


# The Confluence

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

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Tom Wimmer, Bert Loper and John Richardson at Loper's hermitage in Red Canyon. Glen Canyon below Hite, 1915. Photo by Eugene C. LaRue, LaRue Collection #1262. 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:

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\*Setting the Highest standards for the river profession.

\* Providing the best possible river experience.

\* Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community.

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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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ISSN # 1078-425X

## 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 1996 only three issues of *THE CONFLUENCE* will be printed. Look for the first issue of 1997 in March. Some CPRG members and I are involved in a 110+ day river trip from Flaming Gorge to Pearce's Ferry (minus Lake Powell). The theme of the March issue will somehow celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the Flavell and Galloway expeditions of 1896. Roy Webb has been approached to write an article about George Flavell and he very kindly accepted the invitation. I will attempt to do an article about Nathaniel Galloway, as I think I have enough stuff from the Marston Collection to assemble something very interesting and revealing. Roy has had a very successful lecture tour about George Flavell, and this lecture tour is still happening in Utah; so watch your newspapers for announcements. Speaking of newspapers, watch for installments of our river trip in the Times-Independent of Moab.

## CPRG OFFICE TEMPORARARILY CLOSED TILL FEBRUARY FIRST

Please send any correspondance, editorials, articles, and etc., to the CPRG Post Office Box and wait patiently for our return to process that information. THANKS!

## Special Thanks To:

Colorado River Endangered Fish Recovery Program for a Lifetime Membership  
Winthrop C. Allen for a Six-year Membership

## A Reasonable Request

At the request of readers, we will now include the last names of the people who appear in the photos of The Confluence. There was a reason for this oversight: a general feeling of preferred anonymity. Anyway, in Volume 3, Issue 2, page 4, we have: Joseph Lekarczyk and John Weisheit. In Volume 3, Issue 1, Page 31, we have: Tim Thomas, John Weisheit, Susette DeCoster, Joe Englbrecht, Nancy Allemand, Jose Tejada, Rose Kaszuba, Steve T-Berry Young. With Kent Frost we have Susette DeCoster-Weisheit, John Weisheit, Don and Denise Oblak, Carol Van Steeter, and Scott Mitchell (the Moabites are wearing shades).

## A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Susette DeCoster-Weisheit for serving as the first president of CPRG. She accomplished making CPRG a recognizable entity on the Colorado Plateau. CPRG will grow in strength and maturity because of her efforts.

## From Taxpayers for the Animas River House Votes to Kill ALP

by Michael Black

Opponents of the last major Bureau of Reclamation water scheme, the Animas La Plata Project (ALP), won a significant victory this Summer when the U.S. House of Representatives voted 221 to 200 to cut-off funding.

The House action came as a result of the efforts of local, national, environmental and taxpayers groups to kill the Project.

Said Durango, Colorado, resident and Taxpayers for the Animas River (TAR) member Jim Decker, "This shows that Congress is taking its fiscal and environmental responsibilities seriously."

The ALP is designed to draw water out of the Animas River in Durango, Colorado, pump it uphill to a storage reservoir south of town. From there the water would be pumped to the La Plata River Basin where it would be used for irrigation, real estate and coal development. Some of the water would again be pumped to the Mancos drainage to provide irrigation water to the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe. In addition the project would supply municipal and industrial water for Durango and New Mexico cities along the Animas and San Juan rivers as well as to the Ute tribes.

The action to cut-off funding was a bipartisan effort led by Rep. Tom Petri (R - Wisconsin) and Rep. Pete DeFazio (D - Oregon). In floor debate the Congressmen cited the enormous cost, the lack of benefits and environmental problems of the ALP.

Congressman Petri said, "Just on the face of it, pumping water 1,000-feet uphill into another watershed, largely for irrigation, does not appear to be a sensible thing to do. I know of no other irrigation system with such an inherently uneconomic basic design..."

Although the Indian water rights provide an excuse for this project, they are not its driving force. The driving force is high Federal water subsidies for local non-Indian water users... There is no national interest what-so-ever in forcing my constituents—and everyone else's too—to pay for the massive water subsidies in ALP."

Congressman DeFazio added, "It is a water project that has been sold as an Indian water rights settlement, except that it will not deliver affordable or usable water to the Indian tribes in question. It is a project that will deliver \$5,000 an acre irrigation subsidy to non-Indian farmers in the high desert of southwest Colorado, so they can grow low-value crops. Two-thirds of the water will go to them if this project is ever completed, if we void the environmental laws, if we go ahead with a project that will produce 36 cents of benefits for every Federal dollar invested."

Supporters of the ALP cited the settlement of Ute tribal claims as justification. Congressman Scott McInnis, a Republican from Colorado, in whose district the Project would be built stated, "Years ago when I was a young man I liked to trade baseball cards... After I made an agreement to trade the card, guess what? I found out that I could have gotten a lot more than I did. So I went to my father and my mother. They were both business people. I asked them, I said, I can get a lot

better deal... But my father and my mother said one thing to me. This is exactly what they said, 'Son, keep your word.' "

Said Congressman Meyers (R - Indiana) "You have to go along [with the ALP] or you destroy the whole system of government."

Despite this significant victory in the House opponents of the ALP were not completely successful. The Senate voted to include ALP funding in their version of the appropriations bill. A decision will be made in the conference committee on which version will be accepted. But even if the Project gets funded supporters will have to go back to Congress next year and ask for \$60 to 70 million for a construction start. With the growing knowledge of the deficiencies of the ALP and the greater fiscal responsibility of Congress it is very unlikely that money will be available in the future.

The House vote was the result of an intensive campaign waged by local groups, Taxpayers for the Animas River, Four Corners Action Coalition and Southern Ute Grassroots Organization, allied with major national environmental and taxpayers organizations.

**"For \$7,000 an acre maybe we could grow corn in Antarctica. But that doesn't make sense and neither does this." Congressman Tom Petri (R - Wisconsin) on the Animas La Plata Project.**

Crucial to the success of the campaign was the hiring of a Washington D.C. lobbyist to represent the local groups and coordinate activities in Washington. With voluntary donations collected locally, opponents hired Bob Roach, of the law firm Spiegall and McDermid. He contracted for half his usual fee for less than 1/4 time, but worked tirelessly and effectively. Project opponents were forced into hiring a lobbyist by the hundreds of thousands of dollars of taxpayers money the supporters of the ALP have spent in their efforts to secure funding. They have even hired an ex-Congressman, Ray Kogosek.

Working with Bob Roach opponents managed to get facts about the ALP on the table and when Congressmen saw the true cost of the Project and its clear lack of benefits they voted against it.

A more intensive campaign will be needed next year. The expertise, knowledge and coordination provided by Mr. Roach will be crucial. More time needs to be devoted to the Senate educating them on the ALP. And, of course, they need to protect the gains in the House.

Says TAR President Dr. Tom McCulloch, "It is difficult for a grassroots organization that relies on voluntary donations to raise the kind of money we need. But it is absolutely necessary."

**For more information contact:** Michael Black; P.O. Box 3442; Durango, CO, 81302; (970) 385-4118

Michael Black is a river guide and member of TAR, a Durango group formed in 1979 to oppose the ALP. TAR is one of the oldest grassroots organizations in Colorado state working on river issues.

**Donations can be sent to:** Taxpayers of the Animas River, 1611 Forest Ave.: Durango, CO, 81301.

# Letters to the Prez

Dear Susette:

In the Spring issue of *The Confluence*, you asked members to write Dave Wood at Canyonlands National Park concerning the new River Management Plan. I have [written to Dave and] would like to elaborate on a couple of points.

Since 1988, when I began guiding through Stillwater and Cataract canyons, I have watched the canoe traffic through Stillwater increase dramatically. As I state in my letter to Dave, vast numbers of ignorant canoeists are destroying Stillwater Canyon. While canoeists often receive a pre-launch talk from their shuttle drivers at Mineral Bottom, the canoeists impacts clearly attest to the fact that these brief talks do not suffice. The number of canoeists must be limited, and the NPS desperately needs to educate them on proper river etiquette.

As for motors on the Green, I have been disgusted by the hypocrisy of the anti-motor gang. The strongest advocates of a motorless Green own and/or drive jet boats on the Colorado. How can the people howling up and down the river in such offensive, obnoxious boats return to Moab each evening and demand that "people must have a place in the world without motors"?! Such self-serving hypocrisy makes me nauseous.

Many of these people call a motorless Green a "compromise"; a "compromise" which will significantly increase their business. I believe that most of the CPRG [membership] would agree that jet boats adversely affect the "wilderness experience" in Canyonlands much more than the small outboard motors used by rafts. As I stated in my letter, I suggest that motors on the Green be limited to 40 horsepower or less, a true compromise which allows for only small, relatively quiet motors. But, after further thought, why should any of Canyonlands be plagued by the roaring jet boats? Perhaps motors on the Colorado should also be limited to 40 horsepower or less. Such a policy, would make both the Green and the Colorado more peaceful.

I know that many of the folks intimately involved with CPRG and *The Confluence*, might disagree with my opinions. But, I also know many members of CPRG who fear that the opinions expressed in *The Confluence* might be perceived as their own—a sort of guilt by association. If you wish CPRG to present a united front to the Powers-That-Be, perhaps you should take more time to gauge your members' opinions before representing them.

Thanks for your attention, Susette, and have a great Winter.

Pete Walka



**Comment from John Weisheit:** The CPRG Board has never made an official stand to endorse a motorless Stillwater Canyon. If members of CPRG feel that we have made such a stand, I apologize for not making this more clear in the pages of *The Confluence*. I am however trying to initiate an open forum on this and other issues for the membership to consider in view of the River Management Plan (RMP) before Canyonlands National Park. **Thank you very much Pete for helping to get this process started!**

As an employed jet boat driver, who picks-up canoeists in the vicinity of The Confluence, I am aware of a few abuses by canoers. From time-to-time I do shuttle back unused portable toilets and feel that food scraps and charcoal are ending up in the river rather than in proper landfills; but these abuse's also occur on a few professionally guided river trips as well. This particular problem may be our own; for not giving better orientation talks at put-ins; for not setting a better example.

As to my personal opinion on a motorless Stillwater, I have had some difficulty with this issue myself for many years. Dave Wood, the RMP administrator, has two letters from me: the first says—make it motorized; the other, sent a year later, says—make it motorless. Dave approached me about this recently and asked me to clarify my position. For the record, I am for a motorized Stillwater Canyon because these canoers depend on boats of 920 cubic inches that digest over 100 gallons of fuel to bring them home. It does not seem consistent to give such visitors a righteous voice in the motorless arena.

However, if there was a righteous voice in the wilderness it is probably Holiday River Expeditions, because they do not use motors on any of their trips, except for the run off Lake Powell; this outfitter deserves to be heard and listened too with great respect. However, I do wonder at times if the no motor issue is really that important to the Holiday crews who launch river trips often on the noisy Colorado River side of Canyonlands. Maybe the real problem is: its crowded on the Green River side and the noisy Colorado still makes for the better wilderness experience. If this be true, then the no motor issue is really not the big problem in Canyonlands; it's the overcrowding on the Green. Maybe no motors on the Green would only serve to increase the congestion of both the Green and Colorado rivers. Maybe the best solution is just to leave it the way it is!

As the editor of this journal I am committed to consolidate the membership opinion; to make it work for those of us who really care and who will be here for the next ten years when the next river management plan comes around. I have an opinion and you have an opinion, but if we don't get our opinions on the table and discuss them reasonably, we are going to end up with a RMP that none of us will really be happy with. I don't want to suffer through such an ordeal with a community of boaters that I admire, respect and enjoy working alongside.

Anyway, I do believe that there should be a place for motorless boating and feel that place is Desolation and Gray canyons. I feel this way because three to five day motorized assisted trips in these canyons is an insult to the experience for both the customer and the guide. I will clarify that I desire marketing concepts to change in the commercial sector. Longer trips may not sell, but I think we need a place where we can enjoy a high quality river trip without encountering "marketing strategies" along the way. Such a discussion will soon take place in the river management plan for the BLM jurisdiction in Eastern Utah. By then, as a boating community, we will be well practiced to state educated opinions, and be ready to make effective decisions.

**I would enjoy hearing the opinions of all CPRG members and company owners. I encourage you to write with the idea of being published in *The Confluence* and for your opinions to be shared with:**

**Mr. Dave Wood; River Management Plan; 2282 SW Resource Blvd., Moab, UT 84532.**

# The View of a Jet Boat Shuttle Driver

## A Consideration of Differences

By Dirk Vaughan

**Editor's Note:** *Dirk is a partner in Tex's Riverways, a jet boat concessionaire in Canyonlands National Park. He is also a jet boat operator. I allowed Dirk the opportunity to respond to Pete Walka's letter. Dirk will also address the benefits of jet boat services and the difficulties encountered while operating a jet boat.*

In the business of running rivers, and interacting with those persons who usually share a great love of water and wilderness, one would think that open-minded consideration might be more evident when facing issues of debate. Unfortunately this '96 season has been a time for several incidents of open hostility and misunderstanding over issues which directly involve the primary activities of a business which I partly own and operate. The issues in question are the operation of jet boats on the Colorado River from Moab to Spanish Bottom, the "vast" numbers of private canoers that allegedly trash the Green River, and to a lesser degree, the desire by many people to see the Green through Stillwater Canyon become a non-motorized section of water. Through discussion with several fellow river professionals, and the fact that I am intimately involved in all these issues, it seems I am elected to address them.

I have been driving jet boats on the Colorado, primarily to pickup canoers at The Confluence, for six years. That should establish my jet boat credentials, but I have also been canoeing and backpacking along the Green and Colorado River corridors for about twelve years.

I have traveled the two rivers and surrounding canyons, both inside and out of National Park boundaries for many, many hundreds of miles, by totally non-motorized means during the off-season months when virtually no other person can be found on the river or in the backcountry. I have finished far more river trips by hiking out than by using the same service I provide as a business, and would show my personal politics by the following thought: if by some chance Canyonlands National Park would be declared completely non-motorized both by land and by river, I would support such a policy with tears of joy and watch my business become bankrupt and my job extinct. Since the possibility of such a policy being enacted is roughly the same as that of cliff swallows nesting inside my nose, let's return to reality and examine the issues at hand.

**...if by some chance Canyonlands National Park would be declared completely non-motorized both by land and by river, I would support such a policy with tears of joy and watch my business become bankrupt and my job extinct. Since the possibility of such a policy being enacted is roughly the same as that of cliff swallows nesting inside my nose, let's return to reality and examine the issues at hand.**

I believe that certain aspects of the relation between the use of jet boats to transport canoers and the reality of an inaccessible Confluence area must be accepted as facts in our modern world. I do not propose that jet boats are a compliment to the river environment. What I propose is that the reasons for their use are valid and the alternatives to their use are far more intrusive.

