

# The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Volume 5, Issue 2, Summer 1998



**THE PREZ SEZS**

**FROM THE EDDY**

**CHARLES BUTLER HUNT**

**LETTERS, A STORY,  
AND A CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

**RECIPE FOR A DILEMMA**

**RUBBER RAFTING REDUX**

**HETCH HETCHY AND  
GLEN CANYON**

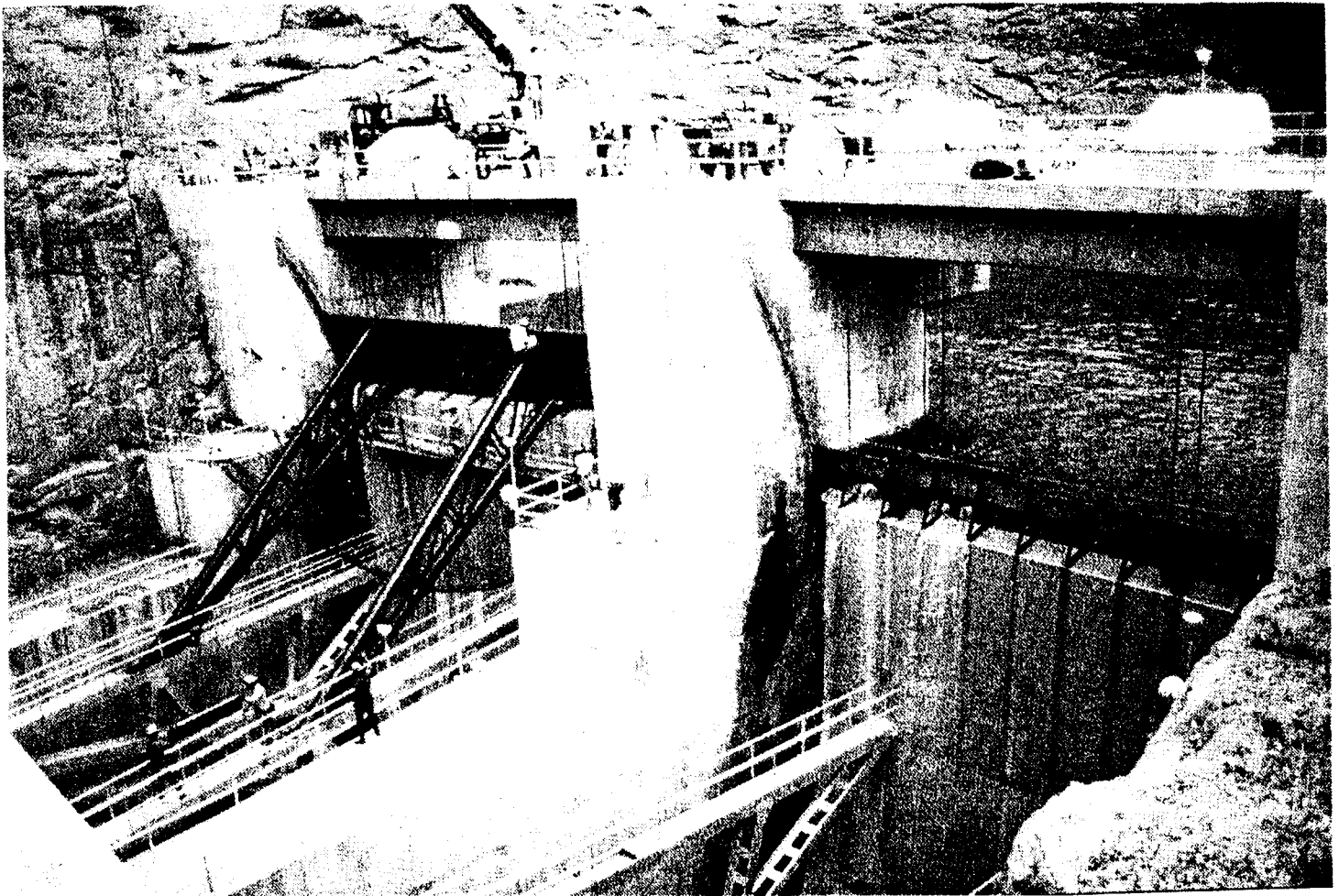
**WHY I LEFT OUTFITTING**

**CONFLUENCE INSCRIPTION**

**DAVID DEXTER RUST**

**BUZZ HOLMSTROM**

**PROBLEMATIC DAMS**



Workers installing steel flashboards on top of the right spillway's radial arm gates during the 1983 spillway failure at Glen Canyon Dam. Note that the nearest radial arm gate still has the temporary plywood flashboards. Bureau of Reclamation photo by Tom Fridmann. Courtesy of Steve Hannon, author of *Glen Canyon*, a novel.

# 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

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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 typed. Please include useful photos, charts, diagrams and artwork. There really is no deadline, but the beginning of each quarter works best.

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## 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. The forum is open with no restrictions at the present time. If you have an opposing or supporting viewpoint please send your comments to CPRG.

## A MEMORIAL

*Excerpted from an article that appeared in the Times-Independent*

**Charles Butler Hunt**, a regular visitor to Hanksville since the early 1930s, passed away September 3, 1997, in Salt Lake City after a long illness.

Mr. Hunt was born August 9, 1906, at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point to Col. Ervin Lenard and Annie Butler Hunt. He came to this area with the USGS team to map the Henry Mountains. His Professional Paper is every geologist's "Bible" for the Colorado Plateau.

He hired the late Cornelius Ekker and Charles Hanks (son of the community's founder Ebenezer Hanks), as his packers and guides.

Hunt graduated from Colgate University with a degree in geology and went on to graduate from Yale University and was offered and accepted a career with the USGS. He served with the Military Geology Unit during World War II and later became its director. He was a professor of geology at John Hopkins University, known to bring his students to the Hanksville area every summer to train in the field.

He authored numerous books and professional papers on the area.

Mr. Hunt married his wife of 67 years, Alicia Victoria Parker, in Seboyeta, New Mexico in 1930 and they raised two children: Eugene Parker and Ann Butler Hunt Casimiro, who survive along with eight grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren.

As per Charles' request, he will be cremated. Memorial services will be held in Utah, and Indiana at later dates.

**Editor's note:** The death of Charles B. Hunt marks the end of the formative reconnaissance of the Colorado Plateau's geology that started with John S. Newberry in 1857. For me, the light went on when I studied Hunt's USGS Professional Paper 279. It is my desire to honor this man with a good biography in the pages of The Confluence. For those of you who appreciated Charles Hunt, please submit a document for inclusion.

## SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Deer Hill Expeditions for a Six-year Membership  
Mark Sleight for a Six-year Membership  
Katherine Foshee for a Six-year Membership  
Paul Smith for a Benefactor Membership  
John Williams, Navtec Expeditions, for a Benefactor Membership  
Rob Elliott for another Benefactor Membership  
(for the San Juan River Guides of AZRA).

# From the Prez

## Thanks For Making DESERT WATERS 98 A Success

A big thanks goes out to all the outfitters and local sponsors of DESERT WATERS 98. The diverse Colorado Plateau community that supported this year's event was incredible. Local Moab businesses and outfitters, that donated the goods and equipment, made for this success. A special thanks goes out to Colin Fryer for the use of Castle Rock Ranch.

## DESERT WATERS 98 And the Direction of CPRG in the Future

This year Canyonlands Field Institute (CFI) shared DESERT WATERS 98 with CPRG. Our portion was more or less the Sunday element of the event. We hired Bob Bond, a program director from Breckenridge Outdoor Education Center who gave an excellent talk/presentation on leadership and management in our profession. The rest of the Sunday afternoon fell apart several days before the event. Contingency plans were developed, but unfortunately the participants were ready to end the long weekend before we could accomplish our desired goals.

The whole weekend event went really well, some things were new to the event (i.e. the Sunday portion), so there was a positive learning curve to the change in format from one day to the next. The logistical problems and the lack of clarity on some of the events, were expressed to me in oral feedback. They will be encompassed and cleared up for next year. Hopefully DESERT WATERS 98 is something that CFI would like to hand off to CPRG for next year. The Friday night and Saturday coordinator for DESERT WATERS 98, Tom Corcoran, did an awesome job. Tom is actually a person who is lined up and willing to take CPRG into the role of guide training as an executive director for CPRG.

Guide Training is back to CPRG. After many years of helping create curriculum for guide training, CPRG is now pondering to move into the direction of organizing training and classes for river guides on the Plateau. Essentially this step would allow for the guiding profession to start directing their own training with the help of the agencies and the outfitters. By helping direct our industry's training, hopefully we can find grant money to help lower our ever increasing certification costs.

This fall CPRG is under way in creating a steering committee to look at guide training and move in this direction. This steering committee would be made up of NPS, BLM, outfitters and the guides on the Plateau. As we move forward with this, our most logical step would be to hire an executive director, who would specifically organize local and outside training to occur on the Plateau at pertinent times. Secondly this director would write for grants, which we need drastically for the purpose of paying someone to keep the whole guide

training thing happening. A second goal for grant money would be to start a re-imbursement system for the individuals who go to meetings for CPRG and for the people who edit The Confluence.

CPRG's board will stay doing what we have been trying to do since 1993. The board would oversee the executive director and see that the mission statement, polices and bylaws are adhered to. The board would keep accomplishing what they have been doing since day one, except that maybe there would be some re-imbursement for the documentation of historical information that is found in The Confluence and some extra money to get the board members to more meetings on the Plateau.

Lastly we need input from the membership! Is this the right direction? Should we be focusing elsewhere? Does anyone want to donate time in writing for grants? If so, get in contact with T-Berry.

## The 1998 Interpretive Trips

Another thanks goes out to Cam Stavely of AZRA, Robin Tierney of ADRIFT (of Dinosaur), Dusty Simmons, Susette Weisheit, and Bob Jones of TAG-A-LONG, and Tom Kleinschnitz from ADVENTURE BOUND, for creating four really high caliber interpretive training trips on the San Juan, Yampa, Westwater and Cataract canyons.

This year we tried a new format for the Cataract Canyon interpretive trip and it was highly successful. Hopefully we can implement these ideas into other interpretive trips for next year. Ideas for rivers next year will hopefully involve the Dolores River, Desolation and Gray canyons, the Green River through Lodore Canyon and Cataract Canyon. Volunteers to help plan and run these river interpretive trips are needed. DO YOU CARE ABOUT THE CANYONS AND YOUR PROFESSION? Call and volunteer for next years trips, before the Utah Guides and Outfitters meeting this Fall, so I have some names to pass on to the volunteering outfitters.

## The Confluence

Last fall the Board of Directors decided that to help John Weisheit out with The Confluence; other board members would do The Confluence to free up John's time. We've heard feedback against this facet of each of us doing an issue as: not giving a "community feel". The feedback was really great and in effort to keep trying to free up John's time we will make an all out effort to get the "community of authors" that you all are use to and want to see.

Do look for up-coming issues that will be more or less focused into certain areas of the Plateau, with different editors.

## Filming Documentaries of Powell

This year several Moab and Flagstaff guides were part of two filming projects in Cataract and Grand canyons. The first was an American Experience PBS filming that will air in the fall of 1999. The second was a German show, that was exploring how Powell's first trip was not so smooth and the disasters associated with. Anyhow, three replicas of the 16'

*Emma Dean* were made and used in the filming projects. The trips were quite exciting in Cataract Canyon with 30,000 c.f.s. plus flows in late April. The following photos are some of the views that happened.

### The Red Box in Cataract

A great job has been done so far in Cataract Canyon by the folks using the register box. A couple issues came up so far this season about camps in Cataract. The issues that surfaced were mostly related to groups signing in for a camp and not knowing where it is on the map that is supplied in the box with the register forms. The areas of problems we as guides should look at on that maps, are Cross and Y canyons, and the Ten Cent area.

### T-Shirts for CPRG

We now have some really awesome T-shirts. Thanks to Sarah Clinger for the art work on the back of the shirts, and for letting us scan several of her drawings to use in future Confluence's. We have three styles all with CPRG's logo on the front with a downstream view of the San Juan river from Grand Gulch on the back. If anyone is interested in CPRG shirts get in contact with T-Berry. (See also page 27 of this issue.)

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San Juan River near Grand Gulch by Sarah Clinger

## From the Eddy

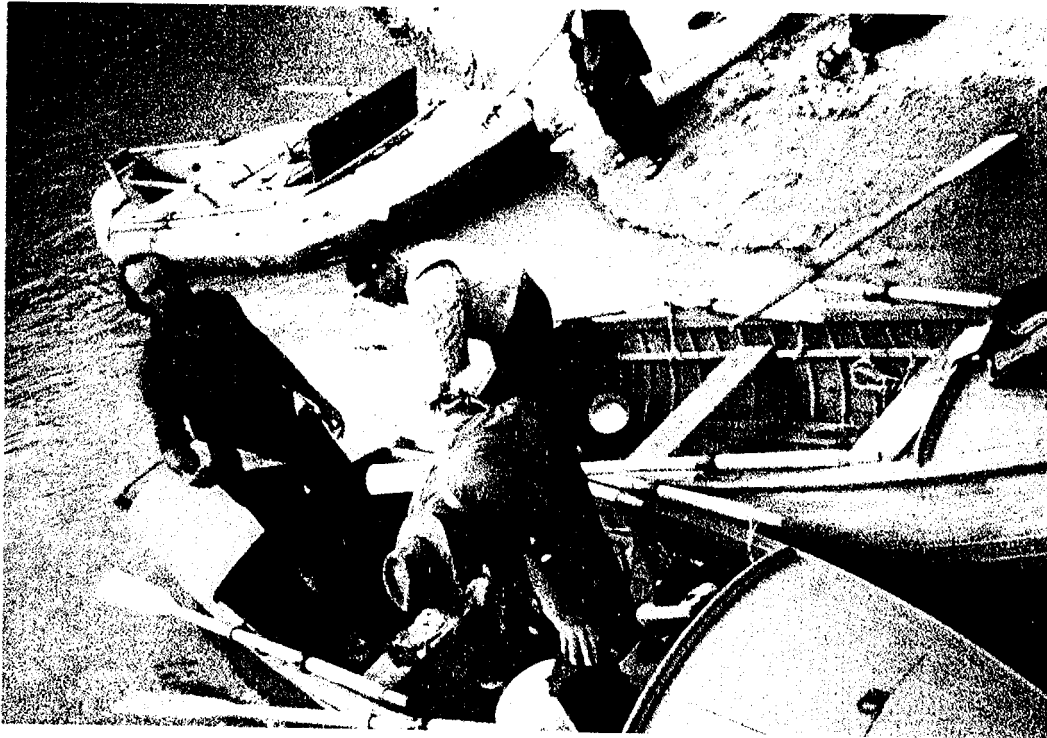
I apologize for a late issue of The Confluence. Besides having a busy guiding season, I have been working very hard on projects concerning the future of CPRG and have allowed the chores of the present to set on back burners. I decided to be more willing to become involved in projects that are laterally connected to the mission statement of CPRG. Though these projects take me from my regular duties as the CPRG editor and secretary/treasurer, I feel that they must be accomplished if CPRG is to grow. There is a tremendous growth potential for CPRG that is now occurring, and more than ever, it is a really good time for willing members to step forward and accept leadership roles. Please contact members of the CPRG board if you are interested. See some of our e-mail addresses on the inside cover.

A few members have verbally expressed their disappointment in the content of some articles and/or editorials that have appeared in The Confluence. I have basically been asked to exercise more control on the content of this journal. I will confess that there have been times when I did exercise control on the format, only to have these exercises turn on me—haunting my conscience later.

This is the way I see it: Part of our mission statement includes celebrating the unique spirit of the river community. It would appear that this spirit is sometimes offensive, or even contradictory to others. I feel that I have no right to decide for the membership what is the spirit of the river community and what is not. However, I do think it is my responsibility to record that spirit. What I would appreciate, as the editor of this journal, are letters explaining why an article is offensive to you, or why an entry does not compliment our mission statement, etc. Please write your letters with the intent that it will be published in the pages of this journal. Unless I am directed by a higher ruling, or by counsel, The Confluence will continue to be a journal that endorses an open forum.

The production of The Confluence is actually doing very well. The Confluence is our biggest financial liability and we are presently solvent and we even have enough money to consider making some improvements. I will soon be presenting to the board the idea of purchasing some software that would provide for better quality images and graphics for The Confluence. There are also a lot of articles in the mail, in the computer, or in the heads of some very talented people. These submissions just need to be polished, assembled and published. Many thanks to all the contributors and many thanks to the members who support CPRG with their dues. This, above all, is what produces The Confluence.

John Weisheit



T-Berry:

“Row these without ballast? Give me a break!”



