

# The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides  
Volume 3, Issue 2, Spring 1996



Jet Skis

CNP River Management

John Sumner

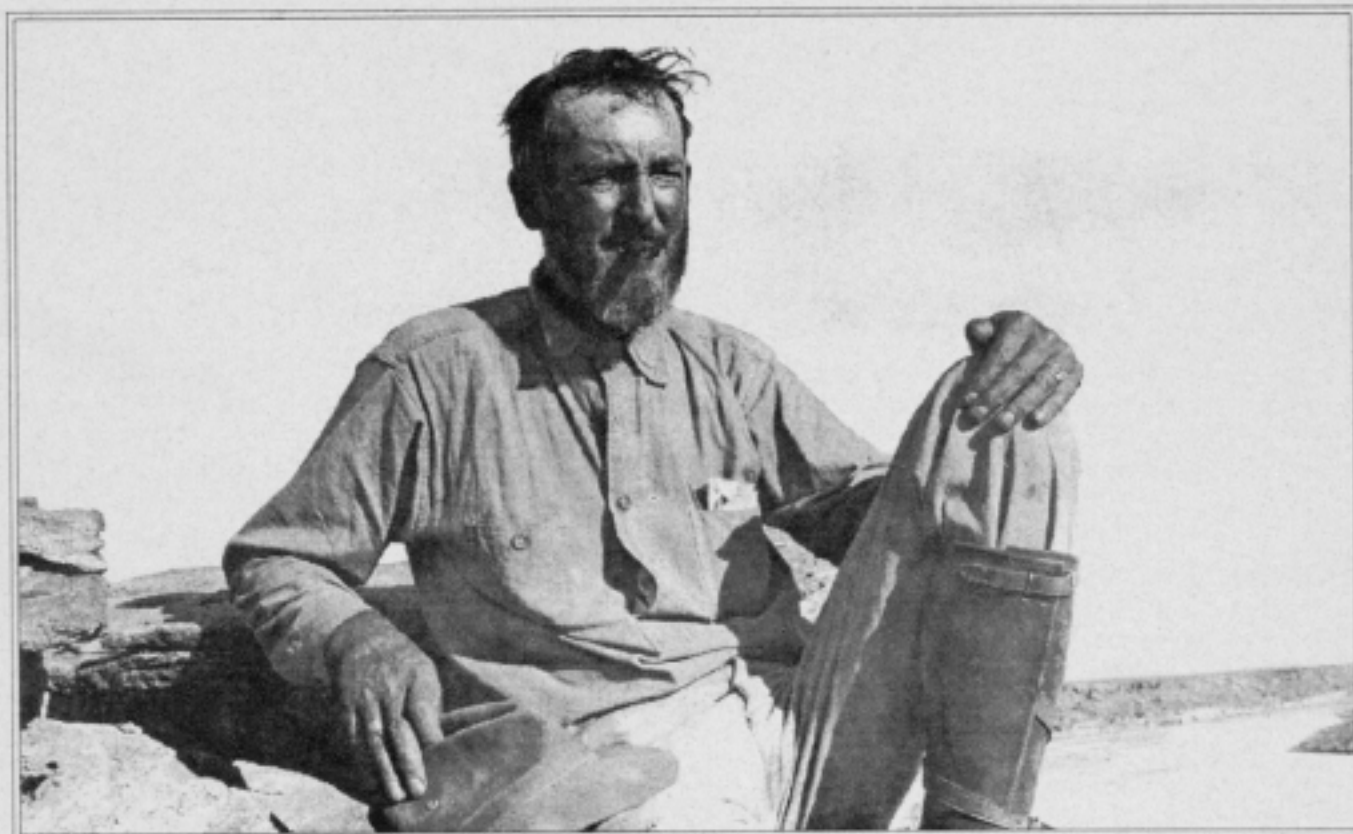
Grove Gilbert

Jewel of the Colorado

Westwater Canyon

USRS in 1914

Use in River Canyons



Eugene C. LaRue on the canyon rim of the Little Colorado River in Arizona. LaRue Collection #1493. Courtesy of the United States Geological Survey Photo Library, Denver Federal Center.

# The Confluence

...wants to be the quarterly journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides, Inc. Colorado Plateau River Guides is a 501 (c) (3) non-profit organization dedicated to:

- \* Protecting the rivers of the Colorado Plateau.
- \* Setting the Highest standards for the river profession.
- \* Providing the best possible river experience.
- \* Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community.

Guide Membership is open to anyone who works or has worked in the river industry of the Colorado Plateau.

General Membership is open to those who love the rivers of the Colorado Plateau.

#### Membership dues:

\$ 20 per year.  
\$100 for 6 years.  
\$195 for life.  
\$295 Benefactor.

General Meetings and Board of Directors Meetings will be announced.

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We need articles, artwork, poetry, photos, stories, and opinions. This journal is composed with Microsoft Word on an IBM PC. If you use a word processor, we can translate most programs. Otherwise, please send your text double-spaced. Please include useful photos, charts, diagrams and artwork. There really is no deadline, but the beginning of each quarter works best.

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## A Disclaimer

The opinions and statements made within the pages of *The Confluence* are those of the author and do not necessarily represent the position of the guide membership, the board of Colorado Plateau River Guides, nor Canyon Country Volunteers. If you have an opposing or supporting viewpoint please send your comments to CPRG.

## From the Eddy

For Volume 2 of *THE CONFLUENCE* only three issues were printed, which was our projected goal, as decided at the 1994 Fall Meeting. I personally desire this journal to be quarterly. As we are a voluntary force of river activists, all we can do is keep trying. I encourage you to submit that article you've been meaning to write. Also, if your interested in sharing editorial responsibilities, please let me know, as I can use the help.

## Board Member Status

Special thanks to Tom Rice for serving as the first Bluff Director of CPRG. Tim Thomas, from Durango, has agreed to accept the vacancy. Tom Hicks has agreed to be the Vernal Director. Directors are watchdogs for the districts they serve.

## CPRG Honorary Member

The nomination of Jeanne Treadway as the first CPRG honorary member for meritorious service to our mission statement was accepted at the Spring Meeting.

## Special Thanks To:

Bob Jones for a Six-year Membership.  
David Desrosiers for a Lifetime Membership.  
Jene K. Vredevoogd for a Lifetime Membership  
Richard Quist for a Benefactor Membership

## A Special Thanks to Westwater Books

CPRG collaborated with Loie Evans and Buzz Belknap of Westwater Books for their new edition of *A River Guide in Canyonlands*. This river guide now includes Horsethief and Ruby Canyons. Westwater Books gave CPRG a generous \$100 donation and listed our purpose and address in this new colorful edition.

## CPRG's New Computer and Printer

The CPRG Board agreed to purchase a new printer; it is a Hewlett Packard LaserJet 5P. CPRG also bought a sophisticated DELL computer system. The money to purchase this computer came from a willing lender. We bought the computer and printer using our umbrella non-profit status from CNHA/CCV. At the Spring Meeting we approved making quarterly payments to our lender, who does not desire interest payments. This computer and printer is available to any member who wishes to contribute to our mission statement.

## Guide Training River Trip

The river clean-up/interp trip in Cataract Canyon was a real success. Special thanks go to the following: Utah Guides and Outfitters, Richard Jones and Bob Jones; NPS for Canyonlands, Arches and Glen Canyon; BLM; CNHA; Kent Frost, Dan Murphy, and our trip leader—the CPRG Prez. Also to Classic Helicopters for the on-site demonstration on landing and evac protocols at lower Ten Cent.

## MORE STUFF

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### River Rendezvous

The CPRG Committee in charge of organizing the River Rendezvous has decided to postpone this event until 1997. The plan is to conduct a joint meeting with Grand Canyon River Guides with special talks and events. Watch for developments.

### Canyonlands River Management Plan

Public comment concerning the river management plan in Canyonlands National Park is minimal—if not disappointing. It is very important that this process be guided by informed citizens such as the professional river guide. Please take the time to send a thoughtful letter to:

Mr. Dave Wood  
Canyonlands National Park  
River Management Plan  
2282 SW Resource Blvd  
Moab, UT 84532

During the Guides Interpretive Training Trip, in Cataract Canyon this Spring, we discussed the following question: Should we ban motors from the Green River in Stillwater Canyon? The issue was raised, defended and argued mostly by the Green River Navy. We decided that it would be advantageous to call a special meeting for guides to discuss this and other such issues as a forum. We will try to develop this concept in the coming months.

## A Letter to the Prez

Dear Susette:

Just spent the weekend paddling the Colorado Daily in the rising teens. Arrived at Professor Rapid with a roar of rushing water AND jet skiers motoring upstream. Wow! What a shock to see seven jet skiers zoom past us, as well as pop a few wheelies around us. The flock of twenty Canadian geese seemed a bit disturbed when, to our shock and disbelief, a jet skier veered off his original path, crossed the river and crashed into the resting flock. The duckie in our group had the opportunity to converse with one of the jet skiers on the water as the jets circled his inflatable kayak before zooming off, leaving the duckie to surf out the resulting wave.

As the numbers of recreational boaters increase (just try getting on Westwater, Deso, San Juan or Cat, let alone the Grand), our river corridors are becoming more and more crowded. Our impact on beaches, wildlife and one another is significant. Now is the time for us to decide what levels of impact we are willing to tolerate. Personally, I would rather jet skiers limit their activities to areas outside of the Colorado Daily; there are several stretches of water accessible by car and trailer above Hittle Bottom and below the BLM takeout.

Legally, jet skiers are able to run from Cisco to Potash. If we want to change this, we must urge the Grand County Commissioners to pass a law prohibiting jet skiers on the Colorado Daily (letters, phone

calls, faxes are all important). Contacting the Utah State Parks to voice our opposition against jet-skiers on the Daily also helps.

If a jet skier illegally creates a wake within 150 feet of your boat, you may file a complaint with the Grand County Attorney's office.

It is important to have a positive ID of the jet ski's serial number, a physical description of the driver, if possible an ID of the tow vehicle and pictures, pictures, pictures.

Commercial guides have the ability to influence policy decisions on the rivers we work and travel. But, our influence is only as powerful as our voice. We must be heard to be noticed. Now is the time to speak up.

Rose Kaszuba

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## A Poem

### Slickrock Joseph and Canyon John The Early Years

by Suzanne Wilson  
Smithsonian Associate

#### I

'Twas in the early summer of '96  
From all corners of the nation there formed a strange trail mix  
Of flatlanders seeking relief from low ground:  
You might say, we were upward bound.  
For this lowland malaise, what could be the rehab?  
Quoth the Prophet Smithsonius — "Moab!"  
"Moab?" We wondered at this cryptic allusion,  
For, what did we know of igneous intrusion?  
What, indeed, of synclines and stratification,  
Of salt dome upheavals and denudation?  
Why, the West we knew was more Bill Hickock,  
And other desperadoes, than Wingate or slickrock.

#### II

But, heeding the Prophet's promise of a cure,  
We all booked a Smithsonian study tour.  
And, as befalls travelers in strange lands, I'm sure you know,  
In Moab the group fell into the hands of a notorious duo  
Known far and wide for their peccadilloes —  
The hombres called Canyon John and Slickrock Jos.  
Both fancied themselves factotums and raconteurs;  
They were river rats, cliff dwellers, wayward hat rescuers.  
Slickrock could identify snakeweed and morning glories,  
And in the same breath regale us with Mormon stories.  
Legendary lore of the Old West and New West was his calling,  
While Canyon John's specialty was drawling  
About run-offs and strata, gorges and grabens,  
To the point where a hiker once screamed, "Someone stop him!"  
He'd a keen sense of rock formations, both temporal and spatial,  
And a delivery which at times was — well — glacial.

### III

This pair we were destined to follow  
As we rambled down canyons and into hollows.  
Under their tutelage we gained an education  
In Jurassic and Cretaceous sedimentation.  
We saw arches majestic, both major and minor —  
And though on this earth there is little that's finer,  
We were often so hunched over from hunger pangs in our bellies,  
We resembled a tribe of latter-day Kokopellis.  
At such time Joe and John would become downright butlery,  
Preparing and serving a meal with undifferentiated cutlery.

