

## Harvey Butchart's Hiking Log

### DETAILED HIKING LOGS (May 10, 1986 - Summer, 1987)

Anita Mine and South Bass Trail

[May 10, 1986 to May 11, 1986]

The club, Grand Canyon Pioneers, had a field trip guided by Al Richmond to see the Anita Mine workings and the vestiges of early railroad activity in the same area. We met on Saturday morning about 10:30 at Anita. I had arrived a little after 9:30 following a 5:10 start from home. Al showed us the village sites at Anita and at Apex and the section house, or what was left of it, the concrete walls. We also saw where there had been surface mining, but he said it was now dangerous to go to the main mines that were now being prospected further for uranium by the gun toting owners. Shortly after 3:00 p.m., the party broke up and I went to Tusayan and saw the IMAX picture.

I met the Billingsleys with their two children again at the show and sat with them. They were seeing it for the second time. I could easily understand why since it is so gripping. The scenery is better than you can see from the rims and the views from the helicopter and the boats churn out the old adrenaline. If you can't take roller coaster rides, you should avoid the picture. It made me want to fasten a seat belt.

After this rather short show, I looked up John Green across the road at McDonalds. He got ready rather promptly and we headed out the road toward Pasture Wash. I had helped a couple of boys start their car with jumper cables at the McDonalds parking lot, and now I did another good turn. We met a man from Los Alamos, Hans Ruppel, coming back towards the village. He had had two flats and had left his car beside the road about seven miles from town. I agreed to take him to the service station, and we went and got one of his flat tires from the car which was only a half mile away. At the South Rim station he was able to get a new tire and we took him back to his car without too much delay. This had held us up nearly an hour, but we were still able to make camp at a nice place in the junipers only a couple of miles from Pasture Wash. The road has been realigned a lot since I was over it, and the new bed had dried in very rough ruts. On the other hand, the part that used to be very rocky and washed out is now fine smooth gravel. Then the road got bad again where we had to turn north to reach the trailhead. It now takes at least two hours to drive from the village to Bass Camp.

We spent about 20 minutes looking for the grotto where James did his writing, looking along the rim to the west of the camp, as I had remembered the instructions from Maurer and Madsen, but we couldn't find it. Then we started down the trail to try to locate the shelter below the top cliff of Supai where Maurer and Madsen had found some signs of camping with protection from rain. I was afraid that I couldn't get that far and back in the time I wanted to spend at it, so I urged Green to go ahead to try to find it for me. He doubled the speed when he was alone. The day was cool and the flowers were attractive, and I would enjoy as much or little hiking as I could.

I branched off the trail to the east on the Esplanade, and when I approached the rim of the Supai, Green shouted to me that he had found the place. We found it almost in line with the gorge through the Redwall, and one could scramble down a steep chute to reach the protected shelf. There was a full pail of lard

hanging on a nail driven into the wall and some rather rotten rope fragments to show that it had been a campsite. We ate an early lunch there. I noticed that it had taken me 90 minutes to get down from the car and only 105 to get back, quite encouraging.

### Surprise Canyon

[June 9, 1986 to June 12, 1986]

After I had firm plans to go by myself to Surprise Canyon and really try the Redwall route up to Neilson (Pack Trail) Spring, John Green called me and wanted to go along. He had been helpful a couple of times and had passed quite a bit of information along, so I was glad to have him. He took the bus from Tusayan to Kingman so as not to make my route a lot longer. We met at Dennys early enough to get to Pearce Ferry well before noon. We ate lunch as we took turns steering the boat. The lake level was at least three feet higher than it had been in March. The boat went over the place where I had been in mud south of Tincanebitts and into the mouth of Surprise farther than I had ever been able to take it before. No mudbanks were in evidence. After we had walked 25 minutes, I recalled that I had forgotten to screw down the breather vent in the gas tank cap. John volunteered to do this while I found a campsite a few yards ahead. I was worried as we walked up from the lake for 15 or 20 minutes with no water in the creek where I had always seen it before. The creek was flowing from our campsite until we were nearing the natural bridge but then it was dry again for a stretch that took me 80 minutes to walk past the next day. Green went ahead with my blessing to try the Redwall climb and report concerning my chances on it. I had filled my two quart canteen sometime before the creek went dry, but I was worried about where we should camp. The creek was dry where Jorgen and I had camped more than once on a terrace with mesal pits and a bed outlined with stones. It was still dry farther north where I had marked water on the Amos Point map. I had decided that I would turn back to the nearest water if the map spring was dry, but I could see John's tracks going on, so I did likewise. I had walked by the natural bridge without noticing it and I went by the mesal pit terrace without a glance. I finally recognized my location when I saw the jagged spur ahead which meant the Redwall climb was on its north side. Here I also recognized the mouth of the tributary canyon coming down from Amos Spring. About 15 minutes north of here my worries were over. There by a fine pool was Green's pack. I had been resting in the shade about 10 minutes out of every half hour, but I was glad to settle down in some shade under a little tree and wait for Green to return. I had the current Time magazine.