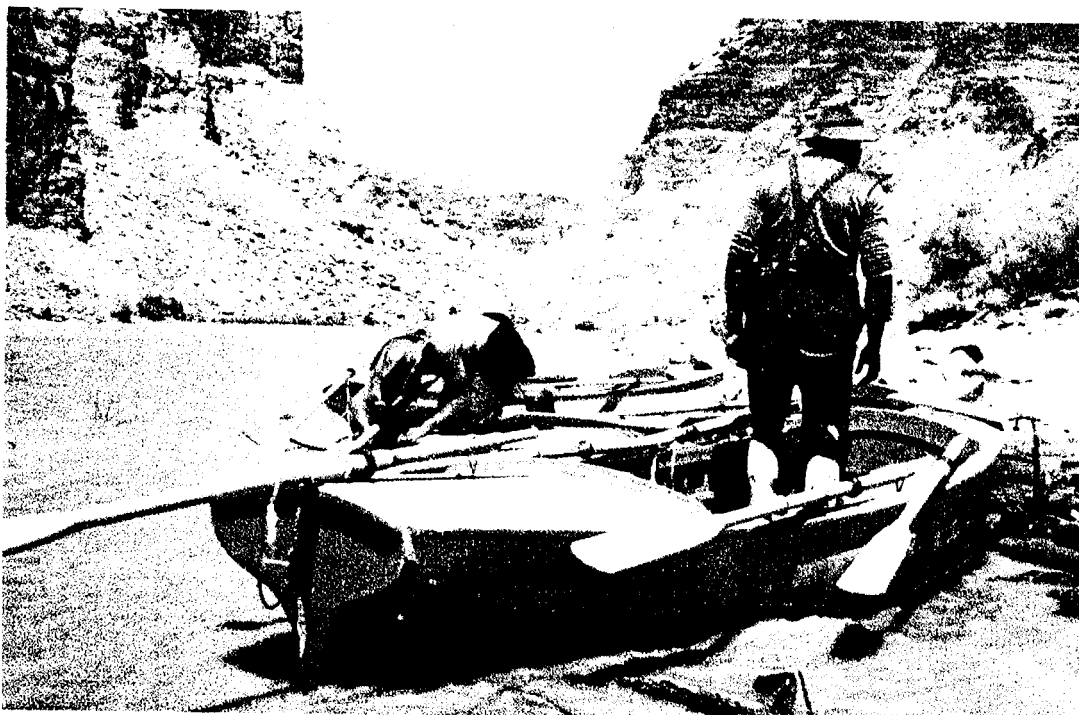
“The three opinions.”

Left to right:

Bego,

David Bodner,

and Steve Swanke.



“Oar lock maintenance.”

Note the lack of an oarlock on the stern oar. The boatman used rope and bailing wire for oarlocks. It worked okay.

These photos were taken during the first “Powell” trip for PBS.

All photos by T-Berry.

# Membership Correspondence

## Stop the "Wilderness" Land Rip-Off

I read with interest the piece by *Friends of Westwater Canyon* in the Winter 1997 issue of The Confluence. The piece was unsigned. Whose opinions are these? How do these extremists equate one small mine at the head of the canyon as "losing Westwater Canyon"?

Look at Meander Canyon with P.C.S. POTASH near it's start. Is this canyon "lost"? I hardly think so.

As a guide member of CPRG who has the unique perspective of being a backcountry four-wheel driver, as well as a river guide, I'm tired of river runners like Harry Edwards advocating vast areas as wilderness, which allows access by river runners, but not land access due to road closures.

People are all too ready to cut-off everyone's freedom but their own, not realizing that the next person to lose their freedom might be themselves.

When I speak of vast proposals for wilderness, I do mean vast. Apparently "Friends of Westwater" supports the 5.7 million acre wilderness proposal as indicated in paragraph #6 of their article in the Winter 1997 issue of THE CONFLUENCE. I invite everyone to look at a map of Canyonlands National Park, 400,000 some odd acres, and you'll realize the enormity of the 5.7 million acre land grab. A land grab unprecedented in scale.

I notice the "environmental" award mentioned in the "Friends of Westwater" piece is out of New York. Also, the 5.7 million acre wilderness bill is being introduced this year by Congressman Hinchey of New York. Funny how the extremists have to go 2,000 miles, where they can exploit the ignorance of well-meaning environmentalists, and easily dupe them into supporting the theft of their own land.

How long would river runners support "wilderness" designation if it outlawed their activity, as it does my backcountry 4X4 expeditions? The hypocrisy of the river runners, especially those who run motorized rigs, is painfully obvious to all but themselves.

By the way, I am a man who has changed. When I first came to canyon country, I supported "wilderness" designation until I found out the severity of the restrictions involved, and became educated by the desert in my years as a backcountry guide. Before I came to canyon country, I had no clue as to the precious freedom we have to travel the countryside. Indeed, this same ignorance, on the part of the many who support "wilderness" designation, means they necessarily cannot realize the depth of the tragedy designating vast areas of "wilderness" means for future generations. They don't realize the freedom they are attempting to steal because they are ignorant of it in the first place.

I hope all who read this realize that the environmental movement has been sold out and betrayed by groups like **Friends of Westwater** and Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance.

It is possible, despite what the extremists say, to be an environmentalist without supporting the radical's agenda of land thievery. Also, I wouldn't dream of being arrogant enough to tell the river runners they can't run the rivers, but apparently they are arrogant enough to want to cut-off land access to wild places.

One final point, the removal of fossils from beneath the surface (except, as I understand it, at pre-existing sites) is forbidden in designated "wilderness" areas. This fact, especially if the 5.7 million acre bill goes through, will be a tremendous blow to the science of paleontology. Especially considering the fantastic wealth of dinosaur and other fossils in southern Utah's public lands.

Of course, this and other information is never mentioned by the extremists as they try to pull their 5.7 million acre con-job over on the American people.

John Holland

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## Outfitter Hit with Damages

From the Denver Post, April 2, 1998

A Cañon City-based river running outfitter accused of negligence in the death of an Idaho man in a whitewater rafting accident must pay the victim's family \$4.3 million in damages, a federal judge ruled.

U.S. District Judge John Kane entered the judgment against Echo Canyon River Expeditions Inc. after an arbitrator's ruling that the company was liable in the June 1994 drowning of Jere C. Whitted, 39, of Hayden, Idaho, during a whitewater rafting trip on the Arkansas River.

Whitted's wife, Sari L. Whitted, filed the lawsuit, claiming Echo Canyon and its guides were grossly negligent when they disregarded unusually high water levels and other conditions on the Arkansas River.

Whitted was thrown from a raft while riding on a stretch called "The Numbers," a narrow and rocky route generally recommended only for passengers with advanced rafting abilities.

Whitted and three other adult passengers had signed a waiver releasing Echo Canyon of any liability in an accident. But the Whitted family's attorneys argued the waiver was not valid because the defendant guided the trip in violation of rules and regulations in the Colorado River Outfitters Act.

Witnesses testified in depositions that an Echo Canyon employee, Geoffrey Tattersfield, who guided the trip, had smoked marijuana on company property the night before the accident.



# Recipe for a Dilemma

by Paul Smith

First let's define the dilemma! How does one balance a nearly insatiable passion to be on and in the western mountains and rivers, especially on the rivers; with a nearly insatiable passion to pass on an accumulated knowledge of more than thirty years of making fine beers all over the world, especially when it requires traveling every third week or so to Chicago. Even during the wintertime!

Can it be done? Can one deal with the emotions surrounding several days on the river as depicted in the poem "River Magic" that I submitted for the Winter 1997 issue of The Confluence with the scurrying around associated with living and working in a major metropolis; and have a vast amount of fun at both. It can be done with the proper set of life experiences. Thus, this is the recipe.

- Be born in New York city. It must have ingrained the city in my being.
- Spend your youth in rural northern Maine. Experience the glory of canoeing the wild rivers and lakes and the devastation of the lumbering industry, especially prior to present regulations.
- Move cross-country to Golden, Colorado at seventeen years old to study geology and geophysics. Gain an appreciation for the power and sheer relentlessness of nature, as well as the magnificence of the Colorado Plateau and the Rocky Mountains.
- Have incredibly poor timing in selection of a career. Running a drill in the bottom of a mine was all that was available for employment for a mediocre geophysicist, after the uranium boom and before the petroleum boom. Especially one with an ethical concern about the whole mining/dam building thing.
- Choose the military as a possible career and travel the world for three years, all the while yearning for the mountains and desert.
- Marry your life-long love, a comely lass from Golden, Colorado, cementing your resolve to make the west your base of operations for life. Raise three sons, all reveling in the serenity and splendor of the nearby wilderness your decision has provided.
- Work in the small western brewery at the bottom of the hill below the school in Golden and grow with it into a nationally and internationally known professional brewer and beer advocate.
- Develop the intense passion to execute and to teach others how to execute the production of fine beer, the beverage of moderation.

## BEER

It is the drink of those who think  
and feel no fear or fetter;

Who do not drink to senseless sink,  
but drink to think the better!

Anonymous, 1903

- Nearly succumb to the intensity and stress of executive life and thereby learn the value and need to be physically fit and to practice stress management (Discussed in the Spring 1998 issue of The Confluence.) As a result, save your own life and become an even better executive.
- Become so expensive that at the youthful age of 52, your company offers to pay a monthly stipend for you to stay away. Take the "golden parachute" and run.
- Through two of your sons who are river guides, meet a professional and progressive owner (Tom Kleinschnitz) who opens to you, the glory of river guiding on the Colorado Plateau. Voila! The second passion buds, blossoms and flourishes.

These are the essence of the recipe for me. By the time I had enough apprentice hours to get my Utah river guide license, I was a committed river advocate, loving every minute of the time I was able to spend. My background in geophysics served me well in the interpretive trips I was able to attend, both related to the geology of the Colorado Plateau and that momentous uplift, as well as the fossil record so vivid and visible in the area. My inquisitive semi-scientific mind had already delved into astronomy and the culture of the Indians in the southwest from the Paleozoic tribes, to the Anasazi and into the more modern tribes. I was able to grasp and pass on to my river customers all of these wonderful new experiences and I supplemented my background by reading voraciously everything I was able to get my hands on from Edward Abbey; to the river books, like The Big Drops by Roderick Nash; to the various river maps and guides; to the handbooks on flowers, birds, animals, rocks; to the volumes of fireside poems by Vaughn Short. Articles in The Confluence help me with this appetite for information and I thank all who contribute.

Prior to my first trip as an apprentice I had taken the rowing and rigging course, as well as the river rescue course offered by Canyonlands Field Institute that year. As was necessary, I had become First Responder certified and CPR certified, but was looking toward EMT training on the off season. I was intensely building the background to enable me to become the most professional of professional guides.

The dilemma arose when one fall I was offered a position on the faculty of the Siebel Institute of Technology in Chicago teaching the glut of new young brewers from around North America and the world. These young men and women, so very hungry for knowledge, have been spawned by the exponentially growing pub-brewing and micro-brewing industry along with rapid international expansion of the major



players such as Coors, Miller, Anheuser Busch (Budweiser), Heineken, Guinness, Lion-Nathan, Brahma and many others. These young people are prepared to conquer the world through brewing of beer and to my amazement I found I have an intense desire to pass on all I can to them as an experienced brewer. I found this flame still burning hot and bright, even though I had turned my back, right next to the intense flame of my new found love, the river. What in the name of Heaven do you do now?? Although in significant contrast, both endeavors are so fulfilling as to become a lifelong work.

The time spent with brewers is incredibly rewarding and meaningful to me emotionally and I am contributing so much to the art of making beer that I cannot give it up. At the same time, every minute I am not preparing lectures or actually teaching I am talking about the rivers, supporting, even selling in to people around me, the rush from the beauty and grandeur of Lodore, or Yampa, or Cataract, or Desolation, not to mention the excitement of a run through white water.

On the other hand, I never failed to have fun when guiding, even with difficult customers, because I felt I was incredibly lucky and happy to be in the wilderness with them. Also, next week they will be back on the treadmill, that was making them difficult to start with. River guides, don't get angry with the difficult ones, feel sorry for them. They are unhappy people stuck in a vicious circle of events that is incredibly hard to break out of.

I think I have found out how to make the break. Learn to compromise with yourself. Seek the value in what you are able to do well and don't drive yourself too far or you stop having fun at everything. I go to Chicago now every third week and stay semi-involved there as a faculty member. When I get there I am all pumped up and can't help but have fun. I brought other competent brewer friends to that organization to fill in the gaps, so I can be proud of what we do and still be away on the river or elsewhere. I had to learn to give other people room to grow also and not try to do it all myself. I learned to let go.

In between, I now run rivers as a private boater and in 1997 logged nine multi-day trips. "Have boat and groover, will travel" is my byline. Lots of people will invite you, if you commit to groover duty. Also if you value what you are doing, you can have fun with anyone. It's an insult to yourself not to have fun.

Why private boating? If I am trying to be a true river professional and am committed to support river guiding, I cannot expect Tom at Adventure Bound to hire me, when I have to be gone every few weeks. I wouldn't even ask. That's not fair to people who are full time guides and Denver is too far away to do the temporary thing. "Private river scum" can also be professional, believe it or not! Again a couple of compromises I have made with myself, for good reason.

In between these two passions, I spend time camping and fishing and going on cruises and traveling with the love of my life, who after nearly thirty-six years still supports my continuing effort to put off growing up (as she puts it). As a result I find all of the things I am able to do with my life are quality time and I thank God every day for granting me the wisdom to recognize it.

I currently have two fundamental objectives for my life. Like all of the books and seminars suggest, try to put your objectives in the form of people you admire and can emulate. Two people have had a profound impact on me and I will do all I can do to emulate them. One is an octogenarian I have known for many years who leaves Florida for a few weeks each year to come to Chicago to teach. His name is Walter Swistowicz, and I want to be like him when I grow up. The other is a gentleman I met at the Gates of Lodore put-in a few years ago. I only spent part of an evening with him and saw him on the river later on that trip and although he doesn't know me, he had an impact. He is also an octogenarian and was in his fortieth year as a river runner as I recall, still guiding for Hatch. His name is George Henry and I'm also going to be like him when I grow up.

Finally I will continue to support efforts like The Confluence magazine, because it endeavors to improve the professionalism of a group of people very important to me. I have two sons in it, many friends and have dabbled a bit in it myself. Professionalism will help to perpetuate a very meaningful way of life. God grant all of you the wisdom to recognize and revel in what you do.

A little River/Beer poem for those of you who, like I do, love to spend a little private time beside the river with a beer and a smoke, after the customers are fed and entertained.

### ODE TO BEER

Here I sit, while golden minutes flit.  
Alas! They pass unheeded by;  
And, as they fly, I, being dry,  
Sit idly sipping here my beer.

O, finer far than fame or riches are,  
The graceful smoke wreaths of this cigar.  
Why should I weep, wail, or sigh?  
What if luck has passed me by?  
What if my hopes are dead, my pleasures fled?  
Have I not still, my fill of right good cheer, cigars and beer?

Go whining youth! Forsooth!  
Go! Weep and wail, sigh and go pale!  
Weave melancholy rhymes on the old times,  
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear -  
But leave to me my beer!

Gold is dross. Love is dross.  
So if I should choose to gulp my sorrows down,  
And see them drown,  
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown -  
Then! Do I wear the crown, without bearing the cross.

George Arnold 1834 - 1865

I feel like in this article I have really beat my own drum. A lot! For those of you that also feel like I have, "I have meant it in the best of ways." Truly! I hope it has been interesting to you and perhaps some food for thought. Happy guiding!





# Rubber Rafting Redux

by C. V. Abyssus

In the Spring 1997 issue of *The Confluence*, John Weisheit mentioned that John Charles Frémont used the first rubber boat for whitewater navigation in 1842 (4:1, p.22). Michele Reaume gave us more details in the Summer 1997 issue, noting that Frémont and six other members negotiated the North Platte River on the 5' by 20' raft (4:2, pp.30-31).

A longer, more detailed account appeared in *American West* (March/April 1984, 21:2, pp.26-35). Entitled "Rubber Rafting Western Rivers--Yesterday and Today," Peter Skafte quoted Frémont and German cartographer Charles Preuss from their accounts of this now historic voyage. "Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of the fall, which whirled her over in an instant" (Frémont, *Memoirs of My Life*, 1877, p.157). "Frémont and his men, some of them half naked, had to walk out of the canyon and down to Goat Island," but not before Basil Lajeunesse "had fearlessly jumped back into the raft after the disaster and continued paddling over these drops alone, looking for lost equipment" (Skafte, "Rubber Rafting," p.33-34).

In 1983, David Nevin wrote a fictionalized biography of Frémont, *Dream West*. A three-part mini-series of the same name, based on the book, aired April 13-15, 1986 on CBS and starred Richard Chamberlain. Luckily, film participant and whitewater enthusiast Richard Bangs' article, "Flipping Out" or "CBS Rafts the Colorado," appeared in *Outside* magazine (April 1986, 11:4, pp.19-20) prior to the TV show, and this author was able to videotape the action sequence.

