

The Confluence

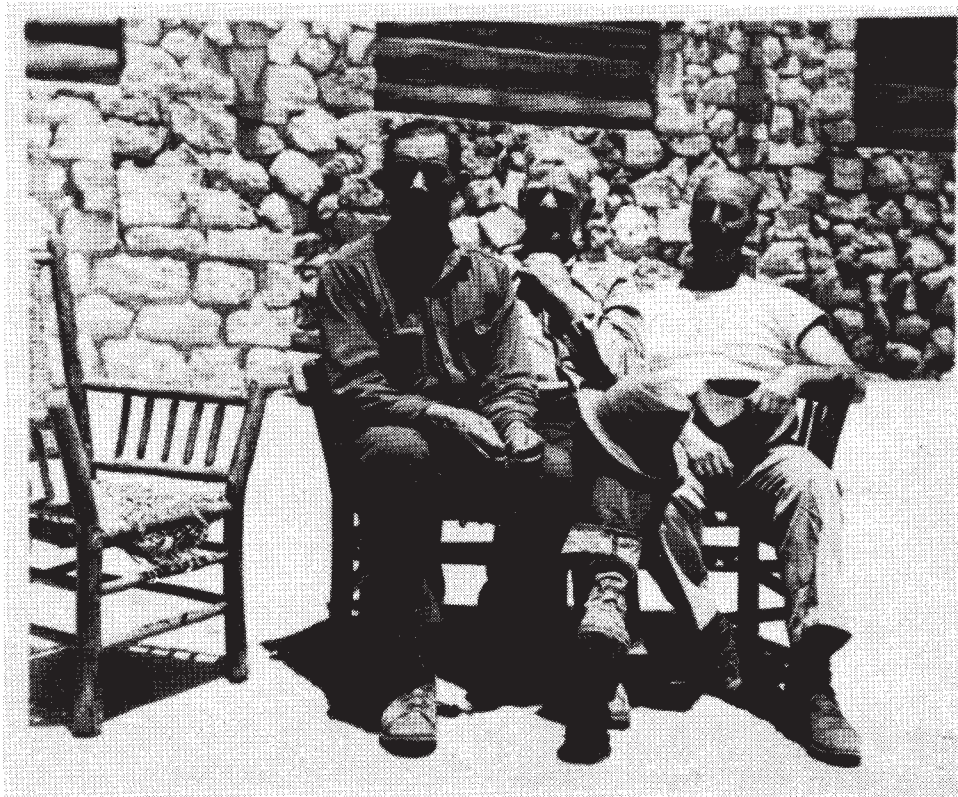
The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Number 24



Anasazi Canibalism
Pop's Poetry
Greg Trainor Poetry
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Pay/Capsize"
Animas La Plata Rally

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Boyd Davis of Orem, Bert Loper age 79, Rulon Doman-Utah National Parks executive.
Taken during Bert's Boy Scout guiding days. (From Clifford L. Rayl- previously
published in the Sunday Herald, June 13th, 1948)

The Confluence

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

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

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

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

Membership dues:

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

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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

Editor this issue: Dave Focardi

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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: Those who submitted articles for this issue!!

Issue/Numbering: In keeping with the new numbering system, this is now issue #24.
Thanks for financing this river trip!

#20—Volume 7, Number 1, Spring 2000, Prop in a rock

#21—Volume 7, Number 3, Fall 2000, CNP vertebrate survey

#22—David Brower on cover

#23—Dark Canyon Revisited

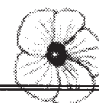
#24—This Issue



Pen and ink by Sarah Clinger

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From the Editor and Vice Prez

Welcome to the 24th issue of the confluence. Despite best of intentions, these things always take longer than I think. If all goes well, many of you are reading this at the guides meeting at Sand Island- if not, you got it in your mailboxes.

Previous engagements of the employable nature prevent me from attending the guide meeting. What I will do here is take a stand on some issues of the day. Basically, there is still a dam (or several) in the wrong place on our river, and the board voted at a meeting in Green River several years ago that our position was that Glen Canyon Dam should be decommissioned. We have not changed that position either through consensus or a vote. If you have any questions on why the dam should be decommissioned, check out justdrainit.org, I won't go into the myriad details here. One of the issues we will be considering in the future is if we should move our organization under the umbrella of Living Rivers- maintaining our 501c3 status- and being separate from Canyonlands Natural History Association. As the board makes these moves, you the membership have the ability to affect these decisions. Major decisions like moving the charter will be general membership votes, but often we (the people whose names appear on the inside front page) do things as if we were the TL and you are supporting us in where we camp, hike, or stop to do lunch. We are not telling you how to row your boat. Likewise, we are VERY interested in your INPUT and PARTICIPATION. If you want CPRG to move in a different direction, it is up to you. We (that same collective we) often choose to do the more difficult, yet more rewarding hike- to keep the analogy going, rather than doing the same standard trip each time.

Message From the President

Well, Hello There,
I just wanted to include some sort of announcement in the new Confluence about the upcoming CPRG events. I hope that all of you are doing well and recovering from a long, hot and hopefully prosperous season. Boy, was it hot and low or what? At some point in July (I think it was), I found myself in the middle of the Big Drops with 3 (out of 9) of our boats hopelessly stuck! I had to step back and hand it to the Lady River; game, set, match; she won!

First and foremost, may I recap the last CPRG endeavors. The Boatman's Bash last July was a big hit. A big thanks to Red Bull, GCAN, Canyon Voyages, Tex, World Wide and all the others who helped make the party happen'n. Welcome to our 40 new members via the bash as well! Secondly, last month, CPRG drafted a letter to all the bureaucracies (BLM, Park Service, Forest Service etc.) asking them to contact the CPRG board regarding any regulatory changes concerning river corridors. We, as the board, thought this was a good idea to keep guides up to date on what is expected out there. I want to get the letter out this week! In other news, Joe Keys from Grand Junction brought to our attention at the last CPRG board meeting that Colorado Legislators were getting involved in motor use in the Loma section. Joe reports that Steve Yamashita will propose (and likely receive) a "no Jet Ski Launch from Loma" bill. Joe also says that Yamashita is committed to maintaining the current outboard motor use in this section.

So, upcoming events: all three of 'em!

1. We are planning a boatman retreat. The event will take place November 2nd through the 4th at Sand Island in Bluff. The event is the first CPRG, GCRG (Grand Canyon River Guides) collaborative event. I am really hoping for a big CPRG turn out because it is high time that we show these guys who the heck we are and what we are made of!!!! The schedule is as follows: Dinner and social Fri. night, meetings Saturday followed by a great party, respective business meeting Sun morning. We have reserved Sand Island camp ground. You may also stay in Bluff if you prefer. We have tentatively rented the Desert Rose Conference Center in case of rain. Please Bring your own camp stuff.

Topics for Presentation

Dams in the system (Dave Wegner)
River Otter introduction (Joe Shannon)
San Juan Silting
Animas \La Plata (John Weisheit)
Adaptive management (Matt Kaplinski and Andre Potochnik)
This is a once in a lifetime, event. I hope that you all will come!

2. Due to a rapidly slowing economy, UGO has decided to seriously down size their event, although, it is still happening. The UGO meeting will be held at the BLM conference room. Nov.

8th from 9:00 until noon. There will also be a UGO sponsored Westwater trip Saturday Nov. 10 contact me (Annie) at the UGO meeting if you want to go.

Finally; World Wide River Expeditions will sponsor a first Aid/ CPR recertification course for CPRG members only. The course will be at World Wide in Moab May 13-14 at \$75 per person, which includes your book. Call Steve Hazlett at 435-259-7515 if you're interested.

