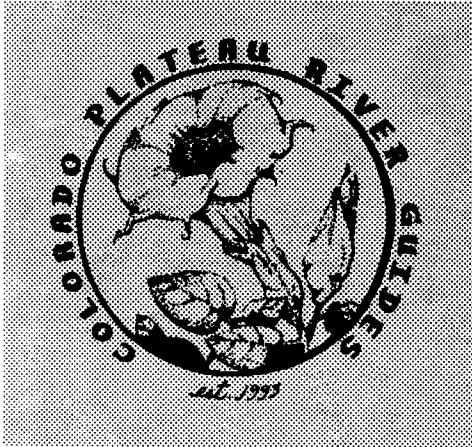


The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Volume 4, Issue 2, Summer 1997



BOB DEGLES

THE COLORADO RIVER CASE

HARRY MCDONALD

MOTORS IN STILLWATER

SPILLWAY ENHANCEMENT

HIGH WATER—1997

CPRG MINUTES

A CPRG FUNDRAISER

RUBBER BOATS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CHARLES RAY SHERRILL

POETRY



in Street Moab in 1914. From the E. C. LaRue collection, #1346. Said LaRue in his report concerning his dam sites on the Colorado River at The Confluence, Dark Canyon and Mille Crag Bend, "...the small settlement of Moab would be submerged, and it would be necessary to relocate the highway bridge at this point. The town of Moab could be moved to a higher and better location on Mill Creek."

The Confluence

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

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

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

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

Membership dues:
\$ 20 per year
\$100 for 6 years
\$195 for life
\$295 Benefactor

General Meetings and Board of Directors Meetings will be announced.

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Faxes accepted: Please call first.

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

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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.

CORRECTIONS FOR VOLUME 4, ISSUE 1

Jim Knipmeyer, ever the faithful historian, wrote to inform us that Gregory Crampton did indeed include photographs of the inscriptions at Galloway Cave for the Glen Canyon salvage project prior to water inundation by Glen Canyon Dam. The photo is included in University of Utah Anthropological Paper #46 and Crampton's book Ghosts of Glen Canyon. The inscriptions read: Jan 6, 1894; 1894; Oc 25/1897 and indicates that Galloway did two trips through Glen Canyon in 1894. Thanks Jim!

THE CPRG FUND FOR INJURED BOATMAN

The river community suffered a jet boat accident this year. Dean Megee and his wife Kathy were severely injured after a collision with a canyon wall that resulted from a steering dysfunction attributed to river debris. No customers were involved, as Dean was on his way down to The Confluence to pick-up canoers. A second boat was following and provided emergency response and evacuation. In the spirit of the river community, CPRG has responded by creating a fund to assist boatmen in their out-of-pocket expenses. Please send a contribution to: The CPRG/Megee Fund. At this time deposits made into the fund amount to \$500. Thanks for you support!

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Bob Degles for a Lifetime Membership
Tom Kleinschnitz for a Lifetime Membership
George Wendt for a Benefactor Membership
Rob Elliott for a Benefactor Membership

FINANCIAL REPORT and COMPUTER UPDATE

We generated some contributions by initiating a traveling interpretive program for interested outfitters such as: Holiday River, Colorado River and Trail, and North American. With these funds we have purchased a scanner, which will greatly enhance our journal and interpretive programming capabilities. This is our status concerning the CPRG word processor: the printer and scanner are paid for; one \$600 payment, for the computer, has been made; the balance owed is about \$1900. The balance of our checking account, after the scanner purchase and this issue of The Confluence, is about \$2000. This has been our overall minimum balance since 1994.

Your Mailing Address

Thought you would like to know that your mailing address in the CPRG database is considered confidential and is never sold or released to advertisers or promoters.

Apologies For An Overdue Issue

It has been a busy summer and the free-time used to complete this issue was found in moments that were few and far between. We will try to do a special issue (or two) this coming winter to make up the difference. We would appreciate any help you can provide this winter to assist CPRG in achieving it's mission statement. Please also notice that the mailing label includes your membership status and renewal date. A form is included in this issue for either renewing or joining the membership of CPRG.

Letters

Motors in Canyonlands National Park

This letter is the result of much deliberation on the Labyrinth/Stillwater motor issue. Ultimately prompted by the two articles in the previous *Confluence*. It describes my dilemmas with, and possible solutions to the motor situation on the rivers, within Canyonlands National Park.

Let me begin by saying I don't care for motors on the so-called "wilderness" rivers and have spent seven years guiding in Canyonlands avoiding their use. So naturally a motorless Labyrinth/Stillwater is appealing to me.

However, this type of designation carries a dilemma I cannot readily overlook. It is discriminatory against our fellow guides and outfitters in Green River, Utah [Moki Mac, Adventure River and Colorado River and Trails], some who have been operating there for many, many years.

These outfitters will then have to engage in costly, inefficient shuttles to Potash to maintain their business. This will also result in further crowding, congestion, and impact on the Colorado River. Small outboard motor use on the Green and Colorado river system dates back to the survey era and they were widely used commercially in Glen Canyon. They are a basic part of the industry and I respect, admire, and enjoy my fellow guides who operate them. The small outboard motor presence is minuscule in Labyrinth and Stillwater canyons and there are other things going on with much greater impact.

For example, to deny the impact from the hoards of unguided canoeists is absurd. We've all seen the toilet paper, the fire rings, the stampeded side canyons; we've heard about the empty *groovers* picked up at the end of trips. We've also all dealt with their inability to use the sign-in box. These are not the actions of a commercially guided passengers, motorized or not.

Ironically canoeists, and the outfitters who provide a services for them, are the loudest opponents to motors on the Green River. This is a little hard to swallow as we all know how canoeists get back upriver. Their credibility as canyon protectionists is in question as a result of their wilderness, or rather lack of wilderness, etiquette.

In response to the loudest voice I have heard on this issue, I can only say that though I sympathize and agree with much of the reasoning and emotions involved, I had a difficult time reading through the inflammatory rhetoric. References to Star Trek beams, jet planes, freight trains, Republican viruses, have nothing to do with the issue at hand. Which, by the way, is not just jet boats. Such talk does not provide for any kind of forum in resolving the conflict.

If we (CPRG) want to take a stand on this issue, we need a solution that will protect the "wilderness character" of Labyrinth and Stillwater canyons, as well as the livelihood of our fellow guides and outfitters. I personally support the following ideas: a ban on motors of over 40 h.p.; a ban on upstream travel; a ban on individual watercraft, i.e., jet skis, wave runners, and etc. These are the biggest nuisances and

they have already been banned on rivers throughout the West. If an all out motor ban is considered, CPRG must insist on the grandfather clause for those outfitters currently using them.

Also, the canoeists definitely need to clean up their act. The outfitters who provide services for them need to assume some responsibility for this in the form of pre-trip orientations.

In closing I would like to say that preserving the "wilderness character" of Canyonlands National Park is foremost in my priorities. If it were up to me, and it would not adversely affect my fellow guides and the passengers who ride with them, I would declare all rivers with Canyonlands and the surrounding area a non-motorized zone. This not being the case, however, I feel the options offered are the best solution.

Eric Trenbeath

A Former Ranger on the Motor Issue

In 1973 I accepted the river ranger position at the Island in the Sky District of Canyonlands National Park. I held that position for three years and four summers. Prior to that I was a freelance boatman. Without going into the number of trips accumulated, suffice to say, I lost count somewhere around 11,000 river miles on the Colorado and Green—75% were oar-powered. However there is much that can be done on a motor trip to enhance the experience. Simply allow time for the boatman to shut the engine off to give passengers more quiet time on the river. Sighs of awe, inspiration, and relief from the engine noise invariably come from the passengers and reward all on the boat. I know it is common practice among most boatmen to occasionally do this, but only for short periods of time. There should be no motor corridors along both rivers to give the animals, as well as paying customers, a break from the incessant drone of the outboard motor.

Commercial agendas and itineraries will always be in conflict with the preservation mandate, but without a cohesive unifying policy everyone will lose. By listening to the river I really believe an answer could prove to be easily forthcoming. For seven years the river was my life and my teacher. In its silence it taught me to hear other voices. One truth remains today: control the access and people and the river will take care of itself.

In 1973 there were many boatmen who did their share and assisted me in cleaning the beaches, search and rescue, loaning me "plates" for the Washington bureaucrats on orientation trips, and sharing a wealth of knowledge over blazing campfires (oops!). Anyway, my point is, some were motor heads and some rowed. They all had a hand in my experience. They know who they are. Many times I would turn my patrol boat into a garbage scow (usually after the Friendship Cruise) by receiving unwanted, cumbersome trash they collected on the beach upstream. My jet boat the "D. Julien" wouldn't get on plane for all the garbage left on the sandbars and private campsites.

The river etiquette was good for the most part and in time the following summers proved to be more pleasurable because of the pre-launch inspections and orientation by the

river operation. It is nice to know shuttle drivers impart a message to debarking private trips, but it is crucial to have the river ranger personally inspect and advise individuals of policy on the river. This education process is a solution and helps prevent sending the wrong message to canoeists. In 1973 we achieved 90% penetration of pre-launch inspection and made contacts with the other 10% somewhere on the river itself. If the National Park Service is no longer hitting the 80 - 90% level, the resource will suffer. If they are, then, there is room for both groups to learn from and assist each other. Likewise for the bureaucrats.

Knowing the river is a curse. I miss the Big Ditch and all the trash that awaited me on my patrols. It took my soul and I gave it my heart—but the curse is sweet and it saves me in times of anguish here in the city. It is where I go for solace and peace. When I can't sleep and the city noises prove deafening my mind travels away to the same place: The Kolb campsite above Big Drop III on the right. It is midnight and the moon is full over the canyon. The water is roaring its consuming bass voice. I see moss on the rocks in the middle of the rapid. It is fall the water is low with all the familiar rocks glistening. I study it for hours to decide which way to go. Left down the slot or right where there is a passage between the froth. I plan my route and look at the moon. It is the last trip of the summer. I choose the right side. The noise levels make me edgy but I see the route in the moonlight. My back oarsmen thinks I've lost it. We smile and gaze at the river. It is my friend who never lets me down. It pats me on the back like an old friend. I take a last look at the river and walk back to camp and fall asleep. I sleep easy.

In the city I dream of sleep on the river—and there are no motors in my dreams.

Douglas Carithers

CPRG Needs Volunteers

I have received some communication lately asking questions like: Where is my updated membership card? Where is my decal? Did I miss an issue of The Confluence? Did you cash my check? Did you receive my new address? When is The Confluence coming out? Is The Confluence a quarterly journal or not?

The answers to these questions are very embarrassing to me because it is my responsibility to manage and fulfill these membership desires. I apologize sincerely. My failure to do these things is not because I am lazy—it is because my plate is much too full and so I am asking for help.

Susette DeCoster-Weisheit has volunteered to help me on the data base overload, but she can't really attempt this project dutifully until the guiding season winds down. Ideally a CPRG member who resides in Moab, who is familiar with data base software, and has an IBM compatible PC would be the ideal volunteer to assist Susette in this particular project.

The reason why The Confluence is late, and (or) not really a quarterly publication, is because little is received from the membership in the way of manuscripts. And this is therefore another plea for help. Please write something for our journal, stuff the manuscript in an envelope, lick a stamp, and put the red flag up. And

please don't worry about the deadline or that one last re-write—just do it! More than anything—be creative and have some fun with it.

I could use another CPRG volunteer to provide a helping hand. And this person does not need to be from Moab. I would enjoy someone to help me in producing The Confluence. Someone who has a PC and can transcribe written submissions; to make phone calls and write letters to knowledgeable people who have something to say or to share in the form of a written manuscript. Someone to do the final editing and to catch all those little computer glitches and grammar protocols that I always seem to miss. Ideally, someone to do a special issue would be absolutely wonderful!

Thanks for your considerations!

John Weisheit

River Speak

What do you see
when you look down?

where are the owls going
in your dreams?

and are your deserts filled
with tiger walls or ocotillos?

when a numb tear
meets the quiet roar
do you contemplate oblivion?

drying in giant colors
melted down by days?

growling your way
around the next bend
asking
where is your life going?

be thankful
for boats
and wings

already you
have laughter to lean on
continuing the tune
and the snow and rain started

flowing toward the red star
somewhere
between a slapdash dose of adventure
and strange if not extraordinary night.

Doug Oblak, May 16, 1995

The Prez Sezs

Spillway Enhancements: Not A Good Idea

By Steve "T-Berry" Young

The good fortune of a plentiful (but historically moderate) snow pack in the Rocky Mountains made for another fine season here in the upper basin. Unfortunately, this precipitation caused some controversial topics to surface when Glen Canyon Dam discharged emergency flows to maintain its flood control capabilities, and in the process damaged the beaches that were built during the experimental release last spring. As the water flowed, so did the talk about spillway enhancements, and how they could be used as an aid to protect the downstream environment. The Powers who make decisions and policies concerning this issue insist that by installing flash boards at the top of the spillways, emergency discharges from the reservoir could be avoided and that the riparian habitat of the Grand Canyon would thus be protected. That these flash boards would create a "buffer zone" and would allow the reservoir to hold more water. However, this increased storage would, in turn, effectively drown more rapids on the San Juan and Colorado rivers, and flood riparian habitat in the tributary canyons, as well as the existing riparian habitat on the shores of Lake Powell.

This year the Bureau of Reclamation went ahead and spent a few million dollars to strengthen the spillway's radial gates and to retro-fit them to accommodate 4.5-foot steel flash boards—which are currently in storage. This remodeling project was a result of the *Record of Decision* based on the Final Environmental Impact Statement (page 13 of the summary) concerning the operation of Glen Canyon Dam. Those steel flash boards would have been installed this year had the snow melt been more intense, rather than the slow and steady melt that actually occurred, but the reservoir still rose enough to bury Rapid #27 in Cataract Canyon. We are glad that the flash boards were not installed this year, but we are afraid that in the future they will become a permanent feature of the dam.

Now this idea seems to work if the only objective is to make room for a spring run-off, as emergency discharges are seen as being detrimental to beach building programs, and that these flows would encroach on endangered animal habitat in the Grand Canyon corridor. But did anyone consider the effects on Lake Powell? How about the Colorado River in Cataract Canyon and the San Juan River? Why do we have to ruin and destroy other places to protect a place that is troubled and struggling from our limiting ecological practices already? Has anyone figured out how much willow flycatcher habitat would be destroyed by the lake level, not only presently fluctuating, but also being raised by another 4.5-feet above the normal lake level? How many beautiful places, untouched by the hordes of visitors on Lake Powell, would be reachable by a higher pool elevation? Why do we need to bury more rapids under a cloak of sediment? What will more water in Rainbow Bridge National Monument do? Does anyone honestly think

that these flash boards will not be used as a way to increase the storage capacity of the reservoir?

Water rules the West and this is another way for the greedy to further line their pockets, and they are also taking another step towards a situation where the dam could fail in the event of a mis-balancing between inflow reality and outflow capability—like in 1983. To date, even moderate moisture content years have run the lake level up, causing higher flows from the dam in order to manage the lake level. If Mother Nature gives us a snow pack resulting in a 300,000 c.f.s. run-off (which the dam was designed to handle) do they think, even with this buffer zone, that they could lower the level enough without doing a spill in order not to exceed the maximum flow recommended to honor the Grand Canyon Protection Act? That day will bring chaos! It was chaos in 1983 with only an inflow of 120,000 c.f.s.

The Board of Colorado Plateau River Guides endorses the Glen Canyon Institute and their mission statement to drain Lake Powell and restore Glen Canyon to some form of what it was like before its inundation. By restoring the Colorado River back to something more similar to its original state, we will solve a majority of the riparian and human habitat problems in the Grand Canyon. **Colorado Plateau River Guides also endorses the less dramatic option of using Glen Canyon Dam as a flood control reservoir and not as a storage reservoir.** We in no way agree with the spillway enhancements nor even the thought of a higher pool elevation. Necessary studies done on Lake Powell exploring a probable riparian-lake habitat damages, human impact on previously unreachable terrain, and sociological impacts of increased pool size, would ultimately supply concrete data supporting our views.

A plea goes out to all supporters of spillway enhancements to look for true solutions, not just a quick fix that will drastically impact other places and people. Spillway enhancement is an idea from the Powers-That-Be who have proven to flail at managing Mother Nature so many times in the past. Are we really willing to throw our trust unchecked towards these people again? Especially when they have obvious conflicts with the reasons for the enhancements from year-to-year? We are of one family and industry and should all be concerned about the whole system and how to ensure the greatest experience for the people who live and vacation within any part of the entire river corridor. Let's look at options that put beaches and habitat in the Grand Canyon, but do not ruin other places within the Colorado River drainage.

To learn more about the spillway enhancement program and the monitoring and research program at Grand Canyon please contact:

Bureau of Reclamation; Colorado River Studies Office; 125 South State Street, Room 6107; Salt Lake City, UT 84138-1102; 801-524-5479.

To learn more about restoring Glen Canyon write to:

Glen Canyon Institute; 476 East South Temple #154; Salt Lake City, UT 84111; 801-322-0064.

Despite high river runoff in '97 NPS rescue efforts helped keep injury statistics at a low level

*From an excerpt in The Times-Independent,
Volume 104, Number 28, July 10, 1997*

Forty-three "swimmers" were plucked from the icy waters of Cataract Canyon by National Park Rangers during this years high water [91 swimmers either self-rescued or were retrieved by guides].

Beginning on May 16 and concluding 42 days later, a rescue station was operational below the Big Drops, where most of the flips occur. The park's High Water Incident Action Plan [better known as the "Catch and Release Program"] calls for the search-and-rescue pre-positioning at any time the flow through Cataract Canyon exceeds 55,000 cubic feet per second (cfs). This year the Colorado River peaked on June 10 at 71,100 cfs in Cataract Canyon, creating a fairly continuous four mile stretch of whitewater with waves often exceeding 25-foot high.

Between May 16 and June 26, 326 boats with a combined total of 2,336 passengers attempted to make the run through Cataract Canyon. Thirty boats flipped, dumping 134 passengers into the river. Often these "swimmers" would have to manage up to a mile in the 50-degree high-volume whitewater before reaching safety. There were no fatalities during this years high water, although some of those rescued were near physical exhaustion. There was one helicopter evacuation after a passenger sustained a fractured pelvis.

"Past experience has taught us that we begin to experience significant problems when the flow through Cataract Canyon exceeds 55,000 cfs," said Walt Dabney, the Southwest Utah Group Park Superintendent. "We operate the rescue camp above that level in order to provide essential visitor and resource protection services. We know that we saved at least a few lives during this years high water," Dabney said.

The National Park Service will present a special program, with video footage, of this years rescue operations on Thursday, July 17, at 7:00 p.m. at the Moab Information Center. The public is invited to attend. Home videos may be purchased from Canyonlands Natural History Association, 3031 South Hwy. 191, Moab, UT, 84532, (801) 259-6003.

California Condor in Arches

Also of interest in the above-mentioned issue of The Times-Independent was a headline article to inform the readership that one of the California condors released at the Vermilion Cliffs of northern Arizona in December of 1996 was spotted at the visitor center of Arches National Park on July 6, 1997. This particular condor, tagged #49, was three days previous in the vicinity of the Vermilion Cliffs, according to biologists who have the bird rigged with a radio transmitter.

Minutes of CPRG Meetings

by John Weisheit
Secretary/Treasurer of CPRG

I was encouraged by Diane Grua, who works at the Cline Library on the campus of Northern Arizona University, to include the minutes of our spring and fall meetings for regular publication in The Confluence. It's a great idea and I just wish we had thought about it sooner. Because of time and space I have decided to recapitulate as far back as the spring meeting of 1996, and also to make them abridged versions that will convey the gist of the discussions. Someday I'll get around to abridging the minutes of 1993, 1994 and 1995.

Minutes of the Spring Meeting

May 3, 1996
Abridged

Attendance: Sean, Susette and John at the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum, 118 East Center, Moab.

Honorary member: Jeanne Treadway nomination approved.

Vernal Director: Tom Hicks was nominated pending his acceptance.

Bluff Director: The office is vacant and Tim Thomas will be asked if he will fill the vacancy till the fall meeting.

Computer payment schedule: \$150 a quarter to be paid to our anonymous donor until satisfied. No interest.

Membership dues increase: Tabled

River Rendezvous: Grand Canyon River Guides would rather do this in the fall. Site might be Cunningham Ranch in the Book Cliffs. Need permission from Utah Natural Resources. Susette volunteers to chair this committee. We have volunteers who will help.

