



# In Search of Eldorado



Day 56

Friday

March 1st

Marble Canyon  
To  
Middle of Nowhere

Weather  
50's and Partly Sunny

## Hello to Family & Friends

A little cloudy this morning but the temperature is nice and I am wearing shorts for the first time in awhile.

Not a bad sight to wake up to pictured above, right? I'm at the Navajo Bridge. There was a website with information on the bridge, but I just skimmed it so I can't relate any information.



## Eldorado

By Edgar Allen Poe

Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow—  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow—  
'Shadow,' said he,  
'Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,'  
The shade replied,—  
'If you seek for Eldorado!'



This bridge is pedestrian only. The vehicle bridge right next door looks almost exactly the same.



Nice view of the Colorado River and Marble Canyon from the middle of the bridge



My goal today is to find a 2-3 mile hike into the Vermilion Cliffs, a valley to follow as far as I can, and enjoy the scenery. I can't get lost when all you have to do is turn around and follow the same canyon back the way you came.

I browsed Google maps, my AllTrails app and the web, and thought I'd found a possible candidate. But as I drove along I realized the cliffs were getting farther and farther away. I pulled over and double-checked and realized the scenic turnout I was headed for was on the slopes of the mountain opposite the Cliffs. Aarrgh.



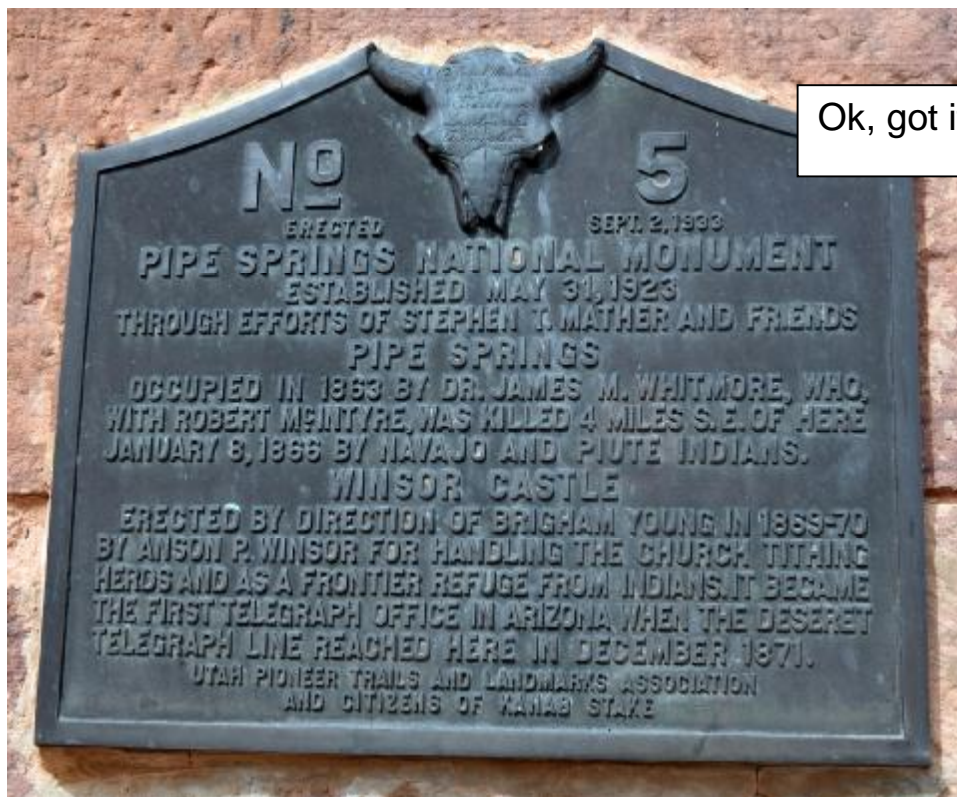
Well, I am nothing if not adaptable. I decided to visit Pipe Spring National Monument and then go back and hike. I don't want to be at the Grand Canyon until Monday so as to avoid the weekend crowds.



