

Exploring Southern Utah, 1872

The Diary of William Derby Johnson, Jr.

compiled and edited by
Great-granddaughter Sherri Haver

Preface

William Derby Johnson, Jr., was born May 2, 1850, in Council Bluffs, Iowa to William Derby Johnson and Jane Cadwallader Brown. When William was 13 they crossed the plains to settle in Utah. During the trip, William was run over by a wagon but escaped permanent injury.

William received a 'diploma' from Deseret University (later University of Utah) in 1868 in Bookkeeping. He was asked to remain at the University and become a part of the faculty. In 1869 he married Lucy A. Salisbury in Salt Lake City. He left the University in 1870 and began bookkeeping for ZCMI at \$125 a month. In 1871, William moved his family to Johnson, Utah, several miles north of Kanab.

In 1872 William was introduced to Major Powell and his company. He was invited to go with them that spring on their second trip down the Colorado River. The salary would be of great help to his new family. Until they left for the river, he worked with members of the party on the Arizona Strip surveying the area and classifying plants.

The Temple of Music referred to in the latter part of the journal record is now 300+ feet under Lake Powell, behind Glen Canyon Dam. William left the river party at Lee's Ferry because of concern for his wife's health and the danger of the rapids. He returned to Kanab, Utah, to live with his family and friends. During the rest of his life he continued to study and use the geology and botany knowledge learned on the trip. William also used the surveying skills he learned to facilitate many jobs throughout his life.

From Kanab, he moved his family to colonize Colonia Diaz, Mexico, located below Demming, New Mexico. This was one of three colonies established in the area. They lived in Mexico for 27 years, where my (Sherri Haver) grandmother was born. During the time in Mexico, William lost his oldest son to rabies.

While he Mexico, he became involved in an attempt to build a cross-country railroad through Mexico. This was the second attempt to survey and build the Trans-Mexico Railway across northern Mexico. Due to various problems, the railroad was not completed until late 1960's-70's. My grandmother remembered the excitement of going with her father on one of the many trips he took to Mexico City to talk to the authorities.

In July 1912, the colonists were forced to leave their homes and flee ahead of Pancho Villa. Other than what

little they could put on 1 wagon, enough for 8 children and mother, everything else was left. Pancho Villa's men destroyed everything they did not take. Nothing was salvageable by the colonists who returned later to survey the town.

William Derby Johnson, Jr., died in Tucson, Arizona, on Oct. 27, 1923. During his life he kept a detailed diary of his activities and thoughts. Following are some of the diary entries from the period of Major Powell's exploration of the Colorado River.

Diary Entries

1869 Nov 29. Pres't Wells married Lucy A. Salisbury and I. Went to live with her mother.

1870. During January and February we managed to save enough to buy us three chairs and a bedstead. I made at odd times a cupboard table and other things and painted them. In March rented a room of Thomas Heath at \$4 per mo.

Left Salt Lake City the 9th of November after traveling through snow, storm and many trials we arrived the 9th day of December at Washington Southern Utah.

1871 March 18 ...started for Kanab arrived there March 22nd and to the place called Johnson on the 23rd of March at noon.

Major Powells Party came to Kanab in November four of them here now. The remaining of the party are at House rock some sixty miles from here. They have just come from crossing at Lee's Ferry. Having come down the Colorado River from Green River City.

[Major Powell's Party]

John F. Stewart—Geologist

S.V. Jones—Topographer

A.H. Thompson—Brother-in-law, Ass't to Powell, Also referred to as Prof.

Capt. Bishop—Military title

Clem Powell—Brother of Major Powell

Fred Dellambough—Photographer and author of trips, published book

James Fennimore—Photographer

Capt. Dodds—Military title

Jack—John Stewart??—Gopher?

George?—Gopher?

[Locations]

Dirty Devil River—Fremont River today
Mouth of the Pahreh—Location of Lee's Ferry

1872 Jan 6 Saturday The wind blew very cold this morning....went down to the majors camp. Mr. Clem Powell took our pictures outdoors. The Major asked me if I was going with them in the spring I want to go but the folks don't want me to.

Jan 21 Sunday In the evening I went to Major Powell's lecture, the subject was his trip to the Colorado River.

Feb 1. Thursday Mr. Thompson offered me \$35 a month to go down the river with them. Have not made up my mind what to do yet.

Feb 12 Monday I have concluded to go the river if they will give me \$45.

Feb 16 Friday Got a cow today she is rather old but I hope a good one. Paid \$35 for my cow.

Feb 20 Tuesday Feel rather discouraged as my cow is not as good as I hoped she would be.

Feb 24 Saturday Have been up to work on my lot today fixing fence. My cow don't seem to be much account.

Feb 26 Monday Hired to A.H. Thompson at \$45 per month.

(From the period of March 10 to April 18 William was part of the Powell party surveying and exploring much of the country north of the Grand Canyon (now called the Arizona Strip). He returned home on April 20 to spend some time with his wife and family for several days before leaving with the Powell party to explore the Colorado River above Lee's Ferry (much of the area described is now under Lake Powell)

April 23 Tuesday I was going to leave this morning but Lucy wants me to stay another day so I think I will. I would not leave home if it were not to get a sewing machine and some other things to make us comfortable. Although Lucy says she would rather go without them and have me stay at home. We went horseback riding this evening.