### IV

In their hands we truly could not have been safer,  
We thought, until we "fit" the trail at Shafer.  
Like a bighorn ram did Slickrock Joseph climb the peak,  
While throughout the truck came a faint cry of "eek!"  
As we leaned away from the edge, tight as we could squeeze,  
Hoping to avoid the fate of Thelma and Louise.  
We were up Salt Creek without a paddle!  
And worse, we didn't have an atlatl!  
Perhaps it was Fate, or the angel Moroni, or just luck,  
That, to our great relief, delivered that truck,  
So that, safe at last, we stopped counting the ways ya  
Could ricochet down off of canyon and mesa

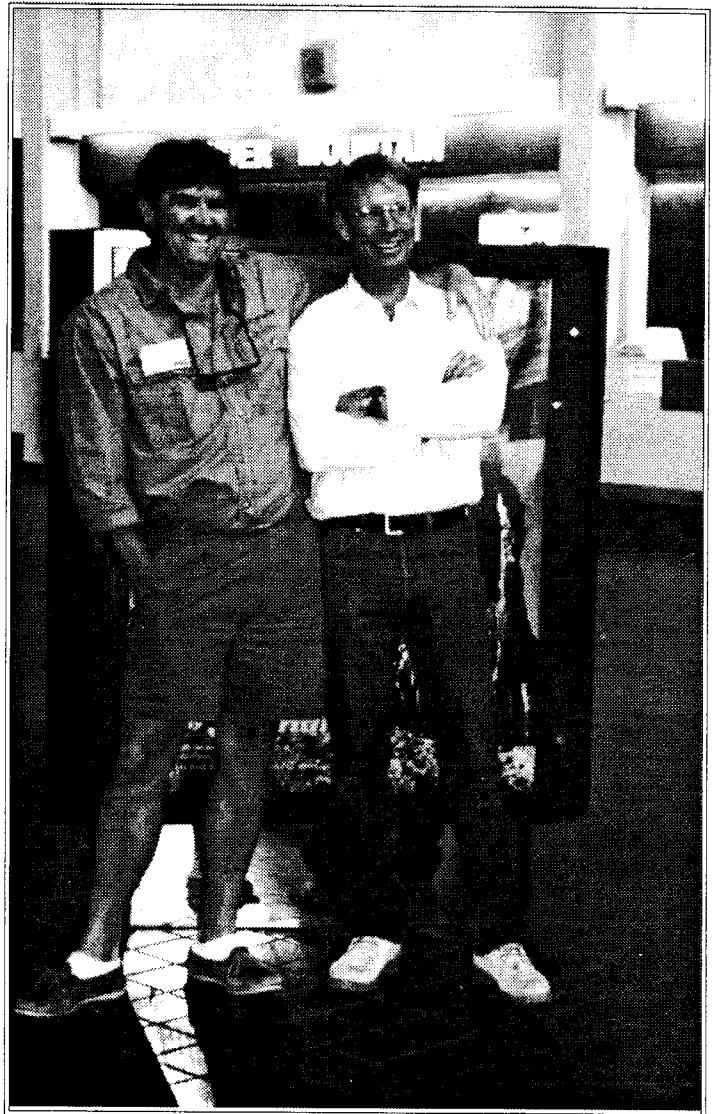
*Joseph and John at the Grand Junction Airport for the grand finale of a Smithsonian Tour in Canyonlands during the Institute's 150 year celebration of its founding. Here is absolute proof that a land guide will work with a river guide—at least for a week anyway. Joseph is going into guide semi-retirement and we wish him well in his new endeavor of bringing professional theater to Moab. John thanks Joseph for showing him that there is life beyond whitewater, which basically involves following those wondering footsteps of Kent Frost.*

*Photo by James Togashi, Smithsonian Associate*

### V

We lived through this expedition, and worse,  
And though the complaints we made were few—they were "cherce!"  
(Like the time a keen-eyed hiker on a rise searching for petroglyphs  
Observed in the river our Tag-A-Long raft was adrift!)  
But when we start counting up all we have gained  
From our Canyonlands sojourn—we find naught was in vain:  
Now at cocktail parties we don't seem so dopey,  
When the conversation turns, as it must, to Moenkopi.  
And we know better than to chatter of Chinle  
Formation, when the topic is Mt. McKinley.

The key to this metamorphosis, we've surmised,  
Is, like all who visit Utah, we've been canyonized!



# A Westwater Canyon History

Text Compiled by John Weisheit

*CPRG thanks Mr. Roger Green for his kind permission to publish this letter and for providing related newspaper articles concerning his Westwater experience in 1956. Thanks also to Scott Solle for sharing this information for publication in The Confluence.*

Dear Scott:

While rafting with you on the "Half Day" last Sunday, I promised you some information about my trip through Westwater in 1956. Enclosed are several 1956 newspaper articles and a 1963 map drawn by my guide, Les Jones, that covers my finding of a human skeleton at the rapid now known as "Skull".

The articles also cover the finding of a counterfeit cave by the Sheriff while he was trying to locate the skeleton we found. Some articles indicated that they thought it may have been a man named "Shipp" who was lost in the river near Grand Junction, but another doubted that it could have been him. I tend to agree because of the age of the skeleton.

The newspaper articles are incorrect in some details because of lies we told to cover up our moving the bones and because of miscommunication. The true story to the best of my recollections is as follows.

Les Jones, an experienced river runner and map maker, took us on a two day trip through Westwater Canyon. It was Les Jones' first trip in Westwater and the remaining four of us had never seen a rapid before. We were young and adventurous and thought it would be great fun. Our group was composed of three men in a six man World War Two raft and two in a Grumman aluminum canoe bulk-headed for white water. We put in at Westwater Ranch above the canyon.

The trip was great fun until the raft capsized in a rapid upstream of "Skull" as I was taking movies of their run. One of the three men disappeared from my view as he was under the boat. After lining the canoe at that rapid, I finally caught up with the group on the right bank downstream. The individual that nearly drowned under the boat was in a state of shock and wanted to climb out by scaling the walls. After convincing him of this impossibility, we continued on down the river until we reached what is now "Skull".

All of us novices now had a fear of the unknown and no longer trusted Les Jones, similar to John Wesley Powell's men. We overruled Les Jones' advise to continue on and decided to spend the night on the rocky slope on the left bank across from the "Room of Doom".

It was a terrible place to bed down, but in our fearful state of mind we were grateful to get off of the river. We hauled the raft up onto the rocks for shelter and settled in for the night. It was at this time that I wandered downstream of the rapid looking for firewood.

It was a low water time of the year and an abundance of driftwood was to be found. While gathering a pile of wood to haul back to our makeshift camp, I looked down into a pocket formed by some large rocks and there I found a nearly intact human skeleton. Being young and from New York, I thought skeletons were lying all over the "West" and continued gathering firewood.

When I returned to our group, I joked that I had found some other poor soul that had tried to run this canyon. After telling them it was a skeleton and showing it to them, one of the party set the skull on a rock and proclaimed the rapids "Skull Rapids". I recall that he also tossed an arm and leg bone out into the river.

After a night on the rocks, we carried the boat around "Skull" and continued down river to a point on the right bank where three of us hiked out and back to our car at Westwater Ranch.

When we finally all got together and were loaded up for trip back to Salt Lake City, we reported our find to a lady that lived in Cisco, who represented the Salt Lake City area newspapers. We left out the part about disturbing the remains as by now we realized that it was not the proper thing to do.

The rest of the story is in the newspaper articles. I assume that the later high water that year washed away the bones we disturbed and the rest was covered by sand. Enclosed also is a newspaper article written in 1974. This was when I first realized the rapid would forever more be known as "Skull". [1974 article not included in this feature.]

I did return to Westwater Canyon in 1988 (thirty two years later) with Dee Holladay, owner of Holiday Expeditions, and crawled around our bedroom on the left bank once again. I found no new skeleton, but while I was there I did watch a kayak support boat capsize and a young lady go through the terror of being "kept" by the rapid before it released her to safety. The fear I saw in her eyes was very much akin to the fear our party was feeling at that spot those many years before.

I was told that Dee Holladay's first trip through Westwater Canyon was with the same guide that took us, Les Jones.

I did somewhat overcome my fear of the river and obtained a raft of my own during the late fifties and early sixties. I spent many days on the Green, Snake and Salmon rivers, but I had no desire to go back to Westwater Canyon until 1988.

I appreciated your knowledge of both the current and past history of the Colorado River in the Moab area. I hope my story will add to your repertoire.

Sincerely, Roger Green

*Article from the Salt Lake Tribune, March 27, 1956. The story was also published in the Deseret News on March 26, 1956, the Times-Independent March 29, 1956, and the Daily Sentinel.*

**Moab** — Part of a human skeleton found in a remote area near here will be inspected Tuesday by Grand County Sheriff John Stocks.

The remains are believed to be those of a Salt Lake man, Kent Milford Shipp, 48, drowned last July 30 during a fishing trip on the Colorado River a mile south of Westwater Ranch.

A Sunday fishing party discovered the bones at Big Hole, about two miles downstream from where Mr. Shipp was last seen, Sheriff Stocks said.

Sheriff Stocks was notified of the find by Mrs. Carolyn Seeley, Cisco. She said five fishermen told her of finding the bones.

Mrs. Seeley said the five identified themselves as Rulon C. Briggs, Salt Lake City; Paul H. Hurd, R. H. Green, Les Jones and Duane Oxman.

The group came upon the upper part of the skull and farther downstream found the rib cage. Sheriff Stocks said if the lower jaw could be located it would aid greatly in identification through dental work..

Mr. Shipp drowned when a boat overturned throwing him and two companions into the turbulent waters. Glen A. Yearout and E. R. Miller, both Grand Junction, Colo., escaped. Mr. Shipp's body was never found.

*Additional information provided by Roger Green concerning the "Counterfeit Cave" in Westwater Canyon below Little Dolores Rapid, river left. From a Times-Independent article published on April 12, 1956 and written by Beatrix Simpson. The article starts out by explaining Sheriff Stock's search for the skeleton by boat, which was not found, and continues as follows:*

...Instead of solving the mystery, Sundays shooting of the rapids added another. Stocks and his companions found a hidden cave in



the wild country into which they had extended the hunt, and uncovered an old camp. A letter, one seeking the promotion of the mine, and dated in 1903, was the only clue, and the time had made it impossible to read the name on the letter.

The occupants of this ancient camp either left hurriedly, or intended to come back, and never made it. Why? Your guess would be as good as anyone's.

... If there had ever been a mine there was no trace of it left by time, but the letter indicated they were trying to invest capital in the mine they had somewhere..

***This article stated that Sheriff Stocks did not believe the bones found by Roger Green were those of Mr. Shipp. The article closes with a letter written by O. L. Simpson:***

[In] 1914 - 1922 we ran the general mercantile store and post office at Westwater, Utah. During that time, possibly in 16 or 17, a small, elderly foreigner (Swiss, we think) worked on the D&RGRR section crew, Charlie Salitino, foreman. He lived in a RR tie house on our land and traded at the store. His aim in life was building a row boat to run the rapids below Westwater and he devoted every leisure hour to that work. We remember him as a pleasant and polite man who talked with an accent, wore silver knob earrings, smoked Union Leader "Oonion Leadah" tobacco, and would not listen or be dissuaded from his purpose of running the rapids, though no one had been known to accomplish it. Afterward, and while we were still there, a river explorer, Ellsworth Kolb, did it.

This man worked months on his boat and oars and, during high water in June, we think, loaded and took off. No one knew anything about him, nor what happened to him, though some of us tried to find out.

We wonder if this discovery of a bleached skeleton could be the answer to his fate?

***From an article in the Times-Independent of May 24, 1956, about a letter submitted by Elwood Malin of Santa Ana, CA.***

... Malin, a former resident of the Westwater area, dug into his memory of places and events of the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and came up with some bits of history that reveals some of the answers needed.

Malin said the first time he came to Westwater in 1904, he was down at the cave and was told a band had been using the place for making bogus money. The cave then was occupied by an old man by the name of John Warren.

There was a little store and post office on the Westwater Ranch, and run by a widow woman. Warren carried the mail from the post office to the depot once each day. He carried the mail out at 9:00 a.m. and brought the mail back from the depot, then got in a boat, cross the river and walk down to the counterfeit cave and prospect. He would stay overnight in the cave and return the next morning.

For his chore of carrying the mail, he received \$15 per month and lived on this income for five years. He was from New York. He also had a cabin on the river bank, close to where the big ranch pump house is now, but closer to the bank which has since washed away.

When Malin first went to the cave, there was a little iron cook stove, a table, two cedar pole bunks, two chairs and a makeshift cupboard, a few old dishes and a couple of frying pans.

The widow who had been operating the store and post office married a man named Ed Bowdle, and her new husband began to carry the mail. Deprived of his mail route income, Warren went to Grand Junction, bought a new suit of clothes, hat, shoes, and a big suitcase and "pulled stakes".

