brush and brambles and hidden holes between rocks for footing. By the time Jorgen and I got out of that situation, we didn't have the time, water, or energy to make a serious attempt to get down the Coconino as we went east and north along the rim back to Muav Saddle.

This time I was by myself and I figured that I usually make better decisions about the route when alone and I don't have to feel apologetic if my choice of route turns out to be bad. I slept on the floor of the Jimmy in Houserock Valley on Friday evening and got my hiking permit early on Saturday. The road from the USFS Fire Point Road to Swamp Point is open but rough in spots. Out of curiosity, this time I

followed the forest road clear to Bear Lake to see what it is like. At this time it is only about 30 feet across and seems to be about three feet deep. I didn't miss the shortest way to the park boundary entrance road, south toward Bear Lake from the Dry Park Road past one signed turnoff until the one labeled Fire Point, 14 Miles. You pass one dead end road and about five miles from the Fire Point sign, you turn south onto a road that goes along the bed of a little valley. There is no sign indicating the way to Swamp Point right at the turnoff, but about a quarter mile along this road, there is a sign for a dead end road to the right and Swamp Point, 10 Miles to the left. I had forgotten that it is about a mile along this road before one reaches the park boundary. The distance isn't great from there to the junction with the road going to the Point Sublime Road. It is 8.8 miles of slow driving from this junction to the head of the North Bass Trail. I parked about 10:15 and got down to the Muav Saddle Cabin in 30 minutes carrying six quarts of water to see whether I could consider doing that on the way to find the route down to Donald's spring below the Coconino. I also carried food for six and a half days, and I was glad to leave my 40 plus pounds at the cabin and walk on with a day pack containing my lunch and two quarts of water.

The trail up to the cache of fire tools took me 45 minutes again. I see that in 1979 I was pleased to see that I could still do it that fast. The trail seemed noticeably more overgrown. My project for the rest of Saturday was to see how Davis had gone down through the Coconino on the northwest side of Powell Plateau. I carried a map of Powell Plateau with me including a mark indicating the place where Davis had gone down, but I didn't think I needed to consult it, or perhaps I wasn't sure enough of my orientation to think map reading would do me any good. I think I must have followed a draw from the east side of the plateau to the west before I should have. I found sketchy deer trails not far above the Coconino rim, but none led to a sure break. At one place I saw where the Coconino was covered with talus material at the top and over the lower part with only about 30 feet of exposed and rather too steeply sloping rock between. Perhaps Donald found that his shoes would grip on this steep part and used it. I found that I had marked a place on my map farther to the southwest, near the head of the south arm of Bedrock Canyon, and I proceeded along a meager deer trail in that direction. Not very far south of the first draw where I studied the possibility of descent, I came to a draw with a fairly good solid trickle of water. It was about two thirds of the flow at the spring east of Muav Saddle, and I would judge that it is permanent water. A very clear deer trail comes to it from the south. I should have spent more time going south and looking for a better way through the Coconino, but the thought of reclining on an air mattress and reading a magazine for an hour before time for dinner got to me. The climbing was getting to be quite an effort and I felt the need for some resting on the return trip. I wish now that I had followed the trickle of water up the ravine to see where it starts. Perhaps it is a major source for the prehistoric inhabitants of the plateau. Euler has become intrigued with the great number of ruins that he was able to spot on the plateau.

I was charmed by the beauty of the Mariposa (sego) lilies that were blooming in the forest. They come into their own on the Tonto in April or early May. There were also numerous other flowers in bloom, especially masses of lupines. On this or the following two days, I saw two does and was startled by grouse breaking out of brush close to my feet and whirling up into the trees. There were also more songbirds than one usually hears in the big pines, and I heard and saw a large hawk.

On my second day I got away from base about 6:40 a.m. with my lunch and four quarts of water. I hoped to locate the way that Doty had used to get down the Coconino when he climbed King Crest and also where Davis had been down nearer Dutton Canyon. I stayed near the east rim and saw the old corral

(about 11 minutes walk from the tool cache in the green cabinet at the trailhead) and also the two shiny aluminum chests the size of funeral caskets. They were about ten minutes beyond the log fence connected with the corral. One is nearly full of paper sleeping bags and the other is nearly empty but has a couple of fire fighting tools in it. The scrub oak and locust brush seem to be growing thicker than formerly, and I gave up trying to spot many tin blazes showing the route. One has to try to stay fairly close to the east rim since the valleys get deeper crossing the plateau draining west but you have to consider that the walking is often much bushier right near the east rim. There is no way to avoid a big depression where the Dutton Canyon drainage starts. I stayed fairly close to the east rim and frequently came out on the rim for the view. I wouldn't try to refute J.W. Powell who claimed that the views from this plateau or Swamp Point were the greatest.

