

GREEN RIVER, WYOMING, TO LEE'S FERRY, ARIZONA -- 1949

Note by Dick:

Jim Gifford and I didn't have two nickels to rub together; we were classified as bums. We needed money to buy another boat, a ten-man surplus inflatable, plus oars and food. I already had the wooden boat I'd built and used on the San Juan River, but we needed an extra, larger boat for a trip that would take months to complete down the Green and Colorado Rivers, a journey that would be at least a 1000 miles. I had just met Isabelle Galo of Milwaukee on the San Juan River. I was a boatman for Harry Aleson and Isabelle was a client. Isabelle remarked to me that she wanted to go on the extended river trip. She revealed to me that she had paychecks that she was using for bookmarkers. Jim and I figured out quickly that if we were ever going to buy the 10-man surplus inflatable, we would have to take Iz with us. We also needed money for oars, life preservers, and food. Jim and I planned to save as much money as possible by living off the land so we wouldn't need much food. This was perhaps the cheapest expedition ever put together -- not even Major Powell in 1869 spent less for food than we did. It was agreed that Iz could go with us if she bought the boat, oars, and some food and a old pickup truck to haul equipment. It took one "bookmarker" to buy a surplus inflatable boat another to buy a pickup and half of another to purchase oars, food and equipment. We weren't being mercenary, just practical. Iz was a beautiful woman; there were no romantic interests. I had no interest in women and at the age of 22 had never dated.

We wanted the float from Green River, Wyoming and we intended to go to Boulder Dam in Arizona, a trip of 1200 miles. Major John Wesley Powell first did this in 1869. Since then there have been perhaps nine more expeditions of this magnitude, plus many shorter ones between Green River, Utah, and Boulder Dam. Most of these trips received considerable notoriety. There were many lives lost, boats were tipped over or lost, and men just disappeared. When the three of us left Green River, Wyoming, we knew we were destined to meet adventure that few people would ever experience, and that our lives would be forever altered.

Friday, July 8, 1949 (By Isabelle)

Dick, Jim, and I got an early start in Jim's station wagon and the pickup. Dick's mother was to drive it back. The scenery through Wyoming was beautiful. We saw the Virginian. Other than losing my straw hat, there were no mishaps.

We arrived in Green River at about 6:30 and decided to go down the river that evening. We unloaded quickly and were off. It was a perfect start, a beautiful sunset. Both boys took pictures. We floated down the river for hours. Jim and Dick argued over which camping site would be suitable, then we floated more hours under a full moon. Dick on his flute and Jim with his harmonica made it lovelier. Jim got his first lesson in bottle blowing -- not so good. The boys finally agreed on a camping spot and we landed. We simply unrolled our sleeping bags and immediately fell asleep.

Saturday, July 9, 1949

Dick's watch stopped. One thing about these boys -- they never agree on anything, time, distance, camping sites. It's funnier than the dickens.

The boys were taking pot shots at ducks all day. Jim chased one halfway to camp, saying, "I'll get that duck if I have to chase him to Red Canyon."

The duck wasn't worried; it never took to wing.

The day was just right, a warm, lazy, drifting sort. We were all pleasantly relaxed when we were abruptly startled by a whirl of wings directly in front of us. Both boys leaped for their guns. Jim brought down a young Canadian goose, shot through the back. The other three geese flew

away. You should have seen Dick and Jim, you'd think they found a lost gold mine. Jim cleaned the goose right then. There were feathers all over, wings floating down the river, the head following.

Dick spotted another duck. This time they were going to be cagey and sneak up on it. They did and found a goose wing.

Mmm! That goose was delicious. The boys salted it down good, put it in the Dutch oven, and let the fire do the rest. Never did anything taste so good. We ate it all. It was another day of beautiful scenery, excellent company, and delicious food -- perfection.

Dick said he never saw so many beavers. They were all over the place.

We went cliff climbing. A panorama of river spread out below us with the snow-capped Uinta Mountains in the distance. No wonder they don't want to leave this country and are always planning to return. I'm lost for good.

That evening Dick played his flute. Jim was writing. This is a rolling mesa type of country. The ever-changing light and color are exceedingly lovely. The colors aren't brilliant and flaming like in the dramatic canyon country. It's more a pale silver-green, grey, white, silver sheen on the water. A peaceful type of beauty.

Sunday, July 10, 1949

We saw more geese today. Dick brought one down this time.

We stopped in at a ranch owned by Mrs. Emma Holmes (Green River, Wyoming), a grand old lady with more pep, energy, and enthusiasm than a woman half her age. She runs the ranch herself. Her husband died several years ago. Her father was 93 and very ill in bed, but she never showed any strain. She was just as friendly and interested in us as could be. She knew all about all the expeditions down the Green, and had many clippings and articles and pictures. She invited us for dinner. What a feast -- roast lamb, mashed potatoes and gravy, lettuce salad, beets, home-made bread and jam, berries, and iced tea.

We had our first good rain today while on the river -- cold and furious. Dick said it'd probably turn into snow. But we weathered it.

Monday, July 11, 1949

Today was big game day. The country threw the book at us. We saw everything: deer, antelope, geese, lynx, eagle, beaver.

That eagle really tore into one of the geese and wounded it badly. He seemed pretty mad because he couldn't carry it away. Dick shot the goose through the head. He also shot a young goose earlier, which we had for dinner.

We entered Flaming Gorge today. It's aptly named. Fiery red cliffs rise sheer from the water. Our camp was breathtakingly spectacular. Jim said it was like the mountains. On one side sheer canyon walls were carved into weird shapes. On the other side of camp the canyon walls were covered with pine and cedar making the air fragrant.

We had goose for dinner. That Dick sure can cook. He rubbed the goose inside and out with butter and salt, tucked in a few onions, and covered it tightly in the Dutch oven. The smell of goose, pine, and cedar was overwhelming. Jim threatened to bite a chunk out of Dick's leg if that goose wasn't done soon. Such contentment.

After dinner we unrolled our sleeping bags and called it a day. I blinked at the stars a couple of times, and before I knew it, it was morning.

Tuesday July 12, 1949

This is what I've been waiting for -- canyon country. There's nothing like it in the whole world. You look at it silently and can barely believe what you see. It's so beautiful and colorful that every once in a while you have to take a deep breath as each wonder hits you afresh. It's a world apart.

Saw some more geese today. They are pretty smart. They swim with their heads held down low, and it takes a pretty sharp eye to see them. We saw "thousands," as Jim puts it,

climbing up a hill so perfectly camouflaged that they looked like rocks. Their movements gave them away. The boys landed and took pictures of them.

Civilization has just about all rubbed off. Dick forgot the cups so we all drink and eat out of tin cans. It's mighty handy, though. Dick looks like an Indian with that bronze skin of his and two goose feathers he stuck into a red rag around his head. I think he sleeps with it on. Jim is rapidly taking on the same color.

I had my first chance to use the medicine kit today. Dick tore down the river and dove in after a life preserver that got away. A rock got in his way and made a nasty little gash on the sole of his foot.

It's hot and sunny in the morning. That familiar sapphire sky overhead is filled with fluffy, meringue-like clouds. But by noon it was dark and cloudy and raining. The boys watched the shores for shelter. Dick spied a green roof. Eagerly we landed the boats and headed for shelter. We found a road and picnic grounds. The green roof? Just a mite too small for three and obviously designed for other purposes than shelter.

Today was rapids day. The river narrowed down between the canyon walls and ran swiftly but not quite rough enough for the boys. They are looking forward eagerly to some really exciting rapids.

We saw deer everywhere. It's delightful to see them bounding up the canyon walls so effortlessly. It must feel wonderful not to be earth-bound.

It's goose for dinner tonight. Dick's getting mighty tired of cooking it, but he makes it so delicious that he hasn't a chance.

We named the boats today. The little red one was dubbed the "Eggshell" by Jim and the rubber one "Washtub."

Wednesday, July 13, 1949

I got into poison ivy; it's all over my legs.

We went through Red Canyon today. Also ran Ashley Falls. That was quite exciting. We tied the boats upstream and scrambled up the cliff over the rocks. It scared me quite a lot but didn't seem to bother those mountain goats named Dick and Jim. We looked the rapids over and it looked mighty wicked with those huge boulders and white water foaming around. But nothing seems to faze those kids. They came breezing through with a whoop and a holler.



Ashley Falls was a major rapid but now there is only a small stream because of the dam above.

Thursday, July 14, 1949

We came through Red Canyon Park and Brown's Hole today. Dick said they must have dropped an atom bomb in Brown's Hole. Saw about five ranches and every single one was deserted. We thought sure we'd be invited for dinner at one of them, but it seemed as if everyone simply cleared out of the country.

Mosquitoes! Millions of them and every one starving. They swarmed all over us. I had my first experience with deer flies. We didn't dare make camp and oared a good part of the night, until about eleven or twelve. (Never knew what time it was; Dick's watch is a temperamental luxury that runs only when it feels like it. We usually squint at the sun and guess the time. Jim is pretty accurate, I think.)

We saw peacocks, eight of them, at one deserted ranch. It's amazing to see those creatures out here. Dick gathered up their feathers.

Dick shot another goose, quite an expensive one. Both boys were blazing at it all the way down the river. Dick finally got it straight through the head, shooting across the entire river.

We were afraid to camp because of the hordes of mosquitoes on shore. There were so many that I could actually hear a muted hum. We smeared ourselves with Scat. The mosquitoes hovered above us raging with frustration. They didn't bite us, but it's amazing how they made us cringe. Horrid, little winged "demons."

We finally broke down and searched for a low bank to crawl up on, unrolled our sleeping bags, and in a few moments became oblivious to everything.

Friday, July 15, 1949

We got up early and out on the river again to escape our little friends and discovered that we had camped on someone's ranch. We dined on canned peaches and sardines, and strangely enough, they tasted wonderful.

Behind us was Brown's Hole -- and good riddance. Ahead of us stood The Gates of Lodore, two magnificent portals of towering red stone cliffs on either side of the river. The sight left us speechless with its sheer beauty and contrast to the lowlands behind us. The boys went shutter happy again and took all kinds of pictures. Dick kept on telling Jim, "Now take it easy. There's much more ahead and I don't want to be giving you my film."

"Just one more," pleaded Jim with that sassy grin of his.

We were all glad to be in canyon country again. Lodore Canyon is beyond my poor means of eloquence: towering red cliffs on either side with pine trees clinging to the sides. The river entrapped far below twisting and turning constantly with white rapids. We three little people in two little boats, pitting our endurance and cockiness against it wouldn't have a chance should it suddenly decide to strike. But the country we are seeing, the life we are leading going down this river where scarcely fifty people have gone before is an opportunity few people are privileged to have.



We made camp early because we were tired and Dick wanted to empty both boats and make everything shipshape and well battened down for Disaster Falls. It's one of the mean ones that most people portage and which the boys were looking forward to with much anticipation and eagerness.

As we cleaned the boats we found two little half-drowned mice among the food and canvas. About half-starved too, because everything was in cans. I managed to rescue and free them before the boys made mince-meat of them.

We had the goose for dinner. I made dumplings with tomato-cheese sauce, but they didn't turn out so good. It's tricky to cook over an open fire using regular flour mixed with graham flour. But the boys ate it and didn't complain.

Saturday, July 16, 1949

We rose fairly early and ran through a few rapids. Dick and I rowed ahead in the Washtub and Jim followed shortly behind in the Eggshell. Dick was taking pictures of Jim, when so suddenly that we still don't know quite how it happened, Jim's boat stood straight up and turned completely over into a ten-foot hole. In a few seconds, though it seemed forever, Jim came up

from underneath and scrambled onto the bottom of the boat. Dick yelled for Jim to grab the paddle and headed for shore so he could throw Jim a rope. We were immediately trapped in a side channel that carried us over rocks and rapids threatening to hang us up at any moment. Dick was rowing frantically when an oar snapped. He managed to change it. Jim had been swept out of sight around the corner, tossed helplessly over rocks and through churning, wicked water. I prayed then as I never prayed before, because the river had him and only God could help now. The rapids were endless. Dick finally got out of the side channel and down the river, both of us searching the shores for a sight of Jim. Then ahead we saw the Eggshell hung up on a rock. At the same time we caught sight of Jim lying completely exhausted on the shore. Thank God, he was alive.

Dick landed our boat and raced along the shore in hopes of rescuing the Eggshell before it was swept into the next rapids. In a few moments he was back with the terse words. "No use. It's stove in."

I felt sick knowing what that meant to the boys and the expedition.

The next hours were busy, though sad. The boat was in a tricky current that threatened to wash it away and anyone going out to it. But Dick swam out and managed to lash it with ropes, and after many breath-holding trips managed to save the camera box and contents worth \$150. He also saved the tripod, maps, and the Dutch oven minus the cover. But the loss was tremendous. The cost of the boat for Dick was \$150 plus another \$100 in loss of equipment. We lost all our food staples -- flour, sugar, salt, raisins, eggs, bacon -- the medicine kit, Jim's jacket, \$20 sunglasses. Both boy's boots, Jim's pants and Stetson, geology pick (which the boys say they lose every year), \$20 worth of unexposed film, rifle, bullets, and fishing equipment were all gone. All I lost were a pair of scissors and the ex-lax.

That boat's loss was a terrible blow. The boys joked and kidded each other but still I could tell they were bewildered and upset at the unexpected turn of events. But the most important thing was that we had Jim. The loss of everything would have been okay as long as he was alive. Of all things, when Jim got up from the shore and walked towards us he was clutching his Spanish book.

