

The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Number 28, Winter 2006

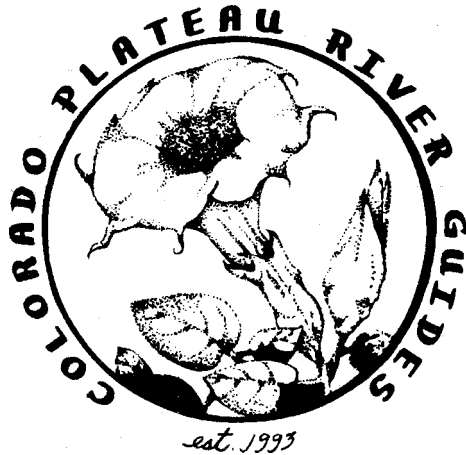
Hank Stewart and Sand Wash

The Boatmen Stories of
Arthur Wheeler

John and Parley
The Galloway's Testify

Glen Canyon Diary: 1955

Otis "Dock" Marston
Moab To Hite: 1964



Headwaters Institute

Diamond Down

Hell's Half Mile
A Book Review

Poetry

Dam Solution



Historic cabins near the Sand Wash ferry on the Green River in Desolation Canyon
Photo credit: Dan Miller

The Confluence

...wants to be the quarterly journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides. CPRG has a fiscal sponsor, Living Rivers, a 501(c)(3) river advocacy organization that promotes river restoration.

CPRG is dedicated to:

- Protecting the rivers of the Colorado Plateau
- Setting the highest standards for the river guiding 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 Colorado Plateau

Membership dues

\$20 per year
\$100 for six years
\$295 for life
\$495 as a benefactor

**General meetings and board meetings
will be announced**

Officers

President	Daniel Phillips
Vice-President	Vacant
Secretary/Treasurer	John Weisheit
Past President	Annie Payne

Directors

Bluff	Vacant
Grand Junction	Vacant
Green River	Vacant
Moab	Vacant
Vernal	Vacant
UGO Rep	Lars Haarr

Colorado Plateau River Guides

PO Box 344
Moab, Utah 84532
435.259.1063
Fax: 435.259.7612
www.riverguides.org
john@riverguides.org

We need opinions, articles, poetry, artwork, and photos.
Please include graphics with your text submission.

Editor this issue	Kealan Partlow
Managing editor	John Weisheit
Printing	Times-Independent

ISSN: #1078-425X

Note: Printed on a blend of tree-free kenaf and post consumer recycled paper.

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 the Colorado Plateau River Guides, nor our fiscal sponsor. If you have an opposing or supportive viewpoint, please send your comments for publication.

CPRG RIVER EDUCATION for 2006: Contact your employer for registration information and details.

Cataract: April 24-27

Contact: Arlo at Sherri Griffith Expedition

Loma/Westwater: May 6-9 (Westwater 8-9)

Contact: Amie at Adventure Bound

San Juan: Sept 5-7

Contact: Kristen at Wild Rivers

Land Based: Date TBA

Contact Kirsan at Rim Tours

A SPECIAL THANKS to 2005 donors for the river education programming: Utah Guides and Outfitters, Utah State Parks and Recreation and Tag-A-Long Expeditions.

A SPECIAL THANKS to 2005 river education instructors:

Alyssa Van Schmus, Black George Simmons, Dan McCool, Jeff Arbon, John Dohrenwend, John Weisheit, Kent Frost, Melissa Memory, Peter Fitmaurice, Stephanie Miller, Steve Young, Sue Phillips and Tim Graham.

A SPECIAL THANKS for financial assistance to develop the CPRG web page to Robert E. Tubbs, Jr., and to Kealan Partlow and John Weisheit for web page construction. Visit the site at: www.riverguides.org

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! All general memberships to CPRG have been freely extended for one year because no issue of *The Confluence* was produced in 2005.

Finances: Before the printing and distribution of this issue, CPRG had \$3452 in the bank.

General Membership Meeting Minutes Spring 2005

The meeting began at 11 a.m. on April 9th at Dano's house, 233 Aspen Ave., in Moab. In attendance: Dano Phillips, Steve (T-Berry) Young, Nancy (Monk) Allemand.

The attendees waited for others to show for 15-20 minutes. When none did, they began talking about what CPRG needed to do first. Dano mentioned that CPRG didn't have its own Utah business license and would need one to attain 501(c)(3) status in the future. All three agreed it would be beneficial to get CPRG's own non-profit status and to get out from under Living River's umbrella.

Wanting to hold elections at the meeting, the three attending decided to proceed. All board positions were open except Secretary/Treasurer. When Dano was elected in 2003 to be president, approximately 15 people attended that meeting and it was decided to hold elections with the members present. And so it was decided to go with that set precedent. Nancy and T-Berry voted to re-elect Dano as a second-term president. Dano accepted.

All three talked about who CPRG could contact to see if anyone would agree to be an area director. Dano said he would contact Dee Holliday of Holiday River Expeditions and Bob Quist of Moki Mac for nominations for Green River area director, and Nathan Sosa of Wild Rivers for San Juan/Bluff area director. He also said he would talk to Dennis Smoldt, manager of Moab OARS, about taking on the position of CPRG Treasurer in the future.

T-Berry said he'd talk to the Canyonlands Natural History Association (CNHA) about once again sponsoring CPRG under their 501(c)(3) non-profit status. This idea was due to the attendees' feeling that Living Rivers turned many members, past and present, off.

Dano made the motion to adjourn the meeting. T-Berry seconded. It ended at 12 p.m.

The Prez Sezs

Hi All -Hope everyone had a fulfilling year of guiding and private trips, living out in those places where we all benefit from the wisdom of perspective. Having some exciting water certainly did us all some good—the Dolores for early-season fun, Cataract up to its old tricks, Westwater and Dinosaur and Desolation and San Juan moving along at a clip, we can all agree, that helped us slough off the low-water blahs. This season found us enjoying what we had almost forgotten. It was a gift.

The Utah Guides and Outfitters (UGO) decided to run a Cataract interpretive trip, with a River Education Seminar held on the day before the launch. The programming was organized by John Weisheit. For the Dinosaur Education Seminar, many thanks go to Tim Mertens of Dinosaur Adventures. CPRG would also like to thank Steve Young of the National Park Service, Jeff Arbon of Utah State Parks and Recreation, and the staff of Tag-A-Long Expeditions. For financial assistance we'd like to thank UGO and Utah State Parks and Recreation.

I won't mince words—CPRG needs your energy to keep its solvent force going. With over 300 members to whom cards were sent earlier this year for the Spring General Membership Meeting, only two folks showed. We need members to fill Board of Director slots. No attendance, no vote. Without participation, without input, all our chambers have gone flat. Where do you want CPRG to go, and are you willing to take it there?

This Prez Sez is my chance to state frankly, to everyone out there who may read it, that CPRG is not an anti-motor organization. I have heard much talk, indeed much disgusted talk, that CPRG does not support outfitters and guides who choose to use motors. Can anyone out there tell me of an outfitter that hasn't used a motor to get off Cat? To speed up a trip for clients who can't take an entire week? If we, the guides' organization, were anti-motor, we'd be anti-guiding. And so we are not. Yet, nor are we going to suppress discussion and articles from someone personally opposed to motors. CPRG is, and always has been, an open forum. These issues are real, and visceral to some. If you've been chased away from the good education and celebration of CPRG because of the motor issue, I invite you to come back, lend your assistance, and make the

guides' organization vibrant.

Here's my chance also to thank Living Rivers for being our fiscal sponsor, as we've dodged the rain under the umbrella of their 501(c)(3) non-profit status. We were supposed to get our own 501(c)(3) by December 2004, and have failed to do so, but are still slowly working on it. The problem, you may guess, is lack of help. Getting this non-profit status takes lots of energy, some money, and time. We've had no one, or no team, that has taken on such a big responsibility. And so we are still under the Living Rivers umbrella until we find our way to our own.

Here's another issue guides have mentioned to me. They don't like CPRG's affiliation with Living Rivers. LR, they say, is too political and carries too much of a stain of anti-dam sentiment for an educational organization like CPRG. My response to those with that view I dispense here: CPRG needs Living Rivers' sponsorship now to maintain the website (<http://www.riverguides.org>), and to give us non-profit power. Not all of us may agree with LR's stand, and so let that be the impetus to get our own status. We need to know what you want to do, and we need your presence at meetings to engage in discussions about these very important matters.

Indeed I am optimistic that we can climb from our current position of inactivity and misunderstanding. There's a lot to do, but more importantly, a lot we CAN do. Don't feel scolded, don't feel guilty, but just ask yourselves how you want to assist the Colorado Plateau River Guides toward the goals of education and celebration of the river community. Let your friends know of our focus and open forum. You, the members, have asked for it, and now I need you help in making it so.

To all a good winter. See you out on the water next season!

Right side up, Dano

From the Secretary/Treasurer

by John Weisheit

I do not agree with the understanding of the issues as presented directly and indirectly with the CPRG members in the preceding article/minutes. The board of CPRG has never determined that CPRG is an education only organization, nor has it ever determined that it is an advocacy only organization. At present CPRG protects the Colorado River in every way possible.

I also do not think that Dano and others have correctly identified the problem concerning the lack of volunteerism in CPRG. The statements from the last page have identified controversial environmental activism from Living Rivers as the cause for the waning of CPRG. Environmental activism may be a symptom, but it is not the root cause. I think the root cause is apathy and that it began to grow the day after CPRG was founded. Regardless, we need to start a public discussion on this matter for better understanding and to make a clear record.

I would like to provide some clarity on the issue of fiscal sponsorship. The position of Living Rivers towards

CPRG is: LR agrees to provide non-profit administrative assistance to CPRG because the river guides' mission statement includes protecting the rivers of the Colorado Plateau. This arrangement is very simple and will not be terminated unless CPRG abandons river protection as a component of its mission statement.

However, the issue brought forward at the annual meeting is about a controversy that is more complex than a simple business relationship between LR and CPRG. I think this discussion needs further clarification too. Although Dano's discussion and the minutes do not specifically state this, I do recognize that the issue at hand is more about me and less about LR. This is what needs to be made very clear: my opinions and my activism belong to myself and is not necessarily specific to any organizational entity. My opinions and my ambitions are why my history includes co-founding CPRG in 1993 and co-founding LR in 2000. If CPRG members want to attach some responsibility to the growing activism found within CPRG, then they should attach it to me where it belongs.

To be transparent, it is obvious that some CPRG members are uncomfortable with my activism as it relates to my OpEd piece two issues back where I attack the Holy Grail of the outfitting industry, the outboard motor. And irritating to others because I am a motor guide. I hope that CPRG members understand that this is exactly what one should expect from a person who believes very strongly in river protection and wilderness values. And I also hope that CPRG members realize that activism and freedom of speech are guaranteed under the constitution and that the door of citizenship opens from both directions.

There really is nothing that I have to apologize for and changing CPRG policy to place limits on its mission statement to control diversity is not the answer. I do know leaving CPRG because of this controversy is also not the answer, especially when avoiding representative debate.

To be specific, the problem with CPRG is not my aggressive activism. I am just one member of 300 who takes the time to say and write what I think needs to be heard. I also think individuals should be allowed to say and write their opinions without the fear of losing sources of funding and membership participation. The strength of an organization comes from its dedication to its mission statement and not from money or patronizing membership perceptions. I also think it is important to recognize that many river guides and outfitters agree that we need more river protection than what we have right now. So until we acknowledge the political makeup of this river community for what it really is, then CPRG and will not overcome this particular controversy to a satisfactory conclusion.

So let's not be an organization that has doubts. Rather let's welcome our controversies with healthy debate. Let's fight for what we believe in and let's do this with the spirit of good intention. Let's make the Colorado River and the guiding profession the best it can possibly be. Let's discuss ways in which we can improve our knowledge, our wages and make the river safe and enjoyable for everybody. We do need to fight for the things for which we are about to lose: the endangered fish of the Colorado River and economic sustainability for the people who depend of

the Colorado River for their thirst and livelihood.

I announced five years ago that I do not have the time to volunteer for CPRG at the same level. What keeps me in place is the apathy I previously mentioned. Regular attention to *The Confluence* and web page must be my replacement's first priority. CPRG has money, it has a web page, it has a fiscal sponsor, and it has computer hardware and software to pass on to someone who can get the work done on a dependable basis. Who is this person and will he/she guarantee dependability at the bridge crossing before us?

I really hope that this organization will continue to endorse the advocacy banner not just for the river but for ourselves. Education programs alone will not achieve these important goals and will eventually leave us empty-handed.

In closing I want to share a summary of what the charter members discussed at the very first CPRG meeting held at Pack Creek Ranch, November 1993. The consensus at the time was: we will try a little of everything. In the two days of meetings CPRG managed to fill a mixed bag of issues that basically included education, service projects, environmental advocacy and labor organizing.

The agenda for guide education included natural and cultural history, first aid, river rescue, prevention of illness and injury, resource protection, river etiquette, and recycling. Service projects included the stabilization of archeology sites and trash removal. Weed removal was not mentioned, but subsequent journal articles and projects did appear.

Concerning environmental advocacy we discussed wild and free rivers, wilderness inventories, regulation of jet-skis, impacts from overflights, improving air quality, biological integrity for endangered species, eliminating grazing from public lands and stopping the immediate threat of the Animas-La Plata Project. We did not discuss oil and gas development nor uranium waste issues, but some board members did get pro-active on these issues later.

Concerning labor organizing, some charter members expressed a desire to advocate for better wages and benefits and we did discuss the unionizing of river guides. Meaningful leadership on this issue never has materialized. I think this should be acted on more seriously. I believe the industry can bear a progressive labor movement and if it can't, then we need to know why.

CPRG should continue to work for all the members and for all the issues and to explore them with full transparency. The ideas and energy from CPRG volunteers should be welcomed and encouraged at all times. Nothing should be tossed out until the full membership determines otherwise in a setting of full disclosure and debate. Whether the program or issue succeeds or not is not as important as allowing the community to fully engage and challenge the membership in all its activities, especially when it relates to the biological integrity of the Colorado River, because if we lose the rivers life, we lose the base part of our river community.

Thanks for reading my opinion and I encourage you to voice your own at meetings, by mail or telephone, or through this journal.

Hank Stewart and Sand Wash

by James M. Aton



Hank and Arden Stewart
Arden Stewart Collection

Every river runner who fights his/her way through the mosquitoes at Sand Wash for a run down Desolation Canyon will notice two old cabins there. Many of those boaters know that for years, Sand Wash was a major sheep ferry crossing. Some even know that the man who built one of those cabins and made the ferry a going concern was Hank Stewart. Few, however, know his story. So let me tell it to you—the outlines of it anyway.

But first you should know that Hank Stewart did not pioneer sheep ferrying in the Sand Wash area. Although it is not certain exactly when he started it, around 1912 one Charlie Brown was running a ferry and cable crossing just above Sand Wash at a place called Boat Bottom.¹ Also, a man named Miles (I have not yet found his first name) ran

a ferry, probably at the same place, when the 1917 Utah Power and Light (UP & L) survey came through. The growing sheep industry in the early part of the twentieth century had necessitated ferries in the region. All those ferries are part of a larger story, which I will not recount here, of the various crossings between Split Mountain and Sand Wash. They predated the bridges that now span the river.

Hank Stewart's story is special for river runners partly because he made Sand Wash the most important ferry during that era. But he also spent a good part of his life up and down the river, before and after Sand Wash. Besides running two different ferries, he befriended Butch Cassidy and his gang, he rowed for two river surveys, he spoke Ute fluently and generally got on well with them, he ran a postal route, and he worked some copper claims. Stewart was typical of many men and women between 1880 and 1940 who were trying scratch out a living along the Green River: he did whatever he could to get by.

John Henry "Hank" Stewart was born in Mona, Utah in 1868 where his father, Simeon, worked as a mine company dentist. The peripatetic family moved to San Bernardino for a while, then returned to Mona. For a time, Hank and his brother, George E., lived with an aunt and uncle in Puget Sound, Washington. They both later attended All Hallows College in Salt Lake City. Even though he came from educated parents, all that Hank ever wanted to be, according to his son Arden, was a cowboy. As a youth he had devoured dime-store westerns and apparently yearned to be a part of that legendary life.²



Tia Juana Ferry
c. 1916-1919
Arden Stewart Collection

In 1897 the Stewart brothers came into the Castle Valley country. They first worked for the Joseph B. Meeks and Pete Murning ranches in Castlegate. Hank quickly became friends with Butch Cassidy (aka Tom Gillis) and Elzy Lay (aka Bert Fowler), who were then punching cows on the nearby Jens Nielson ranch. He nearly got mixed up in the infamous Castle Gate Robbery that Cassidy, Lay, and Joe Walker perpetrated in April of that year. Hank had a big grey horse that Cassidy tried to buy from him. Stewart wouldn't sell it, but he agreed to let Butch borrow it for the winter. Cassidy proceeded to use the horse for the robbery, even though it bolted out from under him. Lay had to

retrieve the horse so Butch could escape to Robber's Roost in the San Rafael Swell. Eventually the horse was returned by a young boy who manned the relay station for Cassidy's gang.³

A year after his near run-in with the law, Hank married Minerva Van Wagoner, started a ranch in Argyle in upper Nine Mile Canyon, worked for various cattlemen like Preston Nutter, collected wild mustangs and wild cattle (mavericks), and eventually fathered three children. He also did a little mining on the side. Some time in the first decade of the century Hank divorced Minerva, and she later



Red Moon
University of Utah

m a r r i e d Stewart's good friend, Neal Hanks (of Hanksville). She got the ranch in Nine-Mile and custody of the children; Hank got the freedom to pursue mining and ferry ventures with his b r o t h e r George.⁴

Stewart next appears in the historical

record in 1911 and 1913 when he rowed Desolation Canyon for two improbable surveys. The first, the Carstarphen party, wrecked its boats above Rock Creek and had to abandon the river. Frederick Carstarphen was a Denver engineer who managed a gilsonite mine on Pariette Bench. He was looking to the river for a faster route to haul gilsonite to the railhead at Thompson.⁵ The second party was led by Roosevelt founder and engineer Ed. F. Harmston. He was surveying for a possible railroad line between Roosevelt and Green River, Utah for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Although he could obviously handle a boat, the 1911 wreck notwithstanding, and knew the river, Stewart could not swim.⁶

The Stewart brothers had some small copper claims on Leland Bench, between Roosevelt and Ouray, around the same time as Hank was rowing for the survey parties. The two brothers also started a ferry at Tia Juana Bottom. The sheep that crossed on it wintered on Wild Horse Bench, east of Upper Desolation Canyon, and summered above Nine Mile Canyon. Eventually Hank sold out his mining interests to George who had become the manager of the Uteland Mining Company,

while George sold his interest in the ferry to Hank.⁷

Hank operated the ferry at Tia Juana Bottom from at least 1913 to 1919. He was involved in a short-lived school for other ranchers' children at the confluence of Willow and Hill creeks to this extent: his oldest daughter, Eva, a recent BYU graduate, was the teacher. In 1919 Stewart met and married Jedediah Wardle's daughter, Elsie. She was fifteen and he was fifty one. Both had been baptized Mormons but neither practiced any religion throughout their lives.

During this time Hank (the Utes called him "Ma Oov Erats," or "Buckskin Shirt," his usual attire) had a run-in with Red Moon, an assertive White River Ute who lived along the east river bottoms. The story comes down to us from Stewart's son, Arden.

When Stewart was operating the ferry at Tia Juana Bottom, he always let Utes cross for free. This included Red Moon. But Red Moon did not like sheepmen and their sheep crossing onto what he considered his land. He tried to extract a fee from them, and eventually a sheepman named Peterson paid the Ute to silence him. After that, when the Ute tried to collect money from other sheepmen, they would lie to him, saying, "Peterson will pay."

Finally Red Moon realized he had been had. He got a pistol, and Hank Stewart happened to be the first white he saw. Red Moon fired at the ground around Stewart's feet. The ferryman then grabbed the Indian, threw him to the ground, held the pistol to his head, and threatened to kill him. Red Moon begged for his life, and Hank let him go.