When I got around to the station right above King Crest, I saw that Doty was right in seeing that the connecting ridge makes a superior route out to climb King Crest. I wasn't too sure where one should get through the top cliff, but about a quarter mile west along the rim there is a depression and I figured that one should be able to leave the rim and get down through the scree. I could see a very likely looking break in the Coconino a little farther west. It was in a barren area with scree covering the top and bottom and bare bedrock in the middle of the formation. In the old days I would have had the strength and ambition to go down there immediately, but this time rest back at camp looked better. On the way back to the east rim, I kept pretty much to the high ground but I crossed one not very deep valley. My worst embarrassment occurred when I came back to the vicinity of the trailhead down to the saddle. On Saturday I had tried to find the trail on a promontory too far east and had to go through the brush back up to the right place. This made me feel a bit senile since I can't recall having similar troubles on earlier trips. To prevent this sort of thing on Sunday morning I thought I had looked around carefully enough to spot the right place in the woods and had even noted two dead trees that were standing particularly close to each other as a good landmark. Then when I got there Sunday afternoon, I was too far south in the forest to see the right dead trees, and I overshot. This time I went down through the thickets to look out in the direction of Crazy Jug Point and Fire Point to see where I was. I took a lot longer to find the trailhead the second day when I was aware of the possible difficulty than it had taken the first day.

On Monday I got off still earlier with my gallon canteen filled the night before. Also in the woods near the trailhead, I took the precaution of leaning sticks against trees well back into the forest as markers for the trailhead. This time I didn't fumble when I got back after a hard day of walking. On Sunday I had observed the place where I came back to the east rim directly from the Coconino break west of King Crest. I had put a piece of dead wood on a little deformed pine tree and had also looked down to where the North Bass Trail goes down the Redwall. I had noticed that I was looking directly toward a promontory in the Supai between the double alcove across from where the Bass Trail goes down and a broad green strip covering the Coconino across on the other side of the canyon. This observation was better than the deadwood marker for me on Monday because I missed the marker, but I could see where it was right to leave the rim by what I had seen across on the other side of Muav Canyon. I got through the woods to where I had been the day before quite early, a bit after nine. I went across west of the draw which I had looked over from the east side and started down through the scree and ledges. It wasn't hard going except that the scree had a tendency to slide. When I was nearing the place to go farther west to the barren descent of the Coconino, I came to a clear deer trail that took me to a vegetated ramp next to the straight cliff of sandstone to the east. The way was simple, and this must surely be what Doty used. From

below his route up the west side of King Crest looked harder to me than following the connecting ridge and going on to the top.

I had an impulse to go climb King Crest, but then I figured that I would miss seeing the seep spring Davis had found. I had to go rather far down the shale slope to make any progress to the west and I had the impulse to go down to the lip of the Supai rim to see whether there was water. I was afraid that I would be too tired on the way back and was content to climb back up to the base of the Coconino when I saw an overhang that looked quite wet. When I got up there, I found about five places dripping, and the best put down a fairly large drop every three seconds. One would need to put empty cans under these drips all night to have water enough by morning. I'll have to ask Donald Davis whether he made do with that much water for several days. About a hundred yards to the northwest of the spring I came to a ravine where the Coconino is broken and where I could get up with some use of the hands. It seemed not to be used by deer as much as Doty's route where I had come down. I got back without incident and used the sticks I had leaned against trees to guide me right to the head of the trail down to Muav Saddle. I was back about five feet and could have done more below the Coconino in Dutton Canyon. I did note a most peculiar outlier of Redwall on the right side of Waltenberg Canyon.

North Rim

[September 14, 1982 to September 15, 1982]

After getting a reprint of the log by Donald Davis for his trip on the east side of Powell Plateau, I made plans for going down to the spring below the Coconino and trying to climb King Crest and Masonic Temple. On my way north on Monday I stopped at Hart's in Sedona and played chess for about six hours but still had time to drive to the San Bartolome Historical Marker in Houserock Valley to sleep.

While getting my permit I made the acquaintance of rangers Mary Ann Mills and Peggy Hollick. I also had a talk with a solo hiker, Frank Peebles, who proposed to go down the Nankoweap Trail and use a small inflatable on the river and come out the Point Atoko Route. My own plan was to sleep next to the car at Swamp Point that night and start an eleven day hike onto the Esplanade on both sides of Powell the next day. In the meantime I walked the Widforss Point Trail. On the way I got acquainted with a young couple from Oregon, Gary and Cathy Polhemus. My special reason for going to the rim there was to see whether one should come across from the Colonnade Saddle into the bay below Widforss Point before getting down the Supai. In order to see the slopes below the trail end, I went down and up Widforss Point itself to the southeast of the end of the trail. I would agree with Alan Doty that this point has enough of an ascent at the end to be counted among the canyon summits. Thus, I climbed my 84th named summit, but on consulting my trip map, I see that I did this long ago. I could look down and see that almost everywhere in the bay to the west of Widforss, the Supai forms an easy slope, and thus one should follow the Hermit over into this bay from the Colonnade Saddle before trying to get down to the Redwall rim.

