

# The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Volume 4, Issue 1, Spring 1997



George Flavell

Nathaniel Galloway

William Richmond

Harry Aleson  
Georgie  
and the "Mai Qui"

Chubs and Topekans

Defending Constitutional Rights

Inscriptions at:  
The River Register  
Bowknot Bend

Editorials and Commentary

Canyonlands RMP

President's Past and Present

Minutes

Crossword Puzzle



The boats of the USGS Colorado River survey, 1921, upstream of the railroad crossing at Green River, Utah. Now near the 18th tee of the Green River golf course. Photo by E. C. LaRue. Courtesy of the USGS photo library, Denver Federal Center.

# The Confluence

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

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

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

#### Membership dues:

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\$195 for life  
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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.

**E-mail: [cprg@sisna.com](mailto:cprg@sisna.com)**

**Editor: John Weisheit**

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## A Disclaimer

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

## CPRG Fall Election Status

Steve (T-Berry) Young is the new president of CPRG. We created a new position, a Grand Junction Director, and elected Darren Smith to fill the seat. As T-Berry was the Moab Director, the position is now vacant. The Green River position is vacant too. We need a nomination or a volunteer to fill these positions. Please consider involvement in your organization. It is rewarding. The position of the Bluff Director was filled by Anne Egger. We would like to thank Tim Thomas and Sean Brown for their willingness to serve on the CPRG Board this past year.

## From the Eddy

This issue celebrates the centennial of two river expeditions that occurred in 1896/1897, namely: George Flavell and Nathaniel Galloway. It also celebrates the 50th anniversary of the first military surplus inflatable used on the Colorado and Green rivers by Harry Aleson and Georgie in 1947.

## Special Thanks To:

Dan Murphy for a Lifetime Membership  
Tom Moody for a Lifetime Membership  
Dee and Sue Holladay for a Benefactor Membership  
Dave Mackay for upgrading from a Lifetime to a Benefactor Membership

## Free Publication

Robert Webb, of the USGS Desert Research Lab in Tucson, Arizona, sent us a box of Circular #1126, a USGS publication. This color publication is called Dams and Rivers: Primer on the Downstream Effects of Dams. It is written by Michael Collier, Robert Webb, and John Schmidt. The 94 pages include high quality graphics and photographs and comes with a useful bibliography. To receive your free copy please write to CPRG and provide a check or money order for \$3.00 to cover the cost of postage.

## Think About Changing Your Credit Card Company and Help Our National Parks in Southeast Utah.

Enclosed in this issue is an application for a VISA credit card from Citizens Bank. Purchases made with this VISA credit card will provide a donation to Canyonlands Natural History Association (CNHA). CHNA's mission is to support the public land agencies in providing educational and interpretive programs for the visitor and for the professional guide. There are other nice amenities included with this VISA account. Please read the brochure and think seriously about filling out the response form. It's a good deal for a good organization that partners with CPRG.

# Being Pulled from Different Directions

## The New President Speaks

by Steve T-Berry Young

The fall meeting ushered in a change for the positions on the Board of Directors of CPRG. Anne Egger of Bluff, who works for Wild Rivers, was elected and has accepted the position of Bluff director. Darren Smith of Grand Junction, who is employed in the summer by Adventure Bound, is now the Grand Junction director, which is a newly created position. The Moab and Green River seats are vacant at this time. Anyone knowing interested parties, please send them our way with a nomination.

At the fall meeting, we also switched people for the presidents position. I think we all should give Susette Weisheit a hand at all the work and effort she put into this organization to get us on our feet. Susette was the first president, and definitely an intricate part of the back bone of CPRG's present strength. Is she leaving? I imagine not; someone who has as much zest and care for the plateau as her, will be there, forging new directions and gathering information to share amongst other enthusiasts, like me. The fall meeting also brought myself into the presidents position, which should be a very stimulating and exciting new twist for me. I'm not sure where I stand on the "Zest scale", yet I'm looking to aspire to the same levels as the prior president.

Most people once elected in the future, to the presidency of this organization, will jump into some great, invigorating and positive new direction. I guess I could say yes, I went off onto a great and invigorating direction of my own; for the first 3.5 months of the term. Just after the fall meeting John and Susette Weisheit, Molly Martin, Zane Taylor, Joe Englbrecht, Nancy Allemand and myself embarked on a 750 mile journey through the Colorado Plateau, with visits from Michael Omana, Mary Weingarden and Eve Maher. I can justify it by saying that as president I should go and see all ends of the Plateau, right? A more accurate justification might be, It was fun and very educational for me personally and it has allowed me to look at some issues and ideas more objectively; like the presidency of CPRG. I'm really happy to be on board as president, and I hope the next two years are going to be really busy and productive for CPRG.

### Issues of the future

Here are some issues that have an effect on our lives in the future. Some were discussed at the fall meeting, and what you see is an update on those topics.

#### 1) The Back Country River Management Plan for C.N.P.

This winter several meetings were held locally and regionally to understand what the users of the park deemed important to address as topics of concern for the new plan. Via word of mouth, it sounded as though there were three topics of concern at all of the meetings. The first was, the audience for

jet skis/personal motorized water craft presented a willingness to argue why they should not be restricted in their use of the parks water ways. I guess it was unclear that these early meetings were only to listen to the users thoughts and concerns for the plan that they felt should be addressed in the parks plan. It was not to argue access questions: That comes next, after the rough draft is out.

The other two things of interest at the meetings, were the allocation of private verses commercial user days in the park and the use of motors on the Green River, in the context for the Friendship Cruise.

#### 2) Efforts to Increase User Courtesy Within C.N.P.

As of this spring we are under way in developing a courtesy pamphlet to be given to all permitted users on the waters of Canyonlands. The thought behind the pamphlet is to ease friction below the confluence and heighten all users awareness that everyone in the park is entitled to a great trip. No matter what one chooses as a vessel or mode of travel, they are all equal and no one or one way is more righteous or better than the other. If this pamphlet increases peoples awareness for others and stimulates a higher sense of compassion amongst each other, then it has accomplished what it intended.

Another thing discussed at the fall meeting was to arrange with the park, to re-due the register box. A more accurate map and descriptions of the camps might ease some of the frustrations in and below Cataract Canyon. A committee is under way and has evaluated all the "at present" camps and when compiled with detailed information on those sights, we should be able to come up with an easy to use and understandable system that does what it is designed to do. The box was and always has been optional for the users, and it still will be, but by a more informed group of people.

#### 3) The Dinosaur and Canyonlands Prospectus Drug issue.

As the outfitters spent most of their time jumping through bureaucratic hoops, vie-ing for their permits, the National Park Service in Canyonlands did a little swapping and moving of rangers and the districts they once worked for. Just so the private users don't feel left out in the park, lets throw in, Canyonlands is now a fee demonstration area; and what does that mean? It means that fees will go up at some point in the future.

With all the changes this winter what else could be significant? Well one thing that is a sure sore point for the river industry around here is the fact that drug testing is not something that people will hear threats about any more. It is here for most of the guides within Canyonlands and Dinosaur. Both prospectuses were almost copies of each other, which had a question relating to the drug testing issue, for the outfitters applying. It is as follows, complete with the other questions, in the section of relevance:

**Criterion 4A. The offeror sufficiently demonstrates its ability to select, manage, and supervise its staff for delivering the services required.**

#1 The NPS is interested in ensuring that the concessionaire employs individuals capable of providing the contracted services in a professional business manner and that the concessionaire maintains a healthful, law-abiding, and safe working environment for concession employees

A. Describe what pre-employment screening and recruiting practices, policies, and procedures you will initiate to meet this goal.

B. How will you ensure that the employees hired possess the appropriate skills, abilities, integrity, and interest to provide the contracted services?

C. How will you hire people of integrity who are both interested in serving the public in a National Park environment and interested in being positive contributors to the park?

## #2 Drug-Free Workplace

A. Define how you intend to initiate and carry out a drug-free environment and eliminate substance abuse in your work force.

B. What will you do to identify individuals who abuse drugs and/or alcohol?

C. Do you intend to conduct pre-employment and random drug screening?

D. How will you initiate a drug abuse and alcohol abuse educational program?

E. What type of referral-for-treatment program do you intend to provide? What type of commitment do/will you offer to help those who need assistance? is above.

#3 Describe what steps you will take to ensure that a consistent high level of knowledge among all staff about the park and its rules, regulations, and special programs is maintained.

#4 The NPS is interested in ensuring that the concessionaire reviews the conduct of any of its employees whose actions or activities are considered by the Director to be inconsistent with the proper administration of the area and enjoyment and protection of the visitors and to take such actions as are necessary to fully correct the situation.

A. Describe what practices, policies, and procedures you will use to evaluate employees performance, develop your employees' skills and abilities, and correct inappropriate behaviors.

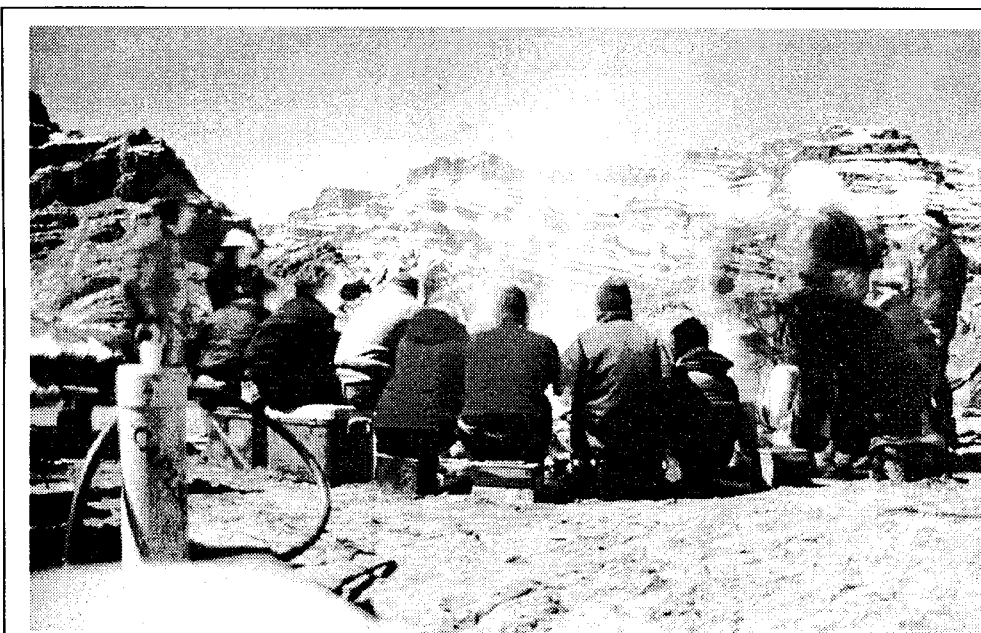
#5 The concessionaire is required to have its employees who come in direct contact with the public to present a neat and business like appearance, and wear apparel suggestive of a white water river trip, to a standard acceptable to the Superintendent.

A. Describe what standards you will apply to uniforms or identifying apparel for your on-duty employees.

#6 Out line the training program that you propose, without assistance from the NPS, to ensure that employees are capable of providing these visitor services in a safe, courteous, effective manner and that they exercise hospitality and consideration in their relations with the public as well as the fellow employees, other concessionaire's employees and employees of the NPS.

The language for the Grand Canyon prospectus was more cut and dry in the area of the drug free work place; generally it was something like, how will you test your guides. The above excerpt seems more vague and open for interpretation. The more vague the question the more the people answering have to take responsibility for how they answer it. The only thing it seems the park can really push, is the drug-free workplace in accordance with the Drug-Free work place act. In the Grand Canyon, the less vague and more directive approach seems to of opened the park up to lawsuits from the people having to be tested, as like the Grand Canyon guides who are involved in a case against the park service (please see Guides Defending Constitutional Rights in this issue).

So the park has left the decision to the outfitters, who are worried about keeping their permits and all the capital they stand to forgo if they lost the opportunity to operate within the park or monuments. Did that fear blind the outfitter, as to cause them to not stick up for the rights of their guides and push for something other than a testing system that is known to not work as it was intended. Maybe it is not the fear, but simple economics. An outfitter



**December Cataract Canyon trip with the University of Denver in 1991. Five second night exposure above Rapid #11 ("Fish Camp"). Photo by T-Berry.**

can lower their insurance rates and maybe even capitalize on the fact that their guides are being tested; like a selling gimoc.

Even if you do not feel strongly about drug testing in this industry, you should be concerned. Education is something that was never tried before implementation of testing: When did babies learn to run before walking? Where should we as citizens draw the line for "probable cause" in dealing with drugs in our workplace and private lives? If you are willing to hand over your rights this easy for your work place are you going to feel all right about random searches of houses on your street, in search of drugs, illegally copied video tapes and evidence of such private bedroom activities, like adultery? There are other systems to try, besides urine analysis. Those systems are also less intrusive towards individuals who are in safety sensitive areas. Such as the test for the San Diego Trolley Car Drivers. Their accepted alternative to urine analysis, looks for a change in their drivers reactions, based of a cumulative data-base for each employee being tested. Those changes in employees actions are what cause incidents in the field. Changes in reactions could result from stress from a dissolved relationships, family matters and other common societal problems; it is not always drug and alcohol abuse that causes incidents . Why not a test that actually does some good, instead of a test based on nation-wide paranoia?

What can you do as a concerned individual? You could ask your employer some questions, get some answers. We as guides can organize and find other solutions to drug testing, which are more applicable with what is needed here. Education is something the Drug-free work place act talks about, yet it was never tried or used before testing. What happened to that step? Become informed and express your concerns to your employer to help find a solution. Help your fellow guides and learn more about these issues. You can also donate money or time to places and people who are working for a better environment for you. Sometime in late March or April, in Moab, there will be a fund raiser for *Guides Defending Legal Rights*. Come to it and help out.

## 1997 River Interpretive Trips

UGO and CPRG are planning two interpretive trips.

**Cataract Canyon on April 22 - 25.**

**Westwater Canyon on April 30 - May 2.**

Prior to each trip their will be a weekend of topics being presented to interested parties. Either contact your employer for more details or if you are a "not for hire" boater than contact CPRG for details on how you can attend.

If you are looking for other possible trips to increase your interpretive abilities outside the area look at the Headwaters Institute. The Headwaters Institute was organized and is run by guides who work on the plateau. They are putting on four interpretive trips on several rivers outside the plateau area.

## Interpretive Trips by Colorado Headwaters:

**Rio Grande, NM.: April 22nd-24th**

**Kern River, CA.: May 13th-15th**

**American River, CA.: May 19th-21st**

**Arkansas River, CO.: June 1st-3rd**

**Contact:** Tom Hicks

128 J Street, Sacramento, CA, 95814

P.O. Box 1343, Bend, OR, 97709

P.O. Box 258, Jensen, UT 84035

916-442-3155, Ext. 208;

Fax: 916-442-3396.

## A Special Trip for Special People to Special Places

This spring several guides including myself have decided to act on our desires, to organize and do a trip for people who are unable to see, and visit remote places off the path of the norm. We're thinking of a group of 5-6 participants and a support group of 10-15. The key is the support group; we need several folks who can carry 100 pound packs. Our thought is to be able to carry some folks, up to a mile, from the river, to some of the wondrous places we all visit so often. Were going to do several trips this or next summer. We would like to start with a day hike, then an overnight river trip with off river hikes. Once we feel we have a solid group then maybe a week long Cataract canyon trip in the fall: Relaxed and fun.

So if you enjoy the feeling you get when you open up the river and canyon environment to people who have never experienced such; or if you are the type who would enjoy sharing and giving a smile and look of amazement to people who need it, then contact me Steve Young or Jose Tejada in Moab at P.O. Box 757, Moab, Utah, 84532

### CPRG Spring Meeting

April 26 at 1:00 p.m. City council chambers, 240 East Main, in Green River, Utah. Dinner at Ray's Tavern after the meeting.

### UGO and CPRG

### Interpretive Trip

Cataract Canyon: April 22 - 25  
Westwater Canyon: April 30 - May 2

# One View of Environmental Extremism in Southern Utah

by John Holland

I have noticed, in reading their literature, that the radical environmentalists are fond of rhapsodizing about the beautiful red rock canyons of southern Utah, and how beautiful they are!

Unfortunately the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance (SUWA), Sierra Club, and other environmental groups, do not want to preserve this land for the American public like they so loudly claim. Instead they want to steal this land, our land, through a carefully orchestrated campaign of lies, distortions, and falsehoods.

People who take, at face value, the twisted version of reality, put forth by groups like SUWA, are suspending the art of independent critical thinking. Through selectivity of evidence, one can "prove" anything one wants.

If the radical environmental groups get their way, ¾ of the new Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, along with 5.7 million acres of public land in southern Utah, will be declared "wilderness". While wilderness designation may at first sound great to those who love wild places, this designation closes the four wheel drive access roads.

There is great debate over the definition of a "road", suffice it to say here, that the BLM's own rules state: "The passage of vehicles over time can equal construction". By the way, these closures apply to all vehicles including mountain bikes.

Why are these access roads important? To start, without them the land is cut-off to everybody but a small clique of river-runners and hard-core backpackers. These folks seem to hold themselves to a different standard than the rest of us. They can be trusted with the use of our public lands, but the rest of us are apparently unworthy. Never mind that backpackers are notorious for using and fouling water holes in the desert and improperly disposing of human waste. Or that the river-runners impact perhaps the most sensitive land of all, the riparian zones.

