

Royce Young's Adventurous Life

In His Own Words

Adventures in Scouting, Outing in Scouting, & Life Highlights



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**Adventures in Scouting
The Outing in Scouting
Life Experiences**

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Acknowledgments

We would like to acknowledge all who helped create this book. Deryn Young (Royce's son) and Sylvia (Royce's wife) organized and helped Royce publish the original *The Adventures in Scouting* and *Outing in Scouting*, both of which serve as the basis for this updated and expanded version. This new book *Royce's Adventurous Life* includes additional information on some of the locations Royce wrote about, highlights of his life, and stories about Royce written by his ten children and four siblings, who each contributed a story (or two) about their dad/brother;

We thank the many other people who helped with this new edition: Christy Young Grover, our biggest cheerleader and photo source; Dixie and Dennis Brunner (Southern Utah News) who gave us access to their archives; J. C. Stimson, who transferred Royce's original (almost illegible) maps to improved color maps; Harry Barber and Terril Honey, who assisted with verifying locations and providing photos; Deanna Glover Reeve, who found a treasure trove of old photos of Royce; Tess Geddes, who provided the K Hill photo seen on the back cover of this book; Larry Rhodes, Curt Hawkins, and Russel Keller, who worked with Royce in the B.S.A. organization and shared their photos and craftsmanship; Myrna Cox, whose poetry and perspectives enrich our community; as well as all the people who were inspired by Royce's adventures and who, to this day, love to reminisce about their experiences with him.

Without the expert assistance of Dave Baird, we could not have put this book together. We appreciate his persistence with finding ways to "do what needed to be done" and his tireless willingness to make seemingly endless edits.

We hope the stories and resources in this book will honor Royce's legacy, and serve as a tribute to his devotion to scouting, his quest for life, his awe of Mother Nature, his love of the great outdoors, and his faith in God.

Joyce Rhodes (Royce's twin)

Susana Young (Royce's sister)

November 2020

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Preface

Twenty years after the passing of Royce Young, his family realized that there is still interest in obtaining a copy of *Adventures in Scouting*. In fact, countless reproductions have been made on home printers. The concept for this new and expanded edition is to make available a lasting tribute to Royce's legacy. This labor of love includes the following:

- *Adventures in Scouting*
The basis for *Adventures in Scouting (1999)* was a compilation of newspaper articles written by Royce for the Southern Utah News (SUN), from 1980 through 2000. References to the published articles are included in this edition.
After Royce's death, *Adventures in Scouting* was expanded by his wife Sylvia and eldest son Deryn, to include: a tribute from Myrna Cox, poems written by Royce, his obituary, and *The Outing in Scouting* document.
- *The Outing in Scouting*
The Outing in Scouting was a handwritten spreadsheet and map Royce constructed for scoutmasters, giving suggestions for places to go and things to do outdoors with scout troops. Royce was passionate about taking scout troops outside to explore the wonders of nature and develop the life skills that remote exploration and camping can provide. He listed seventy-five places to hike "within an hour of Kanab," and gave brief descriptions, distances and directions. Royce was determined to provide future scoutmasters a representation of "just a few of some of the hundreds of places [near Kanab] where scouts could enjoy adventures." The last two pages of this book are reference maps with numbered dots for each hiking destination.
- *Royce's Life Experiences*
These are stories Royce wrote for *Young Generation II*, a book that Royce and his siblings compiled in 1989 to honor their parents, Clifton Val and Charlotte Heaton Young.
- *Royce Remembered*
Includes stories written by his children and siblings.

Numerous people through the years have made it a goal, either personally or with their family or scout troop, to visit every location Royce describes in *Adventures in Scouting* and *Outing in Scouting*. We hope many readers will choose to accept such a challenge, and that this new book will facilitate their quest to get outdoors and discover the mysteries and historical sites around Kanab.

Tribute to a Great Leader

Southern Utah News (SUN) February 2, 2000, page 8

By Myrna Cox

Today my heart is with the Royce Young family. I am fortunate enough to have in my possession a publication of Royce's writings with sentiments written in the front cover to my husband and myself.

As I have read and enjoyed the *Adventures in Scouting* by Brother Young, I appreciate Royce the Scout Leader, but I also deeply appreciate Royce the writer. He could write in such a way that one could be on those coral ledges and Indian caves partaking of the sheer pleasure of life itself.

The written text lured the reader into those places where Brother Young could guide you, with text touched with humor and polished with feelings for the great outdoors...what a great gift he has left!

Those boys whose lives were personally touched by their [scout] leader will never forget him. Those of us who get to read of his travels and adventures will pass it on to others.

The legacy of some people lives on and on in the circle of life which touches us in its peripheral revolution. A Scoutmaster's death is another river to forge, a new mountain to climb, a trail to blaze, a path to find. A new dawn rising on the earth; an eternal campfire glowing and waiting for the rest of the troop to join someday.

Several months ago, I wrote a poem dedicated to Royce. You may wonder about the timing, but I do not like to give tributes to people after they have passed on. I would rather them know my feelings before they leave. I did give the poem to Royce and his family, and in return received the greater gift – the gift of renewed friendship and the *Adventures in Scouting* publication. Thank you Brother Young. I am eternally grateful and indebted to you for all of your great contributions to us all.

The Scoutmaster

Dedicated to Royce C. Young

“I’m going on a hike,” the Scoutmaster said

“But this time I’m going alone.”

“The trail will be rough and steep,” he said.

“But this path will guide us home.”

The young troop saluted their leader,

As he slowly waved goodbye

And bravely forged that rugged trail

That led to a place in the sky.

They watched as their leader struggled,

Over ledges, shale and stone.

Stumbling, climbing and reaching

For the places to bring him home.

The little troop remained silent

For the night was coming on.

Their leader who had led them

Now, too soon - - was gone.

But they rallied together bravely

In each heart was a joyous song,

As they heard of their leader singing

“Carry On, Carry On, Carry On.”

Thank God for a valiant leader,

One who forges the trails alone,

Who bravely blazes the path ahead

To guide the rest of us home.

By Myrna Cox, December 1999

Adventures in Scouting

Adventures in Scouting



By Royce C. Young

1999

A compilation of newspaper articles written for the Southern Utah News from 1980-2000

Montezuma's Gold

SUN June 26, 1993 p. 12 Map A-26

Visible a mile away from the canyon floor were the steps, going up and obliquely across the rippled mesa, and standing out against the blanket of snow like the checkered trail of an ancient map.

Do they go up to another cave? Yes, but of more import, to a vantage point from which the U.S. Marshall and other locals like “Cowhide” Adams could guard the hidden treasure.

From the top of those steps looking south you'll see a three-cornered mountain on the vermilions beyond, which is Mt. Trumble, all lined up with Freddy's gold, like looking through the buckhorn sights of an old musket. Ya see, Trumble is where Freddy was reported to have met a descendant of Montezuma and copied on a paper the Indian's treasure map. Others substantiate his drawing the map from one that he saw printed on a maguey paper in a monastery in old Mexico, from whence he returned with a fresh bullet scar across his cheek.



He and Alvin Judd were standing on this site when all the years of searching clues finally came together for Freddy Crystal, releasing from him a victorious war hoop.

"Do you think the treasure is at Trumble?"

"The three-cornered white mesa is where the treasure is," according to Theron Crosby (a life-time trapper and herder of these parts, still living and in his 90's).

"I hadn't ought to tell you this," he continued, "cause you'll spend your life, like Freddy, digging for it; but it faces the rising sun East of a three cornered mountain and is guarded over by rattlesnakes!"

"Years ago," continued Theron, "I was herding goats down there in the early spring. It was an exceptional warm morning and hundreds of rattlesnakes were coming out of a hole in the earth east of that three-cornered mesa!"

"You ever been back?" I asked.

"No, the frenzy over gold in Cottonwood finally died out and with it the treasure fever."

Our troop began climbing up the sandy bench to be the first at the base of Treasure Mountain, then without exception came the usual question, "What made 'em think there was gold in here?"

"Freddie Crystal."

"Why was he so convincing?"

Let's discuss some of the reasons:

THE LEGEND ITSELF. It is documented that after Montezuma appeased Cortez with some treasure, most of it was taken out of the country after Montezuma lost his life to an insurrection of natives.

FREDDY'S VISION. While hospitalized from a mine accident in Idaho, Freddy said he had a vision (he preferred to call it a panorama of the gold bearers leaving Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande, through part of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and via the Ute crossing (Crossing of the Fathers) to the mouth of Johnson Canyon.

AZTEC PETROGLYPHS: He had acquired these before he ever had a map, and was ecstatic when Levi Young brought to the Deseret News a photo of the cliff near Finley Bunting's ranch. Fortunate to be in Salt Lake City at the time, he acquired the photo from the News and couldn't wait to get back to Kanab.

THE MAP: After searching from about 1912-14, Freddy disappeared for several years. He came back with a map, which he wasn't above letting local ranchers see.

THE CRYSTAL BALL: Freddy kept on his person a silk handkerchief, within which was a green crystal ball about the size of a small orange. When he came near, it was to find the treasure. Finley Bunting told me his dad had Freddy look into the crystal ball to find some of their lost sheep. Freddy couldn't produce the sheep so the Buntings didn't get too aroused with the gold fever.

FREDDY'S CREDESCENCE: When he said there would be certain mountains, there were; certain symbols, there were; certain Aztec steps, there were; limestone plug mortared with marsh grass, snake bones, and clay, there were; booby traps, there were. The only thing Freddy never found was Tamene (men of burden) bones, the Mud God, and of course, the treasure. Or did he? (He disappeared as mysteriously as he came).

The squalling December air pushed us to the warm, earthy breath of the cave mouth. Between the blackness and the chilling light of its entrance was our breakfast pantry. Talking of Freddy helped to thin their patience as we spread the peanut butter and jam on bread. It was too wet and snowy to cook breakfast at camp.

With flashlights in hand, we entered Treasure Mountain. "Hey, they are still digging in this place!" I remarked, "This passageway was not here seven years ago." Two passages forked off from the end of the main tunnel. Yarn lay in the sand, strung from one passage to the other. While explaining why cavers roll out string as they go, the boys were pulling on the string till hundreds of feet of it lay piled at their feet.

"Why would this string still be here?" one asked.

"Maybe there is a dead body on the end of it!" Abruptly Michael managed to slip behind the tomb-like passageway and me. Kory suggested that we were just unrolling a hidden ball of yarn. Anxious, Cloyd said, "Let's crawl in there."

"Go ahead. I'll follow and pull you out if you get stuck."

"No, I want someone else to go first."

"O.K. you slither in there, Dave."

"Nah," he said, "I get claustrophobia." So the courageous Scouts left that promising access for some future yarn bearers. We left a deep, dangerous, vertical shaft and other corridors to Freddy's ghost, and slipped out into the frigid air and down the sandy crest, cringing at the inch of snow on our camping gear.

Still digging for gold, yes, even diving in Three Lakes, and the new venture is unfolding into as thrilling a venture as it was in the past. But we can't still believe in treasures, can we? Just you wait and see! After all, considering the technical, sidewalk society in which we now live, anything that will lure boys out into the wilds of nature is a great TREASURE.

Dinosaur Tracks

SUN February 21, 1990 p. 16 Map A-25

The net had rotted away. All that was left was a thirty-foot cable, clevis and rings, and of course the huge rock inside the rotted netting. Even the Boy Scouts thought it some small effort for a helicopter to try carrying off something nearly one-fourth its own weight.

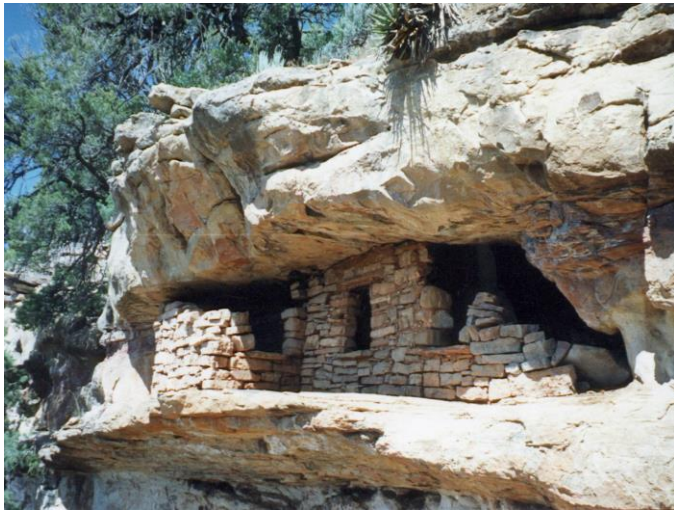
What was so valuable about the stone? Ask Major John Wesley Powell, veteran of the Civil war, government explorer and surveyor. His chief point of reference is on top of the high ridge overlooking the highway to Big Water. In the 1860s he must have seen the prized stone along with several hundred other dinosaur tracks. One stone about the size of a large living room has as many as 37 tracks in it. Is there value in dinosaur tracks? We found 3 claims that had been staked. In one pile of rocks was a fruit jar with an official claim application signed: "Joseph Johnson, 1952."

If one approaches Powell's Point from the north with lots of time on his hands, he may be lucky enough to discover Indian ruins in bluffs hidden by cedars.

"How can there be Indian houses here; there are no ledges!" said one.



That's how I felt several years ago after twice looking and finding nothing. Then as I was leaving a small overhang where there was much Indian sign, I turned and looked backwards. There they were--tucked away in a cliff that had been directly above my head! Indians of the Anasazi had a way of making homes more surprising than obvious.



After all the injunin' around, we finally came to the dinosaur tracks. If you like rugged hiking and rugged driving, you'll have to see all those tracks for yourself to believe us. Some of them look like they were made just yesterday. Must have been the same family of dinosaurs that left footprints near the checking station north of Kanab. One of those seven tracks is pink in a chocolate surface, showing all the digits in the ole boy's toes.

Below them are hieroglyphics chipped in the ledges as in three other places between Kanab and the Creek bridge; but in this place Red Man had painted a picture in red, yellow, and white, and shaped stones for use as corn grinders--which reminded us our "meal without utensils" was burning back at the fire. This was our tinfoil supper. Our shish kabab and (biscuit on a stick) would take us to other nearby ancient history before the summer was over; leaving each Scout sporting a cooking skill award on his belt.

NOTE: Their approach to Powell Point seemed to be from near the area of Glass Eye Ruins.

Steps Into the Past

SUN December 22, 1992 p. 16 Map A-43

Steps into the mud and rock houses, steps into food caches, steps out of box canyons and steps for safer passage from one place to another; the ancient Anasazi have carved many steps or footholds--some of which had been found in Johnson's, Cottonwood, Kanab, Hog, Trail, and Three Lakes Canyons.

A set of steps in Hog gives a clue to environmental changes since they skirted an abundant growth of vines and shrubbery that are practically non-existent today.

An ancient food cache in the high walls of Red Canyon has been washed into the Kanab Creek leaving only the stone ladder.

Red Canyon narrows, though less than a quarter a mile long, has a touch of everything that makes the big slot canyons famous: deep, narrow, blazing color, typical driftwood archways and rock jams, but these Red Man steps add a touch of class to Red Canyon, making it an indispensable canyon of imagination for adventuresome Scouts.

Red Canyon is only a few miles above Three Lakes on the sandiest road in Kane County (you may have to let some air out of your tires). Better still, hike or horseback in and discover the ponderosa oasis hidden among dunes of shifting sand whose only visitors have been Nature herself. You may even discover the summer headwaters of the Kanab Creek. The Anasazi knew of it and left their canyon carpentry with tamarack, rushes, and miry clay. But Mother Nature has scrubbed it all away, leaving only the indelible stone steps to taunt your imagination and add atmosphere to the fluttering shadows of Red Canyon.



To our dismay, white man had also left his tracks in the form of beer cans, charcoal and fire rings. Sacking it and taking it with us was certainly our troop's "good turn" for the day. Another day to remember and, now, a much better place for YOU to STEP back into the past.

NOTE: Today this is known as Peek-A-Boo slot canyon.

Our Own Mesa Verde

SUN August 25, 1990 p. 15 Map A-8

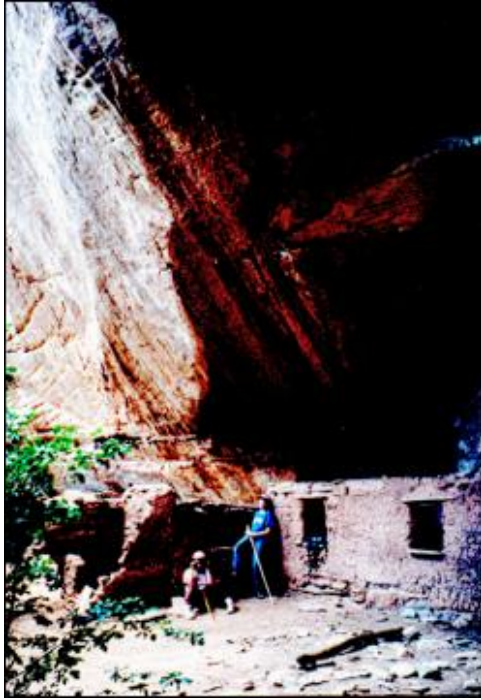
Harvey Judd had painted it, a sculptured replica had been placed in Garth Chamberlain's Moqui Cave, old timers had talked about it, then I heard my neighbor Emeron Robinson (who operated the Kanab Airport) say, "If Center Street stretched west across the creek and over the hill the way the birdie flies, you'd have an eagle's view of our own Mesa Verde!"

I had never forgotten that comment. So many places to see, so many places to go, I never took the time to check out those South Cottonwood Ruins just off stretched-out Center Street; until I became a leader of Boy Scouts. It was then that I determined to take the boys with me and find those ruins "just right over the hill." So we strapped on our backpacks and ascended the old Shunberg Mail Trail up through Trail Canyon. Our route took us by several Anasazi archaeology sites. We slept below them, circled south of them, but realized that we had failed to find those forgotten ruins as we trod home on the Saleratus Trail. But at least now we knew where they were not. Our next pack trip we hiked right to them.

I have a photograph of boys standing in the Kiva with the round wall well above their heads. On a subsequent visit we discovered the Kiva was completely filled with dirt, debris, and demolished walls. Nearly 30% of the wall structures in the ruins had been destroyed by pot digger vandals.

The BLM later cleaned out the Kiva, but how could the ancient adobe ever be restored?

This accompanying picture attempts to capture some of what is left of the standing ruins.



These South Cottonwood Ruins are on public land but vehicle access has been denied via a locked private gate. Now this is my point--I have seen it too many times in Kane County. If public access were available and encouraged these ruins would have remained pristine. Lock them up and pothunters enjoy days on end of unmolested digging; no vehicle will be coming their way. Public access encourages neighborhood watching that discourages vandals.

I've learned from a study my Scouts have made, that some of these places have not been visited in 11 years. It is plainly obvious that if this country becomes wilderness as purposed, with no road accesses; all the valued Native American archaeology will soon tumble to the earth by vandals, leaving nothing but rubble for our grandkids to enjoy and learn from.

One day I took my troop to visit another little "Mesa Verde" not five miles north of town. How disheartened I was to find it completely obliterated. Again, private access had been denied. It was apparent the vandals had been hiding a vehicle in the willows. Again, community awareness of this public archeological site would still have it preserved today.

My plea is: Scoutmasters, let's get the boys out and about. Just being there will help curtail vandalism to our valuable heritage. Persistent on-site education goes a long way in keeping the promiscuous rascals at home.

Vasey's Paradise

SUN February 4, 1991 p. 10-11 Map B-38

Relying on memory rather than trail sign, the Young twins [Arlyn and Lynar], having hiked the route five years earlier when but eight years old, missed the rock cairn when the trail left the bottom of South Canyon. They plunged farther and deeper into the jaws of the mighty Grand Canyon, taking two Scouts with them, followed by two others, Gilbert and Crosby, who followed their tracks.

"It's impossible, Gary, to get to the river that way. I wouldn't chance it with a good trail here. I tried coming up that way once!" I shouted. But their returning calls, after bouncing a dozen times off the soapstone walls, were unintelligible. "They'll be back," I told myself, but as we waited, they descended out of hearing range.

The rest of us continued on the trail, worried that they would push their exuberant luck into taking foolish chances. As we crested the plateau above the unmistakable roar of the mighty Colorado, to our surprise, we saw four human specimens frolicking on the beach 500 feet below.

Still 20 miles of chimney and cliffs ahead of us, we finally emerged through the willow and tamarack of the swollen, muddy river.

“Well, was it rough going?” we inquired of the four.

“We had to swim three times and climb down three rock jams.”

“You had to help one another didn’t you?”

“Probably couldn’t have done it alone!” they said.

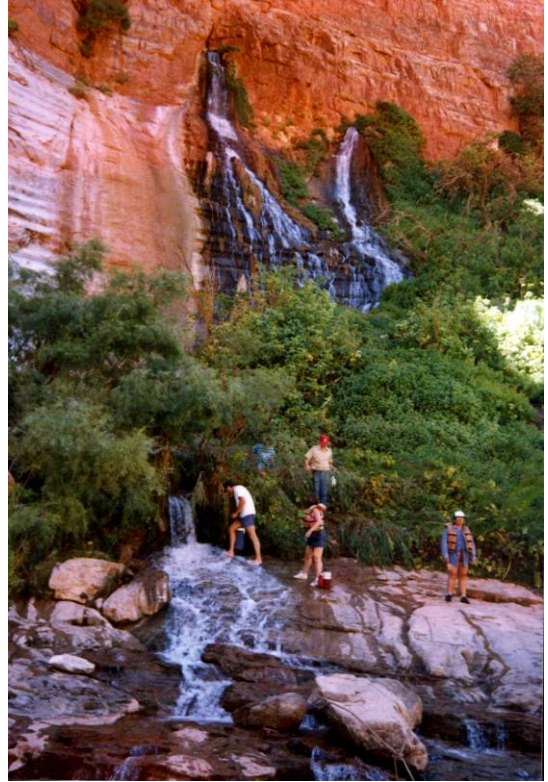
“How big were the rock jams?”

“Well, someone had left a rope hanging in the big one which we shinned down.”

“Where are Gilbert and Crosby?” we insisted.

“They weren’t with us. They must have gotten hung up somewhere!”

“Ya, or drowned in one of those holes with no one to help them. Gilbert had a heavy pack on!” Gary Crosby and I were very apprehensive and could wait no longer. Gary stayed with the troops while Lynar and I headed back up the threatening chasm to see what was keeping Gilbert and Crosby.



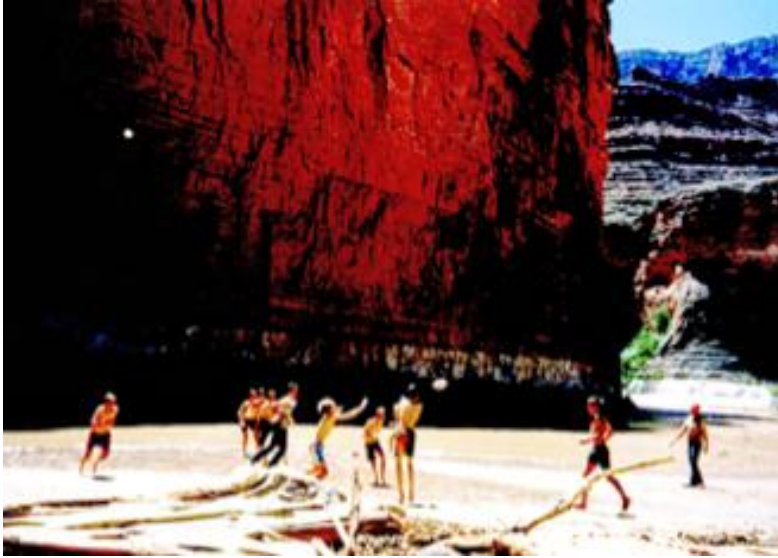
The first rock jam was impossible as the huge choke stones challenged every attempt. Like bugs undertaking the glazed surface of a granite gravestone, we fell back defeated. Centuries of salty water had worn those granite walls and boulders so smooth that climbing was impossible. “How did you guys get down through there, Lynar?”

“We slid part way then jumped. We had to. We couldn’t go back!”

I boosted Lynar up about six feet then supported him with the end of my staff which gave another eight feet of reach ‘til he made it, then said, “Now go, you know what the hazards are. You’ve been through here. See what’s the matter with Gilbert and Crosby!”

Those murky marble bathtubs left from the recent rains had nearly claimed Gilbert, whose pack held him under more than once ‘til Crosby grabbed it and fished him to safer ground. What a welcome relief when the three boys showed up later. The only dry spot on Gilbert was the top of his backpack.

The previous floods and gradual decrease in the swollen Colorado left an attractive beach. Gary Crosby revived his old throwing arm and played quarterback for both teams as they ran out for passes. To be tackled in the dishwater river or on the soggy beach was the height of the exhilarated youth.



The receding river later revealed a large boulder that miraculously left the sprawling boys unscathed. 'Tis another chance one makes for adventure.

Four hundred yards south of the beach two fresh water springs pour out of the vertical canyon wall, scattering their silvery falls among greenery of moss, vines, ferns, and flowers-called Vasey's Paradise. The only thing keeping us from the sparkling water was a 10-foot expanse of moss, slippery as grandma's bathtub.

This Vasey's Paradise seemed to roll out of its "dise," offering two options to those who would sip of its freshness: either swim the boiling river, whose rapids dashed against polished boulders, or cross the slippery moss on a near 15-degree slope.

Assessing our needs for fresh water and the Scouts hankering for more adventure, I decided to check out our chances while they were busy with their football capers on the beach.

Using my survival staff as a third foot, I attempted to cross the slimy slope. Having survived a drowning experience in the rapids of the Green River, I refused to descend to another watery grave.

I had thus determined that if I didn't get very far into the moss, then slipped, I could roll left onto dry sandstone. If I advanced beyond the center of the slope, then slipped, I could roll right to dry ground or catch a small, dead clump of ivy that had grown out of a crack.

Scarcely had I accomplished 3 steps into the soapy green and oops! My right foot went, as I was already into a left roll, as I slammed down with a death grip still on the staff. I was saved, for its rubber-wrapped base had found dry sandstone. From being sprawled on the anchored staff I rolled farther with the right leg and arm, pulling myself off the slimy slide just 6 inches above the Colorado's angry lips.

Vasey could keep his par-a-dise; it wasn't worth the gamble! Besides, I had a vial of water purification tablets in my staff from which we could put a pill in each canteen to pickle the squiggles.

I said nothing of the ordeal 'til Gary and I were sitting in the shade of Stanton's Cave, a vantage point from which we watched the boys fish.

To our astonishment, a Scout was attempting to cross the mossy snot to Vasey's on his hands and feet like a crab. We suppressed our breath to near heart arrest.

HE MADE IT! He beckoned and others were headed in that direction.

“Gary, we’ve got to get down there before we lose someone!” I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Before we got down from Stanton’s Cave nearly every Scout had crossed over the precarious expanse and they were basking in the foamy falls like preschoolers.

I ran back to the beach for the water jugs, strung on a rope. Their bare feet had dislodged some of the snotty strings of moss. I watched where the last Scout had meticulously placed each foot. Then reluctantly, chucking my survival stave to the other side, I also crossed like a trembling crab. After all, isn’t it better to take a chance than be called a chicken?

What a paradise, what an oasis. Several bare-skinned boys had ascended to the first shelf of the falls via a narrow muddy trail guarded over by tall ivy, with leaves in clusters of three, shading their bouquets of white berries. All three leaves swirled out, just like they had learned in attaining “Tenderfoot Rank.” They’ll never forget what ivy is now, I concluded. “IT’S POISON!” I yelled. They ignored me. Just as well, not one boy was affected from it, probably for several reasons: the leaves and berries were high enough to duck under or push aside; poison ivy may be infectious only seasonally; they bathed continually in the springs.

An hour of frolicking in the frothy falls was interrupted only by rafts, pontoons, and kayaks, sporting such names as Western Rivers, Grand Canyon Expeditions, Moani Mack - all of which stopped to re-fresh, re-water, and photograph this sparkling oasis whose ribbon falls glistened in the sun as far as the eye could see in either direction. These river pilgrims, two days journey out of Lee’s Ferry, couldn’t believe we had hiked it in a few hours.

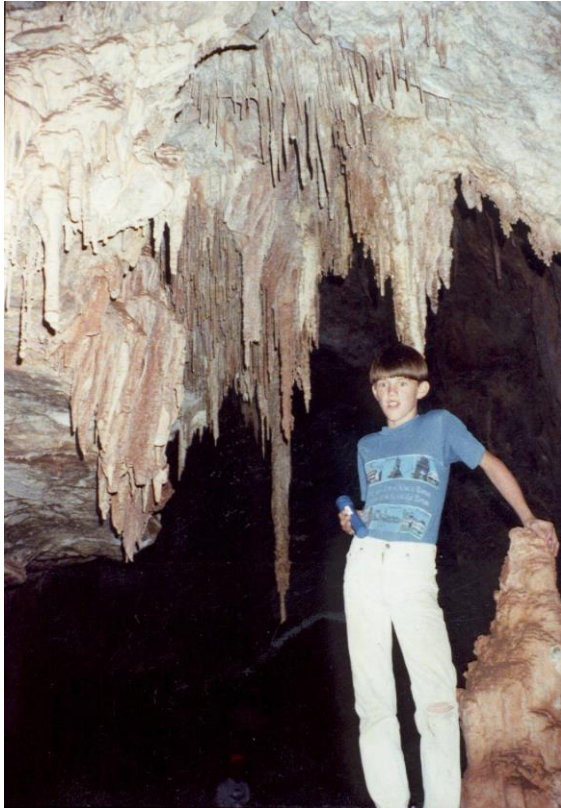
After a lunch and with “paradise” water, we started back to our camp on the rim, drinking away the heat, knowing we could refill our canteens at the rain pockets in Bedrock Canyon. Our trustworthy, helpful, courteous, and kind comrades were a little lean on Scouting ideals as they wallowed up the rain pockets, leaving mires for our caboose unit. Knowing I hid a jug at the pickup was our only consolation.

The sun had set on what we affectionately call the Devil’s Ladder (the first chance at death now the last chance to safety) only a few hundred feet of vertical cliffs below our camp in which Mother Nature had left a jog or two for steps. Going up was much easier than coming down the ladder. Besides, by now we were depleted of any fears.

The recruits had dismantled our tents from the night before, for which we were grateful, but we took no chides about being slow, convincing them the murky water they left us could very well have been the final skiff of clay over our parched, dry bones. But that’s the chance you take for an adventure. Since this trip, all of us go and come back right down the bottom like the twins did. We have also shortened the trail.

Wild Cat Cave

Map B-37



Four of the troops were on the Kanab High School wrestling team. I, being an ex-wrestling coach, knew I could climb the rope, so down we went, 30 feet into Mother Earth among the stalactites and stalagmites, like spiders dangling inside a gallon jug. The only opening to wildcat cave was 35 feet up to the hole from which we had descended.

“Go ahead Mike, if you can’t do it, we’re doomed.”

He climbed to the top but was too exhausted to climb on out. Christian tried it, but with the same results. Then it was my turn. Not only did I give out at the top, but also there was no place to put your feet. You just dangled there hanging on for dear life. You couldn’t let go of the rope to grab anything lest you fall. The tight rope against the top of the hole prevented reaching above the cave opening.

I likewise descended, exhausted, and gravely concerned. At least we were smart enough to leave one person outside the mouth as a safety measure.

“What’re we going to do men? You can make it after a rest, can’t you Mike? If you start from on top of my shoulders?”

“I think so.”

Kimber tried to help him out from above, but to let go of the rope and clasp Kimber’s hand left Mike completely at Kimber’s mercy and Kimber could not support himself and lift Mike out of the hole with one hand.

Wally had said nothing during this “brawn” exercise, which left several feeling they were going to spend the night in that damp, cold, forbidding cave.

“Why don’t you just tie some knots in the rope,” said Wally.

“Well, I’ll be, how come we didn’t think of that! Pull ’er up Kimber and tie some knots about 5 feet apart.” Whew, the heat was off. Rocks were piled at the bottom allowing us to reach the knot-shortened rope.

The chambers were now explored with renewed interest. They found the cave’s mystery in one end--a hole that sucks for several hours then blows. How much smoke could it suck when it sucks?

Rumor is that it was once tried, to reveal other caverns, but was unsuccessful. The blowhole made a sharp turn and was a bit too small to crawl in.

We had camped the night before near the head of Saddle Canyon where early Mormon settlers trailed their horses off into Nankoweap Valley of the Grand Canyon to winter them. High above the river are the Nankoweap Ruins, but the Saddle Canyon ones suited our fancy this time.

I was impressed with these veteran Scouts' camping ability, especially Wally's pinecone mattress covered with boughs and pine needle duff. Maybe that soft sleep gave him the presence of mind we needed at Wild Cat.

We looked forward to our ride home again simply because House Rock Valley is one of few places left in the entire west that is a real "home where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play." The awesome Bison is a sight to behold in his natural habitat. Equally impressive was the agile speed and long-jump ability of the antelope. Our field glasses got a workout.

Winter snows had pushed herds of deer off the Kaibab into the flats. We saw more wildlife that first evening than most folks see in a lifetime.

The Buffalo Ranch is near the trail off into Vasey's Paradise, but that's another story.

The Bear Hole

Map A-76

I grew up under the "K" Hill but my dad grew up under the "Bear Hole."

For access to the mountains beyond, climb through the Bear Hole. For great views of the town below, climb through the bear hole. For a photo of beautiful Kanab Canyon to the North, climb through the Bear Hole. And for you "keepin-in-shape runners," climb through the bear hole, circle and then come down the Squaw Trail. It's such a splendid short hike. Webloes, Bobcats, and especially Bears are fascinated by this slightly challenging crevice. For a boy to take a young friend through the Bear Hole is more fun than watching TV.

There are often many footprints on "them thar" red hills, but the Bear Hole eludes them. If I told you exactly where it was it would take all the fun out of it. It is near the point of the high bluff on the East side.

Cut reflective tape the shape of cat eyes, and stick them on the rocks and trees to light up your "cat eye" trail with a flashlight after dark. Take those boys up for a view of the town lights, hot dog roast and star gazing session. Believe me, they will relish the chance to return—if not with you, without you.



The Hidden Cache

Map B-49

Until the building of the Glen Canyon Dam, the Paria River was one of the most inaccessible wildernesses in the U.S.A., but not for “our little German spy.”

Whoever he was, he was definitely hiding something. He wore long black hair with a full beard, wore WWII type clothing, drove an open khaki Willy’s Jeep, he avoided people and vehicles and spoke a greeting only when confronted. He had a foreign accent and did not, or pretended to not, understand English. He had mysteriously disappeared sometime in the 1940s; leaving behind two metal shelters, about 6 x 8 feet, and a rocked up cozy, cave.