According to Bangs, the capsized was to close the first episode of the series—instead it opened the second, shortly after the flag-planting on the summit of Frémont Peak. Approximately ten minutes long, this sequence purports to show the first-ever rubber raft in rapids. Frémont Canyon's whitewater, on the North Platte River in southeastern Wyoming, was not dramatic enough for the producers, so they chose the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in December as a suitable substitute. Veteran river runner and stunt man Breck O'Neill "recruited five middle-aged former river guides to film the scene" (Bangs, 1986, "Flipping Out," p.20). [Please see accompanying photograph.]

Beginning on an alpine stream, the background quickly moves from pines to tamarisk as they run Grand Canyon whitewater. It's fun and a challenge to identify the rapids, spliced and edited into the longest stretch of whitewater in the West. Included, in no particular order, are: Paria, Badger, Soap Creek, Sockdolager, Granite, Hermit, Crystal, and Lave Falls. It was one heck of a ride. As Frémont may have said, "it sure was a daisy-cutter while it lasted!" (Nevin, 1983, *Dream West*, p.144).

Unsuccessful attempts to flip the raft in Granite and Hermit led to two **INTENTIONAL CAPSIZES IN**

**CRYSTAL!** Later, three takes of the Lava Falls float and swim transpired on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of December--water temperature about 40°F, air temperature about 31°F. This even became the cover story, featuring a "freezing" Chamberlain, for a supermarket tabloid, although attempts to rediscover the issue have thus far evaded this author.

Director Al "Giddings, who has filmed in Antarctica, claimed:

'This is the coldest sustained period of time I've ever experienced.' Richard Mula, Gidding's camera technician, who helped film the under-the-ice scenes on Gidding's series, 'Ocean Quest,' said, 'We used to say, 'Life's a bitch, then you go to Antarctica, then you die.' But now it's got to be, 'Life's a bitch, then you go to Antarctica, then you raft the Colorado in December, then you die.'"

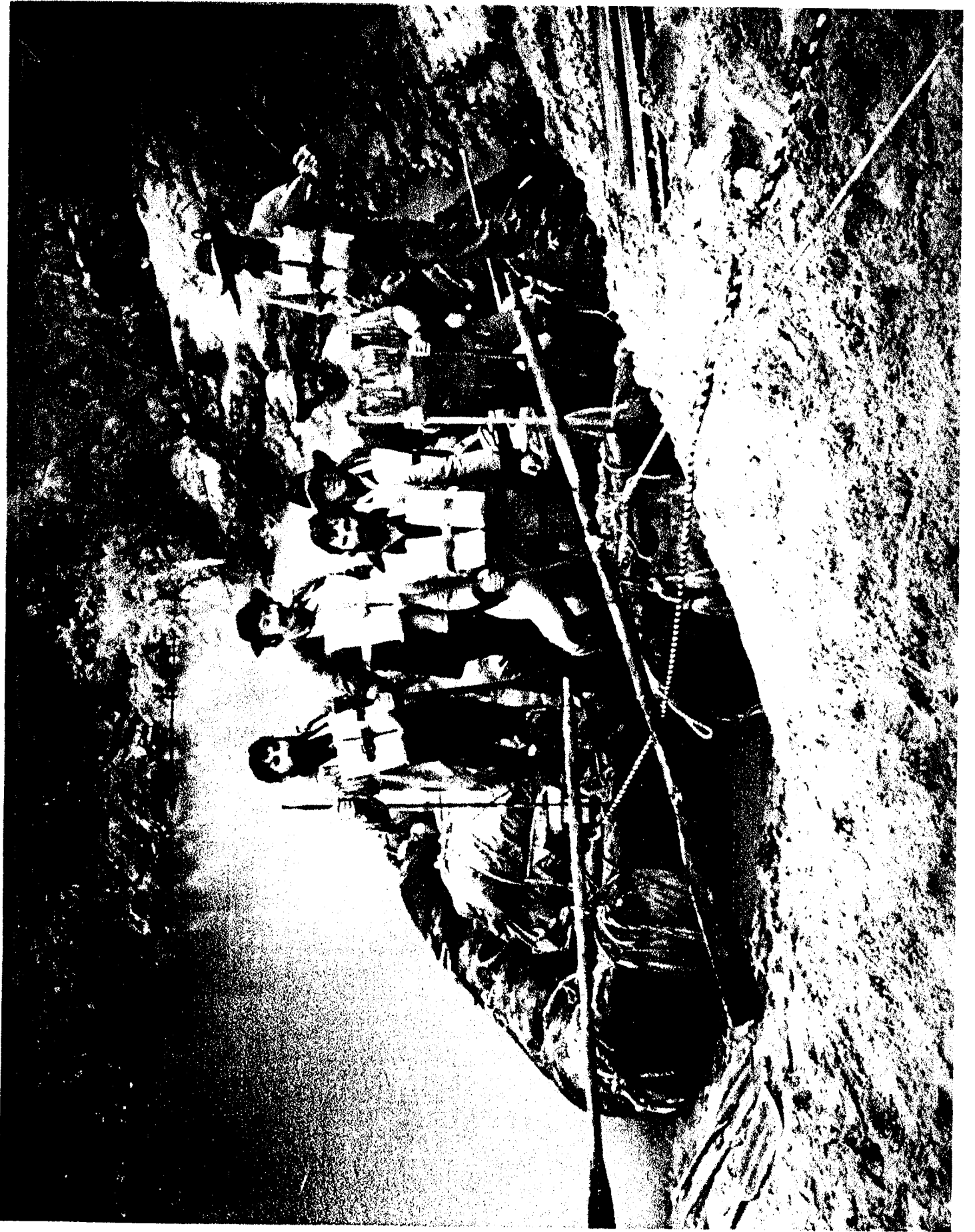
**Photo caption for the next page:** "Middle-aged Former River Guides." Left to Right: friend of Breck's, Richard Bangs, Pete Reznick, Breck O'Neill, Ross Garrison, Bart Henderson (playing "air-paddle"). Photograph, and permission to use, by Richard Bangs.



## A River Guide Story

by Jim Strong

It was a quick response that got me into trouble. It happened on a one-day trip on the Colorado River between the put-in on the river and the take-out six hours later. One lady passenger paid no attention to the amazing red rock country through which we passed and seemed unaware of the great river on which we floated. Both the day and the water were calm, letting the sunlight shimmer on the peaceful water of the moving river. As we floated silently along it was a bit of Paradise to me, far removed from the rat race of the cities and hurly burly congestion of the working world. I was so impressed that I shipped my oars placing the handles under my knees so I could lean down on them. Cupping my chin in my hands I literally breathed in the view. As I looked at the massive rock wall, the beach, and the water ahead, peaceful and smooth as glass in a place over which my raft would soon pass, I was momentarily mesmerized by what I saw and felt. The thrill and beauty of the moment was overpowering. In honesty and sincerity I said to the lady, "Damn, isn't this river a beautiful sight?" Turning toward me she stiffened as she replied, "I beg your pardon. Don't you know this is a church group?" "Oh,, hell no, I didn't know that," I hastily replied. Her face grew stem as she looked at me, certainly an uncouth oaf, a poor yokel who didn't know any better. She put her nose in the air, jauntily turned away and never spoke to me again.



# Hetch Hetchy and Glen Canyon

## Can We Evaluate America's Progress of the 20th Century In Time for the 21st?

by Dusty Simmons

The word *progress* has been instilled in the minds of Americans continuously throughout the twentieth century. The men who have sold progress to the American people have succeeded in doing so by telling the public what they want to hear and selling them what they want to buy. Those who have lobbied for and made critical decisions about two major western water projects were extremely talented salesmen intent on filling personal agendas at moral and ethical costs.

Americans desire certain fundamentals in life such as: security for themselves and their families, good physical health, and economic growth. Water developers know this and it is what they sell. When the public hears "Progress!, Cheap electricity!, More crops for food!, Cheap water, Economic growth!," like sheep, they follow these promises. These salesmen's words are supported by well-aimed propaganda. Citizens cast their votes supporting public representatives who create environmental monsters in the form of hydroelectric projects without looking back or thinking ahead.

Two examples of modern progress occurred at the cost of things sacred and beautiful: the inundation of Hetch Hetchy Valley in California and Glen Canyon in Utah by reservoirs. After 1913, Hetch Hetchy Valley would be known as Lake Eleanor. After 1963 Glen Canyon would be known as Lake Powell. Both projects held stark contrasts and unprecedented parallels to one another.

High in the Sierra Mountains of California, within one of the nation's most beloved parks, Yosemite, is a symbol of early progress: the man-made reservoir Lake Eleanor. This reservoir represents a great deal to the human spirit and what atrocities towards the environment of which we were capable. How easily we drowned our hopes, dreams, and the very food our hearts and souls need to survive. To some, Lake Eleanor reservoir represented progress—a means to sustain the population of a city in a time of need. To others, the dam represented the death of a valley and its friend and activist John Muir (John Muir Life and Work).

John Muir was a simple man who fought the bureaucratic system and their word *Progress*, for what was ethically right and wrong. He dared to ask questions nobody else did: "Was it for the dollar? Was it for cheap electricity? Was it an impending need for the U. S. to have a strong populated west coast? At what cost would western progress prevail?" (John Muir Life and Work).

Before 1913, one could walk through a piece of heaven, carpeted with lush grasses, cradled by sugar pines, and protected by glacial-polished cliffs. These green meadows were named "Hetch Hetchy" by the Ahwahneechees who collected the valley's grasses to weave their baskets. Hetch Hetchy was fed by the Tuolumne River, which tumbled out of the Sierra's and brought the breath of life to the valley.

Perversely, this same river would end up killing its own valley.

By 1901, citizens of San Francisco began to view the river in economic terms. They asked, "What can the river do for us?" They saw an answer to the city's water supply problem that would pay for itself with cheap hydroelectric power. The project to dam the Tuolumne River at Hetch Hetchy set social precedents in environmental decision-making for the century. It had attracted powerful backers such as Gifford Pinchot, head of the U.S. Forest Service; Franklin Lane, Secretary of the Interior and ex-San Francisco city official; California congressmen; and numerous San Francisco City authorities and developers. Left to be the voice of the valley was John Muir, President of the Sierra Club, who led the opposition along with fellow wilderness advocates (Hetch Hetchy Discussion Notes).

By 1913, the U.S. Senate voted in favor of the dam—a decade of struggle for wilderness had ended. The public supported the project on the grounds of economic development, cheap water, and cheap power. Hetch Hetchy would be buried under three hundred feet of water, but would not be forgotten. It set a precedent for water battles to come, namely Glen Canyon in the late 1950s (Hetch Hetchy Hearing). Muir and the Sierra Club were the stereotypical "little guys" who were not wealthy or politically powerful, but were driven by ethics to protect natural things because they are holy and deserve human protection (John Muir Life and Work).

Glen Canyon located in the heart of the southwest desert would face a tragically similar situation to Hetch Hetchy almost fifty years later. This Eden of smooth sandstone walls, brilliant hanging gardens, and moving water would find its fate in the hands of western developers and politicians by mid-1950. The Colorado and San Juan rivers, that gave life to this canyon, would back up and drown that which it had created with time and patience.

In the 1950s, America was experiencing the "good ole' days" which would turn political eyes inward. These same eyes had seen the Colorado River before and had proven to the world that it could be harnessed with concrete and steel. It could happen again. The place for the next project would be between Glen Canyon and the Marble Canyon. Here a concrete wall would back water up 186 miles, drowning a landscape that took millions of years to create. The Colorado and San Juan rivers would bury their own canyons in a grave of silt and water to be called Lake Powell. The dam was authorized by Congress on April 11, 1956 (Cadillac Desert).

This time the canyon was not alone in its fight for freedom. Glen Canyon had thousands of citizens on its side unlike Hetch Hetchy in 1913. Slowly, we as a nation were becoming aware of how progress could effect the environment. Leading the fight was David Brower, who like his Sierra Club predecessor Muir, had no personal agenda to fill. His compassion and acknowledgment of right and wrong made him the canyon's voice. He believed that the freedom of the Colorado River through Glen Canyon was imperative to the primitive fish, the herons, and every other precious being who called the sandstone walls home.

In a ghostly familiar tone, the fight for Glen Canyon was lost. In June 17, 1960 the first bucket of concrete was poured.

The developers again won asking, "What can the river do for us?" Entangled in a system of democracy, another river had lost its freedom and a canyon was inundated. History again repeated itself in a manner that is disturbing to the heart and should raise important questions in the minds of each American. Why did money and big government win ethical struggles with the common person? Our nation will intervene in the name of democracy in other nation's affairs if personal liberties are being oppressed. Yet, this same political system will wring every drop of freedom from free-flowing rivers in the name of progress and greed.

Supporters of Lake Powell should have analyzed their decisions more closely and learned from the mistakes of San Francisco when they dammed Hetch Hetchy. In 1913 and 1956, the nation considered progress in the form of concrete and cheap power. In the later part of the century, however, we would be evaluating that issue to the core. In 1987 Secretary of the Interior, Donald Hodel, suggested Hetch Hetchy be drained and restored to its natural state (Hetch Hetchy Discussion Notes). The idea stirred emotions for a short time, but proved the nation was not quite ready for the concept.

Ten years later on October 8, 1997 the public would be tested again. This time by a non-profit organization the Glen Canyon Institute, whose mission is "To provide leadership in re-establishing the free-flow of the Colorado River through a restored Glen Canyon." The grassroot organization's planned citizen's Environmental Assessment puts forth the idea of draining Lake Powell reservoir (Requirements for Successful Implementation of the Plan for Action).

Ironically, the ghost-like similarities between the circumstances of Hetch Hetchy and Glen Canyon keep surfacing. In 1913, the inundation of a green valley in California was know by many as the act that put wilderness preservation in some American's minds. Now eighty-five years later, as the nation moves toward a new millennium, it is a reservoir and its submerged canyons that is putting wilderness on the public agenda. As the debate continues the public is finding itself assigning tangible values to measure such things as aesthetics.

Draining Lake Powell reservoir may not happen soon, if ever, but the fact that a number of people are contemplating it shows how far we have come in eighty-five years. The values of aesthetics and wilderness are becoming increasingly more important for us to determine. The restoration of a canyon and its river may be the most valued energy the human spirit craves.



John Muir. Library of Congress.

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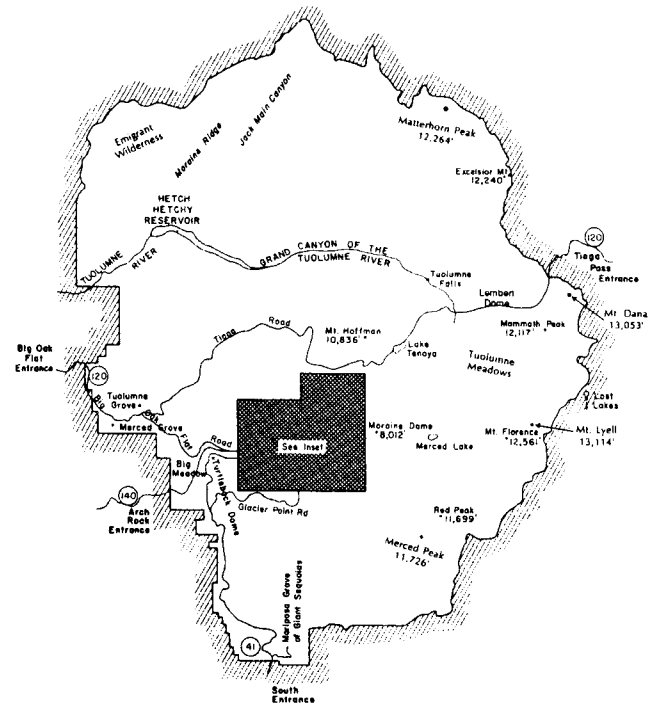
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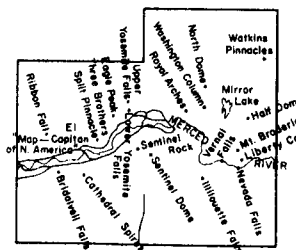
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## YOSEMITE VALLEY



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# Why I Left the Outfitting Business

by "Bob Parker"  
As told to Earl Perry

When the wind freshened, the sound of the first rapid carried upstream to our camp. This put me in mind of the Big Drop. I would have to take us through it tomorrow. It was not clear how I would do this; the water was very high, and I was brooding about contingencies. What would happen if the motor quit? Or a big piece of driftwood jammed the prop? If we had to swim? The right center of Big Drop 2 was given over to a hole called Little Niagara. Offset to the left of it was an enormous wave called the Red Wall. These two hydraulics blocked the center 90% of the river. They had been capsizing boats bigger than mine for the last 2 weeks, as the Colorado rose to its crest. Thinking about this, I had no appetite, only a dismal integration of memory and imagination. Bob was watching me over his beer.