I was about to enter the displays/museum when the Ranger behind the desk told me to hurry up and catch Ken, because Ken was just about to give the noon tour of the castle and that's the only time it's open. I did just that and received a personal guided tour by volunteer Ranger Ken. It was pretty neat having a one-on-one tour guide. The building above is the Winsor Castle (for some reason I didn't grab a brochure for this Monument and I have no internet right now, so I will have to wing it), built by Mr. Winsor, who is an actual descendant of the British Windsors, you know Windsor Palace, but he dropped the 'D' when he came to the USA. Mr. Winsor is a Morman and built the 'castle' directly over the spring to help protect the residents and locals from raiders, white, red and light brown.



I entered through the small door in the big door. These doors were new in 1880, replacing the original 1870 doors.



Ok, got it, Anson P. Winsor.

The plaque above mentions tithing, the plaques below explain it

# A Tithing Ranch

*Whether we have much or little, one-tenth should be paid in . . . the people are not compelled to pay their tithing . . . it is urged upon them only as a matter of duty between them and their God.*

President Brigham Young, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1847–1877

Mormon pioneers in the 1870s often paid their tithes with livestock, crops, or labor—not cash. The Southern Utah Tithing Office accepted many steers and heifers as tithes, sending the stock here to Pipe Spring. This ranch was managed by the tithing office for the Mormon Church.

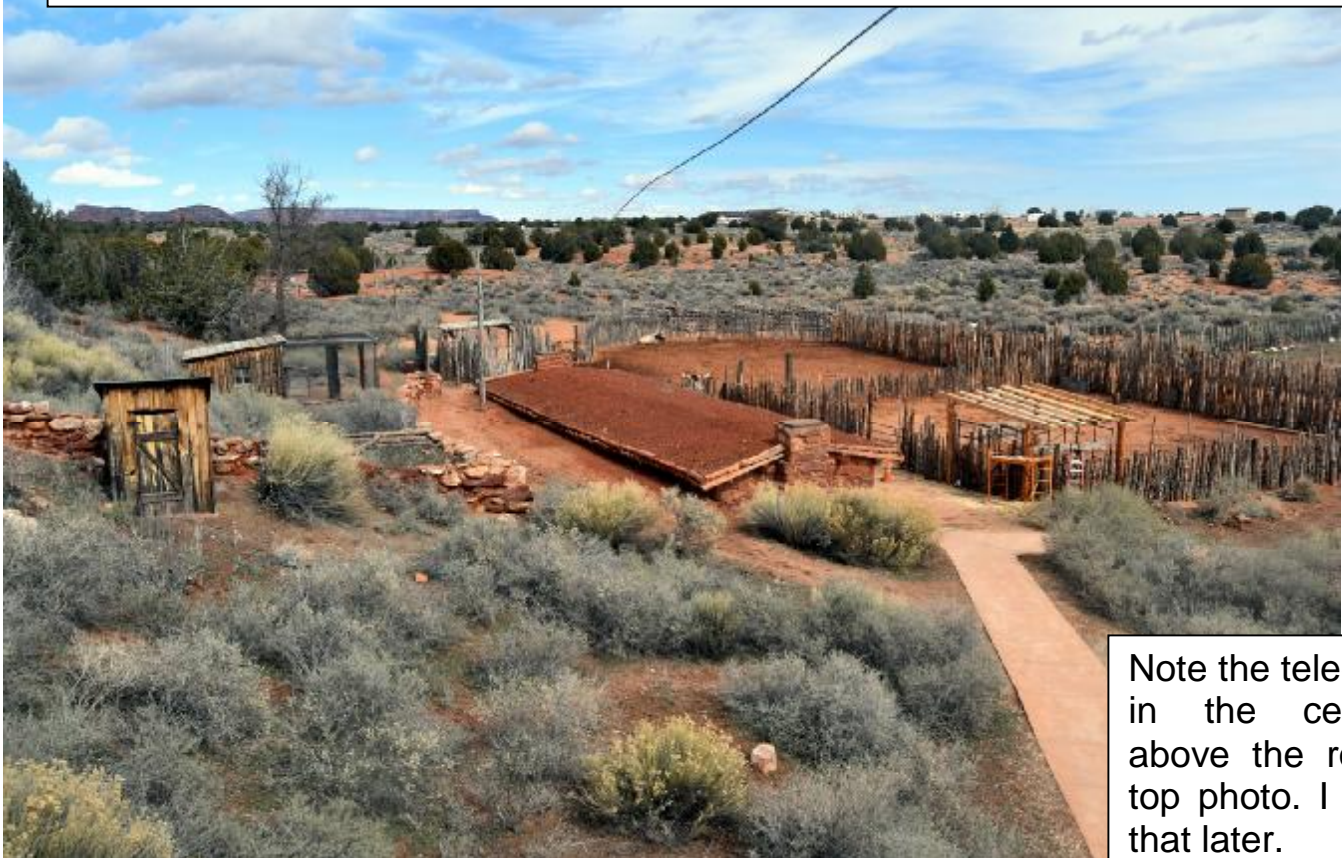
The Winsor, Pulsipher, and Woolley families—among others—worked this church ranch for 25 years. Pipe Spring was not privately owned until the Mormon Church sold the property in 1895.