In my experience of backpacking in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, I saw riparian areas around high mountain lakes devastated by backpackers and horse packers. I'm talking about areas stripped of vegetation with compacted soil. Most of these places were in designated wilderness. Clearly, wilderness designation has not been done much to save these areas in Colorado.

It would be ridiculous to assume wilderness designation would save the critical and rare water sources in the desert.

Those who access by four-wheel drive vehicles can be self-sufficient, carrying all necessary water for drinking, cooking, and for solar showers. Four-wheel drives also have the capacity to carry-out solid human waste.

The radical environmentalists claim that the red rock country is special, unique and grand. Indeed, it is the unique nature of this land that makes access by four-wheel drive so critical. It is the only realistic access to many rugged, remote areas, again, where distances are long, the climate extreme, and water scarce and precious. Remember, a single water source may be critical to wildlife over a very large area.

I am saddened that slick lawyers have taken the environmental movement to such extremes. The latest I understand is that the radicals won't budge on the 5.7 million acre land grab. Whatever happened to compromise and the concept of multiple use? Multiple use can work if all concerned are represented fairly.

This small precious earth is our home, after all, and we'd better learn to respect and live with it. Please let's not allow this special land fall into the hands of those who are expert at using language and

data for manipulation and deception rather than education and communication.

Hopefully I can shed some light on these issues with opinions formulated largely from my experiences as a backcountry four-wheel drive and jet boat guide in-and-around Canyonlands National Park. It would certainly be a tragedy for all generations if wilderness designation denied access to the great areas of southern Utah.

I must also make clear that I do not support the extremists at the opposite end of the spectrum. Miners must realize that the old days are over. Mining must be done responsibly. In fact, regulations are in place that prohibit many destructive mining practices engaged in the past.

Like it or not, we all woke up this morning in a society that needs mining and also will. The trick is to mine responsibly and to recycle all we can to minimize future mining.

To all who march lock-step with the environmental extremists, have the courage to differ with your peers and wake up! Save our canyons, stop the radical environmentalists!

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*Editors note: John Holland is a guide member of CPRG and conducts jet boat tours on the Colorado River. Most of the time he conducts overnight jeep tours in Canyonlands. Currently, in the CPRG membership roster, there are about a dozen members who, besides conducting river tours, also conduct jeep, backpacking and/or bicycle tours. Some of our guide members conduct land tours only.*

*This commentary is not precisely in accordance to CPRG's mission statement. The topic is a land-based issue and does not deal specifically with professionally guided river trips or river ecology. I have, however, allowed land issues to grace the pages of The Confluence. In particular an action alert for the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance (SUWA) and Grand Canyon Trust (GCT) concerning the proposed 5.7 million acre wilderness bill in Utah. This legislation, which is largely a land issue, does involve areas where river tours are conducted, such as, Westwater and Desolation canyons.*

*This journal is designed to provide the membership with opportunities to consider various points of view on issues that affect our vocation. I gave SUWA and GCT a forum on an issue that is primarily (but not entirely) a land issue, and to be fair I must allow John the opportunity to state his opposing viewpoint on that part which was land-based. And so it goes. Anyway, I would like to put a few discussion items on the table during the upcoming CPRG board meetings. Such items as:*

- *Should we become, specifically, a river advocacy group?*
- *Should we start another guide organization that is, specifically, a land advocacy group?*
- *Should we meet the challenge of the upper basin's diversity and become an organization that promotes both river and land advocacy?*
- *Formulate an operational policy for The Confluence.*

*If you have any opinions on these or any other issues, please send a letter of comment to the CPRG board for their consideration. Thank you.*

**Editors Note:** Peter is a general member of CPRG. He was a client on a Desolation Canyon trip in 1994. Peter is the artist for this cartoon.



## Motor use in Stillwater Canyon

Rivers, mountains, plains, forests and oceans all will change with time. Man has and will be part of these changes—some good, some bad. The days of John Wesley Powell are over, Lewis and Clark couldn't just head out across America. Today they would need permits, and all sorts of "red tape" cutters. Let's face it—wild America is gone and what's left has to be protected by laws. Laws enacted by people. These laws and rules should allow the greatest number of people access to as much of wild America as possible. The more people out discovering natural places the better.

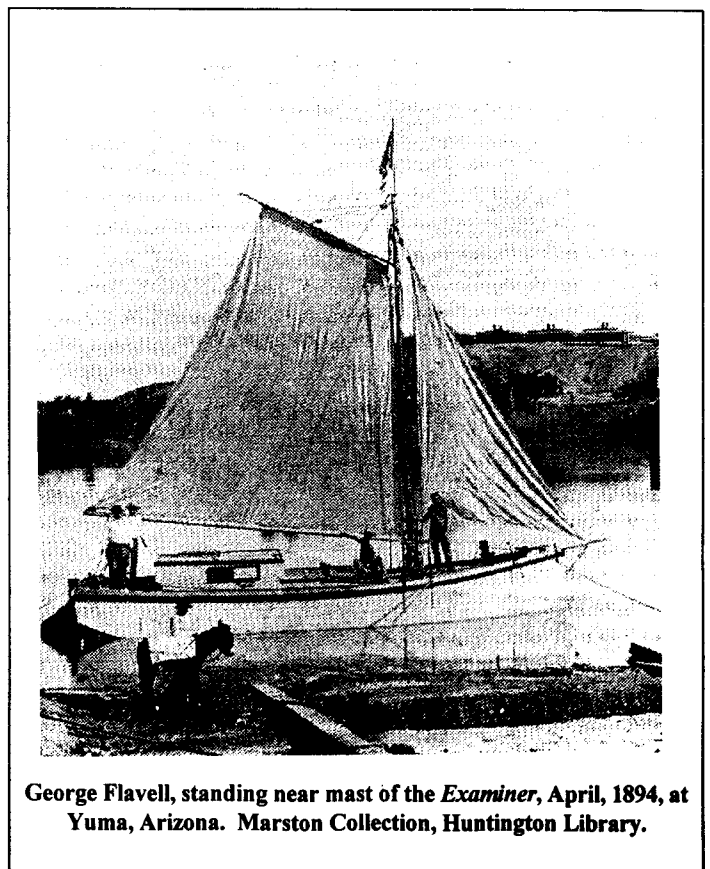
This brings me to the center of my thoughts. Middle Mr. and Mrs. America do not have unlimited amounts of time and money to spend discovering America the beautiful. If by the aid of modern technology (i.e. jet boats, outboard motors, groovers, charcoal

briquettes, etc.) Mr. Middle America can take a one week tour down the Green River (Desolation Canyon! I had a great time.) then God bless the combustion engine. Use it with common sense, sparingly and leave as little sign of your passing as possible.

Then maybe when some citizen, corporation, whoever, wants to dam up the river, fill in a marsh, chop down all the forests—those of us who have been out into these precious places will stand up and try to be heard. Those motors just might create an army of enviro-loving-active people!

Keep the great outdoors accessible to as many people as possible—manage the way they use it to have the least impact upon it.

Peter Yuschak



George Flavell, standing near mast of the *Examiner*, April, 1894, at Yuma, Arizona. Marston Collection, Huntington Library.

## "A POORER BUT WISER MAN":

### GEORGE F. FLAVELL AND THE LOG OF THE PANTHON

by Roy Webb

**D**uring the Utah Statehood Centennial year, we've all heard a great deal of the events in Utah in 1896: the political battles, the behind-the-scenes maneuvering, the fervent religious discussions over polygamy, and finally the joy and the celebrations, the solemn ceremonies that attended Utah becoming the 45th state.

Yet as noted by the preeminent Utah historian Dale L. Morgan—probably the best historian Utah has yet produced—when he summed up his philosophy of history in his book on the Great Salt Lake,

Conflict makes news, and news makes history; yet men live rich and quiet lives outside the boiling currents of their times, and who shall say whether the thousand existences in quiet do not more nearly express the shape of human experience than the fiercely spotlighted existence that survives as history?

Just one of many of those "thousand existences in quiet" in Utah during those passionate, turbulent times was a man named George F. Flavell.

Flavell was not even a resident of Utah, had never been here before, and would never come back. In many ways Flavell was the ideal observer of the rich and quiet side of life in Utah during these times, for he knew little of Utah and cared less. But his account of his 1896 trip on the Green and Colorado Rivers, from the little railroad town of Green River, Wyoming, to the steamboat port of Yuma, Arizona, gives us an intimate portrait of rural Utah and Arizona, as well as providing a thrilling story of travel and adventure through what was then, and largely still remains, a wilderness.

Flavell called his journal the *Log of the Panthon*, named for his boat. Flavell died only a few years after the voyage described in this book and the notebook in which the log of the PANTHON was written was sent to his family in New Jersey. They preserved it as a keepsake until the disagreeable but thorough river historian Otis "Dock" Marston tracked it down in 1949. Marston, who made a complete study of everyone who ever ran the Colorado River, admired Flavell most of all. Marston planned to devote an entire chapter to Flavell in his long-anticipated book on river running history, but alas!, Marston was a better researcher than a writer and his book was never published. It remains in draft in his papers in the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, as does Flavell's original notebook containing the *Log of the Panthon*. Marston died in 1979, and Flavell's log languished in Marston's vast collection of papers until 1987, when it was edited by Neil Carmony and David Brown and published by Pruett Publishing of Colorado.

Flavell himself is typical of his times. The end of the frontier had been proclaimed by philosophers and historians, yet much of the west remained wild and open. It was still a land of opportunity for exploration and profit, but was at the same time a dangerous land, where towns and settlements were few and far between. There were no radios, no helicopters, no search and rescue. Anyone who ventured beyond the towns or rail lines was completely on their own. Flavell, like thousands of others before him, was sufficiently schooled by hard knocks to meet the challenge of the still-very-wild west.

Flavell was born about 1864 in New Jersey. He was more inclined to roaming than farming and soon left home. He left no record, made little mark on the world; just another of those "thousand existences in quiet." Maybe he had his reasons: besides becoming an expert sailor and boat-builder in Philadelphia, and after moving out west sometime in the 1880s, a skilled hunter and trapper, Flavell occasionally used an alias, being known as "George Clark" or even just "Clark the trapper." No record of any crimes exist; perhaps he just wanted to change his name. In the west of the 1890s, it wasn't polite nor healthy to inquire too deeply into someone's origins.

In 1890, just as the Woodruff Manifesto ending polygamy was changing the shape of Utah society, Flavell moved down to the delta of the Colorado River. This was hardly the wasteland you would find today, where the Colorado River trickles through dead, bare, flat desert before it finally dries up through overuse sixty miles from the Gulf of California. It was a thousand square miles of swamp and marshlands that rivaled the great delta of the Mississippi. Jaguars, bobcats, beaver, deer, waterfowl by the millions and bugs by the billions lived there in the sloughs and bogs. Even though it was officially Mexican territory, the Mexican government had no desire to spend men and money on such a remote region, and the various Indian tribes lived there as they had for centuries.

In this rich territory Flavell and his brother Roland made a living trapping and hunting: beaver for pelts, coyotes for their scalps, and water birds for their plumes, which were in great demand for ladies hats. They worked up and down the Colorado River, from the end of the Grand Canyon to the Gulf of California. Unlike the wild delta, the Colorado River from the U.S. border north to the foot of the Grand Canyon was known and settled by 1896: there was regular steamboat service from Yuma to Callville (now under Lake Mead), there were forts, mining camps and mines, and railroads crossed the river. The Flavell brothers lived a wild life, their home a small boat.

In the winter they worked the river, in the summer, when the heat along the lower Colorado made life unbearable, they moved to the California coast. Actually doesn't sound too bad, does it?

Surprisingly, this rough life didn't have the effect on Flavell that it had on many. By all accounts, George Flavell was mild mannered and quiet, not one to get drunk or pick a fight. He didn't swear; he wrote several poems that are among his papers, and despite living a lonely existence he enjoyed the company of others, had a good sense of humor, and was a prolific letter writer. Flavell's log of the PANTHON shows a talent as a writer, especially since he had little formal education, and even more so considering that the log was written entirely



while he was on the river, during stops or by firelight "with the roar of a wild river" ever present in the writer's hearing. His only vice seemed to be an ever growing collection of tattoos, and even practiced the art himself; a set of tattoo needles and ink was always with him.

His brother went back east in 1893. George stayed on the river and in the spring of that year built the DART, a 30-foot, flat bottomed, two masted ship. By himself, he sailed down the wild Colorado and out into the Gulf of California, all the way to Guayamas, Mexico, and back to Yuma, a distance of about 1000 miles. In 1894, the restless Flavell joined a group organized by a freelance reporter named R.E.L. Robinson—equally typical of his times, a miner / prospector / journalist / promoter. Robinson wanted to explore the upper end of the Gulf of California for mining prospects, and hired Flavell to build the necessary boat and serve as guide. Flavell remodeled a houseboat into a 32-foot sloop which they named EXAMINER, and with Robinson and two other men set off from Yuma in April 1894.

The voyage down the Colorado was leisurely and idyllic; they hunted feral pigs in the marshes, fished in the open stretches, and landed whenever they wanted to prospect or hunt bigger game such as bighorn sheep in the mountains along the river. But on May 25th, Robinson and one of the others were ambushed and killed by Seri Indians on Tiburon Island, the largest island in the Gulf of California. Luckily Flavell and the final member of the party were on the boat at the time of the murders and escaped unharmed. The Mexican government, unwilling to take on the Seris (who were widely believed to be both brujas, or witches, and cannibals), did nothing. For a time, some people in California blamed Flavell, even saying that he had robbed and killed the two unfortunates. Flavell was disgusted by this turn of events, but there was nothing more he could do. The tragedy haunted him the rest of his life.

Flavell preserved Robinson's notebook in which the unfortunate newspaperman had kept a log of the examiner's travels, and used that same notebook to record the log of the PANTHON. The next time Flavell appears in the record was two years later, in 1896. Flavell and a companion, Ramon Montez, showed up in Green River, Wyoming, with, "the intention of running down Green River into the Colorado River and on down through the Grand Canyon to Yuma." Today this might seem like an adventure travel vacation, but in Flavell's day such a voyage was almost unheard of. By 1896, only two previous parties had ever traversed the Grand Canyon, and only one of those had run the length of the Green. Of less than 40 men, six had died either on the river or while attempting to escape the canyons. Others had been injured, boats had been wrecked and provisions and equipment lost; hardly favorable odds for Flavell and Montez. Yet if Flavell had any qualms about attempting such a voyage, he didn't show it. When asked by a reporter at Yuma why he undertook such a journey, Flavell replied:

First, for the adventure; second, to see what so few people have seen; third to hunt and trap; fourth, to examine the perpendicular walls of rock for gold.

Flavell and Montez were the first to traverse the canyons who were not part of a major expedition.

If Flavell was unknown, Montez is a positive enigma. Flavell apparently recruited him in Los Angeles. Why is unknown, for by Flavell's own account Montez was a tenderfoot, someone who was unskilled either in boating or in living in the wilderness as Flavell was. He was, in short, a passenger.

Upon their arrival by rail from California about the middle of August, Flavell at once set about building a boat. Little is known about the PANTHON, including the origin of the name. What is known comes from John Hislop, who was an associate of the inquisitive and energetic Robert Brewster Stanton. Stanton had been the chief engineer of the ill-fated Denver, Colorado Canyon, and Pacific Railway survey in 1889. Stanton, already obsessed with the Colorado River, heard about Flavell's voyage so he wrote to his old assistant, Hislop, who was then living in Green River, Utah. Alerted by Stanton, Hislop waited for Flavell to get to Green River, then a tiny stop on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, and invited Flavell and Montez to dinner. Hislop left the following account of the PANTHON:

Their boat is a flat bottomed boat with broad, square stern, two oars worked by one man in the bow who sits face to the bow and pushes on the oars. No steering or extra oars. The other man sits on the load in the stern. The oarsman sits on a box when not standing. No airtight compartments. Boat built by themselves and shod with wagon tires, etc.

Further investigation by Stanton revealed that the PANTHON was an open boat, 15 and a half feet long, five feet across at its widest point. It was made of two-by-fours covered with tongue-and-groove planks. The bottom was double planked and further reinforced with iron skids made of old wagon tires.

At this point let's stop and review previous attempts to navigate the rapids of the Green and Colorado. This is easy, for there were only two parties prior to Flavell: John Wesley Powell's explorations in 1869 and 1871, and Stanton's railroad survey in 1889-1890. Both had used deep draft, round bottom boats. Powell's were double ribbed oak, heavy but still not sturdy enough to withstand constant pounding. Stanton at first used light, fragile cedar skiffs procured by the president of the railway company, Frank Brown, who drowned in Marble Canyon. When he returned to complete the survey, Stanton used boats built on Powell's model. They were rowed by two oarsmen who faced the stern of the boat and pulled. This is the standard way of rowing a rowboat and while it gives the most power, the difficulties of maneuvering in a tight rocky channel while looking over your shoulder can easily be imagined.

Flavell used the simple expedient of turning the boat around and facing the rapids; which made a world of difference.