That was the last they ever heard of him. The general opinion at the time was that he had been panning gold during those

five years at Westwater, and that was where he got the money to leave on.

In the winter of 1905 Malin lived in a tent about 40 yards from the old John Warren cabin. It was while looking around the cabin that Malin discovered Warren was also an assayer, and saw lots of equipment in his cabin.

Malin recalled that in 1908 or 1910, two men came to Westwater, bought a boat from Ed Herbert, and went down the river on a prospecting trip. One of them was a one-armed man named Rich McGrooder, but Malin did not recall the name of the other. They lived in the counterfeit cave for some time. They tried to interest an eastern outfit to put up money for mining equipment, and shipped 50 pounds of black sand to the company in New York. But the offer was rejected by the New Yorkers.

Disappointed, the pair pulled out. They left bedding and supplies in the cave, and was going to come back, but they never did. That is how Malin accounts for those items found by Sheriff Stocks in exploring the cave.

...[The cave] used to be reached by a trail that came down into Little Hole, about a mile downstream and cross the river to reach the cave according to Jack Malin, son of the California man, and still a resident of the Westwater area.

Malin also recalled the little Swiss prospector that was recalled by Mrs. Owen Simpson in a letter written after the story of Stocks discovery was first published.

Malin said that this man went to Leadville, Colo., upon leaving this area and recalled that he (Malin) went to the train with him when he left. The little Swiss never visited Counterfeit Cave, Malin said, and recalled he often wanted Malin to guide him to it, but never made the trip.

Jack Malin recalled too, that Charlie Salitino, also recalled by Mrs. Simpson as the foreman of the railroad section crew the little Swiss worked for, was living in Grand Junction during the late 1940s.

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## From World Wide River Expeditions

As with all boatman stories, that seem to make the fish longer and the rapids much bigger, we've heard lots of rumors about the World Wide River Expeditions auto accident. So to put to rest all those "big fish" stories, here is what really happened.

Saturday, June 22, around 4:30 p.m., five World Wide guides were coming back from Hite through Blanding in a 15-passenger van. As the driver was passing a motor home, the World Wide van lost control in a turn, hit an embankment, tipped onto one side, and slid to a stop. No one was seriously injured. Tim Payne and Jane Miller had only bumps and bruises. Annie Tueller and Chris Jones had mild concussions and forgot, for a time, who they were or what they were doing (which isn't unusual for some river guides). And, Jeff Green suffered a dislocated hip (we heard the EMT that transported Jeff is recovering nicely from his bite!). All are back to work in various capacities except the white van which will be laid to rest with great sadness (since it probably won't be replaced until next year).

# JOHN C. SUMNER



1840 - 1907

Text compiled by John Weisheit

*Courtesy of the Marston Collection at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.*

*The Following is taken in part from a biography written by William Culp Darrah and published in the UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, VOLUME 15, 1947. Mr. Culp wrote the biography Powell of the Colorado in 1951.*

"John Colton Sumner was born in Newton, Indiana, May 16, 1840. A year later his family moved to Western Illinois and shortly thereafter took up land on the Cedar River in Northeastern Iowa. Jack spent most of his youth on the farm, but had several years' schooling in a local academy. He hunted for market and became a first-rate marksman and a good boatman. At this time millions of ducks, passenger pigeons and prairie chickens were slaughtered for commercial markets.

"On August 8, 1862, Sumner enlisted for three years' service in Company E, 32nd Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry. At the time of his enlistment the company muster roll records Sumner was five feet five and three quarter inches tall, had auburn hair and a light complexion. The regiment was in constant action, but it participated in only two important engagements: the Battle of Bayou de Glaize, Louisiana, May 18, 1864, and the Battle of Lake Chicot, Arkansas, June 6, 1864. Sumner remained a private until August 15, 1864, when he was promoted to the rank of corporal. Sumner was mustered out August 24, 1865, at Clinton, Iowa, and given his bounty and back pay.

"Jack Sumner's sister, Elizabeth, had married William N. Byers at Muscatine, Iowa, in 1854 and later moved to Denver where Mr. Byers became editor of the *ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS*. Sumner spent the winter of 1865-66 in Denver, but was not cut out for city life. With a small amount of capital in the spring of 1866 he set up an outfitting and trading post in Middle Park where he drew the patronage of mountaineers, Indians, and an increasing number of tourists who came to see the scenic wonders of the Colorado country. It was at this outfitting shack that Major Powell found Sumner during the early summer of 1867. The Major had heard of Jack from Bayard Taylor, a popular lecturer who, during an extensive tour of the West, had been guided by Sumner and Byers through part of Western Colorado.

"In 1867, when Major Powell went to Denver on his way to the Park Country, he obtained a letter of introduction from Mr. Byers to Jack Sumner. Sumner acted as a guide for some of the Major's trips in Middle Park in 1867. When the Major returned in 1868 to make preliminary preparation for an exploration of the Colorado River Jack Sumner closed his trading post and threw his lot in with the Powell party. He had enlisted the services of O. G. Howland, Bill Dunn and Billy Hawkins, and thus was responsible for the engagement of these mountaineers for the Major's Colorado River expedition.

"Sumner was a man of slight build in his younger days, fearless, dependable and loyal to his friends. He had a pride which was easily offended and, when ignored in later years by Major Powell, bitterness was engendered in his heart.

"On June 30, 1873, he married Alcinda Jane Norris at Muscatine, Iowa, and three sons eventually were born to them. Soon after his marriage Sumner returned to Colorado, living for a time at Jewelsburg and then at Denver. He soon located at Rawlins, Wyoming, but about 1885 moved to Grand Junction. For some time he was superintendent of the Hawarden Placer Mines on the Dolores River and he took a prominent part in building Mesa County's Big Ditch. His second son, Edward, established a livery business at Vernal, Utah, and after the turn of the century, Sumner spent much of his time there. His last years were plagued by chronic illness. In 1903 he began correspondence with Robert Brewster Stanton who was preparing a history of the Colorado River Country. In his last months he completed a story of his part in the 1869 expedition.

"Sumner was a typical example of the restlessness that went hand in hand with the Western tide of migration. He was lineal descendent of the Massachusetts Sumners, a grandson of Governor Robert Lucas of Ohio, who was later governor of the State of Iowa.

"Jack Sumner died at Fort Dusquene, Utah, on July 5, 1907, in the country he helped to explore and pioneer. He was buried in the family plot at Denver. His widow survived to January 5, 1935, when she died in Salt Lake City at the age of 86. Jenny, as the family called her, was interred at Cedar City. Their youngest son, Ernest Maitland Sumner died at Price, Utah, November 27, 1928, and their second son, Edward Carson Sumner, at Cedar City on January 15, 1948. The eldest son, Charles G., who was born at Greeley, April 12, 1874, is the only child still living. For 20 years editor of the *POCATELLO TRIBUNE*, today he lives alternately at Pocatello and Ketchum, Idaho, where he engages in free-lance newspaper and other work.

*Sumner's diary follows in the Utah Historical Quarterly. It is also available in bookstores as part of the text in a book called The Great Unknown by John Cooley.*



## Letters Concerning John Sumner

*The following are letters that were located in the Marston Collection at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. Special thanks to persistent transcribing by Rosalyn Jirge.*

*A letter from Edgar A. Rider, 729 Ute Avenue, Grand Junction, Colorado, dated May 14, 1903, to Frederick Dellenbaugh.*

Dear Sir:

"I have just ordered a copy of your book "ROMANCE OF THE COLORADO RIVER" for Jack Sumner.

"I had the pleasure of going over the book (of which I possess a copy) with Jack this past winter and you can appreciate the added value and interest in the work when supplemented by his comments.

"You may be interested to know that Jack is well and hearty and though nearly 64 years old, can out-walk and out-shoot many of us that are several years younger. I have worked with him off and on for nearly 17 years and have never before this winter been able to get him to tell me anything of that wonderful trip of which he and "Bill"



729 Ute Avenue in Grand Junction, CO, as it appears today.

Hawkins are now the only survivors, and I want to thank you most heartily for your kind acknowledgment of Jack and his work and for furnishing that which has finally opened to me his stories of trial and adventure during that only "first trip" through the unknown cañon.

Yours very truly,  
Edgar A. Rider

*A letter from Jack Sumner dated February 7, 1904, to Frederick Dellenbaugh.*

Dear Sir:

"Your letter to Mr. Edgar Rider is before me. In reply will state I have commenced to write my version of the so-called Powell's Exploring Expedition which will differ some from Powell's report and the reason the Howland Brothers and Dunn left us and my reasons for thinking they were not killed by Indians as reported by Andy Gibbons [next word illegible] who was sent out from Saint Thomas by Parnell.

"Will describe as closely as I can the place where the boys left us. Will also point [?] you right on some points in your great mark. I will also criticize Powell report of the geology [?] of the Henry Mountains, as I have been mining there for the last 14 years. I think I am better able to judge than parties who only spent a few weeks there and evidently had neither picks nor shovel. [See article on the Report of the Henry Mountains in this issue.] Yes, I probably could give you some points in regards to the early history of the West, as I was born in James [?] Territory and have been in camp 90% of the time since 1847. Have had the pleasure of speaking acquaintance with one of Lewis and Clark's men and intimate acquaintance with such frontiersmen as Bridger, Baker, Carson, Lon Anderson, and met Fremont twice and old Bonneville once. Yes, I

have some pictures of my [?] taken about '74 and a [?], since all earlier pictures lost. As I am as paar as all frontiersmen are, I have to dig like a badger to feel, as all of my kind of people have cashed in and all the game gone. I am writing as I can spare time from russelling grub. At the request of my oldest son, who is the newspaper man who insist that I copyright it, I would very much like to have some personally and hope that someday we may meet and bust a bottle and make a pipe with you.

Yours most truly  
Jack Sumner  
607 Ute Street  
Grand Junction, Colorado

*A letter from Sumner to Dellenbaugh dated February 15, 1904.*

Dear Old Friend,

"As you seem to me, though we have never met. I have read your book and it seems as you state in your letter to me. We seem to be old acquaintances and I am sure that that we will meet some day and be good friends ever after.

"I have been busy lately writing as I cannot spare the time, but I find it is a bigger job than I bargained for and it will take me some time to get it done and I doubt very much whether it will be worth a damn or what [?] as I am an uneducated man, never having a day's schooling except what I have wrenched from the School of Nature by hard knocks. I will give you soon as I can my impressions of the frontiersmen you speak and many others. No, I never met [illegible name] Powell. I have not heard before the receipt of your letter that Walter Powell was in the Big House, but it did not surprise me any as he had rats in his garret when he was with me and I knew



it was only a generation of time until he went to the Wild Bunch. Yes, Fred, I believe Andy Gibbons [?], a Mormon Danite, killed the Howland Brothers and Billy Dunn. I have evidence that satisfies my mind, but no proof. You will find my reasons for thinking so when you get my version of exploring expedition. As to the criticisms of your book, it is very brief. The D. Julien 1836 marks on the rocks were probably made by Andy Hall, as he was always up to some prank. The Ashley Falls mark are authentic. You state in your book that no one has traveled the river entire from Green River, Wyoming, in the Green. That's a mistake, my bag. I have trapped on Green River from 100 miles above the station down to the station and Andy Hall and I went to the head of the Green. As Hall is dead I probably am the only one that has done it. So you can send me a chromo off of a tomato can. That's all the criticism as to the Henry Mountains. I have been mining there for the last 14 years and I find gold, silver, copper [?], coal at the base and about a fine prospect of uranium as I ever have at. As to copper I find it all through [?] the mts. I have ran five first class uranium claims near the mts. and will go out there about April 1st to mark them. I know of a copper/uranium ledge, 10 ft. wide, that can be traced for a mile that is now recent [?]. So if you know of any parties that want to tackle such a proposition, the vacant claim probably contains the new metal radium, as I hear the experts are using electricity to reduce it [?] and there is [?] very close. It looks to me a game proposition. Fred, don't take too much stock in the hospitality of Jacob Hamblin and the other Saints: they are experts in policy and diplomacy. I've known them for 50 years. You speaking of dropping in on me some day, Good, Good. I will be in Grand Junction until about April 1st. Will then be in the Henry Mts. My post office will be [?]. Fred, if you know of anyone that [?] handle uranium, I think there is money in it for both of us. As I have probable tired you out I'll close hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours most truly,  
Jack Sumner

***A letter, undated, from Mr. Rider to Dellenbaugh.***

Dear Sir:

"Your favor of recent date at hand. I have just returned from an evening's visit with Jack Sumner to whom I read your letter. It pleased him very much and he promised to sit right down and write out what you wanted.

