

meadview monitor

VOL. 3, NO. 3

MEADVIEW, ARIZONA

OCTOBER, 1965

BOX 237, BULLHEAD CITY, ARIZONA

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SANDY POINT ROAD CONTRACT SIGNED

Construction Work Already Underway

The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, in co-operation with the National Park Service, have signed a contract with the Wells-Stewart Construction Co. of Las Vegas, Nevada for the construction of the Sandy Point access road. The contract amount was somewhat in excess of \$1 million.

Construction on the new access road was begun in late August and the tempo is picking up daily. The first work consisted of roughing out a pilot road for the use of the surveyors and engineers now stationed at Meadview.

A well has been drilled at Pierce Ferry for hauling of construction water to the project. Pat Thompson Drilling Company was awarded this contract.

Additional equipment is being added as the various phases of the project warrants. The total construction time for the job is currently estimated at six months, and if this schedule is maintained, the road and launching ramp will be available for use by Spring.

The Sandy Point excess road is the major key to the over-all development of the entire Meadview project. Rivor officers, Frank Gindmeier and Paul Mullane, are currently underway with development plans pertaining to the community. A complete report of the progress as well as future plans and facilities will be included in the next Meadview Monitor. All Meadview Owners can be extremely proud of their ownership and of their pioneer spirit that gave them the vision to purchase before the boom.

The Sandy Point road brings to the Meadview area for the first time, a permanent lake access route which will be utilized for all time by recreation traffic regardless of the lake level. This assurance of permanent access will inspire many owners to complete their original building plans. To meet the expected activity and demands for services, plans for development of utilities are now under-way.

If you have the opportunity within the next few months, plan on visiting the tract office and the road construction site.



SANDY POINT ACCESS ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION. LAKE MEAD CAN BE VIEWED IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE FIRST ROUGH GRADING AND CUTS CAN BE SEEN IN THIS

PHOTO. TAKEN FROM THE PIERCE FERRY ROAD, THIS SCENIC VIEW POINT IS UNDERGOING DAILY CHANGES. SEE ADDITIONAL PHOTOS ON PAGE 3.

Movie Producers To Build At Meadview

Film producers and directors, John and Virginia Raymond of Scottsdale, Arizona have been frequent visitors to Meadview since their acquisition of lot 41, Meadview Estates, a year ago.

The Raymonds own and operate a highly successful film company in Phoenix named Diversified Film Services. They have completed many color movies within the state of Arizona, one of which was produced for the Arizona State Fish and Game Commission and several other state agencies. In this particular film, one of the flying sequences showed Meadview and its proximity to Lake Mead while other scenes depicted various scenic points on Lake Mead including Pierce Ferry, Sandy Point and the lower Grand Canyon.

Diversified Film Services also produced and directed a film for Rivor. This film was essentially about the Colorado River area and included information on the Colorado Riviera, another Rivor development. The Raymonds also expect to produce a film on Meadview within the next year.

John and Virginia have conceived a unique form of architecture in the development of their magnificent Lakeview lot. In order to capture all of the scenic beauty available in the 360 degree panoramic view from their site, they have decided upon a home with three basic areas, each of which is a perfect circle. Each of the three circular units will contain a segregated portion of their overall home, with all three units blending together to form an outstanding creation. Each of the three units will be on different levels but will be interconnected.

The Raymonds have planned their home quite thoroughly and have designed it in such a manner that all of the sections may be prefabricated in Phoenix and erected on the site.

When completed, we think that this home will be one of the outstanding show places in Northern Arizona. Certainly no other location can provide a view to match the lakeview site such as the Raymonds.

Good Luck, John and Virginia, and we will all be looking forward to watching your progress.



JOHN AND VIRGINIA RAYMOND

The Miracle of Lake Mead ARIZONA'S MAGIC WATER HIGHWAY

This is another of a series of re-prints from past issues of "Arizona Highways" magazine recently made available to Rivor President Frank Gindmeier. The magazines date back into the '30s and provide an exciting historical insight into the Lake Mead area of over the past thirty years. The following story is reprinted from the August 1947 edition of "Arizona Highways".

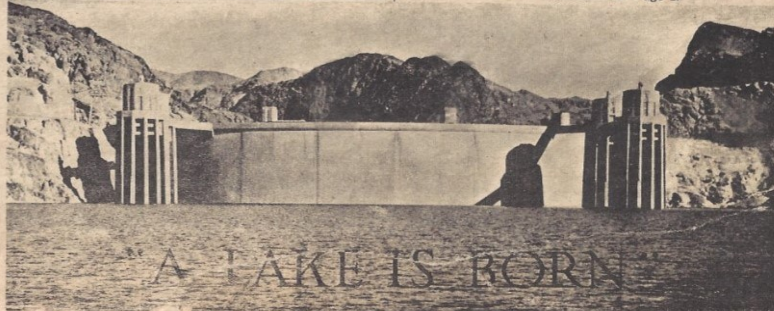
By RUSSELL K. GRATER

They say it is a sure sign of old age when a fellow starts reminiscing, but seeing the placid blue waters of Lake Mead today always bring back to mind days when it was an entirely different sort of lake - a lake whose birth only twelve short years ago bordered on the dramatic.