One shelter contained: a bed, stove, blankets, rifle, clothes of all sorts neatly folded and packed away, army style. The other contained such things as:

peanut butter, canned milk, chocolate, sugar, rice, flour, raisins, canned meats, etc.

The cave housed several 5-gallon jugs of water, an electric hot plate, thermometer, radios and several groups of large heavy duty batteries wired to a wind-powered generator, outside the cave. Except for the canned goods, which had rusted from the inside out, this purposely-secluded hamlet appeared as though its creator would return any hour.

You can imagine our Scout troop’s excitement when finally discovering this “Hidden Cache.” We had searched twice at other times, once coming within 50 yards of the place. But better still, imagine Ralph Chynoweth’s excitement in 1953, when attending to the hobbled cow ponies, he caught a glimpse of something metallic glistening in the moon light. His brothers thought he was really “tending his night mares” until he took them and his dad to the cache the next morning.

Sheriff Mason Meeks, and posse, removed the goods. According to Merrill Johnson, the most amazing thing was how the serial and identification marks had been meticulously scratched off or removed from everything, even the thermometer; even the clothing labels.

Our troop had no trouble creating in their minds the four-decade scenery while lounging within the cave. They asked many questions about the wiring that went through the expert stone masonry and, “What’s this hole in the roof den?” “How did he get these large pieces of metal up here, and the water?” “Did he have a mule?” Who was he--a draft dodger, hermit, and fugitive of the law?

Whoever he was he obviously communicated by radio with a fellow comrade; for Merrill Johnson tells me he and LaNard discovered, by air, then climbed up to a similar cache on a small tabletop plateau southwest of Colorado City. When the Sheriff's report was turned over to the FBI they determined that the "Hidden Cache" landlord was a German spy.

Though the Paria River is rich with adventure, the highlight for any troop is the "storybook" hideaway of this German spy.

On your way you won't want to miss the movie set, old town graveyard, Charles Spencer's gold mine, even let the boys climb the steps to McKenna's gold. And no fish tale, our troop found fish in the Paria River. All this in simply making a shortcut to Cottonwood Wash which, you're right, is another story.

The Subway--A Great Hike

SUN September 18, 1996 p. 20 Map B-71

For a dip and dive, rappel and belay, or swim and hike, West Zion's "Subway" is suitable for swimming Scouts of any age. You'll have such a blast; the heart of the canyon just isn't long enough.

Cascading gardens patter the sounds of elves feet as they slip and fall over myriads of mineral-glazed steps, colored in violet, amber and rose. You will be amazed at the driftwood strung high over your head; and at your feet, fault lines appearing perfectly as tram tracks which the water has pursued, creating the subway tunnels.



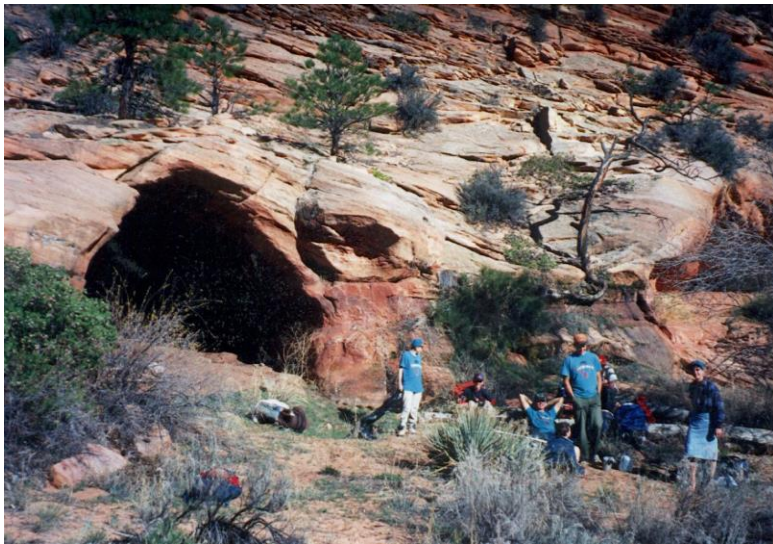
You'll marvel how Mother Nature has cut round holes in the granite-hard stream channel, slippery, smooth in chocolate swirls, as if it were surf and sand responding to the Creator's cookie cutter. Such round holes are the magic of Key Hole Falls. It is created as if the water divided ranks and played peek-a-boo. You'll want to spend some time here, mentally and spiritually soaking it all in; and, of course physically, that soaking will be literal. Such playful waters are accessed through a short forest hike, naked slick rock swells, and an occasional ponderosa standing as sentinels of the raging, wild water's past.

Near where you leave the canyon is what the Scouts call the “foot press.” Dinosaurs have stomped the heck out of some mud, leaving dozens of footprints in the flat, gray stone, which seems out of place among foliage of fernery, and vermilion verandas.

Very appropriately named, this nine-mile hike is part of the left fort of North Creek and is entered through Russell Gulch. And yes, it is one of those few Scout outings that once will not be enough. So come on, have at it. Let ’em experience our local world while they’re young.

The Barracks

SUN April 27, 1994 p. 16 Map A-77



Thank goodness I wasn't strapped to the backpack, for when it fell off the cliff it struck and bounced once, then hit and bounced again, bursting its seams-sending it spinning and spewing oranges and contents like a fireworks spin wheel. Tough Scouts offered to carry the salvaged load till we took time to stitch it up with the threads of an unraveled rope. Such mishaps were soon forgotten in the grandeur of the 18-mile, leisure, two-day trip

from the head of Fat Man's Misery to the upper narrows of the Mineral Gulch.

The challenge of Fat Man's is always exciting as the boys traverse log and rock jams, descend spigots and spouts from pitchers to cups nicely carved by meandering flood waters, and into narrows from a mere 0 up to 20 inches at the shoulders. Consequently, such a slot received the name of “Ethiopian Paradise,” by the boys. It wasn't long till they were freezing in the lagoons of the gallery, under a set of unique arches whose entrance is accessed by another set of tight cascading pools. The warm mineral spring at Fat Man's mouth then brings their temperature back to normal. With the canyon breeze and a little heat their willow clothesline proved a welcome retreat.

Since we live among many beautiful national parks, I can truthfully say that the lower Barracks has the most magnificent colored cliffs in the world. They resemble the glowing coals of a furnace, streaked with black and rust-colored desert varnish. Offset that with gardens of hanging greenery or gnarled ponderosa growing from the fissures of taffy-ed sandstone, with a touch of larb [manzanita] blossom wafting its pink perfume upon the canyon breeze, and you have Nature arrayed with all her splendor leaving you in gaping awe. Add to that, side canyons that abruptly end in amphitheatres or sheer walls, flanked by fern, ivy or an old snag whose endless roots had

followed every fissure in search of the first seep of spring. The geography alone will stump the theories of science and leave you ever eager for the truths.

How better can Nature stimulate the mind as it did for us? The second night we camped near the mouth of a blackened Anasazi cave where toads started appearing out of nowhere. It was 5 p.m. and the warmest day of spring. We caught on, when we literally saw one emerge from his winter sleep by popping out of a soft, loamy, hole in which he had burrowed last fall. Who knows, maybe the Indians also called that place, "The Toad Hole." The Scouts wondered at the mating of two water snakes. They wondered why watercress grows in a spring and not in a stream. Why was the Mineral Gulch so muddy when the Virgin was so clear? What do the petroglyph panels mean? Yes. Mother Nature tutors -- and Her lessons are free.

A campfire program of song and story ended our second night -- or did it end? It turned out cold and I soon learned you can't crawl in a mummy bag. I tugged and shivered until 3 a.m., then unzipped the mummy bag and lay it over one of two boys who were having trouble with the cold and lay the wool blanket on the other one, built an Indian star fire and curled around it. I literally watched the diffused glow of the moon fade, as it left a glaze of silver on everyone's sleeping bag.

Our pick-up ride was but an hour away. We broke camp after breakfast, then hiked up the Mineral Narrows that could best be described as a thousand cathedral arches stuck end to end.

We climbed out an 80-foot crag, the width of a backpack, then across 100 yards of slick rock to where Dennis Heaton picked us up at 9 a.m.

The Barracks will beckon us again, perhaps in late July when we can stash our packs and swim to our hearts content.

Jump Down Cave at Jump Up

Map B-82

"Wow! Cool! Awesome! I can't believe it! Where did this come from!" These were some of the boys' comments to the "Buckskin Apostle" decked out in his leathers greeting the Scouts as they entered Jump Down Cave at Jump Up. It was a great setting at the back of the cave, with the campfire burning in the bottom of the natural camp theater.



The campfire program was designed to give a spiritual lift to the over 100 boys who had come to the Paria River District Fall Camporee.

The following day September 25th Scouts were busy learning to make fire without matches, eye-splice and back-splice rope, assemble quick emergency stretchers and tying the basic Scout

knots, all in a learning and competitive way. It was a great experience camped out under the tall Ponderosa Pines.

Special thanks to the Scoutmasters who brought their troops. Also to Larry Barnes who let us drive through his gates. It is always a special treat when the top brass are there. Thanks, President Curt Hawkins and President Mike Noel. Also thanks to Royce Gillespie, Ben Clarkson, and Darryl Ence.

Scouting is alive and going strong partially due to the foresight and ample leadership of these great men. Kanab 4th Ward got the top troop award.

Stone Newspapers

SUN August 25, 1992 p. 16

These hills are alive with the sounds of history--the hidden sounds of the ancient people who lived here.

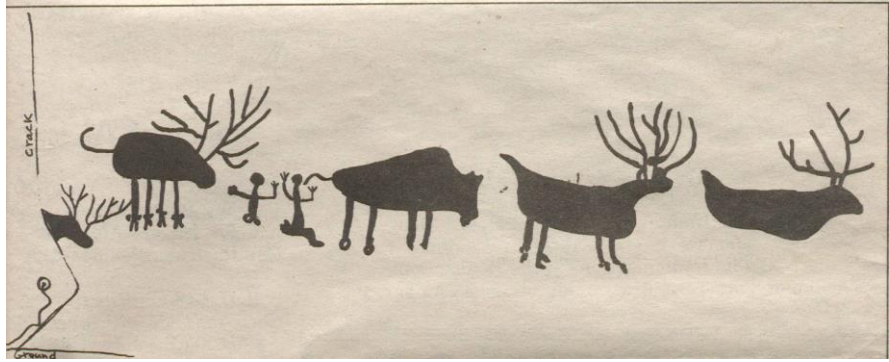
Hundreds of petroglyphs and rock art dot Kane County on panels of stone, some stretching over one hundred feet. The exciting thing is that these rocks and cliffs speak to us. If man would not deface, and erosion decay, we'd learn why they left their homes in ruin. These hidden messages would not only give directions, but tell of: family histories, dramatic events, major journeys and conflict. Like this one, just outside Kanab's city limits, there are dozens more on both sides of the Kanab Creek.

Except for some erosion, this panel is simple, straightforward, and uncluttered—not just the doodle spot of some ancient Anasazi. It is *language*. Though it took over an hour to meticulously reproduce this panel on paper, the real thrill is its message; like hidden books of stone that now can be cracked and deciphered.

Though cryptanalysis struggles to interpret this stone mystery, understanding sign language and the consistency of characters from nation to nation help these rocks speak. The real break-through in deciphering petroglyphs lies right here in Southern Utah and the Southwest. Like our own Rosetta stone, actual Indian episodes were etched on stone panels coinciding with written English accounts.

Some examples: The Indian account of the Escalante-Dominguez expedition etched in a cliff near the Hurricane Bench; A Mexican and Kiowa Indian war episode near El Paso, Texas; The Kit Carson Navajo campaign which graphically displays the forced crossing of Rio Grande; a wreck of the Uinta Railroad in 1903; the Ute and Meeker Massacres; the placement of the Utes on the reservation, and others.

On this little panel-- every part of the animal has a distinct/or related meaning. That's why the bodies are different, as well as the feet, tails, and heads, including the missing parts of the first and last animal. The tadpole figure at the lower left is a "gone" symbol. The crack in the cliff is the Kanab Creek. The deer head coming out of the crack symbolizes "leaving the creek behind them" and it is "hot on the heels" of the next figure. The feet of the next animal are actually deer tracks with the dew claws showing, meaning "to flee or fear." Notice the clenched fist and the determined arm to the square of the stick figure. Also-- no feet on the next animal suggests a new home. The details of the entire story could fill this entire paper.



The details of the entire story could fill this entire paper.

As we tramped the hills, the Scouts looked for petroglyphs and the real adventure—making these outdoor theaters panels talk to us as we study them. So please do not chalk or deface! If the elements have been good to them, they may yet provide more clues to the past than ruins themselves.

Klondike Derby, a Delightful Success

Of the nearly thirty Scouts, and more who had arrived too late, and who spent the night in snow shelters:

No one's roof caved in.

No one froze to death.

No one got soaked.

No one suffocated from lack of oxygen.

And so anxious were they to sample their snoozy bedrooms that Scoutmasters were left to tend the campfires alone.

The two- inch blanket of new snow seemed to settle some of Dan's trumpeted revelry call at dawn. Like prairie dogs from a mound, Scouts began popping out of their snowy igloos each to participate in a mock experience at a remote Eskimo village (Alton, Utah).



One hundred forty Scouts from fifteen patrols began packing their Klondike sleighs with essential plunder to complete a skills demonstration run, in which Fredonia troop 369 came out the victors.

With hands-on enthusiasm, they experienced:

Fire building by flint and steel: A visiting doctor in the remote village had to perform emergency surgery. The Scouts had to boil one pint of water in twelve minutes to sterilize the doc's instruments or the patient would die.

First Aid: A troop member, being accidentally left at home, attempts to ski into the village and suffers multiple injuries from a fall.

Rescue: Each Klondike and a Scout went through the ice on a frozen lake fifty feet from shore. Could he be safely rescued before hypothermia sets in?

Orienteering: The old village was sitting on a gold legend with the only clues being compass bearings from the ancient Liahona. "You help find gold--we give 10%!"

Snow Survival: They did it, as the pictures prove, as well as demonstrate knowledge of camping in sub-zero weather.

Though many burrowed in the snow, others learned that the big blue spruce were great barriers against the bitter cold, for the snow depth beneath them decreased from several feet to mere inches, and the low branches blocked the blowing wind.

The real excitement began with a race against time, a rider, a pusher, and four in line. The race was on, and so on edge that a couple of Scoutmasters were not content to just cheer them on, but were sorely tempted to take the knotted lines.

One who "holes up" in the snow understands the wonders of the woods in winter. He learns why the fluffy grouse squirm their way under soft snow and be quiet, why deer bury themselves with just their heads sticking out, why the bear has something of comfort in his hibernation.

After such experiences as these, which we try to give the Boy Scouts, we would hope that they could say as John Burroughs said, "I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waiting upon my comings and goings."

The End of a Mystery

SUN April 19, 1995 p. 13 Location unknown

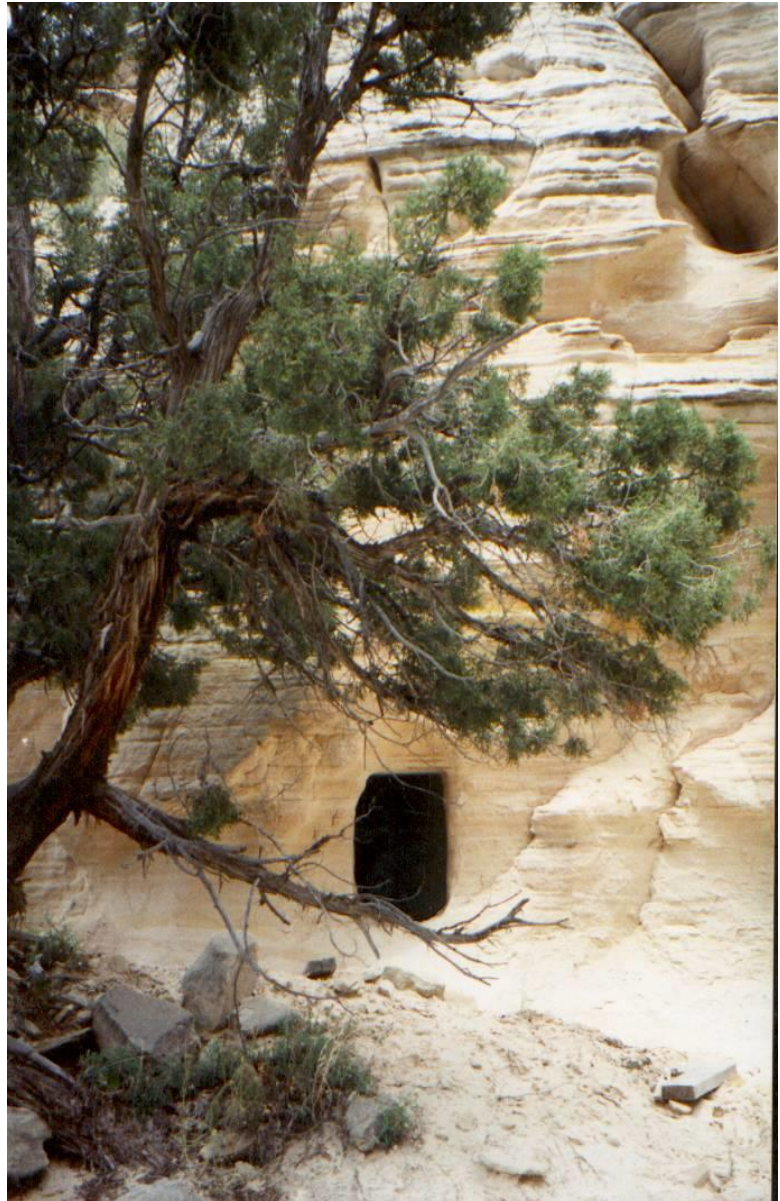
Approximately 1918 the late Nellie Heaton of Orderville, when but a girl, was searching for one of her father's cows or goats. It began to rain so she maneuvered up against the Elk Heart Cliffs above Orderville hoping to find shelter by an overhang or cliff, facing opposite the drenching rain. She happened onto a small crevice and crawled in--not realizing until her eyes adjusted to the blackness, that she was sharing a room with two human skeletons.

You guessed right! She came out of there like a shot! When her courage returned (exactly WHEN is still a mystery) she could never find the cave again.

This was the late Wendel Heaton's recollection.

Several years ago, Bill Cox of Glendale, who had some goats get away from him below the white cliffs, recalled that some forty years previously, he heard from Nellie's lips that the cave was somewhere this side of the Sugar Knoll, and that there were Indian writings and relics of some kind hanging on the walls. Bill had searched once but in vain. Then there was the rumor, near the break-up of the United Order, of two gold miners who had mysteriously disappeared.

After the snow gave way under a February thaw, the white cliffs beckoned me in search of a particular petroglyph panel. Upon locating it (where it wasn't supposed to be!), I decided what the heck, maybe there's another one and continued looking. The self-preservation instinct of "knowing where you have been," turned to good fortune. Glancing back at the path I had trod revealed an unusual hole that had the appearance of being man-made; and as part of



Bill's recollection of Nellie's story, "it was partially hidden by a pinion tree." It was! Hidden from the whole valley below.

The first obvious things about the cave were: 1) No one had been there for a long, long, time. 2) A wild goat had set up housekeeping, sleeping in the back end of the cave. The not so obvious was a couple of "hatchet clipped" boards that could have framed the entrance. Could it have been boarded up at some time? Every square foot of the cavern had been probed with a bar or pick as if looking for a soft place.

Partially buried in the sand were: a prospector's hammer with the handle chewed off, a couple of rustic picks, a long hexagonal crowbar, an old shovel, and four glass jugs, full to the spigot with "Brigham's Gold." I took pictures and left, hoping that other adventurous souls will also leave an untouched atmosphere for the thrill of others. Who knows? Its illusive tendencies may fool one



a second time, but I already have a couple of venturous Scout troops lined up who think they can find anything. Oh, by the way, "Brigham's Gold" is wheat. And who knows, could that wheat be a disguise for what's really in the jugs? Perhaps the mystery has only begun.

Upper Kanab

SUN November 3, 1993 p. 12 Map B-61

Ignoring the warning, Dan Seegmiller had shut off Will Roundy's water for the last time and someone was going to die!

It was a Sabbath morning at the turn of the century when the festering burr under the two men's saddles had finally ended. A personality conflict, misunderstanding over real estate, arguments over water rights has smoldered for so many years—something had to give.

When there was not so much as a trickle of water in the ditch to water his stock, Will buckled on, and not even bothering to blow the dust from his brace of guns, rode up the canyon to Seegmiller's homestead. "He's in bed," reported Mrs. Seegmiller.

"Call him out, I'd like to speak with him."

Mrs. Seegmiller went in to arouse him as Will dismounted to the obscure side of his horse. He fired as Dan turned to run back for the cabin door. Both bullets found their mark as Dan fell on his face, a dead man.

The short, but long ride, brought Will back to his homestead where with tear-stained cheeks he announced to his wife, "I've just shot Dan Seegmiller!"

Roundy then left, some assumed to join the Cassidy Bunch, but no. Will was no outlaw, but a religious man and so was Dan. Will had left his house and got as far as the seclusion of the barn, so ridden with guilt and sorrow he could live with himself no longer and consequently shot himself.

Life continued on at upper Kanab. The saddle burr gone, families intermarried, livestock, farming, saw milling; families lived harmoniously together making it a beautiful valley.

Jonathon Heaton purchased the Seegmiller portion of the valley and added a second story to the remodeled home, which Dan had built over the old Snyder cabin. It became affectionately known as the "Wild Rose Ranch."

The Roundy's lived further down the valley where now is an oasis of silver maples. The last of those cabins have been moved to the present town site later named Alton.

In the east graveyard Will was laid to rest and in the west one Dan was interred (but later the following winter was moved and buried in St. George).

Thank goodness for the maples for our horseback outing could get its first rest, allowing our innards and grub to settle. "Have you seen the graveyards?" asked Lane Roundy. There was one in each side of the meadow in chain-link fence, with wild roses and service berries choking the



light out of the dead headstones. Parting the bushes, the Scouts found several graves, including Will's. Leaving the maples, we galloped past the Wild Rose Ranch and made our camp in the mouth of cabin hollow, an aspen meadow adorned with old cabins on its perimeters.

Sticks were fashioned from birch trees and a delicious shish kebab supper was prepared. Featuring Nicky as chief cook. Horses were turned out to graze with innovative hobbles designed by Lane Roundy. Before dark, the boys tied up each horse only to have every one break its rope and get away in the night.

A pile of saddles five miles from home looked very discouraging that next morning. "They won't be far, we'll go find them," Nick said. He and Lane were gone half of the morning it seemed before they finally showed up riding double on Lane's horse. Grabbing a rope the Twins followed them back to where the "home-longing" horses were standing at a closed gate.

"Let me saddle mine this time," I insisted. "It's been a long time since I saddled a horse." They all chimed in offering instructions, so rather than display my confusion, I allowed one of them to show me how to put the bridle on since the horse kept tossing its head.

I tightened up the back cinch and I was told I stood a chance of getting bucked off. So I loosened it. "Oh no, not that loose, the horse may get his foot in it!" These Scouts had become real horsemen. The troop had been working on the horsemanship merit badge most of the summer. The promised horseback trip had arrived to see how well they had mastered their skills. They had planned every detail, even delivering right to my door a saddled cow pony. Saddlebags consisted of equal amounts of grub stuffed in sacks, tied together at the top and thrown behind the saddle. Other paraphernalia were tied to the leather straps.



Anticipating the nature of boys, I suggested they load my bags extra heavy for I didn't plan on getting in a hurry. Unfortunately, my horse refused to be left in the dust. Though the stirrups had been let out to the max they were still short; so my quadriceps became thrashed along with the grub before we reached the silver maples.

Not far from our cabin hollow camp, we examined an old water wheel, which had apparently fed water to the boiler of a sawmill owned by the Campbells but operated by Charles Goulding. There was nothing left now except a few mill tailings and the memory of Lane's grandmother, who barefooted those hills as a child.

We rode up Cougar Hollow with its many swampy springs, looking for a bear den under the pink cliffs. I found myself leading my horse much of the way through many streams and gullies. I only had to be caught off guard once to realize that I would rather walk than ride. My four-legged mount had four different approaches to a stream. The horse gathers for the jump, lurching you forward in the saddle--you counter by leaning backwards at the

moment she leaps whipping you back into spine-tingling acrobatics, which I was tired of subjecting myself to. I was beginning to cringe just thinking of the long ride home. You guessed. The horses wanted to run all the way. I soon learned to set my hind side on the top of the “cattle,” as the boys called it, to help absorb some of the shock from my knee joints.

If I were a cowboy I’d absolutely get, regardless of cost, a custom-made saddle. Otherwise those bays, chestnuts, roan and buckskin can stay in their pasture and sneer as I lace up my hiking shoes. Funny thing though, the Scouts want to do it again so I guess I’ll be going along.

Thunder River

SUN June 2, 1992 p. 12-13 Map B-39

Two fissures one hundred feet up on towering vermilion cliffs were spewing forth tons of crystal water to the rocks, cottonwoods, and vines below. We had endured 100-degree temperatures long enough! Ecstasy ran high as a dozen boy Scouts bask in the cool mists created by tons of pulverized water as it boiled up beneath the roaring falls of Thunder River. Drudgery turned to glee, exhaustion turned into second wind, and blisters faded into oblivion.

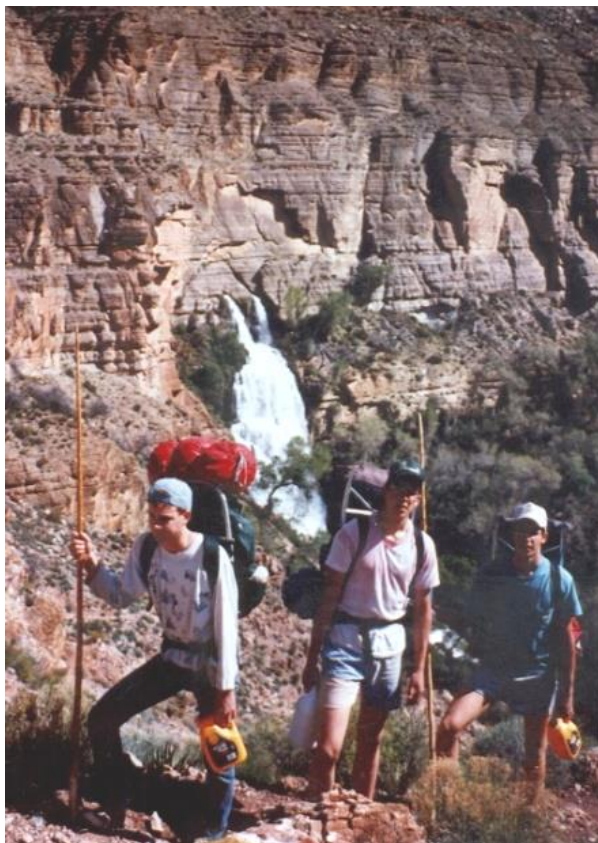
Hours later, I suggested that we must be moving on. “Oh no, can’t we camp here?”

“Hikers from all over the world come to this spot. Now what would it do for them if we turned this place into a campground? There are reasons behind park rules. We must move on to Tapeats Creek to camp, where there is fish, sand, and the ever-present thunder of the river as it descends to the creek below.”

Sore toes and aching knees of the 13-mile descent were somewhat relieved by this literal entrance into a new world. The Barrel Cactus was high and Prickly Pear patches could hide a horse.

We set up camp just below the confluence of Thunder River and Tapeats Creek--threw out our bedrolls on the tall grass to prepare for a long overdue rest and relaxation. That was short-lived however for the whole troop were going swimming. I could well envision half the boys being swept into the Colorado, five miles below!

It wasn’t long before they had stretched the troops’ 50-foot rope across a wide place in the stream as a means of fording it. And if that wasn’t adventure enough it wasn’t long until they had a rope across some rapids and were hanging on the rope and body surfing on the whitewater lake like a fish on a string.



Special plans had been made for the trip. Special plans taken to divide up the gear and food that all could travel as light as possible. Any out-of-shape lad could possibly spoil it for the whole troop; thus each meal was carefully planned of lightweight foods and only one pack-store per three Scouts. From past experience I was sure fish would be a main staple once in the bottom. I designed to pack the stash water myself--six gallons at the start to be stashed at various points for the return trip.

Once in the bottom--the heck with meals--the small boys ate all day and the larger ones every 10 minutes. Those hungry Scouts were constantly eating! It was almost too late when a survey was made of the food supply. The last bit had to be salvaged and rationed for the return trip out. It was then that they wished they were better fishermen. Why fish when they could play. Thank goodness for Sam Aiken. Fishing was poor but not so poor that Sam could not catch everyone else's share of fish. His persistent fishing shared all the fish regardless of size and they were immediately fired and woofed down.

Tony caught a lizard and threw it into the stream where Sam was fishing. Soon Sam caught a fish and that lizard was in its belly. Next thing I knew the Scouts were all on a lizard safari. Those lizards were a bit shifty but they managed to catch a tail or two with which they baited their hooks. ALL had fishing gear but little stream experience or silent patience. My teasing of "catch fish or starve" finally turned on me with a resounding:

"Where is your pole? I see you haven't caught any fish!"

"You guys are the fishermen," I said.

"I planned on helping you eat your fish!"

They finally heard me reply with a little arrogance that I could catch a fish with a willow.

It was late afternoon of the fourth day since our departure into those mile-deep canyons. I was anxious to possibly pay a visit to Tapeats Cave several miles up the stream, the headwaters of Tapeats Creek. We had been busy. Even visited the Colorado River and the beach where river expeditions would lay over.

While the troop was making their last effort to catch some fish, I slipped away for a visit to Tapeats Cave. I just had to see this cave with rooms of unexplored ends, where rafting scuba men have nearly lost their lives traversing its "coal black" waterway. This hurried trip was the most beautiful hike I have ever made in my lifetime! The myriad of flowers, falls, and hanging gardens, hidden round the world by towering walls of stone, alcoves and gnarled cottonwood was breathtaking. At the foot of a box canyon, near three pillars of stone, like a miniature Monument Valley, was the cave of Tapeats from which leisurely poured the crystal clear water of this unusual spring. I entered its gaping mouth and sat on a pile of rocks that had fallen from the roof some 100 years ago. Such a formidable hole of blackness seemed also to end my adventuresome spirit.

"Sam, have you got a spare hook and about six feet of line? I've just got to catch a fish."

"Sure," he says.

Wasn't long 'til it was tied to a willow, a grasshopper on the hook, and two clove hitches around a small rock made a perfect sinker. After sneaking to a likely spot, I dropped in the line and had a

fish almost as a soon as it hit water. Was I proud to walk into camp with a fish dangling from the end of my willow!

“You didn’t really catch it with that! Did you?” Three boys had it fried before I could even show off my prize to everyone.

Hiking out the next day found us all basking in Mother Nature’s humidifier at the grandeur of Thunder Falls, bathing, scrubbing clothes, relaxing, and sleeping in the shade. All seemed to dread the long, hot hike across Surprise Valley to the Esplanade above. Tony lost his shoe in the river and was making the return trip with one of my wading sandals tied to his foot. Apprehension mounted before we even outdistanced the roar of the falls. A young Scout developed an asthma attack leaving him gasping for breath. Two charitable boys immediately offered to carry his pack, which they faithfully took turns doing to the Esplanade where we pooled our rations and cooked our last meal.

It had been 3:30 p.m. Thursday afternoon when we left the falls. Sam took the lead. I followed up the rear. It was hot. They were tired and hungry. The distance between Sam and I began to stretch and stretch as I desperately tried to push--lead--encourage the stragglers along.

“My pack’s too heavy,” said one. “Oh, it’s not either, mine’s heavier than yours!” said another. “If I had your backpack I could keep up,” etc.

I suggested they trade. The lighter pack was really heavier than the supposed heavy one. (I knew from helping them on with them after rest stops.) Regardless, the trade was made and the stretch in the leisure brigade immediately began to shorten. The gradual ascents to the rugged thousand-foot switchbacks brought on some complaining again. It was then that we began to unfold them some pre-planned psychology. No one in the troop had known that I had left bananas, cookies, and candy bars in the truck, plus 5 gallons of cool water that didn’t taste like the flavor of some sparsely rinsed jug.

“Wouldn’t a banana taste good right now,” I said. “There are some up in the truck.”

Suddenly they came alive.

“Yeah, they are probably black and mushy by now!” replied one.

“Oh no,” I assured them. “They’re pre-planned to be golden, yellow, and yummy; and there are bunches of them.”

Two of my stragglers were at the head of the party now. The whole troop had bananas dancing in their heads such that they didn’t want to even spend the night in the Indian cave where we slept the first night on the way down.

“Can we go all the way to the truck, please!”

“Well we’ll see. Whatever you’re up to and able to do, we’ll decide at the water stash.”

Wasn’t long until some were giving up on us again as though they could never make it.

“If I ever get out of here alive, I’m never coming back.”

“What I wouldn’t give for a sack of ‘Soft Batch’ cookies.”

“I’m never complaining about my Ma’s cooking again.”

During their lamenting I suggested that we left some ‘Soft Batch’ up in the truck, but all seemed too tired to believe me.

“So what; there won’t be enough for all of us anyway!”

“Oh yes,” I came back with, “there’s enough cookies for nearly every Scout here to have a bag all to himself. Not only that, three of those sacks are All Most Home made cookies!”

Suddenly half the troop was ahead of Sam. Sam never took the lead again, after I broke the news to them of the Snickers, Milky Ways, and Three Musketeers. I even had some M&Ms and a big bag of peanuts. The heat had faded in the wake of the oncoming dusk, and spirits were high. The slick rock of Esplanade (vermillion sandstone of the Grand Canyon) was more level and encouraging, especially to the cadence of Sam’s tunes. We elected to gather up our water, and truck right on past the petroglyphs, “hamburger rocks” and Indian overhangs. Darkness came ‘til we couldn’t see one foot in front of another. We threw out our sleeping bags, accompanied with a few good pioneer stories and all were sound asleep, only to be awakened by those who had thrown their bedrolls over anthills.

I dosed off wondering why the Lord didn’t bless Scoutmasters with rubber hips.

We were trucking again before the sun even saw Kaibab Limestone overhead. Two gallons of water awaited us after sunup on the Bill Hall Switchbacks. Honeysuckle was in abundance. The plucked flower, turned and sucked from the bottom, served as a real treat for the boys.

Dale Clarkson and suburban was to meet us at 10 a.m. on the rim. He was 5 minutes early and only 3 minutes ahead of our ragged troopers. The banquet was “on” with, two juicy melons for dessert. A few seemed surprised that their stomachs remained docile and would not rise to the occasion. But that’s Scouting. The great outdoors in many ways may be our only educator. Have you ever stood on the rim and looked over the vastness of the Grand Canyon? Better still, descended into its glory?