"You know, Earl," said Bob reflectively, "I've decided to do it. I'm going to come out as a Lesbian. On this very trip. These women that like women, maybe you've heard of them? I like women myself. QED." He lit a cigarette.

"Hard to fault them for that," I said. "I like them too."

"O for God's sake, Bob," said his brother Richard. "Come out as a Lesbian? What's Vicki going to say?"

Bob thought about this for a moment. "Well, based on what I read, I already do to Vicki a lot of the stuff us Lesbians are supposed to do to each other, an' some of it, she likes it just fine, an' some of it, hell, she REALLY likes it. I don't suppose there'll be much of a problem there."

"Well, Dad," said his son Shawn, "It's the contents, not the container. I just want you to know that I accept you. The new you. But what are we supposed to call you now you've outed yourself?"

"Bobette?" I suggested. "We could call him Lorrie for short."

"I HATE the name Lorrie," said Bob. "SO tacky and trucklike, and just utterly alien to my new, sylph-like self." He smiled from deep inside his patchy beard. He arched a scarred, calloused rancher's little finger out from his COORS can, as if sipping from a porcelain teacup. There was a sudden, small reality warp, and just for the moment, this big, grizzled rancher looked femme. But when I focussed on him, the illusion dispelled, leaving a residue of more than 6 feet of somewhat drunk male wreathed in cigarette smoke.

"Bob, you're an idiot," said his brother.

"To be more precise," said Bob carefully, "I am The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob. That's my name of choice for my new, throbbing honest self."

"Well," I said happily, "You'll be needing a symbol that will be the shorthand for 'The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob.' You can't expect us to spell it out all the time in your personals ads. How about a scissors rampant, addressed as to the base of a sausage-like object? Says what needs to be said, connotes what needs to be connoted."

"Earl," said The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob, "I find this kind of coarseness painful. Inexpressibly painful."

"Well, Idiot Formerly Known As Bob," said Richard, "How about a hieroglyphic representation of the Ginshu Penis Mincer? Nobody could possibly find THAT coarse or tasteless. After all, we've seen it ... on National TV."

A gust of wind ruffled upriver. The undertone of sound from the distant rapid swelled to a roar. I pushed some food around my plate. It seemed likely that I could not get the boat down the left side of Big Drop 2. And even if I did, there were two unpleasant possibilities. It would then either be in the worst possible position for Satan's Gut, which lay below at the end of a wilderness of meta-Grand-Canyon waves, or it would go into that eddy over there on the left. One of the young boatmen who had righted his capsized J-rig in that eddy—it took eight people and two 6:1 Z-drags, once he could *find* his people—had tried to motor out of it once he got himself and his motor and his people back together. He told me about it. He was seeing sky up past the bow; a whirlpool had opened up in that eddy behind him that was so big it stood that 22-footer on end. I looked off downstream toward the recollected rapid.

"You know, Earl," said The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob, gathering my attention, "I wasn't always the artfully slim creature you see across the campfire. I wasn't even the small-time gentleman rancher and big-time medical expert witness who came on this trip in the first place, not always." He hacked out a cloud of tobacco smoke. "No, Earl, I used to be an outfitter. Not a guide like you, an outfitter. A distinction as well as a difference. But I quit. Years ago. Couldn't take it."

"Couldn't take it?" I asked dispiritedly. The Boatman's Annals claimed that you had to try for that left-hand run; the right side didn't open up until there was more water in the river. So it was said.

"No, I couldn't. And there was one guy that was responsible for me quitting. Ol' Harve."

"You know, Idiot Formerly Known As Bob, it's a little hard for me to think that this Harve guy could drive you out of the business. Did he sue you?" I asked.

I wasn't really interested in Ol' Harve. I was still thinking. The Boatman's Annals held only one story about a rig that had centered Little Niagara at this level and made it. One of Sheri Griffith's boatmen had had the motor flung right off the transom in Big Drop 1, just upstream. It was on an 8-foot chain. That motor went as down as it could, and in its new career as a sea anchor it spun that J-rig around and hauled that boat backwards through the raging center—right over the top of Little Niagara. Upright and through. However, the other boatman in the pair, seeing his buddy's motor lost and the general commotion in the lead rig, had gone after him and dumped his chase boat end for end. Pitchpoled it. Much loss. Much damage. Much work. Good story. I called to mind another Big Drop 2 story: that time one of John Cross's boys hit the center in a 33-footer with outrigger tubes, and it ruptured 19 of the 20 tubes in the rig. Hell of a good story: 15 or 16 people clinging to the one remaining inflated chamber amidst all the flapping rags of neoprene and bent metal,

booming down through rapid after rapid clear to Lake Powell. My own stories were not quite so impressive, but they were good enough, as boatman stories went. I didn't want another, not even a great one, to go into the Annals tomorrow. Thinking about it, my chest tightened, and I felt like I couldn't draw a breath. By that curious link between memory and sensation, I was suddenly again in a very bad swim in the Upper Box Canyon of the Rio Grande 20 years ago, being held under, being held under longer and longer, same locked throat, same panicked desperation near the apex of the high arch of the diaphragm. I used some pranic breathing to settle myself down.

"Sue me?" Bob was saying. He was looking sharply at me. "Oh hell no. Not old Harve. About the nicest dude I ever had. Sue me? Harve woulda never thought of that in a million years. No, he done his best to be the best hunter he could."

"Yeah," continued The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob. "I got him through the Division of Wildlife. They had all our names on their lists, and he picked me at random. Or maybe not so random. Kind of a fateful quality to it, now I come to think of it. But he wanted to hunt elk. Nothing would do but what he comes out from upstate New York, an' hunts elk."

"So I told him, 'Well, Harve, I usually take about 6 or 8 guys in and set 'em out in spike camps,' an' he said he'd cover it all, he wanted his own hunt. So I prayed the DOW'd never find out what I was charging him, an' I took him onto ol' Kelly's ranch."

"Not ol' John Kelly's ranch?" inquired his son. "Where you stopped the charge of that herd of elk with a Browning 9mm?"

"Well, Shawn, it wasn't quite exactly like that." He turned to me and explained. "I was takin' this kid out hunting elk. Fatherless kid, you know? Anyway, the rut was on, an' I figured 'What the hell,' so I give him a piece of rotten garden hose to bugle with."

"Well, by god if the kid wasn't a natural. Could be that his voice was cracking. But he'd squeak an' holler down that tube, and the bulls was jist maddened by it. So anyway, I found us a herd, an' that kid bugled 'em up, and we slipped up this sage arroyo til I figured we was right in 'em. I could hear that bull ripping around. So I whispered to him, 'Kid, give him another one, a quiet one,' an' he squeaked that man-boy voice into that rotten hose, an' that was it!"

"Well, I'd poked my head up as he give that last call, an' there was the bull, not 30 yards away. He was furious. Pawing the ground, eyes bulging, horning a bush, slathered in mud and bullpiss, throat swollen and thrust out and curving up, big bull hardon jutting forward, absolutely crazy with rage that some upstart 3- or 4-point was right smack in the middle of his herd bugling with his puny insolent adolescent squeak-whistle, an' he couldn't even find the little bastard and thrash him." Bob stands up on the other side of the campfire, wobbling a bit from all the beer, and peers furiously around, neck thrust forward. I can't believe it. For a moment the Cedar Mesa Sandstone, the Elephant Canyon Formation, the Honaker Trail Formation and the Paradox Halites vanish, the whole of that vast desert canyon is gone and there, where a

moment before we had been at the head of Cataract Canyon, is an infuriated bull elk.

Very quietly I muttered to myself, "What in the hell is going on here?" and looked at the others to see if they'd seen it too. Everyone was looking at Bob, a little strangely, but I couldn't tell what they'd seen and what they hadn't. Suddenly I remembered that in hunting societies, visions are normal; it's only after agriculture sets in that we get priestcraft, kings, cops, and mental wards for the seers.

"Right then," continued Bob, "Is when the kid says to me, with his voice cracking up and down and carrying like a megaphone, he says, 'Mr. Parker? Was that last call OK?'"

"That herd unseamed itself. There was elk going every which way, including about 10 cows coming straight for me an' the kid. I pulled my Browning Hi-Power and started sluicin' shells through it, trying to turn 'em, but all it did was make 'em even more upset. Them female elk was hysterical; no other word for it. The kid is trying to get off a shot at the bull, actually a whole bunch of shots, but those cows kept coming. Finally I pulled the kid down into the bottom of the arroyo, threw myself down on top of him, an' tried to sink right down into the earth. Them cow elk jist lifted right over us. Floated over. Kicked a bunch a dirt all over us, too. So anyway, when it all settled down, I told the kid that last call had been jist fine, an' we looked for blood and didn't find any. Got him one the next day. But anyway, that's the truth, an' I don't see that you can say from that, that I stopped the charge of a herd of elk with a Browning 9mm. They didn't stop worth a shit an' they sure didn't turn."

"Well, anyway," said Shawn, "I remember Kelly's place from when I was really little. He had the mules? The giant mules? I remember when I heard about elephants, thinking they'd have to be as big as those mules."

"Yeah," said The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob. "Ol' Kelly, he had him four molly mules. Not less than 2200 pounds apiece, which you know a regular saddle horse, it's about 1200 pounds. An' them mules, they hated me. Purely hated me. They'd see me walk up, an' the row of 'em would lay back their ears, and real slow they'd all turn their heads, an' they'd all bare their teeth at me."

"An' if I took one step closer, *one step*, each one of them molly mules, she'd cock her left leg up an' ready." Suddenly and somehow The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob leaned forward, peered venomously back over his left shoulder at us, and cocked his left leg up. Reality warp again. For an instant there was a moment of the purest weird. There stood a massive row of malevolent molly mules, huge as Clydesdales, ears back, left legs cocked, rictus of great peg-like muleteeth bared. I shook my head to clear my sight, wondering if that crap about flashbacks they gave us 30 years ago wasn't mythic after all. There stood Bob again.

"Maybe if you'd come out sooner," muttered his brother, "Them molly mules might have accepted you as one of their own."

"Well, Ol' Kelly's place was crawling with elk, jist crawling with them. An' I soon found out there was not

gonna be any leavin' Ol' Harve in a spike camp. There was no way I could jist outfit him in an' leave him. Like it or not, I was gonna guide him. Now don't git me wrong, he'd done his best. Whatever you kin git from books, he'd got. He'd even learned the names a the birds—I mean, you know me, there's buzzard, redbird, magpie, an' camp robber, an' that's my life list. Ol' Harve, he knew 'em all."

"An' the trees, too. You take a rancher like me, there's black timber, quakies, and willers. As in, 'Keep them cows outta the goddam willers, boy!'" He pointed across the Colorado, to a riparian stand of hackberry, boxelder, Fremont cottonwood, tamarisk, coyote willow, and sandbar willow. "See 'em over there? Willers. Well, Ol' Harve, he'd studied up on 'em til he knew blue spruce and douglas-fir and Englemann spruce and prostrate juniper and Rocky Mountain juniper and what the hell not. You could tell he purely loved to learn 'em, an' he loved to see 'em in their native habitat. Trees! Bunch a damned trees!"

"Well, I took one look at Ol' Harve, an' got out my mildest horse, and shortened up the stirrups. About 5'4" or 5'5", about 280. He was about the age you and I are now, late 40s, crowding 50. And a rider! O my god. I got to regretting later I didn't put some thigh straps on the saddle skirts to try to hold him on."

"I got him up to camp an' off that horse, which he was not bad at getting off of, having fallen off it at least 5 times on the way in. The first herd we saw, we were walking through a stand of quakies, and I seen the antlers of the herd bull standing up behind a bush. Well, this hunting off your own feet; I stand foursquare with Elmer Keith."

"Elmer Keith didn't think much of his own feet?" I asked.

"O hell no. Not Elmer, an' not me. He was the one said a good horse could add 30 years to a man's hunting life. But anyway," continued Bob, "I pointed out that bull, and there stood Ol' Harve, aimin' right at that bull not over 50 yards away, pulling on that trigger til I thought he'd bend it. An' that old Mauser not going off and not going off. So I leaned over and whispered, 'Harve. Safety.' But by then that bull cleared out."

"So a day or two later, there we are in another herd. I'd give him a talk about buck fever, how it could happen to anybody, how you breathed your way through it, all that, an' he'd decided that was it for safeties. Never trust 'em again. From now on, he was hunting open bolt. So there he stood, looking at a bull elk near as big as good quarterhorse stock, hauling away on that trigger til I thought he'd bust it off. So I leaned over an' I hissed, 'Harve. Close the bolt.'"

"He looks over at me an' gives me a big grateful smile, nods hard, very serious, closes the bolt on that Mauser, an' the elk are gone. And that's it for that year. I give him the buck fever talk again an' took him back to Stapleton airport, feeling pretty bad that I hadn't been able to get him one, but he tells me it was the time of his life, he'd always wanted to hunt elk in Colorado, an' he sure as hell had. Just seein' em was one of the most wonderful things that ever happened in his life. He hadn't killed, but he sure as hell had hunted, an' he was happy."

"Hard not to like a guy like that," I said.

"Like him? Why, I'm tellin' you he was about the best dude I ever had," said Bob fervently.

"So he calls me up that winter, an' wants to come back, an' I give him the choice of hunting Kelly's again, or packin' him up into the Rawahs, and of course he chooses the wilderness. Same deal. I pick him up at Stapleton, Mauser and all, and the next morning I got him on the new FJ saddle, an'...."

"Idiot Formerly Known As Bob, you're gonna have to lighten up with the technical terms. What is an FJ saddle?"

"Why, Earl, it's a Fat Jew saddle. Got it special made up special for him when I knew he was comin' back."

I was startled.

"Well, anyway," continues The Idiot Formerly Known As Bob, "We was riding through a stand of quakies up near Shipman Park, an' by god if we didn't find ourselves in the middle of another herd bedded down in the aspen. There was the antlers of the herd bull, polished tips gleaming, sticking up high as a sapling. I motioned Harve to get down."

"He swung his foot back and whacked it right into a quakie. Even Old Plugly got startled by that. I'm not saying Ol' Plugly bucked him, or even jumped. That was not Ol' Plugly's way. It was more like the horse just walked out from under him. Anyway, he landed on his back, 'Whump,' an' lay there bright blue."

"Bright blue? What in hell are you talking about, Bob?"

"At first I thought it was some kind of a ceremonial religious thing with him, like with the ancient Picts, but later I figured it was jist ordinary hypoxia. But how that man would try, Earl, how he would try. Some nights I'd hear him in his tent, gasping for breath, but he never said a word. Nope, there was no way Ol' Harve was gonna holler 'nuff,' not when he was hunting elk."

"Anyway, I reached down and pulled him up to his feet. I'd learned my lesson, maybe, an' I'd been carrying his Mauser for him, so I pulled it out of the scabbard. Somehow them elk were still milling around, and that bull with them."

"You can be sure I closed that bolt, and made double sure the safety was off. I handed it to him and whispered, 'Harve. She's all ready. Bolt closed, safety off.'"

"He grabbed that rifle, an' swung it jist like this." Bob stood up swaying, drunk, and swung an imaginary rifle just past my face. Damned reality distortion again; suddenly the long barrel and the crown of the muzzle were traversing my face. There was eternity in that gun muzzle. I started to duck to one side.

"Yeah," said Bob, "Jist what I done myself, and a damned good thing, too. It went off when it was right about here." He indicated a gunbarrel a few inches in front of his face, offset slightly to one side.

"So there I was, deaf, couldn't see outta one eye, face burning from an implant of fresh gunpowder, an' he says, '\_\_\_\_\_'." Bob mouths something which even in the gathering dusk I can lipread as "Sorry."

"An' poor Ol' Harve, he gives me that nervous little smile. I carry some of that powder of his in my cheek to this day. Anyway, that was the end of his hunt, an' when I could ride



an' drive I run him back down to Stapleton, him apologizing all the way."

"Well, sure enough, he calls the next year, an' hell, I really liked the guy, so I offered him Kelly's or the Rawahs, an' of course he chose the high country, despite not being in any better shape, or having a shape, really, other than a butterball. He shows up with his brand new rifle, this Sako .300 Weatherby Magnum, which if we was in Norway they'd pronounce it Sako. I figure it had to be the only one in upstate New York; that's shotgun country there. When they let you have a gun at all. An' he's as proud of that new iron as a man can be. Hell, he's as proud of it as a *kid* can be."

"So up we went, him on the FJ saddle an' up closer to 300 pounds this year an' starting to blue up at about 9000 feet, an' us with a camp at 11000, an' me worrying about how I'm going to pack him out if he gets anoxic."

