

But I got up here and here was this 20 ft. sheer cliff! And a little open space about as big as this platform here. Both sides of the cliff came right to the edge of the red wall. So I looked around and hunted and saw a place I thought I could climb the 20 feet. Then it got dark. It was night. The next morning I came to the ~~xxx~~ place where there was a sort of cleft, I thought I could wedge my way up. I started up it and without my pack I managed to get my arms and ~~xxx~~ feet into it and up on to the top of it. Then I had to go back again to get my pack. I took my pack and divided it into two parts, and put half of it on a rope and I pulled the half up (after I'd climbed up) and went down and got the other half just as the sun came over the side. So I got over into the shade again. By this time I was beginning to get rather well dehydrated. My glasses got dirty and I found I could not clean them. My mouth was absolutely dry. I took a little sugar, I had a little food, I put the sugar in my mouth. It tasted exactly like sand. I had no sliva whatever. I could not ~~w~~ swallow it. I had to reach my fingers ~~xxx~~ in and scarpe it == scrape it off the side of my mouth and throw it out. I took some cactus -- there was water in the cactus I thought . . . (?) . . . but all I succeeded was getting a couple of stuck into the side of my lips. So that did not work.

Well, I lay there through the day and then when the sun went down I went back and managed to climb up through that little place where you ~~xxx~~ could put your feet in and your hands and get up to the top of this, and then I found it was only a few hundred feet to the top and it was a very steep slope, but not too difficult, and I made my way up to the top. There I was on top of a ridge called the Tumb that projects about 10 miles out into the Canyon. So I got up higher out of the great heat. I looked at my map, and said where can I find a spring. And the map showed over here a little green circle that indicates a spring. I walked about an hour and a half over to the place. Crossed several of bridges (ridges) and I got to the place and I found that instead of a spring that it was a dyke(?) the Indians had put across a little draw there to hold back the rain. But there had been no rain. It was absolutely dry.

When You find in this Map(Bible) that there is a spring somewhere, you can trust it. It is there! But in a human map there may be failures. I went on to another ? over here, I walked for a couple of hours, crossed a couple of ridges, and this place again had no water.

Then there was a little larger one over a bit further. It took me about 3 hrs. to go to and I walked over to that and that again was a dyke(?) and absolutely dry. I felt pretty disconsolate then. I lay down and rested for a while. Then it got dark, and the moon came out. I walked up and got to the top of the and by moonlight followed it back out. I knew there was a place called Hilltop. Where every Tues. and Friday, and Indian comes riding from the Grand Canyon Village, 35 miles. He comes to Hilltop and meets people who come up from another canyon from the little village of Havasupine(?). The two meet up here. They come up on horseback and meet him, and they exchange mail, provisions, etc., and then each goes back their several ways. So I thought there I'll meet a dozen Indians. Everyone will have a canteen, and I'll be all right. I got to the place at 11 o'clock(noon). It was moist and hot. I waited over an hour. It was the worst hour of the whole time.