O, one last thing. I am still interested in doing a CPRG flat water trip this fall.; November Sometime!?!? Is anyone out there into it? Let me know. Anniel@lasal.net, 801-220-0350

OK, so that about wraps it up. I hope that you are all planning a great winter and look forward to seeing you and chatting with you this fall.
Flowers & Smiles
Annie Tueller Payne

Motors from the Utah State Line to the Westwater Ranger Station

by Annie T Payne

Joe Keys (CPRG board member) called me this week with a couple of facts about Westwater that he said would be of interest to CPRG members. Joe is possibly one of the busiest guys I know. I think that he just didn't have time to write it all down himself. I told him that I would write it down and see if I couldn't get it in the Confluence. Then I did some fact checking myself. I wanted to clarify all outboard motor regulations concerning the Colorado River corridor between the Utah State line and the Westwater Ranger Station. As it turns out this is a sensitive issue as is everything I try to report on. I guess somewhere in my subconscious I must love confrontation. I know that Alvin (Westwater Ranger) is going to confront me when I publish this. I would just like to apologize in advance to Alvin. I also would like to say thank you to Alvin for doing a great job of keeping the river guides honest and accurate.

There is no regulation concerning down stream motor use from the state line to the Westwater Ranger Station. Yup, and that's from several horse's mouths. Joe Keys spoke with Joe Asher from the Grand Junction BLM recreational planning office. Joe Asher reported no

regulations concerning down stream motor travel. Joe Asher spoke with Marilyn Petersen from the Moab BLM recreational planning office. Marilyn Petersen concurred that there are no BLM regulations concerning down stream motor travel from State Line to Westwater Ranger Station.

I decided that this probably was not a recreational issue as much as an endangered species issue. So, I called Joe Cresto the Moab BLM biologist (three Joe's, one issue, crazy isn't it?) to see if Joe Cresto could shed some light on the issue. As it turns out this is an endangered species problem. Cresto discovered a nesting pair of Bald Eagles below the state line, on private property, river left, sometime circa the late 1980's. BLM was notified as was Fish and Wildlife of the nesting pair of eagles. In 1996, Federal Register Volume 61 number 231 states that up stream motor use is prohibited from the Westwater Ranger Station to the state line from Feb. 1 to Oct. 15. This regulation was in response to the nesting pair of eagles. Fish and Wildlife wanted to eliminate any new disturbances, mainly Jet skis and up stream traveling motor boats in the area. Later, outboards traveling down stream were informally incorporated into the regulation.

I spoke with Cresto about the issue at length. I questioned how rafts with outboard motors going down stream got incorporated into this regulation. He couldn't shed much light on the issue. He did, however, make some interesting points. Its all true guys. Yes, the Eagles are probably far more disturbed by the train then a 5 horse kicker coming down the river. Yes, they are nesting on a private farm which uses noisy machinery daily. Yes, they have been there for 10 years, maybe more, and don't seem to mind the noise. Yes, they are on the endangered species list. According to Cresto, however, there is a noise threshold. It's the whole straw that broke the camel's back thing. I guess that the BLM folks (although they don't have any legal recourse), pose an interesting point. River runners need not contribute to a potentially sensitive situation for the eagles.

So, this is where I get really bold and confrontational. Legally, we do not have to turn our motors off at the state line. I ask you though, do we need laws to make us do the right thing? Chances are my motor is not going to make a difference on whether or not the eagles stay. But

what if it did? What if my motor startled a female eagle enough to leave her brood at a critical moment? I, personally, don't think it's worth it.

I don't like to motor the state line stretch anyway, it's as rocky as all get out there! Sometimes, if I am pressed for time, I use the motor. I like having the right to make that decision (motor or not motor). I will tell you, right now however, that if we guides start to motor the state line stretch with wild abandon because we can; we will see the day when the BLM will regulate our motors there. So, how about this? Lets not motor the state line section unless it's necessary. It, ultimately, is the guides' decision.

I welcome your comments.
anniet@lasal.net

Comment from Dave Focardi- Right On! I love that confrontational attitude of Annie's. I am pretty much in complete agreement here- even if the motor doesn't get turned off right at the state line, at the very least it could be turned off before the boats come around the bend in sight of the ranch where the eagle viewing area is. Throughout the years, filling out permit forms at the ranger station, under comments, I always remark if I saw any eagles. How many and estimated ages, specifically where they were seen, type of activity etc. It provides a little extra data for the biologists and something to keep the permit readers interested in their work.

"RALLY TO SAVE THE ANIMAS RIVER,"
NOVEMBER 9 IN DURANGO!
YOUR SUPPORT IS NEEDED...

As you may know, Congress last year authorized construction of the Animas-La Plata (A-LP) project. Recently, \$21 million in funding for first-year pre-construction work was approved by the House of Representatives. Action in the Senate could come at any time. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO STOP IT!

We are gathering to send a message to Washington, that the people do not want or need this wasteful, river-killing project. Congress can still do the right thing by not funding the A-LP boondoggle.

[November 9 is the political start date of the project]

JOIN US IN DURANGO ON FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 9: Meet at Rotary Park on 15th street and 2nd avenue at noon. The march will

proceed to the BuRec office at 2nd and 9th, and then on to Schneider park on 9th and Roosa next to the river. There will be music, speeches, food, and fun. This is a family-oriented, legal event. Please check Living Rivers' website for details. We will issue updates via email, as well.

BECOME A CO-SPONSOR OF THE EVENT:

We want your organization and/or business to sign on as a cosponsor! There is no fee. The more support we demonstrate, the stronger our collective voice will be!

Please notify David Orr at Living Rivers via email at david@livingrivers.net so that we can list your group as a supporter.

WHAT YOU CAN DO *TODAY*:

Send a message to Congress and the Bureau of Reclamation (BuRec)! Now is the time to write to Senators, letting them know that money for A-LP will be money wasted. Especially in this time of looming recession, federal tax dollars should be wisely spent. Write to your Senators, and ask them to "ZERO OUT" the A-LP line item in the appropriations bill. A list of all Senators with their addresses may be found on the Senate's Internet website at:

<http://www.senate.gov/contacting/index.cfm>

Also, write to the Commissioner of Reclamation and ask him to oppose A-LP funding:

John Keys, Commissioner, Bureau of Reclamation, 1849 C Street NW, Washington DC 20240-000.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH A-LP?

Ridges Basin Dam is a key part of the A-LP project and would store water, only to allow it to evaporate. It is to be built in Mancos shale.

(Editors geologic note: Although Mancos shale is impervious to water, when exposed surfaces come in contact with water it becomes a gooey mess. This is because much of the clay in Mancos shale falls under the *smectite* classification. These clays adsorb water into their molecular structure making them particularly slimy and slippery) Taxpayers have been soaked for more than \$200 million already, and not a spade of dirt has yet been turned. But conservative estimates peg the cost to the Treasury at well over \$500 million. Some independent experts put it at more than a billion dollars.

A-LP would pump water more than 500 feet uphill, at great cost in dollars and energy, to store water in a new Ridges Basin Reservoir, that will function as a giant evaporation pond. There is no demonstrated need for the water, except in

the river. More water storage is simply an enticement to more sprawling development into southwest Colorado, at the expense of taxpayers and the virtually extinct endangered native fish.

RECLAIMING THE BUREAU: This "Save The Animas River" rally will be the first in a series of public events calling for BuRec reform, as we approach the occasion of the agency's hundredth anniversary on June 17, 2002. Despite former Commissioner Dan Beard's proclamation that "the era of big dam-building is over," the agency appears unable to resist the opportunity to build at least one more useless pork-barrel project.