Professional Guide Institute and Headwaters Institute: Resolve that CPRG be an advisor to this process and advocate that programming be supported by the outfitters.

Internet: We have e-mail on Steve Young's computer. No need to be subscribers at the CPRG computer terminal.

T-shirts: Develop a CPRG T-shirt in the future. Need investment monies.

America Outdoor: Doug Tims says we can be members but doesn't know what the classification or fee would be for a guide's organization.

Cataract camping issue: Spanish Bottom conflicts with canoeists increasing. Canoe education is needed. What do we do about the red box? Tabled.

Lake Powell: Advocate removal of Glen Canyon dam.

Adopt a highway sign: Tabled.

Toilet at Potash: Park service has a toilet to donate. Will be installed by 1997.

Tri-folds: Do a reprint of a membership tri-fold.

Grant: We could use one to pay for our publishing infrastructure but we need whole-souled volunteer.

Adjourn.

Minutes of the Fall Meeting

September 21, 1996

Abridged

Location: Old City Park, Moab, Utah

Attendance: Attendance was well represented by the CPRG board, outfitter management, and guide membership. Best attendance ever with encouraging dialogue that indicates the organization is maturing.

Election of the president: Three nominations were made and considered. Steve Young was elected.

Moab director: Three nominations were considered. None of the nominees were present for consultation and so the office is vacant.

Bluff director: Anne Egger wrote a letter expressing her interest in the position and was voted in.

Grand Junction director: We created a new position for the CPRG board. A Grand Junction Director. We elected Darren Smith to fill this position.

Guide interpretation trip: We felt it was time to do one in Dinosaur and will work on this concept for the future.

Prospectus: Canyonlands and Dinosaur prospectus in the mail and will be due in January 1997.

Drug testing: The majority of the membership feels that this issue is unconstitutional. The majority are not willing to lose their jobs over it; some are. We decided to be pro-active on an individual basis. In *The Confluence* encourage members to write letters to NPS Denver Regional Office and to Congressmen. Encourage guides to send money to "Guides Defending Constitutional Rights" Box 1123; Flagstaff, AZ; 86002. We nominated a committee to research this issue. Committee is: Jose Tejada, Carol Van Steeter and Tim Thomas.

Canyonland's River Management Plan: After much debate we endorsed these issues: no jet-skis; allow outboard motors in Stillwater Canyon; red sign-up box [change the location, change the text and the map]; spread the canoe launches out; keep group sizes at 40.

Red Box: CPRG will make an educational tri-fold to reduce confusion; change the format at the box.

Finances: We have \$2000 in the bank.

Spring Meeting: Date to be announced Adjourn.

Minutes of the Spring Meeting

April 26, 1997

Abridged

Location: Ray's Tavern, Green River, Utah

Attendance: Largely represented by guides of these outfitters: Sheri Griffith, Moki Mac, and Adventure Bound.

Moab director: Jose Tejada will serve.

Green River director: Shane Edwards and Chris Smith will share the position.

Spillway enhancement at Glen Canyon Dam. Unanimous motion to oppose any construction that would increase the

capacity of Lake Powell. To educate Grand Canyon preservationists that this measure is contradictory.

Glen Canyon Institute: Unanimous motion to endorse the mission statement of this non-profit organization. To encourage this organization to remove Glen Canyon Dam.

CPRG membership brochure: To be revised, published and distributed.

CPRG educational brochures. For Dinosaur, Deso/Gray, Labyrinth, Ruby/Horsethief, Westwater, Canyonlands, and San Juan. To be drafted, published and distributed through the agencies reservation systems.

"Red Box" registration in Cataract. To be revised and updated.

Drug testing: Drugs are not the issue; methods are. Initiate a dialogue of options.

The Confluence: Allow land issues to have a place in The Confluence.

Land guides: Initiate a dialogue to form a land guide organization.

Membership clarification: Definition of "working in the guiding profession" would include, for example, shuttle and bus drivers, office personnel; not restricted to just boat guides.

River Rendezvous: In process. Should be in middle September. This date conflicts with the organizers; still working their season.

Canyonlands Field Institute: Might want to turn guide training over to us and give us a space at their headquarters. Requires a part-time director to develop, market and program.

Grants: We still need to develop.

Fall meeting: Will be in Uintah County. September 21?

Guide interp trip: Will be in Dinosaur National Monument.

Newsletter: Develop a simple newsletter to fill the time-span between issues of The Confluence.

America Outdoor: Introducing a bill concerning concession reform. Will stabilize the industry and letters to congressmen will help.

How Are We Doing?

An Analysis of the CPRG Board and the Membership
by John Weisheit

When CPRG was born in the fall of 1993, I volunteered to be the Secretary/Treasurer. Our partners, Grand Canyon River Guides, suggested that this position should not carry a term limit to provide a continuity in the changing executive leadership. The following is my honest appraisal of this organization as that link of continuity.

What Susette DeCoster-Weisheit did for CPRG, as the first president, was to effectively introduce this organization to the outfitters and the agencies. As a result CPRG has been accepted and welcomed into the collaboration that exists between these entities; were legitimate is another way to putting it.

Steve Young, the current CPRG president, understands very well that we now need to now turn our attention back on

ourselves and to keep our house in order; that we need growth and internal strength.

Our biggest surge of growth was in the very beginning. Since then the membership rose slowly and steadily to about 225 members, where it has basically been for the last two years. We have tried various programs to initiate growth and they have not produced any significant results. Memberships seem to be generated by word-of-mouth. The problem with consolidating the guides of the upper basin are many, but the basic characteristic that best defines ourselves is—terminal diversity. The “old school” guides are not the largest contingency of the CPRG membership, and neither are the “new school” guides. The strength of CPRG basically lies somewhere in the middle of these two ideologies. **I feel that we need to prove to all the guides that there is a real value to this organization and that the basic unifying principle should be the resource—the rivers of the Colorado Plateau—not our ideologies.**

What I think really needs to be done to increase membership and membership involvement is to meet the challenge of our inherit diversity. Steve Young and the current Board are doing this very thing. The Board feels that

Star Guide

Just when I was about to quit
looking for life
under stones
and in certain reflections

a blue spirit appeared
and pulled me down
for a drink
from the waterline

blue hushed circles
remembered
a strange dog star
that already knew my hand

and a silver slippered moon
angling
over Crescent Junction
like a dime on edge

wiping away a jealous tear
I pulled back to look
upstream
for the owner of the kiss.

Doug Oblak — November 7, 1995

the Moab guides need to take a back seat for a while and give the Vernal, Green River, Grand Junction, Bluff, and Durango (etc.) guides an opportunity to develop this organization to become exactly what the name implies: Colorado Plateau River Guides.

We have received so much from the Colorado Plateau in the form of an enriched life. Being pro-active in CPRG is one of the best ways to return that appreciation. Thanks for getting us there and more importantly—thanks for being here.

CPRG Membership Brochures

Anne Eggar and T-Berry have produced and published a new brochure to help generate memberships. How many would you like? Let us know and we will mail them to you!

Nonnezoshe (Rainbow Bridge)

In a far off place there's a lonely trail,
For a time when the heart goes wondering,
That leads to a place, an awesome place,
Where the wind still leaps from the sacred rock,
Of a highland wall,
To rustle the pools, the rocky pools,
At the foot of Navajo Mountain.

Where the gay swift streaks a high curved course,
Twixt chameleon cliffs of molded sand,
Grown hard with time and unknown magic,
Where the lonely God of Creation placed his hand,
With fingers wide and steady stroke,
In a way that knew only his reason, his mystery.

Where time travels lightly, leaving traces,
To be read when the eye sweeps upward,
To the tip of the Universes, to the lip of creation,
Where echoes await the slightest sound,
To roll back their murmured notes,
That drop to a hush, a dwindling hush.

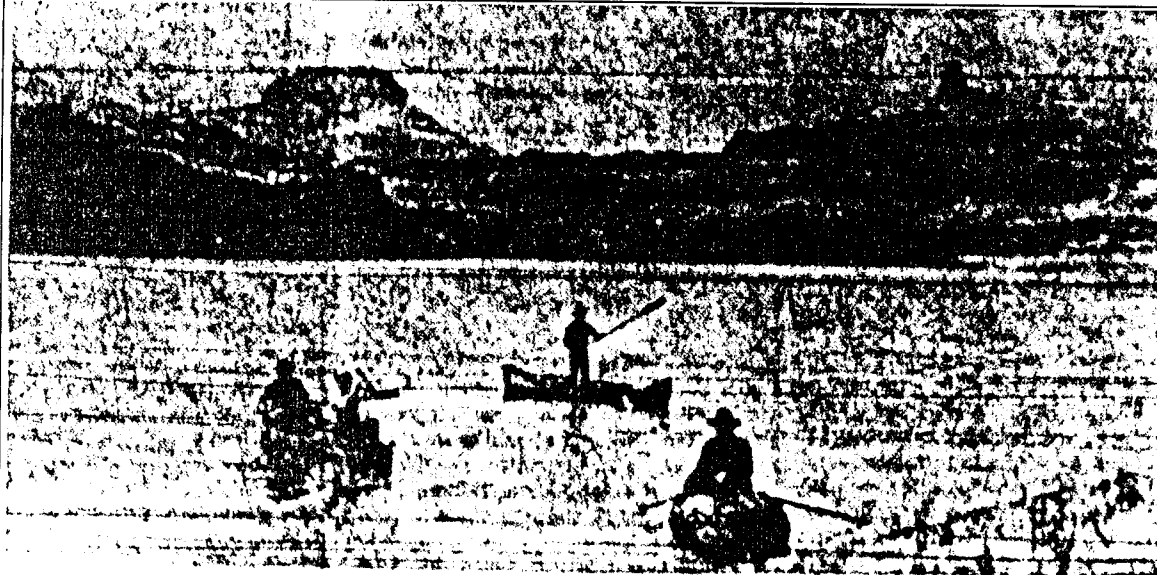
Where a rainbow of stone joins cliff to cliff,
To span time handed down by a generous God,
Who stirs there still to those who hear,
Where the Indians gods still chant,
Their songs of beauty and peace,
On that lonely trail to that silent place,
At the foot of Navajo Mountain.

J. F. Carithers — 1962

When Is a River Navigable? Supreme Court Will Decide

Compiled and transcribed by John Weisheit

From a headline article that appeared in *The Times Independent*, Volume 55, Number 42, October 17, 1929. [Black Thursday occurred on October 24, 1929, and ushered in the Great Depression]. Special thanks to Diane Allen.



When is a river navigable? That is the question the Supreme Court will have to settle in a suit brought by the U.S. against the State of Utah for title of the beds of the Colorado, Green and San Juan Rivers. Photo shows Governor George H. Dern and party heading down the Colorado River in search of evidence as to the past history of the river as a means of transportation. The governor is in the boat nearest the shore.

Ownership of Colorado and San Juan Riverbeds at Stake in Important Hearings Now Being Held; Some Interesting Decisions in Similar Cases are Given.

Is the Colorado River navigable?

This question will soon be decided by the supreme court of the United States. For the past month, evidence tending to show that the river and its tributaries are not navigable has been introduced by government counsel in the case brought by the United States against the state of Utah to quiet title to the beds of the Colorado, Green and San Juan rivers. Hearings have been held before Charles Warren, special master representing the supreme court at Denver, Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. The Salt Lake hearing closed Tuesday, and an adjournment was taken until Nov. 4, when the government will complete the introduction of its testimony at Washington, D.C. on Dec. 4, an additional hearing will be held at Salt Lake City for the introduction of the state's testimony.

At the Salt Lake hearing the past week, some twenty or thirty witnesses testified regarding their knowledge of the rivers. Evidence was given regarding dozen of boats which have been used on the Colorado and Green rivers during the past thirty years and several old prospectors told of their experiences on the streams.

The state, represented by Philo T. Farnsworth, is endeavoring to show that the rivers have actually been used for navigation for a long period of time. The federal government, represented by Charles D. Blackmar of Kansas City, is attempting to prove that the current of the rivers is so changeable and the water so shallow that navigation is impractical. The supreme court will review the testimony at a later date and it is expected that a decision will be rendered within the next eighteen months [the case extended into 1933].

Supporting the state of Utah's contention that the Colorado, Green and San Juan rivers are navigable in law as well as in fact, a large numbers of court decisions bearing on the question were compiled by Harvey H. Cluff former attorney general. These decisions form the legal basis of the state's contention of navigability. Briefly summarized courts have ruled on the question as follows:

If a river is navigable in fact, it is navigable in law.

Logging, utilizing spring freshets [the snow melt] may be considered navigation.

Pleasure boating is as much navigation in the eyes of the law as is commercial shipping.

A stream may be little used for navigation but still be classed as navigable.

Mr. Cluff's report concerning navigability of streams is as follows:

What constitutes navigability?

Contention: That navigability is a question of fact to be determined by local laws or decisions.

Since the Kenesse Chief case, 12 How. 443 (1851), it has been uniformly held that all waters that are navigable in fact are navigable in law.

The Fact and In Law

"That these rivers must be regarded as public navigable rivers in law which are navigable in fact and they are navigable in fact when they are used or susceptible of being used, in their ordinary condition as highways for commerce over which trade and travel are or may be conducted in the customary modes of trade, and travel on water. Vessels of any kind that can float upon the water, whether propelled by animal power, by the wind or by the agency of steam, are or may become the mode by which a vast commerce can be

conducted, and it would be a mischievous person that it would exclude either in determining the navigability of the river”.

The Montello, 20 Wall 4304439.

Cited approvingly in the U.S. vs. Rio Grande Irrigation Company, 174, U.S. 690.

Levy vs. U.S. 177 U.S. 621-630

The Robert W. Reardon, 191 U.S. 17-26.

“It results from the principles already referred to that what shall be deemed as navigable water within the meaning of the local rules of property is for the determination of the several states.”

Donnelly vs. U.S., 228 U.S. 234-262 and the cases therein cited.

In Water Power Company vs. Water Commissioners 168 U.S. 349-359, the supreme court of the United States said:

Logging is Navigation

“In order to be navigable, it is not necessary that it should be deep enough to admit passage of boats on all portions of the stream.”

“A meandered stream one hundred feet wide and of the usual depth of three feet, which is not of sufficient depth to float logs, but which is subject to annual freshets for a considerable time, which enables it to be profitably used for floating logs during such time, is a navigable stream for its purpose of floating logs and timber to market.

Walkins vs. Darris, 64 Pc. 840 (Wash.)

“Streams capable of being used for the purpose of carrying boats, passengers, freight, floating logs, timber, wood or any other product to market, are navigable streams.”

Johnson vs. Johnson. 95 Pac. 399 (Idaho 1909):

“Every stream which in its natural state is capable of floating logs or other commercial or floatable commodity for any practicable period of time, is to such extent and for such time a navigable stream.

Continuous use Not Necessary

Mashburn vs. Improvement Company, 113 Pac.92, (Idaho, 1911).

“Where a lake had a total area of 905 acres, 499 of which were covered to a depth of over 25 feet, with a maximum to depth of 50 feet, and boats of considerable dimensions, as well as smaller craft, at different times, had plied its waters and timber products had been transported from place to place thereon, the lake was navigable though little used for navigation.

Brace and Herbert Mill Company vs. State, 95 Pac. 278. (Wash. 1908).

“A stream which at certain periods of the year it is practical to use in its natural state for the purpose of floating timber products, is a navigable stream for such a purpose.”

Logan vs. Spaulding Logging Company, 190 Pac. 349. (Ore.).

“Whether or not a stream is navigable is, in the absence of legislative declaration, determinable by its practicable utility for navigation during ordinary stages of water at any particular time.”

San Francisco vs. Main, 137 Pac. 281. (Calif.)

Recreational Value Considered

“Grand River is one of the largest and most important inland streams in the state. It is a navigable river. It has never been navigable for boats except canoes and bateaux above Lyons and no steamboats have been above the rapids at Grand Rapids for many years. Above the rapids it has served little usefulness as a navigable stream, except for small pleasure boats. BUT IT WILL EVER BE AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC STREAM AND ITS NAVIGABILITY FOR PLEASURE IS A SACRED IN THE EYES OF THE LAW AS ITS NAVIGABILITY FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSE.”

Grand Rapids vs. Powers, 89 Mich. 94

“Many, if not most, of the meandering lakes of this state are not adapted to and probably will never be used to any great extent for commercial navigation; but they are used—and as population increases and towns and cities are built up in their vicinity will still be more used—by the people for sailing, rowing, fishing, fowling, bathing, skating, taking water for domestic agriculture and even city purposes, cutting ice and other public purpose, which cannot now be enumerated or even anticipated. To hand over all these lakes to private ownership under any old and narrow test of navigability would be a great wrong upon the public for all time, the extent of which cannot perhaps now even anticipated.”

Lamprey vs. State, 52 Min. 181-100.

Great Salt Lake was declared to be a navigable body of water by the district court and for Salt Lake County, Utah. (Judge Morse.)

Judicial Knowledge

“Courts take judicial knowledge of the navigability of streams constituting great national highways of commerce as well as the navigability or non-navigability of smaller streams within the jurisdiction. Such matters are sometimes deemed to be common or general knowledge, but judicial notice thereof is sometimes placed and the ground of historical knowledge or statutory recognition.

“Considering the various degrees of navigability, the various kinds of navigation, the various appliances for the purpose of navigation and the different conditions along different portions of the same river, there remains a large class of cases in which to determine this question by judicial notice, would deprive a party availing himself of the opportunity of trial and hearing. Never-the-less where facts of this case fall within the realm of common or historical knowledge they will be judiciously noticed.”

(Corpus Juris. Vol. 23, section 1802, Page 81).

Upcoming issues of The Confluence will disclose the process and results of the court's decision.

The Colorado River Case

Harry McDonald's Day In Court: 1929

Compiled by John Weisheit

From a newspaper article [publisher unknown] dated September 27, 1929, concerning testimony given by Harry McDonald during the Colorado River Case, sometimes referred to as the River Bed Case, and archived at the Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, California. Special thanks to Rosalyn Jirge for transcribing this article.

The mantle of time dropped from the rounded shoulders of Harry McDonald in the courtroom yesterday and he lived again his happy, strenuous life on the Colorado River as hunter, trapper, prospector and adventurer of the turbulent waters.

'Mac', as everyone calls him, was one of the government's chief witnesses in its suit against the State of Utah to quiet title to the river beds of the Green, San Juan, and Colorado Rivers in Utah.

His story was such that, at times, the privileged few in the courtroom, including Master in Chancery Warren, sat on the very edges of their seats with thrills and, again, were convulsed in laughter over the raw humor of the old timer. As for Mac, he was in his element as a raconteur—and he was superb. He knew the old Green and Colorado Rivers like a book. He grunted his disdain for mistaken versions of appraisals given by others as to the antics of the rivers or the conditions in those days.

There were spells when Mac's story raced along like the river itself, but, again, the fog of an intervening span of years would cloud his memory, at which moments he would sit in the witness chair, head bowed for a full two minutes or so, rubbing his yellow-white mustache, finally shaking his head and saying in a low, reminiscent voice: 'No, I just can't remember that now'.

For several days the government's men have been combing Mac over for his story, telling him which parts the court would be particularly interested in and cautioning him not to wander too much and to listen to what the attorneys and judge would ask. And so he was primed as he took the stand. He ran his hand back over his nearly-bald head, adjusted his thick glasses, and bent a receptive, although nearly-deaf, ear over to U. S. Attorney Blackmar, who took a position alongside of the witness stand.

Like an old horse trained on the track Mac launched immediately into his account of how he drove a herd of cattle in 1867 or so, from Elk Mountain, Wyoming, or was it Montana? down through Utah, across the Colorado, and into old Fort Bridger. It was a long drive and took nearly 10 months. When they were crossing the desert toward the end the cattle were barely moving. 'Their tongues hung out that

far?', said Mac, as he extended his left arm, fore fingers straight out, and cut off the required length by placing his right hand at the left elbow.

He and his partners prospected up and down the Green and Colorado Rivers using 'hosses and booros, picks, shovels, and pans'. He was with the Stanton and Best Expeditions down the Colorado, the adventures being described in great detail—and with gestures.

He described the progress of the Stanton Party down the river and came to Cataract Canyon where the trouble began.

'We started to "line" the boats down the rapids empty, but it was too much', he said. 'The Black Betty [Brown Betty] was the first to be crushed to pieces in the rapids and we lost three [two] of our six boats'.

