

meadview monitor

PUBLISHED FOR AND BY
THE RESIDENTS AND OWNERS OF
MEADVIEW

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



Over The Editor's Desk

By JACKIE BROWN

Having just returned from a very soggy trip to central California, it's time to settle down to more serious things, like writing this column.

Though Hal and I had a wonderful time, and it was so good to see so many of our friends and relatives, it was also mighty nice to get back to this heavenly sunshine.

Our good friends, the Dennis Bowers from Boulder City, were out a few Sundays ago, with their 3 sons, Robert, Gene and Timmy. Dennis installed a T.V. in the snack bar, and everyone but us is amazed at the wonderful reception we get; and it comes direct from Las Vegas. This was the Bower's first trip out here and a short trip surprised at all that has been done in such a short time.

We were also happy to see the Bruce Bullocks from Boulder City. Drs. Jack and Fae Ahlstrom, the double dentists. The Ahlstroms were very happy to be able to launch their boat at South Cove as they had fished those waters many times, but always had to cruise up.

Had a surprise visit from Eleanor Brown from Las Vegas. She tells us our first newspaper created quite a stir. That's the kind of news we like to hear.

Last Sunday, while in the snack bar, I was very dejected and woe-begone looking but I did a double take upon realizing one of our friends from Boulder City, Al Wertheimer, was there. Without me, I was sad, story. It seems that they had been early in the morning and launched their boat at South Cove, when they gaily tottered up to Iceberg Canyon to hunt geese. Don't think they'd had much luck in the hunting department when fate, or the top of a submerged reef, stepped in and broke the propeller on their boat. To be sure, this ended their goose hunting, and I'm sure much transpired before they decided to chance it back under whatever power that was left. It took them something like four agonizing hours to make the 8 miles back, so you can imagine the boat landing must have looked pretty good to them.

After much discussion and many cups of coffee, the big question was, what to do? Having planned a two day trip, they weren't going to let a mere thing like a propeller daunt them. Someone got the bright idea of calling Earl Lesesberg, a fearless pilot from Boulder City, and have him fly out another one.

There were two slight problems, however, one was that the boat belonged to Larry's dad and Larry didn't want his Dad to know what had happened. The other being that there are no lights on the nearby landing strip and by this time it had turned dark.

Earl was called, and he said not to worry, he'd get the part, and be over in about an hour, and for them to shine the headlights on the runway. If you know Earl, this isn't the first time he had landed and taken off in the dark.

True to his word, in a little over an hour we saw the blinking lights of his plane as he circled the airstrip and saw the headlights of the fellow's truck guiding the way. Soon Al, Bud and Larry were back, happy as could be. At least Al and Bud were happy but I don't know about Larry--Earl couldn't find the needed prop anywhere else in town, so who did he go to for it, why Larry's Dad, of course.

Instead of having the trio sleep in their truck as they had planned to do, we suggested they stay with us; and it didn't take much coaxing as we think they had had quite a day. Better luck next time, fellows.

Lee Glindmeier tells me that while having a cup of coffee in the snack bar one afternoon, two women drove up all by themselves. It turned out that they were Alice Frew of Long Beach, California and Ruth Hatt of Kingman, Arizona. Alice had been visiting Ruth and they decided to drive out to see Meadview. Alice said she had seen more of the real Arizona that afternoon than all of the rest of her trip. They were both very nice people and Lee said it was a pleasure to meet them. In fact, Ruth asked Lee and Frank to stop by and visit them in Kingman when they had time. This is the type of friendly people that we enjoy having visit us.

While we were away on our trip, a new couple, Bert and Cookie Edson came to help out at the store and snack bar. They had a chance to break in by the time we returned, so when we met them, they seemed like



THIS BASS LOOKS LIKE A MEADVIEW FISHING SCORE-BOARD WINNER.

old veterans. Found out that Cookie loves to do gardening and Bert is quite an old hand with the hammer and saw.

It seems we have a budding writer in our midst and she's none other than the 13 year old daughter of our property representative, Tom Berry. Kay Berry is her name and she was asked to write a little story about our community for the Chloride school newspaper, and this is what she wrote:

"Meadview", a new development, is approximately 10 miles south of Pierce Ferry. Saturday night on November 26, there was a free steak fry open to the public. There will be another one January 1, 1967. There is a new grocery store and snack bar at Meadview, from the store you have a beautiful view of the Grand Wash Cliffs which are east of Meadview.

There's a small dirt road leading from the view point down a canyon to Lake Mead. It is called the Mormon Trail. It was used long ago for a wagon train. The Mormons used it to go to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Meadview is about 35 miles from Dolan Springs, Arizona. We think that's pretty good, and Kay had no help from anyone in writing this.

Eddie Chambers, his wife Betty and three girls, Cindy, Laurie and Sherry of Sepulveda, California, were guests of Frank and Lee Glindmeier for several days. Eddie and Betty had visited Meadview over five years ago and were most surprised to find the changes here. Frank and Eddie are old fishing buddies and have fished Lake Mead for the last ten years. Rivalry has always been great between them, and this time Ed caught the largest fish. Frank said he really didn't try because he wasn't eligible for the fishing derby at Meadview anyway. While Frank and Ed fished one day, and on another day went up to Bridge Canyon Dam with Hal Brown and Tom and Mae Berry. Betty and Lee just loafed, read a little and talked a lot. The three girls hiked around the area and enjoyed the beautiful weather. They had their dog Goldie who seemed right at home in the desert. Laurie was busy at the snack bar helping Cookie by washing dishes, wiping tables, and anything she could do. She thought it was great fun and Cookie appreciated the help.

A very funny incident happened the other night. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Swartz are building a home in Unit 3, and after a hard day's work laying concrete blocks, they came down to the snack bar to eat with their friend, Barbara Fritchle from Prescott. Bob and Barbara came in first but Mrs. Swartz wanted to see what our ladies room looked like so she didn't enter with the others. Barbara

had to call her mother in Prescott so used our phone in the store. When she was finished she came and sat down with Mr. Swartz, and we were all visiting with them. All of a sudden Mrs. Swartz came in, absolutely wide eyed and asked, "Where's your phone booth?" We told her we didn't have a booth but that the phone was on the counter, and she exclaimed, "But Barbara, I could hear every word you were saying from in the rest room, and I thought there MUST be a booth right next to it!"

Now we are puzzled. We know mobile phones do funny things but had no idea that was going on. Who got their wires crossed?

Writing this column is something like the way I crochet, can go forward and crochet up a storm, but always end up with just a long string because I don't know how to turn around and go back. Well, writing this column is the same thing. You spill out the words and are going great guns, then all of a sudden you realize you have to come up with an ending. But how? Just like this, I guess. See you next month.

First Outdoor Barbeque Huge Success

By JACKIE BROWN

For those of you who missed the outdoor steak barbeque on the night of November 26th, I can only say "I'm sorry", as it was a real event. We didn't order the calm evening or the full moon, but there they were, along with so many, many wonderful people. We did order the steaks, though, and they were delicious! When the smoke from the barbeque had cleared we had served 188 steaks with all the trimmings and the smiling faces of the guests were our assurance of a successful event.

The affair was held north of the office on a large flat area overlooking Lake Mead. Tables and benches were built and placed around in strategic spots, water and electricity were specially provided, serving stands built, and even the huge barbeque was specially constructed. Large circular rings were made with stones for the two bonfires, then bordering all this were 19 Tiki lights. We even had a stereo hooked up, so that night with the bonfires roaring and the Tiki lights aglow, and the music playing really made some kind of sights and sounds.

We enlisted all the help we could get prior to and during the barbeque, and even the bosses wives, Marge Mullane and Lee Glindmeier didn't escape. Along with Mae Berry, they chopped the juicy red onions for the salad. The work was done in the large room off the snack bar, and as they chopped away, the odor became stronger and stronger until it must have seeped through the walls, because even the customers in the snack bar were dripping tears.

While preparation of the onions was going on, friend husband was in there seasoning the beans, and such an array of condiments he used, plus catsup etc. Don't know if he'll remember what he did but anyway they were down right delicious.

Walt and Ruth Munger were the lettuce tenders and when you are dealing with crates of lettuce, you have a lot of green stuff. Not only did they do the coring and washing but it was their lot to break it into bite size pieces. This they did prior to taking over their shift at the store and snack bar.

The material used for the bonfires was dried up stumps of Joshua and Spanish Saver and such a fire these make! One of our newest property owners, Mel Nelson, helped Bud Benninger gather same. By picking up the firewood, they served two purposes. Not only were they gathering firewood but they were cleaning up the roadsides as well where the clearing for the new streets necessitated removal of the trees.

During all the preparations, Flo Benninger acted as floating hostess, as many, many people who couldn't come to the barbeque drove out during the day.

That night, wanting everyone's name to appear in the Guest Book, we stationed Pearl Glindmeier at the head of the line with it, and she did a fine job of getting all the signatures. What did it matter that a few of the pages got dotted with coffee or some of the signatures were a bit shaky, from writing on not too steady a surface. Mission was accomplished. Thanks, Pearl.

The long table holding the food was set behind the barbeques and while Hal was facing one way tending the steaks, Marge, Lee and Mae were in back of him, facing the other way, serving the guests. There not being much distance between the two areas it got a bit crowded; and as they moved back and forth, bumping in to each other, it was sort of like doing the frug, backwards.

