was only a few hundred feet to the top, and it was a fairly steep slope, but not too difficult, and I made my way up to the top, and there I was on the top of a region called the thank "Thumb." It projects about ten miles out into the canyon. So I and up higher out of the great heat And the I looked at my map and said, "Where can I find a spring?". /The map showed over here in a little green circle that indicated a spring. And I walked about an hour and a half over to the place; I crossed a couple of bridges, and I got to the place, and I found that instead of a spring that it was a dike that the Indians had put across a little draw there to hold back the rain. But there had been no rain. So it was absolutely dry. When you find in this Map that there is a spring somewhere you can trust it. It is there. But in a human map there may be failure. I went on farther to another lut spring indicated over here farther. I walked for a couple of hours over a couple of bridges, came to this place. Again 422

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Then there was a little larger one over a bit farther; it took me about three hours to go to. I walked over to that, and that again was a my dike (1), and absolutely dry. But I felt pretty disconsolate then. I lay down and rested for a while, and then it got dark and the moon came out. I walked under the moon, got up to the top of the "Thumb", and by moonlight followed it back out, and I knew there was a place called "Hilltop" where every Tuesday and Friday an Indian comes rest from the Grand Canyon village 35 miles ink in his truck; and he comes to "Hilltop", and there he meets people who come up from another canyon, Cataract Canyon, from the little village of Havasu Pines, the Havasu Pines (?) Indians. And the two meet up here. They come up on horseback to meet him. They exchange mail and provisions, and then each goes back their separate ways. So I thought, "There I'll meet a sdozen Indians; everyone will have a canteen; everyone will give me a swig, and