By this time the old timer had warmed up to his narrative. He was actually living the scene again, for he had arisen from the witness chair and stood with his arms flung out to the heartbreaking sight of the Black Betty being crushed to pieces against the rocks in the roaring rapids.

'And they all had said she would last longer than the rest because she was made of inch stock and had iron bindings that were forged in the blacksmith's shop at Green River', he muttered, as he fell back in the witness chair.

Then a mischievous smile lighted up his face and he resumed, with a chuckle: 'I showed the boys, one day, how to do it, when I bet them 5 gallons of whiskey that I could ride the rapids alone. So we towed one of the boats up to the head of the rapids and all the boys saying: "Mac, you're crazy; you're crazy, ya fool" and I got in the boat and away I went. I come out all right down below - but we didn't take any chances; we drank the whiskey first!'. Whereupon he swept the courtroom with a broad grin.

Again: 'Yes, I knew Old Rocky, the old trapper and hunter. I would have stayed with Old Rocky, but he was too tough for me (shaking his head hopelessly and chuckling). Say, he was the most untidy man I ever knew. And another thing: he was the greatest trapper in the world. Why he could start from Green River with nothing but a jug of whiskey and a plug of tobacco and not another solitary thing to eat, and that man would go on and keep going just on what he caught and killed.' And, as he said it, Mac made a challenging gesture with his clenched fist cleaving the air, chin thrust forward and eyes bulging out as if to dare anyone to equal his old partner as a hunter and trapper.

And so Mac's story was told to a small but appreciative audience in the courtroom, most of them being gray-haired men who themselves knew the river and the country of that day. They sat there with ears cupped in their hands listening to Mac and occasionally nodding their heads in approval of what he was saying and again slapping their thighs as they roared with laughter at his anecdotes of the life on the river in those pioneer days.

Others heard during the day included Robert Allen, civil engineer, now employed by the Department of Water and Power for the city; David E. Rust, of Provo, Utah; and Dean Daily. The hearing was expected to be concluded today."

The Court Record: Harry McDonald's Testimony

Transcribed and edited by John Weisheit

From a working collection to be archived at the Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, with special thanks to Dr. Greg Thompson and Roy Webb; also to Bob Stevens for his generous hospitality.

He resides at Highway Highland, California; is 77 years of age; since he grew to manhood he has followed trapping, hunting and prospecting principally as vocations. He has lived in the western country since 1866. He doesn't remember the year in which he first entered Utah but believes it was in 1868 or 1869; his second trip was made in 1888.

His first trip into Utah was made while driving cattle from Elk Mountain, Wyoming, to Fort Mojave, Arizona. The trip was made over the old Pony Express trail through Wagonhound, Medicine Bow, Rawlins, Bitter Creek, Saltwell, and Green River, Wyoming.

From Green River, Wyoming, the trail led to Fort Bridger, which is on Black's Fork on the Green River; south on Silver Creek to a divide between Silver Creek and the Provo River; down the Provo River to Provo.

From Provo they trailed south leaving the cattle in Spanish Fork about five days to rest up. From there they went south to Cold Creek by way of Parowan, Fillmore, Round Valley and near Cedar City, to Mountain Meadows.

From Mountain Meadows they dropped down the old Virgin River at Beaver Dam and crossed the Virgin River twenty-four times on the way down to St. Thomas.

At St. Thomas they laid over and rested the cattle a couple of days and filled their barrels with water.

There were three wagons on the trip and water was carried for camp purposes and for the purpose of keeping older cattle in trim for the trail. The younger cattle were sold to the Mojave Indians.

From St. Thomas they started trailing across the desert between Muddy and Las Vegas springs. After a stop at Las Vegas Springs they trailed into the head of El Dorado Canyon, above Hardyville, Arizona.

Hardyville at that time was a small place containing eight or ten houses, a number of adobe houses built by the Mexicans, and several Mexicans and Mojave Indians. Hardyville is located seven miles above Fort Mojave.

They reached the Colorado River in El Dorado Canyon near a quartz mill that is located about a half mile from the river.

After reaching Hardyville the trip was continued on across the river to Fort Mojave.

From Las Vegas Springs to El Dorado Canyon the trail followed a wagon road but the road did not reach Hardyville.

At Fort Mojave the cattle were distributed. The outfit consisted of eleven men, six hundred eighty-two head of cattle, three wagons, and quite a few horses.

Through the state of Utah a wagon road was followed but he does not know the name by which the road was designated.

Hardyville, Arizona, is on the Colorado River and there was a ferry at that place for the purpose of crossing the river to the Nevada side.

On his trip back he passes through a place known as Callville where there was a stone wall of a burned store but the place was deserted. Callville is not far from the present Boulder dam site. At Hardyville, he saw Captain Melon's old steam boat, Gila. The boat came up river from Fort Mojave, where it had been unloading freight for the government. It would come up from there to Hardyville in high stage of water.

When he was camping in Callville in 1871 he saw a boat come down the river carrying the American flag; it was at the quartz mill at El Dorado Canyon.

Question: Was that boat a steam boat or a row boat?

Answer: No, just a row boat. A steam boat couldn't get up.

On the latter trip he left El Dorado Canyon at the quartz mill, went up through Callville and up to the mouth of the Virgin with burros, following a trail, there being no road.

From the mouth of the Muddy they went up to St. Thomas and struck the same route followed on the way down with the cattle. They then followed the same trail back to Provo, Utah, then digresses through Salt Lake City and Ogden, went to Corinne, Utah, and up the Bear River into Helena, Montana.

The last time he saw the Green or Colorado river was when he went on a prospecting trip in southern Utah. The trip was started on the Grand River at Grand Junction, Colorado. He and an associate constructed a boat in Cramer's wagon yard at Grand Junction and hauled it on a rack down to the river in March, 1887. The river was frozen over and the boat was run through the ice for some distance when it was pulled on top and skidded over the ice like a sled.

On this trip they went down through the first Granite Canyon to what is now known as Bar X Bottom, stopped and built a cabin, put in a small dam, a sluice box, and commenced mining.

The place where he stopped and built his cabin was about a mile from the Utah-Colorado line. That was in 1887. He stayed there seven or eight months and then went up into the Book Mountains [Book Cliffs]. From there he went down to Glen Canyon with burros.

From Glen Canyon they went to a point on the Green River about midway between the San Rafael and the city of Green River, Utah, on horseback, having a pack outfit consisting of seven head of horses and burros, camp outfit, and mining equipment. They then forded the Green River a short distance below and went over on to the Colorado down below Cataract Canyon.

From the point where he crossed the Green River he got down below Cataract Canyon by crossing the top of the mesa to the north of it.

...you can ride across that anywhere in towards Hanksville, between there and the mouth of the Dirty River on the river, but you can't go down the river along Cataract Canyon that way all the way.

This trip was made about a year and a half after he built the boat at Grand Junction, Colorado. He didn't make any notes of his expeditions so that all of his statements are from memory and his memory might not be exactly right unless something happened to remind him. It was before the first Stanton Expedition.¹

After reaching the mesa he went down on it to the Colorado River at the mouth of North Wash, passing through Hanksville. At that time Hanksville was a place only a few settlers and a few scattered buildings. It was the only town, however, in that part of the country, the last town down the Dirty Devil, or Frémont River. He did not get any supplies at Hanksville as they already had them.

After reaching the mouth of North Wash, he commenced prospecting, and his partner, Jess Fuller, decided to go back and took with him the burros, leaving the horses. He stayed, together with Tom Hall, Claude Sanford, Bill Curry, Bob Farley, and a man named Nichols.

He prospected and explored the country and found gold in the bars but not in sufficient quantities so a man could make much at it. The gold was flour gold and it was impossible to save it with the gold pan and quicksilver.

While he was in the canyon there he built a small boat, or flat-bottomed skiff, for the purpose of crossing and running up and down the river with lumber that was purchased in Hanksville.

Question: Did the lumber come in by way of the river?

Answer: No, it came in overland; couldn't come in by way of the river.

Question: How much work did you do on the river with the boat?

Answer: Didn't do very much work with the boat; just crossed from one side to the other to get the bars; we did use it once out in one of the bars in the center of the river, sandbars in the center; the water split both ways; we took some of the boats we brought down and made a sluice box, and we dug a channel through the sandbar, which formed just where there was a rapid there, just above North Canyon, between that and the mouth of the Dirty Devil; we dug through the bar, and put the sluice box in, and commenced shoveling the dirt in from both sides; the water running through washed it down, a riffle block catching the gold.

On that first trip he did not get anywhere near the San Juan River.

¹ The trip leader was Frank Mason Brown, president of the Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Rail Road (DCC&PRR), until his death in Marble Canyon; Stanton then became trip leader.

Question: While you were in there did you experiment any with this boat in the cataracts?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Just tell me about that.

Answer: We prospected along up, working along up the canyon, came up to the foot of the rapids, we crossed the Dirty Devil before you get into the rapids, we crossed the Dirty Devil before you get into the rapids at the foot of Cataract, Curry, Farley, and myself. I told them, I says, "If you fellows will help pull this boat up through the edge of the cataract I will show you a nice ride down." So they pulled it—we put the line on—they pulled it along the edge, and one of us kept prying it off, warding it off from the edge of the rocks, and finally says, "You are crazy, Mac." I says, "All right, if none of you fellows get in, I will show you something." So I shoved the boat in, when we got up where it wouldn't go any further—I shipped quite a bit of water. I was in there alone, and just using one stay oar, no other oars, let the current take me along. When I came out below, he says, "You are crazy, damn fool, damn fool." He says, "You will drown." That is as far as we went up Cataract Canyon with the boat².

Question by the Special Master: You didn't drown did you?

Answer: No, I didn't drown. They bet me five gallons of whiskey, after Mr. Brown drowned, when he was in town there, if I went the second trip I would drown. I bet them, and used the whiskey before I started.

When he got through down in Glen Canyon he went out with wagons and on horseback.

...you could get a wagon in and out from Cass Hite; we finally got a wagon in down North Wash.

There were no other boats on the river in Glen Canyon while he was prospecting and besides the men who were prospecting with him, another outfit known as Hite's outfit was prospecting down the river about three miles. There were no dredges of other machinery operating on the river at that time.

On leaving, he went out overland by the way of Hanksville to Green River, or Blake, Utah, which is on the west side of the river. The railroad into Green River had been completed at that time.

Mr. [Frank M.] Brown and Mr. [Robert B.] Stanton sent for him and he talked the matter over them at Blake³ or Green River, Utah, and decided to go on the trip with them.⁴

Question: Now, just tell me what kind of equipment in the way of boats Mr. Stanton had on his first trip.

² This would be Narrow Canyon; Mille Crag Bend to Dirty Devil River.

³ Green River, Utah, was originally called Blake after the last name of the first postmaster.

⁴ McDonald has forgotten that he did not join this expedition until Dandy Crossing (Hite) in Glen Canyon, where he was placer mining at the time, when Brown passed by in late June, 1889. He did this section, however, with the Best Expedition of 1891.

Answer: They had six boats. They were what is called lap stock boats, the side nailed on, lapped: little bow boats; they were fourteen or fifteen feet long—I think they were fourteen; they had air-tight compartments stem and stern; they were light cedar boats, sharp at both ends, and one boat was the Black Betsy;⁵ it was built of inch stuff; it was bound some with iron, wagon tire iron from the blacksmith shop.

The boats when loaded drew about seven or eight inches. There were sixteen men in this first Stanton party. He had charge of the running of the boats. They gave him that position to get them out of trouble if they got into trouble down the lower river, because he had already been down there.

Question: At that time in your life had you been a sailor?

Answer: Yes, and I have run the Mississippi River from St. Louis up and down quite a while on the old Dan Hine—Captain Joe Quinn.

Question: Just tell me about the progress of this trip from Green River, Utah, down to the junction with the Grand River.

Answer: We run along feeling out the channel. The channel down through there is arbitrary, down through Green River. It is different from most any other river. Where the channel should be, it will be shoal water, and have to change your channel. You will get aground. We got aground every once in a while, and we would have to get out and feel around, hold on to the boat and drag it along to find our channel.

Groundings on sand bars occur four or five times a day, sometimes not so much, dependent on the stretch of the river.

Sand bar conditions were pretty bad in places from Green River, Utah, down to the mouth of the San Rafael. There were a great number of bars in this stretch of the river and it was necessary to get out and wade and pull the boats off. The sand is shifting all the time, a good deal like desert sand.

You may drive across Death Valley, any place, the same as I have, just as nice a road as you want, and come along tomorrow and there is a pile of sand piled up; it is the same in the river; it keeps changing.

On the first Stanton trip the party was not equipped with life preservers and the boats were lined through Cataract Canyon.

Question: Tell me about going through Cataract.

Answer: We lined the boats through Cataract.⁶ But even lining them through, they found out we were too heavy loaded then. Mr. Hughes and Reynolds⁷—I can't think of his name—they threw away good overcoats that was

worth forty-five dollars or fifty dollars, in Cataract, to lighten up, rather than portage and load the boats any more; they had them overloaded going down; they thought they would need them; they threw them out; they threw blankets worth twelve or fifteen dollars a pair to one side and left them in Cataract Canyon.

We lost three boats [actually two] there. The Black Betsy, the boat they thought would go through, was the first boat that went to pieces: nobody in it, though; we didn't take any chances.

We had the lines fast to it; we would run the line down here (indicating) and a man stationed here (indicating), and there, and there (indicating). We would shove the boat off in here (indicating); this man would throw the line over a rock, and the next one, as she checked up going down, so as to give the boat a clear run.

The first boat after the Black Betsy ran on to a rock; just as soon as she did that, the water piled over her gunnel and turned her completely over and tore the bottom out of her, in Cataract Canyon.

None of the rapids in Cataract Canyon were run with those boats on that trip. Starting at Green River, Utah, rafts containing food were towed by the boats.⁸

Question: Where did you start towing them?

Answer: Started towing them at Green River. I had forgot about that. They had the same as boxes down below, big board boxes; they thought that would lighten the load some, which it did, some,—the top screwed down, and had a rubber gasket around; they put the stuff in them they had in the bottom of other boats, canned goods, condensed milk, and other stuff the water wouldn't hurt.

But they lost them, lost all that food in Cataract Canyon, in trying to let them run with the boats when they were lining them through.

The second boat after the Black Betsy, the line fouled, the line holding the boat as she was running lose down stream; she up-ended; just the minute you check the boat in a stiff rapid, the current was so swift on the bow, although she is sharp there, the back ended up, and she dove, and we lost that second boat there.⁹

The boats wouldn't stand the force of the water, when they get under and you hold them still, if you let them go they would be like a ship, come up again.

Then we lost the third boat; Mr. Reynolds was in the third boat, around one of the rapids; he had hold of the line; they was lining that, and that boat, when we lost it and it went down, he went down with the boat, but he

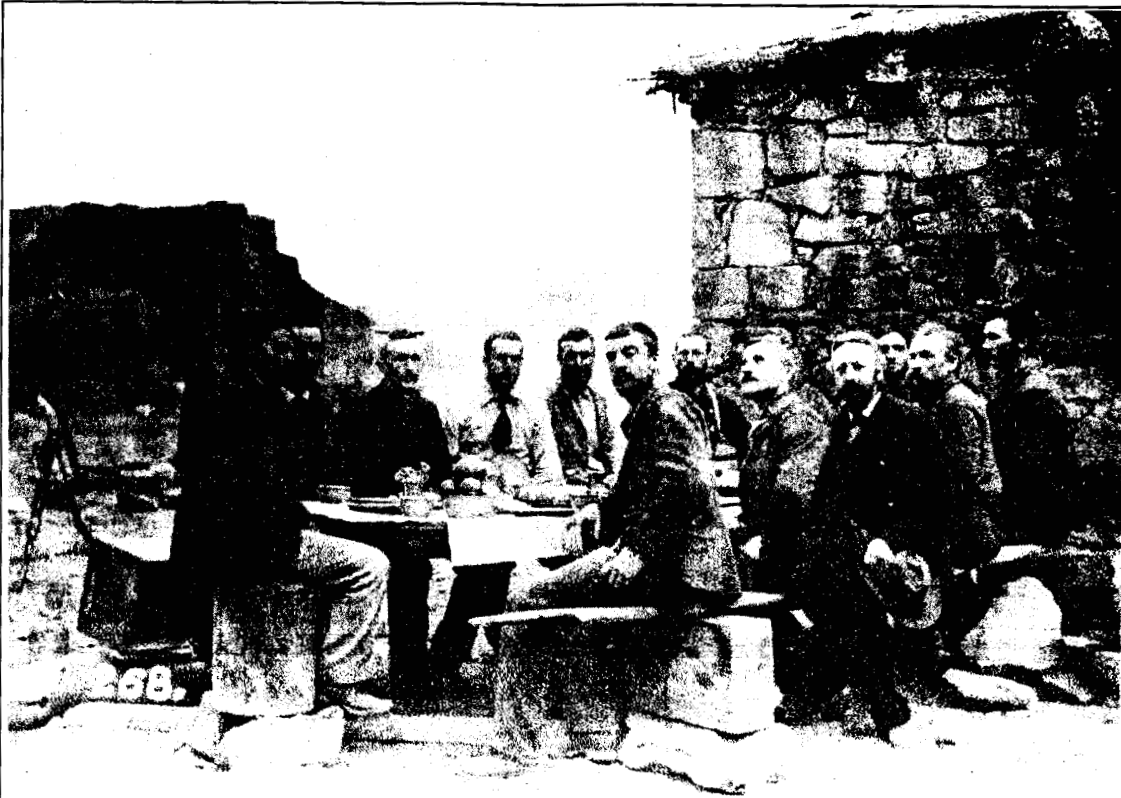
⁵ Actually called the *Brown Betty*, which was the kitchen boat and named after a Dutch oven breakfast treat.

⁶ McDonald did not do Cataract until 1891 with James Best; the Best Expedition did not line or portage any rapids in Cataract Canyon.

⁷ Hughes and Reynolds joined the expedition as guests of Frank Brown.

⁸ The "rafts" were waterproof galvanized boxes that thumb-screwed to the bottom of the boats. They removed the boxes and floated them behind the *Brown Betty* to make room for the abundant gear and personnel.

⁹ This boat was actually retrieved.



Christmas dinner at Lees Ferry, 1889. Left to right: Robert Stanton, Franklin Nims, William Edwards, Reginald Travers, H. G. Ballard, Langdon Gibson, Elmer Kane, L. G. Brown, Arthur Twining, James Hogue, Harry McDonald, John Hislop. From Miami University Library.

held to the line, and we pulled him ashore on that line, and the wreck of the boat.¹⁰

That was the third boat in Cataract Canyon. Then we wouldn't risk it; we got driftwood and laid it on the rocks, and skidded them along the keel, in place of lining them through, to save them, and then at the lower edge we put them in and run.

The boats were skidded along sometimes for a distance of a hundred yards, sometimes less, across the rapids, sometimes one side of the river, sometimes the other. After the boats had been skidded along they would be placed back in the water again in the stretch of river between the rapids, and then when they came to another rapid place, they would take the boats out of the water at the upper edge of the rapid, and skid them again.

Question: How many times would you say, in the course of Cataract Canyon, you skidded these boats?

Answer: About five; we would run some of them at the upper edge—we would line them through, some of them, at the upper edge, where we lost the other boats.

The Black Betsy was lost in the same rapid where number one was sunk about five or six miles down from the junction of the river.¹¹

¹⁰ This was the second boat that was actually damaged beyond repair and abandoned. The boat was called *Mary*, after Brown's wife.

At North Wash, or a little below, the party stopped and obtained some supplies, then went on down to Hite. At Hite he ripped out lumber and put three new strips on the side of one of the boats to strengthen it because the ribs had been crushed in amidships. The ribs were crushed in Cataract Canyon

Leaving Hite, the party started on down the river for the San Juan.

We had trouble all the way down the river—had trouble several times down there.

Question: Tell me what you mean by trouble?

Answer: Running on to the bars and on to rocks. There is one place there where there is a shelf runs across the river; it is not as level as the floor, but apparently as level under water; it must be anyway nearly one hundred yards in width, but it runs clear across the river; that is a ledge of rock; I don't know whether it is slate, or what it is, sandstone or what, but it runs clear across the river, and you have got to find an opening to get a boat through.

That is where the river is cut in one or two places. We run on to that—every boat run on to that; we got out, held on to the boat, pushed back up into deeper water, and kept feeling and working across; you couldn't see, too much sand working in the river—feeling across until we came to an opening, then put the boats through the opening.