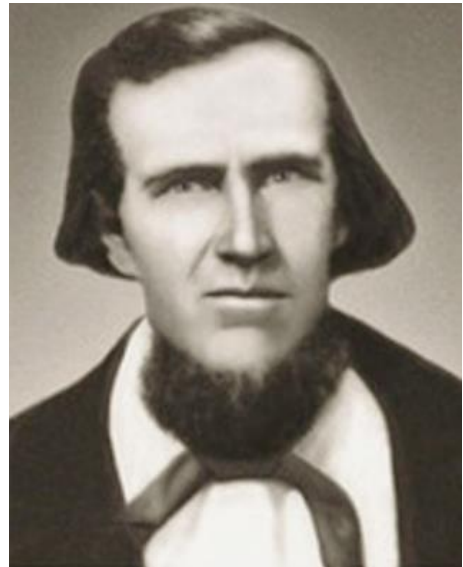
The previous week, I was on Crazy Jug Point determining whether to take the rockslide or the Bill Hall Trail, when I met a woman with tears rolling down her cheeks. I offered, “May I be of some help, Ma’am?” “Oh no, no, I just can’t believe it. I never dreamed it would be like this.”

Jacob Hamblin

Two monuments in Kanab honor its founder, Jacob Hamblin. This is not sufficient, especially during this sesquicentennial year when we honor our pioneer ancestors. Jacob is worthy to be held in emulation by all Boy Scouts, for he was probably the greatest Scout to ever set foot in the great American West.

The following remarks are from colleagues and historians, then and now:

WIXOM: “Not even the venerable Daniel Boone had more daily contact with the American aborigine than Jacob Hamblin. He entered warring Navajo and Hopi country, against warnings of friends, so many times that histories stopped keeping track. It’s entirely unlikely anyone journeyed as many miles in the saddle during a 50-year span in world history than did Jacob Hamblin. Father Escalante, in the name of his religion, is well remembered for one single trek across a trackless wilderness. Jacob Hamblin made dozens of such trips.”



“Extensive records show that many Californians, southern Nevadans, Utahns and Arizonians, today may well owe their very existence--when ancestors were spared death at the hands of hostile Indians--to the express intervention of Hamblin and those he directed. Countless times when a rash or fearful act might precipitate bloodshed, Hamblin moved with a wisdom rarely found in a terrestrial sphere.”

DELLENBAUGH: “Hamblin the ‘leather stocking’ of Utah knew the American Indians better than any man who ever lived.”

CARLSON: “This good man so fervently a believer in his religion, made friends with the redmen of this region and did more with kindness and patience and truth to pacify them than six companies of U.S. Cavalry could do with bullets.”

FLAKE: “Armed militias hurrying about from one trouble spot to another has probably had less to do with keeping peace than the quiet influence of Jacob Hamblin.”

SCHREINER: “...nowhere could be found a more energetic and courageous explorer. It would appear no one worked harder to bridge the conflict between white and red man in bringing peace to the frontier.”

SEKAQAPTEWA: “Jacob Hamblin’s personal daily life [example] had more lasting impact upon the Hopi people than anything ever said or taught by any other white man.”

POWELL: “This man Hamblin has a great influence with all the Indians. . . . I have found it very difficult to make the natives understand my object but the gravity of the Mormon missionary helps me much.”

YOUNG: “His ability to find his way in totally unfamiliar territory is unmatched in the world of Scouts. His self-confidence, his courage, his ability to endure: hunger, thirst, and illness, are practically unheard of. His fearlessness left he, alone, to tackle obstacles that an armed posse wouldn’t attempt.”

JOHN E. SMITH: “Hamblin behaved with admirable coolness. Not a muscle in his face quivered, nor a feature of his countenance changed, as he communicated to us, what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all. . . . Though frequently and rudely interrupted, his patience and nerve never gave way. . . . I wish to give testimony as to the bearing of Mr. Hamblin. No braver man ever lived!”

EVANS: “His most dependable weapon was prayer and a most absolute trust in God. He knew more perhaps than any other American ever knew of the native, and exerted more influence among them.”

HASKELL: “Made it clear in his journals that, in following Jacob Hamblin, he felt he followed the will of the Lord.”

TENNY: “I learned many lessons from that noble and God-fearing man and one who never faltered in performing his duties.”

WIXOM: “LDS literature is filled with stories of faith heals, but few have recorded more of them than Jacob Hamblin.”

“Jacob talks of the ‘spirit’ as frequently and openly and matter-of-factly as any of the four gospel writers from the New Testament.”

THOMPSON: “Jacob was a man I could trust with my money, my life, and my honor, knowing all would be safe.”

BAILEY: “Hamblin was a man who could not lie.”

YOUNG: “So in tune with Heaven was Jacob that he told of countless future events that would happen, against seemingly insurmountable odds. They occurred just as he had prophesied.”

WIXOM: “In modern times, only figures like Livingstone and Mother Teresa might match time spent in missionary work. Few have expended greater devotion and energy to a humanitarian cause. Incalculable lives of both red and white along the frontiers have been saved, as well as their souls, where so called famous explorers, Scouts, trappers, and mountain men have left behind scenes of carnage.”

Excerpts from Jacob’s Journal

“When I saw the women and crying children fleeing for their lives barefoot upon the rocks and through the snow, leaving a trail of blood, it aroused my sympathies, and I left inspired to prevent

the company from shooting any of them. I fully made up my mind, that if I had anything more to do with the Indians, it would be in a different way.”

JACOB: “My superior officer decided to have them shot. I told him I did not care to live after I had seen the Indians, whose safety I guaranteed, murdered. If there were any to be shot, I should be the first, and placed myself in front of the Indians.”

INDIAN CHIEF: “Old Agarapoots will never be satisfied until he has your blood. . . . You know he has killed two Paiutes and one of our oxen, burned his lodge, and taken many Indians with him into the mountains.”

JACOB: “I invited all the missionary brothers, one by one, to go with me to restore peace with Agarapoots but they all refused . . . with a remark: ‘I would as soon go into a den of grizzly bears!’”

JACOB: “When told he should never think of seeing home again, and the hostile council fix’en to roast him over the fire, an angry Paiute chief asked: “Are you not afraid?”

JACOB: “What is there to scare me?”

CHIEF: “The Navajos!”

JACOB: “I am not afraid of my friends.”

CHIEF: “Friends! You have not a friend in the whole Navajo Nation. Navajo blood has been spilt in your land . . . Are you not afraid?”

JACOB: “No, my heart never knew fear.”

A marauding, unfamiliar, Eastern Navajo war party had already killed George A. Smith when he went after a run-a-way horse. Now Jacob’s whole company was to die unless they gave up two more white men to avenge the previous murder of some Navajos in New Mexico.

JACOB: “I would not give one cent to live after I had given up two men to be murdered. I would rather die like a man than live like a dog!”

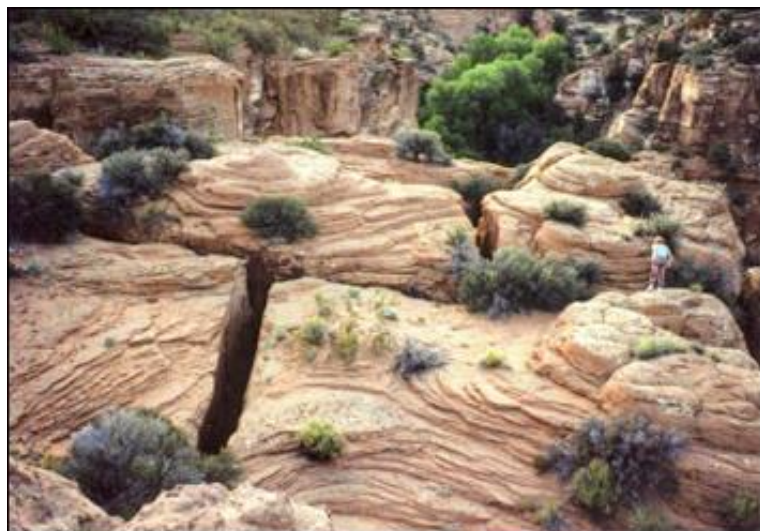
Saleratus Is Nature's Classroom

Map A-6

The leafless cottonwoods, under the December stars, illuminated by the golden fire, resembled reef-like tentacles groping for the top of the sea. I wondered why this gaze into space seemed such a new experience when I'd slept here many times before. But that's Saleratus; she links with Mother Nature and puts on a show regardless of the time of year.

While positioning jugs under the weeping spring I heard loud cracks echoing through the box canyon. The Scouts had discovered, "Scouring Rush" (a reed-like plant resembling miniature bamboo) that grew in groves. Their water-filled sections began exploding in the fire kicking the reeds back out like a rocket. The poof, bang, and crack amused them for hours. The reed also became a squirt gun as it was pressed through the thumb and index finger, bursting the plug in the

end, allowing the water to spurt forth. Nature's entertaining ways certainly tickled my fancy and helped to wear out a long December night.



At this writing in July, the boys became frightened by a distant glow in the dark. It turned out to be a captivating glowworm. With its bright fluorescent green glow, Nature was teaching again. Even if I were a chemist, could I have answered their probing questions?

The next morning's aroma of pancakes and eggs was soon dispersed as we set out on another 5-mile hike. Mother Nature soon stopped them again—"Hey, look at these ping pong balls!" The weightless, reddish-brown, oak-bush pods collected in the bottom of the wash. Inside each one was a single seed, suspended in the center by a fluffy cotton material, designed to catch the breeze; but here, the feathery material was securely attached to the inside of the circular pad.

"Amazing! Do you realize how far this ball could roll in the wind or float on a stream? It's perfectly designed to reach the other side of the world!"

One of the boys picked up a single antler with nine points on it. I do believe this half of a hat rack ended up being fashioned into knife handles in a Roundy garage.

On our way back we headed for the maze of cracks again. There were enough cracks to test any boy's width and agility. These fissures of fun have got to be unique to the world; and yet this "jungle gym" is home made by Mother Nature, and only a twenty-minute hike from town. Boys will go back again and again.

As we crested the summit in full panoramic view of Kanab, I thought, "Thank you Saleratus, you've been Mother Nature's classroom."

Frank Watson's Cabin: "Solitude"

Map B-78

Scouting positively impacts men's values and achievements. Studies of former Scouts also show a deep reverence and love for the outdoors. Observing, learning, and measuring one's self against never-cheating Nature, is the real laboratory of Scouting. Without the spiritual dimensions of nature, forgetting troubles, dissolving worries, the healing balm and the solitude with God; the very essence of Scouting would be threatened; thus, nature becomes also the temple of Scouting. Is this why the lover of nature and the atheist do not exist in the same person?

Watson's cabin in Hackberry Canyon stands as a sentinel of solitude. In fact, we have yet to see a foot print other than our own in this secluded place of exile. Before bridging the Colorado River, Kanab was declared the most inaccessible place in the U.S.A. So what then do we say of Watson's cabin? It is certainly banished in Kane County!



Where else can a man hide from the world? Some old timers say that Frank Watson was a fugitive of the law. Why did he change his name? Why seek a hermit's life in the abandoned corridors of Hackberry Canyon?

Several pioneering families homesteaded up the Paria River, but no, not Watson. He had to go over the mountain, and with only an axe, hewed him out a cabin, and adobe up some stone where he could be alone. He found employment just a long walk over the hill where he helped Charles Spencer attempt to separate gold from the chindle clay at Old Paria.

If cameras existed back then, Watson would have taken a picture of a towering monolith (which I call the "Sliver") standing in the gorge where Hackberry stream cuts its way through the legendary Cock's Comb, and into the Cottonwood Wash. The Sliver is last of the rocks to catch the blush of sunset and hold that crimson complexion after the sun has descended from the surrounding, jagged, skyline. As the tip of the Sliver burns out, one cannot help but think that: gone is the tool that the Creator used to slash open the Cockscomb, and hack the slots of Hackberry.

What did Watson think of his paradise? If old, gnarly, cottonwoods could only talk. I wonder if Watson ever saw a bird catch a butterfly, a Quail hen protect her young, the dance of fireflies, the florescent hue of a glow worm, the complexity of an ant hill, the twinkle of the frozen dew, or embroidered sandstone cliffs flaunting their coral colors against the Autumn leaves? Do you think he heard the voices of nightfall, the echo of wailing coyotes, the scream of a soaring falcon, or the hum of a honeybee swarm hanging from a tamarack willow? Do you think he could smell the potpourri cauldron his canyon became in spring, the stench of a covered lion kill, or the roll of a

newborn flood? YES! He had to, for his was a place of solitude. It still is today—a place where the soul of man undresses before his maker. A place for boys to learn of nature, discuss the past, and dream of the future.

There is something magnetic about this place. "I wonder this?" "I wonder that?" "Do you think...?" Scouts want to stay, but NO. To camp here could destroy a lonely hiker's cathedral, his place of solitude.

Sacrificial Stone or Something Else

SUN April 7, 1992 p. 16 Map B-79

Scattered amongst the cliffs of Kane County is a saga of precisely similar Indian puzzles. These “sacrificial stones” are near or above Indian sites and chipped into a flat rock at the cliff’s rim.



These stone etchings were carved deep to survive weather. All have a circle approximately 16 to 24 inches in diameter with a deep hole usually in the center or somewhere on the bisecting line that passes through the circle and extends out for several feet. Some have a quarter moon as illustrated in the accompanying photo.

The term “sacrificial” comes from the South Sea Islands where similar stone etchings were used, according to the natives, for sacrificial purposes.

The first one found above Indian scenes at Vaughn Judd’s ranch (now Bob McKay’s) points directly toward Montezuma’s Gold Mines. Tamenes, bearers of the gold, were supposedly sacrificed to the Gods with their blood let out upon this flat surface. Lending authority to blood-letting is the fact that every stone’s bisecting trough continues until it dumps off the cliff or into a large fissure.

With such credence, lending authority to Montezuma’s Gold, the varsity Scouts determined they might have something to do with a map of the treasure; so consequently, they began a pilgrimage, hiking the rims for sacrificial stones. Would you believe three stones found in Johnson

Canyon point to Montezuma's Mine? Five stones in Hog, Tinny and Kanab Canyons point in the direction of the submerged treasure at Three Lakes.

Our good geologist friend, Roger Holland, who keeps fact and adventure in their right priority, has been taking compass bearings on some of these sacrificial stones. He believes they are solstices. Since snow has covered the mountains this winter, the boys simply sat down with a compass, drew the sacrificial stones on a map as to their best recollections, oriented the map with the compass, and discovered that all the sacrificial puzzles found thus far point in either one of two directions (North Westerly or South Easterly).

Roger Holland now has some disciples. You see, two solstices occur each year in our hemisphere. Summer, June 21 and winter, about December 21. The rising winter sun casts its shadow in a North Westerly direction. The setting winter sun casts its shadow in a North Easterly direction.

If the Anasazi had weather similar to what we've had lately, an Indian would have made several trips to his solstice to be sure it was still winter. We hope to find some summer solstices but I have my doubts. Could not these stone puzzles have served two purposes since sacrifice was probably made to a Sun God?!! Anyhow, there's mystery in "them thar hills," enchanting enough to entertain men and help boys turn into men.

NOTE: Another interpretation of these stone markings is that they are waterglyphs, pointing to a nearby water source.

Paria

"Public Lands Day at Old Paria" SUN November 5, 1997 p. 17 [Map B-31](#)

Local boy Scouts of Paria River District are grateful to Wendy Barlow and her BLM staff for hosting our fall camporee, even after it rained out our service projects at old Paria on Public Lands Day. Instead of our doing a good turn, they did one for us and served us at the town square with workshops, merit badge training, knowledgeable outdoor skills, and land management use, to say the least about the entertainment, gifts, and yummy food.

Wendy's staff has applied ointment to a long gap of misunderstanding. Their unselfish work has helped to turn around an attitude of "We can't do this and we can't do that" on public lands to one of: "Let's do this and we should do that."

We were certainly looking forward to staging this "working celebration" at the old Paria movie set. Our Scout district is named after the Paria because of her historical and geological beauty. You watch, it is she and her drainages that will make the Grand Staircase Monument famous. The BLM has offered its invitation to come-see-be-a part of an unfolding epilogue at a time when our young men can do something for it, learn to love it, and share its geological treasure with the world.

The Paria offers a kaleidoscope of opportunity for our Scoutmasters to involve their troops in some of the best of America's outdoors, and its outdoor yard. Like the symbolical freedom of the



American flag waving her stripes up in the wandering breeze, the Paria wanders and floods at will amid her striped chinle colors, which are scrolled at will with the freelance hand of the Master's Brush. The slot canyons of Paria, Buckskin, Bull Valley, Willis Creek, Cottonwood Wash, Round Valley, and Stone Donkey are but a few of her

opportunities; add to that: Wrather, Cobra, Starlite, Sam Pollock, and Butler arches, sprinkled with old ranches, the Hidden Cache, petroglyphs, and the movie set, they create world class adventure, highlighted by some of the Southwest's superior photography in upper Paria, Hackberry, and Coyote Wash, that will enrich all of our troops.

So scrape up those hiking shoes. Tomorrow it'll be tuff in your second childhood; the boys will become men who will wonder why the world keeps coming to their back door. The boys may not as yet appreciate this geological treasure, but rest assured they will love the slimy clay, horned toads, water snakes, rattle snakes, guppies, crystal springs, soothing warm water, and especially the quicksand. Thus, we of the Paria River District are proud of our name, so thanks Wendy, Verlin, and staff for offering us some "hands on" at the old Paria. We are now in debt to you, weather permitting.

NOTE: Movie Town destroyed by fire in 2006.

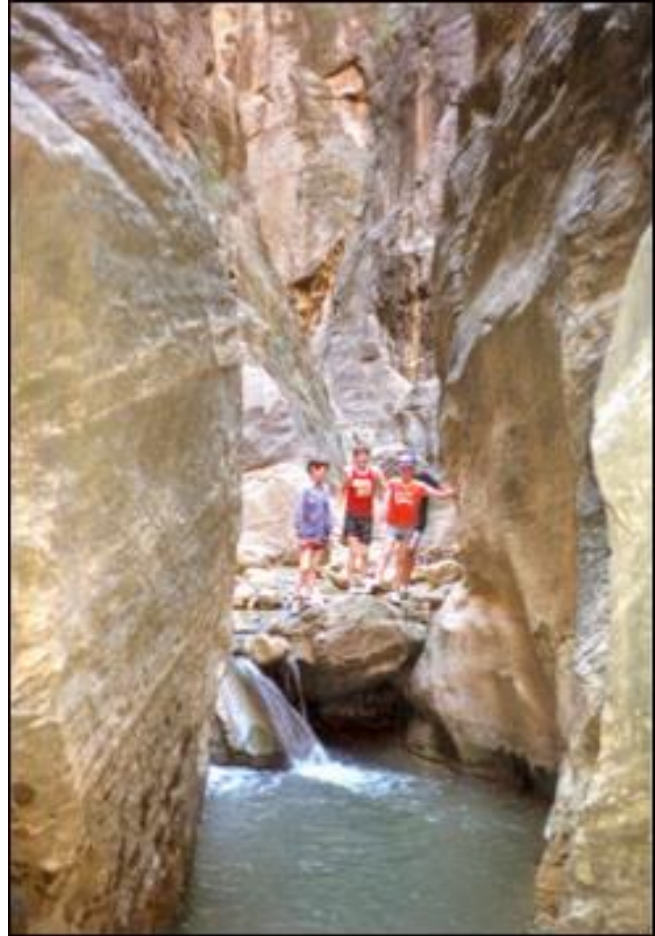
Orderville Gulch--Better than Zion Narrows

SUN March 31, 1992 p. 16 Map B-42

Many canyons offer Scouting adventure in southern Utah, but for a short day or half-day hike, Orderville Gulch is a real classic. There's not a better canyon to immerse boys into the effects of the forces of nature. It's stunning. The beauty and breathless splendor almost get to the most unperceptive of immature Scouts.

Orderville Gulch is so unique that it merits writing about for these reasons:

1. It is an easy, but challenging eleven-mile hike. No backpack or gear is needed. Unlike the famous Zion Narrows with her never-ending waterway of mossy, slippery, round, ankle-breaking stones, half the Gulch is a dry trail of sand and sediments between its unique defying obstacles; hence less stumbles or knee cracking falls.



2. Ten of its eleven miles have the most gorgeous narrows that open up then plunge in, time and time again, with each section offering different breathless, illustrious color. Again, unlike Zion's whitish-gray narrows, the Gulch offers impressive, staggering, cramped walls of red, rust and black, yellow, cream and blaze orange, all in chasms far more slender than Zions.

3. Unlike most falls, that pours out over a cliff as if from a pitcher, Orderville Gulch begins with a 100-foot fall that dribbles down its face, cutting tall thread-like fissures into its flanking columns, followed by a staircase of pools, then a tunnel of logs and debris akin to a tremendous rat's nest. A side canyon dumps its water into Orderville Gulch in a like manner, carving out its own closet of polished piers.

4. The water that trickles over the 100-foot fall disappears into the sand offering easy, dry footing for five miles. Then about the time you're ready for a change, a spring emerges in the bottom offering a new and greener challenge the rest of the way.

5. Many of her barriers are numerous natural bridges of logs and enormous live Douglas Fir which have leaned and fallen across its corridors, creating unique contrast with their evergreen color against towers of stone, sprinkled with the fall splendor of Maples.

6. Mother Nature has dropped huge stones into the Gulch, many of which have wedged between her walls, creating unimaginable awe.

You come out of the Orderville Gulch a different person--a little humble, a little closer to God.

Yes, there are pools enough for Scouts to swim in, obstacles enough to slow them down so you can take pictures, challenges enough to create a long-lasting sense of personal achievement and manhood, and a hankerin' to do it all again next year.

Exploring Parunaweap's Raging Waters

SUN March 2, 1992 p. 12 Map B-40

The best of the West is in Kane County. And in the heart of Kane County is the canyon of all canyons, with astounding colors, canyon walls ablaze with deep orange and reds, beautiful hanging gardens and wild grapes scattered among the maples, cottonwoods, and tamarack. Cascading fresh



water springs and falls, magnificent narrows and slot canyons that leave mouth and eyes in awe are also a part of her character. It's the depths of Kane's, own Virgin River that flows through the backyard of some of her citizens.

Major John Wesley Powell raised his arm to give a command at the battle of Shilo, and a cannonball took off his arm. This one-armed explorer not only braved the Grand Canyon, but with a few Kanab men and a Paiute Scout, entered the Virgin River at what we call the "Barracks."

Powell named the Canyon Parunaweap, which in Paiute means "Raging Waters."

So you see, our troop needed no expensive water park of Las Vegas or Salt Lake for we have our own raging waters constructed by Mother Nature's best handiwork. No fast foods or cotton candy, but the Scouts examined every frog, every water snake, every school of minnows, every spring and cranny. They

played in every fall and rode out every sluice. (A sluice is a place where the stream narrows up, coupled with a sharp fall in elevation, creating an effect like a spider riding the current from a garden hose.)

We saw the drowned deer left high on a rock from floods, and imagined how Powell traversed a treacherous slue via his iron spikes still embedded in the sandstone.

Just before reaching the Zion Park boundary, a side canyon joins the river called "Fat Man's Misery." Inconceivable, as if God himself had gouged it out with a laser! We squeezed into its chasms, stood under its arches, and slid through its holes. It must be experienced, for it cannot be described.

Over the years we've been many places, hiked boys to exhaustion, but in time, the adventure outlasts the pain and they want to go back. But here at Parunaweap they'd go back tomorrow. One cannot experience it all or see it all in one trip. The adventure is too great!

Can you imagine such a trip now, in October? The fall colors will have turned Parunaweap into a breathless panorama.

Our trip last month was the culmination of work on the environmental science merit badge. And sorry to say, we found both extremes in the not so virgin, Virgin River.

The Scouts made two lists to put in their environmental report, one of Mother Nature's work, the other of pollution, which high waters had taken from the backyards of the upper country communities.

Parunaweap: May she ever weep over her pollutants, yet spread forth her beauty and adventure, captivating all who come and partake of her glory.

Nankoweap

SUN April 28, 1992 p. 9 Map B-58

We hiked three miles to the Saddle Mountain rim then descended 6000 feet in fourteen more miles, into one of the park's grandest panoramas, eight of which were hugging the base of 1,000-foot Vermillion cliffs with some spots scarcely foot-path wide. If the top of a pack frame should strike a low spot on the cliff, it could catapult one to his death.



After passing such places unscathed, you descend another 2000 feet on a shale, loose gravel footing. Slip from these trails and you'd slide or roll until you became airborne then splat, slide again, and splat, tumble some more and splatter.

Backpacking experience pays off as the slippery trail becomes mastered, putting you at the fresh waters of Nankoweap Creek. If you neglected to stash some water along the way, certainly this is the place to leave an empty water jug or two for refill on the trip out.

The creek offered amusing chasing of trout that had swum four miles upstream from the Colorado to spawn. At the confluence with the Colorado is a peninsula standing some 30 ft. above the river. From this hill, standing amidst the foundations of Anasazi fortresses and pot shards, one could envision the bustle of the ancient village. To the south were several Locus and Tamarack

covered beaches sporting perhaps the longest, widest, fertile valley of the Grand Canyon. To the west was the fresh trout stream of Nankoweap Creek, guarded over by majestic yucca nearly twenty feet tall and almost to spring forth an array of glorious bloom.

In the cliffs above are several caves filled with adobe houses. So well did they blend with the mountain that their only giveaway was five conspicuous square windows. One storage house is so naturally conformed to the surroundings that only climbing to it revealed its tight construction by the meticulous touch of Anasazi hands. The smallest of rodents could never have robbed these caches of their life sustaining goods.

Few have immersed themselves in this breath-taking history of the past except by riverboat or back packing the seventeen miles into Nankoweap Valley of the Grand Canyon. Sandy beaches were a welcome sight for an exhausted leader to relax under a cloudy sky while Varsity and Explorer Scouts' tireless bodies were busy playing games and building sand castles.

Returning from this Red Man's paradise, I was reminded again of how the heat from the monarch cliffs seemed to accentuate the sweet smell of honey blossom, the flowering Cliff Rose and golden Bitter Brush. The giant asparagus spears of the yucca were growing an inch a day and already were the size of a man's upper arm. The red-stemmed larb was sporting new buds of pink or white blossoms. Your voice echoed back around every turn as the Raven swoops so near with its black-glossed wings to chat your imprudence. Lizards scramble for cover as ant lions rejoice in each jiggle of the Earth.

To get away from it all, to lie on the beach a mile deep in the earth and look up at the dancing stars as the roar of the West's greatest river lulls you to sleep is an experience one will go back for, in spite of complaining muscles! Especially as he now learns of a much shorter route to Nankoweap.

Minutes to Mystery

SUN July 16, 1991 p. 12... [Map A-80](#)

Someone had been digging for pots again and had left a wire grid screen. Human bones of all sorts had been thrown in a pile: ulna, radius, scapula, and femur.

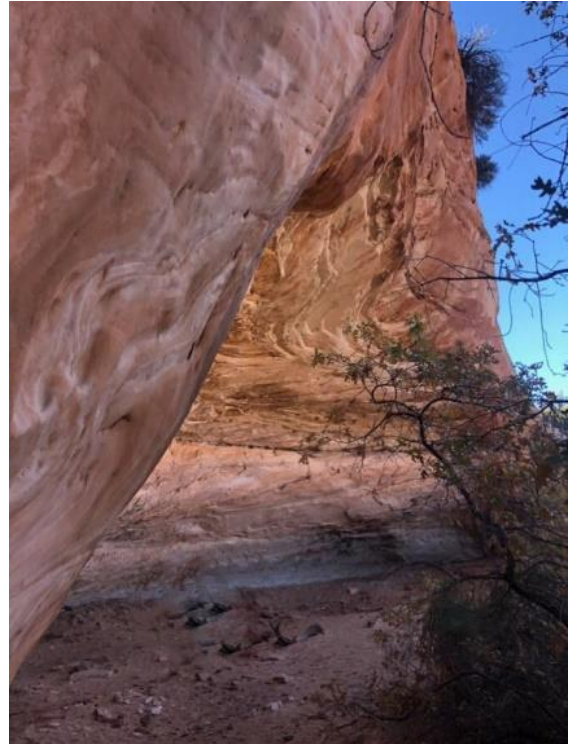
"Are these toes or fingers? Where does this go?" "That's a collar bone. Goes right here." "This guy couldn't have been a grown up. Look at the size of this rib!" "Perhaps, which rib is it?" "What's this between these vertebrae?" "Looks like dried up old maggot skin." "Hey, over here!" shouted John. "Hand prints!" Sure enough--the Indians had stuck them in red paint and pressed their palms on the sandstone wall behind what was left of the kiva. The prints were no longer than the Boy Scout's hands.

Fifty yards to the north was another cave where apparently the Anasazi kept chickens. In front were fire pits. To the west, petroglyphs were partially buried in the sand.

“Hey guys, let’s get back to our fire before the coals go out. They should be just right for roasting our shish kebabs.” Lee brought the cubed venison. The onions, potatoes, tomatoes and green peppers were assigned to others. All items were sliced and stuck in tandem on a willow to about eight inches worth, then roasted. Mmmm delicious. Much better than “biscuits on a stick,” “grapefruit cakes” or roasted corn.

After supper it was too late to play softball in the meadow so the troop again tried to arouse the crocodile in the underground lake by skipping rocks across his back. A light, brighter than campfire flickers, still tempted none to try swimming in it.

Reminds me of another place, also a few miles from town, where we love to have troop cookouts. There’s a painting on that wall that looks just like the Loch Ness Monster. We have named the enormous cave near it “Mystery Cave” due to the etched picture on the wall, which remains a mystery. They’re also red and white figures, a few adobe remains, a kiva, and a fire hole in the corner where the ledges come together, with recesses chipped in each side to support a cooking pole.



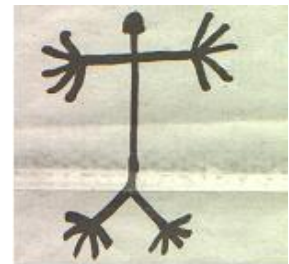
On our last visit to Mystery Cave we stayed overnight, set up our troop rope maker in the wide veranda of the cave and made rope with which we repelled into some ruins on the other side of the ridge. After all, why show them the way down when descending ropes is more thrilling. Or what good is knot tying without some practical application.

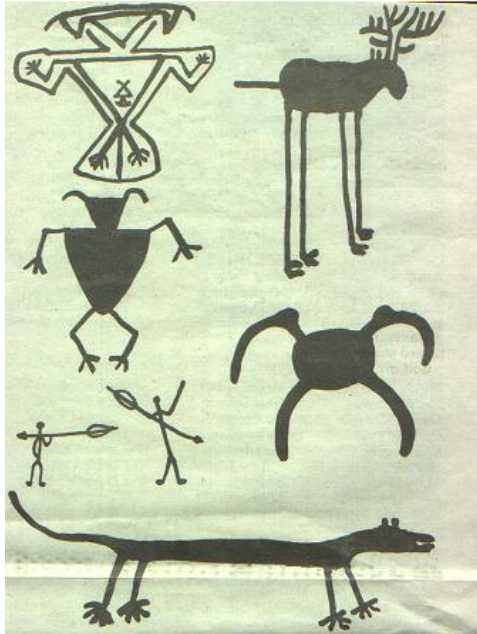
If your summer troop meetings are in a classroom you are missing the boat, losing interest and discouraging your best teacher--Mother Nature.

Unraveling Kanab’s Ancient History

There may be no buried plates or ancient papyri but our early history is chiseled in stone, yes, all around us. Here are portrayed a few of the sentinels from the past which permanently face Highway 89 between Kanab and Three Lakes, chosen from dozens of panels in this stretch of highway because of their unique character.

Are they the product of idle doodling?
Perhaps it is just Anasazi graffiti?
Or is it ancient artwork?





As the early Egyptian hieroglyphics of the Nile were meaningless until the discovery of the Rosetta stone in 1799, so also has been our Native American hieroglyphs. Recent breakthroughs in Texas, New Mexico and southern Utah have provided our own “Rosetta Stones.” Parallel stories of conflict with whites and Indians, travels of Father Escalante and others, when pecked on a cliff by Natives as compared with eyewitness accounts in written English history, have provided so much consistency that deciphering these petroglyph panels is becoming better than remote, with a relatively new science called CRYPTANALYSIS.

A definite NO answers the three questions above. The hieroglyphic peckings all about us are absolute language inscriptions which tell of: History, Migrations, Unusual circumstance, Conflict, and War, etc. Less than a mile from town are panels telling of drought, conflict over water

rights, drying up of the Kanab Creek, flood damage, migrations across the Colorado River, and south along the Virgin, with privations in deep canyons during journeys.

Winter and summer solstices, still etched in flat rock as deep as an inch, are near most hieroglyphic inscriptions. Human sacrifices were apparently made to the tribe’s sun gods by putting the victim’s heart on the solstice circle, allowing the blood to follow the sculptured trough and path, which matched the shadow cast by the sun. Some of these sacrificial solstices are so old they have fallen down the mountains in seismic activity, requiring new ones to be chiseled in their stead.

Those archeology and history buffs of a curious mind among our Explorer age group are invited to join us on the 4x4 off highway road rally this summer, in which we will visit several such sites. Some of our Scouters have gotten into the expensive habit of leaving our area for the high adventure activities or fifty miler hikes. Seems ironical when others across the nation are coming here. If fifty milers were done here, within ten miles of home, the Scouts would not only fall in love with their roots, the red hills, and the mystery of the Anasazi, but would see several things each day of the hike that even grandpa hasn’t seen.

Vandalism, erosion, and age alone, slowly take their toll on rock inscriptions as well as on us mortals. I regret the ages when I cannot go back and stand in front of a newspaper rock and see something I had overlooked on a previous visit.

My son, Deryn, a Scoutmaster in Arkansas, says, “Out here Scouts come from as far away as Maine to camp in the Ozarks, too bad they have never heard of Southern Utah!” I think we need to relish where we live. We need to take our families in the outdoors, which is ever so close, and let the mountains work for us, yes, and even talk to us.

NOTE: Royce drew these figures from several different petroglyph panels.

Hiking the Jam

Map B-56

The Jam is a slot canyon so narrow it filters out all the logs Mother Nature's floods try to cram down her, piling them up in a twisted heap on the slick- rock shrine as if it had been put there by an angry bulldozer. Entering 50 yards south puts you 50 feet beneath this deluge of debris. It's marvelous at high noon how the sun tries to push its kaleidoscoping rays through the twisted mass of wood.

"Cool man," pipes up a Scout.

"When do we eat," says another.

"Eat! I'm having too much fun to ever eat."