Red Moon then jumped on his horse and rode for Ouray where a Ute Bear Dance was underway. He hoped to stir up the young braves for a reprisal against Stewart. The ferryman saddled up as well and took a short cut to Ouray, arriving ahead of Red Moon. In fluent Ute, Stewart explained to the tribal council what had happened. After Red Moon arrived and pleaded his case, the council ruled for Stewart. They made the White River Ute apologize to Stewart and promise to treat him as a friend. After that, Red Moon left Tia Juana Bottom and may have moved north, perhaps to Montana. He was dead by 1925 at the age of 61.⁸

Generally, however, Hank got along well with the Utes, partly because of his friendly, accepting nature

and partly because he spoke their language well. But conflicts with Utes like Red Moon eventually prompted the area's sheepmen to encourage Stewart to move the ferry downriver to Sand Wash, a more convenient and less contentious crossing spot for sheep. Thus, in 1919 newlyweds Hank and Elsie floated the ferry down to Sand Wash and lived in a tent. That winter they tore apart their four room cabin, marked the logs, and dragged them down on a



Sheep Crossing ice on Green River
Uintah County Regional History Center

and partly because he spoke their language well. But conflicts with Utes like Red Moon eventually prompted the area's sheepmen to encourage Stewart to move the ferry downriver to Sand Wash, a more convenient and less contentious crossing spot for sheep. Thus, in 1919 newlyweds Hank and Elsie floated the ferry down to Sand Wash and lived in a tent. That winter they tore apart their four room cabin, marked the logs, and dragged them down on a

bobsled on the frozen river. It took three or four trips.⁹

The ice they skidded the cabin on that winter was no fluke. Ice is an annual occurrence on the Green. The river usually solidifies in late November or early December and thaws in late February to mid March. The thick ice allows for the easy transportation that Hank and Elsie Stewart experienced. But sometimes during the spring thaw, ice jams pile up and prevent river crossing by any means—ferry, boat, or horse. Yet the ice had its uses in the pre-refrigerator days. Residents would cut ice blocks out of the river, pack them with snow in a shed, and cover them with a layer of gilsonite. The ice would last all summer. But it could be deadly as well. When Vern Muse was working at Sand Wash in 1933, he let his team of horses loose to get a drink in the river. They broke through the ice and disappeared.¹⁰

The ferries themselves worked through the use of a windlass which allowed the ferry to change attitude and let the current push it across. There was an air space between the boat bottom and the floor. The front of the wooden boats had an apron to allow animals easy access on and off. Later a man named Peterson, probably the same man in the Red Moon incident, brought in a metal ferry which is now buried in the sand downstream of the boat launch. The ferry cable wrapped around large cottonwood trees on either side. At various times ferries operated at Swallow Canyon, Jensen, Ouray, Tia Juana Bottom, Boat Bottom, and Sand Wash.¹¹

Sheep made the ferries necessary, and up to 45,000 head passed through Sand Wash a year; 50 head at a time fit onto the boat. Sheep were sheared on the “Wrinkles” side, across from Sand Wash. The wool was sacked and freighted out by wagon. Hank Stewart charged three cents a head, and in his best year made \$2,700. The scariest cargo was Jim McPherson’s bulls. Not surprisingly, they were hard to herd onto the boat and rambunctious during the crossing.¹²

At Sand Wash the Stewarts had a large garden, pigs, chickens, and a few work horses. They probably had a milk cow. Elsie canned extensively in the winter. She was known as an excellent and very creative cook, and sometimes their cabin served as a boarding house for stockmen passing through. Visitors remarked on her tasty pastries and “big white gravy.” Elsie herself sometimes helped with the ferry. Many men noted that “she worked like a man,” lifting the logs that formed the cabins and later herding and branding cattle at the Willow Creek ranch. She also kept a detailed diary of all business transactions at the ferry and at the ranch. Unfortunately that diary burned in a house fire in Vernal many years later.¹³

Hank eventually grew tired of the ferry business. He sold out to Chuck Sands sometime between 1929 and 1930 and moved upriver to Willow Creek. He bought a ranch from his father-in-law, Jedediah Wardle. The 160-acre homestead sat over a mile up creek from the Green. Sands, meanwhile, added a second cabin at the ferry (Sand Wash is named for the sand that comes out of the side canyon, not after Chuck Sands, as some have thought). He and his wife, Lola, had two children. He sold out to Peterson, and Peterson in turn sold to Ray Thompson in the mid-

1930s. Thompson was there in 1937 and 1938 when Haldane “Buzz” Holmstrom stopped by two years in a row, the second time with Amos Burg. He told Holmstrom that a 1935 flood had brought the rock and mud down Sand Wash, burying the lower part of one cabin. It is still visible today. An eater of horse flesh, Thompson in his best year saw twenty thousand sheep pass through at five cents a head (\$1,000). The ferry business declined, though, because bridges were being built upstream. Moreover, the 1934 Taylor Grazing Act, a prolonged drought, overgrazing, and the Depression all worked to reduce the size of sheep and cattle herds on public ranges. When a big spring flood in 1952 ripped out Thompson’s ferry boat and cable, he abandoned it because business had narrowed to a trickle.¹⁴

Hank Stewart, meanwhile, hacked out a living at his Willow Creek ranch in the early and mid 1930s, as well as anyone could during the Depression. The family did not really suffer during the world-wide economic downturn because they were largely self-sufficient. But besides ranching, Stewart contracted as a private postal delivery man. He picked up the mail at Ouray and delivered it to ranchers up and down Willow Creek. Although he lived near the river for over two decades, Hank’s inability to swim caught up with him in the spring of 1937.¹⁵

On May 18 that year during the spring rise, Stewart and his young ranch hand, Thomas McKenna, were rowing a heavy disk harrow and a corn planter tongue across river in a small boat. The boat filled with water and swamped. Both men’s wives watched in horror as the tragedy unfolded. Stewart was knocked unconscious by the machinery, and when he surfaced, McKenna tried to hold on to him and the capsized boat at the same time. Harry Aumiller swam his horse out, threw a rope to McKenna, but the young man missed it. Both men then disappeared under water. Stewart’s frantic wife, Elsie, attempted to ride and swim to rescue him but fortunately was restrained by Chuck Sands. For the next week a team of fifty men in eight boats searched for the bodies. They finally discovered them a few miles below the accident. Hank’s best friend, Matt Curry, found him.¹⁶

Stewart, age sixty nine, left a twenty-nine-year old wife, a twelve-year old son, and a mountain of debt. Elsie Stewart had to sell two hundred Herefords to pay off ranch debts. She eventually remarried Jack Brewer, which improved the family’s finances.¹⁷ McKenna, who was twenty five, widowed a wife and left two small children fatherless.

Stewart was especially mourned. An impulsive, hot-tempered man, he was also known as a friendly, gregarious, can-do cowboy. In large headlines, a front page article in the local paper described him as “one of Utah’s colorful pioneer stockman....Hale and hearty, able to ride and work hard, he did things a younger man would shirk....respected for his hardihood and straight-forward dealing with his fellow man.”¹⁸

Hank Stewart’s legacy includes a reputation for working hard, starting various enterprises, guiding, and making many friends up and down the river. He etched his name and character on Sand Wash. Tip your hat to him next time you push off shore.

¹ George Stewart interview by Bill Belknap and Loie Belknap Evans, 1974, Belknap Collection, Northern Arizona University; Arden Stewart, "Ferries: A Lecture to the Uintah County Historical Society, 10 July 1993," Uintah County Regional History Center (hereafter UCRHC), Vernal, Utah.

² "River Victims Located Near Scene of Death," *Vernal Express*, 27 May 1937, p. 1; Arden Stewart interviews with author, 8 January 2004, 25-26 March 2005.

³ Stella McElprang, comp., *Castle Valley: A History of Emery County* (Emery County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1949), 50-51; Arden Stewart, "Dad Nearly Rode With Butch," *Outlaw Journal* 1.1 (Summer 1991): 46-47. Arden Stewart, "Arden Stewart at the Uintah County Historical Society on Outlaws," UCRHC.

⁴ Arden Stewart interviews; Mildred Miles Dillman, comp., *Early History of Duchesne County* (Springville, UT: Art City Publishing, 1948), 256; "River Victims."

⁵ Robert Sorgenfrei to author, 26 July 2004; "Much Interest in Castle Peak," *Eastern Utah Advocate* (29 June 1911), 11; Many articles in the *Eastern Utah Advocate* and *Carbon County News* for the fall of 1911 and winter of 1912 recount Carstarphen's battles with the state road commission and his efforts to purchase trucks to haul gilsonite to the railhead at Price. He failed and ended up back in Denver, where he did some survey work for the city.

⁶ "Diary and Report of Ed. F. Harmston, Engineer, on Feasibility of Line for Railroad from Green River on Denver and Rio Grande R.R. to Roosevelt, in Uintah Basin, State of Utah. September 6th, 1913," Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, California; Bill and Mrs. Seamount interview by Otis R. "Dock" Marston, Salt Lake City, 1 January 1966, Marston Collection; Ray "Budge" Wilcox interview by Bill Belknap and Loie Belknap Evans, 1974, Belknap Collection.

⁷ George Stewart interview; Arden Stewart, "Ferries;" Kathleen Irving, "Interview with Arden Stewart, 19 April 2002," UCRHC.

⁸ Arden Stewart, "Lecture for Uintah County Historical Society." Stewart composed this story in the form of a poem called "Red Moon" which he has preformed on numerous occasions; Arden Stewart interviews; "Ute Indians Allotment Records, Uintah and White River Utes, circa 1900-1940," MSS B-833, Box 1, Fd 5, # 351, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City.

⁹ Arden Stewart, "This Story Was Told To Me," UCRHC; Arden Stewart interviews; Kathleen Irving.

¹⁰ Arden Stewart, "Ferries;" "Ouray," *Vernal Express*, 23

March 1933, p. 4; Kathleen Irving; Pearl Baker, *Rim Flying the Canyonlands with Jim Hurst* (Riverside, Ca: A-to-Z Printing, 1973), 43-44; Rex F. Rowley, "Ferry on the Green and other happenings at Sand Wash, "1969, Ms in author's possession; Rex F. Rowley, "Sand Wash Ferry Played Role for Early Sheepmen," *Vernal Express*, 21 August 1969, p. B6.

¹¹ Irving; Stewart, "Ferries;" Arden Stewart interviews.

¹² Stewart, "Ferries."

¹³ Arden Stewart interviews.

¹⁴ Chuck Sands was a hot-tempered man who once slapped young Arden Stewart in the face. Stewart never liked him after that. Thompson was known to eat horse meat from the wild horses he rounded up when he lived at Ray's Bottom. Arden Stewart interviews; Brad Dimock, ed., *Every Rapid Speaks Plainly: The Salmon, Green & Colorado River Journals of Buzz Holmstrom* (Flagstaff: Fretwater Press, 2003), 50, 168; Stewart, "Ferries."

¹⁵ Doris Karren Burton, *Settlement of Uintah County: Digging Deeper* (Vernal, UT: Uintah County Library, 1998), 502, 508.

¹⁶ "Searches Fail to Recover Bodies," *Vernal Express*, 20 May 1939, p. 2; "River Victims;" Arden Stewart interviews. Curry owned the Ouray store and later Curry's Manor in Vernal. He was well-liked by both Anglos and Utes.

¹⁷ Irving.

¹⁸ "River Victims."

James M. Aton is Professor of English at Southern Utah University. He is the author with Robert S. McPherson of *River Flowing from the Sunrise: An Environmental History of the Lower San Juan* (Logan 2000). He is currently writing a history of Desolation Canyon.

The “Boatman Stories” of Arthur Wheeler

by
Jim Knipmeyer

Boatmen, and especially river guides, have long been known to “stretch the truth a mite,” if not downright come up with out-and-out “whoopers,” about the streams they have navigated or their own exploits there upon. It almost seems to be a prerequisite of guiding, for, after all, they have clients and customers to entertain, and the “No shit, there I was...” stories seem to be a staple of most river trips. This is certainly true on the rivers of the Colorado Plateau. Whether it was Major Powell in his 1875 account of his river expedition(s) or Norm Nevills around a nighttime campfire on the San Juan or in Glen Canyon, the facts have, on occasion, been stretched almost to the breaking point.

Though usually not thought of as a “boatman,” Arthur Wheeler, a rancher on the east bank of the Green River across from the mouth of the San Rafael, did pilot a steamboat at least once (and perhaps twice) downstream into Labyrinth and Stillwater Canyons. This voyage must have affected, or perhaps a better term is infected, him almost immediately with what some have called “canyonitis,” and he soon came forth with at least an “embellishment” of an actual event plus one “tall tale” about his boating experiences on the Green and Colorado.

Arthur Wheeler and his two brothers had come from New York state (see Winter, 1996 issue of *The Confluence*), and in 1884 they settled on the Green River some twenty miles south of the town of the same name. They planted alfalfa and fruit trees, but primarily ran cattle. In 1891 they were visited, both going and coming, by the members of a river expedition which descended the Green to just below the confluence with the Grand (today’s Colorado River), before returning back upstream to the town of Green River.

The eight men were members of a company planning to launch a “fleet” of steamboats that would carry tourists from the Denver & Rio Grande railroad downstream to a hotel, which was to be built a few miles below the Confluence near the “head of the cataracts” on the Colorado. A prototype steam launch had been built and shipped to Green River station by rail, and in August, 1891, its maiden voyage (see Winter, 1997 issue of *The Confluence*) was begun to test the practicability of the proposed plan. Christened the *Major Powell*, low water and too deep of a draft caused blades from its propellers to be knocked off by rocks in the channel. However, the trip was continued on in rowboats, stopping at the Wheeler brothers’ ranch each way.

The following year, 1892, the steamboat was refitted for a second trial run. This time there was a crew of only four: Arthur Wheeler, who had been asked to act as pilot; H. J. Hogan, engineer; W. A. Heath, artist; and David Kenty, “excursionist.” An account of the voyage was obtained from Wheeler and appeared in the July 3 issue of Denver’s *Colorado Sun*. Among other things it said:

“All the way down the Green river cañons these [prehistoric cliff] dwellings are to be found. At the junction of the Grand, where the Colorado river begins, is another interesting feature. It is what the maps have designated as a

Mormon fort. This is entirely erroneous. It antedates the Mormons, but by how much no one knows. It is on the west bank of the river on a high elevation. It is an earth-work fortification, but now shows little more than outlines. Inside of it have been found many fine arrow heads, but no modern warlike remains, which goes to show what people used it as a stronghold.”

Of course, there is no such “Mormon fort” at today’s Confluence, nor is there even any prehistoric Anasazi or Fremont culture archeological sites. The description does, however, match in some respects the two-room dry-laid masonry tower located forty miles up the Green on a high point overlooking what has been named Fort Bottom. Even here, though, the ruin is on the east side of the river, not on the west as stated in the *Colorado Sun* article. So, did Wheeler and his three-man crew even reach the Confluence, or did they



The Mouth of Spring Canyon on the Green
Photo: Mike Ford

only make it as far as Fort Bottom, many miles short of the junction of the rivers?

The newspaper story goes on to say: "The Colorado river is not at all an inviting stream to navigate. The voyagers on the *Major Powell* had a grand sight once they got into the Grand cañon. The walls are higher and the stream seems smaller than above, though it is increased materially in volume by the waters of Grand river. For only sixteen miles is there any safety for a boat. At the end of that distance the Cataract cañon begins. This is really a terror...It is one succession of cascades, rapids, whirlpools, rocks, curves and other difficulties, which make it impossible for a boat to live any time at all."

While the above is an accurate description of Cataract Canyon, it is certainly no "sixteen miles" from the junction to the first rapid. The true distance, of course, is only four miles, which, even allowing for mere estimation instead of accurate measurement, still seems to be a rather significant error. This, then, again begs the question: Were Wheeler and his fellow voyagers even at the "head of the cataracts"?

Lute H. Johnson, writing for the *Denver Republican* the following year, stated simply: "In 1892, a second trial [of the *Major Powell*] was made, a few miles down the Green attained and again the expedition was abandoned." Writing several years after, William H. Edwards said: "The second attempt was made a year later, 1892, but the boat was abandoned at Wheeler's Landing [ranch], twenty-five miles down stream from the starting point at the Rio Grande Railway crossing [at Green River, Utah]."

Arthur Wheeler, therefore, seems to have "embellished" a little on his evidently aborted voyage down the Green on the second trial run of the *Major Powell*. In fact, it may very well have been from Edwards, who had been down the Green and Colorado Rivers with the James S. Best prospecting expedition in 1891, that Wheeler got the descriptions of the so-called Mormon fort and the area below the Confluence. Such second-hand information from Wheeler may, then, account for the discrepancies from the correct facts in the *Colorado Sun* newspaper account.

But if the 1892 story was simply an embellishment, then the one that followed in early 1893 was a true "whooper." Once again based on an account evidently provided by Arthur Wheeler, a relatively short item appeared in Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* entitled, "OVER THE RAPIDS," with the subheading, "The Major Powell Went Through Cataract Cañon." The entire article is as follows:

"Green River, Utah, Jan. 11.- Promptly at 7 o'clock yesterday morning the twin screw launch Major Powell left her dock at the mouth of the San Rafael river for her trip through the Cataract cañon of the Colorado

river. On board were Captain A. Wheeler and Engineer William Lyle. At a twelve-knot speed the junction of the Green and Grand rivers was passed. Cork jackets were donned and fenders thrown over the gunwales. At 1 p.m. the head of Cataract cañon was reached and the perilous voyage begun. Faster and faster went the launch with engines reversed, quickly veered to port or starboard, barely missing great jagged rocks. Now in a whirlpool, now down a cascade, nine miles of seething, boiling cauldrons was safely passed. A smooth stretch of a few miles and once more down, with ever increasing velocity, through the maddest torrent ever attempted by a pilot. The Major Powell had gone through the Cataract cañon safely. Twelve miles below, in a comparatively insignificant rapid, a snag caught the port propeller, breaking two blades. The launch swung quickly to the left, striking bows full on a big rock, staving her badly. She was safely beached and will be repaired at once and proceed to Dandy Crossing."

The above account was made notwithstanding the assertion made just a few months earlier in regard to Cataract Canyon, that in it "it is impossible for a boat to live any time at all." Nothing about this account seems to have any validity in fact at all.

The dates, to begin with, do not seem to make any sense. The *Rocky Mountain News* article appeared in the January 12 issue, and the dateline from the town of Green River was January 11. However, the item immediately begins by stating, "Promptly at 7 o'clock yesterday (my emphasis) morning the screw launch Major Powell left her dock..." The makes the entire subsequent series of events appear to have taken place in only ONE day. This is certainly an impossibility for the 151-mile distance from the mouth of the San Rafael to Dandy Crossing [Hite], which in 1893 would have included some 35 miles of Cataract Canyon rapids. Simply put; one day, no way!

The steamboat *Major Powell* was 35 feet in length, had an 8 to a 10-foot beam (accounts differ), with two 6-horsepower, wood-burning engines driving twin screws. Modern river runners in Cataract Canyon seem to be nearly unanimous in declaring that such a craft almost certainly could not have successfully navigated the 47 to 52 (again accounts differ) major and minor rapids of that canyon. Therefore, one must conclude that the *Rocky Mountain News* article has no basis in fact whatsoever, and is nothing more than pure fiction.

These two accounts of river voyages, however, do serve one purpose: to elevate Arthur Wheeler from the status of mere "rancher" to that of a true "river guide." It is clear and obvious that he could spin "boatmen stories" with the best of them.

River Bed Case Testimony

Edited by John Weisheit

John Galloway

Resides 1984 View Street, Salt Lake City, Utah; age, 49 years. Has boated the Green River from almost its starting point to its mouth, and the Grand (Colorado) from Westwater Canyon to Moab; from the junction of Green and Grand to Moab; the Colorado from mouth of the Green to Lees Ferry. Boated on other rivers. First river trip as a boy 13 with his father, Nate Galloway, designer of Galloway type of boats.

First trip from Westwater Canyon to Moab on the Colorado was made in Spring of 1926 or 1927; middle of April to 12th of May. Boat as near Galloway type as possible. 16 ft. long, 4 ft. wide at top, 36 in. at bottom, draft 4 inches loaded. Hard granite [actually schist and gneiss with igneous intrusions] formation in Westwater Canyon; tremendous fall, rapids have 2 to 4 feet fall, straight drops; continual mass of rapids; back suction under falls makes difficult and dangerous proposition; some places steep smooth walls; could not line boats. No room to make a bed so made bed in crevices of rocks.

Below Westwater Canyon the river is sluggish and slow; shallow over little riffles; had to row or wade back in places and pull boat back to find channel. Never attempted to take boat up Colorado from Moab to Westwater; thinks he could by towing.

Has been upstream on Colorado between mouth of Green and Moab; down Green River to the mouth.

Took trip in February or March 1925 from mouth of Green River to Moab; same boat as Westwater Canyon trip. Rise in water made progress difficult; it took five days to go from Junction to Shafer No. 1 well [downstream of Potash boat ramp]; from there went to Moab on Moab Garage boat. Rowed in places; towed in places; good many cases on sand bars; water shallow so far out boat would not tow; would have to drag on bottom; wade fifty or sixty feet to get line enough to get boat in current.

Two miles [one mile] above junction place where good many rocks lying on bank and in river [The Slide]; narrow current. Rowed around it, threw tow line around ledge where could not pull with oars; shoved boat with oar; heaved and pulled above the rock. Towed two-thirds the way between junction of Green and Colorado rivers and Well No. 1.

Loaded rowboat on Moab Garage boat; trip from well to

Moab consumed five or six hours. Boat stuck on a sand bar within sight of Moab; reversed engine and backed up and went ahead.

A second trip was made in December 1927, up Colorado from mouth of Green to Moab; unable to take boats all the way; left them at Lockhart camp; no permanent channel to row in; water cool; trouble with floating ice. Walked across the trail to Shafer No. 1 well; took Moab Garage boat to Moab. Delayed by sand bars for short intervals on trip.

In February 1928, got his boats and trapped upstream from Lockhart to Moab; sand bars about the same—interchangeable; shifting current; change in 24 hours good many cases; try to keep in channel but find you have to go back one hundred feet until you find a point, then go around and find channel; sand bars not in the same place every day; condition of rising and lowering of water changes the current on most any sandy formation. Finished trapping, left boat at Lockhart; took Moab Garage boat back to Moab, leaving sometime latter part of March. Boat stuck on sand bars many times for several minutes at a time.

Made three trips from Greenriver down to junction with the Colorado, but no trips up Green River.

First trip on Green River was in 1911; second, Spring of 1926; third, Fall of 1927. River conditions not the same. In 1927, going down noted the river had moved; noted in particular as to camping places; would have to unload boat way back on a sand bar and carry stuff three or four hundred feet to get to where wanted to camp. Noted current was not in place where it was when there before. Noted beaver dams, were on dry land; beavers selected deep water for winter food supply.

Green and Colorado Rivers do not freeze except in places where river is shaded by ledges.

Material for building boats and supplies hauled overland from Greenriver to North Wash. Country is desert in character. Saw one ranch on San Rafael but no settlements. First trip in 1911 from Green River, Wyoming to Dirty Devil. Returned with pack outfit leaving boat at mouth of Dirty Devil. Did not see any one boating on this trip.

Has not seen boats on Green River carrying freight or passengers.

Trip from Green River, Wyoming, to Dirty Devil made in September; trip from Greenriver to North Wash, where boat was built, in March or April of 1927. Third trip from Greenriver to Glen Canyon by river made in 1924. Went out from Lees Ferry to Kanab overland.

Same difficulties from end of cataracts to Lees Ferry on Colorado; only difference more water; river wider and boxed in places. Where river crowds against ledge, there is a great big whirlpool.

Only boats he saw were some tied along river; did not see any ranches from mouth of San Rafael to Lees Ferry; no fertile or plowed lands. One old prospector, named Carpenter, below cataracts. Hite ranch deserted.

In his opinion, impossible take a boat from Greenriver to Colorado line. 120 rapids in Desolation Canyon; 30 rapids in Split Mountain Canyon.

Cross-examination [abridged]:

His father was Nathaniel Galloway, did considerable trapping on Green and Colorado Rivers; boated down the rivers and designed type of boat known as Galloway; never used motor boats.

More water in Green. Going up Colorado River is hard work.

If he had a permit to trap beaver between Moab and the junction of the river, and was coming back and could get to Moab, why should he not want his boat to be at Moab? Then he could float down the river. He was in floating ice when he left that boat at Camp Lockhart.

Jensen, on the Green River, is a town of possibly five or six hundred people. Supplies to Jensen are brought in overland with team either from Mack, Colorado, or from Price, Utah. They are not brought in by way of the river.

Ouray, on the Green River, is a town of probably two hundred fifty people, counting Indians. Supplies to Ouray are brought in overland and not by way of the river. There is a ferryboat at Ouray used for the purpose of crossing the river back and forth. The Ute Indians who live at Ouray, use the ferry for crossing back and forth but so far as he knows, they do not use boats of their own in any way on the river.

Recross-examination: [abridged]

He is acquainted with the fact that there is a tribe of Indians in Idaho known as the Blackfoot but has never known of them to use boats on the Snake River and does not know whether or not they are more civilized than the Indians in Utah.

Further examination: [abridged]

Hanksville, Utah, is a settlement of about three or four hundred people who engage principally in the sheep business.

He came down through Cataract Canyon twice. The first time he went down there he was alone.

The supplies would not exceed five hundred pounds, camp and all.

When he went down Cataract Canyon first time had only

knowledge from what his father said in regard to the condition of the canyon. He had no maps or charts or surveys.

Redirect examination:

In going through Cataract Canyon he made portages. He carried the duffel in Cataract Canyon pretty near from one end of it to the other. Just at intervals of rapids he would tie up, and take most of his equipment below the rapid; then either run the rapid or line it, whichever he thought he could do the easiest. The rapids were lined by himself alone and if he came to one he thought it safest to line, he would do so.

In going through these rapids a map is of no assistance at all, as he can see. The only thing a map might tell you, was what the rapid is, the name of it, or where it was located. He was looking at one of the maps and he couldn't see that would help him any in going through that canyon.