[Mr. Ryan:] The large rock which crosses the river is located about one hundred twelve miles above Lees Ferry and is very close to what is known on the map accompanying Mr. LaRue's Water Supply paper as Bed Rock dam site.¹²

¹¹ The "number one" McDonald is referring to is the boat that was abandoned during the Best Expedition of 1891 at Rapid #15. According to Stanton's survey notes the *Brown Betty* was destroyed at Rapid #6.

¹² From Water Supply Paper 556; Water Power and Flood Control of the Colorado River Below Green River, Utah; E. C. LaRue; 1925: "The bedrock dam site is on the Colorado River 6 miles below Hall's Crossing and 1 mile below Lake Canyon, where the water surface is 3,325 feet above sea level. The bedrock, which extends across the river, is a very hard laminated red

There were quite a few rapids encountered in Glen Canyon but most of them were not bad.

...you could run them going down; but if you went up them you would have to get out, haul your boat or walk alongside and pull it along.

Bull Frog rapid—I don't

know what they call it—it is the mouth of Bull Frog Creek, anyway—just above that is where we blasted a ledge down and hauled the dredge material in;¹³ I think they call it Stoney Bar, on account of so many rocks and boulders across there. That is a bad place. There is rocks in that as large as a quarter of the room here, almost, and lots of them.

Dan, [sic Ben] and Homer Hite were there then; there was only Cass and Johnny Hite there before

Question: Now bring the expedition on down to Lees Ferry.

Answer: Mr. Stanton wouldn't travel on Sunday, and they laid up just above the mouth—Saturday night—just above the mouth of Escalante; Escalante is about twelve miles above the mouth of the San Juan.

Mr. Brown and I and Reynolds got into the boat Sunday morning and came on down; we slept all night—Mr.—Stanton, we knew, wouldn't come—and we couldn't get back up; we slept all night, by gracious, on a bar, laid right on a sand bar, no blankets, no nothing, all night long.

Just as the sun was getting up Mr. Stanton and them come along, then we piled in. and Mr. Brown had them make a landing, and we ate a little breakfast; hadn't had anything from the day before, when we started. We thought we would go back up the river, and couldn't get back up the river there. That is the reason we had slept out on the bar all night.

Question: Why couldn't you get back up the river?

Answer: It was too swift; we couldn't pull up along the edges, because the was no shore line there. That is below the Escalante, between the Escalante and the San Juan.

From the San Juan down to Lees Ferry little trouble was had except at the Crossing of the Fathers, where some bars and rocks were encountered and twice below opposite Navajo Creek the boats were stuck on sand bars.

sandstone. The rock in the abutment walls was found to be satisfactory, with the exception of a few layers of soft sandstone. If a concrete dam were constructed at this point it would be necessary to excavate a considerable distance into these soft layers in order to prevent leakage around the end of the dam. A dam at this site to store 6,000,000 acre-feet would raise the water 372 feet. The volume of the dam would be 3,500,000 cubic yards. As bedrock is at the surface of the river channel the construction of the dam at this site would either interfere with the development of power in Cataract Canyon or afford inadequate storage capacity. Furthermore, the volume of the dam and the inaccessibility of the site make it less attractive than other sites lower on the river."

¹³ Talking about the dredge of the Hoskinnini Mining Company which employed McDonald in 1897.

After leaving Navajo Creek the party moved on down to the old John D. Lee house above the mouth of Paria and camped. The endeavored to buy supplies from Warren Johnson but were unable to obtain any. Supplies were finally brought in by Mr. Brown from Kanab, Utah, and were brought overland, with Johnson's team, up by way of House Rock, up over the mountain through to Kanab and back again. It took him ten days to make the trip. He had no part in the railroad survey except having charge of the boats. While Brown was gone to Kanab for supplies he stayed at Lees Ferry. At that time there was at Lees Ferry only the Johnson family and Al Huntington.

He stayed at Lees Ferry about fifteen days and while there saw mail brought in by Tom Greenalt and Fred Kaw on horseback from Kanab, Utah, coming by way of Jacob's Pool, and around under the Vermillion Cliffs to there, then he crossed the river there and went through to Moenkopi; from Moenkopi through to either Holdridge [Holbrook?] or Flagstaff. They made three trips a week.

After leaving Cataract Canyon the expedition did not lose any boats on that trip between there and Lees Ferry; "we left Lees Ferry with three boats and eight men; we started with six boats and sixteen men."

After obtaining supplies the trip continued on down the river and terminated at North Canyon, that is, on the saddle of the Buckskin Mountains. The party then went through the country parallel to Buckskin or Kaibab Mountains to Kane Springs, almost opposite Jacob's Pool where the road swings around the cliff from House Rock to Lees Ferry; then across the valley is the Buckskin of Kaibab range of mountains, and Kane Springs is up in there.

Question: Did you have any pack animals of any kind?

Answer: Pack nothing—no; didn't have no clothes, even, hardly.

Question: You were on foot?

Answer: Yes, on foot, everybody. Jacob's Pool, Kane Springs and House Rock, were owned and used by the Mormon Church for their cattle, which they had in there. It is a horse range all through there.

From Kane Springs the party went to Kanab and from there to Milford by way of Panquitch, Beaver, and Beaver Canyon. The end of the railroad at that time was up at Frisco, up in the mountains, a little mining town above Milford. The route followed was the road over which freight was hauled in southern Utah. He did not try to get any pack animals there.

Question: Did you walk from Kanab?

Answer: No, we rode in a wagon we hired at Kanab; Mr. Stanton borrowed six hundred dollars when he got there, to take us through to Denver, from Mr. Mariger, who was bishop of Kanab at the time, and telegraph operator.

After arriving at Denver a second trip was planned and he was asked if he couldn't plan a boat that he thought would run the river and he told them he could. He thereupon drew plans and

superintended construction of boats at the Douglas Boat Factory, Waukegan, Illinois.

The boats were shipped to Green River, Utah, by rail, loaded on to wagons and hauled overland with teams to the Dirty Devil by way of the San Rafael, through Iron Wash, Hanksville, and the head of Trachyte Canyon, to North Wash, and down North Wash with the boats.

The boats were of oak, and caulked, and were soaked overnight to close up the cracks.

Question: These boats, did they have air-tight compartments in them?

Answer: They had one hundred and forty-four feet of air-tight compartments under the running board, twelve heavy, galvanized iron cans.

The boats were constructed with air-tight compartments stem and stern and all long the sides under the running board; "they would float if you tore the bottom out of one of them; with two thousand or three thousand pounds on then they would float, nine or ten inches high; that is the way they were."

This second trip was a great deal like the first trip; quite a few sand bars and rocks were encountered.

At Bull Frog rapids the load on the boats had to be lightened,

...because we had to work here through the rocks; we couldn't go in where the big boulders were and run here—none of the boats—without fear of losing them.

The boats were worked through rocks close to shore and they portaged the stuff so that the boats would be as light as possible to handle.

Outside of that we got on to quite a few bars. When we come to that flat where that ledge runs across the river there, we ran on to that before we thought of it. It is apparently level under your feet; we ran on to that, and we had a job, then, everybody had to get out and had to back up, and had to feel along; even where we had found the channel before, there was no channel the second trip, but we found a channel through, got the boats through.

You couldn't pick your boats up and carry them, like we could with the first ones.

He remembered where the rock ledge was on the second trip from the experience he had had there on his first trip but was not looking for it when the boats ran on to it, although the rest of the party were.

Most trouble with sand bars was encountered on the second trip.

By previous arrangement, supplies were obtained at Lees Ferry.

The party stayed at Lees Ferry over Christmas and then went on down the river to the Gulf of California.

On the second trip he thinks the Chaffin boys were mining on the river down below Hite. No machinery had been brought in on the river, only the boilers and pump that the Hite brothers brought in.

The next rip made by him through Glen Canyon was made in 1891 and was known as the Best Expedition, the Colorado Grand Canyon Mining and Improvement Company at Denver, Utah and Arizona. The boats used on this expedition were the same type as were used on the second Stanton expedition and were constructed by the Douglas Boat Factory. The expedition started at the Green River bridge, Green River, Utah.

Question: Mr. McDonald, just tell me about the progress of that rip from Green River down to the cataracts, and also tell me whether or not you found a channel in the same place as you did on the first Stanton.

Answer: No, you bet your life you don't find the channel in the same place; run along thinking the channel was the same place, and run it wrong, and find the channel by gradient had disappeared somewhere else.

Question: Tell me about the progress of the trip from Green River down to the cataracts.

Answer: We had the same trouble getting on bars and hunting the channels, getting on rocks.

Question: Did you get on the bars on this Best expedition frequently?

Answer: Yes, we got n bars frequently.

Question: What do you mean by frequently?

Answer: Sometimes two or three times a day get on to a sandbar.

Question: And then how would you get off the sandbar?

Answer: Hop out into the water and back the boat off, feel along the channel.

Boat No.1, the one in which he was lost in Cataract Canyon on this trip.

All of the rapids in Cataract Canyon were run, as he remembers it at this time, no portages being made—

Mr. Edwards¹⁴ ought to be remember if we did.

I know, after we lost the No. 1, they run the rest of them.

The Best Expedition, in going through Glen Canyon, had lots of trouble through there.

Question: That is what I want to know.

Answer: Getting on to sand and bars; but the channel down in there in the Colorado wasn't as bad nor as changeable as it was on the Green, but it changed in places, the sand moving all the time, always moving, and

¹⁴ William Hiram Edwards. A crew member of the Best Expedition and captain of the steamer *Major Powell*. One of my favorite river personalities who will be featured in coming editions of The Confluence.

where you would think it was smooth, nice piece of water and run ahead on it, you would run on to a bar, and you would have to hop out, back the boat off; sometimes we would try backing off with the oars, but the oars would go down into that sand so far you could hardly get them out.

At the time of the Best Expedition there was more water in the river than at the time of the second Stanton expedition and, as he remembers, was about the same as on the first Stanton Expedition.¹⁵

Question: Now, about the ledge on the Best expedition?

Answer: We got around on that in good shape, ran the boats out on to the ledge, and had to get out and wade, walk around and hunt a way through before we could get down the river.

He does not believe that the water over the ledge across the river averages over six or eight inches deep.

The ledge of rock extends across the river for about 75 or 100 yards.

Question: Did you encounter any rapids in Glen Canyon on this Best expedition?

Answer: You bet your life; Cataract rapid ...

Question: I am not talking about the cataracts.

Answer: Trachyte; Trachyte and Bull Frog rapids. Mr. Stanton always called it Stoney Bar; I don't know whether he got it from government maps, or what he got it from; he called it Stoney Bar there, it is where Bull Frog creek comes in, where that rapid is.

According to his best recollection, supplies were obtained from the Wheeler brothers near Green River, Utah, no supplies were obtained on the trip below Green River.

The Best Expedition terminated at Lees Ferry. From there the party went to Kanab, through House Rock, along the old mail route. He then purchased twenty-four head of horses, went back to Lees Ferry, and after that worked up into Utah again.¹⁶

Some time afterward he again went back to Glen Canyon for the purpose of mining. At that time he was working by himself and does not remember the exact month or year but places the time as four or five months after the Best expedition.

He helped construct the Stanton dredge¹⁷ on the Colorado River in 1899 or possibly the year later. Most of the lumber for construction was brought from the Pacific coast.

¹⁵ The first DCC&PRR expedition was during the snow melt of 1889 and the flow was around 50,000 cfs—maybe higher. The second trip was in the winter of 1889/1890. The Best Expedition occurred in July of 1891 and the rocks at Rapid #15 were exposed, indicating a flow of around 10,000 cfs. The flows did increase to around 20,000 cfs due to a flood.

¹⁶ Actually went to Bright Angel Creek in the Grand Canyon where the Best Expedition disbanded.

¹⁷ The dredge referred to here was a placer mining operation that was initiated by Stanton who received financial backing from various investors

Question: What I want to know is, how you got it down on the Colorado River.

Answer: Had to haul it with teams.

Question: From where?

Answer: From Blake, Utah—from Green River, Utah, we will say, across the desert, and it was slow, hard work up through the mountains of the Henrys, down on the west side of the Henrys, and on down through that country, sand, by gracious, knee deep, before they got it in there finally; and after they got the dredge built, got it to working, it was an eight-two bucket dredge, worked sixty yards of gravel an hour; we could dig in twenty-eight feet of water.

Question: What do you mean, dig in twenty-eight feet of water?

Answer: We were working in the river, see? We were working in the river, the gravel in the river; we were going on the assumption that nature for maybe thousands of years has been enriching the basin—same as with sluice boxes, —when we shovel gravel in, only nature in her crude way has been eroding in the sides—this is in a place where the river was slow, a sidling basin—put the dredge in there ...

The material for building the dredge was taken on to the Colorado River over a trail which was constructed by blasting through the sand rock and it came down just above Bull Frog rapids to the upper edge of the bar.

Question: How much was there to this dredge, what did it consist of?

Answer: It consisted of the buckets—consisted of the hull, the buckets, the big centrifugal pump, five engines, three on the starboard, three on the port side, eighty-two tables for saving the gold, the amalgamator, the settling tank and the amalgamator, and the plates to run the amalgam over to gather the gold.

We had an ice plant on shore.

The ice plant was used for keeping the supplies from spoiling, and was necessary because it was hot down in that country, and without it you couldn't keep fresh meat.

All the equipment for the dredge and the ice plant was brought in overland with teams to a point about a mile below where the dredge was working, where it was loaded on a flat-bottom scow and pulled up the river to the dredge. A telephone line was installed between the two bars where they were working, and the place where they camped, or where the teams came in.

We had a heavy telegraph wire, and we had that anchored up the river, and a windlass on the scow; they would let that wind off and let the scow go down the river to the bar, then the men on each side

which included Julius Stone. The operation was called the Hoskaninni Company.

would windlass that up to the camp and unload it. We left most of the gasoline we were using on the lower bar, didn't take so much up; I left several thousand gallons of gasoline on the bank in a tank.

No difficulty was encountered with sand bars in taking the scow up and down the river in that place;

We couldn't have gone up the river any further, though.

The Special Master: Strike the latter part of that out.

Wagons couldn't get up the river from the landing to the dredge because in that place the river ran along a perpendicular bluff.

We had to use the scow and boat running up.

Still, at the same time, I have road horseback with a horse across the bar, right across the river, and rode up the bar time and again, and never got my feet wet. Took a horse on to the upper bar, rode it time and again, never got my feet wet.

Question: Was the dredge brought in altogether?

Answer: Oh, Lord no; it was built there, piece by piece; the heaviest thing was the engines, the two Fairbanks-Morse fifty-four horsepower, they were the two heaviest; then there was the sixteen, next, — or the thirty-two, then the sixteen, there was three on the starboard, two on the port side. the small one, the ten, was for running the dynamo.

No boilers were used; just the engines, which were pretty heavy. he does not know the weight of the heavy machinery in tons but it required eight or ten span of horses on the wagon sometimes to transport the machinery overland.

Question: When you would get a heavy piece of machinery like that to the river, how would you get it down from the highland down into the canyon?

Answer: They let it down where they came down from the highland. They didn't care about getting up it, on the trail that we built, but getting down, —they could always get down. We had iron shoes made that went under the wheels, under al of them; we cut a trench down in the sand rock formation down the road a foot or a foot and a half deep, and used those shoes on the wheels bringing the loads down, coming down.

But going up, with the empty wagon, we had a block and a cable anchored above; the horses couldn't go up there and pull the empty wagons up; they would hitch them on the cable down here and drive the horses down to the foot and pull the empty wagons up, then take the horses up and hitch on and go.

That is the way they got up and down; but they could get down with the loads by putting those shoes on;

they put the shoes on both wheels; broad, rough, heavy iron across them, and a chain run up and fastened to hold the shoes under the wheels; they just dragged and cut into the sand rock.

That was an expensive proposition, getting in.

While the dredge was being constructed, fourteen of fifteen carpenters, or ship builders, were employed. After construction was complete, only the operating crew consisting of about eight men, stayed with the dredge.

During the construction and operation of the dredge there were no supplies brought in by way of the river so far as he knows.

Dredging operations continued for a period of eight or nine months, and then the outfit went into the hands of a receiver. he was there with his family all of that time.

The dredge was still on the river the last time he was there. It was anchored to shore with two steel cables running across the river up to the pilot house, so the dredge could be moved back and forth.

Question: The sand and gravel which you were working, from what part of the river did that come?

Answer: That came from different parts, the center of the river; we worked in and out; we worked across the river on a line backwards and forwards where we thought it would pay.

Question: What I want is, did you work the banks of the river and also the river bed?

Answer: Oh, no, not with the dredge.

Question: What did you work with it?

Answer: We worked just the river bed; we got aground with the dredge several times; we had a job getting off, as big as she was.

He has never been back in Glen Canyon as far as the dredge since he left but has been from Lees Ferry as far up as the mesa back of Warren Johnson's and along the mesa toward Escalante. At that time Escalante was a town of possibly fifteen hundred people.

During the time the dredge was working it was not necessary to dam the river, the dredge working in the river in its natural condition.

The dirt that was dug up was carried in buckets to the grizzly which turned all the time, and fine sand was taken by the elevators and carried to the tables, and then a heavy stream of water running would then carry the fine sand on to the tables, thus saving what gold and platinum it contained; the heavy part [of the rock] would run down out of the grizzly into the carrier, and was stacked behind the dredge with an apron or bucket, and was throw back into the river.

Question: What was the condition of the water around the dredge as to whether or not it was swift or slow water?

Answer: It was medium slow water there; wouldn't have been any use to hunt up a settling basin if it hadn't been.

The swift water carries the light gold down, when it comes to a broad place it sinks; that's the reason we were working in that stretch of the river.

During the time the dredge was in operation he saw no boats traveling on the river except those used in operations running back and forth from the bar. They used the Hite Post Office; the mail coming in there by teams from Hanksville.

Hite was down [actually up] the river from the dredge about four miles. He occasionally went down [up] to Hite and back, but he never went down there in a boat.

He never saw mail come in to Hite.

He was back in Glen Canyon four or five years after the dredge ceased operations for the purpose of placer mining. On that trip he went in on horseback with a pack outfit by way of Escalante and at another time about half way between the dredge and the San Juan River.

On the trip into Glen Canyon he stayed about three months, using what he terms a crevicing iron for the purpose of saving gold from cracks in the bedrock where the swift water had washed it during high water periods.

We use a long iron called a crevicing iron. We pull that out, and maybe in an hour's time I got ten dollars' worth of gold, but it don't last; it might be two or three years before I could do that again.

This type of operation is called sniping.

That was the last time he was in there.

Question: The three months you spent in there that time, did you see any travel on the river in boats?

Answer: Yes, I saw an old fellow named Meskin, him and his dog; I saw him several times; he passed by the camp several times.

Meskin had a small, light, flat-bottomed boat that drew two or three inches of water; he did not carry many supplies, not much of anything. He was prospecting and mining along the river and stayed there for years. He saw the prospector take his boat up stream.

Question: How did he take it up?

Answer: Pull it along. He said he put on a bridle—the line was hitched from the bow here to a piece coming out here (indicating), rope hitched to the pins here; he pulled—it was only a small, light boat; fastened the line that he was pulling with, and regulated it so when he pulled on the 'bridle' the nose of the boat would run out here, he could walk along here, he didn't have anybody to steer, so he had to arrange some way of keeping the boat from pulling ashore all the time; that's the way he done it.

He would be going up the river, he told me—he didn't care how long he was gone ...

The Special Master: That can go out.

Mr. Farnsworth: I don't object to it staying in.

He recognized picture No. 215 in Complainant's Exhibit No. 11-D. He believes it looks like the Hite operations, part of the dredge, or the leavings of the dredge, where it was wrecked, and it is placer ground there.

Question: I am talking about this (indicating).

Mr. Farnsworth: Indicating the structure there.

Answer: No, I don't recognize that picture.

Cross Examination:

At the time he was camped at North Wash he took his boat up the river at times above the rapids and ran some of the rapids for the sport of it.

The boat used was constructed at the mouth of North Wash from lumber obtained from Hanksville of Kaneville and which was hauled down to the mouth of north Wash overland with teams. The boat was constructed for the purpose of traveling back and forth across the river during high water.

Question: What did you want the boat for?

Answer: To cross the river; in high water we couldn't prospect both sides of the river; we couldn't ride horseback when the river was high.