Marge was the dispenser of the rolls and butter, then after each person helped himself to the salad, Lee served the dressing, using a ladle. Working in haste, she's convinced that not only did she cover the salad with the dressing, but that many an arm and hand were the recipients of it, too. Mae's lot was to serve the beans and I suspect she may have had a bit of the same trouble.

Kay and Susan Berry, plus Karen and Sandy Mullane dispensed soda pop at a special little stand, and their teachers would be real proud at how fast they could make change, and get it right.

Me thinks Pat Glindmeier had the best job of all though, as he, along with Bud, got to tend the beer counter, with an assist from Mel.

We're so sorry for what happened to Johnny Berry. You never saw a 15 year old work harder than he did, all day long, helping wherever he could and never complaining. Toward evening it was discovered he had a very bad sore throat, so wisely his parents insisted that he stay indoors for the rest of the evening. I think he was pretty receptive to the idea by then but after all that work he didn't get to enjoy any of the fun!

Father Tom Berry was relegated to the indoors, also. But his time was spent in the office all day. So many folks wanted to talk to him about the property that he never did get to the party. He was still talking to folks at 11 p.m.

(Continued on Page 7)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

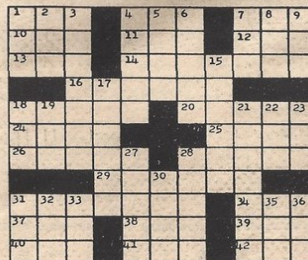
FOR ANSWER SEE
PAGE 15

ACROSS

- 1 Great deal
- 4 Water barrier
- 7 Plaything
- 10 Not none
- 11 Frozen water
- 12 Color
- 13 Energy (colloq.)
- 14 Pencil rubbers
- 15 Purpose
- 18 Rushes
- 20 Complete
- 24 Iridescent gem
- 25 Fit of fury
- 26 Ringing devices
- 28 Affray
- 29 Within
- 31 Proves attractive
- 34 Present time
- 37 Knight's title
- 38 Deep place
- 39 Pair
- 40 Lock opener
- 41 Watch secretly
- 42 Mend with needle

DOWN

- 1 Circuit
- 2 Single person
- 3 Characteristic



- 4 Eats sparingly
- 5 Land measure
- 6 Intended
- 7 Definite article
- 8 Of us
- 9 Reply of consent
- 15 Land away
- 17 Girl's name
- 18 Steal from
- 21 Natural capacity (pl.)
- 22 Ripen
- 23 Man's name
- 27 Breaks short
- 28 Hazy
- 30 Blunder
- 31 Request
- 32 Kind of pastry
- 33 Snop
- 35 Be in debt
- 36 Cry of wonder (colloq.)

Today's housewife not only has to cook, iron and clean, she also has to be able to lick her weight in trading stamps.



Lakeside Lore

By TOM BERRY

As the Dodge crew cab pulled up in front of the office with an 18 foot canoe on top, an Airstream Travel Trailer in tow, and with only one person in the cab of the pickup, I thought, "What kind of a deal is this? I don't know this fellow and here he is moving in."

As he got out of the pickup and stretched his legs, I got up and wandered outside to greet him. He introduced himself as Mel Nelson from Scooby, Montana, and said that he had received some information about our community here at Meadview and wanted to see first hand just what was going on.

After having a cup of coffee, we drove down to South Cove, and Mr. Nelson was very pleasantly surprised to see the newest and best launching ramp on Lake Mead. Next we drove to Meadview Terrace to look at the development that had been going on there. It didn't take Mel long to decide which lots he wanted here, and that he would be staying for awhile to see how things were going.

Well, to make a long story short, after a few days here, Mel was enjoying the climate, roaming over the desert and the fishing on the lake.

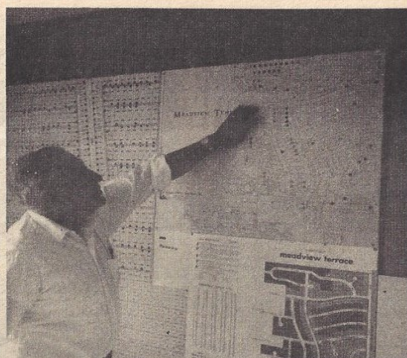
Mel is a retired school teacher, but he is also much more than that. He is a student of human nature and the love of his fellowman has instilled in him many fine qualities that are found in few people. When I asked Mel his reasons for deciding to purchase twenty-two lots, his answers were so interesting that I asked him to sit down and write them out. Here is the way Mel sees it:

All my life I've been looking for the 100 percent sewed-up cinch, the business proposition that is certain to be good and profitable. I have been unable to find such a deal, and that is the way it should be, because otherwise there would be no advantage for the discerning individual—the fellow who has the vision to see the wave of the future, and the courage to act upon his convictions.

We must all accept this thesis: Life and all that goes with it is a matter of chance—a series of uncertainties. But still there is a positive premium on a brand of thinking that can reduce uncertainties to the greatest probability, and that can be most often determined by keeping one's ear to the ground and listening to what other people think. What the masses think is "the wave of the future". They create it.

There was a time, not long ago, when nobody was willing to admit that he lived in the country; for it placed upon him the stigma, the mark of the "Hick". My! My! How things have changed, and how they will in all probability, continue to change over the foreseeable future.

The city dweller is unhappy with his lot and no longer proud of urban life. Water contamination is a national dilemma. How revolting to think that he doesn't even have a chance to drink water that has not been used by several before him. Sure, it might be chemically pure, but I'll take mine the first time. He is thinking that way, and you'd better believe it. Nor does he dare use the fish that he is lucky enough to catch in the sewage of



MEL NELSON POINTS OUT HIS CHOICE OF LOTS IN MEADVIEW TERRACE.

the stream, even if he can untangle his line from all the fisherman at his elbow.

Recreation is becoming almost unavailable. How pathetic to see hundreds all dressed in swim suits but unable to get to the water, or waiting for hours to get a chance to launch their boats. Next comes the tie-up in a traffic jam on the way home. He arrives exhausted with a nervous condition better described as the screaming meemies, and with a firm conviction that it just not worth while.

It doesn't help this poor soul's neurotic condition to find smoke pouring in the window of his expensive penthouse on the fourteenth floor, and that does it! "I've had it!" he yells, loads the kids and wife into the car, and heads for the country for a breath of fresh air and chance to fish and take a drink of clean water.

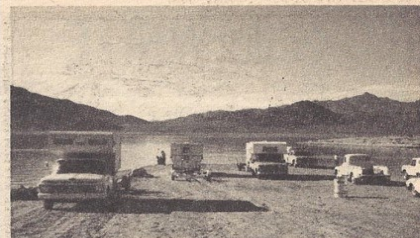
The "Rat Race" has got him. This is his thinking and know it if you live in the city. The "wave of the future" is a wave of humans rushing to the wide open spaces, and brother, there are just too few of those spaces left.

Now what do you think of the probabilities? Is he going to turn back when he finds a good lot in the sun at Meadview? I'll bet he buys and sends his friends to do likewise. The city isn't going to change that much in our lifetime unless it is for the worst.

Hold on now, I'm not through. This is getting to be a country in which the elderly are of more and more importance. Many have the money to afford a quiet and comfortable place to rest in their travels and more especially in the winter. Travel trailers by the thousands head south in the fall and many of those still working want to keep a mobile home for the winter while the sun runs the business in the quiet season.

What does all this mean in terms of sound business value? It means, man, that uncertainty is reduced to the greatest probability that your investment is a darn good one.

Believe me, I've seen these people, hundreds of them in the past few weeks and they tell me what they think. The pattern is always the same. It's the same nation



ACTIVITY AND TRAFFIC ARE INCREASING AT THE SOUTH COVE LAUNCHING RAMP.



CAMPERS PARKED WHILE REGISTERING FOR CAMPING SPACE IN THE MEADVIEW CAMP AREA.

wide.

And how about inflation? The man who can't find the courage to take a chance, on this probability just hasn't got a chance and never will have one.

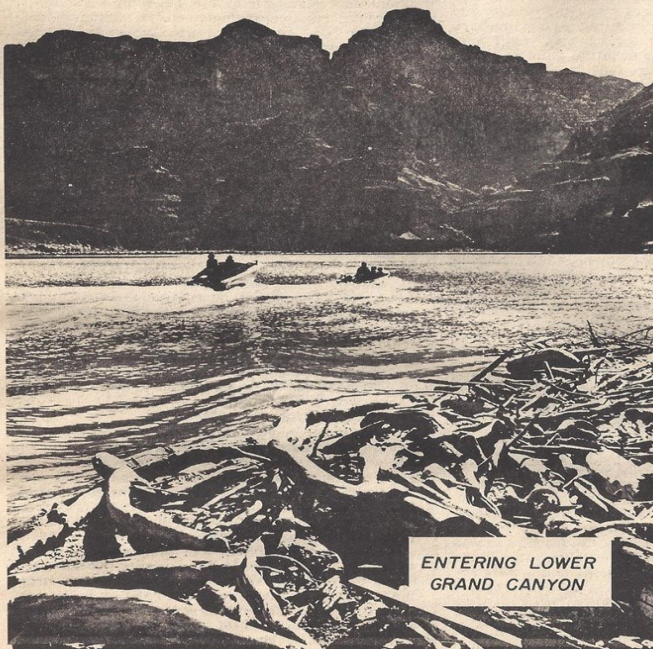
As for me, I was determined that I wasn't going to repeat that same old sad refrain, "I should have when I had the chance!"