(Returned to Kanab to meet rest of party. Next several days spent mapping)

May 2 Thursday This is my birthday I am twenty-two years old, how I would like to be at home to spend the day....

(The next few weeks were spent mapping the area around Pipe Springs and getting ready for the Colorado River trip)

Exploring the Colorado River

May 31 Friday Started in NE directions from Lees on a train, had a Piute guide with us, started for Potato Valley. Traveled over gulches and ridges for 12 miles then came to a nice little valley, filled with green grass, and a large clump of willows, in which we found water. Out of this valley we went over a large flat ridge 5 miles, came to what we called Swallow Park a valley about 10 miles long by 3/4 of a mile wide, filled with as fine grass as I ever saw in this country. In this valley we found a lake 250 yds in diameter being nearly round. In this valley we found a number of swallows. The hills here are low only 75 ft high sloping nicely down into the Park, these hills are covered with pine and cedar. Little valleys branch off to the East which

are full of grass 1 1/2 ft. high looking like fields of grain, it is the most pleasing looking place I have seen since this side of the Missouri river. In Swallow Park we camped under a large cedar tree large enough for us all to get under cover. Near it was a nice cold spring 3 ft. in diameter 5 ft. deep we had a nice time hunting duck in the lake and killed enough for breakfast. The water in the lake is about 30 ft. deep and full of fish of the kind chubs below the lake about 4 or 5 miles is another valley nearly as beautiful where the walls are high and it is well watered and full of grass. Swallow Park heads in what is called the pink cliffs, these cliffs are very high and thickly covered with Norway Pine these cliffs are of a bright pink color they contrast greatly with the green valley beneath.

June 1 Saturday Started early traveled in NE direction for 7 miles from Swallow Park over low hills and valleys, filled with wild hay and bunch grass then we went down and up over a very rough country composed of sand and limestone, also a great deal of gypsum. Our Indian guide seemed to be lost about noon until Capt. Dodds happened to run on his old trail, then we soon found the way. Crossed over Buffalo Berry Creek about 8 miles from the divide. Two miles from this we came down a steep ledge of rocks, where young Elijah Everett was killed by two Piute Indians (out of revenge) there was 6 other boys with him when he was shot but they ran, as they did not know how many Indians there were ambushed, they belonged to an exploring party from St. George, they came out to explore Potato Valley and the head water of the Sevier River, 2 miles from this place came to clear creek in a little valley the country is filled with gypsum. Three miles farther we came to the Pahreah River and camped for the night grass very thick, had to burn off a place to cook our supper had quite a time putting it out. Clouds Cumuli, no wind, Fred, Jack and myself washed in the creek.

June 2 Sunday We started this morning in a Northerly direction, it does not seem much like Sunday to me. Went up the East forks of the Pahreah 18 miles, some very curious and pictorous scenery up the river, where we found a little valley filled with grass and water, also pine and hemlocke trees in abundance, cloudy looks like a storm Cumuli Nimbus we found about three miles from our camp a bottle, and pieces of a California shirt and blanket partly buried in the creek the bottle was one of Jarynes Preparation from Paiche. It looks rather suspicious, Jack forgot his shot and powder until we got 9 miles from camp and had to go back after it. The divide between Pahreah and Potato Valley is composed of huge hills of clay stone and slate very steep and sharp, it looks like so many hogs backs only more sharp, just as we started up the divide it commenced raining, the packs nearly all came loose and we had quite a time fixing them in the rain. The divide was 1,500 ft high, and the trail very narrow if we should slip we would go down 1,000 ft. the day became sticky and we got wet though. When we got to the top of the divide there was the prettiest sights I ever saw (it was the head of Potato Valley) it was a little valley surrounded by low hills and these covered with large pine

trees. The valley was full of meadow grass. On the North side loomed up a table Mt. one of the finest mountains I ever saw. It is composed of arenaceous rock of a bright pink color and capped on the top with a stratus of pure white sandstone, and this is covered with fine timber, 1 1/2 miles down the valley we made our camp under a grove of large pine trees, near a nice cool spring. Looks like rain cloudy and dark. Jack came a little before dark.

June 3, Monday This morning drizzling and misty. Our Indian sick and wants to go home. Prof. gave him a blanket and some flour away he went. About 10 oclock stopped raining and we got our horses and started. Went down the valley 6 miles when it commenced to canon in. We traveled 6 miles further and camped because we could not cross a fork of the creek it was so deep it commenced raining again about dark.

June 4 Tuesday Raining hard, Prof. sick. I found some fossils here, in the sandstone proved to be ostrea belonging to the cretaceous period. I shot a muskrat in the afternoon. I cleaned my pistol. We did not move camp on account of the rain.

June 5 Wednesday Started early crossed the creek and went down the canon or valley 10 miles and camped for noon. Here is the foot of Potato Valley where the creek canons in. Grass good, nice spring plenty of good land and water. Mr. Fennimore got hurt today but not serious. Climbed the canon walls to ascertain what period the rocks belong to also looking for fossils. The creek cuts through an immense fold here. Fred, George, Capt. and Prof. gone to look for trail. Jack and Fennimore taking pictures I found two new flowers.

