

# The Confluence

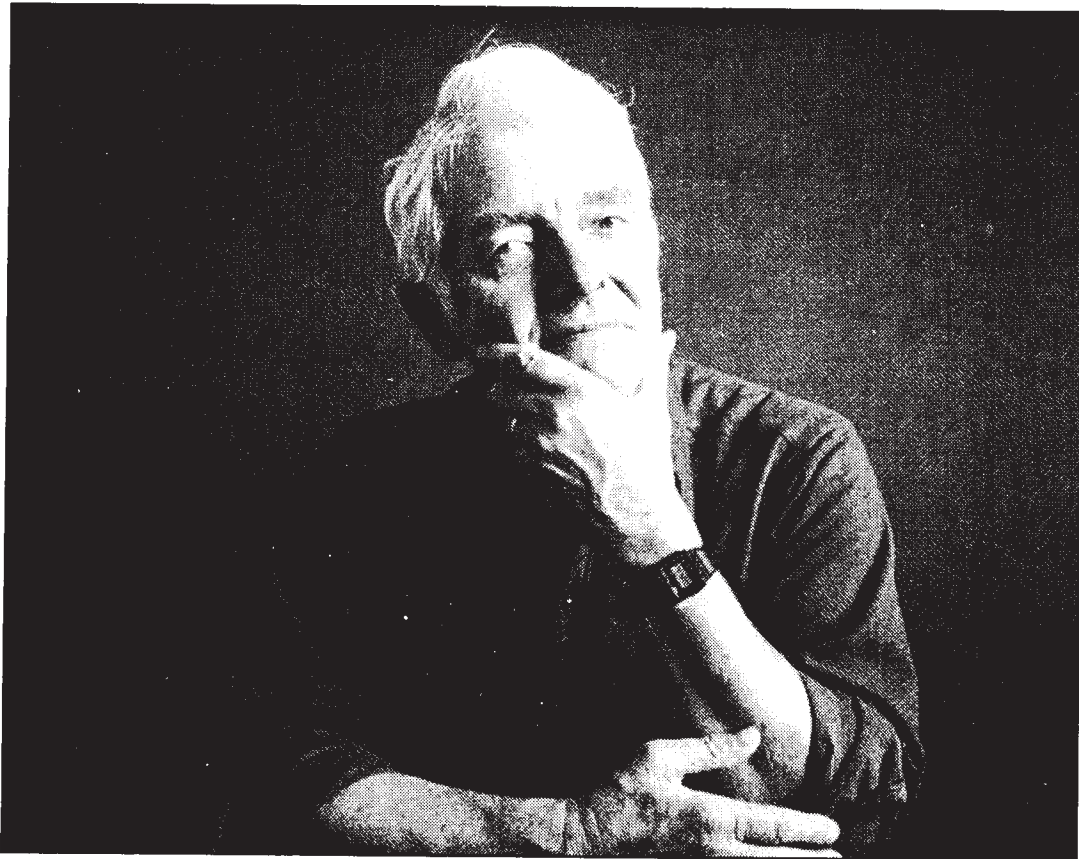
The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Number 22



David Brower  
Charlie Eggert  
River Education 2000  
River Education 2001  
Articles from the Board  
Richard Jones  
Weeds

David Rust in Glen Canyon  
Filian Stud  
G. M. Wright  
Lost, Misplaced or Mistaken?  
Kolb and Loper  
Echo Park Dam  
Spanish Bottom



## Saying Goodbye to a River's Best Friend

# The Confluence

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

\* **Protecting the rivers of the Colorado Plateau.**

\* **Setting the highest standards for the river profession.**

\* **Providing the best possible river experience.**

\* **Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community.**

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

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

#### Membership dues:

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

**General Meetings and Board of Directors Meetings will be announced.**

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

**Managing editor:** John Weisheit

**Associate editor:** Michele Hill

**Editor this issue:** John Weisheit

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## DISCLAIMER

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

### Special Thanks To:

Robert Webb for a benefactor membership  
Richard Valdez for a generous contribution  
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Heidi Domeisen for a lifetime membership  
Mike Wilson for a six-year membership  
Bob Quist for a six-year membership

### Issue/Numbering: a correction, an apology, and a change of policy

Volume 7, Number 3, Fall 2000—should have been labeled—Volume 7, Number 2, Summer 2000 (the correction). The issue in your hand is late (the apology) and would be Volume 7, Number 3, Fall/Winter 2000, except that it is going to be called #22 (the change) and the next issue will be called #23. *The Confluence* is like a private river trip. We just flow down the river without wondering when lunchtime is, what the next hike is, or where camp will be. I especially enjoy having Michele lead the trip from time-to-time, and other trip leaders will be rowing this boat in the future. Here is the list of past issues and the front cover feature. To be more consistent this journal will be simply labeled by a successive number. The date of assembly will be listed in the preceding column. **Thanks for financing this river trip!**

- #1—Volume 1, Number 1, Winter 1994, Don Hatch
- #2—Volume 1, Number 2, Spring 1994, Steve Arrowsmith
- #3—Volume 1, Number 3, Summer 1994, Atlas tailings pile
- #4—Volume 1, Number 4, Fall 1994, Junction Dam site
- #5—Volume 2, Number 1, Winter 1995, CPRG logo
- #6—Volume 2, Number 2, Spring 1995, Frank Dodge Part I
- #7—Volume 2, Number 3, Summer/Fall 1995, Deglas and Devore
- #8—Volume 3, Number 1, Winter 1996, Frank Dodge Part II
- #9—Volume 3, Issue 2, Spring 1996, Eugene C. LaRue
- #10—Volume 3, Issue 3, Summer 1996, Bert Loper
- #11—Volume 4, Issue 1, Spring 1997, 1921 USGS Cataract survey
- #12—Volume 4, Issue 2, Summer 1997, downtown Moab 1914
- #13—Volume 4, Issue 3, Winter 1997, Upper Colorado River Basin
- #14—Volume 5, Issue 1, Spring 1998, Pot shards
- #15—Volume 5, Issue 2, Summer 1998, Glen Canyon Dam spillway
- #16—Volume 5, Issue 3, Fall 1998, Pinyon Pine
- #17—Volume 6, Number 1, Spring 1999, Colorado River dump
- #18—Volume 6, Number 2, Fall 1999, 1921 USGS San Juan survey
- #19—Volume 6, Number 3, Winter 1999, George Wheeler survey
- #20—Volume 7, Number 1, Spring 2000, Prop in a rock
- #21—Volume 7, Number 3, Fall 2000, CNP vertebrate survey
- #22—This issue
- #23—The coming issue

# David Brower

## Friend of Flowing Rivers

July 1, 1912 — November 5, 2000

David Brower came to Moab on May 7, 2000 to participate as a speaker in a community event called *Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film*, which was sponsored by Colorado Plateau River Guides and the Glen Canyon Action Network. How very fortunate we were to welcome him back to our community, for in six short months this ambassador for the planet would pass away with his family at his side, and in his comfortable Berkeley home, from complications due to cancer.

Think about this, please. The world's most senior environmental activist, thrice nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, took time from his ever-demanding speaking schedule to travel to Moab specifically to address the guides of the Colorado River, many of whom were born when he was in his sixties.

Obviously we occupied an important place in the world according to David Brower. His life's work is a legacy of river protection. Simply stated, if it were not for David Brower's leadership to fight dam construction in the Colorado River watershed, we would not be doing river trips today in Lodore, Whirlpool, Split Mountain, Yampa, Marble and Grand Canyons.

Brower lost the fight for Glen Canyon Dam, a fight he blames on nobody but himself. But before his death, he opined the possibility of running that which was lost, namely Cataract (the lower half), Narrow and Glen canyons. While serving as a director of the Sierra Club's national board in November of 1996, he authored a motion to decommission Glen Canyon Dam, which passed unanimously. The simple, direct statement, "the Sierra Club supports the draining of the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam," is now official policy of the nation's oldest and largest grassroots environmental organization. Today, four non-profit groups are working hard with various targeted programs to make Mr. Brower's bold dream come true:

Glen Canyon Action Network in Moab  
[www.drainit.org](http://www.drainit.org)

Glen Canyon Group of the Sierra Club in Moab  
[www.sierraclub.org/chapters/ut/glencanyon](http://www.sierraclub.org/chapters/ut/glencanyon)

Glen Canyon Institute in Flagstaff  
[www.glencanyon.org](http://www.glencanyon.org)

Living Rivers in Phoenix  
[www.livingrivers.net](http://www.livingrivers.net)

But we must not forget to mention another important non-profit group whose board voted unanimously—prior to the Sierra Club's—to drain the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam. That group is the same one that Mr. Brower came to Moab to address last May—our own

Colorado Plateau River Guides. Mr. Brower was very aware of the advocacy work we do on our river trips in support of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam, and now in the community, as we presented for the first time a program dedicated to Glen Canyon restoration.

We owe a huge thanks to Mr. Brower for keeping our rivers flowing free. We can return that thanks by keeping his legacy alive. Very soon, and with your help and dedication, Lee's Ferry will become, once again, one of the take-outs for river trips launching from the upper basin.

## Thank You Community Leaders For Your Programming Support

From May 5 to May 7, 2000, Colorado Plateau River Guides sponsored two events to promote river education and river conservation. The educational event called "**Boats and Boaters**," was held on the shores of the Green River in Gray Canyon and at the John Wesley Powell Museum. On May 7, the program was called "**Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film**," was held at the Grand County High School in Moab.

Colorado Plateau River Guides would like to express their **thanks to the following**, who supported the educational program "Boats and Boaters:" Action Shots, Bighorn Express Shuttle, BLM/Grand Resource Area, Canyon Voyages, Canyonlands National Park, Canyonlands Natural History Association, Fat City Smokehouse, Glen Canyon Action Network, Glen Canyon Institute, Headwaters Institute, John Wesley Powell Museum, O.A.R.S., Maravia, Moab Brewery, Rio Colorado Restaurant, Utah Guides and Outfitters, and Wilderness Medicine of Utah.

For the program called "Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film," **we also thank** the Grand County School District, and their staff, for the opportunity to rent their fine facility, and for providing our audio/visual needs. We also thank the Glen Canyon Action Network for their financial and logistical support.

We would like to give a **special thanks** to all the instructors, presentors and organizers: Al Holland, Brad Dimock, Charlie Eggert, David Brower, David Orr, Dusty Simmons, Eleanor Inskip, Eric Brunnemann, Jake Burnett, John Weisheit, Kara Dohrenwend, Katie Lee, Leave No Trace, Martin Litton, Owen Lammers, Rebecca Martin, Richard Ingebretsen, Rich Valdez, Robert Webb, Roy Webb, Sebastian Eggert, Steve Young, Susette Weisheit.

Apologies to anyone inadvertently not included.

## Thank You Guides and Outfitters

For the 2000 River Interpretation  
Trip Support

**San Juan Canyon**, April 17–21: OARS, Tag-A-Long and  
Jake Burnett

**Westwater Canyon**, April 24–26: Sheri Griffith River  
Expeditions, Jose Tejada, Michael Milligan, Wil  
Bussard, Jake Burnett, and John Weisheit

**Cataract Canyon**, May 1–4: O.A.R.S., Dave Bodner, T-  
Berry, Bob Webb, Black George, and National Park  
Service at Canyonlands.

**Yampa Canyon**, May 1–5 : Dinosaur Adventures, Tim  
Mertens, National Park Service at Dinosaur, Kent  
Frost, Jake Burnett and John Weisheit.

Our apologies to anyone inadvertently not included.

## From the Vice-President

Dave Focardi

**F**irst the good news. I am in complete remission—  
this means they can detect no signs of cancer in  
my body. I plan on working on the river this  
summer and, to tune up, I'm doing a private 30-day  
Grand in Feb/March. Rowing a custom made T-Berry  
frame on a used Canyon Voyages 16' self-bailer. Since  
Jenny doesn't have to bail, she'll be able to see more of  
the canyon this time around!

Now let's get down to business. The interpretive trips  
are moving along and the River Education Seminar  
(RES) this year is archaeology/anthropology related. The  
dates and who to contact are printed elsewhere in this  
issue. These are two of the biggest things CPRG does—  
another is this publication. *The Confluence* is a great  
vehicle to find out what's happening now and what  
happened in the past. CPRG comprises some really  
dedicated individuals who keep an eye on what the  
legislative bodies are going to ask the managing  
agencies to do to us next. Knowing what is coming  
down the penstock in time to have input during the  
public comment period is very important. You could be  
one of these people too. If you are, give us a call. We  
can use your knowledge and direct your energy! These  
are a few of the reasons to go out and recruit new  
members for CPRG. Do you know someone you work  
with who is not a member? If we all sign up two new  
members, we'll have a broader base of information and  
support the next time Congress wants to make us all  
pee in a cup, turn over complete financial records, or  
work without health insurance. Get involved! Got a  
burning issue? CPRG gives you complete freedom to act  
on your own to gather the information, present an idea  
to the members, and make it happen. WE are YOU!

Another item: I was reading the Boatman's Quarterly  
Review (that publication by the Other guides  
association) and saw a story in there that made me say  
"We had that same shit up here!"(pun intended). Jim  
Nothnagel, the Public Health Park Consultant, had a  
thing in there about a 12-24 hour illness; generally  
associated with severe vomiting and diarrhea, with  
headache and chills, and usually a fever of 102+. Sound  
familiar? I thought so. I am not sure he is aware that  
this was happening upstream too. If you or a guest had  
this, please contact him at 520.556.2106. I don't think it  
was a food-handling thing, because it was so selective  
the way it hit people. If you are into conspiracy  
theories—that somewhere, someone is dumping  
something into the river—maybe, maybe not, but I hate  
to see a prime boatman drop the night before the Big  
Drops—it would be nice to figure out what caused this  
thing. If Jim has a bigger data base maybe a correlation  
will show up.

And lastly: I would like to thank Annie Tueller-Payne  
for stepping up to the president's position as Dusty had  
to resign in fairness to her and us (that girl does 5 times  
as much as anyone else, but apparently not 6 times as  
much). I thought for a few days that I would have to be  
president. I always sound like I'm begging or scolding  
when I ask people to get things done. People just do  
them for Annie—to make her life easier—because they  
WANT to. She says its just temporary until someone  
more qualified steps in—keep humoring her. I am sure  
we will find someone more qualified in a year or two!

## Doesn't retirement mean new rubber on an old tire?

Steve "T-Berry" Young

**H**opefully this will not be my last contribution to  
*The Confluence*, I'm now saying that I'm officially  
retired from the business as a commercial raft  
guide. Hopefully most readers of this fine journal don't  
know who I am. For the ones who do, I hope you know  
me from my efforts to help CPRG in positive directions  
when I was president and on the board of directors. For  
the people who know me outside of this organization,  
I'm sorry you had to know me, I never meant to harm or  
derail everyone's good intentions.

During all the years that I guided, I have had the  
opportunity to see and experience wonderful things. I  
have pictures of bears from Northern Alaska and  
tortoises from Southern Arizona, but these pictures  
mean very little in comparison to the memories of the  
people I have met while working in some of these awe  
inspiring places. Some of the most incredible memories  
that I have acquired over the years are from friends who  
have past away. Other memories are from some of the  
clients who took the time to write about the effects of

their vacation on their lives. Vacations and journeys in the wilderness can change, effect and teach people in amazing ways.

I wish I could pass on some of my experiences to newer guides. It is my hope that this article will let people see some of the experiences that were burned into my mind that I think worked for me. Experiences that helped me to create my own foundations to how I was going to help give visitors an experience that would be very memorable during their lives. I hope that by writing this article, newer guides will see how some of the things I have learned are important and maybe learning will come from this article.

One of the memories that taught me the importance of compassion, caring for others, and the importance to give clients encouragement and support, happened years ago when I was working for Outward Bound in Cataract Canyon. We were doing a standard seven-day course that included rock climbing and a solo in the Doll House (long before there were 5 trails from the river and everybody visited it). One of the participants on the course was very over weight. The guides tried to give her the best experience we could. There was some worry, amongst us guides, about safety and health issues for this client due to the nature of the rigorous activities we would be accomplishing. On the morning of the hike up to the Doll House, we split all the equipment up amongst the clients (which included six, 5-gallon water jugs for 2 days and 24 people, climbing rope for three separate climbs and a rappel, and some personal gear for an overnight). Not sure how the heavy lady was going to do we started up with her willing to try the trail to the Doll House. Before we left we decided on a staff member who would stay with her, when she turned around and stayed at the river for the next two days. As you can imagine I forgot about her as we lead the rest of the group up to the top and to the rock-climbing site near the road. To my surprise, in mid-afternoon sunlight, here comes our other staff member with the client. I looked at the other students at the bottom of the rock-climbing site and was amazed with their reactions to seeing her. Previously the other students ignored this participant during the first two days of the course.