"Jack is living here permanently now. He is not as robust as he was last year, owing partly to a fall from scaffolding while carpentering last fall.

"I was with him a number of times while he was in bed from his injuries and he promised me then that he would write a sketch of his life as soon as able. But like many frontiersmen he does not seem to think his part amounted to much.

"I wish you could get acquainted with him, you could then get at what you want so much better than through writing.

"Tonight I asked him some about the cañon trip and the Howland and Dunn incident. And for fear he again procrastinates, I will jot down what he told me while it is fresh in my mind even at the risk of boring you. If he ever does write his version of the matter, you will of course destroy this. I wish I could put in his peculiar, hissing drawl, even at times making him hard to understand.

"Jack served four years in the Civil War. After he was mustered out he came direct to Denver and wintered there.

"In the spring of 1866 he went to "Hot Sulphur Springs" in Middle Park to trade with the Indians (Utes, I believe).

"In 67 or 68 Major Powell came to him with letters from Denver parties and engaged him to help get natural history specimens.

"While working together Major tried to get Jack to go on a trip to the Badlands in Dakota on similar work, but Jack suggested a trip down the canyons instead. Major "hooted at the idea", claiming that it was preposterous and the trip impossible, etc. They talked it over for three days and Jack finally "outwinded" him.

"Jack drew the plans for the boats and they completed the scheme—the details of the start you have, of course.

"The wreck at Disaster Falls was caused by Major Powell's failing to give the signal properly or promptly and Powell claimed that it was caused by blundering on the part of one of the Howlands (I haven't your book by me, so don't know which of the named Howlands or Dunn were brothers), but each laid the blame on the other at that time and quite a quarrel ensued from then on. Major Powell made it very uncomfortable for Howland and the party seemed to have taken sides to some extent, till when Cataract Cañon was reached, an open breach occurred. Major Powell told Dunn (I think it was) that he could either leave the party there and make his way to the settlements as best he could or pay \$50 a month for his grub for the rest of the trip. Whereupon Jack jumped to his feet and told Major Powell: "He couldn't come any damned military there", meaning he says that he could not be so autocratic and abusive as he might were the men enlisted under him and "further, that his (the Major's) carelessness [had] nearly caused disaster now three times; that from now on by—he (Jack) was going to command the movement of that expedition, that the Major could geologize and do the scientific act, but he couldn't run that trip another mile". The men were called upon for their opinions and they all agreed with Jack except Captain Powell, who sided with the Major and started to upbraid Jack till Jack drew his gun and offered to settle with the Captain there at once—a truce was patched up and the party proceeded without any breaks to mention till they came to the head of "Sockdolager" Rapids [*Rider confused Sockdolager with Separation Rapid*] where they spent a day trying to figure out a way to get through. Toward evening the Howlands and Dunn told Jack that they had decided to quit the party, that their chances in the wilderness and a pleasant parting looked better to them than the canyon with the continued strife and they started the next morning for St. George. Jack can tell you about their killing, but it won't do to put on paper for a generation or two. That morning was the last any of the two parties saw of each other.

"Jack feels that you do him an injustice in stating, he says, that no one ever went through the canyons and down to tidewater. He says that after Powell left him and his partner [?] [Hawkins] they went about 50 miles further down and wintered and that the next season he went on down to Yuma.

"If this is true, then he is the only man that ever went or probably ever will go through all the canyons down the whole river from Green River, Wyoming, to Yuma.

"I wish you could talk with Jack yourself that you could see how he impresses one as truthful.

"I have heard him talk of incidents and locations that I was [?] on and he did not know it and his statements have always "checked". He has no copy of the diary of the trip, but depends on his memory. I believe that most of the foregoing is true. Of course some of his gunplay at Captain Powell may have been put on for my edification, but I have known Jack for 17 years and have been West 26 years, so he is not apt to add anything just to "string me for a tenderfoot", as we all may do on occasions. If this is of any value to you, I shall be satisfied, though I think it would be better that you do not use it for some time, that Jack may have a chance to make good his promise.

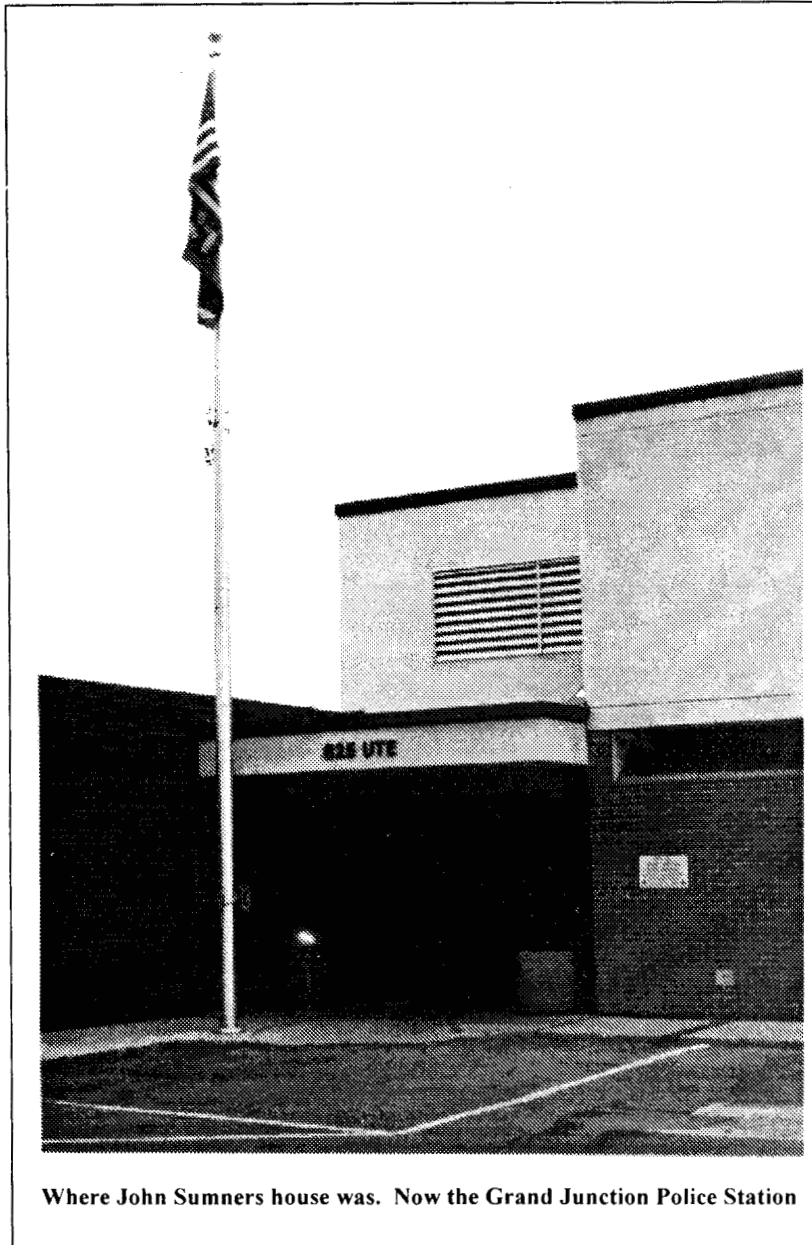
"If you want to write to him, his address is 607 Ute Avenue, or if you feel that you can get better results through me, I shall be pleased to help. I have heard people say that have tried that they never could get Jack to talk about his past life and I know it was

years after I got acquainted with him before I could and never about the canyon trip till after we went over your book together.

"I shall stir him up once in awhile and report progress. If he don't send you a picture soon, I shall. I have a good one of him taken last summer and I know can get another.

"Pardon this extremely long epode [?], but I couldn't cut it off.

Yours very truly  
Edgar A. Rider



Where John Sumners house was. Now the Grand Junction Police Station

*A letter dated July 11, 1907 from Rider to Dellenbaugh.*

Dear Mr. Dellenbaugh:

"I enclose a clipping from a local paper that will be of interest to you. Our friend, Jack, [h]as gone to his reward. As he told me one day years ago—"Neddie. I have been a rough man and have lived a rough life, but I have never harmed anyone intentionally, except in self-defense and I am willing to let the Master balance the books."

"And knowing Jack as I did I have no fear for the result for him.

"He was a true friend and a good companion.

"He was an authority on things pertaining to nature. Could give the scientific name for most of the flora/fauna of this region.

"I should like to have heard his opinions on the Roosevelt\Long controversy, but I have not seen him for 6 months.

"We frequently expressed a hope of meeting you some time and looked forward to the meeting with considerable pleasure.

"You will see in the article enclosed that the manuscript he prepared is in the hands of his son, Charles, from whom you may get some notes that would be of value to you.

Yours very sincerely,  
Edgar A. Rider.

*A letter from Charles Sumners, Jack Sumner's son, to Mr. Clyde Eddy.*

Cedar City, Utah  
Febr. 26 - 36 [?].

Mr. Clyde Eddy  
Port Washington N. Y.

Dear Sir.

"Your letter of February 5th, at hand. And about all I can say is from memory. In the month of September 1895, I went with my Father to the Henrys Mountains. And was with him for three years we were alone a great part of the time, and as you know, a kid can ask questions and they generally bring forth a correct answer.

"And Father would tell of the trip down the river and how it was first talked of by Powell and himself. In 1868 Powell was in Middle Park, with a body of college students and Dad acted as guide. Having a pack outfit, which was used by the party.

"And both being interested in this unexplored part of U.S.A. decided to make the trip the next year. And from what Dad said it was up to themselves to finance the job, at any rate they began to get things in shape that winter, to start in high water time as they would have a better chance to pass over the big bolders, and falls, if any. At this time Dad was holding what is now Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo. for his brother Ed. C. Sumner, who was Post Master of Denver. And from all accounts it was some job, as about all the company he had was Indians. But that was what the old timers wanted. Hunting, trapping, fighting and new country to look over. Most men that were in the civil war, and come out alive, were very much on the go. And no doubt but Powell and Dad would not be satisfied with to much population. So all the money that Dad could get hold of went into equipment for that trip. At one time he said he sold his mules and saddle horses for \$1000, besides what furs he sold. So as I knew Dad no doubt but that it all went into the pot. And if any left it would be to have a little party before the start, as money would be of no value on that kind of a trip. The object to find out what was there and if it did not suit forget it.

"When the boats arrived at Green River City Wyo, they were unloaded, and Dad often said he was dissapointed as they were not what he had ordered. But Powell explained it was the best he could do with the cash on hand, as there were a lot of things to get, and as the start was in the making, Father said it looked that if he wanted to go it was no time to kick and there was no use of stopping on account of boats. The dates of departure I cannot call. Also the names of all the party, but some I do recall, which is not necessary to mention. Eleven in all, and thing were not much exciting, until the

first bad waters. Lodore Canon. But Dad did not say so much about that, above it there was a large valley, I suppose what is called Brown Park.

"But at Ashley Creek, what is Jensen Ut. now, two of the party threw up the white feather as Dad would say it. Good men. But they seem to have found what they were looking for and why go on. The names of these two men, Ed Gray and Frank Goodwin. They both settled in the country, and died there. I knew them and talked many times and was thinking what a time I would have when Father arrived in Vernal which he did. But at the time Gray was sick at Jensen, His home. Goodwin in Wyoming and before they arrived on the scene Father was taken with a stroke, and the big event in my case never happened. So what I could of heard is all a mistery. I was in the lively business at Vernal.

"From there on it seems that most of the party became some what sore or was in doubt if it was a good deal or not.

"Dad often said there was not so much of importance only looking out for some one or boat going over, and the waters were so noisy they were all getting so they could not talk and understand, all places look bad, and on reaching Cataract Canon, then unknown, things did look bad for sure, and he believes if there had been any idea as to how far it would be to some settlement, they would of sure tryed to make. There was nothing to do but go on, and he said at different times that there was no telling how many times all their lives, was not worth a tinkers dam.

"But they got through, all alive, but wet hungry and not so much grub.

When coming to the Dirty Devil river there must of been a flood, as Father said it was about as nasty piece of water he ever seen, and called it by that name, if he was the first one, I do not know, But I suppose not knowing any other name, it would express his feeling.

