



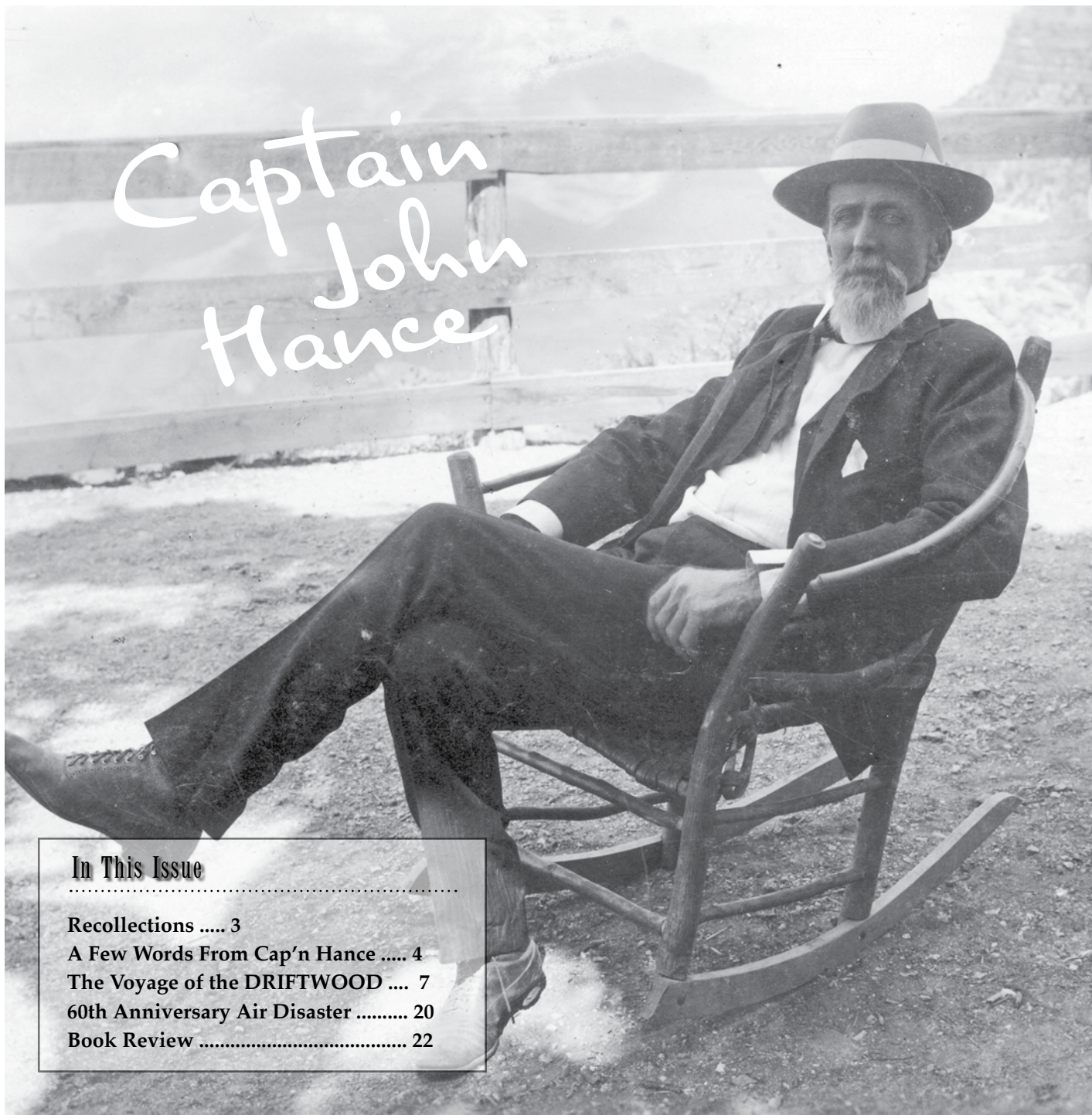
The Ol' Pioneer

The Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

Volume 27 : Number 3

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Summer 2016



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President's Letter

Everyone has their favorite time of year at Grand Canyon and for me it is the summer, with its refreshing monsoon cloudbursts and 'Arizona Highway skies.' Of course, I am speaking about the North and South rims at the canyon, since it is just too hot to be below the Rim this time of year (for that area, I love all other seasons). To me, there is nothing like seeing towering cumulonimbus clouds frame the sky above the canyon or the smell of a summer rain. I first saw the Grand Canyon on such a July day in 1973 and I've been hooked ever since. There is something special about this time of year.

On June 30th we remembered the 128 victims of the TWA and United Airlines crash over Grand Canyon. Members of the Grand Canyon Historical Society, along with the National Park Service, and about 35 surviving family members gathered at Desert View to remember the tragedy and honor the dead. Beautiful wreaths were provided by the NPS and were laid at each of the mass graves. Our oral historian, Tom Martin, collected more interviews from family members that will be preserved at Grand Canyon National Park. A lecture by ranger Brian Gatlin was given at Desert View during the time that the two planes collided. It is now two years since the crash site was designated as a National Historic Landmark and Ian Hough (NPS), who guided the NHL nomination process, presented the evening program on June 30. The Grand Canyon Historical Society is a leading partner in remembering this unfortunate event and has provided comfort and closure for many family members who have nowhere else to turn. I am proud of this achievement by the GCHS and I remember the initial inspiration that was provided by GCHS members Helen Ranney and Richard Quartaroli, who first suggested a commemoration event for the 50th anniversary in 2006.

I won't bore you with another reminder about our 4th History Symposium to be held November 4-6 this year, except to say that early registration for all GCHS members begins on August 15. Beginning on this date, you will have only two weeks to get one of the very limited 250 seats before we open registration to the general public. All of our previous symposia have been oversubscribed and this one should be no different. A full program with registration instructions will be up on our web site beginning on August 15 – please sign up there. And note that once you register for the symposium, you will be able to make reservations with Xanterra for lodging as blocks of rooms have been made available for all registrants. Mark your calendars to take advantage of early registration for this special Symposium that marks the Centennial year of the National Park Service.

I hope you will notice the increased quality of the articles and content in the *Ol' Pioneer*. We are receiving more and more submissions to our journal, which is rapidly growing into a great resource for those interested in Grand Canyon's history. Of course, we have been lucky to call Don Lago one of our own in years past but now more and more canyon junkies are sharing their expertise and experiences with us. We welcome your submissions as well. Whether you know it or not, your experiences at Grand Canyon are part of its rich history.

Wayne Ranney
GCHS President

Cover: A well-dressed John Hance sits in a rocking chair by the Bright Angel Hotel. The Grand Canyon is visible through the wooden fence behind him. Circa 1912?
Credit: The Buggeln Collection, Grand Canyon National Park.

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The Historical Society was established in July 1984 as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, understanding and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon.

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Submission deadlines: January 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1. Submit photos and stories to the editor of *The Ol' Pioneer* at: info@marywilliamsdesign.com Contact for mailing address (928) 779-3377. Please submit written articles and photos electronically on CD or via email if possible. You may mail photos for scanning if needed.

Submissions to *The Bulletin* should be sent to Karen Greig, kgreig@yahoo.com

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Recollections

Occasionally, the Ol' Pioneer publishes the personal recollections of those willing to share their Grand Canyon experiences with a wider audience. Sometimes these recollections involve activities that, while they were reasonable and acceptable at the time, are most definitely not appropriate under current NPS regulations and management guidelines. The Grand Canyon Historical Society neither endorses nor condones any activity that is contrary to contemporary NPS policy regarding resource protection (in this case, the Cave Management Plan and associated permits). Not all aspects of the Canyon's history will conform to present-day standards of behavior, but it is the mission of the GCHS to preserve and relate the Canyon's history, as experienced by those who lived it first-hand.

by Bryan Brown

My Grand Canyon experience began in 1976 when the NPS research unit on the South Rim hired me as a seasonal biological technician. I quickly fell in with a diverse group of individuals, characters all, who loved to hike and backpack in the Canyon. They dragged me down maintained trails on some great hikes that left me begging for more. This was all new and wonderful to me, as I had never really gone backpacking before.

My seasonal position ended that autumn, but I was re-hired in the spring of 1977. Almost immediately upon my return I was invited by Ken Cole and John (JT) Thomas to accompany them on an overnight, weekend backpack trip. Ken was gathering data for his dissertation on the paleoecology of packrat middens in the Canyon. A graduate student under the direction of Professor Paul Martin at the University of Arizona, Ken went on to become director of the NPS global-change program and a research ecologist with the U.S. Geological Survey. John was a veteran NPS river ranger at the Canyon who witnessed many key events during the Colorado River flood of 1983, and who later became the CEO of SWCA Environmental Consultants founded by Steve Carothers. Ken was leading the trip and had The Plan, so I was naively enthusiastic about Ken's idea to hike down the Old Hance Trail and then out the New Hance Trail.

We left Grand Canyon Village after work on Friday afternoon, parked our car near Buggeln Hill on the South Rim, and began hiking across the rim toward the head of Hance

Canyon. There was no sign marking the trailhead, indeed there was no trail. One would think that these hints would have suggested to me that this might not be a normal hike as I imagined it to be, but no.

We came across the faintest of trails as our route took us over the rim and down into Hance Canyon. Following this, we were able to make it as far as the Coconino Sandstone where all traces of a trail disappeared. From this point we continued to hike, then slide, then scramble down the canyon to somewhere in the Supai until it was almost dark and Ken wisely suggested we make camp and continue hiking the next day.

Only there was no camp. We were on a steep, borderline-desperate talus slope with nowhere flat to sleep. I vaguely recall thinking that Ken and John were much more experienced at this than me, so their casual acceptance of the situation suggested things must be normal – plus it would have been uncool for me to panic. Eventually I chose a steeply angled spot just above two substantial-looking shrubs to lay out my sleeping bag, trusting that the shrubs would effectively counteract the Law of Gravity.

We continued downcanyon the next morning, through the remainder of the Supai to the top of the Redwall. If any part of the Old Hance Trail remained at this point, we had failed to find it. The going became more difficult through the Redwall and required most of the day to negotiate ledges, pour-offs, and broken cliffs. We made a late afternoon camp near a small spring just below the Redwall, exhausted but in good spirits partly because Ken said we would see

something special the next day.

We woke early on Sunday morning, the day we were to hike out the New Hance Trail, and packed up. Then Ken led us to the special place which had been his objective all along. We hiked and scrambled up to the base of a large alcove in the Redwall, climbed up a broken line of cliffs, and found ourselves in what was actually a large cave similar to, but smaller than, Redwall Cavern along the Colorado River in Marble Canyon.

And the cave was full of biological treasures. Ken carefully documented the largely intact skeleton of a Harrington's mountain goat, an extinct species whose undisturbed remains had been preserved for thousands of years inside the dry cave. And the floor in parts of the cave was covered in the dried feces of giant ground sloths, preserved relics from thousands of years ago left by yet another extinct animal.

I had just done things in the past few days that I had never done before or even imagined doing. But now I was seeing things that I had never seen before, things that few people had ever seen, and little did I know that the Fun Meter had not even topped out yet!

Ken shouldered his backpack when it came time for us to return to the rim. I knew that we would need to retrace our steps back to the Tonto Platform, hike across Mineral Canyon to Red Canyon, and then continue out on the New Hance Trail – a long day on the trail if there ever was one. So I must have appeared a little bewildered when Ken pulled out his headlamp and began putting it on. John and I had headlamps of our own so we could see our way around camp at night, the old-style kind that had a

long wire leading from the lamp on your head to a large and heavy case of four D-cell batteries hooked to your belt.

Then Ken turned to us and said something like, "We don't have enough time to hike around Mineral Canyon to hook up with the New Hance Trail, so let's take a shortcut through the Redwall instead."

And off he goes, headlamp glowing, to the back of the cave and into a dark hole in the wall. He assured us that the dark hole led up and through the Redwall, emerging near the New Hance Trail (an entire canyon away from us!) and thereby saving many hours and miles of hiking in the hot sun. John quickly followed suit, donning his headlamp and walking toward the dark hole in the wall.