At the bottom of the rock climbs, all the students got up and walked over and congratulated her on making it to the top. She took a seat in the shade for some time, and again I busied myself with setting up a rappel while talking to the guide who walked with her to the top. It took some encouraging and patience of that one guide during a seven-hour walk up the Doll House trail. After an hour I returned to the climb site to get people for the rappel, and one of the students asked if it was possible for the overweight participant to try climbing. The other guides and myself discussed how we could change some things to make it work. We moved one of the climbing routes off to the side and prepared to belay her. We, as staff, decided that it was not safe in this circumstance to

have another student belay. During her slow ascent to the top of the rock, most of the students were at the bottom coaching and encouraging her as she made her way to the top. There is no question that their encouragement and support helped her to make it to the top. Our willingness and flexibility helped this participant do things that she would never of had a chance to do, because of her physical state.

The wonderful thing about this trip was that it didn't stop when we all departed and went our separate ways. Two years later at the Outward Bound facility in Jensen, Utah, I got a letter addressed to all the guides, who were on that trip; only two of us still worked for Outward Bound. The letter was from a lady who, picture included, after a river course, lost over 200 pounds, went back to school, and was going to help counsel children who were abused and neglected. The letter included a story that explained her life and why she came to Outward Bound. She also said that the changes that happened in her life came about because of the effort, caring and patience of the guides. She also noted that the added support and acceptance of the other students had a big effect. Looking back in retrospect from what she said and we did as guides would never have happened if we let our burned out spirits from a long season rule how and what we did on that trip. Encouragement and support to all of the participants on all wilderness trips can effect people in ways that we as guides rarely see or learn about. Even the most demanding and annoying clients, if treated with respect, given a chance and pushed a little bit, will get something from their journey.

The guide on a wilderness trip can be the piece that makes vacationers have an experience that is memorable throughout their lives. How the guide makes that happen is not through chance, but through some effort and thought. It doesn't happen by acting as a servant or wait person, and giving clients everything they want or need. Guides need to be able to help change clients expectations and desires about their vacation without the client knowing it. It is not easy and with some clients it is not possible. Some client expectations are way to far in right field or the trip was sold as a "dazzling" trip, which guides have to do everything they can to just meet the expectations of the client. As a guide you have some control over clients expectations and desires, and you can dazzle them in ways that might be easier than the repetitive "canned trip" that is becoming more popular today. Understanding client's expectations and desires is easy if you get to know your clients. Talk to them before the trip and during the first day; find out what their expectations are. Find out if they have done things like this before and what the bill of goods was when they bought the trip. If you spend time understanding your clients you can give them an experience that rewards you with the possibility of a better gratuity and you might never have set up all the equipment that is carried

to amaze clients. Maybe your clients will be more amazed by hikes than the garnish on the plate or in the salad. Maybe it is vice-versa. Or maybe you might have both types of clients on the trips and you have to communicate and juggle your activities a little.

I hope that guided trips move back towards a focus on the wilderness rather than the emphasis on meals and dazzling pleasures, which is where it seems to be going. It is sick to think of trips where guides become servers rather than people who can teach and lead people in the wilderness with an ability to make their vacations very memorable. The willingness as guides to be compassionate, encouraging, caring, and able to understand clients are skills that I feel helped me to enjoy my years as a guide. If the letters and correspondence from clients after trips is a way to measure a guide's success, I feel that I'm moving on to other pastures with the feeling that I succeeded as a guide.

## Green River Happenings

Shane Edwards

**W**hat's new in and around Green River? Well, not much, but did you know there is a new, concrete ramp at Swasey's Rapid—the popular and often crowded take-out for Desolation and Gray canyon trips? Yes, there is! Hooray! No more twisted ankles, stubbed toes, or vehicles stuck on irregular, and sometimes very large, rocks and boulders. The new Swasey's ramp was finished by the end of September 2000, while the Green River was at its low stage. This enabled the ramp to be poured as low in the riverbed as possible. The large boulders that many complained about will remain in place to direct traffic and minimize congestion on the circular drive-through.

In talking with Dennis Willis, of the BLM in Price, Utah, the drive-through is designed to have vehicles pull in on a clockwise rotation to give drivers with trailers a clear shot to back down the ramp. The ramp has a fairly steep grade of 14%, so it is very important to secure your vehicle before leaving it unattended, i.e., chock tires, leave vehicle in gear, and use the parking brake—if you have one. It is also recommended that you have your own tire chocks available in your vehicle so that native rock is not being used and left on the ramp to cause obstruction and danger to others. The ramp is also finished in a rough surface for better traction to ease pulling a loaded vehicle off the steep ramp. Remember—what may be good for traction isn't always good for the skin.

In addition, the BLM has plans to stripe the ramp with lanes to provide a defined area to unload and/or de-rig. We'll see how this works. Remember, there are other parties on the river needing to take-out also, so if

your transportation isn't there yet, please consider moving to the downstream side of the ramp so that others who are ready to leave can do so. Cooperation is key! Let's be considerate of others and keep congestion and frustration on this new ramp to a minimum.

Parking is limited at the ramp and is posted as day use only. Any long-term parking or overnight parking should be done at the Swasey's Beach camping area just about a hundred yards up the road from the ramp. Compared to the hazardous boulder field that existed before, the new ramp should make de-rigging after a Deso/Gray trip or daily much nicer and much safer. Enjoy!

## "Boats and Boaters" T-shirts For Sale 2000 River Education Seminar

Art work by Eric Trenbeath

**T**hese shirts have a full panel on the back and a logo on the front shirt pocket area. Pictures of the Kolb Brothers, Bert Loper and the crew of the Denver Colorado Canyon & Pacific Rail Road. These shirts were designed to be worn on river trips. All proceeds from the t-shirts benefits the River Education Seminar of 2001. Buy one now—heck buy two, or three at \$12.00 each. Ash grey color and sizes are small, medium, large, xlarge, and xxlarge. Send checks plus \$3.00 for shipping to:

CPRG  
P.O. Box 344  
Moab, Utah 84532  
435.259.3598  
cprgutah@hotmail.com

## Operation Manager Wanted

**C**anyoneers, Inc. is accepting applications for River Operations Manager for their Grand Canyon division. The job is full-time with benefits and salary is negotiable, based on experience and skills. Although this is not an on-river position, we are looking for a qualified motor rig, trip leader with good management and training skills, who also has exceptional communication skills. Please send resume to:

Joy Staveley  
c/o Anyoneers, Inc.  
P.O. box 2997,  
Flagstaff, AZ 86003  
Email: [joy@anyoneers.com](mailto:joy@anyoneers.com)

# Richard Jones

## A Little Piece of Living History

Annie Tueller-Payne

The following article is satire, a slice out of the life of Richard Jones. This article is not intended to document his many professional and political accomplishments. Richard Jones is the founder of World Wide River Expeditions; one of the first outfitters to offer Cataract, Westwater and Desolation canyon trips to the general paying public. World Wide is also the largest outfitter on Idaho's Main Salmon River. He is one of the founders of the Utah Guides and Outfitters association (UGO). Entire essays and novels could be written about these accomplishments and this article is in no way meant to trivialize Richard Jones. This article's intended focus is the personal side of Richard Jones. He is a father, a grandfather and this year, retired!

I had always heard horror stories about the owner of World Wide River Expeditions, Richard Jones. His reputation preceded him. Other guides had told me that he wouldn't hire men shorter than 6 feet, that he only hired BYU students, and that he wouldn't hire women at all. I was terrified of him. I am a non-Mormon, girl, coming in at a big 110 pounds. Nevertheless, some cute boy convinced me that I should work for World Wide River Expeditions. So I did. And thus began my relationship with RJ.

I interviewed with Richard on a snowy February afternoon in his Northern Utah office. He was what I had heard about. He was staunch and serious. I smiled as I shook his hand. He nodded, acknowledging me without speaking. He sat down and fired his first question. He asked me how much I weighed. I took a deep breath, I was wearing three sweaters, as I knew the question was coming and I wanted to look bigger. "130," I said.

Then Richard did something quite unexpected. He laughed at me, right there. He leaned back in his chair, threw back his head, held his sides and laughed until he cried.

"You wouldn't weigh 130, even with all those clothes you're wearing soaking wet," he laughed. This was the Richard that I was expecting. I immediately launched my carefully rehearsed speech. "I know I don't look it, but I can row a boat," I argued. "I've rowed Westwater over 100 times and never flipped" That was my ace in the hole, an irrefutable verbal resume, or so I thought. That's when Richard really got me.

"That's 'cause you've never tried," he joked, still chuckling at my weight comment. Then he told me that I was hired, he shook my hand again, smiling this time, and we have been friends ever since. Turns out they were all wrong about Richard. He's actually a really nice guy. He's been nothing but nice to me and he loves the river more than anyone.

Richard is retiring this year, and I wanted to write a little tribute to him. I guess that I just want people to realize that what he lacks in bar room shop talk, he makes up for in his genuine love for rivers and the people who run them. He is humble and understated. He, ironically, tends to go largely unnoticed in the Moab River community. After Jim Sarten retired, I believe that Richard was the last owner (founded) operated river outfitter in town (Moab). The following are just a couple of the many memories that I have of Richard.

The first time I boated with Richard was on Westwater. He ran Skull the most screwed up way ever. He was sideways, skiwampus and darn near flipped. I, consequently, decided that he clearly was an idiot. It never occurred to me that Richard might have just been messing around in a rubber boat because he could and no one would tell him different.

Richard's skill behind the oars really shined a few years ago on the Selway. We went up for one of the first trips of the year. The road was still snowed in, but somehow we got to Paradise Guard Station. I could write an entire novel on that shuttle and the drivers and rigs that got us to the put in, but not today. We put on at four-feet, but by the time we got to the canyon, it had risen to nine-feet. Ladle was solid Class V, with a 5-mile continuous Class IV run out including Little Niagara, No Slouch, Puzzle Creek and others. I still have no regrets about walking Ladle. It was as hairy as anything that I have ever seen and I truly believe that it could have killed someone that day. Richard, I could tell was apprehensive but opted for rowing anyway. He was in a fully loaded 18-footer, not the ideal boat for a swollen mountain river, but Richard's favorite craft. The Selway, at 9-feet, offers more serious consequences than Westwater in the Utah blazing sun. Reading the river counts on the Selway. I was apprehensive about anyone running it, let alone Richard. Richard not only ran it that day, he humbly greased it, with a perfect run, and it was beautiful.

Although Richard and I have run a couple of rivers together, we've run Cataract Canyon the most together. I remember one Cat trip in particular. I was motoring and as usual he was back in the motor well trying to tell me what to do. Cat was running about 40 thousand and we had a little argument about whether Big Bertha would be a wash in Big Drop Three. I prefer running a little of the gut if I have to, in order to avoid that thing but not Richard. He loves Bertha. He feels that he has paid good money to run the biggest riverboats made and he's going to get his money's worth. So we sat in the back of the motor well arguing, while entering Big Three and well, Richard won. We ran that hole, and at the last minute, straightened up with no downstream momentum. The front frame actually made it through the maw but the back frame did not. So, we just kind of hung on the fence there so to speak...for a while. The straps holding the frames together all burst. Then the outrigger straps started to go. I thought our whole boat

would come apart right there, but somehow she managed through. Richard had time to jump out of the motor well and head for the nose of the boat. I had been washed out and was hugging the motor, feet dangling in the drink when Richard came back. I was doing my best to get my feet underneath me when Richard told me to get back in the boat and do something. I told him that I was working on it. That was the second time that I remember Richard laughing at me.

Richard loves animals. I had been doing back-to-back Cat trips last summer, and had met some random, fairly domesticated goose living at Ten Cent. I started feeding it bread every week. The passengers dug the goose and somebody had even named him Ned. So, Richard came down one week and fell in love with Ned. No kidding, love at first sight. It was the darndest thing. Richard loved that a goose would jump up on his boats for some bread. He asked me if we could take the goose to Dark Canyon to camp with us. I said no. I explained that the goose would make a mess on the boat. I also tried to explain that Ten Cent was the goose's home etc, etc. Well, somewhere along the line Richard pulled rank, which he does on occasion. Next thing I know, I am at Hite, two days later, with the goose, all of the passengers calling it "Goosey". Richard, who was flying back, asked me if I would mind driving Goosey back to Moab. I explained again to Richard the logistics of goose transportation. I told him the truck (his truck) only seats six and we had seven guides, and the last thing we needed was a goose in the truck. Richard didn't care. Again with the rank thing and I agreed to drive this goose half way across the state of Utah. Richard left me with the goose and six guides. The guides later mutinied, and we ended up leaving Goosey at Hite. We returned to Moab that evening to find Richard anxiously awaiting his new pet goose, which we didn't have. No worries though, Richard jumped in his car drove 4 hours to Hite, picked up Goosey then drove back to his office in SLC, arriving at 2:00am. Goosey left Richard the next day. And, you guessed it, I saw Goosey back at Ten Cent two weeks later. This time I was laughing at Richard.

Like so many things in life, you don't realize what you've got until it's gone. I could go on and on with Richard stories. He has truly lively-ed up my guiding career and I love him for it. I have had the pleasure of doing "all ladies trips" with his oldest daughter Susan, in resident office ass kicker. I have spent summers with another daughter, sweet soul Salmon River sister Allison. She too has left commercial outfitting for other challenges and is now mother of twins. And of coarse I owe my life to his son; workhorse, swamper/sherpa, pucker consuming, one word survivor, birthday remembering, partner in crime Scooter B! It seems to be an end of an era for the Jones family. Richard has moved on to larger bodies of water. He is currently in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean solo rowing a 30-foot

boat, which he crafted. I, however, cannot move on until I say thank you. So, at the risk of sounding sappy, here it goes. For the fun times, the best equipment and the best Glen and Bessie Hyde storyteller ever. For holding the shade umbrella for Sage and me, for the girl's bug hut, even for the 16-hour rig you made us do last summer and especially for the flowers when I really needed them. Thank you Richard, I will miss you.

## **Beginners Luck: A Guides First Raft Trip High Water Cataract Canyon**

Daniel Anderson

**M**y 11-foot oars are bent nearly in half on either side of my water logged 18-foot raft. Each one resembles a frown, not unlike the one on my face. Ahead, coming up fast, is the awesome sight of Big Drop 2. The ledge wave is massive and crashing, and the waves below are exploding fiercely; there is nothing little about Little Niagra. I'm pulling frantically towards the safety of the river left eddy above the drop, but I seem to be moving closer to the certain doom lurking downstream. Sweat pours off my brow like sheets of rain from a mountain thunderstorm. Veins are popping out of my arms where I never knew I had veins before; my strength is going fast. The raft behind me speeds past in the main current aimed directly for Niagra. I pull and pull, slowly and reluctantly the eddy accepts my raft. For now, I am safe. The other raft was not so fortunate. This is my welcome to Cataract Canyon at high water.

I have always been fortunate rafting and kayaking. I know there is a big thrashing waiting for me down a river somewhere but I've snuck by—so far. I was especially lucky my first raft trip down Cataract Canyon. It was towards the end of May 1998 and the rivers on the Colorado Plateau were rising daily. I was really strong that Spring, having completed a two month season in west Texas guiding on the Rio Grande and working for three weeks as a guide on the Salt River in Arizona. I'd been boating for three months when I showed up in Moab, while most guides here were still shaking off the cold of a good snow pack winter with the memories of fat powder days still fresh on their minds.

So I had just started with Sheri Griffith Expeditions that year and expectations of me were high. I did an upper Dolores river trip at 3,500 cfs with Dave Focardi and I guess I did well. Back in the office, after the trip, I was asked if I wanted to row high water Cat. My stomach immediately sank to my feet and my knee's became weak. "High water Cat—why that's certain death," I thought to myself. After a few moments of silence waiting for a response, Jose said, "Well, you



gotta do it sometime and high water may not come again for a few years." So I tried to sound confident, even with all the blood having run out of my face, and replied, "Sure, I'm ready." Of course I thought, "I really would rather be buried up to my neck in Ernie Country with honey poured on my head."

Cataract Canyon has been known as the "Graveyard of the Colorado" since the early 1900s. More people had disaster and death in the 49 miles of Cataract than the whole 216 miles of the Grand Canyon. It has a reputation to not take lightly, especially if you had watched the "High Water Episode 1997" video 58 times, like I had.