When he comes to a rapid his procedure is: The first thing is to stop before he gets too close, so he can stop; in the still part of the water above the rapid there is always a still space of water; stop and go down and look the rapid over, see if there is a possible channel or way a man can navigate a boat through it without hitting a rock or striking waves so high that there is danger of putting you underneath, filling your boat with water, or something like that.

You know about what your load is; you know about what your boat is carrying, and about what kind of waves you can battle with. If there is any possible way you can see that it looks like it is safe enough for a man that is in there alone, or two parties—that he can get through without losing his outfit—you would naturally get in your boat and go and pick down through where you had sized it up and looked it over and thought you could make it, as near as you could possibly.

In running rapids, every rapid you run, you run the rapid only after a personal examination.

Further examination:

He doesn't know of his own personal knowledge whether or not rapids are run on the rivers in the west as they are in the east, by guides and Indians poling the rapids, one man at each end of the boat.

Recross-examination:

When he lived in Vernal he didn't know whether there were other trappers than his father who lived there. He would judge there were probably six hundred people in the whole Vernal Valley.

He left Vernal when he was about seventeen years old and his father died at Richfield, Utah, after he had left.

Parley Galloway

For Complainant

He is a farmer, stock raiser, and trapper, is forty years of age. He has had experience boating on the Green and Colorado rivers and has run the Green River from as far up in Wyoming as it is possible to boat, and the Colorado River to Needles, California. He has also boated on the White River, the Bear River and the Yampa River. He has made four or five trips through Flaming Gorge, Red Canyon, and Desolation Canyon on the Green River and has been on the river in those sections at other times.

It would be possible, in his opinion, to take a boat up the Green River from the City of Greenriver Utah, to the dam, about eight miles above the town.

He has never seen any other boats than his own in operation on the section of Green River north of the town of Greenriver, Utah.

He has made four or five trips down the Green River to its junction with the Colorado from Greenriver, Utah. In that section of the river he always found the location of the sand bars to be the same but had a good deal of trouble with them. This trouble occurs nearly all the way along that stretch of the river. There were some stretches of the river where he didn't have quite as much trouble, but others were bad enough to pay for it.

He has been through Cataract Canyon twice. One of the trips especially remembered by him was with the [Clyde] Eddy party in 1927, when he acted as guide for the party and operated the boats as head boatman. Considerable trouble was had on the first part of the trip because none of the party except himself had had any experience in navigation. The first rapids they came to were run. Ran them with all their loads in the boats. These boats were well decked boats that Mr. Eddy had, so they could run in waves where they were pretty big.

They were there in high water, so didn't have so many rocks to contend with as he would in lower water. At about the fifth rapid in the cataracts is where they had their most trouble. Had to unload everything and line boats around the fifth rapid. [Probably Rapid #7 or the North Sea]

From there on ran the rapids until he got to the last rapid in the cataracts; that is Dark Canyon rapids; lined that one. Always unloaded some of their duffel, not all of it every time, but nearly all the heaviest part of equipment.

Prior to the Eddy trip he (Galloway) had been through Cataract Canyon with his father when he was a boy but does not remember the month or year when the trip was made. He has been through Glen Canyon three times.

Did not have a great deal of difficulty in taking the Eddy party through Glen Canyon, found sand bars, but had real high water, and the sand bars were more covered up. Stuck on the sand bars though. Nearly every day the boats would hang on a sand bar.

The other trip he took through Glen Canyon was when he left North Wash with his brother and Mr. Howland and difficulty with sand bars and riffles was encountered during that trip.

On his trips between Greenriver, Utah, and the mouth of the Green River, he did not see any other boats empty

or carrying freight or passengers.

There have been some ranches in that section of the country but everything is abandoned now. From the mouth of the Green River down to Lees Ferry there is one old abandoned ranch that has been abandoned for some time, in as much as the cabins have fallen down. He remembers a place called Hite but there was nobody living there.

He met no other boats either light or carrying freight or passengers during the times he was in Glen Canyon and from there on down to Lees Ferry.

The trip he made with his brother and Howland from North Wash was made late in March, 1928, and the Eddy trip was made in June, 1927.

The Howland trip started from the mouth of North Wash with two boats loaded with camp outfits and supplies, the load amounting to five or six hundred pounds to each boat. The lumber and supplies were purchased at Greenriver, Utah.

Didn't build boats in Greenriver, Utah, and go on down the river, because wished to avoid the Cataract Canyon. Could make the trip quicker by going overland.

From the mouth of North Wash down to Lees Ferry there are a great number of riffles, some of which would be considered rapids, were encountered.

He never tried to bring a boat from Lees Ferry up the river.

He has boated on the Colorado from Westwater Canyon, near the Utah State line, as far as Moab, four or five times, but has never boated down the Colorado from Moab to its confluence with the Green. All of his trips, on that section were made up the river.

Many difficulties were encountered on his trip through Westwater Canyon, the rapids there being as bad as they are tiny place in the Grand Canyon. Sand bars and gravel bars were also encountered on this trip.

It is his opinion that boats could not be taken up the Colorado River from Moab to Westwater, but that they might be taken up a distance of about fifteen miles, although it would be necessary to do considerable towing in that distance. It would be impossible, in his opinion, to row a boat that far up the river.

He has never seen any boats on the Colorado River between Westwater and Moab.

He has been up the Colorado River between its confluence with the Green and Moab three or four times.

The difficulties encountered in going up that stream are always bad enough with a row boat; some of it you row, some of it you tow your boat the best you can. Had the sand bars; running behind a sand bar, sometimes would have to turn and go back, hunt around and find some little channel that you could get your boat up through.

One trip made on the Colorado River between the mouth of the Green River and Moab was in March of 1926, when he was accompanied by his brother. Very little equipment was carried on the trip and it consisted principally of camp equipment and a very little grub.

In places where a sand bar or bank was found that could be walked along, the boat was towed, one man walking along the bank with a sixty foot rope tied to the boat, the other man using the oars to hold the boat in the river.

From some place above what he believes to be oil well No. 2 [John Shafer well; petrified log area], they took the Moab Garage boat into Moab. The Moab Garage boat hit sand bars in a place or two but was always able to back up again and then go ahead, making the trip without losing a great deal of time.

He made another trip on that section of the river with his father a good many years ago but does not remember the date. He has also made two or three other trips, one being made in 1927 with a young fellow by the name of Zerber.

This last trip was from the mouth of the Green River to Moab. The boat was not taken all the Moab but only as far as well No. 2, where it was loaded on the big boat and taken on up. The same difficulties were encountered on this trip as were encountered on the other trip. After reaching Moab the boats were taken to Greenriver, Utah, by truck.

Didn't go on down the Colorado River and then up the Green to Greenriver, because of the hard labor of getting up there is something fierce; wouldn't want to undertake it with a pair of oars.

He can not tell how long it would take to make the trip from Moab to Greenriver City by boat but in his best judgment it would take about a month's time. By truck it takes not over eight hours time.

He has never been over that section of the country by boat between Moab and Greenriver. He has been from Greenriver to Moab, of course, by boat.

Between Moab and Greenriver there is a ranch house somewhere on the road but he doesn't remember just where it is.

The land in the surrounding country is mostly bad land, cut considerably with deep washes. The land does not look like farm land to him.

Cross-examination: [abridged]

There are two years difference between his age and that of his brother, John Galloway. He is forty years old and his brother 42.

When he took the trip with his father through Cataract Canyon he was 15 or 16 years old. No one else accompanied them on the trip. As he remembers, some of the rapids on the trip were lined, but he has no distinct recollection of it.

The trip ended at Lees Ferry. From Lees Ferry they went back to Kanab and from there they went to Uintah County, Utah.

The purpose of the trip was for trapping and prospecting; prospecting being down in Cataract Canyon.

On the Green River in Wyoming he has boated up from the mouth of the Fontanelle and doesn't know whether a boat could be run any further than that. The water was real shallow in lots of places on the stretch of the river he boated up.

By boating water he means sufficient water to carry a boat, man, and provisions.

He has always avoided going up stream as much as possible with a rowboat.

When rowing upstream he attempted to keep in the quiet water as much as possible and to keep away from the swift current and in doing that he boated in the shallower portions of the river.

But when rowing up stream, and seeking the quieter water, over where it is more shallow; boat much more frequently touches ground of necessity.

On the Eddy expedition no one besides himself had had previous experience with boats, or with the river and therefore encountered quite a bit more trouble than would otherwise have been encountered.

As a boy, he made many trips with his father, but only the one trip spoken of on the Green and Colorado Rivers to Lees Ferry.

Except when he was a boy and he was with his father, when a rowboat was used, his only experience on the Colorado River between Moab and Shafer No. 1 well has been on the large Moab Garage boat.

A contract was made by him to take Mr. Howland over the Colorado River from North Wash down to Lees Ferry. He was paid the agreed compensation and the boats used were built for that purpose.

He has never operated a power boat on the rivers. The reason boats were built at the mouth of North Wash when the trip was made with Mr. Howland, was because Mr. Howland did not specifically desire to go through Cataract Canyon.

As near as he can remember, the trip from North Wash down to Lees Ferry consumed about three weeks. On the trip down, some prospecting was done and some exploration of the river was made. They did not stake out any claims.

There was a man by the name of Richmond who went with his father the first trip that he made through the Grand Canyon and he started about Flaming Gorge and went clear through to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He was just a boy and he remembers the man Richmond. He doesn't just know how old he is, or whether he is dead or not, but his father is dead. He remembers of the two of them being at their home in Vernal but he didn't see the boat arrive or depart.

Redirect examination:

On the trip back to Vernal, Utah, from Lees Ferry, after his trip on the river with his father, they went by stage and train.

The trip made with the Eddy party ended at Needles, California, and he returned home by way of Salt Lake City.

Diamond Down

By Keri Scott

It was the winter of 2000 and I had the boatmon blues. I was attending Northern Arizona University and all I could think about was going down the river. For the past two summers, a company that ran the biggest white water craft on the North American continent through the Grand Canyon had employed me. I needed a river fix bad so I decided I would invite all my friends to attend my first private trip ever: a Diamond down trip over spring break. None of the people I invited were boatmon, so they were excited at first, but one by one they declined the invitation, all except for one, my good friend and roommate, Tonya (not her real name).

As the time drew closer Tonya drew more skeptical. She was nervous because only two people were going, she didn't know how to swim, and she had never gone on a river trip before. I begged and begged her to go because I knew I couldn't do it myself. Finally, the night before we left, I officially talked her into it.

Everything was set. I had Tonya with me for companionship and safety, my parents would do the shuttle, and the permits were in hand. I had picked up all the supplies at a rental place in Flagstaff (at the time all the boating gear I had was a lifejacket, dry bag and a rocket box), and all the food had been purchased.

The next day we were on our way! We got to Diamond Creek at a reasonable time and proceeded to unload the gear, inflate the boat and start packing. At this point I would like to list my rowboat experience: zero. I had never even stepped on to a rowboat before. I had seen rowboats on the river, and it didn't look too hard. It seemed to me that all you had to do was sit in the middle of the boat and push on the oars, simple enough. I knew the rapids fairly well and the dangers. I also knew what the dam release was and what it would look like when we went through.

When it came to packing the rowboat, I started to think

that maybe I was in over my head. I had no idea how to put on the frame, where all the stuff went, what all the straps were for, or the big metal plate with pipes on the bottom of it (now I know it was a folding table). Luckily the boat rental place handed me an Allen wrench and told me to keep it in my pocket; they also chose locking oars for me. It took the rest of the day to get the boat half-packed.

Over dinner that night I entertained my parents and Tonya with all the famous flash flood stories of Diamond Creek, and told them to look for the axle and wheel of one of the two International trucks that had been washed into the river. It wasn't too cold for late March, but somewhere in the middle of it we had one of those out of nowhere, hell raising storms. I thought we were in a good place should Diamond Creek flash, so I turned over in my sleeping bag and proceeded to go back to sleep. However my parent's tent had broken its poles in the wind, and the rain was coming in. They woke me up and told me that we needed to leave immediately because Diamond was going to flash and they didn't want to be there. I tried to convince them that we were okay and

needed to stay, but my Dad told me in certain words that we were going even if he had to drag me to the trucks. Diamond didn't flash and we spent the rest of the night somewhere on the side of the dirt road sleeping in the trucks. We were off to a good start.

The next morning we woke up to snow on the cliffs, I looked over at Tonya and asked if she still wanted to go. She returned the question and, because I am stubborn, I said yes. We drove back down to

the boat and finished packing, which took till noon. The river was rising and so was my frustration. I don't remember how I got all the stuff on the boat and tied it down, or if I did tie it down at all, but I do remember that I put the rocket boxes where my feet were supposed to go. Therefore I had to sit somewhat Indian style. We got on the boat, waved goodbye to my parents and proceeded to go down the river. Later my parents told me that they had never seen me look so scared in my life.

Now for those of you who have not traversed the lower Grand there are basically six rapids: Diamond Creek, Travertine, 231 Mile, 232 Mile, 234 Mile, and Bridge Canyon or 235 Mile. Being a motor guide I was a little concerned about 231 Mile and I was really concerned about 232 Mile. At low water 232 Mile has a nice lateral that comes out and will try to push you into the "Fangs" on the right side of the river. The Fangs are



nicely polished Vishnu Schist that likes to rip boats up before it flips them over.

As I pushed down river through Diamond Creek I fully realized that we were screwed. I couldn't even avoid the two small holes in Diamond, and I thought to myself "how in the world am I going to break the lateral in 232". I thought maybe I would get better the more I tried, so I didn't tell Tonya at that point that I thought we were probably going to die. As we went through Travertine my skills had not improved. I tried to push to shore so that we could see the waterfall in the side canyon, but I didn't make it, we went down river.

Talk between Tonya and I had almost ceased. By the look on my face she could tell that I was terrified. I still tried to pretend that I knew what I was doing, but she wasn't buying it.

I was able to make the eddy at Travertine Falls, a camp and my scouting stop for 231 Mile. Even though I knew the rapids, I failed to realize the higher vantagepoint a motor rig has over a rowboat. As I pushed towards the tie-up tree I told Tonya to tie up the boat. To my amazement she thought that I meant right then and there and jumped off the boat. I thought I had killed my roommate who didn't know how to swim. She managed to hang on to the bowline and step on to shore as the boat drew closer. When she got out of the water I was given the look of death. After that, what little conversation there had been between us ceased.

As I climbed to where I could see the rapid my arms would not stop shaking, but I was so pumped up on adrenaline I didn't feel cold or fatigue. I looked at the rapid and saw the run. Miss the big hole, simple. Did I miss the big hole? Of course not, I was pushing. Remember, the only method I knew at the time was the upstream ferry. I had never even heard of downstream ferry. As we went through it my roommate disappeared in a wall of water and the oars were knocked out of my hands, but we made it through and thanks to the wisdom of the boat rental place, I still had my oars.

Now I only had a mile to get ready for the rapid I feared the most, 232 Mile. That was the longest mile of my life. I just wanted to be below it. As the horizon line disappeared I wished I had my big motorboat. I started to push over to the right to scout the rapid and realized that my left oar stand had come loose. I proceeded to freak out. I frantically searched for the allen wrench in my pockets (I forgot which pocket I had put it in), found it, and started tightening up the wrong screw with the roar of the river in the background. I was shaking so bad I could hardly get the wrench in the socket. Tonya, seeing the state I was in, took it from my hands and tightened up the right screw and gave me a dirty look. When she finished it was too late to scout, so I screamed, "Fuck it were just going to run it!" I pushed with all my might to break the lateral. Just as I thought we were going to make it, the lateral rose up and

curled on us. This had the effect of spinning me backwards. Now we were hurtling towards the Fangs. I started cussing and pushing frantically up river. I knew we were doomed. At the point when I realized that we were about to go over the Fangs. I closed my eyes and imagined the sound of the boat being ripped to shreds. Silence. I looked over as my oar hit the last of the fangs, clunk and it was over. We made it. I pushed over to the middle of the river and felt the best feeling ever, the feeling that we were going to live.

I started to relax and enjoy the trip at this point. As we went through the last rapids I was amazed how much bigger they seemed in a small boat. After we made it through the last of the rapids Tonya started talking to me again. We were both relieved and happy to be alive.

We pulled into camp at Separation Canyon and that's when my fatigue hit me. I could barely lift my arms. All I wanted to do was get warm, eat and sleep. Tonya cooked dinner and I looked for firewood. Nothing was dry from the night before. As I started to go further up the canyon, I got the strong feeling I was being watched and the hair started to stand on the back of my neck. I promptly gave up and went back to camp.

During the previous summer we would stop here for lunch on commercial trips. A fellow guide and I would argue over the prints we saw in the sand. I would say that they were a cat's and he would say that they were a dog's. It turns out that I was right. That night we were serenaded with the sounds of what I thought sounded like a toddler being tortured and Tonya thought it was a screaming woman. Neither of us had ever heard the calling of a mountain lion, but I'm sure if we had just unzipped our tent and looked out we would have seen one. Not realizing what it was we slept like babes.

Due to our experience the day before, all Tonya and I wanted to do was get home. That day we took turns rowing in one-hour intervals. The tourists that fly over in helicopters from Las Vegas all looked at us like we were crazy. They were the only people we saw on our whole trip. We rowed well into dark. The lake had gone down quite a bit since the last time I was there and I was worried that we would miss Pearce's Ferry, so we tied up to a spider infested tree in the middle of the lake and slept on the boat.

The next morning we woke to realize that we were only about a mile from our take out. I was shocked to see the lake so low and Scorpion Island was not an island any more. As we drove home I'm sure Tonya secretly vowed never to go down the river again. As I have gained more and more river experience, I've realized how incredibly lucky and stupid we were. Others say we were brave, I say we were ignorant.



Headwaters Institute at Ten: Still Providing Leadership in Watershed Education

by Tom Hicks
Executive Director, Headwaters Institute

Mission: To provide education that inspires individuals and communities to care for and connect with their watershed.

Vision: The Headwaters Institute and its associated network of educators strive to be the premier provider of natural history, conservation, and interpretative trainings for professional guides. These seminars encourage and promote a deeper public understanding of the importance of healthy rivers and their watershed ecosystems from ridgeline to Coastline.

Our mission gains momentum and credibility when individuals collaborate in the educational process and open themselves to learning from each other and the natural world. Informed individuals inspired by moving water will help protect, conserve, and restore its vitality for the enjoyment of future generations.

Ten years ago, in spring of 1996, nearly one hundred rafting guides gathered for a "Rendezvous" on the Rio Grande near Pilar, New Mexico. Two years before, the Rio Grande had been identified by American Rivers as North America's "Most Endangered River" and most did not even know anything was wrong. The basic premise behind the pilot project was to assemble local and regional experts to fill in the personal gaps in each guide's interpretive knowledge of the local watershed so guides would be better informed to educate their guests. Not only was the Rio one of the original eight Wild & Scenic Rivers passed into law in 1968, surrounded by fascinating Pueblo and Hispanic history, but it had some health issues as well.

The keynote speaker, John Nichols, author of the *Milagro Beanfield War*, had been invited to discuss story telling. That evening he approached the head high flames of the bonfire with a measured hesitation and then quickly lit into his audience of guides, recounting quiet and private moments fishing deep within the Rio's deep basalt canyon years before that were utterly ruined by the loud and raucous approach of beer can littering raft guides and their guests. There was an awkward quiet with no interrupting punch line or laughter.

But then his tone softened and he adjusted his stance. "You guides are not the same guides. You guides are different. The fact that you are here and willing to organize this day and to listen and learn about the local history and understand the community other than for your yahoo thrills

is encouraging. My opinion of guides and rafting has been changed." He raised his beer and a loud cheer went forth.

The subtle style of his story-telling message still echoes loudly today. From that glowing ember followed additional seminars on the American, Arkansas, and Kern in 1997. The Headwaters Institute's Rio pilot project successfully (1) tested lowered attendance fees and made them affordable (i.e. \$20 for three meals and beer), (2) shortened the seminar format to a day or two (rather than 5-7 days), (3) held the seminar on land, and (4) broadened participation to include multiple guides and multiple outfitters at the same time. With increased attendance seminars turned into exciting early season community events, abuzz with raffle prizes and boatman contests, not to mention the renewal of river friendships and tall tales.

The educational lynchpin was an individual coordinator who led the process with the support of a local steering committee made up of guides, outfitters, river managers, outdoor educators from programs like Outward Bound and NOLS, river conservation organizations, and others interested in guide education. The increase in guide attendance, as high as one hundred and seventy-five guides on the Arkansas in 1998, directly translated into increased public contact.

In 1998, the Headwaters Institute joined with Canyonlands Field Institute and the Colorado Plateau River Guides to organize "Desert Waters" here on the Plateau, which was followed by "Life on the Rocks," "Boats and Boaters," and subsequent seminars focused on teaching guides interpretive techniques and sharing information on the multi-faceted Plateau Country. Guide seminars on the Plateau have often been shared and used as an informal national standard for outstanding interpretive trainings, most notably with the longer format that gets more in depth than typical guide seminars.

Since 1996, Headwaters Institute seminars have been conducted in south central Alaska near Palmer, California Coast, Deschutes, Futaleufu in Chile, Kern, Uinta Basin (Thanks Herm!), Maine Coast, Maine North Woods, Pigeon, Rogue, Salt, and Snake. Some of these seminars have expanded to train sea kayaking and fly-fishing guides or a combination of professional guides and tourism employees who have potential windows of educational contact with the public. Approximately 3,000 professional guides have been trained at 75 seminars and they have had over 1.5 million contact days with the general public.

Of course the key questions that remain after all this hard work by coordinators and local steering committees is "what has Headwaters Institute actually accomplished?" or "what have those guides told their guests?" It is an unusual challenge to quantify the impact of how interpretation of a "teachable moment" translates into a tangible outcome. An early experiment on the Rio Grande was designed to link guide outreach to their guests' direct donation to outfitter led river conservation efforts, but the concept was short on important implementation detail and clarity that led to its demise on a broader scale. Other informal methods of quantification include guide tips or requests for a certain guide, but in many respects the measurements of an outdoor education program focused on guides

have remained as elusive and mysterious as the guides who have attended our seminars.

Experience reinforces that if guides do not have specialized information about their watershed and the river corridor, they will either say nothing of educational value or they will make it up. Most rivers' depth is "chest high on a duck" and almost all vegetation can confidently be identified by its generic Latin genus, "*greenus besideus*." Of course, that is why it always helps to ask if anyone is a geologist before discussing plate tectonics and advanced theories related to the heat generated by the friction of plates in subduction zones, which creates magma which wells up in an underground chamber before exploding in a torrential gush of oozing lava from a volcano... around a late night campfire surrounding by the mythic women's Swedish paddling team. At a fundamental level guiding is about entertainment.

Yet more so, guides have a unique role as educators in today's American west, whether they are rafting, mountain biking, fly-fishing, sea kayaking, or even Jeepin! The average visitor to a western river corridor does not seek out the snake that an informed guide picks up and points out does not have a rattle. Nor do these guests know much other than any bright combination of stars are either Orion's Belt or the Big Dipper. By the time a guide is asked "Who were the Anasazi and where did they go?" hard information becomes useful. Ask any resource manager about what guides need to teach their guests and almost anyone can lip-synch the mantra "Leave No Trace," but how? If a guest asks "what's the commotion about draining Lake Powell?" or "how much water is lost to evapo-transpiration on the lake each year?" a well-informed guide is at a new level of navigation.

