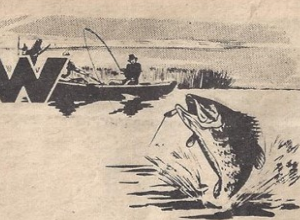


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Vol. 4, No. 11

MEADVIEW, ARIZONA

August, 1967

GRANITE GORGE CRUISE SET FOR LABOR DAY WEEKEND



ENTERING THE LOWER END OF GRAND CANYON.
KEEPING IN CLOSE FILE WHILE TRYING TO AVOID THE SAND BARS.

Public Invited To Sept. 2 & 3 Event

The call to the adventurous, spectacular, beautiful, rugged Grand Canyon's Lower Granite Gorge is beckoning again. This 2 day event to the Bridge Canyon Dam site is again sponsored by the Meadview Adventurer's Club and will be the third cruise into the Lower Granite Gorge, this year. Because of its nature, the challenge to tackle the mighty Colorado River and her ever present sand bars, is becoming more and more popular. Last April 29th-30th, eighty boats started and seventy five completed the round trip--five boats having turned back at Grand Wash.

Plans are to leave South Cove launching ramp at 9 a.m. sharp, Arizona time, Saturday morning, Sept. 2nd, and return to South Cove by early afternoon Sunday, Sept. 3rd. A most important Pilot's meeting will be held at 8:45 a.m. so it will be necessary for the boats to be launched early enough for the pilots to attend this meeting.

Since the Labor Day weekend is a 3 day holiday, an added attraction has been planned for Sunday evening, for the enjoyment of the cruise participants as well as for other guests to Meadview. An outdoor steak barbecue will be held from 6 to 9 p.m., on a mesa overlooking Lake Mead; and at this same location there will be dancing to Bob Scott's Western Jubilee band. Hours for this "dance under the stars" will be from 9 to midnight.

Rivcoor President, Frank Glindmeier and Meadview Adventurer's Club Co-ordinator, Hal Brown, recently completed a trip from Lee's Ferry down through the Grand Canyon and the Lower Granite Gorge and both report that except for rapids, the upper canyon does not offer any more spectacular views than the part of the Lower Granite Gorge which can be reached by motor boats, and which is the scheduled trip for the Labor Day weekend. Meadview Adventurer's Club (M.A.C.) pilot boats will be leading the planned cruise and a leisurely speed will be set while crossing the open water of the lake. An even slower speed will be set as soon as the delta region at Grand Wash has been reached. This speed will be maintained during the navigation of the river while on the up run, as well as on the return trip. M.A.C. pilots will check the river channel previous to this event and by doing this they can locate most of the sand bars and therefore help the cruise participants avoid them.

It is anticipated that this near end summer excursion

(Continued on Page 6)

Unit 3 Summer Special Catches On

Much activity has been in evidence at Meadview since Mr. Glindmeier, Rivcoor President, announced the opening of the Meadview Summer Special on the "three for one" acre sites, in Unit 3. During this Summer Special,

which continues through the Labor Day weekend, any three \$995 one acre sites can be purchased for about the same terms as a normal fully developed lot.

Mr. Glindmeier states, "Continuing through the Labor Day weekend, any three \$995 lots in Meadview Unit 3 can be purchased for total terms of only \$35.00 down and \$39.95 a month. These terms for three full one acre homesites compare favorably with the terms on one fully developed lot in Meadview Terrace.

"Meadview Unit Three is located approximately 3 miles South of the Meadview Marina Resort store and the Meadview Information Office on Pierce Ferry Road. Unit Three is surrounded by Federal land on all sides and the boundary line of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area runs across the North line of this desirable property. This means that there is a natural "park" surrounding the area and no one can overtake the natural boundaries of the Unit."

Glindmeier continued, "The main access into Meadview and the lake is Pierce Ferry Road, and this well graded thoroughfare runs right through the middle of

(Continued on Page 5)

Meadview Marina To Sponsor Another Fishing Scoreboard

Burt Edson, Meadview Marina's store manager, announced that on Saturday a.m., September 2, 1967, the Marina will sponsor another Meadview fishing scoreboard. Edson added, "Since the last fishing scoreboard was such a success, he felt this new one would be more so." He continued, "A few of the rules have been changed but it is much better this time."

This contest will run for 9 months, starting Saturday a.m., September 2, 1967 and end midnight May 30, 1968. All one needs to run up a high score in this contest is a fishing rod, tackle and bait, then go catch some fish and report to the Meadview Marina. They will do the rest and here's how it works:

In order to qualify your catch for the Scoreboard, all you have to do is weigh in your fish at the Meadview Marina store and have your photo taken to verify the catch. This is how the points are awarded:

There will be a Species Qualifying Line thus any Crappie weighing 1 lb. or over, Bass and Trout 2 lbs. or over or Catfish 3 lbs. or over will be awarded 1 point, if they are not winners. If the fish are on or above the qualifying weight and a weekly winner, the fisherman will receive 10 points plus a \$5.00 certificate. The largest game fish turned in each week regardless of species, will be that week's winner.

The \$5.00 weekly winning certificate can be exchanged for any commodity at the Meadview Marina store.

There will be a Trophy line award of 25 points for fish of a species weighing in as follows: Crappie, 2 lbs. or over, Bass and Trout, 5 lbs. or over, Catfish, 10 lbs. or over. This way points can be accumulated even though you do not turn in the largest fish. Points will be added up and totaled each week on Friday at store closing time.

"The prizes will be announced in the next issue of the Meadview Monitor," Edson said, and he invites you sportsmen to come out and try your luck. He added that his live minnows and water dogs were bringing in more fish per capita than anywhere else.



THIS STRING OF FISH SNAGGED IN ICEBERG CANYON, BY MAX GALE OF BISBEE, ARIZONA, WAS CAUGHT JUST IN BETWEEN MEADVIEW'S FISHING CONTESTS. NEW FISHING SCOREBOARD CONTEST WILL START THIS SEPTEMBER 2ND.

4 Wheel Caravan to Garnet Mine Aug. 19

By HAL BROWN

Back country enthusiasts, who own a 4 wheel vehicle, a sand buggy or trail bike, will want to join the Caravan up into the high country behind Iron Mountain, on Aug. 19th. The fruits at the end of the road of this ruggedly, beautiful trip, are garnets and panoramic views of Red Lake, (dry).

The garnets can be found in the tailing's dump of an old mine and all you have to do is dig for them. You don't have to be a rock hound to enjoy this trip as there are many far reaching views as we climb up out of the desert to the top of the range of mountains that make up a part of Iron Mountain. Camera buffs will find plenty scenes to photograph here.

Some time ago I heard of this garnet mine and made a trip there to check it out, and believe me, the time was well spent. The country the mine road passes through is wild and beautiful and very, very interesting.

The large outcroppings of granite invite you to photograph them and the vegetation, as you proceed, is ever changing, from Joshua trees, cactus and desert growth, to dwarf pine, oak and sage brush. The elevation we will reach will be between 5,000 and 6,000 feet, which should afford a cooling change.

About half way up we will stop at an old abandoned

(Continued on Page 4)



meadview monitor

PUBLISHED FOR AND BY
THE RESIDENTS AND OWNERS OF

MEADVIEW

Editor - Jackie Brown
P. O. Box 158 - Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441



Over The Editor's Desk

By JACKIE BROWN

How often, when you've had to write a letter, have you sat there with a blank sheet of paper staring you in the face and wondered to yourself, "What am I going to write about?" Well, that's me, right now.

In order that there are no distractions while we are writing and putting this paper together, each month hubby, Hal, and yours truly, take an apartment in Las Vegas and literally look ourselves inside the rooms for 3 to 4 days and write our stupid heads off. As we get the material written we take it to Dick and Lenora Arnet, two wonderful patient people who do the actual typesetting and layout of the paper. Then back we go to the apartment to conjure up more copy.

Right now Hal is ensconced in a corner, in front of a large window, with his pen just flying across the paper, but he's writing about one of his favorite subjects, the Colorado River so the words are coming easy. But me, I'm propped up on the bed with two pillows at my back for comfort, a cup of coffee nearby for courage, pen and pad at hand to work with, and a dull, blank look on my face.

Most writers would sit at the typewriter and just pound away, but this gal finds it easier to scribble the words out first (and make corrections), then type it up and likewise type Hal's stuff. The material has to be very legible and correct before Dick and Lenora get it as they don't have time for guessing games, so we try to be careful, but know at that, there are sometimes slip ups.

By giving you a little insight on how we do the Monitor it has also filled some of the space on this empty page so maybe the rest won't come so hard.

Now that I've gotten started, would like to tell you about the pleasure we've been having watching a certain episode take place each morning.

Since we don't like to see the birds and animals go thirsty during the warm weather, we keep a large, flat pan full of fresh clean water outside, and early every morning we watch the desert come alive. All of a sudden, from out of nowhere, a covey of quail will appear and line up on the rim of the pan for their first refreshing drink of the day. Next thing you know, from a different place you'll see another family scurrying in. They seem to come from North, South, East and West and all converging at one time.

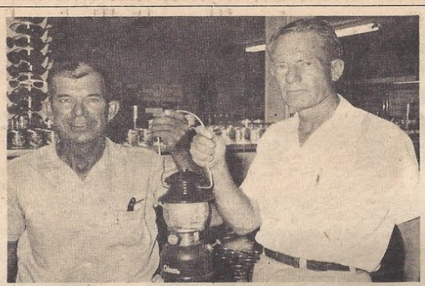
In less time than it takes to tell, there are all at once 40 to 50 of these beauties either perched on the rim of the container or fighting for position, and if one group seems greedier than the others, they are soon "sat upon" by the more aggressive ones. While there is space available each one gets his turn, but in due time, for their thirst seems unquenchable.

While all this monkey business is going on with the quail, the cutest part of all is taking place in the background, for this is when the cottontail move in. They sneak up behind the birds and form an outer circle, then they plop down on their haunches and quietly survey the situation. As a general rule they are just spectators, very quietly and patiently waiting their turn, but every once in a while one little furry devil will twitch his white ball of fluff and slowly creep toward the drinking pan. When he has finally nuzzled his way through the mob and is about to partake in a long cooling drink, he will be noticed by the bossy quail and is set upon by several of them. This is done in such a manner that he has no choice but to retreat to the outer circle again and rejoin the other bunnies, who have all this time been quietly waiting and watching.

Not until the quail see fit to leave do the cottontail then cautiously move in, all the time checking to see if the way is clear. Once safe they sit with their haunches on the ground and place their little paws on the edge of the pan, then lean way over to slip up the water and drink and drink and drink.

Try as we might, we have never been able to capture these scenes with the camera, as the slightest noise sends the quail and the bunnies scurrying in every direction. By the time you've blinked your eyes once, and if they have heard just the tiniest sound, by the time you open your eyes the area is swept clean, and all that remains in evidence is the drinking pan. A telephoto lens is a must here.

Other little desert creatures that also come to satisfy their thirst are the doves, jackrabbits and roadrunners. If one had nothing else to do all day but sit there watching that watering spa, one could see a Walt Disney epic unfold right before their own eyes. It's a sight to behold.



JOE BLALOCK OF FLAGSTAFF, IS RECEIVING HIS MEADVIEW FISHING SCOREBOARD 3RD PLACE AWARD, A COLEMAN LANTERN, FROM STORE MANAGER, BERT EDSON.

Last month I told you about my two sisters and niece, Diane Whitmire, coming down to spend a vacation in Las Vegas with me, and one of my sisters, Madeleine Pouget, had never flown before until she flew in to Las Vegas. Her second flight then was on her return trip to San Francisco. Sister Cecile Rashe, had stayed over and caught a later flight so Madeleine and Diane returned together and in a recent letter from Madeleine, her description of their flight back struck us so funny we thought you might get a kick out of it, too. Here is what she had to say:

"Oh yes, about that return flight. First of all, since the airfield knows no boundaries due to the expanse of the desert, we taxied and taxied and taxied until I said to Diane, 'I think we're going to drive to San Francisco.' After more of the same, Diane said, 'I think you're right.' Madeleine continued with her analysis, 'Since the runways are longer, we didn't get airborne as fast as in the city and I said to myself, 'they're never going to get this thing in the air.' We finally did get off the ground, tho' and immediately began to bob and vibrate from the air currents, and the pilot up to then had said nothing—or was he even on board? Oh, such sweaty palms! I literally commanded a cigarette from Diane and think possibly I ate it instead of smoking it. Diane was nervous, too." She continued, "We finally got up higher and higher and finally the intercom came on with the Captain introducing himself, he also stated there were three pilots on board. We looked at each other and said, 'Thank Goodness!'"

"The rest was O.K. but I didn't relax until we touched down in San Francisco. Now I have mixed feelings about flying, although the trip down was beautiful. Had a window seat on the way back but was so frightened I couldn't look until we were half way home—over Half Dome in Yosemite."

I relived this whole trip with the gals as flying is NOT one of my favorite pastimes.

Next month we will be announcing some goodies coming up out Meadview way, so will see you then.

meadview mailbag



Dear Editor:
Please put our name on your mailing list for the Meadview Monitor as we spend the winters in Arizona and are interested in your good articles.

Thank you,
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd J. Davids
Ludington, Michigan

Meadview Monitor
Sirs:

You have a very informative newspaper and I would enjoy receiving it regularly. Could you put me on your mailing list.

Thank you.
Ed New
Vinylocoat Distributing Co.

Editor's Note:
Both the Davids and Mr. New have been put on the mailing list and should be receiving their copies of the Monitor soon.

Dear Friends:
Just wanted to let you know the ski trophy arrived and Ray has it prominently displayed! We are now anxious to see the next issue of the Meadview paper for pictures. Do hope all enjoyed the Echo Bay-Overton boat trip. How many boats participated?

Hal has had his trip down river by now, hasn't he? We'll look forward to reading about that too. That was in a rubber raft, was it not? That would be a thrilling experience.

Does it get quite hot at Meadview during the summer months? It is warming up over here now.
Best wishes to each of you.

Ray and Muriel Weston
Colton, California

Editor's Note:
The Westons are the folks who had that unusually large camper and we ran a picture of it in the June issue of the Monitor. They spent about 3 weeks in our area and proved to be wonderful, friendly folks.