"Well, feet or no feet, I'd given up hunting with Ol' Harve from horseback, an' by now I wasn't an outfitter an' I wasn't a guide, I was a gunbearer, so I was toting that beautiful new Sako for him, an' sure enough, we walked right smack into the middle of them, all bedded in a stand of quakies. Whole herd.

Just beautiful. An' there was the herd bull, not 40 yards away, and somehow confused enough not to spook." Bob lights up another, pops a can of beer. I can see the herd in the flicker of quavery gold chiaroscuro in the quakies. There is that shimmering undersea quality of an aspen grove in a breeze at the peak of color. The elk musk is rich, almost overwhelming. For the moment I am IN the herd. Apparently Bob has powers.

"I handed him that Sako, all ready, and he throws down on that bull. I was all set to unlimber my kill pack with the rope an' the saws and the knives an' the stuff. Why hell, Earl, I was even figuring how to persuade Ol' John Kelly to handle them savage lady mules for the packout, so's I wouldn't have to come within 10 yards of them vicious bitches."

"Ol' Harve hauls back on that trigger like in a tug-of-war. Really snatches at it. So hard he pulls the point of impact up about 30 inches at 40 yards. That magnum blaster goes off like the crack of doom, and burns that bull right across the top of the shoulders. Well, that elk is STILL confused; now he's looking around for the wasp that stung him. An' Ol' Harve remembers to work the bolt, an' doesn't even short-cycle it on that damned 5-inch cartridge."

"Now, Ol' Harve was something of a klutz. Or did I tell you that before? Anyway, maybe he was still embarrassed about nearly blowing my head off the year before, or maybe who knows why, buck fever or something. Anyway, he had a clear second shot, but nothing will do but that he takes a step forward partway in front of me. And trips, flat on his face. Whump. And plunges the barrel of that brand-new Sako right into the bog, 18 inches deep."

"He stands up, looks back at me, and gives me that great big smile of his. There's big breast prints of bog mud on his shirt, and his face is dripping rich black peat. But this is it. He's been hunting 3 years to reach this moment. Somehow that bull is still standing there, looking for what stung his withers. And Ol' Harve's a lot quicker than I give him credit

for, or maybe I'm a bit paralyzed. Time kind of congeals when there's a disaster coming, you know?"

We nodded. It sure does.

"He gets that rifle back to his shoulder and fires that second shot before I even move. And he blows the whole front end of that magnificent new Sako right off. Shrapnel everywhere. An Ol' Harve standing there looking a little apologetic, still smiling back at me, still dripping, looking a little stunned, with what's left of his barrel looking a little like a blue-black flower."

"And I'm standing there asking myself, 'Why aren't I dead? Why aren't I dead?'"

"Well, he called me back the next winter and told me he'd had an m.i...."

"M.I.?"

"Myocardial infarction. What they always call a massive heart attack. Anyway, he wasn't coming back. Matter of fact, he was under doctor's orders to stay in town. But he wanted me to know the trips with me had been the high point of his life. Even though he could never come back and his days as a Colorado elk hunter were done forever, he was going to send his friends to me. He knew I'd do right by them."

"Well, it took me a second or so to get myself together so's I could say it, but I told him, 'Harve, I'm sorry, but I've got out of the business. I'm a rancher now. Got a little cow-calf business going.' An' I gave him a name or two for his friends, and that was the last I ever heard of him. Now as a practical matter, they'll usually hang on through the winter, and go on a nice spring day, so I don't really suppose he made it through the summer. But I like to think he lasted til September, when the rut's on and the aspen have turned, when the light slants and the air is edged with the early frosts. Whatever else he might have been, he was an elk hunter."

We sat for a while. The breeze turned downstream, carrying off most of the noise of the rapid. In the rustle of the boxelder leaves in camp the rest of the sound of the rapid was absorbed.

I went off to my bag, thinking, "Hell, there's a run on the right, and if there's anyone that can find it, I can. I'm not El Viejo del Rio for nothing. A few more of these trips, and I'll be El Brujo. Because it's for me, too. Whatever else I might be, I'm a boatman. I can put a 10-ft boat through a 10-ft slot at 20 knots in one of the nastiest rapids on the continent. Those young boatmen in the upper camp who've already swum that set of rapids a couple times this year. And made their people swim 'em. They're the ones that are queasy tonight. And they've got every right to be." Soon I heard Bob shuffle off to his tent. He made night noises for a while, and I saw him light another cigarette. Then he started to cough. Soon the cough changed and deepened, and he was gagging, retching, harder and harder. Gasping for air. Racking spasms, the kind that turn you inside out. At last he subsided, and I heard him get into the tent and go to bed.

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# The Confluence's "Lost" Stanton Inscription.

## Or Is It?

by Jim Knipmeyer

On May 25, 1889, six boats and sixteen men embarked from Green River Station, Utah, to make a preliminary survey and examination for a railroad route from Grand Junction, Colorado, to the Gulf of California and San Diego by way of the Colorado River. The plan was to float down the Green River to its mouth and there tie in with the railroad survey which had already been brought down the Grand (now the Colorado) River to the junction of the two streams by Frank C. Kendrick from March 28 to May 4 of that same year.

Among the sixteen members of the expedition were Frank M. Brown, president of the envisioned Denver, Colorado Canon and Pacific Railroad, and Robert B. Stanton, the chief engineer. The survey trip is commonly associated with Stanton, however, since he was in charge of the day-to-day operations, while Brown was merely a passenger, albeit a very interested one, no doubt.

The story of the "Stanton" inscription at The Confluence seems to have had its beginning with the Kolb brothers' Green and Colorado River boat trip of 1911-12. In Ellsworth's journal entry for October 26, he states, "...I crossed to East side of Green and painted our name on a rock and took a photo of Stanton's record etc. also our boats at the Junction." That was all. In his book Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico, published later in 1914, he adds, "... we found a record of Stanton's survey on a fallen boulder, an inscription reading 'A81+50, Sta. D.C.C. & P.R.R ...'" No date was included.

Colorado River historian Otis R. "Dock" Marston took up the story in an article that he did about the Stanton expedition for The Colorado Magazine in the fall of 1969. He pointed out that during Haldane "Buzz" Holmstrom's solo voyage from Green River, Wyoming, to Hoover Dam in 1937 and his retracing of the trip with Amos Burg in 1938, he made extensive notes on his Geological Survey maps of the region. An arrow pointing to the northeast side of the Green River, and in the forks between the Green and Colorado, is accompanied by the caption "Stanton Survey mark." But the Holmstrom journals make no mention of this detail and no reference appears in Burg's record. Holmstrom had undoubtedly heard of the inscription from the Kolb's journals and book, which he used extensively for guidance on his own first trip.

Still later searches by other river runners and interested parties, also found no trace of this "lost" Stanton inscription. Marston surmised that it had probably been put on with keel,

which is surveyor's crayon, or paint on the boulder, and that weathering had since removed it.

To seemingly complicate matters, a "second" inscription was later found at The Confluence. Eugene C. LaRue of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation left Moab, Utah, in the late summer of 1914 to inspect the drilling operations for a proposed dam on the Colorado River directly below the mouth of the Green River. The next day LaRue noted an inscription cut into a boulder on the right bank of the Colorado River and a short distance below the mouth of the Green. In his notebook he gave the markings as:

Sta. 8489+5  
D.C.C. & P.R.R.  
May 4, 1889

and also made a small sketch showing the location. Near the base of the boulder he, or a member of his party, painted the following:

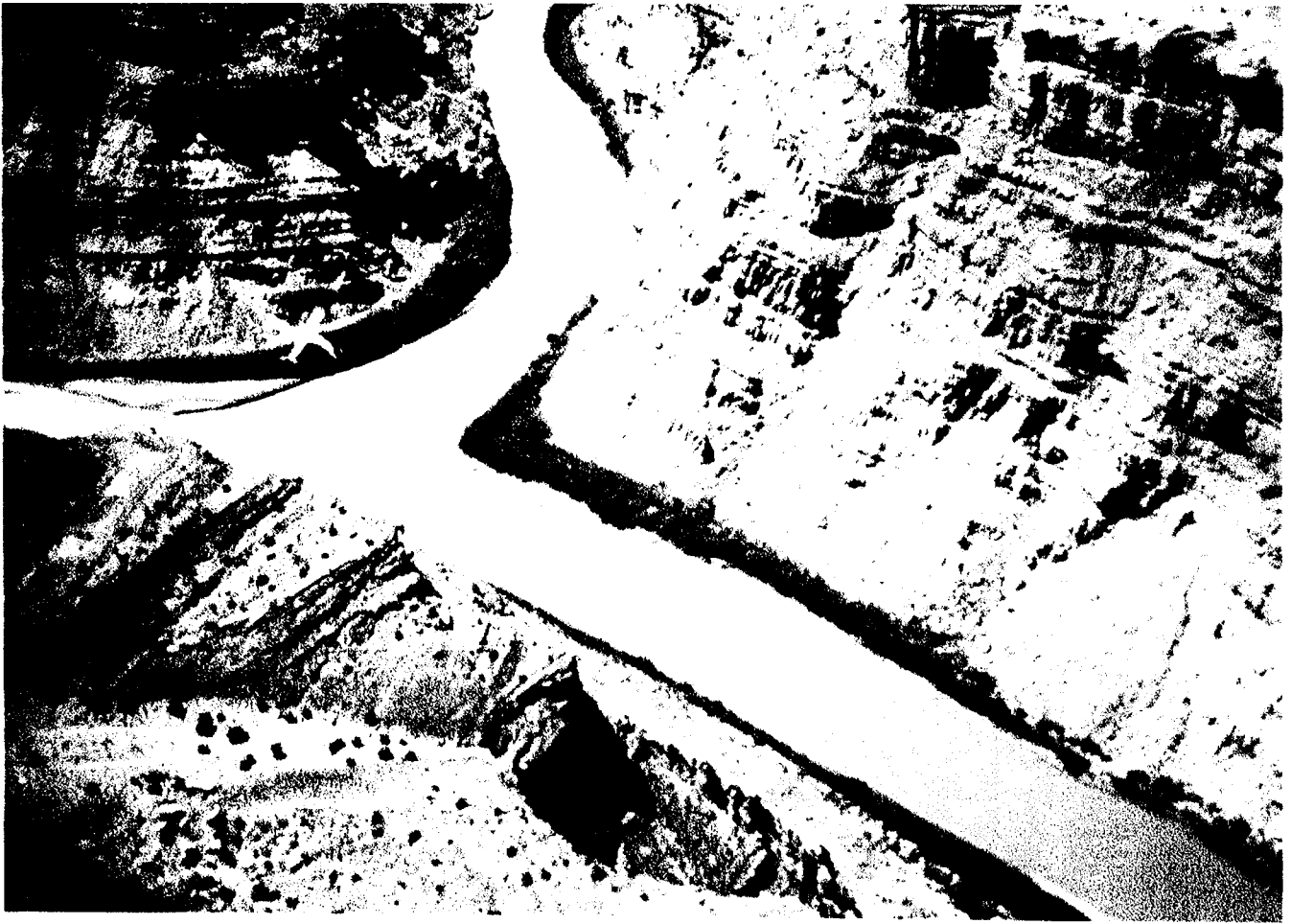
U.S.R.S. B.M.  
Elev. 3916.62'  
Aug. 1914.

Marston concluded in his article that this inscription was probably cut by a member of the Brown-Stanton party about the end of May, 1889, to mark the resumption of the railroad survey approximately at the location where Kendrick had terminated it on May 4th.

All of this seems to be supported by Kendrick's own entry in his field notebook. It reads, "Saturday May 4th 1889 .... At mouth of Green we mark a large Red Sand Stone (lying in the forks of the Green & Colorado) Sta 8489+50 DCC & PRR May 4th 1889".

Marston explained the rendering of the inscription in 1911 in the Kolb book by saying that evidently weathering had caused difficulty in accurate reading even then. Accounts by members of the Brown-Stanton expedition are not of much assistance. Robert B. Stanton's field notebook entry for May 30, 1889, simply states, "... started real railway survey on left bank of Colorado opposite Kendrick's Station 8489+50.". Survey photographer Franklin A. Nims makes no mention of it at all in his diary. Later accounts left by others after the expedition was over, also make no reference to any inscription. The "forks of the Green & Colorado" is just where Ellsworth Kolb's journal entry places the inscription, and there the matter has since rested.

However, two important points have seemingly been overlooked by Colorado River historians and other "interested parties." First of all, Kendrick's account is exactly correct for the incised inscription on the boulder on the right (west) bank of the Colorado. He accurately states that it is "lying in the forks of the Green & Colorado." River-runner John Weisheit of Moab, Utah, first pointed out this fact to me in a conversation several years ago. Until 1921 the Colorado above the mouth of the Green was known as the Grand River. If the inscription boulder had been located in the present "Y" between the Green and Colorado, Kendrick in 1889 would



Aerial photo of The Confluence by James H. Knipmeyer. White "X" marks the location of the "Kendrick" inscription, with the Colorado (formerly the Grand) River coming up from the lower right, the Green River entering down from the top, and the continuation of the Colorado below the junction going off to the left.

have used the names "Green & Grand." The location he did use, however, is perfectly true!

Secondly, what of Ellsworth Kolb's journal entry? He said that he took a photo of the "Stanton" record. Evidently, no one has ever bothered to examine this photograph to see just WHAT inscription it was that he saw. A copy of the Kolb photograph in the Kolb Collection at the library of Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff, was kindly provided to me by Richard Quartaroli, and clearly shows that it was the still visible inscription on the west side, and not a "lost" one between the present-day Green and Colorado rivers. Ellsworth's succinct entry, which does seem to imply that it was on the east bank, was evidently not in the exact chronological order of just what he did the morning of October 26. Since he did not give a wording of the inscription in his journal, the inaccurate representation in his later book

was probably taken from his photo which is, in fact, difficult to make out exactly.

So, I believe on the basis of the above facts that there is no "lost" Stanton inscription in the "Y" between the present Green and Colorado rivers. That it was not found by Buzz Holmstrom and later searchers because it was not there to be found. That the carved inscription on the west bank immediately below The Confluence is, in fact, the inscription described. And, finally, that this inscription was made by Frank C. Kendrick and/or members of his party May 4, 1889, and not by Robert Stanton and/or members of his expedition May 30, 1889.



# The Colorado River Case

## The Testimony of David D. Rust

Compiled by John Weisheit

With thanks to the Special Collections staff at the Marriott Library, University of Utah.

*David Dexter Rust was one of the founders of the Grand Canyon Transportation Company (1903) which improved the Bright Angel Trail, installed the first cable crossing of the Colorado River at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, and establish Phantom Ranch, then known as Rust's Camp. He also guided foldboat excursions with paying customers in the early 1920s. These experiences are what qualified Rust to provide the following testimony before a Special Master of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1929. The testimony indicates that Rust was outfitting pleasure trips on the Colorado River well before Bus Hatch or Norman Nevills.*

**H**e resides in Provo, Utah; is 55-years of age, has followed various occupations including the cattle business, school teaching, editor, and so forth. He has also done some prospecting and mining.

He first became acquainted with the Green River when he crossed it with a band of horses in 1891 on his way from the valleys south of Provo, Utah, east. There were three hundred horses in the band and he crossed the Green River, at the Gunnison Crossing, which is at Green River, Utah. Half the horses were crossed over on the ferry boat and the rest of them by swimming.

At that time Green River was a small town. There is no town on the east side of the river, except perhaps a house or two.

After crossing the Green River the horses were taken into Colorado, but he did not accompany them further than Green river.

The crossing was above the present bridge across the river.

His next experience with the rivers was in the fall of 1897 when he and his brother fitted up a boat at Hanksville, Utah, and took some horses overland from that point into the river at the mouth of Last Chance Creek, his brother taking the boat down to the river and meeting him at the mouth of the creek.

The boat was put on the river at Hite, to which point it had been hauled overland on a wagon by his brother and about three months was spent in that vicinity attempting to operate placer claims. Sufficient food for that time was taken down to the river with the boat, in wagons. They were supplied by the cargo which had come down on the boat.

While they were camped there the Stanton boats passed the camp and it was understood by him that Stanton was doing assessment work. This was in the winter of 1897 and 1898. Stanton at the time had no other equipment than shovels, picks, and other mining tools.

There was another party of prospectors who came to the camp in January 1898, coming down the river in a small boat

and he took the party out from that point to Escalante, with saddle horse and pack animals.

Another person by the name of Nathan Galloway visited the camp on his way up the river in small boat.

**Question:** Did you see him go up river?

**Answer:** Yes sir.

**Question:** How did he do it?

**Answer:** He was rowing and towing."

While towing, Galloway was close to the river on the bars and he was walking right near the water. He saw no other boats in there until later in the year, in the spring, when he went up to Hall's Crossing. The work he was doing there was near Last Chance, which is a short distance above Elvado, or the Crossing of the Fathers. He saw two or three small row boats on the river.