**Night one on the five-day row trip:** I was camped at Little Bridge with Dave Focardi the trip leader, Rob Ho the guide extraordinaire, Nancy Redfern my highsider/bailer/tubepuncher/balast and our guests. I did a nice hike up the canyon to relax, helped with dinner and then socialized until dark. It looked like rain but being a macho boatmun elected to sleep on my boat, exposed to the unsettled spring desert weather. I awoke about 1 a.m. to light rain and pulled my old worn tarp over my sleeping bag. I awoke an hour later with rain seeping through my ancient tarp and my bag wet, but I was still defiant. A half-hour later my hair soaked, my sleeping bag sopping, I decided to set up my new tent. As I walked past the kitchen, I spied Rob under a roll-a-table, with a tablecloth over him as a shelter (his tent was on his snout rig in the boatyard). He asked if I was putting up a tent. I said, "Yes." Then he said, "Do you need help setting it up?" Which really meant, "Can I share the dryness of your tent if I help you set it up?" I said, "Thanks but I can manage on my own." I assembled my tent and I started feeling guilty because it was raining even harder now. So, as I went to get my bag and pillow, I invited him to share it. "Although it's not very big," a hopefully discouraging remark. I crawled in with a few minutes passing by, and I felt relieved that I wouldn't have to share my tent, but then I heard the zipper opening and Rob oozed in. He was as soaked as I and our sleeping bags were equally saturated as well, so we each pushed our water laden bags aside and used rain jackets as blankets.

Morning came bright and sunny, and we emerged tired, with bloodshot eyes. I was glad I shared the tent with him. It had rained for two more hours that night and even though I had just met him I knew we'd be good friends, and he would be a valuable ally in the canyon. The next day of flat water passed and we camped under clear skies at the Loop. The Colorado River had risen about a foot during the day. It's a big wide river here and a foot is quite a lot.

**The next day** we emerged at the Confluence of the mighty Green River from Wyoming and our Colorado River that starts in Colorado. The river instantly doubled in size to about 100 yards across, swollen brown and

swirling with cold snowmelt water originating from hundreds of miles away. It was the largest river I had ever been on. The current was swift as we approached Spanish Bottom, where we pulled over for lunch and a lengthy safety orientation.

After lunch, we went into a 30-minute safety talk on what to do if (and we have a good chance) we flip a raft. How to self-rescue to a raft or to shore, and essentially how to survive your \$1000 vacation that you must be out of your mind to want to do. Life jackets securely tightened, everything double strapped, we enter the canyon with sour stomachs and heightened anxiety. Rapid #1, or Brown Betty, is first. A relatively straightforward rapid but now with 10- to 12-foot tall waves for a hundred yards. Immediately after is Rapid #2 with unpredictable building and exploding 15-foot tall waves into an extremely powerful eddy. It was the biggest waves I had ever seen, but I was feeling confident and strong. Rapid #3 is easy and insignificant, and #4 is big but pretty non-threatening. There are some large tail waves at the bottom, but the biggest challenge is catching the eddy for camp directly after Rapid #4 to camp at upper Rapid #5. Well, we all made it, and the world was warm and peaceful again. The sand at Rapid #5 is wonderful; light tan and soft. And there are some nice tamarisks for shade. We set up camp and then did a hike up Surprise Valley. I turned back early to help Rob with dinner. Of course we had to start with beers to get in the mood to cook. Then we prepared a wonderful dinner of steaks and potatoes, salad and corn and a cake for dessert. That night we drank gallons of Sangria wine after dessert around the campfire as we told stories and Dave played his banjo.

I had a theory that I'd do better in the hard rapids if I was hung over, or maybe I was just quite nervous and figured putting on a drunk would unfocus my mind from the perceived terror that was looking down in canyon below. Well, either way I got hammered. I was severely hung over **the next day**, and the sunlight and any movement made my head throb like from the hit of a sledgehammer. I emerge from my tent like early life emerging from the primordial sea—slow and reluctant. I, like early life, knew it was a bad move but I didn't really have much choice in the matter. I couldn't even think about breakfast and any sudden movement sent waves of nausea over me. Not the best condition to be in prior to running the biggest whitewater in the United States.

I somehow manage to rig my boat, Dave does a refresher safety talk and we board our rafts. Nancy is in the same condition as I, though I not quite as bad. Mostly her nerves are getting her—I suspect. She knows what we are getting into. She had seen Cat in high water before as a passenger. I had only seen Cat at low water, where it is more like a kitten. The river had also risen during the night, and flows were conservatively speculated to not be as high as it really was.

Into the swollen river we go. I had to continually dunk my head in the water to cool the throb. The

current was pushy and fast now. Around the first bend we encounter the North Seas, Rapids #6 and #7 combined. From 200 yards the waves look colossal. As we drop down the quickening water into the rapid my huge 18-foot raft is met by waves at 15-foot tall, and some at 20-foot. We are buffeted by walls of water from all sides as waves form, explode and dissipate unpredictably. It is a wonderful sensation, like being on a sea-going vessel in heavy surf! Despite the force and power of the rapid, we emerge wet, but upright and intact. Rapids #9 and #10 are washed out and only quick water remains, tugging our craft onward until the slack water of Lake Cataract, 2½ miles of calm water.

Here we meet up with another SGRE trip that also has along a training boat. Sarah Klinger is rowing the big gnarly for the first time as well. We combine trips for safety as we approach the Mile Long Rapids. We decide to not scout for some reason and elect to, "Read and run baby!" Around the bend, we enter Rapid #13, then immediately Rapids #14 and #15 (aka Capsize or Hell to Pay).

Rapids #13 and #14 are just big waves but Capsize has a few surprises waiting for us. I had only seen Cat previously in a kayak at 8-10,000 cfs, so nothing looked the same. Coming into Capsize I tell Nancy, "I see a big hole in the center." She reply's, "Well don't run it, ok?," so I go right of the huge hole and ride the standing waves to the bottom. Sarah doesn't see the same hole in time and takes the big ride. She emerged at the bottom full of water and full of adrenaline, but no worse for the wear. Still fighting the hangover, I feel quite calm and continue on in ignorant bliss into Rapid #16 with more huge waves and then Rapid #17. All I had been told about the Button at Rapid #18 was, "Don't go center because there is a huge boat eating hole there." I pull with all my might through and across 15-foot tall wave towards the left, but am hit by a crashing wave that surfs Nancy and I for a few seconds and denies access to the left. We are forcefully pushed center into the maelstrom of waves and white froth. All I can see are brown walls of water and don't know the water level is too high for the hole, but I still fight my way towards the left. Next up is Ben Hurt Rapid, which is simply fast water, so I row into the eddy above Big Drop #1 at Big Drop Beach so that all the rafts can regroup. Normal protocol is to scout the next 1-mile of rapids from there, but for reasons I never found out we elected to try to eddy out at Big Drop #2 to scout.

Down the tongue of Big Drop #1 I go to be once again buffeted by monstrous brown waves and savage currents of confused water. I see Dave's raft in the scout eddy above Big Drop #2 and pull with all my might into the slack water, and make the safety of the calm pool by luck and determination alone. Sarah's raft misses the eddy and enters Big Drop #2 in the wrong spot (Little Niagara) and is instantly overturned like a leaf in the wind. I want to scout but Dave has high water jitters, and the fortunate knowledge of the run, and wants to

go. I hop on shore for a moment to look, but can only see whitewater and spray being thrust skyward.

The only knowledge passed on to me is "Hit the marker hole high and pull right." "If I only knew where the marker hole is, I'd feel better," I think to myself. So I watch Dave go and he quickly disappears into the rapid. I think I see the route so I enter the current with my heart thumping like a rabbit on meth. I hit the marker hole and the boat pivots bow first downstream. "This is just like the move at Skull, only right to left," I think. Little did I know that after hitting the marker you are supposed to pull like Hell to the right. After the pivot I start to push calmly, thinking I was in the right spot. I see a 30-foot wall of water, the Red Wall, right in my path. The river Gods are smiling on me though, because the wall isn't breaking as I go up and over the top of the biggest wave I have ever seen. Then chaos! I begin to get hit from all sides by compression waves. Nancy is punching and highsideing her full 120 lbs. We get knocked sideways, and I drop the oars and high side right, then left, and then right again. Now the raft is completely on it's side and stalls, so I put my full 180 lbs on the tube and for some reason we don't flip. Now the waves are getting smaller but I realize we're on the left on the Purgatory eddy line directly above Satan's Gut. I regain my oars and begin to pull with all my might towards the right, but the raft is filled with water to the tube tops and my oars bend almost to the point of breaking without moving the raft. Visions of the 1997 high water video race through my head and I tell Nancy as calmly as possible, "We're fucked." She gives me a blank unbelieving look and I say, "Well, Nancy, it was nice knowing you."

She yells to me in a panicked voice, "Don't stop pulling, Don't give up!! Never give up!!" The fear in her voice snaps me back to reality and I pull harder and harder, my grip on the oars slipping as fatigue takes over. We're losing the battle and The Gut is looming just feet from us; all I see is a spot where the river disappears and a mist is rising. We can hear where a lion is roaring down below. We can't possible avoid The Gut so I square up and yell for Nancy to hold on. As we start over the edge of the drop, all I hear from Myself and Nancy is "Please God, Please God, Please God!!!" The raft drops off The Gut falling about six feet into the froth and I dig in the oars with the adrenalized strength of Hercules. We stall momentarily and slowly, the raft slips from the clutches of The Gut. We continue downstream as I pull with my body stretched out horizontally, every muscle straining, my unconscious wishing to yet exist another day to sort out all the neuroses pent up in my mind. As we emerge from the froth and pull out into the tail waves of Big Drop #3, we do a high five, and yell victory cheers. I look Nancy square in the eyes and calmly say, "Well Nancy, this would be a good time to bail."

That was my first raft trip down High Water Cataract Canyon—but not my last!

# River Education for 2001

Contact your outfitter or CPRG  
CPRG phone: 435.259.3598  
CPRG email: cprgutah@hotmail.com

**San Juan Canyon:** April 23–27 with High Desert Adventures.

**Desolation Canyon:** April 28–May 2 with Tag-A-Long

**Cataract Canyon:** April 29–May 2 with World Wide.

**Lodore Canyon:** May 6–May 10 with Adventure Bound.

**River Education Seminar at Canyonlands:**

May 4–5; a land-based seminar.

**River Education Seminar at Dinosaur:** May 29;  
a land-based seminar.



Charlie Eggert enjoying a beverage at Ray's Tavern during CPRG's 2000 programming "Boats and Boaters." We viewed Charlie's film, while listening intently to his narration, of the 1955 Hatch–Eggert Expedition. The film was received by an enthusiastic and, later, tearful crowd. David Brower used parts of Charlie's many films to save the Green and Colorado rivers from dams. The next day, at the Moab event "Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film," Brower and Eggert were reunited after many years.

# A Book Review

by John Weisheit

*Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde*

**B**oatman and river historian Brad Dimock is the author of this long anticipated book. The story of Glen and Bessie Hyde is the unquestionable favorite to tell around the campfire's glow. Because of this well-written book, which is the most historically accurate and comprehensive on the subject, river runners have more subject matter to use as the last log burns. I guess we will also have to modify our stories a bit to reflect the greater degree of enlightenment that this book provides. But hey, that doesn't mean you should turn your own story into a class room lecture.

In 1928 the Hydes took a scow down the Green and Colorado rivers from Green River, Utah, and disappeared without a trace in western Grand Canyon. The task to compile this book required a lot of original research and innovation, especially the river trip portion, as Bessie Hyde was not a prolific diary keeper. Dimock fills in the technical aspects of running a scow on the Colorado River from personal experience. Along with his river running wife, Jeri Ledbetter, they decided to build a replica scow and do a belated honeymoon river trip themselves from Lee's Ferry. The book therefore doubles its value as Dimock explains the genuine difficulty of running a scow through Grand Canyon.

The book also touches historic people, times and places throughout, and in the process continues to enlighten life aspects of other historic river runners such as, the Kolb brothers and Georgie White-Clark.

Buy two books: one for your ammo can library and one for your bookshelf. Invest in Dimock's research to get yet another fascinating book in the future!

Fretwater Press  
1000 Grand Canyon Avenue  
Flagstaff, AZ 86001  
www.fretwater.com

# Dave Rust in Glen Canyon A 1923 River Diary

Edited by Frederick H. Swanson

*For access to Dave Rust's trip logs and photographs I am indebted to the Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*

In the summer of 1923 David Dexter Rust, a school superintendent and backcountry guide from Kanab, Utah, was doing what he enjoyed most: showing his beloved canyon country to educated clients from back East. His young guests on this July excursion, Charles Berolzheimer and Arnold Koehler, were on holiday from Harvard and Cornell. Along with Rust's son Jordan, they were going to be treated to a float trip down Glen Canyon on the Colorado River.

Just getting to the river was an adventure: they had made a long horseback journey from Hanksville, crossing the Henry Mountains and riding down Trachyte Creek to the abandoned settlement of Hite. Rust's folding canvas boats were arriving by wagon from Hanksville. It was to be a voyage of rediscovery for the 49-year old Rust. He had sluiced gold from Glen's placer bars in 1897-98, using the river to travel upstream and down between mining camps<sup>1</sup>. During those years he had the notion of taking visitors down the river for pay, to see what he called a "wonder river and a wonder canyon."<sup>2</sup>

Rust began guiding river trips as early as 1917, according to his later recollection<sup>3</sup>, but he left no record of those ventures. The following diary suggests that he was seeing the country from Hite downstream to the Crossing of the Fathers for the first time since his youthful mining days. Certainly the wonder, delight and sense of discovery he expresses are those of someone seeing the canyon with fresh, mature vision.

Rust called the 1923 excursion his "first river trip for fun," an indication that money was not the chief objective. It was more likely a test run for what became a regular river guiding venture.

They lacked gear we take for granted, such as water purifying filters and sturdy hiking shoes. In return, they enjoyed a measure of discovery, traveling without guidebooks and poking up wrong canyons. Rust had

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<sup>1</sup> Rust, David D., "Boating on the Colorado," *Improvement Era*, May 1901, P. 507-512.

<sup>2</sup> Merrill, Harrison R., "Dave Rust, Lover of the Grand Canyon," *Improvement Era*, April 1929, p. 471-3.

<sup>3</sup> Testimony in the Colorado Riverbed case of 1929 (see *The Confluence*, vol. 4, no. 2, Summer 1997)

read Major Powell's and Frederick Dellenbaugh's accounts of the Colorado, yet his excitement at seeing Music Temple for the first time is contagious.

River runners will find Rust's struggles with his boats entertaining. He used 14-foot, steel-ribbed, canvas-covered collapsible open canoes, fitted with oarlocks. These were built in Michigan and seem to have been designed for fishermen on north country lakes. They had the effect of turning Glen Canyon's relatively minor riffles, ledge drops and sand waves into exciting rapids. Rust placed a high premium on safety (according to his daughter Emma, he could not swim), and on later trips he often tied a line from his boat to his passengers. Rust usually outfitted the boats with oars and rowed facing downstream, a technique he may have learned from his friend Nathaniel Galloway, whom he had met on the Colorado during his mining days.

Rust's trip diaries are written in a personal shorthand, with many cryptic abbreviations. In the interest of readability I have filled in most of these. I have also omitted some of his more mundane observations of geology and scenery. Rust was an educated man (Brigham Young Academy and Stanford) and a good writer. One wishes he had organized these notes into a full narrative, for they carry the simple charm of one who loves the river and savors a good adventure.

## The Diary

### Charles & Arnold—First River Trip for Fun

**July 20.** Launch for the big trip at 3:30 p.m. Run to Good Hope [Bar] in 4 hours including 2 stops. Arnold & Jordan have trouble breaking oars. We took an extra ash from Dandy [Crossing]. On account of broken oars (and uncertain ability) I tow their boat over Trachyte [R]apid. The Ticaboo [R]apid gave us a lot of kick — each boat paddled through canoe fashion. A good deal of the time the hind boat was cross wise. Rained at bedtime.

**July 21.** Find need of names for boats so for my own use I will call my boat "Powell" and Jordans's "Gilbert" since we have studied the records of these great explorers on our trip. Thankful this morning that all is well—(really something undesirable could have happened with the Gilbert).

Cool breeze, sprinkle, as we float down the graceful bends. An extraordinary panorama movie. In reality, the shapes & carvings, & weatherings are countless and full of interest & variety, in fancy, there is unlimited opportunity for personification. "Mound" canyon sure enough<sup>4</sup>—the river walls are deep red & usually sheer,

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<sup>4</sup> John Wesley Powell named the upper part of Glen Canyon "Mound Canyon" and the lower part "Monument Canyon" on his 1869 trip. He later used "Glen Canyon" to describe the entire stretch of the Colorado River from the Dirty Devil River to the Paria River (C. Gregory Crampton, *Standing Up Countky, The Canyon Lands of*

the top wall has all sizes of hogans for a roof. And the variety in clouds blends to make the sweetest coloring.

Solitude — not a man on the river (they say) from here to Lee's Ferry. At Tickaboo [R]anch yesterday, we might have seen a Mr. Carpenter, but his reputation and a mile walk persuaded us to pass on. So we must put up with our own (meagre) company for 10 days. Our 14 foot specials are riding fine, but the oars are a complete humbling.

Hansen Cr[ee]k boat tied just below. Lunch above small rapid, creek coming in from West. Charles feeling punk. About 3 miles to S., river turns E & at the turn we look back to see [Mount]Ellen & [Mount] Holmes—a very beautiful part of the canyon. At the next turn where the river swings back S. & then W. are big bowls & other vessels cut out of the wall. We there pulled into the mouth of Moqui Canyon but found no ground for camp so pull across opposite and stop.