Theoretically, I would like to try this sometime, but my physical condition wasn't encouraging while getting back to the car. I felt unusually tired and weak and my left hip joint was a bit painful.

I got back from Widforss in time to drive out to Swamp Point before 6:00 p.m. It is only 20 miles from the highway along the big logging road, then south toward Bear Lake, turning west again when one mile

from the lake. One then drives about seven miles toward Fire Point before turning left down into a shallow valley and going east along the bottom. One soon sees a sign saying that Swamp Point is ten miles ahead. There were a couple of deep puddles along this stretch, but the bottom was good below the water. In the park water has cut deeply into the road and I was worried about getting hung up on the high center. Also, rough rocks are exposed that require the lowest gear and make one wonder about tire damage. I covered the last ten miles in 45 minutes. While I was getting supper at the open area on the point, two hikers came back from visiting Dutton Point that day. They were Mike Kelly and Rick Shepard. The latter recognized me because he had been at one of my Honeywell slide shows. When I was through my meal, I went back to their camp in the woods and visited some more.

During the night I decided not to continue with my real ambitions but to go back and do some easy hikes until I could find a companion for the big time. I drove away before Mike and Rick were stirring in their neat tent and turned over my elaborate hike plan to Denise Matula at the permit desk. I had never been on the Ken Patrick Trail to Uncle Jim Point, so at 10:00 a.m., I set out to do that. For a time I walked with a father and his daughter who was soon to start work on a Ph.D at Cal Tech. When she was unable to keep up a very brisk pace, I excused myself and went ahead as fast as I could since I wanted to do something still more demanding that afternoon. I got out to Uncle Jim Point in an even hour and back in 47 minutes with no pain in the hip, so I concluded that I could still hike. We saw some deer along this trail. One big difference between a trip to the North Rim now and when we first visited it in the forties is that the deer now don't get out on the open meadows in force every evening. The views from near the beginning of the trail show the Kaibab Trail in Roaring Springs Canyon, and at the end one gets other aspects of the Kaibab Trail. I noticed that the break in the Coconino on the left side of the promontory beneath Bright Angel Point is around the corner and not visible from Uncle Jim Point.

Denise had invited me to eat my lunch at their house at the administration settlement. I was disappointed when I learned that she would not be there for the noon hour, but her roommate, Anne Harry, invited me in. I had a good visit with Anne's parents who were visiting from Hawaii where Mr. Harry is a ranger at the National Parks.

In the afternoon, I drove out of the park to the logging road that goes 14 miles to the Saddle Mountain viewpoint. The trail is now in quite good shape, only a little overgrown with grass. At the first saddle below the rim, the old trail to the north of the hill is completely overgrown with thorny locust and a new trail goes to the south where the vegetation is not particularly thick. It is easy to follow almost everywhere until it reaches the flat burnt area east of the big hill. There are a few cairns, but one mostly has to realize that the descent to the big saddle at the top of the Supai is northeast across the flat burnt area. Incidentally, this terrace is the largest rather flat area at the top of the Coconino that I recall. In fact, I can't think of any other broad terrace on top of the Coconino.

When I had been on my way about 20 minutes, I came to Frank Peebles with his monstrous pack on the ground trying to decide whether the small but clear trail would take him over to the saddle where the Nankoweap Trail starts down the Supai. Even if he had begun his hike that morning he was making very slow time and would have to camp away from water that night. If he had started down the day before, his position was evidence that he might be tackling much more than he could handle. He said he had a gallon of water in his pack besides the half gallon outside, so I didn't worry too much. It did bother me to see

that he insisted on going with me without his pack for over 20 minutes just to be sure that the trail was correct before going back for his pack. A person who wouldn't take that clear a trail on faith shouldn't be doing what he proposed to do.

At the big terrace, Frank was convinced that I was right when I told him that this was now the correct way and he went back to bring his pack. I went on to the southeast and dropped down through half the Coconino and went up to the end of what Clubb called The Rostrum. This promontory is a real landmark and really deserves a name. I wish the board would name it Clubb's Rostrum, honoring Merrel D. Clubb for his years of exploring the canyon. The light wasn't right or I could have made out Mystic Falls. I didn't know where to look and I missed seeing a plaque honoring Lois Webster who loved the canyon but died at the age of 46. I learned about this from Wilson Tripp at the campground Wednesday evening. He said that the plaque and a mountain register are a few feet below the rim on the southeast side at the highest point. I found the cairn here but didn't investigate beyond it.