Folks are coming in fast and furious now. Mr. and Mrs. Frank George have bought themselves a new 12x55 mobile home and getting settled down in their new life. The George's are from Bagdad, Arizona, where they have been in business for a number of years.

The Al Chiles of Lancaster, California have also brought in their mobile home, however, the Chiles' will not be able to live here permanently for a few years but they think this is the best place they have ever seen to spend weekends and vacations. Sure is nice to have fine folks like these moving into our community.

The Benningers have already set their mobile home on their lot and have begun to improve the property. Things sure look a lot different here than when I first arrived on the scene just 5 short weeks ago.

Looks like I'm writing the gossip column for the Meadview Monitor, but I have been so busy meeting the new folks here at Meadview and showing them around the area, that I'm sure getting a long way behind with my fishing and just plain loafing that is a good part of the way of life at Meadview.



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A MONTH

GEORGIE WHITE - Woman Of The River

By JACKIE BROWN

To know Georgie White is quite an experience, as she is some gal! We have been friends with her and her husband Whitey, for about six years, and in all that time our admiration for her has increased with the years; as she goes out and does the things that all of us have wished we had the courage to do.

Besides that, Georgie's great love is the Colorado River, and as anyone can tell by now, that body of water is pretty dear to our hearts, too.

Georgie is one of the world's most famous women—at least among sportsmen. She's the fabled Woman of the River, and she has been written up in Life magazine, most sports publications, and our own Arizona Highways, not to mention the many newspaper articles that have been written about her. Television is no stranger to her either, as she has appeared on every major televised travel and adventure show, plus being featured on the Art Linkletter show many times. One gets the impression however, that Georgie would just as soon forego all that and get back to her beloved Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

Georgie White's love affair with the Colorado began in 1944 when she swam the length of it through the Grand Canyon. Her sudden decision to do so was based on the tragic death of her only daughter.

"I always was a sports person," she'll say. "In 1936 I came to California from New York, pedalling all the way." The fact that she rode a bicycle out here "was not a stunt," Georgie insists. "I couldn't afford to come by any other method, and friends gave me a racer bike."

After she married, Georgie and her husband Whitey, formed a cycle club in Hollywood. They rode everywhere and so did their friends, until the Whites' daughter was killed on her bike. Georgie gave up cycling after that. She turned to mountain climbing and then to swimming. That's where the Colorado came in. "I really wanted to take a boat down, but had no money." So Georgie and a friend donned life jackets and dove in.

They repeated the performance in 1945, but she has been riding the rapids ever since via a triple neoprene life raft. "It's not so cold that way."

Mrs. White has been taking people—anyone who would go at first—on these river shooting trips of hers—for 22 years. But it wasn't until about 10 years ago that it really caught on.

Today, there is a steady clamor for Georgie's Royal River Rat certificates (issued for riding the Colorado all the way through the Grand Canyon) and she's booked up most of the time. The surest test of a good thing has popped up—would-be imitators who also ply the rivers, negotiating rapids in rafts and-or boats.

Folks from all walks of life take this trip but mostly it's professional people she says. Women love the adventure of being tossed about by the rushing current and one registered nurse is about to take her 13th trip.

A current trend toward family participation is very noticeable, and Georgie has played host and guide to groups ranging in age from 6 years to 87.

Georgie not only plys the Colorado River but takes her customers into Mexico, Guatemala, the Northwest Territory and Alaska as well as in the United States.

Mrs. White makes it very plain that she uses the best of equipment at all times and says, "I use one 20 h.p. Johnson Motor, and carry two extras for safety, new each year." We know from talks with her that she doesn't take chances.

Side attractions on Georgie White trips include mountain climbing, rock hunting, photography, and in Nevada, a visit to Las Vegas at the journey's end.

Mariners have initiation ceremonies when crossing the equator for the first time. Georgie dunks her newcomers river rats when they complete their first trip. The dunking is painless. Somebody tosses a bucket of water in the initiate's face. But the recipient is as proud of the ceremony and subsequent diploma as if he were receiving an honorary degree from the university of his choice. Some of the best walls in America have framed River Rat diplomas.

Georgie has held a real estate license for years but admits that's too tame for her and says, "If I didn't shoot rapids, I'd climb mountains or something else. The hours are long this way, but somehow I keep fit."

Whitey plays an important part in all of this, too, as this stalwart fellow hauls in by road, all of the supplies that are used on most of these trips. On the Colorado River jaunt he drives to the point of entry with his trusty ton and a half stake truck, and unloads the mounds of gear that is used, including the deflated rubber rafts. At the end of the trip, at Temple Bar, Whitey is there again to reload all of this and return it back to California. The River Rat desk work is also taken care of by Whitey, so I'd say those two make a pretty good team.

Another interesting fact about Georgie on these trips is that she often doesn't know who her customers are. "For instance, I didn't know until the last day of a recent trip that I had a distinguished congressman along," she said. "I so enjoy my people—and it's fun getting letters. But you often never find out why people come on the river."

Sometimes there is poignancy. "I got a letter recently from a woman who told me that her daughter, a former customer of mine and a real fine River Rat, had just died of cancer. Her mother wrote that she had come on the trip knowing it was the last thing she'd ever be able to do," Georgie explained. "Her mother wrote that her daughter had said to tell me afterwards that she'd had the best time of her life with me, and that she never regretted a moment of her special farewell journey."

We personally know of a polio victim who took one of these trips and of a man who had only one leg, and he was the life of the party.

So this is Georgie and some of the wonderful people she meets.



GOING ASHORE FOR THE NIGHT, RIDERS SECURE THEIR RAFTS. GEORGIE MAKES ALL ABOARD HELP WITH MEALS AND CAMP SET UP.

Below is a diary that one of her Royal River Rats wrote. We're sorry we didn't get her name but are sure you will enjoy it anyhow.

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1965

Flew down to Lee's Ferry from Page Airport at 6:00 a.m. This took about eight minutes. Whitey was waiting there with the truck, and after everyone in our group had arrived, Whitey drove us down to where the boats were waiting. We had 30 people on our trip. We started our trip on a beautiful calm morning. Passing under Navajo Bridge (467 ft.), above us, we could see people on the bridge waving to us. We were beginning our big adventure down the Colorado -- second largest river in the United States, and with Georgie at the helm, we had no qualms about "shooting the rapids."

Our first big rapid Badger Creek Rapid at Mile 8 was not long in coming up, and we could see that Georgie's blue eyes were piercing the depths of the river, looking for rocks. This fall was about 15 feet and we got a little shook up, but it gave us an idea of what we could be expecting from now on in. The walls here were Hermit shale and sandstone. During the course of the day we went through the following rapids: Soup (18 ft. drop), Shear Wall, House Rock, North Canyon, 24 1/2 mile, 25 mile and Cave Spring. Here we passed through canyon walls the color of mauve, dark red shale and limestone.

We made camp at about 5:30, and were all kind of tired. We had a delicious supper and soon were in our bed rolls, for it had been a long day.

TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1965

The second day was as eventful as the first. We had an early breakfast, and were on our way. The first rapid we came to was President Harding at Mile 44. Stopped here and went for a short hike at Nankowep; and by this time the sun was really giving us the business. We had a terrific water fight and, as Georgie said, this was the only way to keep cool and refreshed. We came on to Nankowep Rapids (this was a real roughie), but to me, it was terrific. Next, we came on to the Little Colorado, and was delighted to see the most beautiful blue water in the world. This water contains minerals and is very refreshing. We hiked up to Beamer's cabin, that he had built, his homemade plow and other farm tools. After this, we went back to the Little Colorado and spent a good hour or so in the water. Georgie was real good about letting us stay here just as long as we wanted to. From here we went on to Copper Blossom mine,

where we spent the night. The next morning before we left, we took a short hike up to the Copper Blossom mine.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1965

As mentioned above, we took a small hike back to Copper Blossom mine. We stopped at the miner's cabin, saw remnants of pots, pans, etc., and different implements that he had used for mining the copper. Our first rapid today was Turner Rapids, and then Tanner Basalt Creek. After this, we came on to Unkar and hiked a little ways for Indian pottery. Then we ran the 75 mile rapid. We stopped here for lunch and Georgie said that we would also stay here for the evening. After we had lunch, dark clouds began gathering, and it wasn't long before the rain started to pelt down, and it really came down hard. We donned our ponchos and sat on a log to wait out the storm. After the rain, we were delighted to see some lovely waterfalls just above where John and I were camped, and he said that this was "our cottage small by a waterfall." The falls "lasted" about 15 or 20 minutes and then it was gone. By this time, it was time to have our coffee and blackberry brandy -- simply delicious -- and John (good grief!) finally succumbed to this vice. It was great fun. By this time, my husband, John (now nicknamed "Bubbles") and Georgie ("Bouncer") made a delicious drink of blackberry brandy, composed of lemon drops, which were ground up by "Bubbles" with a machete and grinding stone. While "Bubbles" was grinding away, Georgie gave with an Indian chant. On this night, the sky was exceptionally beautiful, and a gorgeous moon came up, which put the finishing touches on an exciting day.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1965

Left 75 mile and went directly into Hance Rapids -- this was a 31 foot drop (the longest on the river) and this was by far, one of the real roughies. We all survived it though, but there were quite a few that were shaken up. (It was at this point that the party, of which Goldwater was a passenger) had their boats carried over by helicopter, to the other side of the rapids. We came up into Inner Gorge, pink granite and black schist. This combination was simply breathtaking. After this, we could hear the roaring of "Sockdolager Rapids" in the distance. This rapid was a 19 ft. drop, and the waves were around 10 to 15 feet in height. This also was a memorable rapid. From here, there was a four-mile interlude, and then we came on to Grapevine (16 ft. drop). As we looked back on the

(Continued on Page 6)

Pre-Opening Celebration Well Attended

There was a tremendous response to the Pre-Opening celebration at Meadview, which started on Thanksgiving Day and continued through the following Sunday.

