

LIFE STORY OF JOHN FRANKLIN WRIGHT

November 1990

I, John Franklin Wright, was born in Fruitland, New Mexico on 23 March 1903. My father, Samuel Franklin Wright, was born in West Jordan, Utah on 14 February 1877 and died 13 June 1954 in Blanding, Utah. My mother, Lois Elnora Black, was born in Orderville, Utah on 1 January 1888 and died 19 April 1951 in Blanding, Utah. There were nine children in the family. Elnora was born in St. Johns, Arizona on 27 April 1899. Mabel was born in Fruitland, New Mexico on 19 March 1901 and died on 2 August 1974. John Franklin was born in Fruitland, New Mexico on 23 March 1903. Lawrence Melvin was born in Cortez, Colorado on 13 October 1905. Nellie was born in Mancos, Colorado on 3 February 1908 and died 3 December 1987 in Blanding, Utah. Earl Nathan was born in St. Johns, Arizona 23 March 1910 and died on 20 April 1987 in Blanding, Utah. Carl Otis was born in St. Johns, Arizona on 22 July 1912 and died 8 March 1915 in Blanding, Utah. Ila was born in St. Johns, Arizona on 27 July 1914. Carlie was born in Blanding, Utah on 6 August 1916.

The first vivid remembrance of an event was about the Christmas time the family spent with Grandpa and Grandma Wright while they were living on a ranch near Cortez, Colorado. We were invited by them to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas at their home. There was snow on the ground and I remember going by a horse drawn wagon or sled. There may have been more than two rooms in the home but I don't remember of being in only the two.

The evening meal was served in a room that was built of logs and was attached to the main building as a lean-to. The table that the meal was served on seemed to me as being quite long. The adults ate first then the children were fed. I was very hungry and couldn't understand why I had to wait. That night the kids' stockings were hung in the living room where all of the kids slept on the floor. It seemed the whole floor was covered with beds. Christmas morning someone pointed out to me that my present was hung on the wall too

high for me to reach. Someone finally got it down and passed it to me. It was a small violin that my father had made.

During the next summer after Lawrence was born, Dad took two buggy loads of Singer Sewing Machines and his family to Bluff, Utah. He had heard that there was a good market for the machines there. We traveled down McElmo Canyon to the San Juan River then followed it down to Montezuma Creek. From there we must have taken the overland route to Bluff. It is probably the same one that was traveled before the paved road was finished. So, the route that is now traveled between Cortez and Bluff is the same as used in the early days.

While in Bluff we stayed with Aunt Martha Allen, a sister of mother's. One day I was given some money to go to Frank Hyde's store to buy some candy. In a showcase was a mummy that someone had brought in for display. It was fascinating and I stood looking at it for some time. Dad sold all of the sewing machines while we were there. Also Mother acquired a SINGER machine about this same time and used it for the rest of her life.

Lawrence was born on a ranch in McElmo Canyon near Cortez, Colorado. Nellie was born in Mancos, Colorado on the 3rd of February 1908.

From the Cortez area we moved to Mancos, Colorado. While there a man persuaded Dad to move to Fruitland, New Mexico and start a barber shop and a saloon. Dad accepted and moved down and later sent for his family. We moved into a one room adobe house. About a block south was a small board and tar-paper shack. Dad was doing barber work there and selling liquor. Some of the Church Leaders paid him a visit and told him to close up. He refused. A day or two later he received a shipment of liquor, carried it into the shack, locked up and went home. He had hardly got into bed when there was an explosion and the shack burst into flames. He was heard to say, "I didn't think they would do it to me." He left the next day and went back to Mancos. Mother received a summons for him to appear at a Church trial. He didn't go. Then came notice that he had been excommunicated from the Church for unchristian-like conduct. In 1957 Mabel was in the Church offices in Salt Lake City and could not find any record of the ex-communication.

In September of 1906, while we were living in Fruitland, Uncle Leonard Jay Black died as the result of a gunshot wound in the stomach, inflicted by a .22 caliber bullet. It was an

accident. From what I have heard, some of his older brothers were target practicing when Jay got in the line of fire. I was only three years old at the time but remember going into the room where he was being prepared for burial and noticed that, when he was moved, he was stiff.

My next special remembrance was at a time when we were living in Mancos. I went with Dad to a coal mine where he and a partner were doing some mining. The roof was so low that it was necessary for the men to work on their knees. They used black powder and squibs to do the blasting. The powder was placed in the hole and the squibs were lighted to ignite the powder. As I remember, the squibs were about six inches long and about as large around as a drinking straw. One day, at home, Dad showed me how they worked by placing one on the floor and lighting it. It burned like a fuse but darted around like a balloon when the air was suddenly released.

While we were living in Mancos, Dad told me to never go into town without a note from Mother. If I did a policeman would grab me and put me in jail and then punish me. This punishment was done by taking down my pants and sitting me down on a hole something like a toilet seat. Underneath the hole was a wheel with paddles on it. After sitting me down the policeman would turn the handle on the paddle wheel. Needless to say I never went into town alone with or without a note.

After moving from Mancos we lived in a small lumber camp by the name of Airlow. Quite a few events in my life are remembered while living there. One winter day I walked on some thin ice that covered the small creek that ran through the camp. The ice was so thin that it broke and let me fall into the icy water. Mabel was nearby and pulled me out. On a big, flat rock near the store the men would sit and talk. One time one of them left a plug of chewing tobacco wrapped in paper on the rock. I found it and, not knowing what it was, took a bite. It made me sick and mother knew what was wrong because I had taken the tobacco home with me. No one believed my story, thinking I had swiped it. I would go with Nora and Mabel into the tall pines that were nearby to gather pine gum to send to Aunt Martha Allen. I don't know how many times we went but when they sent the gum to her there was a match box full.

It was while we were living in Airlow that I went with Dad to Durango to visit with two friends who were serving as missionaries in the area. One day when we went into town, I was following Dad when he went into a store and, because I was a short distance behind him, the heavy door closed and I was unable to open it. I waited a few minutes for Dad to return then, realizing that I may have to wait for quite some time I took off up the street toward the elder's home. On the way I met a boy about my age. I don't know how long we played around the lot where there was a vacant house but we got up on the roof of the lean-to and tore the chimney down to the roof level, dropping the brick down the chimney as we went along. You can imagine how we looked when we were found. I understand that Dad had the police looking for us.

From Airlow we moved to Fruitland, New Mexico but stayed there only a short time before moving to St. Johns, Arizona. However, I do remember of going to the neighbor's house where a boy about my age lived. He owned a tricycle and allowed me to ride as much and as often as I pleased.

Dad went to St. Johns first, driving a two wheel cart drawn by one horse. Later Grandpa Wright came up to get us in a two horse drawn wagon. In reading Mother's story I learned that there was only a foot bridge across the San Juan River and when Grandpa came to cross here it was necessary to take everything over in a boat. The trip was made during a summer month so I don't remember of hearing anything about hardships while traveling.

Shortly after arriving in St. Johns I started school. It was a strange experience for me. Up to this time I had been allowed to move about as I pleased so it took a little help from my teacher to get me settled down to a desk. This probably didn't last too long because by the time I went into the third grade it was easy to comply with school rules, EXCEPT, for no reason that I can remember, a friend and I didn't go back to class after recess. Well, between my parents and the principal it was made very clear that this kind of monkey business was not to be tolerated.

The first car I ever saw was in St. Johns when I was about seven years old. The owner of the car gave all of the kids in the neighborhood a short ride, three or four at a time. A couple of years later two Stanley Steamers came to town. To me they were very impressive. Red with a lot of brass trimmings and a lot larger than the first one that came to town.

Another feature that was most impressive to me was the quiet way in which they ran. The Steamers were used for passenger and mail service between the surrounding towns.

While in the third grade, four or five of us were selected to face the same number of students in the fourth grade in a spelling match. The finish came when only a friend of mine from the fourth grade and I were left facing each other. I was spelled down when I didn't understand whether to spell need as "need" or "knead" and used the wrong spelling. Regardless of my loss my parents and my teacher, Cora Sherwood, were pleased with my performance.

I loved to shoot a gun and Dad taught me how to line up the sites with the target. For a while there was an outside shooting gallery in town. Birds and other objects were the targets and if a given number were knocked down with a given number of shots a prize of some kind would be given. Dad would take one shot and I would take the next one. If I missed Dad would ask me about my aiming and trigger pull. We would come out winners most every time. After I was allowed to take the gun out by myself I would go with the excuse of hunting rabbits but would do more target shooting than hunting. Occasionally I would get a rabbit.

After I had learned to shoot I was asked by the owner of a small ranch that was near town to stay there during the day time as a guard. I believe Dad made the arrangements with the intent of giving me something to do during the summer months. There were some horses on the ranch and a pony that the owner said had never been broken to ride. He offered to give it to me if I would ride it. I wanted the pony but was afraid to ride it but did ask my Dad if it was all right with him. Of course there was no place to keep a horse in our small back yard and no money to buy hay so I didn't get the pony.

One day when I was about eight years old, I was walking down the sidewalk in front of the school house when a kid with a flipper bounced a rock off the walk and broke one of my front teeth just above the gum in the front and just below the gum in the back so it was some time before it came completely loose and fell out. Not until I was nineteen and had some money of my own was there any attempt made to have the tooth replaced. I went to a dentist in Moab. Not enough pain killer or none at all was given me and I passed out. When I woke up the dentist told me to go outside and get some fresh air although it wasn't

necessary for him to do so. GOOD BYE DENTIST! It was about a year later that I finally had a gold tooth installed.

The next spring after we arrived in St. Johns, Dad took me with him when he went to shear sheep that belonged to Grandpa Wright. All of the work was done by hand with a large pair of shears. It was not uncommon for the shears to clip a wee bit below the wool. At this time the lambs had their tails cut off and the males were relieved of their reproduction organs. It was at this camp that I had my first chance to look through a pair of binoculars, or field glasses as they were called at that time. What I saw was rather startling. Things that I could hardly see without the glasses seemed close enough to touch.

In the process of setting up a barber shop it was necessary for Dad to go to Concho, a small town about fifteen miles west of St. Johns, to obtain a barber chair. Dad took me along and we stayed overnight. In the evening we went to a saloon. I don't know what Dad drank but he gave me a small glass of something that must have had some effects on me the way I walked while on the way back to the place where we were staying, because he asked me if something was wrong.

When I was about ten years old I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Wright for a while. Grandpa was a kind and gentle man and I enjoyed being with him. He wasn't stingy but was frugal and showed by example ways in which to prevent waste of assets. This was applied to the feeding of cows and the cleaning of stalls. One time I watched him butcher a hog from beginning to end with the use of only a butcher knife. The intestines were saved in a tub and that night Grandpa and Grandma cleaned all the fat from them for use in making soap. Grandma was a small woman and rather strict. She sent Florene, a cousin, and me to get a tub of wood chips from the school house wood pile. We were gone a little longer than she thought we should be so when we returned we were given a lesson in being prompt.

I remember of going to primary and learning to weave baskets but if there was a lesson given it didn't seem important at that time. Also, I must have gone to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting and learned something but it didn't impress on my mind anything of importance.

We lived in several homes while in St. Johns. One of these was a one room building. There was no inside plumbing and no outside privy. Pots were placed under the beds and were regularly emptied into a hole that had been dug in the lot. When the hole was nearly full it was covered with a layer of dirt. One spring day our Uncle Charles came with a team of horses to plow the lot. While making a round he stepped in one of the holes. He didn't think it funny but my two older sisters did and wrote some words about the event and would sing them to the tune of a popular song. As I remember the words this is how they go: "Oh what's the matter with Charley, he's all in. Oh, what's the matter with Charley, where has he been? He came down to plow our lot and stepped in the hole where we emptied our pot. Oh, what's the matter with Charley, he's all in".

There was no water distribution system in St. Johns when we arrived. I remember while living in the old Relief Society building we bought water from a traveling water tank that was drawn by a span of horses. Deliveries were made once each day. The tank was filled from a spring some distance east of town. Prices paid were by the gallon. Later, as the water system was being installed, I remember watching the men work in the trenches and was fascinated by the way the small, metal pipe could be cut with a hack saw.

While we were living in St. Johns and Lawrence was seven or eight years old, he had an exciting experience. On the 4th of July Dad would give each of the older kids 25 cents to spend. With five cents Lawrence bought five or six small Roman candles. The candles were round, about six inches long and about twice the size of a pencil. When lit, they would spit out sparks, something like a fuse, then shoot out a ball of fire. This spitting of sparks and fire balls would go on until the candle had exhausted its six shot capacity. Lawrence had shot some of his candles but still had some sticking up in his back pocket. Someone came up behind him and lit one of the candles. It started spewing sparks and fire balls. Lawrence ran around in circles, not knowing what to do until the candle had exhausted it's load. There were no laws to govern the sale or use of any kind of fireworks. In the evening of the 4th some of the older boys would load up with a larger type of candle and do battle. Next morning the physical evidence of the battle were, among other things, burned neckties.

Dad played the fiddle. At home he would sit with one of the kids in his lap and play and sing. He had a good singing voice and taught Nora and Mabel how to sing two parts

together. I still remember some of the words to several songs that he knew and sang. He had a good memory and after hearing a new tune or song just a very few times it became a part of his musical bank. He didn't know how to read music. A blind Mexican by the name of Antalino, (not sure about the spelling) would accompany dad on the guitar when playing in public. He lost his sight during a smallpox epidemic but this loss didn't have any adverse effect on his ability to play the guitar. Quite often they would play in our home. Soon after they started playing the front room would be filled to overflow with people and the others would sit on the ground outside. They would play until late in the evening and the youngsters were asleep on the floor.

The Little Colorado River is on the east side of St. Johns. It is a very small river here and in the summer time usually dries up leaving some quite large water holes. One day several boys about my age were either playing around one of the larger water holes or were in there swimming. I was eight years old but had never been swimming but decided to give it a try. The water was very deep and for a few seconds I thought I would drown but managed to swim to the bank. From that time on I had no fear of the water.

About a half mile south of town there was, and still is, a small lake or reservoir. I had been to the lake before but hadn't gone swimming in it. This time when Lawrence and I were up there I decided to go swimming. I had been in only a short time when Dad came looking for us. He must not have been too disturbed at our leaving home without telling where we were going or what he saw when he got there because he took off his clothes and went in swimming with me.

A man by the name of Updyke came to St. Johns while we were living there and set up shop as a photographer. In addition to taking pictures of individuals and families, he also took pictures of school and church groups. Very few people, if any, ever watched him work in the darkroom but it was fascinating to me to see how he did the washing of the prints by placing them in one tub of water, agitating them for some time and then transfer them to another fresh tub of water. I believe he gave them three different rinses. Either during the time he was doing photography work and later, he operated an ice cream and candy shop. Lawrence and I had our turns of cranking the ice cream freezer and, as payment,

would receive a dish of the product. One time Lawrence got his finger caught in the cogs of the freezer and almost lost it as a result.

In the mid 1960's I met Updyke under different circumstances than those in St. Johns. He came up Lake Powell from the Glen Canyon Dam to Halls Crossing and bought some gasoline for his boat. He offered a credit card to make the payment. I was about to return the card when I noticed the name of Updyke. As I passed him his card I mentioned that it had been many years since I had met anyone by that name and said that it was when we were living in St. Johns. He said it must have been him because he had been living there during the early nineteen hundreds. What a coincidence.

Grandpa Black was a miller by trade and built flour mills in different towns in which he lived. At the time Mom and Dad were married, Grandpa may have been operating the flower mill in St. Johns and could have built it at an earlier time. Grinding of the grain was done between two large, round, flat stones, with the faces parallel to the floor. I don't know how many sets there were in the mill but must have been two or more. Power to drive the mill came from a water wheel. Water was diverted from the Little Colorado to operate the wheel. The reason I mention the mill now is because in the early 1900's the mill and the water wheel were still intact although not in operation. The pool below the water wheel was still full of water and quite deep. It was in this pond where I was baptized. The last time I visited in St. Johns, part of the building was being used to store cattle feed but the wheel was gone and there was no sign of the pond except for a small depression in the ground.

During the year of 1910, while in St. Johns, I remember seeing Haley's comet many times during it's visible duration. Being only seven years old at the time a lot of things seemed larger than they appeared as I grew older. For that reason my description of the comet now may not be very accurate but this is the way I remember it as to size and location. At it's most visible point in comparison with that of the sun at noon, it's length would cover the distance the sun would travel in the period of two hours and at a height that the sun would occupy above the horizon about the first of September. Being only seven years old at the time I do not remember of hearing any remarks concerning peoples' fear of it's possible destruction. Since then I have heard tales about people who feared the appearance of the

comet so greatly that even some of them took their own lives rather than take chances of being killed by some of its unknown forces. During the comet's recent appearance the only interest most people had about it was to see, and say, that they had seen it. The only effect it had on me was to bolster my ego by saying I had seen it before and at a time when it was a real sight to behold. I am not curious enough, and have no desire, to live long enough to see what it looks like the next time around.

The last two homes we lived in while in St. Johns were in the East part of town or, as was called by the residents, the Mexican section. One of these was only a short distance from the banks of the Little Colorado River with Mexicans on both sides of us as neighbors. One woman baked her bread in an outside oven. The oven was built out of adobe in a round, dome shape with the door located about two feet above the ground. The oven was prepared for baking by building a big fire in it and left burning until the oven was hot enough to bake the bread. At this time the loaves were put in the oven and the door sealed. I don't know how the lady knew when it was ready but the bread always came out with a nice, brown crust. I don't know how many loaves were baked at one time but do remember, as a treat for the neighborhood kids, she sweetened one of the loaves. She always had enough kids waiting for the bread to come out to consume the one loaf.

It was while living in this same house that mother washed with a washing machine. It was hand operated so the older kids took turns pushing and pulling on the handle to do the washing. It was also while living in this house when Dad punished me for something I had or had not done right. In the process it developed into a race around the lot. I could jump the ditch that ran through the back of the lot but Dad couldn't. This fact must have pleased me because I don't remember how badly the punishment was at the end of the chase.

It was requested that the following incident be recorded in my story. It occurred shortly after Dad and Mother were married. The following is copied from the life history of Dad as written by Mabel:

President Heber J. Grant told the story of when he was sent to St. Johns Stake as the visiting authority during the summer and fall of 1898. When he arrived by train in Holbrook, Arizona, a young man met him and said he was to take him on to St. Johns in the mail buck-board. They had hardly begun their journey when President Grant asked the

young man, "Can you sing?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "Do you know WE THANK THEE O GOD FOR A PROPHET?" was the next question. "Yes, I do." "Then I want you to teach it to me," was the next request. There was a relay station between Holbrook and St. Johns where drivers and teams were changed. When they reached the station President Grant learned that the young wife of the driver was living there and that he would have another driver the rest of the distance. But he made a request that this young driver should go the entire distance with him. Then on the return journey he requested the same driver. They sang constantly, the mail driver and the Apostle, and when President Grant boarded the train he said he could sing, WE THANK THEE O GOD FOR A PROPHET. The driver said, "Yes, he knew it, but he sure couldn't sing it." That driver was my father, Sam Wright. He said that trying to teach H. J. Grant to sing was the hardest job he had ever had. Nora was in a general conference at one time after Heber J. Grant became president of the Church and she heard him tell this story. He said he would like to meet some of Sam Wright's posterity, or someone who knew him. Nora tried to reach him after the meeting was over but was unable to get through the crowds.

In April 1909 Uncle Edson went to Bluff, Utah to help drill wells and later in the year went to Grayson to help farmers with harvesting crops. He bought two lots and made improvements on a farm east of town. In July 1911 he moved his father and his family from Fruitland to Grayson. In February of 1915 Grandpa Black asked his son-in-law, Earnest Steiner, and his bride of a few months, Aunt Millie, to take two teams of horses and one wagon to St. Johns, Arizona, to move our family from there to Grayson, Utah.

After they arrived Dad bought a light wagon that was necessary to divide the load and prevent over crowding. Uncle Earnie drove the first wagon team and Mabel, just a month shy of being 14, drove the light wagon team.

There have been two or more accounts of our travels from St. Johns to Fruitland and from there to Grayson, so I will make my story as short as practical without leaving out some important details.

The route from St. Johns to Gallup, New Mexico was by way of Zuna Village and over some high country where the spring thaw left roads deep with mud. The nights were cold enough to freeze the mud enough to allow travel for a short time in the early morning but

it wasn't long before we were traveling in mud hub deep and in order to travel at all, it was necessary to kick the mud from between the spokes of the wheels. When we arrived in Gallup we stayed there one day to do repair work on the light wagon.

The route from Gallup to Fruitland was poorly defined so, at times, we would end up at an Indian hogan. However, for most of the way the roads were relatively free of heavy mud and the older kids walked part of the way. It took longer to travel between Gallup and Fruitland than had been anticipated so supplies were very short by the time we reached the San Juan River. The river crossing was just a short distance from Fruitland. Before we made the crossing Mother cleaned the kids up as best she could by using river water and sand to scrub our hands. The crossing was uneventful although the water came up to the hubs on the wagons. When we were about half way across the river I watched the water and had the illusion of traveling upstream in the wagon and the water standing still.

We stayed with Aunt Ella Thurland, a sister of Mothers, for a week to rest the horses, clean up and get ready for the balance of the trip to Grayson.

Uncle Ed Thurland had a large apple orchard and had made several barrels of cider that were stored in an underground storage room. The cider was getting a little ripe so when Aunt Millie and Nora drank too much they got a little "tipsy".

The roads on the route between Fruitland and Grayson were muddy and the weather cold. The night we reached the outskirts of Cortez we camped in the yard of a farmer. As usual, the kids slept outside with a tarp covering the beds. Snow fell during the night and by morning there was about four inches of the stuff on the bed. We went into the farmer's home to dress.

From Cortez we traveled down McElmo Canyon. The roads were still muddy. The first or second night out of Cortez we made camp and some of us kids were gathering fire wood when Otis started crying because he was sick. As we traveled on the next morning Otis's condition was worse, the mud seemed deeper and the horses were getting very tired. By the time we reached one of our last camps before arriving in Grayson, Otis was critically ill and one of the horses had given out. That night all of the unneeded items were loaded into the light wagon and left beside the road. Uncle Edson had been informed of our expected date of arrival so had come down on horse back to meet us at Three Cedars. The first words that

were spoken were by Mother when she said: "Oh, Edson, my baby is so sick." After a brief greeting he rode back to town as fast as he could to ask Aunt Martha and others to help prepare for the care of Otis. He died of pneumonia about two hours after arriving at Grandpa and Grandma's home.

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The same house that Grandpa and Grandma were living in is the same one that Josephine Bayles is living in at the present time. Uncle Edson, Aunt Addie and their young son, Anthon, were living in a small home on the same lot and just a short distance south of Grandpa and Grandma's. A little further down were the corrals.

Shortly after we arrived Uncle Paul took the horses to drink but had to break the ice on the ditch water before they could get at it. He took them back to their stalls, gave them a generous feeding of grain in nose bags and filled the manger with hay. The next morning it was discovered the horses hadn't eaten any of their hay. Their nose bags had not been removed the night before.

There was about a foot of snow on the ground. Not having seen that much in all the time we lived in Arizona, I enjoyed playing in it and coasting down a hill on a sled.

At the time we arrived in town the name was being changed from Grayson to Blanding. This was brought to my attention shortly after we arrived. Dee Bayles was talking to me and said; "You thought you were coming to Grayson and you came to Blanding." The reason for this change, as I heard, was because a couple by the name of Blanding offered to give the town a library if the change was made. I don't believe the library was ever received.

When Dad came to Blanding he brought his violin with him. During the times he was working at jobs out of town, Mabel and Nora learned to play it. I believe Mabel took lessons from someone and had instruction books to study from. With her help and that contained in the book, I was able to make some progress. However, all progress came to a sudden halt for both of us when Dad sold his violin to Joe Hunt. (Leonard Hurst now owns the violin). I don't know under what circumstances Mabel was able to continue her studies but she did. After I went to Sunnyside, Utah to work I bought a violin by mail order

from Cremona Violin Shop in Chicago for \$150.00 on monthly payment terms and continued my studies although it was without the aid of a teacher.

Our family lived with Grandpa and Grandma for a while, with Aunt Martha and Uncle Peter for a longer period of time and in a log cabin at Uncle Ed's farm for about a year. During our stay at the farm Grandpa and his family built a two room home for us just east of town.

I don't remember what our meals consisted of during the early years of my life but after moving to Blanding I do remember more about the variety of foods that we ate. For breakfast, biscuits, gravy, meat and fruit. For supper, bread and milk or something we called "lumpy dick." Mother also made a large variety of pies, cakes and bread. There were other dishes that were prepared but, for sure, we used a lot of potatoes. I remember of Dad going to Monticello in the fall to get a ton of potatoes. They were not sacked but loose in the wagon bed. He had dug a cellar and the potatoes kept well through the winter months. By the time warm weather came there weren't any left to spoil. Butchering was usually done in cold weather and most of it was preserved by salting or in some other way. Chickens and rabbits were butchered as needed. Mother seemed to have quite a few chickens running around in the yard and barn most of the time. Of course we would raise a good garden and Mother would always bottle a lot of fruit as it became available.

When we left St. Johns I was in the fifth grade and shortly after arriving in Blanding I started going to school in the same class. The text books and the method of teaching were different than they were in the Arizona schools. Also, I had missed more than a month of school, so it was necessary for me to take the fifth grade again starting in the fall. After becoming acquainted with the school system I seemed to get along all right because while in the seventh grade, I was one of five in grade school who was given a special certificate as an outstanding student.

When we arrived in Blanding, the South Chapel was under construction. The basement had been dug and some of the foundation walls had been built. Native stones were being used and were being dressed by stone masons near the building. I remember watching one of the masons, Ed Thompson, more than once, dress stones with the use of a large hammer and a chisel. The basement was flooded with water for most of the time until a drainage

system was installed. While there was water available some of the boys would like to float boards on it and once tried to make a raft that would support the weight of one boy. During construction of the building I watched, at one time, while the heavy iron beams were being put into place that now supports the main floor of the chapel.

Before the chapel was finished, church was held in the school house. Priesthood meetings, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings were held at different times during the day. Between these meetings we would either go home or, especially the men and boys, would stay near by and pass the time away with some kind of acceptable activity.

I remember some of the talks that were given in Sacrament meetings, one of which was given by Jacob Adams. He was addressing his remarks especially to the children. Quote: "What are these eyes for? To see with, my dear. What are these ears for, my dear? Of course to hear with!" As he asked these questions he would point to the eyes or ears and would tell briefly how the Lord expected them to be used.

In Deacon Quorum meetings, on Fast Sundays, each member of the group would stand and bear his testimony. My first experience was frightening because the procedure was different than I had been accustomed to hearing in church in Arizona. My attempt may have seemed odd to other members of the group.

About a year after Lawrence and I started school, some swings were put up in the yard a short distance east of the school house. There were two high swings of about twenty feet, two lower ones of about eight feet and a "chinning bar" that was about six feet above the ground. All the poles used were set in the ground in line and had braces from the ground to the poles at a forty-five angle. The reason for mentioning the braces is because, when Earl was in the first grade, he climbed one of these braces then on up to the cross arm of a low swing. He lost his balance and fell, striking his shoulder on a bracing. It shattered some of the bones in his shoulder and upper arm. There was no doctor or skilled help in Blanding so Dad took Earl and Nora to Fruita, Colorado where there was the necessary facilities and doctors to take care of the emergency. Dad came home after the operation and left Nora to be with Earl during the time he was there. Although there were some minor after affects as a result of the accident, it didn't seem to hamper the use of his arm, especially in his adult years.

About the time I was in the sixth grade Lawrence and I learned the deaf mute mutual alphabet. We didn't use it often or over a long period of time but were able to communicate by this method if given enough time. Although Lawrence was in a different grade and different rooms, there was one room where our English class met with a window where I could see into the class room where Lawrence was sitting. I don't know what our teachers were doing at the time but we did send a short message to each other without any trouble.

I loved to jump, what we called, the hop-step-jump. I got to be pretty good at it and, by so doing, learned a lesson. When you get good enough to out jump everyone in your age group, they know it is better to not jump than to toe the line and break up the party. I also learned to skate and was able to keep up with the best of those who were on the ice.

While living at Uncle Edson's farm, the kids who were attending school would walk into town. We could hear the bell that rang a half hour before school was to begin and would know it was time to leave. If the roads were dry and we left immediately we would be in time for the starting of classes but, if we were a little late leaving, or the roads were muddy, the last bell would ring when we were about a block from the school house.

The first picture show came to Blanding before the lighting system was installed. For electric power to light the lamp in the projector, a gasoline engine was used to drive a small generator. The film was run through the projector by a hand crank. there are conflicting stories about the type of engine used to drive the generator. Because the show came several different times, two or more versions could be right. One was to use the power from a Model T Ford. One of the rear wheels was jacked up and a belt ran from it to the pulley on the generator. Another version, and I know is correct, a small, water cooled engine was used to drive the generator. I watched the engine by keeping oil in the drip cup and water in the water jacket. I don't remember how many times the show came to town but one night at a tense moment near the end of the show, the machine broke down. Of course everyone was disappointed and wanted to know how the story ended. To satisfy their curiosity the operator told the rest of the story. There seemed to be very few complaints.

During the first summer in Blanding I made a trip to Monticello with Uncle Paul on horseback and a year or two later, one by team and wagon. Uncle Chester lived in Monticello and was running the flour mill. For some reason Uncle Paul wanted to make a

trip over there to see him and asked me if I wanted to go. He had a riding horse and kept it in the corral. Will Nix offered to loan me a buckskin pony. Uncle Paul's horse, being kept in a small enclosure, was easily caught but the buckskin was running loose in a pasture east of town and presented a problem. When we went to catch him he acted like he had never seen a human before and tried to evade being caught. Finally, after an hour of running around he gave up and let us put a bridle on him. He then acted like the gentle animal that he was. Our trip to Monticello was uneventful except for enjoying the ride, the scenery and my first view of the horse head on the Blue Mountain.

The next trip to Monticello was with a team and wagon. This time Lawrence went along with us. Grandpa sent us to get some materials needed for building purposes because I remember having some roll roofing on the wagon. This must have been at the time our home east of town was being built. Anyway, while we were in Monticello we made our beds on the top floor of the mill and just before going to bed we had one unique experience of bathing in a large vat that was under the floor of the mill and used for water storage to operate the steam engine. Uncle Chet turned some steam into the water and warmed it to just the right temperature for bathing. That was the longest and most remembered bath I had ever taken.

When we left Monticello, a good quilt of Grandma's was kept out of the bedding rolls and placed on top of the loaded wagon to sit on. Evidently we didn't sit on it because when we reached the top of the hill leading down into Verdure, the quilt was missing. Uncle Paul just didn't want to go home and tell his mother that he had lost one of her good quilts. He unhooked the horses from the wagon and sent me back on one of them to find the missing quilt. It was lost shortly after leaving Monticello so it took me longer than Uncle Paul thought it would. He wanted to get down to the bottom of the canyon where there was water for himself, Lawrence and the horse. He attempted to take the wagon down the steep dugway with the aid of the one horse. He made it almost to the bottom of the dugway when one of the front wheels hit a large rock throwing the horse off balance and caused the wagon to roll off the road, throwing the contents over quite a large area. Everything was spilled on the ground. Luckily it was near the bottom where there was a sloping bank instead of the walled up roadway just a short distance above. There was no damage to the

wagon, its contents or the horse. When I arrived shortly after the accident, a man who was living just a short distance away saw what had happened and seeing no damage had been done, he said over and over again as he laughed and slapped his knees with his hands; "One boy is a boy, two boys a half boy and three boys no boy at all."

Later, after Dad had bought his first Model T Ford, I went with him to Monticello. Why we made the trip I don't remember but there was one incident that I do remember well. Somewhere between Recapture and Devil Canyon, we pulled out of the road and stopped. When we got out of the car and walked around toward the front Dad said, "Look, here are some deer tracks." They were the first ones I had ever seen of this animal. Since that time I have learned there were very few deer in the area at that time.

The Model T Ford didn't have an electric starter so had to be started with a hand crank. The electric power needed to furnish spark to the spark plugs was generated by a magneto built into the fly wheel of the engine. Under ideal conditions the engine wasn't hard to start but when the weather was cold or the electrical system was not properly adjusted, it was sometimes a difficult task. The car was provided with head lights but were very inefficient so very little night driving was done.

My Dad was blessed with many talents that I didn't fully appreciate until quite late in life. As stated earlier, he was a musician. He was a craftsman and displayed this by making many items out of wood which included the small violin he made for me. He made a brush and comb rack and a large crochet hook for Mother. He made a sled for us kids that contained many small parts that were fitted neatly together. I watched him form a well balanced tack hammer from a raw piece of steel by heating it in the blacksmith forge and pounding it into shape on the anvil, but the one talent that was the most valuable to me was his knowledge of the gasoline engine and the simple and direct way in which this information was passed on to me. He answered my questions about these principles in a clear and brief way. This knowledge was of great value to me in making emergency repairs while on the road, while adjusting timing of the ignition and other related operations. It was also of great value while doing general overhaul work. These details may seem unnecessary but some of the following experiences may justify my reasoning for giving them special attention.

Shortly after Dad and I made the trip to Monticello in the car, it was necessary for him to be away from Blanding for a few days but he left the Model T in the back yard. Because of what he had taught me about the functions of the driving controls, I had no trouble in starting the engine with the crank. After carefully testing the effects of the foot controls, I moved the car a few feet back and forth then drove it around the house several times. While this was going on the small kids were standing around outside watching and I am quite sure Mother was aware of this action although she stayed in the house. After I made the several test runs around the house I asked the kids, all younger than I, if they wanted to ride. They did. After making another few trips around the house I decided to try my skill as a driver on the road. My first attempt to get up to the road that was a little higher than the yard was a failure because I had not given the engine enough gas I had learned a lesson , so the next attempt was successful and we headed east toward Uncle Edson's farm. There were two hills between our house and the farm and were, at that time, quite steep. Just beyond the hills was an irrigation ditch with water running in it which had to be crossed. These presented no problems so we went on out to the farm and turned around in front of the cabin and headed home. When we were almost to the ditch we met Mother coming looking for us. I stopped and expected her to tell us all to get out and walk home, leaving the car where it stood. Instead, when I said, "get in, Mother", she did and asked me if we could make it across the ditch. I confidently said "yes." The only thing she said between there and home was at the time we approached the top of the first hill when she said, "Frank, where are your brakes?" I put my foot on the brake pedal and slowed up just a little to assure her I knew where it was and how to use it.

A few days after Dad returned home he asked if we wanted to go for a little ride. We did. We went down the road toward Bluff and when near the Three Cedar area he stopped the car, got out and said, "It's your turn to drive, Frank." Mom had tattled on me!

I don't remember, or didn't know, many of the details of this next incident that happened shortly after. It seems that Dad was in Monticello and contacted a man whose first name was Jack and found out that he was in need of a driver for the mail route from Monticello to Blanding and Bluff. Dad told him that I could drive. Jack and his partner operated a garage. The partner had been driving but for some reason had to quit. When Jack asked

Dad how much I would work for, Dad told him the same as he was paying his partner. Jack said that I was only a kid and should work for less than a man. Dad said, "You expect him to do a man's work so he should be paid a man's wages." I got the job at man's pay, \$90.00 per month.

I drove for Jack until his mail contract expired sometime during the fall months. Many interesting things happened on the mail runs but only a few will be mentioned. Some of these experiences happened while driving for Jack and for others who held mail contracts during the next two or three years.

Most of the traffic on the roads were those made by teams of horses pulling wagons. The results were deep ruts especially when the roads were wet. Very little maintenance work, if any, was done on the roads. The distance between the front wheels of the wagons was greater than that of the cars so driving a car was constant fighting with the steering wheel to keep from jumping from one rut to the other. When road conditions were considered normal, the average time needed to drive from Monticello to Blanding was an hour and a half and about the same for the trip from Blanding to Bluff. So, the total time to make the round trip with stops to deliver and pick up the mail was between eight and ten hours. Because I never knew how long it would take for any one trip, I usually left Monticello quite early. One morning I left four people in Monticello who were depending on going to Blanding with me. They weren't too concerned because they rode down with me the next morning. I was glad they were along this day because there was 600 pounds of parcel post that had to be taken down and it would have been difficult to make it up Verdure and Recapture hills without someone along to push.