John came back about 5:00 p.m. with the news that he had succeeded in getting to the bench above the Devonian and had followed it around the base of the four spikes and had connected with where he had been when I waited for him at the Pack Trail Spring. However, he cautioned me not to try the climb since I am not as good a climber as he is. He seemed eager to get back to his McDonalds job. I didn't insist on staying as long as I had told him the trip would take, but I wish now that I had gone on the next day and looked at the climb myself. Perhaps I could have found an easier way than he had used. He reported that there was a mesal pit and bighorn droppings along the route. Instead, I got another early start at 5:15 back to the boat.

This time I kept the map in my hand and located the mesal pit terrace and noted that a flood had wrecked our bed sites but that the bed outlined with a row of rocks was intact and the mesal pits were untouched. I marked the natural bridge site with a small two rock cairn. John passed here after I was gone, but he

noticed the cairn and the bridge. Not long after this he overtook me and went ahead to the boat. I kept cool by dousing my shirt with water from the canteen and a couple of times I sat down in pools with all my clothes on. I had walked for more than two hours without taking a rest at the start, but after that it was ten minutes of rest and reading out of each half hour.

In planning for the amount of gas to carry, I had gone by the consumption in March when I was alone in the boat. With John and his heavy pack, we were obviously short of gas for the return trip. I reached the boat about 2:30 and we had time to spare. We took turns rowing without using the motor for over three hours and stopped for the night at Burnt Canyon. At this lake level, it was very easy to pull the boat up on rock ledges that was well covered with mud. Tamarisks had grown up on the east side to the level of the open space north of the old shack, but the little courtyard was still clean and flat. There was a lot of rather recent looking cow manure in the tamarisks but none where we wanted to sleep. It turned out that we would have slept better almost anywhere else. The red ants bit us and the mice rattled through my pack and disturbed my sleep.

On our last day, Thursday, I used the motor from the first, but only at half speed so that I would get more help from the current. The lake had dropped a foot or so from our arrival on Monday, and we could see the highest part of the bar at the mouth of Surprise. When I was out in the middle in front of Tincanebitts, the prop dug into the mud. After I stopped the motor and raised the prop, we floated free but we had to row 50 yards before we could use the motor.

Both in going upstream and on the return, I watched for Needles Eye natural bridge and saw it only briefly. I missed locating by distant view Rampart Cave on the way in but I saw it on the way out. When we were finally even with Columbine Falls, I turned on the motor for full power and got to the ramp with a little gas to spare.

John Green had been up into the lower Grand Canyon with rangers when he was living in his truck at Pearce Ferry, and he knew more about archeological sites. He confirmed Billingsley's report of ruins in Salt Creek and he also had seen some interesting rock art there.

We got to the beach well before ten and had lunch at Dennys in Kingman. After that we went to the Checkers Store at the Stockton Hills interchange and John bought a new battery. I took him to Tusayan and still got home around 8:00 p.m. For John it had been a rewarding trip with perhaps the shortest route from the Shivwits to the river covered including another Redwall route. I hope to try again in cooler weather with a man who can belay me at the worst place, or perhaps I could find an easier way that John missed.