The river conservation promise is that guides can inform their guests about the distinct and riveting issues that affect rivers since each guide has individual contact with hundreds of customers or "customer contact days" (multi-day trips) and cumulatively guides have direct access to millions of members of the vacationing public each year. That is clout.

But how that aggregate clout is managed and applied is another matter. In 1806, John Colter, upon return from the Pacific Ocean with Lewis and Clark, turned around to lead two trappers back into unimaginable wilds of the Northern Rockies. A guiding tradition was born and passed on to the mountain man and subsequent guides, based on basics such as capability, integrity, and credibility. This is an inherited legacy that must be protected and guarded carefully.

Most notably, this promise has borne conservation fruit on California rivers like the American, Stanislaus, and Kern where groups like Friends of the River pioneered "the guide talk" and letter writing campaigns to stop dams, such as Auburn Dam. However, the use of guides for direct conservation outreach is most successful when it is carefully synchronized between conservation organizations and outfitters. In an almost unimaginable scenario, one river conservation organization accessed guides to deliver a message that ultimately tried to limit outfitters' access and numbers on the river. Pull plug. End of message.

The underlying reality behind the conveyance of any educational message from a guide to the public is that guiding and outfitting is primarily a function of customer service. If the client leaves happy, then everyone is happy, and some have unfortunately discovered what happens when a client is not happy. They do not need to be right, but they are the customer.

To the extent that a savvy guide can point out both sides of a complex river conservation issue, great, but customer service awareness needs to be recognized alongside basic marketing priorities or there might not be a positive and glowing word of mouth referral that keeps guides on the river and the company in business. Preaching the gospel according to the river can and occasionally does backfire, since not all are on a river trip to be converted. Most are there to find adventure, spend time with family, and simply be on vacation and away from work and home.

The Headwaters Institute is organizationally separate from conservation organizations' and their often noble objectives, although this distinction was not as distinct in the first years of the program, since foundations paid for the promise of river conservation and directly subsidized the cost of paying seminar coordinators to keep admission costs low and to incentivize outfitters to send guides. It worked for a while, but Headwaters Institute learned it could not deliver on this promise without becoming an advocate of its own, which ultimately it chose not to be.

Today, the Headwaters Institute has its own 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status and remains solely focused on the substantive role of providing a neutral, non-biased watershed education forum for professional guides. A fundamental decision was made by staff, directors, and advisors to stay rooted in the outdoor education community where it could provide the most value and service to the guides who attended its varied seminars and their guests.

Our best example of this conservation-education boundary was a decision to not sign a petition seeking to make Wyoming's Snake River a Wild & Scenic River, when in some respects it was a no-brainer that was supported by the vast majority of locals in Jackson. There was some pressure to do what was popular. Instead, through our local coordinator we offered the use of the local "Summit on the Snake" as a forum to discuss the value and merit of W&S status and ultimately, when Wyoming's Sen. Craig Thomas' office decided to endorse W&S status this past spring, they chose to make the announcement at the Summit. Our program was not the news, but its contents were.

Initially derided as uneducatable or simpletons with no interests other than beer, adrenaline, and late night heroics, the Headwaters Institute tested the premise and proved that guides are in fact different than we once were. Most guides are intelligent, educated, and curious (we each know one or two that aren't, but they don't read *The Confluence*!) and often eager to share what they know for the pure joy and pleasure of watching the learning and understanding that transforms their guests' immediate experience and perceptions of their surroundings. What these lessons hold a week or a month or years later back in the comforts and familiarity of home is not our business as much as it is to ensure that guides are poised to maximize

the potential of their interactions with their guests in the present tense of a guided experience, also known as the teachable moment. In that moment, a hopeful seed of appreciation and stewardship can be planted with intention, but it cannot be forced.

The size of the public education challenge may be daunting and so immense as to engender paralysis, some would say it is a Sisyphean task or a faith-based endeavor. When the rafting industry trends are analyzed and one recognizes that senior guides with more than 5-7 years experience are their own form of endangered species, it becomes clearer that the guide-to-guide transfer of interpretive knowledge is fragile and inconsistent. Guide education seminars are an investment that needs to be shared by outfitters, resource managers, and guides themselves.

Ultimately, when teachable moments are not even recognized or they are actively sidestepped by a timid guide the Headwaters Institute has a clear role and mission. Executing that mission is a big task that has primarily centered on the heavily rafted commercial rivers, i.e. Arkansas, where at least some guides are starting out with interpretation as an active component in their bag of tricks, since low water catches up with us all, no matter where we boat. As those guides mature onto bigger rivers and more difficult rapids in Utah, Arizona, Idaho, and the international circuit, they can safely deliver the payload while telling jokes and making a balanced and impassioned case for river conservation. Indeed, it was the deft touch of a guide on Costa Rica's Upper Pacuare that sparked my own personal river education odyssey.

The guides who are attracted by the value of a professional interpretive training demand a training that is professional and educationally stimulating. To that end the Headwaters Institute has stayed focused and patiently tried to reach out and educate each participant of our varied seminars at their personal point of curiosity and expertise. While challenging and far from lucrative, the results are tangible and real and the seminars are often fun and inspiring. Thousands of guides have taken our seminars and become *River Jedi*, knighted with the educational tools to begin interpreting their watershed.

Please consider how you might take the idea of educating guides and personally providing your own leadership in watershed education. If done well, the rafting and recreation industries may benefit and more people who come to rivers for their renewal might someday become a national populace that is watershed literate.

Book Review

Hell's Half Mile: River Runners Tales of Hilarity and Misadventure

by Michael Engelhard

Breakaway Books. 272 pp. \$15.00

Nearly every night spent in the canyons on the banks of this river or that one, a magical thing occurs. Deprived of televisions, radios, computers, and playstations the ancient art of storytelling is revived. These river stories

recount scenes of humor, disaster, heroism and depravity. With each telling the wave often becomes a bit larger, the boat a bit smaller, the bear a bit taller.

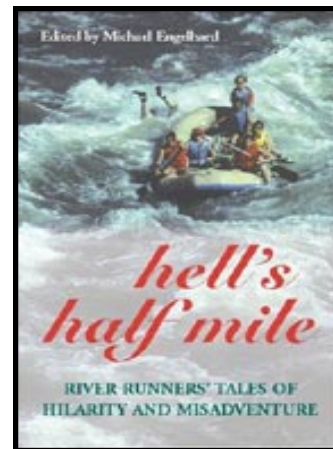
In guide and author Michael Engelhard's new book, **Hells Half Mile**, he has compiled some of the finest examples of this tradition. Some of these tales have been published before, while some are making their first foray outside

of the campfires glow. Some come from the likes of Edward Abbey and Katie Lee, while other tales recount such misadventure (and even questionable legality) as to require pseudonym's such as Eddy Fence. To be sure, this is no inside joke. The contents of this collection will leave everyone from the most experienced boater, to the complete novice laughing aloud and eagerly turning the pages.

On the river these stories are recounted for a variety of reasons. On the first night of an eighteen-day expedition Michelle Murray's lighthearted tale, *Binkler's Butterball*, would serve to break the ice between a group of strangers about to spend three weeks together. Below the Big Drop rapids of Cataract Canyon stories such as Christa Sadler and Dave Edwards *High Water* will remind commercial customers of the skill that was required to "make it look easy". For episodes of forgotten gear, there is Karen Jettmar's *Hell and High Water*, the tale of a river trip in which nearly everything but the boat was forgotten!

In putting together this collection, Michael has done the river community, and all lovers of the lighter side of nature writing, a great service. Putting these stories together is an idea many have had in passing, many thanks to Michael for making it a reality. Whether breaking the tension above rapids at high water, or simply reveling in the glory and mishaps of those who have gone before, this book is a must have for book shelves and ammo can's alike.

Kealan Partlow



Three Poems By Deborah Hughes

LIVING LIQUID

Many people are not aware of the fact that the volume actually occupied by water molecules in a glass of water is very small, perhaps 1% or less of the total volume...the rest can be considered as empty space. Because of this large, empty space, the molecules of water enjoy large movement. – Luigi Luisi, Chemist, from "Gentle Bridges"

I would live like water

Always moving downstream
To satisfy the virginal void
That binds my bones.

As I open wider, grow lighter
I would be sucked and nursed into sky.

I would accumulate, condense
With white grasps then gray
To fall once more through my own emptiness.

I would gurgle and swirl down gullies
That gather the trickles from torrents,
Fill depressions and overflow,
Chase gravity through the lap
Of this liminal landscape
Back to the river.

VIRGA

Leaving lay the heavy,
Carving pseudonyms in sandstone,
Rain gives up to gravity
In its desire to join with river.

Wearing only sandals,
Carrying only water,
I wander down dry washes
In my desire to join with river.

I am just another veil
The river wears
To woo the rain
Into its bed.

FEMME FATALE

Listening beneath the surface –
Gravely voice
Never quiet, babbling, bubbling,
She channels, floats, levitates
Inflated water craft,
2 foot draft.

Reaching flood stage,
Cycling back
Never holding back
Her indelible current,
She moistens, envelops, laps
High water mark
20 feet above.

A search for the spring –
Divining rod –
Never yields her source or depth.
She disappears underground, dark
Cave dwellings
2,000 years ago.

The river,
Never satisfied
To be a lake,
Composes, carves pseudonyms
In sandstone at
20,000 cubic feet per second.

Two poems by Brett LeCompte

Cobble Tales

Like ancient black seeds
clustered together
on high, blond, alien sandstone,
lost cobbles
strain o recall
a jagged, icebound homeland
known as
Mountain.

In hushed whispers
beneath a sun too hot and dry,
they speak of their savior,
a mythic being
of thick, cool, liquid wind
called
River.

The cobbles remember
the pilgrimage:
tumbling together,
smoothing youthful rawness,
collecting wisdom.
They cry,
“Why have you abandoned us,
O’ Blessed River?
Return
and take us into your arms
again.”

Insolent sandstone mocks
the mournful cries
of the odd, rounded Old Ones,
yet also dreams of an afterlife of oneness
with
Ocean.

Sleeper

You first appear
as a distant ripple
in the placid river
stretching before me.

Curious
I row over.
Yet, the upwelling reveals
little of it’s core.
Rock of water?

Forsaking safety,
I surrender
to the powerful current
and enter
the turbulence.

I drop into swirling water
and submerge
and surface,
dazzled and drenched,
happy and scared,
fully alive.

I seek an eddy,
yet the current
tugs me downstream,
There is no return.

Looking back,
the broken waters
catch the sunlight
and the roar chases me
as I drift
away.

River at Heart

There is nothing
ordinary
about this evening

There is nothing
small
about this thin edge of time

of sleepy smiles
tumbling across a sleeping bag
and a river roaring by

there is nothing
ordinary
about this journey

there is nothing
ordinary here
just kisses and carresses and sighs

a few teardrops too
and
a river at heart

Doug Oblak

Four Poems by Greg Trainor

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.

January 29, 2001

Poet's Lyric

Withdrawn from their times persons, not the
same, each with a romance to be wooed or a
whim to be amused, take their hand, cast by
fortune, and play. Not to hide but to seek.

Deep in the tortured canyon realm, a thread of
water too flowing to be wooed or amused.
Stitch lives together and carry each to their
answer sought. A

Poet's lyric, Two's union, a Rower's fancy, a
Father's dream, a Friend's mending, a
Career's ambition.

To find an opening in the punished wall, an
opening almost always in one's own mind,
may be helped by Canyon's rift along water's
thread and fall.

September 8, 2002

Grand Canyon, June 1 -June 18, 2002

Tapping to Time

Some call it the blues
tapping to time in shiny, worn shoes.
Delirious like Bush's "Stingray" mirth,
or sober like Monroe's "My Last Days on
Earth".

Fingers on the mandolin's taut strings
thoughts of heroes and friends they bring.
Visions of canyon water or mountain cliffs,
deep down or lost in the mist.

Whirling feelings or brooding meditation
from twisted fingers incantation.
Soul's earthy connection bound,
or of mind's confusion peace be found.

The minor chord, its haunting shade,
conjuring magic of euphoric plans made.

Journal of Otis "Dock" Marston: Moab To Hite

Diary: March 28 to April 4, 1964

Special thanks to Roz Jirge and the Marston Collection at the Huntington Library.

Note: Brackets are notes from the editor, John Weisheit.

This was a trip done in Sportyaks.

Bill Belnap and I arrived Moab by VW March 27 - space in Bowen Motel - checked in with Bates Wilson - lunch at Arches Café - saw Sam Taylor at Times-Ind - Connie Cauntly [?] - Bill left for G. Jct. to get Buzz - Jorgen Visbak & the Culps ar. about 4:30. Helen Stite & the Arps [?] reported arrival at Apache Lodge in the evening.

March 28

Early breakfast & we were at the dock above the bridge before 9 AM. Tex McClatchy had his 29' MAJOR POWELL and a small Buehler [a jet boat] in the water. Stite, et al were soon in. Connie carried our gear to the docks and it made a good fit on the boat.

Lloyd [blank space] drove the Buehler. We were away about 9:30 with the Culps riding in the Buehler. Just at the Portal the Powell rode onto a sand bar & we were fast.

All passengers finally unloaded into the Yaks & an hour or more of strain & grunting freed the craft. Gene Culp fell & was wet to his waist line.

The riding was cold & everyone covered all they could but Gene's cold bath was a little too much to compensate.

A stop for lunch gave an opportunity to get warm.

We were at the Junction at 2:45 & Tex showed us a Kolb name painted on the wall at LB of Green about 200 yds up from confluence. I finally found the boulder with the other inscription where the DEF and a 5 were very plain.

Tex landed us at Mile 212.8 LB and was on return trip by 3:40 PM.

Buzz napped while 3 of us headed up Butler Canyon [Lower Red Lake?]. A definite trail took off up the left hand wall and approached the wall at the head of the talus - then disappeared. No markers were on it & it was probably a deer trail. We were back at camp about 6 PM.

More than enuf dinner which reduced the worry over bulk.

Easter Sunday - March 29

Cold night down to about 25 with a frost. Bill was up at 4 to build a fire and shift his covers. Jorgen & Bill slept cold but Buzz & I did not suffer.

Buzz had a box of candy eggs to celebrate. Temp was

28° when he got up. There was a 1/4" of ice on the bucket. Sun was welcome in camp at 8:30. Water 42°. Later measures raised some question on this temperature as a noon measure below Rapid No. 2 was 57°.

After much packing of gear we were away & crossed to the 1st Steamer MAJOR POWELL inscription just below the lower end of Spanish Bottom. This sign is one of the largest inscriptions.

A current of about 3 mph carried us to head of No. 1 RB & we ran it after a looksee.

Landing at head of No. 2 RB showed us a course that could be run but we lined 100' RB before running the lower end.

Lunch at head of No. 3. Half way down this rapid on upstream side of boulder 6' higher are faint initials - HW.

We ran No. 3 and landed LB. What is an island along LB at higher stages was now a part of LB with a small pond in the water course.

It appeared that either side canyon at 211.5 or 211.2 could be climbed.

Above the beach at 211.75 and about 2' elev. above the River were the two springs found by Bob Cox. One was running about a cup a second.

No. 4 was easy & we ran its long course.

No. 5 was rough & rocky & we lined it on the right.

We did some looking for No. 9 opp. a side canyon but with no results. Just below on LB were small caverns which could have been Gun's [?] "CATACOMBS".

We landed RB just above a side canyon RB & an S rapid for a fine camp.

This camp was 150' above the head of Rapid No. 7 & we could see No. 6 upstream.

Monday - March 30.

Cool night with some dew but all slept warm having gained technics from the experience of the night before.

We looked over the long S of No. 7 which showed 2 courses. Bill & Buzz ran the course close to RB. Jorgen & I crossed and, after more search for No. 9, we lined 100' of LB and ran out the remainder.

No. 8 was easy. We found more "CATACOMBS" at the head of this rapid LB.

We stopt at the head of the "BIG FLAT" starting above Y Canyon & lunched in the shade of a large boulder. I walked back above No. 8 to search for a McCormick pix [photographer for the Best Expedition].

As we cleared the beach we saw bodies moving on the beach at the mouth of Y Canyon & found Kent Frost & 3 others who had walked down Y. Kent tried out a Yak & was sold.

Rapid No. 9 was easy & while talking with Kent, we recognized the McCormick pix.

Rapid No. 9 had some waves about 5' high & a clear course down RB. I broke an oar lock at the head & thot I



Marston near Cove Canyon (now submerged)
Photo: Belnap's Canyonlands River Guide

was due to get rolled but managed an easy run.

At 206.85 we saw no rock which could account for the Hoover-Peterson tragedy [refers to a boating fatality that occurred circa 1960]. We did not stop & I forgot the A. G. TURNER inscription.

Noted the side canyon at 206.2 LB. The islands shown on the map below 206.85 were gone.

We landed above Rapid No. 13 LB & Bill found the [drawings of inscription] signs which are opposite the down River side of Range Canyon & 30 - 40' above the River. Bill thinks the baloney could have hit one of the big boulders here & this theory seems logical.

There is a chimney in Range Canyon on Up River side which may have been Hislop's route. The bottom of Wide Valley & Range Canyon looks very difficult.

Tuesday - March 31

Night was warmer with slight breeze and a thin overcast. We have had difficulty with the lack of strength of the salt from the fancy shaker & this morning Buzz discovered it was sugar. We had almost adjusted to this change.

[Written at bottom of page: There were passengers with Pat Reilly last year who were highly critical of the food he served. Bill Belknap 3-30-64 Cataract Canyon]

The confusion re rapids between 205 & 204 remains as there is one too many rapids at the stage we are riding.

We moved down to No. 15 which is the point of loss of the Best Exp. boat. We located all of the inscriptions which have been listed. We found a faint R.G.F. near the rk. where his name & date are [written in left margin and circled: "F.G.F. not R.G.F."].

No. 15 was lined & portaged at LB.

The BEN HURT was atop the island at No. 20 & is a complete wreck. The transom was completely gone, the sides torn and the whole hull structure broken near the bow.

We took the left channel of No. 20 & Bill claims a run without getting out of the Yak. There were some brief pauses enroute.

The Hoover-Peterson oar was not seen [a memorial]. Calf Canyon offers no route out.

We ran No. 21 EXCEPT a small section along LB near the foot - lining & short portage.

At No. 22 Buzz liked a course on the left & made a fine rock & curling wave dodging run. The remaining three saw a course along right side which ended as Jorgen would say "DOWN THE GRAND MIDDLE [printed in the left margin is: DOWN THE GREAT MIDDLE]. When we got into it there was a strong drive against a boulder with a cushion wave that worked for me but not for Bill & Jorgen. Bill pulled left & avoided it. Jorgen slammed the rk & capsized. Bill took about 5 gallons & I was awash - praying for the shields that had not arrived. Jorgen ran the boat to shore but it got away and ran thru the riffle which is the lower end of No. 22. I had dropped thru this & was fairly full of water but bailed most of it & recovered the derelict.

We camped on the beach RB where the Kolb's camped when Emery was sick.

Jorgen's camera is wet but seems to be recovering.

Bill found a 2" Leica lens.

No. 22 is in 2 sections at this stage with 100 - 150 yards of slack water in between. This has led to confusions. The SLICED BOULDER is at the foot of the short lower drop & opposite a point about 200' above our camp. The bottom of the lower slice is about 1' above River level.

Correction - DOWN THE GREAT MIDDLE

Losses in the capsizing were Jorgen's cap and an oar which broke the lock.

Wednesday - April 1

Warmer night with occasional overcast moving in. It is overcast & clearing this morning. The Kolb inscription was sighted by Jorgen just above our camp.

There is one shrub on the point LB at head of 22 - none at lower end or at 23.

Wed. April 1

We photographed the Kolb inscription. It was a rather large undertaking for Emery to climb onto the ledge & do this paint job. A Hatch party register was in Hill & Hill bottle atop the milk can.

Rapid No. 22 & Rapid No. 23 each have two sections at this low stage & the Sliced Boulder is at the foot of the lower drop of No. 22.

We lined No. 23 & moved down thru 24 & 25 & pulled in to look at No. 26 when a storm hit hard with rain, wind, snow & hail. I tried to start a fire while the others crawled into wet suits. Bill pulled me into one & the warmth improved the complexion of things.

We took off after lunch. Jorgen & Bill decided to nose & line 26 but Buzz & I took on wet - very wet runs.

We lined the rapid just above Waterhole Canyon & camped upstream from the outlet.

Another storm hit when we were lining & another after we got into camp. The latter one stayed with us but there was little wind & a continual sprinkling of rain.

Thursday - April 2

Could not locate the White [Georgie White] register nor the seam of jet [?]. There was a small wind hole at the plunge pool 150 yards back from the River. There are cross canyons here.

Stormy weather delayed departure until almost 11. A bumpy course invited a run of the rapid below & we all took it on.

Gypsum was an easy lining. Buzz ran most of a bump course LB.

Palmer Canyon was a bumpy course on left side of the island.

Rain & wind stopped us for a fire on RB above Clearwater. There was a site here that had not been worked. Everybody was cold. The rapid was lined by two & Buzz ran his Yak & mine for a sneak course RB. Broke a lock on my Yak.

Bowdie was rough & was lined.

We moved down to camp in side canyon LB about

188. Little wood in this section; a stream is running.

A cave offered some protection. The overcast cleared about 9.

Friday Apr. 3

Rain started again at 4 AM & fire was a problem. Buzz slept in the open & was wet. Rain was not steady but there was no drying of anything. It was difficult to get started.

We noted the cross canyons where Ellsworth Kolb climbed to the top both sides in 1921. Search for the large painted register, the art work of La Rue, revealed nothing to us.

There was a lively riffle at Cove Canyon and the fan stood about 3 to 4 feet above the River.

Search for D. Julien 1836 was successful when Bill sighted it. It was as described by the several observers and showed its age. The observation by second to note it was confirmed. Much photography must have put it in the record by film.

Mile 184 Rapid was very rough & we lined it. The rainy weather made the slide scar very brilliant. We ran No. 44 and nosed & lined No. 45 where a red flood was coming down the creek. There was a sharp drop at the bottom which got lensing for the lining job.

This type of operation proved the worth of the wet suits and Bill's suggestion to bring them deserved the orchids.

We ran the rapids below which were absolutely were plenty lively & added water loads in the boats. Island Rapid had a big island at right & called for a run close to the cliff at left bank.

We noted the Hoover-Peterson painted marker at upper side of Sheep Creek outlet & started a run of the rapid. All but a narrow sneak course at right was a mass of holes about 4' deep and no place for a Yak. The sneak course had two small eddies where the Yak stopt & it was necessary to row out but the run involved no hazard if this course was maintained. Bill landed & ran back to warn Jorgen while I coasted below in event he did get into trouble. He came thru smiling.

We stopped at two warm sulfur springs at Mile 173 RB. In the lower one it was possible to row into the pool of clear, bubbling water.

We camped at Mile 171 LB among the rocks where there was plenty of wood. The drift in this section had been scarce.

The weather couldn't make up its mind whether to clear or not.