That night we learned that his boat rolled over four times with him on it before he made shore. It's miraculous that he came out unharmed.

Then came the last blow. The boys poured over the maps and the book [A Canyon Voyage](#) and came to the horrible conclusion that the place we came bowling through and lost the boat was the terrible Disaster Falls. That hurt them plenty to not have even realized it. Things might have come out differently had they known.



WILDERNESS ADVENTURE

by Dick Griffith

The three of us had been on the Green River for a week when we floated into the placid waters of Brown's Park. We had started at the town of Green River, Wyoming, in two boats and had rowed through southern Wyoming down into northern Utah. The Green River flows through Flaming Gorge then eastward through Red Canyon into Brown's Park, part of which is situated in the extreme northwest corner of Colorado. Before we were half-way across Brown's Park, we could see the spectacular Gates of Lodore looming out in front of us. The Green River cuts its way through the Uinta Mountains making a gorge several thousand feet deep. Major Powell was the first to enter the forbidding-looking canyon in 1869 with four boats. He was also one of the first people to climb Longs Peak. Because of the difficulty in getting into this region, Lodore Canyon and the country next to it is probably the least explored region in Colorado. Many boats have been lost by expeditions trying to run the rapids, and Major Powell lost one of his boats in Disaster Falls.

When we had pulled our boats between the towering walls, we found the water peaceful and drifted slowly down the river. The red walls and the lush vegetation along the shore made reflections of every color. The peace and quiet didn't last long, however, for we heard the steady roar of a rapid ahead. We hastily pulled the boats to shore so we could check it over. On the rocks along the edge we found a large abandoned cataract boat with its side stove in. That was all the evidence we needed that the rapid was as wicked as it looked. I took my 15-foot rubber boat through first. In the center of the river the water crashed into a huge boulder. I pulled on the oars with every bit of energy I possessed, but the river was stronger and carried the boat on to the rock. We hung there for a suspenseful moment, then the swirling current threw us off. When the little plywood boat came through it almost stood straight up on end before going around the rock in the middle.

We cautiously proceeded through some more rapids. At noon we stopped to camp and repair our boats for the major rapids such as Disaster Falls, Triplet Falls, and Hell's Half Mile.

We spent most of our time in camp climbing and exploring the surrounding region. Jim Gifford of Colorado Springs was an archaeology student at the University of Arizona and was interested in Indian ruins. Being a geology student, I was interested in rock specimens. We had another member in our party, but she was not interested in rocks or Indians. Her avocation was the great outdoors. Isabelle Galo of Milwaukee was a dude if there ever was one. Since she was financing our expedition, we condescended to take her along. The canyon country held such a fascination for her that it was not long before she was rowing the boats, shooting our pistols, and cooking bread and fresh meat in our Dutch oven. The three of us made perfect companions; each one of us had our special duties for the day. To make a 900-mile trip in two months through canyons, rain, desert sun, and isolation requires a stable mind and a strong body.

The next morning Jim and I lashed our valuable equipment to the boats and then the three of us proceeded down the river, keeping careful watch for Disaster Falls. It was not long before we came to a rapid that made a thundering roar. At that distance we could see there were no rocks to dodge, so we omitted our customary procedure of stopping and looking over the rapids.

Isabelle and I went first while Jim followed closely behind. When I got around the bend, I realized our mistake. It was too late to pull to shore. The roar of the water was deafening and I could now see that we were going to drop over a waterfall. I searched frantically for a place to slide off. To the far right I found one fairly smooth channel. I pulled into the channel, then we shot through a foaming mass of water. To the left and right of us the water dropped ten feet or more. Jim, just behind us, bore too far to the right. The little red boat plunged down into the boiling water, shot straight up into the air, then tipped backwards end over end. Jim was thrown from the boat into thrashing undercurrents without a life preserver. He was lucky for his life preserver was between him and the boat and he caught it before climbing on top of the overturned boat. I tried to reach him, but my boat was swept into another channel. The water threw us onto the rocks and we were momentarily hung up. Jim was in the other channel. He tried desperately to get the boat to shore but was carried into even worse rapids. The water ran into a huge wall dropping straight

down into the river. Big boulders filled the river making passage difficult even for a right-side-up boat. The little red boat slammed against boulders then rolled over them. Jim hung on for his life. Every time the boat hit a rock Jim managed somehow to keep from getting smashed between the boat and rocks. Finally the little boat crashed into the wall ripping the front bulkhead. Only one of the two bulkheads remained for Jim to hang on to. Then, miraculously, the boat swung in toward shore. Jim had just strength enough to swim to safety. What was left of the Padre hung up on rocks in the middle of the river.

Minutes later Iz and I passed the Padre. We were relieved to find Jim on shore, completely exhausted, but alive.

I swam out to the Padre and attached lines to it so we could pull it to shore. Our food and almost everything else in the boat was lost. We salvaged a camera and a few exposed rolls of film in a waterproof box.

We joked about the loss of the boat, but deep in our minds we knew we had made a horrible mistake that could have easily been avoided.

We left the Padre, a grim, silent, reminder for other adventurers, and continued cautiously down the river with our remaining boat.

We camped in a slow, drizzling rain that continued all afternoon while we stood in a small cave. The red walls turned purple as the water streamed down forming hundreds of waterfalls. It made the canyon seem weird and dismal.

Several hundred yards below camp a rapid ran against a wall. The incessant pounding reminded us of our accident.

That night while Iz prepared the evening meal, Jim and I sat around the fire and checked our charts to find just where Disaster Falls lay. As we checked the landmarks close to camp, a sneaking suspicion rose in my mind. I thrust it aside -- it was just too fantastic, then I cautiously ventured an opinion. "Jim, do you think it's possible that we ran Disaster Falls?"

Jim scoffed at the idea, but our two heads hastily bent over the maps. We checked and double checked and reluctantly concluded that we had wrecked our wooden boat in Disaster Falls at almost the exact spot where Major Powell had lost one of his boats 80 years before.

The next morning the sun dried the dripping walls and we proceeded down the river with as much caution as a coyote stalking a prairie dog. With no trouble we ran a number of rapids, including Triplet Falls. In the afternoon we came to a long stretch of sluggish water. A half-mile away we could hear the roar of Hell's Half Mile, the most feared half-mile on the whole Green River. At the upper end of the rapids the water shot between boulders that had rolled into the river in a landslide from the surrounding cliffs. Then the water shot out into the open and dropped over scattered rocks creating many holes and stationary waves.

I decided to portage our 450 pounds of boat and gear around, but Jim started kidding me about being afraid to run it. So we took out the valuable equipment and carried it around. Then I made preparations to go through.

I refused to let Iz go through with me, much against her wishes. Rather than stand around and argue with her, I probably should have let her run it, and she most likely would have gotten the boat through.

I pulled the boat from shore and as usual was shaking with fear. But as soon as the boat slipped among the huge boulders, I lost my fear. I made it through the rocks, but when I came out into the opening, I dropped into a large hole. The boat kicked and bucked, and the pots and pans in the bow rattled. At the same time a huge wave dropped into the boat filling it and practically drowning me. To make matters worse, my oar snapped like a stick, but I was ready with a spare oar. The boat was half full of water, but I managed to get it to shore at the bottom of the rapid.

Below Hell's Half Mile we found no more heavy rapids. We were three very happy people to find ourselves through Lodore Canyon with at least one boat. If we had lost both boats, it would have taken more than expansion bolts to get us out of the canyon.

Sunday, July 17, 1949 (By Isabelle)

We spent most of the day watching the shores for washed up items. We found the tobacco can, salt can, flour can, medicine can -- all worth very little but still useable. The most important find was a dry can of film worth about \$6.

We went through Triplet Falls. Hell's Half Mile, which is supposed to be the worst rapid on the river, was next.

So far I had gone through all the rapids with Dick, and this one sure looked exciting. I begged to ride along, but Dick said, "I wouldn't even take Jesus Christ through this rapid."

It looked so wicked that we took the six duffel bags out and the camera equipment and portaged it. Then Dick started out slowly (and prayerfully, I'll bet) while we watched on shore. In a few seconds that terrible river had him on a one-way run and it was anyone's guess what the next few minutes would bring. Dick was a-whooping and shouting as he pulled furiously at the oars missing one huge boulder after another, tossing up and down, and dipping in and out of holes. I saw him suddenly snap an oar, then frantically throw it away and grab another. In a few heart-stopping minutes he was through safe and unhurt. We were all breathing easier then.

We came out of Lodore Canyon today. On the riverbank we met five University of Colorado students who were studying archaeology in a summer camp. Then we entered Whirlpool Canyon, another awe-inspiring, breath-taking spectacle. How happy can one get? I'm just saturating myself with this amazing God's country.

Monday, July 18, 1949

Our day of rest. We made camp on a beautiful, white, sandy beach where we loafed around doing a little bit of nothing. I did what little laundry there was and threatened to wash Dick's shirt. He said 'no.' Jim was on my side and kept Dick busy while I grabbed the shirt and flew down the beach. Dick got away and caught me in a flying tackle. I went flying and was spitting sand. Jim came to the rescue and the shirt was successfully immersed in hot soapy water from which it emerged actually clean.

Even though we lost a lot of food we are managing all right on Dick's cooking. We used all the canned stuff for lunch--canned -- canned plums, sardines, and pineapple juice. Last night we really had a feast. Dick's fried potatoes with onions mixed with beef stew was really good. Then hot tea. There's not much variety, but it tastes wonderful among all the scenery and crazy, laughing company.

We sleep like the dead. What beauty there is here. The canyon walls rise darkly on either side. The stars shine directly overhead. The roar of the water is sheer music as it rushes endlessly past. The play of light from our campfire flutters over us. Tired and relaxed, I slip into sleep. In the time of a heartbeat it's morning already.

Tuesday, July 19, 1949

Rainbow Park

Split Mountain Canyon

It doesn't seem possible that this country can become more incredibly lovely, but it does. Rainbow Park is similar to the Painted Desert with rounded knolls of all colors -- cinnamon, cream, brown, red, orange. The familiar deep-blue sky sparkles overhead with pure white clouds. The sun has baked us all four shades browner.

Pretty soon we all went over board into the water. I used my bra to swim in, and the elastic in it simply failed. I had to be towed to shore. There we all got stuck knee-deep in mud, and I needed a plank to wade out. Dick was laughing so hard he could barely pull his legs out.

We met Clark Feitch, a rancher, who gave us some good info about two rapids in Whirlpool Canyon. The second was a mean one.

The boys looked over the rapid. Jim walked around it with the camera boxes, a terrific walk over a high cliff. Then Dick and I went through a-holding our breaths as we plunged through that boiling water dropping into holes with potential death at the bottom. One man died there -- he was quite ground up among the rocks with only a shoe on when he was found five days later.

Dick bagged another goose today. The boys chased it all over the country from shore to shore, but that goose just wouldn't give up. Dick shot three times and finally got it in the neck. It

was more difficult to cook in the Dutch oven with no cover, so Dick cut it up, dipped it in flour, and slow-cooked it in a hole of wood. It was perfect. We all ate too fast, and Jim had a little stomach upset.

I discovered that Dick's clothes had been lying wet in his case for four days and were just a mite moldy. We washed them out and strung them in the trees.

Wednesday, July 20

Split Mountain Canyon

Dinosaur National Monument -- Tree afire

We came out of Split Mountain Canyon today. A road passed just outside the canyon, and after consulting our maps we decided it lead to Dinosaur National Monument. So we dressed in our Sunday best -- put on jeans, shoes, shirts, and combed our hair. We hiked for what seemed like miles on that hot dusty road. What do you know! Wrong road.

But we finally found the right road miles down the river. A terrific head wind swept us up stream if we stopped rowing, so we camped early.

Jim built a fire next to a huge cotton wood tree about twelve feet in diameter. With that powerful wind blowing, the tree began to smolder. Dick kicked out the fire, but the damage was done. We were up half the night trying to drown out new blazes as they appeared in the dead wood.

By morning the tree was smoking so much that it could be seen for miles. The boys borrowed an axe from a tourist who was fishing on the shore. While I trotted back and forth with a million cans of water, the boys did backbreaking work chopping into that tree and extinguishing all the fires. It was heart breaking to watch them work so terribly hard. But they did it, they put the fire out. Dick's feet were pretty badly burned.

We made good time going down the river. Jensen was about ten miles down river. We got there at 10:00. Because of the fire, none of us had a chance to clean up, so we did so on the boat. Anybody seeing us on shore would have thought the sun had touched us for sure. Jim soaped himself well, then dipped in the river. I washed my hair, hanging over the edge of the boat. Dick shaved. And we all changed our clothes on the boat, taking turns while we watched the respective scenery. When we stepped into Jensen we looked quite human and civilized. First thing we headed for a cafe. Dick had milk toast, Pepsi Cola, and ice cream. Jim had a cheeseburger, Pepsi, and pie and ice-cream. I ate All-Bran, a cheeseburger, and ice-cream. It sure tasted good.

Next we hitchhiked into Vernal where we made our long-distance calls home. Mother wasn't home but I reached Henrietta. It was heavenly to hear her voice.

We ate lunch. Jim again had Pepsi, a cheeseburger, and ice cream. That's his steady diet he says. Dick ate two servings of milk toast and banana cream pie. I had a dinner of liver and onions. We were all quite full by now.