This method is today called the Galloway technique, after Nathaniel Galloway, a trapper, prospector, and pioneer boater from Vernal, Utah. In their notes, Carmony and Brown claim that Galloway "has often been erroneously credited with being the first to run the rapids of the Colorado using this 'face the danger' technique" [which phrase, incidentally, was coined by

Norm Nevills, a boatman of the 1930s]. I'm afraid their enthusiasm for Flavell allowed them to get carried away and give Flavell credit, but newspaper accounts prove Galloway was on the Green and Yampa rivers near Vernal in the 1880s, almost a decade before Flavell appeared. It was Galloway who first came up with the idea.

After building the PANTHON and gathering provisions and equipment, Flavell and Montez set off from Green River "as the whistle blew for the noon hour" on August 27, 1896. The boat was loaded with sacks of flour, beans and coffee, the standard camp fare in those days before coolers and frozen food. Canned goods, and a rifle and pistol plus their bedrolls and cooking gear made up the rest of their load. In the opening pages of the log Flavell set the scene:

The campfire is burning bright. We have the hindquarters of a deer in the ground cooking, and a big stew besides. As the flames of a big pitch log go up, I start the log of the PANTHON and time alone will tell if it will ever be finished or not.

Like those before him as well as later generations of river runners would learn, the first seventy miles or so from Green River were swift and easy. There were no rapids between Green River and Flaming Gorge, only a clear shallow stream lined with cottonwoods and willow thickets which were full of game. Flavell and Montez took full advantage of the latter, with mixed results. Flavell blazed away at several deer but brought none of them down, until the next day when they tracked down and killed a doe they had wounded. Shortly after setting off that morning, they spotted more deer on shore. Flavell "lit out barefooted and after running about ½ mile I stopped hunting deer and commenced picking cactus out of my feet."

That same day they entered what Flavell called "Dolores Canyon," which was actually Flaming Gorge. From there to the head of Red Canyon, a distance of about 30 miles, the river was fast but clear of major rapids. Their first rapids came when they entered Red Canyon, including Ashley Falls, where a house-sized boulder blocked the channel leaving passages only about ten feet wide. "That was enough for the PANTHON," Flavell wrote, "so we passed on." This entire stretch of River, incidentally, now lies under the waters of Flaming Gorge Reservoir.

Even though Flavell was an experience river man, it didn't mean he could stop paying attention as he found out that day.

Later on in the afternoon Ramon was singing. All of a sudden he stopped. Everything did the same, except the load in the boat. That shot ahead. It was caused by a collision with a rock about 15 feet high. I saw I could not miss it, and so I struck it square with the stem. Ramon was sitting on the trunk in the stern of the boat, and when the collision stopped her so suddenly Ramon came on forward and skinned his knees on the seat about three feet ahead of where he was sitting. It was all over in a second.

Shortly afterward, they passed a cowboy and stopped for conversation; he was the first person they had seen for several days. Just before they camped they passed a "conglomeration of old shacks" and saw a man appear in the door of one. He went back inside without a greeting, though, and as he appeared "to be sort of bronco" or rough, Flavell "decided not to pollute his sacred abode with our presence." The Kolb brothers, running the same stretch in 1911, encountered a similar rough looking bunch and later learned that they were horse thieves. The whole area was rough, rugged, and remote, a perfect lair for robbers and outlaw gangs, such as the Wild Bunch, the Tip Gault gang, and others.

The next day they left Red Canyon and entered Browns Park. Later in the day, they heard a hay mower in operation so after supper, Flavell went up to the house--probably the Two Bar Ranch house--to say hello and ask for any mail. The ranchers had no mail but did have a warning:

Like all the rest, they said we would leave our carcasses in Lodore Canyon if we entered it. Several have told us of the impossibility of even getting through, though none know what is in there or how long it is. All they know is that it is awful and that everyone who went in there stayed. I have come to the conclusion they don't know any more about it than I do. There is a canyon, that is all.

Such warnings coming from ranchers and cowboys, none of whom ever floated the river, were common. Julius Stone in 1909 and the Kolb brothers two years later heard the same warnings about the dangers of Lodore, and even though it is now run commercially on a regular basis, the canyon has a deadly reputation that endures to this day. Coming back to camp, Flavell found

"A mist in drops as large as grapes, and when I got back to camp I found Ramon floating around in bed. I just tumbled in too and we both floated around together."

The next day they entered the canyon of Lodore in the afternoon. Here, for the first time, they found it necessary to break out their rope to line their boat, which they hadn't needed until then. That night they camped at the head of Disaster Falls, named by John Wesley Powell in 1869 when one of his boats was wrecked there. It took Flavell and Montez all day to lower their boat past the falls. In those days, Lower Disaster Falls was especially dangerous, for at low water levels, such as Flavell was on, the entire river dropped about ten feet and then disappeared under a ledge; to enter there was certain destruction, and it was regularly portaged even by such rivermen as Bus Hatch and Norm Nevills. This has since changed, but Disaster Falls still requires caution and skill on the part of a boatman. That night they ate supper only about two miles or less from where they had breakfast. There were other dangers too; Flavell commented "if there is a place on my body as large as this sheet of paper that is not sun burnt, it must be on the inside."

The next day saw the end of Lodore, after several more dangerous rapids, including hell's half mile, which took four

hours of hard work to get around. As they pulled into Echo Park, at the junction of the Yampa and Green Rivers, around sunset, they encountered one of the strangest characters ever to inhabit the canyon country, Pat Lynch.

As we pulled in to camp an object was seen on the bank below which soon assumed the shape of a man. We dropped on down four or five hundred yards farther to where he was, and a curious man he was, living there in the canyon all alone. As soon as the bow of the boat touched the shore, he grabbed the rope and offered his hand and said "Welcome to Echo Park," and asked my name. He did the same with Ramon. As soon as he saw the boat was secure, he started off after wood to make a fire. I asked him a few questions, but he seemed to take no notice to what I said. He acted so curious I began to think he was crazy. He ate supper with us. I soon gave up all attempts to get him to answer any questions. Finally he began to talk on his own hook, and I was never more interested in my life.

He gave us his whole history, how he had been a soldier before, during, and after the [Civil] War. He had been well-to-do in Maryland. His wife died. All he had was divided between his two sons when he was forced to fly through some trouble. He went to Africa. He learned to be a sailor. He had been in the Navy, had applied for a pension, but through some mismanagement he had failed to get it. And one thing he said struck me kind of forcibly. It was, "Well, I don't need their damned pension. I won't live long anyway." He is 67 years old. He expects only to live till he reaches 71, taking in consideration the hard usage he had underwent.

He talked till 11 P.M., hitting on nearly every subject from trapping to running a government, giving us all kinds of advice. But the part that impressed me most was the story of his family that was broke-up during or before the War. I was afraid to make any inquiries for fear he would stop talking, but perhaps he has one or two sons today in Maryland.

What would they think if they knew their old father was living alone in Lodore Canyon, Colorado, and had not ate a piece of bread for a month, or drank a cup of coffee for two weeks, when perhaps they might have bread to feed the hogs.

I went up to his camp in the bushes, and such a camp it was. His house was a kind of a sled (anyway it was on runners), just big enough for a bed, covered with a piece of canvas held up by bows about two feet high. The table was a piece of board on the ground. It made me feel lonesome as I looked at it, and I laid awake most of the night, wondering if I would pass my last days in some such place.

Others commented on Pat Lynch; when the Kolb brothers reached Echo Park in 1911, Lynch was still there—he lived to be 88, and died in 1917—and they also commented on his fantastic stories and his animal friends. He was well-known among the ranchers and outlaws of the Green River country, and used to trade horses with the wild bunch, for the outlaw trail

ran right through Echo Park. His camp, complete with the bed on runners, can still be found near Echo Park and his inscriptions found on cliffs all around the Yampa and Green River canyons.

The next morning, Flavell and Montez were awakened by a shot. Anxious to get them some meat, Pat had shot at his pet buck, who lived near him in the park. Wounded, the poor deer escaped. Flavell searched in vain for beaver up the Yampa River all that day, and the next morning they left Pat standing on the river bank waving goodbye. That night found them through Whirlpool Canyon and into Split Mountain Canyon. "Though short," Flavell wrote, "Split Mountain Canyon used us worst of all." Split Mountain has the greatest fall of any of the canyons of the Green, with four major rapids and a host of smaller ones in its short, seven mile length.

In running one [Flavell wrote] I lost control of the boat entirely. To help it along, the rowlock jumped out. We got tangled up in the boulders, first bow and then stern first, but finally we came out at the bottom. It was all done in less than a minute. Another boulder was collided with, where we resided for a few minutes until a little sleight of hand was performed to get off. In this performance no one slept.

They stopped at Jensen, the little village east of Vernal, only long enough to mail some letters and check for mail. The next week they spent floating through the open country of the Uinta basin. There was little game and they saw no other people save a few Utes, for this was the Ute reservation. Flavell did find beaver, though, and trapped or shot a dozen. There were more, but since trapping or hunting was illegal on Indian land, Flavell decided not to push his luck.

On Sept. 18 Flavell saw some animals on the west side of the river that soon revealed them to be "slow elk." As Flavell wryly commented,

These animals differ from other wild animals which are generally all of the same color. But slow elk are all colors of the rainbow. The one that fell victim to my rifle was white with speckles on the back, and in general appearance it strangely resembled a three-year-old steer.

Incidentally, Flavell's is the earliest use of the term "slow elk" to be found in the literature.

Soon afterward they entered Desolation Canyon, which Flavell called "Usher Canyon." There the rapids were not as severe as the canyons above, and they made good time. There were other hazards, though:

Last night we were awakened by a terrible rumbling noise. I sat up in bed and listened. The whole country seemed to be shaking, and my first thought was: earthquake! But after listening for a few seconds, it stopped with a terrible thud. It was only a portion of a mountain that had wearied of living in such a high altitude and had decided to take up a claim in the canyon below. After reaching its desired location it slept again and so did we.

That night was a rainy camp, so they stood under an old cottonwood, "no seats being necessary" and ate their supper standing up. Meat and coffee were held in the same hand, and when they wanted a bite of break they had to remove it from a pocket, take a bit, and then put it back in their pocket to keep it from getting wet. "We retired early," Flavell wrote, "there being no places of amusement open."

The next day while running a rapid they crashed into a boulder and caved in the stem of the PANTHON, but Flavell had it repaired before evening. The meat of the "slow elk" had gotten wet floating around in the boat, so while they repaired the damage they smoked the meat under a ledge. That night there was another terrific thunderstorm that shook the canyon around them, and side canyons poured floods into the main river.

It was the last storm for a while, however, and the next day the sun shone. They ran the steepest rapid of the canyon, and shortly afterward encountered a rancher who came riding up, thinking they had stolen his boat. This was probably Jim McPherson, who had a ranch at Florence Creek. He was the first person they had seen for seventeen days. The next day saw the end of Desolation and Gray canyons, and by noon they were at the post office in Green River, Utah, then known as Blake. It was the site of a railroad bridge over the river, and the first town of any size they had encountered since leaving Wyoming. There they finally found mail waiting for them, so they spent the rest of the day reading letters and writing replies, and buying provisions for six months.

Leaving reluctantly the next day, they floated through the calm water and open country south of Green River. Here the country was much more open, and they encountered houses, ranches, and placer mines. At one of the latter they stopped for a visit and met John Hislop and William Edwards, both of whom had accompanied Robert Brewster Stanton on the railroad survey of the Grand Canyon a few years before. Naturally Flavell was overjoyed to meet them, and the evening passed with camaraderie and much useful information about the canyons to come. The next day they saw a strange sight for this desert country, a steamboat laid up on the bank. This was the MAJOR POWELL, one of the first of many unsuccessful attempts to establish a steamboat service between the Green and Colorado between the towns of Green River and Moab. Late the next day they spied five desert bighorn sheep on the river bank, and quickly landed to give chase. Four of them were quickly shot, but the fifth, though wounded, escaped to the cliffs. Not wanting to leave a wounded animal, Flavell and Montez pursued the wounded sheep "through gulches, over boulders, along the sides of walls where one slip would send us where we would never want any more sheep." They finally caught up with the ram and finished him off, only to realize that it was quickly getting dark. "It dawned on us all of a sudden," Flavell wrote, "that it was just as hard to get down as up." But they made it by the light of the moon and had fresh mountain sheep meat for supper.

The next couple of days were spent floating through the calm waters of Labyrinth and Stillwater canyons, and on September 30 they reached the confluence of the Green and Grand rivers, as the Colorado was called until 1921. There they

encountered a couple of prospectors, Mr.'s Summers and Geiger, and stopped for a brief visit. The visit was brief, however, for the PANTHON "could hear the roar of a rapid in the great cataract canyon." Flavell had been warned about Cataract, then called "the graveyard of the Colorado." There were over 45 miles of rapids as fierce as anything they had yet encountered, and as Flavell noted "more than one boat and man have been called to their everlasting account here, but the PANTHON must go through."

In running one heavy rapid, the boat was swamped when Flavell lost control after going over a rock. He decided that the PANTHON was too shallow and loaded too heavily for the cataracts of the Colorado, so while their gear was drying on the rocks, Flavell raised the sides, bow and stern eight inches. This extra freeboard enabled them to get through the rest of Cataract Canyon without further mishaps. Flavell thought that even though Cataract had the worst reputation and the biggest rapids so far of all the canyons they had passed, they had to resort to their rope only once, so he was compelled to give Lodore the nod as the worst after all.

They came to Hite, at the head of Glen Canyon, on October 5th. Hite was one of the very few good crossings of the Colorado, so good that it was also called dandy crossing--it was such a dandy place to cross the river. It was founded by Cass Hite, a prospector who had come into the glen canyon region looking for gold and silver in the 1880s. Hite lived most of his life in a house near the ferry crossing, and later a few miles downstream when Hite got too crowded. Flavell found it anything but crowded:

About 2 P.M. something that bore a rude resemblance to a boat was seen tied to a rock. It, of course, called forth from my throat about two verses of a Comanche warhoop. It was answered in a minor key from behind a patch of willows, and out popped a man, very nimble and robust though his gray hair plainly told that his days were long on the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Of course conversation was swift. He had expected us to come for some days. We asked him how far it was to Hite. He told us we were in the city limits then, and within 100 yards of the post office. He was the postmaster, also the sole occupant of the town. We made camp and went over the to the village, it being small, only a post office, hotel, and restaurant, all in a room 14X16 feet. The upper shelf of the cupboard was for letters; the mailbag hung on the bedpost. The house was built of round logs, and over the window a place about a foot long had been hewed so as to make a flat surface and in lead pencil was inscribed "meals 35 cents."

We played high five with him till it was time for the rooster to crow, and heard some of his history. He had dug for gold till his pick, patience, and soul were worn out, and at last, after 37 years (finding nothing), he had quit in disgust. He was passing his few last days brooding over the campfire, alone, thinking and picturing what he would have done if he had struck it rich.

After tarrying only a day with Mr. Wilson, the two river travelers entered Glen Canyon on Oct. 6th and spent the next week traveling through Glen Canyon. Interestingly, in light of later volumes written about the beauties of Glen Canyon, Flavell dismisses it with a bare paragraph, saying only that it was the most barren region they had seen on their trip. Flavell wrote: "It seemed as though the elements had took a pride in sweeping and washing it up to have at least one clean spot on the Colorado."

They passed a number of placer diggings; the gold boom that had started about 1893 on the San Juan River had spread to the Colorado, although there were not yet the crowds of men that would descend on the area when Robert Brewster Stanton came a few years later to set up operations of the Hoskaninni mining company. At one of the placer mining camps Flavell and Montez stopped for the night, and Flavell was surprised when his hosts said grace before partaking of their supper:

I thought it was kind of out of place when the meat on the table had been cruelly killed and carried off without the knowledge or consent of the owner. I know this to be a fact. (I gave them the meat.)

October 13th found them at Lees Ferry at last. Lees Ferry, established by John D. Lee when he was hiding out from federal marshals both for his polygamy and for his role in the Mountain Meadows massacre, was the next crossing of the Colorado below Hite. It was also the start of the Grand Canyon. After some searching, Flavell finally tracked down the ferryman, James Emmett. To Flavell's surprise, they had no mail, so he and Montez set about making sure that their friends knew they had made it this far. They then spent the next couple of days getting the boat in order and re-provisioning. Finally, they were ready for the biggest challenge of all, the Grand Canyon:

Tomorrow we start. Can a little flat-bottom boat ever go through such a place? The great grand canyon of not only the united states but the world? Can she live? Yes! Yes! What difference whether the walls be 100 feet or 100 miles? An eye that has had its vision blocked by mountains and deserts, and whose bed has been the rocks or sand for years grows weary. What care they for high cliffs or deep gorges?

Nothing! They travel in a kind of semi-conscious state, looking neither to the right or left. What care they for scenery? What care they for danger (when past)? What is there to live or die for? If the PANTHON and her crew fail to put in an appearance at the other end, what difference will it make? None! She will go through without a doubt, but until she is through the doubt remains.

Their first day in the Grand Canyon almost proved to be their last. In Badger Creek Rapid, mile 8 (distances in the grand canyon are measured downstream from Lees Ferry), they "dove in, and came very near going a little too deep for our health." The boat hit a rock which tossed them sideways and almost capsized them; Flavell had to let go of the oars to keep from

being swept overboard. He managed to grab one oar and turn the boat just in time to prevent an upset, but it was close.