Aunt Mary Jones lived in Bluff and, occasionally, would ride to Blanding with me. She wouldn't ride up Cow Canyon. When we got to the real steep part of the hill she would say, "Stop, Frank, and let me out and I will walk." In a way I didn't blame her because the hill was steep and it was sometimes necessary to back down a little ways and take another run at it. I never argued with her about this because it made it easier on me and the car.

On two occasions it was necessary to make repairs on the road. Once at Devil Canyon, while on the way from Monticello to Blanding, the engine quit and I was able to get it going again after replacing a broken spring in the magneto with a borrowed hair pin. Another

time on a return trip from Blanding to Monticello, the differential started slipping gears. After getting up Devil Canyon Hill, I knew the car would never make it to Monticello so I pulled off the road, found materials to jack up the car, removed and tore the rear end down, exchanged some thrust washers and was able to make it into town without any trouble. That night some new washers were installed.

The phone line between Monticello and Bluff, for most of the way, ran parallel to the road. This was especially true of the line between Blanding and Bluff. Because the line was in poor condition it would sometimes break down causing interrupted service between towns. On the mail runs that I made it was not unusual for me to be the only one who traveled the road for a period of a week or more. For this reason I was asked to locate and mend broken lines when this happened. At these times I went prepared to climb poles, make repairs and call an operator to make sure the break had been found and repaired. To go into details concerning the phone services would require more time and space than seems necessary. However, there is one incident where the subject will come up later in relating another interesting experience.

One winter Dad had the mail contract between Blanding and Bluff. Nora was living in Bluff and teaching school. Earl was living with Nora and going to school. I was driving mail and going to high school in Blanding while staying with Nora at nights. I would get up early, eat breakfast, pick up the mail and be in Blanding in time for my first class. My classes lasted until about 2:00 p.m. Usually I would eat dinner with Mother then pick up the mail and drive to Bluff. One day for reasons that are not remembered at this time I started for Bluff without eating. All went well until getting past the White Mesa hill for the distance of about two miles when trouble struck. The engine on the Model T quit! If it had died instead of becoming very ill, the ending of this event would probably have been different but it wasn't to be so. While cranking the engine it would sputter occasionally but wouldn't run. It was about 4:00 p.m. when the engine died and was after dark and after all but three of my matches had been used, before accepting defeat. I was very hungry but couldn't down a raw egg that had been taken from the case that was on the car. I crawled upon the seat of the car and quickly went to sleep.

The next morning, just as it was getting daylight, I tried again to start the engine but couldn't get even a pop out of it so, taking three eggs, I started walking back toward Blanding, knowing there was a spring at the foot of White Mesa hill where I intended to make a fire and boil the eggs. Again Lady Luck was against me. The first of the three matches that had been saved didn't have a head on it and for some reason the other two wouldn't light. It was now twenty four hours since breakfast. The hike toward Blanding started again with the knowledge that Fred Lyman had a phone at his farm that was located about two miles below Three Cedars. I arrived at the farm just as Fred and his wife were eating dinner. After listening to my story, Fred called Blanding and found out that the Postmistress in Bluff had called, saying the mail had not arrived. He was told that Dad had been notified and was on his way to find me. I was offered something to eat but didn't dare accept, fearful that I would miss Dad when he came by. I went out to the road and didn't have to wait long before he arrived. Mother, realizing I hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast the morning before, prepared a large lunch that consisted of a pint of milk and some sandwiches. There is no need to say how good that food tasted. When we reached the car it required only a short distance of pushing before the engine started and we were on our way.

I don't remember the circumstances leading up to this incident but it was during the time Dad had the mail contract between Blanding and Bluff. We were in Bluff and had two cars to take to Blanding. In late afternoon Dad started me out alone with one of the cars saying he would follow soon. He had two men who wanted to ride to Blanding but they were not quite ready to leave. It started getting dark about the time I arrived at the White Mesa hill. The sky was overcast and a light rain started falling. When the lights of the car were turned on there was nothing to show except a dim red glow. Nothing of any value in lighting the road ahead. By the time I reached Three Cedars it was so dark only the tops of the fence posts and the telephone poles along side of the road were visible. Because I had driven over the road every day for a long time I knew where I was at all times and had no trouble in reaching Blanding although it had been a nerve-wracking ordeal. Dad was delayed in Bluff until it was necessary for him to stay there overnight.

A lot of moisture fell during the winter. In the spring there were a couple of trouble spots in the road where the mud was so deep that it made it impossible to get a car through them. These were all below White Mesa hill where the roads were on a clay based bed. I had told Dad that the roads were getting very bad so the last few trips made with the car, Dad went along with me. In one really bad spot the car was almost hub deep in the mud. The car just couldn't pull through the quagmire on it's own so Dad would push while I drove then I would push while Dad drove. We were a long time getting through and very tired by the time we reached Bluff.

For the next two weeks I carried the mail on horseback. One day I left Blanding early and was in Bluff about noon. Foolish me for thinking it would be wise to return to Blanding that same day but that was the way it turned out to be.

A fresh horse couldn't be found but one of the Hunt Brothers offered to loan me a mule for the return trip. Another mistake. I had never had any experience with a mule but before the day was over I knew better than to fool around with one again. I was told that he didn't want to leave town and he didn't all the way to Blanding. Regardless of what I said or did he wouldn't change the only speed he knew; slow. It was almost midnight before reaching Blanding. If the mule was as tired as I was there were plenty of reasons to fee real sorry for him; very sorry.

After Dad's mail contract expired he went to Arizona and bought a Model T truck equipped with a Ruxtal rear end. He hauled materials on a road project long enough to pay for the truck and then came home, bringing the truck. He didn't stay long before going to Colorado to shear sheep and later to Segoo to work in the coal mines, leaving the truck in my care. We owed Parley Redd Merc. for groceries and I was to haul freight to pay off the bill. Dolores, Colorado was the nearest railroad terminal so most of the freight for Blanding was from that point. For grain, lumber and for some other materials, the pick up places were usually Lewis and Cortez, Colorado. The first trip made with the truck was for a load of lumber. Before it was unloaded in Blanding, Parley Redd inspected it to see if any damage had been done. There was none.

In addition to the trips made to the Colorado areas, we, meaning Lawrence and I, also made trips to Thompson and to Mexican Hat for gasoline. On one of the trips to Thompson,

Uncle Owen Black went along with us. Four, fifty gallon barrels, was the usual load. All three of us would ride in the cab although it was a little crowded. For this reason, in Dry Valley on the way home, Uncle Owen decided to ride in the back, sitting on one of the barrels. The one he chose had leaked just enough to wet the surface of the top. He hadn't ridden very long until he noticed his bottom was getting very warm. The gasoline had burned his skin. For the rest of the ride he couldn't find any place to sit that was comfortable.

I don't remember how many trips we made to Thompson or Mexican Hat but do remember how steep the Comb Wash hill was. It was so steep that, with a full tank, the gasoline couldn't reach the carburetor so, when it would run dry, it was necessary to blow in the tank to force gas into it before we could go on. Usually only one such operation was necessary before reaching a place on the road where the carburetor would fill naturally.

On one trip we made from Mexican Hat, the barrels were loaded on their sides instead of in the upright position. They then were secured in that position by using chains. When we got to the steepest part of the Comb Hill road one of the chains broke, letting all four barrels roll off the truck. Three of them stayed on the road but the third one rolled off the dugway and landed on a sharp rock at the bottom of the cliff, breaking a large hole in it and spilling all the gasoline. A total loss.

Because of rutty roads the side walls of the tires took most of the wear. On the Model T, 6,000 miles use of a tire was considered good. When it was necessary to discard a tire, very little of the tread had been worn away. I remember seeing for the first time a tire with most of the tread worn away when a car from Mesa, Arizona came into Blanding. They were almost ready for replacement. We could probably have used them for another 4,000 or 5,000 miles. Flat tires were a constant source of trouble. Patching materials and a hand pump were carried wherever we went and were used often.

After our bill with Parley Redd was paid off I went to Sego, a coal mine just a few miles north of Thompson, Utah. Dad was working in the coal mines there and had found a job for me as a "trapper". The job was to open and close a door when a train load of coal came out of the mine or when it returned with the empty cars. The door was used to regulate the circulation of air in the mine and was located about a hundred yards inside the entrance

to the mine. To accept this job it was necessary to quit school in Blanding before the season was over. Soon after I went up to Sego, Dad sent for Mom and Mabel to run the boarding house. I hurt my leg while there and believe we didn't stay long after before moving back to Blanding.

Shortly after going to Sego to be with Dad and to work in the mine, I was given my first lesson in barbering. Dad was operating the barber shop. The mines were not in operation only a few days each week and on the idle days Dad would open the shop. I would go before Dad did to start a fire in the hot water stove. One morning, before Dad arrived, a young man came in to get a haircut and seemed to be in a big hurry or didn't care too much about how his hair looked. He asked me to cut his hair although I told him of my limited experience that consisted mostly of watching Dad ever since he owned a barber shop in St. Johns. The man insisted I could do the job and got into the chair. I put on the apron and started cutting. Dad came in soon, looked over what I had done, gave a few brief suggestions and had me finish the job. Later, I was given a few more tips on hair cutting and shaving with a blade razor. This enabled me to do a pretty good job at either task.

Some of the next events mentioned will not necessarily be time related but will have taken place during the first few years we lived in Blanding.

Nate Hurst, Von Young, Lewis Peterson and I were close friends. I was especially close to Nate. He was a natural leader and, when the four of us were together, kept us out of serious trouble. One Sunday between church meetings our group was sitting on a lumber pile behind the Nielson Cash Store talking and just passing time away until Sacrament Meeting started when someone noticed that the back door was partly open. No one was supposed to be in the store on Sundays. We assumed that someone had neglected to close it the night before. Each one of us had been in the store many times and knew the candy jars were on a shelf just inside the back door. With this knowledge in mind we discussed whether or not we should go in and help ourselves or just sit and "drool". Nate made the decision. "No go." We continued to sit there and "gab" until someone noticed Floyd Nielson was closing the door. He and a salesman had been in the store and we would have been caught red handed if we had tried to sweeten our teeth. This is one valuable lesson I learned. When in doubt, don't!

When I was about fifteen I learned to dance and looked forward to Friday nights when most all dances were held. The last year I drove the mail route between Monticello and Bluff I stayed overnights in Monticello. One Friday after returning to town from the mail route, I contacted three or four friends about the possibilities of going to Blanding for the dance. We knew there weren't good lights on the car but knowing there would be a full moon, we decided to go. The drive by the light of the moon proved to be a unique experience. The eyes quickly adjusted to the reduced light conditions and the trip was made in safety and without qualms.

To emphasize my love for dancing, another incident is recalled. While working at the old Grayson sawmill that was located in Bulldog Canyon, about ten miles from town, I wanted to attend a special dance that was being held that Friday night. I got a ride on a load of lumber that was leaving just as we were through work for the day. I danced until midnight, went home to change clothes and get a couple of hours sleep then walked to the sawmill in time to go to work at eight o'clock. I didn't remember of ever being so tired as I was at the end of a hard day.

One night, Nate and I with two girls, took our car for a ride down the road south of town. On each side of the road the sage brush were thick and tall with just enough clearance in the road for cars to pass with a small margin of safety. It was here that a cow was bedded down for the night in the brush and, hearing the car approach, decided to move. She did, and entered the road just before we got there. I saw her but not in time to stop. She was hit on the shoulder with the left front wheel, causing the car to swerve and tip over on its right side. Neither one of us were physically hurt but were shaken up a bit. We put the car back onto its wheels then went looking for the cow. She was not to be found so assumed that she escaped with only a bruised shoulder. There was some damage done to the body of the car but we drove it back into town. The next day I was told by Dad in a very positive way what a serious mistake I had made. I was never told I couldn't use the car without asking. I still don't believe the damage to the body of the car was great enough to warrant the remodeling that Dad said was necessary. The body was cut into, taking away the back part and replacing it with a bed built out of lumber, leaving the windshield and

part of the roof to form a partial cab. The vehicle was then better suited for the hauling of mail and small freight loads than it was as a touring car.

In 1917 a flu epidemic hit most of the United States, causing a lot of deaths. Blanding escaped because of its isolated location. In 1918 I was working in the Kimball confectionery when two salesmen came into town from someplace toward the North carrying the flu bug. They came into the Kimball establishment and left the bug. I took it home and it put me to bed. One day while I was still very ill Brother Will Nix and his Ward Teacher companion came to the door and knocked. Dad answered and, without letting them in, told them I had the flu. They almost ran to get away. Dad never did get the flu but had the ability to help others who did. He was credited with saving several lives. After I was well enough, I milked cows for three different families. I was a poor milker so the job seemed endless.

Nora and her husband, Roy, were working at the tunnel on the mountain. Nora was doing the cooking for the crew and Roy was working in the tunnel. Someone took the flu bug up to them. They sent for Dr. Wright as Dad was known by this time. He was at the tunnel until all the victims were on their way to recovery then sent word for me to bring a horse for him to ride home. It was mid winter and the snow was deep. I arrived at the tunnel quite early and was impressed with the number of steps that had been cut in the hard snow to get DOWN into the cabin. Someone had a pair of ski's. I was able to stay on them while descending a gentle slope. The next morning I was encouraged to use them to get down the steep part of the mountain to where the horses had been left. I accepted but they proved to be a liability instead of an asset. Because of the steepness of the trail it was impossible to ride them for more than a short distance before being dumped. When just a short distance above the place where the horses were and where there was a sharp bend in the trail, I was dumped again leaving me with one ski, the other one taking off down through the oak brush. I followed after it to where it landed in some thick brush just a few feet from the horses. Dad followed me down with a saddle on a sled. When he was almost down the trail he noticed some tracks parallel to mine and assumed that someone from a near by mine had met me and was going with me down the trail. When reaching the place where I lost the ski the tracks and Dad followed the trail. A short distance from the bend in the trail, the tracks left the trail and ended at the foot of a tree. In the tree was a bear.

It had followed me for quite a distance. There weren't any bear tracks when I went down the trail.

I don't remember when or under what circumstances I met Howard Kimball but we became good friends. He and I had something in common, electrical projects. He was experimenting with telephones and I with electric motors. I had built one motor out of odds and ends which included an empty thread spool, a nail for a shaft, bits of wire and one from the inside of a Model T Ford coil. It ran but was very inefficient. Dad was impressed when he saw that the crude motor would run and told Mother so.

One day Howard was walking down the road between his home and the confectionery with some materials for a project when he met a young fellow by the name of Jim. Jim asked: "What have you got? Where are you going?" Howard replied; "Jim, several people have asked me the same questions. I have answered with a different story for each one of them. None of them have been the truth so, rather than think up another story to tell you, I will just say, it is none of your damn business."

Howard and I built most of the parts needed for two phones, using only one or two parts from discarded phones. Howard was living in a house a half block south of the old high school. I was living in the house that Grandpa built for us on the east side of town. We strung a line between our homes with wire salvaged from a section of phone lines between Blanding and Monticello. The old phone system required the use of two wires but after upgrading the system, only one was needed. The extra wire was a bonus for us. Without it the lines between our homes wouldn't have been possible. The line between our homes was supported by cedar trees for most of the way. To operate our system we needed a battery. We found a six volt dry cell that had been thrown away after being used in a phone. Its strength was tested by touching two wires on the tongue that we attached to the terminals on the battery. If it bit it had some "juice" left in it. If it didn't, it was dead. The battery we found had a little bite left in it. It was the only one we had to energize our phone system. We had no bells so no need for the hand cranked magneto. Talks over the line were at scheduled times. We were thrilled when the first contact proved successful.

Where the line crossed the highway it was not high enough to prevent being broken by pitch fork handles stuck upright in loads of hay. After repairing the line several times and

having gained some knowledge while experimenting with radios, we abandoned the phone line and built radio transmitters and receivers. Again we built the units from some parts and materials found around our homes and purchased only parts that couldn't be made. Transmitters consisted of a Model T spark coil, some wire wrapped around a short length of cardboard tubing and a hand made sending key. The receivers consisted of a coil the same as was used in the transmitter, a small piece of lead ore, a piece of small wire called a "cats whisker" and a receiver from the discarded phones. Again it was necessary to set scheduled time for contacts. The Morse code was learned and used.

To support the transmitting antennas, tall poles were needed. Howard and I drove to the mountain to get them, going prepared to stay overnight. Just after dark we were sitting by the fire talking and counting the lights we could see in town. While doing so we noticed what appeared to be a bonfire in someone's yard. It got larger and larger until we were quite sure it must be a building on fire. When we returned home the next day our assumptions were right. The Carroll Hotel had burned to the ground. It was on the lot where the home of Zenus Black now stands. (January, 1991).

One day while listening and waiting for Howard to come on the air, I had unknowingly found a very sensitive spot on the crystal and heard my first radio signal from the outside world. It was transmitted in code. We improved our system when the vacuum tube became available. Quantity and quality of the radio signals were increased very much but we were unable to receive voice. This came to me later, after I went to Sunnyside, Utah to work.

When we came to Blanding there was no running water or electric lights in any of the homes. For lights, kerosene lamps and candles were the main source of lights. Water was secured from any source it could be found. From ditches when irrigating water was running in them. From cisterns owned by a few families and from springs in West Water. Even after a water distribution system was installed, there was no treatment plant and the quality of the water was questionable. Through trial and possibly some errors, improvements in the water system were made that included a water treatment plant so now, (1991) water quality and quantity is good.

Shortly after we arrived in Blanding Grandpa and Uncle Edson built a flour mill. The foundation and basement walls were of native sand stone quarried from an exposed cliff just

east of Uncle Ed's farm. The rest of the building was of lumber but don't know whether or not it was locally cut or brought in from another source. However, I believe there wasn't a saw mill in the area at that time. Uncle Ed made all the spouting that was used in the mill with hand tools. The mill was powered by an engine supplied by steam from a wood fired boiler on the south side of the mill. When an electric lighting system was built the generator was housed in an addition to the boiler room at the flour mill. The engine that powered the electric generator was supplied with steam from the same boiler as was used by the flour mill. The first operating hours were from dusk until 10:00 p.m., on dance nights from dusk until midnight and, a little later, on Mondays, from 9:00 a.m. until noon to power washing machines for those who had them. As more demands for electric power came it was necessary to extend service to 24 hours daily and, to meet the requirements of this service, diesel engines were brought into use and were housed in a building where the city offices now stand. (1991). Later, as demands for more power increased, the town started buying power from Utah Power and Light. During the first phase of progress, when there was no power in the lines in the day time, I used a pair of lineman spurs to climb poles to repair or change lines.

At our home Mondays were wash days. The older kids carried water from the Bayles barn that was located where Johansen now has his dental office. Later, after a water line was laid to the flour mill, water was carried from there. Water was heated outside by a wood fire. Mom cleaned the clothes on a scrubbing board using home made soap. Mondays were truly a full day of washing. Tuesday were ironing days. Irons were heated on the wood burning cook stove. Each day of the week some special task was scheduled, one of which I looked forward to most, baking day!

Sage brush were growing in some of the streets for some time after we arrived and they received no maintenance. After a snow storm the only places it was removed was from the walks and yards of homes by those who cared to do so. Traffic on the streets by sleigh and wagon packed the snow. Especially on the intersections, the snow was well packed in a circle when sleigh riders came to spin their sleighs. After the snow melted in the spring or after a heavy rain storm, the streets were deep with mud. Everyone owned and used overshoes during these times. They were also used after a snow storm until the snow was

packed. This reminds me of a story that was repeated quite often. One day after a primary class had dismissed, all of the girls and boys put on their overshoes and went home except one small girl. Only one pair of overshoes was left and she told the teacher they were not hers because they didn't have snow on them.

Much has been written about the tunnel that brings water from the north side of the blue Mountain to the south side so there is no need to repeat some of them here. However, I would like to relate a couple of personal experiences associated with the early phases of the project.

While the road leading to the south end of the tunnel was being constructed, I was one of those who risked personal injuries, if not his life, while holding on to a Johnson Bar to load scraper. Perry Black was another one of those daredevils. There were others in the crew but Perry is remembered because he experienced first hand the evil nature of the Johnson Bar. While he was loading the scraper it struck a large rock. The bar flew up, catching Perry under the arm, throwing him off the dugway. He escaped with minor bruises. After loading scrapers I held and turned a drill while Roy Johnson hammered on it with a double jack. After the road was finished, the first cabin was built at the south entrance to the tunnel. Roy and I cut logs used in it's construction. After it was finished, we hiked over the mountain to cut logs used in the construction of the cabin on the north side.

The following incident illustrates the responsibilities that were placed on youngsters in families and the faith in prayer that was installed in their lives. One evening Scott and Howard Hurst were sent out to the pasture east of town to bring the cows in for milking. They couldn't open the large wooden gate to let the cows out into the lane. They needed help and decided to pray for it. They did. Very shortly after they had finished Warren Allen came along and opened the gate for them. In relating the incident to their parents they said the Lord was too busy to come and open the gate for them so He sent Brother Allen.

Most young people in Blanding were curious and willing to accept challenges. An incident to illustrate this fact is given here. Lynn Lyman and Howard Kimball were interested in photography. Lynn ordered materials and instructions for use in development film and printing of pictures. I was privileged to be with him when he made his first attempt to develop a roll of film. The safety light was a small, red, candle lit lantern. After

preparing the chemicals according to directions and lighting the safety light, he unrolled the film and instead of developing the film, he ran the paper backing through the chemicals. The first lesson learned on the road to the making of an excellent photographer. I have no details of how or why Howard got involved but today in my files there are several pictures he took of people and places in Blanding during the time he lived there.

When Earl was about eight years old he owned a dog. I don't remember the dog's name but for this incident he will be called Tige. Earl made a harness for Tige and equipped a small wagon with necessary gear for the dog to pull. He trained Tige to work in the harness. He would harness the dog, hook him to the wagon and go to the flour mill for chicken feed. After loading the wagon Earl would tell the dog to go home. Tige would go to the gate and wait until Earl came to open it. At other times when Earl would go to the mill for water when the dog wasn't in the harness, he would take two buckets and, of course, Tige would go along. When they returned to the gate, Earl would say, "Open the gate, Tige." The dog would crawl under the wire fence, stand on his hind legs and push the gate open with his front feet. One day Earl was working the dog while a prominent citizen watched. He said, "Earl, that is wonderful how you have trained the dog. How did you do it? I couldn't have done it." Earl replies, "First you have to be smarter than the dog."

On 6 January 1916 I was ordained a Deacon by Omni Porter. On 10 August 1919 I was ordained a teacher by J. B. Harris. In June 1925 I was ordained an Elder by Charles A. McBride. On 26 May 1946 I was ordained a Seventy by Marion G. Romney. On 4 December 1952 I was ordained a High Priest by O. Frost Black.

In about 1919 or 1920 a man from Monticello came to Blanding to see if he could find workers who wanted to go to Sunnyside, Utah to work in the coal mines. A few from Blanding and a few from Monticello decided to go. Among those going from Blanding were my sister, Nora, and her husband, Roy. I didn't know until we were entering the gates on the outskirts of Sunnyside that we were recruited to help break a union strike. There were men outside the gates with signs, one which read SKABS.

I didn't go into the mines to work but had the job as "hostler" in the railroad yard. The work was at night taking care of the locomotives. I was assigned to one that needed the fire box cleaned of ashes that required about two hours time. Occasionally the locomotive had

to be moved to fill the water tank. There were other minor jobs to be done until it was time to fire up the boiler and get up steam pressure so the engine would be ready to go when the crew came to work. The job was for every night of the week. The pay was \$115.00 per month. I don't remember how long I kept the job but quit to pull coke from the ovens at \$2.50 per oven. I could pull two ovens each shift. This was also night work and for every day of the week.

Nora and Roy rented a two story, company house, and furnished rooms and meals for most of the Blanding men. The food was good and there was plenty of it. One morning, after work at the coke ovens, I went into the kitchen where Nora was baking mince meat pies. They smelled delicious. Nora said, help yourself. I did and ate half a pie. The result was a sick spell that turned me against mince meat pies for many years. Although I can now eat a small piece and enjoy it, it is not my favorite dessert. As stated earlier, it was during the time we were in Sunnyside that I bought my violin.

I worked in Sunnyside for about two years then, upon Uncle Ike's invitation, I went to live with him in Murray and work at a wholesale meat packing company in Salt Lake. I would ride a bicycle from Murray to Salt Lake every morning to work then back again at night. Because traveling by bicycle in the winter time was very difficult I moved to Salt Lake. After the busy season was over I was laid off. I then got a job delivering bakery goods on a commission basis. A horse and enclosed vehicle were furnished by the company. I was assigned to a poor district in the northwest section of town. Business was so poor that the money I received was not enough to pay for rent and food so had to quit.

I got a job at the mills in Magna and lived there for about a year. The work was done by a yard gang doing anything that wasn't assigned to other departments such as unloading cement and scrap metal from railroad cars. The winter I worked there was very cold and ice on the canal that provided water for the mill would freeze over and stop the flow of water if not broken up with teams of horses and man power.

In the spring most of the yard gang was laid off and I was among them. I moved back to Salt Lake and got a job in an insecticide plant. Another worker and I were assigned to scrape the wet, mud-like product from the face of the filters. The chemical odors were very strong and we had not been provided with face masks or any other kind of protection from

the adverse effects of the product. After a week on the job my appetite for food had decreased to a point where I could only tolerate a malted milk with a raw egg in it. Within a couple of months my system was so full of foreign matters I was unable to get rid of a bad cold and cough. Finally, I decided to quit and go home where there was pure air to breathe. Within the two days it took me to reach home I had quit coughing and a few days later was rid of my cold.

After a short stay at home I went back to Sunnyside and started working in the coal mines. Most of the Blanding men had returned home. For this reason Nora and Roy had moved from the large house in the south part of town to a smaller one in the northern section. Here they were closer to the store and school house. They had an extra bedroom so, again, I went to live with them. They had two children; a boy about three years old and a girl just starting to walk. She was being "potty" trained. At one stage of the training period she would go to the drawer where her diapers were kept and would take on to her mother when a change was needed.

The mine would operate three or four days each week and during the idle days I would continue my study and work on radio receivers. A vacuum tube, type A-1, was available. Only one was used in the first receiver I built. After going to Sunnyside I built another set using two tubes. With this receiver I was able to receive voice signals from a station in Salt Lake if conditions were favorable. Listening was done with a head set. It wasn't unusual to have the signal fade out within a few minutes time.

When I went to work in the mine I and my partner were assigned to a room and a machine that undercut the coal seam before it was drilled and loaded with powder for blasting. Mule "skinners" would bring in empty cars to be loaded and would come and get them after they were full. Each car would hold just a little over a ton. We were paid 98 cents per ton. A washer, bearing our work number, was placed inside the car and used to give credit to the one who loaded it. I had several different partners, one of them was my Dad. Because the coal was loaded from both sides of the car one of us would shovel left handed and the other right handed. One partner I had used the shovel the same way I did and, because he was the senior, he had the option of working on either side. Of course he chose the one most favorable for him. At first it was difficult to work in this strange

position but after a short period of time I was able to hold my own. The last partner I worked with was a man by the name of Mattlock. We were working together when I first met my future wife, Dora Leona Bevan.

Dora came to Sunnyside as a school teacher. Our first and only date was for a church social that was held just a few days before she went to her home in Tooele, Utah to be with her parents during the Christmas Holidays.

Dora returned to Sunnyside after the holidays and we began dating again but not every day. Most of the time we spent together was while listening to the radio. She would take one receiver of the headset and I the other one.

About the mid part of April we talked about the possibilities of marriage and decided it would be all right. Because both of us were working, the third Friday in March was chosen. Dora said she wasn't superstitious but refused to be married on Friday the thirteenth so we waited until the next day which was March 14, 1925.

My mining partner, Mattlock, took us to Price in his car to obtain our license and to be married there. Nora, and I believe one of Dora's teacher friends, went along. After receiving our license we went to a men's clothing store and were married there by a ward bishop.

That evening Roy, Nora and a few friends had a party at the teacher's home. Dora didn't resist any of the pranks the girls had to play on her but I did when four of the men tried to undress me. They didn't succeed. The final prank for Dora was pinning her between sheets in bed with safety pins.

My mining partner, Mattlock, and the mule skinner in the mine gave me a wedding present that I had to work for. On the average working day a mule skinner would supply empty cars to three or four teams of miners. Each team of two miners would be supplied with an average of eight or ten cars. The last working day before we were married, Mattlock and I shot down coal to be loaded on Monday, the next working day. This day Mattlock played sick so I had the coal to load alone. The mule skinner and the other mining teams must have agreed to keep me busy. If that was their plan they succeeded. I was supplied with empty cars as fast as they could be loaded. I wasn't allowed time off for lunch. That day I loaded twenty cars for a total of twenty five tons of coal. If the gang thought that marriage would make an old man of me overnight they were mistaken.

Regardless of their intentions, I appreciated what they did because I made more money that day than any other one during all the time I worked in the mines.

In the fall of 1924 Dora's father was operated on for prostate cancer. At the time Dora was home for Christmas Holidays he seemed to be getting along all right but mid part of April his condition worsened to a point he needed extra care. Dora was asked if she could come home and help. After seeing what conditions were at home she asked me to come.

Dora's brother, Joe, helped me to get a job at the concentration mill a few miles east of Tooele. At first I worked with the yard gang then went into the mill on shift work keeping the chemical dispensers full. Next I went as sampler, taking and processing samples. Next assignment was as an operator of the ball mills and from there as flotation operator. At the time I quit working at the mill I was first in line for a foreman job and had worked as a substitute when needed. Pay ranged from \$3.25 for yard workers to \$5.25 for foreman.

About a month after arriving in Tooele I had my membership in the church transferred from Sunnyside to a Tooele ward. After this transfer was made I was ordained an Elder and issued a Temple recommend. On 1 July 1925 Dora and I were sealed for time and all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple.

Soon after arriving in Tooele Dora's Dad was confined to his bed. The doctors said they could do no more for him in the hospital than they could at home. During the rest of the time he lived he suffered terribly.

After his death Dora and I continued to live with her mother until after our first baby was born. He came at a pre-mature stage of development. The doctor told us his chances for survival were not good, so we had the elders come and give him a name and a blessing. He was given the name of Gerald Frank Wright. Our baby died a few hours later.

We lived with Dora's mother until she felt comfortable in being by herself then moved to an apartment near by. This was only one of the many times we moved while living in Tooele. Our next child was born in an apartment above a grocery store on 3 September 1927. He was named Edward Earl Wright. We lived in this place for a few months then moved into a house just across the street from Dora's mother.

Ted took on the responsibility of ruling the roost at an early age. His doting mother and grandmother came at his every beck and call regardless of his needs. I wasn't so easily

convinced he needed all the special attention he was getting but was outnumbered three to one when all members were present. One Sunday I offered to take care of Ted while the women were in church. Ted was not aware of this arrangement and started demanding attention in the only way he had at his disposal; crying. I changed his diaper and attended to his other physical needs and put him in his crib. This didn't satisfy all his desires. It was his nap time and he wanted to be held, rocked and sang to. I wasn't in the mood and didn't think it necessary to provide any of these specialties although, before the ordeal was over I was sorely tempted to change my mind. He cried for most of the time church was in session but finally gave up and went to sleep. When the women folk returned and found out how their baby had been mistreated I was prime material for a divorce suite. During the next few days, with Dora's cooperation, we would take time during the day to see that he was physically comfortable and would rock and cuddle him between his sleeping periods but when sleepy time came we would put him into his crib while laughing and talking to him as we did so. He soon learned to comply with this schedule.

Our next child, a long, black haired girl, was born 2 August 1929. She was given the name of Dorothy Wright. At this time we were living in a two apartment building where the living quarters were down stairs and the bedrooms upstairs. An amusing incident took place while living here. One day while I was at work Dora called in our apartment neighbor to see if he could find out why the toilet wouldn't flush. After he had found the trouble he told her that she should use powdered soap instead of the bar variety.

During the time we lived in Tooele we had some members of my family come to see us. Mother came and stayed for a couple of weeks and we enjoyed her visit very much. Dora and Mom got along together very well. Lawrence also came to stay and work in the mill for a period of several months.

Our last home in Tooele was one we were buying from the company on installments. It was while living here an event took place which changed the trend of our lives. However, before going into this phase of my story, there is one incident that should be mentioned. After moving from Sunnyside to Tooele I discarded my eyeglasses that had been prescribed by an optometrist while working in Sunnyside. About a year after coming to Tooele a noted change in my vision caused me to become involved in a program of eye exercises. I took

the course and was able to discard my glasses. Since then driver and pilot license tests have been passed without their use.

One day a man knocked at our door and introduced himself as Professor Peterson. He had learned that Dora and I were interested in music and wanted to talk to us about the subject. He was from Long, Beach, California where he and his wife had been owners of an accredited music school but personal problems caused them to seek a divorce. Because his parents were living in Tooele he brought some musical instruments to sell and to teach music. I don't remember all the details but he gave us a round-body style of mandolin and a teacher's course in music for room and board for a given period of time.

Peterson was a good teacher and knew music and musical instruments from bottom to top. He also had a book of credentials to verify his claims as a capable teacher. I had learned some music fundamentals while in grade school from McAllister. However, the methods he used were harder to understand than the one used by Peterson, although what I learned in school was of value in understanding the Peterson method. Before I was issued a teacher's certificate I knew the basic construction of most instruments that were in common use at that time and how the mechanical features produced the different tones of the musical scale. I also learned to play, as an amateur, many of them. It was these fundamentals that was of great value to me while teaching. Voice training was not included in the course although I did learn enough about harmony to compose simple melodies.

After finishing the teachers course I would go with Peterson whenever possible to observe his methods of teaching pupils. He would introduce me as a student teacher and occasionally would have me teach one phase of the lesson. Eventually he would have me give the entire lesson. On the way to the next pupil he would offer suggestions if any were needed. Eventually this kind of instruction led me to become an independent teacher.

The development of two factors caused me to go full time teaching. First, the depression was coming on and the mill was reducing production and laying off men. Secondly, the contact with chemicals used in the mill were having an adverse effect on my health. This gave me logical reasons to quit my job.

We sold our equity in the home and moved to Lehi where we were closer to the majority of our students. Peterson continued to stay with us. The depression continued to worsen

but by trading music lessons for farm produce, rent, baby sitting and other necessities and with the small amount of cash received, we were able to make a good living. Dora had learned to teach the guitar so was able to help with some pupils.

After living in Lehi for about a year we were all in need of a vacation. Peterson owned some land with a shack on it in the Van Nuys valley in California. We drove down in our car, taking two days for the trip. It rained and the shack leaked but we had a good time. Also, as extra frosting on the cake, I had the opportunity to visit with my old friend, Howard Kimball, who was living in the Los Angeles area. We were in California about two weeks.

Peterson didn't stay with us for very long after returning to Lehi. Where he went or for what reasons I don't remember, but we didn't see or hear from him again.

We moved to Midvale from Lehi to be closer to Dad and to some of our pupils although we still went to the Lehi area to teach. Dad was living in Midvale and operating a barber shop. He and Mother had been divorced for several years and Dad had remarried.

On 9 May 1932 Bevan was born. When he was about seven months old his mother picked him up by the arms and hurt one of them in some way. He would cry if he or anyone else tried to move it. He was taken to the doctor but the trouble was not located. I had a "ham" radio operator friend who was also an Elder. We asked him to come to help give Bevan a blessing. After the blessing was given we were standing by the door while talking about radio and noticed Bevan was using both hands and arms to put his favorite cap on his head. The Lord had heard and answered our prayers.