As to the heat at Meadview—the hottest spell we've had so far was during the fore part of July when the rest of the west was suffering, but at least we could go down to the lake and cool off. Lately we have been having

afternoon showers with nice breezes so it's keeping it real comfortable.

By reading the July and August issue of the Monitor, you will know Hal had a wonderful time on his River trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Brown

Hi Folks at Meadview:
After so long a time I have gotten around to writing, and to thank you folks for the friendly hospitality my family received from you folks at Meadview. It was the most enjoyable trip to Lake Mead we have ever had, so in the future when we are in and around Mead you can look for us to show up at your place.

Thanks a load.
Old KKK 5418
Paul Mathes and family
Oildale, California

Editor's Note:
This is KKK 3746 to KKK 5418. Glad to hear you enjoyed yourself at Meadview. Next time get your set in tune to ours and we'll really have a chat from the lake.

Dear Meadview Gang:
This includes all of you. I want you to know just how much we enjoyed ourselves while we were there. The fish fry was excellent. (Jim is a good cook.) The Tacos were excellent. (Jackie is a good cook.) In fact, everyone was so nice and thoughtful, we just can't wait to come back again. Even the weather cooperated. It was not overly warm.

We are real excited about Meadview. The view from our lots is beautiful, with the mountains in the background and all those pretty Joshua trees and Cactus. The people are so friendly, they just can't seem to do enough for you and it is so peaceful and quiet at night. Even when the days are warm the nights usually seem to have a nice breeze.

We can't say enough about the help, Duane and Deann Johnson, Jim and Jackie Gale, Adele and D. Woody and Bert and Cookie Edson. You people are really great! See you on Labor Day weekend.

Bob and Opal Fry
Oxnard, California

Hello:
We hope to be able to go on the River Cruise in November—September is too hot.

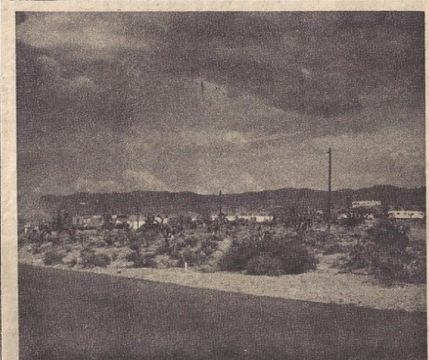
We enjoyed our trip in April and plan to be back again to fish next spring. Enjoyed the steak supper and the view.

Yours truly,
N. W. Wendell
Imperial, California

Editor's Note:
Hope the Wendells don't mind but we are going to take exception to their statement that it's too hot in September. To us this is the ideal time to make the trip into the Lower Granite Gorge because you can take full advantage of the river for swimming etc., plus you still have nice long cool evenings. But we're sure happy the Wendells plan to take the November trip, anyway.

Dear Jackie and Hal:
We are still marveling over our delightful weekend and needless to say, everyone here hates us for having such a super trip. Hope we can pick the same kind next trip.

Best,
Mary and Bob Swartz and Dogies.



A THUNDER SHOWER JUST PASSED OVER MEADVIEW TERRACE. GRAND WASH CLIFFS IN THE BACKGROUND.

Labor Day Weekend Launches MEADVIEW'S FALL ACTIVITIES with Cruise to Lower Granite Gorge

Saturday & Sunday, September 2nd & 3rd
SEE STORY PAGE 1 (Coupon Page 6)

Steak Barbeque & "Dance under the Stars"

Sunday, September 3rd, 1967
SEE AD PAGE 7

Barbeque 6-9 p.m. (Arizona Time) Dance 9-12 p.m.
EVERYONE'S WELCOME!
Regular Saturday Night Barbeques Start September 9th, 1967

in and around meadview

By HAL BROWN



Last month I mentioned that July was the month that pushed spring into summer, and by so saying, I must have offended the weather man as the first week in July produced a near record breaking heat wave throughout the Western states. Since then we've had quite a bit of rain and in checking with the oldtimers, they all agree that July and August are the desert's stormy months. This is the time of the year that thunder showers take over and give us most of our annual rainfall and it also helps to keep the temperatures down during those times.

No matter what the weather, life and activity goes on at a rapid pace at Meadview and each week sees new arrivals in the Terrace. Some of the newest settlers are the Wilbur Asts, from Hemet, California. They moved in a large mobile home and immediately set about fixing it up very attractively. Along with adding sturdy metal awnings down the full length on each side of the unit they also built a decktype front porch, which is also full length.

The Asts recent guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wayne C. Ricker of Huntington Park, Calif., sister and brother-in-law of Lois Ast. While chatting with the two couples one day I found that they were also enthusiastic about taking trips in to the back country in 4 wheel drives. This knowledge came about when I mentioned the proposed exploratory trip, this fall, over the oldhistorical Mormon Trail that crossed the Colorado River at Pierce Ferry. There will now be three vehicles for sure, on our trial run—but more about that in a later edition.

Another couple who are putting nice improvements on their mobile home, with plans for more, are John and Juanita Grogan; and of course the Frank Georges continue to beautify their place with natural desert growth and have quite an unusual and attractive cactus garden planted. (If the Hal Browns had more time they could finish up their own addition but you know the shoemaker story.)

The fishermen will be interested in knowing that a live bait tank has been installed at the Meadview Marina store and they can now get live waterdogs and minnows.

We now have a good start on the laundry facilities and folks can now do their laundry in Meadview. The facilities will be expanded as the need arises.

The unpaved streets in Meadview Terrace and Unit 3 are shaping up more and more. After each good shower, Jim Gale blades a section while the moisture is still in the ground and compacts the earth with a rubber tired compactor. In this way we can keep these access streets in good condition.

Jim is also kept busy installing the signs that are provided by RVCOR, when a person purchases a lot. These attractive signs are made of redwood, with the purchaser's name and home town routed in and the lettering painted white.

The fall Events Schedule is gaining momentum as Labor Day approaches. We are readying up the barbecue area for a big shindig to be held there on Sunday, September 3rd after the Lower Granite Gorge River Cruise. See the ad on page 9 for more details.

At Meadview we are always busy keeping abreast of these activities and this keeps our daylight hours used up, but we do take time to relax, and have thousands of acres of high desert to explore and Lake Mead to fish in. If you are hungry for a fish dinner, come on over and wet a line, it sure won't be long before you have enough for a good meal. We often use the lake for swimming, also its a good method to cool off, and many are taking advantage of it for water skiing or just plain boating and exploring the many side canyons and coves along the upper Lake Mead shore line.

If life is getting boring out your way, give us a try, if you once get over in our area it will beckon you back again. We now have three guest units available, which sleep up to 5 each, but of course, on these you would have to make advance reservations by writing to us, at Box 158, Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441.

See you next month.....



WILBUR AND LOIS AST RELAX ON THEIR NEWLY COMPLETED COVERED FRONT PORCH.

Gregg's Trail Trip July 1st A Challenge

By HAL BROWN

Many people have stood on the rim of the high mesa at our barbecue site at Meadview and admired the beautiful view laying before them. The mesa rim breaks sharply away into a valley of seemingly gentle rolling hills, (very deceptive), and beyond lays Lake Mead.

This land is much too steep to want to tackle a hike down to the water, 2 1/2 miles, as the crow flies, so everyone just gazes at the view and remarks at its beauty. We always point out the islands at the entrance to Virgin Canyon and other points of interest in Gregg's Basin, as well as the Temple Bar Resort, a few air miles down lake, below Virgin Canyon.

While admiring this panoramic view, one notices a faint trail twisting and turning down this steep slope, now in sight, now disappearing and finally going out of sight completely. This is Gregg's Trail or wagon road, hewed out of the hillsides by hand, taking advantage of washes and draws where ever it could be done.

I had talked to two people that had gone down this trail to the lake, one used a Jeep 4x and one a Honda trail bike. Their remark was, "You can make it, but it sure is rough." In the last issue of the Monitor we related how Capt'n Frank Glindmeyer checked out this same trail on the Honda trail bike and reported, "It's a toughie." With this "informative" information, "You

can make it"—"It's a toughie," it came my turn to check and see if a 4 wheel drive pickup truck could negotiate the run down and back.

At 10 a.m., Friday morning, June 30, 1967, I, in my 4x Chevy bob tail, broke over the rim, and the die was cast. (This type vehicle is the largest that can be used on this trail.) All went well in the beginning but later two of those curves turned out to be dillies. The front wheel was on a prayer while the rear wheel climbed the off bank. Everything went along O.K. until a washout showed up just before a rocky outcropping, on a tight curve. Here I scraped paint along the full length of the pickup, to be expected if driving in rough country. Right after leaving my mark on the red rock, found the truck in a very narrow rock strewn wash. Had to see-saw around three of the large rocks and jack the truck off two.

Now, I could go on telling the blow by blow account of a very challenging, interesting, scouting excursion but will just say this much, it was a success. I made it, and the following day, Saturday, July 1st, nine hardy, modern day, pioneers poised on the mesa rim at the trail's head, ready for a bout with this historical early day wagon road.

In the lead was yours truly, in the Chevy 4x, with a passenger, Kathy Tylour, and following behind were three trail bikes ridden by Kathy's friend, Carolyn Kelly, on a Yamaha, next, Bob Genuon on a Twister and Gene Fredricks on a Tote Gote. Further on back was Whitey, of Bagdad, in his Jeep 4x, with Bob Kelly as a passenger, and bringing up the rear were Don and Bobbie Godshall in their super up Scout.

The temperature in the narrow canyons we were to pass through that day reached, as one of the gang put it, steam bath proportions. Because of the predicted heat wave that was to hit the West, over the Fourth holiday, several people cancelled out, leaving us "hardy" folks to make the trip alone.

The run down posed no problems this day, as I had learned of the pitfalls the day before. The bike riders had a ball, going down. We stopped at the petroglyphs for refreshing drinks and to study the Indian and white man's writings. The most interesting inscriptions were made by Pioneer Gregg in 1876, but we had no way of knowing if this was made on his first, or a later crossing.

The passage just prior to and immediately beyond the petroglyphs gave just room for the Chevy to pass through, with only inches to spare. Thread that needle, boy! We soon broke out onto the trail, again hewn out of the Canyon side and before long were crossing the drift wood marking Lake Mead's high water line. 3/4 mile further down a gentle sloping draw, through head high Salt Cedars, we reached the lake shore, 6 miles from our starting point. Needless to say, it didn't take long for everyone to hit the cooling waters. Boy, did that dunk feel good. Refreshments were in order, with box lunch for a chaser, then more water lounging. The hardest part up to now, was to get the anatomy out of the water and into or onto the conveyance for the return trip.

Bob Kelly chose to spell Carolyn on the return trip, so off went the more maneuverable bikes leaving us slow pokes to bring up the rear. We found Bob bogged down at the petroglyphs, his bike was overheating so we tied her aboard the Chevy. This was a mistake, we found out in the next 1/2 mile. As I mentioned before, the canyon at this point is narrow—but what I didn't say was how rough it was. There's nothing but solid rock through here, with a few loose boulders, some you bounce over and some you jockey around. That bike couldn't ride any better on the back of the pickup than she could be rode, so we had to take it off. Carolyn took over and rode all the way, 4 miles from that point to the mesa. "Stout girl."

Luckily we had wet our beach towels in the lake and every few minutes we would rub this wet towel over our head and shoulders to cool down a bit. We slow pokes in the 4x's were creeping along in the narrow sand wash, lurching this way and that, over various size boulders, when my passenger, Kathy, turned to me and said, "Don't we work hard and suffer, to have fun," then added real quick like, "I love it, though." She sure hit the nail on the head.

Right after some exceptionally large boulders and a couple of turns that had to be see-sawed around, Kathy and I missed the Jeep and Scout. After waiting for what seemed a long time, I walked back down the trail to see what was wrong. Those danged boulders! The Jeep had managed to back off and on the second try had cleared them, but the Scout was hung up but good. This is 4 wheeling, you've got to take the good with the bad, so nothing to do but haul out the jacks and go to work. Sure its warm, but keep at it, jack higher, put more rocks under the wheel and away we go.

Getting back to my Chevy we discovered the right front tire was flat and upon investigating, discovered a creosote stub, the size of a pencil, had created the damage. Turn about is fair play so I had help changing wheels and before long we were on our way again.

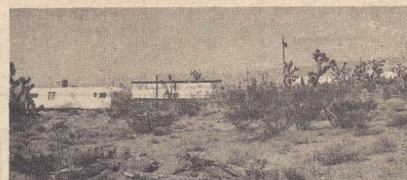
Two miles and 45 minutes later, we broke over the mesa rim to level ground and were greeted by a group of people that had been watching our ascent.

All of the participants now knew what those words, "she's rough, but you can make it," and it's a toughie," meant. There is always a great sense of accomplishment after successfully completing such a trip. It made us stop and think about the perseverance, stamina and hardships those early pioneers had negotiating this same trail or road with horse and wagon. Hats off to them.

Sorry there are no pictures of this trip but I put colored film in the camera instead of the black and white needed for our Monitor pictures. The colored pictures can be made into slides however, to be shown at a later date.



JOHN AND JUANITA GROGAN, FROM SO. CALIF. HAVE BEEN READYING UP THEIR MOBILE HOME. WE CAUGHT THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN AS THEY RETURNED FROM BOATING ON THE LAKE.



ONE OF THE SCENES IN MEADVIEW TERRACE AS YOU DRIVE UP SANDY POINT DRIVE, LOOKING WEST.



WORKMEN GRADING A LOT FOR ANOTHER MOBILE HOME IN MEADVIEW TERRACE.



THE WILBUR ASTS SHOW OFF THEIR REAR AWNING THAT ACTS AS A COVER FOR THEIR BOAT, JEEP AND PICKUP.



Lakeside Lore

By DUANE JOHNSON

If you haven't sat on the patio of the Meadview Snack Bar on a long summer evening and watched the changing colors of the sunset reflected on the Grand Wash Cliffs, you have missed one of Mother Nature's most satisfying times of the day. The colors on the mountain change from a light and dark gray to light pinks and reds laced with purples and light blues and then as the light fades out and night takes over, the mountain takes on a dark blue. This is truly a magnificent sight and one that a person has to see to believe.