Saturday - April 4th

We were up early. It had rained slightly but showed signs of clearing. Everybody kept busy & we cleared at 8:10 on a smooth River running about a 1 mile current.

There were two small sulfur springs at about Mile 171 RB which came from higher up than River level. Stanton mentions a small spring in this area where he camped & Brown came up River for a talk with him [the Frank Brown and Robert Stanton railroad survey of 1889].

We picked up a good current at the Dirty Devil which

had some flow.

At North Wash the riffle gave a good ride & below it, current increased so we were making up to 5 & 6 mph.

At a mile above the airport we greeted Slim [blank space] who was fishing but told us we could not land our Yaks at the strip because of the mud [possible reference to the new reservoir, Lake Powell]. He offered to drive his pick-up down to the ferry & drag our gear back.

We landed at the Ferry at 10:35 & Slim left as Woody Edgill took charge. We dragged boats out & sorted enuf gear to clear Bill & Buzz.

At 11:15 Bill Wells circled overhead & Woody drove us to the strip for taking the Belknap duo out.

Back at the Ferry we loaded Yaks & gear & took all to the store, had a beer - then took a Yak to the strip & left a note for Al Culp.

At the store the Nielsons drove in & we rode their jeep down to the ruin. Just as we left them, Al flew over & Jorgen & I started to walk to the strip. 250 yards below the strip we met Al, his son Gene & a friend, Shelly.

Woody appeared in his truck & we hauled gear to the store, then returned to the plane, flew up over Cat, the Standing Rocks, the Needles, the Dirty Devil & returned to Hite.

Dinner opposite the store & to bed in & out of trailers.

Sunday - April 5th

We cooked bfst. opp. the store and soon Bill drove in with the VW. He had left Moab around 4:30 & hit some snow over the mountain.

We sent Culp, et al off & were about ready to move out when they returned due to heavy rains over the Junction. They then saw us off as we crossed the Ferry.

We stopt in Hanksville to see the Robinson's & Barbara Ekker. Edna knew the Stevens who had run cattle in Stevens Canyon - Albert Stevens.

We stopt at Harry Aleson's at Teasdale for dinner finding Dean Brimhall there.

Over the mountain in a snowstorm put us in Richfield for the night & we reached Boulder City at 2 PM, having visited Juanita Brooks in St. George.

End

Glen Canyon: The Living Heart

A Diary: June 20 - July 16, 1955

by Gus Scott

From a typewritten manuscript translated by Kealan Partlow using optical character software. Brackets indicate editor's comments. The diary makes a contribution to the inventory of biological and cultural information prior to the filling of the reservoir in Glen Canyon. It also has the merit of being a very fine expedition. Gus lives in Prescott with his wife Sandra and visits Canyonlands to enjoy his many friends and the Colorado River.

June 20 - Mile 162.4 RB (Hite): Joy of joys! At last I am on the Colorado again after nearly a year. Last night was spent at Hite after a hell of a rough ride down North Wash late yesterday. We had left Phoenix about 8 o'clock Saturday nite after Robert and I had spent 3 days getting the boat & equipment in shape. Sat. nite Robert & I stayed in the Townsend campground while Dad & John [brother] stayed in Flag. I was sorry it was too late to see Dick [Sprang; artist of Batman comic books from Sedona] & Dudy [Thomas] on way up. We have a hard time tracing the dried food down in Richfield, but find that Selida Hansen had picked it up for us and it is at the Johnston Hotel. I had had the food sent to me c/o Harry [Aleson] in Richfield. We waked several men up who were in one of the tent houses getting in last night. This morning I find he is Jim White and is waiting for a group of 50 boy scouts to come in which he plans to take down Glen tomorrow. He talks to us while we eat and tells us much of Glen & its canyons. He said he was mad at [Elmer] Purtyman about the story which came out concerning his pilfering of Purtyman's supplies when they (he & Georgia [Georgie White]) kicked his boats lose in Grand last summer. He mentioned a proposed run with 30 through Grand this summer when he gets off his 10 day Glen trip. He says he is taking 30 so that he will have taken the largest group through Grand, which will make Frank Wright mad. He said F. W. was already mad at him for some reason unknown to him and had completely ignored him several times on the river last year. He tells me

Harry should be getting off Glen and then plans to make a San Juan run. I also met another man & his two sons who will be going down with Jim & the boy scouts, but whose names I have forgotten. Robert & I pump up the boat & get it loaded while Dad & John swim in the Colorado. The Colorado is said to be running about 30,000 cfs and so is the highest stage I have been on it. Rubin [Nielsen] brings down the book for us to sign. Rubin, Mr. White & his 3 companions. Dad & John watch us depart about 11 o'clock. Dad & John will be going out via Blanding and I hope they have an easier ride than they did coming in. The water is quiet for a short while & then we hit a few riffles. At Mile 160.4 we take in some water when we hit a wave sideways. Twomile is a nice run, but Fourmile isn't much this



Robert Robertson and Gus Scott.
A couple of Glen Canyon explorers looking for a little adventure.

year. At Mile 157.6 RB we stop for lunch. While I check my notes after lunch, Robert collects 5 plants for the plant press. While we drift slowly around the Horn Robert & I take a dip. We drift past the 3 Moki Graneries on the LB at Mile 154.7 or .8 before we realize it and stop at Mile 154.0 RB to get out of the sun & go to sleep. No island here this year. Drift on down to Mile 150.8 LB to look at what appears to be an old placer outfit. Drift down to the "Hermitage" [Bert Loper's cabin] at Mile 150.1 where we hoped to spend the night. Spot a Coot (Fulica americana) on way down. There is a "private" sign at the top of the banks, two trailers by Loper's cabin and a family living in the cabin several hundred feet upstream from Loper's cabin. In '53 no one was living here and there was some corn in the field; in '54 there was a barbed wire fence around Loper's cabin; and this year sev. families are in here and the fields are cultivated. What will it be like next year? Don't go to the ruins on the LB at Mile 150.3 but push off to try & find a good camping place. The riffle at Red Canyon is nice & snappy. We pull in on the RB at Mile 148.9. After dinner 5 liferafts with 9 people float past us. They ask where Ticaboo is and say they plan to stay there for the night. See them land above the rapid. Go to bed early and tired.

June 21 - Mile 149.0 RB: Last night we noted sev. very pretty lizards with a black collar (not true collared lizard) and an orange head. We see them again this morning along with some brown ones, much quicker & with longer tails. We haven't identified either yet. After breakfast we drift on to Mile 148.6 where we land to go up Ticaboo. No sign of the 5 boats that landed here last night. Hike up Ticaboo to remains of Hite's cabin. Stopped at spring entering RB about 2/3 way up. Numerous small fish and tadpoles in pools. Main rock in streambed is andesite [granite from Henry Mtns.]. Chimney and some of the foundations is about all left of Hite's cabin. We look at the two graves about 100 feet north of the cabin. Which is Hite's [John Hite died in 1914]? To whom does other grave belong [John Dehlin, who died in 1934]? Robert & I leave record of our visit in one of the 2 jars in chimney.



"Wheel" at Good Hope Bar

Robert Robertson
Gus Scott
Spending 4 weeks in Glen
June 21, 1955

See Dick & Dudy's record of Oct., 1952. No record of last night's party. Go to see nice group of petroglyphs on rock 200 ft. west of cabin. As we start up canyon meet 7 of the party that past us last night. They ask us to tell the 2 behind to hurry up. We see a location mark on a rock:

LOC STAKE
CONNIE #7
?*00 YDS. EASTERLY
* Not sure if 1 or 4

Another location marker further on:

CONNIE**
#11 | #10
#9 | #8

** Not sure of numbers or order.

About 3/4 mile past cabin stop at beautiful pool where there is an old corral. A woman is waiting there for a man who had gone further on "to look for Hite's cabin." He soon shows up & introduces them as Phil & Genny. They are with the group of 9 and are spending 10 days in Glen. Robert collects some *Physa* from the pool. On the way back we show them where cabins, graves & petroglyphs are. This is 3rd trip in Glen for Phil and he had been to the cabin before but had forgotten where it was. Stop at spring. Robert collects plants on way back to boat & we see a beautiful leopard lizard (Crotaphytus wislizeni). Below Ticaboo on RB we see where party of 9 stopped. Jim White and his party of 50 scouts pass us just below Ticaboo Rapids. Robert & I do some swimming as we drift down to a stop on Good Hope Bar (Mile 144.8). See where road has been taken down to Rincon opposite Good Hope. The river shows more signs of civilization each year. Too bad!! I hike back 1/3 mile up bar to ruins of old cabin where Seabolt had placer outfit. On hike back I find large wheel about 3 ft. in diameter with a chain attached. The cabin (Mile 145.2) which only has parts of the walls remaining, is near the upper end of the bar under a grove of Cottonwoods. Near the cabin are numerous wooden post in ground, a plow, sev. pieces of metal & an irrigation valve under the Oak trees nearby. Collect plant on way back to boat. While I was gone Robert heard group of 9 pass. Drift to Mile 141.8 LB where we stop at Mummy Spring for lunch. Spring comes out about 10' above water line & 150' below large boulders which go into water. Mummy, named after rock formation directly above on cliff, is one of the best springs on the river. Robert collects water cress. Find two cow vertebrae, probably lumbar, & scapula near spring. Stopped at Mile 140.7 RB upstream from canyon to look for petroglyphs Dick gives at 140.6. Find record left by Harry & Art on rock near boat.

H. L. Aleson & Art Greene
May 19 1946 May 1946

We cross canyon but find no sign of glyphs. See Collared Lizard (Crotaphytus collaris). Find 2 Chuckwallas (Sauromalus obesus). Surprised to find them up this far. Decide to camp here for the night. Numerous bats out after sunset. Go to bed soon after dinner.

June 22 - Mile 140.7 RB: Many of the brown, long-tailed lizards near camp. After breakfast float to Warmspring Creek (Mile 136.7 RB). Hiked into Warmspring. Nice pool 1/3 mi. up with fish 3-5" long. About a mile up cleft breaks LB wall. Walked in cr. most of way. Numerous tadpoles & leeches in stream bed. Little over 1 1/2 miles up stream forks. We take left fork (main stream) to pool at end about 2 miles from Colorado - where we swim & have lunch. Pool is long & slender, about 30' x 10', & under dry waterfall. Pool & stream supplied by 200 ft. of seeps around. Shout prezygapopysis and other words which have probably never echoed from these walls. On the way back I go up rt. fork while Robert waits in shade. Ends in 1/4 mile in pool (20' diameter) under dry waterfall about 60-75 feet high. Get to top of waterfall by going up talus on rt. bank. Above waterfall is flat area & then another dry waterfall over which I couldn't climb. Collect plants on way back. At mouth we find 13 explorer scouts from San Diego in 3 7-man boats filling up with water. Spending 10 days in Glen. First time for all 13. Drift past Tapestry & then stop on Olympia Bar (LB) to look at old waterwheel. Above waterwheel is old pipe, ties of railroad track, & wheelbarrow. Further back on bar are more railroad ties, railroad oar car (manufactured by J. H. Montgomery in Denver, Col. USA, shed for car, and a carriage type of scoop. 14 nuts on wire in car, take one. Robert finds sev. pieces of petrified wood. Stop at Knowles Canyon (Mile 134.4 LB) to look for a possible campsite. Find spring mile up canyon on LB hill. Numerous cattle tracks. Decide to drift to Forgotten for the night. See 3 cows on LB hillside. Stop below mouth of creek first & have a hell of a time going thru oaks looking for campsite. We pull boat back to mouth where we camp on right bank of stream. Nice open area for camping but have to cut a 25 foot path thru brush. After dinner go to cairn built by Dick, Dudy, & Harry in Oct. 1952 at foot of cliff to see record of their visit. The following is a copy of the record left by Dick, Harry, and Dudy at the mouth of Forgotten in Oct., 1952. The record is on a piece of Canyon Surveys notebook paper.

To whom it may concern:

This canyon traversed from mouth to head (10 miles+) and return by undersigned Oct. 23-24-25, 1952. For length and drainage system refer to USSCS aerial photo, Symbol COG, 3 - numbers 161 & 149. No map reference can be given since no map known to us charts the course of this major canyon. It is believed our is first complete traverse made. Previously unnamed, we suggest it be called "Forgotten Canyon" as proposed by

Dudy Thomas in 1951.

For further information write: Canyon Surveys, Richfield, Utah, or Sedona, Arizona.

If you hike this canyon please write us details of your finds for comparison with our own, and exchange of information.

Please record your visit here on back of this sheet.

Dick Sprang
Harry L. Aleson
Dudy Thomas
for
Canyon Surveys



Canyon Surveys symbol in cliff above cairn. Also in bottle in cairn was record of Dick and Dudy's visits to Forgotten.

Record of visits here by Dick Sprang, Sedona, Ariz.

Oct. - 1950 - Passed

May 9 - 1951 - Hiked to first narrows

Sept 23 - 1951 - Hiked 1/10 mile past 1st narrows.

Oct 23-25 - 1952 - Hiked to head (3 days up & return)

Record of Dudy Thomas, Sedona, Ariz,

Oct. 1950 - Passed

Sept 23 1951 - Hiked 1/10 mile past 1st narrows & up R. hand fork.

Oct 23-25 1952 - Hiked to 5 mi. of head.

Pard - Shepherd dog

Micky - Am. alley cat

3 visits each

Several Violet-Green Swallows (Tachycineta thalassina lepida) fly over camp. 5 cows graze in open area and more up canyon.

June 23 - Mile 132.1 LB (Forgotten Canyon): Rest day. Sky is overcast this morning so we decide not to go up Forgotten, but rest. In morning we go to look at some fine intricate petroglyphs about 70 feet long on wall under overhang between Forgotten Canyon & canyon at Mile 132.3. Here is old Moki Campsite. Numerous bits of pottery & flint on ground. Two metates in place. Take piece of pottery. Also on wall are some initials: L.H.B., D.E.R., W.B, F.M.G., and E.P. & DS. In afternoon Robert & I go up canyon at Mile 132.3. Sandy stream bed dry except for pools in upper end. Ends in 1/3 mile from Colorado in dry waterfall. Go up over sand dune to ledge (on right bank) where I leave a small pile of rocks. See what looks like wall of ruin on opposite side. Go up sand slide where Moki Steps lead up wall. Go up Moki Steps 6' - fail to reach the top. We return to camp. We go swimming & cool in mud, in late afternoon I take Stebbins [book on reptiles] down to identify a toad buried 1/2" in the mud as Woodhouse's Toad (Bufo woodhousei). More bats out tonight. After dinner we

walk into mouth of Forgotten.

June 24 - Mile 132.1 LB (Forgotten Canyon): We straighten up camp after breakfast & then hike into Forgotten. Wade in stream most of time. About 1 mile up come to first narrows & 8 cows (5 adults, 3 calves) which we have chased up canyon this far. When we come upon them they rush madly past us back down canyon. 50-75' through narrows. Water only near chest until near end where we must swim. Part of tree between canyon walls above us where it was washed during flash flood. 1/10 mile past narrows come to jct. of 2 forks. We go up rt. fork about 1/2 way to end before way is blocked by large boulder. Inner canyon very narrow and slanting with water seeps on both sides. We return to jct. While Robert waits at jct. I go back thru narrows to find way to get on top of ledge of inner canyon. Around 1st bend from narrows get up RB wall with help of sand hill & rocks. Go along ledge 30-50 feet above creek to above jct. Go over Moki Steps enlarged by Dick, Dudy, & Harry above narrows. Continue along on talus up r. hand fork to above place where boulder blocked creek, where I drop to stream bed. Follow bed to box end - 1/2 mile from jct. - where there is a large sandy area under dry waterfall. Return to jct., dropping over boulder, down stream bed. Eat lunch of sardines with Robert. 200 feet up left fork is 2nd narrows at foot of 15-20' waterfall. At jct. are two sets of Moki Steps for getting into left fork. 1st series directly at jct. between two streams is impossible. Second series which climbs r. bank wall just inside r. hand fork are possible. Decide to try narrows first. After wading 40' thru water - swimming last bit - climb waterfall by wedging myself in & pushing up. Few pools above waterfall, otherwise stream is dry. There were footprints to jct. & up r. fork to boulder - no sign of them above boulder or past 2nd narrows. In less than 1/4 mile canyon enters from left. Follow canyon 3/4 mile to box end. Large pool under dry waterfall with hydraphilids. Investigated possible petroglyph on wall of RB in last bend before entry into main canyon. Chipmunk. Back down waterfall to jct. where Robert is waiting, having built dam while I was gone. Head back to camp. Robert collects more Physa (freshwater snails). See beautiful orange dragonfly. Out about 3:30. Rested around camp before large dinner. Flys bothersome. Have campfire & try to get diaries up to date.

June 25 - Mile 132.1 (LB Forgotten Canyon): After breakfast pack up for trip down river. Leave record of our visit to Forgotten in bottle in cairn with Dick, Dudy, & Harry's record.

June 24, 1955

Robert Robertson - Hiked past 1st narrows & way up r. hand fork. Gus Scott - Hiked to end of r. hand fork through 1st narrows and past 2nd narrows to end of first canyon on left. (?) Camped on bar night of the 22, 23, & 24th.

We shove off and have a hard row to try & get across to Smith Fork. Land at mile 131.8 RB. Carry 1 2-gal can & canteens to be filled with water. Stop at large group of petroglyphs on wall at Mile 131.9. Fill up with water at mouth

before hike into canyon. See hidden Moki House on L.B. ledge just inside Smith Fork that Harry mentions (LMOC) [Lone Month on Colorado]. Wall to west of house on brink of ledge. Robert & I continue up Smith Fork about 2 miles. On the way back Robert spots a snake but it disappears in some brush in the stream before we can catch it. 1/3 mi. from Col. R. on R.B. wall see series of Moki Steps Harry records as having seen in 1947 (LMOC). They are on the bend, starting behind the oak trees. Climb them only 25 feet. No sign of Moki Granary on LB 1/3 mi. up Harry records (LMOC). Return to boat with filled can & canteens and drift to canyon entering LB at Mile 130.2. After lunch we start up canyon. Very brushy near entrance on bar. After much work get into canyon. About 1/3 mile in is nice pool with beaver dam near. 3 large trees nearby downed by beaver. Human footprints to pool, not past. From ledge near pool spot Moki Steps on opposite wall (LB). They start from the top of a sand & rock slide & lead to ledge above. Very steep & dangerous. Whatever is on top ledge will probably be new find for whiteman that climbs steps. Continue up canyon in stream most of time. Stream bed dry first 1/2 mile. Many signs of beaver for 1.5-2 miles. 2 miles up Robert spots snake; we catch to try & identify. Pupil round, chin shields, anal plate single, ventral scales larger than dorsal, dorsal scales keeled, caudals entire (?), 8 lower labials, nasal plate divided, 3 post orbitals, 1 pre-orbital, no rattle or pit, loreal, and no prominent vertebral or lateral stripe. Excreted substance similar to garter snake (Thamnophis). Probably same. Silvery-grey color. We follow inner canyon to end where there is a waterfall about 12-15 feet high. Canyon boxes just above fall. We don't climb, but would be possible. Leave cairn on boulder near end. Go up talus 1/3 mile from end to get above inner canyon & on top waterfall. Talus above comes down to rim of inner canyon. Follow around about 1/2 way to top of fall before deciding to turn back due to late hour. However, possible to top waterfall this way. Return to camp at dark. No further sign of Moki. Have large dinner & then go to bed.

June 26 - Mile 130.25 LB (Beaver Canyon): After late breakfast straighten up camp to leave. Prepare record of visit to leave in cairn at mouth similar to that left by Dick, Dudy, & Harry at Forgotten,

To whom it may concern:

This canyon traversed from mouth to head (3 miles +) and return by undersigned June 25, 1955. For length and drainage system refer to USSCS aerial photos, symbol COG, 3- numbers 160 & 170. No map reference can be given since no map known to us charts the course of this canyon. Ours may be first complete traverse made.

Please record your visit here on back of this sheet.

As far as is known this canyon is previously unnamed.

Gus Scott

Robert Robertson

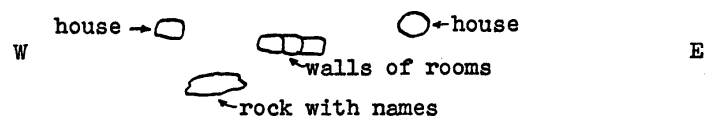
Beat way back through brush to leave record in a Henkell's Sweet Pickles jar in cairn on RB at canyon mouth. Shove off to try & make Burro Bar. Spot Moki Steps up wall on LB at Mile 129.65. Possible to rim out both banks at bend.

Ekkers Cafe, Hanksville, Utah, on RB wall at Mile 127.0. Pass Harry's Concert Hall (Mile 125.4), stop on bar opposite Moki for lunch (Mile 124.9). Drift to Mi. 124.8 RB to hike up on top of bar. River slow below Moki. Bad upriver winds. Stop at Mi. 121.5 RB to go up Dredge Canyon. Note old waterwheel on opposite bank. Signs of motor vehicle recently on bar. Hike into Dredge Canyon (Mi. 121.4 RB). Went up to well-built Moki House just inside mouth on RB. Moki Steps from near house lead to Moki Cave just upstream. Didn't climb. Across canyon are about 100 Moki Steps that zigzag up wall. I go on to top while Robert stops 1/2 way up. From top see dugway leading up RB wall just up canyon. Go back down Moki Steps to trace dugway. Dugway is about 1000 feet long. Built by Charlie Gibbon's crew in 1900 to lower dredge outfit by steel cable (1-1/8") (LMOC). Part of cable still in dugway near top, and signs of where dredge scraped. At top of dugway is old Dodge truck. Harry gives particulars (LMOC). Nice view of Navajo Mt., Waterpocket Fold, & Henries from top. Back down dugway. Several Bufo punctatus in stream. Go back up Moki Steps to photograph dugway, dredge, & canyon. No sign of petroglyphs Harry mentions on LB wall inside mouth. Float past Stanton's Dredge (Mi. 121.5). Slow travel with upstream winds. Nice run through Bullfrog Rapid. Stop on sand bar LB Mi. 119.2. Drift to camp at Mi. 118.85 RB at Hall's Crossing. Hand lain rocks show where old road leads down to tree where we stopped. Find we left shovel on sand bar at 119.2. Go up RB & try to swim across. Half way across decide I had better come back. Must get shovel in morning. Robert proposes Beaver Canyon as a name for the canyon (LB Mile 130.2) we went to the end of yesterday. I would like to suggest that this name be given to the canyon if it is unnamed. Dinner & right to bed.