After getting married and moving to Tooele, we bought a radio so it was no longer necessary for me to build my own. However, it didn't diminish my interest in the progress that was being made in this field. I read everything I could get my hands on about the subject. This included the progress that was being made in TV. It was also about this time that talking movies started to be shown in Salt Lake theaters. We went there to see our first one.

Loren Black, a cousin of mine, was living in Salt Lake and working in a bakery. After we moved to Midvale we would visit quite often. He had obtained his amateur radio operators license and encouraged me to obtain one. It was what I needed to get back into the building business up to my elbows. Because of past experience with building radios and

using the morse code, I had no trouble getting my license. My first call letters were W6HWI. Loren and I built equipment for voice transmission but my favorite way of communicating was by code.

We were also living in Midvale when another opportunity came my way to increase my interest and knowledge in the field of music. The ward church building had a flat roof which was used for dancing and other social activities during the summer months. A piano was on the open roof and covered when not in use. Sometime after it's last use but before the winter snows fell, the cover was blown off and the piano stayed out in the storms all winter. The damage was extensive to every part of the instrument. The bishop gave the piano to me. Some sanding and finishing was done on the body and some work on the warped keys. There was other work on parts of less importance that were repaired. After this work had been finished the piano could be played but was badly out of tune. Knowing no matter how bad a tuning job was done I couldn't make the piano sound worse, I obtained the necessary items to tackle the job. No teacher, no instruction but a general concept of the method to be used. It sounded pretty good after the job was finished. The knowledge gained from this experience was of great value to me during the rest of the time I was involved in music.

The depression worsened and many of my pupils were unable to continue their lessons so it was necessary for me to seek additional income. I went to work on a government work project but quit to take a job on the railroad in Nevada where Uncle Dan was living and working. We stored our furniture and other items that were not needed immediately and Dora took the children and went to stay with her mother in Tooele. I went to Nevada.

The job on the railroad was doing maintenance work. It was hard, manual labor. We worked five days each week. I stayed on the job for most of the summer. Dora brought Bevan and came for a visit after I had been on the job for about two months. She had sent the two older children to Blanding to stay with my family and after her visit with me in Nevada she also went to Blanding. She rented a small home just across the street from my brother, Lawrence.

After quitting my job on the railroad I went to Midvale, loaded our stored goods on a trailer and in the car and went to Blanding.

Ho Hum! Wake up!! Wake up!!! Wake up or you will miss some of the thrilling tales that are yet to be told!! This is a MILD example. One warm, spring day when I was a young youngster, I was roving around outdoors seeing and enjoying the soothing effects of Mother Nature and in order to get from point A to point B it was necessary to lay down on my tummy and wiggle under a fence. Oh, Mother Nature was at her best! The earth was so soft and warm my progress was intentionally slow. So slow in fact that I took about an hour to get from point A to point B, taking time for a relaxing, dreamless snooze!! Wake up!! Wake up!

Shortly after arriving in Blanding I learned of a man by the name of Olaphant who was moving out of town and wanted to sell his lot and house. Only the first stage of the house had been completed. A roof was on the building and siding of rough, home grown lumber was on the outside studs. There were no doors or windows but the room separating studs were in place. The house and lot were sold to me for \$75.00. Earlier, after Nora's husband, Roy, was killed in the Sunnyside mines, she moved to Blanding and built a home on the East side of town. The house we bought was just across the street North of her.

Cardboard boxes were used to cover the room partitions and the ceiling. Blankets and other such items were used to hang over door and window openings. This enclosed the house to a point where we could camp while doors and windows were being installed.

Improvements and additions were a constant part of our lives. I made the first doors and windows that were used in the house. An extension of eight feet was added to the west side. A carport was added on the East side in 1973 and as late as 1989 tile was installed around the bath tub enclosure by Scott Hurst. Details of the way some phases of improvements were made may be of interest.

Robert Dodge was a member of the Marie Ogden religious clan but was not in harmony with some phases of the program. He left the group and moved to Blanding. He was a builder by trade. I worked with him for a couple of years. Most of the work we did was on and in building in Blanding and Bluff. It was during this time that he helped me with some inside work in our house. With the aid of a table saw, powered by a small, stationery, gasoline motor, we cut lathe for the ceiling. Mud was mixed in a large hole in the back yard and used as plaster. It served it's purpose well until the roof leaked. One night Phyllis

Jones, a friend of Dorothy's, and Dorothy were in bed together. Rain started falling. The roof started leaking and a big gob of mud fell on their heads.

A lot of details could be sited about each phase of improvement as it was accomplished such as getting water into the house, our first bath tub, our change from a wood burning cook stove to an electric one and on other improvements but only one or two will be mentioned.

Our oil burning heating stove was replaced by a modern central heating system. I read an article in a mechanical magazine about a system that transferred heat by water from a hot water boiler to a series of coiled copper tubing in the ceiling. It sounded reasonable so I contacted a local plumber to see if he knew anything about the system. He had also heard about it but didn't have any details about installation and parts needed. We soon learned that a seminar on the subject was being held in Grand Junction so the plumber and I attended. As each part of the system was explained I became more impressed with its possibilities. Before the meeting was over detailed plans and names of dealers who carried parts were made available. Briefly, I installed the system, doing all the plumbing by myself except for the help of Dora while placing the copper tubing coils in the ceiling. I got some friendly ribbing during the construction period. I was told the system would never work because everyone knew that heat would always rise so there just wasn't any way that it would reach the floor. How wrong they were. After the system was in operation, and on a cold day, there was only one degree difference between the temperature at four inches below the ceiling and four inches above the floor. On a cold day one of the skeptics came in to see how the system was performing. After demonstrating to him that the heat was uniform through the house he still insisted the system wouldn't work. The second home in Blanding to adapt the system was that of the plumber. Modern systems use electric heating panels in the ceiling instead of the copper tubing.

The car port is now one of our most appreciated assets. Regardless of the weather we can always get in and out of the car under favorable conditions. No snow on the ground surrounding the car, on the car or frost on the windshield during the winter time. In the summer the car is protected from the hot rays of the sun.

When Bevan was about two and a half years old and learning to talk real well, an incident happened that was rather amusing. Dora, Ted and Dorothy were away for the day leaving Bevan with me to tend. I was making bread. Bevan went outside to play and when I went to check on him he was sitting down by one of the rear wheels of the car, letting air out of the tire. I was a little upset about it because air had to be put into tires with a hand pump. I said, "Bevan, stop letting air out of the tire. Don't ever do it again." He didn't for about five minutes. This time I backed him into a corner, so I thought, when I asked this question. "Didn't I tell you to never do that again?" His reply, "I can't talk." This time I took him into the house with me. The bread dough was ready to make into loaves. Bevan loved dough. When he asked for some I looked surprised and said, "I thought you couldn't talk." His reply. "I can talk now."

Another interesting incident happened when the kids were quite a bit older. One day after I had been on the roof for some reason and left the ladder in place, the two oldest kids soon discovered this and went on the roof to play. I shooed them off. Not long after they were up there again. I removed the ladder and went up to the store. Their mother couldn't stand their cries of woes. She couldn't lift the ladder into place so found something soft, probably an old mattress, and had them jump down on it.

During the time our children were at home we raised pigs, goats, chickens, bees and kept a cow to milk but not all at the same time. The bees got foul brood and all the hives had to be burned. They were very interesting insects to observe. They were not as hostile as most people believe. I worked with them most of the time without any protection from stings, although would quiet them down with smoke before opening the hive. One day I even convinced Dora she should watch as I opened a hive and showed her the queen.

I bought some fertile eggs and hatched chicks in an incubator. I built a coop and raised so many hens that we were unable to eat or sell all of the eggs they produced. Finally the coop became so infested with mites I decided to go out of the chicken business.

The milk from the goats was used and enjoyed by all members of the family. I preferred it to cows milk. It was very rich in cream but, because it came from the goats pasteurized, a separator was necessary to extract it from the milk. It made excellent butter and cheese. We would have kept the goats much longer if it had been possible to prevent them from

getting over, under or through any enclosure we built. Goats prefer to browse so loved to get into the garden and to browse on the lower limbs of the young shade trees. I have never eaten better stew than that made with goat meat.

Then there was the Monkey Tree the kids loved to climb in and, some evening, go there to cook our supper. There were more experiences that we all remember but not of enough importance to relate at this time.

Willard, Otis and Lynn were born after we moved to Blanding. When they were in the lower grades, on the way to and going home from school, they would pass the Burtenshaw home. The basement was finished and the family was living in it. The upper or main part of the building had not yet been constructed so there was a temporary flat roof over the basement. When the boys passed the home they discovered that rocks thrown on the roof would make enticing sounds. Many times as they passed they couldn't resist throwing rocks although they had been warned to cease the practice. Finally enough was enough and Georgan came out and spanked the boys. That put an end to the practice. I am not sure whether one, two or all the boys were rock throwers but they knew better than to tell their parents about the incident. It was years later that Georgan told us what she had done and why it was necessary.

After moving to Blanding I continued to teach private music lessons. Also a small orchestra was organized and we had a lot of fun while playing for our own entertainment although we did play for a dance or two. I also tuned quite a few pianos in Blanding, Monticello and bluff. While working with Dodge in Bluff I was asked to go to the Lee's Ranch that is located at the bottom of what is now called Mokey Dugway.

One girl didn't appreciate the tuning job I did on the family piano. Some neighbors complained to me that the piano was so badly out of tune their appreciation of music was being threatened and offered to pay for the tuning job if the parents of the girl was willing to allow it. They did. I thought I did a pretty good job but the girl complained the piano didn't sound right after I had finished. That feeling must have been overcome because she learned to play quite well. Also, I taught high school band one year.

About 1937 the CCC's came to the area. Vint Lyman and I went to Moab and joined the unit there. Within a short time the camp was moved to Monticello. I was assigned to work

in the tool shed issuing tools and to fill truck gas tanks before the crews left for their working areas. In the evenings I worked as a barber. Two interesting incidents took place that were related to the barber business. The clown of the camp wanted a Mohawk hair cut. I gave it to him. In the chow line he received a lot of laughs and some heckling. In the mess hall an officer came to the table where he and I were sitting and asked where he got the hair cut. He said his barber gave it to him. The officer said to have the barber finish the job. He did by shaving his head.

The next incident involved a boy with an entirely different personality than that of the camp clown. He let his hair grow very long and it needed washing and combing very badly. The fact is it was so neglected it was almost matted to his head. Some of the fellows suggested he wash his hair and get it cut but it didn't take. Finally some of the boys took things in their own hands. He was forcibly taken to the tool shed and held while another barber and I gave him a hair cut. While it was being done he cried like a baby.

After working in Monticello for a few months the camp was moved to Pinto, Utah. This was a very small place a few miles north of Veyo. Most of the work done there was on road improvement in the area. One large gang built a bridge over a waterway. I had a small crew and reinforced the abutment of a bridge that had been damaged by high water. While here we were called out to fight a fire on the east side of Pine Valley Mountains. Our call came just after we had eaten our supper. By morning the fire had been controlled to a point where it was possible to let some of the men go back to camp. I was kept on the job and most of the day I carried drinking water up the mountain to the fire fighters. Evening and night hours brought reduced threat of the fire spreading but men were alert all night to put out any fire that jumped across the fire line. I was not allowed to leave the area until the end of the following day after working three days and two nights without any sleep or rest.

After the road work in the Pinto area was finished the men in the camp were dismissed and went home. I was the only one who was transferred to the Veyo camp.

Most of the men were divided into two or three groups. One was working on the road between Veyo and Enterprise. I was with the group that was building houses in the Pine Valley recreation area. My small group of men were painting and doing other inside work in the homes. One crew of men was sent to Panguitch to construct a large garage. The

foreman who went to do the first phase of the building was transferred and I was sent to replace him. After the building was finished the crew returned to Veyo.

I was enrolled as an LEM so worked on Saturdays sharpening saws, axes and doing other maintenance work.

Shortly after the camp moved from Monticello to Pinto, Dora took the kids and went to stay with her mother in Tooele. About six months later she brought the kids to be with me in Veyo. We rented a couple of rooms from a farmer who lived across the canyon from the main part of town. All went well until Willard, who was about two years old, began crying most every night. Finally we were asked to leave. A couple, parents of twins, moved into two rooms of their four room home and let us move into the other two.

In the spring the camp was moved to Duck Creek on the mountains between Cedar City and Panguitch. One of the projects was to eradicate the cause of White Top in the tall pine trees. This condition was caused by a beetle that bored into the tree under the bark, killing the tree. Their presence was known when the top of the trees began to die. To control the spread of the beetles, the invaded tree was cut down and the bark was peeled off the tree to expose the beetles to sunlight. Again I was assigned to supervise a small number of men to cut and peel the trees.

For our family living quarters a tent was borrowed from the company. It was a unique experience for all of us to camp out but within a short time the adverse conditions became a hardship on Dora so I asked to be released. Lawrence came and moved us back to Blanding.

My move to Blanding in 1934 placed me in another amateur radio district, so my call letters were changed from W6HWI to W7MJQ.

Soon after returning from Duck Creek to Blanding I went to Moab as shop foreman in the CCC's. While there a representative from the Weather Bureau came to see me. I was informed that a large section in Southeastern Utah was not being covered by reliable, up to date weather information and was needed for more accurate weather forecasting. There was no reliable public service available to transmit information needed so the possibilities of using radio was being considered. It had been noted that my name and call letters were listed in the amateur radio operators call book. The man came to get my opinion about the

possibilities of establishing a weather reporting station in Blanding. After our discussion about the matter the man seemed favorably impressed. About two weeks later I was notified that the plans for a station were in progress and I could expect a shipment of equipment to my home. (Otis was born on 31 December 1938 while I was in Moab.)

A long time passed without hearing from the weather bureau so I was fearful the plans for the station had been cancelled. Then the fireworks started! Within a week the shipment of equipment arrived and a man came down to make installation in our home and give necessary instruction for taking and sending weather reports. He was here only two days so left me with some unanswered questions. Four observations each day were to be taken and transmitted by radio. The pay, \$0.75 per observation. The first official observation was sent by Morse code to the Milford station on April 22, 1939, where it was put on the national service distribution lines.

The following days brought with them much discouragement. Report on mistakes I had made were many. The encouragement to continue sending the reports came from the Milford station. This kept my spirits from hitting rock bottom.

Briefly, the reports must have been acceptable because in August we were asked to increase the observations to eight per day. In the mean time Dora had been trained to take and send obs. Because of the possibility for need of a relief observer, Lyle Johnson had also been trained. Dora began taking obs in Blanding and Lyle was sent to a station in the southern part of Idaho.

Initial plans for the station were to construct a building just north of our home as soon as possible and move the office into it. Before winter arrived the building was finished and paid for. Except for some hired help to put on the roof, I did all the work in building the house and installing heating and electrical systems that included a 220 volt line that was needed for the large transmitter.

At the beginning of World War II the sending of weather information was discontinued. However, observations were taken and kept on file for future reference. As soon as code books could be prepared we were furnished with one which was used in the transmission of weather reports. The code book was kept under lock and key. As soon as the war ended we went back to normal practice.

During the thirty nine years we operated the station, quite a few improvements were made in equipment used and method of sending the reports. The old system of recording wind speed and direction was replaced with a more reliable and accurate one. A dial-faced barometer and a ceiling light were added to the equipment. A compact voice transmitter replaced the large code one. Later, dial phones were used for direct calls by watts line to Salt Lake.

We trained several relief observers that included our daughter, Dorothy, Phyl Black, Ula Stephens and, of course, Lyle Johnson.

During the time our kids were in school and especially during the time they were in high school, they would walk home for lunch. On wash days they knew what they would have to eat: beans. One day Dora started walking with Dorothy as she started back to school. When they were within a couple of blocks from Redd's, Dorothy said she would be late unless she hurried on by herself. When Dora got to the store she could see Dorothy going up the steps of the high school yard.

Several times I had made the remark that I could eat sawdust if it had cream on it. One day Dorothy put me to the test. She served me such a dish. A few days later I retaliated. I was finishing my meal with bread and jam. She came up behind me with her fingers interlocked in a cupping form and placed them in front of me. This was her normal approach when she wanted a special favor. I couldn't resist the temptation. I put a big spoonful of jam in her hands.

There were many, many interesting incidents that involved the lives of the children as they were growing up that could, and probably should be mentioned, but it would make a long story even longer so a lot of them will be skipped at least for the present time hoping they will record a lot of them in their life stories. The seat of my pants is already getting worn thin.

Lawrence was operating an auto repair shop in the Lyman Garage and sometimes had requests for repair jobs he couldn't accept because of special equipment needed. This included a welder and a lathe. After making satisfactory arrangements with him I purchased a high capacity welder and a small lathe and was in business. Almost immediately I had enough work to keep me busy most of the time. Building up bulldozer blade points was a

major part of the work load. By building up the points a big saving was realized. The repair job cost was about half the price of a new point and, the operator told me, was heavier and more durable than new points. Of course there were other jobs to do but most of them were on heavy equipment. Occasionally I would get a lathe job. I believe the welder I bought was the first one to come to Blanding. During this phase of shop work Dora would take the four day time observations and I would take the four at night.

Desert Storm has dominated the headlines of the papers and the TV screen for so long my attention from "musts" to "desires" had waned until it was hard to get into the mood of mystery writing. Now that the sharp edge of the war news has been removed I can probably get down to business again. (January - February 1991).

In the fall of 1947 there were four or five of us who were interested in learning to fly. We contacted a married couple from the Cortez airport to see if they could, and would give us the necessary flying lessons. They were both certified instructors so could and would come over to Blanding for the training. They brought a Cub J3 plane and came over once each week during the training period. I was first on the list to start training and first to solo. There isn't much to report that involved any unusual incidents. We were taught take-off and landing procedures, stalls, spins and other standard maneuvers. After about eight hours of dual instructions most of us were ready for our solo flight. None of us knew just what day this would come.

On the day we went down to take our lessons there were two planes and two instructors on the field instead of the usual one. This didn't have any special meaning to me but I assumed they wanted to get the lessons over as soon as practical. After my usual three take-offs and landings the instructor climbed out of the plane, buckled her empty seat belt and told me to make three more take-offs and landings. Even then I didn't fully realize that this was the day I had been practicing for so was in no way disturbed. Only after I had made the last landing and was informed that the solo flight had passed the tests did it have its full impact.

Dora did not take it so calmly. She had never been at the airfield during the lesson periods and was not about to see my destruction. However, on this date some extra gas was

needed and someone had asked her to bring it down to the field. When she arrived she asked where I was. The other plane and both instructors were on the ground. I guess she was about to faint when she realized I was up there all alone.

After all of us had made the required hours of solo flight time in the Blanding area, we went to Cortez, passed the required flight tests and received our private pilot license.

I don't remember the names of all those who took flying lessons but among them were Earl Wright, Keith Black, Don Smith and Stanley Lyman. The landing strip used extended from the location where now stands the hangers, south to Highway 91. No accidents happened during the training period.

Dorothy took some notes from my log book that listed some dates of flights made, names of some passengers and most of the towns visited on the flights made. Although they are not of interest to most people, they may be of value as records.

Flights made in 1947 in the Blanding area were: October 11th, 25th, 26th, 28th, November 4th, 7th, 12th, 15th, 29th, and December 18th. A total of 10 hours and 20 minutes as a student pilot.

Flights made in 1948 were: January 6th, 10th, 17th, 29th and 21st. February 2nd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 18th, 26th and 28th. March 2nd, 6th, 8th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 27th and 29th. April 1st, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th and 26th.

Flights made: 11 in 1947, 77 in 1948, 49 in 1949, 82 in 1950 and 16 in 1951 with a total of 209 hours and 15 minutes flying time.

Passengers included: Dorothy Wright, Pauline Usher (instructor), Harold Black, Don Smith, Lynn Wright, Roy Johnson, Willard Wright, Bevan Wright, Dora Wright, Ted Wright, Lawrence Wright, Bill Laws, Milt Nielson, Kenneth Bailey, Clarence Rogers, Gwen Smith and baby, Velda Nielson, Leo Black, Joe Hunt, Leonard Jacobs, Uncle Morley Black, Lyle Johnson, Anthon Black, Francis Nielson, Harold Lyman, Glenna Wright, Glen Jones, Tim Wright, Alberta Williamson, Al Frost, Wilbur Rowley, Ila Rowley, Grace Shumway, Ula Stevens, Jim Rigg, Devar Shumway, A. Shumway, Shirley Shumway, Vern Rowley, Jean Shumway, Mary Shumway, Esther Shumway, Jane Tucker, James Wallace, Otis Wright, Kenneth Shumway

and Bob Rigg. This list does not include young cousins, nieces, nephews and neighborhood kids.

Trips to different towns included Monticello, Farmington, Cortez, Bluff, Mexican Hat, Marble Canyon, Salt Lake, Price, Moab, Grand Junction, Mt. Pleasant, Kanab, Hite, Rainbow Bridge Lodge, Norwood, Red Canyon, White Canyon Piute Farms and Durango.

Some details associated with two or three of these flights were of special interest to me. One time when I was taking some of the young relatives for a ride it was Roy Johnson's turn. We flew over town and I would ask him. "Can you see the school house? His answer as he looked down with only a slight movement of the head, "Uh huh." "Can you see where you live?" The same response. I assumed that he was not interested in the mild flight and was looking for a few thrills, so on our way back to the field I pushed forward on the stick to gain a little speed then pulled back in a steep climb and then as the plane slowed up a bit I pushed forward on the stick. This action brought Roy up from his seat against his seat belt. As soon as we regained normal level flying I heard a long, drawn out sigh from him. I asked if there was anything wrong. His answer: "DON't, , , do, , , that, , , again!" If you knew Roy you understood what a supreme effort it took for him to make this request.

The impression the first airplane ride had on Roy must not have been as negative as most everyone would believe. The opposite seems to be true. Roy was "hooked" for life on aviation. It wasn't long after this ride that he started to build model airplanes. At first they were of the easy kit form and from there to more complex designs. I noticed these improvements and was not surprised when he obtained his pilots license a few years later.

Roy was a good pilot. Occasionally I had the opportunity of riding with him. Most of these flights were between Blanding and Halls Crossing.

In addition to his love to fly Roy also was very interested and active in the structure of airplane framework. He spent many hours at the airport repairing and doing maintenance work on aircrafts. However, his most outstanding achievement was in the successful way he organized the Fourth of July air shows. Because of his knowledge of airplanes and noted pilots he was able to attract unique airplanes, stunt pilots and other outstanding features that helped to make a very successful show. Last, but not least, the building complex at the airfield in Blanding was named in his honor.

Before leaving the subject of flying there is one incident of interest that should be related. In the Fall of 1948 Dora and I needed a well earned rest from river running, the weather office and care of the kids. For the kids' sake was of most importance. We had available good help in taking care of these responsibilities while away and Dorothy was working in the Post Office so was available if needed in an emergency situation. About noon on the 28th of October we took off for Farmington to visit with Loren and Iona. Because of unsettled weather conditions we followed the road going by way of Monticello and Cortez. About ten miles out of Cortez we ran into strong head winds that slowed up our ground speed to a point where it was impractical to try going to Farmington under these conditions. We went on to Cortez and landed there. We borrowed a car and went into town, rented a motel room and stayed for the night. The next morning the sky was overcast and conditions were good for rain or snow. Because arrangements for our help at home had been for only one night we felt it necessary to get back there that day. We weren't encouraged by the airport personnel to fly under the existing conditions but we decided to leave anyway, following the road again. There was a lot of moisture in the air and when we were over Dove Creek the carburetor started freezing up and cutting down the power of the engine. I turned on the carburetor heat that corrected the problem. This was the first and only time I used this safety measure under emergency conditions. We reached Monticello then headed south toward Blanding. We got as far as Verdure and ran into a light snow storm that prevented me from seeing the opposite side of the canyon. I turned around and headed back toward Monticello with the knowledge that we may have to go as far as Moab before landing. However, there was a big hay field just east of town that looked like a good landing spot so I flew over it close to the ground to check for ditches or other hazards and, not finding any, circled around in preparation for landing. As we gained a little altitude Dora asked me what I was going to do. When I told her that we were going to land she said in a very calm voice: "Are we going to be killed?" I had no intention of dying so made the landing without any problems. Kent Frost came down and helped to tie down the plane and to take us into town. The mail vehicle was just ready to leave for Blanding so Dora had a way to get home while weather conditions improved. This happened shortly and I was able to take off and land in Blanding very shortly after Dora reached home.

Norman Nevills came into my life in the spring of 1948. It was while I was working in the shop with Lawrence when he brought one of his vehicles in for some repairs. Lawrence had done work for him before but I had never had the opportunity to meet him. Just prior to this time I had read an article in the Denver Post about one of his famous river trips so was glad to meet him and to ask a few questions about his adventures. He seemed very willing to comply then asked me if I would like to go for a short boat ride. He said he and a few friends had planned a leisure trip from Bluff to Mexican Hat and there would be room for me to go along. He was a good salesman and I accepted his invitation.

There were three boats at the river's edge. Two were to carry Norm, his wife, Doris, and his friends. The third one was assigned to Mike, a hired hand of Norm's, and me. My entire experience with oars in my hands was on a small lake in Liberty Park in Salt Lake shortly after Dora and I were married. I don't know whether or not Mike was better qualified to handle a boat on the San Juan River than I was but did learn that Norm's objective was to find another boatman for his next river trip from Mexican Hat to Lee's Ferry with six men as passengers. His instructions, "Follow me and do as I do." Mike and I took turns at the oars.

When we stopped for lunch I had some questions to ask Norm about the technique of boating on the river. He surprised me by telling of some mistakes I had made and of some moves that seemed to come naturally.

We were met at the Mexican Hat beach by Sandy, Norm and Doris' eight year old daughter. Her enthusiasm in greeting each one of us was infectious. Just like a young colt demonstrates its happiness for being alive. When she came to greet me I noticed one of her fingers had a bandage on it. I asked; "What happened?" She replied; "The screen door slammed shut on it." I asked: "Did it hurt?" Her reply; "Don't be foolish, of course it hurt."

When Dora asked me about the trip I told her it was enjoyable. However, I wasn't fully prepared for my next encounter with Norm. About a week after the Bluff-Mexican Hat run he came into the shop again for more repairs. This time he had additional business on his mind. He was looking for a boatman. He asked me to go on the first commercial run of the season from Mexican Hat to Lee's Ferry starting on the 7th of May. There were to be

six passengers and three boats. He would take three in his boat, George Win would take two, and Mike and I would take one passenger sharing the responsibilities in rowing the boat. I told him that if I went it would leave Dora all alone with the weather station and I didn't think she would approve of this arrangement. However, she came into the shop to hear my answer to Norm. She made the decision that changed the course of my activities for the next thirty years or more. She said; "I think I can take care of the office all right, why don't you go?"

I went down to Mexican Hat the afternoon of May 6th to help with preparations for the trip. The passengers, a group of six men, all geologists, were already there. That evening a meeting was held to brief the passengers on what to expect of the boat and boatmen, what they could expect in river water conditions, what they would be allowed in the form of personal gear and about other important matters. However, the part that was of most interest to me, he described vividly some of the rapids that were to be run and the action of the unique sand waves. After this briefing I wasn't too sure that river running was my flavor of cake. During the meeting I noticed that Mike was not present. I asked Norm about this and he said Mike wasn't coming down from Blanding until morning.

The next morning as we were putting the boats in the water I again asked Norm about Mike because I hadn't seen him. Again Norm had some excuse for his absence but when the boats were being loaded with personal gear and Mike had not shown up I demanded of Norm: "Where the h--- is Mike?" He rubbed his chin like he had a flowing beard and answered: "Mike isn't coming." I said: "I am not going," and started walking up the road toward my car. Doris caught up with me before I had gone very far. She was a real diplomat. She put up a real story of what had happened, what would happen if I didn't go and so forth and so on with the assurance that Norm would take my boat through all the rapids. I had delayed take off time for the trip but, with qualms, decided to go. Two passengers in each boat.

The San Juan River between Mexican Hat and the confluence of the San Juan and the Colorado rivers, reminds me of a young horse that is just being broken to ride. It is lively and unpredictable! The water runs fast, averaging seven miles per hour. These conditions do not allow much time for a boatman to relax. The course of the river is just one bend

after another. This unique feature can be observed from the Goose Necks overlook point. At every one of these turns it is wise to cross the river to the inside of the curve to avoid rocks and turbulent water. Read the water and stay out of these troublesome spots.

About mid afternoon we reached Government Rapid. This is the first one to be encountered that had a name. However, at some stages of water level there were some rough spots that could be classified as small ones.

For several reasons we landed at the head of this rapid. First, Norm wanted to see if any changes had taken place since running it the previous year. Second, it would give each passenger a chance to ride through the rapid while some of the others stood on the bank and took pictures. They could then walk up and take their turn riding the rapid. It would also give the boatmen a chance to rest and relax for a few minutes.

After Norm and George had taken their boats through the rapid and had given all the passengers a chance to ride and to take pictures, it left me with my boat to come through. Evidently Doris hadn't told Norm that he would take my boat through all the rapids because, standing at the foot of the rapid, he waved his hat for me to come down. Government Rapid looked big to me when I first saw it but when I looked again somehow it had increased in size at least three times. My legs would hardly support me as I untied the boat, coiled and put the rope in the boat, jumped in as I shoved off and I was on my way. To say the least, it was a thrilling ride. Norm said it was a good run. Only once did Norm run my boat through any rapid during the two years I was with him. That was the time he took my boat with me as a passenger through the meanest, roughest, most unpredictable rapid on the San Juan River: Thirteen Foot Rapid!

The San Juan boat trips were for a period of seven days. Then there was a three day period for preparing for the next one. Most of the passengers arrive in Mexican Hat in cars and have Norm provide a driver to take them to Lee's Ferry where the trips end.

Each trip could be divided into two segments. The first three days the pace is fast. The first day gives the passengers the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the action of the boats in fast water and with the boatman they are riding with. The scenery, as viewed from the river bottom of a 1200 foot canyon, is unique. Then, near the end of the day, a taste of white water running when we reach Government Rapid.

The second day brings a series of rapids and the challenge of getting through Piute Farms without having to push the boats through shallow water. The usual camp site is at the head of Thirteen Foot Rapid.

At the beginning of the third day comes the challenge of getting all the boats through Thirteen Foot Rapid in safety. Usually it is not practical to take any passengers through this rapid and most of the time it is advisable to walk around the rapid and carry all heavy equipment, including canned food. This action makes the boat as light as possible and allows maximum control of the boat by the boatmen. As the boatman studies the rapid, locating hazards obstacles and plotting the run to be made, he has a good excuse for developing, what we call "Cotton Mouth". The excitement and tension mounts higher and higher as he studied the rapid. If these conditions exist for very long it caused the mouth to become very dry so, "cotton mouth".

After running Thirteen Rapid the most exciting part of the trip has been experienced and the second phase of the trip begins. Just before noon we stop at Redbud Canyon. This is a short, steep Canyon. About two hundred yards from the river is one of the most beautiful places on the river to be visited. There is a vertical wall about a hundred feet long and about fifteen feet high. The wall is a mass of Maiden Hair fern, Monkey Flowers and a few orchids. Water seeps and runs out from among the vegetation into two small pools of water, deep enough in which to swim. Surrounding the wall and pools is a grove of Redbud Trees. Hence the name of Redbud Canyon. After lunch we travel down to the confluence of the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. The change in boating water is compared to traveling in a Jeep over very rough roads to a ride in a luxury car on pavement. The water runs fast with hardly a ripple. That night we usually camp on a sand bar at the mouth of Hidden Passage.

The fourth day and the beginning of the second phase of the trip brings on the feeling of complete relaxation. We take plenty of time to explore side canyons that includes Hidden Passage, Music Temple, and Mystery Canyon where there is a nice swimming pool and, if time allows, other places like Oak Creek. That night we camp on a sand bar at the mouth of Forbidding Canyon.

On the fifth day we take our lunch and go on a five mile hike up the canyon to Rainbow Bridge, the largest of it's kind in the world. Here we eat lunch and then, for the more fool

hardy, a tough climb to the top of the bridge. That night we camp again at the mouth of the canyon.

The sixth day we drift and dream for most of the time with just one stop to explore a most unique canyon. The canyon, at the mouth, is probably fifty feet wide and between high cliffs with a small stream of water in the bottom. The canyon gradually narrows to a place we call Fat Mans Misery. This is a very narrow and steep incline for a distance of about eight or ten feet with water running in the bottom. Some of the explorers need help to reach the top. Here the canyon widens out to about two hundred feet. About a half mile on up it again narrows to a width of eighteen inches, so deep, dark and crooked it takes the eyes a few moments to adjust to the reduced light. That night we camp at Outlaw Cave. This is the night to play charades.

The seventh day we drift on down to Lee's Ferry, arriving about noon. We have lunch, unload the boats of gear and say goodbye to most of the passengers.

Sometime during the first San Juan trip with Norm, he asked me if I would consider going as a boatman on all the trips. I won't go into details but, with Dora's consent, I agreed to his offer.

The second trip of the season was scheduled for May 20th. I had planned to go on it but got a call from Norm saying there were only three people for the trip, a man, his boy and an elderly lady. He could take them in one boat. After the three arrived I got an S.O.S. from Norm. He wanted me to go and take a second boat. When I asked him if more people than the three had come he said no but you should see the three. The man weighed about 280 pounds and the boy well over 300 pounds. The woman was of normal weight.

During this trip there was one incident that was amusing. Norm furnished an air mattress and an army surplus sleeping bag for each person. The sleeping bags were of the semi-mummy type. That is, they were sewn together on the bottom half and a zipper on the upper half. They were comfortable for the average size person.

The first morning after camping out, Norm asked the men how they got along with the bags. They said they rested pretty well but the bags seemed a little small for them but understood why this was so. The second morning the answer was about the same only they

had rested a little better. The third morning the answer was the same so Norm wanted to see if they were getting into the bags the proper way. They were doing this alright but, before doing so, they had put the air mattress in first, got in, then blew up the mattress tight. The men laughed at the way they had made their first mistake while camping out.

Norm was an excellent story teller. He was very descriptive in subject matter whether it was a person, an animal, scenery or conditions that surrounded them. He was also talented in combining fiction with facts to make a story more dramatic. There are two good examples of these situations that were of special interest to me. Both are in connection with historical events.

In late July of 1776 a group of Spanish men left Santa Fe, New Mexico, on horseback with pack animals to carry supplies and to find a northern route to a mission in Monteray, California. They traveled north to a point on the Colorado River near what is now Grand Junction. From there they traveled in more of a western direction to the Green River and crossed at a point that is now Jensen, Utah. From there they went on west to the Utah Valley, arriving there during the latter part of September. In this part of the story, as was told by Norm, he was quite accurate although some interesting details were enlarged upon. However, it is in this part of his story where he combined two incidents that were unrelated in time. About seventy years after the Spanish Fathers were in the valley, another party, known as the Donner Party, passed here on their way to the gold fields of California. As they were crossing the Sierra Mountains, they were caught in a big snow storm that prevented them from advancing or retreating. Before the winter was over they were practicing cannibalism. Norm, to continue his story of the Spanish Fathers, said, after having passed through the valley, they saw snow on the mountains west of them and, rather than take chances of suffering the same fate as the Donner party, decided to head for home. Even people who had heard both stories didn't put the facts together and realize the Donner party didn't come along until seventy years later.

This is another story about a situation where cannibalism was practiced. A group of men were stranded in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado when an unexpected snow storm prevented them from getting out. When some of the men returned to town in the spring in

good physical condition, they were arrested. At the trial, the judge charged them with "eating the only seven Democrats in the county."

Frequently Norm would dramatize his stories in some ways. He tried to become acquainted with each passenger as they arrived in Mexican Hat. During the briefing sessions the night before the starting of the river trip he would have some story to tell that, later on, would be a part of his plan for the dialogue. He would also evaluate each person to see where, or if, they could be used. One of the stories he would tell was about a wild Indian that roamed the Navajo Reservation and, among other things, carried a big knife and would use it if provoked in any way. Also, he stressed the fact that, after the boats left Mexican Hat there was no chance of returning for items that had been forgotten.