Arnold in attempting to take Charles's bed out of boat drops small camera into river same—is recovered after due search—ruined for rest of trip.

Arnold sets some hooks for salmon so I suppose we will have "steak" for breakfast. All take swim. Mosquitos today noon & tonight—the first we have met. Koehler tells me they took "balance wheel" out of his head—hence so many falls. [The result of dehydration?]

**July 22.** Beans for breakfast, stewed apricots, coffee, bread, cornflakes, cheese, milk, sugar. Decide to explore Moki Canyon for cliff dwellings—Short distance up Canyon find yearling heifer in quicksand—boys dig her out.... Arnold falls (slips) down a slick incline rock & gets jammed. Canyon forks about 5 miles up & we explore each branch about 1/2 mile. Discover several cliff houses & granaries. Supposed to be good water in Moki [C]anyon but we find it difficult to get a decent drink. The sluggish stream was warm & polluted with cows. Surprised several cattle—visited 3 ruins of rather ordinary type. Return to camp in same place opposite the mouth of Moki. Clouds & mosquitos again. Everyone restless—watch for bites.

Up with the Son (sic)—gnats & ants—launch at 9—dredge—Mouth of Pine Alcove Cr[ee]k—just below camp run close to ledge that extends half way across river—top of submerged island. Run Bullfrog [R]apid—just below can see [Mount] Hillers & [Mount] Ellsworth.... Cha[rles] tries swimming river—does very good job, a capable swimmer. Red & then grey sandstone rises & where formation dips radically to S. & W. We camp on bar in Kane [County]. No ants or mosquitos. A good sleep in store—cool enough. Cha[rles] attempts to fix shoes.

**July 24.** [Utah's Pioneer Day]—I hoist flag and fuss around camp for an h[our]. Then call the Boys. Cloud—

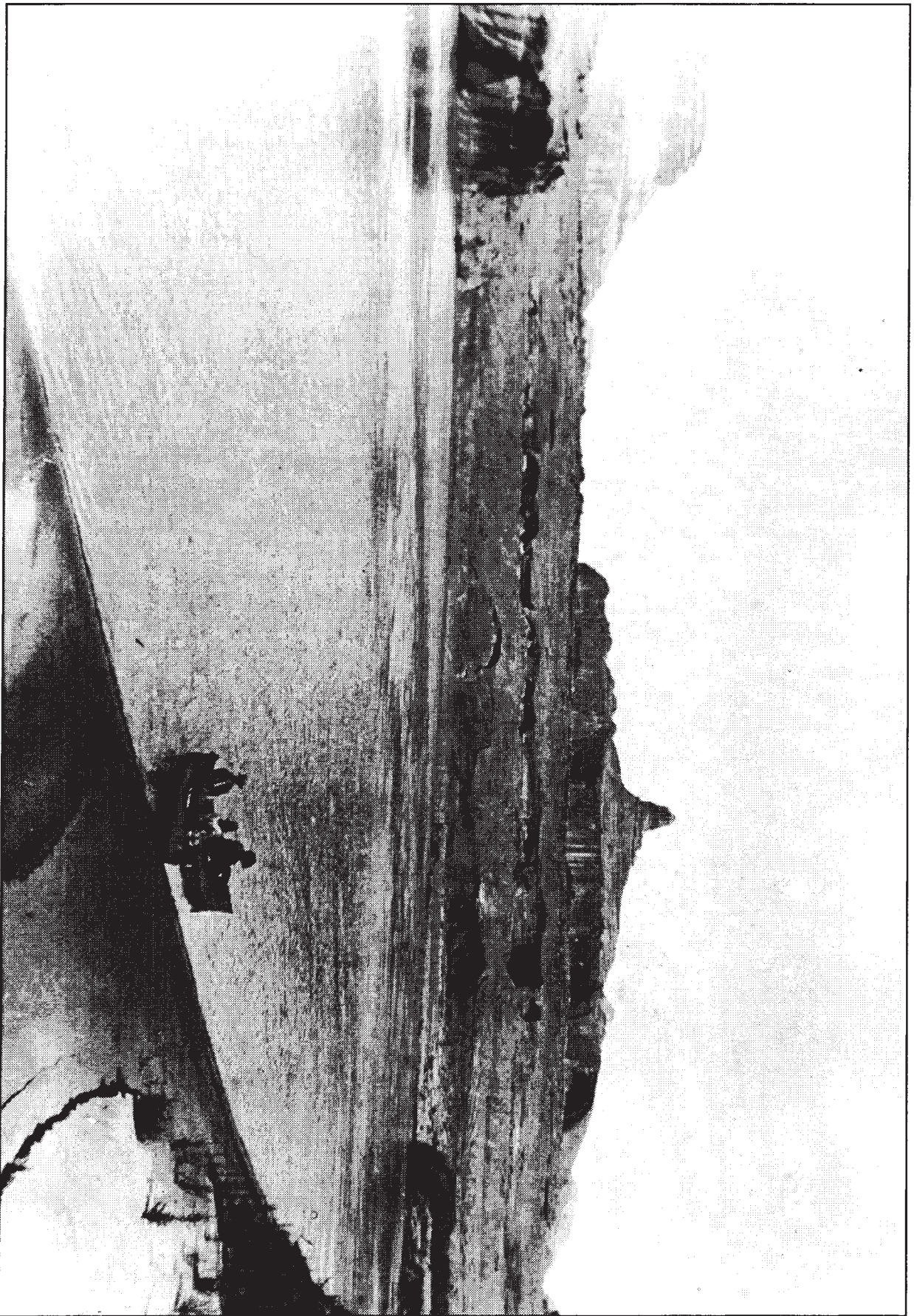
big pot of rice ready for breakfast. Jord[an] & I aren't [drinking] coffee (on account of economy). Launched at 10. Arnold succeeds in dropping toothbrush in river—Jord[an] fixes Cha[rles] shoes I repair Gilbert's oar. I climb up to view formation—we are in heart of Water Pocket [Fold].... Swift again—wide river valley between dark red walls, high, 1 mile wide. River runs N.W. for 2 or 3 miles—Great for color views—red walls burnt black. 24<sup>th</sup> of July—we have colors: white river and Red walls, Blue Sky....

Quiet water to Escalante [River]. Stop to explore it. Lunch just below in Kane [County]. All of our formal stops from Moki [Canyon] down have been in my home county but a long way from home. High class canyon below Escalante [River]—Higher sheer walls, domes bisected—Arches in forming pictured on walls....

Eating young burro, ten mi[le] on the ice—Pull on 3 mi[le] to Hole-In-Rock—we climb up where the wagons came to the floor of the Escalante Desert—then to S.E. look off toward Navajo [Mountain].... An opportune time to visit Hole-In-Rock [on] Pioneer Day—one side of wagon must have rested on faith (other on rock trail cut.) Cha[rles] & Jord[an] went on point to north of H. in R canyon [Hole-in-the-Rock Canyon] to get views & pictures toward Navajo [Mountain]—I return to boats & Arnold (who was not able to hike) & I go after water—fine spring—the boys come down and we as to whether to camp. We camped for night where the Pioneers camped before—at Mouth of little cr[ee]k & on the bank of Colo[rado].

**July 25.** Up early to repair Cha[rles] shoes. Tie boats on San Juan [River] shore & go E over pioneer road—then to high points to S. between Colo[rado] & San Juan. Arnold drops out in shade of dome before we reach view point. Excellent situation in center of Rainbow Rock land. Encircled by Navajo, Kaiparowits, Aquarius, Henry [mountains]. (Abajo hidden by local ridge) A thousand rainbow arches "in the making." Cha[rles] takes interest in photos. Return over hot rocks, deep tanks, on trail with good water, ate some jerky & raisins.... Paddle down to the San Juan (Crossing of Men, Women & Children) Cha[rles] climbs point between ridges to get pictures. San Juan not navigable, too swift & thin. 2 miles N.W. at the turn we come to Music Temple by Powell's description. Sure enough the most musical place we've ever seen. Everybody tries his voice. Too far from boats to carry stuff so we sleep on white sand in San Juan [C]ounty & the Piute Reservation. This is exquisite architecture. The Temple is not an auditorium but a music palace. More than expected. Should like to bring Miss Poll—or some other singer here. Feature this with Rock Cr[ee]k Rainbow trip. Try to find names of explorers but cannot—feel the solemnity & sacredness of place.

**July 26.** Arnold complains of rib. Very cool night, I row Cha[rles] up 1/8 mi[le] to get pictures of temple across



Glen Canyon, undated (1920s or 1930s). Photo by David Rust. LDS Historical Department, Archives. Courtesy of Fred Swanson.

river. We row across & go up a little narrow canyon—very good water echoes.

Nat[ural] bridge 800 feet above water on our right—and right in front of us is Rainbow Canyon with the Big rapid roaring just below it. We land, look around & eat lunch. Then up Rainbow we hike. Jord[an] & Cha[rles] go ahead, Arnold & I drag along easy. The Canyon is ordinary for over a mi[le] then it becomes a subway very splendid! But after a 15 mi[le] walk, up and back, we are sure it is not Rainbow but Oak Cr[ee]k—Swam 2 pools a rod long to do it—Good stunt. Shoes fading and feet sore, we reach camp & food & sleep by moonlight. Heard beavers flopping in water near my bed. Temple (high) N. of us is fine as ever even by moonlight.

**July 27.** Heavy rapid to run first thing. N of W around turn and we are to Rainbow. Jord[an] & Arnold are shoeless so [is Charles] & I start with [picking] of currants. 20 min[utes] up we meet 2 Navajoes who want to see [Colorado River]. They ask for chiniago [?]  
—we send message back for boys to come. The Navy's tell us there are 4 whites at Arch [Rainbow Bridge]. The trail we find very good—not many boulders to flounder. Canyon wide.... Good bathing pools in solid floor rock. Anybody, can walk it in 2½ [hours]. Hikers will go in 1½ [hours]. We go in 2½ [including] all stops.

We arrive at Arch to find clouds to help views — Shout but find no one answers so conclude we will take pictures & return to currants we cached below. The Arch still remains the magnificent single piece of rock carving. If we don't see these whites we keep inviolate the property. No white man from Dandy to Lees.

Just as we start back from Arch, meet the 2 Navajoes [sic] & they say boys are not coming. Cha[rles] writes note to white men—takes color view showing Arch & [Mountain]—On we go toward River. We bathe in delicious bathtub near fork with spring of excellent water near. Rest & eat currants & jog on down to camp in 1½ [hours] (from Fork) picking up boys at bath near mouth of Cr[ee]k. Curious building at Mouth—what are they.

**July 28.** Start about 8. I run rapids, Jord[an] watches & comes down at first fine then his boat turns end for end—then he hesitates between channels below & bobbles. I holler.

High temples comes in on either side—See Kaiparowits. Fine pictures from mouth of Cr[ee]k coming down from E. where we stop to get H<sub>2</sub>O. Don't enjoy the uncertain Rapid incidents—will likely run'em both myself or lead if any look rough hereafter. Here comes the boys with water.

Another Cr[ee]k from E or S. 3 mi[le] below—the Canyon gets better as we go—every turn a new reel. Rock Cr[ee]k in about 3 [hours]—Again recollections crowd upon me—the bar where I placer mined at 22.

And now we connect up the trip of last year with

Fraser<sup>5</sup>. The long stretch of river below is in contrast with kinky canyons above. Called Rock Cr[ee]k because big rock in river.

Lunch in mouth of small creek at turn of river. Find deer track. Jord[an] followed it down bar—we bring boats & land near lower end. We all go out and find 2 deer—one takes to river & goes downstream, the other runs by us & escapes.... Long, slim bar (willows) on E. bank to side canyon putting in from E. (Bernheimer Expedition took it to be Crossing of Padres and from this point is grand temple seen to north). Meskin Bar & more memories turn N.W. to Crossing of Fathers.—By twilight & Moonlight.—Goodnight

**July 29.** Up at 5:30 and went for a walk E. to follow the old trail went far enough to see [Navajo Mountain] & Soraco Pass & commanding view of Tower Butte etc.—Cha[rles] goes with me a short distance & returned home sick—camp in Reservation as has been custom since Music Temple. Cross river & explore Navajo Cr[ee]k & find trail up Cr[ee]k for ¼ & then steps cut out of south side of plateau. From Crossing to Navajo (Big) Cr[ee]k in 2½ [hours]—Warm Cr[ee]k to N. no swift water. Cha[rles] & I climb out opposite mouth of Navajo—could see Navajo [Mountain] & Kaibab Plateau and furniture between. Lunch opposite N[avajo?] Cr[ee]k.

Surprise 3 beavers 2 miles down—Sentinel Rock in 1¾ hrs. Boys see more beaver. High walls last 10 [miles] are imposing. Few side breaks today—straight walls & swift current—different from yesterday.

Lees Ferry Dam site—arrive Ferry to find it thickly populated—[an] auto on each side (2 at bottom of river). Had visitors in evening—[Frank] Dodge. Arnold & Jord[an] went to Ranch & brought milk & fruit.

**July 30.** Crossed & met Emery Kolb & wife & daughter, & La Rue & Freeman & Birdseye—& others saw 4 boats that are to leave here day-after-tomorrow for big Canyon expedition<sup>6</sup>.... Went to Ranch for lunch. (Menu: Doughgods, curdly milk, fierce coffee, horrible molasses, very good green corn.

## Epilogue

One of the ironies of canyon lands history is that Dave

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<sup>5</sup> Rust had led an overland trip in 1922 from Lee's Ferry to the Crossing of the Fathers with his longtime client and friend George Fraser. See Fraser, George C., "El Vado de los Padres," Natural H. vol. 23, no. 4, 1923, p. 344-357.

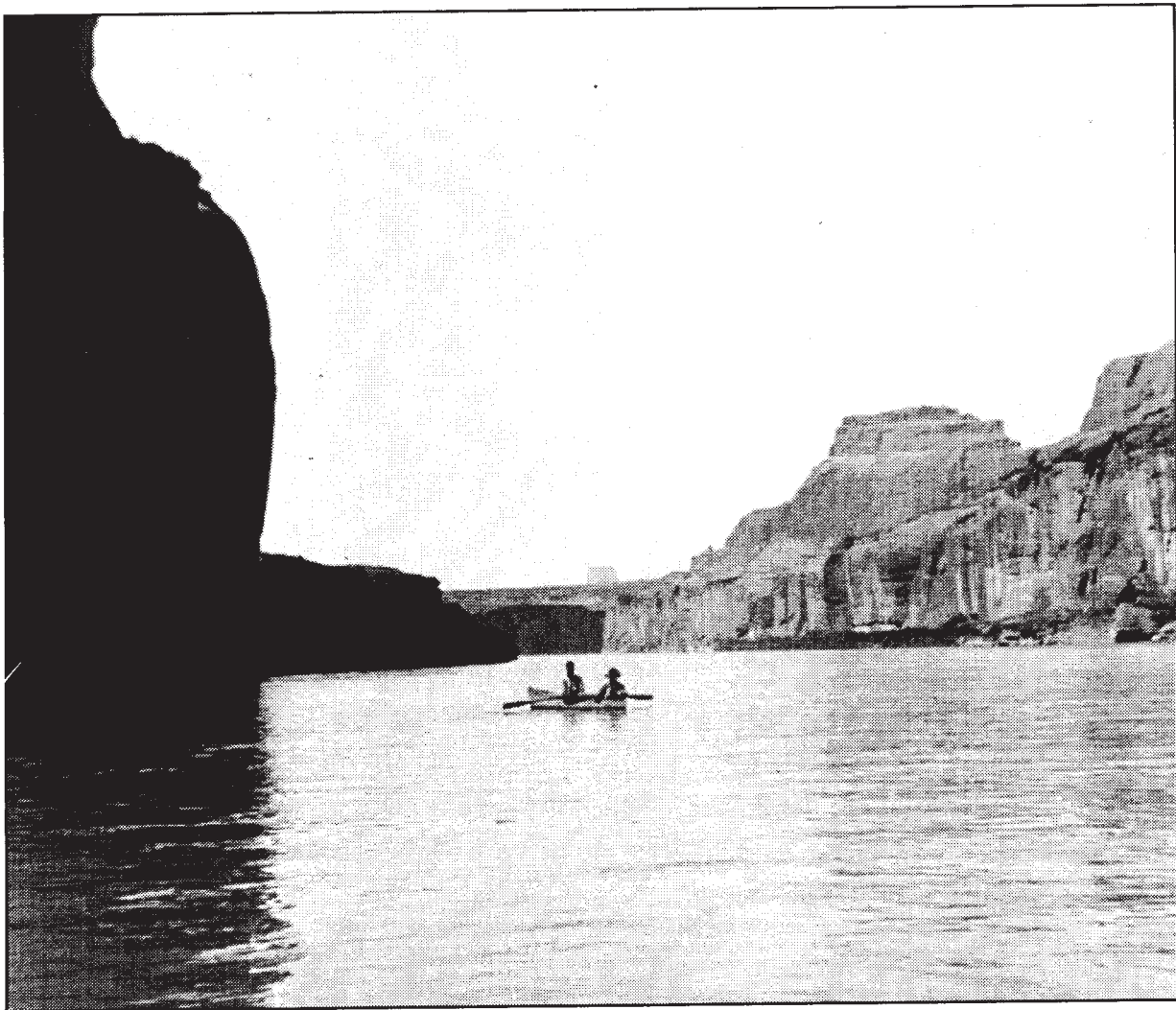
<sup>6</sup> This was the USGS Grand Canyon survey of 1923. They wound up taking one of Rust's little boats downriver and losing it on a rock. See Roy Webb, Call of the Colorado, University of Idaho Press, 1994, p. 23-4.