With that close call in mind, when they came to the next major rapid, Soap Creek, only a few miles downstream, they scouted it from shore for a couple of hours before deciding to portage. This involved unloading the boat, carrying all their gear--their boxes, trunk, sacks of flour, beans, bacon, bedrolls, camp equipment, everything--around the rocks to a place below the rapid, then letting the boat down along the river with their rope. It took half a day. Camp that night was at the foot of the rapid, and the little PANTHON rocked in the turbulent water all night. The roar of the rapid was so great as to almost preclude sleep, no matter how tired they were. For the next few days they were on the river early and made good progress through the ever-deepening Marble Canyon. This section of the river is now referred to by commercial boatmen as the Roaring Twenties (mile 18-mile 30), because of the many rapids. Flavell and his companion sailed through all of them safely, although Ramon was almost thrown overboard at one point. Near Vasey's Paradise they stopped to explore some caves, unaware that the rope and other equipment they found in the cave had been left there by Stanton and Hislop after three of their crew had drowned in 1889. After four days they reached the mouth of the Little Colorado River, which marks the end of Marble Canyon. The next day they came to Hance Rapid, the first of the major rapids in the Grand Canyon. Hance is a long, very treacherous rapid, the site of more than one mishap and even, about a year ago, a death. As they were sitting on the bank, trying to decide what to do, to their surprise three men came riding down Red Canyon, a side canyon on the east side of the river. To Flavell's greater surprise, it turned out one of them was the president of the University of Southern California, a Methodist preacher, whom Flavell ironically noted "if I had attended church a little more regular, I might have known him." The men came from a hotel on the south rim, and had followed an old prospectors trail down Red Canyon. By now prospectors in the grand canyon were beginning to discover that there was more gold, and easier to get, in the pockets of tourists than there was in the canyon itself. Although he had been intending to portage the rapid, to his later regret he felt that with an audience they could hardly seem unmanly, so they would run it:

I decided to run the rapid (though I would not if they had not been there)and pushed off. We took the east entrance which was only a small portion of the river. We had to make exact points to get through, which we failed to do, and in the flash of an eye an oar was broke, a rowlock tore out, and the PANTHON was piled up in the boulders. We were not yet in the main part. We took off our shoes and pants, and with the big end of the broken oar, I pried her off. Twenty feet more and we came up again. Again we pried her loose. This time we whirled out in the main rapid. I took the head oars (the only ones left). She got across the current. Another rowlock busted--the oar went overboard--leaving no rowlocks on one side of the boat. There was only one narrow channel (crooked at that), where I thought it possible for a boat to pass, and we were hurled far from it. We went down endways, sideways, and every way,

the three spectators standing on the rocks. I guess they would not bid very high on what would be left of the PANTHON and her crew when that rapid got through with them.

Well! Luck changes. Good follows bad. If we had bad luck in breaking the oar and the rowlocks, we had good in getting through the rapid and we came out at the bottom never striking a rock. We picked up the oar that had followed up, and made shore just in time to keep from going over another rapid. Now, as I write these lines, I can look at the rapid that we came down not over 150 yards away. The rocks are as thick as seats in a theater, and many are out of the water four feet. It seems impossible to think for a moment a boat could ever come through there in one piece.

The next day they had hardly pushed off from shore when they struck a rock that cut off the bottom of the stem "as clean as if with an ax, including a piece of iron." After repairs, on they went, crashing through the major rapids of the inner gorge: Sockdologer, Grapevine, 83 Mile, and many others. At Grapevine rapid, where the river completely filled the canyon, Flavell faced the same decision modern river runners face today:

It was very risky to run it, not knowing what was at the bottom. To try to lower away would probably take two or three days. To avoid that much work by one single minute's risk was tempting (though that one minute is enough to smash the boat into a thousand pieces and put ourselves in a destitute condition if not eternity). We were tempted; and a minute later we were past and once more the gauntlet was run.

At camp that night they decided that the day had been the most hazardous, as well as the luckiest, day of the whole trip:

If we had lowered over all the bad places it would have taken a month, and by risk it was run in a day. Still, I feel confident we will get through. We must expect some accidents and expect to hit some rocks. There is only one stone we must not hit, that we must miss at all hazard--our tombstone!

On they went, running rapid after rapid; after Flavell's experiences portaging Soap Creek he was determined not to portage any more rapids. At times they were soaked to the skin, at other times they got through dry. In some places they were trapped in whirling eddies and had to wait for the currents to free them, while at other times they rushed along at an exhilarating speed.

In Deubendorff Rapid, mile 132, they hit a rock so hard it broke in the side of the boat, calling for a hasty landing and extensive repairs. Luckily Flavell had the foresight to bring along shipwright's tools and supplies, and they were soon on their way.

On October 28th, they came to Lava Falls, one of the most difficult rapids on the river. Flavell dismissed it with a sentence: "a bad rapid was run which put about eight inches of

water in the boat." He spent more time describing the wonderful springs and marshes near lava falls, as well as the huge lava flows that give the rapid its name. Near Lava and at several places below, they saw wigwams, tracks, and other evidence of Indians. Flavell had stocked up on ammunition at Lees Ferry in case they met Indians, but they saw no one.

By now they were getting weary, tired of constantly being wet, tired of the deep canyon that blocked the sun, tired of carne seca (dried meat) and beans, and one suspects, tired of each other. Back in Cataract Canyon, one story goes, Monter had announced to Flavell that he was quitting. "You can float down with me," Flavell replied, fingering his pistol, "or you can float down dead." Ramon stayed. True or not, the tale illustrates the weariness that overcomes even the modern river runner after days and weeks in a deep canyon.

So they were excited to near the end of the canyon. After successfully running Lava Cliff Rapid at mile 246, reputedly one of the most dangerous on the river and now underneath Lake Mead, Flavell wrote:

Well! Twenty-five miles more and the great buckskin mountains [the Kaibab Plateau] will be lost to view. Only 25 short miles. That is only a very short distance compared with the hundreds already passed, but still it is 25 miles and it must be passed before we can say our life is our own.

But tomorrow night we will be safe on the lower Colorado, wrecked, or dead. Which will it be?

The next day "the rapids came regular," Flavell commented "but one by one their waves were mashed down by the PANTHON's bow." In the afternoon they came to the Grand Wash Cliffs, the end of the Grand Canyon, and suddenly they were out in the open. Now they were safe, "but now," he wrote, "the great, grand, beautiful wonderful, fearful, desolate canyon is like yesterday--passed!" "When I come to explain what was there, language fails," Flavell mused, like so many who have experienced a river trip through the grand canyon, went on in the Log to try to describe all that he had seen and felt. The rapids, the walls, the sheer immensity of the place beggar description and even the most talented writer is reduced to stock phrases and clichés. But most pleasing of all to Flavell, they were alive.

Flavell was now in familiar territory. The stretch of the Colorado from the Grand Wash Cliffs to Yuma was his old haunt, and as they floated along for the next couple of weeks they stopped at several places where he met and visited with old friends, "for having trapped the river so long, everyone knew me and to pass without stopping would never be forgiven." Upon arriving at Needles, Ramon promptly decamped, and dropped from the pages of history. Flavell continued downriver by himself. Everywhere he stopped people wanted to see the PANTHON and ask a "firestorm" of questions, which after so much solitude must have been a bit daunting for Flavell. Stopping at the Mohave Indian agency and school, he spent Christmas with the children and teachers. Christmas eve dinner surrounded by Indian children and the staff of the school, made him reflective:

I forgot all about the Colorado River and Grand Canyon till the clock held both hands up in amazement. Good night passed from lip to lip and all retired to their respective quarters while I, against the will of all, sought my way through the brush to the bank of the river where my boat was tied. I tumbled in to meditate on the life I lead and the one I might lead.

Several weeks later, as Flavell slowly progressed down river to Yuma, he had more cause to reflect when he reached Ehrenberg, Arizona, which was once a thriving river port. Freight was shipped from all over the world to the mouth of the Colorado, where it was transferred to steamers had hauled upriver to Ehrenberg. It was then transhipped to Prescott, Phoenix, Tucson,

San Bernadino, and other places. By 1896, though, railroads had all but killed the river freight business and Ehrenberg was well on its way to becoming a ghost town.

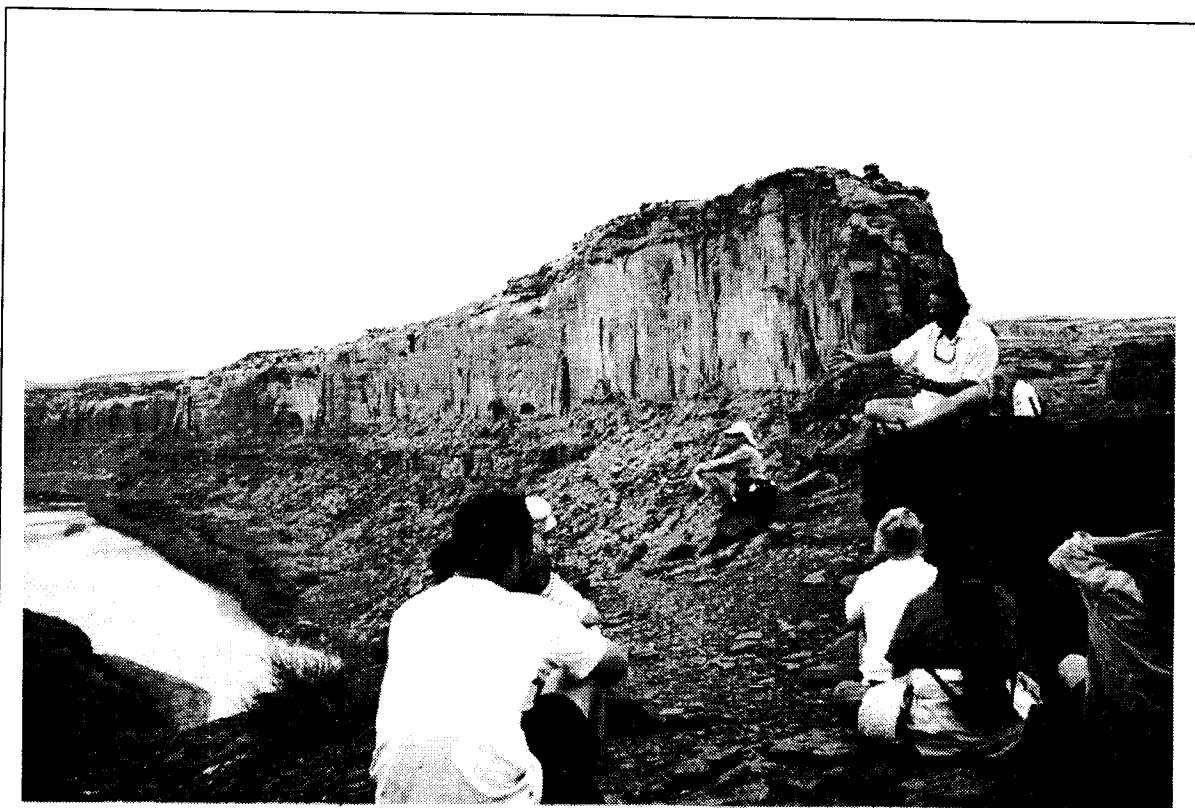
Finally, on January 8, 1897, Flavell tied the PANTHON up for the last time at the dock at Yuma. "A poorer but wiser man," his journey was complete. In Yuma a few months later, he chanced to meet Nathaniel Galloway, who had also come down the Colorado from Wyoming, with trapper William Richmond. Galloway and Flavell sat down to compare notes. Flavell rhapsodized about the beauties of the canyon, while the laconic and ever-pragmatic Galloway dismissed the journey as "no profit."

George Flavell lived only a short time after his epic voyage. In 1897 he ran a small freight steamer, the little dick, up and down the river near Yuma. In the spring of 1898, he married Lulu Shaffer in Los Angeles. Despite warnings from friends, Flavell returned to Mexico on a prospecting trip in 1900. In Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, he died, reportedly

of typhoid fever, in 1901. Although his family asked for his remains, he was buried there, near where he had spent so much of his life.

Not long after Flavell's death, the Colorado itself was changed with the building of the Laguna Dam above Yuma in 1905, which effectively ended the steamboat trade. Further dams were built as more and more people moved into southern California. Today, the Colorado is tamed with no less than seven dams along its course. Many of the canyons Flavell and Montez traversed and the rapids they ran are inundated by reservoirs. The Colorado is described as the most intensely managed and used river in the world, and its waters supply power and water for the thirsty, desert cities of Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Phoenix. Every drop of the Colorado is reused many times before it trickles into the desert above the gulf of California.

Where Flavell saw few people in the wild canyons of the Green and Colorado, today the rivers and the canyons are visited by tens of thousands of tourists every year. People wait for years, and pay exorbitant prices, for the chance to run the same rapids in the Grand Canyon that so exercised Flavell and Montez. By 1950, half a century after Flavell's death, only 100 people had run the Grand Canyon. Today almost 16,000 per year run it, and there are more waiting. The same numbers hold true for the Green River. Even though today's river runners are pampered by comparison, and rescue is only a helicopter ride away, there is still enough life left in the Green and Colorado, and enough grandeur in their deep, remote canyons, to give us a feel for what Flavell and Montez must have experienced during the journey of the PANTHON. ✱



**Tom Corcoran at the Bowknot Saddle during a teachable moment. Photo by Rick Cline.**

# Nathaniel Galloway and William Richmond

## The Voyage of the "Emma Dean" and the "Maid of the Cañon"—1896 / 1897

by John Weisheit

*Special thanks to the Harry Aleson Collection, Utah State Historical Society. The Marston Collection at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. The Anthropological Papers at the Marriott Library, University of Utah. A very special thanks to Rosalyn Jirge.*

### Nathaniel Galloway

**B**iographical material on Nathaniel Galloway is limited due to a fire that destroyed his diaries and photos. Nathaniel Galloway was born, but I don't know when. When he did his river trip with William Richmond in 1896/1897 he was in his mid-forties; Richmond was at least twenty-five. Galloway was married and fathered at least two sons, John and Parley, and at least two daughters, Mina and Eva. Galloway died of a brain tumor in Richfield, Utah, on December 22, 1913.

### William Richmond

William Chesley Richmond was born February 14, in either 1870 or 1871. I do not know when he died. Galloway first met Richmond at Little Hole in Red Canyon on the Green River. At the time, Richmond and his partner Frank Leland (who may have been a retired baseball player) were assessing their situation after losing all their supplies and placer mining equipment while running Ashley Falls. Galloway invited the men to join him on his river expedition. Richmond accepted the invitation; Leland declined. In Needles, California, where the trip ended, a gentleman offered Richmond a thousand dollars to guide him on a similar expedition—Richmond refused. Instead Richmond went back to work a placer claim on the Columbia River. Richmond also ran a ferry boat on the Columbia River.

Richmond was a cowboy, at one point in his life, and rode for the Gray Bull Cattle Company in either Montana or Wyoming. He could tan hides and make buckskin clothes. He could make ropes, gloves, and many other such handy things. In short, he was a very clever fellow. Richmond and his brother, Harry, married sisters who were born two years apart. Richmond's wife told river historian, Otis Marston, that Richmond was a practical joker and a very good dead-pan when one was played. Said Harry Richmond in letters to Marston:

"You didn't dare to cross him. He was lightening. Weighed 150+ probably. Height about 5'6". Terrific in strength. Fiery as the devil. Has opinions of his own. He led in everything. Liked to tell stories of range life. He rode the range in Wyoming. Knew Butch Cassidy.

Said he would come in and ride for [an] outfit a couple of weeks, then would leave [not sure if this applies to Cassidy or to Richmond]. [Was in an] 1907 Indian Uprising. Wonder they weren't all killed. Had a placer mine near Daisy, WA."

### The Expedition of 1896/1897

Galloway published an article in the *Vernal Express* called "Through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River". It was published at regular intervals throughout the summer of 1898. It is the story of the Galloway and Richmond expedition that started in September of 1896 and ended in February of 1897. Galloway returned to Vernal in April of 1897 and did another river trip to Lees Ferry; he went alone. The following paragraphs are from the text of this newspaper article:

He [Galloway] had started [at Henry's Fork] with no companion but a small boy [popular opinion is that this boy was Nathaniel's son Parley], because he could find few "that cared to take such adventures". He traveled 40 miles through a series of cañons, which he described as "easy to navigate by an experienced navigator of rough water". It was in this first part of his journey that he met the man who was to accompany him in the daring voyage through the Grand Canon. In what is known as Red Cañon, he met two prospectors working placer mining grounds. One of these men was William Richmond and Mr. Galloway saw at a glance that here was his own kind of a man. Mr. Galloway says "Mr. Richmond looks to be a daring man and one fond of adventure, so I make a proposition to him that he should take a trip with me through the cañons of the Green River and the Colorado as far as Lee's Ferry, Arizona, with probabilities of a trip through the Grand Cañon."

Mr. Galloway speaks of his adventures thus simply: "It is a well known fact among my acquaintances that I have made several such trips through the cañons of the Green River and the Colorado as far as Lee's Ferry, Arizona, but it has never been my desire to gain fame or notoriety of any descriptions whatever in such proceedings. These trips have been made only to gain what little profits I might in following such pursuits as I do (trapping and prospecting). Often but a poor living is made in such pursuits. Neither have I ever taken notes or written a word concerning these trips, but as this is decidedly the most daring adventure it has ever been my lot to endure, I decided to take notes and write a description of this adventure."

