

# Indian Hollow Geocache

*Indian Hollow Geocache is located near the Indian Hollow turnoff from FR422 on the Kaibab National Forest. We are providing two accounts surrounding an event at the campsite. One account is from Grey's handwritten trip notes and most likely the most accurate. The second account is from his non-fiction work, The Last of the Plainsmen. In this second account, Zane Grey retells the story in a way that portrays him as a savvy trickster pulling one on his companions. These two accounts reinforce the fact that, while Zane Grey drew heavily on people he knew and places he visited, the author was not hesitant to embellish a story. Before moving to these insightful tales, let me help your enjoyment by outlining the cast of characters:*

*Zane Grey: A young dentist, soon to become the world's most celebrated author chronicling adventures of the Old West.*

*Buffalo Jones: The peer of Buffalo Bill Cody who had been a player in decimating the American bison, now working tirelessly to preserve the dwindling species.*

*Jimmy Owens: The ranger appointed by Teddy Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot to manage what was then called the Grand Canyon Forest Preserve; once an associate of Billy the Kid.*

*Frank Onstott: The cowboy from the Goodnight Ranch of "Lonesome Dove" fame who drove buffalo to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon and became Jones' foreman in his "catallo" experiment crossbreeding the bison with Galloway cattle.*

*Grant Wallace: A freelance newspaper writer for periodicals such as the San Francisco Examiner.*

*Wes Lawson: A wild horse wrangler they had met at Oak Spring who had taken the adventurers on a wild mustang chase down Snake Gulch.*





Monday- Apr. 29

Our camping Left Oak Cabin this morning. We ran into rain, sleet and snow, and I nearly froze on the 30 mile ride. We are now in Indian Hollow getting warm and dry over the big fires. Saw deer on the way over. Big Chief Wallace shot a coyote. This is a valley of big pines, the silver spruce and balsam are beautiful trees.

Tuesday- Apr. 30.

Last night was cold. This morning there was a white frost. I did not feel particularly good, as I had just recovered from a bad accident the night before. I ate some butter which Jones had mixed with carbolic acid. It was a scare.

*Now we move on to Grey's account in The Last of the Plainsman in which his fear turns to bravado.*



Soon as Lawson got in with the horses, we packed and started. Rather sorry was I to bid good-by to Oak Spring. Taking the back trail of the Stewarts, we walked the horses all day up a slowly narrowing, ascending canyon. The hounds crossed coyote and deer trails continually, but made no break. Sounder looked up as if to say he associated painful reminiscences with certain kinds of tracks. At the head of the canyon, we reached timber at about the time dusk gathered, and we located for the night. Being once again nearly nine thousand feet high, we found the air bitterly cold, making a blazing fire most acceptable.

In the haste to get supper we all took a hand, and someone threw upon our tarpaulin tablecloth a tin cup of butter mixed with carbolic acid—a concoction Jones had used to bathe the sore feet of the dogs. Of course, I got hold of this, spread a

generous portion on my hot biscuit, placed some red-hot beans on that, and began to eat like a hungry hunter. At first, I thought I was only burned. Then I recognized the taste and burn of the acid and knew something was wrong. Picking up the tin, I examined it, smelled the pungent odor and felt a queer numb sense of fear. This lasted only for a moment, as I well knew the use and power of the acid, and had not swallowed enough to hurt me. I was about to make known my mistake in a matter-of-fact way, when it flashed over me the accident could be made to serve a turn.

"Jones!" I cried hoarsely. "What's in this butter?"

"Lord! you haven't eaten any of that. Why, I put carbolic acid in it."

"Oh—oh—oh—I'm poisoned! I ate nearly all of it! Oh—I'm burning up! I'm dying!" With that I began to moan and rock to and fro and hold my stomach.

Consternation preceded shock. But in the excitement of the moment, Wallace—who, though badly scared, retained his wits made for me with a can of condensed milk. He threw me back with no gentle hand, and was squeezing the life out of me to make me open my mouth, when I gave him a jab in his side. I imagined his surprise, as this peculiar reception of his first-aid-to-the-injured made him hold off to take a look at me, and in this interval I contrived to whisper to him: "Joke! Joke! you idiot! I'm only shamming. I want to see if I can scare Jones and get even with Frank. Help me out! Cry! Get tragic!"

From that moment I shall always believe that the stage lost a great tragedian in Wallace. With a magnificent gesture he threw the can of condensed milk at Jones, who was so stunned he did not try to dodge. "Thoughtless man! Murderer! it's too late!" cried Wallace, laying me back across his knees. "It's too late. His teeth are locked. He's far gone. Poor boy! poor boy! Who's to tell his mother?"

I could see from under my hat-brim that the solemn, hollow voice had penetrated the cold exterior of the plainsman. He could not speak; he clasped and unclasped his big hands in helpless fashion. Frank was as white as a sheet. This was simply delightful to me. But the expression of miserable, impotent distress on old Jim's sun-browned face was more than I could stand, and I could no longer keep up the deception. Just as Wallace cried out to Jones to pray—I wished then I had not weakened so soon—I got up and walked to the fire.

"Jim, I'll have another biscuit, please."

His under jaw dropped, then he nervously shoveled biscuits at me. Jones grabbed my hand and cried out with a voice that was new to me: "You can eat? You're better? You'll get over it?"

"Sure. Why, carbolic acid never phases me. I've often used it for rattlesnake bites. I did not tell you, but that rattler at the cabin last night actually bit me, and I used carbolic to cure the poison."

Frank mumbled something about horses, and faded into the gloom. As for Jones, he looked at me rather incredulously, and the absolute, almost childish gladness he manifested because I had been snatched from the grave, made me regret my deceit, and satisfied me forever on one score.

On awakening in the morning, I found frost half an inch thick covered my sleeping-bag, whitened the ground, and made the beautiful silver spruce trees silver in hue as well as in name.