June 27 - Mile 118.85 RB (Hall's Crossing): In morning find where rats have gotten into dried food & taken Robert's hat. After breakfast unload boat for Hall's Crossing to get shovel. We tow boat upstream around bend & then I row across. Robert finds old ring in rock near boat. Hike back up bar along wall. See MCK, BMC, & 1944 on wall about 4 times. Cowboys? Several groups of petroglyphs - one on each side of oak trees. Flints under overhang. Old Moki Campsite? Man petroglyph upstream after first talus reaches bar. Harry gives 21 petroglyphs on wall (LMOC). Much recent work along wall. Pick up shovel. Spot river party below Bullfrog Rapid. Collect plants on way back to boat. Robert rows back to pick up supplies. Just after we shove off party we saw upstream passes us. 3 10-man boats - 17 members. Decide not to go up canyon on RB Mi. 118.0 (Lost Eden) but get on down to Lake Canyon to get water. Hear 1 motor pushing 3 boats ahead of us. Pull Into Lake for lunch & night camp. River party up canyon to look at ruin. Talk to lady who twisted knee getting to Hite waiting at their boats. Socotwa exp. spending 7 days in Glen. Leonard Grim guide. Ate lunch & then talked to mem-

bers of river party returning from ruin 1 mile up Lake. Go to first waterfall (15') up Lake. Fill up with water at little spring from LB near water line about a block up Lake. See large 2 1/2" tadpole. Nice to have plenty of water again. Hike into Lake to see ruin. About 2/3 mile up see ruin in cave above talus on LB. Continue to beautiful little ruin [Wasp House] 1 mile in on RB where cleft breaks RB wall. Ruin consists of two well built rooms and walls of a third room, Few petroglyphs on wall. Many recent "petroglyphs." See Aleson's record of having been here in 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53 (?) and Dick & Dudy 11-52 left by Dick & Dudy. On hike back stop at ruin seen on LB on way up. Ruin ls remains of wall of large room. Proceeding down canyon find about 10-15 Moki Steps on RB wall just upstream from second waterfall. Steps lead to ledge from top of sand & rock slide. First few steps have been enlarged recently. Didn't climb. Robert collects plants on hike back to camp. Good dinner. Have campfire & try to get notes up to date.

June 28 - Mile 113.2 LB (Lake Canyon): Sleep late among bushes. Have breakfast in sun on ledges. There is a small hand lain rock wall near camp. Has NA 3722 painted in white paint on wall nearby. Pack up boat to leave. Decide not to stop to see 1642 and nearby 1886 on wall opposite Lake because of difficulty in telling exactly where date may be. Hit some nice riffles on ledges below Lake. See 3 Great Blue Herons (Ardea herodias) on wall. Go to right of sand-bar that starts at Mi. 111.1 and land at spring which comes out 10' above the river & runs over sloping rock at Mi. 110.9 RB. Go around to right, climbing a few Moki Steps, and then cut back to left to gain ledge in cave where ruins are. Cave is about 2/3 way up wall & ruins are visible from river. Small house at each end of ruins. Walls of about 3 rooms remain standing in center.



Between house at west end and walls is large rectangular block with many names. Some very old - 1856, 1896 (?). NA 3724 is painted in white paint near ruin. Return to edge of cave where Robert is waiting. We go over to look at long series of widened & deepened Moki Steps leading to top of wall. Decide to climb. Few names on wall by steps. Two main series of steps lead to rim where we go to top of small hill. Wonderful view of Navajo Mt., Waterpocket Fold Henries, & East Lake Canyon country. Nice view of Glen. Return down steps to have fruit punch at spring. Several smaller groups of Moki Steps near bottom. Drift on. See Moki Steps leading to cave on LB wall at Mi. 110.1. Possible Moki Granary or House in cave? See old placer workings on Dr. Shock Bar (Chaffin Bar or Gressman Bar) (LB about Mi. 108.2). Also see ruins of old house below placer workings on bar. Drift to stop at Annie's Canyon (Goldwater) [Barry Goldwater named this canyon after Annie Dodge Wahnika] (RB Mi. 107.7). Eat lunch at spring about 200 ft. in on bend on RB. Spring seeps over ledge in many places & falls about 10 ft. Wonderful! Decide to stop here for the night. Find sunglasses which look like the ones Genny

Schwartz had (Ticaboo). We rest, read, & Robert gets plant notes up to date (34 plants to date). Hike into Canyon. See first Rana pipiens. Waterfall in first bend to left. Pools below waterfall and rocky stream bed make travel slow. Dry above waterfall. 2nd waterfall in next bend to right, pool beneath, Large potholes in next stretch with large overhang on right at end. Around next fall bend stream bed branches. Small spring about 100 yds. up left branch. We decide to return to camp. See large owl. Go to end of large overhang. Leave R & S on floor with rocks, Beautiful walk up canyon with high walls and big bends. When we get back to camp I feel sick and eat no dinner. Robert thinks it's from drinking too much river water, Robert brings equipment in to spring from boat & fixes his dinner. Get to bed late.



Lost in the 50s in the living heart of canyon country.

June 29 - Mile 107.7 RB (Ann's Canyon): Sleep late today & have late breakfast. Very damp where we sleep. Since I was sick last night we decide to rest today. Spend most of day reading Romer's Man and the Vertebrates, The Origin of the Earth, Stebbins, getting notes up to date and trying to keep in the shade by the spring and drink lemonade & cold chocolate. Eat a light dinner and go to bed early. Many bats around camp.

June 30 - Mile 107.7 RB (Ann's Canyon): Eat big breakfast and cook extra pancakes for lunch. Big job carrying supplies back & loading boat. Drift on. Don't stop to see Chaffin boiler on LB bar. Harry (LMOC) gives cool spring water in mouth of canyon on LB Mi. 107.0. Have nice run through "106".

Note old river bed back of left bank near here. Stop to investigate 2 springs LB at Mi. 104.9. Both are hard to get to because of brush and are only good at low water. Stop at another spring 1/10 mile below on LB. Also poor for same reasons. Water is coming out from canyon (LB Mi. 104.65) just below. Probably good water. Note spring on LB at Mile 104.5. Drift on down to unnamed canyon [Wilson Canyon or Iceberg Canyon] entering LB at Mile 101.5. Hike into canyon. Little over 1/4 mile in at bend to left there is a dry waterfall with a large pool beneath. Gushing out of LB wall about 2' up, below pool, is a very good spring. Climb around fall and continue up canyon. There are several other falls above with a few scattered pools in stream bed. Numerous claim markers along stream bed. Staked May 10, 1955, by Malony (?) and Truitt (?) of New Orleans. Stream bed in Kayenta. About 1 3/4 miles up we eat lunch where canyon enters from right. Hike up side canyons to amphitheater at end. See beautiful yellow lizard with 2 black collars. Pool at end supplied by seeps for several hundred feet around with a small stream running out. Rest for a while before heading back. Robert collects plants at end. Decide not to continue up canyon but head back to boat. Stop at spring again. Drift on down Colorado. Don't see Harry's Hanging Valley Bridge [Aleson Arch or Flying Eagle Arch], high-up near Rincon. Spot small spring on RB about Mi. 100.05. Pass pillars at Mi. 100.0 that Powell's men spoke of as

Powell's Pillars. In front of Rincon on LB are 3 men and the helicopter we have been seeing for the last few days. They are uranium prospectors. Ask them if they have had any luck. They say, "It's all staked" with a sweeping motion of the hand. Stop once on Oil Seep Bar (?) (RB) to look for anything remaining from the time when Oil Seep Bar was worked. Not knowing exactly where to look decide to move on. Pull up for camp at Navajo Creek (RB Mile 95.5). Hike up canyon to first large pools. Decide to stay & hike up canyon tomorrow. Have dinner & go to bed after trip back up to pools.

July 1 - Mile 95.5 RB (Bowns Canyon): After breakfast hike into Bowns Canyon. Canyon has large boulders in it with some very nice pools. In little over 1/4 mile canyon divides. Both forks have water in them, but we take right fork--main stream. Around bend pass r. hand fork entering. One half mile further come to nice spring coming out from r. bank. Pass another fork entering on right with large rock balanced on top of wall at jct. Around another bend come to 75' dry waterfall with pool beneath. Find Harry's record on large boulder near end in bottle by cairn.

Sept 30, 1950

Came up from river. Will try to go up talus slope to west, get on ledge, go around eastward & come down on Oil Seep Bar & return to boat at mouth of Navajo Creek, or (Bowns Canyon?)

Harry Aleson on Lone Trip of a month from Hite to Lees Ferry. Record is on cigarette tinfoil along with Kodak exposure guide and box of matches in bottle. Left record of Robert & my visit.

July 1, 1955
Gus Scott
Robert Robertson

Hiked up from river. Also spending a month down Glen. Entire hike up canyon in Chinle & Wingate. Top of waterfall near top of Wingate. Hike back down canyon to camp.

Robert collects plants on way back. Get wash cloth & soap and head back to second pool. Wash bathing suits & self in wonderful fresh water pools. Eat lunch at pools & leave for Escalante R. Many large caves 1/2 way up wall on RB of large bend. Robert sings a calypso as we drift [also *Graf Zeppelin* and others]. Pull up just upstream from Escalante R. mouth (RB Mi, 88.3) to look at names and petroglyph. The following names & initials are on the wall: A. J. Tadge. M. Pictures. Dec. 10 1914; T William Dec 25 1885; R. R.; K. F.; Bering & Barbara Monroe 1946; Ralph Badger 9-22-46; Lou Fetzner 5-1-48; and Frances and Hal Osborne and Brimhall have names & Sept. 6, 1946 on wall. On large rectangular block below names there is a long snake petroglyph that Harry gives (LMOC) as 24 - feet long. Go up to see Harry's personal record of visits to Escalante R. mouth. We drift on to tie up in Escalante R. mouth. Eat dinner. I go up to look at 10-15 Moki Steps, on RB of Escalante R. at mouth that Harry first saw in 1950. I believe they just lead up to the ledge since this was an old Indian crossing. I go over to look at the pictographs on the RB wall (Mi. 88.2) while Robert with a limb, piece of line and a bent safety pin tries to catch some catfish in the Escalante. No luck! Harry (LMOC) gives 21 pictographs on the wall. Most are of human figures in red. There are also a few petroglyphs. We have a campfire. After we are in bed I am quite restless because of some poison oak (?) I picked up several days ago and start to build up fire. Robert tears fire down because he would like to sleep so I decide to try my hand at fishing. No luck. Get to bed late.

July 2 - Mile 88.2 RB (Escalante River): After breakfast went over to photograph name, petroglyph and to copy Harry's personal record of visits to Escalante R. mouth. The record is in a jar at top of talus slope on LB of Escalante at jct. with Colorado.

Jct. Colorado – Escalante October 3, 1950

Following records were copied from original papers which had become brittle in 8 years:

July 7, 1942

1. Camped overnight - Jct Escalante - Colorado Came up from Lees Ferry Boat "Up Colorado." Evinrude Speeditwin. Jack Richardson and Harry Aleson made the trip up from L. F. to San Juan & down to Aztec Canyon. were joined by Betty Richardson. Took Bill Wilson to Music Temple and back to Aztec Canyon. Jack, Betty & H.L.A. went up to Escalante, and returned to L.F.

2. Camped here Apr 2-3-4, 1945. Ed A. Hudson, Edward Hudson, Bering Monroe, Harry Aleson. Came up from Lees Ferry in Boat "UP LAKE." 18 H Evinrude.

3. April 28, 1945. Passed here alone up from Lees Ferry to Hite, Utah.

4. June 1, 1945. Down stream alone from Dark Canyon to Lees Ferry.

5. July 29, 1945 Bea Whittlesey & Harry Aleson. Dark Canyon to Lees Ferry.

6. April 27, 1946. Bering & Barbara Monroe, Georgie White, Harry Aleson. Hite to Lees Ferry.

7. May 1946. Down. Hite to L.F. Art & Ethel Greene, Isabella Kays, H.L.A.

8. Aug. 22, 1946. Down. Hite to L.F. Charles O. Sensibaugh & H.L.A.

9. Aug. 25, 1946, hiked in from Hole in the Rock, via Davis with C.O.S.

10. Sept. 6, 1946, Down. Hite to L.F. Dr. Dean & Lila Brimhall, Hal & Frances Osborne, H.L.A.

11. Sept. 22, 1946. Down. Hite to L.F. Ralph A. Badger, H.L.A.

12. April 1947. Passed here alone, up river from L.F. to Hite.

13. May 1947, Down. Hite to L.F. Bering & Barbara Monroe, H.L.A.

14. June 1947. Up river from L.F. Georgie White & H.L.A.

15. June 1947. Down river from Mi 106 Georgie White & H.L.A.

16. Oct. 1947. Down. Hite to L.F. M.S. Munson, Miles Munson, Hal Marsh, Harry Aleson

17. May 1, 1948. Down. North Wash - L.F. Lou Fetzner & Harry Aleson

18. May 30, 1948. Down Escalante River from Calf Creek to L.F. Georgie White, Harry Aleson

19. May 30, 1949. Down Escalante River from Calf Creek to L.F. Lou Fetzner, Harry Aleson.

20. Aug. 1949. Down. North Wash - L.F. Dr. David Dolese, Patricia Brown, Tom & Mary Courtis, Eleanor Irvine, Paula DeLuca, H.L.A.

21. June 15, 1950. Down Escalante River from Harris Wash to L.F. Randall & Cyria Henderson, Georgie White, Charles Lindsay, & H.L.A. (2 - 7man neoprenes)

22. Aug. 1950. Down. Hite to L.F. Charles Fetzner & Harry Aleson,

23. Oct. 1, 1950. Down. Hite to L.F. Lone Glen Canyon Trip. H.L.A. Base Camp while up Escalante R.

24. Oct. 1951. Down. Hite to L.F. Dr Dolese party of 6

25. June 1952 Down Hite to L.F. Edward Gooch

26. Nov 14-15, 1952 Dick & Dudy & Pard Mick Down Hite to L.F.

27. June 27, 1954 - K K Bechtel, Peter & Jan Walter Haluk Carter Breusing Hite to L.F. Dave Winkler vi(?) Frank & Willard Wright

28. Paul ???? Timmehaus June 23-55. Hite to L.F. Walt & Prex Kammer Don Pellman; Ginny Schwartz Ann Klinkman. Ann Bingham

Robert reads in shade. After packing up we drift down to photograph pictographs visited night before.++ Don't stop at bar opposite to see old Moki Trail or on bar further downstream to note abundant flints (see LMOC). Drift on. Stop at canyon on LB at Mi. 86.3 but decide not to go in. Jim White had told me of ruins in the first canyon on the left past the Escalante R., but not being sure if this is the right one, decide not to explore. Note springs on RB at Mi. 84.65 & Mi. 84.55. Neither looks especially good. Stop on sandbar by spring at Hole in the Rock. See that flood some time since last summer has made several changes in the stream bed. Go up and look at register to see if we have missed anyone in Glen while in side canyons. Apparently we've seen everyone. Eat lunch & rest in shade. Later in

the evening we move up to ledge upstream from camp to read and rest in shade. Have a very good dinner of spam and mashed potatoes. After dinner we unload the boat for trip across river tomorrow and try to get packing better organized. Robert fishes - no luck. Get to bed fairly early for trip tomorrow up Cottonwood Valley. Nice moon up.

July 3 - Mile 84.35 RB (Hole in the Rock): We get up early for trip across river. After breakfast unload boat. Robert rows across going 1/10 mile downstream. We go up thru brush and come out 100 yds. upstream from start of old Mormon dugway. First we go over to look at old boat made of tin and tar used by Kluckhohn in the 20's [1928] on his trip to Kaiparowits and Richardson in '39 (?). The boat probably originally belonged to prospectors [Billy Hay]. It is past the hogan on the bar about 100 yds. downstream of dugway start. We head up dugway into canyon with Robert carrying lemonade & hot chocolate for lunch. The dugway starts off bar on LB at Mile 84.15 and goes over Kayenta ledges into canyon at Mi. 83.9. This was necessary because of waterfall at end of canyon. Old road is hard to follow after it enters the canyon and probably followed the stream bed except for a few places where they had to go around ledges. Come to flatter area on top and go to left of fin of rock to keep from going up box canyon on right. Soon come to another section of built dugway in front of defile seen from top Hole in the Rock. In defile are many Mormon names and dates, most are Jan. 26, 27, and 28, 1880. They are scattered for several hundred feet along wall on left. Few petroglyphs also on wall. We go through defile to sand on top. To the left is a hole in the wall - two holes - one about 25 feet in diameter, the other about 50 feet in diameter. Harry names them One-O Two-O Sipapu (LMOC). Could this have given Hole in the Rock its name? We continue on into Cottonwood Valley. About 1 1/2 miles from where Cottonwood Valley reaches the Colorado R. we go up canyon on left. Canyon soon has water in it. Follow main stream to box end with large pool. water enters pool mainly by seeps. Rest about an hour in shade and climb up talus once to get picture. Robert cuts leg. Return back down canyon to Cottonwood Valley, passing 2 caves. Continue up Cottonwood. About 4 mi. from Colorado come to old corral on right. Little further come to small spring. For the most part the stream bed is dry with occasional pools. Creek soon branches (4 1/2 mi. from Colorado) and we go up the right fork. In 1/4 mi. bends to left. At bend find tree which had been cut long time ago. Mormons? Little over 1/4 mile come to flatter area at end of rock mass between stream branches. Robert and I start to work our way up the wall to our right. Very steep in places but come out on rim just east of large canyon branching from Cottonwood. Wonderful view down Cottonwood Valley to Hole in the Rock. Head for high point where there is some strange black sandstone. Walk about a mile to the SW toward the San Juan. Can't quite see the San Juan but decide not to go further. Wonderful view showing north side of Navajo Mt. and San Juan canyons to south. Grand view of Kaiparowits, Waterpocket Fold, Henrievs ("Little Rockies") and Wilson Mesa. Very Windy on top. Robert's "hat" (T-shirt) which he has been using since rat took his (Hall's Crossing) working fine. Was able to follow route from corral

to high point on excellent air photo of upper end of Cottonwood Valley taken by Dick Sprang flying with Joe Moser, both of Sedona. Head back into Cottonwood Valley. No sign of old Mormon road where we went, could rim out further up on right; however, they supposedly left on RB wall just past defile. Return down canyon and photograph arch, and dugway west of defile. Robert finds nice poisonous plant in defile [*Datura?*]. After we take a while finding boat, I row across losing another 1/10 mile. Robert tows boat 1/4 mile back to camp by taking out bow line and then pulling boat up to stopping place. Long pull! Rest, eat dinner, and go to bed early after a hard day.

We July 4 - Mile 84.35 RB (Hole in the Rock): We sleep late and then pack up boat to leave after breakfast. Robert checks plants and brings botany notes up to date. Leave record of our visit to Hole in the Rock in register in wall of old trading post (?) [Cowles and Hall].

July 24, 1955

Robert Robertson

Gus Scott

Spending a month in Glen. July 3 hiked to end of Cottonwood Valley, over to San Juan, and back.

On wall near trading post wall is JESSE O SPENCER. Shove off. Stop at Mile 83.25 on RB to look at old road-bed [Robert B. Stanton's Hoskaninni Co.] which extends from about Mi. 83.2 to Mi. 83.45. Drift on with bad winds for next several miles. Water in Llewellyn Canyon (RB Mi. 81.9)? No sign of arch [Miser or Jack's Arch] high on LB rim which Dick told me to look back upstream for just before the San Juan R. Stop at San Juan. Start up talus to see if I can get to top to look for inscription left by Bernheimer on top of Kayenta at the jct. Gets steep near the top and since I would have to go a ways up canyon to reach top, decide to return to boat. San Juan seems to be flowing very good. Both S. J. and Colorado very clear for them since no rain lately. Pass Cottonwood Canyon or Elmer's Cone Canyon [Reflection Canyon] on right at Mi. 77.0. Note odd triangle Glen up wall on r. at Mi. 76.4. Stop on right at Mi. 76.15 in front of short box canyon for camp. Start off on hike into Hidden Passage or Narrow Canyon (Goldwater). See first *Hyla arenicolor*. Canyon is very narrow and beautiful with nice water flowing. We go around several bends to first short waterfall. I wade through neck deep pool to waterfall and then we decide to return to camp. Robert collects thistle and I get one of the cliff lizards to take back. Identify him as a Tree Lizard (*Uta ornata*) as we thought. Bad up-river winds at dinner. Find we have left shovel at Hole in the Rock. I work on notes and Robert makes list of pictures to be taken in the Bahamas while in sleeping bags.

July 5 - Mile 76.15 RB (Hidden Passage): After a late breakfast I went to take a shot of Hidden Passage while Robert did most of the cleaning up. After packing up we went up canyon where we camped (above Hidden Passage) 1/10 mile to wash in stream. Rowed across to Music Temple, No water in stream except in a few places.

Rounded bend into amphitheater. Pool and sand cluttered with cans, paper and other signs of humans. Amphitheater not as pretty as many we have been in on trip. On rock by register found following names, initials, and dates:

1. 1871. F. M. BISHOP
- 2, F. S. DELLENBAUGH. 1871-72
3. J. K. HILLERS. 1872-71
4. "W."* C. POWELL. 1871 UM
5. F. S. D. 1871
- 6 J. F. STEWARD 1871
- 7, W. D. JOHNSON
8. D E (?)
9. _ / D (UNN) 1871

* W broken off by members of 1951(?) "Y" trip.

No sign of either Howland or Dunn other than possibly last above. Dellenbaugh said both were In Music Temple. Copy record left by 1953 "Y" trip.

July 22, 1953 page 16

3rd Annual Rainbow Trek conducted by the Phoenix YMCA. Trip made in 4 rubber assault boats, containing 23 people. Trip from Hite to Lee's Ferry.

Numbers are from 1-403 to 20-422; my number 14-416.

Also copy of record left by 1954 "Y" trip.

July 24, 1954 page 39

4th Annual Rainbow Trek conducted by the Phoenix YMCA in 3 rubber assault boats from Hite to Lee's Ferry with 18 people.

Numbers run 1 to 17.

Robert left record of our visit.

July 5, 1955 page 69

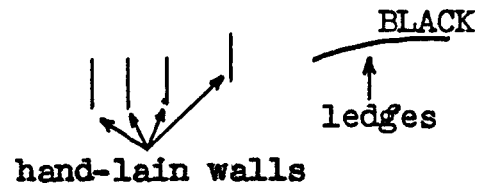
Gus Scott & Robert Robertson. Smallest (!) expedition down the river this year. Hite to Lee's Ferry. One Month.




Klondike Bar: The 1890 prospectors got all the gold!

Plan to climb Navajo Mtn. Studying botany, ornithology, herpetology, malacology & archeology. Hiked to end of Cottonwood Valley, over to San Juan. Wonderful view of Navajo Mtn., Kaiparowits & Henries. Been up 13 side canyons.

Lots of stuff left by human pack rats in register. Take sheet of Socotwa's [South Cottonwood Ward] schedule for information. Return to boat & shove off. Pass Nevills' Mystery Canyon on left at Mi. 73.55 up which "Doc" & I went to waterfall last year. We camped on sand bar opposite mouth with "Y". Round bend and have wonderful view down canyon up Oak Canyon to Navajo Mtn. Pass Dick & Dudy's arch "The Eyebrow" on right rim at Mi. 72.5. Stop (LB Mi. 71.4) just above Oak Creek to look at black rock at the mouth that Marston asked me to check on. Robert finds that it is sandstone with an odd varnish weathering. Take a few samples. Nice run through small riffle at Oak and larger one at Boulder. Nice keyhole glen on r. at mile 69.45. Land at mouth of Forbidding (Aztec) Canyon (RB Mi. 68.6), eat lunch and rest In the shade. There is an outboard pulled up on ledges with passengers evidently up at Rainbow. "Poison oak" has about dried up. Later we move just inside mouth of Forbidding where there are 4 hand-lain walls to look for names and rest in shade. Find JAS BLACK FEB 1909 that "Dock" [Otis Marston] asked me to look for. It is on ledges past 4th wall.