"Another 100 yards and another 50 feet deeper, this slot makes some more whirly gigs, sculpturing an arch which adheres to the canyon wall. That's where we eat."

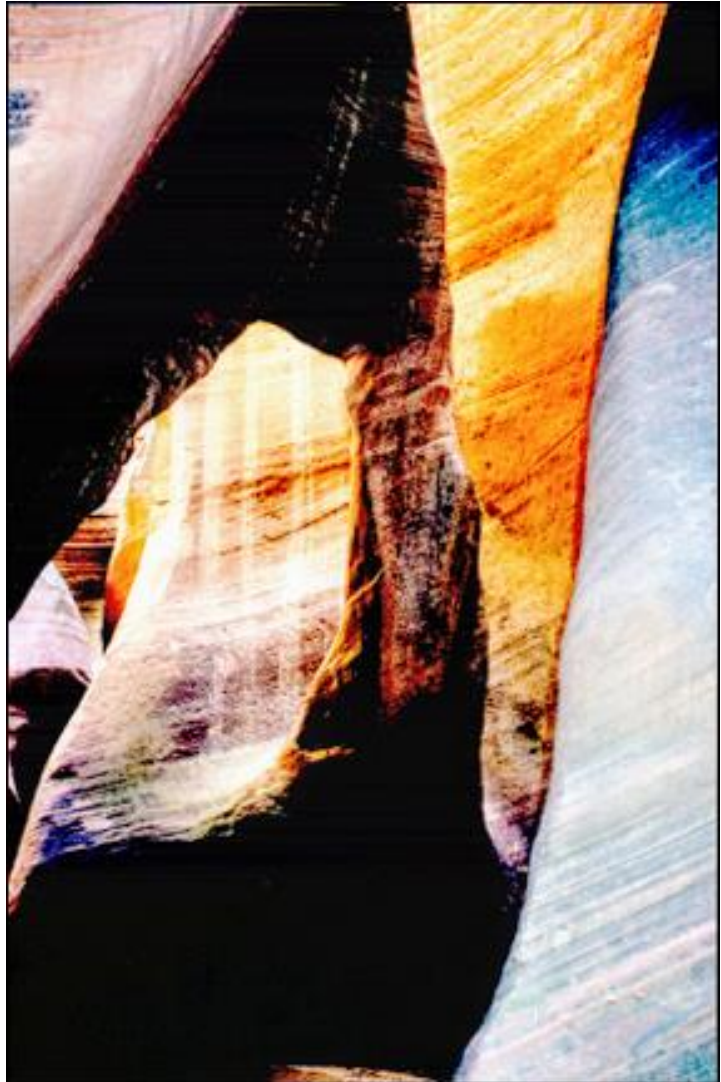
Scouts scampered, shoved, and boosted, to pile as many as possible into this arch, which resembles the handle on an archaic wine jug. Perfect pose for a group camera shot [a dud]. Just where were they when the sun tiptoed down the crimson wall setting aglow the background to which the arch was glued?

They didn't wear out the fun for it took a whole 4 hours to cover the next one and a half miles. We picked some watercress at a fresh mountain spring to go in our sandwiches, which we finally consumed in an enormous Anasazi

alcove. They experienced the Narrows of Mineral Wash, unique petroglyph panels, a frightened rattle snake, and a murky, clay, mud hole which these city Scouts turned into an elk wallow.

Two timid boys, who had spent a lot of time together, approached me as we were ascending the sand chimney to our vehicles.

"Can we ask a dumb question? What were those long stringy looking things with black dots in them?"



"You mean those transparent noodles?" I answered,

"Yah."

"Were they so slippery you couldn't keep them on the end of a stick?"

"Yah."

"Were the dots exactly the same distance apart and perfectly round like black BBs?"

"Yah."

"Those are frog eggs, a few days away from turning into tad poles."

"Really?"

"Yep, one 'ole mama frog decided, about too late, that she'd better hatch another... another... another... batch."

The adult Scout leaders loved the 4-wheeling in the Jam itself, and the amazing landscapes. These Scouts were St. George boys, yet acted as though they had come to a new world of adventure; and they had. You see, there is no place on earth quite like the Barracks and Parunaweap section of the Virgin River. If you're new in this magnificent country, start with a little spread of the Jam and you'll return again and again 'til you've feasted your fill. Be careful though, I'm afraid I have developed a tapeworm, which keeps me so destitute I just can't get enough of the deep, canyon forks that feed the Virgin's east river.

NOTE: Also known as Mineral Gulch.

The Isle of Sky

Map A-27

Part of what cowboys call “The Fishtail” is the Isle of Sky. It is the flat white mesa to the north on Page Highway halfway to Johnson Canyon. It is a land of enchantment, land of opportunity,



great 4X4 ride, to the point that connects it with a saddle to the vermillion cliffs, terrific horseback trip up the trail that winds its way through the ledges on the highway side, and great hike with ample to do and observe. On the front side are a couple of Indian alcoves. Within the larger is a heavy lava metate full of pottery; also, an ancient clock chipped in a huge flat stone sits in the back. It has thirty dots with one-fourth of the clock shaded with the pecking, as if it were depicting the winter season.

Beyond the isle to the north in the head of Willis Canyon are the “Gater-eyes”; the cliff curls up on the hill like a gater’s eyebrow forming an eye or Anasazi caves about one hundred yards apart.

On the point north west of the “Gater-eyes” is the “Wine Press” which is a massive flat rock that dinosaurs have stomped the heck out of. To the east of the Isle is the white spider looking peak that lines up Montezuma Caves with Mt. Trumble. From sheep camp to sheep camp, Theron Crosby, in his late teens, listened to the talk of Freddy Crystal’s gold capers.

“Everything is a decoy,” says Theron Crosby. “The gold is really under the white spider mountain where I found a big rattle snake den back in the early twenties while herding goats there.”

And for you avid deer hunters, this Isle of Sky country is where you will find your black powder trophy buck. So jeep it, horseback it, hike it, set camp on it, before we are charged an exorbitant fee per boy per day to visit it, for our public land is fast becoming no more “our” land but ‘tis “their” land. It’s wonderful to hike and camp the land and back door yard in which we all grew up. If we wait until it costs, our boys may never see it.

NOTE: Now known as Mansard Trail/Cave.

Indian Country

Map A-28

It was 2 a.m. I'll never forget the horror of that night as hundreds of 1,000-pound feet on stampede were making hamburger of our would-be camp. Thank God for impetuous mosquitoes, for if it were not for them we would have been under the hoofs of those thundering Brahmas.

Earlier in the evening the mosquitoes had forced us to move from the level ground by the lake up to the ledge. On the hike from Movie town, Michael had insisted that we were lost and set out on his own--following an old posting road. Mike had stampeded the cattle during the night in his attempt to find our camp.

Now, 30 years later, the lake, the fish, reeds and meadow are still there except the Brahma cattle are now Herefords. The fish in the shallows could still be taken with willow spears. The petroglyphs and stairs in the box are still to the west. To the east are the flood canyon ruins and the north the unbelievable 47 footprints in the sandstone.

This beautiful green valley nestled with the white and chocolate sandstone was to prove an unforgettable experience once again. For to the north, were we to visit Montezuma Mines and that's another story that Scouts never quit talking about, especially with storyteller, Indian veteran and boy lover, Ronald Glover.

A special thanks to a local resident of Johnson Canyon, for our troop was able to also visit mummies actually in their graves awaiting archaeologists' removal; and the sacrificial rock above them in which it is proposed that these alleged gold-bearing servants of Montezuma were sacrificed to destroy any evidence of buried gold. Mystery, imagination, and actuality, painted vivid pictures that day as a dozen Boy Scouts reminisce over anthropology and archeological adventures. I think it not out of line to suggest that within a few square miles, there are more Indian Legends etched on cliffs than in any other area of comparable size in the whole U.S.A.



How many of us drive Johnson Canyon and never take time to park on the road and visit the famous FIRST arch in the west to get inside history books, Eagle Gate Arch. Yes, it's there. Many never see it because their eyes see natural terrain as they pass through the window. Get in the right spot on the road and you'll see all that blue sky under the eagle's perch. Then you'll admit it looks like the old Eagle gate over State Street in Salt Lake City. Hike over there with your camera, even there, if you're alert, you'll find some petroglyphs.

Kane County is an encyclopedia of natural and ancient history, preserved for Boy Scouts and nature lovers. Let's get them out of the classroom and into the books of REAL experience.

Inch Worm Arch

SUN July 2, 1990 p. 12 Map A-66

We were camped under large oak trees, among unusual twists of Navajo sandstone with its holes, domes, and taffy appearance. Among these beautiful cliffs is an attractive lake flanked with willow and numerous cattail reeds.

Over the ridge to the west is a box canyon with a cave, Indian and cowboy 'glyphs, and some steps chipped in the box by which the Indians climbed out. To the north is the grassy meadow and spring adorned with watercress. Further still, on an old lake-bottom bench are 47 man tracks in the caramel sandstone. Yes, I know you'll have to see it to believe it, but you will, when you see the one that someone tried to chip out years ago.



Reminds me of an article I saw in *National Geographic* featuring unusual tracks of three people in volcanic ash stone in Africa. They said the rock was 37 million years old, yet the footprints were of modern man. Interesting eh! These were covered with earth, however our Kane County ones have been exposed to the elements of weather for unknown years.

To the east and over the ridge in the bluff formations of Center Canyon is a most extraordinary double arch, which our troop found while hunting for some ancient ruins. We named it "Inch Worm."

Do you think anyone knows it's here?

"I don't know. Let's ask the BLM."

"It looks like an Inch Worm. You know how they have two suckers for feet then arch their back as they inch along an inch at a time."

The arch is invisible from the canyon bottom or ridge top. Only crazy fools hiking among the cliffs would ever happen upon it. It is approximately the same size as Eagle Gate Arch, near the mouth of Johnson Canyon.

After a Dutch oven supper of scalloped Alton spuds, venison and mutton steak, followed by the usual campfire stories, we retired under the summer stars. Come morning I was almost dead from lack of sleep and counting erratic sheep. One sheep was left that should have gone, but its tail got caught in the crack of dawn. By the time I realized my sheep had docked tails, there came the cry in unison, "A SKUNK, A SKUNK."

"Where, where!" I said.

“It’s on your bed!”

“Oh balon-i-ee.”

Sure was. Was I to crawl in or crawl out? Thank goodness the bedroll was only lying in her path, for she scampered on, swishing from side to side her gorgeous full bloom tail. She never even stopped to lick the fry pan. The fish were not biting so we packed up and scampered home, but not without stopping for a watercress sandwich.

Hog Canyon--A Haven of Anasazi Hamlets

SUN December 31, 1996 p. 6 Map A-7

From the ancient village at her mouth to her tail ends are nearly two dozen different Anasazi sites, each of which include all or some of: petroglyphs, picture graphs, adobe walls, steps, or multiple varieties of corn cribs. Scattered along the way are over a dozen alcoves, a half dozen sacrificial stones, and a continually growing number of dinosaur tracks, and to top it off, Hog is the home of Fawkawalk Cave, which has entertained all of my Scout troops over the years.

Towns of Kane County are as close to the “back-woods” as any American community, and



surrounding them is an aluminous natural habitat from the bristle cone pine, clear down to prickly pear cactus. What a tremendous veranda for a troop meeting within our back yards! And especially so when their valleys and bluffs are full of the remains of ancient cultures. Even Nevada’s troops have come to Hog Canyon during February’s unpredictable weather.

“Do we bring tents?”

“No, you won’t need tents!”

Two days later came the long distance ring, “Shall we bring tents. What about the weather?”

“No, don’t bring tents! We’ll sleep out the fury of nature’s storms in the hamlet of an Anasazi alcove.”

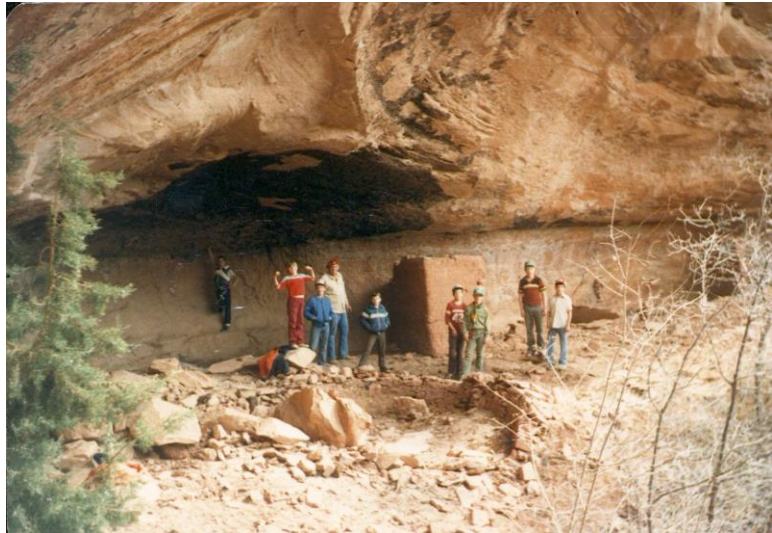
And so it was. The Nevada troops were astonished at dawn to peer out from their warm haven and see the world’s blanket of newly fallen snow. With Hog Canyon less than five minutes from Kanab it ought to be your troop’s classroom. What’s better than vermilion cliffs, mirroring the orange, dancing, flames of a flickering campfire, rather than the stark white classroom walls of a church or public building? The outdoors will enhance your program and guarantee increased attendance. Four wheel it! Backpack it! Hike it! Picnic it! Why not? After all, Hog’s just over the hill.

Trail Canyon Ruins/Ice Slides

Map A-11

The Trail Canyon Indian ruins, probably of the Anasazi period, were roofed with cedar poles, over-laid with willow, covered with bark, and topped with mud. The willow was woven or laced together with yucca strips and tied off with square knots. Every single knot was a square knot. "Look here men, there were Scouts here 2,000 years ago; you're not the only ones who know how to tie square knots!" The logs supporting the willows were burnt off outside the walls.

"Their hands couldn't have been any bigger than mine. Look!" A Scout was matching his thumb and fingers to those of the ancients as they had clinked the grass-mixed mud into the walls. Another was fascinated by the little wooden dowels on the inside of the East and West walls. Years ago, they were solid but now slid in and out.



"Hey, come here! A ghost man!" called another. The white paint stood out against the dark cave roof back of an adobe dwelling. I'd never seen a petroglyph in three dimensions like this appeared to be. These Indians had it easy. There was a spring bubbling through watercress in their very own courtyard! I wonder if they had a use for the poison ivy also growing around it.

Our overnight camp was under some large pinions high on the ridge above these ruins, of which three other sets are located within ½ mile of the Old Shunesburg Mail Trail. Early-day mail was taken by horse back on this route over Harris Mountain to Shunesburg (now a ghost town). The mail was dropped down a cliff via cable and carried on to Grafton (another ghost town), then to St. George.

The orange glow of our campfire must have been visible to anyone crossing the sand that night, for it was large. The Scouts played steal-the-flag until midnight. Miracles are always happening with the Boy Scouts, for that night not one of them tangled with a barbed wire fence or rubbed noses with a cactus patch. The February frost that dusted the tents gave way to tears in the morning sun. After pancakes and eggs, the tents were dry and we were on our way for the five-mile hike down to the Kanab Dam.

"Would you guys like to see some more ruins?"

"Where?"

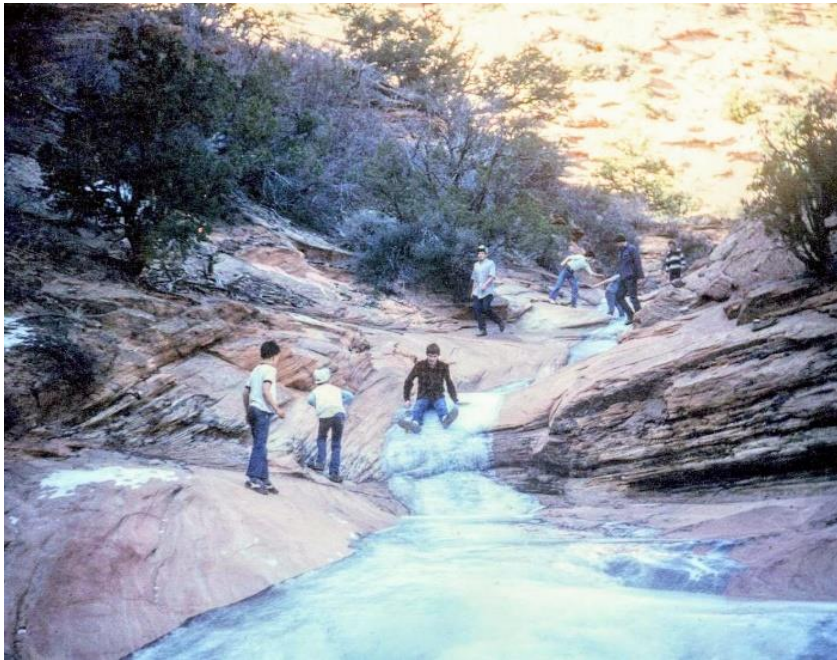
"Right up there."

"There ain't nothin' up there!"

"That would make an Indian feel good to hear, but I'll assure you, they're there. Get up tight against the ledge and work your way along, then when you bust through that scrub oak you'll be right in the middle of a Kiva. To the right are some adobe walls."

Five minutes later their echoes were bouncing from the invisible cave. Behind the Kiva the cliff was shaped as the inside of a dish which they ran up in a centrifugal approach to greater and greater heights. They were having such fun that the hieroglyphics on the ledge went unnoticed.

A silver ribbon of ice lay in the canyon's sandstone bottom, around the turns and over the dips, for hundreds of yards. This was as good as a hydro-tube or better still, "Raging Ice."



Scooting down on their fannies, they made great time, except they had to do it at least nine times. Too much speed would up-end ya when a foot went against the sandstone for a brake. Man, they had fun!

Up until now we had sustained only one goose egg. Rough places we scaled around. At a steep precipice David was trucking too fast to attempt a detour and elected to keep, if possible, his feet under him and take the consequences. All held their breath as he bounced twice

and hit the bottom ice--feet first--breaking through and coming out as agile as a cat on a hot tin roof. You can imagine the folly of such play if the lead man were on his hinder rather than on his feet scouting the treacherous run. I relaxed somewhat as I remembered that the hundred foot box was on the other fork of the canyon. Thirty years ago, I climbed the same log there, where my dad had climbed from the box canyon as a young trapper. He said the Red Man had put it there to climb out. Above the log were five steps chipped in the rock. It's a beautiful canyon, but that's another story.

The ice began to melt as the canyon widened and smiled with the warm sunshine. The boys drank and refreshed under the trickle of the last fall from which Walter Cluff could be seen waiting at the dam to take them home.

They had fun, and some had the satisfaction of completing their hiking skill award. I returned by way of the Old Shunesburg to retrieve my pickup truck--crossed an Anasazi burial ground, jumped four deer and two jack rabbits!

The Heart Veins

SUN October 11, 1995 p. 13 Map A-64

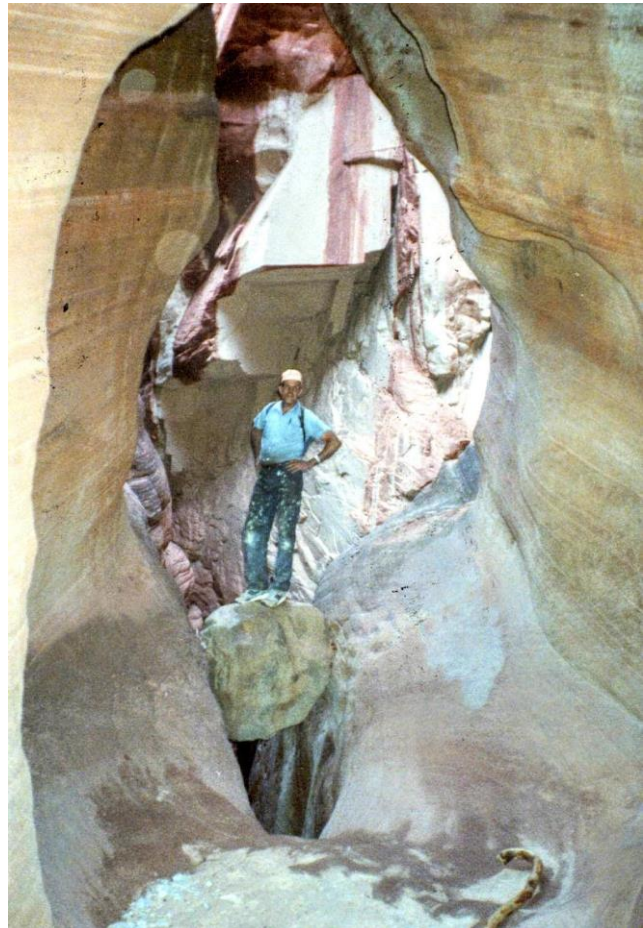
A scheduled appointment at Carmel Junction involving a slide show of Southern Utah's slot canyons seemed rather dull for Keith Merrill. He had just come back from a 20-minute trip up Demoin Sorenson's Sand Wash. Merrill, producer of Zion's *Treasure of the Gods*, had found the place (the hole in the center of the earth), the climax for his motion picture and better still he could drive his camera trucks right to the spot.

The movie *Avenging Angel* was filmed several days in the same place. Betty Pardee (Kane County Film Commission) commented that: "Demoin Sorenson is the most congenial guy we have ever worked with." And rightly so, he knows he's got something right up that Sand Wash and is mighty proud of it. He allowed me to take the *Wind Runner* production crew up there. They stood in total amazement. The location Scout, with shoulder-length hair, a bewhiskered chin, and rings in his ears, declared: "I would have never believed God could make something like this!" They wondered, "Why didn't you show us this before?"

"The script didn't call for it, besides you had already fallen in love with Monument Hollow of the Barracks."

"Scripts can be changed!"

The beautiful, white, Elk Heart Cliffs that silhouette Mt. Carmel and Orderville, as if actually painted there, sit on top of vermilion sandstone and dump their flooding waters south of the cone-shaped Elk Heart and sugar Knolls, carving out crimson crevices that meet in the sand wash north of Carmel Junction. What better name for these darkened red fissures than "The Heart Veins"?



Remember the health cartoons of yesterday's school days? A bad germ would jump onto a blood corpuscle and take an adventurous ride through the vessels of the body. The right Heart Vein has an arch chamber, plugged with driftwood, which we call The Blood Clot. There are places in the left fork that are so "cholesterol clogged" that a straight shot view is but a pinhole, yet you veer to the left, then right, then left, and look back and wonder how you squeezed through the hole.

Michael Kelsey, author, geologist, and professional hiker of 129 countries, says that our Buckskin Gulch is the, “longest, darkest, deepest, narrowest, slot canyon hike in the world.” I agree with Kelsey, but can truthfully say that he has never hiked the Heart Veins, for they are darker and narrower. The gulch is awesome but the Heart Veins are “unbelievable.”

Entering either vein borders on a spiritual experience. To go in alone, it becomes a shrine, a place of solace, gendering appreciation for the magnitude of God. Boy Scouts love it for other reasons. They see little around them, behind them, or above them. It’s the half a dozen rock jams, water holes, falls, and scalable walls they see. It’s like a ball game for them. A physical feat, a sense of achievement.

If you are agile enough to get in a vehicle, you’re not too old to have a Heart Vein experience through the private and BLM road to the left fork, or through Sorenson’s ranch to the right fork. Of course, many enjoy a vicarious experience on the front rows of the nine-story Cinamax Theatre screen at Zion’s entrance. You will realize that those awesome, spiraling upward scenes came from the heart of Kane County, namely, the Heart Veins.

Note: In the credits for the 1994 movie *Wind Runner* Royce is listed as “Location Scout.”

Hands of the Anasazi

SUN March 4, 1991 p. 10 [Map A-52](#)

Red handprints, yellow handprints, white hands and turquoise hands, all typical of the Red Man’s Kane County home, provided the perfect setting for Troop 364’s winter camp.



We chose to nestle our camp under the sunbaked vermilion cliff of a box canyon, a branch of Kanab Creek. The boys had scarcely abandoned their backpacks when I yelled, “If you find any Indian ruins do not climb on or touch anything.” Knowing that you can’t take from a Scout his first priority (exploring his habitat) the canyon rang out with shouts of ecstasy as if they were the first white man to detect Anasazi remains.

They soon discovered the three caves. The largest, shaped like the “horn of plenty,” extended into the cliff some 100 feet by 20 feet high and still a 10-foot ceiling at the end. The floor of its mouth was embellished with storage pits. The second cave displayed some adobe walls and a kiva (circular adobe structure).

The third cave exhibited a kiva, storage pits, adobe walls, pottery and a panorama of approximately 59 red handprints. On the ceiling, eluding most viewers, were 50 more handprints in turquoise color and a half dozen in yellow.

We noticed how peculiar the Anasazi had crossed his arms or pressed one hand at a time on the cliff, with the thumbs all pointed outward. On the other side of the box canyon was a goat and elk in red paint, plus a yellow line, formed into a yellow oblong circle. Attached to the circle were red marks made from paint on the three middle fingers; and precisely pressed above the top line and below the bottom line. It could almost pass the ancient ojum alphabet or timeline of early ancestors who came to this country about 2000 B.C.

Tylon Heaton, our Indian Scout, was impressed with the hands the same size as his own. Hopefully, before he leaves the troop he will have examined other handprints in our vermilion country, such as those at Flood Canyon ruins, Swapp Canyon, Dairy Canyon, Cottonwood, Tinny, and Indian Canyon Ruins.

The hands of Dairy Canyon are similar to the first ones our varsity troop saw in the Grand Canyon. I wondered then where those Cliff Dwellers obtained an aerosol can. Apparently, they placed a hand on the cliff then spit or blew the paint around and between their fingers with the mouth or the aid of a hollow reed of some type; then removed their hand from the spurted background left the shadow impression.

Do red handprints mean the same as those above the doorways on ruins in southern Mexico? Do colors alone bear a specific meaning? If for 2000 years stone art was the only means of permanent communication, is there a dictionary? Do you think that Indians allowed their children to just “doodle” on the cliffs? And what about the brave who stuck his son’s infant feet in the blue paint then pressed them on the ceiling of an alcove in Hell Dive Canyon west of the Ranchos?

I’ve searched several publications on rock art of the Great Southwest. There was only one mention of a petroglyph in Kane County. The books are void of rock art this side of the Paria River. Yet I am personally convinced that here in Kane County we have more petroglyphs per square mile than any other place in the U.S.A. What a resource to Scoutmasters, hikers and history enthusiasts!

Our two-day winter camp was so impregnated with this Anasazi atmosphere that from natural materials the troop had practiced making fire by bow and drill, made spear throwers, bows, and even arrows fitted with feathers found from a dead flicker.

Our survival specialist, Ben Blade, had a dozen Scouts so involved they had qualified for the toughest part of the Indian Lore merit badge and didn’t even realize it.

Is there meaning in these hands of time? Yes, I think there is. Till the mystery gets completely unraveled may we allow it to season our campfire stories, give dimension to our wilderness hiker, and color the lens of America’s photographers.

Fawkawalk

Map A-20

The slit in the earth was hardly big enough for a boy to slip through. One Scout poked his head into the black hole.

“What do you see?”

“It's too dark...too dark...too dark.” The echo resounded with gripping expression of awe on everyone's face.

“We need a flashlight. Go get a flashlight.”

Some started pulling out dirt and rocks making the opening wider.

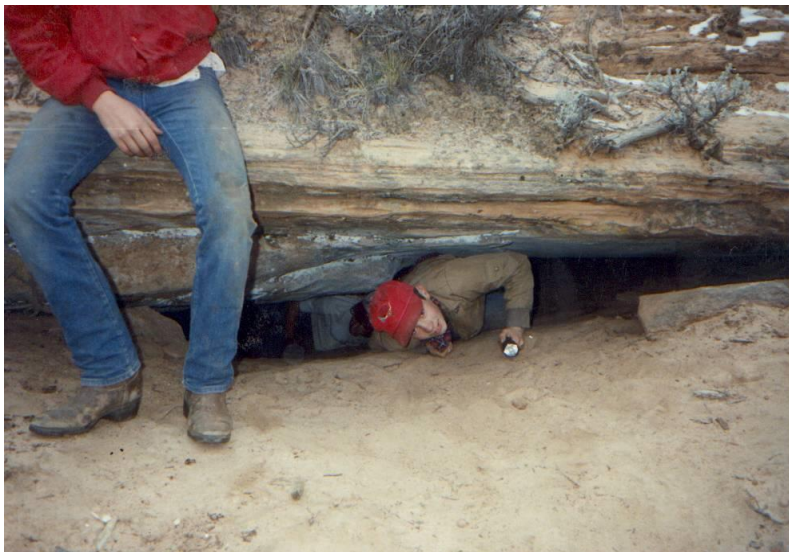
“Let me in there. I dare go in!” He started to slither in on his belly, but as the blackness spoke back at him he halted, turned around, and attempted a feet-first approach.

“Does it open up?”

“Hey, I can stand up in here!”

“What's in there?”

“I need a flashlight!”



Shortly two others had slithered in, to brave the darkness. What light there was, was constantly blocked by curious Scouts outside the hole.

As Ryan was coming back out, Brad from inside yelled, “Gold, Gold.” Ryan disappeared like a prairie dog.

“Where, where!” (Our last troop outing had been at Montezuma Mines.) But now we were just a few miles north of

Kanab. The place of darkness – Fawkawalk; named by the boys because you drive along a fence and walk a lot. It would still be a mystery if the troop had not seen a fox the evening before and followed it in Fawkawalk's direction.

The next morning a young Scout may have thought he had found the weather threatening. And some mothers may have been apprehensive about soaked sons, flash floods and the whole bit. But they have never camped out in dry, roomy Indian caves large enough to sleep the whole ward. The hanging cliffs lay end to end like the center of an M. Red Indian paint on the back wall resembled waves in the sea. Pothunters had unearthed half the cave and fire pits, as were unmercifully done in all of Southern Utah in the last five years.

After a round of storytelling and songs featuring Michael, all had retired to bed when suddenly there was a deafening explosion. Fire and charcoal hit the ceiling! Glowing coals scattered

everywhere. Several, including myself, shot out of our bedrolls swatting sparks as if infested by a hornet's nest. Jeremy had hid a can of soup in the campfire. The resulting explosion, excitement, and near lynching, was only partial to what the troop was going to experience the next morning at Fawkawalk. Suffice it to say, my bedroll resembled a piece of Swiss cheese.

After the morning chores and gear were packed, we took leave of the camp to some ruins, which pothunters had not found yet. One Scout picked up a 3 inch obsidian arrowhead; another a turquoise bead. It was obvious that Indians had camped all over the ridge above and across the draw at Fawkawalk.

Ancient history doesn't interest youth for long; they prefer chasing foxes to their dens. They couldn't wait to go back to Fawkawalk with flashlights, so their gear was carried to the outfits and all returned with lights. Once inside the cave it opened to a room as big as a house in which even I could not reach the ceiling!! Dust as well, for it was covered with hundreds of creepy sand crickets. No gold; no Indian; and so concealed, that it had eluded even foxes. But now it was full of imagination, adventure and dusty light beams scanning every inch as lasers on a foggy airport.

I guess the troop has adopted the place with subsequent visits—including the hike out into Hog Canyon with its many petroglyphs, pottery, and ruins.

One spot in Hog would have been a classic over 100 years ago, but the whole village has been turned upside down by gravediggers, leaving it a shambles of adobe, corncobs, and pottery pieces.

Most ruins in Kane County that can be seen with field glasses from an airplane have been destroyed. Fortunately, Boy Scouts who love to hike can still enjoy some legacy of hidden history.

NOTE: Hog Canyon North Fork.

Fat Man's Misery

SUN July 21, 1992 p. 16 Map B-41

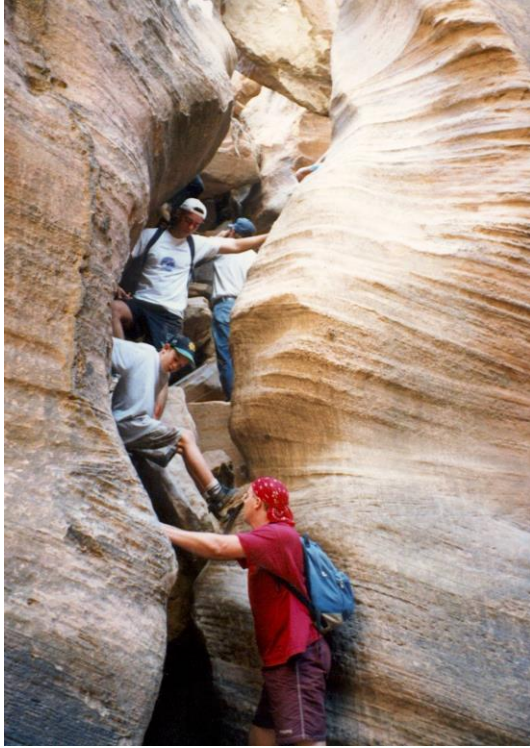
Ever wish today's youth would lace up their shoes? Send them with us and we'll take them into the shoe-sucking sand of Fat Man's Misery.

In the spring, the holes are full of sand and so impregnated with water as to become a living organism. Jab it with a stick and the sand would collapse or slump to the center of the sandstone ditches, displacing the free-standing water, sending it cascading down the staircase of swirling potholes.

Rob Heiser, Professional Scouter, was with me looking for a new one-day hike for his five-day BSA hikers. The quick sand in the heart of Fat Man's Misery was terrifying to him; but as for me I had my staff, which previously Rob could see no use for.

"Tighten up your sneakers or better still, take them off and put them around your neck!"

"How'd you get through?" he inquired.



“I used my walking stick. And besides, I was raised on the rubber-skinned quicksand of the Kanab Creek.”

I poked out the depth of the holes, lay the staff down for Rob to walk on, and hand one end to him for support.

The phenomenon of Fat Man’s Misery almost resembles caving; it’s so narrow and deep in the earth.

Centuries of grueling, gritty water have gorged out these conical rooms, one of which displays two arches in such a way they defy you to catch them on film. Something about this unusual gallery soaks up one’s wildest imaginations. You can’t leave it and you can’t take it with you. It draws you back like yesterday’s Yosemite and Yellowstone. It’s a masterpiece of Mother Nature that would stand supreme, yes, triumph in the galleries of the world. There just aren’t adjectives to describe the sensation of Fat Man’s.

My Scout partner whose bikers had previously been hiking the Subway of Zion Park kept saying, as we dropped into the upper end of the east fork of Fat Man’s, “This is unbelievable, awesome, it’s unreal.”

I responded, “You ain’t seen nothing yet! It gets better with every step and truly is incredible in the arcades of the lower end!”