Now is the time for full disclosure. Having been raised in Louisiana, I had never been in a wild cave in my life. My parents had taken us on a tour in Carlsbad Caverns when I was 12 years old, but I was the kind of little boy who screamed like a little girl when, deep underground, the ranger turned

out the lights just to show the tourists how dark a dark cave could be. And so I followed Ken and John into the dark hole in the wall, mainly because it would have been uncool to panic.

The cave entrance led at first through larger chambers and passageways which were easy hiking, almost always angled slightly upward. Then things narrowed down a bit and we had to walk through tight corridors. My memory of the sequence of events becomes a little fuzzy at this point, but we were eventually reduced to crawling along on hands and knees through short, narrow passages. And inevitably, we reached that moment when we had to take our backpacks off, push them ahead of us, and squeeze through.

Much to my surprise, a sense of discovery replaced an initial sense of dread. Our journey upward through the cave became for me a sort of Magical Mystery Tour, to use a phrase popular in the 1970s, and once again I was doing and seeing things for the first time. The cave was dry. There were no bats, no headlamps that suddenly

ceased to work, no hidden drop-offs into a bottomless abyss, no screaming, and best of all, no this-way-or-that-way choices with one choice leading to sunshine and fresh air while the other choice led to a lonely death in a cold, dark place.

We emerged at a point on top of the Redwall several hours later. And as Ken had promised, the New Hance Trail was only a few hundred feet away. We rimmed out in late afternoon and were back in the Village well before dark.

I never cease to be amazed when occasionally remembering our hike, now so long ago. The power of new things done, new things seen, the physical and/or psychological challenges – for me this hike has become a metaphor for the influence that the Grand Canyon has on most people, shaping them for the better. I haven't seen Ken in decades and it has been a long time since I spoke with John, but I suspect they feel the same way.

A Few Words From Cap'n Hance

by Shane Murphy

When did John Hance discover Grand Canyon? Down through the years there's been plenty of talk about that, but no reliable information has ever come to light. As it happens, Hance had something to say about it by offering his own version in 1895. When the world's greatest liar tells how it happened, it's a remarkable tale, a real whopper completely in step with his 'believable—if true!' personality. But does it finally answer the persistent, age old question?

"I gained from him the story of how he reached the river from the rim of the canyon," wrote George Wharton James in 1895. "But no second party's narration can give the Hance flavor to the story. The droll way in which the

old pioneer spun his yarn would need a Joel Chandler Harris or James Whitcomb Riley to do it justice. It was about five years ago," indicating 1890, "that [Hance] told [James] the story. Said he: 'Wall, I guess it was a right hard trip. It was three days o' the hardest work I ever done in my life, to get down to the river the fourteenth of last June. I was then forty-one years old, and when I got back I was the proudest boy you ever seen. Mr. [William F. "Bill"] Hull, and a friend of mine, Mr. [Silas "Cy"] Ruggles, had been out here and had brought back strange stories of the canyon, but I couldn't find my way there. I'd never seen the canyon, and hooted at the idea of there being anything of the kind they described. I asked them how long the canyon was and how far down, and when they told how far they thought it was, but that they had

never been down, I laughed at them and said: 'Wall, my grandmother's a pretty old woman, but if I was as old as she is, I'd go down that canyon, if I had to roll down.'

Hull and Ruggles, said Hance, "'sneered at my boast, and said I hadn't 'sand' enough, but I told 'em if I wan't back in four days, they needn't look for me, but just take everything I left. And then down I went. It was awful work, but I would have taken far more desperate chances than I did to show those fellows I was not the chicken-livered dude they thought I was.'

"'Well, Sir! it took me a little over twenty-four hours' hard tugging to reach that river. I bathed in it. I drank myself full of it! and then I washed in it! I built a monument and although I had no knife with me, I picked up a

piece of hard granite and scratched my name in the sandstone rock. I got back on the third day, pretty well used up, but as proud as ever a boy was in his life. I lived that three days on jerked antelope and biscuits."

"Doubted?"

"No sir! I never once doubted my ability to get there."

"And you got to the river?"

"Yes, siree! just sure as you are alive! I done some pretty ugly climbing, but I never allowed myself to get dispirited, even when I was through with going over and under those falls. I got drenched to the skin several times, but I kept on. I took good care not to go where I'd be likely to fall, and so I pulled through all o.k. and hunkey-dory.'" ¹

Most of Hance's stories don't need verification—they were obvious tall tales employed as deliberate, entertaining falsehoods. But this one makes a claim so significant it warrants a second look. If proven true, one of the big cracks in Grand Canyon's human history could be filled in, and that, in turn, would dispel all manner of myths concerning the life of Cap'n John Hance.

Hance indicates Hull and Ruggles were at Grand Canyon during (or before) the year he turned 41 and 'hiked' to the river. That would have been 1878, ² so it would pay to examine 1878 from as many perspectives as possible to authenticate the claim.

Hull was twenty that year,³ Ruggles 43,⁴ and all that is good and well. But there's a problem with John inserting Hull and Ruggles into 1878. Arizona did not take a census that year and neither man's name is found in the year's Great Register. As a result, it cannot be verified that Hull and Ruggles were in Arizona that June. In fact, it wasn't until August 18, 1891, that Hull wrote in *John Hance's Visitors' Book*, "First visit to the Canon February 1880." ⁵ What did Hull mean by that? There are only two ways to turn at this intersection. Either 1880 was Hull's first visit to Grand Canyon—ever—or it was his first visit to see Hance who had already established himself there.

For the sake of discussion, let's say Hull was visiting Hance. That's certainly possible. Hance had been in the Hull family's sphere since John and his younger half-brother, George, emigrated to Arizona Territory and bought 640 acres of farmland on lower Granite Creek, twelve miles north of Prescott, in February, 1869. Back then, Bill Hull's father, Phillip Hull, had a sheep dipping station in Mint Valley a few miles west of Granite Creek. Phillip also owned Prescott town lots and land described by the Yavapai County assessor as "stock range in Bill Williams Mountain." ⁶ Like John Hance reporting his age, Phillip, sometimes appearing as Philip, never seems to have been on target.

In the early 1880s, Phillip's son, Philip, occasionally presenting as Philip—Phil Jr.—oversaw the family's Coconino Forest operations from Challenger, a small logging community thrown-up around a sawmill named for a railroad man a few miles east of Williams. Phil arrived in Arizona after an Illinois birth and childhood visit to Sacramento, California where his youngest brother William—Bill—was born. Phil raised and ran cattle north of Williams and by 1885 was involved with Hance in early Canyon tourism efforts. According to the few people who knew Phil Jr. before his untimely sudden-death heart attack in November 1888, at 41 years of age, he was an accommodating host. Brother Joseph, or J.J., owned eighty acres "in San Francisco mountains" which he sold to the Territory in 1882; he then homesteaded 160 acres east of Challenger with the same notion in mind. Joseph ran sheep. Phil and Bill worked cattle and horses. All had registered brands. So far as is known, brother Frank was not involved in Hance's affairs.

In his forward to William Wallace Bass's *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado*, James reported he knew Hance "long before he had dreamed that the Canyon would help make him famous; I ate venison stew with him when he was but a cowboy in the employ of the proprietor of the Hull Ranch." ⁷ It's difficult to say where or even when that happened, but

it could fit comfortably in the latter '70s or early '80s and is supported to some degree by Day Alley Willey who studied John for an article published in 1910. Hance, he wrote, came across Grand Canyon "hunting for some grazing ground in the desert for a few steers." ⁸ That nests well with the Hull connection, but it's also an interesting twist on Canyon lore. The method of discovery is usually attributed to Bill Bass, a man Hance did not cotton to, once commenting that Grand Canyon had three liars: he was one and Bass was the other two. ⁹

In 1878, Hance held possessory interest to a Camp Verde homestead on the Verde River near the southwest corner of Fort Verde's garden tract. ¹⁰ He had recently relocated from his homestead near today's intersection of 1-17 and Orme Road after selling it to his brother George for \$1,000 in 1877. Before moving to Camp Verde, Hance had been farming and freight-ing supplies for others, but by January, 1878 was delivering soft wood at Fort Whipple ¹¹ in Prescott, and in early February offloaded 25,000 pounds of corn, wheat and wool at Whipple. ¹² His brother was also contracting to the military. The opportunity was made available by E. B. Grimes, soon to become Arizona Territorial Quartermaster. George Hance worked for Grimes during the Civil War, and both John and George worked under Grimes while crossing the Kansas plains en route to Arizona. ¹³

That April, Hance went into business with Murray McInernay, the commissariat from Camp Date Creek who came to Verde when Date Creek was closed. While no formal agreement is known, the partnership's creation is seen in a handwritten ledger book kept by C. P. Head & Co., sutlers to Fort Verde. ¹⁴ Hance was the third customer at Head's counter the morning of April 3rd, intending to charge 75¢ of tea to his account. But after the clerk made the entry, John changed his mind and the clerk crossed it out. A few minutes later the same tea was reposted in the first listing of a new account titled "Hance and Mcl," "Mcl" being shorthand for McInernay. Until

May 27th, 1880, when the next ledger in the sequence is missing and Hance's further economic activity in Verde becomes unavailable, the partnership did business with Head & Co. several times each month, usually several times a week, and occasionally several times a day.

By consulting Head's 1878 ledgers, the veracity of Hance's claim of reaching the river on June 14, can be cross-examined by an unimpeachable witness. Charges at Head's store by "Hance & Mcl" that June were posted exactly when they should not have been posted—when John Hance was supposedly at Grand Canyon. On June 13th, "pants," "plates," 58 lbs of "corn" and a \$1 knife were purchased, and on the 17th a pair of overalls and 40¢ worth of plug tobacco left the store. McInernay smoked a pipe.¹⁵ Hance chewed tobacco—that's him buying the plug. But could he have returned to Verde in time to be at the store that day?

No. In 1878, if one knew where he was going, a horseback trip from Camp Verde via Beaverhead Station to what was then called Flag Staff required two days.¹⁶ Two or three additional days would have been involved reaching what became Grandview Point. After adding a 72-hour death march to the Colorado River, and the return to Verde, the minimum away-from-home time would have been around two weeks—Hance would not have returned until about the 21st. Unless John Hance could easily glide long distances like a California condor—and who says he couldn't?—it appears he was not at Grand Canyon on June 14th, 1878.

Indeed. The very next day, June 15th, Hance was issued a summons to appear in the 3rd District Court, Prescott, regarding Docket Number 565, Hugo Richards, Plaintiff vs. The Peck Mining Company, J. B. Graham and John Hance, Defendants.

How and why Graham and Hance got involved with Peck in this deal is not known; they were teamsters, partnered-up to haul wood to, and ore from, the mine. That said, Peck Mine, Graham and Hance—for whatever

reason—made and executed a promissory note to Solomon Barth for \$2600 on October 20th, 1877, payable on demand with two percent interest after sixty days. Before the note came due, Barth endorsed it over to Hugo Richards, an early day Yavapai County financier and old friend of the Hance brothers. By its due date, only \$200 had been repaid. When Richards finally brought suit, the note was a year in arrears. The Findings of Fact, posted November 27th, 1878, declared Peck, Graham and Hance liable for \$2,937, including court costs and witness fees.¹⁷ Today, the amount would equal almost \$73,000. Hance would have been responsible for \$24,333.

A story from the time shows John's finesse at gaming the military system to great advantage, growing his income as much as possible. Abraham Lincoln "Lynk" Smith and his twin brother Ulysses Grant Smith lived in Camp Verde where, in their late teens, they cut wild hay with hoes for Hance. Grant Smith did that for two years. The hay was loaded into one of John's freight wagons—on top of two tons of limestone boulders lining the wagon's bed. After the hay was weighed on Fort Verde's scales, Hance would tip the soldier unloading it a dollar, saying, "When you git down so fur in the wagon [motioning] you can quit. I can't get out of post tonight. I'm going to leave some hay for *my* steers." Every ton of hay cost the army \$40. Lynk Smith thought that was hilarious. "Eighty dollars for boulders," he laughed, "he sold boulders more than hay."¹⁸

A final clue indicating John's northerly trend presents in the person of Murray McInernay whose first visit to "San Francisco mountains" was in April, 1881.¹⁹ His partnership with Hance had come on hard times. McInernay probably went north to visit Hance, who was working there for the Hulls or the A-1 Cattle Company out of Fort Moroni, to run a check on John's financial wherewithal. The report was not good.