RB-MV 705 has been painted in white paint over most of the name. There was perhaps another name above Black's but it was hard to make out. Also at mouth were several other names, initials, etc.

1.  **KOLB** BRIDGE
2. LUTE C. RAMSAUR
L.A. CAL.
AUG. 24. 22.
3. W. A. RAMSAUR
AND
W W JONES
8/25 - 22
4. E. C. KOLB 30 1?
E. L. KOLB AUG 30 13 16(?)

Nice Mud Sucker in pool at mouth. One of the members of the party at the bridge soon comes around the bend, It's Howard Welty of Oakland. They came up by outboard from Les's Ferry. Spending 4 days. Spent the night at Rainbow. Talk of the river, his trip through Grand archeology, etc. Soon Dr. Howard Miller and Sally Gore (remainder of party) appear. Rest in shade and

then move to camp for dinner. Afterwards go over and have nice talk with Welty, Miller, & Gore about panning for gold, river, outside world, etc. Try to tell them where to find steps in Padre Creek at Crossing of the Fathers which they missed coming up by looking around Kane Creek. Bed little later than usual.

July 6 - Mile 68.6 RB (Forbidding Canyon): Get up early for breakfast. Dr. Miller shows me how to pan for gold and then we help the three of them shove off down canyon. They plan to be back at Lee's Ferry in 8 hours. Load up pack with equipment for climb up Navajo Mtn. over 7000 feet above us. [Equipment list not included]

We plan to spend 5 days on the trip. First day - upper Bridge or Oak Canyons; second day - top of Navajo Mt.; third day - down north side to Surprise Valley in Nasja; fourth day - down Nasja to San Juan, or Oak to Colorado; fifth day - build raft and float down either San Juan & Colorado or just Colorado to mouth of Forbidding. Plan a day of rest when we return. Leave a note for river party and Kent Frost or Don Hatch before we leave.

River Party: July 6, 1955

Did you happen to pick up shovel we left at Hole in the Rock?

Kent Frost or Don Hatch: If you land while we are gone (Navajo Mt.) could you leave names of members of party, boats, dates, etc.

Gus Scott
Robert Robertson

We have a pack to carry and two blankets rolled into a horseshoe, which we trade off since pack seems very heavy. Forbidding is a beautiful canyon and has a wonderful stream which we cross quite often. Stop at large spring in Forbidding just below entrance of Bridge Canyon. Continue through the Narrows where there are some wonderful pools where we cool off. Just on the other side or right (LB) there is a small ruin. I go up to check ruin and find Harry's HLA. Cross over to opposite wall just upstream to look at hand-lain wall. Photograph larger ruin & we go on. Several small, nice springs enter creek on this side and then bed dry. Less than 25 minutes walking time from Narrows we stop at a small spring on r. bank where someone has left a tin cup for the water to drip into. In about 30 minutes walking time from ruin & Narrows we get first view of Rainbow (Marston). Stop at spring on right 100 yds. below bridge for lunch. I go up to register to make notes and get information "Dock" asked me to get.

Present book starts on page 95 with number 3345. Beginning date is April 8, 1941. Earlier pages have been removed. No record on details of discovery or former small book.

1. 3373 Tommy Box 2600 N. Holliston Altadena Cal
3374 L. Allen Box Jr.

3375 Evelyn Box
Boat down San Juan April 9, 1941
Other members:
3376 Hazel Lyman - Blanding, Utah
3377 Norman Nevills - Mexican Hat, Utah
3378 Lynn Lyman - Blanding, Utah

2. Mexican Hat, Utah to Lees Ferry, Ariz. Two boats "Rainbow Trail" & "San Juan". June 8, 1941. Rain & hail storms today!

3430 Rose Montgomery 3828 Amesbury Road Los Angeles. Second trip (2972)

3431 Ervina(?) E. Montgomery

3432 Ernest Ger. Ilg 227 Wapallo Lane Altadena, Calif. "Auagezeichnet(r?)" HOB 1950

3433 Chas. F Hottes 406 W. Iowa Urbana Ill

3434 Eugene E. Blickenstaff Mojave, Cal. Oberlin, Kansas Blending, Utah "Some Culvert"

3435 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat, Utah 12th trip

3. Boat Trip.- Mexican Hat - Lees Ferry 191.5 miles 1 boat "Rainbow Trail"

3598 Mrs. France Q. Wilson. Sr. 1003 N. Buckeye Abilene, Kansas

3599 France Q. Wilson Jr.

3600 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat) Utah

Remarks: Blistered, Walked up from Colorado River, 13th trip Sept. 6, 1941

4. No Nevills party of Oct. 7 or 8, 1941 No N.N. between Sept, 23 & Dec. 9, 1941 3640 to 3677

5. Boat trip - Mexican Hat - Lees Ferry 2 boats - 2 men Left Mexican Hat Dec. 9 1941 will arrive Lees Ferry Dec. 20th Special exploratory & camp site construction trip. Gorgeous weather today - warm!

3676 Preston Walker Daily Sentinel Grand Junction Colo. Water pony (transportation) Great trip

3677 Norman D. Nevills Closing 1941? Mexican Hat Utah Water pony Grand trip!

6. No N.N. May 3, 1942

May 14 . 1942 Boat trip - Mexican Hat to Lees Ferry "Rainbow Trail" "Hidden Passage"

3691 June Chamberlain 823 Nason Street Santa Rosa Cal. A grand trip.

3692 Francis P. Farquhar 2900 Garber St. Berkeley Calif.

3693 Ed Hudson 160 W Ramsey St Banning Calif. Rainbow Trail (T) Satisfaction of a 12 year desire.

3694 Neill C. Wilson 822 Walnut Ave Burlingame Cal. King of river man Norman Nevills.

3695 Preston Walker Daily Sentinel Grand Junction Colo

3696 Norman D. Neville Mexican Hat, Utah

7. Boat trip Mexican Hat to Lees Ferry May 24, 1942

"Hidden Passage"

3702 Sa(y or g)nel MacMeekin 3515 Fillmore. S a n Francisco Cal

3703 Virginia Kass 2714 Clement St. San Francisco Calif.

3704 C(?)yil MacMeekin 3515 Fillmore

3705 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat, Utah

8. Boat trip - Mexican Hat to Lees Ferry 191.5 miles June 5, 1942

3716 Preston Walker Daily Sentinel Grand Junction, Colo.
"Walker's Folly" (boat)

3717 Moulton B. Fulmer 722 W. Jackson Muncie Indiana
"Hidden Passage." boat 2nd trip "swell trip"

3718 Janice Fulmer 722 W. Jackson Muncie Ind. Hidden
Passage boat. Well worth the 2nd trip

3719 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat, Utah "(HPB) 18th
trip

9. Boat trip - Mexican Hat to Lees Ferry 191.5 miles 19th
trip 2 Boats "Hidden Passage" & "Rainbow Trail" June 14,
1942 3724 Annaley N. Redd La Sal Utah Hidden Passage
boat

3725 Chas Redd La Sal Utah

3726 Robert Welles Altadena, Cal. Boat

3727 Carlotta Welles Westbrook Conn.

3728 Muriel Welles Altadena Cal.

3729 Lucy Welles

3730 Preston Walker Daily Sentinel. Grand Junction Colo

3731 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat Lodge

10. Boat trip - Mexican Hat to Lees Ferry June 24, 1942
"Hidden Passage" & "Rainbow Trail"

3742 Edna P. Heringer Mill Valley Calif. and Tiburon Calif
June 24 1942

3743 Lucy Dee Trask La Grange Illinois. Hard but worth it.

3744 Gladys E. Trask 430 Sunset Ave La Grange Illinois.
Boat & foot Boat is best

3745 Arthur C. Trask 430 Sunset Ave

3746 Preston Walker Daily Sentinel Grand Junction Colo

3747 Norman D. Nevills Mexican Hat Lodge P.O. Bluff,
Utah (Slept all night on top of bridge)

#3840 & #3841 Kay & Lorin join party here to go on by
boat to Lees Ferry Lorin to join army Bet those molars got
a workout! 3874

11. No N.N. party of July 6, 1942.

12. No N.N. party of May 24, 1944.

No Nevills party at bridge between June 24, 1942 & party
with Marston on June 10, 1944.

There is a note in the register: "Pages 161 & 162 missing
when received in GRO" There are no names missing in
the register. See Elmer, Bill, Dudy and Dick's record of
Oct. 9, 1951 (7591-7594). Get Jim & Georgie White's ad-
dress: 435 W. Laconia Blvd., L. A. My previous dates here
and numbers are: June 3, 1952 - 7783; July 23, 1953 -
8850; July 25, 1954 - 9727. Averaging near 1000 people
a year. Above the register this is written on the bridge: The
world's greatest natural bridge 309 ft. high 277 ft. span
discovered and surveyed Aug. 14, 1909, and there is a
BM nearby stating the altitude as 3732.61 ft. Robert and I
leave record of our visit:

10747 Gus Scott 1208 W. Rancho Dr. Phoenix, Arizona

4th trip 10748 Robert Robertson Nathan's Point, Hopetown,
Abaco, Bahamas (West Indies). Rubber boat from Hite July
6, 1955 (One month).

After spending a while longer at the spring we head up
canyon. Little over a mile up take branch to left up Bridge
Canyon on trail around north side of mountain. Stream is
dry except for occasional pools and running water. Note
trail entering on right (probably short cut from Redbud
Canyon). A little further trail heads out of Bridge to Oak
and we decide to go back to last water a few hundred yds.
back for camp. Before dinner I climb hill back of camp and
have wonderful view of Bridge drainage up Navajo and
north side. Also good view of lower Bridge and red rocks
above Oak & Nasja. Leave 3 small rocks on large boulder
on top. Go to bed immediately after dinner. Each of us
only has a blanket - looks like a cold night.

July 7 - (Bridge Canyon): Cold during night so I got up
and fixed fire, which I slept by remainder of night. Headed
up canyon early. Went left toward Oak Canyon on trail and
then cut up over Navajo domes toward mountain. From
hill of previous night it looked possible to climb Navajo up
Bridge drainage if we could get to the base of the moun-
tain. I thought it best to go up domes to left in case canyon
had a waterfall in it. Also thought it be best to go up Bridge
rather than Oak which meant going around a large sand-
stone block between the canyons. At first going was easy
but got harder. At one place used rope to help Robert over
steep place. Near end going was too steep and danger-
ous so we decided to go back trying to find way into can-
yon. Hated to lose what looked to be great height. Had to
go all the way back to the trail before being able to gain
entrance into the canyon so decided to go back to last
night's camp to fill up with water. Lose of 3 hours. Headed
into canyon. Walking not bad. Occasional pools. Came to
nice spring at top of the Kayenta before beginning climb
up right bank wall. Up much talus and went along cliff sev-
eral times. Trail very steep, but at all times possible. After
several hours and much rest reached ridge on divide be-
tween Bridge and Oak that we had aimed for. Had lunch
and rested on ridge just above sandstone block. Grand
views of both canyon systems and Kaiparowits. Over 6000'.
In late evening start up climb to top. Easy at first, but gets
very steep. View more wonderful all the time, usually down
a steep talus. Climb. I get very tired and Robert goes ahead
and waits while we make frequent stops. Gets dark soon
after sun goes down so we camp at base of cliff at about
9000 feet. Both of us very tired and thirsty. No wind. After
a little Bonito, Apricot juice and water we build fire which
we hope to keep going all night for warmth and get into
blankets on fairly steep slope.

July 8 - (Navajo Mountain): We managed to keep the fire
going all night between occasional sleep and thereby kept
warm. Get up before sun on Navajo and with only a sip of
water head up the mountain. We have less than a cup
each of water left. Because of this and the difficulty of go-
ing down the north side we have decided to return to the
boat via Rainbow Lodge and War God Spring on the south

slope. By going to the left and then up, the cliff wasn't as difficult as we thought it would be. Above the cliff it is leveler for a while and then we hit a large talus. We go up the talus several hundred feet and then reach the crest about 9600 feet. We are near a high point on the crest on a ridge that runs west from the true summit. Grand view south, west and north. Can see White Mesa, San Francisco Peaks, Kaibab, Vermillion Cliffs, Boulder Mt., Kaiparowits, Henries (Little Rockies), etc. Many interesting buttes & outcrops of Cummings & Kaiparowits in lower river. We follow ridge to high point that faces north. Horseshoe tracks and other signs of man. I go to viewpoint on north slope to get photos. Wonderful view down on maze of canyons very hard to follow. Rainbow Bridge easily seen in Bridge Canyon. Kaiparowits is 2500 feet below. After trying to follow the many canyons we walk through a forest of pines, firs, spruce & aspen toward the top. Many interesting plants and birds on top. Robert picks up a piece of rock which looks like it may be a fine-grained andesite although no igneous rock is supposedly exposed on this laccolith. The top is an open area where trees have been cleared out. Dakota sandstone on top - no sign of Carmel or Entrada on north slope; little Morrison. Good view of Monument Valley to the east and Paiute Canyon system to the south, but no view of canyons to north. Top is 10,354 feet, river at mouth of Forbidding was 3235 feet which means a climb of 7119 feet or 1 2/5 miles. We find trail down south side of mountain and have lovely walking through the forest. Descend steep switchbacks in juniper to bench little over 8000 feet. In open area below we lose trail and head toward likely looking canyon. Find a trail by canyon. Follow trail SW down canyon, believe we have missed War God - too far west. Very thirsty. Trail leads to spring which Robert spotted by seeing sedge or rush (?). Spring is probably 2 mi. SW of War God. We drink lots of water & rest several hours in the shade. Decide rather than stay here for the night to head for plain below or Rainbow Lodge. See car on road to Lodge below. Follow down canyon, which is very easy in our present physical and mental condition after water. On plain we find horse trail which probably leads to War God around mt. We hit road and very soon are at

Rainbow Lodge. There are 3 uranium prospectors there who give us cold water & 3 lbs. of wonderful peaches. We could not arrange anything nicer after a climb up Navajo. They are Glen Wenz, Jack Butts, and Wright. 2 are still out down at the bridge. They have two trucks, a jeep and a plane. Very good equipment and a nice camp. We sit around and talk for a while. Soon John Erickson comes in with his father, Dr. Erickson, in Horse Canyon. He eats and then takes supplies back to Horse Canyon where he will stay the night. All are from the bay area. Later we listen to a radio to get news of the outside world. Nothing but rumors of war, etc. as usual. Sleep on level area back of Lodge burnt 5 years ago.

July 9 - (Rainbow Lodge): Got cold during the night so I built fire to keep warm by. Robert & I up early and had hot chocolate. When prospectors get up they insist we have breakfast with them. Grand meal! Don't see arch on Cummings. The Dr. & son John come in from Horse. We talk of plants and animals while they eat. They have caught a beautiful Collared Lizard. The Dr. is quite a character. Safeway. We finally have to go, hating to leave these good companions. Hope they have luck in their prospecting. Nothing on Navajo. Make good time as we pass the three canyons before Cliff. Stop at top of Cliff - Yabot Pass. Down to First Water where we rest. Yabot Pass only stop. Find gastropod shell with an arthropod in it in stream. See several Moki Steps up RB wall - one near stream. Probably not new find since many people have gone this way. Pass man & woman from Tacoma, Washington & give them salt the Dr. gave us to give them. There are two hogans at the end of Cliff where you turn through Redbud Pass. Also arch. Stop to look at petroglyphs & pictographs [Bernheimer's Painted Rock camp] on wall back of hogans. Some very good. Through Redbud to water in r. canyon. Continue along making good time to Rainbow. Note several horses up by old camp. Talk to horse wrangler at register. Go down to spring [Echo Camp] & talk to boy from Illinois in with National Geographic group. Ralph Grey(?) and Parker(?) soon come to spring. They are covering the bridge by horse after having been up with Art Greene. They

leave in the morning. Learn that the first part of the register is with the ranger at Navajo Nat. Mon. at Betatakin. They leave to go back for camp. Sleep near the bridge under a juniper. No wind - warm & nice. Bridge very pretty in the moonlight.

July 10 - (Rainbow Bridge): After breakfast go over to look at register. See that we have just missed Don Hatch and party, which was here yesterday. Take down names of his party.

Eggert - Hatch River Expedition

Green River, Wyo - Temple Bar, Lake Mead
June 11, 1955 - to here on July 9, 1955
10769 Charles Eggert
10770 Alden Galloway
10771 Anthony Tuttle



This exploring is tough work!



The register at Padre Creek

10772 Bruce Lium
10773 Don Hatch
10774 Frederick Wood

Don Hatch's address is: 1278 Driggs Ave., SLC. Get name and address of the Dr.: Ralph E. Erickson, Box 445, Kentfield. Calif.

Got name and address of member of party we saw on June 20 & 21 (Ticaboo) to see if glasses found in Ann's Canyon were Genny Schwartz's. Walter F. Kammer, M.D., 1005 W. Parkway, Muncie, Indiana. Left record of Robert and my visit.

10775 Robert Robertson Nathan's Point, Hopetown, Abaco, Bahamas (West Indies)
10776 Gus Scott 1208 W. Rancho Dr., Phoenix, Ariz.

On return to boat after hike up n. side Navajo Mt. & back via Rainbow Lodge July 9-10, 1955.

Go back to spring for a while before we take off down canyon, We stop in the Narrows for fruit punch and a delightful hour or so swimming in the many nice pools. There is an oil seep at the large spring at the Narrows. Nice walking back down Forbidding passing many large pools. At camp are six cans of sausage and note left on cans by Don Hatch.

You may keep this sausage if you want. We think it's terrible stuff! Read "ingredients" first. Or just throw in the river! We all wish you an exciting and safe trip.

Don Hatch

He also left names of members of party.

From Green River Wyo. to Lake Mead Low H2O
Don Hatch SLC. Utah
Bruce Lium
Tony Tuttle - Mass.

Fred Wood - Conn
Charles Eggert - N.Y.
Cid Sumner - Mass.

On note about shovel he wrote, "Didn't see one." on checking the boat we find the shovel in the front compartment. We go around by hand-lain walls and spring to rest & read. Get photograph of "BLACK" for Marston. Later go out to put boat back in water. Boat was high and dry when we arrived due to rapidly falling water. Have to unload first. After dinner it gets very windy and much sand is blown around. Very nice to be back on river again, almost like being home. Go up canyon a ways to get rose. During the night we are awakened by a few drops of rain.

July 11 - Mile 68.55 RB (Forbidding Canyon):

Sleep late and then breakfast. Open up 1.5 lb. can of sausage Don left. Robert eats very little and doesn't like it; I eat quite a bit and save rest for lunch. Fill up with water and pack up boat to leave. Shove off and Robert rows to opposite shore. On wall (RB) opposite mouth of Forbidding is RAINBOW BRIDGE T C WIMMER. Was Wimmer member of '21 survey party? Nice run through riffle. Stop on RB at Mile 67.6 to go up canyon on right at 67.8 [Cascade Canyon]. From Dick's river maps I had taken down that there were ruins in this canyon in last bend on right (river map). We go to mouth but find no ruins right at the mouth. Evidently the ruins are a little further up canyon but we decide not to go since would have to walk through pool difficult to get down to. Drift. on to stop in beautiful glen on r. at Mi. 66.6 which has a narrow opening. We take short walk to end where there is a pool with seeps around. Eat lunch. Air photo taken by Dick of the two canyons (Mi. 66.5 RB and Mi. 66.2 LB) [Driftwood and Cathedral Canyons] just below here is very good. Drift to a stop (Mi. 65.25) on Klondike Bar (Mi. 65.1 - 65.9) (?) to pan for gold for a photograph. I believe there is a step trail coming down to Klondike. No color in pan'. Water in canyons on left at Mi. 64.2 and Mi. 63.5 [Little Arch and False Entrance Canyons]. Winds have been very bad all day but they get worse and travel is very slow. I row and then Robert rows. See ruins on RB at Mi. 59.4, which Dick had told me about. They are in two groups, one building looking to be in good condition. Pull in canyon [Grotto Canyon] on left Mi. 67.8 for camp opposite Wildhorse Bar. The "Y" ate lunch here in '53 and '54. Canyon has water in it. As in nearly all side canyons in Glen there is a sand bar at the mouth cut with a small stream. Fix dinner and go to bed early with some hot chocolate. Good ideal

July 12 - Mile 57.8 LB (Wildhorse Bar): Up late and go into the canyon to get water. See green Piper flying around which may be Glen's. Get early start down river. Quick run to Rock Creek. Stop (RB Mi. 55.75) to look for ruins and petroglyphs. Glyphs are just back of where we stopped, also some pictographs. On wall is NA 2689 and RB-MV 715 in white paint. Follow along wall to cave (Mi. 55.8) where there is a small ruin. Mainly a few low walls remain-

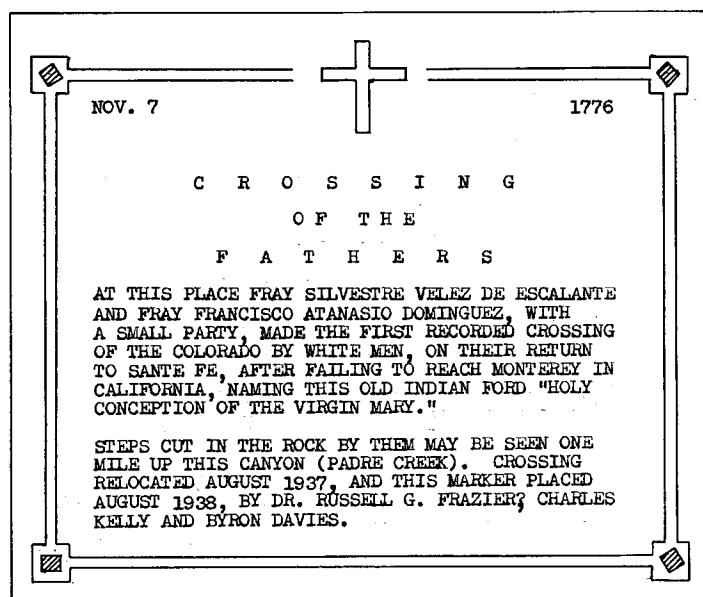
ing. Metate in place. On rock is NA 2691 and RB-MV 716. Were these ruins, glyphs, etc. along the river cataloged? Be very nice to have list. We search along the wall toward Rock Creek for hackberry (7) bush back of which I believed Dick's river record was, but we didn't find. Water in Rock Creek. Several rocks across river. Slow run down to West Canyon. Beautiful Snowy Egret (Egretta thula). Fast run to Last Chance. Water in Last Chance. We camped on RB Mi. 48.4 in 1953. Slow run next 1.5 miles and I go to sleep. See window high up on LB rim. Window is on LB of canyon which enters opposite upper end of Meskin Bar on the back part of butte which sticks out here. Approximately Mile 45.5. High up near top of mesa in large cave (app. Mile 46.0) looks like a ruin. Very hard to tell through binoculars. Chances are very great that it is not. Face Canyon (RB Mi. 44.4) has water. Camped on sandbar (RB Mi. 43.5) in 1954. Pull into back water of Kane Cr. for camp. Water in Kane is muddy. Eat dinner and then Robert and I climb up the hill toward Padre to look at view. Many buttes stick up around. Nice view up river. Many sand bars in river. Fix air mattresses, which have been going flat this last week, when we get back to camp. Have Mormon Tea (Squaw Tea) just before we go to bed.