"Now Will" (Mr. Richmond) says, "you know, the 'Emma Dean' was the most unfortunate of Major Powell's boats and, as I am inexperienced and most liable to misfortunes, I will name my boat 'Emma Dean' and, as you have had experience in running through cañon rapids and as the 'Maid of the Cañon' was the most successful of Powell's boats, you had better name your boat the 'Maid of the Cañon'. Accordingly I agreed and our boats are named, respectively, 'Emma Dean' and 'Maid of the Cañon'".



In this *Vernal Express* article, trip dates are not listed very often. Galloway did report that he was in the "heart" of the Grand Canyon on January 18th, 1897.

Galloway's inscriptions help to document his river trips and progress. One of Galloway's inscriptions at "Galloway Cave", which is 21 miles above Lees Ferry and currently submerged beneath the waters of Lake Powell, is dated January 6, 1897 [there is a picture of this cave on page 263 of Julius Stone's book Canyon Country]. Galloway's inscription at Elves Chasm, Mile 116 in the Grand Canyon, is dated January 24, 1897.

### Other River trips by Nathaniel Galloway

As far as I can ascertain, without renting a bathyscaph, there are three inscriptions by Nathaniel Galloway in Galloway Cave. According to the Harry Aleson collection, Galloway also made an inscription in this cave during the year of 1894. To my knowledge Otis Marston has no record of this inscription. Ellsworth Kolb, in his book Through the Grand Canyon, mentions that Galloway did Cataract and Glen canyons in 1895. Gregory Crampton's historical salvage of Glen Canyon does not help in answering this question, as he never included the inscriptions at Galloway Cave in his anthropological papers that are archived at the University of Utah. This means one of two things: 1) Galloway did an upper basin river trip in 1894 and another in 1895. 2) One of these river historians—Kolb, Aleson, or Marston—made a note-taking error and Galloway did an upper basin river trip that might have passed Galloway's Cave either in 1894, or in 1895. I'll make an educated guess at this time: Aleson is correct on 1894, Kolb meant to say 1894, and Marston somehow missed this trip.

Marston acknowledges that Galloway did a "traverse" of Cataract and Glen canyons in 1897, for the third inscription in Galloway Cave is dated October 25, 1897 [this is the trip Galloway did by himself after the trip with Richmond]. There was a question in Marston's mind that Galloway may have gone below Lees Ferry and he investigated this possibility by quizzing family members. Some of the investigative material follows this paragraph. As a result, Marston concluded that this trip by Galloway was a solo in the upper basin and ended at Lees Ferry.

This is a letter written to Marston by some attorneys for a Mrs. Mina Galloway-Coupe, one of Galloway's daughters:

"Your letter of December 20, 1949, addressed to Mrs. Mina Coupe [home address in Los Angeles] has been referred to the undersigned. Mrs. Coupe informs me that her father made two trips through the Grand Canyon, one in 1896 and another in 1897; that he wrote a diary or book on each of these trips; that the first book is now in her possession; and the second book is or was in the possession of her sister, Mrs. Victor Nielsen. She further informs me that you have already contacted her sister, Mrs. Nielsen, and that Mrs. Nielsen may have already delivered to you the diary of the second trip.

"I have been requested to advise Mrs. Coupe on the problem of whether or not she should part with this diary without first having same copyrighted."

Eva Galloway-Nielson, another of Galloway's daughters, wrote to Marston in 1965:

"Concerning the diary of 1897, of father's, my sister claims it was originally in her home in Vernal, but she believes it must have been with other belongings and personal papers which were destroyed by a fire in their home in Vernal. Many pictures and albums were destroyed at that time, she claims."

As mentioned before, this fire is probably why there is no accurate biographical information on Nathaniel Galloway. This correspondence also seems to confirm a Grand Canyon traverse for Galloway in 1897.

Harry Aleson received the following letter from Bert Loper and shared it with Marston to help answer the question concerning the content of Galloway's solo trip in 1897.

Dear Harry,

I read a letter from Mr. Marston and he again mentions Galloway's solo and I think I can straighten him out on that one -- the rumor started from the fact that [Loper's underscore] Nate did make one, and perhaps more than one, solo from Jensen to Lee's and that is how the rumor got started that he made the Grand. But I am positive that he did not make it solo through the Grand. And I would sure like to know who it is that contends that he did. Of course there is a possibility that I may be wrong, but I do not think I am, but I do know that he did one or more solo through the Upper and Cataract and Glen Canyons—he made one trip through the Cataract in company with Charles Smith, that they just happened to get together and when they were through they separated and Smith stayed about a week at the Hermitage with me and the next trip for Smith he got to the Cataract and was never heard from any more, but I found his wrecked boat—Smith made his first trip through the Cataract in an open boat that was about 18' long and about 3' wide and for further dope on this see Kolb's book .

[Signed] Bert and Rachel

Note: Kolb says the trip with Smith occurred in 1912.

In his investigative process Marston also discovered that Galloway and his son Parley did an upper basin river trip to Lees Ferry in 1904. Gregory Crampton, in his processing, says this trip occurred in 1903. Galloway would go down the Grand Canyon one more time before he died in 1913. This trip was in 1909 with Julius Stone and Seymour Dubendorff and is trip well-documented by Julius Stone in his book Canyon Country.

If your counting, here is the tally for Galloway traverses through what are now national parks:

**Grand Canyon**  
1897 with Richmond  
1909 with Stone

### Canyonlands

- 1894 (?) solo
- 1896 with Richmond
- 1897 solo
- 1904 (?) with Parley
- 1909 with Stone
- 1912 with Smith

In conclusion I would like to mention that a centennial river expedition was completed by the following members of Colorado Plateau River Guides: Nancy Allemand, Joe Englbrecht, Molly Martin, Zane Taylor, John Weisheit, Susette Weisheit and Steve Young. Michael Omana and Mary Weingarden joined the expedition at Lees Ferry and Eve Maher joined the expedition at Havasu Creek. The trip celebrated three historical centennial events: the statehood of Utah, the river expedition of George Flavell and Ramón Montéz, and the river expedition of Nathaniel Galloway and William Richmond. This centennial expedition started on September 23, 1996 below Flaming Gorge Dam. On November 30, at Hite Marina, they loaded their boats and equipment into vehicles and drove to Lees Ferrys to continue the river expedition, which launched from Lees Ferry on December 3. They exited from Pearce's Ferry on January 7, 1997 and arrived safely home in Moab, Utah, on January 8. The expedition totaled 730 miles in 107 days. Four permits were required from Dinosaur National Monument, Price BLM Resource Area, Canyonlands National Park and Grand Canyon National Park. Three provinces were explored: The Rocky Mountains, the Colorado Plateau, and the Basin and Range. Three deserts were explored: The Great Basin, the Sonoran and the Mojave. We had autumn colors from start to finish. General weather conditions were milder than normal. Total expenditures per person were approximately \$1000. We motored (9.6 h.p.) the Uinta Basin from Jensen to Sand Wash and from Gypsum Canyon to Hite Marina. A trip diary was kept by the group and will be archived at the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum; installments of the expedition were published in the *Times-Independent*, the weekly newspaper of Grand County, Utah.



Richmond and Galloway, 1897. Marston Collection.

## Guides Defending Constitutional Rights

### Excerpt from a brochure by the same

This organization was founded by a group of veteran river guides who have worked professionally on the Colorado River in Grand Canyon for up to 20 years. We take great pride in the guiding community's commitment and dedication to safety of our passengers, as evidenced by our excellent safety record. We set high standards for ourselves as well as for our profession.

We are also very concerned about the steady erosion of our constitutional rights. The government is employing increasingly evasive and inappropriate action against private citizens, even though such actions against private citizens, even though such actions defy the very principles upon which our country was founded. The Federal government has begun to require invasive personal body searches—specifically, demanding urine for drug testing among their contractors. In many cases, these actions are being taken with no evidence of a problem, and when less invasive solutions such as educational programs have not been attempted. We believe the quick and dirty "solution" of urine testing is ineffective, insulting, and unconstitutional.

### the Bill of Rights, Article IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.

It is not only our right, but our responsibility as American citizens to question an invasive government action which so clearly undermines our Constitutional rights. If we do nothing, we can only expect these rights to be further eroded.

A few of us are pursuing a lawsuit to challenge the constitutionality of the National Park Service's current policy. The opposition is formidable. Civil attorney's on the payroll of our government are poised to respond aggressively to defend the government's position. It will be a long, uphill battle, and it won't be cheap. In fact, it will be *really expensive*. The plaintiffs on this suit are willing to invest a huge amount of time and our money to pursue the case, but we need your help. We can't make an effective challenge without a lot of financial support.

Please send what you can, and pass the word around to ten or more friends who might be willing to offer financial support.

It 100 people sent \$100, or 200 people sent \$50, that'd just about get us there. Thanks.

Please send your supporting contribution to:

Guides Defending Constitutional Rights  
P.O. Box 1123  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

# The River Register

By Jim Knipmeyer

**O**n the left bank of the Green River, at Mile 77.6, on the Belknap's river guide is a so-called "river register". The river register is just upstream from a short, unnamed side canyon, a large section of the sheer Wingate sandstone has spalled-off and here, since the turn-of-the-century, hundreds of river-runners have left their names, initials, and dates. While the vast majority of these are unimportant, historically-speaking, a few are of some significance.

A search of the literature shows that the site itself has been but barely mentioned, even by the earlier parties that left inscriptions there. As far as I have been able to determine, the site was not mentioned in writing from the 1869 Powell voyage through the 1930s. It was first described during the 1940 trip of Norm Nevills down the Green and Colorado rivers.

In his account of his voyage with Nevills, Barry Goldwater mentions the inscriptions at "Mile 75½" and says that "for obvious reasons the wall is called The Billboard". From his wording, this name was already given, perhaps bestowed by Nevills on his 1938 trip which also stopped here. River-enthusiast Harry Aleson's 1947 diary refers to it as the "Register", and in 1951 as "Register Rock". The 1969 River Runners' Guide to the Canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers labels it "a river register". Bill and Buzz Belknap's 1974 Canyonlands River Guide labels it "River Register".

The earliest dated inscription (though not seen by this author in his search) was given by Cid Ricketts Sumner, a member of the 1955 Eggert/Hatch Expedition, in her book Traveler in the Wilderness. She described it as the "insignia of the U.S. Engineers with the date 1900". Nothing else has been learned of this turn-of-the-century expedition.

The U.S. government was evidently busy along the lower Green River during the early 1900s, for the next two dated inscriptions were reportedly left by governmental parties.



Jim Knipmeyer at the River Register; Mile 77.5 on the Green River. Photography by Mike Ford. Courtesy of Jim Knipmeyer.

In the diary of his trip in 1947, Harry Aleson, in the entry of October 26, lists a painted inscription on the cliffside thusly:

Arm-strong launch  
--Blooming Cat-- 10-28-09  
H.T. Yokey - Capt.  
Passengers (S. Hargen)  
US-GS  
(E. Poizer)

However, only the latter portion of the date and the US-GS now remain.

In her book mentioned earlier, Sumner lists another inscription, not located by this author, as follows: USGS 1915. Neither the 1909 or the 1915 trips show in the literature, though the names Yokey, Hargen, and Bitzer (sic), with a date of 10-19-09, do show up on the left canyon wall farther downstream near Turk's Head.

River-adventurer Clyde Eddy, who in 1927 led a group of "pink-wristed college students" down the Green and Colorado, does not mention the River Register in his book Down the World's Most Dangerous River. But inscriptions there indicate that his expedition did stop. In June of 1993, the author and Mike Ford found the names of "R. F. Bartl" and "V. F. Carey 1927" carved into talus boulders spalled off from the Wingate cliff. Both were members of the Eddy group. Nevills in 1938 and Sumner in 1955 both mention seeing the name Clyde Eddy, but the author did not in his visit.

The following year, 1928, the ill-fated "bride and groom", Glen and Bessie Hyde, left their names and the date neatly carved into the sandstone cliffside. Later, their wooden scow was discovered abandoned in the lower reaches of the Grand Canyon, while no trace of the two honeymooners was ever found.

On his first trip down the Green and Colorado on through the Grand Canyon, the party of Norm Nevills stopped here and he carved in small letters: "NEVILLS EXPEDITION 6-21-38". He duplicated this again two years later with the epitaph "NEVILLS EXPEDITION 7-12-40".

Harry Aleson left at least five records of his passing, the first four in 1947. Included with his on three of them were the names of fellow river-runner Ralph Badger, Rachel Loper, wife of the inveterate river-voyager Bert Loper, and Georgie White, the famous "Woman of the River".

The last inscription of some significance was left by the Eggert-Hatch expedition of 1955. Wilderness photographer Charles Eggert was making a documentary movie film recording the beauty of the river canyons before engineers moved in to dam and control its waters. They stopped at the register on June 30th. Sumner says in her account that it took nearly an hour of "hard, hot work" for Eggert to make an outline drawing, then two of the others to take a pick and chip away at the rock till they had shaped an oval camera lens with an arrow going through it (pointing downstream) and 1955 below.

To conclude, however, I can but reemphasize what a 1977 river-runners' guide stated in its description of the river register:

**"Graffiti adds nothing to the canyon. Leave nothing but footprints, take nothing but photos".**

## The Bowknot Saddle Inscriptions

by Jim Knipmeyer

Going downriver, at Mile-69.8 on the Belknap's 1974 Canyonlands River Guide, is one of the most noticeable and well-known physical features of the Labyrinth Canyon stretch of southern Utah's Green River, Bowknot Bend. Beginning at this point, according to Felix Mutschler in his River Runners' Guide to Canyonlands National Park and Vicinity, the stream makes a huge, looping meander of seven and a half miles to finally get back to within 1,200-feet south of where it started. The "saddle" is formed at the narrowest part of the neck where the cliff-forming Wingate sandstone has been weathered and eroded away more than 200 feet below the normally 700-foot deep canyon. Names and dates of river-runners and travelers have been carved into both the eastern and western sides of this saddle since the turn-of-the-century.

Bowknot Bend was named during the second Powell expedition in 1871. John F. Steward, in his diary entry for September 9, said, "...we have called [it] "Bow Knot Bend". Jack Hillers wrote, "Major [Powell] called it Bow Knot Bend". None of the members of the earlier 1869 Powell voyage down the Green and Colorado Rivers mentions it specifically, though George Bradley did state, "...the river [Green] has been so crooked that in going 20 miles we have advanced less than 11 miles". Jack Sumner said succinctly, "River very crooked".

As far as the written record shows, the first persons to climb up to the saddle from the river were Walter Clement [Clem] Powell and photographer E. O. Beaman of the second Powell expedition. Clem Powell helped Beaman carry his heavy photographic equipment up the 400-foot slope before coming back down to the boats. Beaman stayed on the saddle making photographs, then descended the south side to be picked up by the boats after they made the approximate one hour and forty minute trip around the Bowknot.

The earliest dated inscription at Bowknot saddle, however, goes back only to 1903, and was left by one C. H. Barnes. There are also inscriptions left by H. T. Yokey in 1904, G. W. McConkie, W. Stark, W. E. Cassady, and E. Wolverton in 1905, J. H. Stafford and Ed. Elster in 1907, and E. Shores in 1910. Most of these persons were residents of the Green River and Moab regions. Especially during the first two decades of the 1900s many people utilized the Green and Colorado rivers for various purposes including farming, hunting, freight transportation, and simple pleasure excursions. So there is no way of knowing precisely the reasons the above individuals were passing around and traversing over the Bowknot.

Though undated, one inscription, or possibly two combined together, are probably from this time-period. The first line reads: "ROSS WHEELER-THE DISPATCH BOAT," while beneath are the names E. T. WOLVERTON, P. A. LEONARD, R. G. LEONARD, and W. E. CASSIDY. Just off to the right of these four is a single name WILMONT. Ross Wheeler lived on the west side of the river, about eight miles

below the town of Green River, from around 1898 until 1920. He was a civil engineer by profession and had acted as the representative of both the government and the Utah Power and Light Company in measuring and checking the flow of the Green River. The "Wilmont" was the name of the boat built by Edwin T. Wolverson in 1903. Until 1907 he used the Wilmont for excursions with tourists down the Green to the Colorado. Ralph G. Leonard, a newspaper photographer, and the others were on such an "excursion" in 1904.

One inscription, at the western side of the saddle, reads: "KOLB BROS 10/12/11" and "8/13/21". In 1911 Ellsworth and Emery Kolb were making their epic voyage down the canyons of the Green and Colorado rivers from Green River, Wyoming, to the Gulf of California, taking photographs and making the first motion pictures of the river trip. They had camped the night of the 22nd on the north side of the saddle. The later inscription, which should have been dated September instead of August, was when the Kolb brothers were piloting engineers from the U. S. Geological Survey and Southern California Edison Company down the Green and Colorado rivers to locate possible hydro-electric dam sites. Near mid-day on the 13th, the party paused long enough for some of the members to climb up to the saddle.

A member of the 1921 U.S.G.S. party was hydrologist Eugene C. LaRue. In the fall of 1914 he was involved with the test drilling of a dam site just below The Confluence. On September 21 he left his name, the date and U.S.G.S. designation near the eastern end of the saddle. Close-by is a partially obliterated inscription, also left in 1914, by J. D. Reese, H. T. Yokey, and J. A. Ross, with accompanying initials "U.S.R.S." A U.S. Reclamation Service party, doing the aforementioned test drilling below The Confluence, had to be resupplied from time-to-time and Captain Harry T. Yokey of Green River (Elgin), Utah, who owned and operated a number of boats on the river, did much of the transporting of these supplies. [The United States Reclamation Service became part of the United States Geological Survey when the Newlands Act (1902) was passed into law. In the 1920s it became its own bureaucracy and called the Bureau of Reclamation.]