The rapids in Cataract Canyon [Narrow Canyon] which he ran for the fun of it were possibly four miles above his camp at the mouth of North Wash. The boat was towed up most of the way; there was a little stretch between the mouth of the Dirty Devil and the camp, about half a mile, which was poled,

...and then it was swift, there was a rapid there, and a bar out in the river, and the water split around it, where we put in sluice boxes several times.

Question: You took it up to one of the rapids at the end of Cataract Canyon [Narrow] and you shot the rapid alone with that boat?

Answer: I shot two or three of them there close by, small ones.

Question: Then you all rode down in your boat, did you, after you got through shooting the rapids?

Answer: No, couldn't all ride down, when we come to a bar along there, where them sandbars was, too many in; but we could between them.

We would cross them over the river and they could prospect the bars and pan it on the other side.

On the second Stanton Expedition the party left the river at the second big canyon below Bright Angel, which is below the Little Colorado. He remembers a place just below Lees Ferry where the first expedition stopped.¹⁸

¹⁸ McDonald left the party at Crystal Creek; not the entire expedition. The first expedition abandoned the trip at South Canyon.

During the second expedition he saw sections of the survey lines run by Stanton during his first expedition down the river below Lees Ferry.

Soap Creek rapids mentioned by Mr. Nims is about forty-six miles below Lees Ferry. The first Stanton expedition did not stop at Soap Creek rapids but at what was known as Saddle or Fence Canyon, approximately forty to forty-five miles below Lees Ferry.¹⁹

When the dredge was being operated in Glen Canyon there was no upper or lower camp, or two camps,

...but the teams come into the lower bar, on account of the point of rock and every thing, and we had to camp on the upper bar; we had a little telephone line between the two places, and they would telephone up that a team was in, and had a load.

The bar in which the dredge was located is known as Good Hope Bar. This bar is located about a mile above the lower bar. The scow was taken down to the lower bar and then towed back up.

We didn't carry anything down unless something was going out.

They would carry whatever load of supplies came in. The scow was operated for the purpose of bringing supplies that had come in from the upper bar to the camp, and they would haul it a distance of about a mile.

Gold that was saved during dredging operations was shipped out to New York in the form of amalgam but he had nothing to do with the clean-ups and the shipping of gold. The gold went out without being separated from the quicksilver. he was no knowledge of how much gold was taken out in the nine months. When taking the gold out those who left the canyon made their exit from the canyon at the place where supplies were taken in; that is the only place they could get out. Those going out did not always take the scow down unless somebody was loaded with something,

...you see, they would take one of the smaller boats; we had two other smaller boats there.

They would go down either in the scow or the smaller boats. They had to go down there to get to their horses.

He has been on the Green River between Green River, Utah, and the mouth of the river three times, two times with these expeditions [one time] and once with Old Rocky.

The trip made with Old Rocky was for trapping and hunting, and was before the Best Expedition. It started at the old ferry above the present location of the bridge and ended a little below the Wheeler Ranch, about sixteen miles below Green River city. The boat used on this trip belonged to Old Rocky.

He left the boat at the Wheeler Ranch and went back by way of Court House Rock or Spring, which is about twelve

miles from Green River, to Thompson Springs, Utah. This trip was two of three years before the first Stanton expedition, and the only other two times he was ever on the Green River was between Green River, Utah, and the mouth of the Green River on the two occasions referred to on his direct examination.

Question: You said, Mr. McDonald, that in going down the Green River on those two trips you encounters some bars?

Answer: Yes.

Question: You also spoke about changing channels on the Green River.

Answer: yes.

Question: That the Green River was rather an exceptional stream.

Answer: Yes, it is, in that respect; there is few other rivers like it.

Question: So that because of the bars and the changing channel you had more trouble with your boat on those trips going down over the Green River than you had, for instance, between the stretch of water below Cataract Canyon and Lees Ferry?

Answer: No, you didn't have more trouble.

Question: What would you say, was it about the same.

Answer: About the same.

Question: And from your observation of those river, the Green and the Colorado, you would say that the troubles and impediments and obstacles to travel up or down it on boats are about the same on that part of the Green River between Green River, Utah, and the mouth of the Green River, as it is on that part of the Colorado River lying between Cataract Canyon and Lees Ferry—about the same?

Answer: Yes.

Redirect Examination by Mr. Blackmar:

Question: Who was this man you call Old Rocky?

Answer: Old Rocky was an old trapper and hunter. I would have stayed with him longer, but he was a little too tough for me. By gosh, he was the dirtiest man I ever saw. There was water enough in the river to bathe in, but he wouldn't bathe.

Question: You left Old Rocky there?

Answer: They know him well there along Green River, but he is dead, quite a number of years.

Question: You left him there at Wheelers?

Answer: I left him bellow Wheelers a ways. He would get his furs, go up there and trade them off at the ferry. He would start up there, by gracious, with tobacco and a jug of whiskey and not a bite of anything else to eat, and go down there to be gone for months; just live on what he could kill and catch; it's a fact.

Further Examination by The Special Master:

Question: Mr. McDonald, in answer to Mr. Blackmar and to Mr. Farnsworth as to the difficulties that you encountered on the Colorado River, have you named all the kinds of difficulties that you encountered?

¹⁹ Actually speaking about their exit at South Canyon, Mile 31.5.

I don't mean have you named each special bar and each special rock, but were there any other kind of difficulties that you encountered in going down the river?

Answer: Just the rocks and the bars and the low water. The trouble of it is, the lowness of the water and the shifting of the sand.

He did not have any memory of difficulty with sand waves except on the Green River, he thinks somewhere near the mouth of the San Rafael but he does not remember whether it was above or below.

Question: Do you know what a sand wave is?

Answer: Yes, I think that is them waves in the bar, sand moving.

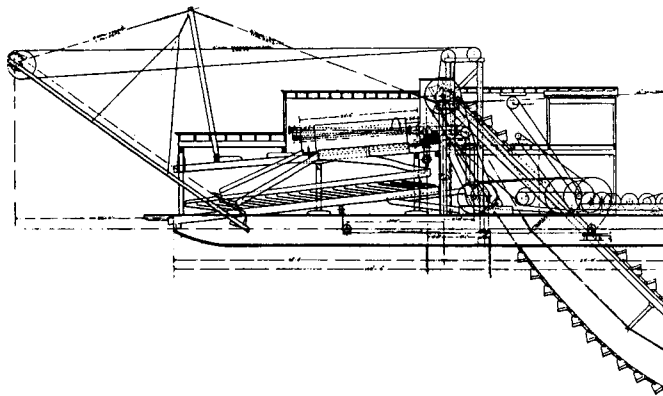
He did not use maps on either of the Stanton expeditions or the Best expedition. Mr. Stanton had government maps with him in the boat but he did not know what maps they were. He never kept any notes of any kind for himself on any of these expeditions, Mr. Stanton and the engineers did,

...and Mr. Brown, when he was living, on the first trip, did; and Hislop and I guess some of the other men.

End of McDonald testimony. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh was then re-called for the Complainant to look over some old photographs of the Powell Expedition of 1871.

More on Harry McDonald Gleanings From the Marston Collection

Harry McDonald was 12 years old when he ran away from home in Providence, Rhode Island, and went West. He went back when he was 16. His stepfather chastised him and he left again. McDonald carried a bullet in his back and that he was shot with an arrow by Indians. McDonald cauterized the wound by himself with his hunting knife. He was roughly 94 years of age when he died.



The facsimile of the original plan of the Hoskaninni Company dredge. Courtesy University of Utah.

⇒ If you have seen the inscription in Cataract Canyon at Rapid #15 that says, "BOAT No. 1 DOWN—HELL TO PAY", apparently McDonald is the one who carved it.

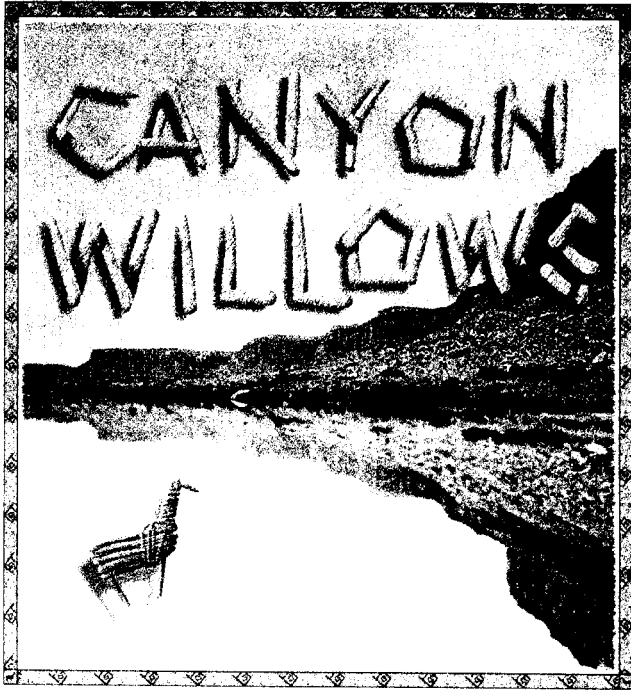
⇒ Otis Marston interviewed Harry McDonald's daughter, Mrs. Nels Rosene, in May 1949: "Where Boat #1 sunk, my father swam out and took pulleys to raise boat as it had water-tight compartments with some provisions. Best Expedition spent 14 days and nights where picture was taken." [One week according to the diary of William H. Edwards.]

⇒ A letter written by Harry McDonald's daughter to Otis Marston: "Dad, too, kept a diary and the diary disappeared and Dad accused Nims of taking it. He threatened to sue Nims, if it were ever published. Some years later a story appeared in a publication under the name of 'Christmas Dinner at Buckskin Mack's'. The author's name was Knarf Smin (Frank Nims spelled backward). The publication was either the Leslie's or Harper's Magazine or, as one of my brothers thinks, the Railroad Man's Magazine. We are not sure. I can remember my father's anger when he read this story—we had a copy for a long time, but I don't know what became of it."

⇒ Marston is asking the USGS for data regard a McDonald Creek. He wants to know if it was named for Harry McDonald. McDonald built his cabin right around that place in 1887 and it looks to be about 2 1/2 miles from the Utah-Colorado state line. [It is named for McDonald]

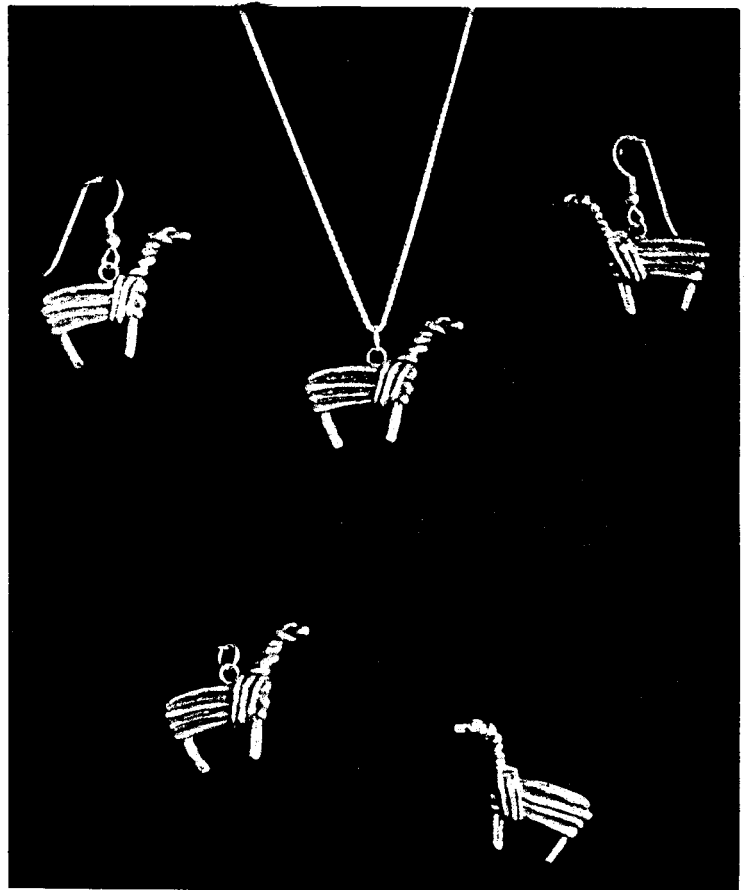
⇒ A letter from McDonald's grandson, Bill, to Otis Marston: "I have reviewed my records for H. M. McDonald's birth date and have come up with the following:

- Lafe Robinson (H. McDonald's brother-in-law) told me, in 1943, that McDonald was 40 years old when he married on January 10, 1892. This would indicate his birth year as 1852.
- On September 27, 1929, during the River Bed Case, McDonald testified under oath that his age was 77 years, 8 months, and some days. This would indicate his birth year as 1852.
- On December 20, 1933, in a declaration for survivors' pension (Indian Wars), McDonald's birth date was given as January 14, 1849. This declaration was filled out by McDonald's family and signed by him.
- In a newspaper article recording the death of Harry McDonald on February 26, 1937, his age was given as 94, with an indicated birth year of 1843.
- In a Rocky Mountain News article of July 6, 1891, the reporter said McDonald was 46 years old and his indicated birth year is 1845.
- "I tend to go with the second reference, since this was given under oath. The first reference also agrees closely with date. The day on which the family celebrated my grandfather's birthday was January 14th."



Canyon Willows™ is the family owned and operated business of Todd and Nadine Weber, who live in Prescott, Arizona. Todd and Nadine are career professionals in the making of fine jewelry and sculpture. Todd is also a river guide and a member of CPRG. Todd and Nadine have two sons, Seth (13) and Caelen (10), who too are very much involved in this family business of casting split willow figurines into pewter, sterling and gold.

The Webers are offering these replicas of split-twig figurines made by the Desert Archaic Culture as a fund-



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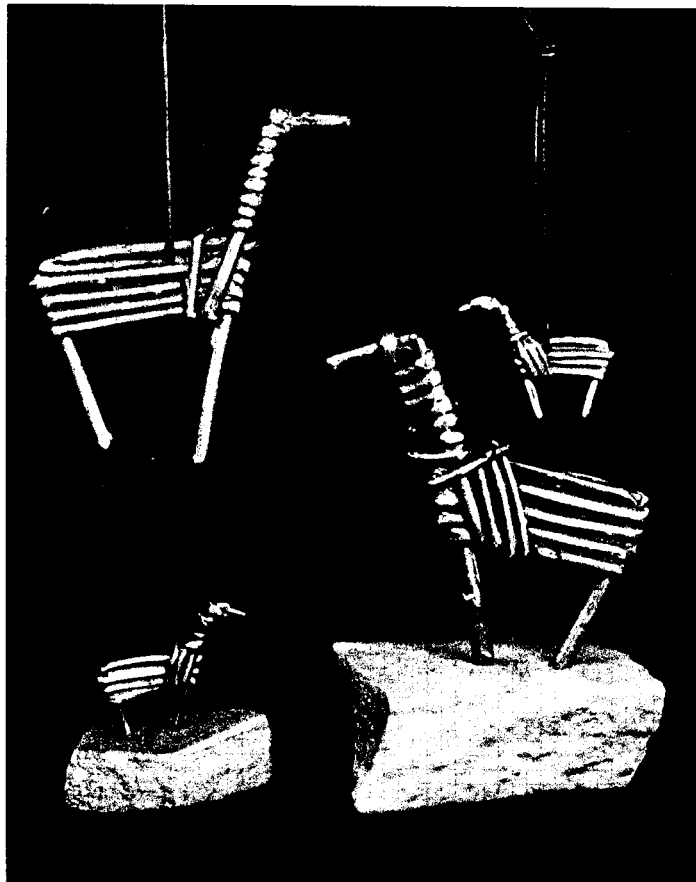
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| Tack Pin** | GW-PN | \$260.00 |
| Earrings** | GW-E | \$525.00 |

*1½ x 1¾ in.

**1 x 1¼ in.

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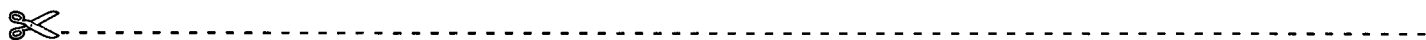
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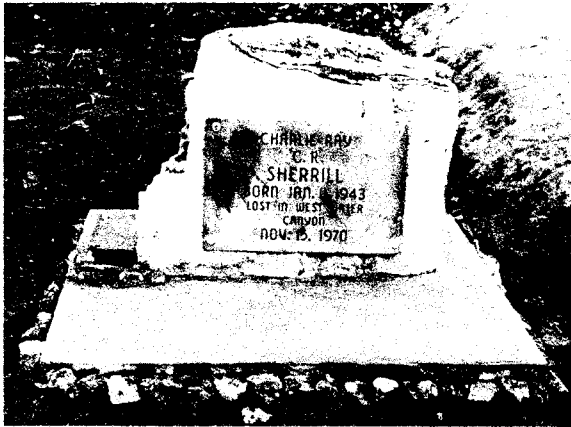
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The Memorial at Cisco



By Louise Sherrill and Michele Reaume

Through the generosity of Louise Sherrill the following story and photographs describe the individual whose memorial most river runners only get a glimpse of near the Cisco take-out on the Colorado River below Westwater Canyon.

Charles Ray Sherrill, known as "C. R.", was born January 11, 1943, in Knifley, Kentucky, to Ferman P. Sherrill and Ora Mae Sherrill. He had two brothers and two sisters: Ferman P., Jr., Larry Dean, Paula, and Suzanne. C. R. grew up on a farm. He attended grade school in Knifley, Kentucky, and graduated from the eighth grade there. He then attended Adair County High School where he graduated June 2, 1960, with honors. He enlisted in the army on June 3, 1960. His assignment was in the secret service of Korea or Vietnam. All he ever said, of that work, was told in an office behind four locked doors. He received the Good Conduct, Sharpshooter, and Driver and Mechanic awards. On June 5, 1963, C. R. was honorably discharged and arrived in Utah directly thereafter. C. R. was named after his uncle Ray of Green River, Utah. As a boy C. R. always wanted to visit his uncle Ray in Utah. C. R. lived with his uncle and aunt Louise for three years and became the brother, his cousin Arden, never had and always wanted; Arden had three sisters.

On September 17, 1966, C. R. married Phoebe Martinez in Las Vegas, Nevada. They honeymooned in Kentucky and soon returned to live in Green River. He did leave Green River once to live in Orlando, Florida. After one week uncle Ray answered the phone at his establishment, Ray's Tavern, and heard C. R. ask, "Can I have my old job back?" Uncle Ray offered to send money to get C. R. back but C. R. exclaimed he would get back on his own. He said he wouldn't trade ten acres of Green River for the entire state of Florida.

Here's a story about C. R. and frogs; C. R. loved frogs. On the way back from their Kentucky honeymoon, C. R. and Phoebe stopped at various motels. C. R. had five frogs that he caught in Kentucky which were placed in the motel bathtubs to keep them hydrated. Back in Green River he and Lee Smith let the frogs go in a nearby reservoir to populate. The frogs didn't survive the first winter. In fact, the day before C. R. died, he caught a frog and brought it home to live with him and Phoebe.

C. R. was an outdoorsman; he enjoyed hunting and fishing. One time he and Pat Gahagan caught an eight pound catfish and put it in Pat's swimming pool. The fish was fed a pound of liver, hamburger, and different meats every day until it weighed 10 pounds.

Pat and C.R. grew fond of the fish and couldn't eat it, so they let it go in the river. C. R. bragged that he turned loose a catfish larger than most people would ever catch.

C. R. was a small man, measuring as a giant by the number of friends he had. He was an entertainer; the bigger the crowd the better he liked it. He was an officer of the Gun Club receiving trophies for his shooting skills. His religion was to be honest and to help the needy. He once cleaned and mopped the house of a buddy who was ill.

The Westwater Tragedy

It was the last day of hunting season. Cousin Arden had to work at the tavern, or he too would have been hunting that day on the Colorado River with C. R., Franklin L. Greenhalgh (called La Marr), Bob Hubbs, and Rex Christensen. Lee Smith and C. R. bought the raft. Pictured on the following page is the raft they used previously for hunting on the Green River from Rattlesnake Canyon to the town of Green River. This is the same raft these men used in Westwater Canyon. In Skull Rapid there was an upset. By this time there were four men and two deer carcasses in the raft. Rex managed to grab hold of a rock and after an ordeal of 12 hours walked out for help. No one answered his plea for help so he continued on to Green River. Ray and Arden responded immediately to the tragedy, but to no avail.