June 6 Thursday Prof. and Capt. found water about 8 or 10 miles from here for a camp. Started for there about 8 oclock. Found three new flowers going over there. The country is composed of a grand fold. South of Potato valley a distance of 1 mile is a large valley 15 miles long by 3 to 5 wide and good land. Could take the water from Potato Valley to water it. Arrived at Pool Canon about one oclock. This canon is full of pools of water in the solid rock. After dinner Fred and I went down to the canon walls of the river of P. Valley the ramble was full of interest could see nothing for miles on top of the cliffs but bare rounded monuments of white sandstone. Found pools of water on top of the mountain. Found Jack and Fennimore taking pictures. In the gulch looking down was one of the grandest sights I ever saw it was wide at the top and sloped down to the bottom about 3 feet wide and 2,000 ft. deep running down to the river. We saw some lakes small ones Clem took our pictures while standing on the cliff above. Jack and Fennimore also took them standing at the gulch looking down. Had a wash all over in a large pool of water in the solid rock.

June 7 Friday Prof. and Capt. went yesterday to find a way out to the mouth of the Dirty Devil river. By looking and calculating they found out that we are not on the Dirty Devil as supposed but some other river. We went back to camp in Potato Valley. Prof., Capt., George and Clem went up the gulch to take more pictures. We got to camp

1/2 1 oclock, after dinner Fred and I went up the left fork of the creek. I killed a small duck. Found a new flower. Got back to camp sun one hour high. Prof. and Capt. at camp. Prof. told me Jones, and George and Clem were going to Kanab in the morning for provisions and we would go North and East and try to find the mouth of the Dirty Devil River. I wrote a long letter to my dear wife and boy how I would like to see them God bless them both.

June 8 Saturday Up early finished my letter and fixed my flowers for Jones to take home with him. Clem cashed his photographing and we cashed a large theodolite. Jones took with him 7 horses and left 16 for us. We started at 10 oclock north up the creek for 10 miles over sand and rocks through cedars. Then we went up the west fork which was dry for 5 miles up the bed of the creek. Over rough rocks. Then we stopped for Capt. and Prof. to go up the mt. and see where to go. They were gone 3/4 of an hour and came back. we went up the mt. over rough rocks of basalt and lava for 1 1/2 miles down into a little valley which had a nice clear stream of cool water in it and plenty of grass and large high pine trees here we camped for the night. Oh it is a nice place to camp, still I feel lonesome and homesick.

June 9 Sunday Started about 8 oclock it does not seem like Sunday. I got three new flowers at this place. There is plenty of wood, grass and water here. Crossed this creek went about 1/2 mile then crossed a larger one, then we followed up a little valley (north) and crossed a little branch of Birch Creek, a large stream. Went up the divide on to Lake Mountain. Then down the other side. In a canon with a large creek; then up a side canon, and up a large stream of clear cold water (Cascade Creek) after we crossed this we crossed another of smaller dimensions. We have passed through a great deal of fine timber coming down Rush Creek Canon, came to a divide between the two canons. Went down into the canon passed through a large grove of aspen and pine. Up the east slope was a nice creek and a good deal of bare ground fit for cultivation. Good black soil and any amount of water to irrigate with, also timber. On top of the divide we found a large lake nearly round about 3/4 of a mile in diameter and 3 miles around. Plenty of duck. Fred and I went fishing, nice place to ranch here.

June 10 Monday Fennimore sick this morning and found his revolver he had lost. Started at 8 oclock in the south direction for 3/4 of a mile. Then crossed the Aspen Creek and up a fine little valley full of grass and scattered aspen trees. We crossed three little grass valley in succession full of grass then we came to a lake with a little water in it with about 50 acres of land and hemmed in by a thick grove of aspen trees. 1/2 mile further we crossed another little valley surrounded by aspen and pine. We then came to a divide which we descended into, then up a small hill and crossed another creek went about 3/5 of a mile and camped in a grove of pine and aspen near a nice little riverlette of cold water. This country is all full of grass and timber. Fred, Jack and I want to find and photograph some lakes Capt. saw from the divide. Took a mule. We

found them and took 2 good views. I found a lily today. Found four lakes the large one we called Hidden Lake. From this place we are 10,500 ft. above the sea and a fine view we have of the country.

June 11 Tuesday Could not find the horses until late. Cross the little creek at our camp. Then went east 1 1/2 miles and came to what I called Cataract Creek a large one and clear cold and beautiful. Then went another half mile and crossed a large creek, this we called Cascade Creek. Followed NE up this creek for 1 1/2 miles and 2 miles distant saw a large waterfall, being the head of Cascade Creek. Which came off the top of the mt. and fell 1,000 ft. first fall 200 ft. without touching rock. Then it bounded down over steep rocks for 800 ft. more, it was a fine site. Think the creek heads in a large lake in the top of the mountain. There is a large cave under the fall. These two last mentioned creeks form what we called the Big Boulder. The stream is nearly as large as the Jordan River. It runs through a large valley of 8 or 10 miles long by 2 or 3 wide full of grass and good soil it was nice traveling on sloping hills. We camped in a large grove of pine and aspen. Near a cold creek got dinner then went 7 miles and camped at the Mosquito Spring. Having crossed nine creeks and traveled 18 miles. From here we can see the Dirty Devil Mts. we are now 10,000 ft. above the sea. We are going today and tomorrow and look around for a trail.