In visiting with a couple of our property owners who were at Meadview for their vacation in July, we discovered that we had something of a famous personality, in boat racing circles, here with us. We prevailed on Opal to send in a short history about her husband Bob Fry and the races he has participated in because we thought it might be interesting reading for all of you.

"In 1956, Bob got interested in racing outboard boats. We had two friends with boats that they raced and he went along as a co-pilot. I told him that if he wanted to race we would make it a family affair.

"His first race was an ocean race. It was so rough that only about five boats finished the race. Bob would have won only he pulled into the beach instead of going around the buoy. In his next race at Salton Sea, he flipped with our son Orvel as co-pilot. That was his first trophy. When Bob retired from racing at the end of 1964, he had won over 100 trophies.

"The first three years he raced all over California and with no particular organization. He won some real races in Northern California. Sometimes he would have as many as 35 boats in his class alone. In one year he won two "perpetual trophies" which must be won three years in a row to be kept. These trophies are given on the best performance in any class overall.

"In 1959 Bob raced with the 'Western Outboard Association' and he won many races and took the trophy for overall top points in class for the year. He won top points again in 1961 and 1963 running in the 'California Outboard Boat Racing Association'.

"Bob discovered that racing marathons on lakes or rivers was his favorite. He ran the Stockton to Colusa and return race three years. Two years he was the fastest to Colusa but seemed to always have trouble on the return trip. The third year he finished the race both ways and finished second. We have always felt he could have won this race except he lost a prop going up river and lost 16 minutes.

"Early in 1964 we bought a new boat, a Stylecraft, 13 feet 8 inches. He was running in pleasure class with a 100 horsepower Mercury motor. That was his best year. He raced 15 races, won 12 first's, 1 second, 1 third and flipped his boat at the Casitas race in front of 2,500 onlookers. His best wins in 1964 were the Sacramento to Colusa race and return, a 335 mile trip. He won first place in class, best performance in class and a new record. Four trophies in all. Next was the Green River to Moab, Utah race. This was his third time to run this race, but the first time with a large engine. This race is 196 miles in length. There was only one boat that finished before Bob did and it was an unlimited Hydro. Bob finished first in class, first over modified boats. He won the Salt Lake Tribune trophy for fastest time with a pleasure boat. Total this race 5 trophies.

"Next came the Lake Havasu City races. These races are held every year at Thanksgiving holiday. This would be Bob's first time racing for money as well as trophies. There were three classes of boats, twins, singles over 70 cubic inches and singles under 70 cubic inches. The race lasts 6 hours and if you are not running at the end of that time you have just wasted your time. Bob started out with 50 gallons of gasoline. He ran two hours and came in and our friend, Steve Harrison, took over and drove two hours, then Bob took over again to finish the



BOB AND OPAL FRY, OF OXNARD, CALIF., PROPERTY OWNERS AT MEADVIEW, LIKE THE SOUTH COVE AREA FOR FISHING AND BOATING AND COME OVER TO VISIT

race. At the end of six hours Bob was the first single to finish. He also finished 9th overall which has never been done since. So he held the World's outboard championship in class "Unlimited I" for 1964. He said he could never beat this year so he is going to retire.

"Now we go to the races and just watch, or I check or keep time for the club. Every year since the races started at Havasu City, I have been a checker, but never did check Bob's class as someone might think I fudged a little. Last year at Havasu, Bob was boat inspector and I was head checker."

If any of you other Meadview property owners have an interesting hobby or do something that would be interesting to our readers or help us all to become better acquainted, we would like to have you send it in to us, we can't promise it will be used, but if possible, we will work it in.

4 WHEEL CARAVAN

(Continued from Page 1)

miners cabin, nestled in a beautiful, romantic setting. This will be a restful, relaxing spot to stop for a refreshing drink at the spring in the draw near the house.

We are going to need rock hounders to explain the many different rock formations as well as identify the better garnets that are found, so we are inviting all you rock hounders to join us.

It will be necessary to bring along plenty of lunch for each person in your party (one gets hungry on these outings) and also include plenty of water as on a trip such as this, water is a must. Other gear should include a camera, plus a small miners pick and any other back country gear of your choice. A heavy canvas bag is always a handy addition so you can tote your rocks.

Departure will be from the Meadview Marina store at 9 a.m., Arizona time, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1967. So crank up those back country vehicles and join our outing, you will be glad you did. Move up to fun!



SUZIE AND JOEY KUMP OFTEN GREET FOLKS AS THEY PASS BY THE DIAMOND BAR RANCH. YOU'LL GO THRU THE RANCH AUG. 19TH ON WAY TO THE GARNET MINE.



ON THE TRIP TO THE GARNET MINE, AUG. 19TH, WE WILL PASS THROUGH ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST STANDS OF JOSHUA TREES.



MEADVIEW OFTEN. THEY PROUDLY STAND BEHIND THE BOAT THAT WON 4 TROPHIES IN THE 1964 GREEN RIVER TO MOAB, UTAH RACE. BOB WAS THE PILOT.

ago and vicinity just keep drifting in to look at their property and discuss plans for when they can make the big move to Meadview. Most recent were John and Agnes Stocklein who hail from Brookfield, Illinois and own two lots in Unit Two. We also had a honeymoon couple, Pete and Kathy Pappas from Chicago. Pete has owned property here for several years and wanted to show the new bride "their" land.

We are hoping to meet a great many of you people here at Meadview during your summer vacations, so hurry and drop in.



PETE AND KATHY PAPPAS, OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, TAKE TIME OUT FROM THEIR HONEYMOON TO VISIT THEIR LOTS, 156 IN UNIT 1 AND 1963 IN UNIT 5.



CLOTEE AND FRANK GEORGE ARE REALLY ENHANCING THEIR LOT IN DESERT MOTIF BUT A PICTURE DOESN'T DO IT JUSTICE.

Monitor For Friends

We have received many requests from property owners to mail the MEADVIEW MONITOR to their friends and relatives living elsewhere. We will be happy to put them on the mailing list. Just fill out the spaces below and mail to:

RIVCOR, Box 237, Bullhead City, Arizona 86430

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING PERSONS
COMPLIMENTARY COPIES OF THE
MEADVIEW MONITOR

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PHONE _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PHONE _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
REQUESTED BY _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PHONE _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

I am a Meadview Property Owner ☐ Yes ☐ No

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWER ON
PAGE 15

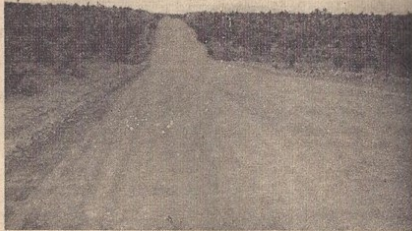
ACROSS

- 1 Soft mass
- 4 So
- 8 Denomination
- 12 Before
- 13 Unusual
- 14 Assail
- 15 Historical period
- 16 Anglo-Saxon slave
- 17 Surge
- 18 Gnawing animals
- 20 Hindu queen (var.)
- 21 Particle
- 22 Galvanize
- 23 Rubbish
- 26 Swine
- 27 Anger
- 30 Showy flower
- 31 Quick, smart blow

DOWN

- 1 Suffer use
- 2 S. constellation
- 3 Adl
- 4 Ditch
- 5 Speed
- 6 Footed vases
- 7 Look at
- 8 Devil
- 9 Demonstrative
- 10 Yield
- 11 Woody perennial
- 12 Quiet
- 20 Equip
- 22 Vin (colloq.)
- 23 Attempt
- 24 Fish eggs
- 25 Stated positively
- 26 Light blow
- 28 Amer. Indian
- 29 Go astray
- 31 Moved swiftly
- 32 Man's name
- 34 Excl: surprise
- 35 Scorchers
- 37 Attire
- 38 Positive electrode
- 39 Former Russ. emperor
- 40 Irish nobleman
- 41 Dry
- 42 Period of time
- 43 Woman's name
- 44 Pen stroke
- 46 Monk's title

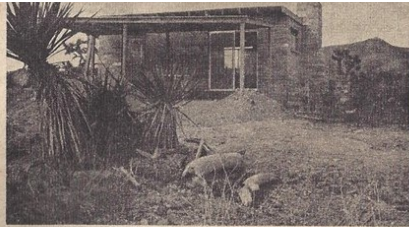
"Located at the Northern end of one of the largest Joshua tree stands in the entire world, sites in Unit Three offer outstanding high views of the famous Grand Wash Cliffs and Iron Mountain, once noted for its productive Garnet mines. The desert growth in this area is absolutely lush and beautiful and both the Federal Government and Mohave County have expressed a sincere intent to create parks just a few miles South of Unit Three for the preservation of these beautiful trees and for the recreation use of the public. The gently rolling terrain of Unit Three provides an infinitely variable selection of types of building sites depending upon the individual purchaser's personal preferences."



A PORTION OF PIERCE FERRY RD. THAT PASSES THROUGH UNIT 3.

There is no guessing as to where these lots in Unit Three lay, all lots have been surveyed and staked and of the original 565 lots in this Unit, less than 50 are left, priced at \$995. Other lots range in price from \$1195 to \$1395 and have comparable terms. Graded roads are provided to each one acre site. At these prices, of course, no utilities are included.

Duane Johnson, Meadview's sales representative, says, "When folks see how large 3 acres of land is, they are absolutely amazed. To those individuals with families, who hail from the cities and have that 'hemmed in' feeling, a plot of land that large, and at such reasonable prices, seems almost unbelievable." Johnson continues, "Here, the kids can roam without bothering the neighbors; and if they want a pony or other pets, these can be kept in the confines of their 'ranch' without becoming a nuisance. If you are going to own land



THE BOB SWARTZ CONCRETE BLOCK HOME IN UNIT 3 IS FAST NEARING COMPLETION. EACH MONTH SHOWS A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.



ANOTHER HOME UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN UNIT 3.

in the country," Johnson continued, "Might as well have room to move around in, and who knows, some day you may want to sell off a piece of it for more than you paid for the whole package and what smarter move is there than that?"

Each acre lot is easily accessible by a good graded road, and within a short distance (3 miles), the immediate needs of a family can be obtained. The Meadview Marina grocery store, snack bar and service station are open daily and here one can avail themselves of most necessary items along with finding an ample supply of sporting goods and ice.

Hal Brown, Project Manager, points out that this land, the only project within the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area, is not only some of the prettiest high desert property available, but it is the only property close to Lake Mead which can be privately owned. With an altitude running from 3300 to 3600 feet,

fishing in the world," Brown continued, "But for swimming and water skiing this lake can't be touched. These sports can be enjoyed right up to the time the turkey goes in the oven at Thanksgiving."

Persons interested in more details on this Meadview Summer Special can refer to the maps and data on pages 8 and 9 of this issue of the Monitor.



THE LADDS OF PRESCOTT, ARE DOING A FINE JOB OF LANDSCAPING AROUND THEIR HOUSE IN MEADVIEW'S UNIT 3.

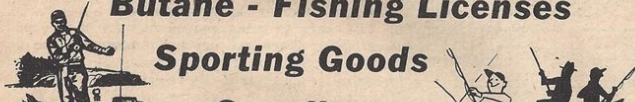


OUR JIM GALE TAKES A COFFEE BREAK WHILE BLADING THE ROADS IN UNIT 3, AFTER A RECENT THUNDER SHOWER.

meadview



Enco Gasoline - Groceries - Beer
Butane - Fishing Licenses
Sporting Goods



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

LIVE BAIT
Minnows—Waterdogs

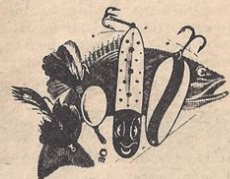


Outboard Fuel



Fishing Lures

Rods & Reels



THE MOST COMPLETE SUPPLY OF FISHING TACKLE AND SUPPLIES AT LAKE MEAD

VISIT OUR
meadview marina

SNACK BAR

SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS BEER



Breakfast

Luncheon

The Guest Book And I

By JACKIE GALE

The "gang" was all here for the beginning of the Fourth of July holidays. July first started off with our Saturday night Bar-B-Que. It was SLIGHTLY warm that day so we waited until almost sundown to light the fires for the Bar-B-Que. The sun was setting when a cool breeze sprang up and there was an inevitable chorus of sighs from the crowd gathered about the picnic tables. Smoke bellowed skyward and the delicious smell of "steak" filled the air. The evening was saturated with magic, it just had to be, the way those steaks disappeared. Peace and serenity soon descended upon the picnic area, yawns were hard to stifle. The crowd of steak-eaters were seeking their sleeping bags with drooping eye lids. "What a delightful way to start the holidays," I heard someone say as we all left the picnic grounds. The crowd at the Bar-B-Que included several of our Meadview property owners, Jim and Hazel Dill and Hazel's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, from Phoenix, Don and Bobbie Godshall, Bob and Opal Fry, Gene Frederick, Bob Genung, Kathy Tylour, Carolyn Kelly and the Mattesons. We certainly enjoyed having everyone and expect to see them in the fall when it's Bar-B-Que time again.



MRS. SMIDT, WAYNE AND MR. AND MRS. W. J. AKIN, OF OAK LAWN, ILLINOIS, RECENT VISITORS TO THEIR MEADVIEW UNIT 3 LOT, #686.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Akin and family and Mrs. Smidt, mother of Mrs. Akin, came by one afternoon recently to say hello again. This is their third trip to Meadview from Oaklawn, Illinois. (They own a lot in Meadview's Unit #3). It was very nice meeting this family. We are all looking forward to their next visit.

July was a family-visiting month for Jim and I. There was a page of names in the Guest Book that was all relatives. My brother Bob and his wife Helen from Richland, Washington, my mother and a friends of hers, Ernest Tobias, from Phelan, California, my brother Gene and his wife Flo, from Boulder City, Nevada, Jim's brother Max and his wife LaRue from Bisbee, Arizona, our daughter Jo and her three children and our daughter Janice and her husband, Gil and baby Tammy.

Well, all these "kinfolk" didn't arrive at the same time. It would have been a nice family reunion if they had. It goes without saying that we had a wonderful time. Just trying to show them all the interesting things about Meadview, and the surrounding country, kept us buzzing. The day-light-saving-time sure helped, with dusk coming about 9:30 in the evening. Choice topics, of course, were the Lake, skiing, fishing, exploring in the hills in the sand-bugs, and our favorite subject, Meadview. Jim and I were in seventh heaven, yaking about all these things and this yaking lasted, several times, 'til the small hours of the morning.