You will discover a spot only wide as your shoulders and at the bottom narrower than the width of your shoe. The tunnels and caverns will not cease to amaze you. You’ll notice a 40-foot rock jam that snagged the root ball of a large ponderosa pine; like a draw bridge it allows your descent to the floor. Misery Canyon will jog to the west through a red mountain of solid sandstone formation bringing you to a 50-foot fall with its own special waiting room while you repel or belay, one at a time, to the crooked narrows below, where shafts of light kaleidoscope off its twisted walls. Not long ‘til you reach the upper end of the gallery, blocked by a 40-foot rock jam, but negotiable with some ingenuity, down to the awesome gallery of sandstone cisterns and arches under which you’ll snicker that God certainly had a touch of “Disney.” You will actually slide out the entrance to Fat Man’s to the confluence with the beautiful Virgin River, teeming with life: frogs, snakes, deer, greenery, narrows, and bleeding colors of desert varnish.

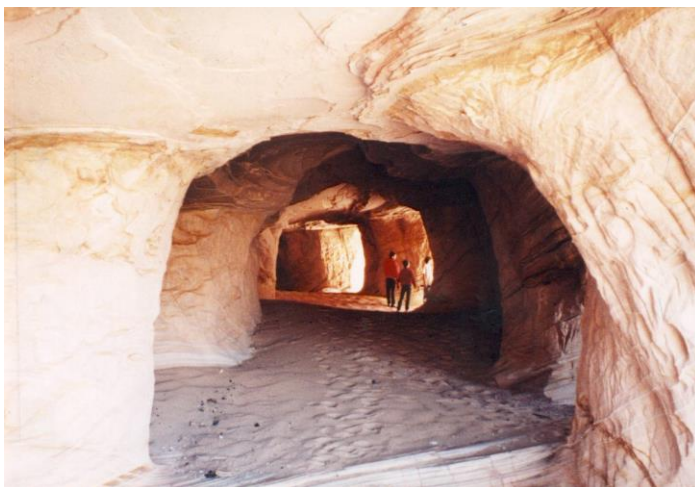
You’ll exit the Virgin about four miles up the river at a fresh water slot canyon entering from the south. You’ll want to return again with a friend to the miracles of Fat Man’s. For believe me, when it’s all over, you’ll think that you have been to fairy land!

Sand & Sensation

Map A-17

In this modern age of astronomy, astronauts, and black holes of space, some will admit we still haven't learned to walk on the earth like a man.

The black holes of earth provide a unique "space out" or real "high" for local Boy Scouts. Mother Nature has provided it all in the form of a simple cave. Just what is it that is so luring about a common hole in the earth?



As each cautious step penetrates the dingy blackness somewhere between the grays of vision and obscurity, the inner sensations of youth seep outward til they seem to dance on the surface of the skin.

Magic and mystery absorb the imagination till the light or flight hormone tingles in the hands and soles of the feet, then someone strikes a light, and the magic of the moment flits away with the speed of light, only to be engulfed by looming shadows on the symmetrical walls. The boys break and run for the lighted entrances only to try a little deeper, another "high" in the lowness of the earth.

If your troop or your family has never tempted you to stop every time you drive by the sand caves, you just haven't been in them. You haven't squished the tickly grains of sand between your tiny toes or observed the continual effect of the canyon breeze upon the colored walls, undressing each entrance with a new and interesting look.

Something unique about the grains of sand being of identical geometrical shape has contributed to their over 3000-degree melting point. Back in the 30s, Ted Atherly Sr. began mining this unique sand, creating the caves. Sand was shipped north to steel mills to be used for casting such things as train wheels.

Forty years ago, we used to wear out the water at Three Lakes, then spend the rest of the day in Lex Chamberlain's Moqui Cave before it was Moqui; then hop on our bikes and leisurely coast back to town.

Thanks for Mr. Atherly's good fortune, but here is a list of intriguing local caves fashioned by Mother Nature: Wildcat, Stanton, Cutler's, Ice, Middle, Gator Eye, Cascade, Tapeats, Fawkawalk, Mammoth, and Bower Cave.

So come on, give the kids a break. For you must feel that magnetic sensation that only caves can give, even to the most docile of personalities.

Snake Gulch--The Trail of Paint

SUN August 24, 1994 p.6 Map B-81

White man was not the first to adorn freeways with billboards and signs. The Anasazi thought of that hundreds of years ago. They left their signs along the most accessible route from the



Kaibab, their hunting grounds, to their winter homes in the sanctuary of the Grand Canyon, up the Kanab Creek and out the Snake Gulch, leaving a trail of paint that all boulevard travelers could view. Not just a panel or two of pictographs, but 30 or 40 panels, many in life size dimension figures, adorned with necklace, lace, ear rings, masks and costumes of red, yellow, white, blue, brown, cream, and black. Five rolls of film attest to this prolific and liberal scattering of paint along a five-mile

section of the gulch.

Many lower panels are practically rubbed out by sleeping cattle. Others have faded with age. Some are in perfect condition since they get no direct sunlight and the ledge on which their creator stood to paint them, has sloughed away. Some are best viewed with binoculars, but, whether pristine or fading, they tempt you to decipher their history, guests, religion, and family names. It would be unjust to put any of these colorful pictographs in a black and white newspaper except the one that appears--no it is not a charcoal cowboy glyph rendition of Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey--it is genuine ancient black paint.



And look again, because to my knowledge such stick-figure depiction is not typical of Fremont or Anasazi work. Yes, the Snake Gulch is a stone gallery with corridors bewitching the mind with visions of nomadic Indians. Is it not where the adventure begins?

Now, let's face it. Boy Scouts are not really interested in this kind of stuff--yet it's all the Snake has to offer 'til we grow them up a bit. Then it begins to expand their horizons. As for now, they brim with excitement being the first to find them, and there is plenty, yes, plenty, for more than the whole troop.

Need the Grand Canyon be a Grave?

SUN October 30, 1996 p. 16 Map B-7

Deer Creek Falls

Ants had congregated in a circle around the lid of the first water jug, basking in what little humidity escaped its tightened grip. Touching the second jug to his lips he noticed dozens of little black “critters.” After stashing it in the shade with the miniature hole at the top, sustained from a yucca barb, he had enticed the floaty ants, driven from days of intense heat, one by one, to wiggle in but couldn’t slip out of their watery sepulcher. Bugs and bees had a death grip on the sap and nectar of every budding flower.

Not much different is man, driven by the grandeur of the Grand Canyon into its searing summer heat. It also becomes a tomb--like in the case of the young Scout from Bountiful, Utah, and the Varsity Scouts from Texas, and a Colorado group we met on the trail just two days after the Bountiful Scout’s death. “Well, how was it?” I asked. “We all didn’t make it!” “What do ya mean?” “We had to leave two of our party. They gave out. They couldn’t and wouldn’t go a step farther! They’re flying out in a rescue copter!”



Promptly the lost bedroll gathered speed as it headed for the precipice, but it bounced, striking a cedar limb, dropped and rolled against a bunch of Brigham Tea. While tying the bedroll back to Kory’s pack, some took it as a terrible omen; but no, ’twas saved by the clump of tea! Likewise, our troop would be saved from the heat, by the “suck and sip” technique. Salt rock situated under the lower lip, and frequent sips of water are sure safe guards, especially for youth who are more susceptible to exhaustion and cramps. By the end of the day my shirt had turned into a stiffened brine rag; but we had outwitted the heat.

It’s best to clear away debris and stash water on damp earth covering it back over with duff and leaves. Better still is the ‘ole canvas water bag. It is very forgiving, won’t roll when dropped, easier to carry, and keeps the water cool. Hikes stretched over several days are safest, allowing one to take advantage of the dawn and evening cool.

Speaking of “cool”-- try hiking with a full moon. Perhaps you’ll see some desert mountain sheep, as we did. Grand Canyon’s beauty in the bloom of summer is worth capturing. But nothing is worth the scrape of death. This year’s death to a Utah Scout, the near tragedy of others, including a few locals, has prompted this discussion. A severe experience with nature will adversely affect a young man’s relationship with the outdoors for a lifetime.

Every leader of youth must keep in mind these two principles:

- 1) Never take our precious boys into the wilds of the unknown. You, their leader, must first have experienced the rigors of the hike.
- 2) Trip itinerary can never contain the slightest glimmer of chance or luck.

Deer Creek

The ultimate of arid desert dreams is Deer Creek Spring. Competing with fountains of Paris and Rome, it pours half way up the center of a 100-foot vermilion alcove. Its centuries of mist have created a mineral column ascending upwards toward the fountain spout, creating an enormous throne into which the water pours. Surrounding the throne are jimson flowers, ferns, and deciduous greenery. Hence this beautiful alcove is appropriately named, "The Throne Room." Included under the cliff are throne's hikers have made of large flat rocks on which to rest.

Deer Creek then meanders through a valley, terraced by the ancient Pueblo, whose mountain or rocks bare their bony skyline to the moon. Cascading through a narrow 10- to 15-foot slot, the glistening stream falls into a dip then scoops out, spraying and slobbering down the vertical slope, appearing as a sparkling column of cotton candy. The cool, spraying water creates a breath-consuming draft in the hot air, which rushes out of the falls' basin, leaving the shrubbery and flowering tamarack waving in rippling gusts toward the Colorado River.

Encasing the falls is a vertical backdrop of wine-colored agate, highlighted by the shimmering water as it falls some 100 feet into a horseshoe-shaped tub. Talk of a hidden treasure cave in back of the water column invites the boys to enjoy a hammering experience in the blue-green basin of the falls. Worth seeing? YAH! In the summer's heat? YAH! But as the Scout motto says: BE PREPARED.

Bull Valley Gorge

SUN June 26, 1990 p. 11 Map B-36

It was October 1954 when Sheriff Woodard's son, dangling 50 feet on the end of a rope hacked and sawed away at crunched pickup metal, attempting to free the two corpses inside. The third had fallen another 100 feet to his death on the valley floor below.

As Woodard withdrew the first body, it snapped up the slack in its rope, nearly jerking 22 men into the gorge. Tragedy enough had already occurred. These men had come to help extricate the bodies of Max Henderson, Hart Johnson and Clark Smith.

Their pickup had apparently crossed the 18-year-old bridge, linking Cannonville with Kane County, stalled, then rolled backwards into the gorge dropping some 50 feet into the chasm before the walls crushed the occupants inside.

Navajo Sandstone is notorious for its slot canyons and, not unlike the slot machines in Vegas, a metallic object slipped into this slot and disappeared. Only visible from one spot above but with a better view below, is the crumpled pickup, well preserved today. You've heard the cliché, in traveling through Southern Utah communities, "Don't blink or you'll miss it." Well this is a reality at Bull Valley Gorge. I missed it my first time. Today there is no bridge. The canyon is only a couple of feet wide at the top, consequently the county road crew dozed in a log or two, followed by rocks then dirt, making a permanent, wide, suspended, crossing. Perhaps better called a man-made choke stone.

The second highlight to catch the eye of our troop was the massive gray-gold stone lodged half way up between the canyon walls. Also wedged between the cream-colored walls are logs, deposited from high water floods years ago. One such logjam makes the safest entryway into the gorge. Sediments backed up behind it completely fill the narrow slot allowing the 15-foot entry into this magnificent canyon.

Golden hues are illuminating the walls by the winter sun, which seldom reaches the valley floor, consequently, various puddles had iced over. Their remaining water had leached into the dry earth. Like breaking the head of a drum, the boys dropped rocks onto the ice of these vacated ponds resulting in booming cannon sounds. The noises bounced off the cliffs, seemingly causing the reenactment of the Civil War.



The Scouts became so occupied in racing each other to these puddled artillery that they seemed oblivious to Mother Nature's workmanship in the white, brown and golden hues of the tragic towering walls that loomed overhead, and as it seemed, pinching themselves off with each passing cloud. So engrossed in horseplay were they that several passed beneath the scene where the crushed Chevy was fatally wedged. They became fascinated with it, each in turn, recreating in his mind how it might have happened. The ifs and whys go unanswered. Yet speaking to one of the victim's brothers has solved some of the tragic circumstances surrounding this unusual accident.

We hiked only two miles down the gorge then returned, for to go into the adventures of the Paria is another story. Climbing out the logjam seemed too small a challenge so the troopers elected to climb out a "goat trail" that would whiten the beard of the bravest goat.

I can never pass this way now, that the Scouts don't insist we stop because so and so, a new Scout, "has never seen it!" And with each time, don't blink, or you'll truly miss a gorgeous adventure.

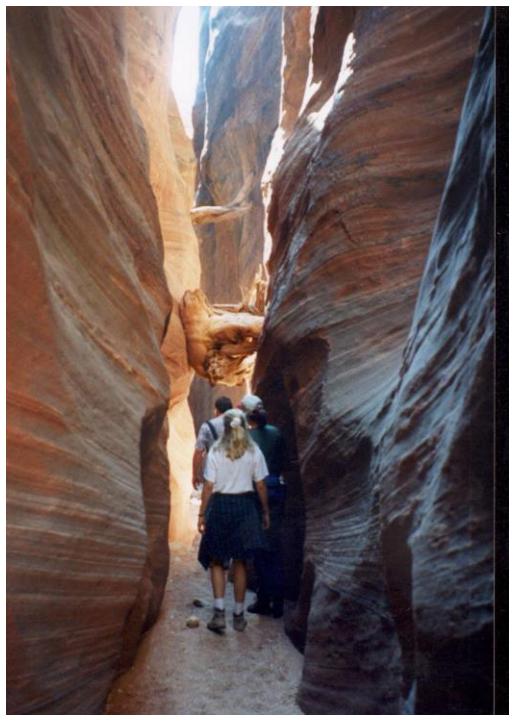
Buckskin: Greatest Slot Canyon Hike in the World

SUN May 6, 1991 p. 12 Map B-33

Kane County has done it again! Producing one of her incredible hikes, recognized by hiking authors as the greatest slot-canyon hike in the world. Yes, other canyons approach its grandeur but not for mile after mile and through continuous change in sandstone hues.

We entered the Gulch through Wire Pass, soon falling in cadence at the rear of some other troopers. Passing was impossible, for in some places a man has to turn sideways to get through. These Scouts, all the way from Michigan, let us pass by in a wide place at the bottom of the first logjam. This was their Scoutmaster's third trip through the Buckskin. Need I say he certainly envied my being born and raised in Kane County?

Their backpacks were heavily loaded for their leisure destination, Lee's Ferry. Another half mile of wandering the Wire Pass disgorged us all at its confluence with the Buckskin Gulch. Indian petroglyphs, featuring the curved horn Ibex and other things associated with Montezuma's Gold raised several questions, since we were on the alleged North Buckskin trail out of Mexico and into Kane County via the Paria River.



Much of the hike could be portrayed as walking between folds of an enormous egg carton, with twisted 50- to 500-foot walls that defy the imagination in color and contour. It could truly be described as Mother Nature's culvert, or better still, her elongated rain barrel. We had so much fun singing and hollering down the barrel as if being in nature's only audition hall. We could hear John whistling for a mile.

There were numerous kinds of nooks, crannies, and mummy closets, which prompted disappearing acts and surprise as others walked by. The young Scouts were imagining all kinds of forms carved in the ledges as if gouged by a giant spoon. "Look, here's where the giant sat, and he had on bell-bottom trousers." Or, "Here's a piano," etc.

A few times the gorge opened up enough to let in the warming sun, and in such places were a few Box Elder trees, adding a touch of green to the long ribbons of black, gray, red, orange, and white sandstone. This culvert was so uncommonly narrow, so crooked, that David and Ryan enjoyed playing tricks on us as they stood in apparent dead ends. As the rest of us came around the bend they would say, "This is it, we'll have to go back. We can go no further, unless, of course, you'd like to try climbing this ledge."

As we approached ever so near, they'd disappear into the wall. The stream course would leave its natural fissures and make 90-degree turns as if following a giant blowtorch, which cut through sheer walls then sanded off the rough edges.

Much of the gorge was narrower at the top than at the bottom, and so twisty that it eluded the sky. Rays of light that probed the humid bottom were like rainbows to a gloomy forest. So seldom did the Gulch's floor see the sun that any place water stood became stale and frigid -- called "cesspools." A recent flood had cleared out much of the "cess" from the pools but in its wake left an inch of greasy clay on the canyon floor, which challenged or competed with boulders to falter each footstep. Such obstacles were not without their place, however, for they kept our necks from getting stiff gazing at the overhead contours.

Many pools, though only up to my thighs, were waist high on the Boy Scouts, and how they took it wins my admiration. I thought I might suffer from hypothermia if those pools had been any closer together. One had to keep hiking to keep warm. Deray would shout, "Pool!" As the echo reached my ears I would reckon, "Oh no, I'm still numb from the last one!" Tall, slender Max was a real sport. He was in the lead and probed those lagoons to reveal the low spots. Taking precautions that no one slipped, we spanned them with a long rope. The blessings of a long arm span paid off, allowing me to brace myself on one of both canyon walls as we traversed those slippery, slimy, sloughs.

Feathers, fur, and pieces of rabbit kept appearing on the canyon floor. Unknowing, we had walked under several hidden and highly perched falcon nests on the canyon rims.

The high logjams formed archways, but the low ones, snagging slash and driftwood from every flood, were a bit tricky to negotiate. These jams created cesspools on one of both sides as if part of a natural steeplechase. Imagine the formidable floodwaters shooting logs through that culvert like torpedoes, then getting them hung up or jammed crossways in the gorge. The subsiding waters left logs permanently affixed, some of which must be 50 feet high and hundreds of years old.

We finally came to the massive rock jam. Like the grid screen on a rock crusher, the huge boulders filtered the floodwaters, which fell 30 feet below. We descended one of the holes, via a rope especially carried for that purpose. The last two miles of the Gulch were the most beautiful. It was unbelievable what raging waters can do to Vermillion walls. After the 15 miles of channeling adventure, we reached the warm waters of the Paria River. It snaked back and forth from wall to wall creating deep holes which tempted the weary boys, even as tired as they were, they proceeded to give themselves out completely by running ahead in search of those warm muddy Jacuzzis to soothe in.

The impetuous waters of the Paria ate away at the cliffs till its years of erosion revealed numerous windows and arches along the river's banks. The adventure and panoramic views finally gave way to near complete exhaustion when we reached the van that my wife had left at the Paria trailhead, 22 miles and 10 hours later. The hiking merit badge requires several hikes, one of which must be 20 miles in one day, so why not Buckskin Gulch? It reveals nature's beauties in ways unheralded by the world.

Beyond Saleratus – The Greenhalgh Cabin

Map A-10

“There is nothing here but an ole mossy watering trough! They must have torn it down!” one yelled.

“Come back! You have gone too far! To the left, the left. There’s a shed and cabin with a small jar of Miracle Whip sitting on the table!”

This place is so well camouflaged everyone misses it.

“Look at this teensy old bed,” one commented.

“And this table. I can hardly get my knees under it!” said another.

“What’s with the Miracle Whip?”

“Was it in the center of the table?” I asked. “We put it there seven years ago just to prove to ourselves that this place is hidden from the world. Leave it there.”

Squirrels had adopted the bedsprings and rats the pantry box. The walls were papered with old “Mickey Mouse” cornflake cardboard to keep the



wind out. A Scout picked up from the duff an old pair of Levis, with the legs chewed off by mice, which he began to model for all to see. “Hey these would fit Ben!”

“They probably would; these guys were midgets, no taller than Ben,” I remarked.

“Is that why this door handle is so low?” another observed.

“Remember that ole stump back there about four miles where you opened the gate; that was their footstool for helping them

back into the saddle after dismounting at the gate.”

I wonder if Harry had a stump like that to mount the table in the pool hall that was next to Zion’s Drug? When I was a lad it wasn’t uncommon for passersby to see, through the open door, one of the Greenhalgh’s up on the table shoot’n pool. Their problem with alcohol and rough talk kept us youngsters scared to death of them.



Behind Lowell and Zelma Johnson's house much of the block was taken up by the midgets' corrals. Where Mayor Jenkins' house is today stood Harry and Wilford's Kanab home.

In the canyon north of the Ranchos water tanks, is the trail they used to trail their cattle off the bluffs west of town. It should be rightfully named the Greenhalgh Trail, rather than Bunting.

One of your Scout troopers rebuilt the trail for his Eagle Scout project as a recreation trail for the Bureau of Land Management. It makes the Cottonwood Ruins more accessible by horseback



as well as other sights, especially if returning by way of the Old Shunesburg Mail Trail.

After we left their homestead cabin for the bottom of our five-mile hike, we eventually came to the box canyon of Saleratus, whose many seeps were a mass of 6-10-foot icicles. The challenge for the largest icicle was on, which suddenly became extremely dangerous. As a Scout would seize an icicle to pop it loose, it usually shattered, dropping the butt pieces

onto his head. "Butt Boppers" appropriately named by some.

To the west and south a few hundred yards are the Saleratus Cracks (the only rat maze made for human beings).

From my days to nowadays, getting boys out of those cracks is worse than jerking them from an ice cream parlor. Mother Nature has outdone the school playground with this maze for 12-year-olds. Crawling, hiking, climbing, jumping, 'til the exploring is complete and sense of direction is completely messed up, then comes "follow the leader." Walls are scaled with the back against one and feet the other 'til they emerge at the top, victor over the chasms.

It is only a half-hour hike from town and you haven't lived 'til you take your Scouts.

A piece of plastic will catch all the drinking water you'll need.

A Rustler's Hideout

Map A-9

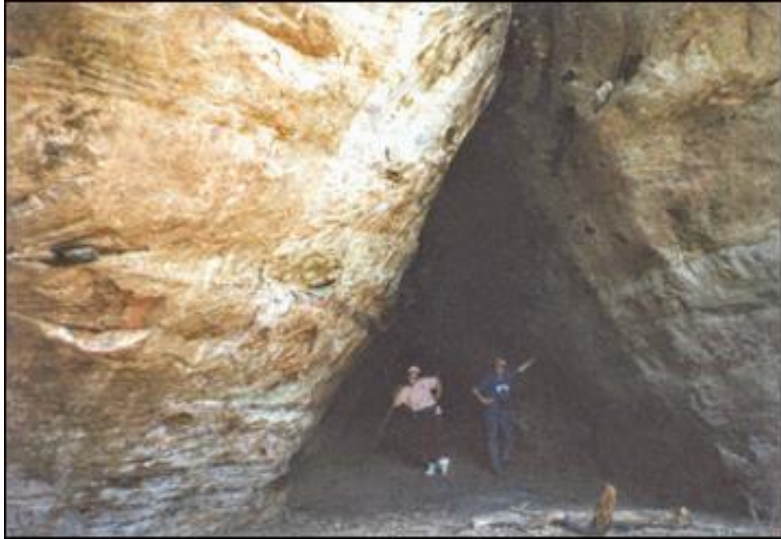
The atmosphere was perfect, with 15 Boy Scouts seated around the campfire, whose orange flames flickered off petroglyph-adorned crimson walls, while Dennis Judd (merit badge counselor in Indian Lore) held them spellbound with tales of the savage that once roamed those very hills, and how the Indian mummy at SUSC came from across the canyon, in a cave where two men were eating their lunch.

One started playing in the dust with his spoon till suddenly--a knee, a leg, a face with a basket over it--moccasins under its head, hair down to its buttocks, tomahawk at his side--and a small basket full of bluebird feathers in its right hand.



The resulting environment couldn't have been better for the romance of Cutler's Hideout in which we were camped. A perfect spot for one man to trap and brand or butcher cattle. Scotty Cutler never came back to his remote castle to claim all his relics. For on the left, two fry pans stick out of the sandstone cliff. On the right still hangs an old lard bucket.

The 100-foot horseshoe veranda of the cave fills with leaves each fall, making soft beds for weary boys. Its funnel shape converges into a deep room where Scotty slept toasty warm on cold nights with a fire in front. A natural crevice emits the carbon monoxide, leaving the room smoke free.



Cutler's hide-a-way is blended in and camouflaged so well with the terrain at all seasons, that it eludes everyone who has never been there until they are actually standing within.

Evidence of skill awards slowly took place as lashings and dead limbs made a grub stand. Lee Sayles was helping others whip the ends of a rope. Others were preparing for the deluxe breakfast they were required to cook up on the morrow. Some were pitching

tents, though not needed here. Two Blazers were making castles in the damp sand where water fell from high above in a heavy rainstorm.

After the campfire program one night, an owl came in and tried hooting us out, from the birch where he perched. We didn't mind the bird. It seemed to make up the fourth member of a coyote quartet.

Morning came too soon for four boys who only got a few hours' sleep. The hike to town via some interesting places would be a little tiresome for them, but that again is another story.

A Summer's Adventure in 1 1/2 Days

SUN January 5, 1994 p. 9

Climbing rocks, mountains, and ropes.

Hiking within the heart of one of the seven wonders of the world.

Seeing the Great American bison in their natural habitat, as if from

Upon a Cheyenne war pony's back.

Exploring within the dingy caverns of two caves of diverse character.

Surveying the history of Pueblo houses from within their impressive hideaway.

Now where else in the world can one experience such remarkable

Adventure in just one and a half days?

For our troop it's at least a semi-annual thing that begins in House Rock Valley.

For off over the horizon, we all did take heed,

For there in the dust was a wild buffalo stampede.

No bounce to their gait as speed they did gain,

They surely must be Mother Nature's freight train.

Such an adventure continued with:

Examining Pueblo houses, stuck inside a red mountain,

As if in the cavity of a petrified, vermillion fountain.

It's admiring the finger prints in the adobe mortar,

And wondering how far they carried the water.

It's dangling like a spider, from a woven thread

Thirty-five feet above your head.

It's the obvious struggle between courage and fear,

That on the surface of eleven-year old's skin did appear,

For with quivering lips and tremoring muscles,

They hung on to the rope in spite of the trouble.

It's admiring the color in stalagmites and 'tites,

Bathed in the beams of Boy Scout flashlights.

It's watching a stone, mysterious, funnel,

Suck dirt from your hands into its tunnel.

It's descending a hundred feet of vertical cliff,

On the Devil's Ladder, there could be no "what ifs."

It's keeping careful watch of intermittent trail sign--

For one missed rock cairn could leave you behind.

It's learning to ration food and water;

For optimum performance--farther and farther.



It's bouncing your voices off massive canyon walls,
Dispelling fatigue, saying, "Come on, y-all."
It's traversing Nature's marble, bottomless, bath tubs
Without hand-holds or soap dish—you're going "glub, glub."

It's ascending water-polished, granite jams via human ladders.
Stacking up Scouts this way makes the short route possible.
It's swimming and playing all along the hike,
Then refreshing in the waters of Vasey's Paradise.

It's climbing the sparkling, gushing falls,
Through centurion ivy that could make you bawl.
It's watching the river boat Enterprise unfold before your eyes,
As it bounces over the rapids of the Colorado ride.

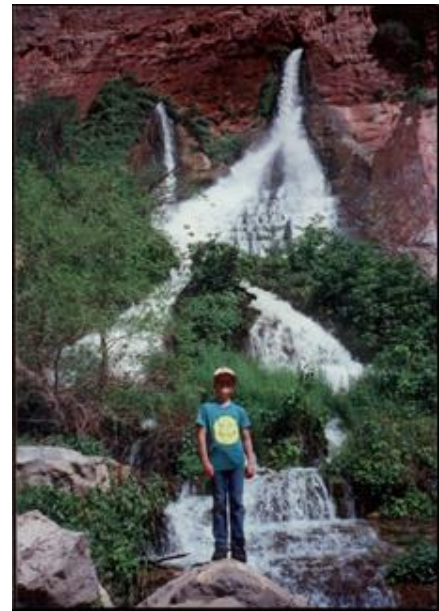
It's sleuthing hidden caverns of Stanton's Cave
Then draining our batteries and losing our staves.
It's admiring the agility of Townsend Bats,
As if they were aiming to dive-bomb your hat.

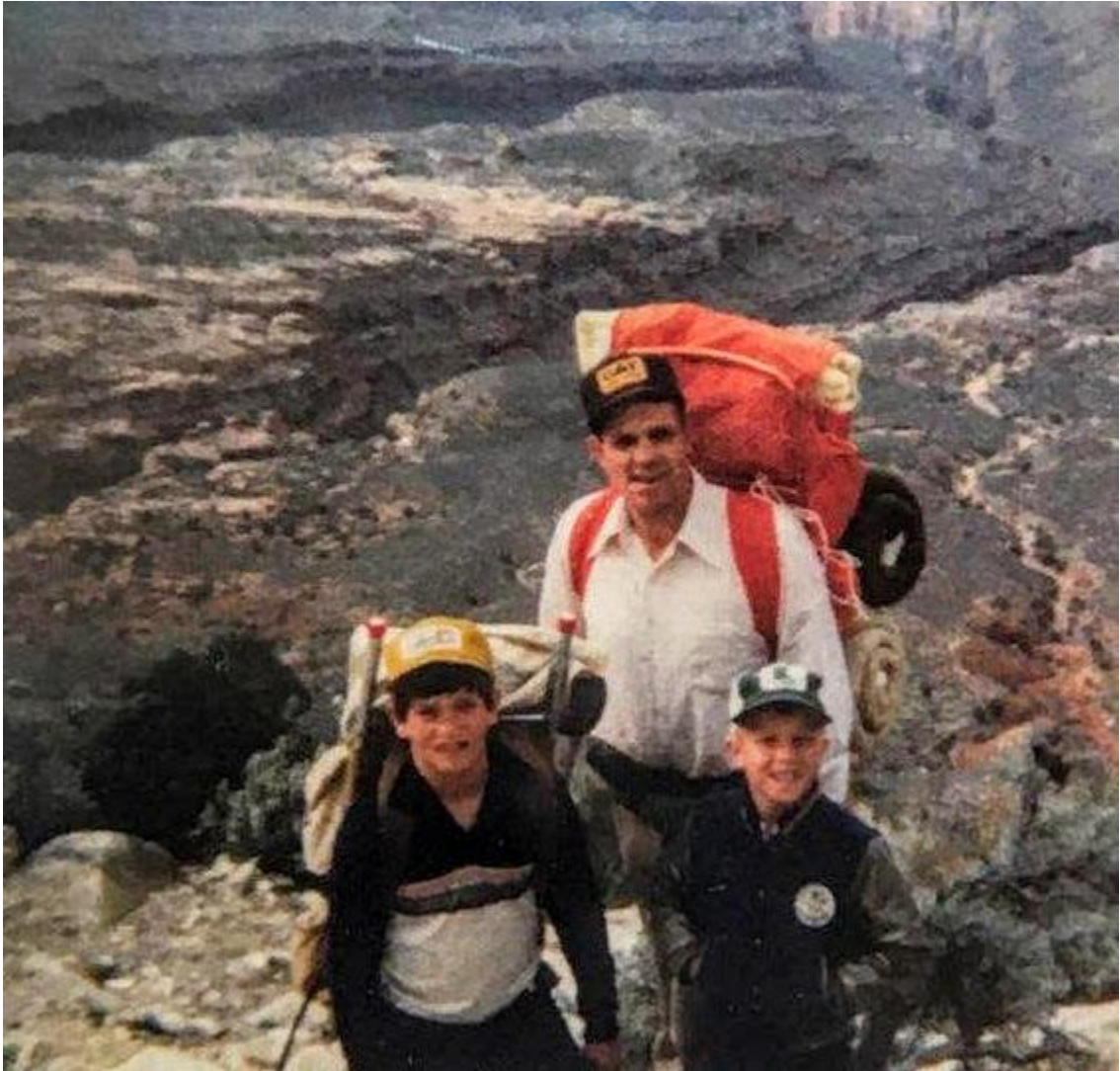
It's knowing the capabilities of the human body,
That the second mile is possible for anybody.
It's this coping with fear and monitoring the spirit,
When wisdom over-rides horseplay as each declare, "I did it."

It's gazing out to a windowed sky, from a mile deep in the earth,
As the puffy white "children of the heavens" drift by,
Giving the sensation that the very mountains themselves
Are marching back to their Creator.

It's winging back the flaps of your tent
To catch a glimpse of the rising sun,
As its filtering rays pass through the elastic cobwebs of the sky
Casting their crimson glow upon the monoliths and goblins
of the Marble and Grand Canyons.

Yes, it's all done in but a day and a half. And we all come home a little more appreciative--a little more mature for having tackled another adventure in the name of Scouting.





Royce hiking in the Grand Canyon with sons Ryan and Deray.

The Outing in Scouting

Hike and Camp Syllabus by Royce Young



Prologue: Head to the Hills!

It is recommended that Scoutmasters take their troops on an overnight campout once a month. Weekly troop meetings can be held outdoors in the summer, creating a golden opportunity in the hills barely five minutes from town.

In the two-year tenure of a boy in your troop, you can take him to a new and exciting place every week, never going back to the same place twice. Mother Nature is a great teacher, and taking frequent visits to her Kane County outdoors immediately takes the boredom out of boyhood.

This section represents just a few of some hundreds of places where sizzling eggs and pop-up tents is just the beginning of the adventure.

Places to Hike

The locations below are on either [Map A](#) or [Map B](#) at the back of this book. Each map has numbered dots referencing the approximate location of the various hiking destinations. For example, the Old Fort is located on [Map A](#), on dot labeled #1 (e.g. [Map A-1](#)).

Old Fort (Map A-1)

Old movie fort -- perfect for games, fun and story telling and atmosphere.

Bunting Trail (Map A-2)

Petroglyphs, beautiful Kanab overlook at top. Horseback or hike to west bench sites.

Pugh & Tom Draws (Map A-3)

Dinosaur bones. Ideal evening setting.

Pugh Canyon Cave above old golf course (Map A-4)

Rocked-up cave. Hike up from old golf course, or hike long way via "K" Hill.

Dry Spring (Map A-5)

Indian Cave. Corn stones. Spring.

Saleratus (Map A-6)

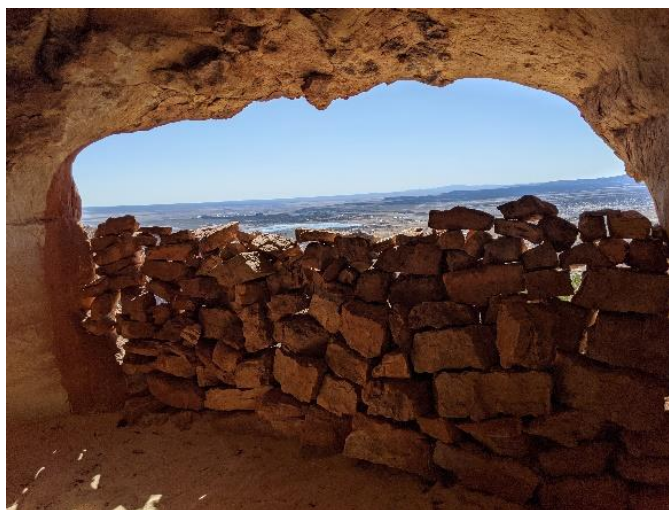
Saleratus is Nature's Classroom. Seeping rock, spring, wooded glen; unique fun at the "Cracks."