June 12 Wednesday Our camp proved to be a fair one with the exception of the mosquitos. Which bothered us a good deal. Capt. and Prof. went NE to find a trail. Fred and I took the SE direction from a canon and over hills (sand-rock). We came again into that fold we left in Potato Valley. We found an old trail with fresh Indian signs on it seemed to be three or four horses and colt and three or four lodges of Indians following the trail. We followed about 6 miles and turned back. Prof. and Capt found the same trail. Commenced raining about 2 oclock we fixed up a shelter and got out of the rain. Fixed our camp comfortable for the night. The country here is covered with Trachyte. Found 3 new flowers today. I would like to be at home with Lucy and our boy tonight.

June 13 Thursday It rained a little last night started early on the trail in the east direction toward the Dirty Devil Mts. After going 8 miles past 2 pools of water in the solid rock. 2 miles farther found a fine little valley about 1/4 of a mile wide by 2 miles long and it was full of Indian signs. We lost the trail for awhile. Then Capt. found it traveling over sandstone gulches and hills through thick cedars not very pleasant for the pack train. After going 6 miles farther came to the descent of 1,000 ft. over and down the bare sand rock. Half way down came to a pool of water. The horses got all they wanted. Here we came into what I called Pleasant Valley composed of red sandy soil very rich there being plenty of gypsum in it. It was 2 miles wide by 6 or 8 long and all of it covered with wild oat and grass it looks like a field of grain. We camped at a large creek for the night and took a bath. Saw smoke down the creek about 3 miles think it must be the Indians we are following.

June 14 Friday At 8 oclock went down the creek 3 miles came to the Indian camp. They all run but one. They were so frightened. He came to meet us trembling. We went up to his wickiup and smoked with him. Gave him some bread and talked with him until 2 squaws came back and 2 more Indians. We concluded to stay here all day and get all the information we could concerning the trail. Traded with them for two buckskins.

June 15 Saturday Started from camp early. We camped near the Indians last night. Traveled over the trail 7 miles over gulches sandstone and through a cut in the fold found some fossils near the creek they were Ostra and Graphic belonging to the Cratice. When we got through the cut lost the trail hunted for it went up the main canon but could not find it. Went back and camped for noon at the creek. We then went up the left hand gulch. Until we got to the end of it. Came back and hunted for the trail again. We went up the main canon for 5 or 6 miles came to an alkali spring and went 1 1/2 miles farther and camped for the night, in one of the forks of the canon. We found a canteen we think we are on the trail. Made a dry camp.

June 16 Sunday Went up the canon and found we could not get out. Got some water for the horses filled the canteens then went back 5 miles hunted up all the gulches and was disappointed. Feel dubious about the Dirty Devil trip. Came back to our camp and camped again. We all hunted for a place to get out Prof. found one. Fred found a pool of water. We got up the cliff by making a little dugway I strained my back. Got to the top of the cliff then went North 3 miles to pools camped there at dark.

June 17 Monday I feel rather sick this morning my back pained me considerable last night. Had quite a time watering the horses started again traveled over timber and rough country then down into a canon crossed two gulches then we came to the D.D. Mts. The wind blew very hard found an old trail followed it a ways came to a small creek coming down from the mountain went one mile then up the hill 2,000 ft. to a fine grove and a nice creek. Here we camped for the night the wind blew and it was very cold my back sore and lame.

June 18 Tuesday Prof., Capt. and Jack climbed the second mountain. Fred and I the first to take the angles and sketch. After going 7 miles we got to the first peak at one oclock 13,000 ft. above the sea it snowed quite hard for an hour. Very cold thermometer 30 degrees did not go to the top to far and were to hungry and cold. Took a sketch and took angles. Going back to camp I fell and hurt my back again. It hurt me very much going back. Had a hard time getting home, Fred helped me. Got to camp tired out and hungry. Thinking of home and the dear ones there.

June 19 Wednesday Fred sick from eating cold beans. My back feels better. We took a northerly course for 2 mile then east 2 mile over cedar, ridges and gulches for 10 miles. Into a creek called Trachyte creek and camped at one oclock. We came to an Aspen grove on the mountain containing the finest poles I ever saw; they were 70 feet long and as large as my leg. A nice creek flowed through it

called Bare Park. Fennimore and I went down the creek found some sulphur springs, fossils, flowers, soda and Nitre in salt. Got back at 6 o'clock. Prof. and Capt. climbed out and found an old trail fossils prove to be coral.

June 20 Thursday Started this morning up the hill then took an east direction for 2 miles found an old trail followed for 1 mile lost it then found it again after a time, then it took a SE direction down the creek for 4 miles. Lost it then found it. Went 6 miles in SE down to a gulch on to Trachyte Creek and camped for the night. Prof. and Capt. climbed out and found that this was not the creek it must be farther to the east. All had a bath in the creek sandrock and warm.

June 21 Friday Prof. and Capt. started early to find the creek and a way to get to it. We packed and got ready by 9 o'clock and waited til noon for them. At last Capt. came and we went down the creek 1/2 mile then east over sandstone 3 miles. Came to the gulch and took a circle of 5 miles to get one. Found a way down the bare rock by winding around got 1/2 way down and stopped 2 hours. Prof. and Capt. trying to find a place found one at 5 o'clock and such a place it was got down into a side gulch and camped 1 mile below in a grove of cottonwood trees. A fine camp got our water from the pockets.

June 22 Saturday We traveled through cane and willows for 3 miles into the main canon then down it for 8 miles then came to the river Colorado. Prof. horse got into the river had a hard time getting out. Ate dinner then went up the river to the foot of the cliffs and found the boat. Corked her and came back to the camp by water. Drew the boat out onto the land. Prof. is going back tomorrow. I wrote to Lucy tonight.