People started arriving the day before Thanksgiving and continued in great numbers throughout the long weekend. The Meadview Marina Fishing Scoreboard started during the Pre-Opening and some nice catches were brought in.

A large turnout gathered Saturday night for the steak barbeque, which was the highlight of the festivities. Everyone was most impressed by Meadview Terrace, with all its modern facilities, including power, water and paved streets. Sales have been very brisk and within 3 weeks, over 100 lots have been sold.

The opening of South Cove Landing has brought increased traffic to the area and it is expected to increase steadily as the days become longer and the weather warms.



My Neighbors



"Will the chairman of ticket sales please make his report?"



GEORGIE, STANDING ON THE RIGHT, WITH A GROUP OF HER ADVENTURERS, ALL ROYAL RIVER RATS, BY VIRTUE OF RUNNING THE COLORADO RIVER RAPIDS THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON.



"BIGGEST ROLLER COASTER IN THE WORLD" GEORGIE WHITE'S PARTY SWIRLS ON TURBULENT WHITE WATER.

Operation Clean-Up Success On Strip Says BLM Manager

The Bureau of Land Management's Arizona Strip district manager, Virgil L. Hart, expressed his thanks today to the many sportsmen who cooperated with BLM in its "Operation Clean-Up" program.

Except for several camps left littered by thoughtless hunters, the hunting areas of Game Management Unit 13 on the Arizona Strip were, generally, left free from litter. Some of the more conscientious people not only left clean camps but they cleaned up trash left in past years.

About 210 packets, including Arizona Strip visitors maps, litter bags, and other information, were passed out to hunters from two welcome stations and by BLM personnel working in the hunting areas during the first weekend of the hunt. There was an especially strong demand for the visitors maps, Hart said.

Many sportsmen received commendation cards for their excellent cooperation. These were issued by BLM personnel visiting camp areas during the first weekend of the hunt. Fewer than ten cards requesting cooperation in keeping the area clean were issued to less thoughtful campers.

The "Operation Clean-up" anti-litter campaign, which began on the Arizona Strip four years ago, is a continuing program aimed at reducing the litter problem. Hart urges all users of the public lands to cooperate in keeping these public lands free from unsightly trash.

An inquisitive cowboy ambled into a blacksmith shop and picked up a horseshoe without realizing it had recently come out of the forge. Dropping it, he shoved his burned hand into his pocket and tried to appear nonchalant. "Kinda hot, isn't it?" inquired the blacksmith. "Nope," replied the cowboy, "it just don't take me long to look at a horseshoe."



"Folks who know least seem to know it fluently!"



WHIRLING WHITE PLUMES OF WATER LASH OUT WILDLY AT THESE TWO ADVENTURERS WHO ARE HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

GEORGIE WHITE

(Continued from Page 4)

river, after going over the rapids, we wonder how these rubber pontoons, guided by "our Georgie", ever came through, right side up, and no one being damped in the water. It was here that the canyon walls rose to a thousand feet. Shortly thereafter, we came upon Kaibab Suspension Bridge and Phantom Ranch. Took "empties" off the boats and reloaded them with full bags. Had lunch here, and it really was hot, around 117°, and at the bottom of the canyon you really feel the heat. After lunch, we hiked up to Phantom Ranch, so that we could go in the swimming pool and spend the afternoon, just loafing, swimming, or what have you. It was delightful, and the pool was really refreshing. We had a delicious dinner, roast beef and all the trimmings, and best of all, a delicious glass of ice tea with real, honest-to-goodness ice. What a treat! Went back down to camp for the night, and it was so hot, that we had little sleep that night. Hiked back up to Phantom Ranch for a most delicious breakfast, and then went back to the boats and were once again on our way.

FRIDAY JULY 9, 1965

Left Phantom Ranch early, after taking on supplies. The water here was running about 9500, and still dropping. Georgie was getting a little worried about the low water, but didn't mention it because she didn't want anyone to worry. We made about 15 more rapids today, some of which Georgie calls "miscellaneous", but to us, were hardly any different than the big ones of the day before. Then we came to Horn Creek Rapids, and Georgie told us that this was a really bad one. This is usually considered to be the roughest rapid on the river. This is because it boosts the biggest holes. After we went through this rapid, we realized what Georgie meant by "rough". We stopped here, and everyone hiked back along the rocks to take pictures of these rapids, and it was really a thrilling sight. After this, we came on to Granite, Hermit (a good one), Bruckner, named after miners, Ruby, Sapphire, Serpentine, etc. Came out on to Chimingo Canyon. Went by Bask cabin -- it was here that a miner tried to plant fruit trees, etc., to make this a big ranch, but before he could realize his dream, he died. We stopped here for lunch and had a wonderful refreshing time cooling off in a pool that had a small waterfall. We could have stayed on here for hours, but Georgie said that we had to move on. After this, we landed and hiked back a short distance to Elves Chasm. This was a most beautiful spot, and we stayed here a little while because it was so cool. After this, we hiked over to a large cave, and Georgie told us that Goldwater's party had camped here. Here we encountered the very treacherous Travertine rock. It is very sharp and rough, and can cut a finger or leg without one ever realizing it until it starts to smart. Georgie warned us to be careful when we were walking around through these rocks. After this, we went on to Foerster Rapids (Fossil Canyon), and here we made camp for the night. We spotted a wild burro, and were warned to keep away from him, because these burros are very wild. The rapids that we went through today had high waves because of the low water level. The rapids dropped 15 to 25 feet all day long. These kind of rapids are very hard on the motor, and Georgie had to be very careful that she would not shear a pin.

P.S. Around noon on this day, Georgie had to change the motor. She went back to her old standby that had taken her through 4 1/2 trips without a mishap, and she said that this was a remarkable record. (Johnson motors)

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1965

Today, Georgie said that we would get to Thunder River. This was going to be a long hike, up steep cliffs, but she said it was worth it. Bouncer, John (Bubbles) and I, Helen and her one and only stayed in camp because we heard that Barry Goldwater had hiked up to Thunder River and would be down to his camp around 3 o'clock, and we wanted to see him. And we are sure glad that we stuck around. We walked over to where the Mexican Hat group were camped and waited until Goldwater came down. He was very tired and very hot, but just the same, he chatted with us, and we all John, (Bubbles), Bouncer and I, had our pictures taken with him. It was all very thrilling and I, for one, will never forget it. The Mexican Hat group left shortly thereafter, and Georgie was back from the hike, so we all sat around on the huge rocks and watched the wooden boats go through the rapids. All I can say, this is not for me!

We had come through many small rapids, and came on to Schist rock, which is called the "bowels of the earth." This rock is about as black as anything, and shiny as marble. This is the oldest rock in the world, and can be found nowhere else in the world. We came on to Bedrock. Georgie was very much concerned about this rapid, because the water was so low, so we all held our breath. We got through this one without being hung up on any rocks, but it was very close. Dubendorf Rapids was indeed a very bad one, to me, it was the worst one yet.

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1965

We left Tapeats Creek (Thunder River) around 7:30 a.m. Today we are going to have a long run. The water level had dropped considerably during the night. Shortly after, we passed the Mexican Hat group, and they waved to us from the sandbar where they had made camp the night before. We went through a dozen "miscellaneous" rapids, namely, Matkatimba Creek, Upset, Fern Glen, Starway, Gateway and Red Slide. We had lunch at Mile 164 canyon and rested here until 1:30. We walked a little way along the river



JACKIE BROWN, GEORGIE WHITE AND HAL BROWN, 1961

to view Lava Rapids -- the one we had been looking forward to seeing. The lava rock along the pathway was so hot and sharp, and the heat from the rocks burned our legs. Helen almost passed out from the intense heat. Finally returned to the boats and we were off, heading for Lava Rapids. We had been told that this was really the grand-daddy of them all, and it certainly lived up to all of our expectations. One second we were on top of a wave, and the next second, we were down in a hole about 20 feet deep. This one really shook us up, but as usual, Georgie brought us safely through, without a mishap. After a short time, we came on to Whitmore Wash. We camped here for the night. The canyons here are fabulous, all pink stone, lava rock, and narrow canyons. During our trip today, we saw humming birds and some blue herons.