Environmentalists want BuRec to mark its second century with a shift from "reclamation," i.e. development, dams, and diversions, to river restoration, including decommissioning many of the 600 dams built by the agency in its first century.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BUREC?

Across the West, BuRec water projects have left a legacy of damaged ecosystems. The agency's famed engineering prowess has created the most efficient infrastructure ever designed for removing water from rivers, to be used in the most inefficient ways imaginable. BuRec projects have fostered rampant, unsustainable sprawl and development in the desert Southwest for decades. Incongruous golf courses, lawns, and swimming pools of Phoenix and Palm Springs symbolize the "good life" to those who choose to deny the reality of life in the desert.

The biggest source of waste is agriculture. With more than 80 percent of diverted water in most Southwestern states devoted to irrigation, the bulk of that water is used to grow alfalfa (cattle feed) and other low-value crops, some of it for export. Few if any incentives for water users to conserve, and there are significant penalties for doing so (loss of water rights). The system of water management and distribution in the West has for a long time been in need of major legal and regulatory reform. Rationality and fairness must play a major role in allocating Western water. Conservation must be rewarded, and all rivers must be allowed to flow. Living Rivers' "Reclaim the Bureau" Campaign is pressing for these essential changes.

RESTORING THE WATERSHEDS:

Living Rivers promotes grassroots organizing to restore the watersheds of the rivers of the Southwestern US and northern Mexico. We are

building coalitions of local, regional, national, and international organizations and indigenous groups to ensure that water supplies are distributed equitably to all, and that river ecosystems are respected, protected, and restored to provide a healthy environment for people and wildlife. We are happy to answer any questions you may have. Please give us a call at 435-259-1063. Whenever you're in Moab, please stop by and see us at Living Rivers' office in the Restoration Creamery, 21 North Main Street.

David Orr <david@livingrivers.net>

Director of Field Programs

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www.drainit.org -and- www.livingrivers.net

Water Rights for Western Rivers

[Living Rivers: formerly known as Glen Canyon Action Network]

Rippling Brook

There is
a cool, steep place
where pool, green, and deep clear
draws fool to swim without clothes,
Ripp
Ling Brook

Rivers.

I think I need a river, lover, friend.
Voice of quiet, soothing bend
Embracing, flowing, surrounding trend.
Rock in the rill, I wait
Silent.

Greg Trainor

Anasazi Cannibalism

By: Sarah Clinger

Although the question of Cannibalism among the Anasazi Indians is an emotionally charged one, and should be approached with care, recent findings by Christy Turner and Tim White bring to surface considerable evidence that cannibalism did occur.

Previously thought to be peaceful farmers living in harmony with the land and one another, occupying much of the four-corners area, the Anasazi Indians were heralded as attaining an almost utopian society. However, recent findings have shed a new light on these simple desert dwellers.

Christy Turner is a physical anthropologist with a background in police forensics. While studying bones at the Museum of Northern Arizona, it occurred to him that some of the bones he was examining reminded him of the remains of individuals who had been savagely beaten to death, which he had encountered through his police work. It also occurred to him that these remains looked exactly like many of the animal remains he had found in prehistoric garbage mounds, food trash. Focusing at first upon sites where it was apparent that remains had undergone a violent death, Turner discovered consistent markings that he could attribute only to cannibalism. Through his research, Turner began to quantify cannibalized human remains as having to meet the following criteria:

1. Bones had to be broken open as if to get at the marrow.
2. Bones had to have cutting and sawing marks on them, made by tools, in a way that suggested dismemberment and butchering.
3. Anvil abrasions, or parallel scratches, most often found on

skulls, caused when the head (or another bone) is placed on a stone that serves as an anvil, and another stone is brought down hard on it to break it open. When the blow occurs, a certain amount of slippage takes place, causing the parallel abrasions.

4. Bones had to be burned. Skulls had to show patterns of burning on the back or top, indicating that the brain was cooked.
5. Most of the vertebrae and spongy bone had to be missing. Vertebrae and spongy bone are soft and full of marrow. These can either be crushed whole to make bone cakes, (something the Anasazi did with other mammal bones) or the grease can be extracted through boiling.

Upon studying bones from seventy-two Anasazi sites, Turner found that the remains of at least two hundred and eighty six individuals had been butchered, cooked, and eaten in about thirty-eight of the sites. In an effort to study how widespread cannibalism may have been, Turner then examined a collection of eight-hundred and seventy skeletons stored at the Museum of Northern Arizona. He found that one skeleton in twelve showed clear evidence of being cannibalized.

Roughly during the same time, Tim D. White, a well-known Paleoanthropologist, made another discovery, which was later added to Turner's criteria of cannibalism. He noticed a faint polishing and beveling on many of the broken tips of bones excavated from Mancos canyon, Colorado. Already familiar with Turner's work, White wondered whether this polishing may be a result of bone

ends scraping on the edges of a rough ceramic pot while being boiled and stirred to render the fat. To test his theory, White did an experiment with deer bones in a ceramic pot on a Coleman stove. Under magnification, the deer bones showed the same microscopic polishing that many of the Mancos bones had. White called this "pot polish."

White went on to examine 2,106 bone fragments from the Mancos site, all of which were highly fragmented and deposited in what was believed to be a broken state, just like discarded food remains. What he found was that eighty seven percent of the bones had been fractured at the time of death. White found many of Turner's criteria, as well as the fact that jaw and facial bones, among the most delicate in the entire skeleton, were often relatively intact, whereas other bones were literally reduced to powder. It became clear that all fracturing and destruction was aimed at those bones which provided the most nutritional value. The violence used to break apart the Mancos bones was not a result of typical hand-to-hand combat, but rather by meticulous butchery processes used on game animals every day.

Despite these findings, there are many who still dispute the idea of cannibalism. The subject is deeply troubling to present-day Pueblo peoples, who are the known descendants of the Anasazi. It is one thing to identify butchery of human remains, but it is quite another to infer cannibalism. This is where Turner and White's research is open to criticism. In the past, posters announcing Turner's lectures have been torn down, and at the 1988 Pecos Conference, a symposium on

cannibalism was cancelled after protests by Native American groups.

In 1979 William Arens, a professor of Anthropology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, published The Man-Eating Myth, in which he reports he had been unable to find even one anthropologist, living or dead, who claimed to have witnessed cannibalism. He showed that reports of cannibalism have been mostly a result of hearsay, from unreliable witnesses, who talked about something they had not seen personally. Arens goes on to bring up the question of whether reports of cannibalism were attempts to justify slavery and colonization, and subversion. Arens has concerns that in light of Turner and White's findings, most people would conclude that all the Anasazi were cannibals, and by extension, all Native Americans.

Kurt Dongoske, an Anglo who serves as Hopi tribal archaeologist, objects to Turner's conclusion that any people were actually eating the cooked meat. Many have brought up alternatives such as bizarre mortuary practices, witchcraft exorcism, or ritual practices. In 1996, Dongoske was quoted in the National Geographic as saying, "Claims of cannibalism are deeply offensive to all Pueblo peoples. As far as I'm concerned, you can't prove cannibalism until you actually find human remains in prehistoric human excrement."

In 1992, at a place called Cowboy Wash, at the base of Sleeping Ute Mountain, Colorado, a team of archaeologists began to uncover what at the time seemed a typical Anasazi site, but which in its course, seemed to address this very issue of human excrement. In one kiva, the team found a pile of chopped up, boiled, and burned human bones at the base of a vent shaft.