The ranger girls had told me where to look for Wilson Tripp and I looked him up after I had eaten my dinner. We had a good visit lasting an hour or more. He is 75, just three months younger than I. Since his 11 year old son, in 1957, saw a little natural bridge on the east rim of the Redwall Gorge of Bright Angel Canyon near where the water comes out, Mr. Tripp has been especially interested in it. This very day, he had been down to lookout point at the top of the Coconino off the Old Bright Angel Trail to see whether the light would be good for another picture of the bridge. he wants this bridge named for his son, but one is supposed to be dead before that happens. When he heard that I had walked from the car to the Rostrum in 75 minutes and then back up to the car in the same time, he assured me that I can do a lot better than he can.

Paria Plateau

[September 18, 1982]

About 15 years ago, Norvel Johnson and I had gone up the trail that Donald Davis had found east of Jacob's Pool. The route up there had been interesting, and so had the appearance of the top near the trailhead. I finally got around to seeing it better. I left Jacob Lake long before Tony said he would be awake. I should have stopped when I saw what looked like Rick Thorum's car parked beside the highway east of Jacob Lake. The agreement was that he should meet me at the old rock house next to the pool before 9:00 a.m. if he wanted to go with me. I should have said that we should meet at the historical marker. I told him that the turn off the highway would be a couple of miles east of the historical marker whereas it is really about 200 yards east. Rick found a road going toward the cliffs farther east than the right one and spent too long finally reaching Jacob's Pool and my car.

I started away from the car at 9:00 a.m. after reading Time for one and a half hours. I followed the trace of a road away from the corral over the hill and down into the area where plastic tubes bring water from the seeps in the clay hills down to the pool. I found footprints of three or four people going up the sandy slope toward the break in the rim above. When I was about halfway up the whole slope, I went to the south because I found some cairns in that direction while the tracks I had been observing went more directly up. Before I had gone far enough south to use the man made trail to the top, I followed deer tracks up through the broken slope consisting of sand and loose rocks. When I was nearing the final

narrow ravine through the top cliff, I recognized a well built retaining wall and realized that I was finally on the right trail. The others who had been heading directly for the top seem to have given up since I found no fresh footprints in the sand near or on the top.

I noticed the G.M. Wright, 20 April, 1894 inscription right away and also quite a few very old pecked in petroglyphs stained over with desert varnish. I couldn't find all the pictures I had seen so many years ago. I had figured that I might go from the car to the top in one and a half hours, but instead I made it in one hour and 45 minutes and a little less on the way down. I was a little concerned about finding the right place after a loop hike on top, so I put a red rock on top of a natural pile of lighter rock and noticed some other details. Then I headed east past the haystack shaped slickrock. Very soon I realized that the surface of most of the Paria Plateau isn't very scenic, mostly slightly rolling grassy sand with higher rocky outcrops. After walking for about 100 minutes a little north of east, I ate lunch on a knoll with a good view. Then I went south for almost an hour and turned more to the west to find the rim. I had intercepted a road in the sand before lunch and also I had to go through a fence both before and after lunch. Walking in the sand was tiring, and then when I reached the vicinity of the rim, the way was cut up by the slickrock haystacks. When I was getting back close to the descent site, after looking over the rim periodically to see how far I had to go, Rick saw me from the top of a rock near the rim and we continued back together. He helped me find the rest of the petroglyphs and he also showed me something that I had missed, a wild beehive in a fissure in the cliff right near some of the best rock art. We were attacked and didn't stay around for fear of getting stung.

We went down using more of the old trail. Incidentally, we saw more recent inscriptions than the one of 1894. Someone had scratched Spence on the wall with the date 1941.

Surprise Canyon

[December 2, 1982 to December 8, 1982]

After some postponements because of the weather, Jorgen and I finally started our long planned hike on Thursday, meeting at Meadview and getting away from Pearce Ferry about 2:00 p.m. This time the little boat stayed dry with all of the leaks fixed. The lake was a foot or so higher than we had seen it in recent years and the island northeast of the ramp was submerged with two buoys to show the hazard and a tuft of growth sticking out of the water at the highest point. There was also a more than normal amount of driftwood to watch for. Once on the way up and several times on the return the skeg hit driftwood and a couple of times we had to stop to pull sticks away from the prop assembly. Fortunately, we didn't shear the shear pin. We kept the Belknap guide handy and watched all the landmarks as we went along. There wasn't time to go all the way to Surprise by daylight so we settled for camping at the mouth of quartermaster where the east side terrace is mostly bare mud. We could tie the boat in a protected place where no amount of wind in the night could hurt it. Jorgen found a neat place for his bed under a travertine overhang and used it for his bed. I found a similar place, but the ground where I would be sleeping was sloping rather much and I settled for sleeping out in the open. The recent big storm had left the ground rather wet and the clear night put down a lot of dew. I even found thin sheets of ice near the toe of my bag.