MONDAY, JULY 12, 1965

We stayed here at Whitmore Wash because Georgie said that we would have our initiation before going on. There were 26 of us initiated, and Bubbles, Bouncer, "Good Grief" John and me were the last ones to be initiated. It was quite an experience none of us will ever forget, between being blindfolded, pails of water dumped over our heads, raw eggs and silt, all mixed together and finally the paddle deal, with the climax of a swig of "hot" blackberry brandy. At this time, we were officially made "Royal River Rats." It was here at this place that Bundy, a Mormon rancher and two of his sons, came down from the rim of the canyon to bring us supplies, including eggs and gasoline. They made two trips and we all admired these boys because it was an extremely hot day, and there was no complaints or grumbling from either one of them. We stayed here and had a lunch. The sand was so hot, we could feel the heat through the soles of our shoes, and were glad to get back into the boat and on the river. At first Georgie didn't know whether the water was high enough to go on, but she finally made her decision, and off we were. The water had dropped at least three feet since the night before. We saw quite a few wild burros and oddly enough, they were always on the right hand side of the river. Then we came on to Granite Rock and stayed here for the night. We only ran three hours today, getting to our camp around 3 o'clock, and most of us spent the remainder of the day in the water, the only cool spot that could be found.

TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1965

We left Granite Park early because we were going to have a long run today. We went through lower Granite Canyon, and came up on Diamond Creek. This is a good place for a hike, but because it was so hot, no one wanted to hike, and so we kept going. We went through many small rapids, no names, and Georgie said there were no names because these rapids are only present when the water is low, which it was now. Next we came on to Travertine Falls. This is a pale pink colored rock, and looks exactly like a waterfall. Next we passed the place where two of Major Powell's party were killed by the Indians. They were mistaken for three miners, who had robbed and pillaged the Indian village. Next we came into Separation Canyon. Here we had lunch, and the river was very quiet. It was here that Georgie said we could float down the river on our air mattresses. Floated about eight miles. Went on for a little longer and finally made camp near Bat Cave. From now on, there were no more rapids, and it was kind of disappointing, because going over the rapids was so exciting. We all wrote our names on Bouncer's straw hat and Molly drew a picture of a rat, real cute. Today we saw more and more wild burros, sand-pipers, a civet cat. We ate quite late because of the heat.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1965

Left today, and this would mark the end of our journey. Again it was very hot, and Georgie decided to stop and camp for the night on Sandy Point, which is at the start of Lake Mead. There were some cam-

Monitor To Feature Lake & River Charts

Starting with this issue of the Meadview Monitor, charts of the Colorado River and Lake Mead will be featured during the next few months.

In this issue, on pages 8 and 9, are the charts of the Colorado River from Grand Wash to Bridge Canyon. Our thanks to Mr. Bill Williams of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation in Boulder City, Nevada for supplying these River charts.

These charts are based on an original river survey made by C. H. Birdseye, and R. W. Burchard in 1920. Since that time, the river channel has, of course, shifted many times, but only within the confines of the canyon itself. All of the relative topographic features and points of interest remain the same. To our knowledge this is the only chart available of this portion of the river.

Starting with the February issue, the Monitor will reproduce the six basic charts covering Lake Mead. These charts were produced by the U. S. Department of Commerce, Coast and Geodetic Survey. They were first made available in 1952, and were subsequently revised and reprinted in 1955 and 1961.

The February issue will feature the Iceberg Canyon and Temple Bar areas. March will have the Virgin Basin and Boulder Basin areas, while April will have both sections of the Overton Arm reproduced.

Also included in the February issue will be a mileage chart showing distances to and from all of the major landmarks on Lake Mead. This mileage chart has been compiled from the above described charts and will be a handy quick reference guide for overall cruising distances.

Extra copies of these editions of the Meadview Monitor will be kept on hand in future months, so anyone not having the complete set, or who wishes to replace their set of charts may do so by simply writing the Editor of the Monitor at any time.

LARGE PLANTS SLATED FOR KINGMAN REGION

General Cable Corporation, one of the largest manufacturers of electrical and communication wire and cable in the United States, announced recently the purchase of some 56 acres of land in the Kingman Airport Industrial Park. The land will be used for the construction of the first new industrial plant in the park.

The building will house facilities for the production of copper rod wire and telephone cable.

Announcement of the new plant was made through the office of Walter T. Lucking, chairman of the Arizona Task Force for Economic Development.

The new factory will represent an equipment and building investment of 10 million dollars on the part of General Cable and will cover some 200,000 square feet.

Employment at the new facility is expected to reach about 200 persons to be hired from the Mohave County area.

J. K. Davis of New York, vice president in charge of sales for General Cable, noted that not only is this to be the first plant in the industrial park, but also it will be the first manufacturing facility to be built by the corporation in Arizona.

Ground will be broken before year end, and manufacturing is scheduled to begin in October, 1967.

The El Paso Natural Gas Company announced it will build and operate a million dollar copper processing plant near Kingman. This plant will be about 15 miles north of Kingman and three miles from the Duval Corporation's mine-mill complex.

Construction crews have already begun removing 1.5 million cubic yards of overburden to allow for the mill, which is expected to be in full production by mid-1967.

Capacity of the mill is to be about 800 to 850 tons of ore per day. The end product is to be "cement" copper of between 60 and 70 per cent purity. The concentrate is to be sold to a broker and will then have to be re-fined and smelted.

S. M. Runke, chief metallurgist for the utility, said between 25 and 30 men will operate the mill, but did not release any other employee figures pertinent to the operation.

pers on the beach, and they took Bryon and me into Temple Bar, where we purchased cold beer, coke, potato chips, etc. This was a very welcome episode because everybody was so hot and thirsty. It stayed hot all night long, and so going early in the morning. It took us about three hours to cross Lake Mead, and then we landed at Temple Bar, there were quite a few curious people there to meet us. We all were sunburned, and all the men (most of them anyhow) had 12 day old beards. We dismantled the boats and rolled them up. Then we all went up to the restaurant and had a most delicious lunch, including ice cream. Boarded the bus for the Showboat at Las Vegas, where we stayed, and had a wonderful meal. Left the next morning, John, Georgie and I for Page. Had lunch with Georgie before starting for home. Sure hated to leave Georgie because after three trips with her on the river, we have come to be very fond of her. I am sure that all agree that it was a most thrilling experience going down one of America's most dangerous rivers. We will never forget the rapids, and the picture of Georgie's blue eyes piercing the very depths of the river -- there will never be another like her. Don't you agree?

FIRST OUTDOOR BARBEQUE

(Continued from Page 2)

This being our first big event, things probably didn't go as smoothly as they should have, come serving time. Like someone barked, "Why didn't we test the coffee urn before that night?" But what would we have done with 30 gallons of coffee? Anyhow, how would we know the water wouldn't heat faster or that the spigot wouldn't turn? After several of us stood around the darn thing, coaxing and pleading with it, someone took a pair of pliers to the spigot, and the brown stuff finally consented to spew out; then several people told us it was the best coffee they ever tasted. I know Farmer Bros. had a lot to do with it but can't help but think our own crystal clear water did, too.

Then there was this thing with the beans. Like the water wouldn't boil for the coffee, neither would the beans get hot enough to eat. Guess we forgot about the altitude. Anyhow, I should have been taking pictures of the goings on but instead was running back and forth to the Berry's home heating small pots of the critters while the rest of the gals, I'm sure, were sweating out my return. At this point the best picture of all was missed as all of the folks were there together waiting to be served; and as they stood there silhouetted against the large bonfire it made quite an impressive sight. At least I thought so while darting back and forth with my little pots. Apparently though, none of this bothered those on the "other side" as we had many, many compliments.

After the serious business of eating was over, and all of us were able to mingle, we met with some wonderful people. Two parties we personally had the pleasure of visiting with were the Ben Joys from Kingman and Mrs. Minnie Mundinger and Clara Siegle, from Saugus and Van Nuys.

The Joys are retired cattle and mining folks, who have been in this area since 1933. Mr. Joy was the foreman at the old King Tutt mine, which is nearby, and claims to be the only living field supervisor who knows where the hot spots are. They must have led a very interesting life and they know so much about this country that we wish they would write it all down for us sometime. It would make a real interesting story.

Clara Siegle and Minnie Mundinger were two most charming gals, and Minnie brought along her accordian and played for a group around the campfire. Later we had the nicest visit and learned she works with children and also plays several musical instruments. The ladies stayed all night in one of our guest units and the next morning we found this note from them:

"Mr. Berry, Mr. Glindmeier and Folks -- We do want to thank you for your wonderful hospitality and enjoyable time. This will be a longtime memory. We just slept on the divan, used our own pillows, hoping the least we did would be easier on you. (signed) Mrs. Minnie Mundinger, Clara Siegle."

Though it wasn't at all necessary for them to do that, this just goes to show what nice gals they were.

There just wasn't enough time to visit with everyone as the hour was getting late but we certainly appreciated the wonderful turnout. Hal asked to make his apologies known for not getting to mingle at all, but you couldn't blame him, as he was masterminding those steaks and that took all of his time.