He went up the river from Last Chance to Hall's Crossing, a distance of about sixty miles, in his boat, rowing and towing; it was hard work. He stayed at Hall's Crossing one night and then went out to Hanksville and further north overland.

His next trip on the Colorado River was in June 1898, when he went to Hite from Hanksville with a pack train and down to Good Hope bar on horseback, where he was employed by the Good Hope Mining Company for about three months.

The mining company at Good Hope were operating a sluice box arrangement about two hundred yards long and used a forty foot water wheel to hoist the water from the flume and carry it back into a small reservoir where the water was stored to use in sluicing gravel bars.

During the three months he was at Good Hope there were an average of twenty men working there and supplies were brought to the camp from Hanksville and Hite, being brought down the river from Hite in a sturdily built twenty-foot row boat intended to carry about a ton.

**Question:** Did you participate in the operation of these boats?

**Answer:** I did.

**Question:** How were they gotten upstream?

**Answer:** By rowing and towing, the usual method.

At this time he again met Mr. Stanton and his party of about ten men doing assessment work on the river for the purpose of holding a right of way for the railroad. They were working in the vicinity of Good Hope and Hite. This was during the summer of 1898.

**By the Special Master:**

**Question:** You are sure that work was for the railroad?

**Answer:** That is what I understood.

**Question:** You don't know one way or the other, then?

**Answer:** That was my understanding.

Mr. Stanton's party was using boats up and down the river in connection with this assessment work and they were operated in the same manner as he explained before.

Besides these boats there were several small row boats at Hite. These boats would draw about a foot of water loaded.

While there, he had the opportunity to observe the channel of the river and sand bars.

During that summer, July and August, the river was at a medium stage, and we didn't encounter much difficulty between Good Hope and Hite, that was the stretch of river that I was boating on at that time.

He found a great deal of difference in the channel and sand bars when the river was at high, low, and medium stages. Places that were clear in low water may be filled with silt during medium water and channel will be changed.

**Question:** How frequently would you say the channels changed?

**Answer:** I have noticed that a channel will change within a week.

He found the river easy to go up and down during a medium stage of water. As between high and low water he preferred the low stage of water and didn't attempt to navigate in high water, meaning by that, ordinary high water which came usually during June. Most of his boating was done in July and August. He has been on the river in every month of the year except June.

When he got through mining at Good Hope he left the river, leaving on horseback and going to Hanksville.

His next acquaintance with the river was in the Grand Canyon in 1907 when he did some little boating up and down the river for about fifteen miles, at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek.

His next experience on the Colorado River above Lees Ferry was about twelve years ago and he has made an average of about one trip each year since then through Glen Canyon, the purpose of the trips being to conduct travelers who wish to take an unusual trip in that wild country in connection with horseback and automobile trips into the scenic lands of Utah.

During these trips the boats have been taken through Crescent Creek or North Wash to the river and launched there, "and we ran down to Lees Ferry." The tourists are usually met at Richfield or Green River, Utah, and taken to the mouth of Crescent Creek, which is the same as North Wash, by automobile, wagon, and horseback.

**Question:** What type of boat do you use on those trips?

**Answer:** I have been using a small canvas boat called the KING, canvas, folding boats made of twenty-two ounce, double-filled, duck, waterproof; steel ribbing, crossways and longitudinally; I have used the fourteen and the sixteen-foot type.

These boats are about five feet wide, have a draft of about six inches when loaded. They are not of a canoe type—they are a

rowboat operated by oars. Each boat is capable of carrying two persons, that is, one passenger and one boatman, luggage and supplies. He accompanied the boats on these trips himself. Sometimes he has made more than one trip a year.

Sometimes only two boats are taken on a trip, other times three or four are taken.

During these trips in the past twelve years, he has had a very good opportunity to observe the conditions of the river with respect to the channel, the bars and the reefs on the Colorado River.

**Question:** I wish you would just tell me about a typical trip down there, and what difficulties, if any, you encountered.

**Answer:** In the first place, I have a responsibility to make the trip safe; one reason why I have selected a small boat which is easily managed, quickly managed, to avoid the sand bars and the shoals and the whirlpools, the wind waves and the sand waves which we sometimes encounter, --we have encountered them, -- I have been driven ashore by the wind a number of times, occasionally have to wait over three or four hours for the wind to go down so that we can go on safely.

He has encountered sand waves on that stretch of the river during his trips but he has endeavored to keep out of them with the boats.

**Question:** How do you do that?

**Answer:** Usually there is some quiet water on one side or the other, and by crossing and re-crossing we are able to keep out of most of the sand waves.

Those sand waves that they were not able to keep out of are necessarily ridden, the same as some of the rapids.

He has discovered that less water is shipped if the boat is put length lengthwise of the trough and floated down sideways in that manner.

He has always gone through the sand waves safely.

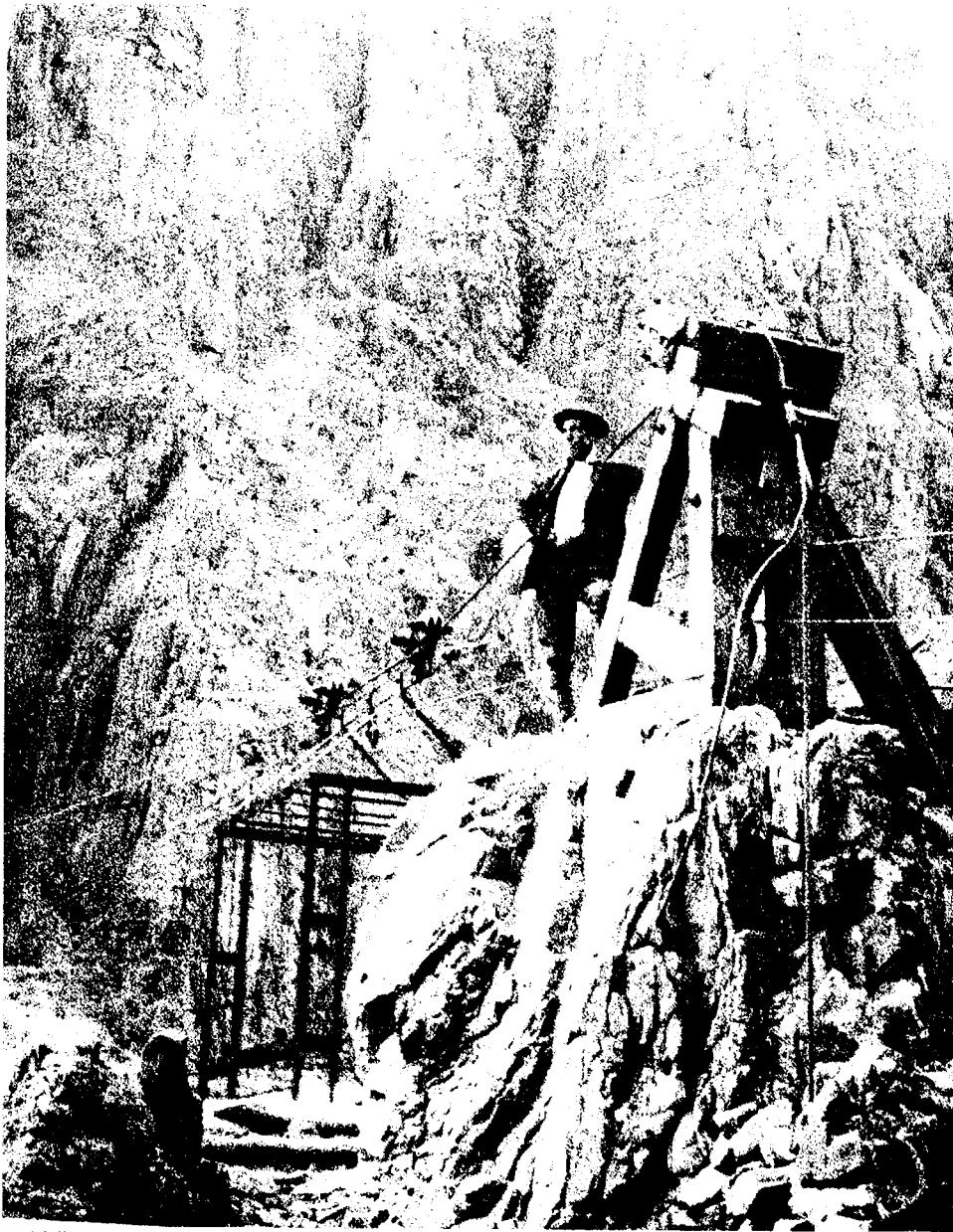
Between Crescent Creek and North Wash there were some small rapids: the Trachyte, Tickaboo, Bull Frog and Rainbow, but he does not know the actual fall of these rapids.

He encountered no real difficulty sand bars on the trip but the small boats would occasionally touch the bars and were easily pulled off, "they draw so little water."

He is not familiar with the term "crossing bar" and makes no distinction between what is termed a crossing bar and any other or kind of bar.

When sand bars are encountered the boat is released either by backing up a little or by working it across, according to the situation. He has found it necessary with the craft he has described to get out of the boat in order to get off the bars.

From Warm Creek to Lees Ferry the water is usually pretty swift and rapid progress is made. He has never been troubled with sand bars in that stretch of the river but has encountered a good many sand waves in the lower stretch.



David Dexter Rust at his cable car crossing near Bright Angel Creek, Grand Canyon.  
Photo courtesy of the LDS Archives.

The last trip he made was the 1st of September, 1928. On the 7th of September, 1929, he went to the river for the purpose of making a trip but was at flood stage from recent rains and he decided not to go on so returned back overland via Hanksville.

He prefers a low stage of water to make these trips.

He does not have any system of advertising the trips and no regular month of each year in which to conduct them but generally makes them in April and September, which are usually good months. He has however made trips in July, August, and October.

During one of the trips he lost a boat. He had three boats of the type described, fourteen-foot canvas boats,

the water was considerably above normal, and was more or less turbulent: just before we reached Lees Ferry two of the members of our party who were in

one of the boats became careless and ran into the sand waves and capsized.

They hit into the sand waves and turned over backwards, "Looped the loop backwards." They came down bottom side up.

Upon reaching Lees Ferry the parties were met by automobiles and taken overland sometimes to Kanab and sometimes to Flagstaff, Arizona.

It is an unusual tour which I take with sportsmen who desire that sort of thing.

**Question:** When you have more than one boat do you ascertain the qualifications of the people who are with you as to whether or not they are boatmen before you start down?

**Answer:** That is always understood, and if the men or women who join me in these trips are not qualified, then, of course, I supply the necessary men. He looks into that before he starts down with them.

Besides crossing the Green River at Green River, Utah, with a band of horses, the only other times he has been on the Green River was when he crossed the Green River in Brown's Park with a small row boat, and again this year (1929) while on an overland expedition in the region of Green River when he had occasion to boat about fifteen miles in Labyrinth Canyon.

They came from Torrey, Utah, with pack outfit, into Barrier Canyon, and then went right to the river at that point, which is the mouth of Barrier Canyon, towards the lower end Labyrinth.

A man by the name of Tidwell at Green River, owned a small row boat, sixteen feet long, which was at the mouth of Barrier Canyon on the Green River at that time and he took the party down the river about fifteen miles to Fort Bottom. Tidwell had been using the boat on the river from Green River down to that point.

The boat carried two men and went down the river to Fort Bottom without any trouble. He did not ride in the boat but went along the trail on shore with the pack outfit.

**By the Special Master:**

**Question:** Was this trail along the river edge or on the high land?

**Answer:** Right along; we were within sight of the boat nearly all the way.

Fort Bottom is a flat, and there is an Aztec fort there and a cliff ruin, a few hundred feet above the river.

After leaving Fort Bottom, he came back up the river a short distance with a pack outfit and back overland to the head of Barrier Canyon.

**Question:** What did you do with the boat?

**Answer:** Left it there.

While he was as on the river this trip he didn't meet any other people using boats.

Torrey, Utah, the town from which he started, is about one hundred fifty miles from the Green River. The country through there generally is a canyon country, or is of a canyon formation, and is principally used for a sheep range, "not many people living there." Outside of Hanksville and Green River,

we saw a few men who were drilling oil, some half dozen cattle men, and that is all.

#### Cross Examination

The boats used by him were not flat bottom but lake bottom type and he did not wish to express an opinion as to what the draft was loaded or unloaded.

**Question:** I assume that the dates of your trips through the lower canyon largely depend on the date when the demand comes, when the party presents himself or gets in contact with you that wants to take the trip, isn't that true?

**Answer:** We always advise about that and select the date we think best. Sometimes a man can go in August, September or October, and we will try to accommodate him. The parties are conducted down the river for compensation.

The occasion upon which he lost a boat was while taking Governor Dern through the canyon. The loss was due to a foolhardy act on the part of those handling the boat. They did not follow the boat in which he was riding and got into sand waves and capsized. In his experience on the river he has never had an upset and the loss of the boat referred to is the only experience of its type he had on the river. The accident happened in April 1926.

Ladies have made the trip with him, including his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Ostler of New York, and Mrs. Dr. Proctor of Boston. These women made the trip in July and August, about five years ago. His daughter does not swim and the parties that accompanied them down the river did not wear life preservers.

#### Redirect Examination

It usually takes about five days actual running time to make the trip from Crescent Creek down to Lees Ferry, with two, three or four days off for side trips, especially the one at Rainbow Arch.

He has had trouble in boating on the river where a reef or strata of rock cross stream. This rock crossing is ten or fifteen miles below Hall's Crossing and "we call it a reef rapid, or a shock rapid." At this place there is a little narrow channel possible forty or fifty feet wide, to the right of the island going down, and in that channel the water is not less than a foot deep at any place. He usually took that channel through without difficulty.

#### Recross Examination

At other places in the little narrow channel to the right of the island the water is more than a foot deep at any stage of the water, some places being at least two or three feet deep.

#### Redirect Examination

He did not take soundings at this rock crossing but judged the depth of water from the way the oars performed,

When the water is too shallow we can easily find it by the way the oars hit.

The channel referred to, just before the rapid is reached, cuts right under the wall of the canyon along the right side of the slim island about a half mile long, and by running this channel he usually goes down without difficulty. That is the place where the water is a foot deep. The place where the water is three feet deep is in the middle of the channel. The channel is about half a mile long, and avoids the ledge rapids entirely, and is deep enough to carry his boats.

The ledge does not extend across the channel.

He can not definitely locate the rock crossing in the channel from Photograph 219, Complainants Exhibit No. 10.

"As far as I am able to judge this map, [Complainants Exhibit No. 10] here is the channel to which I refer. Right here (indicating) is the rapid known as the ledge rapid.

**By Mr. Blackmar:**

**Question:** That is between Mile 110 and 111?

**Mr. Farnsworth:** The rapid he indicates is on the inside of the bend.

**The Witness:** We run this channel to avoid the ledge rapid.

**By Mr. Blackmar:**

**Question:** You run your boats down through the channel that on the map shows 'ledge water'?



**Answer:** Yes Sir.

There was plenty of water for his life boats.

He is not certain that there were three feet of water in this place but is certain that there was at least a foot.

He has taken his boats through the channel on the opposite side of the island but doesn't know how much water there is there, although he did not strike bottom,

“couldn't afford to do it.”

**Question:** I don't know whether I understand that or not.

**Answer:** With those light boats, only drawing six inches of water, I was able to go over the rapid without striking bottom.

**Question:** In which one of those channels is the water the deeper?

**Answer:** Depends upon the place in the channel you sound it; there is one place on the ledge rapid where it is pretty shallow.

**Question:** Why do you select the smaller channel to go through?

**Answer:** Because the ledge rapid, though there may be plenty of water, is rough, the waves are too rough for our purpose.

The width of the narrow channel on the right of the island is not less than thirty feet at any place. This rapid with reference to Lake Canyon, is down the river two or three miles.

#### Recross Examination

He has never been on the Colorado River from Moab down to its confluence with the Green.

#### Redirect Examination

He saw no other boats on the pleasure trips he made in the past twelve years other than government boats, except, at Lees Ferry and one little boat in the vicinity of Tickaboo. There were several boats at Lees Ferry including gasoline launches, row boats, and a ferry boat.

One of the gasoline launches, belonging to Buck Lowry at Lees Ferry, was about twenty-five, feet long, and when seen by him, was used in hauling lumber across the river.

He saw one or two of the smaller row boats cross the river and observed the boats that the government had in preparation to make the big run down the canyon in 1923.

The boat he saw at Tickaboo was a small row boat owned by a man named Carpenter, an old hermit who lived there.

These are all the boats that he saw on the river.

#### Recross Examination

He never saw the government boats up the river above Lees Ferry.