We got away about 8:40 on Friday morning and found the bar completely under water at the mouth of Surprise. After using the motor through most of the lagoon, Jorgen rowed us to a mooring 300 yards farther north than ever before, and when we came back six days later, the lake was several inches higher still. We should have moored so that the bow faced upstream towards any flood that might come while we were upcanyon. When we saw plenty of signs that the creek had been in flood very recently, I worried a little. The creek was still turbid and it was flowing above ground all the way and with inches of extra depth. I had to get wet feet at a few crossings. Jorgen picked up a walking stick and used it to keep his balance during creek crossings. After I rolled a rock and went down with the effect of getting wet legs and part of my shirt, I also tried using a walking stick. When we were higher upcanyon and the creek crossing seemed easier, I discarded it as being one more impediment. On the return, however, I fell in the water again and wrenched my left hip so that I am still limping three days later.

We left the boat about 10:30 and walked rather slowly. Once when Jorgen got ahead and walked at his own rate, I was soon lagging and saying I had to slow down. I should work out on a mountain once a week instead of just walking the Sun City sidewalks. Of course my being 75 also accounts for some of this weakness. We observed some sheltered sleeping sites in the Tapeats and were careful not to miss seeing the natural bridge. When we got near the mesal pit terrace, I called the shot right and we walked its length and observed where we had slept. We also walked out of the regular bed to see the sandy place west of the bed and north of the mouth of the Amos Spring Arm, but it was badly damaged by the recent flood. I remembered where we had slept with some protection beneath an overhang just north of the mouth of the Amos Spring Arm, and we were glad to use it instead of having to spread our bags on wet sand or mud.

We got away from here about 8:40 and kept track of all the familiar landmarks including the suggested Redwall climb west of the four tower promontory and the side canyon where I turned back in 1979. It was still before lunchtime when we came to the leaning rock camp at the mouth of a fern and flower decked tributary from the west. The lack of sunshine on the clear day was something of a record for both of us. We didn't see the sun until 1:00 p.m. and then only briefly. Not including the time we spent sitting down to eat, it took four and a half hours to walk from the Amos Spring Arm to the protected campsite near the end of the Twin Spring Arm. I was so tired that I was happy to lie on my bed and read while Jorgen went on to see the fine Twin Spring narrows. He got back well before five but he brought the report that there was water quite close to the shelter cave I had seen last year in the upper Redwall about eight minutes walk north of the end of the main narrows. Furthermore, he observed that there is plenty of firewood in the vicinity. We had friendly campfires every night. On Sunday we left the Twin Springs mouth campsite and carried enough food for the next two days to the shelter cave north of the narrows. There was plenty of space for us to spread out and still have a campfire at the north edge of the cave floor. We loaded my day pack and set out again about 10:20 picking up water at two holes about six minutes walk up the bed. If we had noticed, we could have started up through the Redwall about 50 yards south of the water holes, but we went north several hundred yards to a side ravine coming down from the east. We angled up to the south and had to scout for a good way through the highest Redwall ledge. We went on south at the base of the lowest Supai cliff until we got around a corner and found a gulch going up to the northeast. From the head of this gully, we kept to a blunt ridge and after some route finding we came out on the top of a knoll with the elevation 4196 on the Mount Dellenbaugh Quad map. When the way ahead seemed obscure, I noticed that if we descended into the steep valley to the north, we would be able to go up in and top out in

a depression east of our knoll. On the return we tried this descent and found that it went quite well for about two thirds of the way down, but then we had to climb up to the south and go along using poor footing until we came to the head of the gully we had used on the ascent. The way we went up was better. There must have been easier routes to the Esplanade farther north, but this route was preferable since we wanted to go as far east as we could and still get back before 5:00 p.m.

We made fairly good progress across the Esplanade although the surface was rolling rather than flat. With our time allowance we settled for a point marked 4195, north of Green Spring Canyon on the Amos Point Quad. This is a little east of the matching north and south side tributaries where I turned back when I went upstream to see the pool where Billingsley's clients had to swim. We guessed that one would have to follow the Esplanade at least as far as the mouth of Horse Spring Canyon before he could get down and go looking for Cottonwood Spring. There was no cowpath over this way, a fantasy of mine while I was planning the trip. There were plenty of bighorn tracks on the Esplanade on both sides of Twin Springs Canyon as well as down in the bed of Surprise. Here the raccoon tracks were the thickest and we also saw signs of a ringtail cat and coyotes. There were several kinds of birds about including ouzels and wrens. The view drew our glance and was magnificent, especially the snowy north slope of the outlying Shivwits Plateau to the south.