On January 7th, 1967, we are going to start our regular Saturday night barbeques and they should be a lot of fun. If anyone has a banjo, guitar or what have you, bring it along so we can do a little singing around the bonfire.

We will be serving steaks, beans, tossed salad, rolls and coffee. The price? \$1.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children. Serving time from 5 to 7 p.m. (Arizona time), so come one, come all, and that means you fishermen, too. See you then.



GETTING READY FOR THE PRE-OPENING CELEBRATION BARBEQUE.



WHEN WILL THOSE STEAKS BE READY? WE'RE HUNGRY!



NOW EVERYBODY SING. MRS. MUNDINGER PLAYING THE ACCORDIAN.



CHOW LINE - HAL BROWN AND PEARL GLINDMEIER TENDING THE GRILL ON LEFT.



BOY THOSE STEAKS ARE GOOD, AND THAT BONFIRE FEELS GOOD, TOO!



MARGE MULLANE, LEE GLINDMEIER AND MAE BERRY DISH UP THE SALAD AND BEANS WHILE PAUL MULLANE TENDS TO THE COFFEE.

Starting Saturday, January 7th and

Every Saturday Night

Good Old Western

BARBEQUE

Serving

STEAK, BEANS, TOSSED SALAD

ROLLS and COFFEE

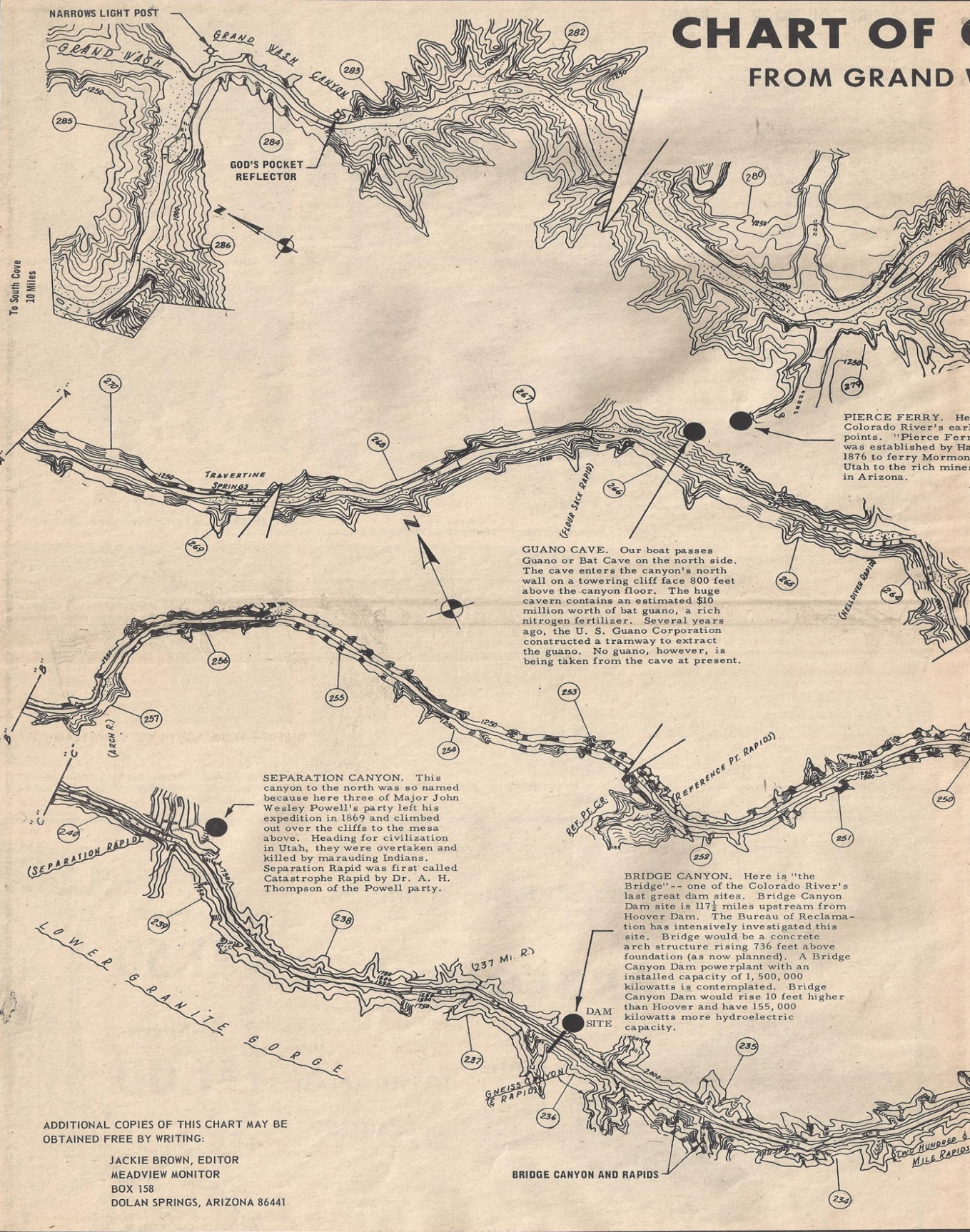


ADULTS
\$1.50

CHILDREN
\$1.00

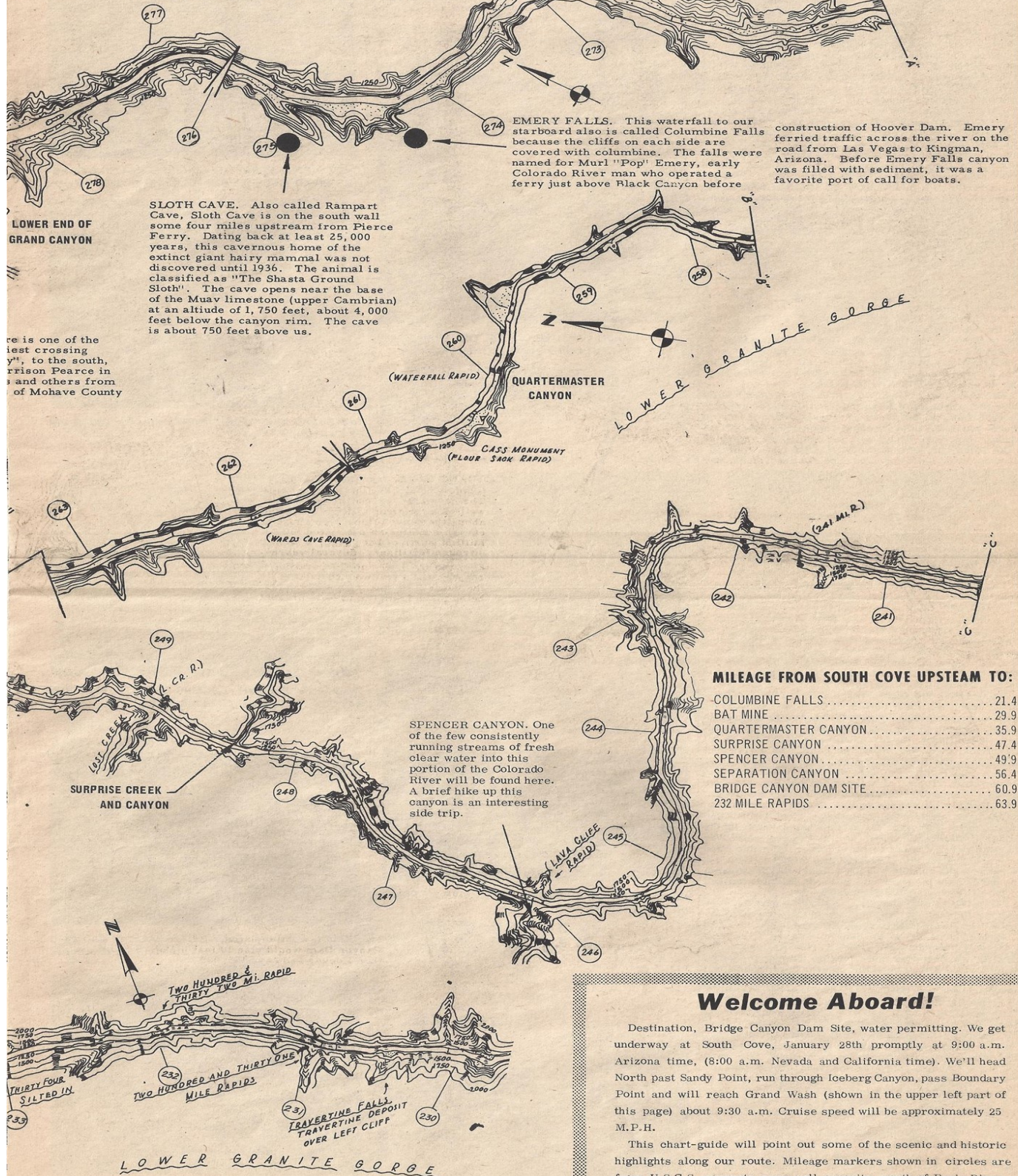
SERVED FROM
5 p.m. to 7 p.m.
(ARIZONA TIME)

CHART OF FROM GRAND V



COLORADO RIVER

WASH TO BRIDGE CANYON



in and around meadview

By HAL BROWN



First off, we at Meadview are very thankful for the public's acceptance of our community. We have, as you know, set aside a central development in which the lot owners must start construction on a permanent home or place a mobile home on their property within 90 days after purchase. This has been received so well that already we have 5 mobile homes and two more moving in within the next few days; just as soon as the electrical and water service connections can be installed.