The preferred camping place for the first night was just a short distance below Government Rapid and on the South side of the river.

After supper and, just before dark, most everyone would be standing or sitting around exchanging thoughts and experiences of the day. Norm made it a point that his "victim" would be talking to me. He would come around and casually ask: "Frank, do you think we should move to the other side of the river? You know we are on the Navajo Reservation." My reply: "I don't think it is necessary. Surely the Indians don't know we are here. We have camped here before without being bothered." A little later Norm would come around again and say, "I think I saw a fire on the high cliff above us from where I was standing a little ways down river but can't see it from here." I would leave and let him deal with the problem he had created but believe that, some way, Norm relieved some of the anxiety the "victim" had about bad Indians.

On another trip, or trips, Norm would select a "victim" before leaving Mexican Hat. This was usually a young man or a relative. After the last boat had pulled out on the river someone would come running with a sleeping bag, saying we had left it on the bank. For the rest of the day Norm would bemoan the situation of leaving without a bed for everyone. Of course the "victim" would be riding with him. He would say: "Someone should sit up and watch the boats and give warning if the water in the river starts rising. We will share one bed. You take the first watch of two hours then wake me and I will take a two hour watch and so on during the night." Usually we would use the same camping spot below

Government Rapid. As the boatmen unloaded the boats they would purposely leave one of the sleeping bags under the deck. This time the "victim" didn't accept the arrangements without a fight. After all the but hidden sleeping bag had been spread out on the ground he would go around with Norm and ask who belonged to each bed. Norm would tell him until they came to Norm's bed. When the "victim" asked who it belonged to Norm said he didn't know. The "victim" said: "Then you don't mind if I pour some sand in it, do you?" That brought the "lost" bed out of it's hiding place.

When Norm told stories around the camp fire about river runners he was at his best. He had read and studied every book or article he could find on rivers and the men who had ventured on them, the type of boats they used, how they dressed, what they ate and, among other things, the amount of water in the river at the time they made their trips. I would listen to the same story most every time it was told during the two years I was with him and never ceased to be entertained.

As stated earlier, on the evening of the fourth day we would camp at the mouth of Forbidding Canyon and the next day walk up to Rainbow Bridge and, that night, camp again at the mouth of the canyon. One fourth day we arrived a little early at our camp at the canyon and had supper over with before the sun went down. As usual, after the meal, the group would sit around and talk about subjects related to the bridge hike. Someone asked about the starting time for the hike. They were told it would be at 8:00 a.m. Someone asked why not start a half hour earlier. Someone else suggested a half hour earlier than that. Finally Norm said why not walk up tonight? In fifteen minutes most of the group were on their way, taking flash lights to guide them over rough spots.

Because Rainbow Bridge Lodge, situated on the South side of Navajo Mountain, conducted trips on horse back to the bridge, a camp about a mile above the bridge was maintained with tents, beds and food. These conditions assured the night hikers they would be comfortable for the night. The next morning the few people who stayed at the river hiked up to join the night hikers at the bridge and walk back to camp with them in the afternoon.

The hike to Rainbow Bridge at night is just another example of what Norm may have up his sleeve for the group. On another trip where a hike to Rainbow Bridge was involved, the

group returned to camp early. Supper was soon prepared and served. With no plans for a lengthy evening stay at Forbidding Canyon, Norm took advantage of this situation and suggested we drift down the river for a few miles. The group was easily persuaded to go along with the idea. There was a good camp site on the right bank just a few miles below and we arrived there in plenty of time to make camp. The ride was relaxing and enjoyable.

In June of 1949, after the hikers to Rainbow Bridge had returned and supper was over, Norm suggested another float trip to the same spot that was used before. The experience was a disaster. When we arrived at the intended camping spot the high water in the river had covered up the beach and was up into the willows. There was just no place to land and it was getting late. With little confidence in his voice, Norm said that there was another site a couple of miles further on down. It was also covered with water. By this time it was dark with chances of finding a good landing place about nil. Flashlights were used to indicate where each of the four boats were located in relation to each other. Norm and I knew where we were at all times. This wasn't so with one of the boatmen. He would keep calling to Norm to verify his position. Norm would flash his light and tell where he was and also warn him when he got too close to any danger. This went on until his passengers were ready to panic. Norm had the boats come close together and assign the frightened passengers to other boats. A lady was placed in my boat. It took about a half hour to convince her there was no danger but we would probably have to go on to Lee's Ferry where we were certain that there was a safe landing place. There was and the landing was uneventful. Everyone was tired and happy to be on land. It was three o'clock in the morning.

Doris was asleep in a car at the landing. She, and other drivers of cars, were waiting although surprised to see us come two days ahead of schedule. Norm didn't stay to help unload the boats or see that the passengers were as comfortable as possible but got into the car with Doris and went to Marble Canyon Lodge to stay in a nice room. I wasn't happy with the arrangements and was learning real fast what Norm had in mind when he introduced me to the passengers as head boatman. I was the one who did the cooking, supervised the loading and unloading of boats and other chores that included the rowing of

a boat for many hours each day. I wasn't proud of my title on this morning upon landing at three o'clock with a tired and hungry group of people.

In 1948 we made six or seven trips on the San Juan River and one through Grand Canyon. A different type of boat was used on the San Juan trips than those for the Grand Canyon run. The stern and bow ends of the San Juan boats were decked over but open from the cockpit. They were called semi-cataract type boats. They had a capacity of three passengers, a boatman, sleeping bags, personal gear and part of the food supply and cooking gear. These boats were sixteen feet long, five feet wide at the center and fifteen inches deep. They weighed, empty, about four hundred pounds. The Grand Canyon boats were known as the full Cataract type boats. The stern and bows ends were both decked over and fully enclosed with a hatch cover on the decks to allow access to the compartment. The boatman's seat was built in and water tight compartment as were four other unused, smaller compartments. This made a total of seven water tight compartments. The bow end of the boats was pointed. The stern ends were wide. When the boats were upside down and viewed from above, the shape was very similar to a flat iron. Some people referred to them as flat iron boats. The boats were also sixteen feet long, five feet wide in the center and fifteen inches deep. They weighed about six hundred pounds, empty. They had a load capacity of two passengers, a boatman and necessary gear. Nothing except a bailing bucket and a spare oar were in the cockpit. Both were securely attached to the boat so, in case of an upset, nothing would be lost.

Norm, unknowingly, may have had other effects than entertainment, on his listeners when telling of dangers encountered by those who had run the rivers of the west. It was on the San Juan trips where he recruited passengers for the Grand Canyon and Green River trips. I was also one of the listeners and was impressed enough to know I didn't want to go on either of the runs. In 1948, while on the last San Juan trip of the season, when asked if I would be a boatman on the Grand Canyon trip, my first answer was a resounding No! The method used in talking me into going was the same as used in persuading me to go on the first San Juan trip. That is, make me feel my services are indispensable and to inflate my ego. Quote: "One of our boatmen is going to do assessment work on our uranium claims. Norm will run your boat through all the bad rapids. If you don't go the trip will have to

be called off." I sometimes wonder what my future would have been if the answer had been a positive, NO. The reluctant yes was another crossroad in my life.

For me, the Grand Canyon lived up to it's reputation. It's rapids were vicious and it's scenery was breath taking in it's grandeur. The rapids were rough! The scenery was impressive on a large scale. There were features about boating in the Grand Canyon that were associated with the San Juan trips. The cataract type boats were heavier and better designed for rapid running than were the San Juan type but, the general technique of running white water was the same. As viewed from the river, the impression of it's vastness and beauty are not the same as viewed from a mile above at either the South or North rim. From a boaters view the river is wide, fast and very much alive. As viewed from above it is but a small, muddy stream. Rapids appear as small ripples. However, the most valued assets gained from river running were the many friends who made the trips interesting and enjoyable. Occasionally I have had the privilege of a visit with river made friends and quite frequently receive letters from some of them. Regardless of these conditions, with few exceptions, all acted as understanding human beings. Whether they were doctors, lawyers, school teachers or of other modes of making a living, they were there to relax and enjoy a unique experience. Without the privilege of this association I am afraid my impression of being a boatman would be on the negative side.

It was during the 1949 boating season, on the San Juan River, when the effects of river running on professional people was most noticeable. They arrived at Mexican Hat tense, tired and in a rut of fast travel. They needed to take their foot off the gas and put it onto the brake. On the San Juan trips they not only had the opportunity to do all these things but, in a way, it was forced upon them. When they got into the boats and they were pushed into the main stream of the river, their physical pace was restricted to that of the moving water. For some, it took a little longer to relax than it did for others, but the restricted pace of fast moving helped. Also, the camping grounds were small so, again, in another way, their physical movements were confined to a small area. Under these conditions it is only natural that these people would learn how to relax and rest.

The first day of a San Juan trip the passengers learn to adjust to the boat's rocking and swaying motion in the sand waves and rough water although, at the end of the day, they

could feel it's effect on their mid-sections. Whether the adjustment comes sooner or later, all are impressed with the scenery that is unique to the San Juan River. Few of them come fully prepared with knowledge of what the trip had in store for them. No one I knew, who had been on the trip, was disappointed with the venture. One woman would have been if she had come. In her request for information about the trip, she asked if she should bring an evening gown to wear at the evening parties.

At the end of the third day most of the people had adjusted well to riding in a boat, to rapid running, to simple but well balanced meals, to sleeping in confining beds and to other related conditions. Some of them were experienced campers and adjusted faster than others and some had been on other previous river trips but all, at the end of the third day, were prepared to enjoy the entirely different conditions that existed after leaving the rough waters of the San Juan onto the smooth waters of the Colorado river. These conditions were caused mostly by the different geological formations through which each of the rivers ran. The San Juan through a hard, limestone formation and the Colorado through the soft, Navajo Sandstone.

At the beginning of the seventh, and last day of the trip, the mood of the professional people changed like magic. Their minds shifted into high gear and their foot from the brake to the gas pedal in preparation for entering the stream of fast living conditions. This could be compared to a car when entering a ramp that led onto a freeway. When they stepped out of the boat and into their car that was at the landing site, they were back into the rut of a fast and progressive way of the world!

In 1949 Norm scheduled four trips on the San Juan River and one on the Green River between Green River, Wyoming and Jensen, Utah. This trip was to start the mid part of June and would allow time for the preparation and run of the Grand Canyon that was scheduled for the first part of July.

I don't remember of any unusual incidents that happened on the San Juan trips except for one that revealed a couple of Norm's traits. He collected odds and ends of items he thought could be used in some way in the future. Also, he was more concerned about his own welfare than that of some other people. This is an example that revealed both traits.

On one San Juan trip one of his girls was along. One day she came with a short length of small chain and put into my boat. When I asked her why she didn't put it in her Dad's boat she said her Dad didn't want his boat to be cluttered up with such things.

There were a few incidents that happened before, during and after the Green River trip that were impressed on my mind and may be of enough importance to record.

Norm and Doris helped with some work at Mexican Hat in preparation for the Green River run then left, leaving another boatman, (I will refer to him as Joe) and I to load two boats onto the trailer along with other gear. We were to meet Norm and Doris in Moab that evening and stay for the night. Norm said he would make reservations for motel rooms.

It was late when Joe and I arrived in Moab. We found the motel and room in which Norm and Doris were staying. We knocked on their door. They were in bed. When asked where our room was we were told there was no vacancy and we could sleep in our sleeping bags some place or go on to Green River, Utah to stay. Joe was upset because we had not been provided with a room as promised and told Norm that he was tired and wanted to go to bed. There was some argument about the situation but finally Norm and Doris packed up and went to Green River to stay. We had a nice room to stay in that night.

We arrived in Green River a day before the trip was scheduled to start. This allowed time to do last minute shopping, put boats into the water, load them with everything except for personal gear and to greet passengers. In the evening a briefing meeting was held then Norm showed the film, DANGER RIVER. Most of the scenes were taken of major rapids from a low angle that made them look much more dangerous than they really were. The tossing waves in the foreground, at times, hid a boat from view as it passed down the rapid. Everything that could be shown about white water boating was made as vivid as possible. After watching the show I wasn't sure about my commitment to go as a boatman on the Green River run although I had been through the Grand Canyon the previous year and knew the danger was not as great as shown in the picture.

The next morning a large group of town people were at the river to watch our departure.

The first few miles the river ran through mostly open country where the water ran smoothly before entering a narrow canyon. Soon after entering we encounter Ashley Falls Rapid. There are quite a few stories about river runners who recorded their versions of the

rapid and experiences getting through or around it. (Ashley Falls is now under the waters of Flaming Gorge Lake.) Later we leave the narrow canyon and enter a wide valley of farm land. Some of the families who live here had been notified of our arrival time and met us at the river. We were invited to one of the homes for the evening to socialize. Norm, as usual, was the center of attention as he told of his experiences associated with river running. That night we prepared as best we could to ward off hordes of mosquitos.

The next day the river ran quietly through the valley. One scene along the bank of the river, next to a cliff, we saw thousands of nesting swallows on the walls. Everyone had a very close neighbor. That night we camped at the mouth of Ladore Canyon, the most beautiful section of the Green River run.

The next morning we enter the canyon. It is deep and the walls steep but not to the extent that prevents trees and other vegetation from growing on them. We are again faced with rapids to be run. None of them give us any trouble except Hells Half Mile. It is wide and strewn with large rocks. The water level was at a stage that made the risk of running too great to take chances. We lined the upper and rougher part. This was accomplished by using short lengths of six inch logs as rollers. The task was rather lengthy but relatively safe and easy.

We ran other rapids and made a couple of stops at river bottom lands that allowed habitation before entering Split Mountain which provided fast and exciting boating. At the end of this run we enter the wide valley in which Jensen and Vernal are situated. This is the end of our run. It is mid afternoon. Again we are met by a group of people from Jensen and Vernal and our friends who have driven our vehicles here to meet us. We are invited to visit Dinosaur Quarry. That evening we attend a meeting where Norm is guest speaker.

Some events, of special interest to me, took place on the Grand Canyon run and during the next few months after. Few were associated with rapid running. The most important ones affected the crossroads of my life.

The Grand Canyon trip was scheduled for the first week in July. I don't remember who the fourth boatman was but Norm, Dock Marston and I were involved in the events of the trip. Water level in the river was near 20,000 fps, near ideal conditions for the run.

Although we may have lined a couple of rapids there was nothing special in connection with these operations.

Dock Marston was a historian and his main objective in going as a boatman was to gather as much information as possible about people and their activities in the Grand Canyon. We were often delayed in our run while Dock explored some side canyons. One of these was in search of a moonshine whiskey still he had heard about. A few others of the group went along. He found evidence of the still. There were other exploration stops but none of special interest to me.

(Note: The above incidents involving Dock Marston were experienced on the 1948 Grand Canyon trip, the others on the one taken in 1949.)

After a week on the river we made a one day, two night stop at Bright Angel to replenish the food supply and take a needed rest. Doris came down with the mule train that brought in supplies.

It was here I was again reminded what my title as head boatman really meant. Norm reserved a room for everyone at Bright Angel Lodge except for the head boatman. He was given the privilege of sleeping in a sleeping bag, guarding the boats, at the river's edge. He was provided with meals but no special place to rest and relax. Doris rode out on the mule train.

More stops between here and Diamond Creek while Dock did his "thing". We lined Lava Falls rapid. At Diamond Creek we had a short rest and initiated new members as River Rats.

At the end of the trip we landed at Pierces Ferry, near the head of Lake Mead. Here the cars belonging to the passengers and Norm's vehicles, with drivers, were waiting for us. That night at Boulder city, Norm hosted a dinner for the members of the river party and several dignitaries. At this "shindig" River Rat Pins were presented to new members.

Doris and Lawrence, with Dora as a passenger, drove Norm's two vehicles pulling boat trailers, down to meet us. Of course they attended the dinner. All stayed overnight in Boulder City.

When we left town the next morning, Norm and Doris were first to leave, towing a boat trailer. Dora, Lawrence and I were to follow, pulling a trailer with Norm's boat, the Wen,

on it. (The name for the Wen was taken from Norm's father's initials, William E. Nevills.) Norm said he would meet us at the South Rim and stay there for the night.

Before Lawrence, Dora and I reached the South Rim we had trouble with the trailer and stopped at a small town to get some welding done. The job required about two hours time. When we arrived at the South Rim we couldn't find Norm but, by asking, we found out that he had been seen leaving town. It was getting late and we were tired but did not have enough money for a room so we continued on our way toward Mexican Hat.

About twenty miles south of Kayenta we ran into a very heavy rain storm but before reaching town the rain had stopped. However, there was deep water standing in every place that would hold it. Lugena Creek was still deep in water but we had no trouble in getting across. Within a short distance, though, the road disappeared into a lake. The water looked too deep to risk starting across, pulling a trailer, with no chance of backing out if the water got too deep. We started skirting the lake in the brush that surrounded it. Lawrence lead the way, wading in the water, using a flashlight. We were almost out of trouble when the trailer broke down again. It was in no condition to be towed any farther. We left the boat and trailer and went on to Mexican Hat.

We woke Doris and told her what had happened. She was surprised to know we had been hit by a rain storm, saying not a drop of water had fallen on them. She told us where we could sleep for the rest of the night.

I had just gotten into bed when Norm came and knocked on the door. He was as mad as a wet hen. How did we dare leave his beloved Wen without someone there to guard it against thieves and anything else he could think of. After he had had his say he went back to bed and I retired but was too upset to go to sleep very soon.

The next morning Lawrence and Dora went to Blanding and I stayed with Norm to help get his boat, taking along a trailer. After reaching Monument Valley, on our way down, we were in the area that was hit so hard by the storm. Norm began to understand the conditions that caused us to leave the boat. He didn't apologize in a direct way for his outburst the night before but kept saying how bad the storm must have been and surprised to know we got through to Mexican Hat even without having a boat and trailer to pull, but still seemed worried about his boat. After seeing it was safe he got some Indians to help

load the boat and the broken trailer onto the trailer we had brought along. We had no trouble on our return trip.

Before leaving Mexican Hat for Blanding my mind had been made up. No more river running. What I didn't know, it was the last time I would be seeing Norm and Doris.

After returning from the last Grand Canyon trip I went back to work in the shop with Lawrence. For most of the time I had enough work to keep me busy. Also, I tried to relieve Dora of the major responsibilities of observation taking and record keeping.

One day, during either the latter part of September or October, 1949, Dora and I went to Cortez on a business trip. Upon returning to Blanding we drove up to the shop to see what was going on there. Marion Jones was there and had been telling Lawrence some sad news. Norman and Doris Nevills had just been killed in an airplane accident at Mexican Hat. I was shocked. Marion said they had taken off from the field and had gained only a little altitude when the engine quit. Norm turned around to land back on the strip but couldn't make it and crashed into a stone cliff at the end of the landing strip. Both Norman and Doris were killed instantly. The plane burst into flames and their bodies were badly burned. After giving these brief details she asked me if I would be going on the rivers again. My answer was so brief that it was almost rude. "No, my days of boating are over."

The sheriff recruited some local men to go with him to investigate the accident. I was asked if I wanted to go. Another definite no.

Not long after the death of Norm and Doris the administer of the Nevills estate contacted me, asking if I would go to Mexican Hat and look after the property until it could be sold. He said there were two reasons for asking me to do this. First, I was well acquainted with the property and secondly, Moe Nevills, Norm's mother, had made the request. After carefully considering the options I agreed to go and stay as long as it was necessary.

While there I learned some interesting traits about dogs and birds. Because the short landing strip was being used frequently it needed a little maintenance. For this job a four wheel drive vehicle was used to pull a drag over the strip to keep the surface smooth. Norm's dog followed me whenever I was outside. This day he was following me as I drove up and down the strip, pulling the drag. I had made a round or two when the dog raced across the strip toward three or four ravens that were sitting on some rocks at the edge of

the strip. They didn't fly until the dog was within a short distance. They took off and landed on other rocks on the opposite side of the strip. At first I was sorry for the birds, thinking the dog was disturbing their nesting site. How wrong was I. The birds were playing a game with the dog. This chasing game back and forth across the field continued until the dog was "pooped". When he would lie down to rest the ravens would fly down and land just out of reach, daring him to give chase. He finally refused any offer to play their game.

Because there was no phone or mail service in Mexican Hat, it was about a month before I was informed of any progress that was being made toward disposal of the property.

One day Jim Rigg flew in to bring me the latest news. Jim was the owner of a flight and repair service in Grand Junction, Colorado. Through business dealings, Norm and Jim became close friends. It was sometime during the time between the end of the 1948 and beginning of the 1949 boating seasons that Jim agreed to be a boatman.

As soon as Jim heard about the death of Norm and Doris, he flew down to inspect the burned plane, clean up the wreckage and help take care of the badly burned bodies. The bodies were taken to Grand Junction for cremation and funeral services. Later, Jim took their ashes and scattered them over Grand Canyon from his plane.

Jim had also been kept informed about actions being taken to dispose of the Nevills property. He told me the estate was being put up for bids. Bids were to be made in writing. He asked me if I would consider joining him in placing a bid. We contacted Moe to see what her reaction was concerning the tentative plan. Her answer was very positive. She encouraged us in this action. Again I was faced with a tough decision. Finally it was through Moe's encouragement that I agreed to go along with Jim and submit a bid. Briefly, our bid was accepted and we were in the boating business. Moe didn't want us to use the Nevills name so we decided on the name Mexican Hat Expeditions.

Norm gave away three of his cataract boats. The WEN to the Park Service headquarters at the South Rim; he gave the MEXICAN HAT II to Frank (Fisheyes) Masland and the DORIS to the State of Utah. That left only one cataract boat, the SANDRA. Some of the San Juan boats were getting old enough for retirement and needed to be replaced so, before the

beginning of the 1950 boating season it would be necessary for us to build three cataract boats and at least one San Juan boat.

In addition to building boats there was other work that needed doing. We repaired some of the old boat trailers and had a good one built that had a four boat capacity. Of course there was a lot of paper work to do that included advertising changes and writing to people on Norm's mailing list telling of his death and our plans for the 1950 boating season. All of this was accomplished during the winter months except for the cataract boats. They were not all finished until after some of the San Juan trips had been completed.

At this point in my story it may be a good place to insert the contents of diaries or reports of the first three years of river activities. Later, somewhere in my story, I may relate some incidents that are not contained in the diaries and of some that happened on other trips during the following years.

MEXICAN HAT EXPEDITIONS

Blanding, Utah

October 4, 1950

Dear Friends;

At the conclusion of the boating season, we would like to let you know a few of the things that have taken place and also describe briefly our summers activities.

First, we would like to express our appreciation to our many friends for your letters and words of encouragement and for your cooperation in making this season so successful. We know that the rivers and the surrounding country offers the best in rugged, scenic beauty that is to be found in the world, making the river trips an outstanding experience in the lives of anyone who takes one. However, to us, these trips would be a little dull if it weren't for the fine type of people with whom we come in contact and the enthusiastic way they show their appreciation for the opportunity to see our country.

We are very grateful to those who helped make the trips possible: Jack and Shirley who welcomed our guests at the lodge and played such an important part in organization of the ground crew. To Don Wegner and all the fellows who did such a splendid job in building

our new boats and keeping our old ones in ship shape. For the drivers of our cars and those of our guests. To Art Green and his family for their hospitality and help. To the management of the Phantom Ranch for their kind consideration while we were there. To the manager of the Boulder City Hotel. To the Park Service and its employees. To Mr. and Mrs. Chaffin at Hite. To Jim's pilots, (they put in a lot of extra time). To our boatmen, (we never hope to have as good a crew together again, unless we are fortunate enough in getting the same fellows). Then there are others whom we have come in contact with briefly and who have played an important part. To all, we are equally grateful. Last but not least, we wish to express our appreciation for the help and cooperation of our wives and families.

Our first trip began May 8th. Those making up the party with Jim and Frank as boatmen were, Don Smith as embryo boatman. Passengers, Joe McKinney of Dewitt, Mo., Tom Morre, Edna Muller, Al Condon and Barbara Rigg, (Jim's wife), all of Grand Junction. Among those at the Hat to see us off were Mrs. McKinney who was going to spend the time that Joe was on the river visiting friends and seeing more of the desert country. The trip was uneventful except for the excitement of seeing so much rugged beauty, the enjoyment of a good boat ride and the many other things that are part of every river trip.

Our second trip began May 17th with two boats. The passengers were Jene Wyckoff, Mary Corr, Esther Rentrop, Warren Lewis and Leo Figurski. The girls live in New York City and work for the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. The fellows are from Grand Junction. This was also an outstanding trip, and as usual, all had a lot of fun.

Our next trip began June 6th with two boats. Bob Rigg was with us this trip as embryo boatman. Barbara was a passenger but she certainly earned the fun and pleasure she had while on the trip by being very useful in camp by cooking food for the gang and washing dishes. Helen and Paul Wright came from Newark, N.J., Avalon Daggett from Los Angeles and Tad Nichols from Tucson, Arizona. This trip everyone was taking pictures of everyone else. There were more cameras in the boats than there were grains of sand in the food. We are looking forward to seeing the pictures that were taken.

Next came our June 15th trip with three boats with Bob Skipper boatman of the third one. Passengers were Ruth Rigg, (Jim and Bob's mother), Joan Nevills, (Norm's oldest daughter), and her friend, Sue, all from Grand Junction. Mabel and Marge Fullerton of New

York City, employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., Evelyn and Dr. Wilmot Jacobsen of Buffalo, N.Y. and Mary Beckwith of Van Nuys, Ca. This was the trip that Jim became ill and Joan and Mary took over part of the time on the oars for him and we appreciated very much the professional service of Jake.

Next was the June 24th trip with two boats, Jim still being indisposed and Bob doing a very find job in taking his place. Passengers were Jane S. Tucker of Palo Alto, Ca., Maria and Hans Springer of Los Angeles, Shirley Shumway and Dorothy Wright of Blanding and George Cochrane of Tooele, Utah. This was the trip we had trouble keeping Maria in the boat and reverted to making Dorothy row a boat to keep her and George from holding hands.

Next on our schedule was the River Rat's Reunion the day preceding the July 3rd trip. The purpose of the reunion was to discuss the placement of a plaque in honor of Norm and Doris and to renew old friendships. Those who came expressed themselves in more than one way their adoration for Norm and Doris. We hesitate and consider the advisability of trying to name those who attended the reunion and the reasons they had for being there other than to show their love and respect of Norm and Doris. However, we do wish to mention that Norm's mother and his oldest daughter were there. Frank (Fisheyes) Masland, who has assumed the responsibility of seeing that the plaque is placed in a suitable spot, was there and showed us a sketch prepared by Mary Ogden Abbott. Others who had traveled great distances were there. Otis (Dock) Marston and his wife, Francis Farquhar and his family, Rosalind Johnson and a group of young folks, Nancy Streator and a friend, Dr. Joe Eisaman, Dr. Rigg, John and Evie Mull, Kent Frost and his wife. There were numerous others who were there and if your names were not mentioned, please do not think that we or Moe did not appreciate your presence, we certainly did but in as much as there was no record kept of the event and it has been a long time to remember all, we hope you will understand and accept our thanks for your acts of kindness.

The day was very interesting. Included in the program for the day was a trip by boat from Mexican Hat Rock to the boat landing just above the bridge.

A spot for the placement of the plaque has not been definitely decided upon but will probably be at Mexican Hat just above the Lodge or near the river at Navajo Bridge. Any suggestions from you folks would certainly be appreciated.

The July 3rd trip started with four San Juan Boats and a folbot. Boatmen were Jim, Frank, Don and Bob for the San Juan's and Fisheyes and Joe each had a paddle to keep the folbot in the straight and narrow way. Others to take the trip were Dr. Rigg and his friend, Reverend Leon King, Barbara Rigg, Barbara Blue, Edith Lloyd, John and Evie Mull and Bill and Anne Woodin. Additional passengers as far as Honiker trail were Diane, Bushey, Shack and Willard (all young folks).

This trip had the distinction of being the low and high water run of the season. We were forced to walk part of the way because of low water and were half drowned and washed away by heavy rainfall at other places. A better group of sports have never been together on a trip. Thanks, gang!

At the completion of the last San Juan trip, we immediately concentrated on preparations for the Grand Canyon trip. For this trip we had built three new cataract boats, (good boats, all) and prior to the take off they were christened the NORM, DORIS and MEXICAN HAT III. With the SANDRA as Flag Ship this completed the fleet for the Grand Canyon run. Passengers for the trip arrived at Art Green's Cliff Dwellers Lodge the night of July 11th. A reunion of old friends and the greeting of new ones, between plates full of wonderful food served by Mrs. Green and her daughters, was enjoyed.

The morning of the 12th all preparations were completed and before noon the party was headed for the adventurous journey down the Grand Canyon. The passenger list included "Aunt" Emma Schray of Fresno, CA., Mary Abbott of Concord, Mass., "Bud" Anspach of Westfield, N. J., Major Wm. S. Matthews, U.S.A.F. from Camp Campbell, Kentucky and Allan Boz, Helene Boeing, Ray Eggersted and Leatha Lee, all of Chicago. Boatmen, Frank in the SANDRA, Jim in the MEXICAN HAT III, Bob in the NORM and Don in the DORIS.

We had a wonderful six days on the river with many highlights which appealed to members of the party in various ways. Probably the outstanding event was the initiation of two new members into the River Rat's Society. Those qualifying must have traversed the Grand Canyon from Lee's Ferry to Lake Mead. Mary Abbott and "Bud" Anspach were on the

lower part of the Grand Canyon, from Bright Angel to Lake Mead, in 1949. This year they completed the full run with the trip from Lee's Ferry to Bright Angel.

The same evening we initiated the two River Rats, we lighted a signal fire indicating to those watching above, that all was well.

After a full day and two nights at Phantom Ranch, we were off again to experience new thrills and adventures. We had an almost complete new passenger list for the lower half. Wm. Matthews, Pat Reilly (a former boatman of Norm's and a veteran river runner) and his wife, Susie of North Hollywood, Win Cady of San Diego, Wm. Davis and his fourteen year old daughter, Mildred, from Chicago, Barbara Rigg and Bevan Wright were with us on this part of the trip. Pat took over the piloting of the NORM, leaving Bob and Don to alternately get a rest until-----

Highlight of this trip, no doubt, was the salvaging of Ed Hudson's motor boat, ESMERALDA, which had been abandoned by him a month previously because of engine failure and other reasons. And this is where Bob and Don's rest periods ended!

Early the morning of the third day out from Bright Angel we sighted the boat. After a major operation, the ESMERALDA was added to the fleet with Jim as pilot. Bob took over the MEXICAN HAT III. We experienced no great difficulty getting the ESMERALDA through to Boulder and it did add some thrills and pleasure to the trip.

This year we made two post-season trips from Hite to Lee's Ferry. They were scheduled so close together that it was necessary to divide the crew, the first group leaving Hite September 1st with three boats. Boatmen were Frank, Don Smith and Jack Rigg. Passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Reynold Morse from Cleveland, Ohio, John Cogswell of Goodland, Kansas, (a friend of the Morses), Arthur Hoskins and Martha Love from St. Louis, Mo., Haldane Fisher of San Francisco and Burel Upham from Pittsburgh, Penn.

Highlights of this trip were slow water, making it necessary to row the boats most of the time but were fortunate in being able to forget our troubles when we listened to the beautiful voices of Mrs. Morse and Martha Love. Arthur brought his guitar along and many times in the evening we enjoyed listening to him play. Others contributed to the entertainment in various ways, John had some good poems, Ren was always ready with a

good story or joke, Burel and Hal were full of dry humor and in serious moments, all joined in the conversation regarding popular topics.

The party disbanded at Forbidden Canyon, Arthur and Martha going out to spend a few days with the Wilsons. Hal and Burel had previously seen Rainbow Bridge and being pressed for time, continued on to Lee's Ferry with Don two days ahead of the rest of the party. Ren and his wife and John continued the trip down the river after a leisure trip to the Rainbow Bridge.

Jim and Bob left Hite September 5th with another group of people. This trip was chartered by a professional photographer in order that the beautiful scenery along Glen Canyon might be used as background in the pictures. There are enough highlights and details of the trip to justify more time to the writing of it than we will want to include in this letter. Later on we will write a diary of each trip of the season so more details will be given then.

There is much we would like to say individually to each of you and we are going to try very hard to answer the many letters we have received to date. We hope to hear from all of you. Our plans are not yet completed for the 1951 season but we will surely let you know what they are as soon as possible.

With the friendship of so many fine people we are looking forward to another wonderful season in 1951.

With best regards to all, Jim and Frank

Summary of Activities of

MEXICAN HAT EXPEDITIONS

During the 1951 Boating Season

It was a choice group of people we had the pleasure of being with on the rivers during the 1951 boating season. Some of them came to enjoy the river trip for the first time. Some had come for their second, third and even fourth visit to the Southwest and to again experience the thrill of riding boats over sand waves and through rapids, to enjoy the freedom of being out of doors and sleeping under the stars, to view again the magnificent beauties of Nature and record many of them on film. All were people who enjoy the unusual things, all loved to depart from the beaten paths to discover new ways to enrich their lives and in some way pass on to others something to make the world a better place in which to live.

The San Juan River slept late this Spring. It was the last of May before She was awake and strong enough to carry boating parties through her meandering canyons.

While the snow on the water shed of the San Juan, high in the mountains, was awaiting the warmth of the sun to stir it to action, boating parties accepted an alternative for their activities and used the quiet water of the Colorado through Glen Canyon between Hite, Utah and Lee's Ferry, Arizona.

Hite, Utah, 88 miles West of Blanding, is an ideal place to assemble for final preparations and as a starting point for boat trips through Glen Canyon.

Arthur Chaffin and his wife live at Hite and enjoy the activities of a small community. They are delightful hosts to the people who come to Hite to take a river trip or to those who are following the little traveled roads through a picturesque country and stop for a few hours, overnight, a few days or even longer.

By late evening of May 10th, most of those who were to be on the first river trip of the season had arrived. Boats were anchored in the quiet waters of the river. Sleeping bags, boxes of food and other necessary items were on the bank. Even a novice could see that final preparations for a river trip were being made. Most of those who were to be on this first trip had arrived and were busy packing zipper bags, checking camera equipment and doing everything possible in preparation for the adventure that was to begin on the morrow.

MAY 11, 1951: Before noon, all passengers had arrived, boats loaded, farewells to friends said and we were on our way!

Now that the rush and excitement of shoving off is over, we can look around and start to get acquainted with those in the boats. Barbara Allen and Marjorie Paul are close friends and live in Salt Lake City. Barbara, quiet and somewhat reserved, has already impressed us with her devotion to her hobby, photography. Marjorie, also devoted to the hobby of picture taking, is always smiling, easy to get acquainted with and is enjoying all the activities of river life.

Bill Stone, Verona Burkhart, Olive and Wyman McIntyre are all from Grand Junction, Colorado. Bill is quiet and at first we wonder if he is going to enjoy the trip. Later, we know that he is experiencing a big event in his life. The quietness of the river, fresh air and the opportunity to sit back and enjoy it, good food and restful sleep at night are doing things for Bill that he didn't think possible. Verona, artist, is confused at first. So many beautiful things to sketch that she gives up trying and eventually sits back and enjoys them. Her enthusiasm is so great that it is contagious and soon all of us are looking for likenesses of Grecian and Oriental work of art. Olive, small and brunette, gave us one of the real surprises we all enjoyed. Her voice, a real low, deep contralto, with surprising volume was so unexpected coming from so small a person, that it was some time before we could accustom ourselves to the fact that such a tremendous voice was coming from such a small woman. To hear her sing selections from well known operas in Music Temple was a thrill that one couldn't expect more than once in a life time. Wyman enjoyed doing the unusual things and made the most of every opportunity to express himself in the unusual way.

Jack Rigg and Frank Wright, boatmen, cooks and guides are again enjoying the activities of the river trips and the association of such a fine group of people.