Back at the western end of the saddle is yet another inscription connected to E. C. LaRue. It reads: "Con Rodin PATHE-BRAY EXP. Nov 13. 27." Rodin was one of the boatmen for the Pathe-Bray Company of Hollywood, California, which was planning to film a motion picture set on the Colorado River. The Green River portion of the voyage was for documentary purposes and background shots. Film-maker J. R. Bray needed someone who had been on the river to lead the trip, and LaRue, no longer with the Geological Survey, was his choice.

On the same sheer cliff of rock is the name BUZZ HOLMSTROM and the numbers 37 and 38. In the fall of 1937 Haldane "Buzz" Holmstrom made the first solo voyage down the length of the Green and Colorado canyons, rowing from Green River, Wyoming, on October 4th to the foot of the Grand Canyon on November 20. On October 26 he landed on the

south side of the narrow neck of Bowknot Bend and climbed the saddle. In the fall of 1938 he made the trip again.

Two other nearby names are associated with Holmstrom's latter voyage: "AMOS BURG 1938" and "Willis Johnson July 5 / 1937". After the history-making trip of 1937, Amos Burg, a river-enthusiast and member of New York City's famous Explorers Club, suggested to Holmstrom that they duplicate his trip in the fall of 1938 for the purpose of filming newsreel shorts, as well as a more lengthy documentary feature. At Green River, Utah, they added Willis Johnson to their number as a general roust-a-bout. Johnson had had some previous river experience, as indicated by the date accompanying his name at Bowknot saddle.

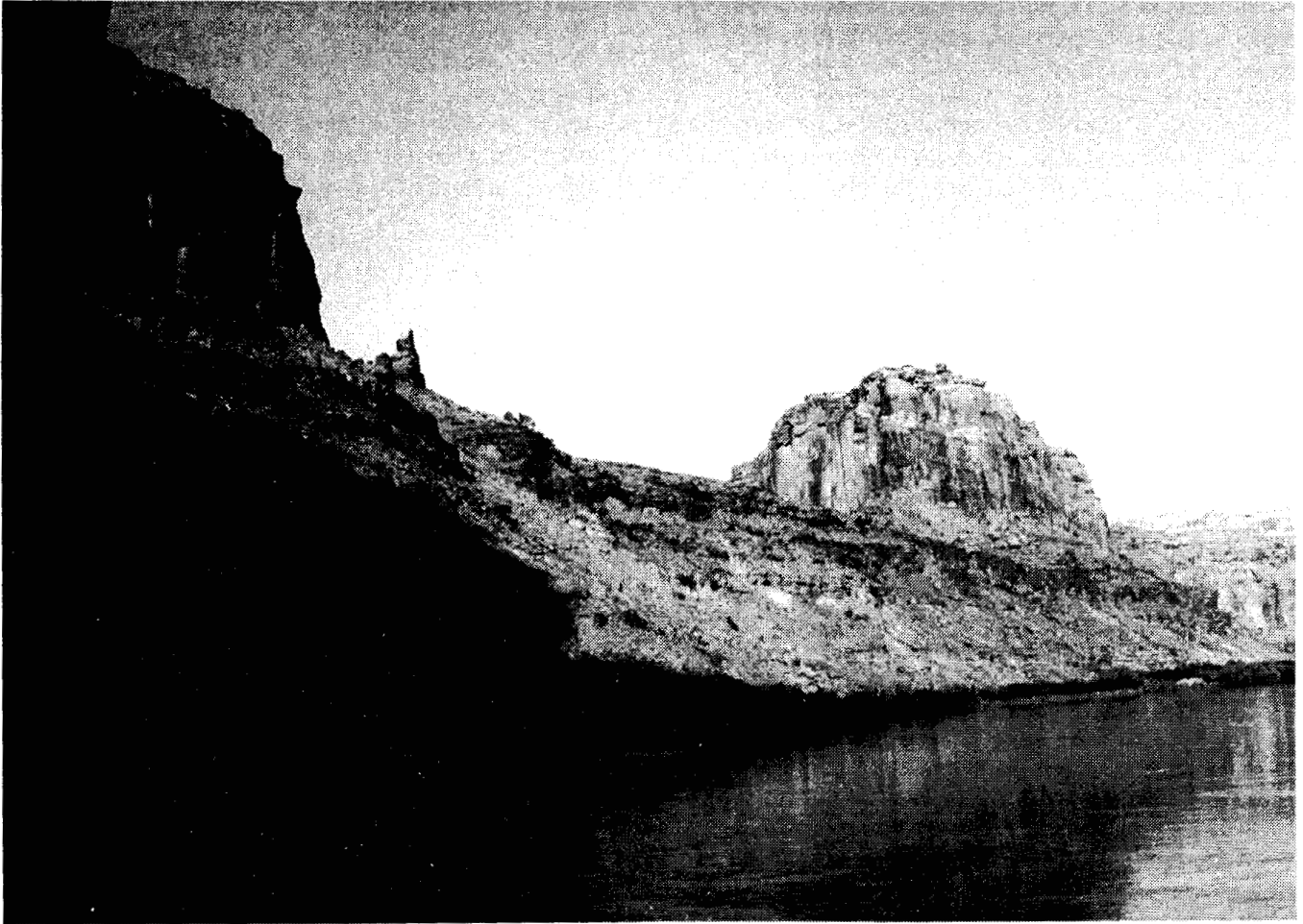
Back at the eastern end, where the trail on the north side of the neck of Bowknot Bend climbs up from the river level, are two sets of inscriptions from the Norm Nevills expedition of 1940. "C. W. LARABEE, A. (Ann) Rossner, and "B. (Barry) Goldwater", were all members of the voyage. In Goldwater's journal of the trip, in his entry for July 12, he tells of stopping here and some of the party climbing up to and over the saddle while the boats went around.

Once again at the western end of the saddle, there is the inscription "ALESON + White OCT 26 1947". In his notes of their river voyage, Harry Aleson tells of making camp on the north side of the neck in the middle of the afternoon, and then their climbing up to the saddle. At the time, Aleson was already a river-runner of some experience, but companion Georgie White had not yet attained her famous status of "Woman of the River".

The last Bowknot saddle inscription of note is that reading, "BEAMAN-HILLERS PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM EXPEDITION AUGUST 19 1968". In that year, to commemorate Powell's second expedition, the U.S. Geological Survey launched its own, retracing Powell's 1871-72 journey as closely as possible. Photographs were taken at exactly the same points as were those of Powell's photographers, E. O. Beaman and John K. Hillers.

Interestingly, sometime between 1868 and this author's visit in 1993, someone has made an attempt to "erase" what he or she evidently felt was meaningless "graffiti" of some of the more "modern" historical inscriptions along the Green River and upper Colorado between The Confluence and the head of Cataract Canyon, the above 1968 one included. The erasing is either done by another stone being rubbed over the rock surface or simply carving lines across the offending inscription. In most cases the attempt has been a failure, since the names and dates can still be seen, and the resulting markings are more unsightly than the original inscription. There is, of course, a debate, never to be agreed upon, of just when in time and inscription constitutes a legitimate historical record and when it becomes merely graffiti. But when people take it upon themselves to "correct" these, they may both inadvertently destroy valuable historical records, as well as mar landscape even more!





The saddle at Bowknot Bend. Mile 69.5, river right, looking upstream. The western Wingate cliff is in the background. The platform near the western cliff is the camera station for Beaman in 1871. The eastern Wingate cliff is in the upper left corner. Photo by Jim Knipmeyer.

## Harry Aleson and Georgie Clark The Log of the "May Qui"

by John Weisheit

### Introduction

**A**mos Burg was the first man to use a rubber boat on the Green and Colorado river in 1938. I did find out, just recently, that the "Charlie" was not the first rubber boat to sing on broken waters. John Charles Frémont used an inflatable rubber-coated canvas fabric boat for whitewater navigation on his expedition of 1842. It was, as it should be, an unexpected joy ride.

This year is the fiftieth anniversary of a river trip that Harry Aleson and Georgie Clark did back in 1947. It is also the story about the first military surplus inflatable boat to be used on a river trip on the Green and Colorado rivers.

**Boat talk.** The craft Harry and Georgie used is called a "Seven-Person Manually Inflated Rubber or Neoprene Landing Boat" (seven-man) and there are a couple still left on the planet, besides the ones that were the casualties of World War II and now scattered about the Pacific Ocean floor pushing barnacles. Harry called his boat the "May Qui". There is a picture of a seven-man in Roy Webb's book about Bus Hatch on page 88. This boat was the predecessor to the more common 10-man (Webb, page 87). The seven and the 10-man were used as boats for amphibious assaults, but they were also used by underwater demolition teams of the U.S. Navy. This was soon after Jacques Cousteau invented the aqua lung. These boats have machine gun mounts and electric motor mounts. Special forces would sneak into harbors and landing beaches to sabotage ships, concrete barriers (constructed to frustrate beach assaults), and such.

The seven and the 10-man were made by many tire and rubber manufactures, but the prominent contractor in World War II was the Master Tire and Rubber Company of Findley, Ohio, which is now defunct. Neoprene was discovered in 1931 and the process usually included vulcanization with oxides of

magnesium or zinc and sometimes sulfur. The synthetic rubber was processed on to a cotton-based material. The cotton was a short-staple variety called "pima" and is grown mostly on the fields near the Gila and Salt river drainages of Arizona.

The seven man is symmetrical and about 12-feet long and about five ½-feet of beam with two thwarts (I am estimating because I don't feel like inflating the one I have in storage). The main tubes have a diameter of about 16-inches. There are two chambers in the main tube assembly of both the seven and 10-man that are divided by a horizontal diaphragm. The diaphragm is very loose-fitted, so that if the main tube ever suffered a puncture, like from a bullet, you could simply inflate more air into the undamaged half and still have a fully functioning inflatable boat. The repair kits included wood plugs that screwed immediately into small punctures. Immediate repairs for larger punctures were repaired with a metal plate press that was tightened by a wing nut. There is also an inflatable floor that is detachable and provided more flotation. The craft also has a "sponson" that is 4 inches in diameter and circles the perimeter of the boat. This sponson looks like a bumper and it served as a splash guard to help keep radios and machine guns working.

The ten-man is, sort of, diamond-shaped, 15 ft. long and 7 ft. 10 in. of beam and the main tube is 19 inches in diameter. It has three thwarts that are 12 inches in diameter (very accurate dimensions because I have the manual). Two machine gun mounts, a tool kit mount, a mount for bellows, and an electric motor mount in the rear. The 10-man, too, has an inflatable detachable floor and a sponson.

**THE LOG OF THE "MAY QUI".** On October 18, 1947, Harry, who then lived in Richfield, Utah, was driven to Salt Lake City by his friend, Ralph Badger. Harry bought a used Kodak 16mm motion picture camera, visited some Ekkers, saw a motion picture, visited the USGS office for river gradient data, and received a telegram from Georgie at the Salt Lake Tribune—Georgie will arrive in Richfield on the 22nd from Los Angeles by bus. Harry took a bus back to Richfield.

**October 22.** Georgie arrived as planned, but lost her purse in transit. They loaded everything they needed for their river trip on to a Rio Grande Trailways bus and headed for Green River, Utah, via Spanish Fork. When they got to Green River they visited a while with the Bakers (including Pearl) and with the Ekkers (including Art).

**October 23.** They bought their groceries, found someone to haul their stuff to the river, and took off at 2:45 p.m. for Hite. They camped at Crystal Geyser and cooked-up some Franco-American spaghetti with extra tomatoes, bread and butter, tea and ginger snaps. Harry mentions breaking tamarisk branches to make a landing for the boat. The geyser erupted about every 60 minutes. (So far, this is the earliest mention of tamarisk I have seen in written documents.)

**October 24.** In the morning Georgie was the first one up and started a fire; there was a heavy dew that morning. Harry got up at 7:05 a.m. to 45 degrees. Said Harry in his diary, "the geyser rose high and so did the boatman". Breakfast consisted of

shredded wheat with warm milk, bread and butter, and coffee. On a warm sunny day with lots of waterfowl on the river they left camp after much filming of the geyser. At noon they had a snack of mints, and 45 minutes later had a floating lunch of ripe tomatoes and cream cheese. Camp was the mouth of the San Rafael River. Dinner was stewed potatoes, tomato soup, bread, butter and honey; graham crackers for dessert. They made mattresses of tamarisk boughs to sleep on.

**October 25.** They woke up to a heavy cover of frost and a fog rising off the river. Breakfast was canned grapefruit, shredded wheat, warm milk, graham crackers and coffee. They started down the river and entered Labyrinth Canyon. Lunch was whole tomatoes, bread with apricot jam and cream cheese. At Trin Alcove they hiked up the most northern side canyon about a 1/2 mile and Harry inscribed HLA GHW 10-25-47 on to a rock face. They bathed in the pools and exposed some film. Camp was found after a three-hour float downstream at Mile 82.5. They find the inscription A W 1893. (See James Knipmeyer's article, AW 1893, in *The Confluence*, Volume 3, Issue 1). With a 50 cent piece Harry scratches ALESON 10-47. Dinner was vegetable soup, peas, and graham crackers.

**October 26.** In the morning no dew or frost had accumulated and the temperature was 50 degrees. Breakfast was pancakes, bacon, coffee and pears. The first stop was at the River Register and Harry records names and dates into his diary. (See Jim Knipmeyer's article "The River Register" in this issue.) Aleson has four inscriptions at the register: Aleson and Badger July 17, 1947, Aleson and Loper (Rachel) July 18, 1947, Aleson July 19, 1947, Aleson and G. White October 26, 1947. The dates by Aleson in July were carved on a motorized hard-hull boat trip Harry made from Green River to Moab and back again; Ralph Badger was his companion. During this trip Harry helped Rachel out with a medical emergency. Bert and Rachel Loper, Ralph Badger, and Blaine Busenbark were probably prospecting for uranium in the Bowknot Bend area. Rachel took a bad fall and broke her arm and two ribs.

Harry and Georgie continue down river to have a floating lunch and made camp at Bow Knot Bend on the right just below the talus slope that takes you up to the saddle. (Menu's do continue in the full course of the diary, but I will refrain from transcribing them at this time.)

**October 27.** Harry and Georgie hike up to the saddle of Bowknot Bend and Harry records the many historic inscriptions to be found there, and adds them to his diary. (See Jim Knipmeyer's article "The Bowknot Saddle inscriptions" in this issue). Back on the water with Harry looking diligently for the inscription, D. Julien May 16, 1836, not realizing they passed it the day before. They arrived at Hell Roaring Canyon to film the inscription, D. Julien May 3, 1836, and move on down to camp on the right side about 1 1/2 miles below Hell Roaring Canyon.

**October 28.** They have exhausted their fresh water supply and are now settling water to drink. They made many miles on this day, and decided not to hike up to the ruin at Fort Bottom and made camp just before darkness set in at the head of Stillwater Canyon with the Butte of the Cross in view.

**October 29.** It is overcast and the temperature is 60 degrees and Harry anticipates rain. A few miles below Anderson Bottom they hike ½ mile up a side canyon on the left side of the river to investigate a prehistoric masonry structure. Camp was just downstream in a cave 40 feet above the river on the left side. Harry says he is about 22 miles above The Confluence; which makes their location on the bend at Turk's Head near Soda Springs Canyon. This cave is no longer accessible from the river due to tamarisk.

**October 30.** Sunny skies and the rain never came. With current and little wind they arrive at The Confluence around 3:30 p.m. and resupply from a cache Harry left in July on his motor boat trip with Badger. Camp was ¼ mile below The Confluence on the left side.

**October 31.** Harry looks for the D. Julien inscription that is in the vicinity, but he can't locate it; he is too high. Harry leaves an inscription, GHW HLA, October 31, 1947. They have lunch at Spanish Bottom and hike into the Doll House, which is then called Land of the Standing Rocks (Randall Henderson of *Desert Magazine* called it such on a trip with Kent Frost, circa 1960). He records some of the inscriptions to be found on the ledges near the rim: (This is good, for us today, because most of these inscriptions have since been vandalized.) Joe Ross, Paddy and Bennie, November 10, 1907; A P Mohr, Charlie Mohr, October 10, 1907; Les Wareham, February 10, 1927; L J Durfee, Ed Christensen; E. Larson, 1904; M. Oppenheim, 1907; Al Morten, July 28, 1947. (Morten will later do a Desolation Canyon hard-hull motorized trip with Don Harris); Ned Chaffin, February 1932; Jack Thomas, February 9, 1921; Jerry Page; Roy Sessions, 1942.

Back on the river to camp above Rapid #1, probably on the left side, and they scout Rapids #1, #2 and #3.

**Cataract Canyon.** Harry records the flow as 6300 cfs. Current USGS records state the flow was about 9800 cfs. Harry and Georgie will spend considerable time scouting, lining and portaging rapids. A portage for Harry will usually mean that the equipment was portaged and the boat was lined.