After giving our story to the newspaper in Vernal, we ate some more. You'd think we'd been starving for the last two weeks. This time it was a banana split for me, strawberry malt for Dick, and coke for Jim. We felt sick.

We hitchhiked back to Jensen and bought our staples: bacon, flour, raisins, rice, etc. Then it was back to the river. We couldn't shed our clothing fast enough to put on our comfortable dirty river clothes. It was good to be back on the Green.

A few mosquitoes buzzed our camp, but it wasn't too bad.

Friday, July 22, 1949

Floated through mosquito country.

Saturday, July 23, 1949

Mosquitoes. Damn misery. Slept on a high mesa. The mosquitoes feasted well. Little rain.

Monday, July 25, 1949

Desolation Canyon.

Tuesday, July 26, 1949

We made a beautiful camp in Desolation Canyon. NO mosquitoes. I spent the day in perfect solitude. The boys went Moqui hunting in the side canyons. I bathed, sewed, and did laundry, but I got lonesome before they returned.

Jim caught five fish that we fried perfectly in the Dutch oven.

Dick tossed the clock overboard.

Wednesday, July 27, 1949

Desolation Canyon. Lovely sand bar camp, no mosquitoes.

Dear Mother, Henrietta, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith,

What a life! Here the three of us are sitting on a blistering hot rubber boat under a 100° sun, mosquito-bitten, burnt almost as dark as this boat, noses peeling, wearing as little clothing as possible. Dick and Jim in are shorts, all of us are barefoot. I wear swimming shorts and the inevitable bra. We all wear sun glasses and are not so dirty at the end of the day because we have already jumped into the river this morning. Whenever the sun becomes too unbearable, we just slip over the side up to our noses in water. It's pure heaven. The boys are strong swimmers, but I circle around the boat and never go more than six inches away. Dick swims across the Green River and back almost every day. I don't know why he does, it is such a long swim and dangerous.

And then the scenery. There's nothing like it in the whole world. The river reflects green. It's a restless river churning into undercurrents, boiling rapids, and always moving swiftly down. We have a great respect for it and never take any chances because it can turn into a devil at the blink of an eye. It can get you by the foot in a swift current and won't let you go. But we are careful. We always wear our life preservers through rapids.

Instead of carrying drinking water, we drink river water. It's as thick as cocoa from the sand that has washed down these hundreds of miles, but it won't hurt us. It's the clear water coming down from side canyons that might be bad, and we don't touch that.

Hmm, look at this scenery! It's desert but there are trees and flowers along the shore. It's been an unusually wet season. Sheer incredible magnificent canyon walls rise up from the river edge in every color -- red, brown, cinnamon, cream, buff, orange, yellow -- and in all kinds of fantastic and weird shapes that rise up 2000 feet. They're impossible to climb -- the only way out is down the river. And that Utah sky. I've never seen such a sparkling deep shade of blue with pure white fluffy clouds making it incredibly beautiful. Right now I wouldn't change places with anyone in the whole world.

Of course there are times when my vocabulary consists of one word -- Damn! That's when my legs are covered up to the knees with poison ivy welts, and my foot has an annoying cut under the toe, and just as we are ready to eat, a sneaking mean wind blows sand into our food. And in the open country between the canyons the mosquitoes carry knives and forks as standard equipment and have a nightly concert a half inch away from our ears. But when I smell the fragrance of those pine trees and hear the cascading notes of a meadow lark, then three deer burst out of cover and go flying effortlessly across the canyon walls, all the misery in between is worth it. I'm having the time of my life.

I'll never be the same again. I won't want to sleep in a room or wear shoes or clothes again. I don't remember what the inside of a bathroom looks like. I just dig a hole in the sand like a cat and kick it over again. Girls go upstream and boys go downstream so there's no confusion. But when I have to get up in the middle of the night and raise my feet high over rocks that aren't there and fall on my face over rocks that are, then -- damn misery.

Time out while I slip overboard. The sun is at the frying point and my skin is starting to smoke. I've got my shoes on and shirt too -- can't be bothered to remove them. We are more often wet than dry, that's for sure. That tremendous splash was Dick diving over the side.

Whee! That was wonderful. All wet, cool, and refreshed. The sun tamed down to comfortable warmth.

The boys are keeping a sharp eye on shore for Moqui Indian stuff such as pottery, graves, or anything that shows Indians lived here hundreds of years ago. Dick found some rings, a clay dipper, and an Indian skeleton last year.

Jim Gifford is an archaeology student at University of Arizona in Tucson. Dick Griffith studies geology at the College in Fort Collins. Both are 22. Jim is 5 feet 10, 150 pounds, quite slender but muscularly built, with blue eyes, brown wavy hair, white teeth, and a happy-go-lucky personality. He is somewhat irresponsible -- seems to find trouble easily -- and is charming and very likeable. He has a beautiful singing voice. Jim keeps a day-by-day record that is out-of-this-world descriptively. I'm trying to persuade him to let me take the notebook home so I can type it up and keep a copy. All he says is, "We will see."

Dick says Jim is a great procrastinator -- probably will never send the notes. Darn it!

Dick is the steady one. He has a good head and a lot of good, common sense. He is the leader of this expedition and always know exactly what to do and when to do it. We are three little people in the middle of the wilderness in our rubber boat with our supply of food, hundreds of miles from anywhere. But Dick is so capable that we are all supremely confident.

Dick is 6 feet, weighs 178 pounds, has green eyes, blond hair in a crew hair-cut, and is built in perfect proportion. His body is like Rodin's statue of Balzac. He's a very likeable lad with the gift of laughter. Both boys treat me just swell, and we all get along in perfect harmony and cooperation. We call Jim a hound-dog because he likes to sit in the shade while Dick (who insists on being chief cook) makes dinner. Then Jim comes to eat and afterwards crawls back to the shade. Jim calls Dick a Moqui Indian with feathers for brains who rattles the pots and pans at an ungodly hour in the morning. They call me Mighty Mouse.

lz

Thursday, July 28, 1949

(Letter from Isabelle continued)

Today is our anniversary -- three weeks on the Green. It seems forever, as if we've always been doing this. Civilization seems only skin deep, and some of it brushes off easily. So many comforts of the city that seemed indispensable are now unnecessary. If you only could see us now. Everything has been marvelously simplified. Dick forgot the cups -- simple -- we drink and eat out of cans. But cans are funny. For some reason it seems as if it's a long distance from can to mouth so we hold the cup under our chins and spoon from it. Meat tastes better eaten with the fingers. We all share the same water canteen. It's one of the last items we could afford to lose. And those bottles of mosquito lotion you gave me are a godsend and have kept us from being eaten alive. I have a bottle of my own and I gave each of the boys one. Jim's supply went down the river when the boat was smashed.

I won't attempt to describe any of the details of the last three weeks because most of it is in my brief notes. I only hope you can read my handwriting. What I need is one good pen -- that old ballpoint gave out quickly. It's a little difficult writing on my knee.

Right now it's early morning. Deep blue sunny skies again. We ate a breakfast of fried potatoes and onions, home-baked bread and jam, and cream of wheat with raisins and milk. Jim constantly and firmly maintains we will run out of food before we reach Green River City. He has a maniacal craving for meat, with delicious visions of the steak dinner he's going to have. I bet it will be Pepsi Cola and a cheeseburger. Dick is going to drink gallons of milk, while I'm planning on ice cream and fresh fruit. Actually we are eating very well. Plenty of solid nourishing food supplemented by fish and seven geese, with a supply of vitamin pills thrown in. If the meat question becomes too acute, the boys plan to bring down a deer. There are hundreds of them here.

That Dutch oven of Dick's is amazing. The cover was lost in the wreck, but Dick bought a pancake skillet that is a successful replacement. Every evening he makes bread that turns out light and delicious with a crisp flaky crust. He uses 6 cups flour, 3 T baking powder, a couple

handfuls of sugar, lard, raisins, and water to moisten. After putting the dough in the dutch oven, he covers it tightly and heaps it with glowing wood. Perfection.

Last night I made pea soup, mother, the way you make it with cream and dumplings. It turned out swell. Then we had potatoes with creamed dried beef, bread and jam.

Right now we've finished breaking camp and have oared across the river, and the boys are exploring a canyon. The boat is surrounded by a million mosquitoes so I escaped out to a tongue of muddy rocks that stretches into the river and am perched precariously on a small rock. I plan to write a little to all of you each day until I can mail this in Green River City.

Remember that watch you asked me to keep an eye on? That same Friday night we started on this trip it stopped. For some reason it just wouldn't run for Dick. Jim had a little more luck with it, but mostly we told time by guess and by golly. Finally it wouldn't run at all, so Dick tossed it overboard last Tuesday.

The darndest things happen that make us helpless with laughter. Dick heard that swishing a prickly pear cactus through muddy river water will clear up the water. So we tried some scientific experiments. Between handling the cactus, trying to make bread, and licking the sticky stuff off his fingers, Dick successfully imbedded the tiny spines in his tongue. We howled with laughter as I painstakingly pulled them out with a pair of tweezers.



Friday, July 29

If there is no entry for Saturday you'll know that some Moqui chased us down the river to Green River City in one day. The boys don't quite know where we are in Desolation Canyon but hazard a guess that we are 170 miles from G.R. City. This trip is taking much, much longer than they planned on. They say they could spend months exploring the side canyons here in Desolation.

Today they found a Moqui dwelling on the side of a cliff. Were they thrilled! Jim's face beamed so that it felt good just to look at him. But it made me ill to watch them climb that sheer cliff and edge along a shelf six-inches wide to reach the drawings of tepees in red and yellow. Jim dug in like a terrier and rocks and dirt flew in all directions. But that Moqui was a cheap Indian. All they found were corn cobs and animal bones.

I found something miraculous -- a full-sized, fresh-water stream rushing through a side canyon into the river. After three weeks of muddy water, that sparkling clear water, foaming and splashing over rocks and forming miniature waterfalls that roared almost as loud as a major rapid, was sheer heaven. In some places the water was four feet deep and so strong that it could sweep you off your feet. I fairly jumped up and down, and spent the next couple of hours in perfect luxury bathing and washing the mud of every piece of clothing I could lay my hands on. We all will be just shining with cleanliness when we get to Green River City.

A few miles down the river we came across a deserted ranch, which we explored thoroughly. The house was a mess, everything mixed up and dirt all over. But there were quite a few staples in the pantry. We'd already run out of eggs, baking powder, bacon, and were low on sugar and shortening. So we helped ourselves to sugar, baking powder, lard, and four cans of milk. In the orchard we found an apricot tree with big, bright orange orbs of fruit ripened to perfection. They were right at their peak because the fruit was already falling to the ground. We helped ourselves, and never has fruit tasted sweeter. That's one thing we miss on the trip. I hope we assumed rightly about the ranch being deserted.

We made camp on a gleaming white sand bar shaded by pine trees. We filled up on apricots and raisin rice pudding with apricot jam that I whipped up.

Saturday, July 30, 1949

Right now I'm perched on a broad, strong limb up in a pinion pine tree writing Friday's account. The boys are exploring a side canyon plus a planned climb up a wooded mountain that takes your breath away by its height. We came through a series of rapids yesterday, none of them dangerous when you have an expert boatman like Dick at the oars. It's exhilarating to be perched on top of a black rubber boat that's tossed up on waves and dropped into holes by boiling churning white water. Never a dull moment. But bad times are ahead as soon as we get out of Desolation Canyon to Green River City. Then we go through flat, mosquito-infested country. But I'll worry about it then. Right now I'm sitting on the other side of heaven.

Correction: This afternoon Dick recognized where he was when he sighted Chandler's Creek. It's wonderful to learn that we are only 40 miles from Green River City. We sure could use maps. Our camp was on Chandler's Creek.

Sunday, July 31, 1949

We stayed all day at on a sand bar surrounded by cottonwood trees. What a day! It was over a hundred degrees in the sun and delightfully cool in the shade. A rapid ran above our camp and sheer canyon walls lined the other side of the river. There's a side canyon behind us, and a rippling, rushing, singing, clear water brook on the edge of camp that extends miles back and is lined with large cottonwood trees.

The boys had a terrific day hiking into the side canyon for about 20 miles in the hot sun. They were looking for Moqui stuff.



I had the time of my life in Chandler's Creek. I gathered all the laundry together. As I was going to wash I noticed large catfish idling in the shallow, quiet water along the shore between waterfalls. Jim was just starving for meat so I rushed back to camp for the fish line -- quite a unique item -- a six-inch branch for a pole, some string, a beer can-opener for weight, and an over-sized hook. I never fished before in my life. First I tried raisins, then cut-up potato. At last, most reluctantly, grasshoppers. Only the thought of Jim starving for meat made me do that. I caught two fish! I got so excited I fell off the high bank rocks and tumbled into the water.

I lost two more fish, then couldn't catch any more. There was one big fellow sleeping under an overhanging rock that I couldn't entice into looking at the bait. He was there so long that I finally grabbed a towel, got into the water and sneaked up on him, not even daring to breathe. Real slow like I surrounded him on both sides by the towel, then made a sudden grab. What pure ecstasy! I had him, struggling fiercely in the towel. I shrieked from sheer exhilarating excitement. Into the laundry pail he went with the other two. Just then Dick came along. I was just bubbling over with my achievement. Dick knew exactly what to do, he drove more fish into shallow water and my towel and me did the rest. We caught 11 more and Dick added two more. He rolled them in flour, corn meal, and salt, and we dined royally that night.

