

in the very heart of the GC° in ~~Ariz°~~ Ariz°. It is about thirty miles west  
 of the Grand Canyon village. There there is a little peninsula that juts  
 out into the Canyon. canyon, a little ridge, you might call it, about  
 half a mile across, and on both sides ~~there~~ there are the steep walls going  
 down for a couple of thousand feet. Then there is a plateau varying in width  
 from half a mile to two or three feet, which goes around the edge of this  
 little peninsula which is called "The Thumb," as it follows the whole length  
 of the GC°. I went into this section in which I had never been before. There  
 was no trail at all in it, but there was beautiful scenery. I ~~had~~ carried  
 two quarts of water and counted on finding ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> along the way. (Fri. eve you said you  
 carried two two-quart canteens). Two years before I had gone along the  
 other out to the end of the Thumb and come back along the western side.  
 There I had found many springs in the two-weeks trip that I made there. I  
 failed to realize, however, that the drainage was toward the west, and that  
 therefore ~~that~~ there would be fewer springs on the eastern side. In addition  
 to this (consideration)?(?) (noun in here?) there had been  
 a six-week period of ~~the~~ drought just ~~before~~ before, of which I had not known.  
 (from my ~~topographic~~ topographical map)  
 As a result, the places where I expected to find springs were absolutely dry.  
 After I had followed along ~~the~~ this level for two or three days I finished  
 drinking the one canteen with two quarts of water, and had gone very easy  
 on water, expecting that I would soon find more. However, I had not found it.  
 One day I spent most of the day ~~not~~ hunting in every place I could think of  
 where there might be a flowing spring, but I found ~~none~~ none. During the  
 day I occasionally drank from the other two-quart canteen. Night came and I  
 crawled into my sleeping bag. Lying there in bed(?) I found myself very  
 thirsty and lifted the canteen to my mouth and took two big swallows. To  
 my horror the canteen was now empty! Can you imagine yourself, three days  
 walk from any human being, in blazing hot desert ~~country~~ country, and with no