#### **End of Testimony**

## **Buzz Holmstrom and the Evolution of Rowing Style The Utah Roots of Modern Rowing Technique**

**by Brad Dimock**

**W**ith the 1914 publication of Ellsworth Kolb's *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico*, Nathaniel Galloway's rowing technique gained wide circulation and acceptance. After Powell and Stanton's calamitous tales of backing down the rapids in narrow, keeled boats, it had been Galloway who first spread the word about looking downstream, rowing upstream, facing your danger and ferrying to safety. Galloway taught Stone, Stone instructed the Kolbs, and the Kolbs told the world. Twenty years later, Julius Stone himself elaborated on the rowing style in his *Canyon Country, The Romance of a Drop of Water and a Grain of Sand*.

The concept is a simple one. To keep the terminology correct, we must assume the boatman sits in the traditional sense, facing the stern, with the bow to his or her back. In rapid water, the boatman faces downstream, pulls upstream, and the pivots the boat no more than 45 degrees off of the flow of current, easing to one side or the other.

Although this strict form of the technique has fallen out of favor today among deep-water boaters, who push and pull every which way, it does not take long for a boatman in a wood boat and shallow water to see the brilliance of Galloway's theory. Maneuvering is slow and easy, and when you finally do hit the rocks, you ease up on them with the flat, upturned stern, with little damage.

In the small coastal logging town of Coquille, Oregon, young Buzz Holmstrom studied every river running book he could find at the local library. Kolb and Stone were among them. He took his first stab at whitewater on the Rogue River, just a few miles from home. It was definitely a learning experience, with flips, temporary loss of boat, and permanent loss of gear, but Holmstrom finished the trip with a working knowledge of the Galloway style.

In 1936, he soloed the Salmon River. Although the local boaters advised him to convert to sweeps instead of oars, Holmstrom preferred to stick with what he knew. Facing his danger, slowing his momentum, Holmstrom navigated every rapid from Salmon City to Lewiston. A year later, he soloed the Green and Colorado. Although he lined or portaged five times, his technique was sound, and he ran the rest of the rapids without serious incident.

It was only after the 1937 trip that Holmstrom met Bus Hatch and Frank Swain, of Vernal, Utah. And it was to his great surprise that they tried to convince him he had it all wrong. Hatch and Swain had an entirely different approach to rapids.

Back around 1930, Parley Galloway, son of Nathaniel, had promised to teach them to row on their first river trip. Instead, he jumped bail, fled Vernal, and left the boys to invent their own style. They did.

More like Powell himself, they pulled hard down the tongue, backs to the oncoming waves, and busted on through. Some said it was simply because Bus was always in a hurry. Although Swain, Hatch, Frazier and friends had more than their share of flips, wrecks, and swims, they were convinced their method was best.

Buzz remained dubious. But in 1938, as he and Amos Burg retraced Buzz's '37 solo run, Holmstrom kept wondering about the Hatch technique. "Bow-first," he called it. He tried to figure out what the Hatch boys saw in it, and where it might be appropriate. At Red Creek Rapid, at the tail end of Red Canyon, he decided to see if he could incorporate a little bow-first into his run. For the first time, his journal describes spinning the boat around to where the bow slightly preceded the stern into the rapid—this in an effort to bust through a wave. Instead, he smacked his bow into a rock and spun back around, down into another nest of rocks.

He thought about it some, then tried it again in Cataract Canyon. This time it worked, and he was able to sneak off to the side of a rapid. The next day he tried it at Dark Canyon. Half way through the rapid, he needed to break out of the current: *"near foot—turn crossways & cut across bend OK hitting waves head on in turn- swing round stern 1st & thru waves at foot which are clear—no water in cockpit."* Something interesting had happened there—after successfully punching out of the tailwaves, his boat had spun into a stern-first position. Perfect.

He began to incorporate the move into his repertoire. In Marble Canyon, at 21-Mile he gave it another shot: *"I go bow 1st & cut out to right of big waves & works fine\_"* And again: *"Ran 36-Mi Rapid on left—bow 1st works pretty good."* At Hance Rapid he didn't use the technique, and wished he had: *"Now, I could have gone to the right between two buried rocks, or turned & went thru sideways wave bow 1st & missed rock I hit\_ but anyhow I didn't & the buried ones are awfully hard to see from above\_ Oh—well—must patch boat at Bright Angel as a little water in front hold\_"*

At 83-Mile Rapid he was back at it: *"I run bow 1st & nose into quiet water at right missing big waves—there are sure times when a little bow 1st is O.K."* And again at Horn Creek: *"start right, bow 1st, shoot into quieter water there & go stern 1st down rest OK just missing big waves on right & hole on left at foot\_"*

The technique he devised is one that today's boatmen call "Downstream Ferrying" (an oxymoron) or "Powelling" (a misnomer). It is, in fact, a hybrid. Using the downstream momentum of Powell or Hatch but a touch more angle, the boatman blasts perpendicularly through the diagonal waves of

the entry. Then, as the bow hits the slower water off to the side, the boat automatically spins into Galloway position. It works for kayaks, rowboats, motor-rigs, even swimmers. Once mastered, it becomes indispensable. At Sapphire, Holmstrom actually used it twice: *"I start on left, bow 1st cut to right below buried rocks- pull more to right- then Bow 1st again to right of very big wide hole at foot—which fills 1/2 channel—dry—but very fast going."*

The trick is to find that perfect angle for the initial blast through the waves. If your bow is turned too far toward shore, the boat spins too soon, often surfing on the diagonal waves right out the very place you wanted to avoid. But turn the bow too far *downstream*, and the boat, instead of busting through the wave, merely bounces off, rocketing the boat to that very same undesirable place, as Holmstrom discovered at 104-Mile Rapid: *"I try to go bow 1st to right of big waves but don't get over & we go thru big ones bow 1st- half fill cockpit but O.K.—only I left my map on deck & sweater & both go overboard."*

Another lesson learned, and learned well. At Serpentine, he added precision to his move, picking out the second rock down as the precise spot to punch in behind. Onward. *"Specter\_ I run bow 1st cutting to left& miss big waves\_ this bow 1st stuff is a lifesaver in some places."*

Buzz Holmstrom was likely not the first boatman to figure out the move, nor the last. But he was a gifted boatman with an open mind; a keen reader of water, and a quick study. What he devised on his own over the course of one long trip, many of us modern-day boatman fail to grasp after a season of instruction.

When Buzz arrived at Lava Falls on November 1, 1938, he had run every rapid from Wyoming to where he stood. He was unaware that George Flavell or Jack Harbin had run Lava years before. As far as he knew, it was a virgin, a tough one, and the only one he had not yet run. It bore only a vague resemblance to the Lava Falls we know today—a terrific debris flow would wreak profound changes the following year. Nevertheless, it would not be easy. After a long scout the night before, and even longer one in the morning, Buzz picked his route—one that would take several quick changes of direction and a few precise bow-first stabs into deadwater. Then he got in his boat and ran it.

*"This a.m. rapid looks worse than last nite & I think I will go crazy waiting—it just doesn't look possible this a.m. Ready at last tho & go down to head & pull in below big rock on right bank to get in position. Miss first time & make a circle in eddy & then try again- go just rite—bow straight across to left & go into lower end of hole—just rite—any closer & would go into hole & any further down would carry into waves on right.— boat hangs there a second & suction pulls over to left & into proper place—turn bow down & cut into edge of hole below on left of waves—just rite place & bow stops almost in dead water & current carries stern down turning boat crossways of*

river headed to left. Pull straight across & into clear & go thru easy waves in lower end dry—& happy—I scarcely know just what happened myself—didn't take long—It was just like a giant hand took hold of the boat at the upper end & set it over & steered it thru—I would hesitate before running it again—it's the worst one I ever tackled—the boat works just perfect—"



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- **Buzz Holmstrom Monument**

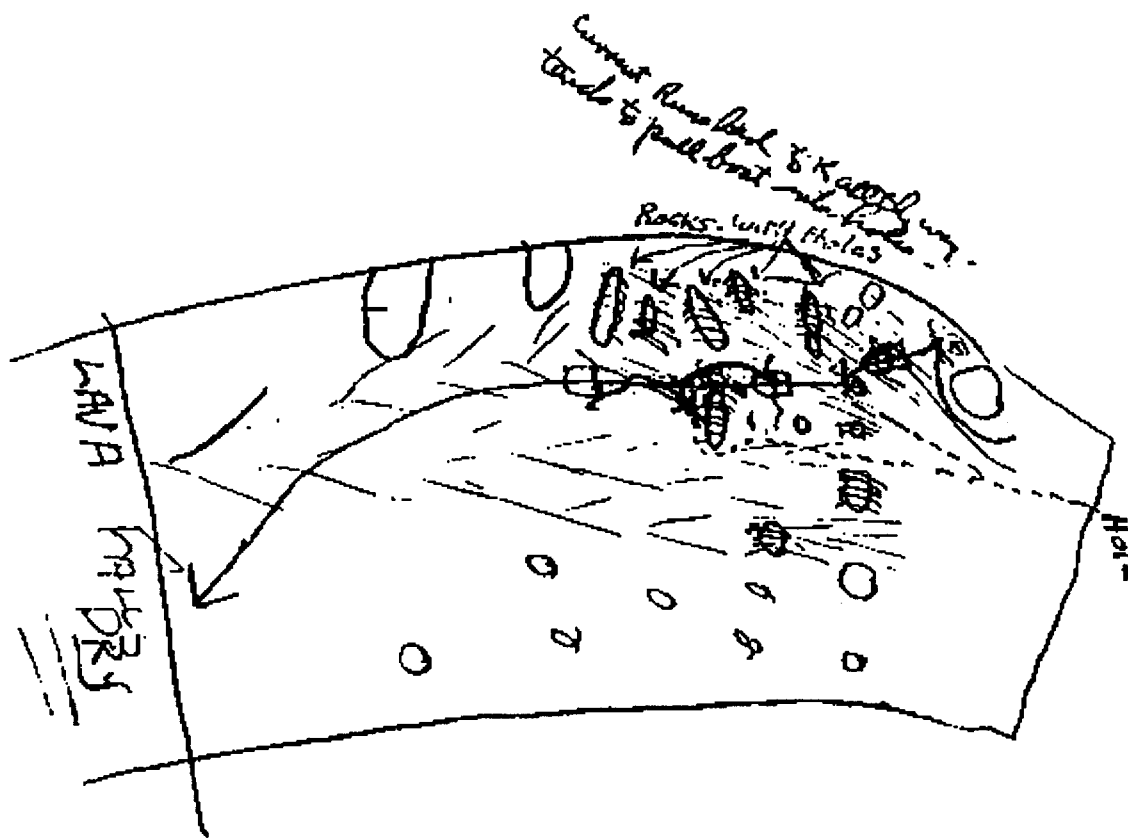
August 22, 11 a.m., Sturdevant Park, Coquille, Oregon. Long forgotten in his home town, Buzz Holmstrom will have a basalt and bronze monument dedicated there in his honor. Many of his old friends, as well as his brother and sister, plan to be there. *The Doing of the Thing*, the new biography of Holmstrom, will be released that day, with all authors present to sign it. Be somebody. Be there.

- **Buzz Holmstrom Show, Display, and Collection**

October 10, 6-8p.m., Cline Library, Northern Arizona University. A multi-media presentation on the life and river trips of Buzz Holmstrom. Movies and images of Holmstrom in action, along with a talk by the authors of his new biography. Book signing before and after.

In addition, a display of photographs of Holmstrom's life, and artifacts from his career, is currently on exhibit in the main lobby of the library, and will remain there through the show in October.

But wait! There's more! Now accessible to the public upstairs at Special Collections: The Buzz Holmstrom Collection. Photographs, letters and artifacts from Holmstrom's life. This new collection dovetails in well with several other pertaining to Holmstrom: Lois Jotter Cutter, Carnegie/Cal Tech, Emery Kolb, Bill Belknap, Edwin McKee, Marty Anderson, P.T. Reilly, and more.



Drawing by Buzz Holmstrom of Lava Falls, Grand Canyon. Courtesy of Brad Dimock.

# Problematic Dams in the Upper Basin

Compiled by John Weisheit

*From a reference book (I forgot to record the title) obtained at the Engineering Library from the University of California at Berkeley.*

## **Fontenelle Dam** **Green River; LaBarge, Wyoming.**

**F**ontenelle Dam is an earthfill structure that was completed in 1965 and rests upon thin sedimentary beds of sandstone, siltstone and limestones, which are fractured and permeable. The dam is over a mile long, 139 feet high, and holds 345,000 acre-feet of water when full. In May 1965, as Fontenelle Dam was filling for the first time, seepage and subsequent sloughing occurred near the river left spillway. A drainage pipe was installed to remedy the seepage, but sloughing of the embankment continued. In September of 1965, during a spill, 10,500 cubic yards of the embankment eroded away. Loss of the total reservoir was avoided by high releases from outlet works. The damage was suspected to be related to the stress relief joints in the left abutment; the joints were partially filled with natural rock debris. To remedy the problem, the rock debris was injected with a concrete grout.

The dam performed normally until 1982. Spots of seepage then occurred at the toe of the dam near the left abutment and near the middle of the structure. The cause was determined to be inadequate foundation treatment during construction. The reservoir has held 10 feet below normal high pool. In 1983, the problem continued and it was decided to lower the reservoir 25 feet below high pool. In early 1985, the reservoir was restricted to 63 feet below normal pool. To remedy the problem a trench was excavated as a slurry which was later displaced by concrete injection. The concrete cut-off wall is two feet thick and runs the length of the dam to the abutments. It seems to be working for the present.

### Bibliography:

"Final Safety Evaluation of Fontenelle Dam", Seedskaadee Project, Wyoming, Bureau of Reclamation, Denver, Colorado, July 1984.

Bellport, B. P., Bureau of Reclamation Experience in Stabilizing Embankment of Fontenell Dam, "ICOLD", 9th Congress, Volume I, pp. 67-79, September 1967.

## **Navajo Dam** **San Juan River; Farmington, New Mexico.**

**N**avajo Dam is an earthfill structure that rests upon sedimentary bedrock of sandstones interbedded with

siltstones and shales; the sandstones are moderately to highly permeable. It is 402-feet high, 3,648-feet long and the reservoir holds 1,708,600 acre-feet of water. As a result of river downcutting, joints and cracks exist in the rock parallel to the canyon walls at both abutments, but more extensively on the river left abutment. The horizontal beds of shale in the sandstone are also open (not homogenous).

Seepage at Navajo Dam was first observed on June 5, 1963 about one-year after it began to fill. When repairs were initiated (1985), seepage at both abutments was estimated to be about 1,800 gallons per minute. To remedy this problem a concrete cut-off wall was installed (as described above for the Fontenelle Dam repair). The wall is 2.7 feet wide and extends 50 to 200-feet from the left abutment and is 60 to 400-feet deep. Leakage from the right abutment was remedied by installing a tunnel and a filtered drainage system to direct seepage away from the abutments contact with the bedrock.

### Bibliography:

Bureau of Reclamation  
Engineering and Research Center  
P.O. Box 25007  
Denver, CO 80225-0007

## **Glen Canyon Dam** **Colorado River; Page, Arizona.**

**G**len Canyon is an arch dam of reinforced concrete that is 710-feet tall, 1560-feet long at the crest, and holds an amazing 27,000,000 acre-feet of water. The dam's bedrock is Navajo sandstone. In 1983 rapid snowmelt and heavy rainfall in the Upper Colorado River Basin created inflows of 111,500 cubic-feet per second for the reservoir. (Please see chart.) The reservoir did not have adequate flood control potential at the time and a spill was initiated. Within three days after the left spillway began operation, portions of the tunnel's concrete lining were excavated by natural cavitation processes. To remedy the possibility of dam failure, flashboards were installed on top of the spillway gates to increase the reservoir's pool potential and thus minimize flows through the left and right spillways. The right spillway tunnel was also damaged during this incident by about half that of the left spillway. Discharges for the river right tunnel were kept as low as possible to limit damages, because the area of damage in the right spillway was further upstream than that of the left spillway (closer to the abutment).

Damage was repaired immediately by filling the cavitation holes with reinforced concrete, smoothing-out the concrete surfaces, and installing concrete slots that would introduce air into the flood flows to reduce pressures. The left spillway was tested in August of 1984. (See The Confluence, Volume 3, Issue 3, "Glen Canyon Dam is Broken".)

(continued on page 27)

# A Questionnaire for the Members of Colorado Plateau River Guides

*If you need more writing space for the following questions, please use the back side of this questionnaire.*

*Please fill out the following page so that we can update our data base and also to better serve the members of Colorado Plateau River Guides. Your e-mail address is most important to us; we intend to use e-mail service to provide information more quickly for the membership. Thank you!*

First name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Last name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Permanent street address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_  
State: \_\_\_\_\_  
Area Code and home phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a guide or a general member? \_\_\_\_\_  
How many years have you guided? \_\_\_\_\_

• **What are the river reaches that you completed in the calendar year of 1997?** *Please check the appropriate circle.*

- Canyonlands.  Daily (Moab).  Daily (Green River).
- Dinosaur.  Grand.  Dolores.  Desolation/Gray.
- Horsethief.  Labyrinth.  Ruby.  San Juan.
- Westwater.
- Other rivers: \_\_\_\_\_

• **Is it time for you to renew your membership?** Please check the mailing label on the back cover for your expiration date. (For example: **Renew: 0399**, means your renewal is due March of 1999.)