This is the kitchen stove. I believe it was Mrs. Woolley who hated living at Pipe Spring, but if she must, she just had to have a modern stove. This one has two warming ovens on top, each side of the stack; a water boiler on the right; and six burners. She also had a door put in the back wall of the castle, so she could have quicker access to the privy. Note below how thick the walls are.





The view below is from the upper balcony (above) looking over the top of the wall



Note the telegraph wire in the center and above the roof in the top photo. I will get to that later.



This is the Spring Room. The spring comes out of the hillside which the lower level across the courtyard is built into, the kitchen and living room, runs under the living room floor, under the courtyard, and into this trough. Back in the late 1800's the spring gushed out 40-50 gallons per minute, Right now it's about 4-5. That's quite a flow for a desert spring.



Still in the Spring Room - Left is a drying/cooling rack which rotates, for butter and cheese, above is storage for meat and grain.





The Cheese Room – Ken tried to tell me about making cheese, but I reminded him I was from Wisconsin. The cheese vat in the middle is an Oneida brand. I told Ken it was probably made in Wisconsin.

Every day 80–100 cows had to be milked on this ranch in the years 1870–1877. This milk made about 60 pounds of cheese and 40 pounds of butter.

The dairy cows are the cause of the downfall of the Mormons in this area. Beef cattle could free range for miles and miles, but dairy cows needed to be close by for their twice daily milking. After ten years the once lush grasslands of the Arizona Strip were stripped bare ten miles in every direction by the grazing dairy cows.

An opposite end overview of the court yard.



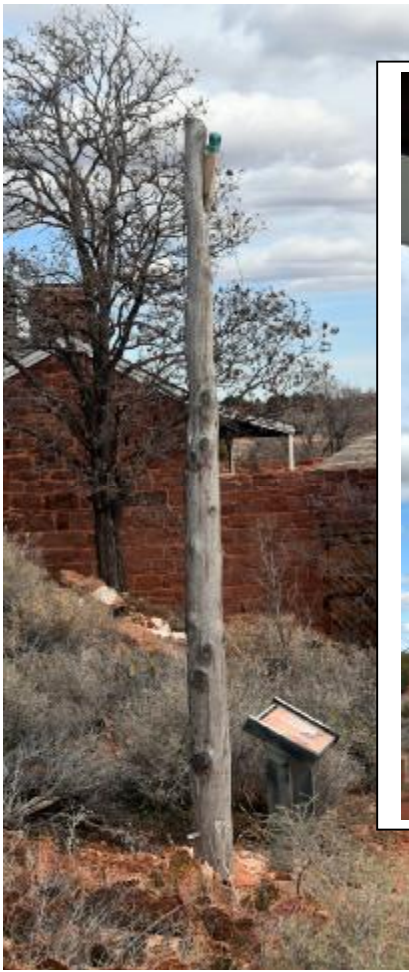
Once again I already know what you're asking, "what is going on in the courtyard?" There are four women, preservationists, who are photographing, documenting and packing about 50% of the antiques within the castle. They will be sent to a building in, Phoenix I think it was, that will restore everything to pristine condition. Once those are done they'll be switched with what's left and the process done again.