Search and Rescue located a cook trailer and established a base camp near where C. R.'s memorial is now placed. There was a net strung across the river at this point too. The two deer were snagged during this search. Sherrill's jacket was found on November 19, 1970, and then his hat and hunting license were found thereafter. La Marr's body (34) was found May 29, 1971, 52 miles below the site of the tragedy. Hubb's body (43) was found June 19, 1971, 2 1/2 miles upstream of Dewey Bridge. One year passed and still no trace of C. R.'s body. The family held a memorial service near the Cisco take-out one year later. Perry Olsen owned the property at the time. Phoebe was Catholic and so a Catholic priest presided over the day. Richard Bedier and Jake Bastion donated the memorial rock, which was called Geysers Rock because it came from a quarry near Crystal Geysers downstream of Green River. Malcolm B. "Moki Mac" Ellingson donated the plaque. He had one left over after using the other for Bert Loper's memorial in Marble Canyon. It was the donation of this plaque that fueled the idea of the memorial.

Robert Crawford and Coombs Hall were doing road work near Dewey Bridge for the Lowdermilk Construction Company on February 28, 1972, when they discovered a skeleton in a driftwood pile seven miles upstream of Dewey Bridge, where Sagers Wash enters into the Colorado River. It was identified as C. R.'s by dental records and by an army belt buckle with a hunting knife that was still attached to the skeleton. C. R. was 28-years old at the time of his death. His remains were shipped for burial to his hometown of Knifley, Kentucky, and interred at the Dunbar Hill Cemetery, March 7, 1972. Phoebe now lives in Denver, Colorado. C. R. and Phoebe had no children.

Rex Christensen, the survivor, lives in Delta, Utah. Arden moved to Wyoming, but moved back to Green River in 1995 to be near his mother, Louise Sherrill. Arden's wife died last year (1996). Louise Sherrill met Ray in Castledale, Utah. She is a Utah native. Ray came out from Kentucky to work a CCC camp in Castledale. Together they moved to Green River in 1945. As of today, April 1997, Louise has lived in Green River for 52 years. Ray retired and sold Ray's Tavern to Bob Scott, who in turn sold it to Kathy Gardner. Ray died on April 27, 1988.



C. R. Sherrill during a hunting trip in Desolation Canyon. Probably at the Seamounton homestead at Rock Creek.



C. R.'s wife Phoebe during the ceremony at Cisco.



Rex Christensen, the sole survivor of the Westwater Canyon tragedy, and C. R. during a Gray Canyon hunting trip one week before the accident. The boat is probably a WW II seven-man inflatable.



Uncle Ray and Aunt Louise Sherrill.



Wives of the deceased: Phoebe, Violet Grunhalgh and Verna Jean Hubbs.



The fisherman, C. R., in front of Ray's Tavern in Green River.



T. Bradford, L. Smith, C. R., Rabon and Jim Hurst's plane.



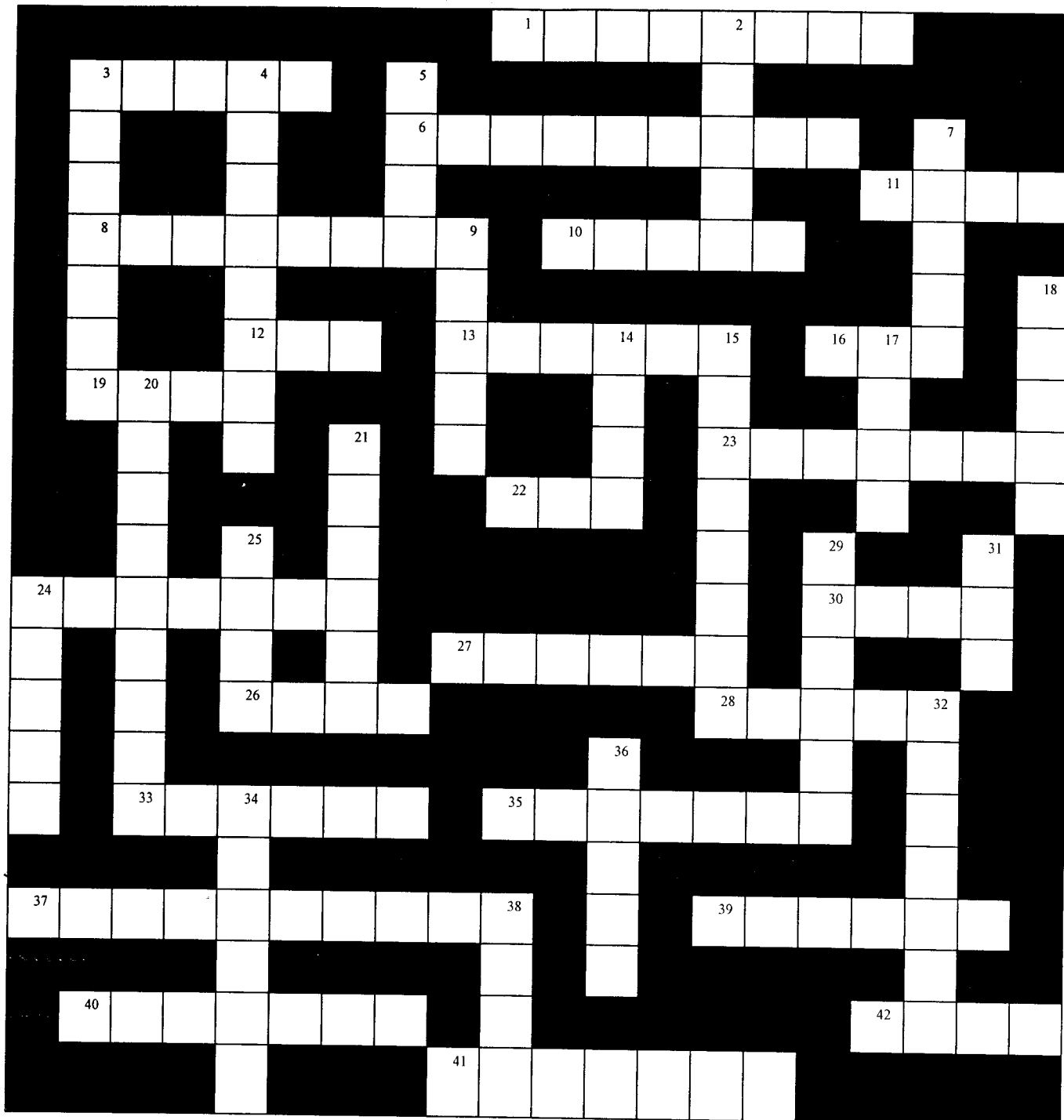
C. R. and friends with the catfish.



Military salute at the memorial site.

Cross Word Puzzle

Theme: Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West by Wallace Stegner.



Across

1. Last name of the Illinois senator who endorsed Powell to acquire a congressional appropriation for his 1869 river exploration; the appropriation was declined. Powell named a lava capped mountain on the Arizona Strip north of the Grand Canyon in his honor.

3. Last name. James was pulled half-naked and much bewildered from a cottonwood raft by Mormon settlers in Callville, Nevada, in 1867.

6. Powell's father Joseph, who was born in England, was a traveling circuit overseer of this Christian denomination.

8. Last name. George was Powell's childhood mentor and gave him his first instructions in "natural philosophy."

10. Last name. Joseph was a zoologist and became one of the most distinguished paleontologists in America. A peak in the Uinta Mountains is named after him. He was appointed librarian and curator at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences in 1846.

11. Name of a mountain range in Colorado where Powell conducted part of his field trips with students in 1867. John C. Sumner had a trading post in this range at Hot Sulphur Springs. It was Powell's original name for the Rocky Mountain physiographic province.

12. A geological time frame that is longer than an era. We live in the Phanerozoic_____.

13. Last name. William was the first territorial governor of Colorado and became Stegner's antithesis of Powell's character. He believed "rain will follow the plow" contrary to the report given by Lt. Stephen Long who called the land west of the 100th meridian "The Great American Desert."

16. A moment of humor amongst hungry men. In 1869 Powell used a sextant at the confluence of the Green and Grand rivers. Billy Hawkins then picked up the sextant to find the latitude and longitude of the nearest_____.

19. A town. Powell and Jacob Hamblin had talks with the leaders of the Hopi towns in 1870. This town has connections with the Tanoan people of New Mexico.

22. Name of a Native American culture that Powell classified in his ethnology reports as the Numa, or the Numic. A western state is named after this culture.

23. Last name. George has a peak named after him in Nevada, which is now in Great Basin National Park. Leader of *Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian*. Towed boats up the Colorado River from Fort Mojave to Diamond Creek in 1871.

24. Last name. Powell stole a willing Grove K. away from the Wheeler Survey. Grove is considered to be the grand sage of American geology. He wrote monographs describing the Basin and Range, Lake Bonneville, and the Henry Mountains. A peak in the Uinta Mountains is named after him. He declined Powell's invitation to succeed him as director of USGS.

26. Last name. Clarence was the leader of the *U. S. Geographical Survey of the Fortieth Parallel* and wrote a brilliant monograph called Systematic Geology. The first director of the USGS. Married a beautiful Black American woman. Unfortunately went into a mental dementia. Has a peak named after him in the Uinta Mountains which is the highest peak in Utah at 13,528 feet.

27. First name. Powell's brother who went on the first river expedition and affected the morale of the participants due to his deteriorating sanity caused by time spent in a Confederate prisoner-of-war camp during the Civil War.

28. Last name. Leader of the Latter Day Saints during the Powell Survey. Powell was very impressed with the irrigation methods of the Mormon communities in the arid West.

30. Last name. Edward was a vertebrate paleontologist who described fossils collected by Ferdinand Hayden. A peak in the Uinta Mountains is named after him. He held a fierce resentment for Marsh, another paleontologist.

33. Last name. Samuel F. was the distinguished geologist of the King Survey. He eulogized that Powell was the father of geomorphology. Has a peak named after him in the Uinta Mountains which he wrote about extensively.

35. Last name. Alexander was born in Switzerland and was a marine biologist. He was the curator of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University from 1874 to 1885. He has a peak named after him in the Uinta Mountains and at the San Francisco Peaks.

37. An adjective. A geologic term that was described by Powell concerning how a river can cut a gorge through a relief structure

(anticline or monocline) as they elevate. That the river forms first and the relief structure forms second. Superposition is another theory of Powell's that describes the relief structure as forming first, is later buried by sediments, and then a river cuts into it from above.

39. Last name. He was a physician in the Civil War. Leader of the *U. S. Geological and Geographic Survey of the Territories* which did surveys in the La Sal and Abajo Mountains; Albert Peale was one of his geologists. His photographer was William H. Jackson. A peak in the Uinta Mountains is named after him. The Indians called him "The man who picks up rocks running."

40. Last name. This officer of the U. S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers has his name attached to so many geographical places in the West that it is almost ridiculous. He was a Californian senator, ran for president in 1856, a general in the civil war, and a territorial governor of Arizona. A river that passes through Capitol Reef National Park is named after him.

41. Last name. A civil engineer who completed a reconnaissance of the Colorado River after Powell in 1889 and 1890. He berated Powell for publishing exaggerations concerning the 1869 river expedition in a book that was published posthumously by Julius Stone and called Colorado River Controversies.

42. Powell's only child, Mary Dean, was born in this state.

Down

2. A last name. Spencer was a vertebrate zoologist and in his time was the leading authority on North American birds and mammals. In 1878 he became the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. He established the U. S. Commission on Fish and Fisheries in 1871.

3. A last name. Charles was a paleontologist who became the director of the U. S. Geological Survey after Powell until 1907 when he became the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute until he died in 1927. He used Hindu mythology in naming the metamorphic and granitic complexes in the Grand Canyon. Famous for describing the Cambrian fossils of the Burgess Shale at Yoho National Park in Canada.

4. A place name. A valley in the western Grand Canyon that was named by Almon Thompson and overlooks Lava Falls and Vulcan's Throne. Also a limestone formation in the Grand Canyon that is Permian in age. (The valley was made famous by landscapes composed by artist/geologist William Henry Holmes which appear in Dutton's classic monograph Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District. Stegner included these landscapes in Beyond the 100th Meridian. Gilbert named a peak in the Henry Mts. after Holmes.)

5. The first name of Powell's wife. Climbed Pike and Lincoln peaks with her husband and students in 1867.

7. Last name of either two brothers Arnold or James. Geologists who worked for King during the survey of the 40th parallel and became part of the USGS staff under Powell. James was also a mining engineer.

9. A last name. W. J. was one of Powell's best buddies and succeeded Powell as director of the Bureau of Ethnology after Powell's death in 1902. Powell had a bet with W. J. that his brain was bigger and heavier than his; which it was.

14. Last name. Zebulon was a U.S. army officer who did a reconnaissance of the Arkansas and Red rivers in Colorado in 1806. He was actually spying on the Spanish; apprehended and later released. A mountain of the Front Range is named after him which Powell climbed in 1867.

15. Last name. John was a medical doctor and the first geologist to enter Grand Canyon and Canyonlands national parks while working with the U. S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers in the late

The Invention of Rubber Rafting

by Michele Reaume

“With a loud hurrah, through the foam we went.”

From an entry written by Charles Preuss during the Fremont Expedition of 1842 when they shot the rapids of the North Platte River in a rubber boat.

Charles Goodyear patented the process of vulcanizing rubber in 1837 and other inventors soon used Goodyear's technology to provide consumers with various kinds of rubberized goods for outdoor applications. For example in 1837 John MacIntosh of New York invented a rubber boat that included leggings for amphibious-like use; you simply walked into a body of water, flailed around by kicking and walked out.

In 1840 Samuel White of England created a rubber hat that doubled as a buoyant life preserver. Also in 1840 Colonel John Foote Lane of Indiana patented (postmortem) lashable inflatable bridge pontoons. It was developed during his experience in the Seminole Wars of Florida and became the prototype for actual use in World War II; which in turn became the prototype for the bridge pontoons we use as whitewater boats today.

Colonel Henry W. Stanton also created ideas for applications of rubber in 1840 like a rubber raft that could ferry wagons across rivers. In 1853 the artist H. B. Mölhäuser sketched the use of this rubber raft crossing the Colorado River near Fort Mojave during a railroad survey commanded by Lt. Amiel Whipple of the U.S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers.

By 1851 Charles Goodyear won awards for his designs. He himself designed a self-inflating boat based on accordion-like folds, partitioned pontoons and sheets of whalebone board, which upon unfolding sprung open and sucked air into the chambers.

John Charles Frémont, also an officer for the U. S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, rafted in Wyoming on the North Platte and the Bear River in Utah on his expedition of 1842 and 1843 that included Kit Carson as a guide and 24 other participants. Frémont's father-in-law was the ambitious senator from Missouri who was eager to acquire the Oregon Territories for the United States; they were mutually controlled by Britain and the United States, as per treaty accords that resolved the War of 1812. In New York Frémont purchased from Horace H. Day a rubber raft for \$150. It was displayed near the dining room of the Frémont household in Washington D.C. until a pregnant Mrs. Frémont became ill from sniffing the reeking odor of glue. It was promptly stored in the barn. Mr. Frémont described the raft as 5-feet wide and 20-feet long. The raft was first used to ford the Kansas River. On the return trip, after climbing Frémont Peak in the Wind River Range of Wyoming, seven members of the expedition avoided a 15 mile horseback ride by inflating the raft and negotiating the low water of the North Platte River from its confluence with the Sweetwater River.

1850s; a decade before Powell. A butte in the Needles District of Canyonlands National Park is named after him. He was the first to describe laccolithic mountains while near the Abajo Mountains. He was a charter member of the National Academy of Sciences and president of the American Advancement of Science.

17. Joseph was a lieutenant in the U. S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers and commanded a steamer called the *Explorer* that chugged up the Colorado River from the mouth to about where the present site of Hoover Dam is. Did a reconnaissance of the Grand Canyon District and reached the river at the mouth of Diamond Creek in 1857.

18. Last name. Joseph was the first director of the Smithsonian Institute which loaned scientific equipment to Powell for the 1869 river expedition. Powell named some mountains after him and sent Gilbert to study them and made them world famous in his classic monograph.

20. Place name. The last river to be named in the 48 contiguous states and discovered by Almon Thompson of the Powell Survey while going cross-country to retrieve the boat *Canonita*—cached at the mouth of the Dirty Devil River.

21. Last name. Clarence was a captain in the U. S. Army and was a geologist who specialized in volcanic rocks and became the Chief of the Division of Volcanic Geology at the USGS in 1884. Stegner called him the “John Muir of the Colorado Plateau” and did his thesis on this man's literary skill. His much desired monograph Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District is sold to collectors for up to \$3000; he also wrote a monograph called High Plateaus of Utah.

24. Last name. The president of the U. S. when Powell did his surveys. Powell's chief commander during the Civil War. Gave Powell orders to acquire food provisions from any military post.

25. Last name. Fielding was Hayden's chief collaborator during his survey of the Territories and was a student of James Hall, the father of American paleontology. In his day he was a highly respected paleontologist.

29. Last name. Carl was the Secretary of the Interior when the USGS was established in 1879 during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes and when Powell started as the director of the USGS. He was born in Germany and became a highly respected political reformer, a brigadier general in the Civil War, a senator from Missouri, and a journalist and editor for such magazines as *Harper's Weekly*.

31. The total number of men that left the Green River railroad station in Wyoming by boat on May 24, 1869.

32. Last name. Henry was the chief topographer for the Hayden survey and became the chief topographer of the USGS when it was first organized. Was on the first topographic survey of the La Sal and Abajo mountains in 1875, which had a serious incident with some Ute Indians that occurred between these two mountain ranges.

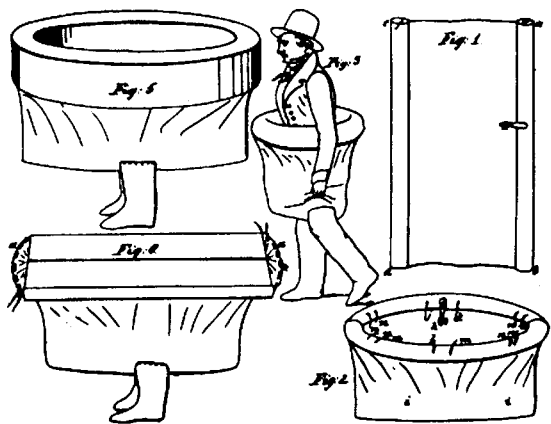
34. Last name. John was a captain in the U. S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers and led the first scientific exploration into the area of the confluence with the Green and Grand (Colorado) rivers in 1859.

36. Last name. Othniel was a vertebrate paleontologist and in 1882 Powell placed him in charge of the department for the USGS which fired a fierce and bitter rivalry between him and E. Cope. A peak in the Uinta Mountains is named after him and his greatest discoveries were found in the Eocene deposits of the Uinta Basin.

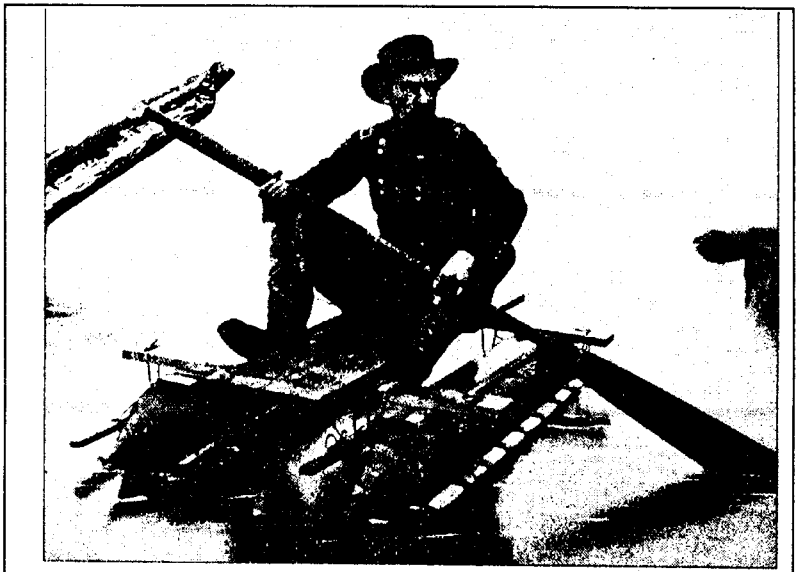
38. Last name. William was a president of the U. S. and a chief justice of the Supreme Court. He was Attorney General when Congress passed the Sundry Civil Act that appropriated money for Powell and the USGS to begin an irrigation survey.