ERNA FREDRICK, MOTHER OF JACKIE GALE, BROUGHT FRIEND ERNEST TOBIAS FROM PHELAN, CALIF., TO SEE SOME OF MEADVIEW'S CHOICE LOTS.

A very charming couple dropped by to see us a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Guess, from Aurora, Illinois. They were vacationing and just had to take another look at that stately Joshua tree on their lot in Unit #1. It is amazing how different subjects come up, because Mrs. Guess and I launched into the subject of "collections" without knowing just how it started. I'm sure glad it did. Button collecting, which is her hobby, is fascinating. This is one collection I had never heard about. She had some exquisite antiques with her. One



MR. AND MRS. BYRON C. GUESS, FROM AURORA, ILLINOIS, CAME TO MEADVIEW TO SEE THEIR LOT #84 IN UNIT 1.

was a French enamel made in the 1700's, and a Cameo made in the early 1800's. The French enamel button was very detailed. (The small, but colorful picture of a Frenchman, dressed in the mode of the 1700's, was the size of a quarter.)

Mrs. Guess was very generous and gave me a resume of her Button Collectors Club activity. This is what she wrote:

"Button Collector, Mrs. Byron C. Guess, (Verdelle), Vice Pres. of Chicago Area Button Society; which meets the 2nd Wednesday of each month in the First National Bank in Chicago. Visitors always welcome to our meetings. Also a member of the Illinois State and National Button Societies. We had our Illinois State Button Show the first part of May. I won several prizes on my Indian, modern, colored glass and buttons depicting butterflies. This is a real fun hobby. It's like collecting antiques in miniature. If you like antiques, you'd enjoy button collecting. If not antiques, then you'd enjoy collecting modern buttons. You meet so many interesting people in this hobby and make so many friends. Every button box has something of interest in it. If you want to start collecting buttons ask all of your friends and neighbors to let you go through their button boxes. You're bound to find something of interest. We mount our buttons on nine by twelve mat boards, in all sorts of interesting designs. We collectors have lots of fun trading and selling buttons to each other. Some collect just certain types of buttons, others, like me, can't resist a pretty button and collect all kinds. I'd be happy to hear from anyone who would like to start the hobby and also any collectors. Perhaps when we move to Meadview, I'll find that someone has already started a button club here. We're sometimes called those "sew and sew" button ladies, who are so busy collecting buttons that they don't have time to sew on buttons for their husbands."

There is lots of work in getting started "collecting." I can see where Mrs. Guess has put in many hours but she had fun and enjoyed every bit of it. Some day, who knows, Mrs. Guess will be the one to start the "Button Club" at Meadview.

May I wish all of you a very happy vacation time. We would be very pleased to have you spend your vacation with us here at Meadview. Looking forward to meeting you.

GRANITE GORGE CRUISE

(Continued From Page 1)

will be the most enjoyable trip, to date, as the evenings are still lengthy and the river is at its best for daytime or evening swimming.

Following is an excerpt from one of Hal Brown's earlier columns, describing the trip in a more thorough manner and outlining the necessary gear to take and the amount of fuel needed.

By HAL BROWN

Here are a few hints on what to expect on this Cruise. As you approach the river, through Iceberg Canyon, you are apt to encounter a rift or two of floating debris, made up of wood of various sizes, from twigs to tree trunks. All you have to do is slow down while in this area and keep a sharp lookout for the big pieces. Once through Iceberg, the debris lessens and there is, as a rule, only an occasional piece of this wood floating in the water. Watch for them.

You will also note there has been a color change in the water, a red cast that becomes darker as you proceed up lake. After passing Boundry Point the water has become more shallow and the river is beginning to form her channel. This is where the first sand bars

Hal Brown
Box 158
Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441

Dear Hal:

Please register us for the Lower Granite Gorge Boat Cruise
September 2 and 3. See you then!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____ PHONE _____

Boat Size _____ Type _____

Boat Name _____ No. in Party _____

Mail this coupon to Hal Brown,
Box 158, Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441

can be encountered and are always present until we pass Reference Point Rapids.

After passing through the Narrows, we are really in the river current and those current boils are ever present. You are now in the silt flats, around the Pierce Ferry area, where the river winds its way, and has cut quite a deep channel, through the silt.

Just above Pierce Ferry, but still in the flats, is a sandy bank, with enough area to accommodate several boats. We chose this spot for a coffee break, our first stop on the cruise.

The mouth of the canyon is in view from this point and after a brief stop we head up river—bars to the right, then to the left, as we proceed. Within a short time one experiences the thrill of entering the colorful Grand Canyon. To me the spine tickling thrill is always there and I'm sure you will also experience this sensation as we progress up through this wonder of nature.

Soon we come to a steel tower that looks miniature in size, due to the height above us. This is a part of the Bat Cave guano mining operation, whose activity has long since ceased. The evidence of why it is no longer in operation lays in the river. A cable that once supported a tram, which hauled the guano from the cave on the north canyon wall to the above tower, lays there, a broken strand that once tied the two towers together.



TRYING TO FIND THE CHANNEL WITH A BOAT POLE.

Flour Sack Rapid #1 has just been crossed and we are approaching sneaky Wards Cave Rapid. No. 2 Flour Sack Rapid, at Cass Monument, has to be negotiated before we come to Quartermaster Canyon. You will find cruising relatively smooth for a ways. There are only four small rapids to negotiate before crossing the Reference Point Rapids, and then deep water is ahead of us.

Don't let the mention of these rapids throw you, as they have been silted in and there is no longer the flow of fast water that gave them their name.



THE BROKEN CABLE THAT USED TO GO FROM THE GUANO MINE TO THE TOWER ON THE SOUTH CANYON RIM.

From now on relax, take in the view and enjoy yourself. That bluff up ahead does not stop you from reaching your destination, even though it looks that way. The sand beach further up is where we will have lunch and a short rest.

That afternoon plan to explore the lower reaches of Separation Canyon and then a short run down stream for Spencer Canyon, where we will camp over night. There will be plenty of time for an early evening side trip up Spencer Canyon to view its wonders.

Then it's back to camp for that steak fry. Incidentally, each party must furnish their own steaks and trimmings, we will bring the grill and charcoal.

Afterward—a story telling siege around the camp fire and then a good night's sleep under the stars.

The time logged is approximately 5 hours up river and about 3 hours downstream.

To compute your own gas needs, allow 3/4 gal. per H.P. for outboards and between 1/4 and 1/3 gal. per H.P. for the stern drives. A 19' hull is the maximum overall length and a 14' the minimum that is recommended. All boats MUST have a good high freeboard and outfitted per Coast Guard code.

Be sure to bring enough fuel for the round trip by using the above gal. per horse power log or use your own calculation. The mileage is 64 miles each way, 128 miles round trip. There are no refueling spots along the upper lake or river areas, so have enough fuel so as not to spoil the fun by being towed.

The suggested list of gear to put aboard is as follows:

1. Hot coffee—We'll have two coffee breaks each way plus a lunch stop at Bridge Canyon.

(Continued on Page 14)

Down the Colorado River Via Grand Canyon

From Phantom Ranch to Temple Bar on Lake Mead

By HAL BROWN and FRANK GLINDMEIER

This is a continuation of last month's story on the Colorado River run, from Lee's Ferry to Phantom Ranch. We now take you on the last leg--from Phantom Ranch to Temple Bar Resort, on Lake Mead. Frank Glindmeier starts the story with his factual log and I fill in with other happenings.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1967

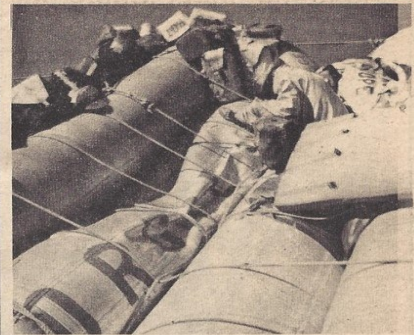
Up at 5:45 a.m. Pack and load boat, hike to Phantom Ranch for breakfast. Today's run is supposed to be the wettest of the entire trip; back to back rapids. We'll see. Bacon and eggs at Phantom Ranch are a fine compliment to last night's splendid dinner and certainly put the whole crowd in a fine frame of mind for the day to come. We have lost eight of our original crew, they having gotten off at Phantom Ranch, thereby completing the first portion of the journey. They are being replaced however, by eight new folks who have either

hiked or taken a burro down from the South Rim and will be completing the balance of the journey with us. We now have a total of 12 men and 16 women including Georgie. The ratio is still pretty good, from our point of view. Two and one-half miles downstream from Phantom Ranch is Horn Creek Rapids (Mile 90 1/2) Wow! A real crackerjack! Three miles later comes Granite Falls. We hadn't even gotten dried out from Horn Creek. Both of these rapids were, in my opinion, equal to Hance, the biggest encountered so far. 1 1/2 Miles ahead was Hermit Falls, and Georgie said that this would be excellent for pictures . . . giant waves and a real roller



THERE'S A LOT OF WATER BACK THERE IN HERMIT.

coaster ride. As usual, her prediction was exactly correct. Snapped off several pictures going through Hermit and this is a real fun rapid. Lots of ups and lots of downs, and lots of big waves but not the tremendous rough ride that came with Hance, Horn Creek and Granite. 3 1/2 miles ahead (Mile 98 1/2) Crystal Rapid was fast approaching. Georgie had previously stated that in her opinion, this was one of the nastiest because of the rocks that are always waiting to chew the boats up. Sure enough, Crystal proved to be as rough and as mean as Hance, Horn and Granite, but with more rocks. Georgie had commented on her luck in running this rapid and whereas many other river runners had gotten hung up or their boats torn on the rocks, she had been, so far, very lucky. Her luck expired on this day. As we came out of Crystal Rapids, the inside pontoon on the star-



GEORGIE BUSIED HERSELF REPAIRING THE SECTIONS OF THE RAFT DAMAGED IN CRYSTAL RAPIDS.

board raft started deflating in one section - an obvious tear and puncture. We pulled in right below Crystal for temporary repairs. Georgie tied the ropes tighter around the deflated section and stated that unless we encountered other problems we would run the rest of the way in, in this manner. The overall raft complex consisted of three individual rubber rafts; two twenty seven footers on the outside and a thirty three footer in the middle, all roped together. The twenty seven footers have eight individual air compartments and the thirty three footer has twelve. We therefore had lost one compartment out of a total of twenty-eight. We shifted the load to allow for the one deflated section and were on our way again shortly. Immediately below Crystal was Tuna Creek Rapids, where Hal and I walked down for photographs while temporary repairs were being made. Then on downstream thru more miscellaneous rapids, all of which were contributing a lot of splash, spray and water. Lunch stop was at Mile 107, just above Bass Canyon and rapids. Here we took pictures of "Old Ironsides," an old steel boat that had been pulled up on the shore many years ago. After lunch we run Waltheberg Rapids at Mile 112. This one is a dandy, too. At 2:00 p.m. we stop at Elves Chasm for a short hike back to a pool and waterfall, a beautiful little

(Continued on Page 10)



RAIN SUITS ON, EVERYONE BRACES FOR HERMIT CREEK RAPIDS AHEAD.

meadview INVITES YOU TO . . .

LABOR DAY



COME BY BOAT!

Over the Lake to South Cove Landing.
(Let us know you're coming, we'll pick you up)

DANCE TO THE WESTERN MUSIC

OF

BOB SCOTT

AND HIS

WESTERN JUBILEE

TV BAND

DANCING

6 to 9 p.m.

(ARIZONA TIME)

Out Doors Under The Stars



COME BY AIRPLANE!

Buzz the Meadview Marine Store and we'll pick you up at the Airstrip.



SPORTSMAN'S BARBEQUE

9 to 12 p.m.

(ARIZONA TIME)



COME BY BICYCLE OR TRAIL BIKE!

Just come across country!



\$1.95

per person

COME BY AUTO!

See Map on Page 16 for road directions.

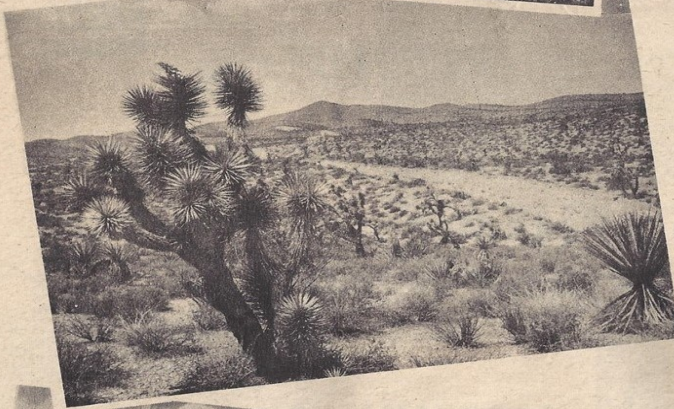


COME BY

HORSE BACK

Over any old Trail.





3 FOR

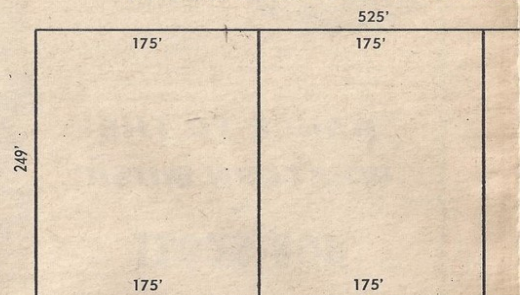
**YES! 3 FULL 1 ACRE
SEMI-DEVELOPED LOTS
THE TERMS OF ONE FULLY
DEVELOPED LOT**

**SELECT ANY THREE \$995 ONE ACRE
MEADVIEW UNIT 3 — TOTAL PRICE
DOWN AND \$39.33 PER MONTH.
SURVEYED, STAKED AND ACCESS R**

Now, Meadview offers an opportunity, because of the limited acreage never be repeated. Opportunity to own a part of the area which each visitors, who after one visit, return again and again to the very place months of every year, and the land you stand on is yours alone.

Real Estate prices in Arizona have soared. That much is history, but is that the price rise has only begun. Developed land prices at Meadview comparable resort and retirement communities in other parts of the U.S. All of us have wished that we had purchased property that later rose in price. Now is that time at Meadview. The cash investment is so low, a few dollars each month to buy your lot and build a property nest egg.