**Fact #1:** There is a large segment of people who are not interested in, or able to do, the white water of Cataract Canyon, and insist on a reliable, economical means of transport to get them back to Moab at the conclusion of their flat water trip. Given the definite pro-use

record of the National Park Service, such a transport service is viewed as an obligation to be provided. It is no more practical to insist that flat water boaters find a non-motorized means to get themselves home than it would be to require commercial raft clients to thumb a ride from Hite Marina.

**Fact #2:** A way must be provided to transport large numbers of people plus boats and equipment from The Confluence area. So would anyone like to have a nice road built to provide access to The Confluence? Surely anyone can recognize the extreme impact and foolishness of this solution. How about air service? Yeah right, the cost to the individual would be enormous, and the volume of gear and people would require literally dozens of flights a day. Talk about intrusive.

**Fact #3:** Until we develop the Star Trek transporter beam the only reliable, practical, and economical way to accomplish the transportation needs at The Confluence are by jet boats, which can carry heavy loads upstream in extremely variable water conditions and operated by trained professional drivers.

But jet boats are so loud and obnoxious you say? Of course they are, so are freight trains, buses, diesel trucks, motorcycles, jet planes, space shuttles, and game show hosts. For anyone that adores wilderness and solitude just about everything associated with the mechanized world is inherently obnoxious, so get over it. We'll change the world after the bomb drops or some specially tailored virus kills off all the Republicans.

Once you accept commercial jet boats as the lesser of other evils there are actually some side benefits to the service. I know of several incidents where sick and injured clients and guides from commercial raft trips have been taken off the river suffering everything from severe flu and bladder infections to broken limbs and fractured necks.

Jet boats have delivered to just about every commercial white water company a smorgasbord of items including replacement motors, air pumps, forgotten boxes of food and equipment, overdue clients, overdue client baggage, and overdue guides to name a few. Except for the routine transport of clients the vast majority of the aforementioned services are performed without charge as a gesture of goodwill and you know, I don't recall a single guide giving me crap about my loud motor as I was doing something that made his or her life easier. Jet boats are continually removing large unsightly trash items from the river including oil drums, plastic buckets, and at least two refrigerators that I know of.

Canyonlands National Park already restricts permits for jet boat traffic to only two companies and it is extremely unlikely, according to Park officials, that that situation will change. When compared to many other rivers that truly experience constant conflict between white water boats and jet boats the amount of jet boat traffic on the Colorado is negligible. On a busy jet boat day one might see two or three boats from the Park boundary to Spanish Bottom, on most days you might see one, on many days you will see none. In July of this year on one single day I counted 64 commercial and private rafts from Spanish Bottom to Potash. Exactly who is getting in the way of whom in that situation? In 1992 the company most frequently seen at the Confluence ran to that area exactly 133 times from March to October. In 1995 the total was 135 times for the same period. Jet boat usage inside the Park has not increased to any significant degree and it should be noted that both companies voluntarily restrict all jet boat traffic to the Colorado River corridor in order to preserve the less hectic environment more commonly found on the Green.

It seems there is a great potential for misunderstanding when it comes to jet boats passing rubber boats without reducing speed. In addressing this situation I will not refer to any State boating laws. State boating laws for navigation are designed as a guideline for the stable water conditions of lakes and marinas. There are no traffic cops on the Colorado and it should be obvious to anyone that the unpredictable and always variable conditions on the river render standardized boating laws to being as impractical as a condom dispenser in a fertility clinic.

First of all, a jet boat should make every effort to go to a wakeless speed for any raft that has swimmers in the water or is parked against a shoreline that is rough or rocky. I have talked with a lot of raft guides and without exception they have assured me that a jet boat wake creates no problem for a raft that is floating free or parked on a sandy shore. During periods of high water there are few reasons why jet boats cannot give rubber boats a wide berth. That situation changes completely as water levels come back to normal. Perhaps some understanding can be found by attempting to explain what it is like to drive a jet boat at 30 mph in shallow water conditions.

A raft guides' technical skills come to the fore when it is time to run the white water, all concentration must be intense and focused and mistakes result in serious problems. Shallow water conditions are the jet boat drivers version of white water concentration. Due to the speeds involved any momentary lapse of attention can result in serious consequences. If a raft hits a sandbar there is little chance of injury, the problem is quickly remedied usually resulting in some embarrassment and minor inconvenience. If a jet boat hits a sandbar the chance for injury to a client is high and getting the boat off the sand often takes hours of backbreaking labor that involves special equipment. A jet boat must seek out the deepest part of the channel and when forced to cross stretches of shallow water cannot reduce speed without running the risk of getting stuck. It is much more difficult to do this if rafts crowd the deep water channel when they could just as easily and with far less serious consequences move towards shallow water for the brief period it takes for the jet boat to pass. As always common sense and courtesy should rule the day when rafts and jet boats approach each other.

When considering the "dramatic increase" of canoers on the Green River one must first realize that only the lower 52 miles from Mineral Bottom to the Confluence (Stillwater Canyon) is controlled by the National Park. The stretch from the Town of Green River down to Mineral Bottom (Labyrinth Canyon) is controlled by the BLM and is also subject to much more loosely regulated private use and the ability to use existing roads for private shuttles. Secondly, all statistical use figures for flat water trips in Stillwater Canyon prior to 1991 are grossly low and inaccurate due to poor record keeping procedures by parties no longer concerned with commercial operation in Canyonlands.

From 1991 to 1995 the numbers of flat water users saw a '91 low of 1,483 and a '93 peak of 2,172, with the average for that five year period being 1,713. A small percentage of these numbers represent users on the Colorado. All-in-all a fairly stable trend that could hardly be called "dramatic" and although flat water user days have increased at a larger percentage than white water users, white water boaters still outnumber flat water on an average of 4 to 1.

There is no doubt that in the past several years the number of private users has increased significantly on both river corridors among the rafting community and canoers. It is fairly common to see private rafts launching at Mineral bottom and Potash. I know of no crystal ball that allows anyone to determine that "ignorant canoers" are solely responsible for any destruction or abuse of natural resources

and it is unfair and reckless to condemn any one group based on mere suspicion, conjecture or personal prejudice.

To portray Stillwater Canyon as in the process of being "destroyed" does not match either NPS surveys of the resource or my own personal yearly observation based upon 12 years of use. There has of course been isolated incidents of abuse and vandalism because of the often disrespectful nature of many humans regardless of what boat they might use and perhaps it can be said that the incidents have grown more frequent, but to describe the condition of Stillwater in alarming terms is not entirely accurate. I do however, wholeheartedly agree with the belief that now is the time for number restrictions to be placed on all users of Stillwater and there is little doubt that the River Management Plan currently being developed by the Park will address this issue.

When considering the issue of a non-motorized Stillwater Canyon it is essential to look at the current logistics of commercial operation and how various user groups might be affected. Whether for good or bad it must be admitted that the Colorado is much more of an avenue of transportation than the Green. On the Colorado there are many more motors in use, launch points are more accessible via paved roads, greater numbers of people use it and there is more water, making navigation easier for motors. The Green and Colorado are different roads that lead to the same destination, that being Cataract Canyon. This is a very fortunate natural opportunity to create something rare and cause only minor inconvenience to a few.

One has only to consider the thousands upon thousands of waterways controlled and flooded by dams to see what a rare jewel Stillwater is. Powerboats and jet skis have an unlimited number of places to choose from. All commercial operators currently motoring through Cataract can still continue to do so by using the Colorado. What about the thousands of people who merely ask for a reasonable distance of river where they can paddle and row free from the sound of motors? Where is the place in canyon country that does not require extraordinary effort and ideal water conditions that they can go? This is the group that is being ignored because they are not backed by millions of dollars in commercial interest and political power.

A motorless Stillwater could even become a marketing tool for those who always consider the business aspect of these debates. Companies can capitalize on such an environment by creating more leisurely trips with an emphasis on the naturalist aspects of river running. The clients primarily interested in quick white water thrills can be better served on the Colorado anyway. The companies who currently motor the Green need only change some operational logistics and advertising strategies. A motorless Green doesn't prevent anyone from continuing to operate a perfectly viable Cataract Canyon business.

I do not want a non-motorized Stillwater to increase my share of the flat water market. I have quite enough business right now and hope the Park places restrictions on Stillwater that keeps it as is. My motivation is very personal. Stillwater Canyon is the place that changed my life and how I view its priorities. It is the place that showed me the joy of exploring a virgin wilderness and let me imagine the sound of ancient songs. It helped me to heal the wounds suffered in the struggle with a violent society. It is the church of my soul and I owe it more than I can ever repay. If I can convince more guides and business owners and government officials that it is indeed a place that deserves special consideration then I will have repaid a small portion of that debt. If anyone chooses to consider such sentiment, coming from the mind of a jet boat driver, as "nauseating



# Do Drugs Poison Our Veins Or Does The Paranoia Of Drugs Poison Our Veins?

by Steve T-Berry Young

I sit her amidst paper galore, finishing up my personal business stuff from the Spring. The old checks and receipts some how have surfed-up through the Summer piles of paper. Unfortunately several pieces of paper just won't go away; they keep turning up even if I throw them away. What could be so interesting to tug at my heart and soul, and cause me to toss-and-turn at night murmuring words that won't go away?

For years rumors have been flying around about drug testing, and now it's going to happen, yet luckily enough it hasn't— till now. As I write, our neighbors on the other side of the concrete valve are getting used to a drug free work place with, you guessed it, "the testing". That "drug free" environment is spreading our way and quickly. Both Canyonlands National Park and Dinosaur National Monument are presenting a Prospectus this year. For folks who don't know what a Prospectus is, in a nut shell, is the rules and bureaucratic hoops an outfitter has to follow to be a concessionaire within the Federal agency's jurisdiction. This new Prospectus, that is being issued, is of the same generation that started the Grand Canyon drug testing. Nobody has seen the Prospectus yet, but the Canyonlands issue will most likely have language about drugs.

A system that tested guides after a significant accident is something expected—it makes sense. Now we are faced with a system that a guide has to prove their innocence before they go to work. What happened to this country? I thought we were innocent until proven guilty? Doesn't the Bill of Rights protect us from laws and paranoias like this; or did all my teachers and professors get together to create a conspiracy just for me? What is the magic number of hoops we citizens have to jump through to realize that our lives and well beings are similar to our fore-fathers before the separation from England? Doesn't it seem that we are slowly giving up the rights our fore-fathers fought to get us so long ago?

Looking at this thing from a narrowed and dark perspective I see that everyone in the transportation business is doing this and has been doing this for some time. We are one of the last ones on the line; everyone before us bent over with a fight and took it. The river profession is expected to do as well. If we are considered to be in the transportation industry, why not treat us more like an industry before regulating us as one? Like maybe affordable health insurance and work benefits accessible for seasonal employees. The people who think drug testing is needed should focus their efforts on problems we have, not perceived problems. Create affordable health care and benefits for us and find funding for it. Don't tell our employers to do it when they can hardly afford to operate in the present system. Drug testing is a waste of our time and resources to combat

problems we don't have. It's bad business to have guides with drug and alcohol problems. So companies have always dealt with their problems in-house. They "nip" the problem "in the bud" before it costs the company money.

The industries we are being associated with operate vessels and machines which travel at speeds, or in planes, where neglect is very costly. Yet the people who operate those machines and vessels are never surrounded by their passengers; they seem to be disconnected and isolated from the people. So as passengers, how are they going to get the feeling of being comfortable knowing what their pilot or captain is capable of?

They can't spend time with them to decide if they are capable of doing their jobs on or off drugs and alcohol. And even if they could, can they have them stop so they can get on another plane, train or bus, because they don't feel safe? Not!

**If we are considered to be in the transportation industry, why not treat us more like an industry before regulating us as one? Like maybe affordable health insurance and work benefits accessible for seasonal employees. The people who think drug testing is needed should focus their efforts on problems we have, not perceived problems.**

So while in a raft on a river that flows at 10 mph or less with a guide who is paid to do a job of interpretation and navigation isn't it easy to make the decision? It's pretty obvious if a guide is unable to navigate a boat regardless of drugs or not. The direct communication passengers get from their guides will also dictate the capacity of the guide. Finally after making an educated decision, if clients don't feel comfortable riding in a boat with a questionable guide, they can ride on another boat for the duration of the trip. After the trip the clients feedback to the company is read and processed. This feedback is what keeps companies operating and doing an excellent job. Feedback is the employers gauge of what clients like or didn't like, and if the clients felt uncomfortable with a certain guide, the company knows, and in turn deals with the problem. If guides do an excellent job, clients refer friends to the company they went with. Referrals are a large and cheap way of advertising.

Isn't it amazing how the other transportation industries have had and are still having accidents, sometimes caused by drugs and alcohol? While in our little non-industry, we don't have and haven't had a problem to date?

Why does our system that works, need to be changed? I ask the people who are handing us the drug language to answer my problems?

# A Letter From Bert Loper to Elwyn Blake

Edited by John Weisheit

Courtesy of the Harry Aleson Collection, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the Marston Collection at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

Salt Lake City, Utah,  
August 27, 1940

Mr. Elwyn Blake  
Durango, Colorado

Dear Elwyn:

I will try to start the answer to your last letter.

I was born in Bowling Green, Pike County, Missouri, July, 31, 1869, in a house on the outskirts of the town and, as I remember, the house was painted red and had four rooms. I remember that we had a cistern at the back of the house (every one had to depend on rain water caught from the roof of the houses and stored in cisterns). I had an uncle named Winnie; he had a span of mules and the barn was at the back of the lot. There was a cistern at the barn and my brother and I nearly filled the well. We had a board fence around the house woodpile on the north side of the house. There was an old Negro church down below the place, and if I remember right, my brother and I broke out some of the glass; my brother is 8 months older than I.

I do not remember my father, for he and my mother parted when I was two years old, and he went to Texas. I was always taught that he was dead and that is the story that I have always told. He died about 1895 in Whitesboro Texas and is buried there. I still tell that both my parents died when I was three years old; that being the time my mother died and it was from there on that I was an orphan in every respect.

I do not remember my father, for he and my mother parted when I was two years old, and he went to Texas. I was always taught that he was dead and that is the story that I have always told. He died about 1895 in Whitesboro Texas and is buried there. I still tell that both my parents died when I was three years old; that being the time my mother died and it was from there on that I was an orphan in every respect.