July 31, 1949 (By Dick)

Chandler Creek is a magic place because of my previous cross-country visit in the year 1946. That year I walked from Rangely, Colorado, to the town of Green River, Utah. I floated down the White River on a log raft, which I soon lost. I followed the White River to Ouray, Utah by foot. I had lost just about everything except a single shot 22-rifle and an old army blanket. A Mormon by the name of Bartholomew picked me up and took me to his ranch. His wife and he agreed to resupply me with food if I helped them put up hay for one week. They also agreed to take me in their pickup along the canyon rim and drop me off at the headwaters of Chandler Creek. Once I reached the confluence of Chandler Creek and the Green River I could follow Desolation Canyon to Green River, Utah. They didn't think such a trip was possible on foot. Fortunately I was young (19 years old) and had a streak of immortality in me.

They provided me with a team of horses and in a week's time I had made short work of their hay crop. The Bartholomews were elderly, and they were very grateful to have someone that was young and could work all day.

One day it rained, so we couldn't put up hay. I was bored, so I casually asked if there were any Indian burial grounds around. This entire area was traditional Ute country. The elderly couple told me the location of a burial not too far from the ranch. I went about three miles up a canyon as they instructed, where I spotted the remains of at least two horses and a small pile of rocks. I removed the rocks and dug down two feet. There I found treasure -- a knife, beaded pouch, beaded moccasins, silver bracelets, a riffle, and most valuable of all, a large silver peace metal hanging from a chain around the skeleton's neck. For me the entire operation was just a little spooky and definitely sacrilegious. I was ashamed and at the same time greedy -- I was more greedy than ashamed. The skeleton's rifle and knife I could not recover. The silver peace metal was in perfect shape. One side had a picture of president Grant, the other side a picture of a plow, farm implements, peace pipe, and a lot of fancy words that meant little to the Indian and even less to the White man. The metal was dated 1871. The Indian had to be an important Ute Chief. I hastily threw some bones, the silver bracelets, beaded moccasins, and the silver medal into a burlap bag and raced back to the ranch. There were people who saw what I had found, and there were some who were envious. I boxed it all up and managed to have the Bartholomews mail it home. Inquiries were made in later years by the Utah Historical Society. I never acknowledged them.

It was almost dark when the Bartholomews dropped me off at the headwaters of Chandler Creek as they had promised. The entire region was forbidding. Everything was so distant. The setting sun left a blue haze over row after row of canyons as far as I could see. The Bartholomews were sure I would die in the canyons. I wasn't too comfortable either. The landscape was endless.

I followed Chandler Creek for several days before I reached the Green River. On the way I saw many petroglyphs and Indian ruins that I would have liked to explore. Some of the rock-art figures had penises the size of baseball bats, why I don't know. I had to keep moving because my food supplies were limited. At the mouth of Chandler Creek a large boulder sat out in the middle of a flat meadow. On the boulder many petroglyphs were inscribed. The area's magic is that when you sit beneath this large boulder you can clearly hear the rapids on the Green River even though the river is distant. If you sit there long enough you can hear the ancient Indians. I am sure this area was sacred to the Indians -- energy is everywhere.

Jim was off hunting Indian ruins in a side canyon, Iz and I sat alone in the cool shadow of the large boulder. The boulder imparted a magic upon us, an experience that we had never known before; some call it love. All my life I had been a loner, a nomad and now I found myself to be a hopeless romantic. I suddenly found myself with two very different lifestyles (the old one and my newfound love for Iz) one of the two would not survive.

Monday, August 1, 1949

[Isabelle's letter, continued]

It's near the end of my letter. We will be in Green River City tomorrow. We beat it down the river all day and are still in Desolation Canyon. It's another scorcher. That ole rubber boat becomes a black frying pan for sure, and we are the pork chops. But dipping in and out of the river helps a lot. We'll buy a lot of supplies in G.R. City, our last loading place. You won't be hearing from me by mail any more. I'll be home sometime after September 1.

This trip is very hard, there are a lot of discomforts and always potential danger. But the three of us are having the time of our lives and are so very happy that we still have a month of river travel ahead of us. We are all three shades darker than a Moqui Indian and have all kinds of cuts and bruises and bites. Each of us have had belly-aches at one time or another. Dick has one today from some green apples we found on a deserted ranch. But there's not one single thing that would entice us to come in out of the bush back to civilization. We're seeing such incredible beauty that I can't begin to describe it. Sunrises and sunsets strike one dumb with the

spectacular changing colors of rose, red, violet, purple. We sleep under the stars to the constant music of swift waters, the silhouette of dark canyon walls, the leaping flames of our campfire, with that wonderfully relaxed feeling from being so physically tired. A million dollars couldn't match it.

Love,
Isabelle

August 14

[Letter from Isabelle]

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Griffith:

At last all can be told. I didn't dare breathe a word before now because I never was sure of my plans, and everything was such a mess that I had no idea how things would finally terminate. But now events have come to a successful conclusion and everything is 100% all right. Right away I must tell you the news you've been waiting to hear. Dick is safe and sound. He arrived in Hite Saturday August 13 -- way ahead of schedule.

First of all, before you conclude that I am absolutely crazy you must take a few facts into consideration. Remember I'm an out-door enthusiast from way back when. That Green River trip, as you must have judged from my notes, was absolutely out of this world for me. The stunning shock of realizing -- through absolutely no fault of my own -- that it was all over for me was just too much to absorb all at once, and no amount of reasoning or common sense could filter through. I was quite familiar with the devilry that ole Green River could hand out and the heart-breaking and back-breaking work involved in traveling it, in addition to the danger that would befall anyone traveling alone in a huge 10-man rubber boat. I knew from 25 days' experience, and I wasn't willing to give in to any advice. I had been out of touch with civilization and was still in that frame of mind. I must confess to you that I had every intention of continuing down the Green in order to help Dick, providing Dick would let me continue on. Oh -- there's where I met with defeat. But I shall begin at the beginning.

Wednesday, August 3, 1949

At Green River, Utah, Jim had a letter waiting for him at the post office. The letter was from his mother demanding that he come home because she was very sick. Jim caught the next bus out. Jim's mother was overly concerned about Jim's accident in Disaster Falls, and we suspected that this was some kind of ruse.

Dick and I went into town to buy supplies. I wanted to continue on that trip so desperately that I refused to give up hope and clung to the belief that I could wear down his objections. Dick got his hair cut and then we went to buy supplies. Dick bought just enough for himself. All I had to my name was \$10. But I very optimistically went ahead and bought my set-up of one dozen cans of milk, some of tomatoes, all-bran, and eggs. I had four dollars left. Dick kept repeating, "Iz, I'm telling you! It's no use. You're just wasting your money. I've made up my mind. Iz, you can't go."

The store keeper loaded all the food on the truck and took it down to the river. There, while they were putting the supplies on the boat I slipped behind some trees and put on my river clothes, beat-up old shoes, wet dirty shirt and stained shorts, got into the boat, and sat firmly on top of my duffel bags. Then, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, I made Galo's Last Stand on the banks of the Green River. Had it been not so desperately tragic, it would have been very, very funny. And what an intelligent conversation that was.

"Please, Dick. Take me along."

"Please, Iz. I just can't."

"Please, Dick."

"Iz, you can't go."

"Dick! Dick! Don't leave me here. You just can't go down that river alone."

"I've made up my mind."

"Please, Dick."

"Please, Iz."

This went on and on for an hour or two with a few variations. Finally Dick exploded in a violent anger wanting me to leave so he could get going. It was now 2:00 p.m. Wednesday. He started to lift me off bodily. I slipped over the side of the boat into deep water. Trying to lift me back into the boat was like hoisting a 500-pound bag of cement out of a hole. Dick gave up, grabbed my duffel bags and flung them on shore. Then he curled up under the shade of a rock on shore glaring at me and muttering, "I'll never understand women."

Something had to give. After another hour of fruitless argument, I wearily allowed Dick to pull me into and out of the boat. Then I watched him row down the river with the boat I bought--until he rounded the corner out of sight.

There I stood. Four dollars in my pocket, dressed in the dry blue jeans and tennis shoes I had changed into. Dick offered me money, but I angrily refused, saying I'd manage.

I got a ride into Green River where I shipped my duffel bags home, made the long-distance call to you and also home, and made arrangements for \$100 to be wired to Denver. I certainly didn't plan on sitting around in Green River waiting for the money and the 9:00 p.m. bus into Denver. So I started to hitch hike. I was amazed and dismayed to learn Denver was almost 400 miles away. I had an idea it was just around the corner.

I had no trouble with rides, got a ride to Thompson. There a man in a truck took me into Grand Junction. And what a ride that was! He had a little old truck that panted all the way and threatened to give up over every little hill. He had to stop every ten miles and put water in the radiator. We went about twenty miles an hour. I was just dying to get out, but he was so nice and so obviously glad to have company that I stuck it out and arrived in Grand Junction around 9 p.m. I managed to get a nice room in an auto court for \$2.00.

Thursday, August 4, 1949

Up with the sun again. On the road at 6:00. Got a ride with a local man to Palasade. There I got my first glimpse of the Colorado River. I scrambled down the bank and just gazed at the water feeling forlorn, lost, and discouraged.

I then got a ride with two men who changed the whole course of my plans. They had read about our trip in the papers and were eager to meet me since they were the truest outdoor enthusiasts I had ever met. They wanted to know every single detail and asked a thousand questions. They might be interested in a river trip themselves next year. Howard Wolf was 46, in the neon sign business and quite wealthy. He was about five foot five inches tall, stocky with sparkling blue eyes, and a wonderful conversationalist. Dale Shreeves, 28 years, was in the real estate business and also wealthy. They were on their way back for a week's stay on Mt. Jackson Peak prospecting for the silver they had just learned of two weeks ago from maps and papers Howard's father had left sixty years ago. That's a long story in itself. It will be published in some magazine. If you're interested, I'll tell you which.

All the way from Grand Junction to Eagle they talked with me trying to figure out all the obstacles and persuading me to go back to Grand Junction, 130 miles back, to work and plan how to meet Dick at Hite. They treated me to a swell dinner in Eagle and Dale gave me \$10 to tide me over until I had the money transferred from Denver.

So it was back in Grand Junction. I hitch-hiked again at 2:30 and got a ride with a man who turned out to be a wolf so that's where I got off. Then a nice man brought me back to Grand Junction.

Friday, August 5, 1949

I went to the Daily Sentinel where I talked with Preston Walker, the editor, and gave him further info about the river trip. He is a real river rat himself -- went down the Delores twice in a semi-cataract boat built by Neville. He said Dick should never have gone alone, and above all should have taken me along. He was just swell to me.

I made arrangements with the lady at the auto court to stay two weeks so I could earn some money and then go to Hite.

Another day but date unclear

I made the rounds of the hospitals. I could have had a permanent position at St. Mary's on the 20th or one at Maynard on September 16, but no one needed temporary help. I was getting discouraged now. I went back to talk with Pres and asked him if he thought I was crazy to persist, if my scheme to beat it down to Hite and continue down to Lee's Ferry was too fantastic.

He replied, "Listen, Isabelle. Everybody thinks we river people are crazy. And since I'm a river man, I understand, and I'm telling you to make every effort to return to the river."

Monday, August 8, 1949

That's all the encouragement I needed. Monday, I called Milwaukee and made arrangements to have my duffel bags air expressed to Grand Junction. Now I had a definite plan. No more doubts or hesitations. I had been spitting and clawing empty air like a cat held helplessly by the scruff of the neck ever since last Wednesday. You may well smile. At last this willful, stubborn, spoiled female has been sat down on, but hard. It took a woman and boy from Colorado to do it. But now my stubbornness was in full swing and I was ready for definite action. My plans were to go to Hite, pack a little food, then walk upstream until I met Dick.

[Note: Letter jumps to August 14] So this is the latest development on the Griffith River Trip. I still don't know whether I can continue with Harry or not. But either way I'm satisfied. Dick and I are having so much fun here with this wonderful Porter family.

The ferry man got all possible information (which was not much) from Dick concerning our river trip and will send it in to the Tribune in Salt Lake City, along with the letter to be mailed by Aaron Porter when he drives into town Monday.

I'm writing this letter in a tent with a flash light. It must be 12:00 now. We will all get up at dawn to pick tomatoes. But I want this letter to go out with Porter Monday so I'm keeping on writing.

So, folks, I hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive this stubborn girl from Milwaukee in not giving up what she started. Seem to me my friends in Colorado and I could exchange some new angles in stubbornness. But in persisting I have made many new friends and have met the wonderful Porter family. This is my story and Dick has his about Cataract Canyon. Can't get much detail out of him. Just like a man!

Love,
Is

Wednesday, August 10, 1949 (By Isabelle)

[Note: Narration goes back to August 10 to her stay at Grand Junction.]

Golly, I'm learning patience the hard way. I called Henrietta Monday and asked her to make arrangements to air mail my duffel bags, then sat around all day Tuesday waiting for them to come. I pestered the Railway Express Company. No bags. Today the same. Went downtown and paid back the \$10 Shreeves loaned me and left a message for Pres Walker saying I was leaving and many thanks for his help.

At last Railway Express Company called. My bags arrived to be delivered Thursday a.m. Ye Gods, and a twelve midnight bus to catch. I had to call a cab and make the pick-up myself. The people are wonderful, but oh, the service!