told you I would get to the telegraph wire

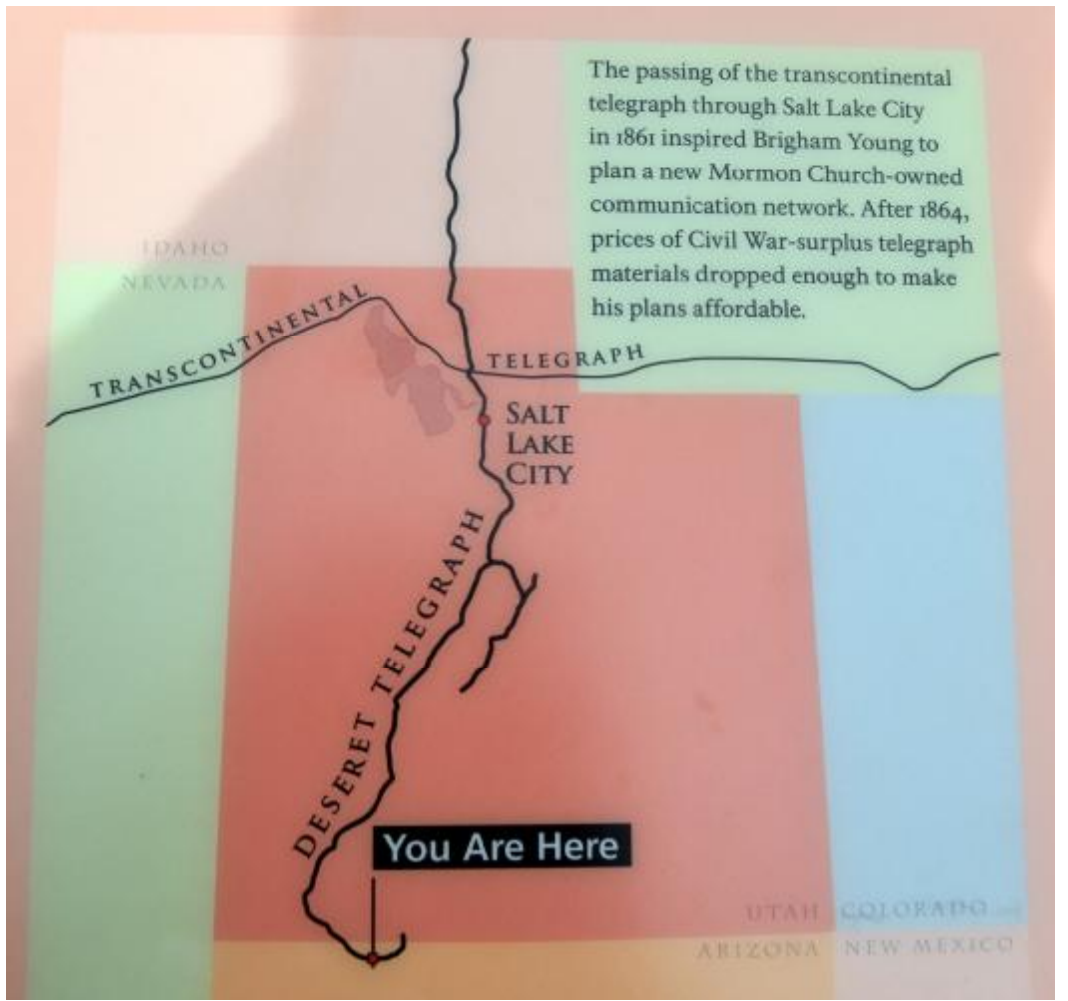
## 995 Miles of Wire

*A long line of juniper poles—like the one you see here—set 70 yards apart ended Pipe Spring's isolation. From 1871 on, telegraph wire connected the ranch first to Utah and then to the outside world.*

By 1880 Mormon settlements from Idaho to Arizona could communicate easily with their neighbors and the Church leadership via the Deseret Telegraph system.



The telegrapher had her own room, a real benefit, above the Spring Room. Note the telegraph key on the desk. She had a three-month stint here then rotated out.



Above is where the spring water exits the Spring Room through the wall and flows across the yard into the holding ponds.



What are these grooves in the blocks of the wall?



Masons hand-drilled holes into sandstone blocks on this slope. You can still see drill-hole scars today on the walls of Winsor Castle.