June 23 Sunday Finished writing this morning to Lucy and father. Fred is plotting the trail. I helped Jack cork the boat a good part of the day. It is very warm and sultry Prof. wants me to keep geological notes going down the river. I am afraid I cannot do so to satisfy myself and him. I trust the Lord will give me intelligence to enable me to do so correctly. I feel very homesick today. We finished the boat in the afternoon I went fishing caught me one and lost it again. Fred got his plot done Prof. started about 6 o'clock I did not have time to finish father's letter. Feel more homesick than ever.

June 24 Monday Jack and Fred got breakfast I went fishing and caught three. Fennimore worked around this morning put the first coat of paint on the boat, in the afternoon, the second; then came up a terrible wind and rainstorm. Came near blowing some of our things into the river it lasted about 10 minutes. I washed my shirt and garment and got them clean I guess. I found a singular looking insect which I caught and put into a bark box. Fred gave us a big scare last night got up in sleep and yelled woke us all up. Looks cloudy tonight.

June 25 Tuesday This morning feel rather wet and miserable. It rained very hard last night wet us completely through I went and helped Fennimore and Jack make 4 negatives before dinner. Then we went again and made 3 more, cloudy again. We've got fixed just in time for a

storm rained very hard for a short time also blew. Across the river during the storm we saw little cateracts formed from the rain which looked very beautiful coming down from the cliffs above cleared off in a short time was finished. We then finished the boat. Fred painted two stars on the bow and a red strip around the boat. We are all ready to start in the morning. Pray the Lord to bless the dear ones.

June 26 Wednesday We got the boat in the water, she does not leak much we packed her. And about ten o'clock we pushed off for the Pahreah. I asked the Lord to bless us and take us safely through. Floated down 4 1/2 miles and came to a creek about 2 rods wide at the mouth on the left hand side. 1/4 mile below we camped to photograph old ruins (Shinomo) on the cliffs near the creek. Camped here for the day. Found a few arrow points. River 1/2 mile wide here caught one fish. Weather warm some clouds no rain. Passed through high cliffs. Behind us are a low line of cliffs along the river. The canon 2 mile wide. Made 4 views 2 of the ruins of the cliff one looking up another looking down the river and followed the cliffs past camp and I think crossed below Trachyte Creek.

June 27 Thursday Fred gave us another scare last night got up in his sleep and hollered 2 or 3 times. We got started at 9 o'clock about 1/2 mile and stopped at Trachyte Creek found the mouth 3 rods wide also canon wide. Found horse and ox signs abundant all over the bottom land. Also found some more ruins, on a low point at the mouth of the Trachyte Creek. Went about 1/2 mile came to a little rapid and an island. We came near getting aground went on past a gulch from the right bank Then farther 5 miles to the Shinimo Butte. Then around a small island and came into sight of some old ruins on the Shinimo Creek and camped for the day having come nine miles took some pictures of ruins and diagramed it was 51 ft. long by 21 wide divided into 2 rooms one 33 by 21 the other 21 by 18 then joining on the east and running south is another 2 room building 32 ft. long by 15 ft. wide on 15 by 15 the other 17 by 15. Then between the angles are buildings is an old (supposed) kiva or temple an underground building which has fallen in through decay. Found a trail coming down Trachyte Creek and crossed the river. To connect with the one we saw across the river. Saw plenty of horse and cattle tracks. We supposed the Indians Navahos come this way with their cattle and horses they steal from the settlements.

June 28 Friday Very cloudy last night we put up the tent but it did not rain had a good nights rest. Started out at 9 this morning. Went 2 1/2 miles then came to a small rapid large waves at the foot quite pleasant. Got through all right landed just below at a little creek coming from the 4th mountain stopped to take pictures. Found we had left them at the last camp had to make new ones. Fred and I went up the creek 3 miles. And climbed out within 50 feet of the top and could no farther came back and found two new flowers. Saw what we supposed is 4th mts. Found traces of an old trail saw plenty of horse signs we supposed they are 10 to 18 years old. Crossed the river and

Fennimore went back over the cliffs for his dark tent, legs and Clamersdett. We camped near a gulch coming in from the NE. river here 1/2 mile wide came only 3 miles today. Fennimore got back with his things allright. Oh Lord I am thankful for the blessing of today. Weather warm and sultry. Canon wide, walls about 600 feet to the first bench, then 400 feet to the top of the bright red sandstone.

June 29 Saturday Feel sick and miserable this morning eat breakfast and climbed out to see the 4th mountain found an old ruin a short distance from camp the room was small 10 by 10 ft. had a large rock for a roof. It had fallen on the walls and leveled them. I climbed nearly out and saw the 5th mountain plain, with Freds glasses. It was different from the others. The Strata laid up on the mountain on all sides, as if a circular opening had been made and the Trachyte had blown out. Sandstone 2/3 of the way up the mountain. The 4th mountain was split in a large gap made for the evacuation of the Trachyte. Made angles to ascertain the height went back started at 10 oclock went 4 miles, and stopped in Redbug Cave and got two views. Round Redbug here in pods got specimens. Jack saw some deer shot at them. Went 2 1/2 miles farther down then camped near a gulch coming in from the right hand side, walls 1500 ft. Fine place nice creek here I would like to be home.