When we got down through all the Supai and the top ledge of Redwall, Jorgen was leading and he found a closer place to make the final descent than we had used in the morning. We both assumed that we were still north of the water holes where Jorgen had left some containers. We walked south with our eyes so concentrating on the search for the water that we both missed seeing the shelter cave and didn't get our bearings until we came to the upper end of the major narrows. Incidentally, Jorgen pointed out quite a deposit of fresh wet driftwood left by a big eddy just west of the beginning of the narrows. During the recent flood, water must have piled up five feet deep here. It hadn't reached our cave floor, however. When we got our bearings, Jorgen and I walked back up north and found the cave with our packs, and then had to go past the place we had come into the bed about 50 yards to find the water. On Monday morning two of the rain pools with clear water had subsided into gravel and I had to refill our canteens from the slightly muddy pool, and it was going down too.

Our Monday jaunt was to scout the Esplanade west and south of the upper end of the narrows. I had formed a casual impression that one could get out of the bed here, and from the Esplanade on the east side the day before, we had the idea that there would be a fairly easy Supai route if we would follow the top of the Redwall south across the first side canyon. The lower part of the Supai looked good before we came to this wash, so we started up. When we reached a point about two fifths of the way to the top, we found that the rest of the way was impossible, and also that we couldn't get down to cross the wash without retracing our route. So much for shortcuts! Even on the south side of the tributary, the route took some study. We went up the north edge of the east facing slope quite high and then went south along the base of the small cliff until we found a break. One rather hard place for me I labeled with a cairn. Then we proceeded south and up until we came around a corner into a hanging valley. The rest was routine. The black brush and the soft soil on the Esplanade kept down our walking speed. We agreed that our destination would be the long point going south from the elevation number 4316. When we reached what we had thought would be this point, we had a marvelous view of the area, especially of my suggested route over to Amos Spring using the Redwall route I had pioneered. There was also a striking detached

tower south of our point, shown on the map as 4138. Jorgen climbed down 30 feet lower than I and went out to the end of a narrow point, but he thought he wouldn't try to climb the tower. Then by careful map study, Jorgen convinced me that we had not reached the right point. We should have gone west on the Esplanade until we were stopped by the rim of the deep south trending canyon whose mouth is at the leaning rock camp. We walked north and curved around to look into this abyss, but we figured that we didn't have the time to go down to the end of the point south of 4316.

For the return, we headed east and north of the route to the turn around. As we arrived at a depression in the rim, we were not sure that we had the right valley until we found our own footprints. We avoided some of the hardest climbing by getting down farther south than our route up, but for the lower two thirds, we repeated the ascent route. Towards the end of our return, I was feeling the worse for having eaten Spam for lunch, and I lay around on my bed while Jorgen did all the work of getting the wood for a campfire.

I was short of food by Tuesday morning and I went back early to our cache at the camp near the mouth of Twin Spring Canyon and waited there for Jorgen. I took 80 minutes for this leg compared to Jorgen's 58. I saw freshly fallen rocks on the floor of the narrows. By Tuesday it was looking more and more like rain and both of us wanted the protection of the Tapeats overhangs. I seemed to have recovered some of my old hiking strength after several days of hiking and we made fair progress down the creek, except for the mishap when I tripped and fell face down into the water. I was able to predict our times rather well and we arrived at a place in the upper Tapeats where I had slept shortly after 4:30. Jorgen figured that there should be a better place farther south and he came back where I was waiting with the news that he had found a far better place. It was indeed superior, plenty of room for two with wood near and even a way to climb well above any possible flood in the night. We had our usual sociable time until 9:00 p.m. Around midnight the stars came out and then the moon showed, but by morning the weather was rainy again. Fortunately we didn't need to wear the ponchos as we walked down to the boat. There had been no flood and only a little rainwater showed in the bottom of the boat, not enough to need to bail. The lake was higher and we had to wade to get to the boat. Jorgen was able to stand the cold water better than I. He poured the extra gas before we left, and both of us put on all the clothes we had for the cold ride back to Pearce Ferry. I had a little trouble getting the motor to start, but I managed to pull hard enough without calling on Jorgen this time. On the way back, we had more trouble with driftwood and some even lodged in the prop assembly necessitating hand removal. Still we got from Surprise to the launching ramp in less than three and a half hours. Jorgen got off to Henderson in plenty of time and I drove through a persistent rain in time to eat an early dinner at Peacock Mountain Truck Stop.

On my way to meet Jorgen the previous Thursday, the Jimmy had refused to start after I had refueled at this truck stop. The mechanic and I saw the trouble immediately. About a year and a half ago, I had needed a wire spliced, and now the splice had worn out. The mechanic was able to fix it in 20 minutes, and he gave me the idea that it would never bother me again. Now, a week later, as I was driving through Wickieup, the lights seemed to grow dim and the wipers stopped working, but I was eager to get home and kept on. About six miles south of the little town, the car stopped. Fortunately, it came to rest after I had gotten off the roadway and I spent a warm night in the Jimmy. After being in bed awhile, I thought it would worry Roma if I didn't show that night, and I got up and walked for an hour toward town. When I couldn't see that I was getting close, I turned around and went back to the car.