Rust was getting river tourism started just as E. C. LaRue of the U.S. Geological Survey was locating the site for a Glen Canyon dam. In 1926, Rust guided two trips in Glen, one including Utah Governor George Dern, who wanted to see the dam sites for himself, and another with Frank Oastler, a physician who was surveying possible new national monuments at the behest of the National Park Service. Both Rust and Governor Dern were ardent reclamation supporters, and their Glen Canyon experiences did not sway them from support of the dam. Oastler was a passionate believer in national parks, and following his Utah visit he recommended that several sites in southeastern Utah, including Arch Canyon, be given national monument status, but there is no record that he supported preservation of Glen Canyon itself. Thus an opportunity to raise public awareness of Glen Canyon's treasures slipped away. In the 1930's, Rust even proposed a "wilderness park" for much of southeastern Utah, in which horse travel would be the primary mode of

tourism, but he never saw fit to question the dam building plans.

Rust continued taking one or two parties a year down Glen Canyon until World War II broke out. I consider him to be the first real, river tourism outfitter in Glen Canyon. Other guides, notably Bert Loper and Nathaniel Galloway, had taken on clients at least as far back as 1909, but these trips had as their objectives mining or scientific work. By 1938 Norman Nevills was guiding in Glen Canyon, and following the war river outfitting took off. Dave Rust had the vision early, and his trips still stand out as adventures in discovering the joys of the great canyon.

*Frederick H. Swanson lives in Salt Lake City. He has written and edited publications for the Utah Wilderness Coalition and the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance. He would enjoy hearing from others who are interested in the travels of David D. Rust, and can be reached at [fswan2406@aol.com](mailto:fswan2406@aol.com).*



Glen Canyon 1925. From Dave Rust's trip with Dr. and Mrs. Frank Oastler. Probably Dr. Oastler with hat, David Jordan Rust (Dave Rust's son) at oars. Photo by David Rust. LDS Historical Department, Archives. Courtesy of Fred Swanson.



# A Movie Review—Sort Of

Dear Mr. Redford,

I just saw the film you directed and starred in, "The Horse Whisperer." It was so similar to some events in my life that I thought you might be interested in the following story I wrote about a recent trip I took down a western river. Then again, you might not be interested—you've already told the story, and quite well at that, though the story seems to get a lot of treatment, given the number of romance stories in film lately. I suppose it's a theme of humanity that we always find interesting, so films like "Bridges of Madison County," "Titanic," and "Horse" stand to remind us of how we are. It takes three hours to build a romance, apparently. The woman needs a symbol by which to remember her new found lover that she would have forsaken her husband for. It takes a scene about imprinting for us to absorb the profundity and permanence of the bonding that she has with her extramarital Jack or Tom or Stud. It tests a man's patience to wait while the story unfolds the way it always does.

Please enjoy the story of Filian Stud.

Sincerely,

Lefty

## FILIAN STUD

by Lefty, 1998

Stud an' me go back a long way. All the way to sixth grade. We been close with each other along this trail to 50 years old and I can tell you Stud's always been after the women. Course most of us guys is, but ain't many of us just goes on out there and cuts one out of the herd whenever we get a hankerin'. Stud does. We all get the hankerin' but some of us gets married and keeps it that way, not that married is fireworks and stampedes all the time, 'cause it ain't. Lord knows that every time Lady promises me a cup of coffee or a kiss she'll sit down to read the mail and fergit or she'll go to sleep and fergit, but were married and that means we gotta live with it and try to make it work.

But not Stud. He chases them females all the time—any of 'em, right from Lew Chalmers, in sixth grade, to Succuba, his now ex-wife, to Sherrye, his now ex-girl friend, to Dr. Hera, the best he ever used to have. He gits them women to look deep inside themselves and find a piece missin' that it takes Stud to round out. I got a piece like that myself and I'll fight like a mama badger to keep Stud roundin' me out, though that missin' piece ain't the same shape as what's missin' in them women,

so don't get no ideas about me an' Stud in a motel room. Stud's like that for a lot of folks. And he sure likes fillin' that need for the women. He likes that "fallin' in love" feelin' and he keeps going back to the trough for more. When it comes to commitment, though, most often he's really more interested in the round up than the roundin' out. That marriage thing is just a little too round for Stud—kinda like a corral. Usually the women figger that out after a while and give up on lettin' Stud even round 'em out.

So, anyway, there we was at the River. We both knowed about this piece of water for 25 years but I live 350 miles closer to it so I got on it first an' I finally got around to invitin' Stud on a trip last year. It was rainy and we decided to take Stud's tent instead of mine. Turned out to be a mistake 'cause his poles was sittin' in the garage where his kids left 'em after they used it last. I gave him a good-natured ration of cow chips about it but he just strung up some oars and laid the tent over 'em and we did the best we could.

Now, the rain and the limp tent wasn't all bad 'cause I got this invitation to sleep in Arista's warm and dry place, and if I wasn't really, REALLY married, I'da made good on my evil intentions. Stud got his invitation, too. It was from Missy, from my church back home, who had been chosen as the trip sweetheart because, like Stud said, he liked it when she started nippin'.

"Nippin'?" I asked.

"Yeah. Her nipples get hard and show through her clothes when she's cold and wet or excited."

"Mighty nice," I agreed.

So, anyways, there's Stud after dinner rubbin' Missy's arm like he was tryin' to get every fiber relaxed. Musta done it, too, 'cause when I went over to say good night to my good friends, Missy said she felt SOOOOOooooooo good after one of Stud's back rubs. "He knows just where I hurt and how to make it feel better." Of course I knew that 'cause Lady and I had introduced him to Tantra, some exercises that the Indians, from India, made up about a man not spillin' his life force too often but makin' sure that his woman gets as wound up as much and as often as she wants. This Tantra shows a man how to heal all a woman's hurts if she wants him to. I think Missy wanted a few of her hurts healed, but she wanted to hang on to a few of 'em, too, kinda like she didn't want to be all that rounded out. I figgered this 'cause Stud came crawlin' in under them oars pretty soon after I did. Said it was real erotic but limited in scope.

I asked Stud if his rub on Missy passed the video test.

"Video test?"

"Yeah—video test. You just videotape what you and Missy was doin' and show that tape to Dr. Hera. If she likes it, it passes the video test."

"Jeez, Lefty, I hadn't thought of it that way. I s'pose it didn't pass, although the 'Kamasutra' says....."

Stud was always readin' Indian stuff and chanting Sanskrit ever since we showed him Tantra.

Well, that was last year. This year on the River Stud was readin' and studyin' and pickin' the trip sweetheart and bringin' the tent. I told him maybe we oughta each bring one and he sez 'Nonsense my boy. We'll bunk together. Besides, I brought the poles this time.' 'OK, Pard,' sez I. 'I can live with that, 'specially 'cause I brought my ear plugs.'

Lady hates it when I try to give her pleasure by helping her control her breathing. She likes it when Deepak does it for her, but that's a different story. Let's just say that when I start, she puts in her ear plugs. Says it helps her sleep. Well, darned if she ain't right—ear plugs help. I've used 'em on trips where Stud and Dr. Hera have lighted up the night and morning with sounds that make me wish Lady liked that kind of thing, too. She knows about it, she just don't like it that much—just sticks in them ear plugs and sleeps right through a two hour back rub.

Well, sir, we was about a day into the trip when I started tellin' Stud how I ran into Filly and Wes at the hardware store. Filly's got herself a higher degree and is married to Wes, a doctoral candidate. I asked Wes why he wasn't goin' on the trip and he said he had a dissertation to write. They was buyin' paint and such so they could fix up their little love nest just like bluebirds in spring. They had fresh enthusiasm for the nest and for each other. I was glad Filly was married 'cause it made it easier for me to resist temptation.

"Temptation be damned," said Stud. "Looks to me like Filly needs a back rub." And so she did, what with all that kayakin,' simmin,' hikin,' health food eatin,' and all around looks improvin' but muscle tighetnin' behavior.

One night Filly an' Stud started out rubbing backs in Stridus's tent but Stridus came back when it started to rain and he whined so much about his sore gut that them two massagers came to Stud's tent where I had turned in. "No, don't leave, Lefty," sez Stud. "No, please stay," commanded Filly. "We won't make any noise or take up much space."

"OK," sez I, and shoves in them ear plugs. So I'm layin' there in the dark pretty darn peaceful and tired from haulin' a too-big boat down a too-small river for a couple of days, but I'm fighting with myself, too. Even though I didn't need to be chosen, I wanted to be chosen. Filly chose Stud, not me. 'Not that I tried to be chosen an' Stud did,' I argued. 'What's so wrong with me? Ain't I got all the parts? Ain't I a pretty durned good catch? Why him and not me? I wonder what they're up to. No! Don't look! It'll only build up energy you can't discharge. Well maybe just a peek so's I can see if I need to give 'em more space.'

'Dang.' 'She's workin' his glutes<sup>1</sup>. Now she's leanin' over and whisperin' in his ear—whisperin' so's not to

bother me, I guess. Now she's hollerin' out, "Don't move your arm. If I want it moved I'll move it." Now she's puttin' Stud's arm under her lap. I better add a blanket over my head.

Now, I should explain where we was camped 'cause it helps show just how much this little romance had taken Filly. We was hauled up for the night in a place most folks don't because we was desparate. We though Constantine was dyin' on us and we might have to haul him out down stream at night. To keep him from dyin' and us from havin' to be heroic, we just stopped where we was an' put him to bed. There we was, right in the middle of some range bulls' sparrin' ground. They'd just eat all the taxpayers' grass and then tear up the bushes and defacate all over themselves and the ground and beat each other up over the love of a heifer. We figgered they'd just have to stage their fraternal show some place else for a night.

Darrin was our trip leader, kinda like the lead bull—he calls the shots and we do what he says. But Darrin ain't no cowboy. Course I ani't neither but I have rode my horse on a few roundups and I've stared enough cow-pie-on-the-hoof in the eye to know that a bull is built to stand his ground when you start threatenin' him. Darrin didn't know that but he did know the way things oughta be. There oughtn't to be guns on his river trips; there oughtn't to be cattle on public lands at give away grazing lease prices; the trip leader oughta drink the rest of his La Bomba Grande red wine and relax in his tent after saving the life of one of his deathly sick people.

Whilst Darrin was enjoyin' his Big Bomb wine, these bulls was movin' in on him from one side and another bunch of 'em was settin' up quite a racket near my tent and I was hopin' they wouldn't step on it. I didn't mind the noise on account of the ear plugs, and the noise was a little diversion from the Filly an' Stud show, so I just laid there and started thinkin.' 'You know? Darrin's a great guy but he seems just a little up tight. I think he needs some excitement to get his mind offa things. Maybe I'll just quietly roll out of this tent, grab Stud's gun and start shootin' and hollerin, makin' like I'm tryin' to harvest some hamburger. That oughta drive old Darrin right on over the edge. Har Har.'

Meanwhile, Darrin is over in his tent saying "Shhhhh. Shush! SCAT. SHOOOO!" tryin' to move them bulls, but they just keeps comin' at 'im—so close that he has to turn his head from side to side to see the right eye and the left eye of one of 'em. They ain't particularly impressed with some drunk human lispin' at 'em. Then he grabs a couple of kayak paddles and starts clackin' 'em together and that really gets the old boys excited. They's standin' their ground against this kayak paddle threat.

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base chakra which is the seat of acquisitiveness. It is the essential first chakra to stimulate for grounding purposes so that the Kundalini energy coiled there can be released throughtout the rest of the spinal column and other six primary chakras.

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<sup>1</sup> The gluteus maximus muscles commonly refered to as a pair with the singular noun 'butt,' or with the plural noun 'buttocks.' Commonly regarded as the center (actually very near to and spanning the center) of the

So over in Stud's tent I'm about to grab the gun when I hear Darrin shout out in perfectly enunciated English, "There are wild bulls in the camp!! Does—Any—One—Have—A—.... Gun?!"

I jumped up to keep anybody from grabbin' that .22 Colt revolver. Somebody hollers out, "Get Stud. I bet Stud's got a gun!"

Filly, bless her innocent little cheatin' heart, shouts out as loud and clear as a bell, "I don't think Stud can get up just now."

HEEEE HAAAWW. I nearly busted a gut tryin' not to laugh at the way that musta sounded to Darrin, who wasn't liking this apparent cohabitation on his trip. There weren't no real cohabitation, though, 'cause I was there an' Stud thanked me for that, later. Musta sounded real odd, though.

So rather than shootin' I picked out the biggest, meanest, grass-eatinest, defacatinest bull, figgerin' he was the lead bull, and I started walkin' him out of camp, slowly so's not to make him stand his ground—I ain't that tough. About a quarter mile down river I ran into Stud who had picked up the other flank. Together we pushed the old boy, slowly mind you, about a half mile from camp, gave 'im a lecture about castration and fences, and heard no more of his or his buddies' nonsense for the night.

Everything settled down for the night and everybody went to sleep in their own bed. Next morning, Filly 'n Stud headed up the side crick before dawn. I got up early, started breakfast, did some yoga, broke my camp and chatted with the others. Them two (they's still two and not one, but their scope is expandin') gets back from the crick about the end of breakfast and Stud wolfs down some eggs while Filly pecks at granola. I sit back to watch.

Stud starts fillin' the other women's heads with sweet talk and stories and they all twist their toes in the sand and giggle. 'Cept for Filly, that is. She looks a little extra nervous. I get disgusted with not having been chosen and walk to the table for more decaf. That gives Stud the cue to head for the boats without bein' seen. You might wonder how on earth that is a signal, but it is. Stud and me's been bunkin' and boatin' a long time together and we just knows.

Anyhow, what happens next is just like a movie Lady and me saw last night. There's this Horse Whisperer guy and he tames horses, shrews, thirteen-year-old girls, and other such intractable beasts by sayin' what they need to hear, kinda like Stud roundin' out a woman. The movie writer makes up something and tells Horse Guy to say it. He sez it and the women and horses act like it's what they need to hear. So Horse Guy tames this woman and then Horse Guy and the Woman fall in love right near Woman's husband. At a dance, H. Guy suddenly disappears when Woman looks away for a second. When she looks back around, Guy's gone and she jerks her head around about three more times hopin' to find her one true love but he ain't there. Musta

got the signal from one of his pards to head to the corral.

Well I don't know if Horse Guy's lover started nippin' then but Filly sure did. She jerked her head around about three times when Stud disappeared from the breakfast table. She squeaked out, "Where's Stud? and she nipped us a little show and headed out to find him.

I met Stud down on my boat and we has us a little talk.

"Stud," I sez. "You remember when we was fourteen and just learnin' to boat these western rivers, how Stretch told us over and over, 'Don't get your boat between a mother and her ducklings. They imprint.' That was a good sayin' that shoulda stuck but would we listen? No. We had to go and try it. We'd go chasin' them helpless, cute, innocent little critters until we cut one out. We picked it up and handled it and loved it more'n anything else in life except our guns and ourselves. Then it'd stick to us just like we was it's mama. It'd be peepin' and cryin' and trackin' us down whenever we tried to row away. It woulda swum after us until it died if we hadn't hidden so it's mama would come back and take it away. Well, Stud..... Well..... Well, Stud, she peeped. She's (I pointed to little lost Filly) followin' you.

"Quack," I sed.

"You really embarrass me," sed Stud.

"No," Stud, "you embarrass yourself."

A while later Stud told me how he told Filly that she needed to decide whether she was really a Wife or was only just married to Wes. The husband of Horse Guy's Woman said something like that in the movie, I guess so we can pretend that Horse Guy and the Woman pass the video test. It was real noble of both Guy and Stud. They wanted to keep the women from bein' trapped by the men they chose to marry, and they wanted to protect 'em from imprintin' on the wrong person.