June 30 Sunday Fair with exception of a gale blowing in from the south Sunday in the wilderness has no charms for me. I would like to be home with the loved ones this morning. Camped in a nice grassy grove just below is a nice creek coming in through the cliff from the mountains. About 10 we went 2 1/2 miles to a pool and stopped for pictures. The wind blew so we could hardly run. At camp no. 6 we did not find much wood. Some mosquitos wind blew so we laid by the rest of the day. All left camp and wandered around but me. I staid and read and got dinner for the boys. They found pockets of water also took some pictures. Walls 100 feet high. Cloudy looks somewhat like rain. There is a gulch with a stream running out of it here a fine place to fish we caught some 1 1/2 feet long. I am so lonely I do wish I were home with my dear wife and boy.

July 1 Monday Up this morning rather late took a glass with me and climbed out 1,000 ft. above the river took a view of the fifth mountain and a sketch of the country. Found some moss and lots of pockets of clear fine water. For miles you can see nothing but bare sandrock in large and small mounds. A fine view from here of the river beneath and a small island below some two miles. Oh it is fine indeed. I went from 4 to 6 miles prospecting. Found two flowers found a very curious insect it was shaped some like a pollywog. It had a shield on its back of hard texture and a tail pointed at the end two long hairs as bristles and with two feet with pincers in front and 39 ft. and legs on each side of the body which they kept in motion all the time. They go to the water very swiftly and easily also very voracious. The young seem to be encased in this hard covering not unlike a clam shell. Another

insect 1 1/2 inc. long with large black eyes. Found a large water pocket 60 ft. in diameter almost round about 20 ft. deep clear and cold. On my way back to camp came to a wall more than vertical having a stand 5 to 6 degrees under and 1,000 ft. to the bottom of the gulch in this gulch saw a large and clear pocket of water. Saw the boys coming up the gulch and called to them voices echo so that it is hard to distinguish sounds. Returned to camp ate my dinner and joined the boys in the gulch they were busy taking views the head of this gulch was beautiful indeed. Fern and moss of any amount and cold clear water and sandy nooks. We named this clear pocket gulch returned to camp went 1/2 mile came to a large gulch on the left was a creek 1 mile farther passed Heart Island 1/2 mile farther and camped near a spring in the willows. Ran two miles today camp #7.

July 2 Tuesday Up late this morning we were kept awake nearly all night with mosquitos. I found Hyroglyphics this morning on the vertical walls of the creek just below camp quite a creek. Fred staid at camp the rest of us went out photographing got five views during the fore noon. I am reading D. Fowler Photogalleries Guide find it interesting. Went up the gulch and found some Moquis ruins climbed up the tree and went up a ledge 75 ft. high a smooth surface nearly vertical. Then went 200 yds. over a smooth sandstone to a pocket of clear water about 40 by 60 ft, oblong plenty of water in it. 75 yds. above the pool to the left in a large cave stood the walls of a house. We found ourselves in a large room 20 by 80 ft. and high walls from 4 to 6 ft. high now after all that had fallen down. Also found an armful of wood looked like the last they had carried up to use some 300 years ago. Got a fine view of Heart Island at this place. Pulled out in the afternoon and ran two miles in right with a creek. And two large islands in the center of the river, one 1 mile long the other 1/2 the size also a gulch and creek on the left. 2 miles farther we passed 2 other islands, river with a creek on the left between the large and small islands ran 4 1/2 miles and camped below a gulch with creek on the right hand side of the river in a fine place plenty of grass and willow. Caught 1 fish Jack and I went and had a bath water cold weather fine.

July 3 Wednesday Had a good nights rest. Fennimore sick eat to much. Vomiting in the night. Started early to photograph the cave they found last night also the river. Fred and I went up the gulch 3/4 of a mile from the camp came to a pool of water and in looking to the left I saw a cave a wall built across the mouth of it with a square window or small door to enter. Went up over the smooth tan sandstone and came to a level ledge and found the aperture to be 2 by 3 ft. and easy to enter on hands and knees. Wall 8 ft. high put up with mortar and rock, fingerprints still in the mortar. It was in good state of preservation entered and found inside 8 by 10 high enough to stand if it was not for the rubbish the rats had carried in during the past centurys and years. Found corncoba in this place in good preservation. Some wood and flint for arrows. They had this for a store room no doubt. Where

the other house had stood all had gone to decay. So we could not tell nothing of the size or shape of the building. Returned to camp pulled out after dinner and run one mile and come to a rapid all at once. We commenced to go very fast then into the large waves away we go lighting speed. Past two gulches one on the left one the right. Ran 6 1/2 miles and camped for the night. Camp #9.

July 4 Thursday Just after sunrise Fred fired a salute of 8 shots and I 6 before getting up. Had breakfast of beans and coffee, no sugar. Lovely morning but we feel like we would rather be home. Fennimore and Jack went photographing, and I helped carry their things a little way. I returned to camp and read a few hours. Fred made a cake of sugar, flour and water, then a peach pie out of dried peaches without sugar there was none left. The boys came home to dinner and we ate it. Our camp was a fine one opposite a large bold cliff about 1,000 ft. vertical. After dinner we all went onto the hill and helped carry phototraps. The weather was very hot and sultry. After we got on the top of the mountain nearly 1,000 ft. above the camp. We came out onto a vertical cliff 800 ft. above the river. Saw from here the Dirty Devil Mts. quite plain also the large fold and a small portion of Lake Mt. NW from us. Across the river 7 or 8 miles lay one of the prettiest valley we have seen for some time. It being about 12 miles long by 5 or 6 miles wide and full of cottonwood timber as far as the eye could reach. East of us mile after mile there was sandrock out and worn into all kinds of shapes. Mostly mounds and small gulches. To the mouth from us lay Seneca Howland looking but a few miles distance but numerous sandrock between us also gulches. To the south lay a large fold it being so high that we could not see the painted cliffs. I caught some of the tortoise insects and put them in alcohol and ether. Found one new yellow flower. The day passed off quite pleasantly considering us so far from the dear ones at home. In the evening after supper we sat on the side of the boat and sang. God bless my wife and child. Camp #10.