I said that the place was surrounded by a board fence and there was a board nailed on top of one of the posts in a flat position. I remember there was a boy that walked on top of the fence and I thought that if I ever got big enough to do that, that would be as far as I could go. I remember that I had an old chair that I drug around and called it my wagon. One time my brother and I were playing with the old chair when a little Negro boy came and pushed my brother out of his way and proceeded to take his place. Then I, who was in front pulling, left my place and put the child out, and went and got my brother by the hand and led him back to his place.

My uncle Winnie was a small man with a very small foot, and I remember that I pulled his boot on over my shoe, and the folks made me believe that I would never get the boot off. I also remember the old ash hopper out in the back yard, and how my grandmother kept me herded away from it when she was making lye. My oldest uncle was a wagon maker, and in due time he moved to Curryville, 8 miles west of Bowling Green, and opened a wagon shop at that place; I must have been about four years old when he moved to that place. I lived there until my grandmother died of tuberculosis, but prior to her death, this uncle that was a wagon maker, sold out and moved to Durango, Colorado. For a number of years he was a bridge carpenter for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. In the meantime he went out to Montezuma Valley, and located a ranch. In order for him to hold his job on the railroad he sent for me to come out and improve the ranch. That is how I happened to come West, but there is lots to come before this and so I will back up to Missouri again.

When our home was broken-up my brother was taken to be raised by my mothers sister and my grandmother took me; that separated my brother and I. We were never like other brothers, but we did manage to visit about twice each a year. My brother was raised in the country on a farm, and I was kept in town, and it so happened that I was always puny, spindly and sickly. As a rule I never got schooling except in Winter and just how I managed to dodge tuberculosis is more than I can understand, for most of my mothers folks passed on with that dreaded disease. The last Winter of my grandmothers life I slept in the same bed with her in a little room with a hot fire in it with every window shut tight. She passed on the 17th of March, and being poor people, that caused the breaking-up of our home. It was a shift for me, but before I go on, I will try to describe my life and surroundings in Curryville.

As I said before I was a very puny kid, and so it is natural that I got cuffed-around plenty. In the Winter time I was always sick, but in the Summer I got along better, and my mania was swimming. My grandmother, being of the old school where it was "spare the rod to spoil the child", gave me whippings for that one thing alone many-a-time. I would start out with the knowledge that I was going to get whipped, but I always figured that it was worth it. I would go swimming, and sometimes it would be two beatings a day for me. I remember one time that I thought I would miss one of them, so I went in the morning and stayed all day, and when I went home I was so weak from hunger that it was some task to get back home, and by staying in all day my back was in a horrible condition, and I remember I had 14 boils break out on my back. It was then that grandma got even with me by squeezing those boils plenty hard.



About three miles north of Curryville there was a creek; especially on Sundays it seems as though I always wanted to do the very things that I should not have done, and many times on a Sunday when I was all cleaned-up and ready for church, I would get in with a bunch of boys, and to the creek we would go. As a rule we would make a day of it, and when Spring came it was the joy of my life to get out doing such things. It is still beyond me to understand, but I remember that it would be in the early Spring and that the May apples would be ripe, and we would eat May apples all day. It was wonderful to me to get out; the creek was such a wonderful place with its clear pools and nice swimming holes, with the little fishes and the old craw fish. It was something that I could not see every day and there was no harm, but I got my beatings just the same. I did most of my swimming on farms that had from one-to-several ponds holding water, but when I could get away to the creek it would be one grand time for me.

I think that about all the toys I ever had was a sled and a two-wheel cart, both made by my wagon-maker uncle, but they were about the best sled and cart in town. We had an old milk cow that we named Lucy, and it was on Lucy that I learned to milk, which later stood me in good stead. When I was about nine years old I would get a job riding the rake horse during my hay time and would get 50¢ per day. I must have been about 11 years old when I got a job bearing brick, and that was about the toughest job a kid could have for it seemed that my back would break; that was about all the work I would do during the Summer. There were no street cars at that time in that place and perhaps not now.

I will try to describe the outfit that raised by brother. My mother's sister was married to a man by the name of Allen-Johnson, and a bigger brute never lived. He did not whip, he just beat, and would use his fist or any thing that he happened to have. As a rule grandma and I would make a visit to the farm and my uncle would put me to work uncovering corn; to uncover corn means that I would follow after him when he was cultivating, and all of the corn that got covered up I would have to stop and uncover it. Because I could not keep up with him I would get beaten, and as I said before, I was a very puny kid. My brother was just the opposite being so strong with his chest like a wrestler. During the Winter sometimes my brother would come to our place for a short visit, and that would be all that we two could be together each year. Of course my brother and I would have fights for he was so strong, and even in our play he would be so rough, and he would hurt me, and then I would try to lick him, which I could never do.

My schooling was received in an old red brick school house, and the schools of that day were different from the schools of today, for a kid could be in the 5th reader and still be doing addition and things like that. As I said before, I would lose about half of my schooling each Winter, but the most I did get was after I was put-out in the world for I went two Winters (about 5 months each), and that was the extent of my schooling.

I was in the 5th reader when I was 10-years old, and it always seemed to be easy for me to do a good job of reading, but mathematics and grammar kept me back, and I find, as I go through life, that that is what I need the most. I find that I have covered most of the time before my grandmother died so I will try to go on to the time after her death.

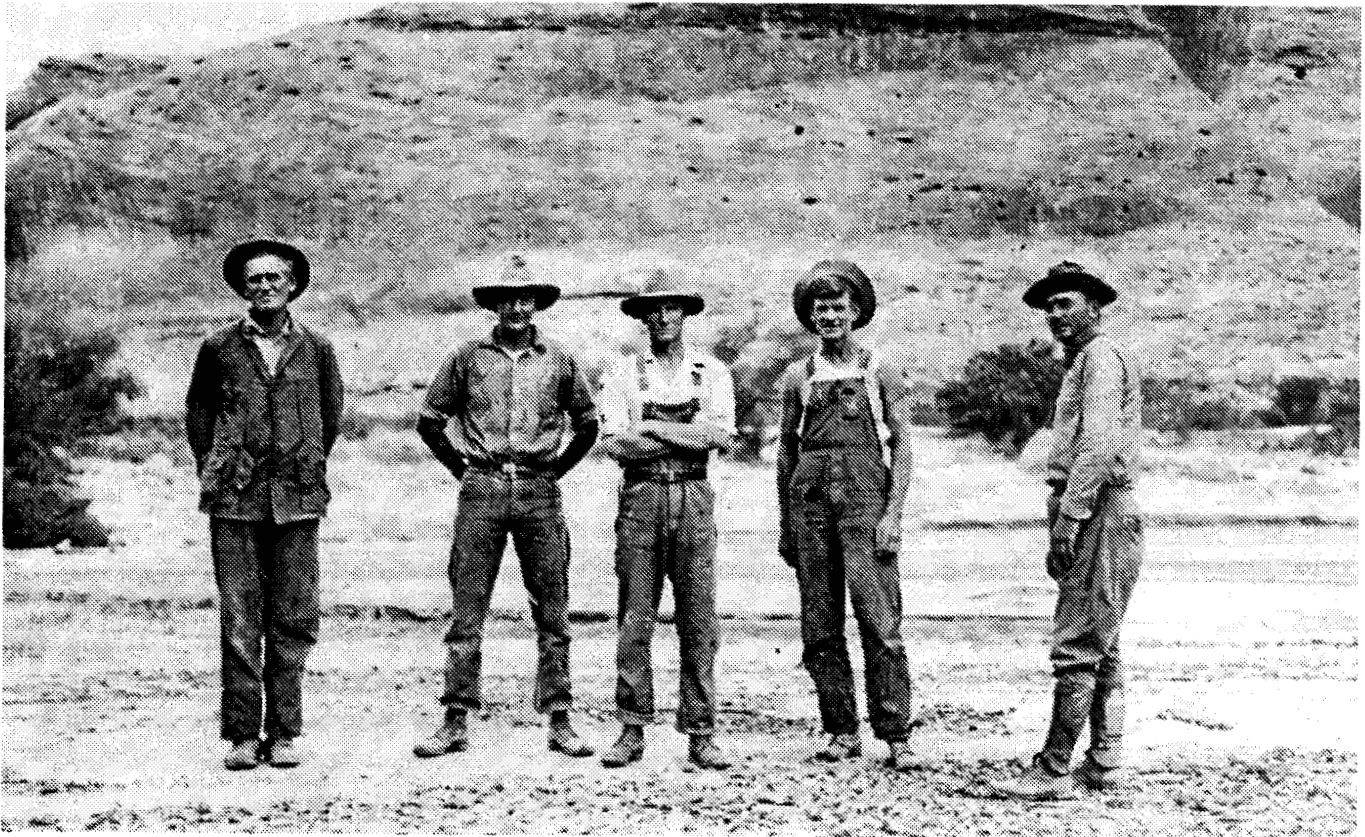
...I was housed up in the air-tight room with my grandmother the last Winter of her life; with her one lung gone and the other on its way when she died on the 17th of March 1881(?). So that put me with that brute, uncle Johnson, ...

As I said before, I was housed up in the air-tight room with my grandmother the last Winter of her life; with her one lung gone and the other on its way when she died on the 17th of March 1881(?). So that put me with that brute, uncle Johnson, that was hired-out on a farm for the Summer. In the Fall I went with Johnson, and that put my brother and I together; so it did not take long for us to plan it all out. In the Fall, or corn-cutting time, we departed and were gone for one and a half years; then returned, but not to the one that had mistreated my brother and I so. Of course we had to come along, and we piled into a car loaded with railroad rails, and we rode to what was known as Clarke Junction; that is where the Wabash crossed the Chicago and Alton. We begged something to eat there—that is my brother did the begging for that was out of my line. We finally reached Higbee, the place where the Chicago, Alton and the M.K.&T. cross. We took the M.K.&T. for that road went to Texas, and that was where the cowboys were located, and that was our destination. In due time we reached the Missouri River and we started to walk over to the railroad bridge, and after walking half-way we were told to go back for no one could cross the bridge. We went back and tried to cross on the ferry, but we had no money so we were balked. After awhile a mover wagon came along and took us over, and by that time it was nearly evening, and with nothing to eat all day we were getting rather hungry, so we spied a big house with big barns on the hill, and asked for something to eat, and they took us in and kept us all night. It so happened that the place was a diary and, as I said before, I had learned to milk on old Lucy so the folks decided that I could stay, and they sent my Brother up-river 50 miles to the man's brother's place at Miami, Saline County, Missouri. I was not long in becoming the best milker of the diary, and the agreement was that I was to go to school during the Winter, but that part of the agreement was not carried out so I only got my board for my work for the Winter and all the next Summer too, and in the Fall the man, whose name was Flourney Snelling, sold out his diary and moved to Clinton, Missouri. I went with him and I got about four months schooling, and then returned to Boonville, to the diary, and went to work for the new owner by the name of Sebe Hazel, and I believe I got \$8 per month, and it was not long until my brother quit his job up the river, came down, and went to work for the diary.

In due time my brother and I got in a fight and both of us got fired. It was then that we started on our way home again, and after some hungry days we reached home, but on our way we got in a box car loaded with wheat and I was greatly concerned that my brother would be heard by the brakeman, and that we would be fired out, but the train went past Curryville and we had an eight mile walk back to Curryville,

and it so happened that we reached our destination just at noon, and the table was all set and did we fill up. My brother was something of a man by now, and he got a job with the fencing gang on the railroad, and I got a home with a widow by the name of Bettie Rose, and if a growing boy ever fell into a snag, it was me, for I went from a puny kid into a man in very short notice. I went from about 80 pounds to 145 in two years, and I really believe that Mrs. Rose got the enjoyment of her life watching me eat, and about all I wanted to do was to eat and sleep, for it was then that I began to come in to my own, and I got the schooling of my life during that time, and I will try to describe the school.

thing, and we sure lived up to the reputation, and we would never have time to go to the spring for water during recess, but would be ripe. I don't suppose I would eat wild grapes now, but they were sure some delicacy at that time. I had to walk one and a half miles to school, but that was easy for me, but I remember one time that another boy and I had a sling shot (one like David killed Goliath with), and we got to throwing at an old snag and we would not quit until we had hit that snag, and we managed to reach the school at recess time. But I mentioned that it was such a treat for me to get out in the woods, and along the creek, and here I was living right where it was such a paradise to me, and I think that there was never a boy that enjoyed the trees, birds and flowers more than I did, but in all



**The 1921 U.S.G.S. San Juan River Survey. Left to right: Heber Christensen, Hugh Hyde, Elwyn Blake, Bert Loper, and Kelly Trimble. Courtesy of the Christensen Collection, Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum, Moab, Utah.**

It was a country school, and was equipped with common old benches, no desks, and the stove was a big box stove, and would take a stitch of cord wood, and the stove also had a big drum above it, and it made a nice place to write with our slate pencils, and we wrote most everything; it was purely a back woods school, and the wood was oak and hickory, and when our class was over us bigger boys would have to go out and chop wood, but of course we would rather do that than be in school studying, and the school was situated in heavy hardwood timber, and in the Fall there would be lots of nuts, and both red and black haws, and it is a fact that a boy will and can eat any

that time that I lived with the Widow Rose I was getting letters from my uncle in Durango, and in due time he sent for me to come out to Colorado, and stay on the ranch that he had located in the Montezuma Valley. So on the 8th day of June, 1885, I reached Durango, and on the 17th of June, I reached the Montezuma Valley and the ranch.

The parting of my mother and father, my father had been married before and had three daughters older than my mother, so you can see that they were not mated, and there was lots of trouble caused by the three daughters. So it ended as it had to end. There is another wrong that I have never forgotten and that was the fact that my grandmother took out an insurance policy

**THOUGHTS THAT COME TO ME  
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT**  
(of men that have traveled with me on my many trips)

An Unpublished Manuscript  
by Bert Loper

Transcribed by Rosalyn Jirge  
Edited by John Weisheit

Courtesy of the Marston Collection  
Huntington Library, San Marino, California

for \$1500, and at that time there were three living children of hers, two uncles, and one aunt, but it has always seemed that my brother and I should have been remembered. We were thrown-out in the world without a cent and no place to live, and the three children of hers were all grown and doing for themselves.

My brother and I had to hobo from place-to-place, so I still think that we were mistreated along that line.

Now comes the uncle in Durango; when my grandmother died she left me in the care of that uncle, and all he did for me was to put me with that brute of an uncle, and there was no one that knew him better than the uncle in Durango. But I was off his hands so perhaps his mind was made easy on that score until he got his ranch. He became solicitous once again for my welfare; he sent for me and told me to fence that quarter-section and grub the sage brush. In the course of time I did that very thing, and in less than a week after the job was finished he told me it was time for me to shift for myself. He gave me two old blankets, an old comfort, and told me to beat it.

