

All afloat early, feeling ready for anything after our rest. Had another splendid ride, of six or eight miles and came to the mouth of Red Fork, a most disgusting looking stream, coming in from the east, off of the "Bitter Creek Desert." It is about ten feet wide, red as blood, smells horrible and tastes worse. Passed on through five miles more of canyon and came to "Brown's Hole," a large valley, about twenty miles long and five wide — splendid grass on it. Passed on about the middle of the valley and camped at the mouth of a small trout stream, coming in from the east, named on Fremont's map, "Tom Big Creek." Had dinner and moved down about two miles, and camped on the west side of Green river, under a great cottonwood tree that would furnish shade and shelter for a camp of two hundred men. Hall killed several ducks in a lake near camp, and in the evening Bradley, Howland and Hall caught a large number of fish.