July 5 Friday Had a good nights rest up early and started at 8 oclock. Ran 5 miles and stopped and took two pictures on the right side of the river. Then away for two miles and stopped for dinner. One mile and a half from camp passed an island quite large. Four miles from camp came to the first ledge of the under stratum of dark sandstone it caused quite a rapid and fall in the river; a fall of five feet. Just below the ledge on the left came to a gulch, also quite a canon with cottonwood trees. On below this came to another ledge, a rapid and fall also, 7 miles from camp a creek came in on the left quite large and wide from a side canon. The scenery today has been quite pleasant. We passed caves with springs and lots of ferns, mosses and other water plants. Also passed a large water pocket with cottonwood trees around it halfway up the cliff. 7 miles from camp I tried to take a picture of a small showerbath of the fall about 10 ft. and covered with ferns, moss and shrubbery. It would have been a very pleasant picture but on account of the wind blowing and disturbing the foliage I could not get it. After trying a number of times

in vain we returned to camp and as Fred had everything ready we pulled out about 4 oclock and went 2 1/2 miles and camped under a 30 ft. bank of sand, just above a large gulch coming in on the left hand side of the river. Cliffs here very high over a thousand feet perpendicular. In this gulch found a fine stream of water running and a little fall of water where it fell some 75 ft. and trickled down onto the moss and fern, nice clean water. Cleaning glass tonight my first lesson on the subject. Weather warm and sultry. I count the days when I can go home to see my loved ones there.

July 6 Saturday Nice and cool looks like a storm. Fennimore and Jack making pictures till 10 oclock. Then went down the river 2 miles and stopped at a gulch on the left hand side for more pictures. 1 1/2 miles from camp first struck the fold enter dark sandstone. At this gulch the river is narrow and deep, runs swift. After taking 3 or 4 views went on down on the river. Passed two little riffles. Then came to a 5 mile stretch of river due west walls high and river narrow and deep. 7 miles from camp passed a good sized gulch on the right. 1 mile farther camped for the night at the mouth of a gulch on the right hand side of the river. Under a high 30 ft. bank. Looks cloudy. On looking over our provisions find that we are running short of everything but flour and coffee. The wall here are high and perpendicular came 8 miles today. Oh I am hoping and praying for the days to pass quickly so I can get home. Camp #11.

July 7 Sunday Sunday again in the wilderness. Oh how I wish to be at home this morning, to have a good cleaning up and feel at rest. It is gloomy and dull here. Walls 1,500 ft. high. River runs narrow there was just enough room on the bank for our beds and cooking utensils. It did not rain as we thought it would. After Fennimore and Jack got through photographing about 10 oclock we pulled out. About 3 miles down passed a large rock in the middle of the river which caused quite a riffle. 4 miles down we stopped for some views; eat dinner then started again and went 1 mile and struck a large creek coming in from the right hand side stopped Fred and I went and examined it. It flowed about as much water as the Pahreah River still narrow. Started again and ran 3 miles. The walls on the right hand side after going one mile were low and composed entirely of dark sandrock. On the left hand side walls high and are light sandstone. Wall continued low on the right for 2 miles then became high. We camped for the night 1 mile above. A large gulch on the right side of the river. We camped on the left. Ran 8 miles today. All washed in the river. Camp #12.

July 8 Monday It did not rain started early this morning ran down 1/2 mile and stopped to take a picture of a gulch on the right and took several views. Found pieces of pottery and arrowheads but no ruins. Very warm, started again and ran 4 miles and came to the mouth of the San Juan River, a stream flowing 1/3 more water than the Virgin. Shallow stopped and took several views at the Junction. Wall on the left hand side low only 100 ft. high. On right hand side 800 ft. high. Went in bathing here. After

dinner ran 1 mile, passed a large gulch on the right. We could see a portion of the painted cliffs. We climbed out 1,000 ft. above the river and all the way over bare sand-rock. Hot and sultry and very hard climbing. Found we could not climb the painted cliffs and could not see the fold. Returned to camp tired and pulled out for the Temple of Music. Ran 1/2 mile and camped on the left bank of the river. Under a sand bank. Then went to see the music temple. Followed up a gulch for a 1/2 mile and camped in a large cave like place 250 to 300 ft. high and wide with a small opening at the top, at the farther end we found a large pool of clear cool water. Which had come down through the roof during a storm. At the entrance of the Temple there was three or four large cottonwood trees. On the inside we found on the walls ferns, mosses of all shapes and kinds. The echo in this place is fine. The slightest noise echoed back with a clear full echo. On the rocks we found the names of the Majors party that were here before. It was a beautiful place. Returned to camp and put up our tent as it looked cloudy. Camp #13.