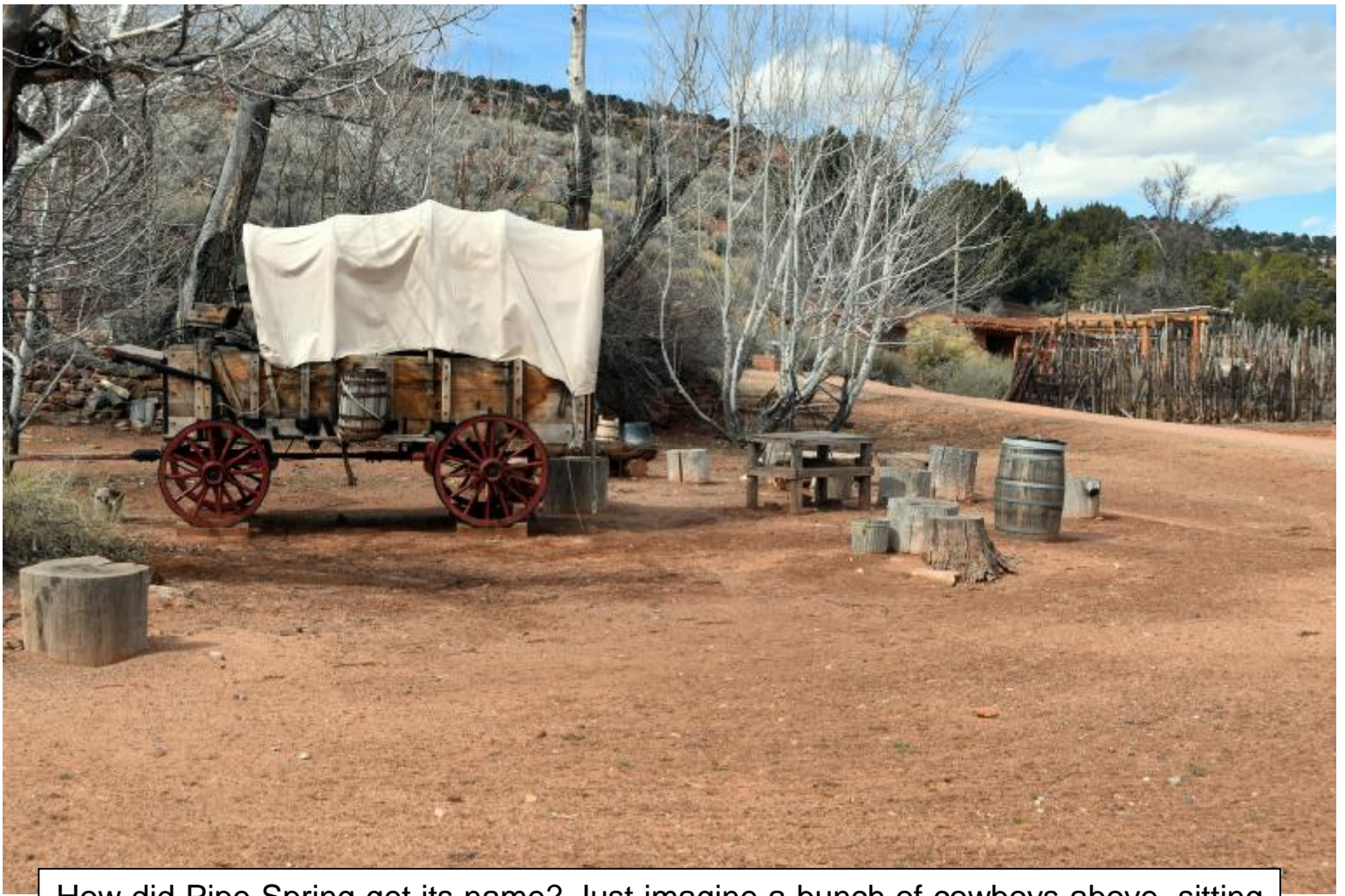
Wooden pegs were then driven into the holes, and drenched with water. As the wet pegs expanded, the fine-grained sandstone split into blocks.

This is the same method used by the ancient Egyptians to split the blocks for the Pyramids.