It looked as if the bones had been processed outside, on the surface, and then dumped down the shaft. In a second kiva, they found the remains of five individuals, again apparently processed as food. In that same kiva, the team found a stone tool kit, typically used in the butchering of a midsized mammal. The tool kit was submitted to a lab, and two flakes tested positive for human blood. In a third kiva, the team found a human excrement, or coprolite, among the ashes of the central hearth, the symbolic center of the household. Since the excrement most likely was left by one of the perpetrators of these acts, this would appear to have been the ultimate insult. Lab tests indicated that the coprolite was made up of digested meat. Later, Richard Marlar, a biochemist, tested the coprolite for the presence of human myoglobin, a protein only found in skeletal heart muscle, which could only get into the intestinal tract through eating. Marlar declines to release his findings until he publishes his paper on the findings. Rumors of his results, however, indicate that they were positive.

Other findings at Cowboy wash bring about the greater question of “why was cannibalism happening?” Although filled with valuable, portable items, such as baskets, a rabbit blanket, pots, and stone tools, little, if anything, seemed to have been taken from the settlement. It was found that the site was subsequently abandoned, but not looted. To casually kill and process the victims in their own communities, and not to bother to burn or loot the village, may indicate a demonstration of authority, rather than warfare.

There are also the unpleasant calculations that show that the individuals at Cowboy Wash would have

produced a staggering 1200 pounds of meat. Cannibalism as a result of starvation does not explain this huge amount of charnel deposits, the extreme mutilation of the bodies, or the subsequent abandonment of these sites. Also, there is no evidence of cannibalism among the Anasazi’s immediate neighbors, the Mogollon and the Hohokam, who lived in equally harsh environments and endured the same climatic shifts, such as drought. The Mogollon, especially, experience winters much harsher than other cultural regions and where one would expect such starvation emergencies to occur. When food supplies ran low, most people simply moved away.

Evidence of cannibalism in the U.S. Southwest is, with the exceptions of one or two sites, concentrated in the Anasazi region. It is within the Chacoan sphere of influence that evidence of cannibalism occurs most often. David Wilcox, curator of the Museum of Northern Arizona, has prepared a map showing the distribution of Chaco Canyon’s Great Houses and roads. The maps showed that the charnel deposits were often associated with Chaco Great Houses and most of them dated from the Chaco period. The first instances of cannibalism coincide with the beginning of Chaco civilization, around A.D. 900, peaked at the same time of Chaco collapse and abandonment, around A.D. 1150, and then vanished.

In his book, In Search of the Old Ones, David Roberts summarizes this theory by saying, “Before A.D. 900, the Anasazi had always been a fiercely individualistic, egalitarian people. Suddenly, around 920, in a shallow canyon in western New Mexico, a whole new way of life sprang into being. For the first time, Anasazi villages affiliated

in a vast network stretching 250 miles from north to south. Scattered for eight miles along Chaco Wash, fourteen Great Houses, symmetrical, planned towns with a uniform architectural style, centered the network. The greatest of all, the true hub of the Chaco universe, was Pueblo Bonito. More than seventy villages all over the Southwest, called outliers, were tied into the Chacoan system, mirroring the structure of the Great Houses and sharing their culture. The complexity of the network itself, scholars believe, required the Anasazi for the first time to abandon their egalitarian ways in favor of a hierarchial society. Neil Judd's discovery at Chaco of several burials teeming with precious grave goods suggests that these dead might have been powerful rulers."

In his book, Man Corn, Christy Turner theorizes cannibalism might have been used as a form of social control by a powerful elite residing in Chaco Canyon.

Brian Billman, head of the Cowboy Wash archaeology site claims, "When I excavated it, I got the sense that it may have been taboo. We are proposing that this may have been a political strategy. One of several communities in this area may have used raiding and cannibalism to drive off people from a village and prevent other people from settling there. If you raided a village, consumed some of the residents, and left the remains there for everyone to see, you would gain the reputation of being a community to stay away from."

In the last chapter of Man Corn, Christy states, "We find it quite plausible that a few score or hundred well organized and fanatical warrior cultists using rule-breaking but example-setting cannibalism and human sacrifice

as conspicuous elements of terrorism might quickly and easily dominate small farming communities."

Although there are many ethnohistorical accounts of warfare among prehistoric Pueblo Indians, accounts of cannibalism or human sacrifice are spotty, at best. Southwestern rock art and kiva art, Mimbres pottery, as well as Hopi legend hold strong correlations between two ancient Mesoamerican deities, Quetzalcoatl and Xipe Totec. It is believed that the same feathered serpent which first appears in Anasazi rock art around A.D. 900 correlates to Quetzalcoatl, who was worshipped in a pyramid at Teotihuacan. Buried beneath the pyramid were many sacrificial victims. The horned serpent cult at Walpi village among the Hopi is said to have been introduced from the south. The feathered serpent in legend is linked to human sacrifice. The legend of the great snake who causes a momentous flood has the snake telling the village chief that he will eliminate the flood if the chief will "sacrifice to me your son," which the chief did.

Xipe Totec was the war and fertility god who wore the flayed skins of his sacrifice victims. Victims to Xipe Totec were killed by having their hearts torn out, then after being flayed their skins were worn by Xipe impersonators for a period of days or weeks. Their flesh was eaten. The Hopi deity, Maasaw, shares many of the features of Xipe Totec, including a major ceremony in February. Oral traditions invariably attribute human sacrifice to Maasaw. His dress basically constitutes a death shroud, and must be obtained directly from the dead.

Turner's theory begins in prehistoric Mexico. Around B.C. 200

the Teotihuacan culture developed, with human sacrifice being practiced ritually. The Toltecs eventually emerged out of this group, but around A.D. 1000 their tribute-demanding militaristic theocracy collapsed. It is speculated by Turner and others that with this breakup, displaced warrior-cultists may have migrated northward, explaining the emergence of warrior priesthoods in the Southwest, as well as many Mexican traits and trade-objects. With them they brought their theology which included human sacrifice and cannibalism. The architectural findings of Chaco Canyon help to support the idea of practiced terrorism and social control, and a hierarchical social system. A general Mesoamerican presence is supported by ethnographic as well as archaeological evidence, including square columns, T-shaped doorways, copper bells, macaws and parrots, shell trumpets, roads and signal stations, and observation of astronomical data, to name a very few.

These Mexican links may prove that Chaco was in contact with the Toltecs, who ranged from central Mexico to Yucatan and Guatemala, and who at the time were the most advanced civilization in North America, and who incidentally also practiced human sacrifice and cannibalism.

In room 33 of Pueblo Bonito, an interesting subject was uncovered. A description of the burial, from Steven LeBlanc's Prehistoric Warfare in The American Southwest, is as follows.

"Described are two "high status" individuals who were interred on a specially prepared bed of sand sealed by a planked lid, in other words, a formal burial vault. Above the planking, deposited in some fashion, were the skeletons of twelve other individuals. The burial vault contained 30,000 beads

made of turquoise and other materials, dozens of vessels, and other rare items. One individual was buried with several thousand beads, but the other had the bulk of the turquoise and other items, which Pepper interpreted as an elite burial. Of interest is that this burial, a male, had a bashed in skull (Pepper, 1909). One suggestion is that the twelve individuals were sacrificial victims placed there at the time the two individuals were buried, even though they were above the two elites in the fill. The skeletons of the twelve individuals were partially disarticulated, which lends credence to this interpretation. As mentioned, like most Chaco Great House sites, there are few formal burials from Pueblo Bonito, and the likelihood that fourteen individuals just happened to die simultaneously and be buried together - when there are so few burials overall- is remote. Pepper (1920) found fourteen parrots in room 38, which is not far from Room 33, containing the fourteen burials. It appears that the two parrots had been given special treatment and the other twelve had not. Thus there is the interesting correlation of two (elites?) plus twelve (sacrifices?) humans buried in one location and not far away two (special?) plus twelve (nonspecial?) parrots buried in another location."