"His report from there on I do not recall was so very hard until way down the river. He said he panned for gold at all side streams and at North Wash, or Cresent Cr. he found course Gold, and made a note if he got through this trip he would find a way into it, and not come down the river, which he did in 1890, from Grand Junction Colo. into the Henry Mts and discovered the Bromide Mine. And that accounts for my being with him.

"He also found gold in several other streams but they did not impress him so much.

"From some where around Escalante Creek the provishions were sure getting shore, and a lot of trouble started. As every one blamed Powell and Dad often said it took a lot of bluff on his part to keep some of the party from killing Powell and his Nephew Walter. And more than once the gun was on Powell, and some one telling him what they was going to do to him. But Father was not so slow on the gun stuff, as he was never without a gun on his hip, when on a trip.

"He has said he wanted to kill Walter more than once, as he always refered to him as: half Baked, and that would mean a lot when he would say it.

"It was more a less a quarrel from that point on. I asked him why the Howland boys and Dunn blew up.

"His reply was a long time in coming

"They were on the point of murder, and would of carried it out. But Dad stood for Powell, also Hall was with him and guns were out. But it seems Dad had the advantage, and started to talk and told them that there would be no chance of getting out of the Canon, if they killed Powell and not much of a one of getting if they went on. But that he would take his chances on the river. And any others that would go on with Powell must keep their trap shut. He would try to put them through or go down with the rest. And then asked Howland Bro. & Dunn to reconsider where they were. The Indians or Mormons would get them if they did get out the rim. If not they had a chance of dying of thirst and hunger. As there was

very little to divide. That he would be more willing to drown, on the river than choke to death for the want of water. So they had an hour to decide to go or stay, and no more quarling. He said He held the fort until some one decided what they were going to do. The Howland Bros & Dunn finally said they were through, and wanted a few supplies to try and get out. So the grub was divided, and Dad often said it was not enough for one man for 3 days and the same amount went with the ones that stayed a piece of sow belly, fly blowed and flour that was water soaked, and they all faired alike, only the ones that stayed could live on water, of which they had plenty. He figured he got the best of the trade.

"The party started on and the three men stood on a rock and watched them go. And as Dad stayed with the party in fact was then the Boss, as Powell was at sea had nothing more to offer, or was to dumbfound to speak. Dad before pushing off put up the gun and offered his hand to all of them, which they accepted, and asked them to come on, as this surely must be the last bad one. But no, we are through, our chances are better than yours so goodbye. Dad would often say he could see the boys very often in his sleep and also awake, and before they were out of sight of them. Made motions for them to come on as he could see ahead and there was no fall or underground passage in sight. He called this rapids separation, on account of the party dividing.

"From then on it was bad for a while and at last they came out in open water and the silence was hard to stand they were all pleased and did a lot of talking, but it seemed so loud that it was hard on the ears. And then is when they wanted to have a drink of something besides water. If I remember right Powell left the party at Virgen river, and returned to Salt Lake by way of St George, any way Father said Powell gave him \$100.00 dollars and a Gold watch, and for to go on down the river to the ocean, and report to him by mail. So on they go, things were coming easy now more grub, and less fast waters. I think that left Hawkins Bradley Hall, and Father. At some fort in Arizona Hawkins and Bradley decided to stop. But Hall and Dad went on to the Gulf of California. And then there was no place to go so they sailed back. And were hunting for gold or game waiting for time to get some word from Powell. But as time went on and they did not receive any word from him, supplies ran low again and having no way of going overland, They began to figure how to get back to Denver or Salt Lake, or any railroad point. So they came up the river to some point around the Virgen river and decided to look around for horses or something to move with from the river.

"That was a part of Dads story I could never get clear. Not knowing any thing of the country, and did not pay so much attention to what he would say. But one day I asked him if he ever killed an Indian. Well he looked somewhat surprised. Yes I know of two, and how many before that I dont know, as it was with other parties.

But these two I do know for sure.

When Hall and I were at Virgen river I went out one day to look the country over and try and decide what to do or which way to go also try and get a deer. He was coming up through the brush a watching very careful for game. And a bullet whised by his head, well he said he fell like shot, and for a moment he thought he was, but kept low, crawled around under the brush, and kept a lookout. As he knew from former experances, that an Indian would not wait so long before he would take a look to see if the game went down. He said it seemed a long time before an Indian head appeared above the brush. But he waited until the Indian was sure the coast was clear, and when he raised to full hight I pulled down on his head. When it hit that Indian jumped clear of all brush and did not come up again.

"But as Indians go in pairs or more he still was not free. So by working around through the brush, looking for more of them, he seen another crawling towards the one that was down. So waiting for a good shot without any doubt, it soon came as the Indian was

getting more anxious. He exposed to much head and I know I killed those two, and was glad to do it, as it was them or me. I asked what took place then. Well I waited until dark and worked my way back toward the river. And was sneaking along when I heard Hall calling me. As he heard the shots and was thinking I had a deer. When I told him what happened, we decided to move and at once. So down the river once more and we were close to this Fort (which one I do not remember.) Where they had got supplies before, and was taking it a foot and came upon a possey of Soldiers. Who picked us up and took us to the Fort. The commanding officer told us, they had been a report that some white men had killed two Indians. And they would be held until things cleared up. Dad said I did not know what to do but suggested he would help hunt up this party. As they were on this river trip and had some knowledge of the country. The officer looked me over and said we see in the morning. Well they decided to let us ride with them without arms, which we did for two days. But could find no one, and as there was no one to say for sure I did it they could not hold us, if we wanted to go. We started back to Fort, and I was riding with the Officer in the rear of the rest of the troop. And was thinking how I was to get back to Salt Lake. The Officer turn and said you know what I think.

"I just looked at him, and was in doubt but what there was going to be trouble

"He said you or Hall are the ones that shot the Indians. And I believe it was you. I was feeling about ready to land on him, when his next words changed my mind. Well if you did it is all right with me. So you and your pardner can have a horse a supples, and get out of here tomorrow if you want it. Well I sure was thankful for that. But Hall said he would stay there. But I was ready to go. So I got the horse and he sure was a good one, as I did my own picking. I asked Father why he did not go east from there. But his answer it was closer to Salt Lake, by way crow flies. And he started overland from there and came through the desert somewhere west of Las Vegas Nevada, the way I get it. That trip from Dads lips was the hard one. As water was far apart, and he said he traveled for days, with nothing

but brush and sand. And several times was about to give up, as to far for man or beast. At night would follow the rabbit trails and look for water. But so often when found it would be green. So horse and I would take a little and wait for it to cool and take more in the morning.

But finally made it to Salt Lake and wired Brother Ed. and he sent me the money to return. I asked, so your trip down the Colorado was not a picnic and no money for the pleasure as wages.

"Well you do not understand just where the desire is, in trying to see the other side of the mountain. I could not rest if I had not gone and at the same time, I did not know what I was looking for. Just unrest, and a new place to go. And it seems to me the veterans of this party down the Colorado were willing to give their time to help make U.S. a safe place to live in. And alway looking for something new to conquer.

"Now Mr. Eddy. This, along with many talks, Dad and I had, prehaps would fill a book. But as it is not interesting to so very many. And hope it may give you some slant on something worth while.

"I was on the river in 98, 99 with the Good Hope Placer Mining Co Also worked for Stanton, when he put in the dredge for extracting gold. And By the way he did not prove anything. the Gold is there but he had the wrong idea, to Bad. Also knew Stone. Met him

on the river, before he made his trip down the river. Was at Vernal when he passed through and shook hands with him when he started down the Green from Jensen, his boatman Than Galloway and I had the same tent while working for Stanton.

"Parley Galloway also. And if I had of known of your trip last year with Frazer, I don't know how you would of keep me from going along. I see by papers Frazier is showing films in Washington.

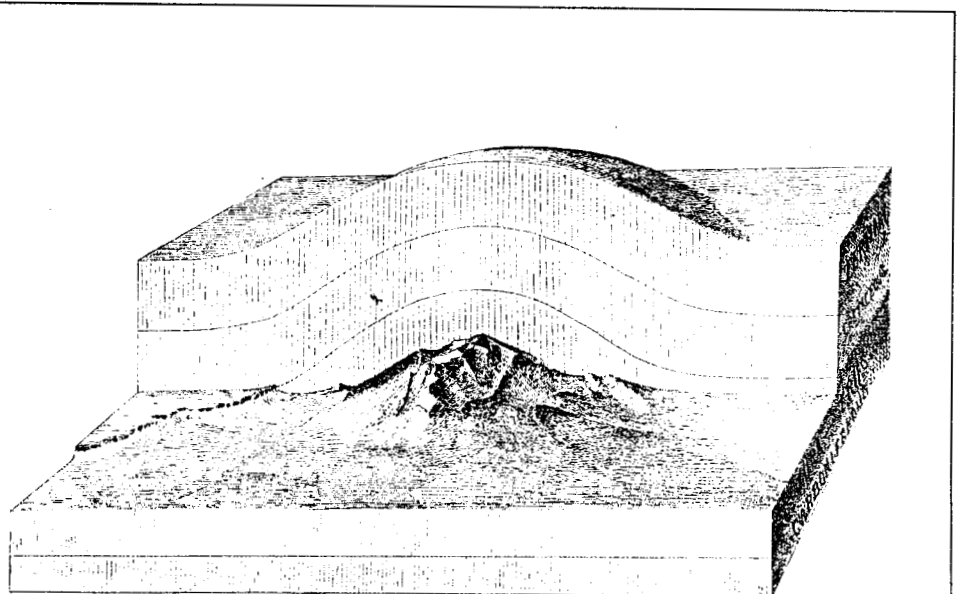
"In Vernal there was one old timer I knew but never had much a a chance of talking with about the Colorado. Who was a guide for Powell on his second trip, or I might say a supply man. Capt. Paryn Dodds. He is dead now but sure was some character and his son Pard Jr. is living in Vernal. Well the old timers are gone and they say a lot of bad and good, and they were not so hot on records, after the adventure, if it did not suit hunt another. I want to go to the river and wash the gold a new idea and it works. But like Dad use to say find the idea and then enough to carry it through.

"But as things are now, we can prehaps tell our Great Grand Children, how we joined the F.E.R.A. and fought to the bitter end.

"With best wishes for your book, and if any of this will fill in use it. But if you do publish, I would like a copy.

Sincerely Yours,  
Ed C. Sumner.

"[P.S.] Father had a diary but it was destroyed in Rawlins Wyo by fire. The Government has all I know. I hope you find the above to be of some use.



From Gilbert: "Half stereogram of Mount Ellsworth, drawn to illustrate the form of the displacement and the progress of the erosion. The base of the figure represents sea-level. The remote half shows the result of uplift alone; the near half the result of uplift and erosion, or the actual condition." [Layers from bottom to top are labeled: "Carboniferous, Jura—Triis, Cretaceous, Tertiary."]

# A Published Work By: Grove Karl Gilbert

Transcribed by John Weisheit

## Introduction

*In past articles that I wrote for this journal I made casual reference to the work of Grove K. Gilbert, the brilliant geologist of the Powell Survey, who would become one of the most celebrated geologists in America. At that time, I used references from publications written by such latter-day geomorphologists as Charles B. Hunt. I decided it was time for me to investigate Gilbert's work first-hand and so while visiting the U.S.G.S. library in Denver, I discovered Gilbert's primary documents.*

*I was delighted with all that I read and the following transcription is what I felt to be the most beneficial. What is also interesting is Gilbert's modesty. He admitted how simple geologic investigation is on the Colorado Plateau. He felt that it would take years of research to study landforms in areas that are normally covered by soil and vegetation. The aridity of the Colorado Plateau is what made his work easy. This allowed me to ponder a simple fact: wherever you are in this world, it is as eternally beautiful and fascinating as the Colorado Plateau.*

*The text comes from various pages found within:*

## Report on the Geology of the Henry Mountains

by

Grove Karl Gilbert

U.S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the  
Rocky Mountain Region

John Wesley Powell in Charge



Grove K. Gilbert

From C. B. Hunt, GSA Memoir 167

## The Question of Cover and the Question of Age

"It is evident that the laccolites [Henry Mts.] were formed beneath the surface of the earth's crust, but at what depth is not evident. The problem is involved with the problem of the age of laccolites, and the two are connected with the general history of the Basin of the Colorado. Neither problem can be called, for the present at least, determinate, but it is possible to narrow them down by the indication of limits which their solutions will not exceed.