In the morning, rather than wait for a highway patrolman to come by and radio for help, I got out with food and water for lunch and prepared to walk until I came into town. After I had gone a mile, I read a sign that said a tow truck was available in six more miles. When I had gone about three more miles, I got a ride into town with a man coming out of his drive. The tow dropped me at the Exxon station where the mechanic worked in bursts until after two. He tried but failed to find a slow discharge through some faulty wiring. Finally, he put in a new alternator and changed the battery and turned me loose to get home all right and see the big service department here for the real repair, a complete new wiring job, perhaps. I had phoned Roma about 11:00 a.m. and she said that I would have a bridge evening waiting for me. I got home in plenty of time. She had forgotten whether to expect me on Wednesday or Thursday, so she hadn't been worried.

Pearce Canyon and Snap Point

[February 10, 1983 to February 13, 1983]

As often happens, I had much bigger plans for this trip than I carried out. I had made plans to do a major piece of the north side route from Lee's Ferry to Pearce Ferry, namely the route along the Sanup Plateau from Red Point west of Burnt Canyon to Pearce Canyon.

I didn't try to leave home early on Wednesday the 9th and ate lunch where I now get gas, the Peacock Mountain Truck Stop. It had been quite wet recently so I thought the Stockton Hill road might be rough or muddy and I stayed on the paving using the Dolan Spring route to Meadview. It is 12 miles farther that way. Ranger Don Forrester was at home, but John Green was gone on a backpack in Tincanebitts Canyon. I had a good visit with Don who seemed quite interested in learning what I could tell him of routes out on top. We went over the maps, but I didn't get nearly through giving him all the information I know. Talk is left for another day. I launched the boat and visited with some men around their campfire after dark. The night was rather chilly even when I was sleeping in the Jimmy.

I was off by 7:20 and had no real trouble getting the motor started. I wasn't sure where I wanted to leave the boat, but I finally decided on the mouth of Pearce Canyon instead of the cove where I have camped with the 19 foot cruiser four times. By reading my logs I learned that it is slower when you start up Pearce from the mouth of the creek instead of from the cove, and I found this true this time too. I thought I had noted the place carefully as I tied the boat to a fairly large rock near the water. There didn't seem to be a suitable clump of bushes. I got away from the lake at 8:15 and soon found that I was getting tired rather easily. It was interesting to see the new fence that the park people have constructed. Forrester says that they hoped to keep the burros out of the park, but he knows it doesn't stop them. They can lie down and roll under the bottom wire. It took me over two hours to reach the place where I would be coming down into the bed if I had started at the cove and it was after two when I came to the cave at the fork in the canyon. I had thought that reaching Fort Garrett would be a fairly short day for me judging from what I had been able to do previously, but now I was really bushed from just getting to the cave. I put down my pack and went looking for water in the north arm.

At the very beginning I came to a 15 foot drop where I believe I had gone up using holds and a little ramp on the face of the rock on the right of the fall. Now I was more cautious and I walked around a stubby

tower pushing through some brush and walking over a rockslide. the hole at the foot of the fall was where I expected to find water, but it was full of gravel. Very soon I came to another shorter fall which I could bypass using holds on the left. There was no water here either, and I began to get nervous. Within a few more minutes I came to a nice little pool holding several gallons of water but not in a solid rock pothole, so it might not last long. I enjoyed a restful afternoon of reading in the sun near the cave.

On Friday I got away by 7:20 and went up the main canyon instead of the north arm that I had considered. As I reread my notes, I see that this was a good decision since there are worse places than I had seen in getting my water. The heavy pack made the walking quite different than it had been on the previous day hikes. I didn't recognize the slope I had used to get out on the south side near the end and from the way I had marked my seven and a half minute quad map, I thought I should proceed farther upcanyon than I finally knew was right.

John Green had told me by mail about climbing up to one side and getting into a short canyon on the north side. I put my pack down and went up to inspect his route. I had to be careful, but I did get into the canyon above a high fall and just below another about 15 feet high. When I talked with John Sunday evening over the map, I learned that he had done what I did but then he was able to climb up the 15 foot fall and get into the upper basin. Just above where I was stopped there is a rainpool that he and I both used, but when he was there in December, it wasn't nearly full of mud the way it was for me. I would guess that it contained only about three gallons when I was there.