- \$20 for one year
  - \$100 for six years
  - \$195 for life
  - \$295 Benefactor
  - I would like to make a contribution to CPRG.
- Please include your check or money order with this form.

• **Do you have any nominations to make concerning CPRG board positions?**

President: \_\_\_\_\_  
Vice president: \_\_\_\_\_  
Secretary/Treasurer: \_\_\_\_\_  
Bluff Director: \_\_\_\_\_  
Grand Junction Director: \_\_\_\_\_  
Green River Director: \_\_\_\_\_  
Moab Director: \_\_\_\_\_  
Vernal Director: \_\_\_\_\_

A. It has been suggested that we change our name to (for example) *Colorado Plateau Guides* and become an organization for guides that conduct trips both on the river and the land. What is your opinion on this issue?

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B. We are moving forward with the concept of hiring a Director to conduct guide training programs; this would include an office for CPRG. What is your opinion about this issue?

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C. The board of CPRG has endorsed the mission statement of Glen Canyon Institute, which is to restore a free-flowing river through Glen Canyon. What is your opinion on the issue of draining Reservoir Powell?

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D. What can we do to improve our journal *The Confluence*?

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E. Would you be interested in helping produce *The Confluence*? What possible contributions could you make? We especially need people to help produce an oral history project; we also need artists.

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F. Is there another issue that you would like to address?

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• Thank you for participating. Please cut out this page (or photocopy) and mail to: CPRG, P.O. Box 344, Moab, UT 84532.



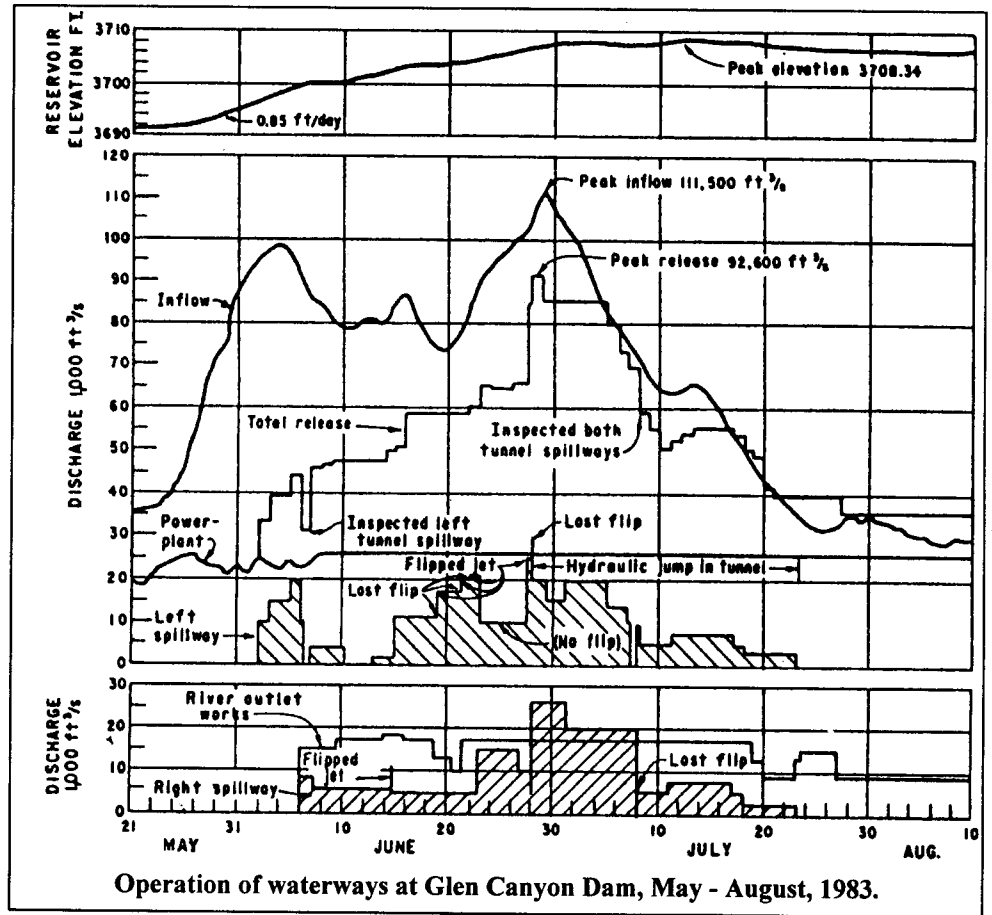
(continued from page 24)

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“Final Construction Report on Repair Spillway Tunnels, Glen Canyon Dam, Colorado River Storage Project”, Bureau of Reclamation, Denver, Colorado, December 1984.

Burgi, P. H.; Moyes, B. M.; Gamble, T. W.; “Operation of Glen Canyon Dam Spillways - Summer 1983”, Water for Resources Development, American Society of Civil Engineers, New York, NY, 1984.

Burgi, P. H.; Eckley, M. S.; “Repairs at Glen Canyon Dam”, American Concrete Institute, Detroit, Michigan, March 1987.



## CPRG T-Shirts

- WALLACE BERRY Shirt. A white short-sleeved shirt with two buttons at the neck, CPRG logo where the pocket would normally be, drawing of Grand Gulch on the back.....\$22.00
- Cotton, ash-colored, long-sleeved HANE'S T-shirt with CPRG logo where the pocket would normally be, drawing of Grand Gulch on the back.....\$20.00
- Cotton, ash-colored, short-sleeved HANE'S T-shirt with CPRG logo where the pocket would normally be, drawing of Grand Gulch on the back.....\$15.00

Please include \$3.00 for mailing.

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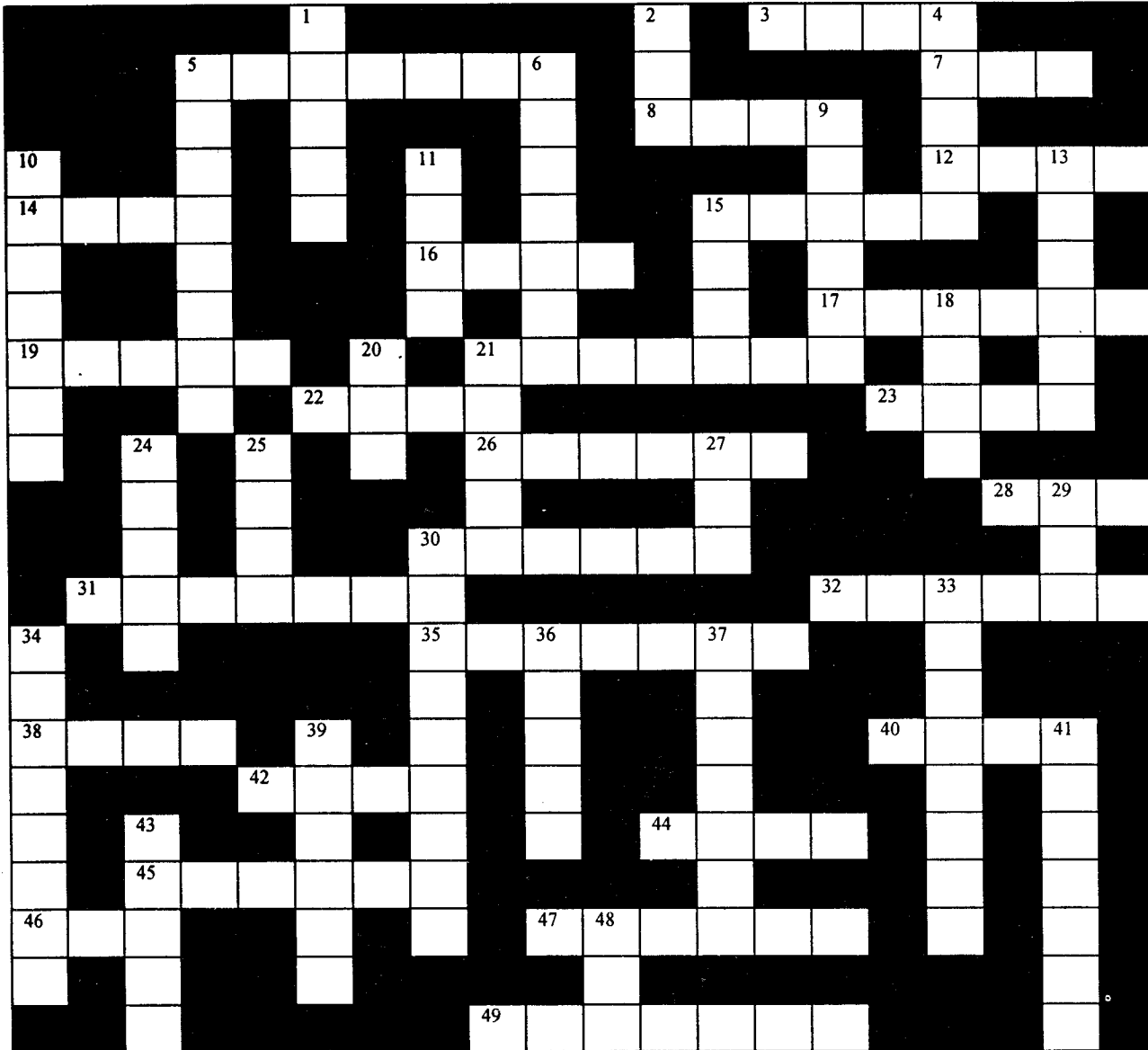


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 Get off of I-70 at 25 Road (Exit 28) and turn North.  
 Turn left (West) on H Road; third house on right;  
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# Crossword Puzzle

Theme: If We Had a Boat; Green River Explorers, Adventurers, and Runners by Roy Webb



## Down

1. Last name. Art and May had a ranch in Island Park; a customary stop for river runners like Buzz Holmstrom; near Whirlpool Canyon.
2. An ungulate that is bigger than a deer and smaller than a moose. They winter in Desolation Canyon.
4. This river, which originates in the Wind River Range, is 730 miles long, drains 45,000 square miles, and provides an average of 5,700,000 acre feet of water.
5. A tributary river of the Green that drains the Uinta Mountains and the Wasatch Plateau. It's mouth is near the town of Ouray. Some maps call it the Uinta River.
6. Last name. Wallace wrote a book called *This is Dinosaur* and helped to save the Green and Yampa rivers from the construction of a dam at Echo Park.
9. Last name. David is a trustee of Glen Canyon Institute, whose mission statement is to restore Glen Canyon. He was

the director of the Sierra Club during the dam-building controversy's of the 1950s and 60s. The archdruid of the environmental movement.

10. First name of a Mr. Archambeau who, with Denis Julien, established a trading post near Whiterocks (Uinta River) in 1831. Hint: Name of a summer month.

11. A park; like Island Park. A put-in for the Yampa River. Where the *Denver Post Expedition* of 1928 launched.

13. Last name. Don ran with Bert Loper from the Green River Lakes to Jensen in 1940. Ran the Grand Canyon with Bert in 1939.

15. Last name of Amos, who with Buzz Holmstrom, did a river trip in 1938. The water was too low to start at Green River Lakes so they portaged by truck to Green River, Wyoming.

18. A canyon. Powell had other names in mind for this canyon, such as: Coal and Lignite.

20. A creek and a camp, soon after Disaster Falls. It is suspected that this drainage may have been abandoned by a younger Green River. Powell called it Summit Valley.

21. Last name. Elwyn was a boatman for the USGS survey that mapped the Green River for dam sites in 1922.

24. Last name. Bert was the lead boatman for the USGS survey that mapped the Green River for dam sites in 1922.

25. Last name. F. Lemoyne, and two of his friends from his Princeton college days, went on a Green River trip with Elwyn (see 21 down) as their guide in 1926.

27. Boatmen are known to have a big \_\_\_\_\_. A mind state.

29. Boatmen affectionately call it a "stick". A spare one is a good idea for a river trip.

30. Last name. Bernard and Genevieve, French citizens, went down the Green River with folding kayaks in 1938.

33. A rapid. Where the *No Name* was wrecked on the Powell Expedition of 1869. The first word only.

34. Last name. A dentist who went down the Green River with Bus Hatch in the 1940s. He fell out of a boat in the rapid at Split Mountain Canyon that bears his name.

36. Last name. C. C. was a friend of Julius Stone and rowed his own boat on the Green River with him in 1909.

37. Last name. Roy was a vocational arts teacher from Springville, Utah, who built the boats used to take the Utah Fish and Game Department down the Green River in 1938. Close friend of Bus Hatch.

39. Last name. Infamous trapper, scout, soldier, Indian agent and frontiersman. He guided John Charles Frémont through Brown's Park in 1844.

41. Last name. Etienne was a famous trapper and there is a river named after him, which is a corruption of his last name, and empties into Utah Lake.

43. Last name. A family from Vernal, Utah, that has an inter-generational history of running the Green and Colorado rivers as an outfitter.

48. Geology term. If the Tertiary is a Period than the Cenozoic is an \_\_\_\_\_.

### Across

3. Last name. Clarence was the first director of the USGS. The highest peak of the Uinta Mountains is named after him. Proved that the discovery of diamonds in the Uintas was a hoax. Wrote a book about Sierra mountaineering.

5. Last name. Earl discovered the dinosaur quarry in the Morrison formation which is now preserved as a national monument north of Jensen, Utah.

7. The quartzite in this canyon, named by Powell, has this color. A rapid in this canyon is formed by the outwash from a tributary creek that has the same colored quartzite and name.

8. Last name. Two brothers who ran the Green River in 1911. Ellsworth went to the Sea of Cortez.

12. A park at the confluence of the Green and Yampa rivers. A dam site, home of the hermit Pat Lynch. Pool Creek enters Green River here. Steamboat Rock is here.

14. The name of a boat that served the USGS dam survey in 1922. Named for a state where the Green River flows.

15. Last name. Baptiste was a trapper who lived (1830s) in this park, or "hole", and bears his name. Above the Gates of Lodore.

16. The second of two words for a named boat that leaked a lot during the *Denver Post Expedition* of 1928 and was lost after pinning the boat on a rock.

17. Last name. Charlie was a film maker and went down river with Don Hatch in 1957; the Grand Canyon was done in 1958 with Don exiting at Phantom Ranch to run the Indus River in Pakistan with his father, Bus.

19. Last name. Julius was an entrepreneur from Ohio who went down the river with N. Galloway as his guide in 1909.

21. Last name. James was a trapper and was probably the first Euro-American to see the Great Salt Lake. Part of William Ashley's entourage. A fort was named after him too.

22. A creek. Enters at Echo Park. Really nifty Fremont Culture petroglyph's. Powell called it Steward's Creek.

23. A pluralized first name. A "hole" that is also called Echo Park. Mr. Lynch's hermitage there.

26. Last name. William was a congressman and a general, and head of an organization of trappers called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. A creek and a rapid bear his name. An inscription indicates he went down the Green in 1825.

28. Acronym for a profanity. A rocky rapid in Split Mountain Canyon. Also a jeep climb in Canyonlands.

30. The last name of Bernard. A very famous historian who was born in Ogden, Utah, and joined Wallace Stegner in opposing a dam at Echo Park. Stegner did his biography.

32. A canyon. On Andy Hall's suggestion, this canyon was named after a poem by Robert Southy during the Powell Expedition of 1869.

31. Last name. Antoine accompanied the Decolmonts in their folding kayak trip of 1938.

35. Last name. His real name was Robert LeRoy Parker. Butch and the Wild Bunch had a hideout at Brown's Park.

38. The entrance to Lodore Canyon is called such; a portal.

40. A rapid in Lodore Canyon. A cliff above bears the same name. A musical instrument.

42. A rapid. This rapid, on the Yampa River, became more intense after a debris flow in 1966. First word only.

44. Last name. Andy was the cook for the Powell Expedition. He had a campfire incident at Alcove Brook.

45. Last name. Harry, with Charles Larabee, formed a company called Western River Tours; Harry did a upper Green river trip in 1951. Also did Labyrinth and Stillwater canyons with Georgie in 1947.

46. The common name for the Order Chiroptera. A winged mammal.

47. A town in the Uinta Basin that was the home of many a famous river man. Sumner, Galloway, Swain, and Hatch, to name a few, are buried in cemetery's there.

49. Last name. Russell was a doctor from Bingham Canyon, Utah, and went with the Hatch's and there relations on river trips in the 1930s. One of the "Dusty Dozen".

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