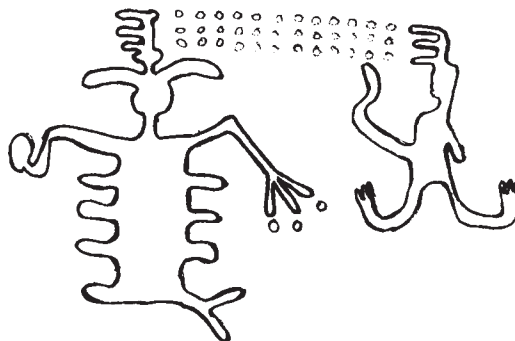
I asked Stud if the back rubs passed the video test and he said no, probably not. 'Wes wouldn't appreciate it. But I behaved myself – mostly – except for when I.... and when she....' 'It was especially hard when she leaned over to whisper something and when she put my arm, as nearly as I can tell, under her lap.'

"Quack," I said symbolically.

"Peep," Stud apologized.

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David Yeamans



# WEEDS

by Kara Dohrenwend

Noxious weeds, also called invasive exotic species, environmental weeds, or non-natives, are rapidly taking over vast areas of public lands. The simplest definition of a weed is "a plant out of place." If you have a garden you are probably familiar with weeds, their impact on the productivity of your garden, and how difficult it can be to get rid of them. Familiar range weeds include Russian thistle, cheat grass, tamarisk, Russian olive, and knapweed. Some of these plants have beautiful flowers and are often sold as landscaping plants.

Noxious weeds are those that are particularly tenacious and do not eventually stabilize within the native plant mosaic. Plants such as these have become so commonplace that many of us cannot recall that these plants haven't always grown here and therefore we accept them as "belonging". Jerry Asher, a weed specialist for the BLM in Oregon, estimates that every day noxious weeds are spreading over approximately 7 square miles (roughly twice the size of the incorporated parts of the City of Moab) of public lands in the United States. 25,000 square miles in a year!

The ability of noxious weeds to out compete native species is hardly a "natural" occurrence or an example of "nature doing its thing". Most of the noxious weed species have been introduced by people for ornamental plantings, erosion control, food, or by accident. Although it may appear impossible to do anything about weeds, the prospect of simply living with them is not benign. In the desert the side canyons and springs are particularly important areas where it is possible to thwart the progress of these weed species. In riparian areas the most commonly seen weeds are Russian olives and tamarisk. In some places, such as Desolation Canyon, there are so few of these plants that it would be relatively easy to remove them before they take over larger areas. As Gary Cramer, a former weed control specialist at the University of Arizona, contends about simply living with weeds along streams and rivers, "This is down in the riparian areas—some of the most valuable areas of the Southwest....Can we simply accept that the cottonwoods, the willows will be eliminated?"

Over time the cottonwood/willow riparian forest can vanish amongst the olive/tamarisk thickets, although in some places the willows do seem to be making a comeback. Russian olives and tamarisk support approximately one third of the bird species supported by native cottonwood-willow communities. Although some native species eat the olive fruit and may nest in olives or tamarisks, some birds that nest in tamarisk are being found to not reproduce well. For instance, in parts of southern Arizona the endangered southwest willow flycatcher is nesting in tamarisk trees where they have no alternative nesting sites, but researchers are finding

their eggs are not hatching. They speculate this may kill the eggs because of the higher ambient temperature during the hot parts of the day in a tamarisk thicket compared to the slightly cooler temperatures in a willow thicket.

In late February (2000) the Utah Weed Control Association held their annual conference in Moab. Weed control supervisors from every county in Utah, National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, Utah State University students and professors, and a few other non-governmental people attended the conference. Although the majority of the weed control methods discussed involved chemical treatments and biological controls the fact that so many people were talking about ways to address the problem was heartening. A common theme of the discussion was the need for more people to be involved in looking for, mapping, and removing weeds in the wild lands of the Colorado Plateau. With more hands at work more environmentally friendly methods might be able to be used to begin to remove them. In the next few issues of *The Confluence* there will be articles about specific weeds and the native plants they are replacing, and how as river guides you might be able to help locate and begin to remove these species before they spread further.

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Russian knapweed is found at the Little Dolores River camp in Westwater. Flowers of this perennial are pinkish-purple.

# THE G. M. WRIGHT INSCRIPTIONS

by Jim Knipmeyer

Except for trapper Denis Julien in the 1830s, no one individual seems to have carved more inscriptions along the canyon walls of the Colorado River in southern Utah and northern Arizona during the 19th century than George M. Wright. He left his name and the date at seven sites along the river and at a possible eighth one. He also left another carving at the top of the Vermilion Cliffs, just some nine miles from the rim of Marble Canyon.

The only information concerning Wright's life comes from an eleven-year period of time extending from 1891 to 1901. Where he came from prior to then or what happened to him afterward is not known. What has been gleaned from mining records, two or three personal references from people who knew him, and his own carved inscriptions is summarized quite well in P. T. Reilly's history of Lee's Ferry, Arizona. Here I would like to simply emphasize the key points of Wright's sojourn in Utah and Arizona, dwell a little more on his various inscriptions, add a few details that Reilly did not include in his book, and correct two or three errors that somehow slipped into the book's account.

In the 1891 Salt Lake City, Utah, directory, George M. Wright is listed as a "miner" residing at 4 Fifth Ave. In the late summer of the following year, 1892, he was hired by two groups in Salt Lake City, the Alliance Mining Company and the Conklin Sampling Works, to prospect for gold along the canyons of the Colorado River in southern Utah and northern Arizona. They and Wright had probably been inspired by accounts of Colorado River gold from the Stanton and Best expeditions in 1890 and 1891, respectively.

Wright more than likely embarked from Green River, Utah, at the end of August or beginning of September, 1892, because his first carved inscription, still to be seen near the head of Mile-Long Rapid in Cataract Canyon, is dated "SEP. 16." [In Reilly's book the day date is mistakenly given as the 18th.] Like others before him, as well as many river runners afterwards, he probably stopped here on the right bank at Mile-204.6 to examine one of the rougher stretches of whitewater in Cataract Canyon.

Wright continued to cut his name, always in block-style capital letters reading "G. M. WRIGHT," and the date, as he progressed down the Colorado. His next entry was below the dangerous rapids of Cat, near the mouth of the tributary called Sheep Canyon. The date here was "OCT. 11." This is interesting, as it shows that

Wright made only some thirty-seven miles in twenty-five days. Undoubtedly he was prospecting as he went.

The "possible" Wright inscription mentioned earlier was left not far below, near the head of Glen Canyon. On one of the inside walls of the so-called "Fort Moqui," the prehistoric ruin perched on the canyon rim across the river from Hite, were the initials "G. M." There was no last name or date, unlike all of his other inscriptions, so it is rather problematic if this was left by G. M. Wright or not. Unfortunately this inscription, the one upstream at Sheep Canyon, and the next two on down in Glen Canyon, are all now beneath the waters of Lake Powell reservoir.

Wright's next inscription was at the mouth of Aztec Creek, dated "NOV. 6." [Reilly's book mistakenly says early in December.] He took twenty-six days to come some 108 miles, a much better daily average than through Cat. While he probably had been prospecting more in Glen, the slower and more careful traverse of Cat's many dangerous rapids more than likely slowed him up along that stretch.

Seven days later found Wright about forty-four miles farther down Glen at a long bar deposit on the right bank. He evidently camped in a shallow cave-overhang near the head of the bar, where he cut his name and the date, "NOV. 13." Here he made his big discovery of the voyage: thin nuggets of coarse gold in some of the narrow crevices of the cave walls, evidently deposited there during high water stages of the river. On the 14th he located the "Pure Gold" claim in the names of himself, his wife L. [Lillie] C. Wright, A. [Abraham] Hanauer, Jr., president of the Alliance Mining Company, and five members of the Markland family, Charles B. Markland being co-proprietor of the Conklin Sampling Works. On the 15th he did some placer prospecting around the bar itself.

This discovery must have hurried Wright on, as his next camp, the day after leaving the Pure Gold claim was fifteen miles down canyon. There, on the right bank, he carved his characteristic capitalized block-letter name and the date, "NOV. 16." Being below the present site of Glen Canyon Dam, at Mile-10.4, this inscription can still be easily seen cut into the canyon wall a few feet above the top of the talus slope.

The next day Wright reached the end of Glen Canyon at the Colorado River crossing of Lee's Ferry. He memorialized the conclusion of his prospecting voyage with the incising of his name and the date of "NOV. 17." This, too, can still be found with a little searching near the sunken remains of the old Charlie Spencer steamboat. All of Wright's inscriptions, of course, included the year date "1892."

According to two letters written by Permelia Johnson, wife of the ferry operator at Lee's Ferry, Wright, his wife Lillie, and two companions returned to Glen Canyon in September of the next year, 1893. They set up a tent

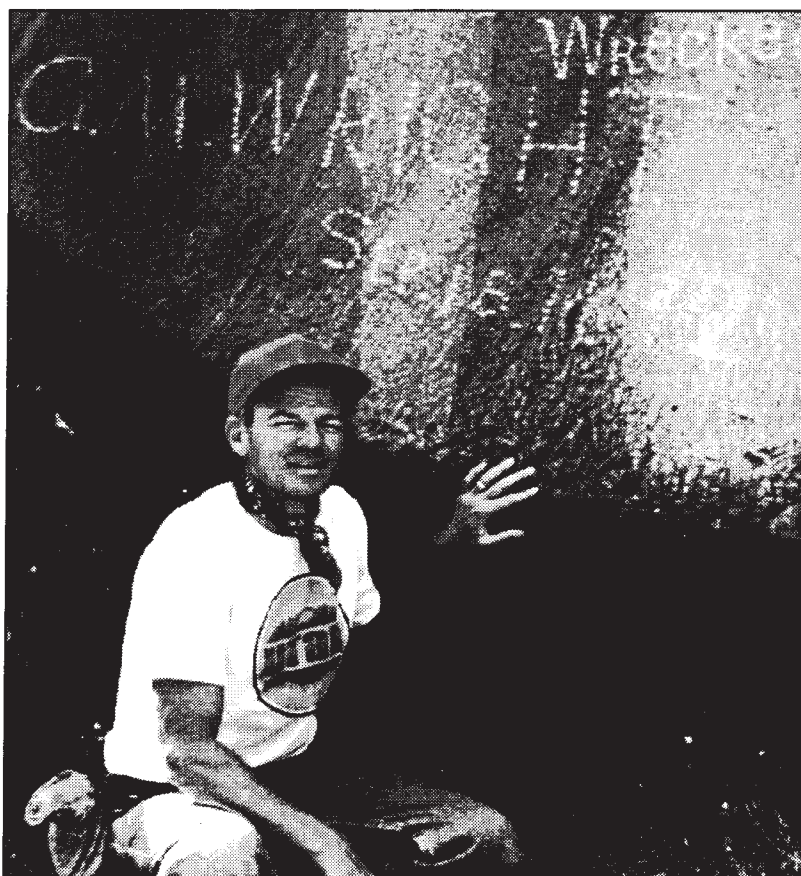
near the Johnson's house and would travel upriver in a small skiff to work the Pure Gold claim. They took out enough gold and it became common enough knowledge that the site between twenty-four and twenty-five miles above Lee's Ferry became known as Wright Bar.

Traveling upstream against the Colorado's current took parts of two days, and on at least one occasion Wright stopped at the large alcove-cave seven or eight miles below his claim that later was called Outlaw Cave. There, high up on the back wall, he left his name and the date, "DEC. 23. 1893." This inscription is now drowned by reservoir water.

Wright worked his claim all winter and probably removed most of the easily accessible gold. On April 13, 1894, he sold one-eighth interest in the Pure Gold claim to ferryman Warren M. Johnson. Perhaps this was also to pay for the supplies obtained from Johnson throughout the winter. Wright continued to maintain his base camp at Lee's Ferry but now began prospecting along the Vermilion Cliffs to the southwest. On April 20, he cut his name and that date [In the Reilly book it is erroneously given as the 30th] at the top of an old Indian trail above Jacob's Pools.

On June 27, Wright and Johnson notified their six co-owners of the Pure Gold claim that the assessment work had been completed for the previous year, 1893, and to pay their share of the cost or lose their interest in the claim. Any result from this notification is not known. On November 19, 1894, Wright was a witness to a mining claim filed by A. W. Ivins on the eastern side of House Rock Valley, and this is the last reference to Wright and gold mining prospects in the Glen Canyon region.

For the next two years after 1894, nothing is known of Wright's activities, but he more than likely continued with prospecting and mining. The 1896 Salt Lake City directory does list a Mrs. Lillie Wright as a teacher in the Wasatch School District but nothing of a George M. Wright. His name next appears in connection with a mining claim in the Agua Fria District of Yavapai County, Arizona, in 1897. This was followed by claims each year from 1898 through 1901, all in the Walker Mining District near Prescott, Arizona. After the latter date, however, there is nothing more that has been discovered about George M. Wright.



Jim Knipmeyer at the Wright inscription in Cataract Canyon. The word "Wrecked" is part of a different inscription. Photo by Richard Quartaroli

# **COLORADO PLATEAU RIVER GUIDES**

**IS PROUD TO SUPPORT:**

## **THE SUSTAINABLE WATER PROJECT TOUR**

### **RALLIES FOR WATER CONSERVATION & RIVER RESTORATION**

**MARCH 5 - 14, 2001**

Politics and concrete are killing the Colorado. The agencies responsible want you to believe that there's no water to spare. Yet billions of gallons of subsidized water flow off industrial hay fields, tumble over desert fountains, or evaporate off water ski parks. Water agency policies of consumption and waste, revenue and profits, have perpetuated a mythical water crisis that must now come to an end.

Much of this water can stay in our rivers. Dams can come down. Habitats can be revived. And still, human needs for water can be met now, and for generations to come. Water conservation leads to river restoration. Lend your voice to make this happen.

Rally in support of a living Colorado and the appropriate agriculture, land use and energy policies that will help restore our beloved watershed. Join Vaquita Rescue, the Tour's water truck, driven by CPRG's own John Weisheit, as it takes collections to deliver fresh water to the endangered vaquita porpoises in the Gulf of California, and to the endangered species of the Colorado River delta.

#### **SALT LAKE CITY, UT**

Monday, March 5, 12:00 Noon  
Kick-off Rally for the Bureau of Restoration  
Bureau of Reclamation Regional Office  
Federal Building

#### **PHOENIX, AZ**

Friday, March 9, 10:30 a.m.  
Ask the Central Arizona Project  
to Give 1% for the Delta  
Arizona State Department of Agriculture

#### **BLYTHE, CA**

Tuesday, March 13, 4:30 pm  
Appropriate Agriculture and Energy Rally  
Todd Park near City Hall

#### **ALBUQUERQUE, NM**

Wednesday, March 7, 12:00 Noon  
Re-water the Rio Grande &  
Colorado Rivers  
Albuquerque City Hall

#### **LAS VEGAS, NV**

Monday, March 12, 12:00 Noon  
Stop Gambling with the Colorado River  
Southern Nevada Water Authority & Las Vegas  
Valley Water District

#### **LOS ANGELES, CA**

Wednesday, March 14, 12:00 Noon  
4th Intl. Day of Action for Rivers  
Old Pueblo Plaza, Olvera Street

**Supporting Organizations**, partial listing: Action Resource Center, American Lands Alliance, Black Canyon Audubon Society, Bluewater Network, California Earth Corps, California Floaters Society, Center for Biological Diversity, Citizens' Progressive Alliance, Colorado Plateau River Guides, Colorado Plateau Wildlands Defense Council, Inc., Colorado River Ward Valley Coalition, Dineh Medicine Mens Association, El Dorado Audubon Society, Eyak Preservation Council, Flagstaff Activist Network, Forest Guardians, Friends of the Earth, Green Action, Green Party of Utah, Humane Society of the United States, International Rivers Network, John Muir Project, Maricopa Audubon Society, Northern Arizona University Campus Greens, Native Forest Council, Native Forest Network, Palo Verde Farmworkers Coalition, San Diego Audubon Society, San Fernando Valley Audubon Society, San Juan Citizens Alliance, San Pedro 100, Sierra Blanca Legal Defense Fund, Sierra Club Angeles Chapter and El Paso, Glen Canyon, Plateau, Southern Nevada and Tahquitz Groups, Sonoran Desert National Park Friends, Southern California Watershed Alliance, Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, Southwest Environmental Center, Utah Animal Rights Coalition, Utah Environmental Congress, Utah Rivers Council, West Texas Water Protection Fund, Wetlands Action Network, Wild Utah Project, Wild Wilderness and Wyoming Outdoor Council.

# Trip Thru Westwater Cañon Was Like Tickling Dynamite With a Lighted Match—Wow!

## Kolb and Loper Mastered Wild Waters After Going Thru Experience That No Man Accomplished Before

From the Grand Junction Daily Sentinel  
September 29, 1916

*Special thanks to Michael Milligan for sharing this newspaper article with CPRG.*

Snapping their fingers under the very nose of Death itself, taunting gaily with the grim reaper, with their marvelous river skill as their only defense, Ellsworth L. Kolb of Grand Canyon, Ariz., and Bert Loper of Torrey, Utah, succeeded Monday and Tuesday in conquering the ferocious and roaring cataracts of the Grand River in Westwater Cañon, 40 miles west of the city.