I landed in a ditch camp, and it was just about the toughest place in the world. I was surrounded by about the most undesirable bunch of men that a kid ever bumped up against. Instead of trying to get me some schooling I got the boot, so you see, after a half-century I still think I was not given an even chance.

There is one thing that I wish to impress on your mind and that is: with all these hardships that I have went through, this is just about the very best world I ever lived in. You know that we live our lives in cycles and there was a time that I felt sorry for myself. I would lament the fate that made me drive an old freight team in the San Juan Mountains with about 12 to 15 feet of snow under us, and we would get a mule down and then would have to work to get him back on the road. By that time our clothes would be wet, and sometimes we would be until 10 o'clock in getting our clothes frozen stiff. Then I traded and went in the mines, and I still think that I have breathed enough gas, powder smoke and bad air to have killed a horse. But the greatest hardship was when I dragged that boat from Lee's Ferry to Hite (162 Miles), and wet to the waist for 24 days in ice water. The mental strain was what made it so bad, and I was all Summer in getting over that hardship. I would not trade my past life for no millionaire's son's life, and I am still glad to be alive and in this particular world. I have done this just in bunches, and not very big bunches, for we had to try to keep Bill King off the Democratic ticket, which we did, and I have been interested in politics along the channels besides King.

So I have been kept busy, but I will ring-off for this time and you can ask me some more. Now I have a copy of this and so all you have to do is to name the page and I can revert back to and answer the question you wish to ask.

With love to all.

Sincerely Bert

Bert Loper  
519 So. 3rd East,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**I**t would be most impossible for another person to realize or understand just what it meant to me to take the trip through the Grand Canyon [with Don Harris in 1939], for the days, weeks, months, and years that I have put in on that river and in those canyons seem to have made me part of the whole grand set-up. There have, without doubt, been better boatmen than I who have traversed that mighty Canyon, but there have never been any that have given the time to the study of it than I have, for as I said, I seem to be part of it, for I have lived in it, on it, with it, and in an instance or two, under it. I have after a day's work laid on the bank and listened to it—I have listened to the grinding of *Mush Ice*—I have listened to it when it hardly made enough sound to hear at all. Then there would come a time when there would be a gentle murmur, which told me that it had begun to awake. Then from that there would come a swish as though it were becoming peeved at something. Then from that there would be boils, swirls, eddies, and whirls, and then I knew that the river had started house cleaning. But it always seemed that it got mad about it all, for it always acted angry during those times. I have listened to it from its very lowest to its very highest, and there would be a time when I would go out some morning and miss that angry sound, and although it would still be high and angry the sound would be gone, and I would know that its house cleaning was done. I have noticed the difference in the river on the rise and on the down. I have noticed the difference in high water and flood water, but I started to tell what it meant to me to make that trip through the Grand.

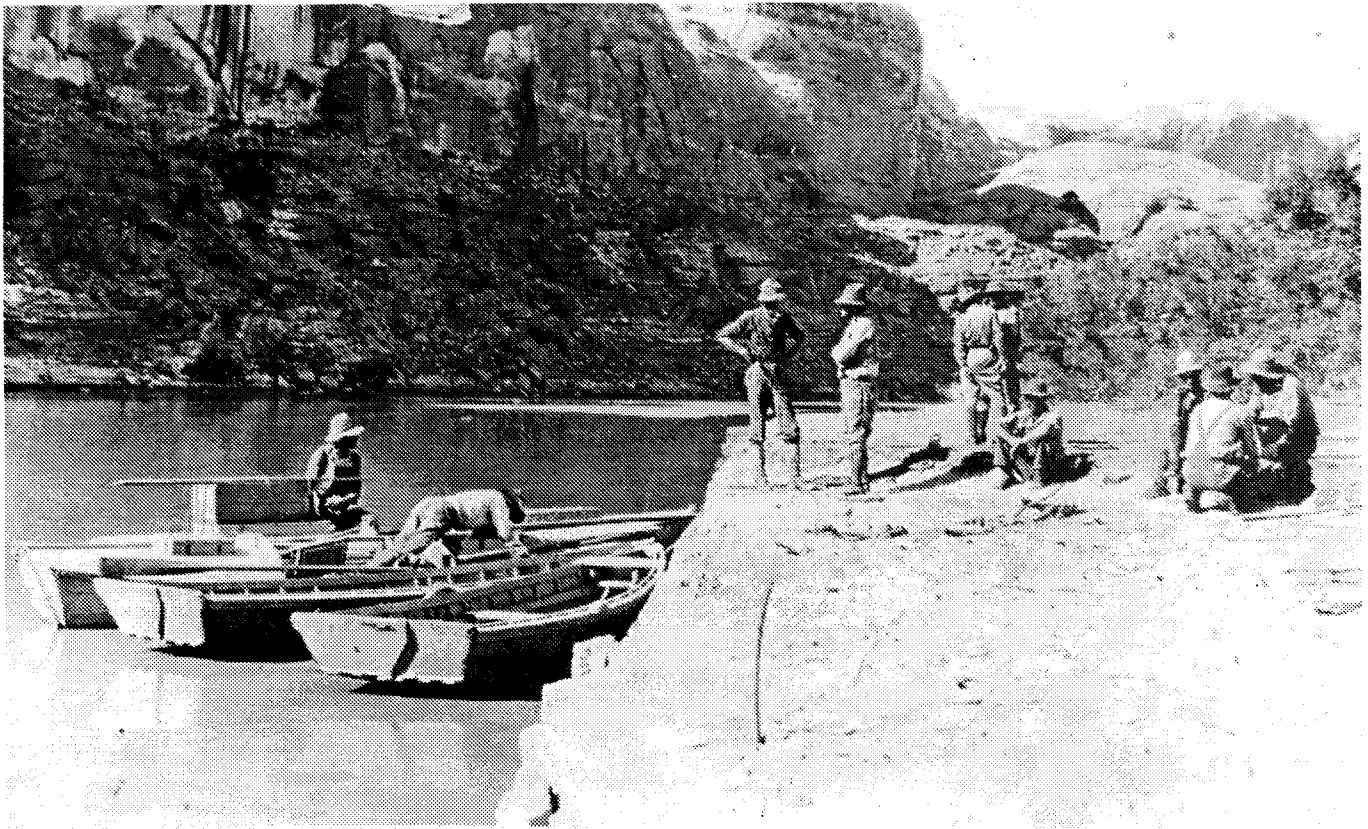
I had been disappointed so many times. So many times I had started out with the expectation of going through, and something would happen to keep me from the trip. So when it did come, well, I can never explain just how I feel or just what it means to me, and although I have made the most wonderful trip through I still want to do it again. Instead of breaking a record on time I would like to take just twice the time of before and try to grasp all the wonders of the mighty chasm—try to see all that there was to see. I do, in a way, feel glad that the other trips never materialized, for if they had, I would never have had the pleasure of this trip. Never was there such another one like it, and in my "ravings" I must say something of how I came to make this trip.

The credit of this trip goes to Don Harris, for he not only gave me his most loyal moral support, but financial support as well, and that one brings me to the other men that I have

traveled with. The trip was composed of four men: Don Harris, Bill Gibson, and Chet Klevin, and myself, and I would believe myself safe in saying that there was never four men thrown together like we were, and got along better than we. Sometimes I seemed unable to place Bill, but after Chet told me something about him, then I had it all arranged. Then there was Chet. What a wonderful job Mother Nature did when he came into this world. There could not be two like him. Never once did he fail. Don Harris, what wonderful parents he must have had, for a mother and father of inferior grade could not have produced such as he—and what a boatman. Right here is where I am tempted to reach out and try to grab a little glory for myself, for I still believe that the success of the trip was established at Badger and Soap Creek rapids. Don asked me a question of those two rapids that was never asked again; whether his confidence was established in me or himself I do not know, but suffice it to say that it was built up good and strong—point that there was never a hitch of any kind on our whole journey.

successful as the Grand Canyon trip. The trip was not just as harmonious as the Grand trip, because there were so many more in the party, and the interests were so wide apart. Three different kinds of engineers [Kelly Trimble, topographic engineer; Robert Allen, recorder; and Hugh Miser, geologist.], two of the boatmen carried rods for the survey [Elwyn Blake from Green River, Utah, and Hugh Hyde from Bluff, Utah] and our cook [Heber Christensen from Moab, Utah] was something of a crank too, but the chief was all man [Trimble]. But they were all good men and, while some of them had their faults, perhaps I too had some. But we all completed the trip good friends.

But in summing up all the men that I have made trips with, there were only two that I was prone to call "heels" [Charles Russell and Eugene LaRue] and since that time I have learned much that has softened my opinion of them. And that goes to show that there are many judgments that are too hasty.



**The 1921 U.S.G.S. San Juan and Cataract canyon surveys meet at the confluence of the Colorado and San Juan rivers in Glen Canyon. Courtesy of the Christensen Collection, Dan O’Laurie Canyon Country Museum, Moab, Utah.**

Those three youngsters and the doings of them remind me of other youngsters that have boated with me, and they were just like this bunch [referring to the crew of the San Juan River survey in 1921]. They were always ready to follow me wherever I went, and in many ways the trip was just as

The most trouble I ever had with anyone was Charles Russell and at one time we too were the very closest pals—all for each other. But we finally changed; I first noticed the change on our first trip through the Cataract Canyon, but it was more so during our 1914 trip when he refused to do anything

whatever in camp [probably because Bert owed Russell money]. And after we two split up and he got others to take my place, and had trouble with them all, and he was finally committed to an insane asylum. Then I knew I had judged him too hastily, and there were times when I used very harsh language to him, and now that he has been called to go on and the years have passed. I only remember Charles Russell as he was in those good old days. In looking back over this little article I find that I should have told about those two men that helped to make that trip so perfect.

They were Elwyn Blake and Leigh Lint [now referring to the Green River survey of 1922]. They both had their first rough water trip with me, in fact, this trip I spoke of was their first. Elwyn Blake had his first job after leaving high school [Green River High School] with me in Henry Mountains [placer gold mining at North Wash]. Then it was I who asked Mr. Trimble, our boss, to take him on the trip down the San Juan, and it was there that we had to use him on his first boating. The year following we took the trip I have just spoken of. But suffice it to say that they were both just grand boys that would make anything successful as long as they had the confidence and they surely seemed to have that very thing.

Starting back at the beginning of my boating and commenting on the men that I have had for companions, along about the first, there were two that surely were pals and (we being young at that time) we did about everything that many youngsters could think of. In fact we soon showed our preference to running rapids to placer mining and we had good-sized rapids near us, and we ran that old rapid forward, backward, sideways, and upside down. They were great pals too: George Edmondson, Jim Hambleton and I, often wonder what has become of them. There was Ed Monett who made the trip through the Cataract with Russell and I, and later went through the Grand with Russell. While I never liked him much I never disliked him. I first met him in Goldfield, Nevada, where I was hoisting engineer on the Little Florence Mine and he was top trammer. So that is how he became interested in the trip.

Another companion, and one of the finest men I have ever boated with, was Elsworth L. Kolb in 1916. He and I boated the Colorado River from the Shoshone Falls, about 10 miles above Glenwood Springs, Colorado, to the Cisco Pumphouse, taking in on our way the famous Westwater Canyon. At the Cisco Pumphouse we took the boat out and shipped it to Cimarron, Colorado, where we put the boat back in Gunnison. We went through some hardships that would have broken the hearts of many, but he and I came out better friends than we went in and my recollections of this trip are some of the most pleasant ones that I have. I could go on and enumerate many of our hardships, but suffice to say that they were many and severe. He now resides in Los Angeles. In 1918 I deviated a little from the boating game, for I had the honor of taking Professor Herbert E. Gregory (one of the foremost geologists of the world) [very true statement] on a pack trip from Green River, Utah, on a trip to the 50-Mile Mountain, which extends from Escalante to the Colorado River. We had some great

experiences, and Mr. Gregory is one of the great people that have been associated with me on my travels.

I cannot remember of any trip of any importance in 1919, but in 1920 I had the honor of being guide and boatman for a government expedition from the mouth of the Virgin River through the Boulder Canyon. When the first preliminary survey was made the trip was under the supervision of Mr. Homer Hamlin who was, at that time, consulting engineer for the United States Reclamation Service. In the party besides Mr. Hamlin was his assistant, Mr. Charles Wheeler of Los Angeles, Mr. Mulholland with his first assistant, Mr. Van Orman. Mr. Mulholland was city engineer for Los Angeles and constructor of the famous Los Angeles Aqueduct [Owens Valley]. Mr. Mulholland has since gone on and Mr. Van Orman has succeeded to the post held by Mr. Mulholland. A nicer bunch would be hard to find.

In 1921 I was head boatman for the government through the San Juan and the party was composed of Mr. Kelly Trimble, chief of the expedition, with Robert Allen, his recorder. We were accompanied on that trip by a government geologist by the name of Hugh D. Miser. The rodman of the expedition was Hugh Hyde and assisted by Elwyn Blake from [who is now living in] Monticello. Elwyn was drafted in as an extra boatman which finally extended to the Grand. Our cook was Heber Christensen from Moab, another bunch of wonderful men, and the friendship created there is still very pleasant memory. In 1922 I was head boatman of another government expedition from Green River, Wyoming, down the Green River to the town of Green River, Utah. The trip was under the supervision of our chief of 1921, Mr. Trimblé. Besides Mr. Trimble there was R. R. Woolley as recorder. Mr. Woolley is at present a government hydraulic engineer for the Utah Power and Light Company, who had charge of the finances of the trip. The two rodmen mentioned are the same two youngsters that I have mentioned before in this article. They both were boatmen for Colonel C. H. Birdseye on his trip through the Grand Canyon during the Summer of 1923. The trip of 1923 was piloted by Mr. Emery Kolb as head boatman. In view of the fact that I occupied the position as head for the government during the years of 1920, 1921, and 1922, so it would look to most people that I should have had that position with Col. Birdseye, but Mr. E. C. LaRue, a hydraulic engineer for the government, went to the Colonel and told him that I was too old to handle the job, so I was left out. I felt rather put out at that time, but since I have made the trip [with Don Harris], I am rather glad that it happened that way; for the trip I had was such a nice one that I am perfectly satisfied.

During the years that followed I made numerous trips through Glen Canyon and in 1929 I piloted two government engineers through Glen from the mouth of North Wash to Lee's Ferry, and they were two nice men. In 1920 I accompanied Dave Rust through with an attorney and his daughter. Their names were Mr. George Frasher and his daughter, Sarah, and a very delightful trip it was, too—nice people.