The interesting find, however, is that one of the elite individuals, a 45-60 year old male, showed signs of multiple notching in his teeth. Dental transfigurement, or the alteration of one's teeth, is another form of evidence which has recently linked the Chaco culture with that of Mesoamerica. Dental transfigurement was a common practice in Mexico from A.D.200 onward. This new line of evidence suggests that Mexicans were physically present in the Southwest.

According to Christy, “The Chacoans apparently had different values regarding the consumption of humans from those prevailing before, and elsewhere at the same time, in the prehistoric Southwest. The interregional contrast in Southwestern Cannibalism seems to fit the idea of an actual Mexican Indian presence stimulating or even directing the Chaco Phenomenon. We propose that these southerners were practitioners of the Xipe Totec (or Maasaw) and the Tezcatlipoca-Quetzalcoatl (or plumed serpent) cults. They entered the San Juan basin around A.D. 900 and found a suspicious but pliant population whom they terrorized into reproducing the theocratic lifestyle they had previously known in Mesoamerica. This involved heavy payments of tribute, constructing the Chaco system of Great Houses and roads, and providing victims for ceremonial sacrifice. The Mexicans achieved their objectives through the use of warfare, violent example, and terrifying cult ceremonies that included human sacrifice and cannibalism.”

Though still disputed, Turner and White’s research leads conclusively towards the fact that during the Chaco era, human bodies were mistreated and in some instances show signs of butchering like that of game animals. Whether one believes Turner’s model of social-control in Chaco canyon, or some other explanation, the fact is that there is insufficient information that makes any one cause for such mutilation more valid than the other.

What can be learned from Turner and White’s research is that cannibalism probably happened in the Southwest, specifically among the Chacoan influence. If this were so, perhaps it would be prudent for the

anthropology/archaeology disciplines to reexamine and be wary of tendencies to cling to certain trends in the occupation such as that of the “peaceful Anasazi”. Also, as Turner suggests in Man Corn, rather than just concentrating upon societal norms, perhaps much can be found about a society by instead examining the works of individuals or small factions outside of the greater societal whole.

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Editors note: Sarah Clinger is often seen down in Cat working for Sheri Griffith, artwork by Sarah.

Hi, Pops again

Last issue I mentioned that Jake Burnett brought along a drum on the Desolation Interpretive Trip that I was apprehensive about at first, but subsequently found it a stress reliever.

This drum thing, and my experience with it, has been hanging around in my mind all season, so I decided to get it out of there so I can move on. I have called it "The Drum." Pretty innovative, Huh!

A disclaimer: I have never smoked anything except plain tobacco nor have I sniffed anything except air and a few decongestants. The things I say I saw were not chemically induced. (Well maybe a couple of beers!) Here goes! Hope you enjoy!

The Drum

Have you ever sat in the wilderness,
And listened to a native drum,
And let it resound within your being,
A natural high far better than rum.

I put in at ol' Sand Wash one day,
The desolation of the desert below,
Looking forward to the quiet and serenity,
That canyons like this one can show.

A group of river guides made up the trip,
To interpret this wild Canyon's lore.
And adopted the culture of a Fremont tribe,
Blending with the desert's aura even more.

A big, light piece of baggage went in,
With a caution, "Don't step on it now!"
"It's a homemade drum, easily damaged."
And I thought, "Yeah, who cares anyhow?"

An early camp on one of the days,
A sweat lodge we were destined to build.
Heating up rocks became my chore,
No way would my time be filled!

But Shane, he has a bigger problem,
As hyper as a hip-hop song,
He's sitting there pounding on the drum,
Like he could do it all day long.

And others I see, as I tend the fire,
Are stopping by and joining in too.
What's the appeal? I don't know!
Doesn't seem worth such a big to-do.

The drum is silent; more work to be done,
Maybe I should pound it for a while.
Odd how it tends to help you relax,
And clear your mind, lighting a smile.

It's time to move the rocks to the lodge,
Wow! How that hour did fly!
Amazing how long I beat that drum,
How my senses seemed to amplify!

Another evening, further down the river,
The last night before we are done,
Were beginning to gel as a group of guides
And like a tribe, to become one.

Quietly around the fire we sit,
Peacefully, each in our own deep thought.
Steven gets up and on the drum does strike,
His own rhythm on the rawhide so taut.

Another joins in with his own beat too,
And a third lends her own unique throb.
And then a fourth at the drum does add,
More resonance to the thick hob-nob.

A hazy ringed moon; A cloudy bright night;
Eerie sensation radiates through the group.

As one by one, members of the tribe join in,
Dancing their own moves 'round the loop.

A lone dogged hold-out, I rest against a log,
And watch in the others their reverie.
I don't understand the compulsion of the beat,
And why here, they no longer seem to be!

Time moves on and I relax in the din,
And slowly the percussion becomes alive,
As a resonant thrumming in my blood,
Prodding my intellect to revive.

I stand, inhale, slow movement the norm,
Eyes slowly closing as I absorb the scene.
Mind flying high on the resounding beat,
I look down on eagles, a view never seen.

Suddenly everything becomes so vividly clear,
The trembling air, its ethereal meaning to all.
I sense the living of the many before me,
And the effect of the throbbing drum's call.

I see myself a great village chief,
Regal leader of a powerful tribe.
The pulsing helps prepare our buffalo hunt,
The staple for my people to survive.

I see myself a warrior brave,
Preparing for battle on the morrow.
I will count coup on my foes so strong,
Or pass on from abject shame and sorrow.

I see myself a wrinkled Shaman so wise,
My sacred cavern deep, velvety and dark,
Raven's wing feathers brush upon my face,
As with the Old Ones my spirits embark.

I see myself a grizzled Mountain Man,
Trapper, hunter and fighter supreme.
Indians are my friends and even family,
But these drums sound ominous, I deem.

I see myself a cavalryman in blue,
With Custer at the Little Big Horn.

Unaware that disaster is surely pending,
But afraid of the battle in the morn'.

I see myself a pioneer father,
Hearing rumbling of drums o'er the hill.
Not sure of the meaning, but apprehensive,
Checking family and rifle, suspecting ill will.

I see myself a buffalo hunter,
A Sharps shooter without any equal.
Harvesting the beasts for their valuable hide,
Not caring about the native people.

I see myself a lone desert cowboy,
Trapped in a searing box canyon so stark.
Knowing what will be if I cannot fight free,
Torture, slow death; My grave with no mark.

I see myself among the defeated people,
Glory and freedom a thing of tall tales.
Sent to a reservation all desert and sand,
Heart so heavy the resounding drum fails.

I see myself in the reality of now,
Among colleagues in this wondrous trade,
Whitewater guide on great western rivers,
Where once all these visions were made.

Have you ever sat in the wilderness,
And listened to a native drum,
And let it resound within your being,
A natural high far better than rum.

If ever your blessed to run with great peers,
And a Fremont tribe you try to be.
Pound a drum of wood and rawhide a bit!
The Ancients reward any mind that's free.