**November 1.** Harry runs the boat through Rapid #1 and Georgie takes moving pictures. They line Rapid #2 on left side. Run #3. Scout #4 and run it. Scout #5 and run it. Scout #6 and line it on the right side. Run #7. Scout #8 which Harry runs and Georgie films. Scout #9 and run it. Camp at the top of Rapid #10 on the left side. They noticed they forgot to eat lunch.

**November 2.** (The text is edited from this point on. Harry's description of the rapids are not matching the USGS map.) Harry runs #10, #11, and #12. Lunch at Range Canyon. He scouts Rapids #13, #14 and #15. Harry inscribes an inscription on the rock that bears the James Best inscription of 1891 (this rock has since rolled over and the rock face that has the James Best inscription has been covered and Harry's inscription is now sideways). They run #13 and #14 and line # 5. Scouts #16, portages equipment and lines the boat on left side and makes camp.

**November 3.** They line #17 and #18 and run #19. They scout #20 from the island (Been Hurt) and line the boat. Line #21 (Big Drop I) on the right. Lunch time. Portaged equipment around #22 on the right. Harry says this rapid (Big Drop II) is a "big bruiser". Portaged equipment around #23. Scout and run #24. Make camp above #25 on the right. Torch a driftwood pile and leave a coffee can register above the high water zone (it is no longer there).

**November 4.** Lined #25 on right bank. Scout #26 (Ten Cent) from the island and line the boat. Line lower #27 on left and remarks how narrow the canyon is here. Scouts #28 (Waterhole), runs it and describes it as a "thriller". Scouts #29 and runs. Scouts #30 and runs. Runs #31. Lines Gypsum Rapid or Rapid #32. Runs #33. Runs #34. Portages equipment around #35 on right; there is an island here. Runs #36. Scouts #37 and runs. Camped at the top of #38 on the right.

**November 5.** Lines #38. Runs #39. Clearwater is #40 and they line the right side. Line #41 on the left. Lunch on the top of #42. Run #42, #43, and #44 (No mention of D. Julien inscription that is in this vicinity). Camp on left above #45 which is Dark Canyon. Leaves a record at the river register, which is a glass jar. They missed a hiking party by a few hours. That trek was led by Kenny Ross and Randall Henderson of *Desert Magazine* was a member.

**November 6.** Portaged equipment around Dark Canyon Rapid on the left. Harry says there is a "terrific plunge of water over and around great boulders". Run #46. Run #47. They are now in Narrow Canyon and advance slowly because of an upstream wind and arrive at the Hite ferry a little after 5:00 p.m. Hiked to the Chaffin Ranch and a Mr. Porter hauls their stuff up to the ranch in his pick-up. They feasted on a chicken dinner with the residents of the area.

**November 7.** Cross the river on the ferry with Mr. and Mrs. Porter who will drive Harry and Georgie back to Richfield via North Canyon (Crescent Wash). The vehicle breaks down; generator and a subsequent dead battery. Harry and Georgie hike 14 miles back to Chaffin Ranch and arrive in a total darkness.

**November 8.** A team of stock animals pulling a cart bring the hikers and a half charged battery to a waiting Mr. Porter. They manage to get to Torrey, Utah, around midnight.

**November 9.** Generator and battery replaced. Head for Richfield in a driving blizzard arriving at noon. Harry rode in the back of the pick-up the whole time bundled in sleeping bags and blankets.

**Epilogue.** Harry and Georgie exposed 700 feet of film and recorded 132 scenes. Harry sent a copy of the diary to Otis Marston realizing that they had done a first. A military surplus neoprene boat expedition.



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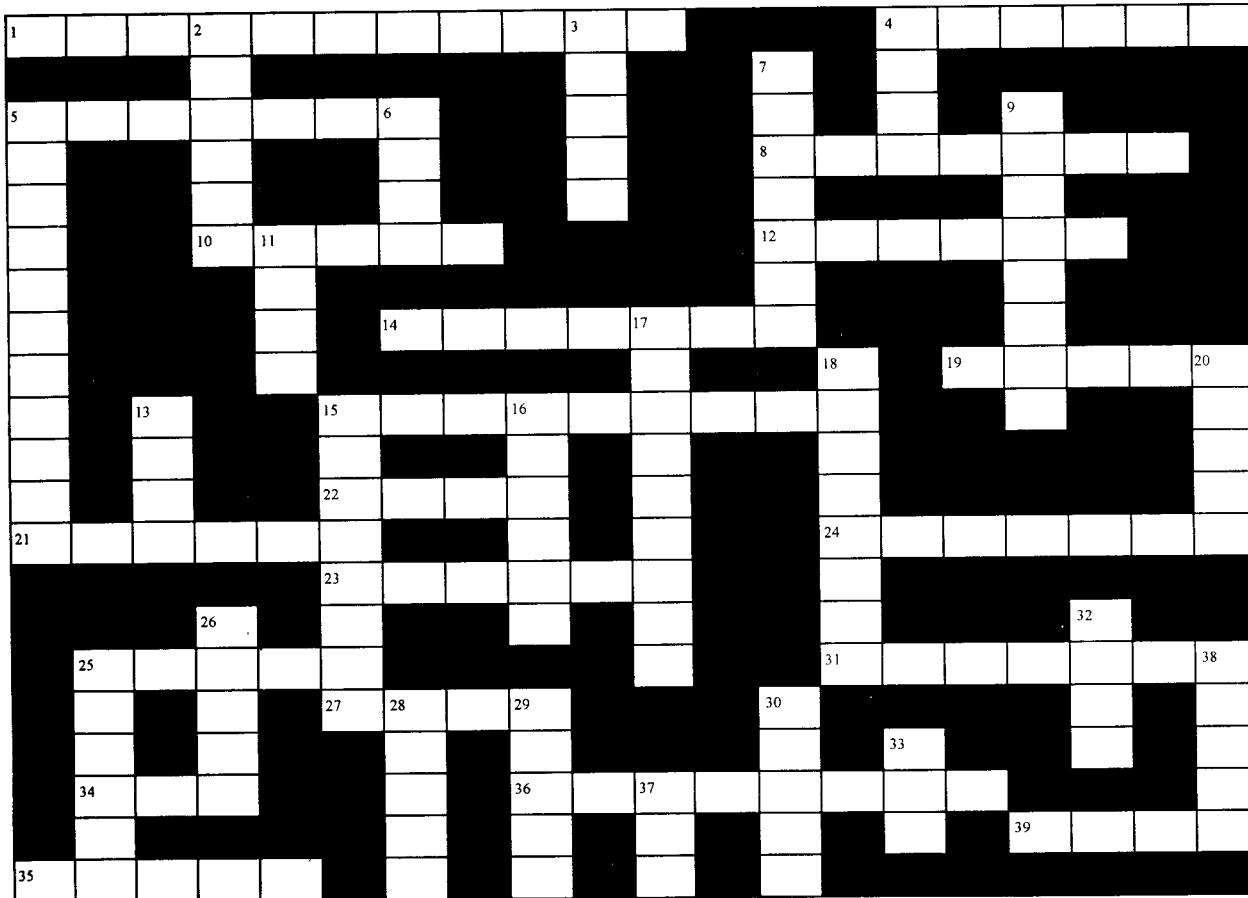
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# A Crossword Puzzle

## River History and Geology



**Across**

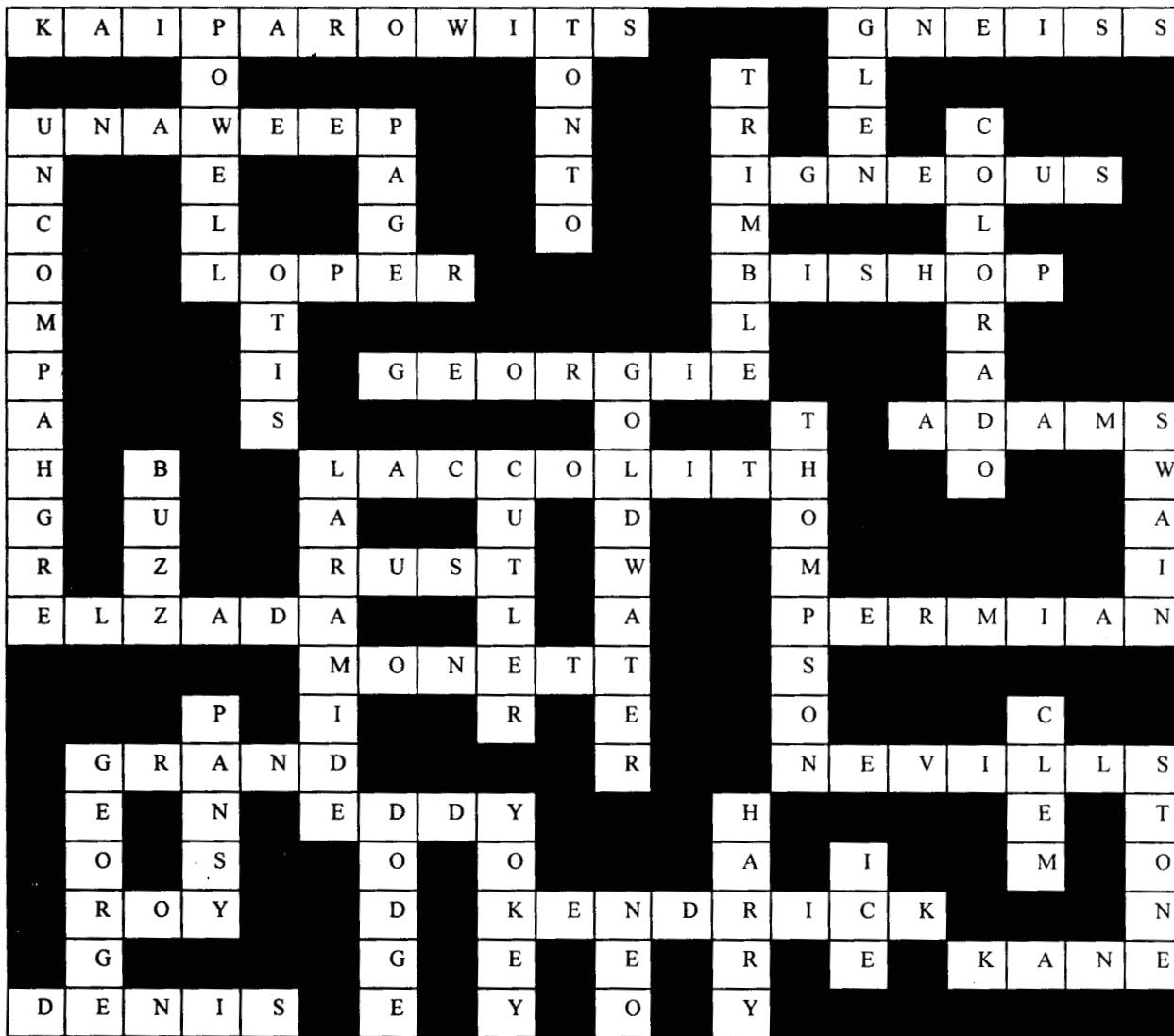
1. A plateau that is now part of Escalante-Staircase National Monument.
4. A metamorphic rock type that is coarse-grained and banded. Found in Westwater and Grand canyons.
5. A canyon made by the Gunnison River through the Uncompahgre Uplift. The course was abandoned due to rejuvenation of the uplift in the Pleistocene.
8. A rock type that is transported in a molten stage and cools to form lavas and granites.
10. Last name of a boatman who died in 1949 of a heart attack on a private trip with Don Harris in Marble Canyon. Pearl Baker wrote a book about this man called Trail on the Water. Married a woman named Rachel.
12. Last name of a crew member. Powell expedition of 1871. Converted to Mormonism. Sketched the first river maps of the upper basin.
14. First name of the "Woman of the River". Used triple rig boat designs for transporting large numbers of people through the rapids of the Colorado River.
15. Mount Ellen and Peale are one of these. An igneous intrusive mountain. Famous structures in the study of geomorphology. Described by Newberry, Peale, Gilbert and Hunt.
19. Last name of a man who tried desperately to join Powell's expedition of 1869. Formed his own expedition on the Grand River in 1869 which ended in Gore Canyon.
21. First name of the botanist who hired Norman Nevills in 1938 to outfit a river trip to collect specimens of cacti.
22. Last name of the man who guided land trips to Bright Angel Creek. Established a camp that is now known as Phantom Ranch. did Glen Canyon river trips in the 1920s.
23. Last name of the third person who went with Bert Loper and Charles Russell to Lees Ferry in 1907 and then with Russell on down to Needles, California.
24. Last Period of the Paleozoic Era. Typical to this Period are white-colored sandstones: White Rim, Cedar Mesa and Coconino.
25. A name of a river before 1921. Two rivers joined at a confluence in Utah to form the Colorado River. The Green and the ?.

27. Last name of the leader who took “pink-wristed collegiates” down the river in 1927 with Parley Galloway as his guide. Inscription in Cataract Canyon at Rapid #20.
31. Last name of an outfitter from San Juan County, Utah, who honeymooned with his wife Doris on the San Juan River in 1934.
34. A boat name. Second of two names, the first being “Rob”. Harold Leich’s foldboat used from Grand Lake to Grand Junction in 1933. Hint: ? Rodgers and Dale Evans sang this song: “Happy Trails”.
35. A first name. A fur-trapper who incised his name on rock panels in Utah from 1831 to 1844.
36. Last name of the civil engineer who has hired by Frank M. Brown and surveyed the Grand River from Grand Junction to The Confluence in the spring of 1889. Used an open dory that later became known as the “Brown Betty”.
39. Last name. Boatman for Robert B. Stanton on the expedition that completed the railroad survey of the Grand Canyon in 1889/90. Boatman for the Best Expedition of 1891. Ran Westwater Canyon in 1888 on a skiff. Hint: You use one of these to help you walk when your injured or in old age.

### Down

2. A last name. Second director of the USGS. First director of the Bureau of Ethnology. Brevet Lieutenant Colonel of the Civil War. One of the co-founders of the National Geographic Society. Wrote a trilogy on philosophy.
3. A name. The stratigraphic grouping of rocks found in the Grand Canyon that are Cambrian in age. Also a trail constructed on a platform of the Bright Angel shale in the Grand Canyon and parallels the Colorado River.
4. A canyon that is currently flooded by the dam that forms Lake Powell. The first name of Bessie Hyde’s husband.
5. A high plateau that includes Westwater Canyon. A tribe of the Ute Nation. A tributary of the Gunnison River.
6. A last name. The commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation from 1937 to 1943. A city in northern Arizona is named after him. Navajo Generating Station is located nearby.
7. A last name. Leader of the USGS dam survey of the San Juan River in 1921 and of the survey of the Green River in 1922. Bert Loper was his lead boatman on both trips.
9. The name of the river that means in Spanish: red-colored.
11. A first name. Premier river historian who did a sportyak expedition down the Grand Canyon with Bill Belknap in 1964. First descent down the Dolores River. First descent down the Grand Canyon in a hard-hull power boat
13. A first name. He did a solo river trip from Green River, Wyoming to Hoover Dam in 1937. He went again in 1938 with Amos Burg.
15. A name for an orogeny that occurred in the late Cretaceous and into the early Tertiary. This tectonic event created the Rocky Mountains, the San Rafael Swell, and the Kaibab Upwarp, to name just a few.
16. A name for a stratigraphic group that is Permian in age and found in Canyonlands National Park, especially on the Colorado River reach. Type locality is a creek near Ouray, Colorado.
17. Last name. A passenger of Norman Nevills in 1940. Retailer from Phoenix, Arizona. Arizona senator. Won the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1964. Currently thinks Glen Canyon Dam was a mistake.
18. Last name. Tireless brother-in-law of John Wesley Powell. Completed the topographic field work in southern Utah and northern Arizona from 1871 to 1878. Co-authored Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions.
20. Last name. A member of the “Dusty Dozen” trip of 1934. Boyhood friend of Bus Hatch. Was a deputy sheriff who had jailhouse conversations with Parley Galloway about river life and boats.
25. First name. First boatmen in the Grand Canyon to “face his danger” in a boat called the “Panthon” in 1896. Note: N. Galloway was the first ever and did so for many years in the upper basin.
26. Name of the dog who accompanied the expedition by Pathe-Bray to film a movie for Hollywood in 1927.
28. Last name. He was born in Hawaii and was a boatman for the 1923 USGS survey of the Grand Canyon. The name of his canvas boat was called the “Mojave”. Boatman for Pathe-Bray and a movie stuntman for their film.
29. Last name. Captain of the paddle-wheeler “The City of Moab”. Has inscriptions in Labyrinth and Stillwater canyons. Also near the Potash boat ramp. Lived in Green River/Elgin, Utah. Transported men and equipment by paddle wheeler for the USGS/USRS in 1914 to the dam site at The Confluence.
30. First name. The swimming and hiking partner of Georgie. First to try up-running the rapids above Lake Mead. Was with Bert Loper the day he died in Marble Canyon. Became a competitor to Norman Nevills on the San Juan River and in Glen Canyon.
32. A shortened form of a first name (nickname). Cousin to John W. Powell who was a participant of the 1871 expedition. He was the photographer’s (Beaman) assistant and wrote stories to the Chicago *Tribune*.
33. Something you run out of on hot summer days. Basic component of a glacier.
37. Usually a hyphenated word that means new or recent.
38. Last name of an Ohio industrialist. Financier of the Hoskininni Mining Company with Robert Stanton. Patron to Ellsworth Kolb for his Gunnison and Grand river expeditions. Patron to Buzz Holmstrom.