In Camp Verde, before the Peck decision, Hance was "considered quite wealthy."²⁰ But business had been fail-

ing at Fort Verde since February, 1875, when the Yavapai and Apache removal to San Carlos Reserve put Verde military affairs on the back burner. By 1880 the Fort Verde had been 'abandoned' more than once²¹ and was essentially without business. Hance and McInernay's income was similarly affected.

For John Hance, that was the beginning of the end. The Peck decision was the *coup de grâce*. In an effort to keep his homestead running for five years, and earn title to it, Hance entered into a chattel mortgage agreement with McInernay but was unable to repay any of the principal, and so the loan was repurposed. In the fall of 1881 McInernay earned \$900 in interest "mortgaging property of John Hance." In 1882, when Hance again failed to perform, McInernay was awarded an additional \$139 interest by the board of equalization.²²

After that, McInernay walked away. He married and started a family in Prescott. He ran the Prescott-Verde mail service, operated a shuttle business from Prescott to Alexandra (Peck Mine), served as warden of Yuma Territorial Prison, was Buckey O'Neill's undersheriff, owned a Prescott bicycle shop and, lastly, managed the Prescott Hotel for some twenty years.

It was also the end of John Hance in Verde Valley. Everything he'd worked for was gone. And so was he. The last time anyone saw John in Verde was 1882 at his brother's place, the Cienega Ranch, located at today's intersection of I-17 and State Route 169, Cherry Road.

There's no question Hance saw Grand Canyon before he quit Verde, possibly during the winter of 1880 when his dear friend and benefactor Bill Ashurst, and Bill Hull, were both on the rim, perhaps together and possibly with Hance. But the definitive answer to when he first made it to the river on Old Hance Trail, which had been a work in progress since at least 1882,²³ is still up for grabs.

Endnotes

1. George Wharton James, "Hance, and the Grand Canyon," *Southwestern Em-*

- pire, May, 1895, pp. 35–37.
2. See John Hance's 80th birthday letter, GRCAMA; also at NAUSCA, MS 1065.
 3. Courtesy Jerome Historical Society, personal correspondence.
 4. <https://www.asu.edu/lib/archives/azbio/bios/RUGGLESS.PDF>
 5. *John Hance's Visitors' Book*, MS 0054 (Rare), p. 9, Arizona Historical Society Library and Archives.
 6. Yavapai County assessor's reports, Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records.
 7. George Wharton James, forward to *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado* by W. W. Bass, 1920, p. 5.
 8. Day Allen Willey, "Hance of the Grand Canyon," *Outing Magazine*, Volume LVI, April–September, 1910.
 9. Bert Lauzon papers, Northern Arizona University Special Collections and Archives, 107304.
 10. While both are in the same locale, note the distinction between the civilian settlement of Camp Verde and U. S. Army installation of Fort Verde.
 11. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, January 4, 1878.
 12. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, February 8, 1878.
 13. George Hance folder, Camp Verde Historical Society.
 14. Remnant Verde Ledgers are privately held by a descendent of the family that bought Head's operation in 1898. The ledgers were recorded in a building which now houses the Sutler's Steak-house restaurant on Main Street in Camp Verde.
 15. Kathie Jacobs, Murray Mcinerney's great, great, granddaughter, personal correspondence.
 16. Charles Babbitt, *Oral history interview with Charley Clark*, June, 1952, NAU. OH57.21.
 17. Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records, Film File 50.13.23.
 18. *Lynk and Adda Smith interview*, George Babbitt Collection, OH. 57. 29., NAUSCA. This account appeared in different form in *The Journal of Arizona History*, Volume 56, Number 4, Winter 2015.
 19. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, April 22, 1881.
 20. Charlie Wingfield, Typescript notes dated "Prescott Ariz. May 20, 1948," Grand Canyon National Park Museum and Archives.
 21. Sheila Stubler, Fort Verde State Park, personal correspondence.
 22. 1881 and 1882 Yavapai assessor's reports, Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records; mortgage details are found in Yavapai County Chattel Mortgages Book II, p. 25 and p. 312.
 23. One of the waypoints listed in Hance's Glendale Springs homestead application, dated on June 11, 1884, was "Hance trail," indicating the route was in use by then. In 1917, in his 80th birthday letter to the Grand Canyon community, Hance wrote that he worked on the trail for two years before a burro could get down it, meaning as far as Tonto Platform. Taken together, the implication is that he was working on the trail by June, 1882.

The Voyage Of The DRIFTWOOD

by Tom Martin

While going through the Otis "Dock" Marston collection at the Huntington Library, I ran across a journal I had thought had disappeared long ago. It was one of those "Oh My Heavens, Look at THIS" moments. There it was, a recounting by Charlee Bolte of the 1954 Voyage of the DRIFTWOOD!

On hearing of the cruise in 1954, Dock Marston contacted Bolte and asked for a copy of a journal, if one was kept. On the tenth of October, 1954, Otis Marston's wife Margaret finished a very difficult transcription of Bolte's handwritten journal on melted paper pages of smeared ink due to repeated exposure to water and the elements. Here in 2016 was the typescript, tucked away in a small folder, one of thousands of folders in one of only 430 boxes. I was simply stunned to see it.

The journal had been written in the summer of 1954 by 24-year-old

Aspen, Colorado, carpenter Charlee Bolte. Along with his service station operator friend, Earl Eaton, the two men took a four-man inflatable down the Roaring Fork from Aspen to the Colorado River at Glenwood Springs. There, they loaded the four-man onto a motorized bridge pontoon, called the DRIFTWOOD, and motored from Glenwood Springs, clearing dams and Grand Junction, Westwater Canyon, past Moab and through Cataract and Glen canyon, then on through Grand Canyon. They rowed most but not all of the big rapids after damaging the motor in Westwater's Skull Rapid.

At Lee's Ferry, they picked up two hitchhikers, Carl Gage and LeRoy Byers. It was fortunate for Byers that he was a very strong swimmer, for neither he nor Gage had life jackets. Byers and Bolte were both thrown out of the boat in Horn Creek Rapid. A testament to Byers swimming skill is that he made it to the bottom of the rapid alive.

After the DRIFTWOOD run, this type of river craft, a motorized bridge pontoon oval with no outriggers, was used in Grand Canyon by the Hatches, who used the tippy design for many years. In 1955, the year after the DRIFTWOOD cruise of Grand Canyon, Georgie White ran her first motorized bridge pontoon through Grand Canyon. Some of the wags of the day noted this type of watercraft was large enough to neutralize the rapids. For the most part, as Bolte and his friends found out, that was true. For the most part...

The transcript Margaret made was blisteringly true to every misspelling, including keeping most of Bolte's 'a's written as 'o's and curiously, his aversion to the letter 'n.' I have taken the liberty to copy edit the journal for clarity. I'm fairly sure Charlee wouldn't have minded one bit. He had some close calls, not just the close squeak that preserved his journal. We owe Dock and Margaret a huge

debt of gratitude for seeking out the journals they did when they did, and for saving them as they found them.

The typescript is located in The Huntington Library, San Marino, California, Box 289, Folder 35, The Otis Marston Collection. The photo of the Driftwood and crew is courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and the photo of the DRIFTWOOD in Lava Falls is copyright LeRoy Byers Collection.

The Voyage of the DRIFTWOOD

Journal by Charles Bolte

That which is to follow is an attempted daily report of a river safari from Aspen, Colorado, to Lake Mead via the Colorado River, conceived and modified along the way by Earl Eaton & Charlee Bolte. It will be, in most parts, succinct and by no means complete, but a first draft made for future publication. It is a brief record of significant occurrences, unfortunate or humorous as they may be.

Saturday, May 29, 1954

We embarked on schedule with a fine crowd wishing us farewell at Burt Swartz's pasture in Aspen. Shutter bugs were really flattering and we appeared to be notorious celebrities; but the gaiety (or solicitude) was barely apprehended by us as we were finally pondering the realization of a 3-month dream coming true.

We left Aspen in our 4-man boat at nine o'clock — the weather was clear and the water was ice cold. A number of spectators watched us go over Red Butte Falls, and we did so without any serious consequence. I did, however, when the boat hit the bottom of the falls, fly out of the boat into the icy foam. We ran into minor difficulties below, but continued on. We hit Basalt, Colorado, at 2 o'clock, stopped, ate, and trembled in frigid agony from the icy water. Hugging the stove and drinking blackberry brandy with the idea of attenuating chills, we proceeded to get a light buzz. Our clothes dried and we were off at 3:00 to finish the last lap of our first day's

journey.

The first few hours were pleasant and warm and we were in "high spirits." We arrived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, at 8 o'clock, dead tired from the trip, cold, and terribly hungry. We were honored with a nice room by the Glenwood Spring Lodge & Swimming Pool. Largon, the fireball promoter who was supposedly publicizing our trip, had it broadcasted from C.I. Radio. We were also to eat steaks at Gallagher's "on the house" which was a fallacy. We holed up at 10 o'clock and slept with aching muscles like dead timber.

Sunday, May 29, 1954

Here we transferred from our 4-man to the DRIFTWOOD. We began immediately rigging the big boat. A large party of Aspen people, plus many other spectators, drunk beer around the location as we were preparing the boat. Augie launched the boat with a beer bottle full of river water (I drank the beer) and a gang shoved her in the water. DRIFTWOOD was launched. It looked good as we motored in circles up and down the river clanging our bell and showing off in front of the crowd, then we headed down the river with a half dozen Aspen characters along, most half drunk. The first few rapids were handled well, even with all of our weight in the bottom, which looked bad to start with. We then ripped a huge hole in the boat and lost all control.

We stopped at Five Mile Bridge and everyone left except Bill Johnson. It looked pretty sad — the wind was getting the best of us; we were crashing into the banks; and our motor—which sat too low in the water, was shearing pins constantly. We hoped to get to New Castle, Colorado, but three miles above town we hung on a gravel bar in midstream. It was raining hard, the wind was miserably cold and Earl & I were out in the river trying to dislodge DRIFTWOOD. It was to no avail. Just then a farmer appeared with a winch-truck to offer us assistance. In the middle of all this confusion I took a big slug of whiskey and forded the river. We tied to the

winch and the rope broke on the boat. We gave up, cold and miserable, as many people watched. We left with the boat shipwrecked in the river.

I was barefoot and had to be carried to the highway because of thorns in the pasture.

We got a ride into town with a spectator, rented a cabin and turned the room's old oil heater to 95°. We walked the streets wet, cold, hungry, barefooted and terribly depressed. Still, we joked with each other. All the cafes were closed, so we ate malt & cookies for dinner. My feet were getting terribly sore. We took stock of our situation. During the day the motor continued to shear pins, the boat was full of water, the motor had caught on fire, and everyone was skeptical—even ourselves— as to the longevity of this river safari. Our boat seemed a failure. We laughed a bit and went to sleep.

Monday, May 30, 1954

Slept in late — ate a very good breakfast and caught a ride out to the boat. The farmer with the winch truck was just walking away. He said the boat had just dislodged itself ten minutes earlier. That was a very fortunate occurrence. We hauled the boat to shore and began substantial repairs. We bailed out and began improvising and altering things, spending a full eight hours repairing and making new motor mounts, tearing down and taking out the false bottom, patching the foot-square holes in the bottom, etc. We took off for New Castle at 6:30 in the evening. The boat responded beautifully—took water in only 4 places. The weather was warm and clear, and our spirits lifted. We slept on the boat that evening—looking down at the lazy river in the twilight sky and tried to sleep with the terrible noise of the trains going by.

Tuesday, May 31, 1954

We shoved off from New Castle about 9:45 AM, the weather cloudy but warm. The boat made very good time and we saw thousands of ducks, also geese, deer, cranes, white flamingoes, and buzzards sitting in trees. The

river seemed to divide constantly into several channels. We took the wrong one once, and it was a dead end. We had to get out into the water and tug DRIFTWOOD about a quarter of a mile upstream to the main channel. It took all our strength to push it against the shallow current. Exactly like in the African Queen movie. We laughed like hell. Today was a very good day. We went about five miles beyond Rifle, Colorado, and camped on a small island. We hunted, fished, and prepared a good meal. It was our best day yet, and our first real campsite.