**HOW BIG IS 3 ACRES
HERE'S A TYPICAL SIZE OF 3 ADJACENT LOTS**



**(NEARLY 1 BLOCK LONG)
OVER 130,000 SQUARE FEET
OVER 20 CITY LOTS IN SIZE**

ONLY \$35 DN., \$39.33

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN IN
MEADVIEW UNIT 3,
AND INDICATE
THE EXACT TERRAIN
AND TYPE OF GROWTH
TYPICAL TO THE AREA.

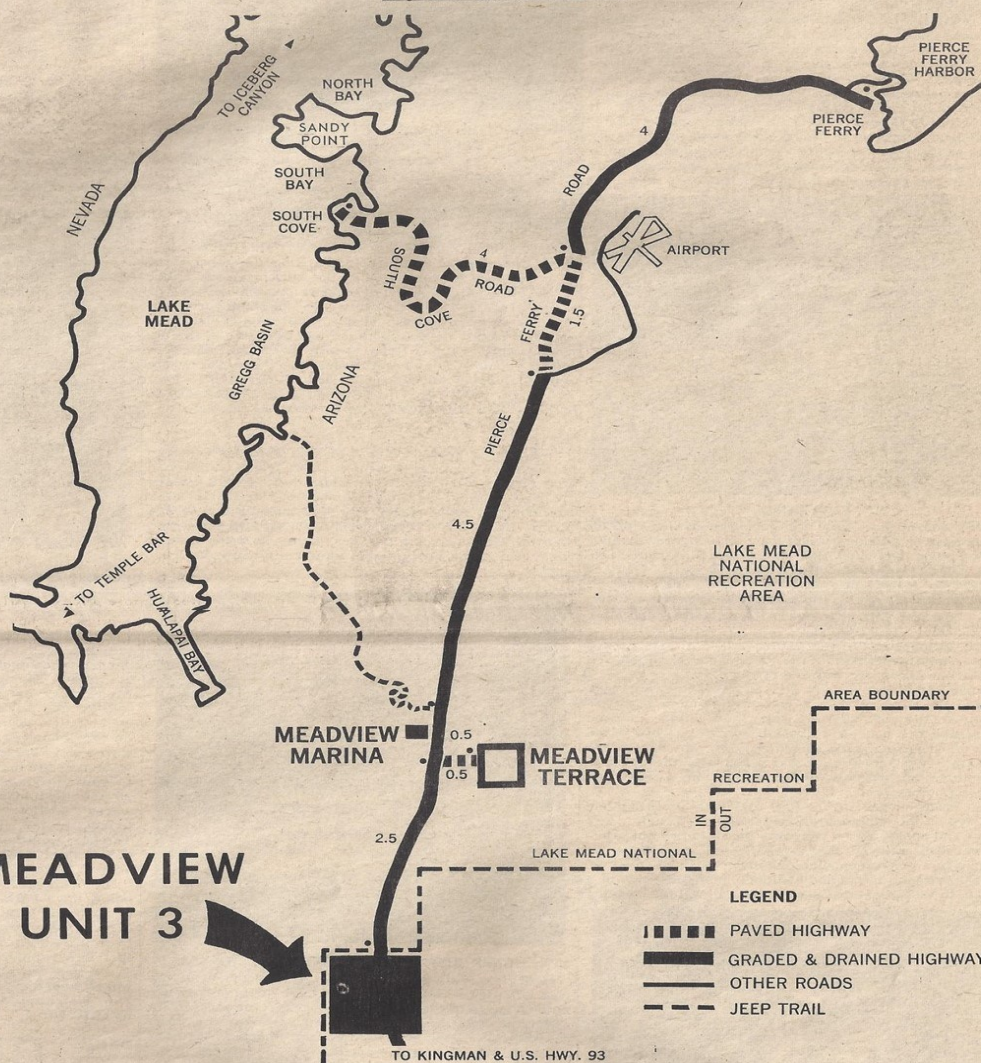
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DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER

(Continued from Page 7)

setting and a real refreshing stop. On down river at 3:00 p.m. and we enter the black schist, commonly referred to as the bowels of the earth. Encounter Bedrock Rapid late in the afternoon, where the boat's port hind quarters clipped a rock on the way through. No problem though; in fact, Georgie had called this one prior to entering the rapids. One more mile downstream was Deubendorff Rapids, (Mile 131 1/2), another qualifier. Made camp for the night on a sandy beach at Mile 132, just below Deubendorff Rapid. Made 44 miles today. Swift water most of the way and a long, wet day it was.

By Hal:

Friday a.m. at Phantom Ranch was one morning with lots of bustle, mixed with excitement. We were to have a "knees under the table" breakfast. Imagine eggs with no skins on them and looking right at you. You know, something was missing though, no SAND. Sand becomes a part of a Colorado River run. Over the many years the storms on the water shed of this mighty river, have washed a fine silt into the main stream that carries it down river to deposit it along the bank at various points. These banks turn out to be the lunch stops and camping areas on Georgie's trips. One learns to use this sand in many ways, seasoning, washing dishes, and to sleep on or in, so you get used to the gritty stuff.



BASS RAPIDS

This morning is time for goodbyes to eight of our group and to welcome eight new passengers aboard. Those being Dr. and Mrs. C. Rollins Niswonger, Oxford, Ohio, Mrs. Ella Simens, Oakland, Calif., Dan and Clinton D. McKinnon, San Diego, Calif., Mrs. Ruth E. Peters, Hemet, Calif. (Ruth has made the run before), Miss Jane Aull Daley, Redondo Beach, Calif., and Miss Norma Ocon, Los Angeles.

The promises of many rapids this day had created much excitement so after our sad goodbyes, we shoved off for our encounter with the river.

Horn Rapid was a dilly and dumped one of the bags overboard, proving the wisdom of tying these bags securely to the raft. The tie rope held and just in time we hauled the bag back aboard before we were in the grip of Granite Rapids, another dilly. The varied expressions on the passenger's faces plus the yells of delight as we approach and run a rapid, is worth the price of admission.

As Frank states in his log, this was a wet day and the stop on the bank below Crystal Rapids, though it was steep and rocky, was a welcome break to dry out a bit.

Everyone enjoyed the Elves Chasm stop. Here we tied up to a very steep, sloping canyon wall and scrambled up over the rocks and boulders, some the size of a house, to view a natural shower. Warm water cascades



ELVES CHASM

over and through mammoth boulders creating this shower which falls into a pool large enough to swim in. All took advantage of this chance to bathe and swim and were reluctant to leave such a beautiful spot. Evening came all too soon and even though it was one of the longest days spent on the raft, due to the many exciting rapids the time passed very quickly.

In my opinion, that night's stop was made on one of the least desirable beaches of the whole trip, as it was narrow and very rocky. It was a good chance to turn in early and look forward to the next day.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1967

Up at 6:00 a.m. again this morning. Breakfast and a



ENTERING THE BLACK SCHIST, COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

short hike up to a waterfall a quarter mile from the river. Georgie is waiting for high water, cause we still have some tough rapids to go today, and the river went down around three feet last night. Reason unknown. With luck, it should be rising again soon. At 9:00 a.m., the water was still going down so we departed anyway. Stopped at 9:30 at a huge cave and a short hike up to same. On down river at 9:50. Arrived at Deer Creek at 10:10 a.m. Stopped for lunch and a hike to Deer Creek Falls, a beautiful sight and a tremendously high waterfall. Down river at 1:00 p.m. The river has risen somewhat by this time. Encounter many small rapids, but only one good one. (If that is what you want to call the big ones.) This is Upset Rapid at Mile 149 1/2. It carries a mean reputation, and well deserves it. It ranks evenly with Socolager and Granite. Put into shore at 5:15 p.m. on sandy beach at Mile 164. Made 32 miles today in spite of late start. (Only 4 miles before 1:00 p.m.)

By Hal:

We mostly goofed off this mornin while waiting for the level of the water to come up. It was here we learned that Deubendorff Rapids was one of the rapids chosen by Walt Disney, as a site to shoot action pictures for his movie of John Wesley Powell, running the Colorado River, from Green River, Utah down through the Grand Canyon. Upon learning this fact, cameras were brought forth and many shots were taken from many different angles.



CAMP JUST BELOW DEUBENDORFF, RAPIDS.

Georgie's "all aboard" signal finally came and we took off. Before long we went through some of the narrowest parts of the canyon and at one point our raft hit a whirlpool causing it to come in contact with the sheer canyon wall. Being air-filled rubber, what happened was a bounce off, like a rubber ball.

The large cave we visited that day was very interesting, the ceiling was of cathedral height and the dimensions inside were of Madison Square Gardens proportions. I have heard that bat guano is a very rare and priceless commodity so this being the case, I stood ankle deep in quite a pile—money or guano—, the only trouble was Georgie wouldn't let me take the pile with me, no room, she said.

Our stop at Deer Creek Falls meant a scheduled hike up above the falls, to a beautiful valley and it was a breathtaking sight. Many small cascade like falls tumbled through the valley from above, working their way to the brink of the canyon wall, where Deer Creek Falls started. Over the years the water had cut many feet into the sandstone, gorging a deep cleavage into this sedimentary ledge and still the falls were over a hundred feet high. A few of us tried getting close to this cascading water but there was too much of it and it was too cold, but it was fun trying. (Later, I lost all the pictures taken of this area, while going over Lava Falls Rapid, as I had thoughtlessly put the film in my pocket.) Camp that night was fun around the bonfire, rehashing the trip to date with Bill Leutz and campfire girls, Jean Julian and Doris Schroeder. Tomorrow the big day—with Lava Falls ahead.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1967

Same old deal. 6:00 a.m. arising again. One difference though. Everyone is looking forward to "the champ."

Lava Falls is approximately two hours ahead and is purported to be the No. 1 rapid on the entire Colorado. A mad scramble for the various seats in the boat reflected the individual preferences of the voyagers. Those who wanted the big thrill wanted to sit in front. Those who wanted to try to catch pictures wanted near the rear where there would be less water and more of a foreground of people and expressions. As we were soon to find out, it didn't make much difference where you sat. A wall of water is a wall of water whether you are in the front of the boat or the back. A quick breakfast and we are on our way at 8:00 a.m. The water came up about three feet last night and we've got the high water that is required if we can possibly hope to get through Lava without damage. An hour and a half after departure, we passed Toroweap Lookout, high on the North rim of the canyon, and immediately below it a large lava plug in the middle of the river. This is our tip off, for we know that Lava Falls is only one mile downstream now.

Georgie gives the orders for everyone to stow their camera and other gear and brace themselves. Since this was to be our last major rapid, I wanted to try at least to get a couple of pictures of it, so I decided to keep out my black and white camera and see what would happen. As we approached Lava Falls, little could be seen because, as with the other large rapids, the river seemingly just disappears. The swirling, seething mass of white water is down below your eye level until you are immediately on top of it and by that time, it's too late to try to take any pictures and still preserve your camera. I shot four pictures as we approached Lava Falls, then quickly buttoned the camera up and stowed



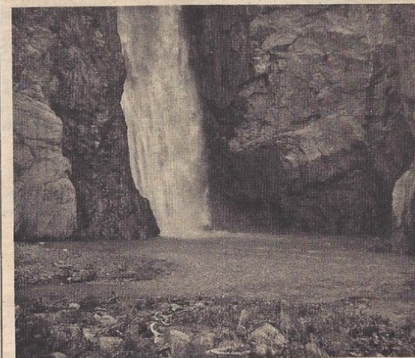
HIKING UP TO HUGE CAVE AT MILE 134.

it inside my life jacket and grabbed the ropes just as the first wall of water hit. As we rolled over the first drop and looked down into the middle of the falls, everyone in the boat knew that Lava's reputation was well earned. People were everywhere at once, and the boat was up one minute, down the next, and movement was so fast that you couldn't keep track of where you were or why you were. A temporary lull in between massive waves and I snatched my camera out and shot two quick ones over the fantail back at the first big boil. Managed to stuff the camera back inside the life preserver just as the next massive wall of water hit. This time we weren't dealing with spray, or even a shower. We were looking at ten, fifteen and even higher walls of water. The boat would climb up part of the way and the balance of the water would break over it. If I were to try to describe Lava Falls in two words, it would have to be "The Wildest." We pulled in approximately one mile below Lava Falls at the first opportune place, and most of us hiked back to take pictures of what we had come through. I am sure that none of the photographs will ever possibly portray the rough and tumble excitement that this rapid provides. We are on our way again at 11:30, and we stopped at Whitmore Wash at Mile 188, where supplies have been brought down from the North rim. We swapped supplies, had lunch and on downstream to Mile 201 1/2 at 4:30 p.m. Made 37 1/2 miles today.

By Hal:

Today we are going to encounter the much talked about Lava Falls, the most exciting water rolly coaster

(Continued on Page 11)



DEER CREEK FALLS AT MILE 136.



HANG ON TIGHT HERE COMES UPSET RAPIDS. DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER

(Continued from Page 10)

of all the rapids from Lee's Ferry to mile 234 Rapid, above Bridge Canyon Dam site.

The canyon walls in this area occasionally open up more and twice we saw burros grazing along the river bank and once a herd of 4 mountain sheep were seen.

At Toroweap Lookout the black lava flow comes into sight and this lava flow remains with us until below Diamond Creek. The lava fills side canyon after side canyon, creating post pile after post pile. The molten rock cools, forming many sided post like lengths of solid lava, thus the reference, post pile. This flow lessens as we proceed down river until you just occasionally see it. At one point the lava had created a dam across the flow of the river and this became known as Lava Falls.

One week prior to this day, Pete Kloehn, Al Wipf, Doris Schroeder, Frank and I had flown over this area on our way to Page. The pilot circled and pointed out this same lava flow and falls and we all remarked about the white water we could see from the air. Al's comment



"WATER DOG" PETE KLOEHN GETS ANOTHER BATH GOING THROUGH UPSET RAPIDS.

was, (we later found out this was to be his 5th run) "She's a humdinger." He didn't give any more information and now I agree, she's a humdinger!

Not one passenger came through dry even though we all had our rain suits on to traverse this baby.