Space does not permit the description of the many beautiful places visited. Lake Canyon, Music Temple, Hidden Passage, Rainbow Bridge and many, many other places were visited. Space does not permit us to tell of the many things that we enjoyed together. The seven days passed too quickly, we came to Lee's Ferry and the end of a wonderful voyage.

The morning of May 31st, a delightful surprise awaited those who were to be on this special trip. We had been dubious of what the San Juan River had in store. Was the water high? or was it extremely low? Were we going to have a thrilling ride or were we going

to have our boat trip interrupted by occasional hikes across sand bars, dragging the boats through shallow water.

Our first glimpse of the river as we approached with the two boats thrilled us with what we saw! Big sand waves, riding on top of seven thousand second feet of water, made our heart pound faster in anticipation of the thrilling ride we were to have under such ideal conditions.

Everyone was anxious to finish preparations and be on their way!

Marion and Carl De Buigne of Detroit, Michigan, flew down from Grand Junction, arriving about noon the previous day. The plane continued on to Marble Canyon where Doctor Bruce Hume of Eagle Rock, California and W. Wayne Clark of San Francisco awaited it for the flight to Mexican Hat. They arrived just as the sun was casting its long, last shadows for the day.

One boat and food for the expedition was brought in by Barbara Rigg during the afternoon. Frank, his wife Dora and their fourteen year old son, Willard, came from Blanding with Barbara. Dora and Willard were to be passengers and Barbara, always willing to lend a helping hand where needed, had brought food that she was to prepare for the hungry gang. Jack Rigg who was to be the other boatman on the trip, had arrived earlier flying in with the De Buignes' from Grand Junction.

At last we were on our way. Sand waves, beautiful scenery, the Goose Necks, Government Rapid, all came in quick succession. It was a tired but happy group who sat around the camp fire that first night and enjoyed the beauties of a night under the stars.

And another day - Slick Horn Gulch, more rapids, more sand waves, Grand Gulch, Piute Farms and that evening another beautiful camp.

Again, another wonderful day with ever changing scenery, more rapids and sand waves that no one seemed to tire of ----

After several days on the San Juan we emerged from its canyons onto the mighty Colorado in Glen Canyon where the quietly running waters offer an extreme contrast in scenery and boating.

Doc's infectious smile and eagerness to see and photograph everything - Marion's growing enthusiasm evident by her desire to ride the rapids and pass up no opportunity for a thrill

or to see a new spot of beauty. Carl's ready wit was always welcome and his pride and exactness in his undertakings was noticed by all. Wayne's quiet philosophy and his willingness to help, set him apart as a desirable traveling companion. All were enthusiastic photographers and the fine quality of their work has been proven. "Mom", Doc's pet name for Dora, was inspired to express the beauties she saw in rhyme. At first we feared Willard might not appreciate and enjoy the trip to its full measure because of lack of young companionship but we soon realized that he was an exception. No rapid too rough, no pinnacle too high nor was there much beauty beyond his comprehension and he was always one of the group.

Each day brought new beauties, more thrills and each additional experience seemed paramount!

But the last night out at Outlaw Cave, the performance of the three B's was paramount of all.

On the afternoon of June 11th and morning of June 12th, Mexican Hat was a beehive of activity. Twenty four people had arrived for this special trip. Because of limited accommodations at the Lodge, many had come prepared and were comfortable in their selected camping spots. Cars were parked at different vantage points. Camping equipment and necessary items for the trip that surrounded the cars were being segregated. All knew that a minimum of personal items were to be taken.

At the boat house additional boats were being inspected and supplied with oars, rope, bailing cans and other standard equipment. A fleet of six boats were required to accommodate this large group.

Some, who had arrived and finished preliminary preparations, were speculating on the ages of two young ladies who were to arrive just prior to the take-off. It finally developed that a jackpot was accumulated because members of the expedition were willing to back up their intuition in the matter. (The jackpot was won by a young man about the same age as the ladies in question.)

As the boats were being taken to the river and launched, many people were photographing the proceedings, others were actively engaged in assisting in this operation while others were satisfied to stand by and enjoy watching the various activities.

About 10:00 AM the first boat shoved off and the others followed closely behind as previously arranged. The boats in running formation, separated by to a distance of 150 feet, covered a long stretch of the water and because of the meandering of the river the first and last boats were often out of sight of each other.

After a spot for lunch, rest period or camping was selected by those in the first boat, it was only a matter of a few minutes until all boats were anchored safely close together.

Again we enjoyed the thrill of riding sand waves and rapids! Again we beheld the beauties of the many side canyons and the ever changing scenery along the bank of the river!

Besides being the largest party ever to assemble for a voyage on the San Juan River, a unique feature of this trip was the presence of a noted Geologist, Edwin McKee and a well known photographer, Tad Nichols, both from Tucson, Arizona. Eddie was very enthusiastic in his willingness to share his knowledge and everyone was taking advantage of the opportunity to add to their knowledge. Tad, quietly pursuing his vocation of photography, was very frequently consulted by eager amateurs regarding their problems and being like others who love their work, was very willing to help them.

As we progressed we became better acquainted with the rest of the group. Barbara, Eddie's wife, also being well informed in many geological facts, was very helpful and did much to assist Eddie in supplying answers to various questions. Mary Jane, Tad's wife, soon loved by all, was an ardent student of bird life and when, for a period of time, she did not have her binoculars and camera ready for immediate action to photograph and identify natives of the canyon, we knew she was ill. Needless to say, we were much relieved and pleased when she was feeling fine again.

Mary Lewis, a geology student of Eddie's, also from Tucson, was one of the best natured people we have ever met. Always eager to learn, enthusiastic about everything encountered, except _ _ _ _ MULES!

John and Evie Mull, well known River Rats from Philadelphia, Penn., were certainly an asset to the party, being wise in the ways of the river life and in imparting their knowledge

to others so that they might more fully enjoy the many things available on such an expedition. Many will remember John's excellent pictures of a previous San Juan trip that he showed at Mexican Hat the evening before the group departed.

Svend Mogensen and his son, Arie, of Ogden, Utah quietly shared the enjoyment of everyone, but were eager to converse with those who availed themselves of the opportunity. Everyone enjoyed their companionship.

Joe McKinny of DeWitt, Mo., having been on a San Juan trip previously, brought two of his daughters so that they might see for themselves what a wonderful time one could have on a river, enjoying beauties of the Southwest and thrilling to unusual experiences. Mary Joe and Anne, although sisters, differed both in looks and personalities, but it would be difficult to determine which enjoyed the trip the most. Mary Joe was quietly congenial and added much to the high moral of the group. Anne, fun loving, was very frank in discussing various phases of the trip. We are sure that Joe will have two people who understand his enthusiasm for river voyages.

Vernon and Amytis Barrett and teenage son, Olin, of Los Angeles, were a congenial and pleasant family. Vernon, with seemingly endless vitality, together with determination and ability to secure the best in river pictures, was amply rewarded for his efforts. Amytis, with more qualms than anyone guessed, displayed her fortitude by overcoming most of her fears and enjoyed herself greatly. Olin, polite and respectful of his elders, "cut" loose and made the most of every opportunity to enjoy the freedom that the great outdoors offered him. He also contributed much to the fun making that was always evident.

Frank Arnott of Ocean Falls, British Columbia, Canada, was very determined in his efforts to make the necessary arrangements for exchange of money, traveling facilities and vacation time to be with the group on this trip. Being an outdoor man with varied experiences, he had interesting stories to relate. He was a popular member of the party.

Ros Johnson of Pasadena, California, was undoubtedly the one with the most experience on the rivers. Twice on the Green River run, three times on the San Juan, once all the way through the Grand Canyon with other runs, gave her this distinction. Need-less to say she loved every mile of the river and in her fun loving way, endeared herself to everyone. The cooks were especially grateful for her ever ready offers of assistance.

Last but not least, Barbara Rigg, wife of Jim, received praise for her untiring efforts in supervision and preparation of the meals and was anxious to see that everyone had enough to eat. Always friendly, and in her understanding way, made conversation easy.

Oh yes, there were six boatmen along. Al Congdon of the Weather Bureau in Grand Junction, Don Smith of Blanding, everyday vocation a plumber, Bob Rigg, a student at college in Boulder, Colorado, Jack Rigg, employed by his father in the doctor's office, Jim and Frank were the ones officiating at the oars. Incidentally, all boatmen hold pilots licenses.

It is hard to say what was the highlight of the trip. There were many interesting and amusing incidents but the trip to Rainbow Bridge was, without doubt, impressive to all. Mules were awaiting those who wished to ride and fourteen availed themselves of this opportunity. Others chose to walk and take the time necessary for extra pictures and to study geology. All agreed that to see this magnificent work of Nature was worth the effort taken.

Other side trips, other experiences, other thrills are worthy of mention but to describe them all would require a volume, so we had better say in conclusion about this trip, "it was everything or more than we could have hoped for!"

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By June 25th when our next trip was scheduled the water in the San Juan had receded to the extent where it was advisable to again start the trip from Hite. Preparation and transportation was as usual. People arriving in Blanding were directed to the Hite road.

Clinton Hull, a free lance writer and photographer of Costa Mesa, California was the first to arrive in Blanding. He came early in order to take pictures and get all information needed in connection with preparation of food and equipment, to write an article for a magazine. When the truck left early the morning of June 24th, Clinton went along with it. This was an opportunity to secure more pictures, additional information and enjoy the ride over the beautiful Elk Mountains.

Albert and Ki Russell and two daughters, Maley and Anne, of Cincinnati, Ohio arrived in Blanding after the truck had departed for Hite. Bevan Wright, Frank's son and a friend, Ted Jones, accompanied them to act as guides and also as drivers to return the Russell's car to Blanding.

As this party arrived at Hite after dark and the ferry was not operating, it was necessary for them to camp on the river bank.

Marjorie DeWitt of Montigue, Michigan missed connections in Blanding and went on to Mexican Hat where she was well cared for by Moe Nevills until the following morning when one of Jim's pilots flew in to take her over to Hite. The plane already had transported Bob Rigg from Grand Junction.

Preparations were soon completed, and a small, enthusiastic group was ready for the adventures they were to experience.

Water in the Colorado was relatively high and the boats, though apparently moving very slowly, were traveling at the rate of six or seven miles per hour.

Loper's Cabin, side canyons and remnants of previous mining activities were sources of interest. Time passed rapidly.

Unique to this trip was the addition of fishing equipment. Clinton was to approach the subject of his story from a fisherman's point of view. Two mornings with all the fish we could eat for breakfast and the interest in fishing waned.

Hole-in-the-Rock, a famous historical place where Mormon pioneers had hewn a way for their wagons from solid rock on their trek to Bluff, Utah, Hidden Passage, Music Temple, Mystery Canyon and other places visited on regular schedules, were all enjoyed.

Clinton, always with camera and note book handy, ever ready to supply a good story or tell of his wide traveling experiences in quest of story and article material was energetic in his activities. It was he who was responsible for the enthusiasm shown in fishing.

Marjorie DeWitt, a school teacher, who, regardless of adversities, even to a sprained ankle, was among the leaders in the hikes up the side canyons and to Rainbow Bridge. All admired her hiking ability.

The Russell family added a touch to the trip that, so far, had not been experienced on such an expedition. All were congenial and good traveling companions. Albert proved his ability as a photographer. His philosophy was well worth listening to. Ki, quiet and unassuming, was ever mindful for the welfare and pleasure of her family, and being of this

nature was always willing to help in any way possible. When engaged in conversation her words of wisdom were worthy of consideration. Quiet, exacting Maley, fearful that she would infringe on other people's rights, was a pleasant and agreeable person and soon became a favorite of all the group. Anne, young in years but unusually mature in wisdom, supplied diversified activity in her boat and in camp. Where Anne was, things were lively!

It was indeed a sad day as we approached Lee's Ferry. This was the end of another wonderful trip and an end to the Summer's activities on the San Juan and Colorado Rivers above this point. Only the Grand Canyon run was yet to be made before we were to store the boats and equipment awaiting another season.

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Our thanks to all you grand people who came to enjoy the river trips. We sincerely hope you were in no way disappointed.

To the boatmen we wish to extend our thanks and sincere appreciation for your cooperation and efforts.

To Art Greene and family for their hospitality. To Arthur Chaffin and his wife for their courtesy and cooperation. To Bill and Katherine Wilson for their fine help and cooperation. To the pilots and drivers who transported people and equipment, and again to our wives for their ever ready assistance. To all others whom we have not mentioned but have helped to make this season a time to be remembered with pleasure. To all of you our heartiest and most sincere thanks! Jim and Frank

MEXICAN HAT EXPEDITIONS
1952 Diary
ON THE COLORADO RIVER THROUGH GRAND CANYON

Two unusual events were noticeable during preparations for the run through Grand Canyon this year.

First, because of the dedicatory services held at Marble Canyon on July 11th, to unveil the plaque in honor of Norman and Doris Nevills, a large group of friends had remained to see us off on this annual event.

Second, this was the first time a motor boat was to accompany the row boats through the rough waters of the Grand Canyon.

Eight people who had attended the services were to accompany the expedition, some going as far as Bright Angel and others to Lake Mead. All were keen with anticipation of the events that were to follow. All were cooperating in every way to assure the success of the expedition. Rugged, but small bags containing bare essentials were evident. Cameras and equipment for photographic records of what was to be seen were adequate. Eighteen cameras of different types and for different purposes were among the group, thus assuring many good pictures.

Because of regulations, advice from the Park Service and upon invitation, Bill Davis and his wife, Fern, were to join our group here for the run as far as Bright Angel. They had started at Green River, Wyoming using a 11 1/2' rubber life raft.

Jim shoved off first with the power boat at 1:00 p.m. with Frank (Fisheyes) Masland and Don Wegner aboard to be passengers as far as Badger Creek Rapid. The SANDRA was next with Mary Beckwith of Van Nuys, California and Dr. Bruce Hume of Los Angeles, California as passengers and Frank Wright as boatman. MEXICAN HAT III was next with Allen Rosencrans of San Diego, California and Joe McKinny of DeWitt, Missouri as passengers with John Harper as boatman. Next was the NORM with Mary Adamic and C.E. Buchan of Cleveland, Ohio as passengers with Bob Rigg as boatman. Last boat was the DORIS with Joe Dudziak of Richmond, California and Willard Whiting of Crockett, California with Don Smith as boatman.

By the time we arrived at Navajo Bridge, our friends who had helped us shove off, were there to wave to us. As we passed on from view, many of them proceeded by car to the rim overlooking Badger Creek Rapid to watch our encounter with the first major rapid in Marble Canyon.

BADGER CREEK RAPID at 2:30 PM: The motor boat ran through first with "Fisheyes" and Don as passengers. SANDRA next with Mary B. as passenger, NORM next with Mary A. as passenger, MHE III next, John solo, no passengers, DORIS last with Joe D. as passenger. All good runs. All through by 4:00 PM and after lunch we said good-bye to Fisheyes and Don who then started their hike out. We proceeded on toward Soap Creek Rapid.

SOAP CREEK RAPID at 5:00 PM: SANDRA first with Dr. Bruce as passenger. MHE III next with Joe Mc. as passenger, DORIS next with Willard as passenger and then the NORM with Buck as passenger. All through at 6:00 PM. Don got into the "big stuff." Camped at mile 12 1/2 at 7:30 PM. John and Jim walked upstream about 1/4 mile and found inscription left by Brown-Stanton party telling of Brown's death.

JULY 13TH: After breakfast everyone hiked up to the Brown-Stanton inscription. Off at 8:02 AM. Ran everything wide open as far as North Canyon Rapid. We were here 45 minutes but ran with all passengers. No sunlight on water so picture possibilities were not very good. Ran everything wide open to Mile 25 Rapid.

MILE 25 RAPID at 11:30 AM: We had just landed when Don Flew over in the Super Cub with Ruth Pieroth with him. After circling over a couple of times they left. Boats ran with one passenger each. Mary B. in SANDRA, Allen in MHE III, Mary A. in NORM and Joe D. in the DORIS. Conditions for pictures, fair. We ate lunch at the foot of the rapid with watermelon for desert.

It was along about here that Al sang "The Lord's Prayer". Unless one has had the experience of hearing this song sung by a talented person under similar circumstances, they cannot possibly know the feeling of reverence and appreciation such an opportunity affords.

The reverse collar on the power boat was broken at the foot of Mile 25 Rapid.

One exciting incident between Mile 25 and Vasey's Paradise was experienced. It was amusing to watch but could have been of a serious nature.

At Mile 29 Bob got into a large whirl pool and down went the bow of the boat with Mary A. and all. The boat almost stood on end to ride nearly a full turn with the whirling water. Bob shifted his weight forward or toward the stern, and by so doing was able to help

bring the boat back to normal level. Mary was not under long but did manage a "blub" or two.

VASEY'S PARADISE at 4:00 PM: After supper a surprise party was staged for Buck in honor of his birthday. With solemn attitudes each member of the party presented him with a foolish gift with their wishes for a happy birthday. ("Buck, have you still got all your marbles?")

JULY 14TH: After breakfast most of the group went up to visit the "dead man." Dr. Hume reassembled the bones of the skeleton. (Dust to dust).

After leaving Vasey's our next stop was Redwall Cavern. Here we enjoyed the opportunity to rest in the shade, take pictures and eat lunch. Left Redwall at 2:05 PM.

BR CAMP at 4:00 PM: All the equipment gone except two barges.

LOPER'S BOAT at 4:45 PM: A bronze plaque had been placed at the bow of the boat in Memory of the Grand Old Man of the Colorado.

PRESIDENT HARDING RAPID at 5:30 PM: Camped on left bank above rapid. Grave of David Quigley visited. It was above high water mark.

Mary A. had another tussle with the forces of the Colorado River. While traveling upstream to a suitable spot for her bed, it was necessary to go close to the river, but, she approached too closely and sank in the mud. After a brief struggle and a few faint calls, was rescued by Don.

That evening we burned the large driftwood pile that had accumulated at the head of the rapid.

JULY 15TH: Everyone up early. Al was carried in his bed roll to the water's edge and threatened to be thrown in. For some unknown reason he escaped. Off from President Harding Rapid at 8:15 AM with Don leading.

LITTLE NANCOWEEP at 10:00 AM: Barry Goldwater had given information concerning a natural bridge somewhere in this vicinity. We hiked up the canyon to where it ended at the top of the Redwall Limestone but were unable to find the bridge so returned to the boats, arriving about noon. After lunch Frank hiked up Big Nancowep three or four miles looking for side canyons where this bridge might be found but nothing encouraging. Quite

a few members of the party hiked up to the Indian ruins to take pictures and enjoy the splendid view from this vantage point. Camped at mouth of Big Nancoweep.

JULY 16TH: Off at 7:45 AM. Change in passengers in boats. Mary A. and Al in SANDRA, Mary B. and Buck in NORM, Bruce and Willard in MHE III and both Joes in DORIS.

KWAGANT RAPID at 8:35 AM: Ran two boats at a time with all passengers. All through at 9:40 AM. Good ride.

At Mile 60 Rapid we held "Dub's Day." Joe Mc. and Al each soloed, Willard ran with Don as his passenger and Mary B. with Bob. Mary and Bob missed landing so Buck had to ride with Frank as far as the Little Colorado, arriving there at 11:45 AM.

Here, Doc Hume was a victim of circumstances. The dry looking ground was nothing more than bait and the unsuspecting Dock sank to his waist in the slimy mud on the bank of the Little Colorado. The effect required time and effort to remove the "goo" from his trousers. Several members of the group hiked to a point of vantage far above and between the two rivers for pictures and a better view of the surrounding country.

Left at 2:25 PM. Camped on right bank about 1/2 mile above Unkar Creek Rapid at 4:25 PM. Good camp site.

JULY 17TH: Left camp at 7:42 AM. Unkar Creek Rapid at 7:50 AM. Looked over rapid for ten minutes. Good channel so ran with all passengers.

75 MILE RAPID at 8:45 AM: DWB for Joe Mc., Willard and Bill and Fern. Ran with all passengers t 9:00 AM. Bill and Fern upset. Bill lost his hat but otherwise all OK.

HANSE RAPID at 9:35 AM: Looked tough but we decided to try running it. Started running at 10:30 AM. No passengers. All through at 11:20 AM. All good runs.

SOCKDOLOGER RAPID at 11:55 AM: Ate lunch. Rapid looked rough but we tackled it starting at 1:10 PM. Good runs and thrilling rides for all. (Bill ran down left wall).

GRAPEVINE RAPID at 1:45 PM: We looked this one over for about ten minutes. There was a narrow channel but all boats hit it on the nose and we enjoyed riding the big waves.

BRIGHT ANGEL at 4:00 PM: Jim had run ahead of us in the power boat and found a large welcoming party at the bridge waiting for the arrival of the expedition. At the suggestion of a possible run upstream to meet the row boats if some of the equipment was

removed to lighten the load, willing hands soon had beds, pots and pans and various items on the bank and all were soon in the boat and on their way upstream.

No immediate record is available of who was on the boat but we believe that among those who found a parking space was, Jim and Barbara, Roberta, Bob's wife, Tad and Mary Jane Nichols, Ros Johnson, Sue Seely, Molly Maley, Naomi Heale and Justin Locke, a staff photographer for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

Regardless of the number of people and who they were, it was a thrilling moment when we met friends and loved ones and had the opportunity to make new acquaintances.

After the boats had docked a brief time for "gabbing" and picture taking was enjoyed, then we hiked up to Phantom Ranch where showers, cabins and a wonderful swimming pool awaited us. Later, a dinner was served on a table without sand in the spuds.

JULY 18TH: Today most everyone experienced mixed emotions. Four of the group were to leave us and we didn't like it a bit! Mary Adamic, sport of sports, her ability to give was only surpassed by her ability to take, Joe McKinny who could be depended upon to join in the activities of the group whether it was hiking, swimming or just sitting around the camp fire enjoying the solitude of the great outdoors. Allen, who contributed in many ways to the enjoyment of the party but will always be remembered by his ability and willingness to sing whenever asked. Bill Whiting, blood nephew of Aunt Emma Schray, is one who would be welcomed wherever he went and under any circumstances; always smiling and cooperative. We admire his capacity to enjoy all phases of whatever was offered. These were the people who were leaving the expedition at Bright Angel and of course we were reluctant to see them go. If we had been kids we would have "bawled." (We found out later that Bill and Fern had started their hike to the rim the night before, just shortly after landing.) During the day food and equipment was checked and other preparations made for the balance of the run from Bright Angel to Lake Mead.

JULY 19TH: Checking our passenger list, we were happy to know that some were to continue on while others, all having been on previous trips, were to join the party.

Most preparations having been made the previous evening, we were soon ready to shove off. Passengers were assigned to boats as follows: In the motor boat with Jim were Dr. Bruce Hume, Ros Johnson and Sue Seely. In the SANDRA with Frank were Mary Beckwith

and C. E. (Buck) Buchan. In the MHE III with John was Tad Nichols and Ruth Pieroth. In the NORM with Bob was Paul Wright and Naomi Heale. In the DORIS with Don was Molly Maley and Joe Dudziak.

For Mary, Buck, Joe and Dock this was to be a continuation of thrilling experiences. Ruth, Naomi and Tad were on the upper half of the canyon the previous year and Molly was on the lower half. All were anxious to see what the river had in store for them this time. All were bubbling over with enthusiasm and anxious to be on their way.....Off from Bright Angel at 9:15 AM.

HORN CREEK RAPID at 9:50 AM: We looked Horn over then decided to run with one passenger. Buck as passenger in SANDRA, Ruth in MHE III, Sue in NORM and Joe in DORIS. Horn was rough but offered excellent opportunity for pictures. All through and ready to take off at 11:55 AM.

GRANITE FALLS RAPID at 12:50 PM: After lunch we looked the rapid over and it looked plenty tough. Too many exposed rocks to run along left bank. We finally decided to try running one boat through on left side of main tongue. Frank took the SANDRA through. Big waves and turbulent water. Little control of boat, landed too far down stream to pick up passengers. Lined remaining boats except PB. 17 minutes on first one and about 12 minutes on other two. Off at 5:00 PM.

HERMIT CREEK RAPID at 5:30 PM: This one really looked tough. Camped on left bank at head of rapid.

JULY 20TH: After breakfast Jim, Bob and Frank crossed the river to look at the rapid from the right side. Decided it could be run close to edge. Started running at 8:45 AM with all passengers. All through at 9:15 AM. John hit a rock that was on right side at head of rapid. Ruth went overboard but hung to ropes and rode on through that way. Small leak into water tight compartment. Ran everything wide open to Shinimo. Rapids all rough. Lunch here at 12:45 PM.

OFF FROM SHINIMO at 2:45 PM: Ran everything wide open to Elves Chasm. Landed at 4:00 PM. Sand bar was large enough for camping but sand was dry. Pulled MHE III from water and cut patches for repair job but left the boat to dry all night.

JULY 21ST: After breakfast we finished repairs on MHE III and cleaned up all boats. Left Elves Chasm at 10:45 AM.

At 11:50 AM we landed on left side at Mile 120 for lunch. Good spot in shade and ideal place in river for swimming.

BED ROCK RAPID at 4:15 PM: Looked it over then ran through with all passengers. Easy run.

DUBENDORFF RAPID at 5:00 PM: All solo. Good runs through narrow channel. All at bottom at 6:00 PM.

TAPEATS CREEK at 6:45 PM where we camped for the night.

JULY 22ND: Left Tapeats at 8:30 AM. Landed at Deer Creek at 9:15 AM. About 10:00 AM most of us took lunches and hiked to Surprise Valley. Bob and Jim hiked up main canyon for several miles. Frank hiked up to first spring on right which came out of Redwall Limestone, falling about forty feet and then cascaded down steep talus slope stream bed to main canyon. All back at river at 5:30 PM.

Crossed river and camped on bank opposite fall. Blowing sand delayed supper but quieted down later.

JULY 23RD: Left Deer Creek at 8:00 AM. Stopped at ruins one mile down stream. Many pictures taken and DWB for Sue and Buck.

KANAB CREEK at 10:30 AM: Ran it wide open.

UPSET RAPID at 11:45 AM: Also ran this one wide open. Lunch one mile below Upset Rapid at 12:10 PM.

HAVASU at 2:25 PM: High water had left channel filled with mud. Jim, Bob and Frank hiked up canyon. Rough going. Frank turned back just short of Beaver Falls. Bob and Jim continued on to Falls. Camped on the rocks at mouth of Havasu. Nice warm beds! Ruth, how was the water cooled Pent House?

JULY 24TH: Left Havasu at 9:00 AM. Picked up fresh water at 11:00 AM. Lunch at Mile 172 from 12:50 to 3:10 PM.

LAVA FALLS at 5:00 PM: Georgia White and Elgin Pierce were awaiting the arrival of our expedition and two newspaper men, Martin Litton and "Lefty" Bryant. These fellows signaled us from TarawEEP Point.

JULY 25TH: Martin and Lefty came down early, arriving at 7:30 AM. A nice session of picture taking then we started to line boats. 25 minutes on first one and 20 minutes on all the rest except rubber raft which took 15 minutes. Hot work. Power boat ran through last with Sue as passenger. Jim hit some big stuff.

Lunch on left bank about one mile below Lava Falls. Martin and Lefty were accompanying us as far as Whitmore Wash. Stopped to look for fresh water but missed it by looking too far down stream.

WHITMORE WASH at 4:15 PM: Lefty and Martin hiked out and were to be met by Park Officials. Pat Bundy came in and stayed for a couple of hours. Camped here for the night.

JULY 26TH: Off from Whitmore Wash at 9:15 AM. Stopped on left bank for DWB at 10:45 AM. Molly lit fire. Lunch on left bank at Mile 200 1/2.

SPRING CREEK at 3:15 PM: Camped here for the night. Several of the group swam the rapid on air mattresses or with life jackets.

JULY 27TH: Off from Spring Creek at 7:45 AM.

205 MILE RAPID at 8:00 AM: Stopped to look it over. All off at 8:15 AM. Good ride. A nasty little piece of water just below 205 surged into the left wall and kept the boatmen working to keep the boats off the rocks.

MILE 217 MILE RAPID at 11:00 AM: Dubs Day. Ruth ran first with John as passenger. Joe next in DORIS. Landed low. Buck next in SANDRA. Good run. Tad last in NORM. Also good run. Off at 12:00 noon.

Lunch stop from 12:30 to 2:00 PM about two miles below 217.

MILE 224 RAPID: Rough.

DIAMOND CREEK at 3:40 PM: Here an event took place which many had looked forward to, some for many years, the initiation to The Society of Royal River Rats of the Grand Canyon. Those eligible for and receiving this honor were: Mary Beckwith, Ruth Pieroth, Dr. Bruce Hume, Joe Dudziak, Paul Wright, C.E. Buchan, Naomi Heale, Georgia White and Elgin Pierce.

JULY 28TH: Up early and although we were reluctant to start our last day on the river, we were also anxious to again be riding rapids and to at last see the head of Lake Mead from the river.

The ride from Diamond Creek to the lake was fast and the rapids rough, the last three or four seeming to have held their energy for some time for a good punch at us as we passed.

At the BR camp the motor boat took the row boats in tow and we continued on down the lake for a few miles where we met Jim Gordon and Bill Belknap with their families in Jim's boat.

After warm greetings and more pictures, Jimmy took some of the boats in tow and we continued on down the lake to Pierces Ferry.

As we went about the task of unloading boats, preparing a meal and finding shelter from a light rain, we pondered over experiences that we had had together on the river and while doing so we were so engrossed with our thoughts and memories that we were unaware that we were tired, hungry and that our clothing was gradually being soaked by the rain.

We thought of the fine group that had been together: Mary, who had been on the San Juan and lower Grand Canyon before. Her ability as a photographer and her desire to ride the rapids as rough as they came and (with Buck's help) unrelenting determination to keep a boatman wet. Buck, also as rapid happy as anyone we have ever seen, and, vying with his fellow passenger for the stern, a favorite spot for added thrills. Both good sports and traveling companions. Ruth, we marvel at the energy with which you accomplish so much and we do appreciate your talent as a good mixer and entertainer and your needed assistance in preparation for the trips. Bruce, loved by all and appreciated because of his willingness to rub our aching muscles or our tired feet, but most of the time was just another River Rat, bubbling over with enthusiasm and energy, enjoying everything that came his way. Joe, as we have said before, a favorite with everyone. Everywhere one looked Joe was there but never in anyones way, conversing seriously with the older people or playing pranks with the kids. Paul, a well informed photographer, an enthusiastic pursuer of his hobby, busy most of the time with his cameras but always willing and anxious to share pleasure or knowledge. Naomi, a true River Rat, cooperative in every way possible. She loves the rivers greatly and respects them with equal intensity. As an amateur photographer her interest in the rivers and river country is reflected in her pictures. Molly, as brave as Powell and as determined as Stanton. We are not sure which is the greater, her love for the Great Adventure and the

ivers or her devotion to photography but all River Rats love Molly for her intestinal fortitude and for her ability. Sue, the "petite" River Rat. The youngest on the trip and who lived the part. Abounding energy and her love for the water and the rapids was always evident. Our concern about her having a good time because of age differences of the group was unfounded. Sue was self sufficient. She came for a good time, she had it. Tad, good ol' Tad. We all have a warm spot in our heart for you. As our friendship grows older our respect becomes greater and we feel we have a friend for life. We are glad that you possess so much ability as a photographer and we are also glad that you love and respect the rivers. Our thanks to you for everything you have done to help. Ros, almost as much a part of the rivers as "Sock". Her experiences has brought her in contact with most of the boatmen of the Western rivers. Wherever there is white water to be run, Ros will always be welcome.

As we go about our work, these are the people we are thinking of and in the manner that we will always remember them. Is this not reason enough to say that river trips and river people are the best in the world?

There were two trips made during the ten years of my river running experiences that will never be forgotten. Special people, or River Rats as they are known, were, in a way, the reasons for making these special trips. They were all tried and true and had been on previous runs. They were well aware of the dangers they faced on the run through Cataract Canyon, known as the "Graveyard of the Colorado", and through Grand Canyon on extremely high water. Without the encouragement of these people the runs would have never been made. The run through Cataract Canyon was made in 1953 and the one on the Grand Canyon in 1957. The first account of the runs will be that of the Cataract Canyon.

Thanks to Molly Malley I have her detailed story of this trip and will quote from it freely although her version may not agree completely with mine. This is the first of her report:

"June 29, 1953, found me back on a new Colorado River adventure. Our trip starting on the Green, at Green River, Utah, and ending at Lee's Ferry, Arizona. Including in this stretch of 312 miles was Cataract Canyon."

"Since my first river venture back in 1947 I had heard many weird stories of the 40 miles of wild and fierce rapids of the Cataract Canyon. Starting at the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers, the river makes a descent of over 400 feet in 41 miles. Through a

narrow slit gorge the tumultuous river roars and plunges over heaps of giant boulders, creating terrifying rapids, which makes Cataract Canyon referred to as the "Graveyard of the Colorado."

"I had a secret desire some day to run the Cataract Canyon rapids, but little dreamed I would be so fortunate to be included this summer in the Mexican Hat Expeditions first passenger run. Norm Nevills had chalked it up as not worthy of the risk for this yearly run to Lake Mead. But, our party of veteran rapid 'shooters', having successfully run the major rapids through the Grand Canyon, welcomed the challenge, confident that our boatmen were fully qualified to accomplish this navigational feat."

At this point Molly gave the name of the boatmen and some details of their abilities. Also, she mentioned the fact that Bud and Kandy Anspach were to accompany us on the run in their small rubber raft. They had applied for passage on the trip. There was no room for them but, because we knew them well and they were so eager to make the run, we agreed to do our best to see them safely through. So, the boatmen were: Jim Rigg, Kent Frost, Don Smith and myself in the cataract boats and Bud Anspach in the rubber raft. Molly also went into a lot of details of experiences we shared on the quiet part of the river between Green River and the junction of the Green and the Colorado. Few, if any of them will be mentioned. However, because of its importance, one side trip will be mentioned. We hiked up Hell Roaring Canyon about a mile to see an inscription made by D. Julian, a 1936 trapper. Also, but not mentioned by Molly, we stopped on the right, or West bank, to see if we could find evidence of some early Spanish explorers having crossed the river at this point. There was a trail made by cowboys, leading out of a small valley and could have been the route used by the explorers but nothing else was found. On the opposite side of the river we looked for signs of their being there but, because of limited time, we were unable to make a thorough search so did not find anything. We camped a short distance down stream from the point of search, and just a short distance above the first rapid in Cataract Canyon. Everyone walked down to see what it looked like. It was impressive.

That night, around camp, the excitement was so great it seemed if the air was electrified. Everyone was talking about the rapid they had just seen and their expectations of what was to come. The excitement was so high that, at the least provocation, the group would laugh

and add something that would cause more laughter. I have never experienced anything like it before or since.

Now, some more quotes from Molly:

"Early Friday morning found our camp full of activity. Everything packed and stowed safely down the hatches, life preservers inflated and adjusted. Jim always in high spirits was singing and reciting, 'These are the Most Dangerous rapids known to man, etc.' which kept us all good natured and we eagerly awaited the zero hour to shove off on our hazardous feat. Frank Wright and Bud were discussing the rubber boat situation and we were all relieved when it was decided Bud would ride it alone. Kandy was to ride on our boat."

"We pulled out into the swift current with buoyant spirits and ready to meet the enemy. Frank in the lead, the rubber boat ahead of our boat, which was last. We reached the rapids, plunged down into the wild waters, and as Don pulled on the oars we rode the waves jut at the right angle, and Don gave a joyous shout, 'THIS IS LIVING!' Bud had difficulty controlling the rubber boat, his oars waving wildly out of the water. Down we went into the net rapids and rode it well. Our third was tough with high waves. Into the deluge went Bud, his boat leaping over the waves like a bucking bronco, and he reappeared only when he topped the waves, and with only one oar, as his oarlock broke. Safely through we pulled in for repairs."