Artist H. B. Möllhausen records the crossing of the Colorado River with a ferry boat comprised of three inflatable rubber cylinders during the Pacific Railroad Survey of 1853, Lt. Amiel Whipple in charge. Courtesy of National Archives.



John MacIntosh's rubber life boat patented November 11, 1837. Courtesy U. S. Patent Office.

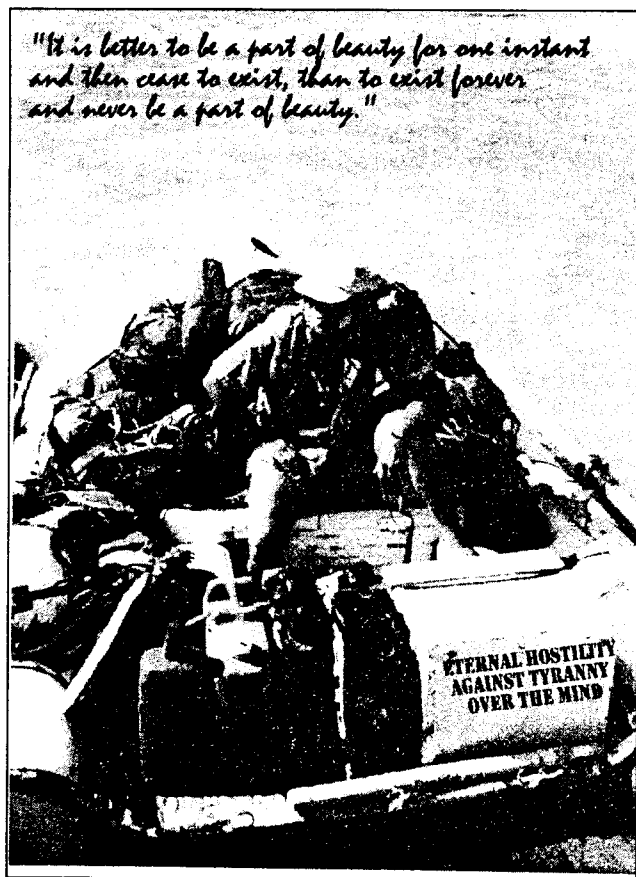


General Haupt on a rubber raft used for reconnaissance purposes during the Civil War in 1864. Courtesy of the National Archives.

Robert Degles

An Oral History Of A Man
Who Loved Rivers, Women, Guns And Roses
Put-in: February 18, 1946 — Take-out: May 1, 1997

By Michele Reaume



Listen Michele. This is really hard because the situation, you know, strikes the tone and all of a sudden you remember something. But talking about Kent, Kelly and Verle [Green] ... ah ... Verle ran ... sold SAN JUAN EXPEDITIONS out of Mexican Hat to Mitch [Williams; TAG-A-LONG EXPEDITIONS]. And that's how he [Verle] ended up here [Moab]. I think there was a divorce or something else involved. And I'm sure if he wants to tell you about it—he probably will. How he got here is a very interesting story. Anyway, he came up here and I was driving 37's [37-foot pontoon] for TAG-A-LONG and I taught him essentially how to drive a 37.

Verle or Kent?

Kent and Kelly at that time were still in High School. This was 1973—74? It had to be later than 74—75, because I started working for Tex [McClatchy] in 76. Anyway, sometimes one of the boys would ride with me, or we would all ride together on one boat, and I'd just sort of You know there's a thing to running a big boat. It's not like a J-rig [22 foot pontoon]; it ain't no sports car; there's a

motion to it; you kinda get into it. And anybody who can run a boat can run a 37; if you just take the time and feel the motion; feel the wave of river pushin' ya; you don't beat the river in a big boat; it's like a row boat; you got to stay with it.

We were running a lot of trips that summer. We'd get off a three-day Westwater; we'd put in at the ranger station, drive a J-rig down, and end up at the boat dock in Moab, and pull up to a *fucking* 37; throw my stuff off the J-rig on to the 37 and go for a four-day trip down Cataract. And Verle was along on a lot of these. Ask Verle about running the right side of Skull [Rapid] rock at 400 [cfs] in a J-rig (laughs). Oh *fuck*, he had to unload all the people; all of the *shit* off the boat, and let the air out of the *fucking* boat to get it through the slot, because there wasn't any water in the crick; he got *fucked* up and got on the wrong side of the rock. We ran a lot of trips that summer through the canyon. There was a stretch there—I'll bet five or six, seven or eight trips in a row—where something would happen in the top of Big Drop II. Something would *fuck* up; one time it was a couple of times. I'd yell at those *fucking* kids about tying the bow line up right. Yeah ... uh-uh ... right! 37-feet of bow line gets stuck in your prop and you don't pull the motor; you're set up and the *fucking* thing goes *ploo*. You can't pull the motor because the bow line is tied in it. So you are hanging over the back of the boat; hanging over a 20 [20 h.p. MERCURY], you know, where it has the grip on the back—hanging over that—and locking your feet under the metal frame and slashing around with a knife between the rubber tubes; trying to get the rope cut so you could start the motor, so you didn't die in III [Big Drop III]. I don't remember anymore; my memory is already gone; you don't have to wait until 70. In the top of III? I'm pretty sure we was. Just setting up for that big hole on the right. In a 37 you can hit that *fucker* and it'll What a ride! It'll knock the *shit* out of everybody (laughs). And the *fucking* motor died just like a bow line [caught in the prop]. I think it was Kent ... no Kelly ... who was on my boat. I looked at him like: you *son-of-a-bitch*. And I pulled the motor and it pulled right up. It was a sock—a *fucking* sock that was that long [indicating]—it had to be four feet long. Somebody had a leg that went all the way up and made an *ass* of itself—you know. Essentially we free-floated the *fucker* sideways; through all the holes, and getting beat up and thrown around. It was a wonderful thing.

Ask Verle about Pabst Smears. Why don't you shut that off [tape recorder] for a minute and I'll tell you the story.

Verle was the only guy I knew who could tell a joke, you know, with a pretty severe speech impediment. He could tell a joke with the 20 running all the way and everybody would listen. Everybody heard every *fucking* word Verle ever said. It was neat. Running with Verle was always a *fucking* hoot.

What was her name? Betty. This was in the spring—I think. We were doing a four day trip down Cat. I think two boats ... maybe we were both working a 37 ... I don't remember. Betty, who was a *fucking prima donna* from She had to be six hundred years old. She used to be a ballet dancer and she was involved with the arts in New York City. She fancied herself quite a camper. You know ... back ... I was pretty outrageous in ... that's when my way was the right way or the *cocksuckers* walked out! But we were at the first nights camp. Set up the *groover*—I think we had a JENSEN back then—a blue goo machine ... mmm (laughs). It was the kind where you take and dig a hole on the beach and empty it, and it still left the green turds and the blue turds floating in a little pool that you threw sand over. But it was a wonderful thing (laughs). That was back when we were still learning and that was back when there was no one down there for one thing.

I think we had a JENSEN or what we called the blue goo machine. And I set it up and explained how it was working, and this woman said, "I refuse to use that." And it turned into a pretty heated discussion. And finally I told her she wasn't going to *shit* at all if she wasn't going to *shit* in that! And she said, "This is an affront to American camping." And I said, "No, it's an aback to it" (weak giggle and Bob mumbles as if working up for a big laugh).

Yeah. Then later on I was working for Tex—we did the gonzo trips. It was some flight club out of Denver—PORTS OF CALL. They'd come in ... in a [Boeing] 727... no ... they brought a jet prop, but the biggest thing they could land at Canyonlands [Airport]. We'd pick them up and do ... oh ... Brad [Hansen] knows real well about this one. We were sitting down—there was a 37, a 35, and six or eight J-rigs all in a line, you know—where that ramp is just up from Gold Bar. Yeah ... okay. We were all parked there waiting for the PORTS OF CALL, which is a hundred people. Brad—I don't know how much of this you need to edit out or what—had a 20 [20 millimeter ammo can], maybe two 20s full of rockets, and m80s and bottle rockets, and we had just filled up with gas. So we had gas all over everything and we were shooting bottle rockets at each other—seeing if we could blow up the boats. Something real casual—you know. There was Big Linda [Wittkopf], Mark [Wittkopf], Brian Eaglehorn and Dean Morris—I don't know. So Brad has the ultimate ammo—right? He's got a 20 mil open and we're shooting off these big rockets ... er ... he's shooting off these big rockets. I wouldn't have anything to do with it of course (laughs). In the process some sparks fell into the box—this *fucking* ammo is crammed full of *shit*. So some sparks fall into the box and all of a sudden ... didn't think anything about ... I don't know ... he didn't know about it ... nobody knew about it ... we were just sitting there *fucking* around shooting rockets off. All of a sudden there is smoke and *shit* is starting to go off in this *fucking* motor box! There's fifty gallons of gasoline here—now come on. So Brad goes ... ahhh ... and picks the *fucking* thing up and throws it into the river. About that time is when the bus shows up ... I think ... some things get a little confused ... but there was still explosives and *shit* going off underwater as the ammo box is going down river and the people coming down from the buses. We could have killed everybody there (laughs). It was pretty cool—we lucked out. Ask Brad about that one. He'll be glad not to remember it. He threw it out—it was a pretty heroic thing to do, you know—cause *shit* was happening and it was all bad (laughs). There were bottle rockets going off and all the boats were getting hit. They were landing in motor boxes and people were scurrying to throw *shit*, and put out fires, or put out things. So he picks this box full of explosives up and chucks it into the river, and they keep going off for quite a while (Bob makes explosion sounds.)

Those PORTS OF CALL trips—those people were really *fucking* cool. That's why I don't boat anymore. People aren't cool—people are *fucked*. People who come on trips anymore want to have their *asses* wiped. They don't want an adventure. They want a DISNEYLAND *mother fucker* ride. And that's not the way life is, you know, it just doesn't work that way. At least not in my life—you know. I'm not going to do it. But these guys, all of them, you know ... from, from, from ... I mean ... I've took trips with people who have just gotten off two months on a train from Leningrad to Peking. And this was back in 76, 77 and 78. They always had an armed guard with them—they weren't allowed to look at certain things. All of these people were adventurers. Every *fucking* one of them wanted to have a good time and they realized it wasn't always going to be comfortable. It was always going to be safe as we could make it, but they had to watch out for themselves. They were really neat to work with—every *God damn* one of them (clap)! Yes!

[About airline hostesses] *Everything their reputations say they are?*

Absolutely. Coffee, tea or me. It was wonderful. This is all really disjointed, but it is the only way I can remember it.

We were doing PORTS OF CALL. We were broken into two groups like: two big boats—one big boat [for] each group—and then however many ... usually four J-rigs. And I had the pilot with me on this trip and we're down at the ruins at Lathrop, and you go around and look at the ruin where the hand prints are and everything, and theres a cliff that drops off and a great big *God damn* boulder sitting in the middle of a slickrock bowl. We were starting there and working our way to the Kachinas on the other end—we were hiking up the slickrock bowl. Its not a climb at all—its just sort of a scramble. I was in front. I turned around and watched the pilot come up backwards, and lit on his *fucking* head on that rock in the middle of the bowl. He must have fallen five or ten feet, and sprung back ten feet. Well, he had a seizure for what ever reason. It was the last time he was a pilot. I'd never seen anything like it and have never seen anything like it since. But he had a seizure and it sounded like dropping a watermelon on a concrete slab. He hit without hands or anything else. So what options do we have? First of all, we are talking about a rock that is six or seven feet off the ground. How he lit there ... and didn't move ... and he sorta twitched, but he didn't convulse. I thought the *fucker* was dead. Got up there; took his vitals; got him on a backboard—he came to by then. We had a couple of doctors on the trip. The people of PORTS OF CALL are all well to do and all reasonably well educated and stuff. And we had a couple of doctors on this trip. We discussed the options: We could ... ah ... it was probably noon ... we could hike out and have someone down the next day—this was before LIFE FLIGHT. We could blast out of there; camp somewhere in the canyon and be out first thing in the morning. Talked with the doctors; the sooner we got him out the better; the guy was out of it; he didn't know his name; he didn't know what the *fuck* was going on—nothing. We got him stabilized on my 37; down to #5 or Brown Betty; that night he kept getting better. The doctors said he was fine: "Let's just continue the trip and watch him." And that's where I learned to fix scalp wounds by taking the hair and tying the wound together. Those doctors taught me that—its a good trick. Yeah! And it works too! And I had occasion to use that again and it works just fine—you know. Especially with a lady with longer hair or a guy—it works like a champ. And you aren't worried about infection for a couple three days. All you want to do is stop the bleeding and close the wound. It's dirty and they have to take it all apart and clean it all out, but it ain't your job.

PORTS OF CALL was really interesting. I bet there were more bones broken on those PORTS OF CALL trips out of any group of people I've ever run. For one thing, it was a hundred people at a time. We wouldn't camp together, but we would all go to Indian Creek together. Out of that hundred people someone would inevitably slip, fall, break a leg, twist an ankle, break an arm—on one of those hikes. That's just the way it was with a hundred people—your chances were a lot better.

PORTS OF CALL always happened about during the FRIENDSHIP CRUISE. I can remember three times, sending three people out of Indian Creek, through the three or four years that I ran PORTS OF CALL. And there were five trips back-to-back—sending five people out with the FRIENDSHIP CRUISE who had *fucked* up enough they didn't want to finish the trip.

Have you ever worked for Tex? Do you know anything about Tex? Have you ever been out to his place? Oh God do it! He essentially built the place by himself. He stripped the logs; cut the

logs; brought the logs off the mountain—built the *fucker*. It is the most incredibly intricate place I've ever been in. Millie [Tex's spouse] had a bathroom built a few years ago—you crawl into a ruin. And the place is huge with a caboose up top [on the roof]. She had a mason come in and build the ruin; you'd stoop over and everything was built of rock—it was living in a *fucking* rock. And then the living room had every thing you can imagine in it: wagons hanging from the ceiling. He has a red velvet couch made out of a porcelain bathtub. Oh God it's cool! Everything there is really, really, cool.

So you've heard a story why Tex and Mitch really hate each other? Tex was going to do the river—it is his river after all—he made it. Just ask him. And Mitch was going to do jeeps—he didn't have any reason or desire to *fuck* with the river. Then John [Williams] and Greg [Williams; not related to John] came along. And that's when they started mostly with *dailys* [commercial raft trip in Professor Valley]. That's when I went to work for TAG-A-LONG—72 I guess. And that was just getting started: John and Greg were developing, and that's essentially where the baby J-rig came from. It had been around, but they sophisticated it. 2 ½ tubes gave two extra people worth of carrying [capacity]. And we were testing motors: I must of broke so many *fucking* MERCURY motors-down there. New carburetors would come along, but you ain't going to keep gas clean—it just ain't going to happen. It doesn't matter how many filters you put on it—it is just not going to happen. And they had such low tolerance on the carburetion, that a speck of sand in there and your carburetor would *fuck up*, and you'd float ... and you'd float II, III, sideways ... backwards ... you'd run completely backwards and have a perfect run.

I discovered TAG-A-LONG sitting in the POPLAR [Moab pub and eatery] one night. I had just gotten through with my one and only divorce—looking for something to do. I had MOAB CYCLE, which is where RIM [CYCLERY] is now, except it was twenty years earlier. I sold bikes, climbing gear, outdoor equipment, and that all went with the marriage. So I was basically looking for something to do. And John said, "Why don't you do a Cataract trip?" I was doing a lot of climbing, so I pretty much was able to get to where I wanted to get. And rock art people from all over the world. And I was a *nigger* on the boats and drove jeeps. *Christ*, what a whirlwind this was. Got out at Hite; got in jeeps and went to the great panels in Horseshoe [Canyon]. That's when you could still drive in the sand side and drive out the scary side. I drove there from Horseshoe Canyon; the second night at Peek-A-Boo [Needles District], or somewhere down there, and then spent two days wandering around, and looking at glyphs and ruins. That's how I got introduced to it and I liked it. I helped cook and I just really liked it ... the fun ... and I liked the women. It was a good time—it was really a good time.

I grew up in Salt Lake. I went off and played army [Vietnam] and came home and graduated—University of Utah in 1968. And started working on my Masters and went to work for a Human Resource Center. It was the *avant garde* of the 60s kind-of-thing—dealing with society's dregs. All the people who couldn't make it on welfare, or rehabilitation, or whatever. I was a psychologist and I designed a behavior modification program that we used in the school. I was working as a counselor and there were two sections: there were kids trying to finish their GED and women who were into secretarial skills. And then there was another section of: diesel mechanics, regular auto mechanics, and body and fender. Met some really cool people there—the dregs of society are really *fucking* smart. Two brothers had been in jail for twenty years ... sixteen years ... and they weren't very old when I met them ... thirty five. When they were sixteen they went down to Green River, Utah; put the sheriff in his own jail and robbed the whole town essentially, and they got drunk

and got caught in Crescent Junction. It was winter time and I was going across this basketball court, to where a meeting was, and I slipped and broke my neck. It was like the second time. The first time, I was 18, working at a lumber yard before I went in to the army. That laid me up. Three, four months later, I was hauling [towing] somebody in [a car] and they ran into the back of the vehicle I was towing them with, and that laid me up again. I couldn't raise my arms above my shoulders. I was on PERCODANS and vacation for nearly a year.

[How Bob got to Moab] Frank Mendonca—one of my roommates in college. I came here and went to the Fiery Furnace [Arches National Park]. I felt better after spending a day in the Fiery Furnace than I had felt, literally, in years. I said, "*Fuck* it." I went back; quit the job; told them all to stuff it up their *fucking ass*. The woman I was married to, at the time, and I, came down and started the bicycle shop. And that's how I got down here.

I didn't need that particular hole to throw money down [Bob says of his llama tours]. What I am doing now? I've got 80 acres on the mountain [Castleton; La Sal Mts.] and I [will] have 3000 Christmas trees in the ground by fall, and I'm going to try and put 20 acres under cultivation this spring—I'll probably grow oat hay—something that's got a pretty good return. I'd like to grow *dope*, but that doesn't work anywhere—20 or 30 acres of *dope*. I'd only have to do it once—you know.

Use it for retirement?

That's right. I could retire to the state pen. No Problem (laughs).

I never pictured myself as a farmer, but I really like *fucking* around with the dirt. It's a neat feeling to watch something grow. Its a real *drag* to watch it die, which I do a lot—I can kill anything. I'll probably find someone in L.A., or take them to L.A. myself, to sell the Christmas trees. I figure \$50-\$100 for a good tree, and I have a 1000 trees for eight years that I can take down and sell. That's my theory, and if that doesn't work, I'll sell the property and retire with a million dollars. That's becoming valuable land out there and that's too bad, because it all ought to be left like the *fuck* it is.

Kent Green told me I should ask you about a BOATMAN RENDEZVOUS.

Ah yes. We welcome you to the RENDEZVOUS! Oh God, I don't know which parts to leave out.

He says, "There is a part about my Dad being naked, but my Dad won't admit to it, but Bob will tell you it is true."

I know a lot of things. This had to be 1976. We had been talking all year about putting on a RENDEZVOUS. We put on the night before from Potash. There was five half gallons of whiskey between Verle and I. There was no food—we didn't need no food. We had the four major food groups: whiskey, whiskey, whiskey, and whiskey. The women who came along had their four major food groups: wine, and wine, and wine and wine. The first night we decide to do a night float. The first night we drink till ... well ... one half gallon and part of another half of whiskey I'd drank, and the ladies help and drink wine.