"So much of the Colorado Plateau region as lies within Colorado and Utah was covered during a geological age which it is convenient to call Cretaceous, by a sea, the waters of which appear to have become fresh toward the last. Then came elevation both general and differential. A great part of the sea bed became dry land, and the accumulated sediments together with many which underlay them were bent into great waves thousands of feet in altitude [example: the San Rafael Swell]. The crests of the waves were subjected to erosion and truncated. Then came a second submergence which was purely lacustrine [lake deposits]. In some way that has not been ascertained a lake basin was formed, and the region received a new system of sediments which is convenient to call Tertiary, and which not merely filled the troughs between the great rock-waves but covered the truncated summits of waves themselves [burial]. Then followed the desiccation of the basin by the cutting down of its rim where the water overflowed. The overflowing river as it deepened its channel and gradually lowered the lake, steadily extended its upper course to follow the receding shore; and finally when the basin was completely drained the river remained, its channel leading through what had been the deepest part of the Tertiary sea. [headward erosion]. That river is the Colorado. As portions of the lake bottom were successively drained they began at once to be eroded, and from that time to this there has been progressive degradation. The regions nearest to the central river were reduced most rapidly and have been completely stripped of their Tertiary strata, but broad areas of the latter remain at the west, and north and east [example: the Tavaputs Plateau].

"(The reader will understand that this succinct history is shorn for the sake of clearness of all details and qualifications. There have been complicating eruptions and displacements of oscillations at every stage, and if the full story could be told, it would not be by a single paragraph nor a single chapter [referring mostly to extensional rifting].)

"When the Cretaceous strata were thrown into waves the site of the Henry Mountains remained in a trough, and it probably was not dried, but continued the scene of sedimentation while the crests of the surrounding rock-waves were worn away. Certainly it was not greatly eroded at that time; and when the Tertiary lake beds were thrown down it was favorably disposed for a heavy deposit. It is not extravagant to assume the four thousand feet of lake beds rested on the Masuk sandstone [an upper member of the Mancos Shale; non-marine; upper Cretaceous] at the beginning of the final desiccation

"In brief there may be distinguished—

1. The deposition of the Cretaceous.
2. The folding and erosion of the Cretaceous.
3. The deposition of the Tertiary.
4. The desiccation of the Tertiary lake basin.
5. The erosion which is still in progress.

"It is evident that the laccolites were not formed until the Cretaceous strata had been deposited; for their uplifts have bent



and tilted all Cretaceous rocks up to and including the Masuk sandstone.

"They were not formed at any late stage of the final erosion, for they conserve tables along the western base, which but for their shelter would long since have disappeared. From the end of the Cretaceous period to the end of the desiccation of the basin there is no event with which the laccolites can be directly connected. There is however a consideration which in an indirect way sanctions the opinion that the epoch of igneous activity was after the deposition of the Tertiaries and before their erosion.

"The Masuk Sandstone is at once the summit of the Cretaceous and the highest bed in the present Henry Mountain section. If it were restored over the entire range, the laccolites of the upper zone would have on the average thirty-five hundred feet of cover, and those of the lowered zone nearly seven thousand feet. This was the depth of their original cover, if they were intruded at the close of the Cretaceous age. During the epoch of Tertiary deposition and the subsequent epoch of erosion, the cover first increased in depth and then diminished, having its maximum at the end of the Tertiary deposition. If it can be shown that the original cover of the upper laccolites exceeded thirty-five hundred feet, the question of age will be reduced to comparatively narrow limits. In order to discuss the problem of the original depth of cover it will be necessary to consider another matter, of which connection will at first be apparent. ...

### The Waste of Cliffs

"It is to this law that bad-lands owe much of their beauty. They acquire their smooth curves under what I have called the "law of divides", but the symmetry of each ridge and each spur is due to the law of equal declivities. By the law of divides all the slopes upon one side of the ridge are made interdependent. By the law of equal declivities a relation is established between the slopes which adjoin the crest on opposite sides, and by this means the slopes of the whole ridge, from base to base, are rendered interdependent.

"One result of the interdependence of slopes is that a bad-land ridge separating two waterways which have the same level, stands midway between them; while a ridge separating two waterways which have different levels, stands nearer to the one which is higher.

"It results also that if one of the waterways is corraded more rapidly than the other the divide moves steadily toward the latter, and eventually, if the process continues, reaches it. When this occurs, the stream with the higher valley abandons the lower part of its course and joins its water to that of the lower stream. Thus from the shifting of divides there arises yet another method of shifting of waterways, a method which it will be convenient to characterize as that of *abstraction*. A stream which for any reason is able to corrade its bottom more rapidly than do its neighbors, expands its valley at their expense, and eventually "abstracts" them. And conversely, a stream which for any reason is able to corrade its bottom less rapidly than its neighbors, has its valley contracted by their encroachments and is eventually "abstracted" by one or the other.

"The diverse circumstances which may lead to these results need not be enumerated, but there is one case which is specially noteworthy on account of its relation to the principles of sculptor. Suppose that two streams which run parallel and near to each other corrade the same material and degrade their channels at the same rate. Their divide will run midway. But if in the

course of time one of the streams encounters a peculiarly hard mass of rock while the other does not, its rate of corrasion above the obstruction will be checked. The unobstructed stream will outstrip it, will encroach upon its valley, and will at last abstract it; and the incipient corrasion of the hard mass will be stopped. Thus by abstraction as well as by monoclinical shifting, streams are eliminated from hard rocks. [Consider the abandonment of the Gunnison River in Unaweep Canyon by the rejuvenation of the Uncompahgre Uplift.]

### Land Sculpture

"*Résumé*.—There is a tendency to permanence on the part of drainage lines and divides, and they are not displaced without adequate cause. Hence every change which is known to occur demands and admits of an explanation.

"(a) There are four ways in which abrupt changes are made. Streams are diverted from one drainage system to another, and the watersheds which separate the systems are rearranged,

(1) by *ponding*, due to the elevation or depression of portions of the land;

(2) by *planation*, or the extension of flood-plains by lateral corrasion;

(3) by *alluviation*, or on the process of building alluvial cones and deltas; and

(4) by *abstraction*.

"(b) There are two ways in which gradual changes are effected:

(1) When the rock texture is variable, it modifies and controls *monoclinical shifting* the distribution in detail of divides and waterways.

(2) When the rock texture is uniform, the positions of divides are adjusted in accordance with the principle of *equal declivities*.

"The abrupt changes are of geographic import; the gradual, of topographic.

"The methods which have been enumerated are not the only ones by which drainage systems are modified, but they are the chief. Very rarely streams are "ponded" and diverted to new courses through the damming of their valleys by glaciers or by volcanic *ejecta* or by land-slips. More frequently they are obstructed by the growing alluvial cones of stronger streams, but only the smallest streams will yield their "right of way" for such cause, and the results are insignificant.

"The rotation of the earth, just as it gives direction to the trade-winds and to ocean currents, tends to deflect rivers. In the southern hemisphere streams are crowded against their left banks and in northern against the right. But this influence is exceedingly small. Mr. [William] Ferrel's investigations show that in latitude 45° and for a current velocity of ten miles an hour, it is measured by less than one twenty-thousandth part of the weight of the water (American Journal of Science, January, 1861). If its effects are ever appreciable it must be where lateral corrasion is rapid; and even there it is probable that the chief result is an inclination of the flood-plain toward one bank or the other, amounting at most to two or three minutes.

### Consequent and Inconsequent Drainage

"If a series of sediments accumulated in an ocean or lake be subjected to a system of displacements while still under water

# The Jewel of the Colorado

by Eric Trenbeath

[submarine anticlines], and then be converted to dry land by elevation *en masse* or by the retirement of the water, the rains which fall on them will inaugurate a drainage system perfectly conformable with the systems of displacements. Streams will rise along the crest of each anticline, will flow from it in the direction of the steepest dip, will unite in the synclinals, and will follow them lengthwise [strike valley]. The axis of each synclinal will be marked by a watercourse; the axis of each anticlinal by a watershed. Such a system is said to be *consequent* on the structure.

"If however a rock series is affected by a system of displacements after the series has become continental, it will have already acquired a system of waterways, and *provided the displacements are produced slowly* the waters will not be diverted from their accustomed ways. The effect of local elevation will be to stimulate local corrasion, and each river that crosses a line of uplift will inch by inch as the land rises deepen its channel and valorously maintain its original course. It will result that the directions of the drainage lines will be independent of the displacements. Such a drainage system is said to be *antecedent* to the structure.

"But if in the latter case the displacements are produced rapidly the drainage system will be rearranged and will become consequent to the structure. it has frequently happened that displacements formed with moderate rapidity have given rise to a drainage system of mixed character in which the courses of the larger streams are antecedent and those of the smaller are consequent.

"There is a fourth case. Suppose a rock series that has been folded and eroded to be again submerged, and to receive a new accumulation of unconforming sediments. Suppose further that it once more emerges and the new sediments are eroded from its surface. Then the drainage system will have been given by the form of the upper surface of the superior strata, but will be independent of the structure of the inferior series, into which it will descend vertically as the degradation progresses. Such a drainage system is said to be *superimposed by sedimentation* upon the structure of the older series of strata.

"Fifth. The drainage of an alluvial cone of a delta is independent of the structure of the bedrock beneath; and if in the course of time erosion takes place of deposition and the alluvial formation is cut through, the drainage system which is acquired by the rocks beneath is not consequent upon their structure but is *superimposed by alluviation*.

"Sixth. The drainage of a district of planation is independent of planation is independent of the structure of the rock from which it is carved; and when in the progress of degradation the beds favorable to lateral corrasion are destroyed and the waterways become permanent, their system may be said to be *superimposed by planation*.

"In brief, systems of drainage, in their relation to structure, are

(A) *consequent*

(a) by emergence, when the displacements are subaqueous, and

(b) by sudden displacement;

(B) *antecedent*; and

(C) *superimposed*

(a) by sedimentation, or subaqueous deposition,

(b) by alluviation, or subaërial deposition, and

(c) by planation.

I remember when seen and felt through the blissful senses of childhood, it was the most incredible place in my world. Camped with family and friends beneath the shelter of a massive sandstone alcove, we laughed and talked and peered out at the billion glittering stars while the firelight flickered and danced on the sweepingly curved, varnished streaked walls that surrounded us. When morning came we would load up into the boat and speed off to a new and equally magical spot. The place was full of them. Hundreds of side canyons, grottos, and glens that beckoned exploration. 1001 rock formations of every shape and size lay waiting to be climbed in every direction. And of course there was the water. Deep, warm, blue, and it filled everything.

My excitement could hardly be contained the few times my family made the journey down from the great city in the Land of Zion. We drove for hours across the fantastically barren desert. Beyond the towns and services. Passed promising places with intriguing names lake Goblin Valley, and Capitol Reef, where weird shaped rocks and ragged skylines rose from every horizon. Finally we would pass between the mountains. From the pass we could see far across the rolling red desert where a thin sliver of blue could be seen. The old chevy pickup with boat in tow crept onward. As we slowly crested each dune the mirage would grow and disappear, and then grow larger to disappear again until, when we crested the last hill of blowing sand and blackbrush, the shimmering blue waters of Bullfrog Bay spread before us.

I was eighteen years old when we took our last trip as a family to that marvelous place. My steady girlfriend was along. With a giant beach towel we stole away to the top of a red sandstone cliff where we cavorted in the blazing sun 1000 feet above the ribbon of blue that filled the canyon below. We proclaimed it the most amazing place on earth and swore to marry aboard a houseboat on that beautiful lake.

That night we sat late around the campfire until all had gone to bed and save for the occasional pop of juniper all was still and quiet. As we sat the damp and muffled silence flooded over us. Not a ruffle moved across the surface of the water and it's inky depths were covered in blackness. I stared over the smooth dark plane. On the opposite side of the inlet one hundred feet of sheer rock rose from the surface forming an almost perfect right angle of water and stone. A faint splash was heard. Perhaps a pebble dislodged by a scurrying ringtail. As the soft reverberations faded into the dark, the smothering silence returned, and with it a pressure on my stomach that squeezed at my insides. And in my mind grew the thought that somehow I had missed something.

A few years later I was again at the world's most amazing place. No parents around that time and long gone was the steady girlfriend I'd sworn to marry. Present however was a houseboat and a ski boat, a jet ski, a keg of beer, plenty of other assorted partying essentials, and a dozen or so friends all set for a fun filled week on Lake Powell.