"The oar lock repaired, we were on our way. We pulled in for lunch, full of excitement, after our successful run of 16 rapids in 9 miles.

"Off again, the river made a sharp descent into the narrow canyon and the rapids were more turbulent and continuous. Soon we heard the deep rumbling of plunging water which boomed through the canyons and we landed immediately. This was 204 rapids. Here the river raced on its downward course with a drop of 110 feet in less than 4 miles. Mile 204 rapids consisted of 5 rapids in one mile. Once committed to the river there was no stopping until through."

"After a quick survey of the falls from the right bank Jim's decision was, 'We will run it.' The first drop being so severe there was no chance to land before we entered the next rapids. We were off, our boat sped down through the furious, raging torrents as swift as an arrow. We plunged out of one and into the next, and the next,,, buoyed with success our

intrepid spirits mounted into a 'rapid fever.' But, suddenly the roar of the next rapids brought us to our feet as our boats approached a tremendous fall, and we peered apprehensively down the river. In the middle was a huge rock separating the river into two channels. The strategy was to enter on the left and, once over the falls, pull to the right across the river to miss the hidden rocks and giant holes. The roar was deafening."

"Over went Frank and out of sight. When he reappeared he was pulling for all he was worth across the river. Over went the other two boats. Our attention now was riveted on Bud and his rubber boat. We were being swept headlong toward the brink. Bud looked like a panther approaching his prey, and the roaring monster below showed its 'granite-teeth' and roared a last minute warning to stop. No sooner did he dive over the falls than his boat was tossed in a somersault in the air as if it were a mere chip. Bud was thrown 15 feet from his boat and disappeared from sight. When next we saw him he was clinging to the side of his boat in the middle of the rapids and our first thoughts were to save him. The river was rushing with such force, Don called Joe to the bow to help land our boat, while he pulled for shore, but with no effect. We were caught in the grip of the powerful current and could not stop. 'I can't stop', yelled Don, 'Prepare to run it!'

"There was no time for preparation. We merely crouched down and hung on. As the stern of the oar swung to face our danger, we stared straight down into a fearful roaring abyss. Bud remarked later he thought 'it was impossible for any boat to drop into that hole below the falls and ever come out.' Down, down we went. The whole made, roaring river seemed to be boring down to devour us. Joe yelled, 'Look, look at that wave!' which swelled with terrible rapidity, then struck with violence. The next instant we were buried, buried under what seemed the whole river. Then, suddenly, we staggered through, right side up. Our boat filled to the gunwale, sloping over the sides, as on we plunged and leaped through the remainder of the wild rapids. Joe and I bailed like mad to no effect, the water still sloped over the sides."

"Finally the fury of the rapids was spent. We reached shore filled with excitement and very happy over our miraculous conquest of the most formidable rapids of the Colorado River. Mile 202 rapids will never be forgotten."

"We looked back and saw Bud had reached shore on the other side of the river. Our four cataract boats were safe and all had had thrilling experiences and were in high spirits. Never had a pluckier band of dare-devils run the rapids of the Colorado River."

Molly went on with her story about other rapids we ran, scenic views and other experiences we had before coming to Dark Canyon Rapids. I will quote her again in her description of the run through these tough ones.

"We were up early as usual. No matter how strenuous our previous day had been, we needed no rousing to get up for breakfast."

"Dark Canyon rapids was the last of the biggest in Cataract Canyon. Through a narrow channel the river makes a spectacular descent over heaps of boulders that have been washed down Dark Canyon during floods. It was a terrifying rapid and particularly difficult to run but I felt confident its violence would not exceed Mile 202 or Mile 197."

"Our boatmen studied the rapids for some time and chartered the best course to run. Jim was first to shoot the rapids with Mary Beckwith and Buck Buchan. Down through the middle of the rapids they bounded. The next instant their boat was completely submerged as they plunged down into a deep hole then leaped through and over the mountainous waves which rushed in all directions. Their's was the wildest ride and their faces glowed with joyous living. Then came Kent and Rosiland Johnson. Next Frank and Naomi Heale. Paul Wright and Bruce Hume sacrificed rides for photography. Last came Don, Joe and I, followed by Bud in his rubber boat. It was an exciting ride. We agreed it was a terrifying rapid but we had all navigated it well and shipped the least water of any of the rapids run."

"Dark Canyon rapids was the end of the journey through Cataract Canyon. All the rapids were vanquished. Our trip had exceeded all expectations of thrilling rough water adventure. We had run all the rapids, 54 of them in 41 miles."

As stated at the first of this account, Molly's version of some rapids in Cataract Canyon is different than others who were on the run. This does not in any way belittle Molly's account. Quite the opposite is true. Because she was riding in the last boat it sometimes gave her the opportunity to witness the other boats as they approached and ran the rapids. The disadvantage she had by being in the last boat was that she could not always see where and how the leading boat was approaching a rapid. Her account of the run through 202 is

an example. The first three boats ran on the right side of the big rock at the head of the rapid instead of the left side as stated by her. We shipped very little water during the run. Don, in his attempt to help Bud MAY have run on the left side and dove into the big hole, swamping his boat. Regardless of other statements she made she was right in stating that we had run all rapids, with all passengers, with the exception of Dark Canyon when Paul Wright and Bruce Hume chose to take pictures rather than to ride. At some of the rapids we stopped to look them over before running while others were run without stopping. When Dock Marston learned that we were going to make the Cataract Canyon run and, knowing my first consideration was for the safety of the passengers, had predicted that we would line all the major rapids and the passengers would be required to walk half the way through the canyon. This time he was wrong and everyone, except Dock, was happy.

Between Dark Canyon and the Dirty Devil the river was still confined between high walls so the water was quite swift but there were no rapids to run. At the Dirty Devil River we entered Glen Canyon and the Colorado River became wider and the water ran slower and smoother. We soon reached Hite. Here Bud and Kandy left the party. The rest of the people were to go on down to Lee's Ferry. At Hite we were met by a small party who brought in a supply of groceries. I believe that, also, one or two people joined the party for the rest of the run.

The characteristics of Cataract Canyon and those of Glen Canyon are as opposite as can be seen in any river that I know about. In a very short time we had passed from a dangerous, major rapid to a calm and serene stream. All of the boatmen and probably most of the passengers welcomed the change. Instead of the roar of rapids in our ears there was the song of birds. Instead of narrow walls we entered the most beautiful part of the river.

Between Hite and Lee's Ferry we stopped at several of the beautiful side canyons that included Hidden Passage and some of the narrow and unique ones. Of course we camped at Forbidding Canyon and took the opportunity to walk up the canyon to visit Rainbow Bridge.

At Lee's Ferry we were met with cars and lots of people. The good-byes were warm and sincere. Here was the end of a unique and exciting experience and the place where, in a few days, we would start on another adventure through the Grand Canyon.

(San Juan River Trips)

Mexican Hat Expeditions continued to conduct river trips during the years of 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956 and 1957. Many were on the San Juan River, some in Glen Canyon, some exciting ones through Grand Canyon and one on the Green River. In all of the trips made we had a 100% safety record. Of course there were cases of sunburn and poison ivy but the people who suffered these discomforts were given warnings about the dangers that existed. Because I failed to keep records of many trips some of the following incidents are unrelated as to time and the people involved. Even some of them may have been mentioned earlier in this story.

Willard, at age 14, at the time he was on the San Juan trip with Dora, was not developing in a normal, physical way. Also on this trip was Bruce Hume, a medical doctor. About the third day on the trip and after we had had the opportunity to be at home with him, we asked about Willard's condition. He told us he had noticed this as soon as he had seen Willard the first day and said there was medication that could help. Briefly, for the next two years we took Willard to California during the fall months for treatments by Dr. Hume.

On this same river trip, while walking up a canyon, Dora slipped on some moss covered rocks and dislocated some bones in her wrist. Fortunately that Dr. Hume was along and set the bones within a few minutes after the fall. That evening, at the Forbidding Canyon camp, Dora was given alternate hot and cold water treatments and the next morning she was able to ride a mule to Rainbow Bridge without any discomfort in her wrist.

It was on this trip that we first offered to have mules, supplied by the Wilsons of Rainbow Lodge, meet us at the river and provide mule transportation to Rainbow Bridge, supper and beds in tent shelters for the night at camp, breakfast the next morning and the ride back to the river the next morning. The extra cost for this service was added to the price of the river trip.

On another San Juan trip, a couple, estimated to be in their late fifties, both doctors, enjoyed their trip so much that, the next year, brought their son, also a doctor and his wife who was a registered nurse. The son, like his parents, was very much at home under the rugged conditions of a river trip but his wife, who had probably never been on a camping

trip, seemed to be ill at ease in the boat, at the way meals were prepared and served in camp and probably didn't sleep well in the sleeping bag that was provided. She was always neatly dressed and, to me, didn't seem to fit into the picture very well. However, she never complained and seemed to enjoy the unique scenery. She made the long hike to Rainbow Bridge and seemed to be impressed with the size and natural beauty of the bridge.

The day after we left Forbidding Canyon we stopped to hike up a short canyon to where Tad, Katie and I had, on a previous trip, cut steps in rock bottom of a small cascade where the water tumbled into a small, deep pool of water. The cascade was about ten feet high and beyond that were conditions unknown to anyone before we cut the steps. Beyond the cascade the stream channel narrowed and was crooked and quite steep to where it ended in a twenty foot in diameter, cone shaped alcove. From here one could look straight up through a small channel where the water came down into the alcove. The first visit there is very awe inspiring. There was no other place in the world to compare with it's unique physical features and the special feeling it cast upon those who were lucky to see and feel it.

When we arrived at the pool and cascade, an explanation of what could be seen beyond the cascade, was given. I saw the young doctor talking to his wife and was surprised to see them wade the deep pool and start up the steps. I was also surprised a little later to hear giggles and laughter coming from the couple. They were up there quite a long time. When they arrived at the head of the steps the nurse seemed to hesitate about taking the short climb down the steps. Her mother-in-law called her by name and said to be careful or she would get her nice dress wet and dirty. This remark seemed to settle the question as to how to make the descent. With the cry of pleasure this changed person jumped into the pool and ducked under the water. Oh, if only she had done something like this at a time earlier in the trip, I wondered if she couldn't have had a better time.

On two different San Juan trips the Universal Studio's of Hollywood were represented. The purpose of the trips was to make preliminary preparations for the filming of SMOKE SIGNAL. On the first trip the cameramen, the director and other personnel were along. The cameramen were to take background pictures and the director and other personnel were to take notes and make plans as to where certain scenes were to be made. Between the two

trips there were phone calls made regarding boats needed, food, weight allowances and other necessary details. They needed an old boat that could be sunk in one of the rapids and, in case of an emergency, they wanted to bring along an iron lung. I quickly dismissed the idea of the iron lung but did agree to furnish the needed boat. They also needed people who could act as extras and a redhead who could "stand in" for Piper Laurie, the leading lady. It was decided there were enough boatmen to act as extras. Clea Johnson was hired to stand in for Piper. Lyle Johnson, Clea's husband, was to dress as an officer.

For the first few days before the start of the second trip the Mexican Hat area was a beehive of activity. The boat that was to be sunk was painted to resemble a very old one. Other equipment that the studio had brought along was sorted as to what was actually needed on the trip and the unnecessary items that could be left behind. Also the area scenes of the cavalymen were filmed while crossing the river and other shots related to their activities.

By the time the trip was scheduled to leave we were very well organized. Because of this fact, there was never a time when we had need for something that had been left behind or a time we discovered we had brought something along that was not needed. One of the minor problems that was experienced was in trying to sink the boat that had been brought along for that purpose. We were able to upset it but not able to sink it. We finally pulled it up on the bank to leave it there. I don't remember how it was done but in the final picture the impression was made that the boat had been sunk.

For the benefit of those who did not see SMOKE SIGNAL and those who may have forgotten the plot of the story, this is briefly what happened: Two or more people were trying to make their escape in two or more boats down the river from a group on land who were trying to capture or kill them. However, there were soldiers involved in the story. One scene that was filmed was interesting and amusing to me. It was taken from the bank of the river. A few of the boats were in the river, about fifty feet from shore in an eddy and in about four feet of water. At this point the ones who were being pursued were in the boats and those who were doing the pursuing were supposed to be on the bank shooting at those who were in the boats that included the heroine, Piper Laurie, and the hero. A battle ensued. First shown were those on shore, with their guns, shooting at those in the boats.

Next, the cameras were focused on the boat with the ones who were being pursued taking protection from the bullets behind the boats. Instead of bullets being fired from shore, some of the men were provided with sling shots and lead pellets for ammunition. The effects of "bullets" hitting the water were real. One of our boatmen had had experience with a sling shot as a boy and wanted to try his hand at it again. His aim was so good his "bullets" were hitting the boat deck with most every shot, giving the hero and heroine good reasons for seeking protection behind the boat.

Another place where important scenes were "shot" was at the head of Piute Rapids. Willard ran the rapid in the boat that was supposed to have been lost and he was supposed to have been thrown in the water. The truth is, Willard made a good run and the boat was not sunk. To give the impression that these things happened, a dummy was thrown in at the foot of the rapid and Don Smith swam out to make the rescue and, the truth is, in doing so, was almost drowned.

The last place for the major scenes were at 13 foot rapid. The director wanted some pictures taken from a boat going through the rapid but none of the cameramen wanted to ride and do the shooting. As a next best, a camera, on a tripod, was solidly anchored in the boat and a control cable attached so the boatman could turn the camera on and off. As usual the rapid was rough but no more difficult to run than on previous trips. Some of the footage was used in the final editing of the film.

Because some "shooting" was being done at a location on the river near Moab, the director and cameramen were anxious to return there. For this reason I had arranged to have a motor boat meet us at the foot of the rapid and take these men to Lee's Ferry where transportation was available for a quick return to Moab.

It was late when we started for Lee's Ferry, the boat was overloaded so we were not able to travel very fast. About half way down, darkness came and, although the boatman and I knew where we were at all times, the others were, to say the least, very uneasy.

A week or so later some of our crew were invited to attend a dinner in Moab with the "big-wigs" and then a tour of the set where "shooting" was taking place. Events of the day were interesting and enjoyable.

One year, while the Glen Canyon dam was under construction, two post season trips were scheduled in Glen Canyon. The first one was chartered by a group of young men. The boys had a lot of fun and seemed to enjoy the unique experiences that only a trip through Glen Canyon can offer. However, there was nothing of an unusual nature that is worthy of recording except for the fact the water was very low in the river, making it necessary to do a lot of rowing to keep on schedule. This condition detracted from the enjoyment of the trip for the boys and extra work for the boatman. With these conditions in mind I decided to cancel the second trip. Only three people had signed up for it. Two of them were a married couple in their mid forties or fifties. A very nice couple. We called them Maggie and Jiggs. The other person was a young girl from the Chicago area. Her name, Rita Plahetka. Because I didn't have phone numbers to call these people, I wrote them letters telling them the trip had been cancelled and the reasons for doing so. About a week later I received a phone call from Maggie and Jiggs. They were terribly disappointed because they had heard so many favorable reports about the beauty of Glen Canyon and the ease with which it could be seen by a float trip. They had been looking forward to this special occasion for a long time. They were told the water was very low and shallow in places. Also, if the trip was to be made, it would require extra time on the river. They insisted they still wanted to go and would be willing to walk and push the boat part of the way if necessary. How could this attitude be ignored? The trip was on.

There was no chance to notify Reet that the trip would be made. She had bought round trip bus tickets for certain dates and had left home, planning on spending a couple of days in the Durango area before coming on to the Blanding and Monticello areas to visit and become acquainted with the scenic attractions during the time she would have been on the river trip.

She had more vacation time coming than was necessary for the river trip so her pace was a leisure one. Not knowing when she would arrive in Blanding and because Maggie and Jiggs had arrived, we decided to go to Hite and begin the trip. We left word with Dora that, if Reet should happen to arrive that day, that Kent and Fern would take her out to meet us the next morning on the river at Loper's cabin.

When she showed up at our home and was told that the trip was to be made after all, and we had left for Hite, Dora said she had never seen such a look of disappointment come over one's face than that of Reet. She also expressed some emotional words of disappointment. However, she brightened up when told that there was still a chance that she could join the group if she could get out to Loper's cabin the next morning.

Dora took her to the Dude Ranch where Kent and Fern took over. Reet stayed with them that night and early next morning they left for Red Canyon where Loper's was located. They arrived about the same time as we arrived in the boat.

Close friendships were established very quickly. This was especially true between Maggie, Jiggs and Reet. This condition was very instrumental in making the trip very enjoyable. Because of low water and slower traveling time, the trip had been scheduled for an extra two days over the regular ones. For me, it meant less rowing, more time in camp to prepare meals and to stop at places that were passed by on the regular runs.

Between Loper's cabin and Hole-in-the-Rock nothing of special importance took place. We stopped at Lake Canyon and enjoyed the beautiful hike up to the cliff dwellers ruins. Stops were also made at other interesting places before reaching Hole-in-the-Rock. Here, an incident happened that allowed me to really know something about these people, especially Reet, that had not been displayed up to now.

Reet expressed a strong desire to climb up the trail through the Hole-in-the-Rock. Maggie and Jiggs said they didn't want to go. I didn't want to go because I had made the climb on the previous trip and, not knowing about the climbing capabilities of this girl from the city, I made the excuse that I didn't want to leave Maggie and Jiggs alone. My excuse was quickly vetoed when Jiggs said they didn't mind being left behind, so, go ahead and take your time. For a few minutes I had reason to hate them.

To avoid a lot of poison ivy that was on the first part of the regular trail, we went up the bottom of the canyon for about a fourth of the way. The going was rough and several times I helped Reet over difficult places. When we reached the foot of the sandy trail, leading up to the narrow part of the climb, I decided to show Reet what she had to face the rest of the way to the top. I was in good physical condition and took off up the trail at a good clip. After going about a hundred yards I decided to turn around and see how far I

had left her behind. She was breathing down my neck and not very hard. This erased all my qualms about her physical capabilities and her zest to explore.

That evening Reet revealed a little bit about her life style that included reasons for her excellent physical condition. She and her bachelor brother lived on a forty acre piece of land near Michigan City, Indiana. Most of it had been planted into evergreen trees before she had reached her teen age years. She worked for Allis Chalmers in La Port, Michigan, about fifteen miles from her home. She would get out of bed about 4:30 in the morning, prepare breakfast, put up lunches for herself and brother, walk four miles to a point where she would meet a co-worker who would give her a ride for the rest of the way. She would work eight hours then make the return home trip that included the four mile hike. After returning home she would prepare a meal for the two of them, eat, wash dishes, feed the wild animals that lived near by, did the necessary house work and, a lot of times, stay up late to write letters.

Whenever Reet had time off from work, whether it was for a day or two weeks, she had plans to be on some kind of hiking trip or some place else that took her outdoors to photograph and visit unusual places. She made at least two trips to Alaska. On one of these she was out several days with only a woman, her young son and a dog to guide her over some old trails used by miners during the big gold rush. After she discovered the unique values of a river trip she came for several others, including the high water run through Grand Canyon in 1957. She came out this way nearly every year to take a river trip with us or Jeep trips with Kent and Fern Frost. While there was bus service into Monticello, Dora and I would meet her there. When the bus service was discontinued we would meet her in Salt Lake, Grand Junction, Green River, Durango or any other place that was convenient for her. We took her in our car on overland trips that included one to the Phoenix and Mesa areas, one to Chaco Canyon and one to Canyon De Chelly where we stayed overnight and the next day Reet hosted our guided tour to see the ruins in the canyon.

And then there was the trip on the Narrow Gage train between Durango and Silverton, Colorado. Reet made all the arrangements for motel rooms for the night before the trip and bought all the tickets. This trip deserves more comments about its uniqueness and scenic beauty than I wish to include in my story but, needless to say, it was most enjoyable. There

was only one "fly in the ointment," I got a bad sandwich at lunch time and became quite ill before reaching home.

One time while Reet was out for a visit she wanted to go to Zions and Bryce Canyon parks. I was on a special river trip and couldn't take her so Dora and Marion Jones took her in our car and were gone for several days. After selling my stock in Lake Powell Ferry Service, she came out to visit with us several times.

One year, when Willard and his family were stationed in the Chicago area, we went to visit with them for a few days. After enjoying ourselves with Willard and his family, we drove to Michigan City to visit with Reet and her brother, George. The red carpet was rolled out for us. Every day was filled with interesting and enjoyable experiences. Reet never missed an opportunity to bestow gifts. At Christmas time it was gifts of "goodies." For birthdays she would send a quality, practical gift. The frequency of her letters was unpredictable but they were always full of interesting details of her experiences. We have learned to love and respect her for just being Reet and for her many talents and her unique personality.

Reet's last visit with us, in Blanding, was in the fall of 1989. We hope it is not the last one. (June, 1991).

Jim Harris was one member of a group of Explorer Scouts that was on a post season Glen Canyon trip. The only time there wasn't some interesting and exciting activity going on was during the time they were in bed and asleep. The highlight of their adventure came during the time we were camping at the mouth of Forbidding Canyon with another group of boys about their same age. This group of boys were from the eastern part of the states and were gullible about many things of the west. This was especially true of what to expect on a river trip. They were not prepared for the antics of the Blanding boys. A drink consisting of Koolaid was mixed and poured into a gallon jug. The name the drink was given, "Goop", was painted on the bottle. Our boys praised it's merits to the extent that they were able to sell drinks to the other group of boys. When this bait was taken there were other pranks to follow. I don't remember whether or not sales were made but cockleburs were displayed as porcupine eggs. They were also told wild stories about the Indians, the cowboys and

many other unique features of the West and were greatly exaggerated. I believe the time the groups spent together was too brief for our boys.

During the construction of Glen Canyon, Stewart Udall made a special trip with us to see for himself the area that was to be covered by the water of Lake Powell. One comment I remember of him making was: "If I had been Secretary of the Interior when this project was being planned, I would have never allowed it to happen."

It wasn't long after his first trip that he made arrangements to bring his boys along on another one so they could have the privilege of seeing the beauties of this unique part of the Colorado River. Otis was along on this one. He was a little older than the Udall boys but got along with them very well. These fellows were of the average age to be inquisitive and active so there is no need to go into details about their activities. However, Otis was the cause of an incident that is worthy of recording.

He caught a large catfish. It was the largest that I had ever seen. It was about thirty inches long and must have weighed about twelve pounds. I asked Otis what he intended to do with it. He didn't have time to think about it before someone said: "Let's eat it." We did just that although it hadn't been very long since we had eaten a big meal. The fish was cut into steaks and fried. There was at least one large steak for each of us. It was very good and I believe that if it had been a third larger it would have all been eaten.

I had the privilege of being with Georgia O'Keefe on several boat trips in Glen Canyon. The first trip she joined a regular scheduled one. She had a lady traveling companion with her on this and on other trips she took later. Although she was in her 80's she didn't request any special consideration. She took a lot of photographs and was very cooperative when asked to be photographed.

Another trip was made after the waters of Lake Powell were about fifty feet deep at Halls Crossing. Only some special friends accompanied her on this one. For the last trip she rented a small house boat. The trip was to be for about a week. Only she, her friend and myself were along. Most of the time was spent in a side canyon where, on a previous trip, she had noted some unique patterns on the sandstone walls. The canyon was narrow at the site with only enough room for the house boat to enter. For most of the time we were out

she and her friend sat in the boat and made sketchings of the patterns. Her one request to me was: "Frank, please do not watch me while I am at work."

On one San Juan trip an event took place that was of special interest to me and, I believe, to every member of the family. It was the one on which Dorothy and Duane were along just a short time before their marriage. I didn't see them holding hands but, after evening meals, they were observed off to themselves, seemingly, in serious conversation. How about it, Dorothy? Tell us a little bit about the circumstances under which you and Duane became acquainted and important events that took place during your courtship days. (Included at end of story)...

Shortly after Merrill Miller married "Honey" Pitcher I was asked to take them on their honeymoon trip. Both had enjoyed the unique experiences that a river trip can provide and decided Glen Canyon was an ideal place to spend their honeymoon. No people, no phones and no traffic noise. A beautiful setting for a special occasion. The trip was made as scheduled and nothing of a special nature to report unless more details were given about the beauty of the canyon and the ways in which it was enjoyed.

"Ham" and "Dilly" Hamilton were another couple who requested a special trip in Glen Canyon. However, this was not for a honeymoon but for a place and time for a vacation. Both were avid photographers; Ham being the official one for the Museum of Arizona. Their decision to go into Glen Canyon for two weeks, I believe, was based on experiences they had enjoyed on a previous trip. This one was chartered for themselves, their dog and a few close friends. This one was made at a time when Lake Powell was being filled with water and a lot of floating debris had drifted into the head of side canyons. This condition was the cause of an amusing incident that involved the dog.

The dog loved to ride on the bow of the boat and was ready to jump ashore as soon as the boat touched the ground. He couldn't be enticed to swim. On this occasion we went up Harris Wash. The end of the water was a rather narrow place and a small cascade over a sandstone wall. The floating debris covered the lake water completely. The dog, on the bow, anticipating a landing, jumped "ashore" only to find himself in the water amid the trash. The look of astonishment on his face was so evident that everyone burst into laughter. The dog swam back to the boat and Ham pulled him in. The dog didn't even

bother to shake before hiding under one of the boat seats. He was surprised and embarrassed because of the mistake he had made. It was about five minutes before he came out from under the boat seat to shake the water and trash from his hair.

It has been said that if you want to fully enjoy the beauty of a place, take along a camera and use it. Ham and Dilly were prepared when we embarked on their vacation trip in Glen Canyon. For two weeks these two wonderful people enjoyed Glen Canyon to the fullest.

Although the pace was an easy one there was plenty of time to relax. It seemed to add to the pleasure of the occasion. On the last day, as we were about to end our trip, Ham made the remark that his capacity to enjoy more beauty had all been taken and was ready to go home. I hope that, after processing their film, they were able to find plenty of room for the enjoyment their pictures had in store for them.

There were three charter trips made that I would like to mention briefly. On the regular scheduled trips no alcohol beverages were allowed and the passengers were told what they could or could not bring. We had regular times to start each trip, when we would stop for lunch, when we would camp, when meals would be served and when the trip would end. On the charter trips the people, within reasonable bounds, were allowed to control these issues. Most of the time we were asked to make suggestions concerning places to visit.

A group of physicists from Los Alamos, New Mexico were most interesting to be with on a trip. All members had traveled extensively and were most appreciative of the unique experiences offered in a Glen Canyon tour. Around the camp fires at night, most of the subjects discussed were on a level well above my understanding. However, I did bring up the subject about the relationship between the diameter and circumference of a circle. Up to this time the figures used in high school were three plus four decimal figures. The physicist I talked to said a computer had been put on the problem and, although it had been allowed to go for quite some time, it never did quit quoting figures. The only negative part of the trip was the drinking before a late evening meal.

Briefly, the people in another group requested a late evening meal and a chance to sleep in in the morning. Otherwise they caused no unnecessary consideration and enjoyed themselves very much.

The third group was a large one of about 25 people from an outdoor club in Colorado. They were all experienced outdoor people , (except for a married couple), and enjoyed the trip in Glen Canyon.

One of the problems we had with this large group was feeding them from one camp fire kitchen. No doubt there were good cooks among them but, after trying to accept their help, we had to put the kitchen off limits to any outside help. One fellow wanted to fry three or four slices of bacon at one time. It would have taken him two hours to fry enough bacon to feed the group. The method we used was to put a full pound in the frying pan at one time. Two pounds was enough to feed everyone. It would fry almost as fast as a few slices. It would take about an hour to prepare any of the meals that were served. I suppose that, when the group was on land trips, more than one camp fire was used for cooking so most everyone, who wished to do so, could help prepare the meals. If this chore was a little slow, the members had a lot of room to wander around while waiting. In the crowded camp sites, on the lake, this was not possible. The one "fly in the ointment" was the man and wife couple. No matter where the group went the couple would take off by themselves and often hold up the activities of the group for a half an hour or longer. It is possible they were not regular members of the group but wanted a trip on the lake and asked to be included. They just didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the group but, otherwise, were congenial and seemed to enjoy the trip very much.

And then, there were the VIP trips.

During the early stages of protocol concerning the establishment of Glen Canyon Recreational Area, there were several trips made by land, air and water to evaluate its importance to the State of Utah and the recreation seeking public. One of the meetings was held in Monticello. During this time Glen Canyon Dam was under construction or had been completed.

Lake Powell was half full of water when we, the Lake Powell Ferry Service, were asked to provide transportation, by boat, from Halls Crossing to the Rainbow Bridge marina, for a group of VIP's. Among them was a man named Grosvenor from the National Geographic. I am quite sure it was Gilbert. Of course Stewart Udall was with the group. Whether or

not it was on this trip or a later one, Robert Kennedy was along. He asked that only Senator Frank Moss accompany him on the trip from Halls Crossing to Rainbow Bridge. Calvin Black and I were to be pilot and co-pilot. At Hole-in-the-Rock Robert conveyed the request, through Frank Moss, that he wished to swim. Calvin and I were not worthy of a direct contact.

At another time Stewart Udall asked me to provide food and transportation for a group of VIP's and newspaper reporters on a river trip from Moab to the Junction of the Colorado and Green, then up the Green to a site on the West side of the river near Mineral Canyon. For this trip it was necessary to recruit men and boats from Moab.

We camped the first night on the Colorado River just above the junction of the rivers. Shortly after arriving here one of the men stepped on something that cut his foot so badly he was taken back to Moab for treatment. The next day we arrived early at the camp site. The Moab men, after unloading their boats, continued on to Mineral Canyon where transportation was available for themselves and their boats back to Moab. After a New York steak dinner, a press conference and an overnight stay, the VIP's were flown out by helicopters. I returned to Moab by river.

In November of 1962 Tad Nichols and I made a trip through Glen Canyon from the foot of Dark Canyon Rapid to Warm Creek. Our Thanksgiving dinner was eaten on the river bank consisting of the usual sandwiches and cold drinks. We had reasons for making the trip so late in the year. Photographic possibilities were at their best. Long shadows and subdued light made it possible to take good photos for most of the daylight hours. Also, going so late in the season, we would probably be the last people to photo some of the scenic attractions in Glen Canyon before the gates of Glen Canyon Dam were closed and the waters of Lake Powell would start to cover them. Although unexpected, in the Hite area, we saw the leaves on trees and willows in their full, fall colors while, near the end of our trip, two weeks later, the same type of trees and willows had not yet been urged to start this transition.

As always, the trip was made most enjoyable by seeing, through the eyes of others, the beauties of the canyon. This was especially true this time because of Tad's ability to recognize and photo unusual and unique scenes. Being alone with him made it extra special.

In 1951 Tad Nichols, from Tucson, Arizona, came on a San Juan River trip. As a professional photographer he was interested in securing some pictures that were only possible from the river.

Katie Lee, also of Tucson, a writer, folk singer, composer and avid photographer, was introduced to the rivers by either Tad Nichols or Jim Rigg. She was on several river trips and always brought along her guitar to entertain guests in the evening.

The Bureau of Reclamation had planned on building a dam upstream a few miles above Lee's Ferry. Construction had already begun when Tad and Katie approached me with the idea of making some post season trips in Glen Canyon to photograph the major scenic attraction, to explore side canyons and to record, in writing, what we saw and found. Because all three of us were strongly opposed to the flooding of Glen Canyon and hated to see the dam built, I agreed with their proposal for these trips. Expenses were to be shared among us.

In 1955 or 1956 we made the first of three trips, starting at the mouth of the Dirty Devil River and working down stream.

There were few side canyons to explore before reaching the confluence of the San Juan and Colorado rivers but rich in historical sites. This included the area around Hite, Loper's Cabin, Cass Hite's grave, Hole-in-the-Rock, machinery that remained from the gold rush days and the trails cut in the solid rock to gain access to the river. Many photographs were taken and Katie kept notes of what we saw and did.

Below the confluence of the rivers we began exploring each side canyon as we came to it, going in as far as time would permit or until physical barriers prevented us from going further. Because the available maps did not have names for most of the canyons, Tad, Katie and I gave each an appropriate one.

These included Dangling Rope Canyon, Driftwood Canyon and Dungeon Canyon. We submitted about twenty or more names to the Geological Survey to be used. Many of them appeared on later maps.

This project took three trips, one each year during a fall month. During the trips there were times when emotions ran high and were as unpredictable, at times, as the weather. These times came when we entered a side canyon where, it seemed, no one had ever been

before and discovered ferns, monkey flowers and other beautiful plants that covered the source of seeping water. Their beauty was so breathtaking it brought tears to the eyes. Then the times, in the evenings, when we would lie on our sleeping bags, listening to the river water lapping on the banks and watched orbiting objects, placed there by man, as they passed slowly through the sky. And then the times when we went into well known places like Lake canyon, trying to absorb its special attractions while it was yet available. Not only were there tears shed but also harsh words of condemnation of stupid people who willfully allowed places like Glen Canyon to be desecrated.

Most of the beauty and pleasure I received from these experiences came through the eyes of Tad and Katie and other people who appreciated and enjoyed the things associated with the river trips.

I grew up in the San Juan County area where, to me, a rock was only a rock regardless of it's shape, size, color or where it was located. Where grass was grass and trees were just trees until dead then they were good to burn in the stove after spending a day in the woods to load them on a wagon, hauling them home, spending hours chopping them into stove wood lengths with a dull axe and carrying them to the woodbox in the house. Water was something to drink, wash face, hands and clothes in, to run under bridges, to run down gullies and side streams to the rivers and then to the ocean. Canyons were a source of trouble for people who had to cross them, on dirt roads, while traveling from one town to the other in a Model T Ford. There were many other features in the county that I was aware of but knew nothing about their true values.

On my first river trip from Bluff to Mexican Hat I learned a little about water. It was not always palatable. It contained many things besides H₂O. It was not always suitable for the washing of clothes because of it's silt content. In the river beds it was alive and had many moods that were easily influenced by stationary objects. It could be very gentle or vicious.

On the second river trip from Mexican Hat to Lee's Ferry, I learned, through the eyes of a geologist, that a rock was not just a rock. It contained many elements that influenced it's density, it's color, it's resistance to abrasion, how and when it was formed and it's importance in industry and history.

On other river trips I saw, through the eyes of botanists, that grass was something of beauty and served many purposes besides its use as lawns, the beauties of flowers and other plant life. Through the eyes of the photographer I learned to see features in Mother Nature that were arranged in patterns that formed good composition for an unusual picture. Through the eyes of the archeologist I was able to see important objects left by an ancient people that were a very important part of our history. On the overland trips in Jeeps I saw, through the eyes of other people, the many things that made the desert area a beautiful and interesting place.

There are people who do not share my opinion but, to me, Glen Canyon is extinct. If I wished to see any or all of the places that have been covered by water, in their natural setting, it would be impossible. However, there are many beautiful and interesting places available in the Four Corners area that are of special interest but I have no desire to see them . . . alone. I have enjoyed drives over the Blue Mountain many times and would be delighted to go again if someone else wished to go on this interesting tour, especially if it was to be their first time. I have the same feeling about a lot of places in the area. There is Goblin Valley, Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon, Arches, Dead Horse Point and many other places, all within a days drive but, to enjoy them, I want to go with one person or a group of people. It would be a privilege and a pleasure to see these places again through the eyes of other people. When thinking about this situation I don't remember of having visited any of these places by myself for my own pleasure.

The Grand Canyon run in 1957 on 100,000 cfs of water, is one I will never forget. Although I am glad for having the experiences of running on extremely high water, I would not want to do it again under the same circumstances.

There was a lot more snow on the mountains that year than normal. When it started to melt, the water in the river increased rapidly. On one of our San Juan trips it was necessary to move our camp to higher ground at two different times during the night. High water in the San Juan adds much excitement to the boating. The large sand waves in the main channel and large waves in the rapids makes boating an enjoyable and thrilling experience. Especially under these conditions I like to compare its action to that of a young horse who

is just being taught to be ridden. It was necessary to be alert at all times or you were in for a surprise or some trouble.