And, of course, when you get drunk you *screw*—that's just what you do. So all over the boat, in every conceivable manner and fashion, we manage to do that—you know. It's just one of those things that happens (laughs). Finally we pass out about three o'clock in the morning. It's just about light and you know the disease I have:

I have to get up real early in the morning. Well, Verle had the same disease and we were up just before light, you know, that pre-dawn thing, and we are looking around wondering where the *fuck* we are. And we're looking around and figure we must just be in a channel that's just petered-out, and we'll have to drag the boat. We get out and pull the boat a half mile before it gets light enough to realize we have been pulling upstream (laughs). And this is ... October 15th was the RENDEZVOUS ... so this must have been the 14th. Well, we didn't have any coffee, so we started drinking again. The rest of the days, who knows, but we get to The Confluence that afternoon and ran into some other people who didn't know *shit* about the RENDEZVOUS. They were just private boaters trying to have a good time and ... well ... we made sure we ruined it for them (laughs). Oh *fuck* ... I remember now ... I remember what I was told happened. We are going along and drinking a coffee cup of whiskey before each rapid, and Verle and I would take turns. Must have been Capsize [#15] ... who knows where it was ... but Verle is sitting on the old TAG-A-LONG food box telling a *fuckin*g joke, and that *son-of-a-bitch*, there's nobody who can tell a joke better in this world than Verle Green. So he's telling his joke and I'm laughing—ho, ho, ho—and I do a back flip right out of the *fuckin*g boat in the middle of the *God damn* rapid, and the motors cranked up all the way and the boat pulling away. I don't think I had a lifejacket on ... I'm pretty sure I didn't ... we were too drunk to figure out how to put them on.

Verle, when I first met him, he'd wear long pants and cowboy boots. And he had the toes cut out of the cowboy boots, so they'd drain. Yeah!

Somehow I get back on the boat ... I don't remember. We were down at Calf Canyon. That's where the party was going to be, and I remember I didn't run anymore rapids that day. I was on the front of the boat with a half gallon of whiskey—gargling and hanging on to the webbing—being very Bob-like. So Verle comes screaming in after Ben Hur [Been Hurt; #20]. I remember the results, because the next morning the boat was almost high and dry. I was on the front and don't remember anything until I was rolling into the fire at the camp with a bottle of whiskey.

Spontaneous combustion?

I didn't combust at all—I was too wet (laughs). When you bring a J-rig in like that, it brings in a lot of water with it, and it pretty much doused everybody on the beach. Apparently, I crawled around camp for a while dragging this bottle of whiskey until it was empty; then I got drug-out of my clothes; changed my clock; wound and woke up in the middle of all this. Steve Bathemas was saving lives, and screwing girls right and left. He and Thuey [Mark Thueson] were young pups at this point. They had been working for WORLD WIDE: Richard Jones up in Dinosaur [National Monument], running Mormon trips. They were still floating—not everybody drove their boat up on the beach like we did. The girl I brought was now in the process of *boffin*g Stevie, because he had just saved her when she'd gotten between the boats to take a leak. Then the boats went like that [indicating]and she fell in, and the boats were closing in, and the boats were going to drown her *ass*. He literally saved her *ass*.

I crawled around for the rest of the evening with another half gallon of whiskey. The next morning, I got up and didn't make a big pot of coffee, and made a big coffee pot of peyote tea, and more whiskey and beer. You name it and it was there: it was a variable cornucopia of the 60s. Every possible *fuckin*g drug of the world. So the private boaters camped with us, and they were out of Washington—I guess. I *fuckin*g near drown this one *son-of-a-bitch*: he *pees*d me off so bad. They'd eat out of a can, and when they

finished they'd fill it full of sand and throw it out in the river, which in reality is probably not a bad thing, but at the time I was more a purest than I was smart. They camped with us and left in the middle of the night, because it was too much for their sensibility. So they ended up running [Big Drop] I and camping at that little beach at the left at II. There was four of them on one boat, so it was possible, but not very much fun. And water was low, so they had an all right camp.

Who else was there? Everybody. [Bob] Dudek. It was wonderful. All your buddies. You always worked with one another, you know, always worked together—you relied on one another. Dudek was a commercial boatman. He never liked it very much. I think he ran for TAG-A-LONG. WESTERN was putting trips out, but you never talked to those guys. And HOLIDAY: I got some *fuckin*g horror stories about HOLIDAY. They were triple-rigging. The way you got hired was to have no brains and eat a live chicken every morning. They were out of Green River [Utah]. They were all meat and no brain. The sloppiest runs I ever saw in my life were made by triple-rigs down there. And the only ones to run triple-rigs were Dee. And his people were so concerned with posturing that they didn't take care of their people.

One day, Tom Rees and I were down there. HOLIDAY pancaked in II and floated that [way] through III. There were people in the water; hurt and bleeding, and everything else. We got them off to the side. They were slapping themselves on the back. Tom and I did basic first aid. We were getting ready to pull out and I saw this guy who was blue, on the back of the boat, not ten feet from where the guides were patting themselves on the back. Tom and I got back to shore, and took one guide by the ear lobe and told him how to take care of this blue guy.

Ask Verle about last day soufflés. On the last day we'd always have eggs, or whatever leftover, and we'd do a soufflé. We'd do this Dutch oven omelet. Everybody loved it and they all got the *shits* by the time we got done.

Early in TAG-A-LONG, John and I pulled into Dark Canyon. Before the water came up there were a few places where you had to turn sideways to get over it [the jumps]. [This] *fuckin*g dumb bastard dove into the water a lot and [I told him] don't do it—you'll get hurt. So we are up in those pools and you can see how shallow it is, and he dives into it and he is paralyzed. We tie him to a back board, and I learned you have to be good, because we had to turn him on his side and hand [him down the jumps]. There were four people on each side. There was no room for any people in the middle. It's scary *shit* sometimes. We didn't have any cam buckles back then—we used ropes and triangular bandages. We were still primitive in using ropes. I don't think we even carried duct tape. I don't know if the boating industry had discovered it yet.

[Of Big Linda (Linda Wittkopf)]. She always got a man. Before the Big Flood, and she's out playing with this guy, and she is at Indian Creek. He's losing it, and she's floating around, and all that is sticking up is her nipples, and you know how big her tits are, and she's floating around with this guy, and he is going ape *shit*. And everybody is watching. People were a lot different then.

Have you talked to anyone at MOKI MAC about the 80s? About 83? I think it was Bob Quist. This was right before they closed the canyon. It had to be at II on the big eddy—on the left. That was when everything was coming down the river. He was sitting there in his motor box, smoking a cigarette on the gas tank, and a railroad tie came up out of the bottom of that eddy, and took his motor and his transom off. It just cleaned the back of his boat off. And he was sitting, you know, not very far, a couple of feet at the very best. *Fuck!*

ts did you run in 83 and 84?

I ran A-I [AVON SPIRIT]. I love that boat. That boat is *fucking* wonderful. It knows more about running rivers than I'll ever know. So when did we do that trip? We did that in 83. It was at 86,000 [cfs]. And there was still a lot of *shit* in the water. And that was the first year, and that's when you would vie for position with cottonwood trees going ... (Bob makes tearing and crashing sounds).

I really enjoyed running that trip with you—that's for sure[1984's high water]. I had stopped and scouted that so much and as we were headed down I asked, "Scout"? You signaled we were going downstream. I was going—bless you man!

I can read it better from the water. If you're going to *fuck* up, you're going to *fuck* up. You got a better chance if you're in the water than if you're trying to get in the water. The "Carp Run," that's 85—the 127,000. 85, that's the really big year. [Bob is confusing years: the peak in 1984 was 115,000 cfs, and in 1985 the peak was 68,000 cfs.]

83?

No! 83 was the least of the years [The peak in 1983 was 105,000 cfs], 'cause that was the first year of the flood. That is when everything got washed downstream. Then, after that, the next two years were 100,000. The next year runs 127,000—the last. The window in tow was just so *fucking* small, and closing in and opening up, and closing in. What a *fucking* rush.

Rowing up that slick?

And watching it crash. And it gets smaller, and that's when you really wanted to be there. That's the same rhythm you get in a really big boat. You got to get the pace of the river—you know. You try not to get there when the window closes off, or you are going to get beat up. I got through that and going down ... oh ... the tail waves ... I got ... oh ... I remember what happened. That was DESCENT [RIVER EXPEDITIONS]—when I had that company. Oh, it gets worse. I had a HAVASU, a self-bailer, and you know how high those *fuckers* are, and I couldn't stay in that boat, and I just got the *shit* knocked out of me in every rapid. Went through II; broke through the window on the down side; got in all that *shit* on the other side of the ledge hole, and I remember the boat going up on edge, then getting hit underneath by the inflatable floor and pitched, and on the way out I grabbed the throw bag. And it was the first time I ever had a throw bag on my boat. I looked up and all those people with eyes that big around [indicating] looking at me. I'm sitting in the tail waves of II, headed for III thinking: this is not where I want to be, this is not what I choose—this is a wrong choice. And I pull myself up with the throw bag back into the boat, and somehow I manage to get all the rope in the boat, and manage to have one of the best runs I've ever had in there (laughs)—'cause I didn't do anything. Yes it is! The water knows a lot more than you do.

So did Ken [DeVore] ever tell you about the "Carp Run"? This was a DESCENT trip. Ken was on a J-rig and I was running my AVON. He was parked down at the bottom of III. It was about 70 - 80,000, and I got *fucked* up in the tail waves again. Went right down the middle of III, and you know how *fucked* up that is at any water level, but at high water it just trashes and beats you up. My boat fills up with water, and you know when my boat fills up people are standing on the floor, and it is six feet deep. They're kinda floating around in their lifejackets in the front of my boat. Get through it.

"Bail *God damn* it!" Everybody is bailing and I'm getting the *shit* knocked out of my legs, and I couldn't figure out why, thinking: God that hurts. Finally it got down to where they were out of water and able to bail—we're coming into III. Ken pulls out to catch me, but I think I was able to make it in, and I pull up along side and I had a carp in the rowing box about that long and this wide [indicating]. I picked it up and threw it at him. The "Carp Run." He was trying to get out. So they had to bail up over their heads to start with. I think that is the best boat. I run the round end forward, and the other end is squared-off and kicked-up, and I use it to ferry with.

And then there was the time for TAG-A-LONG, but I had broken my arm, and got thrown up against the frame and broke this radius [indicating]. I got the thing tied up. I had it *half-assed* splinted and I was running through III. I showed them my *fucking* arm was busted. I went and got it casted, and was back on the river the next day. Too stupid to know any better I guess.

There used to be a big log that used to sit at #5, at the camp on the right side before 83. There was that big rock down there, and a log that spanned over it, and you could throw a tarp over when it was raining. And every scorpion in the world wanted to hang out there. So, I was sleeping there one night and I got stung in the eye. Yeah! I felt something crawling around and I knocked it off, and it stung me after I had opened my eye. The next day, there was no one else in the canyon, and we weren't going to see anyone else in the canyon. The next day the whole side of my face felt like it had been hit by a baseball bat. My eye was as big around as the top of that coffee cup [indicating], swollen and yellow, and yellow, and yellow—pussey—bloody shit was running out of it. I had to run the canyon that day. And then by ... I kept ice on it ... and by the time I got down to Clearwater, I felt good enough to make another camp, rather than get out of the canyon early.

There was a ... we're doing FAM trips—right. There was a lady travel agent; came in from New York; some *God damned* place, you know, some place that is not here (laughs). Whether she was expecting ... she didn't find it exactly ... you know (laughing), "Look, [this is] the only trip we got. I'm going on this RENDEZVOUS. I don't know how you ended up here—obviously a lack of communication. Now you have to realize that this is ... that these are boatmen that are not on duty. They are not ... they are going to be different." So she came along and I don't remember much about her until the last day. Driving out we had four, at least four J-rigs, and probably a dozen row boats. All *cluster fuck*, you know, all tied together, and it was one great big party, you know, we were down to ... we pretty much ran out of booze. We were drinking ... ah ... ah ... essentially chewing on the fruit that was in the daiquiris that we made—a ten gallon thing of daiquiris. We were down to slugging off of that and eating the fruit out of it, and I remember the travel agent. She's having the time of her life. She said, "Nobody will ever believe this." Everybody was naked except for John, because he was trying to keep the company image, but he didn't have much on. I think he had a shirt on and everybody else was *flat-assed* naked going down the lake, and this chick is finally stripped down to her bra and her panties. I mean, for this woman this was ... I don't know ... this was absolutely unbelievable—unbelievable. She put up with all of it. I can only imagine what the night before was like, because I don't remember it. I'm told what I did, but I don't remember a *fucking* thing about it. That was right after I pitched out—right in the middle of a rapid (laughs).

Drove upon shore?

Yeah ... uh-uh ... that too, and roll through the fire [in a whisper].
God. [louder] What a fun time! What a way to spend a life!

Now they don't do those RENDEZVOUS in that same sense any more.

Nooo! Then someone from Telluride started doing it. We only did it one year. The second year everybody was doing something different—you know. It was a great idea, but we were not the kind of people to keep that kind of thing going.

Tradition?

Yeah. Good word. We are not traditional people.

Well everybody works more spontaneously too.

That year, it just seemed like a great idea, and everybody showed up, and it was a great idea. And the next year, it just wasn't, you know, as it wasn't the same thing. It wasn't happening.

It was a better sense of thing than Telluride too?

Hell yeah! It was much better.

We are going to be dealing in this canyon—on the river.

On the fifteenth of October, 1976, at Calf Canyon. And I don't think Telluride even started for several years after that—I don't think it started.

I think it was an 80s thing.

Yeah ... yeah! Because I know I only went to one RENDEZVOUS.

In Telluride?

No, No! I never went ... I hated Telluride people so *fucking* bad. I wouldn't go over there. Um.

Well I went over when Georgie White was there.

Yep. Oh Yeah. It involved ... there must have been a bunch of Grand Canyon boatmen there. I know ... I think MOKI MAC was there. Not Moki himself, but some people from Moki Mac. They've got some great stories. Bob and Claire Quist have some great *fucking* stories.

Roger Murphy has some great stories. He no longer ... I don't think he is a boatman anymore ... he's in Salt Lake. His wife ... Cebella is her real name. What the *fuck* is her name? Anyway, she just got her Ph.D. in geography, and he used to run for MOKI MAC. He's got ... everybody's got stories. I don't remember half the stories I remember. Yeah. I think just sitting down ... meet Verle ... and, you know, the law can't arrest us—we need him. Big Linda and we just need a place where we don't have to go anywhere—after we get drunk [laughs].

That would be great you know. Ah *fuck* ... oh ... so the first DESCENT trip. This the maiden voyage of DESCENT RIVER EXPEDITIONS—right? The *fucker* was downhill all the way.

Why did you even want to start a river company?

Because why not? I mean, why not do it your way? I wanted to start one because I knew I was right, and boy was I wrong [laughs]. A lot of it was ... you see ... Ken and I had the original idea. We were not financially in a position that we could do it all by ourselves, so we had other people involved in it, and in my estimation should have never been involved in it—you know. Anyway, so one of the guys—he was cool—he was going to take care of the kitchen, and *dah dah dah dah dah dah*, we get to the first lunch. We have all the serving bowls, and all the serving spoons, and all the spatulas, and we haven't got a *fucking* plate one—we don't have *fucking* cup one. And this trip is ... let's just say it is with ... well ... I scored this trip. I put together this trip with Charlie DeLorme from WILD RIVERS and these guys were all pretty ...

Wanna be sophisticated?

No. Not at all. They were all very big privates, you know, so they were used to the best that money could buy, and yet they weren't snobs by any stretch of the imagination.

That's when I first met Ole, you know, Ole the mobile artist. It was all his buddies. And he is also pretty good friends with Charlie—that's how it all got started. So, we ended up ... it became kind of a contest ... who could make the best cup out of a beer can. And we had steaks the first night. We weren't going to have them the first night, but that turned out to be our only plates—the little Styrofoam trays they come on. That was the plates for the next five days—the steak Styrofoam doo-dahs and tin foil. Here we are trying to launch the *God damn* company and our maiden voyage. We forget everything.

Oh, it happens.

That's right. One of Verle's sayings is: "you take these *God damn* trips is to see what you forgot," and there is a lot to that. I remember one of my first trips for TAG-A-LONG ... back a hundred years ago ... I forgot all my iron. I cooked in ammo boxes. That's a ... you want to try something difficult, try a roast in an ammo box. Not so easy.

[Giggles]. It's the deep dish roast ...

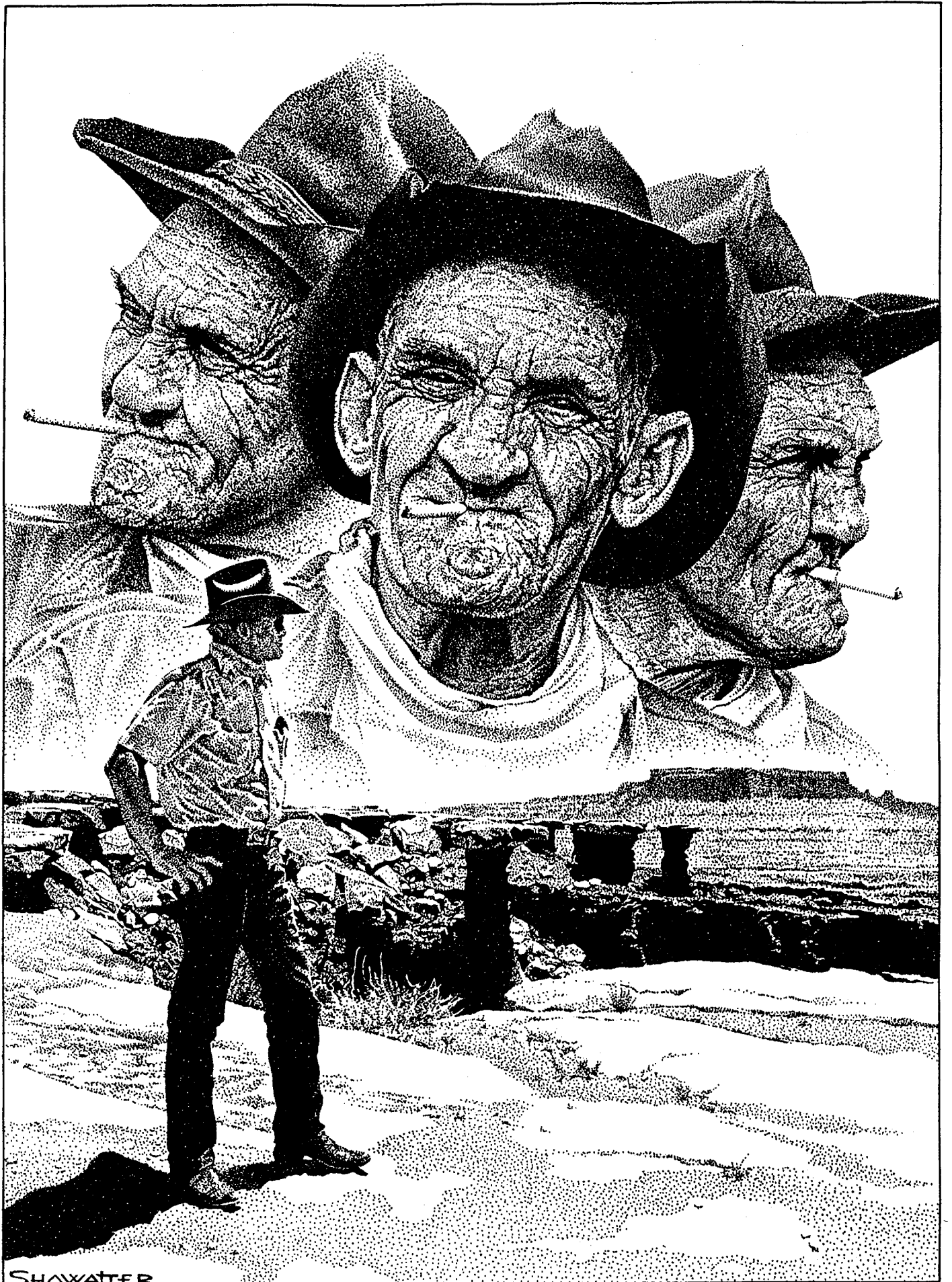
[Repeat with a chuckle in his voice, covers the rest of Michele's sentence] ... deep dish roast. Had to use the *groover* box for a little spice [laughs]. Yeah get us together.

□————— End of oral history —————□

A fund to remember Robert Degles has been developed with contributions going to a revegetation project in Cataract Canyon. The **Robert Degles River Restoration Fund** is managed by a non-profit called: PLATEAU RESTORATION, INC. (PRI). PRI is asking for guide input on restoration sites, and is also asking for matching pledges of \$100. Please write to PRI concerning your restoration site preference, why this site is important to you, and how you can assist in the restoration project. For more information, please contact:

Michael Smith

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SHOWALTER

Drawing of Verle Green near Mussleman Arch by Rick Showalter. Courtesy of Rick Showalter.

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Richard Westwood is a native of the Colorado river region near Moab, Utah, and is the author of *Rough-water Man: Elwyn Blake's Colorado River Expeditions*. He lives in American Fork, Utah.

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