Hog Canyon (Map A-7)

A Haven of Anasazi Hamlets, Dinosaur bones, petroglyphs, Fawkawalk.

South Cottonwood Ruins (Map A-8)

Our Own Mesa Verde. Ruins in large cavern. Hike to or from dam via South Fork of Trail Canyon.



Cutler's Cave (Map A-9)

A Rustler's Hideout. Cattle rustlers' hide out. Artifacts still there. Petroglyphs. Hike up from dam. Access by auto is through locked private land.

Greenhalgh Cabin (A-10)

Beyond Saleratus. Hike up from Saleratus or dam to end of the left fork of Trail Canyon. "Midget" cowboys' old homestead, secluded in oak and cottonwood trees.

Trail Canyon Ruins (Map A-11)

Hike up the right fork of Trail or use the Shunsberg Mail Trail.

Tiny Canyon Alcoves (Map A-12)

Indian Runs, mystery petroglyphs, pictographs, huge overhanging cliffs, "lockness monster." Hike in from elephant formation (gun range).

Don Riggs Ruins (Map A-13)

Most intact Indian houses in the country. Hike through Riggs' ranch or right fork of Trail Canyon. (Permission needed. Private land.)

South Fork Indian Canyon Petroglyphs

(Map A-14)

BLM trail to this religious ceremonial alcove.

Sand Dunes (Map A-15)

Ideal winter camp and tubing. Just at north end of park. Below Lamb Springs is a wonderful ponderosa grove for ideal camp spot.

Mace Cave (Map A-16)

The Mace family have extracted the artifacts and display many of them at their home. Hike up from rifle range.

Sand Caves (Map A-17)

Sand and Sensation. Great laboratory for orienteering in the dark. Now one of Kanab's featured hikes. Just south of Moqui Cave.

Rifle Range (Map A-18)

Petroglyphs on north face. Graves and petroglyphs in canyon to the East of the ridge.

Crocodile (Cave Lake) (Map A-19)

Underground lake. Now in Best Friends Sanctuary. Three Indian caves in canyon to the south just over the hill.

Fawkawalk Cave (Map A-20)

Indian cave, ruins, hidden cavern. Hike from Hog Canyon bridge.

Gater Eyes Caves (Map A-21)

Interesting caves, artifacts and dinosaur tracks. Best to hike the Fish Tail Trail.

Eagle Gate Arch (Map A-22)

Indian Country. Historical Arch. Petroglyphs. Johnson Canyon.

Johnson Ranches (Map A-23)

McKay, Smirl (Holland), Bunting, Judd. Graves, sacrificial stones, famous rock art panels, dinosaur tracks, solstices.

Flood Canyon Ruins (Map A-24)

Indian houses, burial grounds, pottery, corn cribs. Drive in via Nephi Pasture road. Glass Eye ruins on BLM land. Johnson Lake is private (permission required).

Flag Point (Map A-25)

Dinosaur Tracks. (Also includes Glass Eye Ruin.). 100s of dinosaur tracks and two Indian panels. Hike trail from Seaman Wash Road, or drive the 4x4 road on top to within 200 yds. Careful! The road is hard to see and a tough one. Can hike out via Flood Canyon.

Montezuma Mines (Map A-26)

Montezuma's Gold. Historical cases of hidden gold. Stone ladders. Flash lights necessary.

Isle of Sky (Map A-27)

The Isle of Sky. Anasazi alcoves, calendar, sun dial, storage cysts. Hike to Isle of the Sky Ruins (now known as Mansard Trail). Hike on over to Gaiter Eye ruins or on over to Church Ranch.



Johnson Lakes (Map A-28)

Indian Country, camping, fishing, moccasin tracks, canoeing, petroglyphs. Hike to or from Movie Town.

Movie Town (Map A-29)

No longer maintained. This highlights scout activities and story telling. Now on private property in Johnson Canyon.

Kanab Creek (Map A-30)

Excellent for cooking; "pioneering games." Choose any spot with many cottonwood and willows (e.g., West of High School). Mud football in wide open areas.

Paria Ghost Town/Paria Townsite (Map B-31)

Paria historical mines, houses, movie set, grave yard. Steps to McKenna's Gold and lots of fun quicksand.

Paria Gorge (Map B-32)

Hike out to Lee's Ferry, 35 miles. Comfortable 2-day hike.

Buckskin Gulch (Map B-33)

Buckskin: Greatest slot canyon in the world – longest, deepest, narrowest. Superior adventuring for better hikers. 22 miles to Paria trailhead. 35-mile hike that ends at Lee's Ferry. Gruesome one-day hike. Two days better.

Wire Pass (Map B-34)

Short, narrow slot canyon. Sheer canyon walls only 2-ft. wide in places. Can hike Wire Pass Gulch to Paria trailhead.

Virgin (Zion) Narrows (Map B-35)

Super adventure. Prepare to get wet. Long one-day hike when entering at North Fork trail head. Great swimming holes. Take a walking stick.

Bull Valley Gorge (Map B-36)

Pickup still wedged high in the narrows. Good place to start upper Paria River hike to ghost town. Or just hike down a mile and come back. Similar to Buckskin Gulch. Out of this world scenery. Rugged. End at Paria Townsite.

Wild Cat Cave (Map B-37)

Descend on a 30-ft. rope into stalactites, etc. See Cockscomb Indian ruins nearby. May see wild buffalo and antelope.

Vasey's Paradise (Map B-38)

Within the Grand Canyon. Shortcut into South Canyon via the Devil's Ladder -- very dangerous. Fish the Colorado, visit Stanton's Cave, play on the sandy beach near cascading falls.

Thunder River (Map B-39)

Roaring Springs falls out of sheer cliff deep in bottom of the Grand Canyon. Amazing scenery. Plan on 3-4 days.



Parunaweap (Map B-40)

2 miles down to Labyrinth Falls and back. Enter at Rock Canyon in the Barracks. The most gorgeous scenery in the world.

Fat Man's Misery (Map B-41)

Amazing unforgettable slot canyon. 10-mile hike from top of white cliffs to exit at Rock Canyon. Dumps you into the heart of Parunaweap.

Orderville Gulch (Map B-42)

Better than Zion Narrows. Hike into exit at Zion Park. Easy, beautiful, and one of the better slot canyons.

Red Canyon (Peek-a-Boo) (Map A-43)

Steps Into the Past. Bright red narrows. Anasazi steps. Very sandy access road.

Red Hollow (Map B-44)

Drive to Orderville water tank. Good slot canyon sample of challenging obstacles.

Crevice (Map B-45)

Short adventure just south of Glendale.

Smirl Dinosaur Tracks (Map A-46)

Start on the point between McKay and Smirl (now Holland) Ranches. 30-40 Tracks. Check out the 150-ft petroglyph panel while you're there.

Sheep Mountain Dinosaur Tracks (Map A-47)

At least 100 tracks. Some real classics to the left. More to the East, and about a mile south is the wine press.

Dairy Canyon (Map A-48)

Same as Johnson Canyon. Access from on top. Large red painted panel. Anasazi burial sites, steps, a few dinosaur tracks.

Hidden Cache (Map B-49)

Near the confluence of Paria and Hackberry Rivers. A German spy's hideout.

Bay Bill Ruins (Map B-50)

Access via Harris Mountain. Adobe walls. Pine nut stash. Hike out to Foot's Ranch (Barracks).

Long Canyon (Map A-51)

Indian Country. A short 2-mile hike along the north side will expose many Anasazi newspaper walls and alcoves. The "deer" wall is very unusual -- life-size petroglyphs.

Middle Ruins (Map A-52)

Hands of the Anasazi. Awesome place. Three Indian caves, fire pits, adobe walls, deva, and many red, yellow and blue hand prints. Access on foot through Best Friends onto BLM land.

Cascade Falls (Map B-53)

This is the beautiful beginning of the North Fork of the Virgin River. Water comes out of a cave. Forest setting.



Mammoth Caves (Map B-54)

Old lava flows carved out this unique fun.

Hoot Owl (Map A-55)

Indian ruins tucked under south facing rock below the Elephant.

Mineral Gulch (Map B-56)

One mile of awesome colorful narrows, then blackened Anasazi alcoves and panel 100 yards below narrows. Another 2 miles will take you to one of the best rock art panels in the Southwest.

Indian Canyon Ruins (Map A-57)

Drive up from below or hike down from above to several alcoves that housed Indians 1,000 years ago.

Nankoweap (Map B-58)

Awesome Grand Canyon scenery. Fishing, beaches, ruins on the Colorado River. A 2 or 3-day hike.

Round Valley Draw (Map B-59)

Near Kodachrome Basin State Park. Unique entrance into the upper Hackberry - Butler Draw drainage. Slot canyon. Visit Butler Arch.

Jets Lake (Map A-60)

Fish, canoe, dinosaur tracks, unique rock formations.

Upper Kanab Creek (Map B-61)

Aspen groves, meadows, beaver ponds, fishing stream. Perfect for long-term fishing campout.

Mammoth State Fish Hatchery (Map B-62)

A must for the fishing merit badge. Good fishing river.

Monument Hollow (Map A-63)

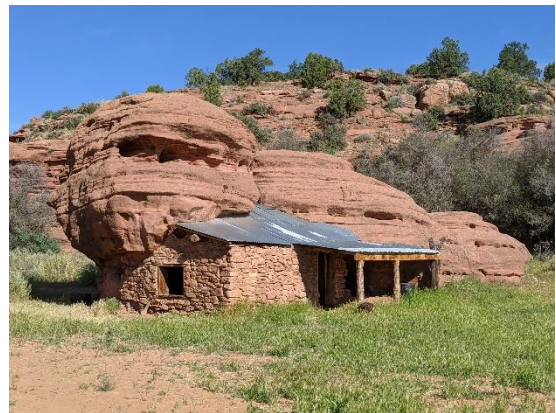
About a 2-mile hike with 7 falls. The last two will require a rope. There are some Anasazi steps in the last chamber before you come out, just inside Foote's Ranch.

Heart Veins (Map A-64)

The Heart Vein right fork is private, the left fork accesses through private land. Both forks are a 1-mile hike. Left fork is less difficult. Left fork has got to be the darkest and best red slot canyon hike in the world.

Kitchen Canyon (Map B-65)

Awesome 6-7 mile hike to Paria from Nipple Ranch (get permission). You'll see cowboy and Indian ruins, falls, slot canyon and Nipple Ranch.



Inch Worm Arch (Map A-66)

This newly-discovered arch is larger than Eagle Gate Arch. See it on the way to Flood Ruins.

The Goat Hole (Location unknown)

The End of a Mystery. Gold miner's cave with old prospecting tools and jugs of wheat inside. A wild goat has made it his home.

Cottonwood Wash (Map B-68)

Something like Buckskin Gulch, this 2-mile hike is a must if in the area. Go up Butler Draw for a ways first, then come back and down the wash 'til it comes out to the road.

Deer Creek Canyon (Map B-69)

This should be part of an Upper Paria hike, Kitchen Canyon, or Bull Valley hike. Its pure stream, red canyon walls, nice rock art and pictographs are camera-worthy.

Deer Creek Falls (Map B-70)

Deer Creek Falls & Deer Creek are accessed from Thunder River Trail Head. Take 3-4 days to one of the most gorgeous falls in the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

The Subway (Map B-71)

A Great 9 mile Hike West Zion. Jump and swim through scenic cascading slots and pools. Dinosaur tracks. Permit required.

John R Cavern (Map A-72)

Stay out of the rain with generations of ancients in this hidden cavern by the creek.

Superman Alcoves (Map A-73)

From the top of Hog Canyon bench, these Redmen alcoves are surrounded by sacrificial stones, dinosaur tracks and artifacts. (North Fork at Hog)



Pump House Ruins (Map A-74)

Two panels, kiva and adobe walls. Corn cribs and sand mine to the east, and ancient cave to the north.

Kanab Canyon (Map A-75)

Caves, ruins, solstices, petroglyphs, movie history and more.

Royce and his five Eagle Scout sons (1988)



Royce

Deray

Ryan

Lynar

Arlyn

Deryn

Royce's Life Experiences

NOTE: In 1989, Royce wrote highlights of his life story for The Young Generation, a book prepared by the children of Clifton and Charlotte. This section is his story from that book.



Royce
(Also known as Boody or Bood)

*Faithfully do your duty to God and country. Help other people at all times.
Keep yourself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.*

-Adapted from the words of Lord Baden Powell

Preface

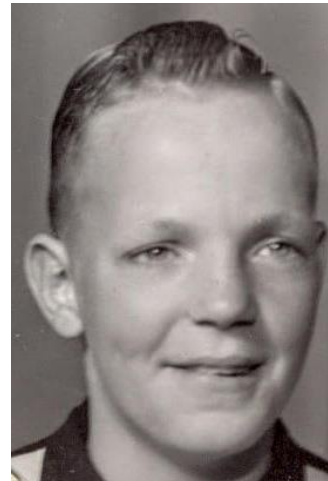
I'm no historian. My journal is piecemeal at best. In fact, it won't even lull me to sleep because I put it away and look for something more exciting to read. Consequently, I've decided to write about a few events at different points in my life which I hope the reader will agree kinda sums up life at our house.

The experiences I've included are organized as follows:

- Life-threatening Experiences
- Spiritual Experiences
- Struggles
- Happy Experiences

Life-threatening Experiences

1. I almost died from pneumonia when I was a few months old. Thanks to some experienced Grandmas who realized how near death I was, they treated me and here I am.
2. I pulled Joyce into the corral in our little red wagon to see the newborn calf. The mean cow took to us. Mother said the fact that there were two of us saved our lives. For when the cow got one of us down, the other would get up and run until we reached safety. The only thing I recall is mother wiping blood from Joyce's face.
3. We were at an Easter picnic with Uncle Clyde and Uncle LeGrand's families up in Cave Lakes. We boys were hiking on a high cliff when Romel said, "Stay away from the edge, that sandstone is slick!" I started to slip, then blacked out with fright. The next thing I remember, I was lying on a blanket and Dad was pulling cactus out of me. A pure case of being saved by the prickly pear patch.
4. Mac Glover and I were digging a tunnel in the creek bank behind his Grandma's place. I was in up to my hips with hands stretched above my ears digging when it caved in. My breath was snuffed out. Mac grabbed my kicking legs and succeeded in pulling me out. That was the last time I ever dug horizontally in a creek bank.
5. I heard Garth Chamberlain would pay for an Indian grinding stone. Knowing where one was sticking out of the creek bank, Darwin Robinson and I began dropping stones on it, dislodging it from the bank. It fell to the creek below. It was likely the highest cliff in the Kanab Creek. We made our way around to the bottom where I crossed the stream and began picking up the grinding stone out of the sand. I was impressed to run so I ran, hearing Darwin scream at me when already halfway across the stream. The creek bank where we were standing just moments earlier caved into the stream, completely burying the grinding stone.



Garth was waiting up near Adoline's barn with the reward of four bits apiece. So, very reluctantly, we crossed over again and dug and searched and dug till we found our prize. It took the two of us to muscle it up to where Garth was waiting. When he handed over a meager 50 cents, that was the first time in my life I really felt like I had been cheated. Now I think of it in terms of how I was saved from death.

6. While a boy scout, we were trying to find what then was a makeshift trail (if a trail at all) from Thunder River to the Colorado River. We were following what we thought was a trail, but it became narrower and limited, pinching us off. We elected to continue, rather than go back. My foot slipped in the scaly clay and I grabbed harder for a handhold on the cliff. It came off in my hand as I felt myself tipping backward toward the river far below. At that rigid, breathless instant, I felt my center of gravity being pushed back against the cliff. I had lost all control of it and yet there it was back, hugging the ledge. It was an emotional moment for me, thinking of and feeling an unseen power.

7. As boy scouts, we hiked from movie town over to Johnson Lakes. Some of us arrived hours ahead of the others and set up camp in the old road by the lake. The mosquitoes were so bad we looked for another flat place to lay our beds. We moved up under a cliff to the east.

After dark the other troopers finally arrived, except for Michael Riggs, who was lost. Some of them elected to sleep in the sandy road, but we and our friendly mosquitoes changed their minds.

About 3:00 a.m. we were all awakened by the thundering hoofs of a herd of Brahman cows, stampeding right down the road, taking up all the space between us and the lake. We'd have been trampled to death had we been sleeping on the road. We heard Michael yelling from above the meadow to the north. When he arrived driving the cattle before him, you can sure bet we let him know that he'd have caused our deaths had we not moved our beds.

8. Bryson and I were with Dad and Uncle Bud one day while they were cutting timber. They attempted to knock over this enormous snag with the tree they were felling. We were sitting on a side hill out of the way. Their tree hit the snag, bending it over, but it flipped back, throwing its top toward Bryson and me. Dad yelled. We started down the hill on our fannies, not realizing completely the danger. Bryson was in front of me, and a large piece of snag hit between us and another landed behind me. Uncle Bud figured we surely must have said our prayers that day.

9. I was hooking chokes for Charlie (Rat) Brinkerhoff on the Kaibab. His bowline was all the way out as he tried to winch his load around a large forked "quakie." He finally got mad and gave it full power, but rather than his load coming around the tree, it pulled it up by the roots and slammed it down on me. But I was saved by the fork -- it straddled me, leaving me untouched. My back had been turned to the whole affair. Rat figured if he'd ever seen pure luck, that was it. I felt, however, to thank God.



10. DeLoy was away at school or on a mission, and I was home for the Christmas holidays. De had left his ice skates. If they were the cause of his ability, they could surely improve mine. The old bicycle hauled me to Potter's Reservoir at 7:00 a.m. The jaws on the toe of his skates and I were not hitting it off. Several falls broke only my pride. The next and only thing I remember is wrapping the skates around the handlebars and heading out toward the highway. I met Jim in the pickup, coming to look for me. It was about 3:00 p.m. I had such a lapse of memory that Dad took me to the doctor. I had cracked a bone in my cheek which pinched a nerve, rendering one side of my mouth and gums numb.

No one knows how long I lay unconscious on the ice, but it must have been for hours. I'm just grateful it wasn't on the thin ice, but then again, maybe thin ice is not as hard as thick ice.

11. I was setting chokes on the Kaibab one warm summer day. The choker came undone, so Ralph Black (Pud) backed up and I was re-hooking it when lightning struck a tree next to me. It felt

like the ground had come up through my legs, shattering them as it left me a stunned heap on the earth. At that deafening moment, my eyes caught a glimpse of hunks of wood flying everywhere, one going under the canopy of the Cat, nearly knocking Pud from his seat. The lightning had blown the tree apart about three-fourths of the way up, sending the top crashing down, narrowly missing me. Pud baled off his Cat and ran to my assistance. I couldn't get up. My legs were numb. He helped me to sit on the log.

I kept saying "My legs, my legs!" Soon, the whole crew had gathered around and Tine and a Forester came down from the road to see who was hurt. One of them said, "Did that lightning hit you?" Till then, I hadn't known what had happened. There was no rain, no clouds, just one little puffer. I thought I had stepped on a land mine or old dynamite stash. The Forrester rolled up my trousers, revealing purple legs with beads of water on them. A narrow strip of hair was singed on the inside of both legs. The purple color went all the way up to the bottom of my temple garments, then went streaked and disappeared.

I had the guys help me because I felt I should get my legs moving again. It wasn't long till all the feeling came back into my legs. You can't tell me that worthy covenants at the temple are not a shield and protection!

12. One summer, John Davis and I cut timber on a salvage sale that was full of mistletoe. A tree I felled brushed another but hadn't knocked any limbs out that I could see. However, a mistletoe limb had broken out and hung in the tree it brushed. At the time, it looked like it belonged on that tree. I limbed the first 33 feet, bucked it, then leaned with my right hand to stick in the log tape for the next length when I was knocked over and to the ground so hard my breath was gone. I was sure a tree was on me. My mind was saying "Oh God, help me to live! Help me!"



Then it was "Help this pain go away." The pain was so intense it was taking my breath away. Every movement hurt worse. Soon I was praying to be able to walk again. I lay prostrate on the ground for some 10 minutes, waiting for John to shut off his saw, then I hollered for help. He couldn't hear. I whistled, I tried everything to get him to hear, but to no avail. Thirty minutes later, I heard him crank up his saw down on the end of a point in another direction, so I knew he had gone to the truck, gassed up his saw, and was out of hearing range for another hour.

I was going into shock -- getting chills which made the pain worse. I was getting stiff. The slightest movement hurt my back and left hip. I couldn't crawl, get up, or even lay comfortably. The cold chills were swiftly coming on. I just had to get to the truck. I worked myself around so as to get one arm on the log, then another. I'd pull up an inch till I could endure it, then another. Finally arriving at a point where the pain was so great that I couldn't break away from the log to my feet. I had to, though, so I did it quickly and grunted out the loudest war-whoop ever to shake the forest. Then I nearly passed out. You'll never know how bad it hurt. Lightning was a piece of cake compared to this.

I then walked like a puppet on a string -- very carefully, shuffling along inches at a time, consuming almost 25 minutes to reach the truck. I had picked a route such that I needn't stoop, stumble, or step over anything (even a limb). That's why it took so long. My several attempts to get in the truck failed. Cold chills were coming on again, but thank goodness, here came John!

The hospital report was a "bruised kidney, slight internal bleeding and blood in the urine." I thank God that limb that fell missed my backbone, and that it waited for me to lean over with my log tape so it wouldn't hit me on the head. To his day, I occasionally get this nerve pain down my legs from the left hip area.

13. While teaching Seminary in Rupert, Idaho, I traveled each day to Burley to teach an early class. As I rounded the turn into Burley, I was watching the fairgrounds when instantly I noticed a utility truck directly in front of me. A crash was inevitable. I cramped the wheel and lay down on the seat. What happened in the next second, I'm not sure. Only symptoms tell the story.

The force of the impact covered me with glass, threw me up against the door, cutting my head open. The door had caved in on my leg, bruising it from knee to hip. The emergency brake had driven itself up my shin bone, leaving a gaping hole on the inside of my leg. The car was totaled. The left front wheel was shoved nearly to the fire wall. The truck driver had driven out across a double yellow line right in front of me while I was watching the fairgrounds. He came back and asked if I was all right. "I don't know," I said. "Just help me out of here!" He disappeared and I never saw him again. The police wouldn't help me either. I think they were saving that for the paramedics. I managed to get hold of the seat and passenger door and pulled myself from under the crumpled metal and out the passenger window. The ambulance went roaring right by the seminary with their half-dead teacher. This was Friday. They were so surprised when I showed up Monday on crutches. Of course I told them, "If they hadn't prayed for me, I would have stayed away longer."

14. In Green River I was an explorer advisor. We built kayaks to run the river in. The first one built, they said, was mine. When it was done, we could hardly wait to tube the rapids above town. The boys had truck tubes. I had the kayak. Being experienced hands on the river, they skirted the rapids by staying near the shore. Being their inexperienced brave leader, I figured I would show them how it was done and ride the crest of the rapids. I was sure that if capsized, I could hang onto the kayak and ride it out.

The rapids were about 200 yards long as I topped the first wave, the kayak went out from under me like a bar of soap. I managed to hang on as we both went under, going deeper but not coming up. I desperately managed to get the boat under my feet and shoved myself upward for air. As I surfaced, I slammed into another wave, getting water rather than air in my lungs. I struggled for the surface again, only to be hammered by another wave. My lungs were bursting. The swift horizontal forces over-powered any vertical attempts for air. So frightened was I that I distinctly, subconsciously yelled, "OH GOD HELP ME!"

Soon, I discovered myself swimming for a flat, sociable rock near the end of the rapids. The kayak was in a circular eddy standing on end like the great Titanic, then disappearing again

and again. The boys had climbed up and out of the river and were hiking back on a road. They threw their tubes and were running back down the road to retrieve their drowned scout master. They were sure I was a goner, even though they did see a bald head pop up once in awhile. The whole thing was a nightmare that God only saved me from. A most somber and helpless feeling that can only be experienced and not imagined.

15. Winter shut-down had come and I was helping Kurt Brinkerhoff bring the caterpillars off the mountain to be loaded on low-boys in Warm Springs Canyon. I was driving a D7 and Arch with a set of Cat tracks winched up to the top of the Arch.

Warm Springs dugway was a cake of ice hidden under a skiff of snow. The edge of the road sported 4-foot banks from previous snow plowing. As I started down the dugway, the cat started sliding faster than the tracks were turning. I attempted to turn the heavy machine toward the cliffs, only to get sideways as if on about 50 pair of ice skates. Then I was skating sideways down the road at a rapid rate of speed.

Frantically, I began grabbing for gears, particularly reverse, so as to back toward the cliffs. The Arch was jack-knifed and wedged under the rear tracks. As the road turned, my momentum increased in a straight course toward the edge of the road. When it was obvious we were going off the dugway, I attempted to jump free. My knee hit the winch lever, leaving me sprawled in the snow as the massive machine scooped tons of it over the embankment and came to rest (teetering over the edge). I lay between the cat and the jack-knifed Arch. Had it gone over the edge, the Arch would have dragged me with it.

"Boy, you took quite a ride," said Kurt. I was so helpless I'm sure my guardian angel hitched a ride.

16. My scout troop planned a fishing trip into the bottom of the Grand Canyon at Vasey's Paradise. The week previous, I had been working nights with a fever and sweating, and a pain in my side. I started a system of exercises to help the pain go away, but it would only leave temporarily. The backpacking trip was all planned and I was to lead the way, since I was the only one who had been there.

I was impressed to have the Doc check me out the day before we were to leave. It took two doctors all day to figure out what I had. When they finally made up their minds that it was appendicitis, they said, "We'll operate immediately!"

My appendix had ruptured some days ago and walled itself off. Then that mess had swelled up and was about to rupture again. The poisons had eaten away on my intestinal wall so that it had to be sewed up rather than simply snipping off the appendix, stitching it shut and inverting it into the intestines. Doc Roberts said there was no way I'd have ever made it out of the Grand Canyon, except that I'd probably never have made it down.

I am thankful that sometimes the Spirit wins out over my stubbornness.

17. Two years ago, I felled a tree that had a snag leaning into it but it was hidden by another smaller tree. As the tree fell, the smaller tree caught the snag and dropped it on my head. It drove me

to the ground, stunning me such that my whole body tingled. It smashed my hard hat, making a hole in it and driving the front liner brackets into my forehead. The hat came on down, cutting the bridge of my nose and smashing it, such that I bled profusely from inside and on the nose, and from my forehead.

My neck hurt and I assumed the worst. Soaked in blood from head to waist, I walked to the road where two cutters were visiting. Their expression and appalled stares nearly had me laughing. I proceeded to clean up with a jug of water while one of them went for the boss and a neck brace. I prayed all the way to the Panguitch Hospital that my neck would not be broken. The report: "There is nothing wrong with your neck but a little arthritis." I now, gladly, live with my forehead and nose scars.

I'm thankful for all the near misses, but even more grateful that I have fewer of them each year.

Spiritual Experiences

1. I put myself through school by working for BYU at \$1.27 per hour in the afternoons until the spring semester I was to graduate. Then I had to take some long-put-off afternoon classes to get my degree. We stayed in Provo for the birth of Gayla and I worked again for BYU, saving all we could for tuition and fees in the fall. I still did not have a teaching certificate because I hadn't done my student teaching yet. This I did at Payson Jr. High, under coach Blane Montegue. During that experience, coach Montegue had an operation and was in the hospital for two weeks which left me with his teaching load.

BYU students were given the opportunity to donate toward the building of the Provo temple. Pledge cards were given out and collected by home teachers, with the pledge paid up by tithing settlement time. My \$1.27 wages were used up for school. Boxes of food from parents on both sides seemed to always show up when needed most. We had borrowed from the school loan office and thought about borrowing to give to the temple, but that seemed improper. I was student teaching rather than working. We were penniless. We prayed often about it, but couldn't come up with a financial pledge. The home teachers were put off time and time again. One day after they left, Sylvia and I prayed about it again. I was impressed to pledge \$100. We hadn't seen that much money all summer, yet it seemed peaceful and believable that we could come up with it.

I finished student teaching and was busy with other education classes when tithing settlement rolled around prior to Christmas vacation. We still had not the cash and I'm sure our faithful home teachers lost faith in us.

Three days prior to our appointment with the Bishop, I received a check in the mail for \$98.46. (Just like manna from Heaven!) We both knew it was for the temple because we were not expecting it. We added the few cents and took it to tithing settlement with a prayer of gratitude.

The Superintendent of Schools in the Payson District had been replaced. The new superintendent, in looking over old records, discovered that Blane Montegue had been in the hospital and no substitute had been hired in his place. Therefore, he started asking questions. "But sir, it is not and has never been the policy of BYU to pay or have paid their student teachers!" "I don't care!" said the new superintendent. "Coach Montegue was absent for two weeks and if he had not had a student teacher, we would have had to pay a substitute to take his classes, so you pay Mr. Young as his substitute for those two weeks!"

It's ironic that the previous superintendent was fired for misappropriation of funds, but the Lord was in charge of this new one, as well as Montegue's hernia being donated to the temple cause.

2. We went to Salt Lake City for Grandma and Grandpa Cummings' mission farewell. We were late getting away to come home. As we were driving along the freeway Gayla said, "Daddy, stop the car, we forgot to have a prayer!" I said, "We can't stop on the freeway unless it's an emergency!" The more I thought about it the more that statement annoyed me. If there ever was an emergency, it was to leave so late on a snowy evening without a prayer. So, I stopped and we had prayer. Soon I became sleepy, so I let Sylvia drive. When suddenly awakened by her screams, I groped for the steering wheel. We were then going backwards as if we'd just purchased a ticket on "Mighty Mouse" at Lagoon. We made several revolutions before coming to rest on the shoulder of the freeway. It was divine intervention, invited by our prayer, that kept us from leaving the road or entering on-coming traffic. The spirit often speaks to children when parents have too much pride.
3. Sylvia went to Salt Lake City to look after two elderly ladies while her folks went back to the pageant at Cumorah. We cashed in retirement money from school teaching and sent \$1,000 with her to put down on a trailer house. We had hunted all summer for a home and here it was two weeks before school was starting and we were still in a one-room cabin at Mangum Camp. Sunday night I called her and she said final arrangements for a certain mobile home would be made tomorrow. I was uneasy all day Monday. I stayed up late Tuesday night reading and trying to get Sylvia and the \$1,000 off my mind. I knelt down and prayed, then started taking my shoes off to get into bed.



A strange feeling came over me that I was wasting my time. I was impressed to leave them on. With one shoe still in my hand, it came clear to me that I was to drive into Kanab and call my wife in Salt Lake City. It was midnight when I arrived in Kanab and placed the call. She was so surprised. She still had the money, and had just gotten off her knees in prayer. "Have you spent the money?" I said. She replied "No." "Well, don't. We don't want the trailer!" She said, "I just got through asking the Lord that if I wasn't to spend the money, to help something happen to stop me!"

You can imagine our joy. Still no home, but we were happy. When Sylvia got home, Grandma Young said she heard Mrs. Milner was moving and wanted to sell her home. We bought the home, fixed it up and sold it to get into a new home in the Ranchos.

Where would we be today if our parents had not taught us to pray?

4. I needed to get all the saws from logging home and repair them for spring start-up. There were several feet of snow so why not take the family and go tubing? As we rounded a turn to start down the hill into Moquitch Canyon, I let up on the accelerator. The truck started fish-tailing -- went sideways, hit a snowbank which turned us over on our side right in the middle of the road. The weight of all the family was on me. Gayla was on top, but could not get the upper door open. Sylvia was braced to keep from squashing the kids, and could not therefore reach the door. I managed to get a leg free and boosted her up and held her till she could get the door open. We were all soon out, trying to calm the crying and bruised.

No blankets, no food, 15 miles from the nearest transportation (a road grader). Both gas tanks were leaking on the icy road. I knew that this truck was going to have to get us home. Apryl said, "Let's pray, Mommy." Mom helped her pray while I was busy figuring out how to get the truck back on its wheels before we lost all the gasoline.

The utility box, held in by 4 bolts, was 4 inches higher than the side of the truck. Clearing away the ice and snow, there was barely enough room to put a handyman jack under that four inches of box. There was no way the box would ever hold the weight of the truck without bending. I recalled a piece of cattle guard I had been hauling around for months. It had two small grooves cut in it, which fit the braces of the box perfectly. Putting it against the box, I began jacking and lifting the truck. It slipped off twice, letting the truck fall onto the two spare tires and the tubes placed under it so I could get the jack back under when it did fall. I then placed the jack at an angle, but then the bottom of the jack kept slipping on the hard, icy road, letting the truck down again and again. I remembered something else I had been hauling around -- a bull hook link. I placed it under the bottom of the jack, hoping it would bite into the hard road better with the truck weight on it.

I resumed jacking, and the box then began to bend and its lid began to buckle. "On no!" the lid is what kept the piece of iron from slipping out. I let the jack back down, re-positioned it, then turned to Sylvia and said, "We've done all we can do. We now need the Lord's help. Let's pray!"

We gathered the kids around and told the Lord our predicament, expressing our faith in his ability to save us from a frozen night on the Kaibab. I then resumed the jacking process -- up and up. The box began bending -- up, up it quit bending -- up, then up some more to the precarious moment. Sylvia got out in front to where she could reach up to the high front wheel. I got up on top of the rear wheel and, leaning out over it as far as possible, said "On the count of three, we heave with our might, then jump out of the way!"

The truck came down on all fours. We loaded all our plunder, offered a prayer of gratitude to God, then drove home. We all knew the source, the power, the hand that performed what to us was a miraculous feat. We will never forget that day!

5. When Deryn was nine years old, he got a terrible pain in his right side. The doctors were not in so I took him down to Doctor Roberts' home. "He certainly has all the symptoms of appendicitis," said the Doc. "We'll need to go up to the hospital for some more tests. The signs are all there except one thing -- his white blood cell count is not up high enough yet, but that may be due to his not having it long enough. We have to be sure with that blood test, so maybe we better let you go home for two hours, then let's take the blood test again."

Deryn lay in our bed and said he wanted to have a blessing. Harold Mace, our home-teacher, came over to help me bless him. I was just made a brand new Bishop and my counselors and Brother Brown (photographer) came over to have our picture taken for the Stake paper. I invited them into the bedroom where we all laid hands on Deryn, blessing him that he would get well soon. The picture was taken and Deryn came smiling from the bedroom and said, "I'm all better. The pain is gone." Later, he commented, "When Daddy said I would get better soon, I didn't think it meant that soon!"

6. We went to the Church office building where I was ordained a Bishop by William H. Bennett. The kids had fun riding the elevator to the top of the Church office building and looking out over the city. It was Deryn's desire that they see President Kimball, which matched Sylvia's desire that everything be turned into something spiritual, so she got with Deryn and said a prayer that they would get to see President Kimball. They caught a glimpse of him and were disappointed. But later, he came out of an elevator and his eyes and Sylvia's met. He came right over and shook hands, and talked with each of the children. It was at this moment that Deryn committed to the prophet that he would go on a mission. It was a choice spiritual experience.