### Surprise Canyon

[October 18, 1986 to October 19, 1986]

I planned to check the Redwall climb to the Pack Trail Spring by myself. John Green had told me that I wouldn't be able to do it, but I wondered whether he had found the easiest way. Then a few days before I was ready, Tony Williams phoned me and I invited him to go along with the understanding that we would not try to stay together since he can outwalk me easily. He came from Fredonia to Pearce Ferry and was

waiting there when I arrived about noon. The 7.5 hp motor pushed us along but it took four hours and 20 minutes to reach the mouth of Surprise. I had thought that the lake was high enough to get us back past the mud to solid ground, but when we arrived a little before 5:00 p.m., the silt flat was exposed with only a narrow channel for the small flow of the creek. We figured that we might have to pull the light along while we were in the mud most of the way. We used the white sand at the mouth for a nice campsite Monday night.

On Tuesday morning, the water had risen enough so that we could paddle all the way to the gravel of the creekbed about 150 yards in from the mouth. Tony did a little wading and pulling. We were delayed by rain on Monday morning. Tony waited it out in his little tent that is just big enough for his bed and I draped my pup tent fly over a ridge rope and lay in my bag until the water began coming through. Then I found that I could cover my bed under an overhang where the sand was still dry. We started up the creek when it was nearly lunch time. Tony went on ahead while I came at my own rate, slow because my back

Much of this log is illegible!

in Salt canyon, but there didn't seem to be any good way to get the boat through the tamarisks at the entrance bar, so we moved down past the Gibraltar like rock at the mouth to camp on the sane at the mouth of the defile leading behind the rock tower. It was a nice site for camping, but when I tried going up and down into salt, I found that it would be a difficult feat to climb along the wall above the lagoon. We took the boat up to where I had walked in along the east side of the lagoon, but that didn't seem very easy and we decided to give it up and do a few other things farther down the lake. We stopped where Tony could climb up and see the Bat Cave better than he had the previous time. He found that the leader up the chute into the cave has been removed. Back beyond any daylight, he spotted a ringtail cat and he wondered whether they can catch and eat bats. After this two hour detour, we both walked up the canyon immediately to the west of the Bat Cave. Tony went at his own rate, perhaps twice as fast as mine. I got partway through the Muav narrows. Tony got to the end of the line for ordinary scrambling and he had the pleasure of seeing another natural bridge on the west side of the canyon near the end of the line.

We proceeded down the lake to the good cove on the south side between Columbine Falls and Rampart Cave for our last campsite. Tony looked around better than I and spotted what we are pretty sure in another natural bridge about halfway to the skyline southeast of our camp at the head of the water. We had good calm water for our trip to the launching ramp at Pearce Ferry on Friday morning and I got home without incident that afternoon.

George Bain  
[Summer, 1987]

I took George Bain in the little boat to the Dry Rock Creek arm of Lake Powell and showed him the way to start up to the top of the Kaiparowits Plateau. I had tried the route that one of Spencer's men, Jones I believe, had done with a horse in the early 1900s. I had started up that way twice. When Henry Hall was along, I got to the clay slide that forms a ramp to the plateau about two thirds of the way to the top. Another time when the family was waiting, I got to the top of this plateau and didn't quite get to where I

could look down on the Dangling Rope Bay. It was hot and I was very short of water. I was in real distress and had to rest at every bit of shade.

Now I suggested to George that it would be a great hike if he could make the top of the Kaiparowits and get to the lake in one day. He was eager to try this. We started together along the south side of the narrow channel, but we soon parted to let him proceed at his much faster pace. He reached the top and found a spring just below the rim with a cowpath leading to it. He had time for lunch and a nap before starting down and he got back to the boat with plenty of light left for dinner and camp chores.

On the following day, we mostly loafed and saw side canyons, Driftwood, especially and probably Rainbow Bridge. On the fourth day of the trip, we went to Dungeon Canyon where I knew there is a Navaho sheep trail coming down from the rim. About 15 years earlier, I had taken an early morning hike and reached the top. Again, George made easy work of this hike to the top of the plateau while I labored hard to reach a place I had been before on a breakfast hike. I was bothered by the heat again. In the fall of 1988, I went back by myself and made it to the top. It is a most interesting route, weaving back and forth on ledges near the top to reach breaks that let one go to a higher level. My congratulations go to the Indian who discovered that this route is possible.

END OF HIKING LOGS