We chugged our way up and down the 180 mile long reservoir drinking, and sunning, and burning fuel at a rate of about three miles to the gallon. When the channel was calm, or a side canyon beckoned, we would unhook the ski boat and go for a spin. We water skied through winding canyons and sprayed the walls with "rooster tails" of dazzling spray. Or we boated up to the end of some narrow and twisting slot of a canyon where the walls all but blotted out the sun. There we would turn off the engine. The few rays that filtered in were reflected from the contours in the sandstone in a brilliant array of reds, tans, and oranges. Our voices and laughter echoed through the water filled canyon until all sound was once again drowned by a damp and muffled silence. And then it returned.



Deep down, nibbling away at my insides, the feeling that I had missed it.

Later that day we decided to head up the Escalante River arm in search of a place to camp. We chose a site in Davis Gulch. The fantastic tributary canyon where I was later to learn that a young man who was an artist, writer, desert wanderer, and vision seeker vanished into the slickrock wilderness some sixty years ago. Anyhow as we pulled in to the shore I leaned over the rail to scout for submerged objects. As we closed in on the slickrock shoreline something beneath the clear blue water caught my attention. I peered in closer as the boat chugged ahead and when it finally registered what I was seeing I hollered to stop the boat and hit reverse. In a grinding roar the huge, hulking, houseboat struggled a stop and reverse. The lurch sent people, objects, and drinks sprawling. When the froth had subsided and the crashing waves receded from the shore I returned my gaze into the calming water. Just below the surface, slowly coming into focus, were the twiggy tops of a long drowned grove of full size Cottonwood trees.

That was the first time I gave any thought to what might be underneath the deep blue waters of Lake Powell. For me growing up in Utah in the 1970's Lake Powell had always been there. It's sparkling blue waters a seemingly natural phenomena in the great red desert adding nothing but beauty and magic to an already wondrous place. Never had I suspected that the magic was the spirit of all things drowned under there.

I had a difficult time enjoying myself the last time I visited the "Jewel of the Colorado". Six years of drought had lowered the level of the reservoir by about 75 feet. This loss in pool left a 75 foot high ring of gray scum on the rock walls that encircled the entire reservoir. This phenomena is of course well known to many as the infamous "bathtub ring". The "bathtub ring" makes for a striking contrast as the interface between dazzling red rock walls and the shimmering blue water. Former shore-side campsites were now 75 feet above the waterline. Any newly revealed flat spots were covered with a thick layer of dried and cracked bathtub scum and the remnants and refuse of a motor based camping culture was strewn everywhere. Beer cans, barbecues, and the tattered frames of folding chairs stuck forth from the mud. Diapers, toilet paper, and human feces were heaped in great piles. And the latest news of the area was that the loss in pool had revealed a dumping ground of batteries that the houseboat concessionaire had been dumping in the lake for the past 20 years.

As I surveyed the scene before me, my mind became flooded with the images of Elliot Porter, the words of Brower and Abbey, and scenes imagined through the eyes of Hillers and Dellenbaugh, Bert Loper and Ken Sleight, and of course, those of John Wesley Powell. As my mind cleared and the visions faded, the scene at hand returned to my senses. The boats sped round and round the bay, their incessant whining never to cease. An intense heat and the smell of gasoline and stagnant water hung heavy in the air. The huge ferry, the "John Atlantic Burr" chugged back and forth across the bay carrying cars between Bullfrog and Hall's Crossing.

Turning my back to the "Jewel of the Colorado" I walked up the cement launch ramp passed the parking lot and fish cleaning stations, beyond the hotel/restaurant, gas station and campground, to the edge of Bullfrog Marina and Resort to peer out at the desert beyond. Before me lay the red dunes of sand and blackbrush that spread out till their apparent terminus; the purplish gray peaks of the Henry Mountains to the Northeast, and the lengthy escarpment of the Waterpocket fold coming out of the Northwest.

Just ahead of me, atop the first dune, the ribbon of highway lead to a giant steel warehouse encircled by a huge yard and chain link fence. The silhouettes of boats of every shape and size could be seen behind it. A blast of hot dry air came out of the West bringing with it rolling tumbleweeds and a curtain of sand. Not a drop of water could be sensed anywhere and the whole scene atop the hill

seemed almost comical. Behind me however, the incessant whining continued. The buzzing worked into my head, and the pressure I had once felt squeezing on my insides returned. And I knew that I had missed it.

*"For a replaceable commodity we spent an irreplaceable grandeur. Your son may pass by but neither he nor anyone else will know it; the intimate things that gave this place it's magic will never again know the sun."*

David Brower

### Epilogue

Very few, if any currently working Colorado Plateau river guides including those down below the dam ever saw Glen Canyon. All we have now are the stories of a few old timers like the Quists, and Ken Sleight, and some other folks you might chance upon. There are also a couple of picture books, most notable of course and out of print is Elliot Porter's, The Place No One Knew. Though an exquisite book both in text and in photographs, it didn't quite do it for me. I was looking for a blueprint that showed it all. I wanted to know, *what did Glen Canyon look like!?* Of course I will never know but last summer Eleanor Inskip published and edited the book, Glen Canyon Before Lake Powell. Extremely painful to look at, it rarely comes off the shelf though in this book I think I found what I was looking for.

Continued on page 20

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## Use in River Canyons

Compiled by John Weisheit

The following tabulations on the next page reflect visitation in the canyons of the Green and Colorado River drainage area. These numbers were provided by the appropriate managing agencies.

As you will notice, most people like to do river trips in gorges of schist and gneiss with igneous intrusives. This is followed by those canyons John Wesley Powell got so excited about in and around the Uinta Mountains. The gorges through the Monument Uplift show a preference to San Juan Canyon by privates and in Cataract by the commercial sector. Remember that a private Dolores River trip does not require a permit and probably shouldn't ever be permitted until we get dependable releases from McPhee Dam (something to work on). What seems a little unfair is the private/commercial ratio in Grand Canyon and I have this funny feeling that use by the private sector will be increased someday. I think Desolation is the perfect place to initiate a citizens proposal to make this canyon Wild and Scenic and that it should also be motorless.

**What do you think?**

**Colorado River Basin Use in 1995 (Per Person/Per Trip)**

River Trip	Private	Commercial	Total
Grand Canyon	3,544	20,005	23,549
Dinosaur	6,856	7,757	14,611
Dolores	3,504	4,645	8,149
Cataract	1,368	5,234	6,602
Desolation	3,412	3,085	6,497
Westwater Apr-Oct 94	8,908	7,390	16,298
San Juan	7,346	4,161	11,507
Labyrinth (BLM)	2,448		2,448
Ruby Horsethief			5,334
Canyonlands/Cance	1,674		1,674

**Colorado River Use in Cataract Canyon (Per Person/Per Trip)**

Year	Private	Commercial	Total
1969	154	432	585
1970	174	715	889
1971	167	1,503	1,670
1972	147	2,292	2,439
1973	225	4,197	4,422
1974	311	3,785	4,096
1975	379	3,663	4,042
1976	447	4,417	4,864
1977	467	4,342	4,809
1978	432	5,143	5,575
1979	657	5,071	5,728
1980	597	5,518	6,115
1981	562	4,564	5,126
1982	953	4,111	5,064
1983	893	2,674	3,567
1984	865	3,600	4,465
1985	885	3,325	4,210
1986	768	4,241	4,241
1987	1,131	4,388	5,519
1988	1,071	4,438	5,509
1989	1,011	4,348	5,359
1990	1,316	4,211	5,527
1991	1,290	4,401	5,692
1992	1,567	5,017	6,584
1993	1,316	5,171	6,487
1994	1,186	4,916	6,102
1995	1,368	5,234	6,602

**Colorado River Use in Grand Canyon (Per Person/Per Trip)**

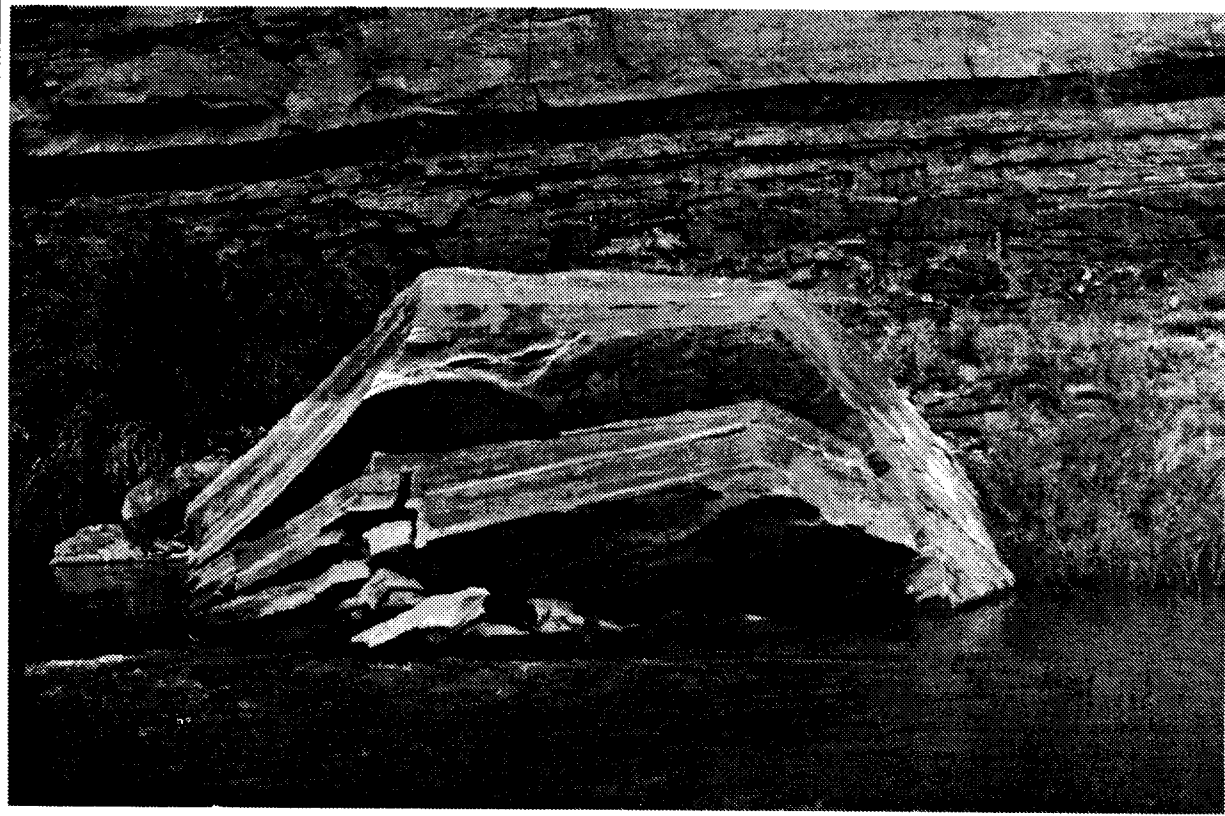
Year	Privates from Lees Ferry	Privates from Other	Commercial from Lees Ferry	Commercial from Other	Total
1980	1,134	66	11,426	2,204	14,830
1981	2,190	176	11,574	3,098	17,038
1982	1,811	124	11,745	3,269	16,949
1983	2,978	160	10,290	2,915	15,443
1984	2,157	167	9,871	3,757	15,952
1985	2,368	172	11,374	4,199	18,113
1986	2,466	238	13,148	5,336	21,168
1987	2,517	213	12,636	5,328	20,694
1988	2,840	286	12,949	6,013	22,088
1989	3,045	303	13,067	5,840	22,255
1990	2,769	279	13,126	5,649	21,823
1991	2,974	307	13,642	5,785	22,708
1992	3,134	279	13,541	5,942	22,896
1993	3,137	280	13,830	6,044	23,291
1994	3,130	311	13,316	6,193	22,950
1995	3,197	347	13,517	6,488	23,549

**Colorado River Use in Grand Canyon (Per Person/Per Trip)**

Year	Private	Commercial	Total
1941			4
1942			8
1943			
1944			
1945			
1946			
1947			4
1948			6
1949			12
1950			7
1951			29
1952			19
1953			31
1954			21
1955			70
1956			55
1957			135
1958			80
1959			120
1960			205
1961			255
1962			372
1963			6
1964			38
1965			547
1966			1,067
1967	101	1,998	2,099
1968	154	3,455	3,609
1969	185	5,834	6,019
1970	428	9,507	9,935
1971	436	10,449	10,885
1972	548	13,785	14,333
1973	648	12,599	13,247
1974	462	11,485	11,947
1975	474	11,533	12,007
1976	435	11,094	11,529
1977	412	9,305	9,717
1978	395	11,335	11,730
1979	473	11,665	12,138

**Grand Canyon Total User Days (Per Person/Per Day)**

Year	Private	Commercial	Total
1970	4,277	72,067	76,344
1971	5,443	66,064	71,507
1972	7,611	88,135	95,746
1973	7,833	86,264	94,097
1974	7,638	84,193	91,831
1975	7,679	84,552	92,231
1976	7,611	85,006	92,617
1977	7,766	75,800	83,566
1978	7,477	89,362	96,839
1979	20,343	88,338	108,681
1980	19,573	89,313	108,886
1981	36,511	99,536	136,047
1982	30,318	103,837	134,155
1983	35,325	91,237	126,562
1984	35,586	92,249	127,835
1985	39,222	103,472	142,694
1986	40,285	115,581	155,866
1987	41,400	111,480	152,880
1988	46,984	112,677	159,661
1989	50,525	113,348	163,873
1990	46,788	112,891	159,679
1991	49,341	113,921	163,262
1992	52,615	113,636	166,251
1993	52,527	114,845	167,372
1994	54,105	112,812	166,917
1995	54,771	113,831	168,602



A rock on The Needles side between Little Bridge and Lockhart Canyons that reads: "ZX".