When I went back and carried my pack on upcanyon looking for the place I had climbed out to the south, I had to go over some big rocks and finally I saw the headwall and knew that I had overshot. I went back and decided that my route took off from the bed opposite the next to last north side tributary. The route soon seemed familiar, but there are a couple of places near the top that I now think would stop a burro, contrary to what I said in a former log. The burros would certainly prefer the routes using the fault valley that gives rise to the saddle between the head of the north arm of Pearce and the main bed. I noticed something at the hard places near the top, old rotten juniper logs that probably were propped up as ladders to help the Indians. I got to Fort Garrett about 2:20. This rock structure is a ruin now, but I think it was never finished. I don't think it ever had a roof. There are no smoke blackened rocks in the fireplace, but Green saw blackened rocks up in the chimney. Perhaps these were used for a fire pit before they were put in place.

There were well established cow paths going just about anywhere that seemed logical, especially along the Jeep road. The cows would take shortcuts across gullies where the Jeep would go around. Very soon as I headed for the north side canyon where John had found the constructed trail and the water, I came to a small cattle tank. There were a few puddles of polluted looking water in the soft muddy bottom, but I figured that I could use it if necessary. When I came to the rim of the right canyon, it took me a moment to see where the trail had been constructed. Walls that probably made this possible for a horse have fallen away, but I could climb down readily. There was camp trash including some boards under an overhang, and I soon saw the pothole of good water. I should have moved my pack over here and used the protection from dew and the cold of the open sky, but I took the water back and slept half under a juniper near the ruin.

By now I knew that I couldn't think about carrying enough water to do anything much about connecting with where I had been in Burnt Canyon, so on Saturday I started early and headed for Snap Point. I had misunderstood about where John had gone up to the top of the plateau, but I now knew that I should use my own discretion and I picked out what appeared to be a sure way up there. In talking to John later, I found that he had done the same thing that looked good to me. I reached the top just southeast of the last lava. Some places the footing in the scree was loose, but I think this is a little easier than the similar way to the top east of Burnt Canyon Spring. The hard part was over when I got into a saddle before the end of a promontory that projects southeast from the mainland.

On top there was quite a bit of shallow crusted snow between the junipers. After I had crossed it a time or two, I finally recognized the Jeep trail to the top. Walking in the snow and on the mud between the snow patches wasn't the easiest, but I got to the surveyor's cairn in about 50 minutes. It took me about three and a half hours to go from Fort Garrett to the top of Snap Point. Of course the views from there are magnificent. It was interesting to be able to look across the water at where the motor homes are parked at Pearce Ferry. I got back to my pack in about two and a half hours.

On Friday afternoon I had time and energy to walk the Jeep road southwest to the head of the first tributary on the south side of Pearce Canyon, the one that is a deadend. The road was still going toward the big bowl and a still dimmer fork turns off to the southeast toward the base of Point Garrett. There were no tire tracks showing now. These continuations of the road coming across the Sanup Plateau to the west of Snap Point are not shown on the map. Presumably they are for the convenience of a rancher who owns the dozen or more cows which were grazing on the broad area.

When I had rested from my Snap Point climb, I moved my pack over, under the overhang near the good water where John Green had come up. He had used a rope to get his pack up the 15 foot cliff to the basin below the trail. On the way back, he elected to go to the fault valley connecting the two arms of Pearce and to go to the south into the main bed. He climbed down the wall below the water hole to retrieve a bottle cap that he had carelessly dropped.

After a pleasantly warm night, marred only by a mouse and some mosquitoes, I returned the way that John Green had gone down. I had thought I would go down the north arm, but it looked rather forbidding from the saddle, and I see by my log that the north arm took some fancy chimney climbing. I needed 70 minutes to get from the overhang to the saddle and 45 from there to the bed of Pearce. In 50 more I was back at the confluence of the two arms and I ate lunch at the water on the bare rock ten minutes east of the big south side canyon. By 2:30 I was down at the lake. Leaving out the time for lunch, I had needed seven and a half hours for the walk, so this stint is not really so unrealistic unless one is very much out of condition.

The weather that Sunday was peculiar, first nice but not sunny. There were about three drops of rain, and then the sun came out almost too hot. I was worried that my canteen water was not going to hold out and that I would be drinking from the lake.

When I got to the lake, I looked for the boat in the place I thought I had left it and there was no boat. I had a panicky feeling that I should have tied it to some bushes instead of to a rock. Perhaps the lake had risen

or somehow the rope had come off the rock. I went along the edge of the water to the north where the wind was blowing the driftwood hoping that perhaps the boat had lodged up there somewhere. I was greatly relieved to find the boat still tied to the same rock. The wind and waves had moved it and it was bumping on some rocks in the water, but it hadn't been hurt.

The sunny sky was giving way to ominous clouds. I hated the thought of spending a wet night across the lake from my nice dry Jimmy and the interesting people I expected to see over there. The wind suddenly changed from blowing north to blowing south. This made the launching easy and I couldn't appreciate how stormy the lake was getting out in the middle. I had an exciting crossing in waves as high as a card table that surged up within a few inches of the gunwales. I was glad I was alone and that the boat had a light load. I was most relieved when I got back safe.