In 1936 I made a trip through the Salmon River, the River of No Return. This trip was made in company with Charlie Snell, and I still remember the trip with joy from all angles. In 1939 I took two government engineers from Hite to Lee's Ferry, and it would be hard to conceive a more delightful trip anywhere, and I never got such a kick out of geology as I did on that trip. And after I left them, or they left me, at the ferry and I continued on through the Grand Canyon. I sure missed them, for we had an entirely new batch of rocks, and no one to explain them to me, and I often think what a nice trip it was, and if I could take them both through the Canyon next Summer—just another dream I suppose.

I have tried to describe most of the men that I have traveled with, and tell what nice men and companions there are. So now I am going to tell you about the, you might say, the only one different man I made a trip with in 1914. Charles Russell and I have worked and bunked together in Telluride, Colorado, and were the very closest pals and friends—so in 1914. We started a trip together as I have described elsewhere, and in 1914 we started another. But I will try to describe the years between 1907 and 1914. Russell was an accomplished scholar in the Spanish language and also a good miner. So after he finished his trip through the Grand Canyon he secured a position with the Hearst-Hagin Mining Company in Old Mexico and put in five-years there, and he had a great knack of saving his money. So he came out with about all he had made during those years, and it was then that he conceived the idea of photographing the Canyon with moving pictures. He told me that he could get Monett, but that Monett would never be a rough water boatman, so he got me to go with him in Green River, the fore part of July, and proceeded to get our outfit arranged, and it was then that I soon found out that I had a different Russell to contend with, for he absolutely would not help in any way, and as a matter of course, there were quarrels between us. I am mentioning that at this time in view of what is to follow.

The equipment was of Russell's choosing and was a very incomplete one. The boats were Mullen steel pleasure boats and only 12 inches deep, and I predicted failure before we started, and besides, the covers had to be put on by hand, and as I said before, Russell would not help, so therefore the job of covering was a very incomplete one. Russell had two movie cameras and 20,000 feet of standard film, and I think that we lost about a mile of it in Cataract Canyon, and outside of the boats he had a very good outfit, but the boats should have been the foundation of the expedition, that is, where the equipment was not as it should be. We finally got started and so did the Summer rains, for by the time we reached the head of Cataract Canyon we had water galore, and soon found out that our boats were inadequate. But I started out to tell about Russell more than the outfit or our trip through the Cataract.

I have spoken of the change in Russell, as we were coming down the river, and I might have been about 75 yards in advance. I thought I heard someone talking, so I eased down on my rowing and it was Russell, and while I could not hear all that he said I could tell by what I did understand, and by the tone of his voice that he was fighting someone. So in the p.m. I again

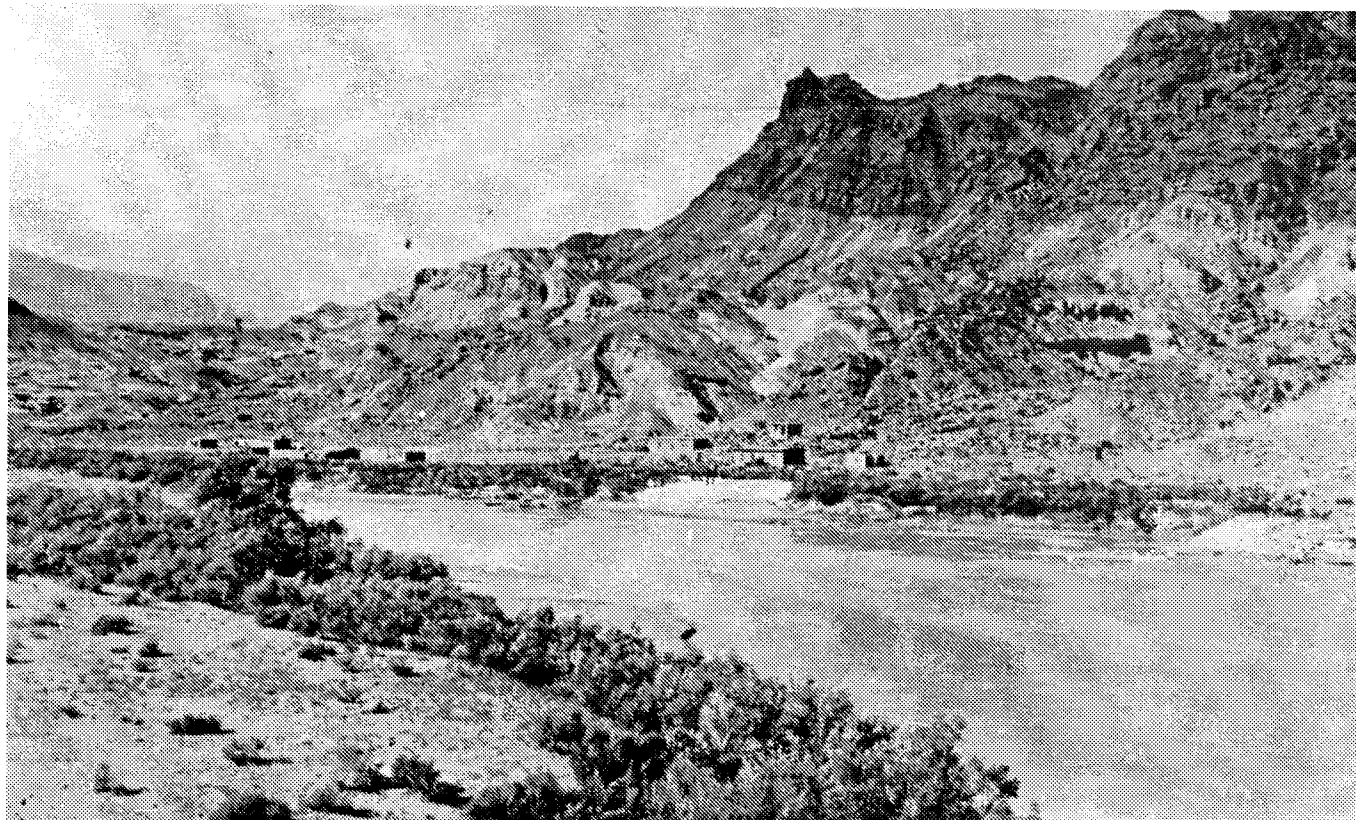
heard him going over the same talk that he made in the forenoon, and this time I could hear most of the words he used, and the next day it was the same both in the morning and again in the evening. So in the course of time I memorized the entire talk, and while my name was not mentioned I was positive that it was I whom he was fighting, and our first night in Cataract we made camp on the left bank of the river, and the campfire was between us, and in the night I was awakened, and Russell was sitting up in bed and going at it again, and when one takes into consideration that we were 120 miles from a human being it was just a little creepy, but the worst was still to come. I found out that we had 85 thousand feet of water [This puts the Cataract Canyon traverse date in June rather than July of 1914, as reported in River Runners of the Grand Canyon by David Lavender] and in the Big Drop of the river was a fury—some of the little rapids were big ones and some of the big ones were entirely wiped out, for instance, Rapid #4 in low water is very tame, but on this trip #4 had the very biggest waves that I ever ran, and all a man had to do was to take the V and ride those big waves and there was no trouble, but it was here that I began to think that Russell was losing his "NIP", for instead of taking the big water he pulled out to one side and took what we call short water, that is, instead of riding 20 foot waves he took 6 or 7-foot ones and in so doing, he would invariably water-log our hatch, for it would not keep out the water, and as the water containers were not water-tight either we lost plenty of film.

So we continued this until we had traversed more than 20 miles of the canyon when Russell lost his boat, and that ended the trip, for on the Big Drop in the canyon the water was a fury, so we decided to leave the outfit and walk, so we had to walk 20 miles and when about half-way we had to make a raft across the river, and then, me suspicious of Russell losing his nip, was verified, for when we had the raft made and pushed off it was then that he went white, and would not do anything to help, and I managed to work the raft over by about 6-feet from the shore Russell gave a jump, and that started the raft for the opposite shore, and I had to leave the raft and swim out, and as a matter of course there was more rough talk, but we continued on our way up to the Spanish Bottom, and we arrived there by dark with no bedding and only a little sack of biscuits for our meal, and I think I never saw it rain very much harder, and we had a very miserable night, but the next morning it was clear and we proceeded to climb the old trail when about half-way up I scouted the left fork, and I soon found out that the left fork was not the one I returned to the point where we divided, and I shouted at the top of my voice and no answer, and I shouted several times and no answer. There happened to be a large rock at that place so I started up the trail, and when I passed around the rock there sat Russell—some more rough talk. We finally reached the top and about all we could see were box canyons, and it was 120-miles back to Green River and I did not know the trail. So I had heard the sheepmen talk about the trail "under the ledge" [Doll House, Maze District], so I told Russell that we had better take that one for it was only about 70 miles to Hite and I had two horses there. So we started and the task of leading Russell those 70 miles was rather trying, for we would get up on a high point and select our route and start, and then Russell would start off in another direction. And then I would

have to get him and steer him on the right course. So after two days we reached Hite about 11 p.m. with our feet in very bad shape; nearly as raw as beef steak. But I am trying to show the changed condition of Russell over what he used to be. But in view of what happened later I overlook all that and try to remember him as he was. For, in the course of time, he was committed to an insane asylum in Arizona and later passed on. So now I can look on the whole thing as another and not my old pal.

associated with him. And my hope is that I may again sometime be associated with him.

There are others too that I hope to always be able to call friends. The San Juan trip was one that I believe made me some wonderful friends: Hugh D. Miser of the U. S. Government and Kelly Trimble of the Topographical Branch of the Survey were both great men and friends. The trip through Glen this Summer was different to any other trip I ever made for I was not only



**Lees Ferry, Arizona, in 1921.**  
**Courtesy of the Christensen Collection, Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum, Moab, Utah.**

But now I wish to come back up and say something about another one of my companions, Bill Gibson, the photographer of my last trip. I had mentioned already that there were times that I did not know just how to take him until Chet told me something, and then I looked at it in another light. There were times when he seemed morose. But after I learned then I knew better, and it also brought home to me the fact that we are oft times prone to pass snap judgement, and I will say that I have never seen anyone that performed his duties thorough or complete than he, for he seemed to sleep with his duties; seemed to always be trying to think up something better or to better his work, and it was a joy and a pleasure to be

taught geology, but we debated about everything debatable and always in a friendly manner. I believe I could go on much further about the wonderful men that I have traveled with, but I will let it go at this for the time being.

**End of Manuscript**



# Letters Concerning Charles Russell

Compiled by John Weisheit  
Transcribed by Rosalyn Jirge

*A letter dated December 20, 1947, from J. E. Russell, the brother of Charles Silver Russell, to Otis Marston. J. E. Russell was an attorney-at-law.*

My brother was a very powerful man, about 5'10½ inches and weighing, usually, about 180 lbs., he was born on a farm near Bunker Hill, Illinois, March 28, 1877, the son of John W. and Catherine M. Russell, he died in Phoenix, Arizona, February 8th, 1925. He was a mining engineer, worked in and had charge of mining operations in Colorado, California, Arizona and Mexico. He was never married. He began mining in California in 1897 near Placerville and continued mining remainder of his life, taking a course in mining engineering soon after his first mining experience.

It was while working in the mines near Telluride, Colorado, that he, Loper and Monett conceived the idea in making the trip down the Colorado River for prospecting purposes. However it was some 6 or 7 years after formulating the idea that they were able to put it into operation [in 1907]. They realized the dangers connected with such an expedition and so far as possible equipped themselves to meet such contingencies as they arose and the fact that my brother made three trips testifies to the fact that he knew the dangers to be encountered and how to meet them.

His last trip, being with the idea of making moving pictures, was against my advice, therefore, he did not give me much information regarding that trip, he did have a great many feet of wonderful pictures which were destroyed along with all his other data when his home in Mohave County burned.

The three boats they started with were named ARIZONA, NEVADA and UTAH. As I now remember, the UTAH was the boat that came through, it being the one my brother manned.

Being wet through day in and day out for several days at a time was one of the discomforts of the trip, however, none had COLDS during the entire trip, nor were any of the adventurers ill during that period, no casualties other than a few bruises, barked shins and skinned hands and fingers.



*A letter dated January 23, 1948, from J. E. Russell, to Otis Marston*

Dear Mr. Marston:

I am unable to recall much of the second trip my brother made down the canyons, other than that first I knew of the trip he was starting from Green River, Utah. Next he telephoned me from Flagstaff on his way back to Illinois to visit Mother for Xmas. I

remember there were two reasons why the trip ended just before Xmas and at Cataract Canyon, they had an accident, lost a good part of their equipment, weather conditions were against them, and Loper was ready to quit. My brother intended to pick up the trip later but did not do so [he did do so].

My brother told me a lot about the various rapids you mentioned, but my recollection is rather dim of any particulars. Many of the rapids they portaged around. I recall my brother commenting upon the fact that many of the rapids could not be run, and that the Kolb brothers' first trip was made by portaging their boats down the river instead of running most of the rapids.

For the second trip my brother was also investigating the possibilities of power to be generated in the Canyon, but that was only an incident to the trip and not its main purpose. He did discuss with me the feasibility of a dam above Lee's Ferry for power purposes and he had figured out cost and estimates, but no one could be interested at that time.

My brother was a man who said little, feared nothing and usually accomplished anything he made up his mind to do. While not a large man he had a powerful physique and was able to withstand most any hardship that came his way, his eyesight was unusually keen as were his perceptive powers, he could analyze a situation and have his results in a very few moments. While well educated he never boasted of the same, on the other hand rather gave off the impression that his education was limited.

I shall be glad to see you when you come this way.

Respectfully - J. E. Russell

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*A letter dated August 23, 1949 from J. E. Russell to Otis Marston :*

Dear Mr. Marston:

Replying to your favor of the 19th will say that my brother, Charles S. Russell, suffered from a head injury he received in the mines, the effects of which did not develop until the last few months of his life, when he lost control of many of his nerves. This injury was of several years' standing. I had him in hospitals in St. Louis, South Pasadena and other places for treatment. It was in 1919 that I began to notice the effects of his injury and from which he died in 1925.

Bert Loper had no money to pay his portion of the expense of the river trip and brother Charles advanced Bert's portion and was never repaid. My brother advised me of this shortly after the trip and tried to get in touch with Loper without success. Reeder made an agreement with my brother relative to the river trip and Charles advanced him the full amount, at Hite, Utah, he deserted my brother and refused to repay one single cent. I tried to have some correspondence with him, but without success, he apparently was just a coward and a gyper. From all I was able to learn of Reeder, he was afraid to make the river trip and did



not have the honesty to be fair with the man who had advanced him moneys.