The cab picked me up at 11:30 and took me to bus station. More patience demanded of me -- if I don't learn now I never, never will. And I'm most reluctant and certainly unwilling.

The 12:20 bus pulled out at 1:30 packed with three more people than seats. I was one of the more people. I sat on the step up in front and felt perfectly at home on the hard seat. It took two hours to drive to Moab. We arrived at 3:30. The sight of the bridge and the shadowy glimpse of the Colorado River stretching away into darkness smote me sharply. Just one week ago I made my desperate appeal to continue down that magic carpet of water and lost completely and oh, so hopelessly. I sat in that unhappy cafe until 4:30 a.m., then was on my way to Monticello. In a front seat, I dozed.

When I opened my eyes it was light and one of those breath-taking sunrises was just in the process of forming. We were in my beloved canyon country. Red weird rock formations

stretched out before my delighted eyes. I can gaze and gaze and never can become saturated with such astonishing beauty. Ever increasing is my awe and wonder over this country that man has happily been unable to alter and catalogue.

I reached Monticello at 7:00. Those duffel bags sure slow me down; I have to stay put and try to hitch a ride. I'd rather breeze down the highway, and usually in a short while a car stops and picks me up.

A man and his daughter from New Jersey picked me up and took me to Blanding, 22 miles away. Here my daily lesson of patience is again in progress. At first I almost panicked when I learned Hite is still ninety miles away. And so distressingly few cars were on the highway. I made the rounds of three filling stations and asked them if any trucks were going to Hite. At the third and last I struck oil. A man who lived in Hite was going there as soon as his truck was repaired. It was then 9:30. It is now 1:00 p.m. He had to send to Monticello for an auto part. I have been parked at a booth in a sweet shop alternately eating ice-cream, reading a magazine, telling my life story to the sympathetic young waitress, and finally writing the latest development of same.

I got some distressing info from the man taking me to Hite. I told him my plan to hike up river, eventually to meet Dick, then come down with him to Hite. Hmm! Most discouraging. Said the canyon walls come down to river's edge making it impossible to go as far as I want to camp and live out doors again. It should be most pleasant after this grueling, unasked for, and certainly unplanned week of civilization. Civilization is okay, but not when it's dumped on one so unexpectedly and unhappily.

Henrietta told my Superior I'd be back the 15th. Superior wanted my address most urgently. Probably wanted to fire me in the proper way. Oh well. It's worth it!

Blanding is a very small town. Standing in the middle of the street I can see all of town in the four directions.

On the way to Hite we'll go through the natural bridges country. It should be a nice ride providing I ever get started, which I gloomily doubt. Boy, by the time I get home I shall be so sweetly patient I'll be impossible to listen to -- ranting about the noble virtue I've acquired. Jeepers, I'm right up to date and the day is only half over. Now what do I do? Moral: Never let anyone bump you off a river. The dangers of the Green and Colorado Rivers are like a wading pond compared to the uncertainties and hazards of the U.S. highway. Home is beginning to assume an accent of the nostalgic, and I'm again bogging down in discouragement wondering what happens when Dick joins up with Harry Aleson and I stand around wistfully wondering where that leaves me. Home via Lee's Ferry or home via Blanding, Monticello, Denver, Milwaukee.

A bunch of tourists burst through the door with noisy enthusiasm. It's amazing the weird size and shapes these Levy jeans can adjust to. Most entertaining. I'm critical because I've been exposed to perfection.

God above must be mighty amused at this silly sheep's tracks the last week.

God, the price of stubbornness. I'll learn someday. I should live that long!

I've got to beat it down to the river soon or my money won't last. I just talked to Mr. Porter. Sure was funny. I walked out of the sweet shop to see further developments at the same time he left the garage seeking me. We met in the middle of the road and began conversing. The cars just circled us on either side before we became aware of our nonchalant place of conversation. We both laughed spontaneously at the thought of us acting like two Moqui Indians unconcernedly being a traffic hazard.

Slow paralysis is setting in, starting in the feet and working up. No sleep last night. It's now 5:30. Porter might decide to remain over night if his car isn't fixed soon.

Reward at last. The car was fixed and we were on our way about 7:00 p.m. And what a ride that was. The road was two tire tracks, and the truck bounced, jostled, and jumped so hard I thought every bottle in my duffel bag would smash.

But, oh, the scenery! Sheer witchery. We climbed up cliffs breathlessly near the edge of a sheer drop down into deep gorges, then swiftly descended and dipped down into the valley with canyon walls rising above. Everywhere that unearthly formation of rocks, cliffs, and buttes was tinted fiery red, the sight of which never fails to reach deep into my heart. Then there was a

complete change of climate and scenery as we entered the mountains. Tall stands of pine; the air cool and fragrant. We stopped and had a drink from a spring. There's nothing like a deep drink of cold water in this country -- nothing so welcome and satisfying.

We drove all night. I don't know what I'm going on -- must be sheer excitement and expectation. I'm not a bit sleepy.

Aaron Porter is a very unusual man. He's medium height, slender, blue eyes, shock of white hair, very tanned, about forty. He drew me out of my shyness and encouraged me to talk, asking me many questions and seeming so interested. He's a Mormon and told me many interesting facts about his religion. He married a widow with four children four years ago and has a fruit ranch in Hite. I'll write more later about the family.

Friday, August 12

We arrived at the Ferry shortly after dawn. Arthur Chaffin, who operates the Ferry, took us across. He charged five dollars per car and 50 cents per person. I insisted on paying the fare.

Then I met Porter's family and saw his ranch. What a family! What a country!

There are four children: Farnum, 17; Reva Mae, 15; Merrill, 13; and Jerry, 9. They're all good-looking, well-adjusted, charming youngsters. And they treated me just swell. It's a little embarrassing to have people be so grand. There's so little one can do in return when far from home.

Breakfast was all ready and we sat down to a feast of simple food such as I never tasted in all my life. It's opened my eyes to the flatness of city food, which depends so much on seasoning and refrigeration. Here everything on the table was grown and produced right at home. We had Corn Flakes with sliced fresh peaches and thick, clotted sweet cream. The peaches just dripped natural sugar. Then we ate freshly gathered eggs and crisp bacon with home-baked bread and delicious homemade butter. We drank fresh sweet milk. For the first time in my life I tasted food at its best and it was a surprising experience for a city-bred gal.

They showed me around. I was amazed and delighted with the orchards. Saw such fruit as I'd never seen before -- figs, nectarines, pomegranates, Siberian dates, English walnuts, almonds, and filberts. Also cantaloupe, strawberries, peaches, plums, pears, apples (Stark and Delicious). And scores of common vegetables. Early tomatoes make up the largest crop. Aaron has 110 acres with 30 under cultivation. At an elevation of 3,500 feet, Hite has a nine-month growing season and good sandy loam that has been developed from the rich silt of the Colorado River. Wherever seed is planted and watered one is sure to reap a bountiful crop. And such crops I never saw. Such clean, beautifully perfect fruit -- they never spray the trees. Huge globes of pink-tinted apples. Large, solid, red tomatoes. I never knew fruit could be so beautiful.

One handicap is that the markets, one in Blanding, 188 miles away, and one in Hanksville, 60 miles away, are so distant over rough dirt roads.

The living accommodations are as yet quite crude. The Porters have been there two years. Everyone sleeps out in large sturdy tents with wood floors and the necessary furniture. The main house consists of a kitchen and fruit-canning storeroom. They all work very hard but seem to find life very pleasant and good, and truly appreciate their out-of-this-world surrounding scenery.

Lunchtime was another amazing revelation of good food. Salmon, mixed salad of homegrown vegetables, spiced beets, sliced tomatoes, that delicious butter and bread, and cantaloupe.

I met Blaine Thompson, who is surveying the Dirty Devil River. How lucky can I be. At three o'clock he drove me along the river's edge in a truck for about four miles. Then we went upstream about two miles in a boat to the Fremont River where he did his usual calculations on the river depth and sediment. It was quite confusing to me. He left my duffel bags and me by the river's edge where he leaves the boat. Tomorrow I'll ride with him again to the Fremont River and camp there. Then I'll see how far upstream I can hike. Blaine will be here until the 21st. If Dick has not yet come around the corner of the river, I'll ride back with Blaine. But I'm confident Dick will show up by then and I can hitch a ride into Hite on Dick's beloved Bathtub.

Saturday, August 13

I spent the night on the sand bar. I had reached my objective. Friday night was most serene after a hectic week of doubts and changed plans. I built a huge blazing campfire. The swift current of the restless, ever-moving Colorado was music to my heart. Across the river rose sheer cliffs tinted fiery red by the setting sun. From upstream the faint roar of a rapids reached me. Journey's end!

The First Star. The moon lit up the sand bar with silver shadows. I slept in peace and quiet again.

I woke to another spectacular Utah sunrise and kept busy writing, reading, and exploring until Blaine drove up at 3:30. Together we went upstream in the motor boat to the Dirty Devil. As we rounded the corner on this day, Saturday August 13, I saw a sight on the river that made me stare in open-mouthed amazement, not daring to believe what my eyes beheld. There, floating lightly on the dirty Colorado waters, was a black rubber boat manned by a man clad only in shorts and a red rag tied around his head. His skin was burned so dark that he looked like an Indian. It was Dick. Yes, it wasn't a mirage. He, too, sat motionless staring at the motor boat, recognizing my striped shirt, and also entirely unbelieving of what he saw. The shock must have been greater for him, because he had been ten days alone on the river, out of touch with the world entirely and then suddenly seeing me in a motor boat, of all things, when he thought I was in Milwaukee.

We pulled up to shore and I was so happy to see him safe and sound, though a little thinner, that I don't quite know what was said. All I know is that he was plenty mad at the river because of the head wind that made rowing so difficult that day, mad at the ole rubber boat, and just mad because of the difficult, lonely days he had on the river. He'd beat the heat, had to do so much walking, and had to look over forty rapids. It was plenty rough, but that's Dick's story to tell. I'll have to get a copy of the notes he kept.

Blaine continued in the motor boat, and I returned to Hite with Dick in the bathtub. It was just like coming home to be on that ole rubber boat again. I insisted on rowing and just gloried in it. At Hite, I took Dick to Porter's and introduced them all. Oh, such wonderful, truly hospitable people. They took Dick right into their hearts. Said he could stay here until Harry Aleson arrived and will even pay him and give him room and board to help them out with the haying and fruit picking. They offered the same to me.

Sunday, August 14

How much these people like Dick. They think he is just amazing. He says such funny things that they just bust out laughing.

I helped pick peaches in the morning, while Dick worked in the hay fields cutting hay with a team of horses all day. Dick is a master with horses. He can put on the harness, hitch them to an old hay mower, and cut hay all day. He was raised on a ranch in Wyoming and learned these skills well. I have no more bookmarkers so we are without funds. Dick had to go to work for money to get enough money for bus fare back to the pickup that we left in Wyoming.

We both feel so much at home here. The weather is delightfully warm and sunny. And all this fruit -- Dick and I just eat and eat. Figs, peaches, tomatoes, apples, cantaloupes, in addition to three out-of-this-world meals a day. Dick is putting back his lost weight.

We helped Farnum doctor a sick sheep. He's a swell kid. He plans to have his own orchards someday. He loves this country.

Dick's notes on his journey through Cataract Canyon while Isabelle is in Grand Junction planning to meet him at Hite:

Iz and I walked up town from the boat to get breakfast. We both were still dismayed over the way everything had happened. The three of us were having so much fun together. Sometimes I wish we had never bothered to come out of Desolation Canyon. Jim's mother's illness forced him to go home. Jim's bad luck was also Iz's bad luck for I requested she go home, also. I couldn't make Iz believe she couldn't come with me. I would have very much liked to have taken her along for her pleasant company. She also could have continued to row the boat in

quieter water and cook. If anything went wrong in terms of sickness or bites she would prove invaluable. But the very fact that she is a girl and people talk makes things complicated. Also, Cataract Canyon is no place for a girl. I firmly believed that Cataract Canyon was no place for Iz—she was a poor swimmer. She could not climb out the canyon walls and walk across miles of desert to safety if the boat was lost or we became separated. She comes east of the Mississippi River so I could not expect her to have the necessary survival tools.

Iz bought her supplies just as if she were continuing the trip. I pleaded with her not to spend all of her money, but my words were useless. She loaded her things on the boat and made all preparations to finish the 900-mile trip. I tried to get her to give it up and catch the bus but she stayed in the boat.

I finally got angry and threw her duffel to shore. Then I tried to throw her on the bank. But she jumped in the water and hung on to the boat where I couldn't get hold of her. After soaking for about an hour she came back on the boat where I finally talked her into going home. I left her standing on the bank with only a few dollars and no way of getting any more money from home.

Never have I seen a girl with such perseverance. She just knew she could win me over, but she lost, and I am the one who really suffers. I broke my promise to her and I am about the loneliest person. If I had started the trip alone it wouldn't be so bad. But after having Jim and Iz for companions, it seems like the whole world is against me now that they're gone.

It was a lonely feeling leaving Iz on the bank, me with all her supplies and she without any money. I kept on rowing until I was well out of town before I stopped to drift.

It wasn't long before I came to Crystal Geyser, but it only spouted once while I passed by. A huge fault line must have caused the geyser's pressure. There was an oil well there, too, but the pressure was so high that it had been abandoned.

I made camp early that evening because I was sleepy but didn't bother to eat.