The Secretary there said, "There is only a once-in-three-month chance of you ever seeing him in that part of the building since he seldom comes through that way."

7. Arlyn was six months old and strutted about in a round walker in which he sat. No one saw it, but they heard him fall or roll down the basement stairs, beating his head and body on practically every step. His vital signs were very low and Doctor Sundwall immediately put him under care and intravenous feeding. He could only sleep for minutes, but then would wake terrified as if falling. He must have hurt everywhere. We had never heard him cry that cry that way. He would just "go to pieces" till someone held him and reassured him he was not alone.

Harold Mace and I administered to him. There was no improvement after the first night. I then, in spite of all the apparatus, persuaded them to let Sylvia hold him rather than leave him in the crib. Thus, she did around the clock, resulting in Arlyn's calming down and being more at peace. Two days later, he still didn't look well and continued to throw up all his feedings. Doctor Sundwall assumed he had a concussion and apparently some painful trauma to his kidney and internal areas. Arlyn finally kept down two feedings, such that the doctor felt he may not be dehydrated, so we took him home. We no sooner got him home and as Sylvia laid him in his crib, it collapsed to the floor, sending him into oblivion again. We prayed and worried and cried some more, fearing that he may not ever completely recover. He still threw up once or twice a day and didn't look well in his eyes or skin. He was showing no signs of improvement when usually babies bounce back very quickly. After five days, Doctor Sundwall

was out of town so we took him to Doctor Roberts. We said, "Look, there is something wrong with this child. He is not getting better."

Doctor Roberts saw nothing wrong with him except however, "He may have caught a cold and his inner ears are a little red."

I'm convinced the doctor was trying to get Sylvia's mind off the fact that he may be permanently damaged. Dr. Roberts was in my ward and knew how Sylvia had cried and was despondent over this child. "I'm sure he will be all right," he said. "Here is a prescription for a drug to clear up his ears. It has stuff in it that may make him a little dopey, however." Here we had a dopey baby for a week and the Doctor wants to make him more dopey. Is this the way you tell when a dopey child is getting well by making him more dopey? He had no cold. Besides, it was July. I think the Doc was just trying to heal the parents.

We took him home and hoped and prayed some more. Sunday was fast day. Blessed Harold Mace got up in testimony meeting and suggested the ward's fast be dedicated to the well-being of little Arlyn Young. Many testimonies expressed that same sentiment. That evening, I gave Arlyn a father's blessing, telling him that he would completely recover and live a normal life.

Sylvia felt much better after that. From that very hour, he held down his food, got the good ole' Arlyn look back in his eye, and we knew he was going to be all right. The happiness that followed is inexpressible. So grateful we were for the Lord's blessings. I'm so grateful to my wife. It is times like these one realizes that a mother's love unquestionably has no bounds.

8. Deray and the twins were sitting on the box in the back of my truck as we went through the dip in the creek at the Ranchos. I was rearranging the dashboard papers and hit the chuck holes on the edge of the asphalt. I swiftly jerked the wheel to avoid the rest of them and Deray and Arlyn fell out onto the road. It was horrifying. I was going too fast. By the time I reached Arlyn, he was trying to get up on his hands and knees. His head was split wide open, with gravel in it and blood gushing forth. I put him in the truck and had Ryan watch him while I went to check on Deray who was still writhing and moaning in pain and semiconscious. I put Deray in the front seat, then handed Arlyn to Ryan, after he had gotten my truck all bloody, to hold while we sped to the hospital. Ryan had on a white T-shirt and was a bloody mess from holding Arlyn. The hospital was sure Ryan was the injured one. Arlyn's head was split open in two places six inches long. Doctor Roberts cleaned and shaved his head. When he pulled up to tighten the first stitch I said, "Hey, there is some more dirt in there!" He picked up Arlyn's flesh with the tweezers and found sand packed back up under his scalp on his white skull. Doc then got a squeeze bottle and nozzle and slooshed out the filth under Arlyn's essentially unattached scalp. Several other places oozed like he had been hit with a shotgun blast.

Dick Spencer happened by and wondered if he was going to make it with a cage rattled like his was. I insisted Dick help me give Arlyn a blessing, which he did. I then felt a peace with Arlyn and went to see how Deray was doing, being tortured on that unmerciful X-ray table. Moaning and comatose, he got manhandled into a thousand positions for pictures. He had a mild concussion and bruised ribs and arm, and a complete break of the collar bone. After Arlyn was all bandaged up, Doc Roberts left the emergency room to talk with the X-ray technician and Lynar came in from outside and sat in a chair in the hall.

On the Doc's way back to the ER he passed Lynar, paused, then stepped back staring at him. "Didn't I just bandage you up? What's going on here?" Amusingly, I reminded the Doc that it was Lynar's twin that he had bandaged up, but Roberts didn't even crack a smile.

It was felt that the boys ought to stay in the hospital, but I had already learned that youth heal faster at home with love than in strange bed places with drugs. I have learned to give God the credit, for gratitude seems to bring forth his insurmountable blessings. I know that through faith and priesthood, God heals where agency is within the realms of his plans.

9. Probably the greatest spiritual experience was the 6 1/2 years I served as Bishop of Kanab First Ward. That calling alone automatically positions one in a direct line between God and His children. Much of their welfare is affected by a Bishop. I could write pages of inspiration in the lives of people, but even if I used fictitious names the small town would recognize them.

Inspiration was most obvious in: 1. Giving counsel to saints; 2. Calling members to ward positions; 3. Speaking in funerals (I had 14 in the first 18 months!); 4. Handling circumstances relating to deaths; 5. Administering to the sick and giving priesthood blessings.

I'll just leave a few direct quotes out of those years as Bishop, which will bear out the necessity of inspiration.

- From an elderly person and from a teenager: "I've got problems. You're the only one I can talk to."
- From a father upset with the whole community, in a rage and flaunting a paper under your nose: "Look what they have done to my daughter?"
- The mother of an active disfellowshipped daughter: "You can't do this to my daughter. What you do to her, you'll do to me also!"
- Two phone callers: "He is drunk, and home alone with his daughter."
- An emotional prospective missionary: "I've tried everything now, including your counsel, but I just can't quit!"
- The hospital administrator: "He's been fatally shot in the head by a 357 Magnum. You better get here before the family does!"
- Young mothers standing on the front porch, weeping.
- A frantic High Priest: "Come and see what your ward member has done to me!"
- A resentful Elder: "The way I still feel about him, I can't be worthy to go to the temple."

An emotional experience I shall never forget: Three of our ward members had, for too long, been victims of not only ward, but community, gossip. I got up in a sacrament meeting and began rebuking the saints with tears streaming down my face. I quoted verbatim the most part of chapters in the Book of James, among other things. "Man, have we been told!" kinda sums up the aftermath comments. And, "That's what Bishops are for."

The greatest joys come from seeing people change their lives, become active again, prepare for the temple blessings, be willing to give their financial all to the building of a new chapel, seeing youth develop responsibility and leadership skills, accepting the complete faith that saints place in you, and loving the numerous lifetime friends associated with being their Bishop.

Struggles

1. You all know how much I like sports. I graduated from a 5-year athletic program at BYU. I looked forward to coaching and especially teaching my own children how to play ball and be good athletes.

When Sylvia decided it was to be home school rather than public school, we got crossways of each other, and it was tearing our home apart. Deryn suffered much because of it. I could see that Sylvia was cast in concrete on this issue and that it was me who was going to have to be flexible. Consequently, sports went out the window. I couldn't bring myself to even play ball with the kids because it all seemed for naught. It could never culminate in anything. It was really tough to see dreams go down the drain. With five boys, I had to compensate by turning to the outdoors -- to scouting and hiking.

I have since determined that sports is such a temporary thing, and is only a vehicle to higher values of self-image, esteem and reliance. There are other roads to education, so long as they preserve the integrity of the personality.

With our kids out of "public" school, we became the talk of the town. We spent days in court, got threats from government agencies -- but all soon learned that in America we are still free to choose.

2. I'm glad to be free of a conscience battle I had several years ago. Dad and I went deer hunting and I saw a big lion on the mountain side under a large pinion. My mind raced back to when cougars were legal and I had shot one near there when I was 18 years old. Subsequently, I shot this one and it jumped into the oak brush. Moments later it appeared under the pinion again so I shot it again. I found, to my surprise, I had two dead lions. I thought of all the things I could do with the fur, but Dad would have nothing to do with it. He was sure we'd get caught for illegal lion.

I began to realize how grossly I had broken the law and determined I would buy a lion permit in January. But the passing of time subdued my conscience until 8 years later when one of my good ward members mistakenly shot a doe for a buck. And so in good faith put his tag on it and the game warden fined him. The grapevine picked up on it and finally this good brother got up in priesthood meeting and told the story and asked for all to forgive him. There I sat, as his bishop, having poached two lion -- a much more gross misdemeanor. My conscience began to burn again. Every time I saw him, it pricked.

I then determined I would go to the fish and game headquarters in Cedar City and make it right. Prepared to take whatever the consequences, I wanted to talk to the division Ranger. "He is not in, but we have a field officer here." "No," I said, "I want to talk to the head dude." I came back another day and he had gone home. So I left again, only to be called back. He had just walked in the back door. I spilled to him the whole can of beans. I wanted it off my chest.

He was a stern-faced man, but was kind when he said, "Well, there is nothing we can do after 7 years. We can't prosecute." He seemed surprised that I would come in, and thanked me with a hearty handshake that laid my guilt to rest.

3. Deciding to leave Seminary teaching was a difficult decision. You see, I was asked to go to Idaho before I even had a teaching certificate. The students had run a teacher off mid-year, so they wanted me to come up after the holidays. This I did, working on my certificate in the summers. I stayed and taught the next year also. I loved teaching, I loved the students, I loved Idaho. However, I didn't like four walls. I didn't like my supervisor, who wouldn't let me help with athletics over at the high school. I wanted to rub shoulders with the kids outside of the classroom also. I hadn't learned to leave seminary at seminary. The briefcase kept following me home. People wanted me to stay. Two dairymen offered their farms for me to manage if I would stay. I guess I was too young and uneasy. After I acquired the teaching certificate, I had to give athletics a try.
4. We loved Green River. We had so many friends. The hunting and fishing was superb. The missile base closed down, causing such a decrease in school enrollment that three new teachers had to go. The highway patrol was a chance to stay in Green River, so I pursued that. I passed all the tests, and was called up for hire when I was training at the Page power plant. I declined their job offer for three reasons: 1. They would not put me in Green River. 2. I would work Sundays. 3. I was tired of moving my family around. Lifetime decisions are tough. I am always grateful that Mother taught me to pray.
5. Quitting the best job I ever had, as a foreman for Kaibab, to manage a dying business wasn't easy either. The Laundry was headed for bankruptcy and was inevitably going to take us with it. But we healed that over and got out in the nick of time. Why the Laundry? I was impressed to. We grow from mistakes and sometimes the Lord turns them into blessings. We are so happy and have so many blessings. I am ever grateful for my wonderful family. They sure make life worth living.

Happy Experiences

1. Just thinking of my childhood makes me happy. I love to talk about it; write about it; dream about it. How could it have been any better? Thanks Mom and Dad!

Clifton and Charlotte Young Family (1960)
Clifton Charlotte Jim Joyce Royce Susana DeLoy



2. Everyone knows how bashful and fearful of the opposite sex I was. This grew to be a burden for me in the mission field [in Scotland], especially after being made a senior companion. I just couldn't feel at ease around single ladies. We were teaching two ladies at that time, and I just had to talk it over with the Lord.

One day after nearly 5 months in the field, my companion and I were riding home on the train, packed with women and standing room only. Being head and shoulders above everyone else, I was the obvious center of attention. What happened to me God only knows, for I discovered myself laughing, joking, and talking with the lassies as if I were among the sage brush of home. Man it felt good! My shyness had completely vanished -- GONE! I couldn't believe what happened to me. Got on the train at Edinburgh and off at Kirkcaldy as a new Elder. I recall being a bit misty-eyed as I walked from the depot. I was so happy, and have been mighty grateful for that miracle day ever since. It has never bothered me since. The Lord had a job for me to do, so he changed me. That I do believe!

3. The greatest joy that has come to me lasted all of one night. I wanted a confirmation on who to marry. I told the Lord I wanted to marry Sylvia but would do otherwise if it was His will. I told him how I felt and pleaded with him to let me know if a right choice had been made.

The joy I experienced, felt, and came to understand that evening has been one of the greatest sources of strength that I have known. It has surely helped me through some of our rough spots. That evening, alone, has been a satisfying testimony to me that God knows my name and loves me.

4. Sharon Willis (RN) wheeled Sylvia into the delivery room and said, "You better go find the doctor, QUICK!" I remembered how we had dreamed of twins and talked often of it because of the way the fetus could kick top, bottom or either side of her tummy at the same time. Sylvia was large and her checkups always included the question, "Can you hear two heart beats?" He could only hear one and "Most of her size is just water," he'd reply.

So here we were. I got the Doc on the run and as we entered the delivery room together Sharon was holding up an 8-pound 5-ounce tiny, blue baby boy. Sundwall began giving Sharon instructions as he was putting on his delivery garb and gently tugging on the umbilical cord. I said, "There is something wrong with Sylvia's stomach, it is still big!" Parallel with that statement, Sundwall exclaimed, "My heavens, there's another one in there!"



"Really?" I said. "Really?" (Sylvia said I started dancing around the floor.) Out came another boy, 8 pounds 10 ounces, pink, and fit as a fiddle. I was so elated, but it floored my wife. Sharon finally got Lynar to pink up favorably, and I was one delighted dude. This was a real blessing. I suppose the happiest times in our lives were centered around the birth of each of our children.

5. After 25 years together, we finally purchased our first sofa set. I recall when we acquired a new home, or another vehicle -- satisfying times -- but the real joy is having all the kids home (Ryan is on a mission) and hearing them, thoroughly enjoying discussing their growing up years. These are the little paybacks; this is all we want -- happy children.

The most heart-warming times of our lives is seeing them develop their talents, succeed in their goals, and be an asset to their communities. The letters we have received from people who have crossed paths with Deryn and Ryan have made us mighty proud. To see Gayla and Deryn happily married and serving with their talents; and Apryl developing her art, singing and experiencing college life; to watch Deray entertain audiences, and take command of Camp Fires; to relish how responsible the twins and Chary have always been; and to hear our "songbird" Christy and affectionate Rynda all following in the older ones' footsteps -- these are our happy moments.

Because my journal is so factually mundane, I decided to just jot down what the happiest moment of the day was. And without fail, it is always centered around something one of the kids has done.

Did not Solomon say, "Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them."? And when they do what's right, aren't we most happy? The crowning jewel is when they have learned through the Holy Spirit that there is a Gospel plan centered in Jesus Christ by which eternal happiness comes, and that it is still directed by living prophets.

1984

Back Row: Gayla, Deryn, Royce

Middle Row: Ryan, Apryl, Christy,
Sylvia, Rynda

Front Row: Deray, Arlyn, Lynar, Chary



1997

Back Row:
Deryn, Deray, Royce,
Arlyn, Lynar, Ryan

Front Row:
Christy, Gayla, Sylvia,
Chary, Apryl, Rynda



Let This be Heaven

Oh Lord, let this be Heaven—
Just leave me here beside these cliffs
In Southern Utah land.
This red earth gives my heart a lift,
Here's home mid coral sands.
Can't this be Heaven?
I may get lonely in Thy Mansions fair
With lofty spires high in the air.

Here, trees of cedar and pinion pine
Crowned with mistletoe and nuts
Dress these mansions fairly fine
With squirrel and lizard on each bluff.

Let this be Heaven—
I do not seek white satin robes
Levi Strauss is more my role.
I'll keep this worn old flannel shirt
Frayed with toil, sun and dirt.

Instead of smooth straight marble walks
I prefer soft soil and rocks
I've been healed by silver seeps
From sandstone trickles beneath my feet
Where streaked cliffs reach up to the dawn
to be set afire 'til the sunset's gone.

Dear Lord, make this Paradise—
I need no golden stair or luster walls
Just vermilion sandstone and glistening falls.
My feet would frown in elegant sandals
Let mine be bare and tanned by summer's mantle,
Relaxed and cool in the amber mud
This oozy quicksand's what I love.
Though I asked it more than twice—
Can't this be Paradise?



(continued on next page)

I seek no streets with golden plush
Leave mine with purple sage and rabbit brush
And should we walk, Lord, amid Thy garden,
I prefer fresh mown hay and scented orchard.
I do not long for Thy stately trees
That waft their scent upon the breeze.
Let it be tamarak fragrance or willow perfume
Service berry, squaw bush or larb's bloom.

Must I pass those pearly gates---
Can't you see I'll probably be late?
I'm hearing the cricket, frog and black-bird sing
Where fuzzy cattail lay,
Where cottonwood spreads its downy seed
Upon the field and glade.

What need would I of an Ivory cup
When bent over a watercress spring.
These mountain streams serve well for sup
Their mossy banks are just the thing.

Lord, let this be Heaven—
I need no harp
My ears are tuned to coyotes' yodel and a meadow lark.
And when the time comes for my farewell hour
Please, Lord, I'll need no ivory tower

Just leave me here on the red ole earth
This wild I've tamed since my birth.
Among bitter brush blossoms of yellow gold
Neath the snowy flower of the cliff rose.
So when I reach my twilight evening
Please, Lord, let this be Eden.

By Royce C. Young

About Royce Clifton Young

Scouting Awards

The Royce Young “Outing in Scouting” Award



As described by Curt Hawkins, who helped Russel Keller design and create the award.

From 1991 to 2001 I served as the Paria River District Scout Chairman. Royce Young was assigned by the Utah National Parks Council to be the Council Representative to the Paria River District. Royce turned out to be the best Scouting Advisor that the Paria River District had ever had. He had the knowledge and history of scouting in our district. Royce knew all the areas of Kane County: where to camp, hike, and where to take your troop for outdoor adventure. Because of his work for Kaibab Industries, he knew the Kaibab mountain better than the back of his hand. Our District had quite a few campouts and overnights on Kaibab mountain.

I knew Royce before he became our Scouting Representative. He was Bishop of the Kanab First Ward and what an example he was to me and my family. While working with Royce over the years, I grew to really admire him for how he lived his values with family, church and scouting. He truly was one of my heroes!

Shortly after Royce’s passing, we wanted the District to have an annual award for the scout troop that had the most “Outing in Scouting” for the year. An Outing in Scouting is when a scout troop would go on an overnight campout. Royce always emphasized to the District scout masters to get their scouts outdoors, where scouting would take place with their boys.

We consulted with the District Scout Committee and came up with the idea of a walking stick, which Royce was famous for. He always had his walking stick with him. Russ Keller and I went to Kanab Creek in search of just the right piece of wood that we could make into a walking stick. We found a fairly straight cottonwood limb which we cut to the same height as Royce – 6’4”. Russ volunteered to stain, finish, and mount it to a block of wood. This became the Royce Young Outing in Scouting award. It was presented to the scout troop in the Paria River District that had the most outings for that year. The troop number was engraved in the walking stick. The troop attached a memento to the stick.



Silver Beaver Award

On September 14, 1991, Royce received the prestigious Silver Beaver Award. The Silver Beaver represents industriousness. This award, approved through the Boy Scout Association National Court of Honor, was given to Royce for his extraordinary service. The Silver Beaver Award was introduced in 1931 and recognizes registered Scouters



of exceptional character who have made an impact on the lives of youth. Selection of the recipients of this award is made by an Awards Committee of previous winners who base their selection on nominations submitted by nominee peers.

Paria River District Award to Royce Young

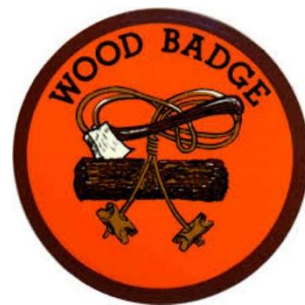
The wording on the top frame plate:

“To a Great Scouter, Wonderful Father,
Loving Husband and A Friend To All”



The Wood Badge

The Wood Badge is the highest level of adult Scout leader training available through the National BSA program.



Royce - Remembered by His Children

The Buckskin Apostle

By Christy Young Grover

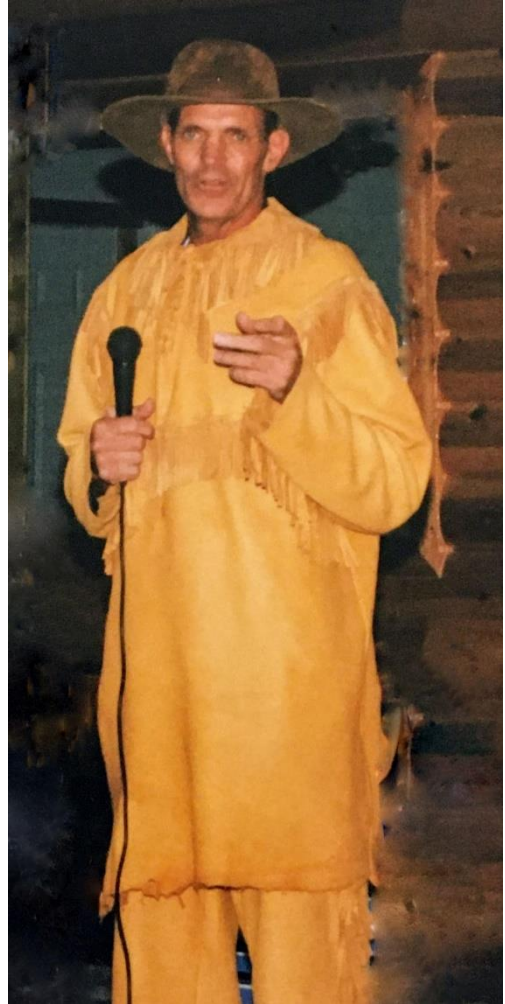
Dad wanted to learn how to make things the “old fashioned” way. He decided to try making an outfit from deer hides.

He collected the deer hides over several years. Dad would lay the hide out on the ground, fur down, and scrape off all the fat and flesh left on the inside. Then he would put rock salt all over the inside (the kind you use to put on the ice when making ice cream).

He would then fold the hide onto itself, fleshy side on fleshy side, and roll the hide up like a sleeping bag and tie it tight with bailing twine. He would then hang the hides from the rafters in the old tack shed on the west side off the house (the big one on Center Street in Alton where we lived most of my growing up years). Those hides hung there for a lot of years! I know that because I hated going in the shed because they scared me.

When Dad had a few hide bundles, he mailed them off to a place that tans hides. (Arlyn remembers Dad trying “brain tanning,” an ancient method to preserve animal hides, but didn’t like the way they turned out, so eventually he just mailed the hides to a tanning company.) It took a few months and I still remember the day they came back because of how excited Dad was. They came in a big box, and I was a little apprehensive because those hides were so ugly and scary. But when he pulled them out of that box, they were beautiful! And so soft.

Dad designed his Buckskin Apostle outfit, and hand-sewed it up himself. It was a little too small for him. He didn’t wear it much until he started to lose so much weight with his cancer. He was invited to tell stories at many different venues, from campfire gatherings to tourist cookouts to family reunions. He often told stories about Ephriam Hanks and Jacob Hamblin, two of his personal heroes.



By Rynda Young

Dad taught me the techniques to make sand bottles as he got more radiation and more sick. I think he wanted to make sure I could make them by myself, probably so I could do it as a means for bringing in some extra cash.



He figured out that a spoonful of sand was just about the perfect amount of sand for building a pattern. He also figured out that the spoon worked best if it had a slight spout in the tip. So he heated up a couple of spoons, and pinched the tip into a "v" with a huge pair of pliers. It made quite a nice sort of funnel with a measured amount to be dumped into the bottle.

He used a big plastic straw with a bend at one end to transfer the sand from the spoon to the inside of the bottle. The straw basically directs the flow of sand where you want it to go, and helps to measure the amount so you don't ever spill one color as you fill up the bottle, one tablespoon at a time. The straw allows the sand to make a clean, directed pile of sand that then makes the design as you refill the spoon with a different color of sand and dump it down the straw to the specific place you want that pile of colored sand. This technique was really nice for making a specific design using a measured, consistent amount of sand, as if making the log cabin kind of design like a quilt.

All the sand colors and grain sizes were interesting to work with. Dad gathered them all in Nature. He took great pleasure in putting that on the tag Mom made for the finished product -- that it was pure, nature made color and not dyed. But that also caused problems. The black sand was really basically coal dust. The purple colors were also very fine and left a smudge on the glass of the bottle if you didn't get it in the right place the first time. You'd almost have to wash the bottle out and start over. The pink or magenta sand was very grainy, but would discolor everything it touched. The white was a talc like type of sand and would cake easily. Therefore, Dad had to decide what design he wanted to do in advance, depending on the shape of the bottle. (I think he liked the square bottles the best.)



Dad would pick out 5 or 6 colors for a bottle. With the square bottles, he would usually start using two spoons full to fill each corner, usually with contrasting colored piles. Then he would start alternating colors so a pattern could be seen, and fill in the middle to keep the mounds from falling or dislodging as he filled the other corners. Sometimes though, he would make a mistake and would have to make that mistake into a design, or cover it up with a darker color, or scrape it in to the middle, if it were a big bottle.

Once the pattern reaches the top where the bottle narrows, he would add contrasting colors till it filled to the brim. Then he would get a wooden dowel that fit the circumference of the bottle being filled and would gently pound it down with a mallet to help it settle. He would leave it for a day, pound it down again, then fill the created space with sand (it was usually the coral pink sand he liked best for this part because it wouldn't leave a residue). He would pound it down again, then put a cork topper in it and glue it.

Mom would use her calligraphy skill to make a nice tag for each bottle. Then she would take the bottles to gas stations and convenient stores all along the way to Kanab. I think that the proprietors of most of these stores probably would have bought pretty much anything that they knew was to help Royce Young.

Making Soap and Rope with Dad

By Arlyn Young

Even though Dad was always busy with work and church leadership tasks, he took time to make things our ancestors made. I think he wanted to be more self-reliant or develop additional survival skills. Not only did he make the buckskin outfit, but he also made soap and rope.

When he decided to try making homemade soap, dad spent time on a few Saturdays getting the ingredients together. He got some Lye, and some lard from the cattle rancher neighbors. I remember him shaving (or grinding) orange peel, which he put into the mix. I recall actually using some of the finished product in the shower. It worked pretty well. The shape of the bars wasn't what you'd expect, but it was slippery like soap.

Dad also made homemade rope. He researched how to twist twine into a heavy-duty rope by bending up some wire and drilling some holes in some boards. The wires were shaped like a hook on one end and a zigzag on the other. So with wire through the holes in the 2x6 boards, he just rotated one against the other and the hooks individually spun. With a strand of twine on each hook, they would twist up and wind together, producing a rope.

Saving Lives in the Grand Canyon

By Deryn Young

In the early 2000s, I began a new job as Walmart Team Leader for ICON Health and Fitness in Logan Utah. I was thrilled by the invitation from new ICON colleagues, Perry Jensen and Brad Bearnsen, to join them on what would be my first-ever, multi-day horseback-riding trip. Adding more excitement was our plan to visit remote, ancient Anasazi ruins near Blanding, UT and Butch Cassidy's hideout at Robber's Roost near Hanksville, UT on the way back!

The six hour drive down to Blanding gave us plenty of time to swap stories of glory days, misspent youth and amazing adventures. After learning of my previous adventures in the Grand Canyon and Southern Utah, Perry and Brad began telling me of their harrowing weeklong "Executive Retreat" into the Grand Canyon a few years previous when they had nearly died. They were lost and hungry in the canyon, when a

Southern Utah man and his sons essentially appeared out of nowhere and saved them. They couldn't remember the man's name, but shared the following story.

Perry, Brad and friends hadn't packed enough supplies for their week-long trip into the Grand Canyon because they expected to catch fish from the Colorado River and its tributaries; however, they had been very unsuccessful. Further, some group members had never been in the Grand Canyon before, so they didn't understand the intensity of the heat, absence of water and lack of trail markers. The week they went was also one of the hottest that year.



By the morning after their multi-day hike into Vasey's Paradise in the bottom of the canyon, their food was gone and they only had river water to drink. After a full day with no food and no fish caught, one man convinced the others to fast and pray with him for deliverance. "We're already going without the food," he explained. The next morning, he excitedly caught a fish out of the river. Unfortunately it had a tumor on its head. Some said it was a gift from God because of their prayers. Others said they would not eat it because it was probably diseased and would make them more sick.

They soon agreed to "...just get back out of the canyon, the sooner the better." So they drank as much river water as they could, filled up their water bottles and began the long two-day trek back out the way they came in. Soon they realized they were going in the wrong direction. They were lost, famished, tired, upset and dehydrated. This time they knelt and prayed more earnestly.

Not too long after, they heard young voices in the distance becoming louder and louder. Some teenage boys had seen them and were coming across a ravine to meet them. Perry and Brad were overwhelmed with gratitude as the man and boys gave them all their food, and told them to drink all their water. The man reassured them they could have it all because he was on schedule to be back to his truck by nightfall and he had stashed some water jugs in the shade behind some big boulders just a mile or two further up the trail!

The man told Perry and Brad he could get them back out, but needed to get going soon. He explained that they needed to have some sunlight shining when attempting to shimmy up the zigzag toeholds in the 1,000-foot vertical cliff face that he pointed out for them. They just could not believe that the man and the boys had descended that vertical cliff face that very morning, half-jogged it down into Vasey's Paradise, and were now on their way back up the vertical and were planning to be at their truck by nightfall!

Thanks to the thin, strong man with the crumpled ball cap, wearing well-worn stretchy pants, a loose shirt and worn running shoes, Perry, Brad, their group, and the teenagers all made it safely out of the Grand Canyon's dry deadly grasp.

As I listened to them tell their story I wondered who this good man the boys were who helped them. When they told me that the man's "water containers" were actually cleaned-out orange juice jugs; that two of the teenagers were probably twins; and that the food in their zip lock bags was tortillas, jerky and cheese, I suddenly exclaimed, "Was his name Royce Young?" Perry and Brad looked at each other, and one said, "Yea I think that might have been his name." I replied, "That's my Dad!" Then Perry blurted out with enthusiasm, "Your dad saved our lives!"

We spent the next hours comparing notes, explanations and more details behind the miracle. As we drove back to Logan, Perry called some of the men that were on that almost fateful trip with him and Brad; especially the ones we worked with at ICON. He said, "You're not going to believe whose Dad it was that saved us during that Grand Canyon trip! It's Deryn's Dad!"

I don't recall hearing Dad's perspective of this story. He was a humble man who didn't draw attention to himself and probably didn't think too much about it. He quietly touched the lives of so many people.

A Hiking Mishap

By Christy Young Grover

When I was a young teenager, Dad and I went hiking together. He was looking for some Indian ruins that someone had told him about. He had already tried several times to find them, but with no success. We had hiked in a wash, and followed it for quite a distance, when it got pretty narrow. We would have to do some amateur rock climbing to get out. Rather than take double the time to follow the wash back out, Dad had me try to climb up the steep rock wash to get back to the truck. He put his hand on the rock for me to put my foot on to get high enough to reach a hanging bush. Somehow, I slipped or the branch gave way or something, but all my weight came down on Dad's one hand, rubbing it against the rock. It scraped up his hand pretty bad. It was bleeding and I'm sure it was painful. He didn't say anything and just wiped the blood on his pants while asking if I was ok. Then we hiked out the way we came.

I'll always remember that bloody hand, and that he got hurt saving me.

You Can Do More

By Gayla Young Gardner

Dad was a remarkable man and the measure by which we, his children, judge ourselves. Our mother taught us to look to him for an example of everything we should be, because he tried to be like the Savior. He was good to his very core. He was integrity. He did everything to the best of his ability, no excuses. He always pushed himself.

We were on a family run for family night. Of course, we weren't on any road or trail. We were just running through the brush for the fun of it. He had us jumpin' the sage brush like hurdles. As I began to tire and slow down, he told me with a hand on my back lightly pushing me, "Whatever you think your limit is, you can do more."

I was in awe of my father as a child, and that reverence only grew as I became an adult. After he got sick, I tried to drive up from California and see him every month. During those visits, I often drove him to St. George for radiation treatments. The treatments caused him so much pain. One of my kids bumped into his shin with a toy, and Dad cried out. I had never heard him yell like that. It took him long minutes to handle the pain. His leg was severely swollen from the treatments, and he hobbled more than walked around the house.

One morning when I came downstairs, Dad was not home. Mom said he went for a hike. I was so very upset. He didn't have a cell phone and I was positive he would die out in the hills alone and we would never find him. He always pushed himself too hard. I worried and fretted for hours. Eventually, I heard him whistling as he came up the back steps, just like he always did when I was a kid. As soon as he walked in, I lit into him, so angry that he had gone alone.

Dad took my hand, sat down on the couch with me and taught me a great lesson. He said, "Gayla, I am in the bishopric. The young women are my responsibility. They need a place to camp for Girls Camp. Arlyn is coming to hike with them but I had to find a place. I prayed last night that the Lord would allow me to do His work. This is His work and He provided a way." Dad rolled up his pant leg and showed me his leg. It was completely normal. No swelling. The Xs that marked the spots for radiation were there, with some redness around them, but no swelling. I asked if he was in pain. He propped his leg up on a chair and didn't answer. He said, "If the Lord provided this miracle, maybe he will heal me too." He stayed there with his leg propped up the rest of the day. I knew he was in a lot of pain, but he was happy because the Lord's work got done. By bedtime the swelling was back.

We used to joke that Mom was the faith and Dad was the works. But Dad's faith was just as strong, and we all knew it. It was often Dad's recklessness (my perception) that provided the miracles that proved his faith in a very real God. To me, it is a daunting responsibility to be part of his legacy. I don't know that I measure up, but I know he would say I do. No matter what. I miss him.

Dad Instills Confidence

By Lynar Young

Dad was always a great speaker and was asked many times to speak to youth groups all over the state. He had a way of telling stories that moved people to act on faith. I've always admired that about him.

In 1997, not long after I returned home from my mission, Dad invited me to a speaking assignment to an Aaronic priesthood group visiting from Las Vegas. He was scheduled to speak to these young men about the priesthood and the Book of Mormon. He spent maybe 5-10 minutes teaching some principles from the Book of Mormon. And then, without any notice at all, he referred the remaining time over to me to address the group. I was shocked and felt inadequate and ill prepared. I was just there to enjoy the trip. However, he asked me to share my thoughts about the topic and looked at me with respect and confidence. I was nervous, but seeing his confident face with an "of course-you-can-do-this-son, I-have-full-faith-in-you" look in his eye, I started to speak, and from then on had no problem with fear.