Will have to confess I slept through most of our next stop which was Whitmore Wash. They tell me there are Indian ruins here and a trail that leads out to the North Rim. George had fresh supplies packed in here, via horses, for the rest of the trip. Tonight's camp was a very nice large, sandy beach, covered with Salt Cedars, and everyone had plenty of elbow room. Tomorrow we



HERE COMES THE BIG ONE JUST AHEAD. LAVA FALLS LOOKS DECEIVINGLY CALM FROM THIS POINT. will get into Frank's and my territory, the Lower Granite Gorge.

MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1967

Up at 6:00 a.m., breakfast and on our way at 7:40. Today's an easy run, and will take us through the last of the rapids. We have a peaceful ride to Granite Springs Canyon for lunch. Left same at 1:30 p.m. Very cloudy and cool this a.m. We're all hoping for sun, but afraid that it will come out. We have been extremely fortunate so far this trip in that, considering the time of the year, it has been quite cool. A lot of sun for the most part, but not the broiling heat that would normally be expected.

In the afternoon the sun finally came out in a mixture of sun and clouds. Net result-beautiful overall temperature. Water temperature today - 62 degrees. Warming up quite a bit now. At 4:30 p.m. we made Bridge City (Mile 236), and we knew we were back in our own stomping grounds. Bridge City is the upper end of our Lower Granite Gorge cruise, sponsored by our Meadview Adventurers' Club. The wind blew a lot this night and shifted a lot of sand. PTOOOIE! By this time we have all got sand in our sand anyway, so it doesn't make a great deal of difference. Everyone turns in early hoping for sunshine tomorrow for our proposed air mattress ride down the river.

By Hal:

Getting used to the early rising bit, just slightly, and by now I have my eyes fully open when the call for "All Aboard" rings out. Another month of this and I could become fully trained. Today turns out to be a very leisurely ride except for the early morning cold. We stopped about 10 o'clock for a break and the first thing in order was a blazing driftwood fire, to warm our wet backsides. This was done even before the midmorning hard boiled egg treat.

The area between Whitmore Wash and Diamond Creek lays back from the river in less steep bluffs and this gives more grazing land for the mountain sheep and burros. One can usually see them quite often when passing through this portion of the canyon and we did see several burros along the bank that day.



LOOKING BACK AT A PORTION OF LAVA FALLS HALFWAY THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

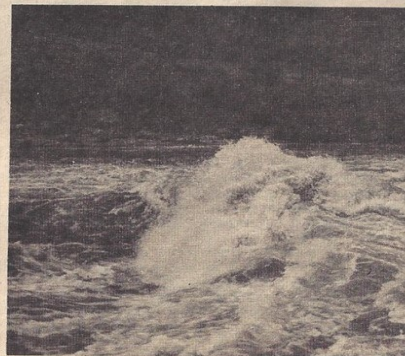
The rapids come one after another from Diamond Creek on to mile 234. The canyon is very interesting here and Travertine Falls is a beautiful sight. Also interesting is the varied colored granite which forms the river bank or canyon walls. It is polished smooth up to the high water line by the passing of millions of years of silt laden water. Landing at Bridge City brought back memories of our Meadview Adventurers' Club river excursions as Frank and I had, over the past, led several power boat trips up to this very site.

When the lake was at its maximum height, this was the upper tip of Lake Mead and many power boats had ventured up to here and what then, was commonly known as the first rapid at mile 234, two miles above. Since the lake has been lowered to its present elevation, the river flows swift through the lower canyon, downstream, approximately 50 miles before reaching the lake at Grand Wash, several miles below Pierce Ferry. This run has become a real power boat challenge due to the many sand bars encountered between these points.

We all went to sleep that night to the music of burros braying as it seems we had invaded their bedding area.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1967

Hot dawg! Got to sleep late this morning. Didn't get up until 6:30. Mighty cloudy outside. It's going to be a cold air mattress ride. Breakfast and then 13 idiots including myself and Hal hit the water, leaving George and 14 chickens (smart ones) in the boat. We float on down to Separation Canyon and Rapids and beach just above same. Got out to dry off and doggone near froze to death. Back on the air mattresses, 'cause that's the warmest thing around, and we run through Separation Rapids and on down stream another three miles where George and the boat picked us up. Here's a challenge



THIS GIVES A LITTLE BETTER PICTURE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE, MASSIVE POWER OF LAVA FALLS.



DRYING OUT AFTER A THOROUGH DRENCHING IN LAVA FALLS.

to try sometime. Ever try to board a huge rubber pontoon boat in the current when the boat is going several miles an hour faster than you are? Thanks to the "smart" ones on the boat, all 13 idiots, including yours truly, are hauled aboard ungracefully. Now we really find out what the word "cold" means. Still no sun. Hal was sitting across from me and he looked like he was using an air hammer, he was quivering so hard. Fifteen minutes later we are dried out and everything is back to normal. The sun is out and it's getting warm. We stopped for lunch at 11:00 a.m. and the sun disappears again,



but by this time, it's warm enough to be appreciated. On down river at 1:00 p.m., passing through all our familiar country. Water temperature is 63 degrees and the clouds keep alternating and finally, all clouds. Then starts the shower. It has been threatening to rain for some time and it finally decided to get with it. The light shower brought out a lot of rain suits from many of the folks on the boat and ten real "bright folks" in the starboard boat decided to all get under a black plastic tarp. Hal and I were still in our bathing suits, and when he saw all of those people in their rain suits, underneath the black tarp, he couldn't stand it. He scooped up a bucket of water, doused the top of the tarp (and several of the people underneath it) and the water fight was on! When the smoke cleared, (or should I say the water?) just about everybody was wet. After all it was raining now and what did we have to lose? Made camp at 5:30 at Mile 280, just one mile down stream from Pierce Ferry. Made 44 miles again today. A good run. It rained off and on lightly all evening alternating with sunshine and occasionally both sunshine and rain at once. Can this be Arizona? In June?

By Hal:

Didn't eat much breakfast this morning as we were going to float down river on our air mattresses for several miles. Have you ever mounted an air mattress, with temperatures in the low degrees, on a swift flowing current, bound for an unknown destination? Well, try it some day. Bill Leutz's mattress had done its duty on the Little Colorado River so it just plain gave up and wouldn't hold air for any length of time. Undaunted, Bill floated awhile, blew awhile, floated again, blew some more, and it turned out he fared better than the rest of

(Continued on Page 12)



DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER

(Continued from Page 11)

us as the exercise kept him warm. In spite of the cold I really enjoyed the experience but we sure ended up stiff and chilly. I wrapped myself in a deflated air mattress and didn't add any more clothes and that turned out to be the right thing to do.

As was mentioned before, this part of the river has many sandbars hidden just below the surface of the water, and of course, we hit a few. Floated off of all but one and a push by three of us corrected this.



TRAVERTINE FALLS AT MILE 229.

As we proceeded down river the storm clouds collected and by the time we reached the Guano Mine, just a few miles above Pierce Ferry, rain was in the offing. This brought out an interesting incident. On board Georgie White's rafts, were 28 people who had been wet, on one or another portion of their anatomy during this whole trip, yet soon as the rain drops started to fall, out came the foul weather gear, even to a large plastic tarp. I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to have a little fun so procured a bucket and cast some water over the tarp to see what would happen. WOW, I couldn't believe that many heads could appear from nowhere, so fast. When things quieted down, everyone was wet, even the innocent.

We had a very good camp this night among the Salt Cedars. There was a very nice sandy beach, where all joined in a last time, volley ball game, before retiring.



LANDING AT BRIDGE CITY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1967

Up at 6:20 (slept late again). After several days of high cloudiness, we awoke to a beautiful morning. Sunshine, few clouds way up high, but a typical Lake Mead and Colorado River day. Under way at 8:00 a.m., fend our way thru the delta by Grand Wash and are in Iceberg Canyon at 10:00 a.m. where we stopped for a swim in the middle of the Canyon. Now I really know I am home. Shortly before lunchtime, we stop at Sandy Point for our official initiation. As far as I was concerned, this was one of the highlights of the trip. You'll get no details here, for that would spoil it for any future river rats. Suffice it to say that it was harmless, good clean fun and everyone had a heck of a good time (particularly those ones that were initiated first, for they had the opportunity to help initiate the later group. For some reason, Hal and I and a couple of other folks were in the last group. I can't understand why). Lunch and then on down lake to our overnight camp spot, just above Virgin Canyon. Here, the beer boat was waiting with ice



COVERING UP IN THE RAIN, BUT NOT FOR LONG. THIS SNEAKY ACT PROMPTED A BIG WATER FIGHT THAT DRENCHED EVERYONE IN THE BOAT.



TRAVERTINE RAPIDS AHEAD

and cold soda pop and beer. If Rock Hudson and Bridget Bardot had delivered these drinks, they would have had to have taken a back seat to their freight. Our group hit those ice chests like Grant took Richmond. Our many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Jess Gaddis who ran their jet boat up from Temple Bar for the express purpose of bringing us these refreshments. I hitched a ride back with Mr. and Mrs. Gaddis to Temple Bar for I needed to make a couple of phone calls. Calls made, I boarded Cloud Nine, my own boat which is kept on mooring at Temple Bar and run up lake to rejoin the river group. For me personally, this was probably the most beautiful night of all on the trip. Smoking a cigarette on the deck, I watched the sky full of brilliant stars which were not even diluted by the bright half moon that illuminated the entire lake and shoreline. Tonight and last night were the first two nights that we had slept without hearing the roar of a rapid in one direction or the other. Just crickets tonight, like last night. It was an absolutely calm night and you could see reflections of the stars in the placid water almost as clearly as in the sky. Finally decided to give it up at 11:15 p.m. Last one in for a change. One last look at the sky and the lake, and we know that our trip is just about over.



OUR LAST VOLLEY BALL GAME.

By Hal:

Shucks, no rapids to run this day. Today we leave the Colorado River current and enter Lake Mead's surface. From then on our momentum will be from Georgie's trusty Johnson outboard motor. Our wonderful, exciting vacation is fast growing to an end. All but those who have made the river run before, and the eight that came aboard at Phantom Ranch, will, today, become Royal River Rats.

The thrill of being so close to home was beginning to get to me, as Meadview is very close by, and as we crossed the sand bars at the mouth of the river, a good old YA, HOO burst forth. We had many good laughs over antics pulled on one another and some very good visiting sessions, while cruising along on the smooth water. The swim in warm water, at last, in Iceberg Canyon, was wonderful. Yes, we were getting close to home.



AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT YOU'RE HAVING PAINTED, SHIRLEY.

The initiation at Sandy Point was really fun for all Rats, only one little thing seemed out of joint. Frank and I were in the last lineup, and instead of just a little sprinkle of water in the face, the lake jumped up and covered us, when we missed a question. SOMETHING was fishy.

We had a whale of a party at our camp that evening. Imagine anyone opening up an ice chest full of beer and covered with honest to goodness ice, in front of 28 thirst hungry people. The man from Temple Bar, who brought it was smart, he opened the chest then quickly stepped back, to avoid the crush. Boy, ice cold beer and soda pop!

Pete Kloehn started the bunch to singing, it didn't take much prodding, and before long they came up with a song in Georgie's honor. Here 'tis and sung to the tune

of Daisy, Daisy:

Chorus:

Georgie, Georgie,

We have loved living with you,

Thru all the rapids

It was fun being your crew.

Thru Horn and Hanse and Grapevine

You were ready with the lifeline,

But you looked cute

In your leopard suit

With Sambo in front of you.

Woman of the River

You have made us all shiver,

Hot and Cold,

Glad and sad,

Eggs and beer,

That's not bad,

You sure did deliver

Woman of the River.

(Repeat Chorus)

I went to bed that night with a good feeling, you know,

"People are wonderful."



THREE SEASONED VOYAGERS ENTERING THE HEADWATERS OF LAKE MEAD, DRIFTWOOD CANYON IN THE BACKGROUND.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1967

Awake at 5:30 a.m. as Georgie climbed aboard, wanting to use my horn to wake up the group early so that we can be in Temple Bar at 9:30. A quick breakfast, and we are on our way. Hal jons me on board Cloud Nine, for we wanted to get overall pictures of the raft and the group. We later found out that this upset Georgie's plans, for she had the group all primed to throw Hal in the lake off the raft. (Seems like some of the group wanted to get even for the water fight of a couple days before). Not knowing this, we had made our own plans to initiate Georgie somewhat. About half way into Temple Bar, and after the sun had warmed everyone thoroughly, we rigged up a hose to my auxiliary bilge pump, approached the raft as close as we could and proceeded to hose down Georgie with lake water. After all, we had to do something to initiate the initiator. About midway through Virgin Canyon, we left the group and high tailed it for Temple Bar, where Hal's wife, Jackie, and my wife, Lee, were waiting for us. We wanted to get our boat



NO WONDER HAL BROWN LOOKS SO HAPPY, ICEBERG CANYON DEAD AHEAD.

put away and also be in position to take pictures of the group as they landed. After landing, about an hour was spent disassembling all of the boats and getting them ready for transport back to Lee's Ferry where a new trip would begin in a few days. Transportation was provided by bus and passenger cars into Las Vegas where the group was staying overnight at the Showboat Hotel. An impromptu cocktail party at 6:00 p.m. and dinner at 7:30 p.m. rounded out a beautiful trip. Farewells were said, addresses exchanged and 28 individuals, who for the most part had never met each other before, departed, probably never to see each other again. The end of an interesting trip, and one that we will all remember for many years to come.

By Hal:

I just can't push the days back and at 9:30 a.m., give or take a few minutes, our trip will end at Lake Mead's Temple Bar Resort. This will end but not close a chapter on an adventure that will always live in my memory. The people who were the principals of this wonderful outing, may drift apart, but will never quite be completely forgotten. Frank and I have attempted to keep a log of this trip, as seen through the eyes of two different people. There are many choice moments on such

(Continued on Page 13)



"GO GO" RAY LOHI TAKES A DIP THE HARD WAY.

DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER

(Continued from Page 12)

an outing that cannot be recaptured on paper, yet will linger for our lifetime and each of the other participants will also have their own choice memories.

I have received several letters which bares this out and I wish to share them with you.

Dear Hal:

Nice to hear from you. Thanks for all the literature. Had some trouble figuring out the table mat, but we finally doped out most of it. That was a cute idea. We were happy to be thought of that evening.