They ran thru millraces with death as their nearest companion many times and just when it seemed they had joined the ranks of the men who had tried to run the rapids and died in the attempt, they would bob up and crawl back into the careening canoe and dash into the teeth of the next death trap, and finally conquered the mighty stream.

The boat, a 17-foot cedar freight canoe with hatch covers over each end, was only capable of holding one passenger, while the other member of the expedition ran the picture machine. The plan was to change off and each have a chance at shooting the bad places.

The cañon is 12 miles long, with five miles of mad waters a sheer bottleneck gorge with granite walls 400 feet high. At the top of the granite wall on each side is a wide bench, above this bench towers the sandstone 500 feet more. Along the bench a trail meanders and from various points along this trail it is possible to obtain glimpses of the rapids below and also possible at a few places to climb down to the edge of the river. Down such places the photographers planned to descend to picture the various stages of the trip, which was to take two days.

A few miles from the start of the cañon is one place where it is possible to reach the river edge with horses and here it was planned to make a small camp.

With Kolb besides Bert Loper were Frank E. Dean of Grand Junction, photographer, William Stubbs a cattleman and Ed Herbert a deputy sheriff from Westwater, Utah. They witnessed portions of the wild trip from such perches as they could obtain on the granite cliffs. They were armed with long ropes to hurl to the river rider in case of dire need. Mr. Dean operated

the movie camera.

Kolb and Loper started out to conquer the first series of rapids, six in number all of them snorting geysers of river anger. Kolb says Loper is the most ardent lover of river sport he has ever met. He started in the craft and mastered the first few rapids each one being worse than the last, while Kolb camera in charge, stayed on the bank. Dean had started ahead along the plateau to meet Stubbs and Herbert to strike camp for the night leaving Kolb and Loper to take pictures of that series of rapids. It was then that the death grapple with the river began.

Kolb shouted orders to Loper in the river below, from where he was situated on the rocky walls of the cañon. He saw Loper run the first two, then the third and fourth. Each one got worse and the boat leaned, tossed, rocked and bucked but Loper held on and let her lope. Kolb called to Loper after he had [crossed] the last rapids before the terrible Double Pitch [Funnel Falls], which he had planned to attempt the next day, recognizing it as the demon of all demons [?] [?] the start and the whirlpool. He had not told Loper of this especially as he had not thot [sic] of making a try at it the first day. He saw the danger and shouted to Loper to come out of the river. Loper could not see the terrible Double Pitch, a sheer drop of 10-feet with a succession of falls following which made a fearful cataract. Kolb could see it and yelled hoarsely to Loper, who mistook the frantic signals as a "go ahead" and go ahead he did, his steady eye and strong arms tuned for the next rapids. Little did he know its power.

### Kolb Believes Loper Lost

Powerless to yell louder or to make himself understood in the din filled gorge of mighty waters Kolb [saw] [the] boat take a nip at the awful plunge which had cracked many a man's skull on the rocks below. The canoe leaped into the air and crashed down, down, down, out of sight in the gnashing, grinding, murderous water which boiled and tangled in a veritable maelstrom of fury, a fury so deadly that the foam stood out in clouds on the water surface.

Kolb, heart sick, watched for the reappearance of the small craft and his friend. He could see nothing of it. For an hour he clambered back and forth almost beside himself with apprehension; how he had failed to warn Loper of the awful place, how he had not wanted him to try it. He imagined the worst had happened to his comrade. He had never had a fatality on any of his expeditions and he grew faint as he thot of the possibility that at last one had happened.

### Finds the Truth

Finally he gave up looking as the sun sank behind the cliffs to the west and climbed up to the trail to go to camp, which he knew was a few miles further on. He had made arrangements to have the other three men



meet himself and Loper, on this trail and return to camp together. He met Dean and asked quickly if any thing had been seen of the wreckage of a boat or of Loper. "Why he's in camp," was Mr. Dean's rejoinder. Kolb almost discredited his own ears and soon reached camp and grasped Loper's hand with a mighty handshake and the first thing Loper said was that he had had a frightful time and had had enough of rapids for a while. Then he asked if the pictures would be good. "Pictures," said Kolb, "why man you got way beyond camera range and would not come back, you were so wild to run more rapids." Loper was crestfallen to think he had mastered a king of rapids and no movie had been possible. How he went over the drop and kept the boat upright, water-filled as it was, and finally was able to get away from the maw of the river monster, only he knows.

### Kolb Runs Death Traps

The next morning a new start was made with Kolb in the boat and Loper helping Dean and the other two men who were to throw life lines if needed. Loper was to run part of the rapids later on and did so.

Kolb got away under ideal picture conditions and started for the Little Niagara Whirlpool section [Skull Rapid], the most demonical on the entire river. He had not been gone long when his boat got into a place where the waves were running many feet high, tangoing back and forth between granite cliffs and making slaps at his boat that sent it hither and thither like a chip. Kolb clung on with his masterly skill and rode the bronco.

Suddenly, he struck a place that would have made a whirling dervish sea-sick and the boat shot over and he "got out and got under" good and plenty. He reached the lifeline and keel of the good ship and finally by might and main turned the craft right side up and crawled aloft. The watchful picture men, perched like magpies on the skyline above, did not see the upset. He had inhaled water and choked and gasped for some minutes.

Then came the whirlpool. The picture men who had gone down stream a ways saw his hat floating down the river and all of them had a terrible scare, fearing he was lost. Then came the worst place of all. Straight down the stream Kolb could see the water spouting many feet in the air as it shot with tremendous force against a boulder the size of a house in the whirlpool rapid. To the left was a "nigger head" rock which was covered with water about half the time. He saw that by making a corkscrew curve with a back action kick and a swipe at the scenery he might get thru, if he could dodge all the 100-ton pebbles and avoid the geysers of idiotic water that spit at the sky and found a target far below in the chugging foam under the rocks. He made it-not. A wave slapped him a half-ton lick on the face and picked him up, gunboat and all and rammed him over five feet, right up on top of the nigger head. The boat skidded off upside down, full of water, in the insane foam.

Here Kolb made the movie man above close his eyes

and crank, crank, crank with only a prayer and a peep to see if aim was still on the struggle below. Dean's eyes opened wide when he saw, not a dead man floating down stream with a smashed canoe trailing behind, but a very sore mariner whipping his boat back into line, safe beyond the rapid grinning at the cliff with an "I told you so" expression in his eyes, if anyone could have seen it.

### The Rest of the Trip

But why repeat the heart rending, scare giving scenes? They came again and again, not so bad, but chilling to the marrow and Loper took all the rapids he could, that is whenever he could coax Kolb to let him have a whack at the river. Those two greedy river men, hungry for more wild scraps finally arrived at the finish looking like they had been playing with the tail of an angry comet, but with a seven-inch grin on each of their faces. They had conquered the river that had conquered [men] since men knew how to build the frail chips that float. They won and won a hard fight and the story will go down in history as one of the truly great river triumphs.

Kolb says that the cataracts excel anything in the Colorado River in fierceness altho [sic] of course vastly less extensive in length and number. Kolb was in Grand Junction all day yesterday and Loper arrived with the boat yesterday at noon when Mr. Dean got in. Black Cañon next week they say. •

#### One Red Oar

Resting an oar  
in solid blue  
from edge to edge  
angels kneel beside the door

a coolness barely noticed  
in Lapis shadows  
leaning against boulders  
imploring eager souls to scout  
carefully

disaster flirting next to  
the green tongue and the roar  
and what love looks like  
to a blinking fool

reading eddy lines  
between the see you again  
sometime  
and the good bye kiss

the whole world stopping  
at the abyss  
for half a second  
at one

red

oar.

Doug Oblak, October 1, 1996

# Echo Park Controversy

by Herm Hoops

**E**cho Park is in the heart of Dinosaur National Monument at the confluence of the Green and Yampa rivers. It is the most beautiful place on the planet—a place of bucolic wonder. It is also the site of the most significant conservation battle of all times. I developed this chronology of events to guide National Park Service and River Concession staff in interpreting Echo Park. Each event below is a piece of a puzzle, but missing in this chronology is the intrigue associated with the Echo Park controversy. For example, anti-communist sentiment and the national defense (power needs for uranium) "significance" of the dam caused investigation of several key dam opponents.

John Cosco's [Echo Park](#) and Mark Harvey's [A Symbol of Wilderness](#) cover the Echo Park controversy in depth. The following chronology is a good outline for river guides to use in sorting out the many, complex issues surrounding Echo Park.

## Chronology of Events Dinosaur National Monument

### The Early Years

1902—Bureau of Reclamation established. After passage of Reclamation Act of 1902, portions (the Lodore and Split Mountain areas) of the Green River within the present boundaries of Dinosaur National Monument were reserved as dam sites. The USGS placed a gauging station on the Yampa River near Cross Mountain.

1904—Preliminary report to the Bureau of Reclamation proposes a reservoir site at Brown's Park on the Green River with a possible dam location at the head of Lodore Canyon.

1909—After several years of drilling and finding poor foundation conditions, along with difficult access to the narrow rock gorge of Lodore, with the possibility of a project at Flaming Gorge, and the inundation of ranch lands in Brown's Park, the Brown's Park Project was abandoned.

1915—Dinosaur Quarry established as National Monument. The original 80-acre site was proclaimed by President Woodrow Wilson to preserve the extraordinary Dinosaur remains of the Jurassic Period.

1916—National Park Service established.

1920—Federal Power Commission (FPC) created. The Federal Water Power Act (FWPA) authorized the FPC to reserve sites, provide lease agreements and royalties to states, and to permit water development in publicly controlled lands; including national parks and monuments. President Wilson signed the Bill

reluctantly because there was no protection for national parks and monuments included.

1921—Congress amends FPC authorization to protect National Parks and Monuments. The Jones-Esch bill amended the FWPA of 1920 to exempt existing national parks and monuments.

1920s—Many ranchers around Vernal and Craig wanted Dinosaur National Monument expanded. They thought it would protect and provide better grazing.

—Bureau of Reclamation and Federal Power Commission began planning additional and larger projects.

1922—Colorado River Compact meeting of western state representatives. Fearful they might lose all control of water, they decide to hammer out a state rights oriented water agreement on the Colorado River basin.

—USGS crew makes topographic survey of the Green River from Rock Springs, Wyoming to Green River, Utah, in order to locate dam sites for power and irrigation and to collect data on water flow.

1928—Colorado River Compact completed and ratified by lower basin states (CA, AZ & NV). Hoover Dam construction began.

1930—Report from the 1922 survey indicated the site at Lodore Canyon was not feasible as a dam and reservoir site. But the head of Whirlpool Canyon, where the Green River leaves Echo Park was considered a good site. That site would create a 30-mile lake up both the Yampa and Green rivers with a storage capacity of about 580,000 acre-feet. The report listed advantages of the site as saving ranch lands, reduced evaporation loss from the reservoir, and flow regulation of both rivers. A second power site in Split Mountain Canyon was proposed with storage extending into Island Park.

Options discussed in this proposal included tunneling water from the dam to the mouth of Red Wash on the Green River. Decisions on these sites were delayed due to lack of ratification of the seven-state Colorado River Compact.

1931—A presidential Executive Order temporarily reserved 7,890 acres in the Split Mountain area for suitability as an addition to Dinosaur National Monument. The order stated the existing power withdrawals would not be interfered with. However, in a letter to President Hoover, the Secretary of Interior wrote: "It appears that the area covered by this proposed withdrawal may have greater public value from a scientific standpoint and for the administration of Dinosaur National Monument than for economic development..."

1933—Roger Toll, Superintendent for Yellowstone National Park and special investigator for new areas for the Director of the NPS submitted a report on the suitability, quality and importance of the Green and Yampa rivers for national monument status. The

report stated the scene was virtually unchanged from the days of Ashley and Powell and the desert had unusual scientific interest as an extension of southern deserts, lending itself to popular education of geology, erosion, archeology, botany and natural history subjects as well as having a fascinating historical background.

1935–Congressional amendment to the Federal Power Act excluded all national parks and monuments from power development, and reaffirmed amendment intent of 1921 for all national parks and monuments.

1936–NPS Director Conrad Wirth announces (in Vernal) opposition to an Echo Park dam.

1937–Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, under pressure, approves building of Colorado/Big Thompson Project under Rocky Mountain National Park.

1938–Quarry at Dinosaur National Monument expanded to encompass canyons of Green and Yampa rivers (the wording of document was critical to Echo Park, and later issues.)

1940s–Bureau Of Reclamation (BOR) studies dam sites: Glen Canyon, Echo Park and Split Mountain would provide 68% of the storage and 70% of the power.

–BOR requested the NPS study the scenic, scientific and recreational resources of the Colorado Basin as part of a comprehensive plan to utilize water resources of the region.

1941–A BOR engineer described the Echo Park Site as "one of the brightest power prospects in the area." The BOR used the needs of the defense industry as a reason to call for immediate construction of power plants at Echo Park and Split Mountain. BOR officials claimed that the lake created by Echo Park Dam would become one of the biggest recreational areas of the West.

1945–BOR presented its comprehensive plan for water development on the Colorado River and its tributaries. The plan called for construction of Echo Park Dam at an estimated cost of \$43 million. The dam would back water up the Yampa 40 miles and the Green 60 miles, impounding about 2.5 million acre-feet of water.

–People of Craig, Colorado, thought of Echo Park as a Utah project and opposed the dam at Echo Park.

1946–The report of recreational resources of the Colorado Basin, completed by the NPS, was critical of the dam sites proposed within Dinosaur National Monument. The report stated the construction of the projects would adversely alter the dominant geological features, wilderness qualities, and the relatively minor archeological and wildlife values of the canyon to the extent that the area would no longer possess National Monument qualifications.

–Organized opposition began against the dam. The Carbon Co. Utah Associated Industries, representing the coal industry, was the first group to go on record

opposing Echo Park there was already a surplus of power!

1949–NPS Director Drury offers compromise: build Split Mountain Dam not Echo Park to save most scenic features in the monument.

1950–Department of Interior recommends building five high dams (Echo Park, Glen Canyon, Navajo, Whitewater, Flaming Gorge) and a large number of smaller dams (over 100 other dams including Split Mountain and projects from 1946 report). The report called Echo Park, along with Split Mountain and Glen Canyon the "wheel-horses" of upper basin development; providing 70% of the power and 68% of the water storage of the Upper Basin Project.

–Interior Secretary Oscar L. Chapman approved the proposal over National Park Service opposition. Chapman argued that the Echo Park Dam was more economical because of less evaporation and stated that this project would not set a precedent for other NPS areas. In the end, Newton Drury, NPS Director, resigned. Many protests were filed with President Harry Truman against Chapman's actions; the dilemma was postponed to a new administration.

–New York Times article alerted conservation groups (Izaak Walton League, Audubon and Wilderness Society) to the Echo Park issue.

1951–NPS Director Newton Drury resigns in a storm of protest.

### Midlife Crisis

1951–Sierra Club takes first trip down Yampa with Vernal river runner Bus Hatch.

1952–Dwight Eisenhower elected president. Utah's Ezra Taft Benson, later to become President of the LDS Church, was named Secretary of Agriculture; Senator Arthur Watkins of Vernal, Utah was an advisor to the President on water and power issues. Governor Dan Thornton, of Colorado, was a close personal friend of President Eisenhower.

–Conservation organizations began taking regular river trips, David Brower begins working with Vernal businesses reminding them how much is spent by river trips (\$11,000 in 1952).

–Articles appear in media very regularly, Wallace Stegner's Beyond the Hundredth Meridian published, claiming that Powell would have opposed the dam. This is Dinosaur published and presented to all Congressmen by publisher Alfred Knopf. The battle took on a national audience, with opposition to the dam coming from conservation organizations, Congressional members from middle-western farming states, and national civic groups. Proponents of the dam were primarily from a regional audience, but even that was fractured with opposition from the coal industry and other special interests.

–California groups, including water groups oppose the dam spending \$111,000 for lobbying (Ironically they point out that only 15% of irrigation costs are borne by users, 85% subsidized by taxpayers).

-Former President Hoover comes out in opposition to Echo Park Dam.

-Tax payer group points out that (UT, CO and WY) will expend 15 million for the dam, while New Yorkers would pay \$123 million.

1953-Sierra Club lawyer Bestor Robinson, after a trip through Dinosaur contacted high interior officials (unauthorized), and recommended compromise (Split Mountain, Cross Mountain, Flaming Gorge and Glen Canyon instead of Echo Park).

-President Eisenhower approves project, states support to preserve national parks.

1954-upper basin states ratify Colorado River Compact.