I read of Loper's death in the local newspaper. I never knew him personally, only by talking with my brother.

In addition to one of the boats, Loper got away with quite a little equipment my brother had paid for, including a six-shooter my brother prized very highly.

Very Respectfully Yours, J. E. Russell

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***Marston wrote to Charlie Russell's sister, Mrs. Nell Miller, in Kirkwood, Missouri, September of 1949. She responded:***

Dear Mr. Marston:

Your letter of September 3rd received. It has aroused my curiosity as to why you are trying to obtain this information. Perhaps you are writing a thesis, a book, or just interested. The name, Bert Loper, seems very familiar to me and he probably was the man who went with brother Charles on his first trip. I do not know very much about this trip, myself, as I was just a youngster when he made his first trip.

There were many letters and clippings and pictures. At the present time I do not know where they are. When my mother died her things were not taken care of, her sister having rented the house furnished and many of her things were destroyed. At that time I did not value these things and they probably were destroyed. I do have a box of pictures in the attic of my house which were taken on the first trip and I shall try to find them on my next trip home, which will be some time in the next week or two. I shall be glad to get all the information for you that I can.

Why my brother never married I do not know. He received his elementary education at a country school called "Pleasant Hill" near Bunker Hill, Illinois. I think he then attended at school in Bunker Hill which was run by a private party and finished up at the St. Louis Business College in St. Louis. We considered him our smartest brother and he had a beautiful handwriting, which was the envy of us all.

When he made or tried to make the second trip through the Canyon he had so much bad luck, losing both camera, food, etc., that the man with him became so angry because he would not abandon the trip that he hit him over the head and left him for dead. How long he lay there he does not know, but he finally came to and got help. From that time he began to lose his mental faculties and became worse from year to year.

We finally brought him home to our mother, who cared for him until her death in 1920. We then put him into a sanitarium somewhere in California, my brother kept him for a while and then put him in a sanitarium in Arizona. There he died, but I do not remember the date. It must have been about the year 1924, but I may be wrong about that. One never realizes how valuable old letters and clippings might be until it is too late. I

was never very good at saving things and accumulating a lot of things I considered no good. My brother should be in a better position to give you more details than I. I was the youngest of the family and my brothers were out West from the time I was a little girl.

I shall be glad to try to find anything I can and let you have it just as soon as I can.

I had an opportunity to visit the Grand Canyon about 3 years ago, which was the first time I had been West. I was so very disappointed when I reached there and found that my brother's boat was no longer on exhibit there. I wanted so very badly to see it.

I do not know the names of the men who participated in the river trips, but I am sure my brother could tell you. An account of his first trip, too, used to be at the Grand Canyon, but we could not find it.

I hope to hear from you further about this. I, too, would like to have more information about it. You will hear from me in a short time.

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***Marston wrote to J. E. Russell to verify the story of Charles Russell's sister. In November of 1949, J. E. wrote back as follows:***

My brother, Charles Silver Russell, procured his mining education the hard way, began working in the mines in 1898, soon thereafter he took a correspondence course from the International Correspondence School and later took another course from another school, I do not remember the name, all while he was working in the mines. In Colorado he worked around Telluride, in Arizona at Octave, Jerome, Kirkland, Tombstone, in Mexico near Magdalena, Socavon, and Mazatlan. In Mexico he was a general manager, at Tombstone shaft foreman, at Octave mine foreman, at Kirkland superintendent.

Charles Silver Russell was born March 28, 1877, on a farm about 2.5 miles south of Bunker Hill, Illinois.

My brother communicated with me from El Tovar in 1907 and asked that I send some of his funds, which I was keeping for him, to Needles, California, to be there when he arrived.

Yes, Charles mentioned about one of his men hitting him over the head on the expedition in 1914, I do not recall whom.

Loper's fondness for gambling accounted for fact that he ran out of funds, my brother was financing the expedition, the others not contributing any finances.

My brother went to district school in Illinois, then to the Bunker Hill Military Academy, and finished at the Bryant and Stratten Business College in St. Louis, Missouri.

If I can be of further service, command me.

Very Respectfully Yours  
J. E. Russell

# Capt. Samuel Adams

By John Weisheit and Michele Reaume

In Wallace Stegner's book [published by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953], Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West, a mention is made about the adventures of Captain Samuel Adams on the Blue and Colorado rivers in 1869. The Blue River is a tributary stream of the Colorado River that runs through the town of Breckenridge, Colorado. Said Stegner of Adams:

*"His career is a demonstration of how far a man could get in a new country on nothing but gall and the gift of gab, so long as what he said was what people wanted to believe. He was one of a tribe of Western adventurers and impostors and mountebanks [to beguile or transform by trickery], cousin-German to James Dickson and Walter Murray Gibson [see Across the Wide Missouri by Bernard DeVoto and Mormon Country by Wallace Stegner]; and if his schemes were not so grandiose as theirs and his imagination not so lurid and his personal ambitious godlike, he was still recognizably of that sib. As Dickson was to Sam Houston, as Gibson was to Brigham Young, so Adams was to Powell—a lunatic counterpoint, a parody in advance, a caricature just close enough to the real thing, just close enough to a big idea, to have been temporarily plausible and limitedly successful."...*

*"...in May, 1869, as Sumner [John C.] and the trappers were waiting in camp on the Green for Powell to return with the boats, a young man of impressive presence and a fast tongue climbed off the [newly completed] Union Pacific's passenger train and made himself at home in camp. He said that he was to accompany the expedition in a scientific capacity; his mouth was full of big names. He had letters and orders which he would present to Major Powell as soon as he arrived.*

*"When Powell arrived with the boats on May 11 Adams presented himself as one who had authorization from ex-Secretary of War Stanton to accompany the expedition. He might even have got away with his bluff if, as he thought, the expedition had been sponsored by the government. But Powell, who had himself planned and organized every detail of the trip, saw no reason why a retired Secretary of War should forcibly impose a recruit upon him, especially a lordly recruit who acted like a commander. He asked to see Adams' paper, and Adams brought them out: letters from Stanton and others [General Humphreys, Secretary of War Belknap and various Congressmen] thanking him kindly for his communication and wishing him success in the exploration he contemplated. Powell said later [in an 1872 letter to R. M. McCormick] that he read the letters and sent Adams about his business..." [Stegner then relates an amusing story of how Powell's men humiliated Adams.]*

The letters of Samuel Adams are archived at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

The following is a chapter from *The Floater's Guide to Colorado* by Doug Wheat. CPRG thanks Chris Cauble, publishing director of Falcon Press, Helena, MT, for permission to reprint this story.

# "Captain" Samuel Adams Challenges the Upper Colorado

by Doug Wheat

On July 12, 1869, "Captain" Samuel Adams stood proud and anxious on the banks of the Blue River, one of the Colorado's uppermost tributaries, near Breckenridge, Colorado. He was finally ready to begin his historic voyage of discovery from Colorado to California by way of the Colorado River.

Adams has blown into town only two months before. He had told the miners and townsfolk of an Eden down the Colorado, a river corridor of vast wealth and opportunity. Adams was a man of persuasion. He easily recruited ten men for the expedition. They hastily constructed four open boats of green pine. Hundreds of pounds of flour, bacon and coffee were loaded up. Rifles, ammunition and scientific instruments were carefully packed. The largest boat, 22 feet in length, was fitted with a flag inscribed by the ladies of Breckenridge with "*Colorado to California, Greetings!*"

It was a gala sendoff. Speeches were given by Judge Silverthorne and others. Adams praised the people of Breckenridge as possessing superior intelligence and moral worthiness even at these "*extreme limits of civilization.*"

Who was this Captain Samuel Adams and where had he come from?

In the Spring of 1867, E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, received a letter entitled "*Communication from Captain Samuel Adams, Relative to the Exploration of the Colorado River and its Tributaries.*" Stanton, apparently impressed, ordered the letter printed in the record of the 42nd Congress. In this letter Adams stressed the "*great commercial importance of the Colorado of the West as being the central route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.*"

Adams, it seems, had been kicking around the lower 350 miles of the Colorado with Captain Thomas Trueworthy of San Francisco in a small, steam-powered sternwheeler.

Several explorers, including Derby, Johnson, and Ives, had voyaged up the Colorado in steamers and told of a great central chasm—the Grand Canyon—and an impassable river beyond. In his letter to Stanton, Adams ridiculed and disparaged these accounts, insisting that "*none of those dangerous obstructions which have been represented by those who may have viewed them at a distance*" existed. "*The Colorado must be, emphatically, to the Pacific Coast what the Mississippi is to the Atlantic.*" Adams implied that he was better suited than anyone to explore the river. That exploration would "have the grand result of proving the misrepresented stream to be the central route which is to connect us more firmly in the bonds of common nationality, and of reflecting honor upon your administration. The legislators may have taken Adams with a pinch of salt. At any event, they replied in kind:

*"Resolved by the House of Representatives, (the council concurring,) that the thanks of this legislature are due and hereby tendered to Hon. Samuel Adams and Captain Thomas Trueworthy for their untiring energy and indomitable enterprise as displayed by them in opening up the navigation of the Colorado River, the great natural thoroughfare of Arizona and Utah territories."*

Not quite two years later, in April 1869, Jack Sumner, Seneca and Oramel Howland, Billy Hawkins, and Bill Dunn were waiting in Green River, Wyoming, to join Major John Wesley Powell, who had taken the train east to oversee construction of river boats, secure funds, and gather supplies for his exploratory voyage down the Green and Colorado rivers. As they sat around their tent drinking whiskey, a fast-talking dandy jumped-off the train and made himself at home at their camp. It was that pioneering proponent of the Mississippi of the West, the Honorable Captain Samuel Adams. Somehow Adams had gotten wind of Powell's plans. As this expedition fitted his imagined destiny, he rushed off to join. He arrived with the letter from Congress and various communications from Stanton to try to convince Powell that he had been ordered to accompany the expedition as a scientific advisor.

Powell's motley, inebriated crew, however, quickly caught onto Adams and made fun of him just as Congress had done two years before. Hawkins upset Adams almost to the point of his leaving when, after Adams asked why the coffee tasted so bad, Hawkins pulled a dirty sock out of the pot.

There must have been some wild storytelling during those nights beside the Green River waiting for Powell's return—Adams describing his heroic exploits on the lower Colorado and Jack Sumner telling of his first ascent of Long's Peak with Major Powell the previous August. The men must have informed Adams of their trek down the Grand River (as the Colorado above the Green River confluence was called at that time) through Middle Park, eight months before. They must have told him about the little mining town of Breckenridge up on the Blue River.

Finally, on May 11, Powell arrived with the boats. Adams, assuming the expedition was government sponsored, presented his papers. But Powell had organized the entire expedition using private funds. The letters from Congress and the Secretary of War meant nothing to him. Powell sent Captain Adams on his way.

*"If you can't join'em, beat em,"* Adams probably thought to himself, and scurried off to the Grand River drainage on the other side of the great Y formed by the two branches of the Colorado to put together his own expedition at Breckenridge.

Barely two months after his unsuccessful attempt to join the Powell expedition, Adams was off on the Blue River with his own band of hearty adventures.

About eight miles below the confluence of the Blue and Ten Mile Creek, Adams and his string of crudely built boats approached Boulder Creek. *"On turning a bend in the river, our real danger burst upon us, as we saw, for the first time, the white foaming water dashing for one-mile ahead of us."* Chaos ensued as the boats crashed into the rocks. Although

much equipment was lost, the men managed to get the boats to shore. Adams named the short stretch extending two miles below Boulder Creek *"Rocky Canyon"*. In the next three days one of the boats broke into two pieces and was left a *"complete wreck"*. Four men deserted.

The following day Adams named the short canyon in which the Green Mountain Dam was later built *"Cove Canyon"*. Another boat was lost then.

The men camped for a week where the Blue meets the Colorado, probably making repairs and wondering how Captain Adams managed to get them involved in this fiasco. On July 30, Adams reported, the party *"started down the Grand River with our two remaining boats; ran four miles southwest to the Grand Canyon of the Grand River"*. It is perhaps ironic that a canyon hundreds of miles down river, which Adams did not believe existed, was later given one of his place names. Today, the canyon he had reached is called Gore Canyon. Captain Adams had finally learned a lesson. He ascended the right wall at the head of the canyon to reconnoiter. The scene inspired a poetic flair:

*"Struck by the beauty of the scenery, I this evening ascended a point above, the great chain of mountains far in the distance rising higher and still higher toward the snowy range, while Mount Lincoln, [Mount Lincoln is not visible from this point; probably he saw Eagles Nest Peak] towering far above these, bathed in the brilliant moonlight, was superbly magnificent."*

Captain Adams should have stayed with philosophy and poetry. In his rapture he neglected to scrutinize the pounding fury below. Adams was a pious man. The party never traveled on the Sabbath. But no amount of piety could save them from hell into which he was about to hurl his tiny fleet.

Fortunately, he did not try to run boats through Gore Canyon. Carrying his heavy, unwieldy vessels, however, was an impossible task. While lowering the biggest boat through the second big drop with rope, Adams wrote, *"She swung out into the current, filled with water, was held struggling an hour in the mad element, when the line parted and our best and largest boat disappeared forever. By this accident we were reduced to one boat; almost everything necessary for the trip had been lost. here I gave the box in which I had carried my instruments to the waves. We divested ourselves of almost everything of weight, and prepared to try our fortunes in the last boat."*

It took them four days to go three quarters of a mile. On the fourth day, August 7, the last boat broke loose and was dashed to bits on the rocks. Three more men deserted. Captain Adams was undaunted. He knew the river would flatten out all the way to the Gulf of California in just a few miles. Since logs in the river were rounded and worn about the same amount as those he had observed three years before near the mouth of the Colorado, he reasoned that the river must be calm from here on.

Left with two faithful followers, Twible and Lillis, Adams began hiking down river. The weeks of hard labor and disappointment had obviously taken their toll. He was

desperate to put a few positive items, though absurdly exaggerated, into his journal:

August 11- "*Built a cedar raft five by sixteen feet, and upon this we took passage, ran down the river 30 miles passing through...wheat we found over 6 feet in height.*"

Adams next point of reference he called "Rapid Canyon". Here, he reported, "*We pushed her out and in a moment she shot like an arrow down the rapid descent. We both grabbed the cross-piece on the raft to which our provisions were lashed; she sank four feet under the surface, but rose again in the distance of eight yards, when in turning an abrupt angle in the river, she struck and parted. here we lost a huge portion of our [remaining] provisions.*"

Did Captain Adams quit? Not a chance. They built another raft and descended another 40 miles. The destruction of this last raft left the party with only five days' worth of flour and bacon. Captain Adams finally called it quits.