Wednesday, June 1, 1954

Took off about 9:30 AM, and we hit De Beque at 3 and got a few supplies. The evening was clear and calm, the water smooth and deep. Tourists were curious along the road, and the scenery was beautiful. We floated quietly down the river ringing the bell and laying on the drifting boat listening to fine music on the portable radio. We sailed till almost dark, docked and camped on an island across from the road.

Thursday, June 2, 1954

This morning we saw several people we knew and we conversed across the river. Earl and I wondered about the dams that lay ahead. We took off about 9:30 AM and arrived at Government Dam at about noon. The dam seemed much higher than we anticipated, about twenty feet high. We took all our gear out of the boat and sent it over the dam empty. It negotiated the fall beautifully, as if in slow motion. We were amazed (!!) and put our gear back in the boat (that was quite a job) and headed for the second dam. This one was only ten feet high. Many spectators were around. We docked, looked the dam over quickly, gave our movie camera to a tourist & commenced to run the dam & with all equipment lashed on board. What a thrill! The boat took it beautifully. I stayed on the front end and kept an eye on the cargo. Everything stayed secure. I got tangled in some fishing line, but everything else was flawless. Went over a boulder broadside. The

boat just bent up in the middle and slid over it. What a boat! The river got very shallow as a result from dam irrigation. We ran into a mean place below these dams by Fruitvale, Colorado. We had to go back and pull the boat over a concrete base with only two inches of water going over it. Some struggle but we made it. Ate dinner at Palisade, Colorado, and continued on till almost dark and camped.

Friday, June 3, 1954

We started at 8:30 in the morning and decided to go to Grand Junction to eat breakfast. The water was terribly low and slow. When we arrived in Grand Junction we were weak and hungry. I was suffering from a stomach ailment. The lack of water in such a notorious river reputed to be "big" was very depressing. Checked in at the La Court Hotel and waited to see Jerry, a fellow who might travel with us. The press was a little slow. Picture of DRIFTWOOD was in Thursday's paper. Saw Jerry and he backed out. Saw several people I knew, including Bill. We bought some drinks and got a few supplies, drank some beer, took in a few joints and hit the sack.

Saturday, June 4, 1954

Ran around in the morning getting extra motor equipment and supplies. When we returned to the hotel things were buzzing. The local radio station & T.V. men introduced themselves, explaining they would be there for tomorrow mornings take-off. I was to call Mancel Page and also Walt Kirkendall. I took Mancel, some hometown acquaintances, and also the photographer for the *G. J. Sentinel* out to the boat. They took some pictures of us which should be in tomorrow's paper. I called Walt and he took us out to diner, wined us, and had Jack Riggs over to the house. He showed some Colorado River movies. They were all very good pictures and did nothing but encourage us. DRIFTWOOD, I believe, is the real machine for such an operation. People are making a big deal of this safari but it gets rather exasperating in a short time. It is fun for a while though. We should

leave G.J. about 8:00 AM tomorrow morning, and the T.V. and radio are supposed to be there. Walt is taking us down to the boat. We have been well taken care of here in G.J. Time now is 2 AM.

Sunday, June 5, 1954

Walt picked us up early in the morning and took us to the boat. Several people were there to see us off along with a TV man with a tape recorder. I made a few nervous utterances and Squirrel did likewise. He took our pictures with DRIFTWOOD which hit the front page of G.J.'s daily paper, the Sunday edition. It said under the picture that "we were roughing it at the La Court hotel." We took off about 9 AM and bucked a terrible head wind which was damp and cold. We ate lunch in Fruita, Colorado, a huge T-Bone and all entrees for \$1.25, and then continued on our way. We got a ride into town and also out of town by a fellow that recognized our purpose. The wind calmed in the afternoon somewhat and we made better time. Picked a beautiful camp spot with high stone cliffs on one side. Ate the duck I shot with the 22, prospected a bit, target practiced a bit, and sat around the campfire.

Monday, June 6, 1954

We got a late start, 10:30 AM, and were all the time eagerly awaiting the notorious bad rapids of "West Water Canyon." Crossed the Utah border at about 1:30 PM and went about six miles into West Water Canyon. There was no bad water at all, only a few large riffles. The customary headwind came up at about eleven, but dissipated about 2:30. The canyon was narrow and deep with slow-moving water for the most part. Our campsite for the night overlooked beautiful desert canyon scenery. We were in what was called "Little Hole" on a flat grassy area about twenty feet above the river. According to our map we were fifty river miles from Moab, Utah. Expecting bad rapids the next day in the rest of West Water, we planned to get an early start for a change.

Tuesday, June 7, 1954

Westwater Rapids

Glorying in the hot morning sun while we crawled out of our sleeping bags, we slept soundly until 8:30. After having breakfast, we spent an hour rearranging our cargo, then we were off! We quickly found ourselves in a deep narrow gorge, the river only about 75 yards wide at the widest area. Almost immediately we hit some fair-sized rapids, but motored through them flawlessly. It was great fun, and we were screaming and yodeling like kids with a new toy. At noon we hit the famous rapid which is reputed to be quite bad. It narrowed in quite sharply and the white water followed close to a sheer wall. We went in it fine, the breakers from the bottom to top being about twelve feet high. We were doing fine until one tremendous breaker grabbed the back end of the boat and flipped it into the wall, breaking a large hole in the motor's driveshaft housing. The boat floated through smoothly as expected. We broke out the oars which worked fine until Earl's oar flew off the boat. We fortunately avoided the huge right whirlpool, however, and continued to float on without any more trouble from that rapid. We went over one boulder fall of ten feet without trouble, then a huge explosion wave engulfed me on the front and nearly threw me between the boat and the canyon wall, which we immediately hit. I was thrown from the boat, but hung on for dear life with one hand to a safety rope that I had constructed that morning. Only my feet dangled in the water and I quickly pulled myself back into the boat. DRIFTWOOD did very good work and made the whole operation seem mild. We docked at 1:30 PM in the narrow canyon, ate lunch, and inspected the wrecked motor. Fortunately the water line and drive shaft were not busted. We made a neat repair out of a tin can and bailing wire and motored on a few miles through mild water. We commenced having a great deal of trouble with the motor, and the wind blew like hell all day, as usual. Our ejaculations were the worst a man could conceive. The motor

continued to miss and the plugs soon began to foul. We docked at 5:30 PM for camp, tore down the motor and found the points somewhat burned, greasy and dirty.

Wednesday, June 8, 1954

We camped yesterday on a beautiful island where an old ghost establishment was, with large cottonwood trees. There were bats flying around and it looked like a movie setting. Earl tore down the motor again as it was missing like hell. He filed the points and cleaned the plugs. We took off at about 8:00 in the morning and the motor ran fine for about three hours. We stopped and prospected at a couple of good-looking spots. We continued on and until 12:30 PM we made many good miles. Then the motor started conking and the wind became very strong. At 1:30 PM we stopped and ate lunch while the wind was getting miserable with sand blowing everywhere. We had sand dunes in our sandwiches. White caps three feet high were blowing up the river and we could not buck the wind with our sick motor. We tried and the wind pushed us backward across to the other side of the river. It was miserable so we had a slug of whiskey and gave up. I was disgusted while Earl fished. I finally shoved the boat off and started downriver. It was a slow process and we sometimes went backwards and traveled about two miles in one hour. Suddenly we saw a nice spot to camp and pulled in. It was the home-site of a 75-year-old man. He was a funny old character, said all river expeditions stopped there, and indeed, there was a table and a campsite. The old man offered us every type of assistance possible while the miserable wind never ceased. Oh, and I had a cold, which didn't help my morale any. How the wind blew and sifted fine sand into the tent, even though I had it fairly tight. During the night, the wind blew the hardest I've ever seen. It was terrible! It calmed decently the next morning. We worked on the motor all morning, to no avail. The campsite was in a beautiful locale, but the wind was a detriment to our

sensuousness of it. The trip, thus far has been wonderful. I have never experienced so much and enjoyed it so much. The journey adheres well to the Chinese axiom, for every plus there is a minus, and we've had our share of the minuses to be sure. The minuses are less in number, but their impact keeps things fairly well balanced. It is true adventure and I love it.

Thursday, June 9, 1954

We didn't get off until 11:15 AM, as we worked on the motor. Once again, it ran well for a couple of hours then started missing. We had a little whitewater to make things interesting & the canyon is beautiful, far surpassing any canyon I've ever seen. We passed a movie set at "Mineral" and it is one scenic spot. We couldn't figure the characters in old uniforms on the river watching us until we saw the rest of the set. We ate lunch at 2 o'clock and motored to Moab on one cylinder, arriving at 5:30 PM. For a motor that's designed to only run on two cylinders, that thing runs better on one than I've ever seen. It defies the laws of mechanics. Accommodations in Moab here are full. After many failures we finally found a room in a private home. Sure good to wash the sand off of us. We ate out, a big steak, and felt our arrival warranted a little celebration. The boom town of Moab is destitute of a nice place to dine & wine. There are only two saloons and they are very crude. We had to stand in a small dive just to drink a beer. Newspaper men contacted us. The *Grand Junction Sentinel* wants our story and we are to interview tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. Turned in at 9:30 PM after trying like hell to phone Aspen and also home but connections are so poor there is a two to three-hour wait. Finally had to send telegrams. This is strictly no-mans-land.

Friday, June 10, 1954

We rose fairly early, ate breakfast, and were interviewed by a newspaper man. He wanted a picture of us on the boat and we responded joyfully since we wanted to get back to the river, some three miles away, and pick up

the motor. We took it to an outboard authority and he informed us that the lower element would never last and the upper piston needed rings, thus the plug fowling. He said he was going to Denver this weekend and could pick up the rings, but was uncertain of the lower element which would cost \$75.00. The remainder of the day was spent in near boredom, trying again fruitlessly to reach home & Aspen on the phone. We waited in the saloon next door for our calls to come through. No success whatsoever in our calls, but we were getting fairly "tight." I left Earl at the saloon and picked up my laundry. Guess they like to gouge the tourist here, \$2.50 for a washed & dried bundle of laundry. I had just enough beer in me to exercise my vocabulary and spoke with utmost firmness and authority. I ended up paying \$1.50 which was still twice too much! Returning to the saloon and a fellow picked me up in a pick-up truck. It was Jack Riggs. He works here for a mining outfit. We drank many more beers with him and some big wigs, then went to a restaurant to eat. It was a half-assed party and we were glad to have it to such an extent.

Saturday, June 11, 1954

Another day of monotony. I phoned mother and she was glad to talk to me. I also got through to a girl in Boulder. Thought maybe I could talk the girl into coming down to see me. She said she might, but I doubt it, since it is 450 miles from here. We rented a plane for an hour and flew over Cataract Canyon. There are a few mean devils in it, but most are long and straight and appear to be no test. The waves look tremendous in size but the general picture wasn't as bad as we expected. Went to a movie and then it was time for Saturday night in Moab!! Bought a beer in one crummy joint, a crummy drunk bought us another, and we left somewhat dejected.

Sunday, June 12, 1954

Nothing done, nothing to do, just waiting for the man to return from Denver with our parts. I was surprised to see him on the street today, drunker

than a goat. Turns out he never made it to Denver. All he did was manage to bum me out of 50¢ so he could buy another beer. Such damned luck. Went to the local drugstore where they have on display a Johnson 25 h.p. motor and investigated the terms available. We can get it for 1/3 down and 6 months to pay. I think I'll buy it. We've pooled too much money in the trip already, and without a dependable motor, we'll never make it. The Colorado River on most parts leads to a deceptively easy outlook for those who intend to run it. And rightly so. Our trip is of an estimated 1,200 miles, with at least 900 miles of water slow and as lazy as the Mississippi. Sure, it has its rough stretches, but Cataract is only 60 miles long, Grand Canyon perhaps 100 and there are a few other rough short stretches. The bottom line is most of the river is very very slow, and with our rig it is impossible to negotiate against the slightest breeze without a motor. Terribly bored today. I threw my lazy mind in gear and wrote a short synthesis on the essence of experience, knowledge, the application of psi, and the mysticism of consciousness. Since I am not too tired I plunge into something I have never yet written on, "After death?" A delicate subject indeed, but I doubt if it will be any more enigmatic than the other trash of which I have expostulated to no avail.