Action! Action! That is our motto, and since the report in last month's Monitor, these things have been accomplished: The paving in Meadview Terrace has been completed, each lot has been numbered. New attractive street signs have been erected and along Pierce Ferry Road, new directional mileage signs installed. There have also been additional high voltage power lines put in, covering two more blocks of lots. As soon as the Health Dept. issues its approval on the disposal system, work will continue in the trailer park. It doesn't take much time to write these things down, but much time, and a lot of effort has been expended to accomplish all this in just one month. It sure keeps yours truly busy, keeping on top of things, but it's made a lot easier by a wonderful crew and the marvelous teamwork they display.

Not all is work at Meadview however, as we have our fun, too. Last week Frank Glindmeier, Mel Nelson and myself, made a trial run up on top of the Grand Wash Cliffs. We did this to check mileage and road conditions for possible future field trips. We also took two types of vehicles, my 4 wheel drive and Frank's regular pickup, and Frank was able to stay with me all the way. So this was a very interesting test. Now we know, for my money, this is one of the MUST trips to take.

The elevation at Meadview averages approximately 3000 feet and on top of the Grand Wash Cliffs the average is 5500 feet, so the views are breathtaking. From up there you have this sweeping panoramic view of the snakey Colorado River and the blue, blue waters of Lake Mead, and looking almost straight down is Meadview sprawled out before you. You can see Temple Bar and in the distance the Virgin Basin, Overton Arm and the entrance to Boulder Canyon. It is similar to being in an airplane, except you are stationary, so you can look as long as you want at a view of your choice. And you will be seeing bigger country than words can describe.

I am sure this will become one of our favorite trips so check your calendar of events and make it a point to join us on February 11th.

Another thrilling event happened last Saturday afternoon. A friend of ours, who lives in Boulder City, Nevada, and who happens to own his own plane, arrived at the nearby Pierce Ferry air strip. Having received a phone call announcing his arrival time, a group of us met he and his charming wife Verna, at the landing strip. After a short visit the gals returned to the snack bar and Mr. Glindmeier, Eddie Chambers, Hoogy Hoogerwerf as pilot, and I took off into the wild blue yonder, loaded with cameras.

We started the flight over the Grand Wash Cliffs, which form the south border of the Grand Canyon. As we flew over the high plateau with the beautiful, majestic Grand Canyon on our left, it made me feel very small and insignificant. As far as the eye could see, in all directions, there lay before and under us a view that only this mighty western land can give.

In a short time we were over the Hualapai Indian Reservation. There, Frank pointed out the Bat Cave several thousand feet below the north rim of the canyon. To digress a bit, let me explain about the cave. At one time, some hardy souls installed a steel tower at the entrance of the cave and another steel tower on the canyon's south rim. Then a 1 1/4" steel cable was suspended from tower to tower. Over this cable plied a 5 yard gondola with standing room on one end, for six workmen. The gondola was used to carry bat guano from the bat cave to the south rim, where it was then trucked to the railroad at Peach Springs.

All this activity came to an end one day--an over zealous jet pilot cut the cable with the wing tip of the plane, but fortunately for him, he lived to tell the tale.

A short distance up the canyon from the bat cave is a famous viewpoint called the Quarter Masters Look-out. As we flew over this, looking down in the gorge below I could call to mind the several trips friends and I had made to this point. The first time one looks over the sheer edge of the canyon, they are in store for a breathtaking thrill. Three thousand feet below is the Colorado River and it seems as though a thrown rock would splash its waters but it only falls at the base of the sheer one thousand foot bluff you are standing on.

After passing Quarter Master we made a wide sweeping turn and headed for the canyon itself. With ears popping we made a sharp decline down between the canyon walls, leveling off 50 feet above the river. Following this course down river we went right past the bat cave and this time we could see the cut cable laying on the canyon walls and threading through and under the water. Couldn't help but think, what a whale of a job it must have been to erect that cable in the beginning and now there it lay, but a memory.

Soon after leaving the cave we were winging our way over the silt flats at the mouth of the canyon. Since we were flying at this low altitude we flushed flock after flock of wild geese and ducks. I like to hunt, so flying over this area for a while longer would have been O.K.

but in order to see how our new community looked from the air we had to gain altitude and head for Meadview. What I saw made me feel very proud, as I had a physical part in the construction of this high desert spa and it surely looked good.

After taking a few pictures we buzzed the store and the wives headed for the airstrip to pick us up. After thanking Hoogie and Verna for a wonderful and unforgettable flight they took off down the runway, became airborne, and headed for Boulder City, and all of us earthbound folks headed for Meadview.

Now that I have my feet back on the ground, it's back to work and next month will hope to have more excursions to tell you about.



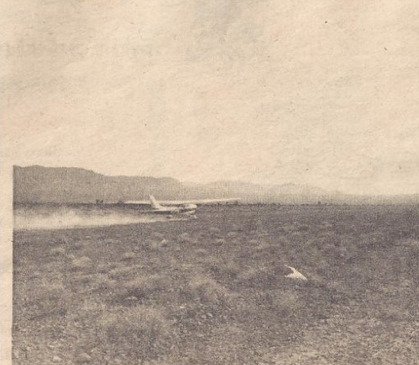
HAL TRYING TO CAPTURE ONE OF THE GRAND WASH CLIFF'S BREATHTAKING VIEWS ON HIS CAMERA.



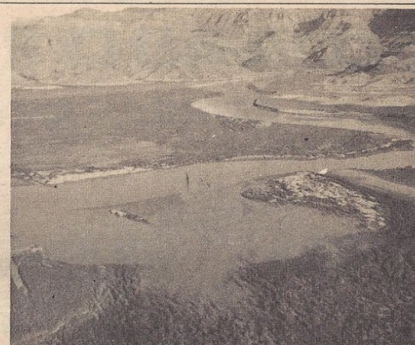
A STRUGGLE WITH NATURE.



VERNA AND HOOGIE HOOGERWERF ARRIVE AT PIERCE FERRY AIRSTRIP.



OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER.



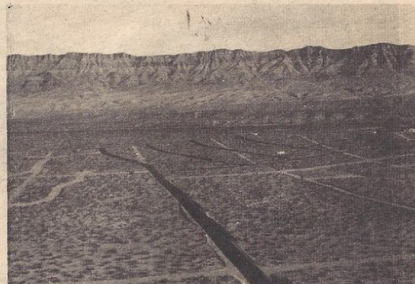
OVER PIERCE FERRY LOOKING UPSTREAM. NOTE HOW THE RIVER WINDS ITS WAY INTO THE GRAND CANYON.



THE GUANO MINE STEEL TOWER HIGH ON SOUTH RIM OF CANYON.



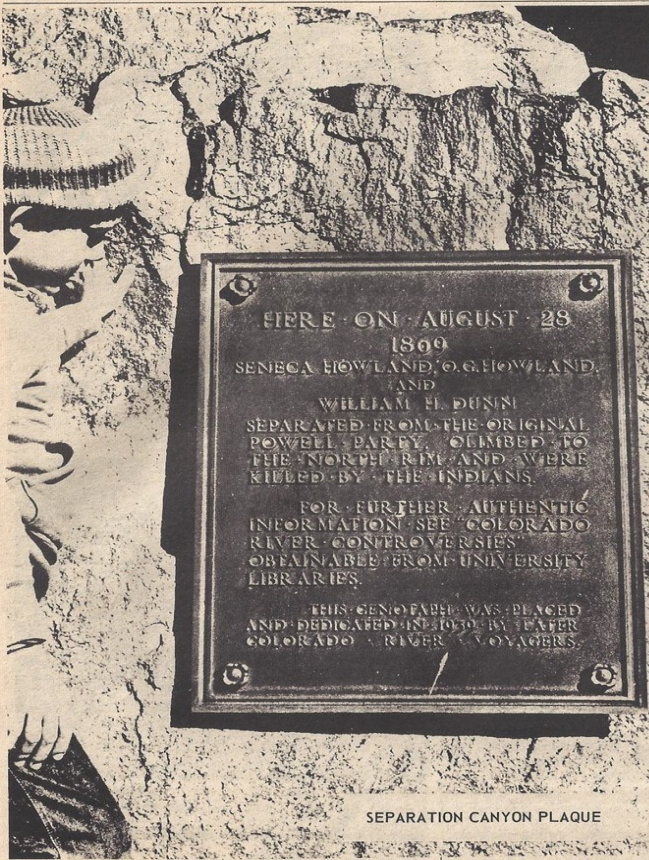
OVER PIERCE FERRY, LOOKING DOWNSTREAM. RIVER HAS CUT ITS COURSE THROUGH SILT FLATS.



LOOKING DOWN ON MEADVIEW TERRACE. GRAND WASH CLIFFS IN BACKGROUND. PAVED MEAD LANE ACCESS ROAD IN FOREGROUND.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MEADVIEW MARINA, INFORMATION OFFICE AND RESIDENCES.