Paul R. "Pops" Smith - 2001



Eugene C. LaRue, the controversial hydrologist with the USGS river trips between 1921 and 1923, climbed high above Rapid 15 to take two panoramic photographs of Mile Long Rapid. This is a cropped section of one of the panoramas showing the river from Range Canyon (Rapid 13) to Capsize Rapid (LaRue 96, courtesy of the U.S. Geological Survey Photo Library).

THE CHANGING RAPIDS OF THE COLORADO RIVER Capsize Rapid (Rapid 15)

I first became acquainted with the reputation of Capsize Rapid on my first Cataract trip in 1991. It was low water – about 5,000 ft³/s – and we were camped on a nice little beach above Rapid 24. Sunset was fading, and we looked up from our martinis to see an apparition coming downstream: a raft with no boatman, passengers, cargo, or even frame. One of the ports was deflated. George, one of the best boatmen I know, quickly jumped into his kayak and paddled out to the raft, but he couldn't hold it before it entered the rapid. Oh well, morning would reveal all.

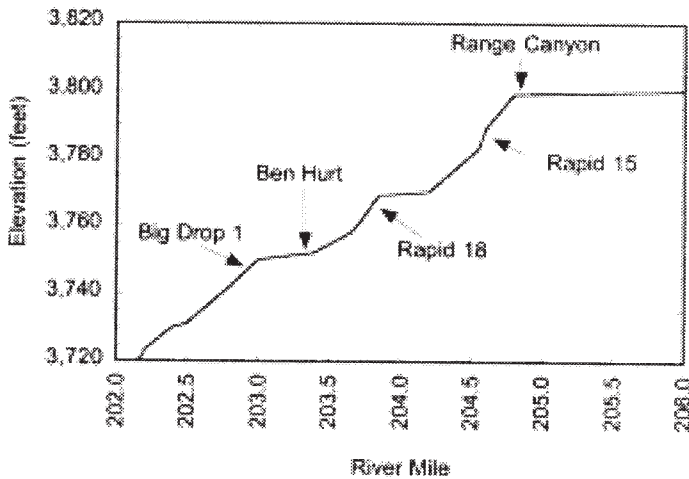
All the eddies downstream were filled with river-trip debris, which we carefully scooped out, including some Heinekens. The raft had grounded at the head of Imperial Rapid, so we rolled it up and stowed it, thinking perhaps we had scored an easily repairable 18-foot Avon Spirit. So we're down on the lake – and it is obviously lake where we had stopped to match a photo – and here come two overloaded boats. Turns out the trip leader had 11 Cataract trips under his belt, and he knew exactly what to do when his boat wrapped on Capsize Rock: he plunged his handy knife into the rear port. He'd heard that the current would pull the boat free if it was partially deflated. It did all right, leaving the frame and duffle to sink at the front of the rock. One of the passengers asked me: "Are we through the Big Drops yet?" I gave him the Heineken, he needed it more than I did.

I'll bet every working guide in Canyonlands knows a story or two or three concerning low-water runs of Capsize Rapid. Yes, ol' No. 1 Sunk and Down, Hell to Pay, walk the passengers over there to look at the inscriptions. Innumerable pins and near misses have occurred here. To avoid becoming one of the statistics, some guides have little tools to help remember the run. Some people think of the low-water run as a baseball game with the massive rocks

protruding from the current as the bases, to be avoided instead of reached. Others just run the damned thing. I don't care much for baseball or memorizing runs through rapids, but Capsize fascinates me. I'd like to add to your knowledge of what makes rapids, and to try and convince you that some of the stories about this rapid are not necessarily true.

The first written record of Rapid 15 comes from the Best Expedition of 1891. They wrapped their boat and had their well-documented epic, but few people know that the rock they wrapped on is not what is now called "Capsize Rock." The photographer for the Best Expedition, one John McCormick, photographed the scene, the first of many historical photos of Capsize Rapid. The boat was pinned on one of the larger rocks near the right shore. Some people call this rock "Third Base," as if the batter faces the pitcher from second base. We've matched 13 other historical photographs of Capsize over the last decade, and most of the original photographs were taken between 1891 and 1927. They reveal a rapid that has changed considerably since the Best Expedition's unfortunate visit to "Third Base."

The first thing to realize about Capsize Rapid is that it is part of a much larger rapid, recognized by Powell and Stanton and called Mile Long. High-water boaters experience some big waves here, at the start of the South Seas, but they aren't as threatening as just a little further downstream. In fact, Mile Long Rapid appears to be one big rapid that starts from debris-flow outwash at Range Canyon (Rapid 13) and extends down to the island at Been Hurt Rapid (Rapid 20). The low-water rapids (Rapids 13-19) are created by the combination of the outwash from Range Canyon, which sets the overall gradient, and debris flows from smaller tributaries on river left. Much of the debris on the island at Been Hurt likely came mostly from Range Canyon.



The longitudinal profile of Cataract Canyon from Lake Cataract to Big Drop 2, from the 1921 USGS survey data. The profile starts in Lake Cataract (on right) and ends in the Big Drops (on left).

Capsize, the first significant rapid in the group, illustrates most of what creates the low-water rapids. The right side of the rapid hasn't changed very much, other than the occasional rock rolling over or splitting in half, and all the big rocks in the rapid were there in July 1891. The rocks on the right side are related to occasional rockfalls from the cliffs on river right, reworking of boulders from a large pile of sediment that looms over the downstream part of the rapid, and boulders washed down from Range Canyon.

The left side is a completely different story, because rocks are pushed into the river by debris flows from a canyon that is a little larger than it looks from the river. That canyon has flashed slurries of debris several times in the last century, including a relatively large event between 1921 and 1964 and smaller debris flows in September 1997 and 1999. As a result, the little debris fan on river left has risen as much as 6 feet and the rapid is a little narrower than it used to be, particularly at high water. All the low-water obstacles in the rapid have been there

since Best's expedition, although some appear a little more rounded now. All the changes to the rapid are to the left of Capsize Rock.



B. (March 31, 1994). Panoramic photographs are difficult to match, and this view is the left half of A., showing Rapid 15 and its debris fan. Two debris flows aggraded the debris fan after this photograph was taken (Gary Bolton, Stake 3080a).

Range Canyon, then, is one of the most significant producers of coarse-grained sediment (*e.g.*, boulders) in what remains of the free-flowing Cataract Canyon. One wouldn't come to this conclusion merely by looking at docile little Rapid 13, which runs around the enormous debris fan issuing from the mouth of Range Canyon. But consider the following on your next Cataract trip: that debris fan, and the canyon that created it, are the reason for Lake Cataract, which extends back upstream, drowning out Rapids 11 and 12. Just picture what kind of flood, or series of floods, it would take to push all that sediment out of the canyon and flush it downstream to Ben Hurt. Pretty awesome, huh?

Finally, what if the drop through Mile Long Rapid was bigger? River-polished gravels over on the left side above Rapid 13 suggest that the Colorado was flowing as much as 20-30 feet higher than the current river level at some time in the last few thousand years. And the next time you visit those inscriptions at Capsize Rapid, look up at the pile of red dirt just downstream on the right side. That sediment came from the little tributary on river left, and the river once flowed to the right of that pile high above where the river is now. Yes, most of the features in Capsize Rapid are the same as they were more than a century ago, but a century is

just a little blip in geologic time. Mile Long Rapid, and it's little part now known as Capsize, is far from being stable over the long run.

Rapid 15 from River Left. (October 17, 1999). A monitoring photograph showing the combined effects of the 1997 and 1999 debris flows on the left side of Rapid 15 (Dominic Oldershaw, Stake 3922).