This is the bunkhouse, actually more than just a bunkhouse. This building was completed first and is where Winsor lived while the Castle was being built. This bunkhouse has had some esteemed residents. Brigham Young stayed here when checking on the progress of the Castle. John Wesley Powell (rafting The Grand Canyon, Lake Powell) stayed in this building while performing his survey of the Utah and Arizona Territories. Often, both men were here at the same time.





How did Pipe Spring get its name? Just imagine a bunch of cowboys above, sitting around the fire on stumps after a good meal and a long drink from the spring. You know men, they get to joking and joshing and pretty soon Flintlock Pete (I think that was his name) tells the others he can shoot whatever they want to put in his way. One of the cowboys hangs a silk neckerchief on a branch about fifty yards away. Pete takes aim and fires. The group checks the silk and finds no hole. Pete is baffled and the others start to snigger. Pete shoots again, and again there is no hole. Now the rest of the guys are really letting Pete have it, so Pete snatches a pipe from one of their mouths, marches down to where the neckerchief was hanging and sticks the pipe in the same spot. He marches back, takes aim, and blows the bottom off the pipe bowl while leaving the rest still attached to the pipe stem – and Pipe Spring was born. How did he miss the neckerchief? When the bullet neared the silk it had enough air pressure still in front of it to push the silk aside. It would look like the bullet hit the silk, but really it was only air pressure. The pipe, of course, did not have this problem.

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It was a good two hours I spent at Pipe Spring. I followed the half-mile trail up to the top of the hill and several more plaques, some of which you have seen above.

I ate lunch in the parking lot and drove back to Fredonia, not the one in Wisconsin. There I stopped to do more research on hiking in Vermilion Cliffs, that was the only place I could get a signal.

After a couple about-faces I decided to drive to Kanab, Utah, it was only seven miles and since they are similar to Moab as a Mecca for outdoor enthusiasts, I was pretty sure I would find the info I needed there. And I did. First stop was a BLM field office, wow did they have the info, but not exactly what I needed, although the guy I talked to was very helpful from personal experience of hiking in the area. He gave me a map from 2010 that must be six feet tall and 4 feet wide, it's huge. He also directed me to the Grand Staircase Escalante visitor center just down the road. The ranger there had less info than the BLM.

I sat in the parking lot for quite awhile checking into various possibilities and decided to make my way back towards Marble Canyon. I did find some hiking in that area that might be fun.

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Along the way I passed the road to the North Rim of The Grand Canyon. The North Rim is supposed to have much better scenery and be about 1/100th as crowded as the South Rim, but the North Rim is closed during the winter. Too bad. Have to save that for another trip.



My spot for the night is very remote. I am just off HWY 89A, but it is 24 miles to Marble Canyon one way, and about 70 miles to Fredonia the other way. There are no roads north or south. There are no houses. There are no lights, except the occasional car maybe once every 30 minutes or so.

Earlier in the day, as I examined the AllTrails app, I noticed a turn-off from the highway that looked like a lollipop with an 'X' through it. I only noticed because a trail appeared to lead from there towards the cliffs.

Later on, as I drove down the road, I saw a sign that indicated a historic landmark a half-mile ahead. I always try and stop at these since they often contain some interesting facts about the area. As I turned in there was a big sign telling me I was at the Dominguez-Escalante Scenic Trail. I drove a little farther and realized it was the lollipop, but all I could see from the RV was a monument with the name on it, no information. I parked and walked to the middle of the 'X', thinking, 'it sure would be nice if they had information at these places.' When I reached the center, I saw five block bases with cut off poles sticking out of them. Ahh, the plaques have been stolen.

At the VC in Kanab the Ranger started telling me about a trail which leaves this little circular turnout. I laughed and told him the story above. He laughed and said someone must have taken them for souvenirs.

Anyways, that is where I drove back to to spend the night. Very quiet except for the wind which comes and goes. Too bad the sky is cloudy, otherwise the star viewing would be fantastic.

I was able to get the internet when I plugged in the cell phone booster so I will try and send this out tonight. If I can't it will have to wait til I get someplace with a signal tomorrow, and that might not be until the afternoon.

Until next time.....

Oops, I just remembered I forgot to include this guy above. That's what happens when the photos follow the story instead of the story following the photos. He was one of two in the corral.