-At Congressional hearing conservationists turned out in force with detailed facts and figures. It becomes public that BOR figures for evaporation rates of Echo Park Project were grossly inaccurate. Interior Secretary Douglas McKay was furious with the error.

-Corps of Engineers (U.S. Grant III) opposes BOR proposals.

-Congressional mail 9-1 against Echo Park Dam.

-House sub-committee approved project in May.

-Senate hearing: Devereux Butcher (NPCA) travels to Utah and finds many local misconceptions. Many thought they would get water from Echo Park, but the project was for power and not an irrigation project, others didn't know there were 30 other unchallenged sites.

-Senate committee approves bill containing Echo Park.

-Former Wyoming Governor Leslie Miller comes out in opposition to Echo Park Dam Project.

-1954 National Geographic article contained first (subtle) anti-dam message: comparison photos with an artist concept of the dam.

-U.S. House of Representatives mail running is 80 - 1 against Echo Park Dam. When 83rd Congress adjourned the bill was still on the floor, requiring new bills and hearings in the following session.

### **Surrender at the Point of Victory**

1955-Congressional amendments to delete Echo Park from bill are introduced, but defeated.

-Coalition of groups announce opposition to entire upper Colorado Basin Storage Project. BOR managers and some politicians begin to fear the entire Colorado River development may fail.

-June: House sub-committee fearing they would lose the whole project deletes Echo Park from the bill.

-November: Congressmen and governors from CO, NM, UT and WY, agree to drop Echo Park from the bill

-November 30: Department of Interior drops support of Echo Park site. Interior Conservation Advisory Committee recommends a ban on dams on the upper Colorado River and reservations, national parks, monuments or conservation lands.

-Conservationists stop opposing the project and fall silent. Senator Albright (opponent) and leading conservationists sign document agreeing to support

upper Colorado River Storage Project, minus Echo Park, with amendments to protect NPS lands from encroachment.

-The proposed Echo Park Dam site deleted from the upper Colorado basin bill. The bill passes House and Senate and "not a soul raised an objection to the withdrawal of Echo Park"

-Conservationists felt the greatest battle since Hetch Hetchy (in Yosemite National Park) had been won. But construction of the Glen Canyon Dam was the trade off. The day Echo Park Dam site was removed from the upper Colorado basin bill, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay resigned.

### **A Stormy Horizon**

1966 to present-Reserved water rights battle for the Yampa River within Dinosaur National Monument

1972-Senator Moss (UT) introduces a bill to delete the protection clause from Federal Power and Water Act of 1920 (exemption for national parks and monuments).

1980s-Tellico Dam controversy; Glen Canyon, Navajo and Fontenelle dams have structural problems; McPhee Dam completed on the Dolores River.

2000s?-Sandstone Dam, Juniper Dam, Cross Mountain Dam proposals

-Loss of federal water rights in the West

-Loss of Yampa River water rights within Dinosaur

-Animas-LaPlata water project a controversy

-Modification of NEPA, Endangered Species Act, etc.

-Loss of popular support for NPS due to excessive fees

### **Or**

-Decommissioning of Glen Canyon Dam, Flaming Gorge Dam, Navajo Dam and McPhee Dam

-Support to retain federal supremacy in water rights

-Recovery of water project real costs through user fees

-Reaffirmation of NEPA, Endangered Species Act, etc.

-Recanting of excessive user fees imposed on private and commercial river runners and increased interaction and support between these groups

In opposing Echo Park Dam people gave up careers and income and in many cases were personally shattered; some never recovered. Belief in their cause, and its high and noble purpose led to lifelong dedication.

As a member of CPRG and the River Community what will you do to participate in the future of rivers within the Colorado Plateau? \*

# Dawg Tired Summer

Oh slim  
these dawgies  
have sure run us 'round  
I'm so tired  
tell me  
summer is over  
call my mother  
and my bishop  
tell them  
I'm ok  
but I am dawg tired

and if you're going  
oe'r to the Iceberg  
order me  
a grilled cheese  
and a malted  
and a pillow.

Doug Oblak, April 1999

## KENNY

**K**enny Ross was one hell of a man, short in stature, wiry, with muscular arms wrapped in bulging veins. His hands were lean and leathery. He looked as though he was made of tightly strung steel wire, and the look in his eyes and his wit let it be known that there were a lot of volts running through those wires.

Kenny didn't just boat the river he was The River, The Canyon, The Anasazi.

His spirit is still here along the San Juan, and it shows itself often. In the hot summer sun, standing on some rock above a rapid, his voice whispers and weaves through the river sounds: "Recognize, don't memorize. You don't really become a good boat handler until you can feel what's around the corner. The river tells you what its doing and what its about to do. It tells you."

Kenny Ross was the Grand Old Man of the San Juan River. While some historians would stress the data of his accomplishments and life, those of us who he nurtured would like to capture the essence of the man... and a bygone era.

Herm Hoops



# River of Song

## An Anthology of River Songs

**A**hh, Rivers! Living metaphors for everything. Carriers of the lifeblood of the planet. This CD was conceived in the heart of the Colorado Plateau where rivers truly are the beating heart of a wizened landscape. The Grand River, born in Rocky Mountain National Park and draining the entire Western slope of the Rockies, and the Green River which gathers in the melting snows of the Wind River Range in Wyoming, meet improbably, in the impossibly harsh and remote gut of Canyonlands National Park, thereby forming the Colorado River whose credits include Cataract Canyon, Glen Canyon, and the Grand Canyon.

So how pleasant, how daunting the task to assemble an anthology of river songs to speak for these rivers, their tributaries and the incomparable canyon country they have formed. *River of Songs* accepts the challenge and delivers a record that will please the rats, satisfy lovers of moving water and inspire the landlocked to experience the river's infinite, timeless song. Hopefully, the record will also motivate folks to vigilantly protect the river resources that can save us if we can only be unselfish enough to let them.

*River of Song* flows with a strong environmental and preservation ethic . . .

*Let her go.  
Give this river back her soul.*

T.R. Ritchie, "Let This Mighty River Roll"

*It costs too much to clean,  
too much to move it.  
It's somebody's fault,  
but it cost too much to prove it.  
So we'll cover it up . . .*

Cosy Sheridan – "Don't Go in the Water"

*(and ponder) an ever-present question,  
blowing in the desert wind –  
Do we have it in ourselves  
to let this river run again?*

*It's an adolescent fantasy,  
and we really ought to lose it.  
Acting like we're in control,  
we're destined to abuse it.*

D-Squared – "Row"

*. . . but man's sins against the natural world  
can't dim the passion that this once wild and untamed  
river system still excites . . .  
It's a paradise I'm thinking of . . .*

Anke Summerhill – "Stars At Noon"

*Last night I lay in a restless bed,  
a hum-drum life pounding in my head,  
when out of the night came a mighty roar -  
The river calling me back once more.*

Katie Lee – "Song of the Boatman"

*Makes me think about how that river and I  
Were both happier when we ran free.*

James Keelaghan – "River Run"

✿  
*Perhaps it's something in the air.  
I wish I could go more often,  
for I find peace and comfort there.*

Anke Summerhill – "Stars at Noon"

✿  
*You can't push the river.  
That river's just going to flow.*

Chuck Pyle – "Keepin' Time By the River"

✿  
*Oh, what a gift it is to always know which way to go.*

Erica Wheeler – "Down River"

✿  
*Lord, I love to ride a rolling flow.*

Tom Russell – "Beneath Canyon Walls"

✿  
*Now the river rocks and rumbles  
as it rolls down through the ages,  
and it shatters any sense of scale  
as it turns back the pages.  
And the ruins of your history;  
civilizations in their prime –  
are swept into an eddy.  
They were just a wink in time.*

*You better row.*

D-Squared – "Row"



*Canyon Reflections* by Gordon Burt, the only instrumental piece, nicely evokes a quiet riparian sunrise. The denouement of the record is an essay by Terry Tempest Williams, a woman apparently incapable of dispassionate speech. It underscores the music perfectly, and will carry you away if you're willing, in a perfectly modulated flow of words and images.

*River of Songs* is a labor of love. The music, art, time, effort and inspiration were mostly donated. The soul of this effort resides in Moab, Utah, a little town on the banks of moving waters, big on talent and generous of heart. *River of Songs* is a worthy effort, and wrapped in its jacket of love and dedication, can't help but please. Proceeds are donated to a non-profit river conservation organization.

To acquire this CD please contact:

Music of Moab  
59 S. Main Street #8  
Moab, UT 84532  
435-259-4405  
[www.riverofsongcd.com](http://www.riverofsongcd.com)

## Canyonlands Field Institute Guide Training Calendar

### Desert Ecology

Spring, 2001 (dates TBA)

Instruction by Dr. Tim Graham. This course covers the fundamentals of ecology in relation to the desert uplands and mountains, and special topics of interest for this region. Emphasis is placed on the natural history of the Colorado Plateau, including geography, geology, and ecology, the variety of ecosystems present, and the adaptations of desert plants and animals to the arid environment. The course involves extensive field observations and measurements, particularly of pothole communities. Fees include handouts and field trip fees. Those desiring 3 graduate biology credits from Utah State University (BIOL 6910) need to pay an additional \$45 filing fee with a separate check made out to USU.

Course Fee: \$450 (\$435/CFI members)

Deposit: \$150

### RECERTIFICATION for EMERGENCY RESPONSE and CPR

March 6-8, 2001

Instructor: Michele Reaume Hill. A 20-hour refresher class for those with current American Red Cross Emergency Response certificates expiring in 1999. Lectures, videos, practicals, written test. Provides 3-year ER and 1-year CPR certification. Bring your own text and workbook.

Fee: \$70 (\$63/CFI members)

Deposit: \$25 (text and workbook may be purchased for additional fees)

### AMERICAN RED CROSS EMERGENCY RESPONSE

April 9-13, 2001

Instructors: Sheri Griffith, Jim Braggs and guest instructors. This 40+ hour course is designed for any professional who may be called upon to give first aid in the line of duty; includes CPR. Videos, outdoor practicals, written test. Days and one evening. Includes text. Provides 3-year ER and 1-year CPR certification.

FEE: \$160 (\$145/CFI members)

Deposit: \$60

### SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE

Canyonlands Field Institute  
1320 South Highway 191  
Moab, UT 84532  
[www.canyonlandsfieldinst.org](http://www.canyonlandsfieldinst.org)  
435-259-7750

*The following is an excerpt from an unpublished manuscript written by Bert J. Silliman, in November of 1952 in Green River, Utah. Mr. Silliman was a petroleum prospector and formed the Nequoia Association with E. T. Wolverton in 1918. Mr. Silliman believed there was sufficient evidence to indicate that Spaniards, with their Indian slaves, built the trail at Spanish Bottom in Cataract Canyon.*

● ..there was an older road, more direct to a different destination, and in contrast to the OLD SPANISH TRAIL, an attempt had been made to mark and improve the trail. It clearly belonged to a different era, with other kinds of merchandise and it is a too great stretch of the imagination to expect either Spaniards or Indians of their own volition, to make stone stair steps, switch back dugways, pile the loose rocks in neat rows at each side of a wide "right of way" and build houses and corrals at the nightly camping places, with ruins of furnaces for smelting ore or perhaps as forges for the horse-shoers, it strongly suggests that this was done by slave labor.

This OLD SPANISH TRAIL with its beginnings in the Rio Grand Valley of New Mexico enters Utah in the Four Corners country, the only place in the United States where four states have a common corner, south of the Abajo Mountains near the south end of Elk Ridge is a prominent land mark called the Bear's Ears, because of the resemblance of two craggy pinnacles on its apex to the ears of that animal. The old trail passed between the ears as does a present road, and the old timers called it the BEARS EARS TRAIL.

Thence it went northwesterly along Elk Ridge to a point overlooking the Cataracts of the Colorado. The trail down a side canyon to the river level was in active use by the Utes when Powell passed with his boat expedition in 1871. The crossing was made just above the first cataract and the widening of the canyon on the west side still goes by the name of Spanish Bottoms. The ascent of the sheer western wall was made by stone steps and a switchback trail that excited my eighty year old "river rat" friend who first saw it near 50 years ago! Why it was that wide as he extended his arms about four feet. At the top of the ascent, just before entering the land of the Standing Rocks, the passage is through a sunken valley. A block of stone had dropped between two fault lines in what geologists call a graben. After skirting the base of the towering Vermillion Cliffs a few miles, one

comes to the only breakdown or doorway through this line of cliffs within 50 miles. This is Sunset Pass and gives access to Nequoia Basin, or as it is usually called, Hatch Canyon. This is all that a pass should be, it comes just at the nick of time, and requires no tedious climb to attain its summit. Just turn right and enter. The basin is of considerable extent and sports a "rock island" at least 5 miles long. The narrow canyon leads to the Dirty Devil River which the trail crosses and goes up by Poison Spring Wash to the Burr Desert. These names sound rough, but I think that should anyone be curious enough to trace out this old trail, they would agree that the names are appropriate.

Fremont came this way in early 1854, but there are only the briefest incidents of cold and suffering recorded. He says, "the falling snow and destitute condition of my party again interfered to impede examinations," and only a few days later even his iron constitution and indomitable will had to succumb. Fortunately, his weakness was transient. Mrs. Fremont, in an unpublished manuscript relates, "Suddenly my strength gave out, all power of motion left me, I could not move a foot. I sat down in the snow and waited, after a few minutes, strength enough came back, and no one noticed what had happened."

Fremont left the Bear's Ears Trail somewhere in the Burr Desert and went Westward. To the North, the prominent landmark, Temple Mountain, loomed above the enclosing San Rafael Reef which ran as far to the north as eye could see. The Old Spanish Trail crossed the Dirty Devil River and went north, turned northwestward up South Temple Wash through a gap in the Reef, passed by towering Temple Mountain on the right, and steeply climbing gained the surface of the elevated dome which is Sindbad. And looking backward, I can only say, as I have said before, that the inside vertical line of sheer cliffs of the Reef extending without break for miles and miles save for the narrow canyon through which they had entered did not require any stretch of the imagination of those very early Spaniards who first came this way, to remind them of Sindbad's Valley "exceedingly great and wide and deep and bounded by vast mountains that spired high in air. None could descry their summits for the excess of their height, nor was any able to climb up thereto."

The Old Bear's Ears Trail continued northwestward diagonally across the Sindbad by the way of Cole Wash and Horn Silver Gulch and out through the western Reef near Molen. On its way, my informants say, that in places it is laid out

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with such precision that it suggests the use of instruments. That there are places where the old trail has worn two feet down in said shale by much usage. An old inscription which bore the date of 1777, a cross and a Spanish name, but now almost or quite illegible. Fifteen or twenty grave mounds along the road side may possibly indicate the site of a sanguinary battle, with heavy losses incurred by the Spaniards.

From Molen, the old trail attending northwesterly, crossed Castle Valley to Huntington Creek. Up Huntington Canyon to Trail Canyon, by which ascent was made to the plateau top. Thence over Wasatch Plateau near modern town of Schofield, down Spanish Ridge between Soldier and Thistle creeks to their junction as Spanish Fork River. Thence ten miles down the canyon to the open Utah Valley and the country of Timpanagos.

What merchandise was carried over this route we do not know other than that given by an adaptation of the old Game of Hare and Hounds, with the exception that my informants did not spend a summer tracing its course by little bits of paper but by fragments of rich ore that had dropped from ore sacks atop the pack saddles of the travelers; especially at their nightly camping places. The fact that the road had been improved and enough ore had fallen along the trail that it could be traced, would indicate that it was in constant use for a considerable period.

A rough guess could be made that the purpose of this road was to convey ore from Utah Valley to Santa Fe, but we have no written record of any appreciable amount of mining operations along the route or are there producing mines at this date. True there are many remains and relics of ancient

workings that may date back two centuries or even earlier. But they seem more like prospects than mines that have produced ore in quantity, and I know of no case where an old working has been made productive. It is also true that there are legends of lost mines such as the "Lost Josephine" which have persisted to this date. The bitter opposition to mining of the Indians and their tradition of Spanish mines worked by Indian slaves under inhuman conditions, and an uprising of the Indians against their cruel masters, in which after a desperate struggle the Spaniards were killed to the last man, and the hated mines carefully filled in, and covered and disguised in a way only an Indian would know, would open up the possibility that the good mines were successfully hidden.

There is written evidence that the Indians did just this to producing mines in northern Mexico. And we know that in 1680 there was just such an uprising of Indians in New Mexico in which all the outlying settlers and traders were massacred and only those of the larger settlements escaped death and even these were expelled from the country and it was years before the Rio Grande Valley was retaken and recolonized.

Thus there is much to be learned, and much evidence to be sought out, if such exists, before we can get more than a sketchy story of the OLD SPANISH TRAIL and the still older BEAR'S EARS TRAIL and the men who traveled them. For what reasons? To what end? When? ...

Bert J. Silliman  
Nov.1st 1952