Monday, June 13, 1954

Nothing to do and nothing done, or so it seemed. We spent half a day building a new motor mount that didn't work.

Tuesday, June 14, 1954

Spent all morning making a very good motor mount for the new 25 Horse Power outboard. It worked beautifully. Bought supplies for 40 days. Received a full roll of toilet paper from the White Kitchen with a good luck gesture or other remark on every section of paper from someone in town. We really enjoyed it. Bought final supplies, loaded up with water and beer and took off for the unknown at 11:30 AM. It was smooth sailing, though the river was very shallow

and acute river reading was necessary to avoid the underwater sand bars. I nailed a duck with the 22, first shot. About 20 miles out of town we came to an oil drilling camp right on the river. The chef of the outfit was drunker than a lord. He hailed us in to the dock and invited us to eat with the men. It was about the greatest meal we've ever eaten. We gave him several beers for the food and everyone was happy. At that camp there were about seventeen men.

Wednesday, June 15, 1954

We traveled till nearly 7:30 tonight since the weather was warm and then we found a nice flat island in the river for camp. When we stopped for lunch we had hotdogs on a nice flat ledge at the river's edge. The air was hot and we went for a swim. The water was perfect and DRIFTWOOD makes a good spring board. What a life! And what a beautiful setting it is here. The sky is a pale purple-black with tall pinnacles interrupting the horizon. A full rich yellow moon sets directly on a pinnacle with a white cap cloud above it. The gentle breeze, the crickets' song, the bull frogs croak, and the smooth sweet music on the radio make a delightful combination. How wonderful life can be... and to think people sit and watch television.

Thursday, June 16, 1954

Another very pleasant day of sailing with a cool breeze blowing off the river to make the sultry hot air comfortable. It was truly a pleasurable day. We stopped several times to take a dip, diving off of ledges. I took a five-mile hike up a steep narrow side canyon. There were a few outcroppings, but no buzz on the Geiger counter. Took a trip up another side canyon and spooked a deer out of the brush. He made a spectacular leap from a seventeen-foot-high ledge into the river. I had time to photograph him through my telephoto during his swim and his arrival at the other bank. Walked on up a ways and cornered three more big bucks in a pocket. They had to jump off a ten-foot cliff to go within fifteen feet around us. I was

totally unprepared with my lens on telephoto and they being too damned close. Earl got a good still just before one jumped the ledge. Saw another deer down by the river. Looks like if we run short on supplies there will be some easy alternatives. We were too busy playing to make many miles but it was great fun today. We have no idea as to our whereabouts. We hope to make the head of the Great Cataract Canyon tomorrow with some luck. Once we get to the junction of the Colorado and the Green we have good maps with the river miles marked on them. We hit it rich with a campsite today. A rock ledge to tie up to, the same level as the boat, and a sandy beach to sleep on. We had a fine meal this evening of shrimp cocktail (it wouldn't work as catfish bait), soup, creamed corn, delicious and tender charcoal broiled T-Bone steaks, and peaches.

Friday, June 17, 1954

Well, here we sit in camp as the bright moonlight illuminates the steep canyon walls. This dramatic spot is just a few hundred yards above the first rapid of Cataract Canyon, otherwise known as the Graveyard of the Colorado. They're a-snoartin down there. We looked the first two over this evening and they really are not bad at all. We'll know more about them tomorrow, after we run a few. We are extremely happy over the fact that tomorrow will be a full day of excitement as we've waited and sailed a long time for it. The day was relatively uneventful, otherwise. I caught four nice catfish early this morning, which we ate this evening. They made a fine meal. We hit the Green River at about four and made our camp here above the rapids at 4:30 PM. It must be at least 65-70 miles from Moab to the Green by way of boat. The weather is quite hot and we are drinking about a gallon and a half of water per day apiece. We use river water and add halazone tablets. Now that the Green came in, the water is much dirtier. We are getting a lot of swimming in and our hides are as dark as Indians. Here along the shore near

the rapids we found a 5-gal gas can, the back end of a CrisCraft boat and a 10-gallon water can. We are taking the cans along for gas at Hite. Well, this is it, the first big day ahead, the first good test, and both of us have nothing but cautious optimism for tomorrow.

Saturday June 18, 1954

Well, it's nice to relax here at twilight time, 8:45 PM with nice music, the rumbling of the rapids, camped in fine sand after an eventful day running half of Cataract Canyon. Thus far it has done a good job of conforming to most reports. Indeed, it's a mean one. The first few were mild and by noon we had run about thirteen rapids. We were wondering if the "Ol' man of the river" who was apparently full of B S, was right when he said "The first one is the worst, all the rest are nothing, and don't let anybody tell you different. There are no rapids in the Grand Canyon." Of course it was apparent then that he didn't know what he was talking about, but the first dozen were mild-but fun. But then the fun really began as we hit some rough s.o.b.'s from there on down. The water is terribly low and the rocks are mean. I ran the motor all day and it's a full-sized job approaching the rapids right, shutting the motor off, rocking it up, rowing, holding on, and reversing the procedure. The rapids here come bang bang bang. We've hit some mean ones, damaged the motor mount or the motor prop a little, but otherwise everything is going very well. DRIFTWOOD is doing beautifully. If it wasn't for the tremendous rocks EYERYWHERE we could go through with our eyes closed. We are camped at the head of a bad one. It seems that it never stops, one running immediately into another one, over a mile long. A good warmer upper for tomorrow morning. According to the maps we are 30 miles from Hite and should be there day after tomorrow.

Sunday, June 19, 1954

Today was a day of near disaster in the heart of Cataract Canyon. I speak of disaster, not pertaining to our lives, but to the boat, our expensive equipment,

and the longevity of our river trip. We made a fairly early start, about 9 AM, and ran many rapids before lunch. We hit some big waves which were great fun and thrilling, with both of us yodeling and singing with a similar ecstasy of skiing dry powder snow. Immediately after lunch we hit a mean rocky rapid, and found it necessary to put the motor on board for protection and make our line with paddles. We did very well and then did likewise on another rough one. But on the third very bad one, the wind caught us and we missed our line. The boat broad-sided dead center on a rock sticking out of the water two feet high. We hung there, and it was terrible water to hang in. Neither end would swing around, and soon we were washed up on the top of the rock. There was about six inches of standing space on each side of the rock on which we were wedged. We were stranded in the middle of Cataract's worst rapid and the boat wouldn't budge. I suggested to Earl that we shift the weight around, moving the center weight to the front end. We gave it a try and in the middle of the swirling waters we managed to carry the Johnson 25 and my heavy photo chest to the front end of the boat and lash the equipment down. We were too high on the rock to hope to pivot around now so we got out on its upper side and started prying with our oars and poles, trying to pry the center completely over the top of the rock. It would give very little so I took a bucket and threw water on the lower end of rock to lubricate it. Then we heave-hoed again. It was slow but we were doing some good and were just hoping that we wouldn't get the boat on the highest-most point and not be able to continue. Finally with all the physical power we possessed, we pushed her over and excitedly jumped on board. Down through the rapid we bounced with flawless boating thereafter. We rowed the boat to shore at the bottom of the rapid, had a cigarette, and we both breathed a deep sigh of relief. We were only stranded on the rock for about thirty minutes but it seemed like a half a day. We were commenting at lunch that

all the bad rapids were over with. It seemed that Hell always pops up in the afternoon. We ran a few more mild rapids after our hang and found an ideal camp spot at the mouth of Dark Canyon. We had rocks for a table and a tremendous sandy beach for camp. It was a real pleasure to swim in still water, lay down on the soft sandy beach and sleep for a while, then eat and retire.

Sunday, June 20, 1954

We arose early and prospected up Dark Canyon to no avail and took off at about 11:30 AM. We noticed on a rocky hill the inscription of E. Kolb 1921 and some other famous river runners. We thereby assumed that we had conquered Cataract Canyon. The weather has been terribly hot. If it had been much hotter it wouldn't have been necessary to cook our canned food. We arrived in Hite about 2 PM and found with great surprise and pleasure that there was a boarding house, a bar, grocery store and gas available. We loaded up on grub, home cooked food, got a good buzz on beer, and shot the bull with the lads. They sure were colorful characters. It was 105 in the shade at Hite and Boy, did that cold beer taste good. We learned that Jim & Bob Rigg had left just the day before by river, taking a party of five girls to Lee's Ferry. We intend to start out early the next morning and catch them. The lady at the Trading Post was very nice and loaned us an old dilapidated 1926 Chevy to run our fuel down to the river. We've certainly met some fine people on this trip.

Monday, June 21, 1954

We ate a 6 o'clock breakfast at the boarding house and took off for the Riggs... and the girls!! We embarked at 7:00 AM and just a little before noon we had caught the boat party. We chatted, had lunch together, and departed. The Rigg boys certainly know the Grand Canyon area well. The women were nice, but not at all the type we had in mind. We left the party eating lunch and secured DRIFTWOOD, letting her float while we put on our life jackets, jumped in

the river and floated with the boat. It was terribly hot and this seemed such a wonderful way to travel, with the current flowing about three miles an hour. It was great fun just sitting in the water and moving down the river alongside our boat. We would yodel & whistle and listen to the echoes. Ah, but this rapture of idle living on the river was just the lull before the storm, the plus before the minus. Shortly after our swim we started the motor and idled it for about an hour. Suddenly, it commenced missing and back-firing and finally it conked out. I was not too perturbed at first, thinking Earl had the carburetor fouled up, but after an hour of tinkering and breaking down the motor without any functioning improvement, I reached the peak of my potential disgust. It was sultry hot, we were both wet with sweat, and the highest possible degree of mental contempt permeated my body and mind. It is impossible to describe my fury as I thought of those vultures who manufactured outboard motors for \$436, motors that wouldn't run for two weeks. All the cursing in the world failed to fix the motor, so we stopped about 7 o'clock and while Earl broke the motor down yet again, I cooked supper. We then decided that with the good smooth current we could drift all night and sleep on the boat. This was fun and something much different. The only trouble was the river turned out to be not so smooth. It was pitch dark and we started to hear a rapid. It was quite a sensation listening to its roar miles off as we drifted upon the water, getting closer and closer, louder and louder, not knowing and not seeing, in the still of the night. It sounded like a monstrous rapid as we slowly approached it. We wondered if DRIFTWOOD would take the right channel or if there were big rocks we would hit. Soon we were in the tongue of the rapid, and then in the whitewater. It was a good sized one, with some water splashing over the bow, but we went through it flawlessly. It was fun not knowing where we were or what would happen. There were a few more small waves then we were drifting in still water again. At this

point we heard voices from another party on the bank camped just below us. I got the radio out and when we were dead even with them I blasted them with loud music. I don't know what they thought, as they couldn't see us, just hear the loud music. We passed them, turned the radio down, listened to music and fell sound asleep. Earl woke me with an exclamation of "What the Hell!" We found ourselves approaching a small rapid loaded with big rocks. We were in the back water approach, and not knowing what was below, we tied the boat to a tree and slept tied up the remainder of the night to late morning.