For most of the time in June the flow of water in the Colorado River was above 100,000 fps. We hoped it would decrease to about 25,000 or 30,000 fps, or the flow that, to me, was near ideal for running the canyon. It didn't happen and was running above the 100,000 stage.

Reservations for most of the Grand Canyon runs were made at least six months in advance. With few exceptions all the people had been on a San Juan trip and were prepared for a more adventurous experience.

When we arrived, with our boats, at Cliff Dwellers Lodge, a couple of days before the scheduled start of the run through Grand Canyon, a few of the passengers had already arrived. Also Pat Reilly was there to report on conditions in the Grand Canyon between Lee's Ferry and Bright Angel. He had started through with two or three boats and, at Bright Angel, pulled his boats out of the water and hiked out to the South Rim. He reported large whirl pools where logs twenty feet long had been trapped in the center, of extremely high waves in the rapids and other dangerous conditions that caused him to discontinue the run until a time when the water in the river was much lower and much safer. After all the passengers had arrived I talked to them about the dangers and asked if they wanted to cancel the trip. None did.

The day before the start of the Grand Canyon trip we put the boats in the water at Lee's Ferry and loaded them with sleeping bags, most of the food and other items except for personal gear. It didn't take long the next morning to finish loading the boats before we were ready to shove off. Passengers had been assigned to the boat in which they would be riding the night before.

The water in the river at 100,000 fps was flowing at least twice as fast as it did at 25,000 fps. We were soon at Navajo Bridge. Quite a few friends and relatives were on it to wave as we passed by.

The first rapid, Badger Creek, brought our first surprise. There wasn't a wave in it that was more than two feet high. Along with the surprise came the warning we could expect the unexpected. This fact was verified many times during our run through the canyon. The

first came at House Rock Rapid. On all previous trips we had taken the right hand channel. As we approached, it was evident that it wasn't the right choice this time. We went on the left side on relatively smooth water. A big, impressive surprise came when we were able to see the condition of the water on the lower side of the rock. There was a huge whirl pool, it's center looked to be several feet below than of it's rim. There was plenty of room on the left side to pass it by safely. If we had taken the right channel the possibilities of trouble were great.

We landed at the head of Soap Creek. It's huge waves were impressive as were some of it's other features but presented no major problems when deciding whether or not to run it with all passengers. To say the least, it was a thrilling ride.

Conditions and experiences at North Wash were very similar to those at Soap Creek.

25 Mile Rapid, (some refer to it as 24 1/2 Mile Rapid), brought no surprises but did bring a greater respect for it's rating as a tough one to run. We lined the upper part. With the exception of some large, rough waves that put plenty of water in the boats, there were no serious problems getting through although there was a small whirl pool near the bottom that was threatening to the careless boatman.

The high, fast flowing water caused several problems in addition to those encountered in the rapids. Camp grounds were hard to find and seldom one on a sandy beach. On previous trips, when the water was low, we could decide on about the time we should pull ashore for the night and usually find a good camping place within a half hour. On this trip, on high water, if we located a site that looked at all favorable in mid-afternoon we would stop although it was usually during the hot part of the day. High water had covered up or made it impossible to land at some of our favorite places. Vasey's Paradise, one of our favorite camping spots, was completely covered with water. Also, it was here that we replenished our fresh water supply. Today we only had time for a quick look at the beautiful vegetation that covered the walls where clear water gushed from springs.

Redwall Cavern, just a short distance below Vasey's, was full of water to the ceiling. On previous trips we enjoyed stopping for lunch and resting in the shade for a few hours. Today there was no outside indication that such a beautiful place existed.

The high, fast water created other problems. Because only a few places were available for camps and places to rest, we were running ahead of schedule. One day when the boatmen were badly in need of rest and time to relax, we pulled ashore in the shade of some small trees. The place was infested with rattlesnakes.

President Harding Rapid was non-existent. Kwagunt Rapid was huge. Although we ran it with all passengers, the bailing buckets were used freely. From 25 Mile Rapid to the mouth of the Little Colorado the unusual conditions gave everyone the feeling of running a river they had never seen before. Rapids where there shouldn't have been any, and none where there should have been a good one. It was an exciting experience to discover something new around the corner and to feel the tense moments of expectation while waiting to see what was around the next one.

Upon reaching the Little Colorado we were a full day ahead of schedule and I was concerned about the possibilities of reaching Bright Angel without any reservations for lodging and meals. What greeted us at the Little Colorado was the most appreciated surprise of my river running days. The high, muddy water of the Colorado had made a dam of water that created a lake of the most beautiful, blue water that I had ever seen. The division line between the two was definite and sharp. The colors were complimentary. On previous trips the running, blue water was beautiful but the greater depth of the water in the lake seemed to intensify the color. The view was breathtaking! As seen by the passengers it had other uses than being admired. We rowed our boats into the lake and before the bows touched land, most of the passengers had jumped into the water. Also, like extra frosting on the cake, an acceptable camping spot was available.

The next morning it was easy to convince the group that we should spend the day and the next night here. The decision proved to be a good one.

From the Little Colorado to Hance Rapid the conditions were normal compared with what we had already seen. At Hance the conditions of the rapid were anything but normal. Quoting Norm Nevills: "This is enough to chill one's blood!" The action of the water was nothing like it had been in other rapids. Instead of some large waves as had been seen in other rapids, there was no pattern, just a mad sea of wild, jumping water, some of it reaching heights of over twenty feet. Most of this condition extended across the entire width

of the rapid. Where it ended, the large rocks in the river bottom took over, causing deep holes and large exploding waves. We studied the rapid for a couple of hours, hoping to find a passage through which the boats could be safely run. There was one possibility but was not good enough to warrant the risks that were involved. We unloaded the boats to make them as light as possible and lined them past the major parts of the rapid. This was a dangerous operation and required extreme caution to avoid getting a man pinned between a boat and a rock. The lining job was completed without mishap. While the boatmen were lining the boats the passengers were very cooperative in the transfer of gear and food from the head of the rapid to where the boats were brought ashore. The whole operation was completed by noon. We ate lunch and by 1:00 p.m. were ready to continue our trip.

Shortly after running the tail waves of Hance Rapid we entered the upper granite gorge. The river width narrowed down and the water started rushing downstream between two confining, vertical walls. The surface condition of the water changed completely. It became a mixture of small whirl pools, cross currents and boils. Our attempts to control the action of the boats were futile. The boats would spin around in a whirl pool only to be caught in a cross current and driven toward one of the rock walls. When we were about to crash, there was always a cushion wave to fend off boats. After discovering we had little control of the boats and that there was little danger of hitting a wall, we relaxed, resting our oars in the water and letting the boats take their own courses. This action continued until we reached a wider section of the gorge, just a short distance above Sockdolager Rapid.

When Major Powell reached Sockdolager Rapid in 1869 he classed it as one of the worst he had encountered on the whole trip. Because of vertical walls on both sides of the river he knew he had to run it. As we made our approach we were faced with the same situation. We had no need to be concerned. There were very few waves large enough to indicate the presence of a rapid.

The canyon walls narrowed again but conditions of the surface water had moderated. When we reached Grapevine Rapid it was a duplicate of Sockdolager as were all the other rapids we encountered before reaching Bright Angel. The run from Hance to here had been made without having to make a single stop. When we pulled ashore I looked at my watch

and noted the run of approximately fifteen miles had been made in an hour and five minutes. The average time on previous trips was four hours.

All of us were very happy to be on solid ground again. One passenger was so glad that she got on her knees and kissed the ground. We walked up to Phantom Ranch and confirmed our reservations. After being assigned to our cabins we either went to them to rest or to the swimming pool to cool off.

The next morning I contacted each passenger individually and asked what their feelings were toward what they had seen and experienced on the upper half and what they were toward the lower half. If they wished to continue one we would all be pleased. If they felt it too risky to continue on and ride out with the mule train, we would understand their reasons for doing so. All, without any hesitation, expressed their desires to continue the run.

Later in the day the boatmen met the mule train at the river and accepted the fresh supply of food that was to be used on the lower half. It was soon sorted and stowed in the boats. We were now ready to continue the run through the lower half, starting in the morning.

With few exceptions I have avoided mentioning names of passengers, boatmen and those who helped shuttle cars, buy food and, in other ways, support the boating trips but in this case I think the exception is justified. Dora was good at supervising most of this work but, at times, depended upon the excellent help of Rosalind Johnson, a devoted river rat, for most of the extra help.

Ros helped or supervised the shuttling of cars for many of the San Juan trips. For the Green River run she supervised the transferring of equipment from Green River, Wyoming to green River, Utah. She purchased and brought in food for the lower half, referred to as the Gray Canyon, Desolation Canyon run, that started at Jensen, Utah. She bought and made arrangements for the delivery of food, by mule train, to Bright Angel for most of the lower half Grand Canyon runs. For this task she was referred to as our "rim worker." On two occasions she planned and supervised "cheese nibble" parties for the river rats who lived in the Los Angeles area.

For the 1957 high water, Grand Canyon run, Ros again purchased and arranged for the delivery of food, by mule train, to the river bank at Bright Angel for the lower half run. This time she accompanied the mule train to assure the shipment was delivered safely.

The next day Ros went out with the mule train to the South Rim and from there to Boulder City to change our motel reservation for two days earlier. The continued high, fast water assured us we could come out this time much earlier. Also, she would make arrangements for the traditional banquet that was held each year to celebrate the completion of another successful run through the Grand Canyon.

It didn't take us long to stow personal gear before we were ready to start the first part of the lower half of the Grand Canyon run. We pulled into the main channel of the river and rounded a bend, to the right, and got our first surprise. The rapid was rough with large waves bouncing off the left wall. We pulled hard to the right to avoid them. A few miles further on down river was Horn Creek Rapid, one that some considered to be among the hardest in Grand Canyon to run. With water near the 100,000 fps stage and, from what we had seen before, we knew that we would have to run it without a chance to stop and look it over. The high, narrow walls had greatly increased the depth of the water and had taken a lot of punch out of the rapid. With the exception of having to bail water from the boats, it caused us little trouble.

Just a few miles below Horn was Granite Falls. This one had given us trouble on all previous runs. It had proven that it's bite was much worse than it's bark. On previous trips we had run it without passengers, with passengers, and had lined it, but each time giving due respect for it's sharp teeth. If it lived up to it's reputation today we were quite sure we would be doing a lining job.

As we approached the rapid we could hear it's challenging call before it came into sight. It was as big and mean looking as we had anticipated it would be and reminded us of Hance Rapid. We spent some time in looking it over to see if we could find a soft spot where we could "sneak" through in safety but found none. It wasn't as hard to line as Hance but required extreme care to prevent a serious injury.

Within a few miles after leaving Granite we approached Hermit Creek Rapid. It's condition was always unpredictable. On all the previous trips through the canyon it's

conditions were never the same. Norm Nevills lined it on his first run through the canyon in 1934. On the two trips I was with Norm, one in 1948 and one in 1949, we ran it without passengers. On the next six runs I made through the canyon I never found it too difficult to run but sometimes without passengers.

We landed on the left bank at the head of the rapid. What we saw brought comments of delight from everyone. About as far as we could see was one big rolling wave after another! The first two or three had small crests on top of them but from there on they were about as smooth as running water could be. We could see ahead the most thrilling, satisfying and safest ride that we had ever had or ever hoped to have in the future.

When we got into the waves we found them much higher and farther apart than they appeared from the bank head of the rapid. As viewed from the bank of the river, a boat would ride over the top of one wave and disappear into the trough that separated it from the next. Although it couldn't be seen for more than a few seconds it seemed a very long time.

As we progressed from one wave to the next, they gradually became smaller until the water ran relatively smooth and were gone within a half mile.

Boucher Rapid was just two miles below Hermit. Boucher was always rough but didn't change much in it's pattern. Today it seemed a little rougher than usual but wasn't difficult to run.

Two miles below Boucher was Crystal Rapid, the first of the ones we referred to as the gems. They included Sapphire, Ruby and others. None of them presented problems that prevented us from running "wide open."

Between the Gems and Elves Chasm were quite a few noted rapids that included Shinumo, Haktai, Waltenberg and others that had presented some problems on previous trips. The high water on this run had either eliminated or reduced problems that prevented running them wide open.

The high water at Elves Chasm had covered all landing spots so we drifted past with only a short time in which to admire it's beauty.

We drifted past Forester Rapid and entered the Middle Granite Gorge. This section was much different from the Upper Granite Gorge. The walls were farther apart with open

spaces between them and the water much less turbulent. However, just after entering, we passed a whirl pool larger than the one below House Rock. The water in it was revolving slower so the depression in the center wasn't so deep. By staying in the main flow of water it was passed safely on the left side.

Our next concern was regarding the condition of Bedrock Rapid at this stage of water. During a normal flow it was a tough one to run. Most river runners had experienced some kind of trouble while trying to run it. This time the high water had covered the large rocks in the center. It was still big and ugly but we had no trouble in running it on the right side.

The next rapid to be encountered was Dubendorff. The general pattern of the rapid had not changed but the main channel was a mass of huge, exploding water. We cheated by running down the right side between the rough water in the main channel and the bank of the river.

We had planned on landing below Tapeats Rapid to camp for the night but the high water had covered all previous available spaces so we decided to drift on down to Deer Creek Falls.

Three miles below Tapeats the water plunged down a rapid that had not been of any concern on previous trips then, at the foot, plunged into the Narrows, the narrowest part of the river in Grand Canyon. Some of the walls were less than sixty feet apart. The narrows extended for about a half mile. We were almost through when our first and only accident happened.

The water at the foot of the rapid entered the narrows at an angle of about thirty degrees. This condition caused the water to rush through the narrows in a corkscrew motion, causing the surface to flow at the same angle. It would strike the right wall, follow it down then reappear on the left wall as a large, cushion wave. To navigate this stretch of water safely it was necessary to keep the boat at a right angle to the flow of water and row hard to keep the boat in the middle of the channel.

As I was about to leave the narrows and enter a wide place in the river, someone called and said one of the boats was in trouble. For some reason one of the boatmen had lost control of his boat, allowing it to drift sideways into the left wall and become impinged there. The boat soon filled with water, overturned and threw everyone into the river. I was

too far ahead to help in any way but landed as soon as possible. I was shocked and frightened as I watched the overturned boat float past. Then, just a short distance behind, like an answer to my prayers, Jim Rigg, in one of his power boats, came by and informed me that everyone was safe and had been picked up by one of the other boats. He then overtook the overturned boat, caught the bow rope and towed it to shore on the left bank. Soon everyone was beside the overturned boat including Jim's brother, Bob, who was in another power boat.

The overturned boat was soon right side up, the cockpit bailed of water and repairs made on the damaged stern splash board. There was no loss of boat gear, personal belongings, or food. The two storage compartments were almost free of water. We drifted down to Deer Creek Falls and pulled ashore to camp there for the night.

The water of Deer Creek was falling directly into the river. On previous trips it had fallen into a large, beautiful pool then down a gentle slope into the river.

Just below Deer Creek Falls was a ridge that separated the areas between the Colorado River and Deer Creek. It was about fifty feet high, steep and covered with a combination of soil, small rocks and some kind of a grass-like vegetation. It presented a hard climb and a few people would rather stay in camp than to see what was on the other side.

The other side of the ridge was as steep as the one we climbed to reach the top. At the point where we reached the water of Deer Creek, to the right, it entered the channel that had been cut by the action of the water through a rock formation before plunging over the falls. On the left, or upstream, the water ran through a small, lush valley. The sloping banks of the river bed extended almost to the water's edge and were covered with heavy vegetation. The height of the different plants varied from a few inches to several feet. Just a short distance upstream was the source of water. It came from a series of small springs or seeps on a large, gentle sloping area. The area was heavily covered with vegetation. It was a beautiful place. In the channel of the rock formation, just a short distance downstream, on the right bank, was an indentation in the wall, comparable to a spot in a brick wall where one of the bricks had been removed. This place was about four feet deep and about eight feet long and about four feet high. It was an ideal place to lie in the cool shade,

relax, listen to the flow of water and forget one's troubles. The experience of spending some time in this unique place was one never to be forgotten.

The next day we drifted down stream to the head of Doris Rapid where, on one of Norm's early trips, Doris, Norm's wife, was swept from the deck of a boat into the river. On all of our previous trips it had presented nothing more than a short ride through some large waves. Today, with the water in the river still running high, it was something entirely different.

As we approached the rapid I could see, on the right side, some high, leaping water caused by large rocks just beneath the surface. This was a sure sign that there were deep, dangerous holes below them. The river water was running fast so there was little time in which to make the choice of either trying to pull ashore in the marginal space available on the right bank or pull back into the main flow without the opportunity of looking the rapid over. I could probably have made the landing but the following boats may not have been able to do so. Although a frightening one, I decided to pull back into the main flow of water and run the rapid wide open.

The rapid was in the form of a mild "C", turning to the right, so the foot of the rapid could not be seen from its beginning. However, I could see a large rock near the bottom, similar to the one in House Rock, that was dividing the flow of water into two channels. I could see the amount of water running on the left but not on the right side. The one on the left presented a possible running route but didn't look good. I waited a few seconds to see what was available on the right side. I was greatly relieved to see the majority of water was passing on the right side and a safe channel in which to run the boats. The boats had plenty of water splashed into them but otherwise the run was just a rough, thrilling one.

Below Doris Rapid the canyon opened up and the river ran in an almost straight line to Kanab Creek. Between Kanab Creek and Havasu Canyon there was only one rapid that might be dangerous to run. In about 20,000 cfs of water Upset Rapid was a tough one to run. We estimated the amount of water in the river today was still running near the 90,000 cfs stage. If conditions in other rapids we had encountered was an indication of what we would find at Upset, we had no reason to be concerned. The conditions held true and there were very few waves large enough to identify the location of the rapid.

At the mouth of Havasu the river was confined between two walls that were quite close together. The water was running very fast, there were no landing places available, so we had to be satisfied with a quick look as we passed.

Between Havasu and Lava Falls Rapid there were a few rapids. We did not expect, nor did we have, difficulties in running them. The high water had eliminated most of them as rapids.

A long time before reaching Lava Falls Rapid we were quite sure, because of high water, our chances of running the rapid were near nil. When we landed above it and, before getting out of the boats, our expectations were confirmed. We would either line or portage the boats.

After assessing the condition of the rapid from shore we decided it would be safer and quicker to portage than to line. The surging of water among the large boulders on the left bank increased the danger of lining.

Near the bottom of the rapid was a small, rock surrounded cove filled with very turbulent water. It was not an ideal place but the only one available so we had no other choice.

The boats were soon unloaded and the portage job started. In some places the boats could be skidded along on the ground but, in other places, had to be lifted over large boulders.

During the portage operation the passengers had transferred the gear and food from where we unloaded the boats to the side of the cove. As soon as all of the boats were in the water they were quickly loaded and we were ready to shove off.

Because the tail waves of the rapid were crossing the channel and bouncing off a rock wall on the left side, it was necessary to cross the river as quickly as possible to prevent getting into trouble in the rough water below.

Between Lava Falls and Diamond Creek the conditions we encountered were normal when compared to those below Doris Rapid.

There was rough water where there hadn't been any on previous trips and smooth conditions where, before, minor rapids were located. These ever changing conditions kept us alert and prepared for possible surprises.

There were no surprises for us at Diamond Creek although the high water had altered conditions from what they were in low water. It still was a haven for us. It provided fresh drinking water and, by using rocks of different sizes, built a dam across the stream that created a shallow pond of water where we could sit or stretch out and relax. It was also here we initiated new members to the Royal Society of River Rats.

Although we had arrived here very near our scheduled time, the variety of conditions were sufficient to keep the passengers happy over a period of time long enough to make schedule adjustments. We stayed here one night and part of two days.

The half mile rapid below Diamond Creek contained some rough water but nothing to cause concern. Before we would reach the head of Lake Mead there was only one rapid that had given us any trouble on previous trips. It was known as mile 232. Other river runners had reported it as a rough one to run. We were pleased to find it much subdued by the high water. I don't remember of any unusual conditions in the flow of water between here and the head of the lake.

I don't remember who met us at the head of Lake Mead, whether we took our boats out at Pierce's Ferry or, if not, who towed us to Boulder Dam. I remember our motel accommodations were available, the banquet was being prepared and we had friends and relatives there to meet us. I also remember the feeling of relief that I had experienced when we reached the head of the lake with everyone safe. To the best of my knowledge no other commercial river runner had made the complete trip through Grand Canyon, in oar powered boats, with the average flow of water, for the entire trip, near 100,000 fps. Was I glad that I had made the trip? Yes. Would you do it again under the same conditions? A definite NO!

The food served at the banquet was delicious. The opportunity to mingle and "gab" with everyone was most enjoyable. The good beds in the hotel rooms were a luxury some of us had not been able to enjoy for about four weeks. The goodbyes next morning were cheerful and sincere but still sad.

As we traveled home I had mixed feelings toward the events of the past few weeks and what the future held for me. Sometime during the latter part of the boating season I had agreed to sell Gaylord Staveley my share of Mexican Hat Expeditions, so, I had just

completed my last trip as part owner and leader of the company. All my association with boats and boating were in the past . . . so I thought. I should have let someone else do the thinking for me!

After returning home from the 1957 Grand Canyon run I was tired and in no hurry to make plans for the future. It would have been a waste of time if I had done so. I was congratulating myself for the choice I had made in selling the boating equipment and getting out of the business. I didn't have long to pat myself on the back before a stranger knocked on the door and asked if I was Frank Wright. The man was a representative from the Museum of Northern Arizona and told me the museum had signed a contract with the Park Service to do the archaeological salvage work on the San Juan River within the park boundary's and on the left bank of the Colorado River below the confluence of the San Juan and Colorado river to the dam site. Would I be interested in furnishing food and transportation for two or three men while they were on the river for six months of the year for three years. He didn't give me time to say yes or no before stating the terms of the contract that I would sign with the museum. The pay was enticing - much more than expected. There would be periods of time during the six months when the archaeologists would be working in the lab. While they were there I would be free to do as I pleased. Also, my curiosity and the challenge to do something new and different was so great, I signed the contract.

It would be necessary to build a San Juan type boat for the San Juan River work. During the sale of Mexican Hat Expeditions to Staveley, I retained a sixteen foot aluminum boat for use on the Colorado and purchased two 35 hp. Johnson outboard motors to be used on it. The equipment was all ready by Christmas.

The first trip for the museum was made on the San Juan in May of 1958. The two people who came were a married couple, Bill and Nettie Adams. They were experienced archaeologist, having worked in the Southwest for many years. They were soft spoken and very friendly.

The object of this trip was to make survey of sites that had been occupied by people who lived here eleven or twelve hundred years ago. Some items such as pieces of broken pottery and other artifacts, that lay on the surface of the ground, were collected. Bill did a little

excavating. It was uncanny how he knew where to dig and to find what he was looking for. He taught me a lot about pottery such as the temper materials mixed with the clay, methods used in firing the pottery, methods used to control color and many other features associated with the art.

The difference in pace and objectives between the scheduled trips operated by Mexican Hat Expeditions and the one with Bill and Nettie was most noticeable and appreciated. On the expedition runs I would get up at daylight, get breakfast for as many as sixteen people, help in other ways to prepare the group for the day's activities, adjust timing of the trip to keep the trip on schedule, camp just early enough to prepare meals and finish other camping chores before dark. On the trip with Bill and Nettie there was no schedule to keep, the object of the trip was of a much different nature and camp chores were very light. Bill and Nettie were on a working project and needed time to rest and to assess the findings of the day so restricted their working day to reasonable hours, giving me some leisure time in the mornings and evenings.

Bill and Nettie were so well known for their work they were called or sent to Egypt to supervise the archaeological salvage work on the Nine before the construction of the Asuan Dam. While there we carried on correspondence that was very interesting from our point of view. After returning to the United States they came to visit with us several times.

After Bill and Nettie went to Egypt, Lex Lindsay and Christy Turner took their places, Lex as supervisor. Fresh out of college, this was the first assignment for Lex. His methods of assessing the values of a site were entirely different from those of Bill. Because this was his first assignment, he didn't want to take chances of making a mistake so worked very carefully. Unlike Bill and Nettie, Lex and Christy were work-a-holics. They went to work as early as practical and didn't quit until there was just time to eat and do a little book work before dark.

There was one phase of the work that I enjoyed because it offered a challenge. How did the ancient people reach the sand bars on the edge of the rivers in Glen Canyon where they went to make arrow heads from the material found there? My theory was they came from overland and never traveled by river. Whenever we would survey the sandbars for evidence of ancient people having been there, it was my pet project to find a trail leading in and out

from their living areas. I never failed in this search although once I thought I had failed and that my theory wouldn't hold water. On one sandbar we worked two or three days before I found the trail. I was elated. My ego grew to twice its normal size. It was like extra frosting on the cake.

During the time I worked for the museum I had the privilege of working with a noted geologist, "Spade Cooley" and a noted historian, Gregory Crampton. The geologist was hired by the Museum of Northern Arizona to map and measure the different formations along the river through the entire length of Glen Canyon. He was a late starter but, once wound up, he was a "go-getter." On one occasion he insisted on working until dark, leaving us four or five miles from camp with a small rapid to run in the dark. My first evaluation of the situation was to sit it out until morning but decided I knew the river well enough to make the run safely. We made it alright but believe "Spade" was a bit shaken up over the experience.

I learned a lot about geology from "Spade" and, at one time, was able to identify all the formations found on the rivers and also in the surrounding areas.

The University of Utah had the contract with the Park Service to do the archaeological salvage work in all of Glen Canyon except for the left bank below the junction of the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. In addition to the archaeology salvage work they also made surveys of flora and fauna, animal life and in other fields that would be effected by the water of Lake Powell. The Museum of Northern Arizona and the University of Utah cooperated in many ways during the three years the work was in progress. This is probably why I had the privilege of working with Gregory Crampton, a historian from the University of Utah, as he made his survey of the many trails that laced the Glen Canyon area and the people who left their names on the walls. He photographed and recorded the location of each. The largest display of names was on a rock wall at the head of a long and wide bar at the mouth of Halls Creek. Just across the river from this bar, on the East side of the river, was another bar about the same size. It was a good place to cross the river. Many people used this crossing including the pioneers after abandoning the one at Hole-in-the-Rock. Because the bar at the mouth of Halls creek was an almost ideal camping place, it was used by many others besides those who use the crossing.

There was one trail used by the cowboys that I didn't know about until Crampton told me of its existence. It was one between Bullfrog Basin and Hite. For most of the way it ran on the shelf just above the river. Just above Bullfrog there were many side canyons that had to be crossed and, in many cases, the cowboys were required to do some trail building to get into and out of the canyon. Crampton and I found all of these places except in one canyon. My curious nature wouldn't rest so, one day on my own, after Crampton had left, I did some careful exploring and found the remains of the trail where the cowboys had done some work on the trail. Its location was pretty well hidden from the canyon floor.

After finishing terms of the contract with the Museum of Northern Arizona in the fall of 1960, I hadn't been home long enough to wash the river silt from my clothes and from my skin before Calvin Black came to see me. He was working on a project and wondered if I would be interested in helping with it.

Although the majority of the shore line of the future Lake Powell were within San Juan County, the Park Service had not designated a marina site anywhere on the east banks. Calvin and other people in the county were upset about the plans of the Park Service and wanted to do something to correct this problem. Why couldn't a marina be established in San Juan County? Calvin had contacted the Park Service about the possibilities of establishing a marina at Halls Crossing. He was told, in order to qualify, a group of people would have to be organized and, within the group, someone who would back the project financially and someone who had experience with boating. Because of my experience on the rivers and the fact that I was well acquainted with Stewart Udall and Ted Moss, I would be an asset to the group. In addition to the regular business associated with the operation of a marina, Calvin stressed the point that a ferry service at Halls Crossing was and would be needed in the future. This part of the plan was intriguing.

The decision wasn't an easy one. Although there were boats and other equipment to dispose of, this wasn't a major issue. I was just tired of boating and had others in mind to do that weren't associated with the business.

I asked Calvin to give me two weeks to think it over. During this period of time I did some serious thinking and talked to some of the leading citizens in the county. It was apparent that the majority of people were not pleased with the plans of the Park Service and

In 1978 Dora and I retired from the Weather Bureau after serving nearly forty years with the government. About the same time I sold my stock in Lake Powell Ferry Service and, with some of the money, bought a new car, a Buick Century. It has been a good car and now, at the age of thirteen years and with 109,000 miles on the speedometer, is still giving reliable transportation.

If I had kept a detailed diary during the time I was associated with Lake Powell Ferry Service, it would contain enough information for a full length novel. For this reason my recorded account has been made as brief as necessary. Many of the omitted details may have been interesting to some people as gossip material. I wanted to avoid this possibility.

After we quit raising chickens, goats, pigs and cows I started, a little at a time, to convert the chicken coop into a shop. We used it during the time we built boats for the Mexican Hat Expeditions. After Lawrence and I were burned out of the Lyman garage I built a partition in the coop to divide into two rooms. One was lined and insulated. A few at a time I started to buy tools. These included a welder, band saw, a drill press and a grinder. I also bought a rock tumbler, then later, a rock saw. In the Halls Crossing area was a good supply of petrified wood and other material that would take on a good polish. Although I enjoyed the hobby, other activities prevented serious involvement in the project.

Bevan wanted to make his home in Blanding after retiring from the Air Force. He would need some kind of work. Six months before his retirement date there was an opening, as custodian, at the nursing home here in Blanding. Arrangements were made for me to hold down the job until he came.

I needed a metal lathe and asked Bevan to see if he could find a used one before leaving California. He found one and brought it with him. It was the only one in town so it wasn't long before I was doing work for other people.

About this time Ted was making fire simulators. He invented it and had it patented. It was used to teach fire fighting in the class room. Two of the parts used were made of metal and I did the necessary lathe on them. Also, about once each year, Dora and I would go to San Diego to visit and to help build other parts used in the simulator.

One time while we were down there I was helping in his shop. He needed parts that were being made at a plant. Would I like to go with him to pick them up. Ted asked the

manager if we could look around and see how some of the work was being done. The manager took us on a tour.

In one room I saw a milling machine that was surrounded by boxes and other materials, indicating the machine was not being used. I told Ted that, if it was in my shop, it wouldn't be sitting idle and gathering rust. He didn't seem to be paying attention but, about two weeks later, he and Glenna came in their pickup with the machine in the back. I could now stop scratching where I itched! It would be very hard for me to express my surprise and pleasure for Ted's thoughtfulness. Later, he bought other equipment for me that included a metal cutting band saw.

By the time Ted and Glenna were called on their mission to Germany, he was well supplied with rollers and motor adapters that I had made. In the meantime he had trained Tim to carry on the business while they were gone. For some reason Tim hasn't asked me for additional parts. He may still have a supply on hand or is having them made locally.

On July 23, 1991 I was operated on for a hernia repair. Dora went into the nursing home. Now, the first part of September, 1991, I seem to be recovering in a normal way. I don't think this would have been possible if Bevan and Elaine hadn't done everything they possibly could to help.

I may want to add more to this story at a later date but, for now, the typewriter needs a rest and the wastebasket needs to be emptied.

(As requested from the children of John Franklin Wright, a few more incidents have been added to this story so Dad may not be finished after all....Here are several more pages and I will just add them as I received them, not trying to insert them in any particular order)

Dora and I have served on two different Stake Missions, both to the Indians. The first call came on November 14, 1954 and was signed by O. Frost Black, counselor to the Stake President.

A church had been constructed for the Indian people living in the Blanding area for use as a meeting place. Our first contacts were with a family of five or six. All of the children were just youngsters. They were living in a hogan in the West Water area. My first impression of a hogan as a suitable place in which to live was on the negative side. The first time we went to see them, the kids heard our car approaching and came out to greet

were in favor of the establishing of a marina at Halls Crossing and were willing to back the project in any way they could. The county commissioners were in favor of the project. After looking at all the cards on the table and getting the approval of Dora, I agreed to help in any way possible if it was stipulated that the ferry service was included in the name of the marina, that a ferry service on all the lake would be included in the contract with the Park Service and that Willard would be one of the five man partnership.

Before the contract was awarded we attended several meetings to discuss what it's contents would include. The most important meeting was held in Salt Lake with VIP's that included Stewart Udall, Ted Moss, Park Service officials and a few other interested persons. The contract was finally awarded and we could now go ahead with our plans.

Our first priority was to survey and build a passable road from the old Mormon trail in Castle Wash to Halls Crossing. Although there had been some traveling done by Jeep between these points, there was no established route. San Juan County furnished the necessary men and equipment to build a fairly good road. They also graded a landing strip for planes.

Not necessarily in the order stated, we built a repair shop, (I drew and submitted plans for the building that were acceptable to the Park Service), a general purpose building that was used for an office, store and warehouse. George Petty drilled a well that produced a good supply of water. We also acquired a small diesel light plant that furnished us electricity for lights and power for the tools used for building. Later we built trailer spaces for about five units.

Because we would be conducting river trips until the waters of Lake Powell reached Halls Crossing, we bought a seventeen foot inboard boat to supplement the equipment I had turned over to the company.

Black Oil Company loaned us a 1,000 gallon truck-tanker to service our boats and others who may be traveling the river in motor driven crafts.

Between the time we moved to Halls Crossing and the time the water of Lake Powell reached us, we prepared in other ways than those already mentioned to serve the public as an established marina. We built a small dock that was supported by some empty fifty gallon oil drums. We bought some fishing boats and, for the ferry, a two pontoon craft large

enough to support a Jeep. Lynn Lyman was the first to use the ferry as a paying customer. Tad Nichols recorded the crossing. The movie film is still in my possession. Later, other flotation materials were added to the ferry that allowed vehicles as heavy as a pickup truck to be ferried across the lake. We also used the ferry at one time to rescue some cattle that were trapped in a box canyon by the rising waters of Lake Powell.

During the next few years we suffered a lot of growing pains but learned by experience. We added more trailer spaces and brought in units to provide overnight accommodations. The Park Service built some concrete boat launching ramps. We progressed from a partnership unit to a corporation. Our business increased to a point where it was necessary to hire a full time manger. Previously this responsibility had been shared by members of the company.

As soon as the water in the lake was deep enough, the Utah Fish and Game planted a good supply of large mouth bass and some trout. The bass flourished so it was only a short time after planting that the fishing was excellent and we had fishermen from as far away as Texas come to enjoy the sport.

Because Halls Crossing was not known by the general public some VIP came to stay and enjoy fishing, the isolation from public life and features that only such places can provide. Included among those who came were Governor Love of Colorado and a very few of his staff. They appreciated being treated as other visitors. There is one other renown person who I had the privilege of being with on three or four different boating trips. She was the famous artist, Georgia O'Keefe. She was one of the nicest persons I have had the pleasure of meeting. She was unassuming in her association with anyone and everyone. Her first trip with us was a short time before the lake started forming and then others followed shortly after the lake began to fill. The last one was a charter trip. She and a female companion rented a small house boat and asked me to act as pilot, cook and dish washer. On a previous trip she had noted some interesting designs on the sandstone wall of a deep, narrow canyon. It was just wide enough to accommodate the houseboat. We were there four or five days while she did sketching of the designs. It was necessary only once or twice, for short distances, to allow better views or lighting on the ways. Her only request of me was to avoid watching as she worked.

us. They were in their bare feet and there was snow on the ground. Our first look inside gave us a little better impression but I still felt a little sorry for them because of the contrast between their living conditions and ours. As the number of our visits increased so did our admiration for their ability to live in comparative comfort with the limited facilities that were available to them. With the use of a small, wood burning stove in the center of the room, they cooked their food and, at the same time, kept the room very comfortable. The floor was of dirt but most of it was covered with sheep skin rugs, making it free from direct contact with the cold, dirt floor and also served as pads for their beds.

In addition to this family there were others we visited and were treated as good friends. Most of the times when we went to pick the members up in our car to take them to church, they were ready. The younger ones took turns riding on my lap as I drove.