August 5

I arose a little late and wrote a letter to Jim and mailed it at a farmhouse. I rowed for a little while and just basked in the sun. This country is a little dull without the canyons. Passed Dellenbagh's Butte. It has layers of chocolate brown strata. The heat is getting terrible. I just sit here and sweat pours off of me. The boat is so hot I can't touch it.

I noticed an old Indian trail coming off the bluff. Camped just before dark and ate supper on the boat -- there were no camping places. I ate some of Iz's All Bran and milk. I feel guilty every time I eat her food. I slept right on the boat from sundown to sunup.

August 6

I let the boat drift and ate breakfast. The river is as smooth as molasses and just as slow. I passed through the Three-sided Canyon junction. Navajo sandstone is massive to begin with but thins out. Stillwater Canyon looks very much like Glen Canyon only it is much smaller. There seems to be a complete lack of camping places. Nothing but tamarisk willows line the bank so I can't even get near it. The mornings and evenings are nice traveling for I can stay in the shadows of the walls, but the afternoon sun is almost unbearable, and I sweat sheets of water without stirring a muscle.

I found names on a wall -- Neville, Hydes, Loper, and many others. Three of these people died going through the Grand Canyon. It is believed the Hydes, who were on their honeymoon, died in the lower end of the Grand Canyon. Their bodies were never recovered.

I came to Bow Knot Bend, which took about two hours to get around. I must be making pretty good time but not nearly as much as I would if someone were with me. I don't seem to have much energy -- just sit in the boat and doze. I want to get to Cataract Canyon as fast as possible to see what kinds of rapids there are. If I have to make portages I want plenty of time. A 400 pound boat cannot be portaged?

I camped at the end of Bow Knot Bend, but there wasn't any place to build a fire. Slept on the boat as usual. In the middle of the night there was a huge rock slide that rolled into the river. First time I ever heard one on the river.

August 7

I lifted up my air mattress and found a scorpion. I will leave him in the boat and catch him when the trip is over.

The walls are getting deeper and deeper -- this would be a hard place to get out of. But they don't seem to impress me much. I built a tent out of sheets to escape the hot sun. About all I do is crawl to the bottom of the boat and drift. I write and play my flute for amusement.

I camped rather early and made a fire, where I hard boiled all of Iz's eggs and made bread. Everything I have of worth belongs to Iz—The food I eat, the boat and the oars. My worldly possessions consist of one pair of shorts, a dirty T-shirt, a surplus army sleeping bag loaded with chicken feathers, a worn out pair of tennis shoes but no socks, a flute and \$3.83. I used to take pride in the fact that I was a loner and could do anything by myself. I now know that my life is due to a drastic change; one that will become more involved with female companionship. She, Iz, is a tough one.

August 8

I am still boating my way across the state of Utah -- a long way by boat. In two more days I may reach the Colorado River. The massive red sandstone seems to be receding away from the river leaving lone buttes here and there. I came to a winter pastureland. There was a cabin there, with stove and food. The sun was scorching hot, but grass was growing out of the sand. The valley ought to make wonderful winter pasture.

There were Moqui ruins inside of a wall. I climbed up to them and found them to be in very good shape, but the foodstuff was already looted. I had trouble climbing down. Couldn't seem to get down the way I went up, so I gave up and jumped off of ledges the rest of the way.

There were a lot of white-tailed deer; most of them don't seem to have any fear of me. I whistled and yelled, but they stood and looked at me. There seem to be five bucks to one doe.

I never see geese any more. It must be too far south for them. The deer seem to be everywhere. I passed close to the riverbank where a doe and buck were standing. I frightened them so that they fell off the bank into the river just a few feet from the boat.

No place to make camp, so I stayed on the boat. It rained part of the night. I used Iz's plastic sheet for cover.

August 9, 1949

It was cool most of the morning and more clouds seemed to float in. I grew so tired in the afternoon that I pulled in to shore to sleep for an hour. Found a place where I could climb out, and I camped near it on a sand bar. It took me two hours to climb out, over ledge after ledge. The evening shadows were cool, and I rather enjoyed it. The view on top really fired my imagination. There were weird rock formations. Some of them were greenish-black, others were white. The setting sun made every color in the clouds and in the rocks beam forth their brightest colors. For miles and miles I could see the vast, hot desert being cooled by evening rains. The nearby mountains, LaSal and Henry, jumped out of the desert plateau. Spirals, pinnacles, and fantastic castles loomed up from the parched desert floor. For miles and miles all around there wasn't a single living soul. Few men have ventured into this region, and some who have died in some way or another. The vastness, the lack of water, or in many cases, too much water, have kept this desert from being penetrated often.

I started back to the boat lest I stay too long and not be able to find my way back over the ledges. I made bread that turned out better than ever. Bread made from flour, sugar, salt, cornmeal, baking powder, raisins, and shortening, has any baker's bread beat. I sat and played my flute -- the echo was beautiful. I play simple little notes, but down in these canyons they have a weird hollow sound that melds with the very elements.

August 10, 1949

The days seem to roll by as I try desperately to reach the Colorado River.

The air is still cool from the distant rains. Green River seems to sink deeper and deeper into the strata. The river in many places runs between two walls, and it would be hard to climb out. The lower strata have a crinkled look near the confluence of the Green and Colorado Rivers.

At last I reached the confluence of the Green and Colorado Rivers, the beginning of Cataract Canyon. It's been named the "graveyard of the Colorado." Of all the canyons, Cataract Canyon is the most deceptive and devious. In a few days I will see why it has earned such a name. Between 1909 and 1912 at least seven men died in one short section of rapids. Three parties are known to have left Green River, Utah, and disappeared without a trace. Before World War I many gold seekers and fur trappers entered these canyons. Between World War I and now, few people have ventured into this region. I found a survey marker chiseled into a boulder left by the Stanton's survey. Three of their party were killed, drowned in Marble Canyon, the upper portion of the Grand Canyon.

The first three miles were calm, then all of a sudden the river started to drop. The first rapid I studied carefully, remembering each rock and hole. I need a photographic memory. In each rapid I picked a channel and a number of landmarks, then walked back to the boat thinking it over. Everything looks different when you actually start down through the rapid.

The first rapids were fairly easy. I managed to stay out of all the five-foot waves. The rapids became progressively worse, and in each I was forced to pull ashore, unload the boat to bale out water.

The wind blew so hard that I decided to camp. I have good maps that show rough water for tomorrow -- one rapid a mile long. I had camped early enough to check the rapids. I climbed about 2,000 feet up over a series of ledges. The limestone out-croppings held fossilized crineoids, brachiopods, and horn corals, all replaced by the red mineral, jasper. Out on top a mass of round smooth boulders lay strung out for miles. These boulders were as big as houses, with caves and narrow passageways cutting through them. The place had a mysterious, wonderland effect. Little pockets here and there of pinion trees and green grass up to my knees. The LaSal mountains loomed out of the desert floor straight east from me, but I wasn't sure whether I could spot the Henry mountains or not. When I returned to camp it was almost dark, but there still was enough light to make rice and play my flute. I was camped between two rapids which roared and rumbled all night long. It was a very unnerving night.

August 11, 1949

I worked all morning getting the boat ready for serious rapids. I tied down my spare oars and lashed my bedroll, flute, camera, and gun. If the boat turned over, at least those items could be recovered. I left the canned goods loose so they'd drop out if the boat turned over. Without the extra weight, I'd have a better chance of recovering the boat. I lashed the oars on where I could get to them easily and checked my bow and stern ropes to make sure the knots were holding. If I lost the boat, I would have great difficulty climbing the 2000-foot cliffs. Out on top there is nothing but barren wasteland for miles and no water.

I checked each rapid, walking down and back again, remembering each rock and hole and weighing the best way to run it. In some rapids I was overly cautious. I ran the second rapid and filled up with water. That made the boat too clumsy to row, so I had to go to shore and bail it out.

All afternoon I walked, looking over rapids, climbing into the boat, and running through, then bailing the water out. It soon became hard work. Finally, I reached the mile-long rapid. It really dropped off in two places. The first drop had two big holes close together that formed a big suck. I threw logs into it, and the suck shoved them under. I knew then that I didn't want to take my boat in there. Falling into one of these large holes is no fun. A 15-foot boat slides down a smooth tongue into the hole, and you feel as if you have gone all the way to the bottom of the river. Coming out is the bad part -- tons of water pour in on top of you, you lose your grip on the oars and then you hang on desperately, to anything to keep from being swept off of the boat. The boat shudders trying to move through the standing wave and in the process could tip over. These few seconds are always frightening, but when you find that you have miraculously survived you manage to grasp the oars again and guide the boat to safety. The entry into these rapids is

crucial. There are only a few feet to play around with, and you can't see a rapid's holes and rocks until you pour over the lip. Bubbles are sometimes your only guide to the entry.

I am the luckiest man in the world -- sometimes scared but always lucky. I went by holes today that I could look into and see all the way to the bottom of the river.

I camped after having come nine miles, which isn't very far considering the current goes 15 to 20 miles an hour.

I went looking for fossils to settle my nerves, then cooked dinner. Sat up late that night and played my flute. I was restless all night long and couldn't seem to sleep. I even got up in my sleep and started looking for Jim and Iz in the rocks. I couldn't understand why they weren't on the sand bar with me.

August 12, 1949

It seemed to take all morning to load up and get started. I ran the first rapid with no great difficulties, but the next were the type of rapids that are bottled up into a narrow chute. There were no large holes, but the waves must have been ten feet high with cross currents coming in from every direction. I couldn't hold the boat steady at all -- it went sideways, then backward, sometimes making a complete turn. The current seemed to have complete control over me and snapped me here and there as if I were tied to it. I always filled up with water and had to go to shore to unload and bail.

I crawled along the boulders to look at the next two rapids. They were sudden drops, like waterfalls. The first of the two had rock strung all the way across and large holes.

I knew that I probably should line this one, but there were supposed to be even worse below. My ten-man surplus boat weighs 450 lbs. It would be impossible for me to portage it around a rapid and very risky to line it around. Many, many times I thought about lining the boat down and toyed with the idea of a portage, but there was no way I could manage either by myself. If I were to run it, I would have to hold the boat steady. If I slid into one of those holes sideways, I would tip over.

Getting through the rocks wasn't so bad but the hole was waiting for me. I held the boat as steady as possible, and dropped into it, bow first. Pots and pans rattled. The boat shook and shuddered. Then it sort of lifted itself out. The boat filled up with water, so I had to get to shore before I was swept into the next rapid. It seemed to take endless hours to unload the boat and bail, but I had to make it as light as possible.

The next rapid was the worst yet. If anyone had been with me, I would have portaged it. It was full of holes and immense rocks and steep drop offs. I could see only one possible way to get through, and that was by a narrow chute between two large holes. The water seemed to fold up and shoot down underneath the main wave. If the bow of the boat were to plunge in there, it would probably be sucked under for three or four feet, dipping up water when it shot out again. These holes were nothing more than big whirlpools. This rapid scared me more than any other rapid I had run before. I would have backed out right then and there, but the only way out was down the river.

I rowed to within 30 feet of the drop off and got set. My mouth was dry as a burlap bag from the tense anticipation. I maneuvered very carefully, aiming for that narrow five-foot strip. I entered it and plunged down into the waves below, missing both holes. To my left I could see the funnel-shaped hole suck the water way down inside. It was the most beautiful run of all my river experience. Had I plunged into either hole, I would have gone head over heels into the foaming mess. The suck alone would have pulled the bow under, and the wave would have caught me off balance and shoved me right on over.

I carefully checked the remaining rapids, then walked back to the boat. The waves were high, constantly filling the boat. I learned to sneak around and go along the edge -- the chicken route. I camped by Gypsum Creek and found I had come only six miles. It will probably take another week to get out of here with all of the walking I have to do. I was tired, discouraged, and scared when I pulled into camp. My legs ached from walking. My arms burned from rowing. I had no Jim to unload the boat or Iz to rub my muscles and cook dinner. I just had all of the work to do

myself. But I was thankful to have made it through the day. I still have worse rapids to run (if they can get worse). Gypsum Creek Rapids look impossible and there are more below.



The lower end of Cataract canyon is now flooded by the Glen Canyon Dam.

August 13

Note! The following notes were made in 1994. It seems that two days of notes are missing. Also there is an overlap of dates. Thirty-five years have elapsed, and I cannot remember all that happened on the 13th or 14th; however those two days were very memorable.

Toward evening the canyon became more ominous. I was dwarfed by its immenseness and silenced by the power of the rapids. The canyon walls narrowed and, in some places, dropped down to the river. Just ahead were Dark Canyon Rapids, the last rapids in Cataract Canyon. People have died in this rapid. Some say it is one of the worst. Peaceful Glen Canyon starts a few miles below it.

Late evening, I walked along the rapid just above Dark Canyon Rapids. It ran against the other side of the canyon wall. When I returned to my boat I realized something was wrong. I turned around, and there, in the sunlight, stood a figure. He was watching me. At that instant I didn't know whether to be friendly or just get in my boat and leave. How did this guy get here? I'd seen no tracks up river. The canyon walls were too steep for anyone to casually walk in. I didn't think anyone had been here for years. Both of us were in a state of shock, but we finally got up enough nerve to approach each other.

The man turned out to be a young lad. He explained that he had walked down Dark Canyon and that his party was camped at the mouth of Dark Canyon, which forms Dark Canyon Rapids. He was a member of a group of Explorer Scouts, and they were the first ever to explore Dark Canyon. My young friend's name was Jon Lindberg. It was later in the evening that I finally had enough courage to ask if he might be the son of Colonel Lindberg. He was!