Tuesday, June 22, 1954

We awoke to see we were above a small riffle, so we untied and drifted to a shady place for breakfast. When we were done eating we commenced to drifting. The motor still wouldn't run, so we placed it on top of the big box and tore it down as we drifted. Everything seemed to be in good order. We checked the plugs and they weren't firing properly, so we put new ones in and the motor then ran beautifully. It seems like when outboards foul up, it's either something extremely simple or something totally unreparable. We motored awhile, stopped at a few beautiful side canyons & hiked up them, then continued. An insect enthusiast would be in heaven here, there were so many strange species of bugs and water insects. At dead noon we came upon a huge overhanging rock with a sandy beach. We docked, ate lunch, and took a two-hour siesta in the cool sand and shade, then had a swim. We have our bad moments but the hours of relaxation are numerous and nonpareil. At 6:00 PM after a couple of hours of motoring, I asked Earl to take over while I wrote up my notes a bit. I had hardly gotten the paper out when it suddenly clouded up and the wind commenced to blow. The overcast cooled the air some but when the wind blew over the hot rocks it felt like a blast from an oven. Our flag began whipping pretty fast. I got up to take it down when all hell broke loose. Our 4-man dinghy blew

off into the water along with all my bedding. The wind was getting worse. There was a mad scramble as more junk blew off the boat. We tied the now floating dinghy onto DRIFTWOOD, and I grab my bedding before it sank. The wind blew so hard that it lifted the dinghy out of the water and placed it right back on the boat. It was as strong a wind as I've ever seen in my life. You couldn't stand up without holding to something, The Dinghy then blew off again and as I was leaning over to grab an oar that blew off, the wind blew over the heavy lid on the big box hitting me square on the rear. I grabbed for the nearest thing, which was the flag mast. It broke off and I was launched into the water. When I came up I was under the boat which was drifting upstream. I swam from under it in great haste. Earl didn't know exactly what had happened. The whitecaps were tremendous, like small ocean waves, and in the chaos, the wind took us to shore before we could motor away. We lost the flag pole, but everything else was saved. There was some excitement for a while, just like a storm on the sea. The wind lasted for about an hour, then we found a beautiful camp spot in heavy overhanging cypress-type trees, and we were nicely protected from the wind. We laughed about the storm and how unprepared we were. We've been on the trip now for almost a month, and instead of its having the aspect of a safari, it is becoming a way of life, and we are making a consummate acclimation to it. I do most of my writing on the boat, we sleep on the boat, swim several times a day, and in general, live the way people think life should be lived but don't. Last night was the hottest night of our trip. We slept stark naked without any covers and were a bit uncomfortable all night. I am now writing on the boat, we are finding clear fresh water springs in the side canyons and are just a few miles from the mouth of the San Juan River. That puts us about 70 miles out of Hite. The country so unique, the trip such an experience, and the life so careless, worthless and wonderful, we have often remarked what a fine

thing it would be to take a couple of girls down next year. The hardships are much less than we anticipated, one becomes accustomed to eating and existing out of doors, and the conditions of everyday experiences are extremely conducive to the desideratum of the opposite sex! I intend to do my utmost in promoting such an affair for next summer.

Wednesday, June 23, 1954

Today was another very pleasant and interesting day of going down the river. We embarked about 9:30 AM, and at 11:30 we passed the mouth of the San Juan River. At noon we came upon an interesting side canyon. It was about the finest thing yet we've seen on the trip. There was a very narrow passage which necessitated some careful climbing and there were many crystal-clear pools of water in it of varying temperatures due to sun exposure. It was a real beauty. We swam in different pools, and walked perhaps 3 miles up. At one place we came upon a 25-foot waterfall which dropped into a big pool 12 feet deep with cool water full of perch and native trout. What a swimming hole!! The entire canyon was shaded with hard bedrock to walk on except a few tricky places to climb. It was, perhaps, the most beautiful area I've ever seen. We ate lunch on our return, filled up with the fresh clear water, and continued down the river. At 3:30 PM, we come upon another narrow canyon that we thought warranted investigation. What we beheld was impossible to adequately describe. Even a good camera was unable to convey a good perspective of the magnificence of the area. Therein was a prodigious overhanging bowl, maybe 400 yards in diameter, with the sky barely visible. The size of the place was unimaginable and the acoustics surpassing any amphitheater I've ever seen. The top area rose in an overhang to a height of over 1000 feet, completely obscuring the sky. We hiked many miles up narrow dark passages, spellbound by the majesty and reiterated to each other how sad it was that all people can't

be as fortunate and sensuous as we are about the way of life that permits these experiences. The average width of this canyon was about 6 feet and 2000 feet high. We stayed in it until 6:15 PM which naturally made us later than usual for finding a campsite. Still, we had eaten, swam, washed, and hit the sack by 8:30 PM.

Thursday, June 24, 1954

The day itself was moderately uneventful. At about 2:00 PM we came across a party of three large rubber boats, about 2/3 as large about ours with twelve people on each boat. They were all from Salt Lake City going from Hite to Lees Ferry. We made many miles and camped at 6:30 PM on Wahweap Creek, just sixteen miles from Lee's Ferry. I commenced fishing and must say the fishing on the river was unbelievable. In fifteen minutes I had caught twelve catfish ranging from 3/4 lb to 2 lbs. We ate fish for dinner and again this morning for breakfast. But due to the uneventful day, a little after 7:00 in the evening the works began. The wind blew like hell and it began to rain fairly hard. There was close lightning, and the reverberation of the thunder in the canyons was impressive. Rocks began to fall down within feet of where the boat was docked, and we were eating, launched from the cliffs high overhead. We immediately grew deeply concerned, threw all our gear in the boat and moved down about 100 yards to a better and safer beach. As we were moving the boat we could see thick sheets of rain moving down the river. Wet and cold, Earl crawled under a tarp, while I was under the large dinghy. It was the heaviest rainstorm I had ever seen, and as a result of it hitting the hard rock country we witnessed the most impressive spectacle nature could conceive. Up and down the river as far as we could see, giant waterfalls, countless in number, poured off of the 400 and 500-foot-high cliffs. They were not merely streams, but tremendous amounts of beautiful water and thoroughly compensated for our miserable conditions. Though there

was no light, and the rain obscured much of what we could have seen, it remained a sight never to be forgotten. Shortly thereafter we witnessed a flash flood coming down the mouth of the side canyon at which we were docked. It roared like the rapids in Cataract Canyon, rising three feet every ten minutes, filthy with mud and debris. It cut new channels and in a few minutes washed away the ten-foot sandbar on which we were docked. The sand banks fell into the flood with the noise of a landslide and where we were previously docked was being swept away. The lightning was blinding at times, illuminating the canyon and the beautiful waterfalls. It was truly an experience. The small side canyon had more water in it than the Roaring Fork in high-water stages, and we were soon swept into and began floating down the Colorado. We watched for and soon found a good rock to tie to that was void of rotten rock overhead, waterfalls, and danger from the flooding side streams. I made a bed under the dinghy, put on dry clothes, and got a good night's sleep. In the morning the river was terribly muddy, full of debris, and about two feet higher. Six miles below our storm area we noticed that it hadn't rained a drop. Such, I suppose, is characteristic of flashfloods in this area.

Friday, June 25, 1954

A slow day, indeed. We motored into Lees Ferry at about 12:30 PM, and discovered it to be a seven-mile walk to the shopping area. We packed up and left for the Marble Canyon Trading Post. In the hot sun and extremely hungry, the seven miles seemed to be thirty-seven with packs on our backs. It took us two full hours to walk it and when we arrived, large hot meals were ordered. We rented a nice modern cabin, I shaved my growth off, showered and drank beer with a couple of characters. One was an old timer from Missouri, full of the stuff, but damned nice. We turned in about eleven, dead tired.

Saturday, June 26, 1954

Slept in till 9:00 AM, ate and walked over to look at Navajo Bridge. People seemed interested in our trip. Two young California prospectors, one a schoolteacher and another a student, heard about our trip and were quite impressed. One ejaculated "You want a couple more?" and I replied with an immediate affirmative. They were greatly surprised that I said yes, and I was likewise surprised when they were serious about joining us. Within thirty minutes we were buying gas and hauling it to the boat. We pulled DRIFTWOOD out of the river, patched the bottom, put it back in the water and re-loaded, then slept on the boat for the night. It certainly looks like we will have company going through the Grand Canyon.

Sunday, June 27, 1954

Worked on the boat a bit, then took off for Art Greene's. We wanted to see Jim Rigg. He was to arrive and show a movie in the evening. The other boys wanted to check on a rock they thought might contain uranium. I told them it was probably the radium in their compasses, but they didn't believe me. We drank beer until 2:00 PM. It tasted good and we felt equally well. The boys left and Earl and I slept in the shade. The boys returned tired, disheartened, and they confessed to the veracity of my theory. They are an interesting pair. LeRoy "Roy" Byers, the one who made up his mind so quick, is heavy set, nice looking and sports a crewcut. He is semi-impetuous, careless and likeminded, a nice guy who is terribly disillusioned about money and the easy acquisition of it. He is impulsive, game to do anything, but at the same time can be frightened easily. Carl Gage is the other guy, a more serious type individual, more reticent, reserved but seemingly easy going whether he remains satisfied or not. I thought for a while, as they listened to some frightening tales of failure of this year's expeditions through the Grand Canyon that they might back out. I must say if one were to believe the stories, they would induce discouragement, but they stuck to their intentions. We also heard

the Authorities were going to be down to Lee's Ferry to stop us tomorrow morning as all parties thus far this year had crashed and bolted and no more were to go through due to low water. Such last-minute accounts as these didn't avail an optimistic outlook, but we were still game and far more confident than the average easy-chair river runner. We saw Jim & Bob Rigg, but their film had not come in. We picked up our additional supplies and a fine Irishman saved us the long hike to the boat by giving us a ride. These people are wonderful. We sacked out at 11 o'clock, concerned only about those who might wish to halt our proposed river run.

Monday, June 28, 1954

Our first day in the famous rapids of the Grand Canyon. We sneaked off at the very break of dawn, went a few miles below the bridge where no one could reach us, and ate breakfast. The morning was fresh and we ate just above Badger Creek rapids. It was certainly not a sight of encouragement, being wide, full of rocks, with medium sized waves. We slipped through it without trouble and in a few minutes we were at the head of Soap Creek rapids. The waters were narrower, deeper, but with fewer surface rocks. The waves were big and lots of fun. This was the continued conditions of the other rapids we ran today. All good water and nothing to worry about. I guess we ran about twenty-five to thirty rapids and went thirty-two miles. It was a fun day. We are camping here at a side canyon where we stopped at 3:30 PM, prospected, made camp and had delicious charcoal-broiled T-Bone steaks. The rapids down here, in general are great, much more fun than Cataract and easier thus far. The waves are about the same, a few larger, the water better and the average single rapid shorter thus far. We hit one short one around Mile 28 of extreme turbulence. I was sitting near the rear getting a black-white still picture of the bow and our new boys when the front seemed to explode out of the water, throwing the men in the air and the boat broadside.

I had never seen DRIFTWOOD get such a jolt in front as it is generally the smoothest riding area of the boat. The men hung on but needless to say they wet their pants a bit, were lacking in coherent speech, and blue with fright. I was amazed myself at the reaction of DRIFTWOOD. The boys got a few good big thrills, were scared witless a few times, but are doing fine for their first rapids. They seem to fear the big water somewhat, whereas we have never done that, just the rocks. We will doubtlessly hit some bad ones, but those today have offered us nothing but encouragement as to the rapids, the "dangerous waters" of the Grand Canyon!

Tuesday, June 29, 1954

And another day in the Grand Canyon, and relatively uneventful at that. We ran a few small rapids that were fun but not dangerous, and came another thirty-two miles. Stopped and looked at Paradise Canyon. Climbed around and looked at some cliff dwellings but got too hot. Though we haven't considered any of this lap dangerous yet, it is amazing how many boats have been abandoned in this country. We saw several today, one roped high on the bank with a huge hole in the side and rear end. We passed the Little Colorado River, expecting clear water, but it was dirty. Continued on down to a nice rock ledge campsite. We are now only fifteen miles from Phantom Ranch, and we joke about the girls we will meet there but seriously expect none. The wind blew like hell for a while, but this evening is reasonably calm. The weather has been not too hot, the nights spent sleeping under a thin sheet. Here within the base of the spectacle of the Grand Canyon, with a huge campfire, clear starlit sky, the roar of the rapids and sweet music, I find it quite difficult to focus my thoughts on that which ordinarily dominates my mind, the seemingly solvable enigmas of time, space, motion, consciousness and the abstruse aspects of theology, that even theory doesn't understand. I slipped into a little better gear in Moab, but



DRIFTWOOD and crew on Lake Mead, left to right: Charles Bolte, LeRoy Byers, Carl Gage and Earl Eaton. Photo credit: The Huntington Library, San Marino, California, Otis Marston Collection

am unable to get back in it. I will, perhaps write a little tonight after the boys turn in if I can get in the right mood of thought.