In 2008, now married with 3 kids, I prepared to leave for a first ever, 12-day work trip to China/Hong Kong/Taiwan. I was very worried about all that goes with that... away from family, lack of sleep, temptation... In fact, ever since I got the flight confirmations the fear weighed on my mind heavily. For several days I prayed earnestly to God to help me prepare. I pleaded to God

the night before to please send someone to assist me on my trip. I've always prayed for the Holy Ghost to be with me. I also believe that there are guardian angels about us to help us when we're down.

The next morning after getting to the office, I still had this on my mind. I didn't realize it, but I was still not fully sure I'd be safe. As I was pondering this while going about my work, I had the distinct memory about Dad having confidence in me at that Aaronic priesthood occasion. As I began to replay the experience in my mind, the overwhelming feeling of confidence Dad had in me came to me again, just as it had, or even more so, the first time. The feeling of inexplicable comfort and confidence was unmistakable.

I felt the assurance that my own Father was very near. I have no doubt that the person God sent to me in answer to my prayer was a person none other than my own Father. I have no doubt that I was watched over by Dad while on my trip. I felt like I could do anything, since he was with me.

A Birthday Poem

By Apryl Young Cox (2012)

Hey Dad, How's it goin,?What ya been doin?
It's been a while since you went to Heaven.
I think of you often and miss your big hugs.
I miss those blue eyes that tell me I'm loved.

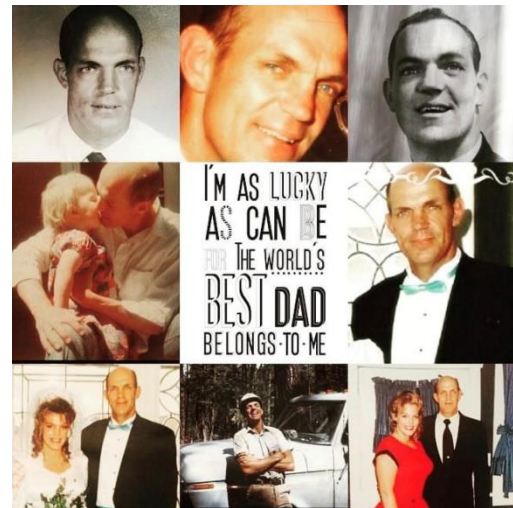
My babies have grown up, so tall and so fast,
It makes me so sad they don't know their Grandad.
Sometimes I day dream that you are still here
And at every ball game you'd be there to cheer.

Kass, you'd be proud of, so beautiful and smart,
She's sassy like me tho....but still a sweetheart.

Rio reminds me so much of you, Dad
So thoughtful humble strong, never sad.
He's so clever, artistic and inherited your trait,
You know....
The tongue that hangs out whenever he concentrates?

Well Taylor has grown up so much and so fast,
"Too big for his britches" you'd say and then laugh.
He was a sick little baby when you passed away,
But sooo many blessings surrounded that day.

Now Brody, you met him before we ever did.
Thank you for sending this awesome kid!
Did you send extra sunshine rolled up in his smile?



Cuz there's no denying he's got Royce Young style!

You said find a house with less sidewalks, more dirt,
"Cuz boys need the outdoors and be taught how to work."
"Don't quit" and "Pray always" were things you would say,
But what about now, what would you tell me today?

Every year on your birthday my heartstrings get tugged.
I wish I could have just one more hug.
Would you sing me a hymn with your wonderful voice?
Could you say, "I'm proud of my Apryl Joy?"

I Love you Daddy
PS Happy Heavenly Birthday

Fond Memories

By Arlyn Young

As a young (waist high) kid, I remember Dad running his hand over my head--feeling my hair while passing thru the house on the way to somewhere. I also remember jumping up as high as I could, thinking it was so cool to be able to touch the top of dad's head. I remember in the Kanab south chapel Dad was usually sitting on the stand at church. For some reason, he sat on the pew with us and he rested his arms on the back of the pew and over my little shoulders. I examined his hand and tried to push in on his veins. It probably felt like a hand massage. My kids do that to me now sometimes.

Sometimes it seemed like Dad didn't have a whole lot of time on his hands to spend with us kids. But one day, Lynar and I thought it would be really cool to try and put an engine on a bicycle to see how it would work and be able to ride around the town on it. This must have also intrigued him, because he fixed up one of his chain saw engines for us to use and helped us get some parts welded. I think he was good at taking the opportunity to teach when the learner was prime for it; he included us on the design and building of our barn in Alton, a wood-burning stove, and box kites. He showed us how to do auto repairs on the family vehicle, and the list goes on.

After high school one summer, I got to work with Dad at Doug Heaton construction. One day we stopped and sat down on some boards to eat lunch. Dad opened up his lunch box and all he had packed in there was a raw potato. I remember it was a big potato that filled up most of the old metal mailbox shaped lunch boxes. He pulled it out and peeled it with his pocketknife. He took a bite of it from one end until it was gone.

I remember an evening when we lived in Alton and I was about 14 or 15 years old. The rule was that we could go and play basketball at the town park that was about a block away at nights, as long as we came back home by 10pm (I think) or when Dad whistled really loud. This particular

evening my brother Lynar and I were staying overnight at our buddy's house, and we had gone down and were playing ball. Well it got past 10 and Dad whistled, and we didn't come home. He whistled again and we didn't come home. So, he drove over and picked us up and brought us home.

This is the part that sticks in my memory the most--by that time I was pretty worked up because I felt like the rule didn't apply to us that day since we were planning on staying the night at our buddy's house. I remember Dad being in the other room getting ready for bed (seems like he always had to get up the next morning at five or something) and we started to complain and push back about not being able to stay and play ball. After a few minutes of hearing us out (I remember being abnormally discontent on this occasion), he just said in a frustrated tone; "You know what? Just go ahead and go back down there and play all night if you want!" After only a few minutes of thinking about it, I realized that now I didn't even want to go play ball that night or stay over at my friend's. I felt like I had disappointed him, and I didn't like the feeling! It was much harder to feel that, than it was to not get to go play ball. I honestly don't remember what we ended up doing after that. Now I realize that I made right decisions a lot of times because I knew it would make Dad proud or not disappointed, instead of trying to not get in trouble by him.

He Helped So Many

By Ryan Young

When I was 13 or 14 years old, we were hiking in Cottonwood Canyon looking for some Indian ruins. We finally came up to them, and found there a little spring in a little alcove. We went over to get a drink of water. Dad said, "Be careful! That's got a bunch of poison ivy around it." And me, just about ready to get my Eagle Scout badge, said, "That's not poison ivy, poison ivy is prickly and rough." He said, "No that's poison ivy." So me, being the all-wise all-knowing future Eagle Scout grabbed the leaf and said, "Well we'll see," as I rubbed it on my arm 4 or 5 times. He just smiled and said, "All right. Guess we will." Sure enough, within about 10 minutes I noticed that I scratched my arm four or five times. We started heading back, and by the time we reached the truck, I had scratched my arm red, and it was itching even worse.

By the time we got home, you could see blisters starting to appear. I showed dad, and I said, "I guess you're right." He said, "Yep I guess I was." I said, "What do I do about this?" He said, "There's not much you can do about it. It's already in your skin you just have to let the consequences play out." So for the next almost two months I had a big scab with puss oozing out of it. It looked like leprosy. The scab had big cracks in it. I remember sitting in church, and I'd get out my pocket knife and stick my knife down in the cracks to try to itch it because it itched so bad underneath the scabs. Never once did I hear, "I told you so." I think he knew I'd learned my lesson.

I remember many times going out to work with Dad on the Kaibab, and enjoying those times. However, most memorable was when I was turning 11, on the 11th of August. I was out there with my dad on my birthday. We had just driven to the top of the mountain when Dad got a call on the radio about one of the cutters getting hurt. Dad drove fast down the mountain to get to his injured

cutter. He wouldn't let me get out of the truck. He went down to look about and learn what happened. The cutter was dead. A log had rolled over on him.

When Dad came back to the truck, he got in and we started to drive. We drove down to Mangum Camp where this cutter's wife and kids were. We parked up alongside their cabin. Dad told me to stay in the truck. I remember watching as he knocked on her door and had to tell her that her husband was not coming home. I remember her coming out on the porch screaming. Dad came up and held her from behind as she collapsed to the porch. I remember him just sitting on the porch with her, holding her as she wept, then they went in the house. About a half an hour later, he came back out and I could see that he'd been crying as well. We drove home silently. He called the Stake President and the Bishop, and I just remember being so amazed that he would have the strength to do that.

Probably one of the most influential things I remember about my dad was when I read in his journal about how he felt about the homeschool issue. What a huge impact that had on him personally. If you read in Young Generation, he laments that he would no longer be coaching; he wouldn't be doing athletic things with his kids (which is what he loved so much). That kid that he's talking about was me. I was about 22 when I read his story; just finishing school. I fell apart reading about his personal sacrifice for me. He took that opportunity (although he didn't see it as an opportunity then) to do something to help me. He threw his effort into scouting because that's what I was doing, and it's really the only thing that got me outside and interacting with others. As I look back now, that was a life-changing moment for me and for him. It was evident the day of his funeral that his involvement in scouting, with the hope of helping me, helped thousands of other young men and young women, and was a tool for change in many, many lives, one of the least of which was mine.

I am reminded of what he said the week before he died. He had been too sick to go to church. He told Mom, "Life ain't worth living if you can't go to church." He died before the next Sunday. I've thought about that statement a lot, and I know he didn't mean just attending meetings. He loved people and he loved the Lord, and he always wanted to be where the Savior wanted him so he could be a tool for good in the hands of his friend and Redeemer Jesus Christ..

Anonymous Provider

By Deray Young

The two things I loved most during my teenage years were basketball and participating in outdoor activities. My dad was an active supporter of both. During the winter months I played on the basketball team for Valley High School, but the summer months I spent working at a Boy Scout Camp named Thunder Ridge on Cedar Mountain.

The summer between my junior and senior year I was worried about having the money to buy basketball shoes, pay athletic fees and other costs for the upcoming school year. I shared my concerns with Dad, mentioning that even though I loved working as a Merit Badge Counselor, it just wouldn't pay enough.

I distinctly remember his advice: *“You’re only young once. You’ll have the rest of your life to make money.”* Taking his words to heart, I went back to Scout Camp.

The pay was poor, but the summer was spectacular! I made some amazing friends, slept in a teepee, and worked as a youth leader with Scouts and adult leaders. Dad even brought his scout troop up for a week. At the end of camp, I realized Dad was right. The pay was poor, but the experience had been worth it, even if I didn’t know how I was going to afford to play basketball.

Imagine my surprise during the exit interview with the camp director when he casually said, “So...I guess you earned an extra \$1,000 this summer.”

I was shocked and had no idea what he meant by that. I asked him about it.

“Oh, I thought you knew. There was an anonymous donation given to be paid specifically to you when you finished working this summer.”

I was speechless, happy, and grateful to whomever had given me this wonderful gift. I considered Dad may have been behind it, but I knew our family did not have this kind of money and he had never done anything like this for anyone else in the family, so I dismissed the notion.

It wasn’t till after Dad was diagnosed with cancer that I found out it really was he who made that donation to Camp Thunder Ridge, especially for me. He never told me about it, or anyone else that I know of. Maybe not even my own mother.

To this day, don’t know how he came up with the money. However, I do know he was aware that my character needed this summer camp experience and that I wanted to play basketball. Somehow, he found a way to quietly provide both.

From his example, I have found the most powerful way to provide love, confidence and understanding involves more than words.

Coach and Designer

By Chary Young Porter

When I was a young teenager, I would play basketball with my older brothers. They would stuff me every time I tried to shoot the ball. I would get so frustrated. Dad would tell me I had to find a way around them. Then he would give me pointers on what to do in each situation. It made me a better ball player and more coachable. He would come to some of my games but never tell me what I should have done, or what I could do better, unless I asked. I loved that about him. He knew when I wasn’t happy about how I did, but always told me it was fun to watch me play.

I got married the September before Dad passed away. He was pretty sick at the time, but when I was doing all the preparations for my wedding reception, I was telling some of my family what I wanted for the backdrop behind the wedding line at my reception. Aspen trees are my favorite tree, and I wanted them used somehow. I didn’t think I was getting my vision across very well so I tried to draw it out on paper. Nobody seemed to be on the same page as me. I headed back to

Cedar City (where I was living at the time) not feeling too great about it all. When I got back to Alton the next weekend, Dad had got out his chain saw and an old white-washed board and cut “Jake + Char” on it. He then told my brothers what size of aspens to cut and how to put them together. He understood to the T what I wanted. It made my reception perfect.

Royce - Remembered by His Siblings

Scottish Skirt

By Susana Young

My memories of Royce center on his constant presence as a loving, caring, gentle, protective, thoughtful brother.

While Royce was on his mission to Scotland, I was in high school learning to sew. The assignment was to make something out of plaid fabric to gain experience with matching difficult patterns. Serendipitously (as often happened around Royce), he sent yards of a beautiful, brightly-colored Scottish tartan. I fell in love with that tartan! I typically did not choose bright colors, but I figured out how to make a pleated skirt, such that the bright yellows and reds were on the inside folds of the pleats. I sewed down the pleats to just below the hip line, and when I walked, the brighter colors peeked through. This was, for me, a “coming of age” skirt. It came to my knees, could be worn with red, yellow or black tops, and I felt “cute” whenever I wore the skirt (usually with bobby socks and loafers). Other girls had poodle skirts, but I had a special handmade skirt from my missionary brother.



The Wood Worker

By Susana Young and Joyce Young Rhodes (Sisters)

Royce was a selfless and generous brother. Though he had little income, he found ways to give precious, creative, artistic, beautiful, handmade gifts. He enjoyed working with wood during the winter months when Kaibab Industries was shut down due to snow.

He made beautiful stools out of pine, using just the right “branch” for a three-legged stool, and a nice round slab for the seat. He carefully sanded and smoothed both pieces, then glued the top to the bottom. Then he varnished the whole thing. The stool pictured was given to his twin sister, Joyce, and her husband Larry, sometime in the late 70’s. “It still looks as good now as it did then,” Joyce says.



He gave his sister Susana a beautiful hand-crafted wooden memento box for Christmas one year. Inside he put Cedar Berries, Mistletoe, and Sagebrush samples. The note inside reads:



“A little cedar berry, a little mistletoe, and a clump of sagebrush, just so you won’t forget where you’re from.” Then he signed it, “Sure Love Ya, Merry Christmas! Bood.”

By DeLoy Young

This is a short tribute to my brother Royce. He was always there for me, watching out for and over me. Royce was my best friend and best man at my wedding. I will refer to him as Royce in this tribute, but he was better known by his nickname, Boody. As a youth, his good friend Jim Glover once asked him, "How do you want me to call you?" Royce replied, "Boody gang back toe doe chickadee de the doe doe wack cock-a-doodle-doo and the coon so fat." Any way, it was shortened to just Boody or Bood.

Royce was the leader of "Boody Gang," a gang of seven good young men. I think all of these young gang members went on a mission, graduated from college, and married in the temple. When we were kids, I slept in the same bed or the same room with Royce. He would always hum (no tune) and rock his head back-and-forth until he fell asleep. He did this till he started sleeping outside for fresh air.

When I was about eight or nine years old, we were sitting on the church lawn with the other Kanab kids, waiting for our turn to compete in the Fourth of July youth races. An older friend of ours started to wrestle with me, took me down and wouldn't let me get up. Royce immediately came to my rescue. He picked the kid up and dropped him off to the side. The kid started to complain and said, "What's the matter? Can't you let your little brother fight his own battles?" Royce said, "Yes if he starts them, and he didn't start this one."

Growing up, Royce never let you have a boring day. We would always be busy making a better flipper, a better rubber gun, a better live chipmunk trap; or going for a swim down to the reservoir; or going down the creek to catch a pollywog or to get stuck in the quicksand. Sometimes we would dangerously dig into the bank and watch it cave off. Then if we had time, we would hike the K hill or other hills in the area, always looking for a place to build a fort. As teenagers, when we weren't working at the Chamberlains dairy or the U. P. Laundry, we would go rabbit hunting with 22's or bow and arrows. We got pretty good, I must say.

We used to have a lot of fun on Sundays between Sunday school at noonish and then church in the evening. We often played basketball or football and other sports between meetings. When Royce turned probably 13 or 14, maybe even sooner, I noticed he quit participating. He would stay dressed in his Sunday clothes, stay home, and read and study the Scriptures. He became a spiritual giant as well as a physical giant.

When Royce turned 15 or 16, I remember attending a priesthood meeting where he bore his testimony. I was so touched by his love for the Savior and desire to follow the Savior that it affected my life for the good as well.

When Royce and brother Jim were in the scout program, they got to go to Thunder River. I was not old enough to go with them, but always wanted to go, especially when I heard them and others talk about their trip. Finally, a few years before Royce died, he and I made arrangements to go.

Before we left the truck to get to the trailhead, he wanted to look at my pack. As he started to go through my pack, he would pick something up and say, you don't need this, and you don't need

that, and he would throw it back in the truck. I was OK until he got to my flashlight and said with a little chuckle, “You certainly don’t need this!” He threw it in the back of the truck. After he had gone through everything and thrown most of it back in the truck, he looked at my pack and said, “You don’t need this. It’s no good.” He then explained to me how to have a successful backpacking trip, and gave me an extra pack he had in the truck, told me what to take and how to pack it.

He gave me some much-needed training and council, and explained the importance of having enough water. He gave me extra water to carry in one hand and a good walking stick (that really helped) to use in the other. After a few hundred yards, I bumped a rock with my plastic milk jug, which was now leaking water. Royce had me drink as much of it as I could and then put the rest in a bush positioned so no more water would leak out. He said that we could use it on the way back, unless someone else had already used it to save a life. I wondered what I would do for water, since most of mine was already gone. He told me not to worry about it, and that we would be ok.

As we went further down the trail and I was starting to get a bit thirsty, he said, “Look at this, there’s a bottle of water here just for you.” I thought that was quite interesting. As we ate treats from our backpacks, he asked if I wanted a cup of soup, and then showed me some Top Ramen noodle soup packages in the crotch of a tree. He did this several times until we got to the river. Later when I inquired about these little miracles, I found out that he had come down the trail the day before and left food and water so that I wouldn’t have a bad experience. He said that I had lived in the city so long I was now a city dude and would need more training. The whole trip was a wonderful experience that surpassed my expectations.

To show more of Royce’s attributes, as we were coming back up the trail, we would stop and rest. He had a package of trail mix with all kinds of good stuff in it, but I would notice he would drop some bits of trail mix along the trail where we were sitting. When I asked him about what he was doing, he pointed out there was a lizard over there and a squirrel over here and they might be hungry too.

If Royce were alive today, he would be 78 years old. I think he would be physically fit and could outrun all of his kids and probably most of his grandchildren. He was a handsome, healthy, physically fit brother. Because of him, I have a stronger faith and testimony of the Savior and a stronger desire to do better. Royce, I love you and miss you very much.

Honored to be Royce’s Twin

By Joyce Young Rhodes

As Royce’s twin sister, I can say that he kept me on the straight and narrow and he didn’t even know it. I never wanted to do or say anything that would cause him to be displeased with me. Because we were both in the same classes in school, I felt I had to behave because he would be watching me. Royce wasn’t a tattler though, and kept rather quiet. Both of us were a bit shy.

He could out-smart me with grades. I had to work for everything I got. I'm sure that when we were born, I told God that I would likely be vain so to give me the hair and him the brain. Royce told me more than once, and with a smile, that he let me come into this world first because he was a gentleman. He was that, and more. He NEVER got in my way or caused trouble of any kind.

Some highlights of our together times.

- Baptism: Royce let me be first...because he was a gentleman, of course.
- High school Band: Royce played the drums; I tooted the clarinet. He had a definite beat and you could count on him to stay in rhythm.
- Birthdays: Usually surprise ones planned by Mom. I enjoyed them more than Royce, since I liked boys better than he liked girls.
- Employment: At the Union Pacific Laundry, he kept those gigantic washing machines going and I ran the laundry through the mangles. We worked with others on our shift...Doug Crosby and Patty Jones, to name two our same age.
- Art: While babysitting, I liked to sketch. I didn't know Royce enjoyed it until he drew the same picture I had penciled of Mickey Mouse. His sketch was better than mine. He could have gone places in that field, too.
- Sports: Watching him play high school basketball was a treat. He was the center, being taller than others.
- Junior Prom: We had a floorshow and Royce sang "Old Man River" accompanied by Mom. I could have danced all night!
- Stake Young Men and Young Women Youth Leaders: He and I planned an outdoor event at the American Legion Pavilion. We made decorations and planned the food. But all I can remember is that it was too windy to be as successful as we'd hoped.
- Driving: Royce didn't get his driver's license for some time after I did. He didn't need one. He ran everywhere he went.
- Nature: Royce enjoyed being outdoors so much that he even slept under the carport all year round. We grew up during the nuclear bomb testing in Nevada. Who could have known then that his being outside so much was, no doubt, the beginning of his becoming a Downwinder victim.



So, what is it like to have a twin brother? What is it like NOT to be a twin? I have been proud all my life to let it be known that Royce was and is my twin brother. When we moved back to Kanab in 1992, I had a new identity. All I had to say was, "I'm Royce Young's twin sister." The expressions on faces were of great respect and admiration.

With all my heart, I love you, Royce!

A Great Assistant

By Larry Rhodes (Joyce's husband)

Because of Royce's reputation--knowledgeable of our area, honest, leaving things as they were or better, willingness to help--he was of great assistance to me in my calling with him in the Stake Young Men's Presidency. For example, there was a Road Rally up Johnson Canyon and Skutumpah. Royce set up the course of five destinations, many of them on private property (hieroglyphic panels, dinosaur tracks, steps carved in steep, slick rock slopes, Inch Worm Arch, Nephi Pasture Ruins) and prepared the "Rendezvous," where awards and food were given out.

Earlier on, in August of 1994, a scouting event took us to Fat Man's Misery. There were perhaps 15 or more young men and leaders taking this 11-mile hike. At the end of the exhausting trip, Royce and Dr. Howard Roberts hadn't shown up. We sent three men to look for them. They were found as they reached the gorge exit. Dr. Roberts had slipped on a rock and broken a bone in his foot. Royce had stayed to help him.

Thanks, Royce

Track Competitor

By Jim Young

When Royce and I were in high school, track meets and track competitions between schools were very popular events. Among other activities, Royce would participate in the mile run (four times around the track) and I participated in the half-mile run (two times around the track). These were considered to be distance runs. Royce always did really good in these races and I did fairly good.

Every year we would have in-school track event competitions. Many participated and the whole school watched and cheered. Throughout our junior high and high school years, Buster Robinson, in Royce and Joyce's class (one year younger than me) was always the fastest sprint runner in the school. As hard as I tried and as fast as I ran, he would always beat me.

Near the end of the school year when I was a senior and Royce was a Junior, the in-school track meet was being held. It was the 220-yard (halfway around the track) sprint event. A few of the fastest runners in the school were competing in the race. I was bound and determined to beat Buster Robinson. About 20 yards before the end of the race, I did it! I passed up Buster! Yea! I finally out ran my fiercest competition! However, just before I was about to cross the finish line in first place, someone passed me. It was Royce.



1998
Royce, winner of a
4-mile Alton run.

In Memory of Royce

Born March 8, 1942 in Kanab, Utah. Died January 29, 2000 in Alton, Utah.



Royce Clifton Young was born on March 8, 1942 in Kanab, Utah, to Charlotte Heaton and Clifton Val Young. Royce married Sylvia LaRae Cummings on September 11, 1964 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Royce was a 1960 graduate of Kanab High School, and held a bachelor's degree from Brigham Young University in Secondary Education, specializing in PE and Recreation. He attended graduate school at BYU, and later received his Elementary Education degree from Southern Utah State College in Cedar City, and his Community School Director Certification in Detroit, Michigan.

Scouting was an important part of Royce's life. He was a paraprofessional Scouter for 17 years, and served as Scoutmaster numerous times. He had a desire for all Scouts to learn to enjoy the outdoors, and helped many young men achieve the rank of Eagle Scout. He wrote many articles for the local paper, Southern Utah News, describing his outings in feature stories under the banner *Adventures in Scouting*. He received the Silver Beaver, and completed the Wood Badge.

As a young man, Royce was called to serve a mission in the Edinburgh Scotland Mission for the LDS Church. He was always an active member, and served as Bishop of the Kanab First Ward for several years. He also served in other Bishoprics, in the High Council, and as Stake and Ward Young Men's President.

Above all, Royce was a loving father and husband and a great teacher to his ten children. He was a kind and patient man who taught by example and spent time helping each child learn. He is greatly missed and fondly remembered by his family, friends, scouts of the area, and avid hikers of all ages.

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Maps A and B

In the spirit of adventure, Royce was not anxious to give precise locations of hiking destinations or how to get to them. He wanted to challenge scouts and their leaders to search for and discover the places he described.

What is also true, is that with the passage of the last 20 years, “things are not as they once were.” Some of the places Royce featured are now very popular sites and can be easily found online. But some sites simply are no longer accessible.

One of the goals in this updated book is to correlate destinations mentioned in *Adventures in Scouting* and *Outing in Scouting*. Each destination is plotted on either Map A or Map B.

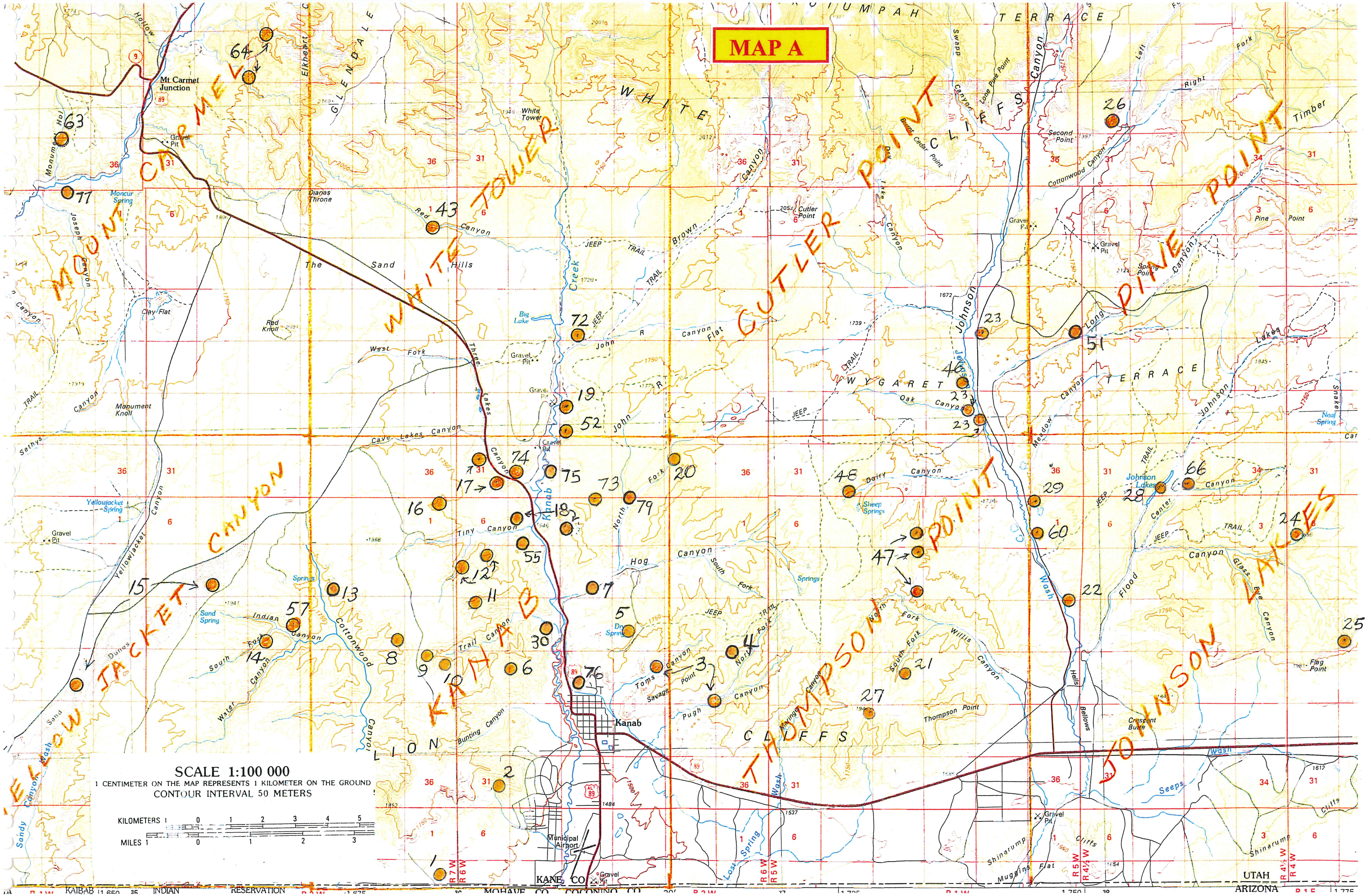
- Map A contains sites close in around Kanab.
- Map B includes destinations a bit further afield from Kanab, e.g., Snake Gulch to the south in Arizona, Hackberry Canyon to the east, The Subway in Zion to the west, and Mammoth State Fish Hatchery to the north.

Caveat:

- The dots on the maps are not precise, but give approximate locations. They could be off by hundreds of yards.
- The sequence of numbers on Map A and B are not in any particular order. If the location is known, each site is numbered on map A or B (e.g. Map A-25 is Flag Point)

	PLACE	AUTO MILES	HIKE MILES	EVENING COOKOUT	CAMP OUT	S MI HIKE	COMMENTS
7	HOG CANYON BRIDGE	2	200 yd	yes	—	—	Dinosaur tracks - Petroglyphs - etc.
8	SOUTH COTTON-WOOD RUINS	10	300 yd	yes	yes	yes	Ruins in large cavern - Hike to or from dam via south fork of Trail Canyon.
9	CUTLERS CAVE	10	150 yd	yes	yes	yes	Cattle rustlers hide out - Artifacts still there - Petroglyphs - Hike out to dam
	GREEN-	11	150 yd	yes	yes	yes	Cowboy midgets old homestead - spring - hike out to dam or

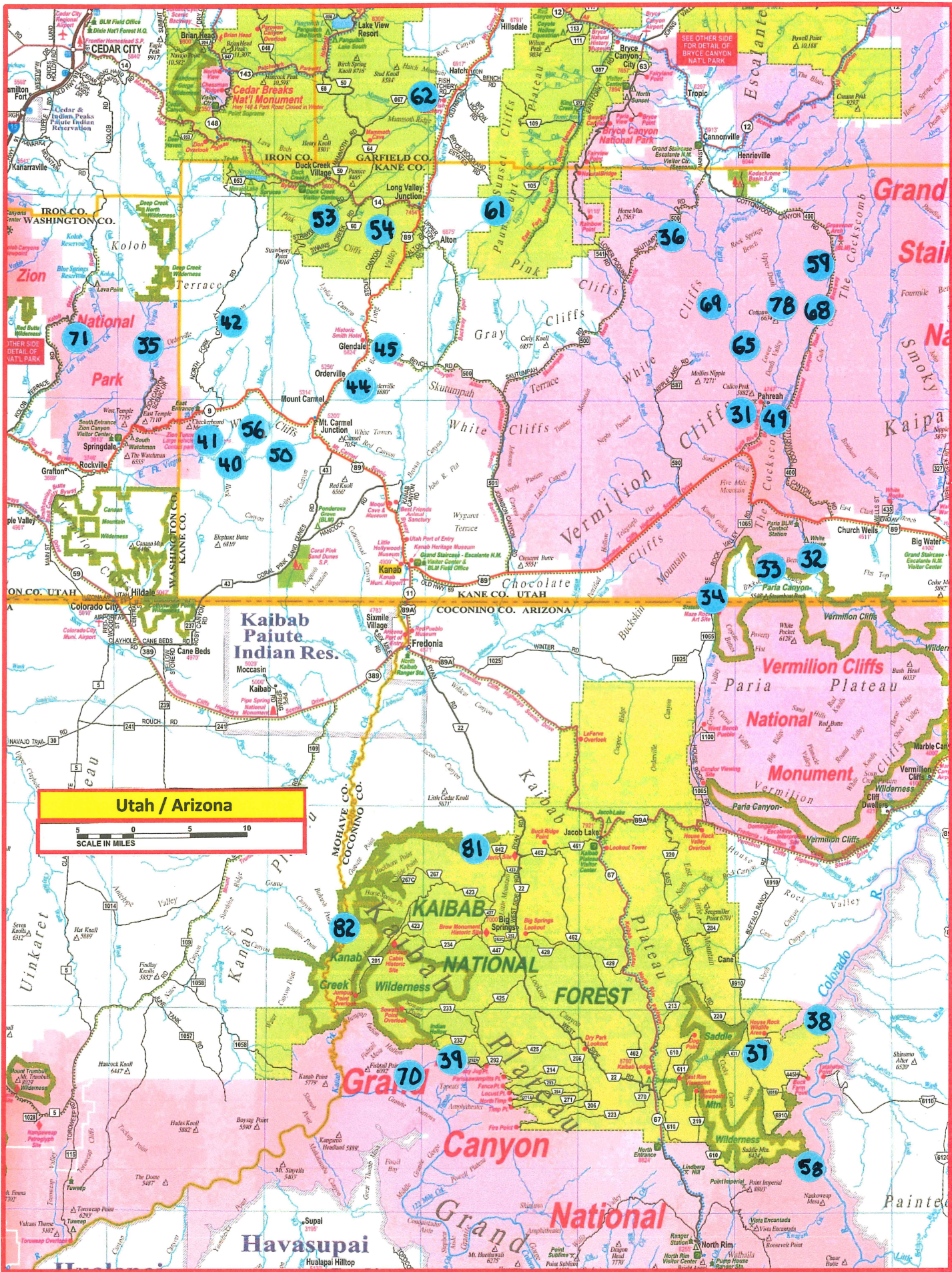
MAP A



SCALE 1:100 000
1 CENTIMETER ON THE MAP REPRESENTS 1 KILOMETER ON THE GROUND
CONTOUR INTERVAL 50 METERS



MAP B





Royce Young's Childhood Backyard

Royce Clifton Young was born on March 8, 1942, in Kanab, Utah. He passed away January 29, 2000, in Alton, Utah

Scouting was an important part of Royce's life. He was a paraprofessional Scouter for 17 years, and served as Scoutmaster numerous times. He had a desire for all Scouts to learn to enjoy the outdoors, and helped many young men achieve the rank of Eagle Scout. He wrote many articles for the local paper, Southern Utah News, describing his outings in feature stories under the banner "Adventures in Scouting." He received the Silver Beaver, and completed the Wood Badge.

