

Rather peculiar but up to this point have not seen any lizards or birds since 4:05 P.M. Continuing along this bank enjoying the varied views about, the one side without an apparent bottom while to the east the country is hoodoo fashioned in bold relief.

5:10 P.M. Crossing second canyon. Here the white & red capped figures lend a ghostly expression to the panoramic picture beyond. When we first approached this canyon head the Canyon Wren began to call and continued until we had descended, crossed & climbed out on the other side. It held several small insects in mouth and probably had young hidden somewhere in the intricate maze of canyons and gulches. When 300' up south side of this canyon it began to sing its descending rhapsody as if more than happy that we had passed beyond its territorial limits. Two Eutamias were seen while crossing. To the east lies a stretch of country highly dissected by a network of canyon beyond which is seen a prominent land guide of brownish colored cliffs, isolated and elevated above surrounding country.

5:20 P.M. Canyon 80% of tree growth, juniper 20% with sereno berry and mohogany second in dominance.

5:25 P.M. Fish like concretions in Toddlers. Psaltriparus m. plumbeus feeding in tree tops.

5:30 Three young Eutamias, jack rabbit tracks and a Psaltriparus m. plumbeus.

5:45 Psaltriparus m. plumbeus feeding along in tops of junipers & Pinyons.

6:05 Arrived at S.W. point looking straight down into Grand Wash. Here the wingate still acts as a barrier and the canyons entering it from the north side drainage all end abruptly at the edge of a sheer cliff. Two white throated Swifts and one Say's Phoebe were seen at this point.

6:30 P.M. Arrived at bridge with very few lights left for pictures even of the distant pinnacles to the south & east. Eutamias at bridge. The bridge is located on the west side of ar. notch, south trending gulch and found at top of gulch wall in the upper wingate formation. At this point my faithful watch took on a critical case of heart failure which proved fatal, so after respect due to this mechanism closed the wingate and started homeward. (back.)

The return trip proved uneventful except when travelling in darkness over country that seemed treacherous and impassible even in daylight. When arriving at camp at 9:45 found that Clarence Chestnut had already figured it out that it would take a keen engineering ability to make a reentrance into Cahab Canyon after dark and fully appreciating our total lack of such qualities merely assumed that we were lost and had planned on staying out that night. The more I reflect upon this trip the more I feel Clarence was closer to the probable thing that could have happened than we were to getting back to camp that night. He seemed to be pretty well acquainted with the impossibilities of this country and I no longer wonder why he had no intentions of sending out a searching party when we failed to arrive on time. The thing that appeared so uninteresting to me on this trip was the decided lack of both reptile and bird forms on the upper barren mesa. Possibly the