

the crack again, pulled up the other half of my pack, and put the two parts together. There I found what looked like an old trail that ran southward. I followed this till dark and then slept on the trail. As soon as it was light the next morning I started again, and before long I reached a place where the trail went up through the Kaibab and came out on top of the Thumb. Since my map showed three indications of springs or water holes on the Thumb I spent the day going to each of them, but found them all completely dry.

After three days of rehydrating myself at Supai I borrowed an empty five-gallon honey can and again dropped down from the end of the Thumb and walked east and south, intending to pick up the rest of my pack and climb out at the same place as before. Probably remembrances of the thirst of the previous week affected me, for the water disappeared fast. After rounding Stanton Point I saw another place where I could make it out through the Coconino, so climbed back up onto the Thumb and walked to the main road at the time when I knew Foster Marshall would be making his regular mail trip.

After another two years I went back to the place where I had come out onto the Thumb after my days without water, planning to follow the old trail back and go down the crack in the Toroweap to see what remained of the stuff I had left. It was June, the sun was extremely hot. To my surprise many parts of the trail that I had followed with such ease were now greatly eroded and the going was very difficult. After a time I found it to be only a few inches wide and right at the edge of the Toroweap where a fall would be fatal. Deciding that it would be foolhardy to continue, I retraced my steps.

If you should happen to hear of anyone who is going into that area I wish you would ask him to look at the trees and see whether he might find any remains of the small knapsack that I hung there. I would be interested to know of its present condition and to get from it anything that might still be worth keeping.

If I remember correctly you spoke of a trail from the east side of the Thumb clear down to the bottom of the Canyon. Would you be able to mark its approximate location on the part of the map that I am enclosing? I believe you also said there are three springs in Fossil Bay. If you could mark their approximate location I would be greatly interested.

I wish we could take advantage of your invitation to go with you on your boat, but I feel obligated to complete the writing of several books. Most of the research has been done but the tedious work of expressing the thoughts in words is still ahead of me, so I must probably stay close to home until they are finished, taking only as much time for walking as is necessary to keep my nerves in good condition for the task.

My wife's Bible classes have raised money to enable her to go to Israel in January for three weeks of study, and then to end the trip with three days in Greece. If it were not for the literary tasks to which I have set my hand I would accompany her. We are both disappointed that I cannot spare the time.

Thank you again for visiting us. It was a real treat to get to know both of you.

After you left I thought of many questions I would like to have asked you. I would very much like to have heard more details about your Canyon trips and also about Clubb's experiences.

Please give my regards to Doc Marston when you write, and give our greetings to your wife.

Cordially yours,