-- Bob Webb

Editor's note: With regards to the informal renaming of "Capsize" to "Hell to Pay" (see issue #23) obviously Bob hasn't heard. I was not able to reach him once I received the article for publication because either I was on the river, or he was on the river. The official name on the USGS maps remains Rapid #15- although I think as a group we could get the number names changed if we applied to the department of place names. There's a project for someone.-Dave

A CHRONOLOGY OF RIVER RUNNING – COLORADO RIVER, GRAND JUNCTION TO MOAB

by Herm Hoops (hoops@iwworks.com)

The history of river running is often dominated by those who pioneered the mainstream Colorado and Green Rivers. Other segments of the Colorado River have a rich and colorful history, that helps put those "expeditions" into perspective. The following chronology has been compiled from a variety of sources over the past twenty-five years using a variety of sources. If anyone has additional information please forward it to me.

The intrigue of rivers lured people from the earliest days. I've often heard comments that People of The First Nations shunned river travel and feared the mysterious canyons. Humanity has common bonds that transpose the ages of civilizations and cultures.

Given a child and water, pause to watch the interactions between them and common objects - sticks and stones. We (People) learn from doing things, our successes and failures contribute to our over-all knowledge of things. It is not unlikely that one or more children from those earlier civilizations noticed the flotation of wood and other objects. In the progression of survival or commerce, those lessons would likely come to fruition when one had to cross a river, or transport goods. Anyone who denies that, at least some curious or ingenious maverick of The First Nations would not travel rivers is in denial of our common humanity. Thus the "honor" of first traverses recorded by we Euros disregards the enormous possibilities from others who lived here for ages.

In the cool shadow of morning, a dark skinned person pushed a log into the river at some place we pass today. Gripping the log and paddling, a new journey to new life, fortune, or curiosity began. The place and time was not recorded, but we follow in the wake of that moment.

The rivers lie semi-dormant until we came with pens and paper from the East.

In 1869 Samuel Adams had gotten wind of J.W. Powell's plan to run the Green & Colorado Rivers. In April he jumped off the train in Green River, Wyoming and tried to convince the Powell crew he had been ordered to join the Expedition. Powell's crew quickly caught on to Adams and made fun of him, when Powell returned on May 11 he sent Captain Adams on his way. Adams scurried off to the Grand (Colorado) River drainage near Breckenridge to form his own expedition.

In July he set off with his expedition down the Blue River, and in less than a week lost several boats. On July 30 the party, already deserted by four members, started down the Grand River. By August 7th the party, still portaging rapids in Gore Canyon, lost its last boat. Adams, Twible and Lillis walked down river where they built a cedar raft. Although some reputed that Adams ran Westwater, he most likely did not. After several

more crashes and attempts Adams turned away from the river, at about the time Powell's crew was at the confluence of the Green, and Grand Rivers.

The Canyon was probably first run in August 1887 by Babcock and Miller, dentists from Glenwood Springs, CO. Their 17' boat was equipped with two water-tight compartments. On reaching the confluence with the Green they rowed their boats back to Moab.

In 1888 Elmer Kane, Frank Emerson and Charles Duke traveled from Grand Junction to Moab prospecting and sight-seeing. The Kane party reported seeing miners in a flat bottom skiff above Moab. They too had claimed to come down river from Grand Junction. Kane planned to continue through to the Grand Canyon. On hearing how dangerous Cataract Canyon was he abandoned the plans. The question is, did they run the rapids of Westwater or portage the canyon? No one knows. Elmer Kane went on to work as a boatman for the Stanton and Best Expeditions.

In the spring of 1889, Robert Brewster Stanton hired Frank C. Kendrick to survey for a railroad from the Grand River to the confluence with the Green River. Kendrick purchased an open dory made of pine with oak ribs, and named Brown Betty. His crew consisted of his Assistant Engineer and three local men from Grand Junction. The five explorers set off on the first of April, and the little dory did well through Horsethief and Ruby Canyons. On reaching Westwater, the group camped in a grove of cottonwoods and climbed to the rim for a look at the rapids. Kendrick's diary records: "River narrow and very dangerous." Showing the prudence not exhibited by his boss (Stanton) Kendrick portaged twelve miles of Stanton's Granite Canyon, which he called Hades Canyon. After reaching the confluence, Kendrick and his men pulled their boats 117 miles up to Green River (Blake, UT). After seven weeks on the survey he had enough, and went back to his family. Three weeks after Kendrick left the Expedition, Stanton and Frank Brown set out to finish the survey – Brown did not survive the expedition.

In Grand Memories, a publication of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, a brief paragraph (p. 137-137), states that in the early days (1879-1905) people living in Castle Valley floated supplies downstream by raft from Dewey to the mouth of Professor Creek. In November, 1888 Francis M. Schafer and his mother ran from Cisco to Nigger Bill Creek (about 30 miles) on a raft loaded with 500 pounds of bedding, supplies and placer mining tools. The raft was later taken back to Castle Creek. From Castle Creek two men towed and rowed the raft back upstream using a 14' rowboat.

In 1896 Minich and Keller left Moab in (a steamer?) moving at the rate of seven miles a day, and made it upstream to Hotel Bottom near Cisco. In 1897, 1898, 1902, 1903 and possibly other years Thomas Branson and his son Jesse shipped lumber from Castle Creek to Moab on rafts 48-64 feet in length. The Bransons sent about ten rafts of lumber down each year, hauling 10,000 - 25,000 board feet. two men worked each raft. The trips took about 3 hours in high water, and ten as the water lowered. Taken overland the enterprise would have taken over five four-horse teams and six men.

Henry Grimm went 22 miles upstream from Moab in August 1898 in a 24' row boat carrying about 500 pounds of supplies. He returned with 6,000 feet of lumber! Johnson, Iverson, Warner and Livingston boated from Dewey Bridge to Moab on August 1901. Walter Mendenhall, of San Juan River fame, floated from Cisco to Moab in a 14-15' scow in fall of 1907.

A U.S. Geological Survey team, under Raymond C. Seitz started from Grand Junction on October 11, 1912 in two skiffs. They bypassed Westwater Canyon.

In mid-August, 1916, Ellsworth Kolb and J.W.Shields left Delta Colorado in a 17' freight canoe. Kolb spent several days inspecting the rapids of Westwater Canyon and decided to portage around them, after which they put in the river until they reached Moab. In October, 1916 Ellsworth Kolb, Bert Loper and Frank Dean ran from Glenwood Springs to Moab, including the rapids of Westwater Canyon making movies and "fighting for his life"! Kolb declared the rapids exceeded anything in the Grand Canyon for "actual violence and peculiar conditions". The newspaper headlines read: "Trip though Westwater Canon was like tickling dynamite with a lighted match--WOW!". Loper continued on to the Confluence and returned to Moab with the help of a motor.

Prospector Frank M. Barnes of San Diego, CA. successfully ran Granite Canyon in 1921. Barnes built a 21' flat bottomed boat in late October for his prospecting expedition. He was unaware of the rapids and set out in blissful ignorance of what lie ahead. Once he entered the canyon, unable to turn back, Barnes flirted with disaster. His boat crashed against rocks and three times filled with water.

John and Parley Galloway (sons of Nathaniel Galloway) ran from Westwater Canyon to Moab in April or May of 1926 using a 16' craft. They may also have run the river in 1924. Harold Leich launched at Grand Lake, CO. in 1933 to begin his solo trip down the Colorado River. Leich used a folding rubber kayak, and planned to run to the Gulf of California. At Grand Junction he built a punt named Dirty Devil and continued through Westwater Canyon. The Dirty Devil wrecked and sank in Cataract Canyon and Leich swam and walked to Hite.