*In the next issue the puzzle will be more difficult.*



# Canyonlands River Management Update

by Susette DeCoster-Weisheit

You are probably aware that the process for Canyonlands National Park (CNP) River Management Plan (RMP) is now underway. There are many possible changes that will affect the guides when the final management takes place after this management review process is complete. Dave Wood, RMP coordinator has been to many CPRG meetings to encourage guide participation in this process. Out of the many park visitors we are certainly the most frequent return visitors. Most Cataract Canyon river guides will do between 14 to 20 trips in CNP per year. I feel our input on an individual basis and as a guiding organization is very important. The RMP is reviewed only once every 10 years and the changes that are now being discussed must estimate for impacts and uses 10 years from now. If you have a problem with a current river management policy you need to bring the problem to CNP's attention and provide possible solutions in order to see that it is corrected. No other group of people in the river corridor see the problems more than the guides that work there on a daily basis. After

review of the proposed changes you may find some that do not set well with your ideas or that seem to already be working fine. It is important to provide information, possible alternatives or requests of no change where you feel it's needed. It is also helpful to remember that this process is in place for commercial and non-commercial river trips, which includes canoeing.

In November, CNP sent a work sheet to persons on the CNP mailing list and during December public meetings were held in Moab, Salt Lake City, and Denver. Both of these processes were to provide the public an opportunity to voice their opinions on current management and suggest changes. The work sheet included "summaries of current management and issues identified by the public or park staff, for which current management may need to be changed." Also included was a general questionnaire about the type of recreation experience you seek on the rivers in CNP. Though the deadline for the work sheet is past, CNP is still accepting letters of suggestion and opinion on the RMP. Below I have outlined the subjects detailed in the work sheet; however, you should not limit your comments to these items if you have other concerns. Now is the time to write. Once the draft RMP is released there will be a public comment period but it will be more difficult at that time to give opinions that will affect changes.

Issue	Concerns/Solutions/Regulation
<b>River users venturing out of the river corridor</b> (both day and overnight trips).	Overcrowding or conflicts with backcountry land users.
<b>Allocation/Cataract Canyon</b> (# of available permits).	4-15 through 10-14, 8,000 people per year. 6,935 commercial, 750 private, and 315 unassigned (special populations receive first priority). 10-15 through 4-14 use is unlimited. As of 1995 allocations for private users has been exceeded.
<b>Allocation/Flatwater</b> above the confluence on the Green and Colorado Rivers.	Currently unlimited. Overnight use has increased about fourfold since 1988; day use has also increased.
<b>Motorized uses.</b> Some motorized rafts and the annual Friendship Cruise have established historic use in CNP; however, high-speed "sport boats" and personal watercraft are relatively new.	Positive: provide shorter trips, pass floaters more quickly, do not always camp. Negatives: are louder than floaters, are considered intrusive to a primitive setting and <i>may conflict with CNP General Management Plan policy of managing the rivers to preserve their primitive character.</i>
<b>Campsite competition</b> due to increased use, particularly during high water.	Assigned campsites, use of sign-in box required.
<b>Campsite improvements or rehabilitation.</b>	Restoring native plants, cutting new trails.
<b>Launches per day.</b>	Currently unlimited. Per day launch limits would improve solitude but reduce flexibility.
<b>Group size.</b>	Currently 40 persons. Larger groups mean fewer groups but need larger campsites and may reduce other people's experience of solitude.
<b>Minimum or maximum trip lengths.</b>	Currently no limitations
<b>Human waste.</b>	Currently carry out in bagless portable toilets.
<b>Fees.</b>	Currently \$25. for Cataract and \$10. for flatwater. Proposed increases with new fee demonstration program.
<b>Visitor education.</b>	Should improvements be made?
<b>Boat ramp facilities.</b>	Are changes needed? Toilets have been installed at Potash to be maintained by the river guides.
<b>Commercially-guided canoeing.</b>	Currently no concession for guiding only for rentals and shuttles.
<b>River policies and permits.</b>	Is consistency needed with other agencies on the Colorado Plateau?
<b>Internet information.</b>	Suggestions for information availability on internet.
<b>Wildlife.</b>	Increased impacts, contacts.
<b>Archeological sites.</b>	Increased impacts, visitation.
<b>Vegetation impacts.</b>	Increased impacts, trampling, removal of firewood

Many of the above issues have been discussed at CPRG meetings and upon review of the minutes I found there additional topics and ideas that you may wish to address: overflights, an increased number or unchanged number of river patrols, issues regarding river checkouts at the boat ramp, camping conflicts with canoeists at Spanish Bottom and removal of the red sign-in box. At the September 21, 1997, meeting, CPRG members voted to endorse and encourage these issues: to stop the use of jet-skies in the river corridor; to keep the red sign-in box, require sign in by all river parties, and to

move the sign-in box to a location nearer the confluence, to spread out canoe launches, to support a 40 person group sizes; to allow historic use of outboard motors in Stillwater Canyon.

**Write to:**

**Canyonlands National Park  
River Management Plan  
2282 S. W. Resource Blvd.  
Moab, UT 84532.**

# THE COLORADO RIVER, HUMPBACK CHUBS, AND TOPEKANS

## The Value of Day Trip River Interpretation

By Tom Corcoran, Jr.

There is an ironic convergence that occurs on the Colorado River every summer. Just upstream from the small town of Moab, Utah an oxymoronic river; its paradoxical endemic endangered fish; and foreign speaking wanderers from all over the world come together. Initially these three things—the river, the native fish, and the tourists—seem to have little in common. If annual use trends continue, the summer of 1997 could see as many as 30,000 commercial rafting customers, and even more fish; all floating, swimming, and generally loving life on a short twelve mile stretch of the Colorado known around town as “The Daily” (Bureau of Land Management). At the oars in the middle of one of those many rafts on commercial rafting “Daily” trip is the person who can make the connection between these odd partners.

Often those Topekans who visit this Upper Colorado Basin River are here for the first time. Typically those people who take a commercial raft trip, especially a day float trip on a stretch like the Daily, are embarking upon their first river rafting experience. Perhaps in their minds it is one of the most adventurous things they have ever done. If that is the case they may even feel as though they are in wilderness. Surrounded by hundreds of people, acre-upon-acre of alfalfa field being irrigated, and pick-up truck horns echoing off red canyon walls, few river guides would call the Daily stretch wilderness. But wilderness scholar and river guide Roderick Nash argues that wilderness is very much a state of mind. He says, “Any place in which a person feels stripped of guidance, lost, and perplexed may be called wilderness” (Nash).

Hopefully your clients do not feel too unguided, lost, or perplexed, but to some small degree almost all do. It is the job of the guide to lessen the anxiety of the client who after all is a mammal, well adapted to walking upright and breathing air, not swimming in a cold, rushing, frothy river. The guide in this case is facilitating a “conversion experience.” The conversion experience is the shift from what is “normal” like a suburban, middle class, 9 to 5, American existence, to the new and unfamiliar place like New Rapid at 50,000 cubic feet per second. A shift in consciousness, the result of being “not normal”, but being safely guided to a new realization about a strange, exciting place is possible on any river trip. While the quantity of time spent on the Moab Daily may be less than on a Grand Canyon trip, the quality of the time on the river and with the guide can be a grand experience to the visitor nonetheless.

This conversion experience presents a tremendous opportunity to inform and educate. During a good river trip problems, preconceptions, and prejudices are forgotten, giving

way to heightened awareness and open-mindedness. People may be engaging in a sensory experience for the first time in a long time. Commercial rafting customers are open to knowledgeable interpretation and informed, balanced discussion.

Working as a Colorado River guide is one of the most important vocations that one may take up today. As a guide you are not simply responsible for your client’s safety, but their minds as well. Guides have the unique opportunity to educate because “your clients have written you a blank check on trust,” says Tom Hicks, Director of The Headwaters Institute (Hicks). Hicks’ organization is a new national organization dedicated to river guide education. The river guide has exponential education potential.

The Colorado River runs through the Colorado Plateau which is a distinct physiographic province—a place that is vastly different from its surroundings. The combination of geological events and climate have created a place like no other in the world. Exponential education potential works because a river guide comes in contact with so many visitors every season there is tremendous “exponential” potential to pass on interpretive ideas. If the knowledge of the guide is imparted in an interesting engaging manner, the client is apt to remember and potentially pass on that information. Interpretation is a method of communication. Good interpretation allows the guide to translate the experience of the Colorado River to those new to it, visitors who do not yet speak the “language of the river.”

The functional and dysfunctional human relationships with rivers are lessons that can be taught on any river. The Upper Colorado Basin is the most manipulated, managed, and watched river system in the world. It is *the* source of water that flows through some of the driest places in the world. While easily seen as a recreation resource, the rivers of the Upper Colorado River Basin provide guides the chance to teach some visitors of the most important lessons that most of the developed world is flunking today.

Largely, we Americans lead a short-term-view unsustainable lifestyle. Stocking Western rivers with non-native fish, purposely poisoning the native fish of the Green River, and damming rivers in the false hope of flood control are recent local examples. This behavior needs to be questioned because it is culturally accepted yet research indicates contrary to our longevity as a species. The persistent economy-at-the-expense-of-ecology national policy is being emulated elsewhere. The Three Gorges Dam project on the Yangtze River will flood a 350-mile long reservoir displacing 1.3 million Chinese and is well underway despite serious engineering problems and major biological concerns. The necessary job of teaching the world the way we utilize our water resources is good business, is good for the rivers, and can be personally rewarding.

Interpretation is something that the public has begun to demand while visiting our recognized natural resources. Required interpretive skills training for guides working on rivers that flow through National Parks is something working its way up the Colorado and across the nation. The National Park Service is responding to the desires of the taxpayers who feel good interpretation enhances their experience of the

public resource. Freeman Tilden, the “father of interpretation” calls interpretation the integral part of “being a custodian of our treasures”(Tilden).

Many commercial outfitters who are not yet required to provide guides with interpretive skills training are training their guides anyway. Customers who have a knowledgeable guide feel that they are getting a more valuable product. Inquisitive and knowledgeable guides are sought after because progressive outfitters realize a guide who can provide interpretation is what the market is demanding more and more.

But the primary motivation for acquiring, practicing, and improving interpretation skills should not come from fear of financial loss or potential gain. A river is a wondrous, living, dynamic being that deserves to be shared. This selfless sharing is essential in teaching and is why interpretation can be very rewarding.

The Colorado River is an altered and not well understood ecosystem. Within its powerful, cold, sediment-laden water live some fascinating creatures that exist nowhere else on Earth. The Colorado Basin contains a higher percentage of endemic fish species than does any river system in North America. Sixty-four percent of its native freshwater fish species are found nowhere else (Minckley and Deacon). The fact that fish like the Humpback chub (*Gila cypha*) are still swimming in the Colorado despite how humans have altered the ecosystem in less than a century is something to celebrate. The Humpback chub and three other federally endangered fish of the Colorado Basin are being studied closely because they are so unique and hold so many mysteries about biological diversity (US Fish and Wildlife).

Not far upstream from the Daily stretch is a place as important to the Humpback chub as redwood forests are to Northern Spotted Owls, perhaps more so. Within the “Blackrocks” and Westwater Canyon sections of the Colorado exist “biological islands” (Miller, Tyus, and Carlson). These biological islands are as important as any rainforest in Brazil because they are one of five places in the whole world that the Humpback chub not only continues to live, but apparently reproduces as well. This is terribly important to the fish as species because if it is able to reproduce, if all other things remain equal it has a chance to survive. The river is energy, always moving, always changing.

The Humpback chub is the hub of a story from which spokes of interpretive knowledge form a spinning wheel, that is the dynamic river interpretative experience. Where to start?

That big nuchal hump that provides the name as well as stability in rough waters. How about issues of money? Over \$8 million was spent on the recovery of the Humpback chub and the other endangered fish. You could be fined \$100,000 and spend time in jail for knowingly taking a Humpback chub. Or you could get esoteric about the hump. Philosopher Ralston Holmes, III said “what the hump is to the Humpback chub, the endangered (fish) species are to humans” —a little understood but stabilizing force in rough waters (Minckley and Deacon).

The interpretive message of a trip does not need to take up a lot of time, nor should it be contentious. The lessons that can be taught on a day trip are limited to simple concepts.

Ironically it is the most simple concepts that we as a culture so often forget. The most simple lesson a commercial customer can leave with is a reminder about water. H<sub>2</sub>O.

Two hydrogen atoms aligned at an angle of 104.5 degrees to an atom of oxygen—the “angle of life.” No other substance can exist as a solid, liquid, and gas. It is the foundation of all life on Earth. Without it we would be a frozen mass spinning in space. Water is a finite resource! What water we have right this second is all we have and ever will have. (Todd) While the quality of our water may change the quantity will not! Water is how you exist to wear sunglasses, float the river, eat tuna sandwiches on a beach, and get paid (though your salary may be watered down).

Presented at the correct time, in the proper manner (interpretation), to the right people these little pieces of information, those spokes, become the interpretive lesson. The story that makes them say “Ahh.” The lesson that relates to the participant’s life is something that they will take with them, hopefully reflect upon, tell others about, and maybe even influence their life. Maybe those sunburned Topekans experience on the Colorado River Daily will change their lives, probably not greatly, or in an immediately evident way, but perhaps in a meaningful way that is good for them, their river at home, and you the guide, the interpreter of the Colorado River.

## NOTES

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*Among other issues, this book discusses the use of rotenone, a plant derivative, as a tool in fish management. It was used in 1962 on the Green and New Fork Rivers to kill native fish prior to the flooding of Flaming Gorge Reservoir in the hopes of helping a traditional sports fishery.*

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*A major work, the first volume of this was published in 1967 and continues to sell.*

John Todd. International Rivers Network membership materials. Berkeley, California.

*Dr. Todd is best known for his work with “living machines” -an all natural sewage treatment plant in Rhode Island as an example.*

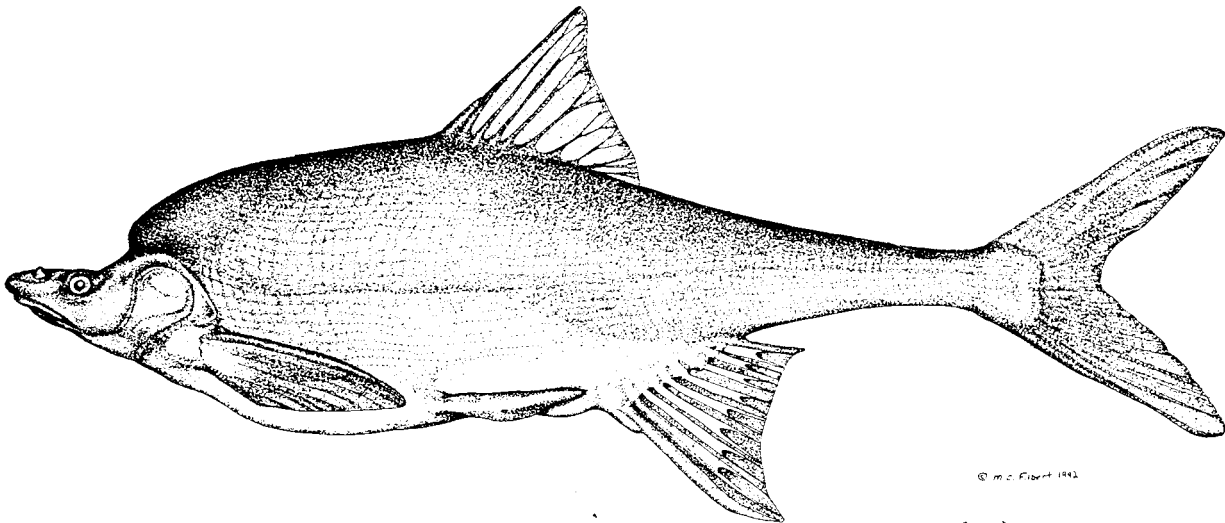
US Fish and Wildlife Service. Recovery Program for The Native Endangered Fishes of the Upper Colorado. *1995 Annual Report.* Denver, Colorado. 1996.

*This office is a great source for information on native endangered fish (303-236-2985).*

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## NATIVE FISHES OF GRAND CANYON



### HUMPBACK CHUB (*Gila cypha*)

*Found as one population in Grand Canyon.* Characterized by an abrupt fleshy hump behind the head, that starts developing when the fish is about 6 inches long, and becomes more pronounced with age. Color is a slate gray/green back with silvery sides and a white belly. Matures at about 3 years of age and can live up to 30 years. Maximum size about 20 inches and 2 1/4 pounds. Spawning occurs in spring following peak runoff; females broadcast about 2,000 tiny sticky eggs over gravel/cobble bottom. Transparent larvae (1/3" long) hatch in 5 days and grow to about 3 inches in one year. Found in only six locations in canyon areas of the Colorado River Basin in Colorado, Utah, and Arizona (Grand Canyon, Westwater Canyon, Black Rocks, Cataract Canyon, Desolation Canyon, Yampa Canyon). Is a federally "endangered species" with major threats from flow depletion, altered water chemistry, flooded habitat from reservoirs, introduced parasites and diseases, competition and predation from introduced non-native fish, and possible hybridization with roundtail chub and bonytail due to breakdown of reproductive isolating mechanisms.

Courtesy of Dr. Rich Valdez. Drawing by Marianne Filbert.