He had probably reached a point some distance above the Eagle River confluence, 150 miles down the Blue and Colorado rivers. This section has a drop of about 3,000 feet, far less than the 6,000 feet he claimed in his journal. Although no one drowned, four boats and four rafts had been sacrificed and eight of his ten men had fled. Somehow Adams rationalized that only a "narrow territory" divided him from the lower Colorado upon which he and Trueworthy had driven their little steamer three years before. Again poor Adams was wrong. The most difficult portion of the route actually lay ahead in the thundering cataracts of Glenwood Canyon, the black gorge of Westwater, the graveyard of the Colorado—Cataract Canyon, and the immense depths of the Grand Canyon.

Although no one drowned, four boats and four rafts had been sacrificed and eight of his ten men had fled

At the time Adams turned away from the river, Powell and his men were passing the junction of the Little Colorado River, headed for the heart of the Grand Canyon. Powell became the hero of the Colorado, Adams the goat. Yet Adams persevered heroically. Most men would have quit after the first disaster, far up the Blue River at Boulder Creek Rapids. If Adams had been honest in the account of his trip, entitled "*Expedition of the Colorado River and Its Tributaries, a Wonderful Country Opened Up*"; if he had avoided condemning his adversaries; he might have found more of a place in history. In point of fact, he was the first to descend the upper Colorado, a river which still attracts hordes of river runners each Summer.



## From the Prez

As this issue goes to press we will be conducting our Fall Meeting for CPRG; we hope to discuss many interesting and controversial topics. It is also time to hold elections for two new directors and a president.

Yes, it is time for me to say good-bye to the presidency. I must admit, at that very first CPRG meeting when I said, "O.K. fine I'll do it", I had no idea that I would be doing it three years later. Of course I have enjoyed the position and look forward to helping the next president settle in. Before I leave the position I want to once again plead to the membership for **active support**.

During my stint as president I have watched CPRG grow from a concept into an organization of guides who are quite diverse in their opinions, on the issues that concern river ecology and the guiding profession. I have asked myself and the Board of Trustees, "How can we effectively make needed changes and keep harmful changes from occurring?" I am not sure that there is ever a right or wrong answer, however, one thing is certain: the CPRG Board needs **membership participation** to establish a direction.

Unless you are willing to formulate a thoughtful position and communicate your ideals, then the CPRG Board will have to assume that the membership doesn't care; the CPRG Board will then be mandated by their majority vote. From CPRG's first day I struggled with the burden of representing the various factions of this diverse industry. I found out very quickly that this cannot be done. I rely on the persons who are willing to invest time into this organization by communicating with me. If the CPRG Board takes a stand on an issue, and it happens to be contrary to yours, then you have every right to make an objection or to request enlightenment. If you are opposed to the direction of CPRG, then you should consider running for office, or at least attend a Fall or Spring Meeting. To be effective in this industry of diversity I feel we also need diversity in our Board.

If it sounds to you like I'm on a letter drive, your right. I want the new president to be swamped with letters of opinion, ideas, encouragement, and offers of help. I want to see his/her job made easier by a membership that cares enough about an issue(s) to take a few minutes to jot down their feelings on a postcard or in a letter. If you find yourself complaining about an issue, and you have not written a letter, then you are doing nothing to effect change. So, jump up grab a piece of paper and write.

I am sure you will hear from me in *The Confluence* again and next time I hope my comments will be printed next to a letter with your name on it. So long for now and thank you for allowing me these past three years of service on the CPRG Board as the CPRG president.

# Glen Canyon Dam Is Broken

by John Weisheit

The river left spillway at Glen Canyon Dam failed on June 22nd in the flood year of 1983. Several cavitation holes were excavated in the spillway tunnel, the largest being 30 feet deep and 150 feet long. In an emergency effort to save the dam they, the Bureau of Reclamation (BuRec), purchased 3/4 inch thick sheets of plywood from a Page, Arizona, lumber yard and proceeded to stack them on top of the spillways much like a building contractor would to prepare basement walls for a concrete pour. On June 29th the peak discharge, measured at the Lees Ferry gauge, was 92,600 cfs. By July 4th they had installed more dependable steel flashboards on top of the spillways. With the generators cranking, the bypass tubes blasting, and even with a damaged spillway dumping, the lake elevation finally stabilized at 3708.4 feet above sea level (asl) on July 14th, with the discharge at the Lee's Ferry gauge reading 55,200 cfs. The normal high pool elevation is 3700 ft asl.

I believe that it is possible to have Glen Canyon Dam removed in our lifetime. If the membership of Grand Canyon River Guides and Colorado Plateau River Guides persisted on this issue, we could effect the legislation needed to begin its demolition and start a process of developing alternative energy resources.

This is what Russell Martin said about the spillway failure in his book, A Story That Stands Like a Dam:

"...Bureau officials conferred and finally decided to open the east [left] spillway gate slowly and to begin bypassing large quantities of water around the dam, the first time either spillway had been pressed into flood-control service. For more than a week, water poured into the 41-foot-diameter tunnel, its volume steadily increased until—at 32,000 cubic feet per second—the water exiting the tunnel, pouring over the deflector bucket at the tunnel outlet and spewing into the riverbed, began to turn orange, began to spit out sandstone grit, pebbles, whole boulders, even, the tunnel's concrete lining."

Bryan Brown and Steve Carothers, in their book The Colorado River Through Grand Canyon, reported that after the inspection of the damage, it was necessary to reopen the left spillway. Even with parts of left spillway no longer lined in concrete, BuRec still placed trust in the left spillway; even when the right spillway still had its concrete tunnel intact.

This is what Tom Wolf said in an article that appeared in High Country News on December 12, 1983:

"June 7. The team brings the power plant flows up to 38,000 cfs, 20 percent over normal capacity. They hold the river outlet works to 15,000 cfs (the couplings on those steel tubes were leaking). That keeps water speed down to only 50 miles per hour. And they hold the right spillway to 4,000 cfs. They want to keep it low because it occupies a dangerous position upstream from the dam's foundation. If the right spillway tunnel broke through to bedrock, it would threaten the dam's foundation."

Twenty million dollars was the cost to repair and modify the spillways; a cost that included the installation of air slots to reduce the effects of imploding vapor bubbles. They tested the left spillway at a maximum flow of 50,000 cfs (for one hour) in August of 1984. **They did not test the right spillway.**

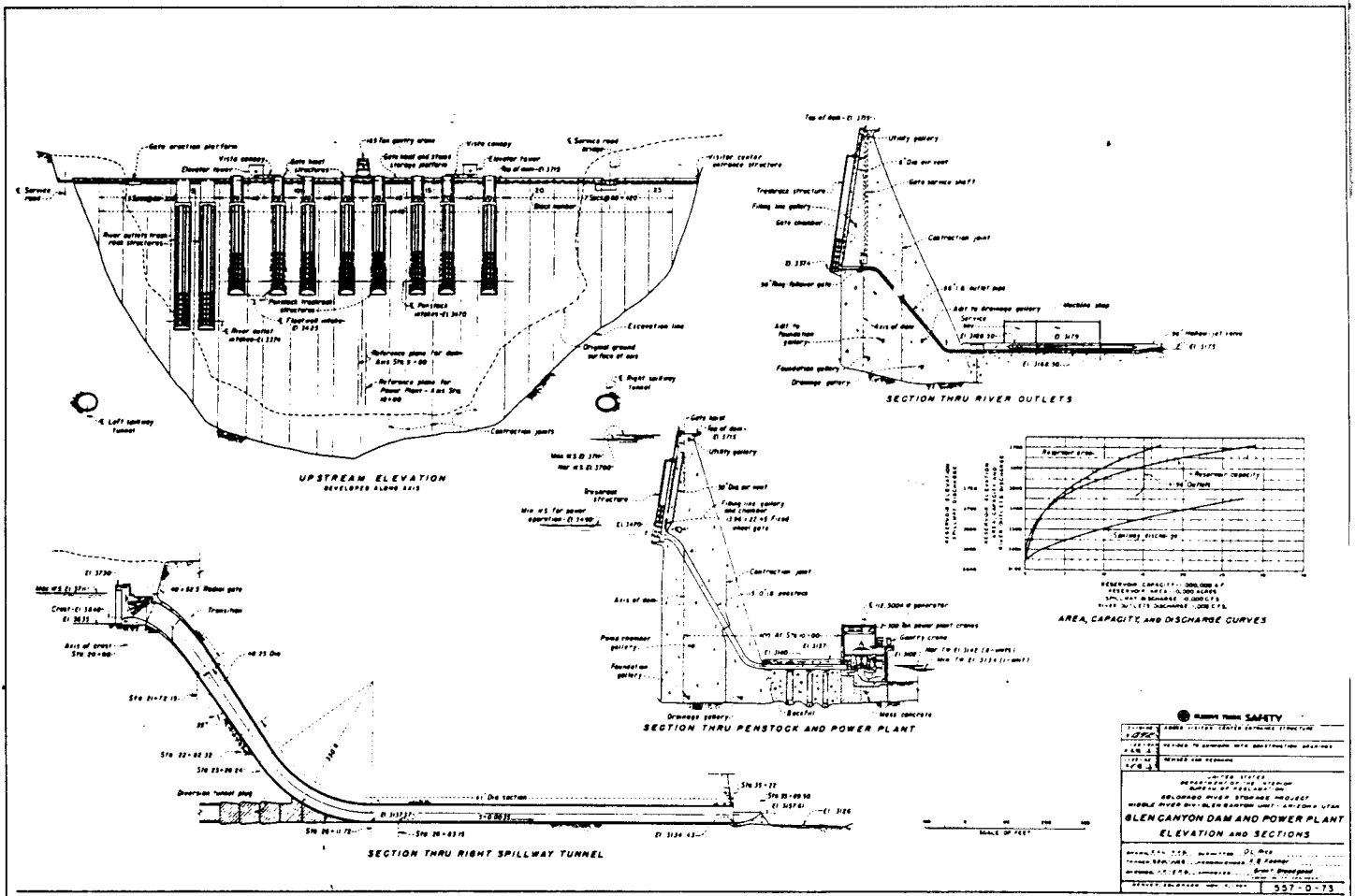
This report admits there is a structural anomaly in the shale units of the Navajo sandstone on the dam's right abutment, or keyway. I'll quote page 14:

"The Navajo Sandstone is remarkably uniform and homogenous over wide areas and nearly identical samples can be obtained from areas separated by many miles. Two thin, shaly layers, encountered at elevations 3065 and 3115 in the right abutment keyway excavation were the only changes in the lithology in the entire excavation area."

I will now quote page 24, which discusses their remedy to solve this problem:

"The seam at elevation 3115 varied from one-eighth of an inch to about 4 inches thick and had a waterflow of two to three gallons per minute. A 5- by 7- foot drift following the seam was excavated near the heel of the dam to a depth of 73 feet into the abutment to a point where the flow of water disappeared. The seam at elevation 3065 varied from a thin shale parting in the sandstone to a shale layer 1 to 2 inches thick and had a waterflow of 75 gallons per minute. A 5- by 7- foot drift following this seam was excavated near the heel of the dam to a depth of 215 feet into the abutment. The flow of water decreased with depth and at the end of the drift was just a small trickle. Both drifts were backfilled with concrete and grouted to form a barrier to seepage through the foundation."

If 3065 feet asl is the elevation at the heel of the dam, what feature is constructed at 3115 feet asl? I looked at the schematic diagrams and found a startling answer. 3115 feet asl puts you about 20 feet under the right spillway, where you will also find the concrete plugs that seal-off the original diversion tunnel. During construction this tunnel was not used to divert the normal flow of the Colorado River; being built at a higher elevation, it was used only to handle the top peak of the snowmelt.



Glen Canyon Dam and Powerplant. Elevations and sections. Courtesy of the Bureau of Reclamation.

It is reasonable to conclude that Navajo sandstone will not hold up to dynamic stress loads, such as a spillway dump; especially on the right side where there are nonconformable breaks in the rock unit. Stress loads were acknowledged as a problem in this report. I'll quote again from page 24:

*"Although Navajo sandstone is remarkably uniform and yeilds remarkably smooth excavation surfaces, it has two principal characteristics which contributed to design problems. The stress-relief jointing parallel to the canyon walls showed a tendency to open slightly with time and slab or peel off onionskin fashion. The second defect is that the rock has a fairly large percentage of "set" or unrecovered strain occurring during the first loading of the sandstone. Special grouting design was developed to offset these characteristics."*

There are three episodes of stress related activities for the history of Glen Canyon Dam: 1) the stress that occurred while the lake was filling when the diversion tunnels were closed in 1963, 2) when BuRec first tested the spillways in 1980, after Lake Powell finally filled, and 3) while using the right spillway in the 1983 emergency. Perhaps one or all

these stresses have caused keyway damage that cannot be repaired—that is unless you drained the lake.

It is impossible to drain the lake entirely since the intake gates for the bypass tunnels are at an elevation of 3374 feet asl. Theoretically to make an effective repair of the right keyway, if such a repair could be made, you would have to reopen the original diversion tunnels. It would be like starting all over. Such a decision would seriously cripple the electrical needs of the Southwestern grid with a loss of electrical power generation from both Glen Canyon Dam and Navajo Generation Station near Page; not to mention the loss of stored water for the farmers and municipal users. BuRec obviously has a no-action policy concerning this particular problem.

The 1983 flood that broke Glen Canyon Dam was a twenty-five year flood that occurred early in its history. Sediment fill (aggradation) in 1983 accounted for only a 3% loss in Lake Powell's flood control potential. In 200 years Lake Powell will lose 30% of its flood control capacity due to sediment aggradation. Under these conditions the efforts that saved the dam in 1983 would have failed.

By the year 2183 Glen Canyon Dam will encounter eight 25-year floods, two 100-year floods, and one 300-year flood. Who knows when the 500-year or the 1,000-year flood is coming? One of these floods will force extended spillway use beyond the levels of 1983. The bedrock will once again fail, the diversion tunnel plugs will be hydraulically excavated, and then over 20 million acre feet of water will come racing through the Grand Canyon and into Lake Mead. If Hoover Dam were to fail, so too would Davis and Parker dams. The entire electrical grid of the lower basin would be destroyed, the aqueducts would run dry, and productive farmers would no longer grow food or cotton.