Otis Marston and Preston Walker (from Grand Junction) ran the full length of the Dolores River, from Dolores, Colorado to the Colorado River and down the Colorado to Moab in May, 1948. They used a San Juan River punt (referred to as a "horsetrough boat by Kenny Ross). The run was made without any problems (although they lined Snaggletooth Rapid on the Dolores). This appears to have been the first recorded run of the Dolores River. In May, 1949 Walker repeated the trip, and in May, 1952, he started through again but lost a boat (on the Dolores?) and the group walked out.

Ed A. Hudson and Ed Nichols piloted an inboard motor boat from Fruita, Colorado to Lee's Ferry in 1955. The boat sank in Cataract Canyon, but the boat was raised and the trip continued.

In 1956 Les Jones from Heber City, Utah, began making regular trips down Westwater to make his scroll maps and to make films with a camera mounted on a football helmet.

Tex McClatchey was the first to get into commercial boating on the Colorado River above Moab in 1959. In 1971 McClatchey launched his 40-ton all steel true paddlewheel boat the Canyon King. The boat was 93' long and carried 200 passengers several miles up and downstream from Moab. For the record Mitch Williams and Fred Radcliff were second and third respectively, to begin commercial operations on the river.

By 1974 nine commercial outfitters were operating through the Loma to Westwater section of the river carrying 1,557 user days. At that time private river runners accounted for 114 user days on the same section. By 1975 private use neared 500 user days. These figures do not include power boaters who returned to Loma. In 1974 26 outfitters carried 3,813 user days through Westwater Canyon while private boaters accounted for 2,937 user days.

Today the launch ramps are festooned with boats and equipment "designed" for the river. The people come to the river in droves. We apply for permits, pay fees, and promulgate regulations. And often, in the cool shadows of morning, we forget what lured those first people into these rivers - giving birth to today's recreation and profits.

More on the Colorado Riverbed Case

Excerpts from Bert Loper's testimony on the San Juan

To review, the Colorado River Case in 1929 was the US Government vs. Utah to determine who had jurisdiction of the River based on navigability. Navigable parts of the river would fall under the states' jurisdiction, and unnavigable would be federal responsibility. Previous issues of The Confluence have published some of this testimony-one of the best sources of early river runner history. This information is courtesy the University of Utah Marriott Library Special collections.

His next rip into the San Juan Canyon was made in 1921. (His first trip was in 1894-95 with Mr. Edmundson, Hamilton, Honaker, Jessup and Goodman- placer mining gold)
Q. "Now, while you were in there during the years 1894 and 1895, did you go up and down the canyon any?"

A. "I made a trip through the canyon, the first part of the canyon; the canyon breaks at Indian Farms or Clay Hill crossing, the canyon breaks and opens out there; we went on down past the Indian Farms down past the mouth of Copper canyon, and turned and came back."

Q. "You went from Honaker trail down to the mouth of Copper Canyon?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How did you make the trip?"

A. "There was three of us, George Edmundson, Bill Clark and myself; we had a little sixteen foot row boat, a very light boat, and we went down by boat; I don't think we

had a roll of beds for the three of us, and very little grub; I know we had a pennyweight and a half of gold in a button.

I got down there to one of the placer parties that was down there, and I gave this pennyweight and a half of gold for ten pounds of flour.

We came back up the river on that ten pounds of flour”

Q. “Just tell me about the progress down the river”:

A. :You know August is quite a warm month; we had very little water so it made no difference to us whether we was in the river or out of it. I know when we got to the Indian Farms we got out, we couldn’t ride, because the fire was so shallow, that we just had to drag the boat along. At Indian farms in 1895 the river was probably 300 feet wide and contained so little water that it had no channel that would float a boat, and there were places the three of us actually drug the boat.”

More excerpts taken out of context

A. The largest sand waves I ever saw in my life was above the Mendenhall cabin; I think it was about February, 1895. Just before these sand waves there was an ice gorge at the head of the canyon, which stopped the flow of the river.

I got out along in the bed of the river and went up and down panning, thinking probably I could find a pocket of gold in there. I crossed the river without getting my feet wet, because the river was dammed off. Finally, when this ice gorge broke, I know I moved my placer outfit twice, and then it carried part of it away, rose so high.

After the ice got through I went up about, I imagine, about a half a mile above the Mendenhall cabin; that is the last work I did, was at the Mendenhall cabin; I went up about half a mile above there, and the waves, if they was an inch, they was ten feet high; I believe you7 could heart them a mile and a half or two miles away, when they would break.

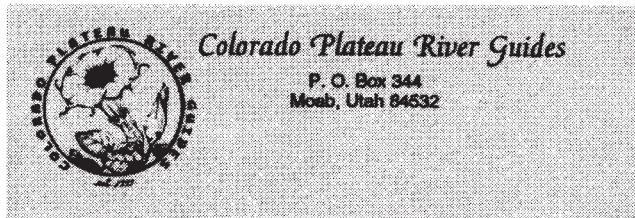
A.”I have been working the rocker along the river banks and not a cloud in the sky, and have seen the river rise eight feet.”

Q.”Did you see any changes in the San Juan river which occurred between your trip in there in 1895 and 1921(with the USGS survey)

A.”I told you about where the river bed at Indian Farms was, 3 or 400 feet wide. In 1921 the Indian Farms was completely gone, and Mr. Trimble measured the river, and it was thirty-three hundred feet wide at that point, and when we went down in the 1921 trip to the Indian Farms, just a trickling stream through the sand, so many sand bars and things, you know, three or four streams to the river; it was real low.

Q.”This three thousand foot spread Mr. Trimble found there, was that entirely covered with water?”

A. ”No sir; there was a time we was there that Mr. Trimble estimated the water was six feet deep over that 3300feet wide, that is one of the times I told you I wouldn’t cross....And while we was there this big flood come down; we had been having floods all the way down through there.”



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Q. "How much help did you have"(on the 1921 survey)

A. "I didn't have any, ordinarily; I will tell you about the help; H.E. Blake, Jr. was a rod man; the first narrows, ten miles below Chinle creek, or one hundred and twenty-three miles above the junction, is the first place we had to break Mr. Blake in, because I was in the habit of taking a boat down the river and tying it up, and then coming back up the river to get the other boat and take it down and tie it up.

When we came to the Narrows I couldn't go down and come back up; there was no place to walk, there was no place to get around; that is where we broke Mr. Blake in to boating; he boated through there, and then he didn't boat any more until we struck the second narrows, which is about 27 or 28 miles below Chinle creek.

That was a long loop; the river made a long loop, must have been half a mile in there, there was no way to walk, at all, and big sand waves in there. Mr. Trimble had to climb these terraces up to the top of this hill, -and Mr. Blake, and I guess maybe Mr. Hyde and Hugh Miser, they had with them for a cool head, -Mr. Blake was a new boatman- they made that trip, filled the boat half full of water all around, to where Mr. Trimble could look and get his point.

A. "...we was running out of grub....So Mr. Trimble came to me and asked me what we had better do. I says, 'Have him come into Spencer canyon;' -that was where the pack train had met us the last time, 3 weeks before. We had to take the boat back up the river and get those supplies."

Q. "How did you get the boat back upriver?"

A. "We drug the boat up the river the next morning; they gave me the bulk of the grub they had left, and I stripped down to my B.V.D.'s and was preparing to go up and take the boat up the river; when I got up to where the boat was, Mr. Hugh Miser, the geologist in our company, was up there, also in his B.V.D.'s, if it hadn't been for Mr. Miser, I don't know how may days it would have taken me to get up.

That is what you call a heart breaking trip."