Sounded like a gay party at Ray's--something we'd have enjoyed, of course.

The idea of dry shoes, no river silt, meals at a table, and ice in a drink would sound attractive to most, but the other was much more fun and desirable. I wonder how long we all could have really lived like that and enjoyed it. Shirli and I certainly want to try it again, or even better, get in on one of Georgie's Mexican trips. Her literature on that makes it sound pretty rugged and wild.

I have a very fine picture of the rafts floating under the bridge after you left Phantom. It's one none of you will have so I'll be including it in my three to you all. Thanks for putting me on the list. I think Shirli was disappointed that her name wasn't on it. Would you add her to your list, please, and she'll send you three slides also. Thanks. (3140 So. Emerson Ave. 55408). By the way, in case I put my zip down as 44509, let me correct it to 55409. That was a wild night for writing.

Hal, I can't get my slides finished before leaving on the Alaskan trip, but I'll take care of it soon after returning in late August. My pictures in general turned out fine. Did yours? No doubt we've all kept pretty busy showing them. That HAD to be different than most vacations, and especially interesting to Non-River Rats.



A PORTION OF THE ROYAL RIVER RAT INITIATION CEREMONY. BLINDFOLDED, THE OAR ON THE HEAD TELLS YOU IT'S YOUR TURN TO ANSWER A SPECIFIC QUESTION.

Our ride up from Phantom lasted 6 hours. That's a little too much time on a mule going up hill on a narrow trail. Was a bit unnerving at times. Especially when hikers or other riders came along. Had some spectacular views which made it all worthwhile. Once is enough. I'll take the rapids any day.

Our friend was there at Bright Angel, and took us to her place for a lovely dinner at Williams. Stayed at their trailer overnight, and were up bright and early the next morning to catch the train. It was 6 1/2 hours late so we ended up having some time to kill. Tried to find another means of getting home, but lucked out. Missed our connection in Kansas City so decided to fly home. We were able to get two cancellations. After pooling our money for tickets, buying a couple of drinks on the plane, we walked off with .221/2 each. How's that for cutting it close!

Took us a good week to catch up on sleep and rebuild our tissues. Did the volleyball games continue each night? Jan had a terrific idea there in bringing along the ball.

It was great fun and a great gang to share the ride down the Colorado. I feel, too, our paths will cross again someday. You can't beat that kind of fun! Maybe we'll all take a reunion river run in a few years.

Well, take care of yourself, and don't sell away too much of that Arizona country!

We leave Monday morning. Will keep you posted on that part of the world.

"Kissin' Cousin"
Jeanne Brown

Hi to Frank.

PS: Enclosing a corny reminder of what we did.

HEY, THERE! GEORGIE GIRL

A boom resounds from the canyon
Is it Thunder or Georgie's .38?
Must be time to arise and gaze at blue skies
Then break camp and get underway.

The cans are all pitched in the river
The bags all secured by a rope.
Free the lines from shore--hop on to see more!
Georgie is ready, we hope.

Hike up to the Moki Ruins,
Or splash thru a copper mine.
There's always something to do, she leads us on thru
The Ol' Canyon that is unspoiled and fine.

Admiration for her is the greatest--
As she takes #10 rapids with ease.
The look in her eyes as the rough water flies--
"Get us thru Old Hance, please!"

For a bit of sport after supper
A long volleyball session's in store.
Scraped knees on the rocks, it's a game of hard knocks
But, Georgie hangs in there for more.

When the sun has gone down for the evening
A driftwood fire is lit on the sand.
"Aren't these wonderful days," everyone says,
"With Georgie and Sambo in command."

We'll remember the initiation,
An egg on the head tops it off.
Some warming blackberry brandy, on a beach that is
sandy

"River Rats" we are now--do not scoff!

So the end of a day is nearing
What's in store tomorrow--who knows
We'll see towering walls, maybe waterfalls
She'll take us wherever she goes.

There's Phantom Ranch in the distance
It means the last day of adventure and fun
There's surely a tear, as that day grows near
No more Georgie, and gang--or river to run!

By Jeanne Brown



FRANK GLINDMEIER MISSED THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED.

Dear Hal:

When we returned home and saw in the mail an envelope from Meadview, we thought it would contain information just on Meadview! So it was a surprise to find everyone's recorded greetings from the Showboat.

After leaving the bus, we got our car, picked up mail and our dog and cat, and went on to Overton Beach; so while you people were having dinner, we were (for a change), swimming in Lake Mead! The next day we went in around Mt. Trumbull to Toroweap, where you can see Lava Falls very clearly.

Thanks for sending the "mat". Perhaps we'll come see Meadview some day.

Sincerely,
Lynne and Chet Tingley
Blauvelt, New York



HAL BROWN GOT HIS SHARE, TOO.



GEORGIE WHITE, WOMAN OF THE RIVER.

Dear Hal:

Alas! The vacation ended ten days ago. We had some fine camping with son and family in Rocky Mountain Nat'l. Park, and earlier some fine fishing and jeeping in and around Capital Reef Nat'l. Monument.

Selecting the two best slides was real traumatic experience. I will be sending you three slides--not necessarily good but unusual, I think, within a week or so; with perhaps another one in which you are a subject.

Sue and I have read the account of the trip from Lee's Ferry to Phantom Ranch, with interest. I hope you will publish the remaining notes and send a copy to us. Many thanks, also, for the directory of participants.

We are presently redecorating my study, trying to get someone to put a new roof on the house, moving some of our daughter's furniture to Ann Arbor (where they've just moved from Seattle--he is an M.D. just beginning a residency), planning a three weeks trip to Ireland, Scotland and England, beginning Aug. 16th, a 4 day trip to Expo 67 in October, and preparing for a 3 day conference with co-author and publisher in Cincinnati next week--oh! for another care-free week on the river.

Thanks again Hal, for the publication and the directory.

Sincerely,

Rollin and Sue Niswonger



A DELIGHTFUL EGG SHAMPOO, WITH AMPLE PORTIONS OF SAND BLENDED IN.

Dear Hal:

I was awfully glad to receive your paper and I sure want you to send me your next months. It's the best all around story of a river run I've ever read.

You spoke of Shirley running aground on a rock in the little Colorado. Well, I did, too. I hit my knee on one of the rocks and I did not have any trouble until I got home. Now I've a lump on my knee cap like a grape fruit. It doesn't hurt but it's kinda lumpy.

I'm going to move from this address next week, I'm going to Redding, Calif. Enclosing new address, be sure and put space #9 on all mail.

I made Doris Schroader a necklace of Velvet Stone, or volcanic glass. I'm sure she will like it. She was a willing River Rat.

I'm going up to Sacramento Saturday to see the Federation Rock Show, hope to see Pete up there.

Be sure to tell Frank hello for me, and I'll see you when I come down your way.

Bye for now and thanks again.

Al Wipf
New address
2237 Jewell Lane, Space 9
Oakville Court,
Redding, Calif.

(Continued on Page 14)

DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER

(Continued from Page 13)

Hi Hal,

What excitement when we received your Meadview Monitor. It sure was a great trip and you and Frank did a terrific job of retelling the River Run. Your account of the trip was so much better than I could ever write. Hope we'll (Janice, Dottie, Carolyn and I) will be able to make a trip to Meadview before summer ends.

Thanks so much for the Monitor, Meadview literature and addresses.

So long,
Carolyn "Rat" Wischler
Scottsdale, Arizona

* * * * *

Dear Hal:

Carolyn passed your letter along to me the other night after work. We were both thrilled to hear from you and that the trip was safe and sound. Also, think the photo exchange is a great idea.

I talked to Dottie last Tuesday and plan to see her later this week with our own photo exchange and long talk about the second week of the trip. I've got a million questions and so does Carolyn, so I can imagine it will be an all night affair.

The three of us want to come see you and Frank later in the summer, so when you have an extra minute let me know when would be a good time and where we could catch you.

Carolyn and I have gone through our slides at least 6 times now and each time have re-lived every moment of the trip. I never enjoyed anything so much before in my entire life. It just broke my heart when we had to leave. Can't wait to see all the pictures between us when we see you and hear all about the rest of the trip.

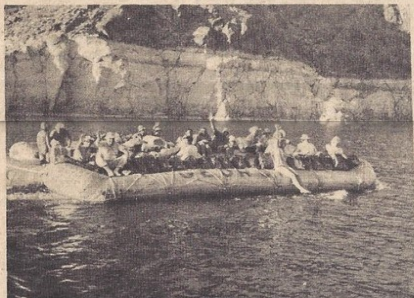
I wrote to Georgie and have already signed up for the two weeks next summer. I guess as long as she is riding the river I'll always want to go back; now I can't wait. She is leaving again tomorrow morning and my heart is already up there.

Next weekend I'm keeping in practice for next year's trip by riding an air mattress down the Salt River. I'm taking one of Senator Goldwater's secretaries and her family (3 boys, 10, 12 and 15 years old), Carolyn, too! Also want to ride the Gila and Verde before summer is over with.

Be good and take care.

As ever,
Janice Rose
Scottsdale, Arizona

* * * * *



IN VIRGIN CANYON NEARING THE END OF OUR JOURNEY.

Dear Jackie and Hal:

In a week's time, we have everything put to right once more. I say, let's go; but Frank eyes me with a great deal of scepticism.

I have tried to put some of our feelings and thoughts in the attached article which I hope you can use in the wind-up issue of your Monitor in re our raft trip. If you can use it, it would please me no end, for when the other members of the crew read the item, perhaps, they will know how very much we enjoyed our association with all of them!

We hated saying goodbye; we only hope that we all can be together again very soon. We shall hope that before too long we can drop in on you at Meadview. In the meantime, if the Lake Tahoe area beckons to you, our home is joyfully open to you!

Best wishes and warm regards,

Doris and Frank Sodolski
Grass Valley, Calif.

COLORADO RIVER RAFT REFLECTIONS By DORIS SODOLSKI

As we waited for the release of more water from the Glen Canyon Dam, bringing the water up to a cfs flow satisfactory to Georgie, we wandered about the old state-protected and fenced buildings that constituted Lee's Ferry, the scene of much activity in the 1860's, those pioneer days when this same area was used as a crossing for the sturdy souls making their way west. We speculated on each of the 27 adults making this trip. Where were they from? What were their backgrounds? What did they expect from this river trip? What did we have in common? Eagerly, we wished to know about each individual. We wanted to get on with the business of sharing this much-awaited adventure.

What came we all to find? To see in actuality what we probably had viewed in magazines or on private movie screens or television? To verify what we had heard of the wondrous Grand Canyon? To confirm what we had read of the masterful rafting abilities of the incomparable Georgie White, a woman of 56 summers whose body is as lean and lithe as that of a teenager? We found that without exception our companions were

friendly, outgoing, cooperative and fun-loving; they were game for the side excursions that Georgie daily interjected in the rafting to break up any monotony; they were ready to participate in on-shore shenanigans, as well as on-raft tomfoolery. The younger adults were wholesome, energetic, gay, filled with ambitious plans for the future; each in his own field holds great potential. We need not have qualms about our nation's posterity if the young people are like those who were on our raft. We all agree that the Republican party in Arizona will surely bear watching since they acquired the services of one of our young ladies!

Unconsciously, we did revel in the ultimate peace and serenity unbroken by civilization's distractions; other than occasional planes that could be seen crossing the expanse of sky to which the rocky cliffs gave way, we were alone in another world. Yet, before we reached Phantom Ranch, we craved a variety of mundane simplicities such as: ice cubes, "cookes", crisp lettuce, a tepid shower preceded by warm, foamy latherings of soap; the use of a flush toilet; the delight of sitting on a chair and drawing it up to a table for a meal; brewed coffee; ice-cold beer, the can frosty and sweat-beaded.

We know our eyes were replete with awesome scenery of gorges, towering cliffs; rushing, boiling waters; satin-soft, sandy beaches, studded with flowering, graceful fronds of tamarisk; bowers of ferns tucked under spraying falls. Our ears were pleasantly filled with the sweetly trilled music of a variety of birds; the unexpected and somewhat incongruous brayings of



LANDING AT TEMPLE BAR.

GRANITE GORGE CRUISE

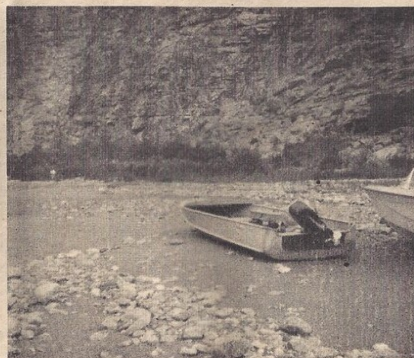
(Continued from Page 6)

2. Lunch enough for all persons aboard your boat. Sandwiches, coffee and refreshments may be purchased at the Meadview Marina if you wish to do so.
3. Steaks and trimmin's for the steak fry. Food for breakfast and two lunches.
4. Sleeping bags or bedding, and toilet articles of your choice.
5. Two large towels in case it's overboard for a push off those sneaky sandbars.
6. One extra pair of knee length wool socks for each crew member. They sure feel good on the feet after a river wade!
7. At least 100 feet of 3/8" or 1/2" stout line. This has a two fold purpose-tying up to the river bank on the coffee breaks and maybe a tow off of a sandbar.
8. One extra propeller plus several shear pins.
9. A camera or cameras of your choice with plenty of film.
10. One boat hook.
11. Your own choice of clothing including a light jacket.
12. Bring your swimming suits along.

Be sure to allow enough time to stop at the Meadview Information Office and pick up the chart of the Colorado River from Grand Wash to Bridge Canyon.

The time is most important for all participants joining our cruise. The starting hour is 9:00 a.m. SHARP, (Arizona time) and we will leave South Cove

(Continued on Page 15)



REMEMBER HOW THE RIVER DROPPED OVERNIGHT ON THE APRIL 29-30 CRUISE, LEAVING THE BOATS BEACH-

wild donkeys objecting to our intrusion of their canyons; the thunder of the countless, turbulent rapids through which we sped and bounced and swirled; the gaiety of the voices of our group, the laughter, the verbal exchange of backgrounds, the good-natured banter.