July 13 - Mile 40.55 RB (Kane Creek): After breakfast drifted to Padre Creek (RB Mi. 39.95) which is the "Crossing of the Fathers" and not Kane Creek as it is marked on the river maps. Go up canyon, Mouth of creek is muddy. Canyon makes right turn 1/2 way to steps. Nice flow of clear water in the creek. Several oil seeps. Steps cut by Escalante party are on RB little over 1/4 mile up. Robert registers in book left by Harry and Encinata(?) scout group by cairn at start of steps.

1119 Gus Scott 1208 W. Rancho Dr. Phoenix, Arizona
1120 Robert Robertson Nathan's Point, Hopetown, Abaco, Bahamas (W. Indies)

One month from Hite by rubber boat. (?)

We go up steps a short ways to a second group. Steps very poor, Moki better. We go up canyon thinking there



may be more steps entering canyon, but since it opens up and wouldn't seem too difficult to enter we return down steps to boat. Robert lets boat down to plaque placed by Frazier, Kelly, and Davies, which I photograph and copy. Slow run as we drift to Labyrinth Canyon (LB Mi. 35.45) for camp. Do much swimming on the way. Rest in the shade before heading up canyon. Canyon soon branches, we go up r. fork. Canyon ends shortly under slight overhang with pool beneath. Both Jim White and members of Nat. Geographic had told us not to miss Labyrinth. Grey of Nat. Geographic had said it was a beautiful amphitheater with walls 1500 feet high rising straight above. Not believing this to be the case for several reasons we check the river map, which shows the highest point to be seen in the amphitheater to be only 480 feet above the river. However, not being satisfied I decide to do some triangulating with an old compass and pencil Robert found. With boy scout compass and pencil Robert & I measure angle to high point and then by going 100 feet back from first position take second measurement. First angle = 47°; second angle = 41°. All measurements taken from height of 5 feet. See figures [Not included. Calculate height at 464.3 ft.].

While there is no doubt considerable error in this method, we still do not get a cliff of 1500 feet. We go back and head up main branch. See first Spadefoot (Scaphiopus hammondi). Go through narrow place in canyon, which seems very narrow first time through. Opens up again. Come to narrow place, which goes up about 100 feet. Enter. Pass under several large boulders and follow fault line. Canyon turns to right. Canyon is only shoulder width in places and can see only a small slit of light above and none in spots. Slit enters on right and then left. Very wierd traveling in narrow slot. Tiring since we have to lean against the walls most of the time but not difficult. We are near Arizona line. After about 1/2 mile of very slow traveling come to "open" area and decide to return. Sorry we didn't get to end. Have big dinner and get to bed early.

July 14 - Mile 35.45 LB (Labyrinth Canyon): Get up very early and off to early start. Robert fixes up the tarp over the middle compartment so we have some shade. Stop at Warm Creek (RB Mi. 27.8) to get some water. Robert goes through window and when he steps on "solid" stream bed goes in the mud up to his hips, water cans and all. Decide to wait and get water at spring at Mile 20.85. We walk over to Goldwater's inscription on the wall (RB Mi. 27.75).

ARIZONA WELCOMES YOU / UTAH

See Harry's record just to left.

HLA
7-42
2-45
4-45
6-45
8-45

Drift on to wonderful spring that gushes out near water line on the RB about Mile 20.85. Spring hard to spot.

Marked with cairn and "WATER" written on rock. Fill up with water. Eat lunch while drifting. Camped on RB Mi. 18.7 in '54. Stop at Galloway's Cave (Nevills' Outlaw Cave)(RB Mi. 17.?). In cave is:

N GALLOWAY
JAN 6 1894
1894
OC 25 1897

Oldest name is C (?) WRIGHT, ?E? 23, 1893. Also W W JONES, Aug 19, 1922, and "THIS EQUIPMENT BELONGS N. D. NEVILLS PLEASE LEAVE AS FOUND." Several 1931 dates and more recent. Wonderful collection of lizards in and around cave - Chuckwalla, Holbrookia, etc. Cave rather spoiled by humanity. Stop at Wahweap (Sentinel Rock) for camp. Windy around dinner. After dinner go to look at names back of Sentinel Rock. There is BERT LOPER 07 08 11 12 21(3) 32(?) 39 44 47 48. Also FRAZIER '34-'37, KELLY '32-'37, and DAVIES '37. Go to bed early and talk about genera, etc.

July 15 - mile 16.65 RB (Wahweap Creek): Up early. Fix breakfast and shove off. We read Romer - trying to learn out vertebrate classification, and swim while we drift. Robert has fixed up another awning with the tarp today. It is over the front compartment and 1/2 middle compartment which works much better than the previous top since you can row. Still fairly early we stop at a spring LB Mi. 8.4. A little muddy near the water and hard to get to but spring very good. See mullein. Robert collects numerous plants to my joy. Drift on and about 1 get to sandbar (RB Mi. 3.05) where we plan to camp tonight. Rest in shade and try to get notes up to date. Start to fix dinner. Big wind comes up which blows sand off bar everywhere. Collect pans that have blown into the river, put food in the waterproof bags, and Robert and I sit it out under the tarp in the boat. Much sand with a few drops of rain. Robert gets out to pull up boat once. After 60 minutes it calms down enough so we think we can cook dinner. Find mashed potatoes ruined by sand entering waterproof bag. Get fire going when gust of wind comes up blowing sand in Spam and pans, paper, & salt in river. Grab Spam, new batch of mashed potatoes, peaches and head for boat after securing things. Robert cleans sand off Spam and we eat in boat. Many black clouds above and windy but no rain. After 30 minutes it's calm again. We clean up and prepare sleeping bags. Take walk along beach. This is our camp 21 and last night on the Colorado under the stars. This month river trip cost about 65¢ each in food per day. Get to bed late under a clearing sky.

July 16 - Mile 3.05 RB: After a late start clean up camp and away we go. Pass spring

on left bank at Mi. 2.4. See beautiful Yucca on RB. Duck Bob. Pass under river gaging wire over - river. Sev. houses on right. See old boiler of boat used to carry coal to Lees from Warm Creek in mud. Pass another wire. Pull up under large tree opposite old Lee's Ferry Fort and unload boat. Take some equipment to top and rest in shade. Lunch. Robert and I walk down to look at the Paria Rapid. Bigger than anything in Glen. Would like to run it. Perhaps John would like to go. Just as we start to go back a car comes over the hill, a honk and a yell. It's John Ross. Drive back to fort and start bringing equipment to station wagon. After packing we swim for the last time this year in the Colorado, dress, and leave for the Grand Canyon. Stop at Art Greene's for tire. Dinner at Cameron. Spend the night at the south rim camping ground. Fix John a river breakfast the next morning. Robert disappointed in Canyon after view from Navajo and commercialization. Stop at Yavapai for lecture and Naturalist Workshop before leaving for Phoenix.

EQUIPMENT FOR RIVER TRIP [list not included]

COLORADO RIVER RUN-OFF

AT LEE FERRY 1955 [truncated]

June 20	28,400 cu. ft./ sec.
July 1	18,900 [cfs]
July 16	7,111 [cfs]

End

GRAF ZEPPELIN

One Sunday morning I chanced to hear,
a rumbling and a tumbling in the r'atmosphere.

One Sunday morning I chanced to hear,
a rumbling and a tumbling in the r'atmosphere.

a'ratmosphere.

People were flocking everywhere, gesticulating, and gazing,
and pointing in the air. T'was the Graf Zeppelin,
which had come to pay a visit to Trinidad.

I gazed at the Zeppelin contemplatively,
and marvelled at man's ingenuity.
The roaring of the engines were all I heard,
as it floated in the air like a giant bird,
and in between;
as the mighty airship. The pilot, and the sailors,
and the passengers were seen. They were waving little flags,
which they had. Paying a visit to Trinidad.

I gazed and acknowledged him back to me,
how wonderful the work of man can be.
To see that huge object in the air,
maintaining perfect equilibrium in the r'atmosphere,
wonderfully. Beautifully, gloriously, decidedly
defying all the laws of gravity,
was the Graf Zeppelin which had, come to pay a visit to Trinidad.

As I gazed at the Zeppelin, something touched me hand.
I turned and saw an old decrepit, poorly man.
He said to me, he pointing at the Zeppelin,
"Massa can you tell'm what is dat ting,
it is too hard for me to understan at all,
he no have no ting or limb - - - - ,
and still he never passed.
He was speaking of the Zeppelin,
which had come to pay a visit to Trinidad.

Status of the Campaign To Decommission Glen Canyon Dam

by John Weisheit

The 20th century has been noted in many scientific papers, concerning the study of tree-rings (dendrochronology) and the reconstruction of the historic flow regime for the Colorado River, as the wettest century of the past millennium. Other papers cite the present drought of the Colorado River basin, which began in the fall of 1999, is not the most severe drought on record. Even the surprisingly dry year of 2002 pales in the comparison.

The big reservoirs behind Glen Canyon and Hoover Dam continue to draw down. Now, besides impacts to endangered fish and to our federal reserve lands such as the Grand Canyon, human cities and farms are at risk.

It is possible that the reservoirs will refill. But looking forward to such an occurrence is irrelevant because in terms of measuring of Colorado River time in decades and centuries, the river will behave statistically as it has for the last millennium. Climate change, as scientists have forecasted, will increase the odds that the Colorado River will become less productive on the supply side. And if climate change doesn't stress the system, then human growth in metropolitan cities surely will. And then comes the bigger reality: the dams will need to be decommissioned because they are old or water storage has been replaced by sediment storage.

Decommissioning isn't a choice and it never was. It is something we have to deal with and it has to become part of the management plan for the users of the Colorado River. This is why the campaign to decommission Glen Canyon Dam is legitimate and this is why it will continue.

Right now the Bureau of Reclamation is performing an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) on the operations of Glen Canyon Dam and Hoover Dam. The only proposal that addresses the need for long-term management was submitted by the staff of Living Rivers. The document is called "The One-Dam Solution" and has 70 citations.

I recommend that you read this report (and the others) and get ready to provide comments yourself when the Draft EIS comes out sometime at the end of 2006. Please visit these web pages to download the comments that were submitted during public scoping. The EIS is called "Shortage Criteria" or more succinctly, the Development of Management Strategies for Lake Powell and Lake Mead Under Low Reservoir Conditions. Here are the downloading urls:

<http://www.usbr.gov/lc/region/g4000/strategies/list.html>
<http://livingrivers.org/pdfs/TheOne-DamSolution.pdf>

Following is the letter written to BoR by Living Rivers and Colorado Riverkeeper with the support of 144 groups both non-profit and profit (200 groups support a Glen Canyon Dam Supplemental EIS).

November 30, 2005
Mr. Bob Johnson
Regional Director
Bureau of Reclamation, Lower Colorado Region
Attention: BCOO-1000
P.O. Box 61470
Boulder City, NV 89006-1470

Mr. Rick Gold
Regional Director
Bureau of Reclamation, Upper Colorado Region
Attention: UC-402
125 South State Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84318-1147

Dear Mr. Johnson & Mr. Gold,

Living Rivers, Colorado Riverkeeper, and the 144 undersigned organizations submit the following report, The One-Dam Solution, as scoping comments for the development of management strategies for operations at Lake Powell and Lake Mead, on the Colorado River, under low reservoir conditions.

With current demand for Colorado River water nearly at the river's historical annual flow of 13.5 million-acre feet (MAF) and rising, and government-sponsored scientists anticipating average annual flows to decline 18 percent by 2040, the prospect of ongoing low water conditions for Colorado River reservoirs is a near certainty. The average flow of 60 percent into the system for the past six years is firm evidence of this.

For more than 25-years, government scientists and administrators have warned that shortages would be occurring now. This action is the first to reexamine the flawed operational strategies that have been in place as far back as 1922 when the Colorado River Compact allocated 11 percent more water than the Colorado River has to give.

Reexamining these two reservoirs is critical, as they constitute more than two-thirds of the system's storage capacity, which with declining inflows and increased demand are proving excessive.

Meanwhile, these two reservoirs can cause the loss of upwards of ten percent of the river's average annual flow due to evaporation—valuable water for critical habitats and water users downstream.

Furthermore, the challenges facing the future operations of these reservoirs go beyond water allocation and storage inefficiencies. Sediment entering Lake Powell will eventually compromise Glen Canyon Dam's safety. Despite recent warnings that this could happen sooner than the 40-year-old estimate of 2060, there has been no comprehensive monitoring or analysis conducted to address this inevitable problem.

Lastly, despite more than \$200 million already spent, no gains have been made to restore the critical habitat for endangered species in Grand Canyon National Park impacted by Glen Canyon Dam's operations. The mandates of the Grand Canyon Protection Act and the Endangered Species Act in particular are being ignored to maintain Lake Powell even though it is proving to be both wasteful and

unnecessary for water storage.

It is therefore critical that the Bureau of Reclamation broadly reexamine the operations of these facilities in accordance with preparing an Environmental Impact Statement to address the following:

- 1) Pursue transfers of Lake Powell and Lake Mead storage to groundwater aquifers.
- 2) Develop a sustainable sediment management program for Lake Powell and Lake Mead.
- 3) Determine the costs and benefits of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam to restore natural flows through Glen and Grand Canyons.
- 4) Identify new water allocation guidelines to reflect the amount of water the Colorado River actually provides, how it should be distributed and what amounts are needed to protect critical habitats in Grand Canyon and elsewhere.

A water management crisis is looming on the Colorado River. The federal government, as Water Master, has the responsibility to help avert this. Most of the issues addressed in the attached report are not new, but continuing to ignore them will only worsen the impacts once the crisis arrives.

Thank you for the opportunity to submit these comments. We look forward to assisting the Bureau of Reclamation in developing this Environmental Impact Statement concerning the protection of water resources from the Colorado River in times of shortage.

Sincerely yours,
John Weisheit
Conservation Director, Living Rivers
Colorado Riverkeeper

Attachment: The One-Dam Solution
Submitted July 26, 2005 at Henderson, Nevada

On behalf of the following groups:

A Critical Decision, Alabama Environmental Council, Alaska Coalition, American Wildlands, Animas Riverkeeper, Appalachian Forest Coalition, Audubon Society of Greater Denver, Ballona Institute, Black Warrior Riverkeeper, Blackwater/Nottoway Riverkeeper, Bluewater Network, Boulder Regional Group, Buckeye Forest Council, Californians for Western Wilderness, California Save Our Streams Council, Casco Baykeeper, Castle-Crown Wilderness Coalition, Center for Biological Diversity, Choqueyapu Riverkeeper, Citizens of Lee Environmental Action Network, Citizens Progressive Alliance, Coalition for Jobs and the Environment, Coastal Law Enforcement Action Network, Cold Mountain & Cold Rivers, Coloradans for Utah Wilderness, Colorado Plateau River Guides, Colorado White Water Association, Columbia Riverkeeper, Conservation Northwest, Coosa River Basin Initiative, Devil's Fork Trail Club Dogwood Alliance, Earth Action Network, Ecology Center, Electors Concerned about Animas Water, Endangered Habitats League, Erie Canalkeeper, Flagstaff Activist Network, Forest Guardians, Forest Watch, Forests Forever, Foundation for Global Sustainability, Four Corners School of Outdoor Education, Free the Planet, Friends of Living

Oregon Waters, Friends of the Animas River, Friends of Blackwater Canyon, Friends of the Earth, Friends of the Eel River, Friends of the Estuary at Morro Bay, Friends of Hurricane Creek, Friends of the Milwaukee River, Friends of the Nanticoke River, Friends of Yosemite Valley, Gifford Pinchot Task Force, Glen Canyon Institute, Goods From The Woods, Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association, Grand Riverkeeper, Great Egg Harbor Watershed Association, Great Old Broads for Wilderness, Greenaction for Health and Environmental Justice, Green Delaware, Green Party of Utah, Green Party of York County, Hells Canyon Preservation Council, Hudson Riverkeeper, Hurricane Creekkeeper, Indiana Forest Alliance, Inland Empire Waterkeeper, International Rivers Network, International Society for Preservations of the Tropical Rainforest, Johnson County Green Party, Jumping Frog Research Institute, Kern Valley River Council, Kettle Range Conservation Group, Land Institute, London Canalkeeper, Lone Tree Council, Los Alamos Study Group, Louisiana Bayoukeeper, Lower Neuse Riverkeeper, Maricopa Audubon, Milwaukee Riverkeeper, Montana River Action, Morava Riverkeeper, National Organization for Rivers, National Water Center, New Riverkeeper, New River Foundation, Northwest Rafters Association, Northwoods Wilderness Recovery, Neuse River Foundation, Ogeechee-Canoochee Riverkeeper, Orange County Coastkeeper, Oregon Natural Desert Association, Outdoor Adventure River Specialists, Outward Bound West, Patapsco Coastkeeper, Patrick Environmental Awareness Group, Puerto Rico Coastkeeper, Raritan Riverkeeper, Red Rock Forests, Restore: The North Woods, Ridgeline & Open Space Coalition, River Runners for Wilderness, Riverhawks Rocky Mountain Peace and Justice Center, Russian Riverkeeper, Sacramento River Preservation Trust, Salt Creek Watershed Network, San Diego Coastkeeper, San Luis Obispo Coastkeeper, Santa Monica Baykeeper, Satilla Riverkeeper, Save the Illinois River, Siskiyou Project, Snake River Alliance, South Riverkeeper, South Yuba River Citizens League, Southern Appalachian Forest Coalition, Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, Spirit of Sage Council, Swan View Coalition, Taking Responsibility for the Earth and Environment, Taxpayers for the Animas River, The Clinch Coalition, The River Project, Umpqua Watersheds, Upper Coosa Riverkeeper, Upper Neuse Riverkeeper, Ventura Coastkeeper, Virginia Forest Watch, Waterkeepers of Australia, West/Rhode Riverkeeper, Western Lake Erie Waterkeeper, Western Lands Project, Western Watersheds Project, Wetlands Action Netork, Wild South, Wild Virginia, Wild Wilderness, Wilderness Watch and Wildlaw.



Press Release

November 8, 2005

For immediate release

Contact: John Weisheit, 435-259-1063

Dr. Robin Silver, 602-246-4170

Federal Government Notified of Intent to Sue Grand Canyon Fish v. Glen Canyon Dam

Living Rivers and the Center for Biological Diversity today notified the Bureau of Reclamation and Fish and Wildlife Service of their intent to sue over violations of the Endangered Species Act resulting in the demise of endangered native fish in Grand Canyon National Park.

For more than a decade the Bureau of Reclamation has been required to modify the operations of Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River to reverse the dam's downstream impacts on Grand Canyon's famed river ecosystem. However, as outlined in a letter sent to Department of Interior officials today, these efforts have failed.

"Since the Fish and Wildlife Service issued its Biological Opinion on the dam's operations in 1994, the Bureau of Reclamation's actions have merely made things worse," says Living Rivers Conservation Director John Weisheit. "One more fish species is effectively extinct in the Canyon, and another is on the verge."

Just eight native fish species once lived in Grand Canyon's desert river corridor, six of which could not survive anywhere else in the Colorado River. Now only four species remain, one of which, the Humpback Chub, has declined to just a few thousand fishes.

In 1992 Congress passed the Grand Canyon Protection Act to reverse this decline. Following the completion of an Environmental Impact Statement, three years later, the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program was established to guide the Bureau of Reclamation in implementing recovery guidelines set forth by of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Now, some 13 years later, the United States Geological Survey has evaluated this program and has confirmed what many scientists have been saying for years, that recovery is not being achieved. Released on October 25, their 220 page "The State of the Colorado River Ecosystem in Grand Canyon" report states:

"...it is clear that the restrictions on dam operations since 1991 have not produced the hoped for restoration and maintenance of this endangered species

"Overall, about 15% - 20% of the adult humpback chub are dying each year. If this mortality rate and the dramatically reduced recruitment rate of young chub experienced since the early 1990s remain unchanged, there will be a decline in the adult population of humpback chub from the present 3,000 - 5,000 fish to a level of 1,500 - 2,000 adult fish over the next 10 - 15 yr.

"...the MLFF [Modified Low Fluctuating Flow] operating alternative has not effectively mitigated the influence of regulation with respect to either the thermal and hydrologic changes or the fine-sediment supply limitation of the

downstream ecosystem."

"It's outrageous that the public has invested more than \$200 million to help the Bureau of Reclamation restore the river habitat in Grand Canyon, and all they have to show for it is fewer fish." says Dr. Robin Silver, Board Chair of the Tucson-based Center for Biological Diversity. "It's time they re-tool their strategy before Grand Canyon's river ecosystem is lost forever."

The groups are demanding that in light of the mounting evidence of no progress, the Fish & Wildlife Service is compelled by law to immediately reinstate consultation and devise a new strategy to ensure recovery of Grand Canyon native fish, particularly the Humpback Chub. Key issues that must be addressed are:

- * Restoring a water temperature regime that once fluctuated seasonally from near freezing to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, but now is a constant 47 degrees year-round.

- * Restoring river flows that fluctuated seasonally from 3,000 to 100,000 CFS (cubic feet per second), but now can fluctuate daily from 8,000 to 20,000 CFS.

- * Restoring the sediment and nutrients that nourished Grand Canyon's aquatic habitat, 95 percent of which is now trapped by the dam annually.

- * Controlling non-native fish which have flourished in this new environment, competing with, and preying on, the native fish.

"The Colorado River through Grand Canyon is one of this planet's most precious gifts, but the Bureau of Reclamation remains hell-bent on destroying it," adds Weisheit. "This ecosystem may not survive much longer with that dam in operation, but we could certainly survive were that dam not there."

More than 200 groups from across the country now advocate the decommissioning of Glen Canyon Dam as the best alternative for restoring the river ecosystem in Grand Canyon National Park.

For more information:

60-day notice letter

http://www.livingrivers.org/pdfs/CBD_LR_Notice.pdf

Biological Opinion: Glen Canyon Dam

<http://www.livingrivers.org/pdfs/BOgcd.pdf>

USGS SCORE Report, released on October 25, 2005

The State of Natural and Cultural Resources in the Colorado River Ecosystem

<http://www.gcmrc.gov/products/score/2005/score.htm>

LR Press Release, October 24, 2005

Grand Canyon Restoration Program, a Failing Grade

<http://www.livingrivers.org/archives/article.cfm?NewsID=690>

Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program

<http://www.usbr.gov/uc/rm/amp/index.html>

Living Rivers

<http://www.livingrivers.org/>

Center for Biological Diversity

<http://www.biologicaldiversity.org/swcbd/>

Colorado Plateau River Guides
PO Box 344
Moab, UT 84532

Forwarding and return postage guaranteed. Address correction requested



New Ferry at Sand Wash 1929
Photo: Arden Stewart Collection