I loaded my friend into the boat, and we quickly ran the rapid and went down river to his camp.

There were ten Explorer Scouts who were led here by a man by the name of Kenny Ross. I camped with the explorers, and I envied them being the first to successfully come all the way down Dark Canyon. Their leader, Kenny Ross asked me many questions about my ten-man surplus inflatable raft. He asked how I'd managed to get through the Cataracts without any serious mishaps.

In 1938 Amos Berg and Buzz Holmstrom made a trip between Green River and lower end of the Grand Canyon. Berg used a commercial inflatable. Amos died in Ketchikan sometime during the 1980's. I may have been the second to run Cataract Canyon with an inflatable. Harry Aleson used surplus inflatables on the San Juan and Glen Canyon. Bus Hatch used them on the upper Green and Yampa. Kenny Ross owned and used inflatables, but I don't think he ran Cataract Canyon with an inflatable until after my run.

A lot of people didn't trust inflatables. Guys like Neville, with a big name, made fun of them. I may not have been first, but I did make a small mark and proved that surplus inflatables do indeed work in heavy rapids.

I enjoyed talking to the young lads. They had little food, and I was glad to share mine with them. They did have a dead rattlesnake, which I skinned, dressed, and cooked. We all ate the delicious meat.

Note! On July 21, 1959, ten years later, I met one of these Explorer Scouts at Anaktuvuk Pass. I had just spent almost two months in the Alaska Arctic, walking from Barter Island to Anaktuvuk Pass.

August 14

I ate breakfast quickly for I wanted to leave this dark, narrow canyon and return to the sunlight. After carefully looking over Dark Canyon Rapids, I decided to take the chicken route on the left side rather than ride along the wall on the right -- it had holes and heavy water. The chicken route had a lot of rocks, but I could squeeze through them.

Kenny Ross was very interested in how I ran rapids. He learned from me that an inflatable rubber boat is very forgiving in rocks. It may take more maneuvering and finesse, but it's decidedly less risky. Jon Lindberg rode with me through the rapid, which, to all watching from shore, proved to be uneventful. I dropped off Jon and said goodbye to my friends.

A few miles below, just above the Dirty Devil River is considered to be the beginning of Glen Canyon, I met Iz.

Note! Dark Canyon Rapids and many of the rapids I have mentioned are now gone, flooded by the Lake Powell Dam. The distance from the Dirty Devil River through Glen Canyon to Lee's Ferry is 170 miles (all of which is now buried under hundreds of feet of water.) The distance from the Dirty Devil to the confluence of the Green and Colorado Rivers is 47 Miles. All but about 15 miles of that distance are now covered by Lake Powell. Dark Canyon and the big rapids above are gone forever. A sad ending.

August 15th to August 24th--By Dick

The dates somehow got mixed up. We didn't have a calendar, and it didn't matter any way. I am broke. I had to either get a job from Harry Aleson as a boatman through Glen Canyon, or get a job at Hite. I didn't have bus fare back to Colorado. I didn't know how I would ever get my boat and equipment back to Colorado.

The Porters gave me a job putting up hay. So once again I sat behind a team of horses on a hay mower. I am glad I knew how to work horses. The pay wasn't much, but the work was steady. I hitched the horses to a hay rake when the hay was cured, and bunched the hay in neat piles. Farnum and I then hauled the hay to a barn for storage.

Farnum and I also dug a well for Art Chaffin. It was hard work but cool. I would muck out the sand into a bucket, and Farnum would pull it to the surface with a windlass. When it got too

hot, Farnum would trade places with me. We finally hit some water, but Art was afraid the walls would cave in on us and stopped the operation.

Art and his wife are interesting characters. Art came to Hite in 1932, and before that he was a gold miner. He operated the ferry across the Colorado River at the only possible crossing in almost 300 miles. Without the Ferry there would never have been any Hite. The ferry was built in 1946, and remained in operation until 1964, when Lake Powell covered it up and the Porter's ranch



HITE, UTAH, TO LEE'S FERRY, ARIZONA, ON THE COLORADO RIVER

Wednesday August 24, 1949 -- By Isabelle

The big day has at last arrived. I didn't sleep much last night. Stu Campbell and his two tourists came in at 1:00 a.m., and I got up to give them my tent. I slept on the cot outside the house. That cot was on such an angle that every time I moved it threatened to dump me on the ground. I took my sleeping bag on to the grass, but when I heard a vigorous, snake-like rustling, I beat it back to the cot. I was so excited I couldn't sleep. But morning finally came.

Harry Aleson wrote to Dick saying he was starting the 24th with eight passengers, but he didn't need an extra boat-man. Dick was terribly disappointed. I was, too, for Dick, but I couldn't help but be happy for myself because it meant I could continue on the trip to Lee's Ferry. Farnum had persuaded his folks to let him go along—he would be adequate for a chaperone. Such a maneuver would ease Dick's conscious.

We spent the whole morning gathering fruit for the trip. And what food! We would really feast royally. We put up a box of figs, and packed peaches, grapes, apples, tomatoes, and cantaloupe. We also took a jar of butter and some home-baked bread. At about 11:00 a.m. we all piled into the pickup -- Reva, Merrill, Jerry, Farnum, Dick, and me -- and were off. We didn't make it very far, though, that ole truck stopped all by itself right next to the melon patch. We had

no choice but to pile out and raid the patch to the tune of five huge watermelons. The boys tossed them into the truck, and we were off again to the ferry. There we loaded the boat and took off down the river.

Dick liked the pea soup I made. Suddenly I remembered to ask if we had any onions. We had none. That was a major catastrophe. A Hungarian without an onion is a mighty helpless cook. That Dick, it took some tall persuasion to get him to stop at Porter's, but for once I had my way. Farnum loped across and came back with four big, beautiful, golden onions. We were fully equipped and at last on our way.

It was sheer heaven to be back on the river. It is an indescribable way of life in its beauty and sense of contentment, peace, and complete relaxation. I took a deep, deep breath and just let that feeling of happiness soak through my whole being. It's great to be alive and so very healthy. I'm sure glad I persisted in going to Hite, and that all those people -- Howard Wolf, Dale Shreeves, and Pres Walker -- kept encouraging me. It's so true that we are always dependent on other people. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't be back on the river.

The Green and Colorado Rivers are amazing. Never do you see two canyons alike. We slipped between high massive cliffs of red sandstone that reached far back from the river and dipped down into green valleys. I just gazed and gazed in ever-increasing wonder at all this loveliness -- the dazzling, blue Utah sky and its fantastic, piled-up white clouds. I could live here a lifetime and never become saturated with the glory of this country.

We experienced a little of everything today. Our old enemy, a head-wind, made it hard to make any time rowing. Then it clouded up and rained a little. But the sun came out, pleasantly warm. Towards evening we stopped at Ticaboo, 15 miles from where we started. That's where Farnum wants to start his fruit orchards and ranch. It's incredibly lovely. The valley goes way back to the Little Rockies, a branch of the Henry Mountains. A stream of water comes down from the mountains all the way to the Colorado River, making it perfect for irrigation and pasture. We walked into the canyon about a mile and stopped at a deserted camp, previously occupied by a 45-year-old man. There we confiscated some soap and blankets for Farnum. Farther back Farnum showed me a pool. That's something to see here in the desert. It was about twenty feet across, five feet deep, and overhung by huge rocks, trees, and cascading ferns. I wish I had the gift of describing such beauty. It just has to be seen to be believed.

We returned to the river, and the full beauty of swiftly changing peach, rose, and violet clouds spread out before us as the sun set. Then, stretched across the entire sky, glowed a bright rainbow. It was almost more than I could absorb, and my heart hurt as I reached out to grasp at the fleeting wonder of it all. Of the millions of people in this world, so few are able to achieve this moment of perfection.

We camped a short distance down the river on a sandbar. That's when I learned the sad condition of Dick's boat. He'd really had a rough ride in Cataract Canyon. One thing after another was missing. We couldn't find the plastic cloth, the flashlight, a couple of books, the mirror, a hiking pack, and the Dutch oven cover. All were gone. Dick had dressed on the boat after sleeping on it all night and lost his balance -- down the river went his swimming trunks. Good thing Jim left his as a donation. Also, because the boat constantly filled with water through the rapids, Dick had tossed overboard everything that floated around in the boat. Out went the soap, the toilet paper, the All-Bran. In fact, he said anything that reminded him of me just got thrown out. It was too strong a reminder of the rough time I gave him on the Green River -- all those groceries I bought, and our three-hour argument on the riverbank.

The pots and pans were dirty, sandy, and rusty. A rotten spud in the bottom of a can wafted out an odor that curled the tip of my nose. My once clean sheet was now a dark chocolate-brown. All the food was mixed up and scattered. But we managed to make supper. Dick made his famous specialty, raisin bread with butter and jam. I made my Hungarian pea soup, well flavored with onion thanks to Farnum. We topped off our meal with sweet, luscious grapes. Who could ask for more?

I forgot to mention Farnum's river initiation. He's quite a clown, always cutting up and making us laugh. He was pussy-footing around the edge of the boat as we loaded it. He made a

leap from one side of the boat to the other and the rubber just came back at him and sent him bouncing straight into the water, very surprised and very wet. We howled.

Today we demolished the first watermelon. It was worth five million words watching those boys tie into a huge melon on the boat. Seeds flying, faces wet from ear to ear, and such an expression of contentment as they chewed away, that it felt good just to watch them. There's nothing I like more than watching two husky men stow away food with such healthy appetites. One thing we have plenty of is food. About 20 cans of milk and an over-supply of staples. I can cook to my heart's content.

Thursday August 25, 1949

Today we held a big clean-up morning and tied into that boat with all the fury and energy three young healthy people possess. First we emptied the boat. Then the boys pulled and strained until they turned it over -- it weighed more than 400 pounds. Dick's pet scorpion was found alive and well. They scrubbed it until it shone. I attacked the silver, dishes, and canned stuff and got it all in working order. We had a good breakfast of cooked cereal with peaches and cream, bread and butter, grapes and cantaloupe.

While the boys were cleaning the boat, they asked me to help them for a minute. Then I'd had it. I was standing on the edge, and the ole boat bounced back at me and tossed me into the water. My first time on the river. Now it's Dick's turn.

There's always something new to see. We watched a heron trying to gulp down a huge fish. Dick let the oars idle, and we glided towards the heron. It was having an awful time, and finally grasped the fish and flew away just as Dick was ready to take its picture.

Farnum and Dick stopped at a spring to get a drink. Dick sat down in mud up to his waist. He wallowed into it deeper, making us laugh so. When he finally heaved out of the mud he almost lost his trunks.

Now for a few words about Farnum. He is 17 but seems much older, being possessed of self assurance and poise. He has blond hair and that unusual shade of blue eyes that change color with the light -- sometimes grey or reflecting green. Because of his sunny, fun-loving disposition, he's a perfect companion on a trip like this where we live with one another day after day under all kinds of weather and wilderness conditions. He's cooperative and most capable, taking to the oars like a veteran, spinning this ole boat around and showing it who's boss. He's not afraid to get his feet wet either, and is in and out of the boat as much as Dick. This promises to be as nice a trip as on the Green.

As I stepped from the back of the boat to get some grapes in the front, the boys decided my face needed washing. Dick swung the boat with a sharp dip of the oars, flinging me off the boat straight into the water. I was so surprised that I rose and sunk twice. Farnum jumped in after me just as I gained my balance and stood up in water up to my knees.

We made a late camp and cooked in the dark, groping around with a flashlight. Had a toad jumped into the soup that night no one would have been the wiser. I made Hungarian pea soup again -- this time not so lavish with the onions, but heavy on the cream. We call undiluted condensed milk "cream." I also made dumplings with tuna and mushroom sauce, which we polished off with raisin bread and butter and jam, and then cantaloupe for dessert. The beautiful expressions on the boys' faces was delightful.

Millions of stars blaze overhead. The new moon is slender and delicately curved. Silent, brooding, blue-black cliffs silhouette against the sky. It's that old canyon magic. A deep contented sigh. Sleep.

Friday August 26, 1949

Farnum sure is swell in getting us up early. We're up with the sun. A whiff of smoke drifts tantalizingly under my nose -- the fire is blazing.

Stealthily, but steadily, I have promoted myself to the position of chief cook. This morning Dick remarked with surprise, "Hey, who is supposed to do the cooking around here?"

I grinned, stuck out my tongue, and whipped up some pancakes with one hand. The boys have good, strong teeth so they had no trouble chewing them. We also ate cereal, cream, and peaches.

I sure stay clean these days. The ole rubber boat just bounced me off, clothes and all. My sunglasses clung to one ear and were saved. My pencil floating down the river was also rescued.

We keep up on reading too. I have the book The Egg and I. Farnum and Dick take turns reading it.

Dick has a bad infection on his ankle; it's quite swollen. I soaked a towel in boiling-hot water and wrapped it around his ankle. He yelped like a true Moqui, snatched the towel off, and gave me a good battle before I could continue treatment.

We rowed well into the evening looking for a good camping site. We never did find one, and finally stopped and perched our camp on a rocky hill. Dinner was Hungarian soup and bread again, with rice and raisins and cream.

Fortunately Farnum is a sound sleeper; Dick and I sleep some distance from Farnum. We talked and made love most of the night—what a romantic setting!