This is what I think should be done to avoid this ultimate National disaster: 1) Congressional leaders should conduct a formal hearing with BuRec to determine the safety of Glen Canyon Dam. 2) If the dam is considered unsafe, then it should be removed; never to be replaced. 3) That Glen Canyon should be reclaimed and made into a national park. 4) That alternative energy resources should be implemented into the Western Area Power Administration grid. Alternatives such as: geothermal, wind and solar resources, which are available in great abundance throughout the Great Basin desert.

In conclusion, I insist that the lifetime of Glen Canyon Dam should not be considered in hundreds of years. It is at risk today—right now! The sandstone abutments of Glen Canyon Dam are becoming structurally weaker with each passing decade and the “special grouting design’s” incorporated into the construction of Glen Canyon Dam are not working.

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# Abbey's Boots

by Douglas Carithers

## Synopsis

The main body of my story is a description of acts, quotes, meetings and strategies leading up to a “Monkey Wrench Gang” raid. I will present the first factual and documented account of environmental activist-author, Edward Abbey’s hands-on involvement in eco-sabotage amongst the moonlit slickrock canyons of southern Utah during the Spring of 1975.

Set in the locale of actual sites portrayed in his novel, The Monkey Wrench Gang, and the soon to be paved and named Bicentennial Highway, gang members are revealed in true form, especially one known as the “Lone Ranger”, a.k.a., “Kemosabe.”

This colorful and enlightening story explains Abbey’s determination and failure to start and drive behemoth earth-movers over slickrock canyon cliffs. Numbering at near twenty, the earth-destroying machine’s technology versus Abbey’s limited resources proved to be the raid’s downfall in terms of accomplishment of objectives set by Abbey himself. Having failed and being enraged with frustration, further acts by Abbey that night proved equally unsuccessful and unlawful.

Following the trail of evidence will provide a portrait of how certain items collected by law enforcement officials from various agencies resulted in Abbey’s deliverance from arrest, courtesy of the Lone Ranger, a.k.a., Kemosabe, whose identity has never been disclosed until now by the author. Revealed are circumstances and interconnecting links to the evidence, enabling Kemosabe to provide Abbey with an early warning system that would give Abbey time to bury self-incriminating evidence and escape detection and arrest. Interspersed throughout the story are the following: The first words spoken between Abbey and Kemosabe—and their last.

The female connection: The common link between Kemosabe and Abbey.

The burial site: What was buried? Who buried it and the approximate location, known by only two men?

How close the authorities came to catching the #1 suspect and who he was?

What the raid was? Was it successful? Opinions, quotes, and insights into Abbey’s gang members and others involved and some quotable comments from a knowledgeable judge, who was also the prior Sheriff of his county at the time of the raid.

Final thoughts and explanations to the story and an environmental overview of prior “monkeyshines” by Stephen

P. Mather, first director of the National Park Service. A last view of Abbey's boots buried in a canyon. Are they still there? An intimate look at inscriptions by Abbey and other monkey-wrench gang members on the author's personal first edition of The Monkey Wrench Gang.

### The Story

Ed Abbey's frustration peaked in the Spring of 1975 as he was writing The Monkey Wrench Gang. To quell his fever and rage, Abbey personally engaged in an act portrayed in that book. It was the raid on a road construction site on the Bicentennial Highway, U-95, between Lake Powell and Fry Canyon, in which Monkey Wrench gang-member, "Hayduke," encountered the character known as the "Lone Ranger," or also known as "Kemosabe." In his sequel, Hayduke Lives, Abbey accomplished on paper what he failed to do that night in the canyons near Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah. He succeeded in driving the giant earth-mover, GOLIATH, over the edge of the canyon.

In reality, it went more like this: Around midnight on April 24, 1975, equipped with eleven ten-pound sacks of sugar and several gallons of shellac, bought out-of-state earlier, Abbey enlisted the aid of "Monkeyman." Driving the old primer-gray panel pickup, Abbey and Monkeyman left Moab, Utah, on a full moon night, dwarfed by the shadow of the La Sal Mountains and headed south to White and Fry canyons near Natural Bridges National Monument. A six-pack later, Monkeyman was able to see the picture Abbey painted as to what the plan was, and by the time they arrived at the scene, Monkeyman had Abbey's masterpiece visualized. Monkeyman was simply to be the lookout for Abbey. He would watch for approaching headlights that could be seen miles from the area, while Abbey conducted his monkey-business.

Abbey attempted to start the machinery to be used at the time from Hite Marina to the highway running north and south from Bluff to Blanding, Utah. It would be called the Bicentennial Highway, in honor of the Nation's 200th birthday. Abbey had many reasons for not wanting this road paved and he was now preparing to send a message to the San Juan County Commissioners by attempting to drive one of the giant earth-movers off the cliffs of White Canyon. Due to Abbey's mechanical inability's, he ran into one obstacle after another. Frustrated and unable to start the engines in any of the twenty machines, Abbey went to his old gray panel truck and pulled out the reliable stand-by: sugar and shellac! Hasty obvious actions and an improper mixture with the shellac, and a sugar trail, would alert the machine operators the next morning, that "monkeys" had indeed been playing on their equipment.

By 3:00 a.m., having exhausted all resources to sabotage the machinery, Abbey, tired and frustrated, exasperated beyond reason, pulled out his pistol and fired several rounds at the ten-foot diameter tires. They merely bounced off the giant wheels. Within hours daylight would reveal fresh footprints,

tire treads, sugar trails, eleven discarded empty sugar sacks and other signs of monkey business as the rising sun's rays caught new shadows left on the red-brown earth.

Monkeyman and Abbey left the scene and were back in Moab before daybreak. In their hasty retreat they forgot Rule #1 of all Monkey Wrenchers, DON'T GET CAUGHT! But they had left evidence; strong, incriminating evidence that could have convicted them both. Abbey's local reputation and environmental writing made him a suspect along with other "Seldom Seen" suspects. Abbey forgot that in this case, the slogan, "Take only pictures and leave only footprints" did not apply! [What were you thinking, Ed?] The evidence was collected, photographed, documented and distributed. It connected them to the crime scene and so they would be discovered. But as fortune would have it, they were intuitively suspected by a friend of Monkeyman and by mere association, held their fate in his hands. There was no question of what he would do—the Lone Ranger a.k.a. Kemosabe came to their rescue. And so Kemosabe acted as a true friend would—more friend than ranger, and made it possible for both Abbey and Monkeyman to escape. It was Monkeyman's heel print that instantly gave Kemosabe the clue that he needed.

It went this way: When Kemosabe awoke that crisp Spring morning to a crowd of lawmen nearby where he had camped, it was with highly tuned senses that he heard the familiar law enforcement chatter, amidst a gathering of various agencies and vehicles. It seemed reminiscent of a scene from the film, "Alice's Restaurant." Only the helicopters were missing.

Rolling out of his sleeping bag, Kemosabe quietly joined the cluster of lawmen. Knowing that he was not just a tourist in their midst, evidence passed before him and instantly his eyes singled out and focused on an 8 x 10 glossy black and white photograph that revealed a Vibram sole footprint with a steel tap on the heel. Goosebumps broke out all over his body and he thought, "They didn't!" He only knew of the one person who wore taps on his waffle-stompers; Monkeyman! Kemosabe suddenly knew what had happened, what he had to do and that he was the only one that could do it. He knew in his heart he could and had to do this for his friend. Fate had placed him at this place and time to enable him to stop the sure arrest or exposure of that friend and the current environmental icon of the time.

Kemosabe quickly departed the gathering and headed north to track down Monkeyman and Abbey. He was in reality, acting out the role he would assume by his own actions, not the role portrayed in Abbey's books. Suddenly, enroute to Moab, he became in his own mind, the Lone Ranger—and very alone in his mission. A full lunar eclipse was only days away and a new chapter in his life would begin the following morning.

Early on that morning, following the raid at Fry and White canyons, Kemosabe pulled into the parking lot at the City Market in Moab. He spotted Abbey's faded red Volkswagen bug and approached him, chuckling to himself, knowing why



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Abbey was driving it rather than the familiar old gray panel truck he was known to use. Abbey was reading the Moab Times-Independent, eating a jelly doughnut, as Kemosabe tapped on the passenger window, and spoke his first words to Abbey, "We need to talk about last night." Abbey shuffled the paper, while juggling the doughnut and opened the door. Kemosabe sat down in the passenger seat and introduced himself, calmly advising Abbey he was not there to do anything but to let him know that he should get rid of the evidence, which the San Juan County Sheriff's Department and the Utah Highway patrol had on him.

Abbey's eyes widened. Surprise and subdued, he said, "It's kinda' humbling...I just got so...". His words trailed off into silence. The air seemed thick in the Volkswagen bug—tight quarters. Abbey offered Kemosabe one of his doughnuts. Then Kemosabe said, "You need to switch out the tires, and get rid of your boots that you wore on the raid. Bury them—now! Monkeyman is waiting at his house for you. He's got a place picked out and ready to bury everything."

Abbey tried to explain why he did it, but could not summon the right words. Kemosabe reached for the door handle and said, "I enjoyed Desert Solitaire, next time wear moccasins...gotta go." They shook hands briefly and parted. This was the way Abbey met Kemosabe. Fate had intervened and placed a bond between the men that would endure till Abbey's death, years later. Their meeting had remained unspoken until now.

Monkeyman and Abbey loaded the evidence into Monkeyman's camper-truck and headed for the grave site chosen for the evidence, known to this day by only two men—and maybe a buzzard or two circling over the area from time to time.

This incident can be corroborated by evidence taken and filed by the investigating agencies in San Juan County, Utah, that were dispatched to the scene that day. The only evidence linking Abbey and Monkeyman to that scene that day. The only evidence linking Abbey and Monkeyman to that area was buried. The boots could be "resurrected" and bronzed but there are only two "monkeys" alive that know where these boots are located. One has another life in another place, and Kemosabe...well he's still trying to sort out why he saved Abbey's hide, because looking back, if Abbey had been busted, it may have well have resulted in even more fame and cash income from the publicity, than he'd received up to that point. Then again, maybe the Lone Ranger would never have surfaced. The conviction could have made Kemosabe famous—but an outcast among environmentalists. But Kemosabe chose to remain true to himself and his good friend, Monkeyman. Let history judge what it wants and let the eco-raiders, saboteurs, tribal copy-cats and green panthers form their own opinions. The myth will remain by the perpetuation of the truth—and the legend is sound and true.

And about those old boots, buried in a canyon—so many to search in.



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- I would like to renew my membership to CPRG. Enclosed are my dues.
- I would like to join CPRG. Enclosed are my dues.
- Please send a complimentary copy of THE CONFLUENCE to this prospective CPRG member:
- I would like to give a gift membership to my friend:

**Membership dues:**  
(Please check:)

- ( ) \$20 per year.  
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Comments and suggestions:

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*Colorado Plateau Professional Guide Institute (PGI) is an inservice educational program for land and river guides, outdoor educators and wilderness/river rangers; designed to promote protection of public lands, to manage risk, and to enhance visitor satisfaction. All courses are based in Moab, Utah, and are open to the public, 18 years of age and older. Call or write Canyonlands Field Institute for program outlines and registration packets. PGI courses include one undergraduate credit from CEU or USU for a \$10 - \$20 extra filing fee (college credit is not applicable to Emergency Medical Training Courses). Discounts on all courses are available to members of CFI. Full and half-tuition scholarships are also available. Enrollment is limited and these programs fill quickly, so call today!*

**DESERT WATER '97:** Calling all guides to this Spring "rendezvous" and workshop! Moab evening lecture by well-known river advocate followed by a full-day on the Fisher Tower Daily. Focus on riparian ecology and Western water issues. Cookout dinner at Big Bend Campground with storytelling and socializing. Talk with agency leaders, outfitters and gear reps. This course co-sponsored by CNHA, BLM, NPS, UGO, CPRG and CFI. **April 11 (eve.) and April 12, 1997. FEE: \$15. Includes dinner and a commemorative T-shirt!**

**LEVEL ONE INTERPRETIVE SKILLS:** For first year (or new to the area) river and land guides. Natural history, desert and river etiquette, and teaching methodologies. 20-hour course certificate. Based at Professor Valley Field Camp. Meals included. **May 9 (eve.) - May 11, 1997. Instructors: Dan Murphy and Tom Corcoran. FEE: \$65.**

**LEVEL TWO INTERPRETATIVE SKILLS:** For trip leaders and experienced guides who want to improve upon their naturalist skills and teaching methods. Outdoor practicals and video feedback. Based at Professor Valley Field Camp. Meals included. 20-hour course certificate. **May 3 (eve.) - May 4. Instructors: Ann Walka and Tom Corcoran. Fee: \$65.**

**LEVEL ONE RIVER SKILLS:** For novice river guides and private boaters. Topics include river ecology, rigging, rowing, paddling, safety, patching, low-impact camping, and etiquette. One night on the Colorado River and one night at Professor Valley Field Camp. Meals included. 20-hour

course certificate. **April 18 (eve.) - April 20. Instructors: Michele Reaume and others. Fee: \$125.**

**LEVEL TWO RIVER SKILLS:** Moab class session with two nights on the Dolores River. Paddling and rowing techniques in technical waters. Exercises in catching eddies, strainer and foot entrapment rescues, shallow-water crossings, Z-line/boat wraps and boat repairs. Trip leadership, safety talks, rescue/evacuation scene management. Meals included. 25-hour course certificate. **May 16 - 18, 1997. Instructors: Michele Reaume and others. Fee: \$200.**

**WESTWATER CANYON RIVER RESCUE:** Class session in Moab. Two nights on the river. Meals included. An intensive course for experienced boaters. High volume rafting, instream rescues, rigging, swimming rapids, righting flipped boats, Z-lines/rope work, safety talks, trip leadership, rescue/evacuation management. **April 25-27, 1997. Instructors: Barry Miller and others. Fee: \$260.**

**AMERICAN RED CROSS EMERGENCY RESPONSE:** This 48-hour course is designed for any professional who may be called upon to give first aid in the line of duty. Lectures, outdoor practicals, and videos. 3-year certification. Includes 1-year CPR. **November 11 - 16, 1996. Instructors: Michele Reaume and others. April 14 - 19, 1997: Instructors: Jim Brags and Sheri Griffith. Fee: \$180.**

**EMERGENCY RESPONSE RECERTIFICATION:** 20-hour course for those whose certification in American Red Cross Emergency Response will expire in 1997. 1-year CPR included. Bring your own workbook. **February 24 - 26, April 7 - 9, and November 3 - 5, 1997. Instructors: Michele Reaume and others. Fee: \$80.**

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Ask about Whitewater Academy for teens. **July 26 - July 2, 1997.**

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**Renew: 0996 means expiration occurs in September of 1996.**