There was one tradition they practiced that bothered me. They didn't seem to care about preparing for their needs into their future. This was especially true about their need for wood. The first winter I would be asked to take my pickup and help them get a small load. I would ask them if that was all they needed and they would say it was. It was enough until they had need for more then I was asked to go again. Usually, during the winter months, there was snow on the ground and it was a hard, wet job. During the summer months it wasn't too bad but they wouldn't get in enough wood to last them for the winter although I threatened to ignore their request for me to go when there was snow on the ground.

We had good attendance at all the meetings. The people loved to sing and were quick to learn the hymns. The women loved the work meetings and the opportunity to learn new things. I don't remember of having any kind of meetings for the men. During the time we were on the mission I don't know of any baptisms taking place but I did have the opportunity of blessing a baby and of talking at a grave side service.

As time has passed we have seen some very positive results from the teachings of the Gospel to the first family we visited. All the children, except one, went on missions and one of the older boys served as Branch President on the Indian Reservation. He was also very active in other church functions.

White Mesa area was included in our mission field. I don't remember how often we went down there but our power of persuasion was not great enough to break through their tribal customs. We made quite a few friends but anything we had to say about the Gospel seemed to have about as much effect on them as "pouring water on a duck's back."

Our call for the second mission came in April of 1972 and we were released on the 17th of June, 1974. This also was a stake calling but was for the Kayenta area. We were instructed to supervise the Sunday Services, visit inactive members, attend zone conferences and other church functions such as Christmas programs, etc. Also, because some members did not live within walking distance of the meeting house, it was desirable to reach the area early enough to give these people a ride. Our first companions were Parley and Agnes Hurst. Our first assignment was to the Shonto Branch. Brother Claw was President.

The distance from Blanding to Shonto is approximately 135 miles. Because of the great distance to be traveled and church schedules it was necessary to leave home before daylight. Considering the large area that was included in the Branch, and the difficulty some of the people had in traveling, the attendance was good.

Dora and I were in the Shoto Branch only a short time before being assigned to Chilchinbito. Branch president was Hurley Keith. Our companions were Grant and Josephine Bayles. President Keith, members of his immediate family and relatives were the most active members of the branch.

To reach Chilchinbito from Kayenta, we traveled east on the main highway about eight miles then turned south onto a dirt and gravel road. It was never smooth and, for most of the time, very rough. The distance from the junction of the roads to Chilchinbito was a distance of about fifteen miles. After one heavy rain storm a portion of it was washed away and it was necessary for us to detour a couple of miles and come into town from the west. This route was almost impassable. If you have ever traveled on any of the roads leading to the hogans you know they were very poor.

Our first meetings were held in the Chapter House. We paid the chapter rent for it's use. In warm weather it is a good place to meet but, in the winter time, it wasn't kept warm. Finally, it was necessary to meet at President Keith's home under very crowded conditions.

One time when we went down to Chilchinbito for meetings we were told that President Keith had had a heart attack and had been taken to the hospital in Tuba City. After conducting a short meeting, we four missionaries drove to Tuba City to see him. He was very ill and asked if Brother Bayles and I would give him a blessing. We did and next Sunday were pleased to see he was well enough to be home. Our prayers had been answered.

While in Chilchinbito we were privileged to witness a truly Navajo wedding. The bride was one of President Keith's daughters.

We didn't learn much of the Navajo language but one word did give us a good example of their sense of humor.

One day when we were visiting with a family, we frequently heard the word "whola."

Dora asked: "Helen, what does 'whola' mean?"

Helen answered: "I don't know."

Dora said: "Helen, you do too know."

Helen just grinned. Then Dora asked Betty: "Betty, what does 'whola' mean?"

Betty answered: "I don't know."

By now all of the family members were either smiling broadly or laughing out loud. Dora finally understood that "whola" really meant "I don't know."

During World War II I drove truck for Joe Hunt, hauling freight between Blanding and Salt Lake. Joe had tandem wheels put under a small truck so larger loads could be hauled but did not install a larger engine so the truck was greatly underpowered. On the trip up to Salt Lake from Blanding, there were often live stock of some kind that were consigned to the Cudahay Packing Company in Salt Lake. For this reason it was necessary to make the trip without staying over some place on the route. It wasn't unusual for me to arrive in Salt Lake at midnight or later.

The trip for the return to Blanding consisted mostly of groceries for the stores although, occasionally, there were loads of cement or other such materials to be hauled. It wasn't unusual for me to leave Salt Lake about 7:00 a.m. and arrive in Blanding at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. the next morning.

There was a "crow's nest" above the cab large enough for personal gear and a bed. Not once during the time I drove for Joe did I stay in a motel. I occasionally took one of the kids with me and they loved to ride up there.

Before starting to drive truck for Joe Hunt I bought a Harley Davidson motorcycle. It gave me more real personal pleasure than anything I ever owned although it was the cause of an accident that broke my leg.

To relax after a day of stress there was no better medicine than to take short rides around town or, on the upper road, to the overlook of Cottonwood Canyon. Joe Hunt and my brother, Lawrence, also owned motorcycles and occasionally we would take our wives on short rides around the area. Otis remembers of one time when Joe took his son, Clyde, and I took him and went over the mountain to Monticello.

I went alone to Fruitland, New Mexico to visit with family members. Dora and I made several trips together, one was to Durango, Colorado. A lady neighbor needed to go to Montezuma Creek to see her husband on important business matters. She was alone and had no means of transportation so I took her there.

The motorcycle was not the ideal mode of transportation for night travel in cold or marginal weather. At another time this same lady was worried about one of her girls who had gone to Colorado to visit with family members and was long overdue in returning home. I took the lady out to see why her daughter had not returned as scheduled. We found the girl without any trouble but were unable to bring her home with us. (She came home with friends the next day.) On the way home we stopped in Cortez for something to eat then started for home. We hadn't traveled far before it started to get dark and cold. Darkness didn't bother us because we had good lights but we became so cold that it was necessary to stop along the road between Dove Creek and Monticello and built a fire to get warm. Then again we stopped for the same reason between Monticello and Blanding. It was midnight before we arrived home.

Lyle John, my sister Nora's boy, joined the navy. He wanted to come home on furlough and needed a ride from Thompson home and asked if I could provide for transportation. I met him at the train depot and on the way home had an excellent chance to visit. About

the time we reached Monticello it became dark and quite cold. We didn't realize how cold we were until entering the hall where a dance was in progress. Nora was upset because I didn't let her know that Lyle was coming but I had a selfish motive for not doing so. It was the only chance we would have had to visit and talk about things of mutual interest.

We had a side car that was easily attached to the motorcycle. It was used when we wanted to take the kids for an outing of some kind or for just a ride. We went quite often to the mountain to eat lunch or cook our supper. Occasionally we would take members of a neighbor family on such an outing.

One time Dora went to Tooele to visit with her folks. When she was ready to come home she traveled by train as far as Thompson and I met her there on the motorcycle. We were in Dry Valley on the way home when we were overtaken by some friends traveling in a car. They asked Dora if she didn't want to ride with them the rest of the way home. Because the weather was unsettled, she agreed to accept the ride and the car drove on ahead of me. After I had reached the top of Peter's Hill a little rain was falling and the graveled roads were wet. A road grader had recently been over them so they were not rough but it had left a thin layer of mud and water on the surface. I was within a half mile of reaching Monticello when a car passed me and threw mud on the windshield making it difficult to see where I was going. In slowing up in order to stop and clear the windshield, I crossed over to the left side of the road. The front wheel hit the small ridge of mud and gravel that had been left by the road grader and the motorcycle tipped over. I didn't have time to clear my leg so, in falling, the sideboard hit at just above the ankle, breaking it in four or five places. I was there only a short time before being picked up by a resident of Monticello.

When Dora reached home and I didn't arrive quite soon after, she became worried. She called someone and learned of the accident. There is no need to go into detail about the recovery period but the accident didn't seem to dampen my love for the motorcycle because I enjoyed it for several months after my leg had healed. Finally, because of business changes, I could no longer justify keeping it so sold it to a local young man.

Sometime during the mid part of April 1969, Tad Nichols told me that he and some of his friends were organizing a boat trip from Keno Bay, Mexico, across the Gulf of California

to Port Los Angeles, on Baha. He asked if I would like to join them. There would be three boats and seven people if I wanted to go. Of course I did.

I left Blanding on the 23rd of April and was at Tad's place in Tucson by mid afternoon. We did a little on the boat that day and that evening some friends came over to see some of Tad's pictures taken on a commercial trip he and Mary Jane had been on at a previous time. I stayed at Tad's that night.

The next day we did some more work on the boat and made other preparations to leave the next morning.

The morning of April 25th, we left Tucson just before noon. There were three boats and seven people. Tad, Mary Jane and I were to ride in Tad's boat. It was 17 feet long and was powered by a V6, inboard, outboard motor. A man by the name of Jack owned a 16 foot boat, powered with a large outboard motor and was accompanied by a friend. Jack did not carry a small motor as a spare. The third boat was owned by a man called Glenton. His boat was about 20 feet long and was powered by a large outboard motor. Glenton carried a small, 15 horsepower outboard motor as a spare. The boat had two spars or masts so could be used for sailing. Glenton also had a friend with him.

That night we stayed at a little place just a few miles outside of Nogales.

The next day we went through inspection at Nogales without any trouble and that night stayed at a motel in Hermosillo.

The next day we did some shopping in a couple of their large markets. It was interesting to see a lot of U.S. made products on the shelves with Mexican labels. The markets were pretty well organized but not up to the standards of the ones in the U.S. In one of the shops I bought a pair of onyx book ends. That afternoon we arrived at Keno Bay. In the evening we went to a small ocean side cafe and enjoyed some turtle meat and soup.

The next morning we were up early and had the boats in the water by 7:00 a.m. About an hour out of Keno Bay, Tad had trouble with the engine and it delayed us about an hour before we could get it started. As we were passing the south end of Tiburon Island bay, Tad noticed the presence of the San Augustin in the harbor. It was the same boat he and Mary Jane had made on a previous trip. We pulled in and visited for quite some time with some of the crew members that Tad knew. We again started on our way but just outside the bay,

Tad's boat motor stopped. I went to work on it but, by this time, the sea was getting rough and I was unable to find the trouble. The boat had to be towed back into the harbor. I was able to locate the trouble within a very short time. Because it was getting late and the sea was rough, we accepted the invitation of the cruiser crew to stay overnight and eat supper with them which we accepted. The main dish was based on turtle meat, cooked and served in the shell.

The next morning the sea was glassy smooth. At the north end of San Esterbon Island, the outboard motor on the small boat, (Jack's), quit after it had been refueled. After a change of spark plugs it started right up. The north end of the island was alive with sea lions but, when approached, took to the water.

From San Esterbon we went on to the southern end of Los Animos Island. On the way over we saw quite a few porpoise. After landing on the island someone noticed the spray of some whales that were approaching. They came within a few hundred yards of shore but too far out to get good pictures of them. It was amazing how fast they were traveling without seemingly any effort. We camped on the island that night. The flying insects were so numerous and mean that it was hard to cope with them.

From Los Animos we went north to the small island of Rosi. We were getting ready to land when the wiring on Jack's boat caught fire and burned them so badly that it was impossible to start the motor although it didn't seem to damage the motor. The small extra motor was borrowed from Glenton and the two boats didn't land but took off for Port Los Angeles. Tad, Mary Jane and I stayed to see the great number of sea gulls and terns that were resting on the island. Every available spot on the west side of the island was covered with nesting sea gulls and on the east side by terns. After leaving the island we soon caught up with the other boats. The small motor was only powerful enough to keep the boat moving at a slow pace. I suppose I was considered the mechanic for the group so stayed with the crippled boat the rest of the way into port. It was slow going but we had no trouble. That night the rest of the group stayed in cabins in the small village and I, as usual, slept in the boat.

The next morning, April 30th, we had breakfast of hot cakes and bacon. All meals were served in the dining room, family style, but without a dessert of any kind. Jack, with the

help of a Mexican mechanic, worked on the motor for most of the day, splicing in new wires that had been burned by the fire. After spending so much time and effort on the job, the motor failed to start. Jack was faced with the possibilities of having to go or send to San Diego for a new motor. I told him I may be able to do a "hot sire" job that would get the motor running but would cut out the alternator and some of the other accessories. He said to go ahead. Within fifteen minutes I had the motor running. The shop seemed to be full of junk and some of the equipment was outdated by fifty years but the mechanic seemed to be pretty well informed about motors.

The next day I took a lot of pictures of interesting features in the village and the surrounding area. Quite a few fishermen were flying in from the San Diego area. There seemed to be plenty of overnight accommodations for all. One of the group who were flying out took a letter I had written to Dora to be mailed in San Diego.

One very interesting building was a small church. It had a seating capacity of about twelve people. However, the most interesting feature was the facing of the building. It was of polished onyx. I slept in the boat again that night.

The morning of May 1, I woke up and noticed that Glenton's boat was high and dry on the sandy beach. Previously he had been so careful in seeing that his boat was well anchored so it was amusing to see it in this situation. A few hours the incoming tide floated the boat again.

Breakfast consisted of scrambled eggs and bacon. We had prepared and pulled away from shore by 10:00 a.m. but trouble struck again. Jack's boat wouldn't travel very fast so we all went back to shore. I discovered that one set of points were burned so badly they were not working. New ones were not available but we did find some used ones and, by dressing them up a bit, they worked alright. Then Tad noticed a noise in the outdrive of his unit and we were delayed again until we could find some grease for it.

By the time we were ready to leave the wind had started blowing and the water was rough so we decided to wait until conditions were more favorable. This gave Tad and I more time in which to take pictures and kinda snoop around.

About 5:00 p.m. the wind had died down so we decided to take off again. Just a short distance outside of the bay we found a cove that offered good protection from the wind but camping conditions were poor but stayed there for the night.

The next morning we were up early and had hot cakes and grapefruit for breakfast. The tide was low, leaving a lot of shallow pools among the rocks. We wondered what caused some depressions and found out that some of them were occupied by octopus. I pulled one out and placed it on the ground. Before I could focus my camera it disappeared down a crevice like magic. I found another one much larger and held onto it until Tad had a chance to get some good pictures. It had a body of about nine inches across and arms of about two and a half feet long. It was a unique sensation to have it hang onto my bare arm with the powerful suction cups.

We left the cove about 9:30 and arrived at Partida Island about 1100. The sea had some heavy swells but they were not rough.

The island is a small one so within an hour we left for Rosi Island, eating lunch on the way. The distance between the islands is not greater than two or three miles. Because of bad anchorage and the fact that I had taken a lot of pictures on the previous visit, I stayed in the boat while the others went ashore to take pictures and explore the island.

While we were on Rosi the wind started blowing harder making the sea rough. Because of the rough sea and the fact that our next scheduled stop, Tobaron Island, was quite a distance away, we returned to Partida for the night.

The weather turned cold and the wind blew all night. There was no protection from the wind for the boats so they were anchored a little distance off shore. I slept in Tad's boat again for the night. Although the boats were tossed about by the waves, I had no trouble in getting a good night's rest.

The morning of May 3rd the wind was still blowing and the sea too rough to leave the island. About 8:30 Tad saw the San Augustine pull in behind Rosi. It stayed at the island until noon then came over to where we were anchored. Some of the boats were running short of gas so some was obtained from the San Augustine. The wind continued to blow so we stayed on the Island for another night.

The wind stopped blowing about midnight. We got up early, had breakfast, loaded the boats and were about to leave when the wind started to blow again. About 11:00 a.m. the wind had calmed down enough we thought it safe to leave. We headed for Point Willard, a part of Tibron Island. From there we followed the coast down to Tibron Bay, arriving about 3:15 p.m. Unloading of the boats was difficult because of the large swells. Boats were anchored off shore so, when it was time for me to go to bed, it was necessary to take a small rubber raft to get to Tad's boat.

Monday, May 5th, the wind blew all night. A few hours after I went to bed Glenton's boat broke loose from it's anchor and started to drift away. It was necessary to get him out of bed to take care of the situation.

The next morning the wind was still blowing and the sea was rough. While waiting for conditions to improve some of us decided to hike down the shore and explore a part of the island we hadn't seen before. We found a lot of sea shells and, in one place, quite a few pieces of broken pottery.

About noon conditions had improved but it was a little after 2:00 p.m. before we left the island for Keno Bay. About two miles short of reaching the bay, Jack's motor stopped again. We didn't even try to find the trouble, just towed it the rest of the way. All of the boats were taken out of the water by some Mexicans who were well equipped for that job. All of us ate supper in the little, one room cabin.

The next morning, May 6th, we ate breakfast then I helped Tad grease the trailer wheel bearings and load the boat ready to leave.

We arrived in Hermosillo but didn't stop only long enough to buy gas and materials for lunch.

I don't remember what time we arrived in Tucson but I left there as soon as possible for Blanding. It was late when I arrived.

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SOME OF MY FAVORITE "CHUCKLERS"

Seen, and readable at about 100 feet on the back end of a slow moving truck, at eye level, were two signs, one on each corner. On the left: PASSING SIDE. On the right: SUICIDE.

HE WHO THROWS MUD LOSES GROUND!

A professor of psychology was lecturing to a group of college students:

"If the sun comes up in the east and goes down in the west, how old am I?"

Dead silence for about 30 seconds then a hand from the back of the class was raised.

Prof: "If the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, how old am I?"

Not so bright student: "You are 44."

Prof: "That is right but how did you come to reach this conclusion?"

Student: "Well, I have a brother at home who is 22 and is HALF nuts."

A pert, wealthy lady from England was visiting the USA for the first time and wanted to see some of the famous places in the wild west. She hired a cab to take her wherever she wanted to go. They were on one of the dirt, back roads when a tire went flat. Of course this lady was out of the cab and around to the back about as soon as the driver. The driver looked at the flat, kicked the tire and said: "Well, I'll be damned." The lady shook her finger at the driver and said: "You should never use such language." The driver said: "What should I have said?" The lady replied: "You should have said, MERCY, MERCY, MERCY."

They hadn't gone very far when they heard another hissing sound that indicated another flat. Of course they got out of the cab to view the damage. The driver kicked the flat and, through gritted teeth, exclaimed: "MERCY, MERCY, MERCY." They heard another hissing sound. Air was coming back into the tire and stopped when the tire was fully inflated. The pert lady looked at the tire and then at the driver and exclaimed: "WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!"

I went into Redd's hardware store to purchase some items. After making my selections I went u to the check out counter and paid for them. The young lady who waited on me had been there for some time and our relationship was friendly and was to the point where

we could "kid" each other. She asked me how I was feeling today. I told her that, physically, I was feeling very good but was somewhat concerned about my hereafter. She looked concerned and waited for me to explain. I told her there were some incidents when I would be sitting in my comfortable chair in the living room then get up and hurry into the kitchen. I would stop in the middle of the road and, with a blank look on my face, say to myself: "Frank, just what are you here after?"

I was glad that the purchases had been paid for and I could escape before she could fully recover.

~~~~~Following are the stories of Frank and Dora Wright's children  
- of how they met their spouses and events of their  
marriages:

#### TED'S AND GLENA'S STORY

Ted joined the Navy in 1945 and was sent to San Diego, California for boot camp training. After finishing the training he was sent on a transport ship to the Philippines. There he was assigned to a destroyer escort the USS Yokes. From there he went to Guam and then back to San Diego in the good old U.S.A. That year I was in Provo, Utah going to Brigham Young University. In December of 1947 I returned home to spend Christmas with the family. My sister, Thora, and her husband, Dewey, had been called to manage the servicemen's home in downtown San Diego - a place where the L.D.S. servicemen could get away from their ship and bases to be with other L.D.S. servicemen and a better influence during the war years. While home the stake M-Men and Gleaners had a stake fireside at the servicemen's home which I attended. My sister took me aside and said, "I want you to see a handsome young man you ought to set your hat for." She slightly opened the door that led to the big living room and told me I ought to make a play for him, he is a really nice boy. Well, I said, "He'll pass." I didn't want my sister picking out boys for me and so I acted unaffected but inside my heart did a flip flop. After the fireside was over and everyone was visiting, I was in a circle of friends and Ted was standing next to me. I had not been introduced to him as yet. A little senior citizen lady came up to me and said, "Oh, Glenna,

I hear you got married." She had me mixed up with my sister, Vera. But Ted spoke up and said, "Yes, and I'm the lucky guy." Everyone laughed and she walked away believing it. Later he said to me, "Do you think I could get a date with my wife?"

We dated off and on for several months. I decided that I did not want to return to Utah to school because it was a lot more exciting in San Diego. We even took some dance instructions together at Arthur Murray's Studio. We learned the Tango and also some dance routines with the Somba. We did a dance number at the Gold and Green Ball that year.

I worked at the San Diego Tribune Paper and Ted would come quite often and pick me up from work. In July of that Year (1948), the M-Men and Gleaners of the stake had a mountain overnight outing. They asked the young married couples to be the chaperons. Most of the young people were going up on the Friday afternoon. Since I had to work I needed a ride up there and so I asked my married sister, Wilma and her husband, if they would go and be chaperons and then I would have a way of getting up there. They agreed to go and after I got up there I found that there were other girls that were interested in Ted and it made me be a little more attentive to him. After returning home from the outing Ted called me and asked if I would like to go to the DelMar County Fair with him and a group of young people from church. I went with him and it was there that I rode the roller coaster for the first time in my life. I was scared to death of them and I would not have gone then but if I did not go there were other girls that would have and so I went even though I was scared to death. From that day on we saw more and more of each other.

In August of that year Ted proposed to me and I readily accepted. He was discharged from the Navy in September and Mother and Dad Wright came and picked him up with the three younger brothers, Willard, Otis and Lynn. We set October 4th as our wedding date.

Ted found work in Monticello as an electrician at the uranium plant. I worked until the end of September and then went with family to Salt Lake to meet Ted there and also attend general conference. I expected him at 12:00 noon on Friday and when he didn't come my father teased me that he had changed his mind. But at 12:00 Friday night he came in on the bus. I must have just hoped that it was 12:00 noon.

That was the longest month in our lives. We were married in the Manti Temple on October 4, 1948. My father and sisters and many friends from San Diego were there to

witness our wedding. My mother was not able to come because she was too sick to travel. Mother and Dad Wright, Uncle Earl and Aunt Beth, Lawrence and Lucille, came from Blanding to the wedding. We went back to San Diego for a wedding reception and then returned to Blanding and had a wedding reception there. We lived in Blanding for three months and then my mother became so ill she was not expected to live that we decided that I should go back where I could be of help. Good ol' Dad Wright packed up all of our things and drove us back to San Diego and there we have lived for forty three years. I sure did make a great choice.

#### DOROTHY'S AND DUANE'S STORY

Duane and I met while we were both serving missions for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints, through correspondence. Duane was serving for two years in the Great Lakes Mission at Fort Wayne, Indiana. I was assigned to the Central States Mission, the headquarters being in Independence, Missouri.

While serving in Kansas City, Missouri, I had a companion by the name of Jean Sanders. She was engaged to a young missionary who had gone to the Great Lakes Mission. She would send pictures of each of her companions and sent one of me for him to see. Duane had just received a "Dear John" letter and, to cheer him up, this elder showed him my picture and said, "Why don't you write to her?" He did, and we corresponded for nine months until he returned from his mission in December of 1951. On his way home to Utah his bus "just happened" to be routed through Anadarka, Oklahoma where I had been transferred and that was the first time I met him in person. His bus had a two hour layover so my companion and I had a hamburger in the bus station with Elder Bishop while waiting for his bus to leave.

Duane met me at the train station when I returned home in March of 1952. He met my parents and brothers before my train arrived and Dad invited him on a river trip. This is the one he went on in June of that year that is mentioned earlier in the story.

We only had two or three dates besides this most enjoyable river trip before our marriage in August of 1952. We were already pretty well acquainted through our letters and both had the same religious beliefs and goals.

Duane likes to tell how Mom and my three younger brothers and myself went to Payson after meeting one of the river trips, looking up the Bishop family in West Mountain and sending Lynn, the youngest brother, to the door to find Duane. He has always claimed that we slept in his corn field spying on him.

Duane and I lived in Payson for a few months right after we were married where Duane worked for Wayne Tanner doing farm work. We then moved to Provo, Utah where he worked for the Geneva Steel Company but Duane couldn't stand pushing a broom all day every day so he got work in Hinckley, Utah managing a farm for the Hiatt brothers. We lived there until after our first daughter, Don Ela, was born then moved to Blanding where Duane went to work for Dad as a boatman.

We lived in Blanding for five and a half years and then moved to California where we have lived for 32 years. We have raised five daughters and two sons who have blessed us with a total of 25 grandchildren. We are proud of our family and are grateful to our parents for raising us in the gospel and setting good examples for us all of our lives.

#### BEVAN'S STORY

(This account is condensed from a story Bevan is writing)

Bevan first met Elaine in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1950. Roy Johnson, his cousin, had a girl friend living there and would go up to see her occasionally. In the spring of 1951 he asked Bevan if he wanted to go with him to see his girl friend and was sure he could find a date for Bevan.

They met Roy's girl friend as she was coming out of school. She had a friend with her whose name was Elaine. The boys walked the girls home from school. Bevan dated a another girl the next night and took her to the Ice Capades.

Roy and Bevan returned home shortly after. A few letters were exchanged between Bevan and Elaine and Bevan made one short trip to Salt Lake City to see her.

Evidently Bevan hadn't heard the old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." He started dating a local girl. Their friendship developed into a relationship to the point where they became engaged.

In the fall of 1951 Bevan went to Tooele to work at the ordinance depot and stayed with his Uncle Joe Bevan. One day a co-worker asked Bevan and another fellow if they would like to go to Salt Lake for an evening of entertainment, promising that he could get dates for them. He didn't. Bevan called Elaine. She agreed to go out with him and provided a date for the other fellow. They enjoyed an evening at the drive-in. Although Bevan's trips became more frequent to Salt Lake he failed to tell Elaine that he was engaged to a girl in Blanding.

In January, 1952 it became evident that the Korean War was heating up and, rather than take the chances of being drafted, Bevan enlisted in the Air Force on the 2nd of March, 1952. He went to Lackland Air Force Base for basic training and from there to Scott Air Force Base in Illinois to attend the Electronics Tech School.

In September of 1952 Bevan received a "Dear John" letter from his sweetheart in Blanding. After that the correspondence between Bevan and Elaine became more frequent.

After finishing technical training in November of 1952 he went to Utah on leave. While in Salt Lake he went on another date with Elaine.

Bevan and Elaine continued to correspond and the subjects discussed were of a more mature nature. Elaine graduated from high school and started working in a dry cleaning plant. She had a very good singing voice and sang with a woman's chorus. The director was in charge of the Data Processing at the University of Utah. Bevan encouraged Elaine to apply for a job there. She did and was hired in the Data Processing Unit.

About this time several LDS families moved into the base at San Marcos, Texas. The branch president was Captain Gail Poulton and his first counselor was Lt. Alan White. Both were instructor pilots. Every few months they would check out a C-45 for a cross country flight. They would take Bevan and them and fly to Utah, landing at Hill Air Force Base. Lt. White would go to Logan. Bevan would go to Salt Lake and Capt. Poulton would fly to Mountain Home, Idaho. A couple of days later they would fly back to Texas.



Bevan made several trips between then and May of 1954 when he took an engagement ring with him. Quoting Bevan: "On a Thursday evening Bevan asked Elaine to marry him. Elaine was really surprised. She was having a good time but had not thought about getting married and was not sure she was ready for marriage. Bevan told her to take all the time she wanted to make up her mind. He told her he was leaving on Monday and if she did not want to marry him that he would not be coming back. Elaine did not get much sleep that night and did not get much accomplished at work the next day. That evening, May 13th, 1954, Elaine agreed to marry Bevan in May of 1955."

They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 5 November 1954.

#### WILLARD'S AND SANDI'S STORY

I met Willard when I was a freshman at Utah State. I was a music major there and one of my assignments for extra credit was to write, produce, and direct a student body assembly. Since I knew very few people, some of my friends gave me a list of students to ask to be in this show, the ones who wouldn't say "no." Willard was on the list.

I called him one evening, well actually it took several tries, and I didn't dare leave my number for him to call since he did not know me. I finally got him and asked him if he would sing and dance in my assembly. His response was, "Is this some kind of joke? I'll bet my roommates set you up for this." When I finally convinced him I was very serious and desperate, he decided to show up for the first rehearsal.

We were very good friends for a long time before anything serious happened. I was engaged by this time to a good friend of his, and he seemed to always play the big brother role, always listening to my problems and doubts about my fiance who was going on a mission to Samoa and had asked me to wait for him. We had many serious discussions, and even began writing to each other after leaving school. I went on to Business College and he went home to prepare for his mission.

Our letters continued while I was waiting and he was on his mission. He had by this time become quite fond of a girl from San Diego, and so we compared notes about our

"friends." Well, I got a "Dear Jane" from my fiance and Wil also got a letter, his told the whole story, where mine was very vague.

On the day Willard got the letter from my friend telling me he was breaking it off, his companion said, "You better watch out for her Elder. She'll be after you next." He also swore up and down that was the day he discovered his first gray hair.

He returned from his mission in September, went to October Conference to meet his girl from San Diego. Don't know what happened exactly, but he called me between conference sessions and said he wanted to see me. Could I pick him up at Temple Square right then. I had just curled my hair in big pink rollers, but I went anyway and brought him back to the apartment I shared with my roommate, Ellen June Ethington.

It seemed as though the three of us went everywhere together. I often wondered if he felt like Brigham Young with two wives, but he never complained. He was, in fact, the most patient man I have ever known. He never lost that quality.

We didn't date too many times, because of the distance, but we knew pretty early on that things were sort of out of our hands. I remember going to Blanding for Thanksgiving that next month, and while I was gone, Ellen had bought me a lovely binder with my name engraved on it. When I walked in the door after that week end, she could tell by the light in my eyes and said: "I'll have to change the name on this, won't I?"

Yes, he proposed to me that Thanksgiving week end in 1959. I said yes and was presented with a lovely diamond ring that Christmas and we were married in the Manti Temple the following June. I can honestly say he was the best thing that ever happened to me. I don't know where I would be now otherwise. My family life and childhood was so different from his, and he understood that difference so well, and was so tolerant and accepting of it. He was extremely protective of me, took such good care of all my needs and wants. In fact he was very worried at the end that he had done too much for me, and I was not prepared to go alone. I wanted to show him that I could and I hope that's what I have done.

As I said once before, one day when I was in a terribly sad state, I was sitting in his chair crying my eyes out. I missed him so much I could hardly endure it. Then I said to myself,

"Sandi, if you had to choose this road, with this kind of end, would you do it?" and a voice came to me, "You did" and I still feel that way four years later.

Although I don't cry as often, and I don't even think of him every hour as I used to, I still miss him so very much, and hope with all my heart that I will be worthy to be with him forever. There are so many things I want to make up to him, and share with him, I feel his presence around me quite often, especially in the car while travelling at night. He would never let me drive alone at night if he could help it, and that really hasn't changed.

I'm so very, very thankful for that Class project, and all that happened because of it. Never any regrets, only joy, contentment and security which I still have only on a different plane than before.

I'm so thankful for parents who raised such a wonderful family, who gave such values and set an example of Gospel living every day of their lives. I'm proud to be a member of that family and want to thank you all for your patience with me, and for the love and acceptance you still express to me. That was one of my unnecessary worries, that perhaps I would no longer be a part of you. I see now that was never a problem, and I thank you for it.

#### OTIS AND MARGO'S STORY

In 1965 I was living in Salt Lake City, Utah working at Allied Development. I attended a Singles Ward on First South and 7th East and was First Counselor in the MIA Presidency.

The president of the MIA was from Idaho and a girl he had grown up with lived in a different ward close to the one we attended. Margo was her roommate.

At the time, the different wards took turns being in charge of the stake singles dances. When it came time for our ward to host the dance, the president mentioned that Margo had a beautiful voice and sang on request for different functions. He suggested that we ask her to sing at the dance.

I went with him to ask her to sing. At the dance I was more or less responsible to chaperon her.

This was in December of 1965. A few days later I asked her to go to Temple Square to see the Christmas lights.

We started dating and I ended up eating dinner with Margo and her roommate every night until we were married in the Salt Lake Temple three months later, March 17, 1966.

This little bit of information may be of interest to someone in the family sometime in the future.

All of my life I was concerned about my future companion and I prayed constantly that I would not be permitted to marry the wrong person. I dated a lot of girls and was engaged a couple of times before I met Margo but they simply didn't work out.

Just before I met Margo I was in my apartment one day and a voice whispered to me that I would soon be married. This was very impressive to me because the doors to my marriage had been tightly closed up until that time. At the time of our marriage I experienced great confirmations that Margo was my proper companion. It is my personal, very private opinion, that we were sent here to perform a special mission together. If you really knew our story, I believe you would agree with me.

#### LYNN'S AND YVONNE'S STORY

The first memory I have of Yvonne was when we were kids at the Skating Rink that Lester Carroll had (where Joe Lyman first set up his Cedar Mesa Pottery shop.) At that time I didn't have much interest in her, or any other girl for that matter. I remember that I just enjoyed skating with all my friends.

The first recollection of being interested in her was when I was about 13 and she was 12. I don't remember how it started but we started meeting at the movies and afterward I would walk her home. I don't think we officially dated until we were in High School.

We would double date quite often with other couples. I don't think we ever talked about going "steady." We were probably 15 and 16 when we first thought we were in love. I know that the summer I turned 16 and had my drivers license, I was gone for a couple of weeks driving boat truck down to the Lake Mead to meet dad following a Grand Canyon trip. When I returned home Yvonne was dating one of my best friends. I was heart broken. We didn't get back together again until later in the school year.

I gave Yvonne a diamond for her High School Graduation in May of 1959. At the time Les Graves owned a jewelry store where the drug store is now located. He was giving a \$50

gift certificate to the person who had the most points at the store. To get points you had to buy something at his store. I think you got one point for each dollar spent. Well, I bought the diamond ring from him and so Yvonne won the \$50 certificate. I didn't pay for the ring until the very last day of the contest because I didn't want some one to go in and build up more points than what Yvonne had.

At the time I gave her the ring I had been going to school in Provo. I think that it was that spring that Mom and Dad had the bad traffic accident in San Diego and I left school to go home and help out. The accident was either the spring of 1959 or 1960 but I think it was 1959.

I thought about going on a mission but dismissed it because Mom and Dad were keeping Willard and Otis out in the mission field and I knew that there was no way that they could keep Otis and I out at the same time. So we decided that we did not want to wait until Otis returned from his mission before I was able to go.

We had a Seminary Teacher named Bud Draper that spent a lot of time talking to us about the future. He was a big influence in preventing us from getting married before we finished high school.

We finally decided that we would get married after Yvonne had completed a year of school at Stevens Henager Business School. While Yvonne was going to school in Salt Lake, I was going to school at BYU. One day I got a letter from Bishop Kline Black. In the letter he asked me to consider going on a mission. He told me that Stanley Lyman had offered to keep me in the mission field until Otis returned from his mission and Mom and Dad could manage to support me. At that time we already had a wedding date set and were making plans. Being a wise Bishop, he sent Yvonne a letter explaining the details of what he had requested of me and the arrangements that had been made. We went home as soon as we could after receiving the letters and talked it over with our parents and the Bishop. It was a hard decision to make but I am glad that it was decided to put off the wedding for two more years. Little did we know what the Lord had in mind for us. I was called on a two and one half year mission to France. But it was really the best decision that we could have made. Yvonne hung in there for the entire time. I didn't date anyone while I was gone. I think she did date a time or two, but she always wore the diamond. I have always kidded

Yvonne's dad about paying my way in the mission field so I would not marry his daughter but it didn't work. I returned from my mission on the first of January, 1963, and we were married in the Manti Temple on February 22, 1963, just six weeks after I arrived home.

We were unofficially engaged for about five years and officially for about three and one half years before we were married. Now, almost 28 years later, we both still feel that the other was well worth the wait!