Wednesday, June 30, 1954

It was a full day of running rapids of the Grand Canyon. All but two were wonderfully fun long rapids, with lots of water and big waves. The two tough ones, one of which was Unkar and the other Hance (the later having the greatest vertical drop of any single rapid, 35 feet) were terribly full of rocks. We sweated them out and had no trouble. We had one very long single rapid immediately after Hance, which was the best fun rapid of the trip. It had big waves and falls, ran straight for 1/2 mile, and was narrow with no rocks. It is called Sockdolager Rapids, but I altered it to Salty Dog rapids for the simplification of pronunciation. We made thirty-three miles today, and hit Phantom Ranch at about 3:30 PM, drank some beer, and had the greatest home-cooked meal conceivable at dinner. My stomach still aches from gluttony. We swam in their beautiful clear-water swimming pool. The other fellows are sleeping up around the Ranch area, but I decided upon the boat on the river.

As we find ourselves in the center of this particular area, again we are impressed by the beautiful attributes of nature. Most certainly it is not to be appreciated as a huge canyon, but more of a majestic gorge of the supernatural, with towering jagged slabs of marble rising vertical in the air and issuing a black satin shine in the hot sun. It is like another world.

Thursday, July 1, 1954

Breakfast at the Ranch was followed by a swim in the pool, a beer in the shade, and a phone conversation with the ranger telling us the water was dangerously low and the river unsafe for travel. On the voyage that followed, I soon had the most frightening and dangerous experience of my lifetime. The sailing was smooth for about thirty minutes, then we came upon a place where the river seemed to drop from under us. We could not see it below from about a fifty-foot back view, so we docked to look it over from a twenty-foot high cliff as we could not get to its immediate side. It was a rough one by sight with big waves, a great drop, and most of the water rushing to a granite point below on the right. We hauled the motor inside and attempted to row

through, taking a narrow left chute to avoid the consequential granite points. Our line was picked beautifully and we were obviously going to miss the point when I was amazed by the tremendous waves in the rapid on our right. I screamed "look" just as the boat semi-broadsided and dropped into a tremendous twenty-foot-deep hole. A huge wall of water enveloped me as the front end flipped to a vertical degree, hurtling me out of the boat. Going out, I apparently took the anchor rope with me and I was hung under water, under the boat and tangled helplessly in the large rope. I struggled frantically in consternation for what seemed like hours, fortunately freed myself and came to the surface. I had a life vest on which doubtlessly saved my life. Having just come to the top and breathless, I gasped for a deep breath when another big wave enveloped me, choking me with water! Seconds later, I came up again, gasped for air but my pipes were clogged. I floated down about fifty yards, caught my breath and saw DRIFTWOOD, to my surprise, upright and floating toward me. She was a most beautiful sight. Having breathed and composed myself, I saw my big pack floating in the water. I grabbed it and began to swim for DRIFTWOOD, when I became aware of the fact that the current was sweeping me toward a sheer rock ledge where the river swept under the ledge out of sight. It took me only a split second to realize that either me or the pack must go, so I let it go and swam for my life. I missed the ledge by only a foot and a half where I then drifted onto the ledge below where there was no undercurrent. The fellows on board were screaming for fear DRIFTWOOD would crush me between the boat and rocks as they had no control of her for all the oars were overboard and the motor was still packed inside. I avoided the boat however, pulled myself up on the ledge and breathed a deep sigh of relief as the boat drifted by me. Only then did I realize there were only two men on board. I was hit with the horrible thought that Roy, without a lifejacket, must have drowned. The boys yelled

that he was on a ledge just upriver and only twenty five feet from me. I breathed more freely, knowing that when they got the motor started they could come back and get me. Shortly, an oar came drifting around the point and I grubbed it. Soon thereafter, Roy came swimming around. About twenty-five feet away I noticed a look of terror on his face. I called to him if he was alright, and as I did he went under for only a few seconds. When he came up to the surface, he yelled with a weak gasp, "Help." I jumped after him. He was so exhausted he could barely swim against the undertow when I reached him. I told him loudly not to panic, just grab ahold of my life vest collar and kick his feet in order that the undertow didn't take us both under, life vest and all. We were unable to hit our original point, but managed to get to a ledge downstream a ways. Still totally exhausted from my own extremely close call I was considerably afraid that Roy might panic and take us both under since neither of us had enough energy left to do much, and he being much larger than I. But all was well as we hit a ledge and ten minutes later they had the motor on and were up to get us. We hurried downstream and retrieved three of our four oars. It was too close for comfort. I actually thought that this was it, and it almost was for both of us. One life jacket, without any doubt, had saved two lives. Preceding and succeeding these terrible moments of danger and consternation there were some vivid and significant mystical experiences on my own behalf that will warrant some elaboration on a different subject. We learned a lesson. All of us were a bit careless and over confident, especially Roy, but now he holds high respect for the undertows in the Colorado River. I do likewise. He and Carl wear their plastic sleeping-bags tied around them, and I am never without my life vest. It was mid-afternoon when we came to a terrible-looking rapid, with huge waves, and all of them following closely against a sheer granite wall. We looked at the rapid, deliberated and hesitated. It was the famous Granite Falls rapid. We noticed a good rubber

boat on the bank where a party before us gave up the trip. The combination of the extremely bad conditions which we faced and the fright pervading our minds from above, resulted in a decision to line our first rapid. Although I felt relatively certain we could make it, I was not one to argue against Earl when an element of chance was certainly prevailing. Besides, I was plenty thankful to be alive and was more than willing to do the safest thing. We waited for a few hours for an evening temperature, then it took two hard hours of labor carrying supplies from boat to below, making it light enough to line through boulders and low water. By the time we had gotten all our gear around to the foot of the rapid it was dark so we left the lining for the next morning. It was difficult to accept the necessity of lining when we had hoped to make the entire trip without it, but life is far more important than prestige or records. But it just seemed like our bad day, eating at twilight and until midnight the wind blew and the sand flew making complete relaxation impossible. There was sand everywhere. Why the hell must that damned wind blow too!! Old Man River was certainly giving us a supreme test. Maybe he thought if we could take this we could take anything.

Friday, July 2, 1954

And so the process of lining our first rapid. Thirty minutes of hard work, but it panned out beautifully. Another hour and a half of rigging the boat, a beer, and we were off. In view of the wind and the sand last night, I slept like a log. The first rapid we hit only half a mile below was Hermit falls!! Waves as big as a barn. Carl offered to take pictures, and I gladly permitted him. And so we went in, huge waves, the bow rode on top of all of them, stretching high in the air over the crest, then dropping into the next hole. It was great fun again, but during the worst section I had a hold of something besides my paddle. It more or less restored a brighter outlook on life, more confidence in the boat and a

successful trip also. But the next four miles were the roughest we'd seen. Big drops, rapids on curves, one right after another like Cataract Canyon. It took time to look at each one, read them and decide the route. It was slow, rough going, but each one we ran with perfection, and this afternoon it was perfect. It was almost cool as the sun was behind clouds, we had the first consistent tailwind of the trip, and many straight, big-waved, fun rapids with good current between. We were yodeling and singing through the spray. We are now camped at about Mile 115. It looks much like rain, each one of us with a special wind-sand-rain-proof-sleeping quarters. The narrow escape we had didn't help our psychology toward the rapids, but it has made us more careful, and the later part of today, contrary to my first beliefs, I have quite well conquered the fear of the water. But I respect it! And it is interesting to notice the psychological change of Carl since our disturbing episode. He is just nineteen years old, and it is obvious that he is trying to divert his apparent fear of the water by singing, and displaying a synthetic mood of carelessness, tiredness, and unconcern, when he is doubtlessly, inside, extremely uneasy about the big water. He might get over it or he may always fear the big waves and turbulent white water. Just below Hermit Falls we met two fellows who had walked down a trail from the rim. They were quite interested in us and the boat, as one had gone through the Canyon in 1951.

Saturday, July 3, 1954

A mild, or almost so, day in the Grand Canyon. We ate breakfast fairly late. I hiked up the side canyon by camp several mile and came to a dead end. On one side a steep shelf led up to the creek about 500 feet long on 300 feet high. I decided to climb the shelf. It was a risky climb, but I felt something of interest might await overhead. Nothing particularly did, so I proceeded down from whence I came. It was then I realized what

a stupid trick I had pulled. The rock was rotten and crumbled on every hand and foot hold. One slip and I was a goner straight down for 100 yards. I trembled with fear every time I looked down and listened to the seemingly endless booming of the rocks I dislodged. Any moment it could be me. Extremely cautious, step by step, slowly I made my decent, cursing at myself for ever pulling such a stunt without a partner and ropes. Twice I grabbed ahold of sharp cactus to keep from falling. Resting was no good as it only availed the fear that pervaded my bones. I made it, and when I hit flat bottom it felt like a blessing. Never again I said. The boys came to the box end just as I made the bottom. I showed them where I had been and they shook their heads in bewilderment. It was nice to get back on the river. The current was good, the air cool, and we made fast miles this morning, looking over only one rapid and running the rest nonstop. This afternoon we came to the famous Bedrock Rapid in which all the water rushed to a large boulder in the center and then split in two. Our only way through was on the right side of the rock. The water wasn't necessarily big or rough, but a wind from the right was hitting us. We had to wait for forty-five minutes in the blowing sand before the wind subsided and we could risk running it. When we did, it was perfect. Just below was Deubendorff Rapid, notorious for its roughness and reason enough so. It was long and rough looking but there seemed to be plenty of water in the middle. It was a rough ride never to be forgotten, with tremendous waves and the boat finally broadside just before we went over a turbulent eight-foot falls. I had a death grip on the safety rope and it was a good thing as water enveloped and threw me high in the air. We seemed to hang in the falls until the backend swung around and pulled us out. A thriller indeed, but what a boat DRIFTWOOD is. It has been threatening weather but only a short drizzle this evening. We camped early at Tapeats Creek, a beautiful cold spring fed creek with

ice water in it. Dinner, a cold beer, and early in the sack am I.

Sunday, July 4, 1954

We spent all morning hiking up and over a ledge further into Tapeats Creek. It was a beautiful little creek with a series of waterfalls in it. We ate lunch and hiked back to camp, then on the boat to run rapids. We made the first ten miles in short order, looking over no rapids, and passing a beautiful waterfall, about 300 ft high, called Deer Falls. Soon after we hit a small rapid with a mean fall and very bad back wash. We hit it dead center and what a jolt. The boat halted abruptly and twisted violently, throwing Carl and Roy out into the water. Both had a hold of safety ropes however and were back in the boat in short order. It was a frightening sight as I saw them go over. It looked very much like DRIFTWOOD was about to fly. The falls are nothing but the wash halts the boat and throws the bow high side up. This type of water is due to the low water stage and observing all of this well I became cognizant of the fact that DRIFTWOOD isn't invulnerable. Soon we came to Upset Rapids and it took but one quick glance to say "let's line it." It was a falls just like the one that flipped us upriver, only about three times as big. There was no way in the world to miss it, the back wash was tremendous, and an upset would almost be certain. We lined our second rapid in a smooth job, leaving all cargo on board, and were past the mean fall in less than 30 minutes. We jumped aboard and continued on. Camp tonight is on a rock ledge at a beautiful cold water creek called Havasupai where supposedly there are Indians up about ten miles which we intend to visit in the morning. In the mouth here at the creek there are hundreds of huge (18-inch) trout, but we have had no success in catching them yet. It looks like a fish hatchery.

Monday, July 5, 1954

Just as I had predicted long before we started on this trip, we, or at least I, am growing tired of this

river. Perhaps not so much of the river, but of that which surrounds it, nothing but deep canyon walls. Some of the side canyons are nice and green with fresh clear water but are nothing to one who is accustomed to the beautiful trout streams around Aspen. I am beginning to want the tall green mountains, cool clean air, and the variation of country side that lies over every hill. The Canyons, by no means however, are to be sold short. Still, every day I am amazed at the grandeur of it, its spectacular forms, and it will forever remain impressive. But for a consummation of beauty, peace, and natural delight, nothing can surpass the Rocky Mountains. In other words the Canyons are a privilege to see but offer no ideal living inducements. I will still say, on the other hand, that water is a wonderful way to travel.