Surely, we shared the desire to hold forever in our memory the grandeur of the monolithic rock formations—spires, battleships, temples, arches, escarpments, terraces, buttresses. Shall we ever forget the indescribable beauty of the mottled, striped and splashed hues and shadings of color throughout the rocks? Yes, even the creamed coffee-brown surging of the Little Colorado studded one morning with the vividly colored rafts and



FARE WELL BANQUET AT THE SHOWBOAT HOTEL.

attire of Georgie's "crew".

When we ended our trip at Temple Bar, eager, in a way, to continue on our vacations or to return to our homes, we were somehow reluctant to see the experience end, regretting to say the ultimate goodbye later in the evening at the Showboat Hotel in Las Vegas. We had, in twelve days, knot into a homogeneous body—a common bond that had been formed in the sharing of cold, sun, heat, wind, sand, sunburn, perpetually wet clothing, blackberry brandy, canned food and Royal River Rat indoctrination.

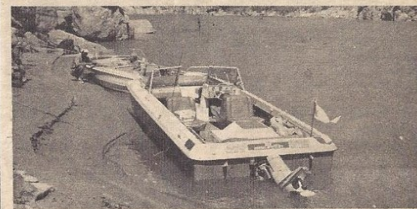
I would love to see the 27 together again! Where do we sign up for the next raft trip, Amigos?

* * * * *

I'm ready Doris, this coming Labor Day weekend, the Meadview Adventurer's Club is sponsoring another overnight motor boat cruise up through the Lower Granite Gorge, to Bridge City, so come and join us, or any of the rest of you Rats.



TWO BOATS IN CLOSE FORMATION COMING IN FOR A LANDING AT BRIDGE CITY.



MEADVIEW ADVENTURER'S CLUB PILOT BOATS TIED UP TO A SANDY COVE, ABOVE SEPARATION RAPIDS.



ED? WILL THIS HAPPEN AGAIN?



HAL BROWN INSPECTING ONE OF THE TENTS, ON THE CRUISE TAKEN APRIL 29-30.

promptly on time. We will have a pilots meeting at 8:45 a.m. so be prepared to take that in.

Co-ordinate your time so that your boat is in the water and ready to cast off on the signal, "We're Off!" Should any boat owner care to launch their boat anywhere else on the lake and join us at South Cove for this cruise, be sure to allow enough time and extra gas to rendezvous with us at 8:45 a.m.

Come join us in our invitation to adventure...a memorable cruise up the Colorado River through the Lower Grand Canyon to the Bridge Canyon Dam Site.

You will have a real challenge, a promise of thrills and fun galore with pictures to prove it and show to the less hardy folks back home.



OH WELL, YOU CAN'T WIN ALL THE TIME. THE LEAD BOAT, THE JOHNSON SURFER, BLEW A DRIVE SHAFT BEARING, ON THE APRIL TRIP AND HAD TO BE TOWED IN.

Just cut out the entry blank on the bottom of page 6, and mail to me or just come along and register at our Meadview office at least two hours before starting time.

Everyone with a spirit of fun and adventure is invited so Ship Ahoy! and Bon Voyage!

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

AUGUST, 1967

1	P	Mo.
2	P	Mo.
3	G	Mo.
4	G	Mo.
5	P	Ev.
6	P	Ev.
7	P	Ev.
8	F	Ev.
9	P	Ev.
10	P	Ev.
11	G	Ev.
12	G	Mo.
13	G	Mo.
14	P	Mo.
15	P	Mo.
16	G	Mo.
17	G	Mo.
18	B	Mo.
19	B	Ev.
20	B	Ev.
21	B	Ev.
22	B	Ev.
23	P	Ev.
24	P	Ev.
25	F	Ev.
26	F	Ev.
27	F	Ev.
28	P	Mo.
29	P	Mo.
30	B	Mo.
31	B	Mo.

Explanation: B Best; G Good; F Fair; P Poor. Mo. and Ev. give the best time of day, but are subject to change by local conditions.



"Put back the charcoal, Al—and bring me the steak."

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 4

W	A	D	T	H	S	R	I	C	T
R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
A	G	E	S	S	M	E	T	I	D
N	O	D	E	N	S	R	A	N	E
A	G	E	Z	I	N	G			
T	R	A	S	H	P	I	O	I	R
R	O	S	E	R	A	P	O	V	E
Y	E	S	H	A	T	I	S	E	R
R	D	E	N	A	L	E			
T	A	R	R	I	E	S			
S	T	R	E	P	R	O	D	E	L
A	N	S	E	R	E	D	E	R	A
R	E	D	S	A	D	E	R	H	A

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

SPONSORED BY THE MEADVIEW ADVENTURERS' CLUB

The following events have been scheduled for the dates indicated. Full details on all of these and other events will appear in the Meadview Monitor well in advance of the scheduled date. All lake events originate at the South Cove Landing with event registration at the Meadview Adventurers' Club Headquarters, in the Meadview Information Office. All land events originate at the Meadview Information Office. (Check directional map on the back page of the Monitor for directions on how to get to Meadview.)

Set these dates aside on your calendar now. We're sure you'll have a wonderful time on each of them.

Saturday August 5, 1967 TREASURE HUNT BY BOAT ON LAKE MEAD--EVENING BEACH PARTY--WEINER ROAST--SING-ALONGS; A FUN EVENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The Treasure Hunt will give you a chance to test your sleuthing skill as you scurry around, by boat, trying to find the clues hidden on shore. This is really a ball. That night relax at an evening beach party.

Saturday August 19, 1967 FOUR WHEELER--SAND BUGGIES--TRAIL BIKE CARAVAN TO GARNET MINE

A back country excursion for 4 wheel drives, sand buggies and trail bikes. Beautiful high country views, a trip to remember! Don't forget your rock-hounding equipment.

Saturday September 2, 1967 BOAT CRUISE INTO LOWER GRANITE GORGE. TWO DAY EVENT

This will be an overnight trip where you can either sleep on your boat or on shore. This third cruise up the Colorado River is expected to bring out many new participants as well as repeats. There is something new and exciting to see each time.

Saturday October 7, 1967 SANDY POINT BEACH PARTY--FOR NON BOATERS AS WELL AS BOATERS

The Adventurers' Club will transport non boaters from South Cove launching ramp to Sandy Beach for an over night beach party. Bring the kids as there will be lots of fun and activities for all ages.

Saturday October 28, 1967 GRAPEVINE WASH SAFARI--4 WHEEL DRIVES, SANDBUGGIES AND TRAIL BIKES

A fun day designed for off the highway vehicles. This trek will lead you through a facsimile of the Little Grand Canyon. We will visit Grapevine Springs and see a part of the old Mormon Trail.

Friday & Saturday November 24 & 25, 1967 LOWER GRANITE GORGE CRUISE-- TWO DAY TRIP

Repeat of Sept. 2nd trip. A real challenge to the boating enthusiast. The mighty Colorado is calling again. The tall tales told around this bonfire will be something.

Saturday December 30, 1967 4 WHEEL DRIVE CARAVAN THROUGH HISTORICAL MINING AREA

This trip is scheduled to pass through yesteryears mining country, via the areas the mountain sheep have had to themselves for ages. You will get a chance to try your skill on this trip as well as explore several old mine diggings.

LAS VEGAS SHOW SCHEDULE

ALADDIN

JIMMY MAKULIS with RICHARD PRYOR. Lounge: Tommy Russell trio.

BONANZA

SID CAESAR, SALLY BLAKE Lounge: Norm Dygon, Bonanza Belle Dancers

CAESARS PALACE

WOODY ALLEN Lounge: Bottoms Up Revue

DESERT INN

BOB NEWHART, ROSEMARY CLOONEY Lounge: Lady Luck Follies

DUNES

CASINO DE PARIS Lounge: Vive Les Girls

FLAMINGO

JAMES BROWN SHOW Lounge: Harry James

HACIENDA

HANK HENRY SHOW

NEW FRONTIER

EUROPA '68

RIVIERA

Thru Aug. 14 ANN-MARGRET Starting Aug 16 HELLO DOLLY Lounge: Vic Damone Aug 16 - Billy Daniels

SAHARA

Thru Aug 7 BUDDY HACKETT SERGIO FRANCHI Lounge: Don Rickles

SANDS

DEAN MARTIN Lounge: Louis Prima

SILVER SLIPPER

MINSKEY'S FOLLIES

stardust

LIDO "GRAND PRIX" Lounge: Kim Sisters, Lou Styles.

THUNDERBIRD

THAT CERTAIN GIRL Lounge: Gentlemen Prefer

TROPICANA

FOLIES BERGERE Lounge: Woodie Herman

FREMONT

JERRY VALE, FRED BARBER

GOLDEN NUGGET

ROSE MADDOX

THE MINT

Go-Go Kapers, Londonaires, Swining Dolls, Four Tunes, Cherry Weyer.

SHOWBOAT

EVALANI & THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

Boating ENTHUSIASTS

and BOAT OWNERS!

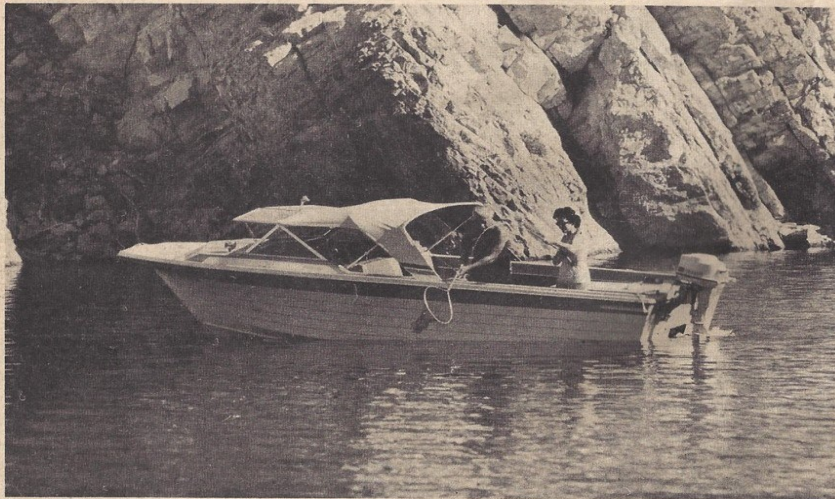
TIRED OF TOWING YOUR BOAT OVER THE BUSY HIGHWAYS?

Why not store it in our Dry Storage Yard? Fully fenced, locked and protected.... but, with 24 hour accessibility.

Inquire at Meadview Information Office.

ONLY \$5 24 HOUR ACCESS A MONTH

meadview terrace



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\$95⁰⁰
Dn.

\$36⁸³
Mo.

LAND OF LEISURE

THE MEADVIEW CONCEPT

If you're a truly dedicated sportsman who loves the great outdoors, Meadview has been designed for you. Meadview is not another look-a-like community, and is definitely not intended for "softies".

Meadview is a **DIFFERENT** kind of resort and retirement community. At Meadview there is fun and relaxation for all ages. There are clear sunny days and sparkling crisp nights where you can reach up and seemingly touch the stars. Here is the informality that can best be described as "Western Living".

What makes Meadview different? Well, in the first place Meadview is located inside the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area and is completely surrounded by Federal land on all sides. These lands are administered by the National Park Service and will remain public lands for all of our generations to come. Meadview is a community that can never become crowded, a community that has thousands of acres of Federal land virtually reserved for the use of all.

The Federal Government has withdrawn from private ownership all of the shoreline on Lake Mead and virtually all of the private land within ten miles of the lake itself. Meadview is an exception to this and is the only privately owned developed land inside the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area at Lake Mead. Meadview is just two miles from Lake Mead at its closest point and as such is the closest privately owned land to the lake in existence.

For years hundreds of thousands annually have travelled to Lake Mead to enjoy its fabulous fishing and unrivalled boating. Now, for the first time, a limited quantity of fully developed properties with utilities and paved streets have been made available.

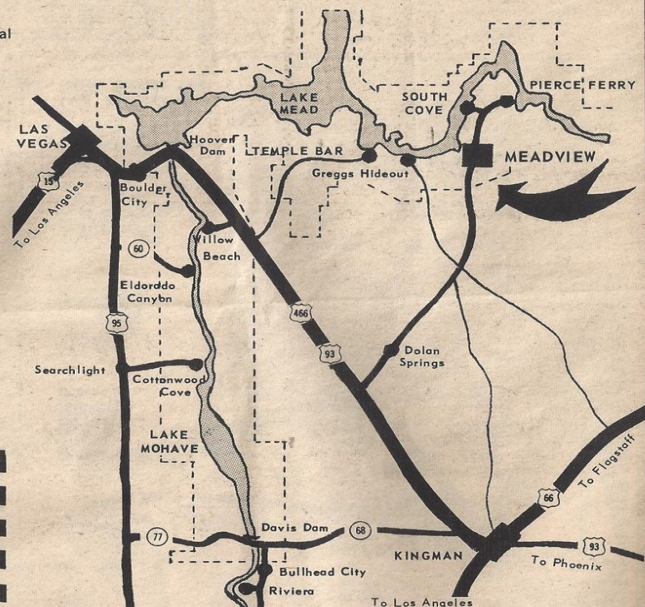
Meadview offers recreation opportunities unmatched by any other area we know of. In creating Meadview, we have made every effort to preserve the natural beauty that is so prevalent in this area, and yet provide improvements and facilities that will add to your pleasure and comfort.



LAND OF ADVENTURE

Lake Mead, the world's largest man made lake, was created by the construction of Hoover Dam, and is 115 miles long with 550 miles of everchanging scenic shoreline. Although Lake Mead is man made, only nature could provide the picturesque beauty that will give you years of never ending pleasure. Whether your preference is a small outboard, a large cabin cruiser or the quiet beauty of a sailboat, there is so much to do and see that time after time, you'll be planning private excursions to explore the wonders that await around every bend.

Located in one of nature's grandest settings, Meadview offers a complete array of outdoor recreation opportunities. For the weekend or for the retiree, a delightful year around climate provides a call to fun and pleasure 365 days a year.



**Find out more about
meadview terrace TODAY!**
**SEND IN THE COUPON
FOR FULL INFORMATION
... or VISIT US SOON!**

RIVCOR
Box 237
Bullhead City, Arizona

Gentlemen:

Please send me more information about Meadview Terrace and your different kind of resort and retirement community.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PHONE _____ ZIP CODE _____