SEPARATION CANYON PLAQUE



GUANO CAVE

meadview



Enco Gasoline - Groceries - Beer

Fishing Licenses

Sporting Goods

Supplies

Ice



Rods & Reels



Fishing Lures

HOURS
Monday thru Friday 8 - 8
Saturday and Sunday 7 - 10



Outboard Fuel

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

VISIT OUR
meadview
marina

SNACK BAR

SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS BEER



"STOP IN AND CHAT"

Breakfast

Luncheon

Dinner

Shaded Patio

GRANITE GORGE BOAT CRUISE

(Continued from Page 1)

geese and ducks of all species. At times there were hundreds of these game birds circling in the early morning sky. What a beautiful sight it was. We flushed flock after flock of geese as we continued up the canyon but not many ducks though, as they seemed to like the open area better.

Our able and trusty pilot, Capt'n. Frank, was doing a bang up job at the helm. In fact, we were relaxed enough to partake of a cup of coffee when kerpam! he did it. Ankle deep on a sand bar, coffee, coffee every place. There was nothing to do but, shoes off--and overboard Eddie and I went, to start shoving our craft into deep water. Surprisingly enough, the water was not very cold but the air hitting wet pants legs became a different story. This is when the extra wool socks and the large towel became the most important part of the gear. So I suggest you bring along the knee length variety of wool socks.

Now again we are cruising along at a good rate and enjoying the canyon at its best. The sun has now climbed up over the south rim and we get its warming benefit.

As we looked up and see the steel tower on the top of the south rim, made miniature because of the elevation above us, Cindy, our able female crew member, spotted the steel tower at the mouth of the bat cave about 1000 feet up the north canyon wall. Two days before we had seen these towers and this part of the canyon from the air and now here we were looking at it from the river. It is surely a thrilling sight to see either way, especially when you know a little of the story and history regarding the steel towers and mining activity. (Explained in the In and Around Meadview story).

In a very short time we were crossing the fallen cable where it crossed the river. I might add, it took a bit of probing with the 6' boat hook at this point to find the river channel. I was real happy when we found said channel without Ed and I getting our feet wet.

By the use of this 6' pole, we negotiated 3 other beds. At these points the river rushes at about a 45 degree angle into a huge sheer walled bluff. The water through the years has really polished the rock up to the high water mark.

Approximately 10 miles above the Bat Cave, the canyon begins to narrow and the water depth has become stable enough to give enough draft any place. Our captain, not taking any chances, because next time, over board he goes on the push deal, holds his course mid-river and keeps a sharp lookout for floating debris. Ed, Cindy and I sit down with a cup of coffee to relax and watch the Berry craft bringing up the rear. The canyon walls at this point on are so rugged and beautiful I am at a loss for words to describe them. Occasionally you see a break in the walls and can look quite a distance up a narrow canyon. One of these canyons is quite broad at the river with a very rocky gravel bar across her mouth. This is the only spot so far where we have seen running water entering the river from a side canyon. This turns out to be Spencer Canyon and it has a very good flow of clear water all year round.

Up river we see bluff after bluff that seems to block your progress. Always there is a way and rounding the next bend, the bluffs repeat themselves, yet never the same shape.

We keep looking for the bluff that marks the end of our cruise. It is a majestic red sandstone giant that marks the canyon rim overlooking Bridge Canyon Dam site.

Four and one half miles above this site are the 232 mile rapids. These are known as the first large rapids above Lake Mead. For an added thrill we negotiated Bridge Canyon rapids but were glad to turn back at 234 mile rapids. We set up a motto right then--"Don't run the rapids--leave this to the river rats"--those being George White and the Hatch Bros. The rapids at 232 mile spell the end of an exciting Colorado River run for them.

On our way down river to the camp area at Bridge Canyon Dam site, Ed pointed out a cable stretched 100 feet above and across the river. The cable is anchored on the north wall at the base of a wooden wall. Cap'n. Frank explained its purpose. It was a cache for the Walt Disney party who stored needed supplies there for use during the filming of one of his movies.

The logged time for our up river run was 5 hours. At 12:40 we were having the lunch Mae Berry had prepared. At 1:05 the hall of all aboard came and the down river run began. Now we were seeing the canyon at different time of day and seeing many things we missed on the cruise up river.

The return cruise was uneventful until we reached the area where the canyon began to widen out. The Berrys, in their 14' runabout were leading and I would like at this point to add that a 14' outboard motor job takes less water than a 19' stern drive job. What happens? Well, after following pilot Berry for a successful 10 mile run, he skimmed right over a sand bar and we, Ed and I, pushed over. Off we go again until we are just above the bat cave when that pilot Berry did it again!

Only this time he had to push some himself. Our Johnson was really high and almost dry. After several attempts to push off, we brought the 50' length of nylon rope into play and with Berry's outfit on the other end and in deep water, proceeded to pull our Johnson off the bar. Needless to say, by actual vote, we fired pilot Berry and Cap'n. Frank took over and down river we cruised.

Berry, having lost his title, was a little peeked and started, I think, to show off. That 14 footer crossed places we swore couldn't be done. Berry became meek and dropped in place behind us as we approached the whirlpools in the Pierce Ferry area.

In all too short a time, we were back on the Lake and headed for South Cove Landing and home.

This trial run was made preparatory to our January



EARLY MORNING. TOM AND MAE BERRY, ALL ABOARD, READY TO SHOVE OFF FOR THE RIVER CRUISE.



ONE OF THE MANY FLOCKS OF GEESE, AIR BORNE, AS WE PASSED THROUGH THE SILT FLATS. NOTE FOG IN EARLY MORNING HOUR.

28, 1967 boat cruise, covering the same course.

Our time logged at 5 hours up river, and 2 hours, 50 min. down river. The gas consumed by the 35 H.P. outboard was 22 gal., with a reserve of 6 gal. The stern drive used 37 gal. with an 11 gal. reserve.

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 calculations. 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 are as follows:

1. Hot coffee-- We'll have two coffee breaks each way plus a lunch stop at Bridge Canyon.
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. Two large towels in case it's overboard for a push off those sneaky sandbars.
4. One extra pair of knee length wool socks for each crew member. They sure feel good on the feet after a river wade!
5. 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.
6. One extra propeller plus several shear pins.
7. A camera or cameras of your choice with plenty of film.
8. One boat hook.
9. Your own choice of clothing. Just be sure you bring along a warm jacket. One with a park hood is very good. A good rule to follow is dress warm at the start as you can always shed down as it warms up at mid-day.

The time is most important for all participants joining our cruise. The starting time is 9:00 a.m. sharp (Arizona time) and will leave South Cove at that time, promptly. 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 9:00 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.

Just cut out the entry blank 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!

Hal Brown
Box 158
Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441

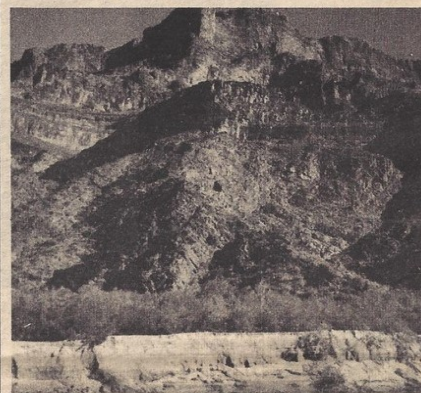
Dear Hal:
Please register us for the Lower Granite Gorge Boat Cruise, January 28, 1967. We'll see you then.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____ PHONE _____
Boat Size _____ Type _____
Boat Name _____ No. in Party _____

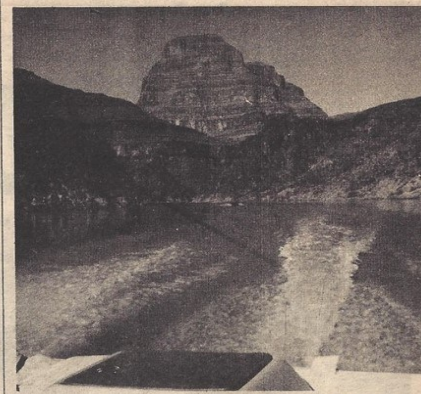
Mail this coupon to Hal Brown,
Box 158, Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441



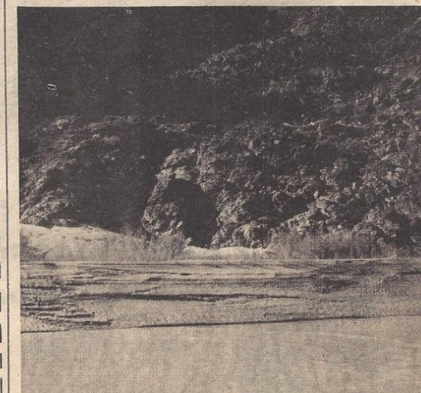
FRANK IS HELPING EDDIE ABOARD SO WE CAN GET THAT CRUISE UNDER WAY.



COLORADO RIVER SILT BANK, SALT CEDARS AND A RUGGED CANYON WALL.



LOOKING DOWN RIVER. COMPARE BERRY'S BOAT WITH RIVER WIDTH AND MOUNTAIN HEIGHT.



OUR DESTINATION -- BRIDGE CANYON DAM SITE.