Tuesday, July 6, 1954

Nothing much happened today. The boys hiked up ten miles to an Indian reservation. This interested me very little. Roy maintained he read, and he has great faith in everything he reads, that this particular tribe is quite primitive. I hold a contrary opinion. We shall see. They haven't returned yet, so I suppose they are staying overnight. I have taken life

very easy, written a little on Time & Space and slept in the shade.

Wednesday, July 7, 1954

The boys returned mid-afternoon. They claimed I had missed a good deal, including a beautiful valley situated between high walls with waterfalls surrounding it. The Indians took good care of them and were "quite primitive", reading *Life* magazines by electrical plant light, selling decks of cards, and giving away tourist folders trying to induce people to visit their Shangri La in the Canyon. We got a late start, but moved about fifteen miles down the river. We found a beautiful camp spot amidst the deep walls, a very quiet camp away from the rapids. The quarter moon is beautiful.

Thursday, July 8, 1954

Today was a day of many miles and one notorious rapid, perhaps the most famous of all, Lava Falls Rapid. We hit Lava Falls at about 11 o'clock. It was a mean looker, but seemed entirely passable. We studied it carefully. The main tongue on the right was the only way through, flowing into a series of explosion waves, and ending with a tremendously large wave. Carl most willingly volunteered to take the pictures and Roy admitted

later he was scared stiff. I was aware of this at the beginning and tried to talk him out of riding through, but he said if we went, he wanted to also. Later I also discovered that he bet Earl a beer ration that we would capsize. We sailed through in flying colors as I was positive we would. It was strictly a fun rapid with a terrific thrill on the tail end. I'm sure it left a fine impression on my 16 mm movie film. We were all happy to be through it especially after listening to all the terrible stories about it previous to our immediate encounter. Roy later admitted his fear and skepticism. Our camping spot was ideal, the canyon widening as we ran (45 miles today) and we expect to be on Lake Mead water by tomorrow evening.

Friday, July 9, 1954

An easy day of traveling, with a few small rapids. At noon we ate just above Separation Canyon. When we came to Separation Rapids, it was gone and in its place was smooth deep water. It was there I clanged the bell and made the formal announcement that we had conquered the Colorado River and were now in the waters of Lake Mead. It was a fine feeling. Everyone was considerably happy over the event, especially Earl and I. The water was slow and muddy all afternoon. We ate supper and decided to sail on the lake during moonlight. It was beautiful, the waters placid, and the moon quite bright. We had a few beers to our successful trip, and I hauled out the wine. We drank a toast to the rapids, the river, the trip, and lastly to Earl Morris, Stan Bealmear, and Werner Kuster. Later we drifted into a huge backwater where there was tons or driftwood. We floated in the driftwood all night and everyone slept on the DRIFTWOOD surrounded by driftwood.

Saturday, July 10, 1954

In the morning we fought our way out of the driftwood and headed for the bank for breakfast. That done, we set sail on Lake Mead. In less than an hour the lake was crystal clear,



Motorized bridge pontoon DRIFTWOOD making first run of Lava Falls, July 8, 1954. Photo credit: LeRoy Byers Family

doubtlessly the most beautiful blue water I've ever seen in my lifetime. We made many miles, the air being hot, and about every 30 minutes the motorman would kill the motor, clang the bell, and someone would scream "Swim time." Everyone would jump into the wonderful clean warm water in a mad scramble, we would cool off, and then head down the lake again.

• • •

Postscript: The boats the DRIFTWOOD crew saw in Marble Canyon included the abandoned Marble Canyon Damsite drilling barges and Bert Loper's boat. The rubber boats they saw at Granite Rapid belonged to the Purtymun expedition and had been left there just 15 days prior. The two men at Hermit Rapid were Stan Udy and Harry "Pete" Sparkes. Morris, Bealmear and Kuster were well known in Aspen at the time. The DRIFTWOOD and her crew of four made it to the Boulder boat dock on the evening of Sunday, July 11, 1954.

GCHS and the NPS Sponsor 60th Anniversary Commemoration of the Tragic 1956 Air Collision Over Grand Canyon



Plaque denoting the National Historic Landmark designation at Desert View. Photo courtesy of Steve Owens.



Wayne Ranney, President of the Grand Canyon Historical Society, addresses family members and introduces NPS ranger Brian Gatlin, who spoke at the 60th anniversary of the 1956 plane collision over Grand Canyon. Shortly after this photo, a moment of silence was observed at the exact time that the planes collided 60 years previous. Photo courtesy of Steve Owens.



Ian Hough, National Park Service ranger, addresses about 35 relatives of those lost in the tragic air collision over Grand Canyon on June 30, 1956. Photo courtesy of Steve Owens.

Book Review

Hill, Carol, Gregg Davidson, Tim Helble, and Wayne Ranney (Editors). 2016. *The Grand Canyon, Monument to an Ancient Earth: Can Noah's Flood Explain Grand Canyon?* Grand Rapids, MI: Kregel Publications. 240 pp., including index, references, biographies, and geologic timescale; color throughout, with boxed inserts; \$26.99.

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by Dr. Randy Moore, Univ. of Minnesota

If you've visited the South Rim of Grand Canyon in recent years, you probably noticed brochures, books, and other advertisements promoting a Bible-based, "different view" of Grand Canyon. This "different view," which is called "flood geology" and "young-Earth creationism" (YEC), is based on the belief that a "true" reading of the Bible shows that Earth is 6,000 years old, that Earth's geology (including Grand Canyon) was shaped by Noah's flood about 4,500 years ago, and that any evidence contradicting this belief is invalid. This non-scientific "view" of Grand Canyon is popular far beyond Grand Canyon National Park; indeed, exhibits promoting the YEC "view" of Grand Canyon are a mainstay of virtually all of the many "creation museums" that are springing up across the United States and elsewhere.

Mainstream geologists, including those at Grand Canyon National Park and elsewhere, have long rejected YEC's claims, and have instead used an overwhelming amount of scientific evidence to conclude that Grand Canyon is ancient (and that Earth is 4.56 billion years old). If you're wondering, "Who's right?", or "Is there anything that's valid about young-Earth creationism or this 'different view'?", then this book is for you.

The Grand Canyon, Monument to an Ancient Earth: Can Noah's Flood



Deeana Jang (left), Etta Jang (center) and Dana Jang (right) at the TWA mass gravesite in Citizen's Cemetery, Flagstaff on June 29, 2016. 91 year old Etta is flanked by two of her three children that she raised after the death of her husband, Dr. James Joseph Jang, on June 30, 1956. Dr. Jang, a chemical engineer, was on the TWA flight. Photo courtesy of Tom Martin.



Memorial wreath laid on the United Airlines mass gravesite at the Pioneer Cemetery in Grand Canyon Village. Photo courtesy of Ian Hough



Courtesy of Dr. Randy Moore

Explain Grand Canyon? will convince you that neither a straightforward reading of Genesis, nor an equally straightforward application and understanding of geology, indicates that Grand Canyon and its rocks were created in recent events associated with Noah's flood. The book's 20 readable, beautifully illustrated chapters will also inform you about geology, the validity of evidence, scientific logic, and Grand Canyon; and in the process, expose the deceptive, wrong, and often dishonest claims of YEC as biased, anti-scientific, religious nonsense.

Part 1 ("Two Views") discusses YEC, its timeframe, and its incredible claims – for example, that there was no death or rain before Noah's flood, that continents moved during Noah's flood, and that virtually all fossils formed during Noah's flood. There is then an excellent discussion of the biblical problems with YEC, such as the rapid deposition and hardening of Grand Canyon's 12,000'-thick Supergroup, and why there are no – *not one* -- fossils of fish, reptiles, clams, snails, or mammals in the Supergroup. It also discusses obvious questions that YEC cannot answer, such as how all but single-cell organisms

escaped from these sediments.

Parts 2 and 3 ("How Geology Works" and "Fossils: What Story Do They Tell?") discuss Grand Canyon's fossils, sedimentary rocks, the timeline of geologic history, and plate tectonics. Included in these chapters are the many inconsistencies of Grand Canyon geology with Noah's flood. For example, a violent flood would have mixed clay and limestone, but this mixture is rarely observed in sediments such as the towering Redwall. The religion-based claims by YEC contrast sharply with geologists' claims that Grand Canyon's sediments were formed over vast periods by a succession of changes in sea level. There is a reason for this sharp contrast: Geologists' conclusions are based on observable events, while those of YEC require never-before-seen events and unreproducible chemical reactions. Other questions unanswered by YEC include how delicate trace-fossils such as raindrops and animal tracks (present in the Coconino, Hermit, and Supai) could be preserved in rapidly rising floodwaters?

The authors then discuss the basic feature distinguishing YEC from geologists: the timeline of Earth's

history. The findings of geology pioneers such as Danish physician Nicholas Steno (1638-1686; the principle of superposition), British engineer William Smith (1769-1839; the first geologic maps and the principle of faunal succession), and others suggested an old Earth, and the subsequent discovery of radioactivity enabled physicists to use radiometric dating to attribute absolute ages to ancient rocks. Important here are the discussions that 1) there is no evidence that the basic laws of physics (e.g., radioactivity and half-life) have changed throughout history (including during floods), and 2) YEC claims to the contrary are based on deceitful, incompetent "research" (e.g., improper sampling).

YECs often make much of the Great Unconformity, claiming that the absence of vast amounts of sediment between the Vishnu Schist and Tapeats Sandstone were washed away by Noah's flood. What YECs conveniently overlook are the many unconformities *above* the Great Unconformity that would have required long, repeated periods of exposure in the middle of a worldwide flood. These unconformities, like many other features of Grand Canyon, are

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inconsistent with the claims of YEC.

The authors then discuss how studies of sediments, plate tectonics, faults, folds, and fractures are inconsistent with YEC, and how YEC's claims about these geological features are often simply wrong; for example, no flood anywhere in the world has ever been observed to leave behind limestone or salt deposits.

Part 4 ("Carving the Canyon") points out yet more deceitful claims by YECs. For example, YEC's claim that geologists do not know where sediments eroded from Grand Canyon went is simply wrong; geologists *do* know where they went, and YEC claims to the contrary indicate either a stunning ignorance of the scientific literature or a shameful refusal to be objective (or both). Mount St. Helens – another favorite piece of YEC evidence that Grand Canyon could have formed quickly – is shown to be nothing like Grand Canyon; the sloping walls of Mount St. Helens are as would be predicted if they were formed in soft sediment, whereas the steep vertical walls of Grand Canyon

(e.g., the 600'-high cliffs of Redwall limestone) are as would be predicted if they were carved from rock, *not* wet sediment. As the authors note, nothing in Grand Canyon is as would be predicted by flood geology.

Part 5 ("A Verdict on Flood Geology") summarizes the vast amount of scientific evidence supporting an old Grand Canyon, as well as how YEC repeatedly distort and ignore evidence. The differing conclusions of YEC and mainstream geologists do not result from equally competent geologists analyzing the same evidence from a "different view." On the contrary, geologists begin their work with an open mind and base their conclusions on observable, repeatable evidence, whereas YECs begin their work with their conclusion – namely, that a flood that deposited the layers of Grand Canyon -- and then selectively search for evidence that might be consistent with that religion-based interpretation. Unlike YECs, geologists' conclusions require no miracles or fantastic exceptions to the known laws of physics and chemistry.

Overall, this is a fine book. My only criticism is that the authors do not explain that YEC's claim that Earth is 6,000 years old comes primarily from James Ussher's conclusion in 1650 that creation week began in 4004 B.C. (YECs seldom mention that most of Ussher's data came from non-Biblical sources.) However, this is a small point, and does not significantly change my view that this book is the best source of information for people wanting to understand YEC claims about Grand Canyon. It is also an indispensable resource for guides confronted with YEC's nonsensical claims about Grand Canyon.

Read this book.



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