July 9 Tuesday Rained some last night and has rained off and on all day. We layed around camp read and talked away as pleasant as possible, so homesick. During the storm it was nice to look at the large and small cateracts falling from the tops of the cliffs into the river. Some were 500 ft. some few 1,000 ft. and lost themselves in spray before reaching the ground or river. Did not go away from camp today. I caught a fish tonight 1 1/2 ft. long. Almost out of provisions except flour. Camp #14.

July 10 Wednesday Still raining. I commenced to write to the Deseret News. It stopped raining about 3 oclock and became clear. During the later part of the storm it rained very hard and we saw many fine falls. Fennimore, Jack and I went into the Temple and took 2 views this afternoon. Only 1 mess of meat and beans left. The sunset is clear tonight. I do hope this weather will be fine so we can hurry as we are so short of provisions. Any amount of beaver signs here. The point of the painted cliffs come nearly down to the river opposite our camp. Oh I wish I was home tonight I feel so lonesome sitting here in the boat viewing the cliffs. On the right hand side they are 2,000 ft. on left 800 ft. Camp #15.

July 11 Thursday Jack and Fennimore in the Temple this morning, Fred and I talked about magic points worked around the camp. About noon we went up to the Temple and carved our names in large letters in the rocks. Got a piece of red brit and some ferns and flowers. We helped the boys carry their traps to the boat. Ate dinner and started. Went 2 1/2 miles and stopped for Fennimore to take a view of mt. Seneca Howland and one of the monuments on right hand side. From this place we can hear the roar of a real Rapid. Jack and I went on to reconoitre came back. Jack said if she tips over grab for the boat and cling on for dear life. The noise was great and as the water went howling past made it seem terrible enough. Well we started slow at first. Then came the current. The water at the head of the rapid was smooth and shining like glass but so swift. We shot through this

with a dreadful feeling around the heart. But still wild and exciting in the rapid. The boat was tossed to and fro like a feather, huge waves from large rock in channel came dashing over our heads and into the boat. At last we got through it safe and how glad we felt that it was no worse. We were all wet through. 2 miles passed a large riffle but not bad. The waves were large but did not wet us. Wall 1,000 ft. high and behind them towering up we saw monuments and grand representation of castles. Ran 10 miles farther and camped on the right near Rock Island. Passed three islands today two large ones composed of solid rock. Passed a creek at the head of the rapid. Came 15 miles today. Camp #16.

July 12 Friday Pleasant morning, cool. Started 7 oclock ran 1/2 mile then ran a small riffle. Passed along gulches some large and some small, also caves, some very curious. Above the red sandstone walls stood monuments Castle Forts and Ruin Cities. This morning about 10 oclock on looking back on the left we saw a large cliff divided into courtyards, towers &c that made up an old fashioned Castle on Rhine. It was grand and beautiful site, with a cloudy sky beyond made into all shapes. Arrived at the old crossing of the Fathers at 11 oclock. Ran in and camped for noon. Majors party camped here a week last year and cashed a box here that we were to get. After hunting some time found it. Ate dinner. We tried to shoot some geese today but failed there is enough meat to make gravy for one meal. Ran 10 miles and came to a large creek on the left side (Shinamo creek) the wall re about 400 ft. high all the way we have come this morning. Ran 10 miles farther and came to sentinel creek, on the right; a large pillar 200 ft. stands all alone as if to guard the creek. For it stands at the mouth of it. From this creek the walls commence to get higher. Ran 5 miles farther and camped on the left on a sand bank, plenty of wood. Sun warm, nearly scorching. Cliffs back of us 1,000 ft. high and vertcle looks rather gloomy at night. Came 40 mile today; and camped at three oclock in the afternoon, and all had a wash. I thought I had lost my locket I went to take off my shirt when my chain fell off but no locket. I felt very bad, but thanks to my Heavenly Father I found it an fixed it on much better. I hope the Lord will be merciful to me and cause that I may have a chance to go home to my dear wife and boy. Camp #17.

July 13 Saturday Started early this morning and ran 10 miles and came to the mouth of the Pahreah. We did not find the boys as expected. We went and saw Bro. Lee I have got a chance to go home with him. Oh I feel so thankful. We expect to start tomorrow.

July 14 Sunday Up early and ready to go I shall soon see Lucy and Willie. I helped to get the wagons over a horrible road for a mile then we traveled 10 miles and camped for noon. In the afternoon we met the boys Clem and Andy I asked them if they had any letters they gave me two. Clem said Lucy had gone to the city but I could not believe it till I read the letter I was so disappointed and surprised it fairly stunned me. The letter stated that my little brother Carlos was dead.

July 15 Monday ...Went to Kanab had a talk with Bishop Levi Steward he advised me not to go anymore with the Powell company as it was to risky. As below Lee's Ferry the rapid were much worse than what we come over. All my friends felt as the Bishop. Father and mother urged me to leave the company as they feared for my safety if I

went with Powell through the Grand Canon. After thinking the matter over concluded to quit the expedition. Prof. Thompson did not wish me to leave but when he saw how I felt settle with me in good feelings. (Williams finally got to Salt Lake City the first part of August and reunited with his wife and child).



Photo taken at the mouth of the Dirty Devil River where the Powell party camped and fixed the "cashed" boat. The man kneeling is William Derby Johnson, Jr. Photo by J.K. Hiller Photographer on the Powell trips. Photo courtesy of USGS Center, Denver, Colorado.