## A Mystery Solved

by John Weisheit

Near and around Lathrop and Lockhart Canyons, on the Colorado River in Canyonlands National Park, there are several modern-day inscriptions painted on rocks with combinations of the last three letters of the alphabet, namely: X, Y, and Z. Of the ones I know, the sequence going downstream is: ZX, Z, ZY, Z.

On the next page is the repeat photography I did in June between the first and second snow melt peaks. I took this photo looking upstream with what I had, which was a 50 mm lens on a 35 mm camera body, while maneuvering a jet-boat. As you can see the rock has since split. In my 10 years of boating in Canyonlands, I have never seen a beach at this location. With a 8x hand lens I discerned that the immediate vegetation at the high water zone of the 1914 photo is desert foresteria. I did not notice any tamarisk. Note the lack of vegetation on The Island in the Sky side of the river.

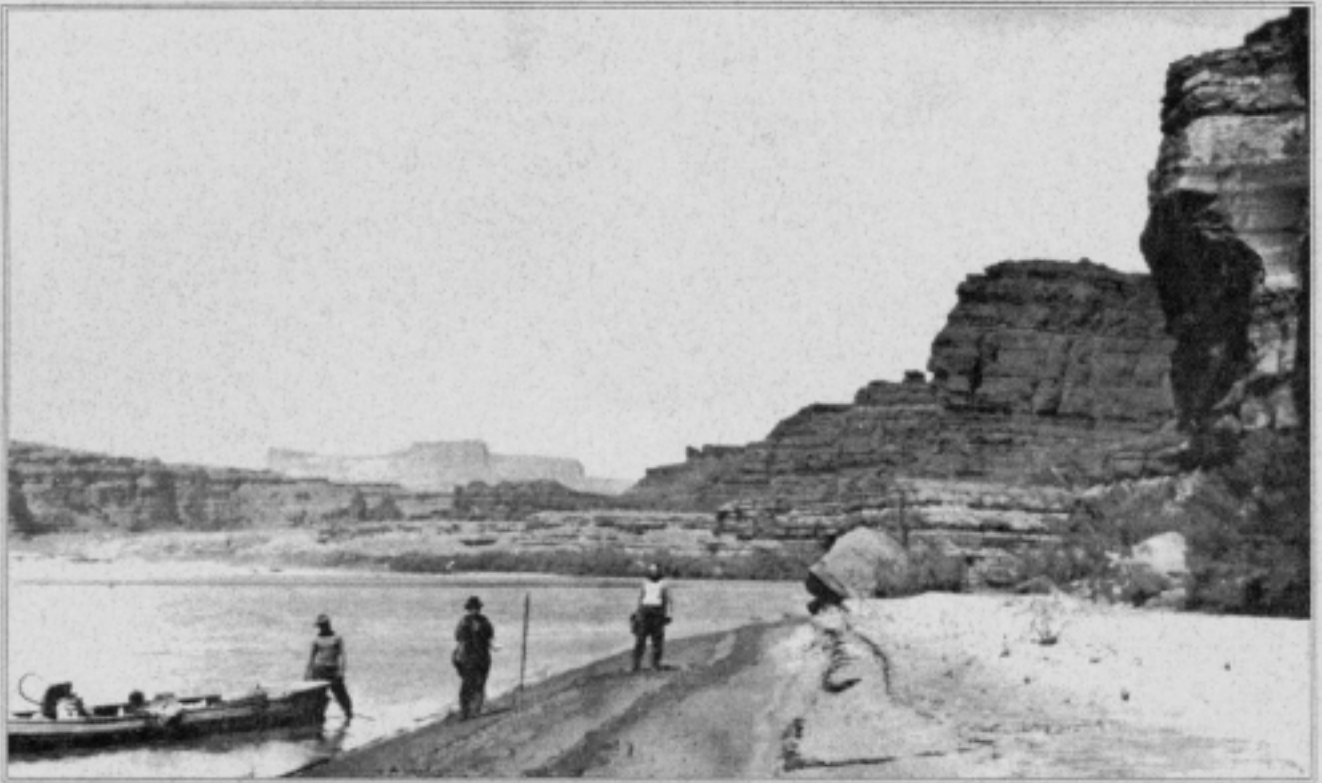


In the E. C. LaRue photo collection at the USGS Library I found an upstream view of Deadhorse Point that was taken in September of 1914. In this photo is the large rock that has the inscription "ZX". It is pretty conclusive to me that these inscriptions were done by E. C. LaRue who worked for the U.S. Reclamation Service (USRS), then a division of the USGS. It is my feeling that their purpose was to map the Lockhart Anticline.

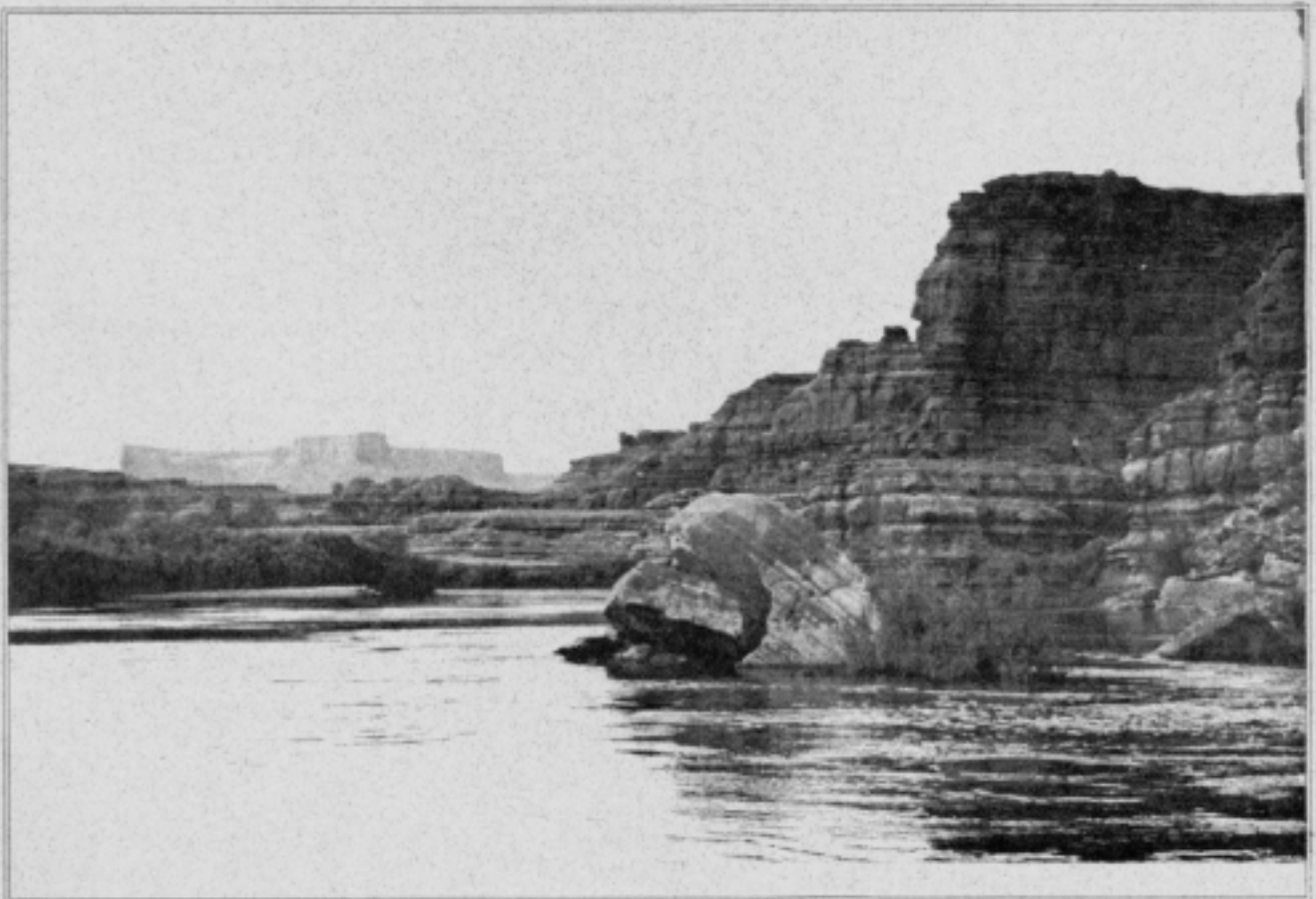


I think the identity of the men left to right are: Tom Wimmer, Albert Anderson and John Richardson. The name of the boat is hard to read because the bowline is in the way (It probably is Wimmer's launch *Marguerite*). Please refer to The Confluence, Volume 2, Number 1, Winter 1995, page 8, in which John Richardson appears far left in a tie. Richardson was an engineer for the USRS. Wimmer, I think, is standing third from right with Anderson to his left.





LaRue Collection #1349. Courtesy of USGS, Denver.



**Glen Canyon / Eric Trenbeath**  
continued from page 16.

In addition to the stories and books, we today have the knowledge that Glen Canyon was the climax of the Colorado River canyon system. Everything leading up to it was prelude, everything beyond, aftermath. The eye of the storm, it lay tranquil and beautiful between Cataract and Grand Canyons. I have often thought, particularly last year during the high water that wouldn't leave, that the reward for making it through the treacherous waters and stark dryness of Cataract Canyon has been taken away from us. Greatest in abundance and diversity of flora and fauna, Glen also contained the most of *everything* that occurred in this region. All of the wonders you find scattered across the plateau, twisting narrow slot canyons, Giant alcoves with vaulted ceilings, seeps, springs, and waterfalls all capped in maidenhair fern, lush Cottonwood groves, sheer thousand foot cliffs, Glen had it all. Powell described it best in his struggle for a name, *"On the walls, and back into the country, numbers of monument-shaped buttes are observed. So we have a curious ensemble of wonderful features- curved walls, royal arches, glens, alcove gulches, mounds, and monuments. From which of these features shall we select a name? We decide to call it Glen Canyon."*

Nowadays we can roam scattered areas in search of a taste, or feel, or even a look of Glen Canyon. Good places to start are anywhere that the Glen Canyon strata still appears. The Escalante River is an excellent micro-version of Glen. There are numerous

places where the Navajo-Kayenta-Wingate formations can be found but along the Colorado River they have about all been drowned. Two sections of river still come to mind. One, which I haven't seen, is the 15 or so miles of canyon between the dam and Lee's Ferry. The other, most of us have seen plenty. The Moab "daily" section. Actually the whole stretch from Dewey Bridge to Potash I think is fairly visually representative though the feel is certainly lessened by the road. Still, I think one could take a trip through there and grasp some of what was lost.

Of course all of the power and energy that give the Canyon Country it's heart are still teeming down under there. Deep below the stagnant blue surface a current still flows. The earth still trembles and heaves. A fraction at a time, things are changing as they always have around here. Some day the "Lake Powell Formation" will be but another layer in the canyon walls. To quote Cactus Ed, "The great canyon endures, the transient insult of Glen Canyon Dam will pass". The river will continue in it's pull toward the sea patiently working against concrete and sandstone like it has for millennium on millennium. For as every one knows, you can't stop running water!

*"In my search for essences I concluded that the Canyon Country has no heart. I was wrong. The Canyonlands did have a heart, a living heart, and that heart was Glen Canyon and the golden, flowing, Colorado."*

*Edward Abbey*

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