Saturday August 27, 1949

Farnum had the fire going at 5:00. Breakfast was ready at approximately 5:30 -- scrambled eggs and cereal with peaches. At 6:00 we broke camp. I perched on a rock off shore while Dick pushed the heavy boat off the beach. As I leaped for the boat I lost my footing and had my daily bath. I was so weak from laughter that I couldn't climb back in.

Dick doesn't like my navy blue man's shirt, so whenever he needs a rag for cleaning his glasses or camera lens or for wiping his nose he tears a swath of cloth off the tails. I'm beginning to have that tattered, shipwrecked look.

I've had it. My foot fell asleep so I shook it in the water. So quickly before I could even attempt a rescue, my dear, beloved, beat-up, chewed-up river shoe slipped into the water and sank. I'm heart-broken. I was going to save them because they stood by me so faithfully all the way down the Green and Colorado.

Poor Farnum. He's had it, too -- tender, blistered nose, swollen, cracked lips, burned-red legs, and peeling shoulders. But nothing dims his enthusiasm for river living. He's up at dawn with a Paiute shout, then sings crazy songs all day. He has a very good voice with perfect pitch.

I have no use for the women.
A true one can never be found.
Will stand by your side when you're sinning
And spit in your face when you're down.
My pal was a honest cow-puncher,
Honest and faithful and true,
But he turned into a card-shooting gunman
Because of a woman named Lou.

Dick uses an old frying pan for his Dutch oven cover. It doesn't fit very well, so he builds a huge fire on top of it. That does the trick. He makes better bread than ever. It's amazing. And does Farnum like it! Especially smeared with Mrs. Griffith's jam.

We sure are beating down this ole river -- never stop rowing from sunup to sundown. The three of us take turns rowing, though the boys hardly let me row. I have to fight to stay at the oars. But we take it plenty easy, too, stretching out in the sun to sleep. We blew up the air mattress and I floated down the river on it with a rope tied around my wrist so I wouldn't get lost.

What a life cruising down the river. Massive, gigantic cliffs rise straight up from the river 700 feet. They reflect tints of cream, buff, chocolate, cinnamon, black, red, and bronze on the river. We saw a flock of snowy white egrets resting on a rock, and glided up noiselessly. Dick snapped a picture as they took to flight. The river twists and turns revealing more fantastic rock formations.

Dick's memory is amazing. He studied the rock formations and remarked, "We are mighty close to the San Juan. Should be around the bend."

We came around the bend, and there it was -- the San Juan flowing into the Colorado. I caught my breath seeing these turbulent, wild rivers meet



Scenes like this no longer exist because Glen Canyon Dam has backed up hundreds of feet of water..

It doesn't seem possible, but the river becomes more and more beautiful as we go down. Words, pictures, writing -- nothing can describe its magic. The mind can't grasp its vastness, its tremendous size. One can only look and feel the pain of so much magnificence.

Dick went snap-happy over the view of Navaho Mountain. With good reason, too. The river's bronze and blue is bordered by green trees. Foothills rise gently like pulled taffy into higher, violet-tinted rocks then jagged red cliffs. Finally, in the background, Navajo Mountain looms silent, black, and forbidding.

One of the pleasures of river travel is the loneliness. There's no one in this wilderness except a black rubber boat with three little people. So it was quite a shock to round a bend and see a motor boat with three people in it pull away from shore and go roaring down the stream. We waved frantically, and they saw us. It was Stu Campbell's party. They'd left Hite the same time we did. We were mighty proud to see them. Three men at the oars proved just as good as their ole motor boat. They had just returned from Rainbow Bridge.

We beached and packed up rice, cream of wheat, apples, and sleeping bags for the long hike to Rainbow Bridge. We followed the creek as it meandered six miles between the canyon walls. The creek was very low and rusty red.

It's good to see familiar trails. Evening was approaching. We planned to walk until dusk, make camp, then continue to the Bridge in the morning. To quote Dick: I bitched all the way. Our packs were heavy, we were hot and sweaty, but the boys with their long legs just loped along. I fell further and further behind, slipping on rocks, falling into the stream, and getting the seat of my

pants wet and clammy. My five-pound box of food grew heavier and more awkward by the minute.



We never stopped once in four miles. I got madder with every step, but gritted my teeth. I was determined to go as long as the boys. Once Dick turned around and asked, "How you doing, Galo? How much farther can you go?"

I answered, "Let's go straight on to the bridge. No sense stopping now, there's plenty of time."

"No need to go that far," replied Dick, missing my sarcasm.

Finally I fell hopelessly behind and plodded on alone. As I floundered on a rock to give up the struggle, Dick returned and took my 50-pound box and said we had reached camp.

And what a camp! I felt chagrined when I saw the lovely place Dick had planned to surprise me with a dazzling white sandy beach. A clear stream poured between sheer cliffs and formed eight-foot deep pools on the canyon floor. It was sheer ecstasy to fling off dirty wet clothes and luxuriate in the cool, sparkling water. We filled up on rice and raisins and Brigham tea. That was my first Knowledge of the tea -- delicious. It grows in a bush. You take a big wad, push it into a can-full of water, and boil it like fury. After it is a clear amber, you add sugar and cream. It is pure nectar.

I was so tired, contented, and clean that I blinked once at the stars and was sound asleep. Suddenly, I was rudely awakened by the sharp striking of hooves on the rocky canyon floor. It sounded like hundreds of horses heading straight for my sleeping bag. Half asleep and terrified, I jumped up and snapped on my flashlight, frantically throwing the beam in all directions, even sky-wards. Nothing happened. I went to sleep again. In the morning Farnum told me four horses had gone up the trail to the Bridge, and you couldn't get a horse to step over a prostrate form.

Sunday August 26, 1949

We woke up early and continued to the bridge. Many thousands of words have been written about it so I won't attempt more. But it's an indescribable thrill to see that great, silent

stone arch, to know it will always be there, even when I leave this land of magic and color and return to the city of man.

Dick took many pictures and then we sat down and read the register. I saw Theodore Roosevelt's signature, and those of Norm Neville, Bert Loper, John Weatherall, Buzz Holstrom, Emery Kolb, John D. Rockefeller III, John D. Rockefeller, Jr, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Zane Grey. Some of the writings were quite amusing. One woman wrote, "First white woman to go down Glen Canyon and run the rapids. B.S. No rapids in Glen Canyon." A man wrote, "First man to die under the bridge." Another man, "Walked, fell, and crawled to the bridge."

We started the long hike back to the boat -- those same six miles -- shortly after noon. Dick had a rough time of it. One shoe, completely torn from the sole, wouldn't stay on his foot. We put a sock over it and tied it with laces, and reversed the left and right shoe so the better one could be on the sore ankle. His ankle was still inflamed and gave him an awful time walking over rocks and through sand. He carried two packs even though I fought with him to let me carry one of the bedrolls. He wouldn't give an inch, even refused to limp. What can you do with a guy like that?

But we finally made it. Three hot, tired, thirsty people. Then what a treat! We tied into a bit cool, sweet water-melon and quickly revived.

After oaring about three hours, we made camp.



This area is filled in with concrete (Glen Canyon Dam).

Monday August 29, 1949

Today is our last day on the river. We expect to hit Lee's Ferry Tuesday morning. A lot of unexpected things have happened but, I'm so glad that one of us made the 900 miles from Green River, Wyoming, to Lee's Ferry, Arizona. Dick did it!

As we were eating breakfast we saw a tarantula creeping among our camp gear. It was big and black and ugly. Dick eased a can in its path and captured it. We secured newspaper to the top with a rubber band and will attempt to bring it home alive.

We broke camp and rowed across the river where the boys looked for Moqui stuff. No luck -- not enough time. They found only pot shards. As we drew away from shore Dick leaped

for the boat -- he knew I was off my perch on the side. Galo got wet again. I'd fallen in every day since Hite. Yesterday, I was sleeping on the air mattress, rolled over to get more comfortable, and I was in the Colorado River.

We are further from Lee's Ferry than Dick thought. A heart-breaking head-wind blew all afternoon so we made very little time. At dusk we stopped, and I made a big pot of Hungarian pea soup. Then we took off again. Farnum rowed while Dick and I attempted sleep. Then Dick rowed far into the night. It was black-dark; I couldn't see anything. At last, using a flashlight, Dick found a dandy sand-bar. We wearily crawled into our sleeping bags and immediately dropped off to sleep.

Tuesday, August 30, 1949

I got up early and had pancakes and oatmeal going before waking two reluctant boys.

Last night Farnum spotted a scorpion scuttling across the sand. I ran to the boat and scratched around in the dark for a can, all the time aware of the tarantula somewhere in there. Dick got the scorpion in the can without getting stung. Now we have two poisonous pets to take home on the bus.

We also saw a praying mantis on the third day out, crawling up Dick's leg. Dick looked at it and continued eating. There's nothing I hate more than insects -- unless it's snakes. I picked the mantis off with a stick and threw it into the bushes. Dick now wishes he'd kept it.

We rowed constantly. It was the hottest day since we left Hite, about 108°. No wonder, we were in Arizona. There were signs of civilization at last. We passed an engineer's camp. The cook "hello"ed and shouted, "Come up for a cup of coffee!"

Dick grinned from ear to ear, flipped the boat around, and pulled into their camp. There we filled up on homemade jelly rolls, orange juice, and strong, hot, wonderful coffee. They were amazed to learn that Dick had come down the river all the way from Green River, Wyoming.

We were seven miles from Lee's Ferry. It seemed like 70. We oared and oared in the blazing sun, soaking in sweat and literally melting. At last we turned the last bend in the river and there were two little boys playing on shore. Three houses in the background spelled civilization. Journey's end.

But our work wasn't done. The next three hours were spent in great activity. We stripped the boat. The boys washed it down, deflated it, and rolled it up. I packed away all the can goods. Then everything was stashed under a shady tree and covered with cut branches. A man working for the U.S. Geological Survey drove us into town.

On the way in we passed two youngsters, Butch, 7, and Betty Jo, 9, hiking to Lee's Ferry. They were then a half mile away. We stopped, and the driver asked them where they were going. They continued hurrying down the road, saying they had come on bicycles. We drove on and met two men looking for the kids. Do you know what these two monkeys did? They live in Marble Canyon Lodge and had asked the waitress at the restaurant for a glass of water. It was during rush time and she was too busy, so the kids took a bicycle and a little tricycle to go the seven miles, on a hot, dusty, hilly dirt road, to Lee's Ferry for their drink of water. How they did it I don't know, those two little Gypsy adventurers. They hid when the two men came in sight and were a mile back to the lodge before they were caught. I bet they got the dickens when they got home. They said they saw a snake and finally resorted to drinking brown, dirty water when they became thirsty. The most amazing thing was their fresh energy and enthusiasm when we saw them hustling down the road. What startling youngsters grow out in the west.

We arrived in Marble Canyon Lodge at eight o'clock, where we had huge bowls of buttery, hot milk toast. We talked with the waitress, Margery, who is Dick's girl friend and whom he sees after each trip. Then, after scrubbing up in the shower until we fairly shone with our deep healthy sun tans, we gratefully went to sleep in real beds with snowy, crisp sheets.

August 30 by Dick

We left July 8th from Green River, Wyoming, and arrived at Lee's Ferry, a river distance of 900 miles. We passed through Wyoming, Colorado, and went all the way across Utah and into Arizona. Our original intent was to go from Green River Wyoming, through the Grand Canyon to

Boulder Dam, which would be the same trip made by Major Powell, Kolb Bros., Galloway/Stone, Flavell, Holmstrom, Nevilles, and Berg. There may be several more that I'm not aware of. If we had gone through the Grand Canyon in 1949, we would have been about the 105th to do so. During the summer of 1949 there were only 10 different people, according to Otis Marston's list of Grand Canyoners, who went through the Grand Canyon. In our entire 900-mile trip, we saw only one recreational boater, Stu Campbell.

To me it was big disappointment not to have completed the trip. Iz and I had been on the rivers for months. In June we ran the San Juan and Colorado Rivers from Bluff, Utah, to Lee's Ferry in Arizona. I was a boatman for Harry Aleson and Iz was a client. The combination of the two trips added up to a number of miles and many days out in the sun. I desperately wanted to prove that a ten-man surplus inflatable could run the Grand Canyon safely; however it was somewhat risky with just one boat.

I had other pressing problems that needed my immediate attention. I had to finish my degree in Geology so I could seek gainful employment. Classes started the next week. I had no money -- Iz financed this entire trip! For the first time in my life I was thinking of marriage and maybe settling down and raising a family. All of these things were going back and forth through my head, plus I knew that someday I would successfully float from Green River, Wyoming, to Boulder Dam. This trip would have to be made soon because within the next next decade dams will be built preventing travel by river as we have just done. A dam is now proposed for Flaming Gorge and Glen Canyon. These dams will not only destroy rivers but also unsurpassed canyon scenery.

Note! Events happen in strange ways! We finished this trip **August 30**, 1949, Iz and I were married **August 30**, 1950, Iz, Johnny, and I were holed up in a cave, **August 30**, 1951, just above upset rapids in the Grand Canyon because of a heavy downpour. The day after August 31, 1951, I successfully ran Lava Falls, the first time in an inflatable. We had just spent the entire summer floating from Green River, Utah. I don't know what happened August 30, 1952, but we did traverse the Barranca de Cobre in Mexico that year. It took us almost three months to get through.