It all began in June, 1935. For days every detail had been carefully checked in preparation for the blowing of the cofferdams. Explosives were placed, everything removed that had to be taken out, and then a muffled roar rolled back and forth between the walls of the Black Canyon, and Lake Mead was no longer a dream child on a drawing board but an actuality.

Like many a dream child its early youth was one of turbulence and excitement rather than peace and serenity. At the upper end of Black Canyon the swirling waters of the muddy Colorado quickly swallowed up the sprawling shack city where so many people lived during the early days of the construction of the dam. More than one person heaved a sigh of relief or regret, as the case

(Continued On Page 2)



meadview monitor

PUBLISHED FOR AND BY
THE RESIDENTS AND OWNERS OF

MEADVIEW

DEVELOPED BY

RIVCOR

BOX 237
BULLHEAD CITY ARIZONA
754-8871

"A LAKE IS BORN"

(Continued From Page 1)

might be, as it disappeared beneath the water, leaving only a few boards and debris as floating reminders of what had once been there.

The first real casualty of the rapidly growing lake was old Fort Calville, located several miles upstream from the dam at the lower end of Boulder Canyon. The old fort was an historic relic of a bygone era when intrepid river men tried to tame the Colorado and haul produce from the settlements of southern Nevada by steamboat to markets in California. In those days Fort Calville was an important link in the journey down the river. But, where it had managed to withstand the uncertainties of its day, it was now no match for the waters of the lake.

Beyond the Fort the waters rose rapidly through the narrow confines of Boulder Canyon. It was here that the original dam site was selected. Its high walls seemed to make it a perfect location, until geologists and engineers began probing around a bit and uncovered evidence that the region wasn't all it seemed on the surface. Instead of being a highly stable area, the proposed dam site was full of fractured zones that would have made it a risky matter to construct a dam at that point. One good earthquake might cause the destruction of the whole thing. Thus it was that Hoover Dam was eventually built several miles downstream in Black Canyon.

Miles to the north of Boulder Canyon there was a stir of activity at the little town of St. Thomas along the valley of the Muddy River. For a long time the residents of this small settlement had known that the lake would eventually reach their fields and homes, and they were prepared to move—that is, most of them. When the first glimpse of the lake waters was seen rounding the bend near the junction of the Muddy and Virgin Rivers the town was virtually deserted. The water approached rapidly as the valley was relatively flat, and at that time the lake was rising at the rate of about an inch per hour. It wasn't a very wise thing to leave a car parked near the water and be gone for even a few minutes. So rapidly was it coming in that it could actually be seen creeping into the shallow depressions or upold furrows in the fields. As the lake invaded one side of the town there was feverish activity on the other side. Two families had waited until the last minute to get out, and now time was rapidly running out. At one house a truck was backed up to the front door and household effects were hastily tossed on even as the water was creeping around the backdoor step. At the other house the situation was even more critical as the little truck assigned to do the job proved inadequate and was finally forced to leave. The last of the furniture and other belongings left via a window and rowboat.

Near St. Thomas still another loss was experienced as one of the archeological gems of the region was destroyed—the Lost City. Discovered several years before, it had been carefully excavated to learn who these early people were who had settled the Muddy River region. The excavations uncovered the ruins of a number of dwellings, most of which were immediately reconstructed on their original sites. From the artifacts round in the ruins it was possible to rather accurately reconstruct the mode of living of these early Indians. The Lost City it was named—and now the Lost City was to be permanently lost. One day it was possible to sit on the rock bench above the buildings, where the presence of numerous mortar holes conjured up visions of Indian women grinding corn meal, and watch the eager waters of the lake eating away at the foundations of the houses; and, the next day find only floating sticks and debris to mark the final resting place of these ancient buildings. It was like attending the final rites for an old

friend to take the last photographs of the buildings before they began to crumble.

While most of the attention was being centered upon the disappearance of these old landmarks, there was another side of the picture that went virtually unnoticed. Upstream from the dam the wildlife populations in the valleys and canyons were experiencing rapidly changing conditions that were every bit as dramatic as anything that happened at St. Thomas. From thousands of burrows raced scores of small rodents as the waters forced them to seek refuge on higher points of land. In an incredibly short time every hilltop—now a rapidly disappearing island—was swarming with animal life.

It was a most unusual experience to visit these small islands by rowboat. As the boat approached a tiny point of land jutting from the water, the rocks seemed to literally crawl with every type of small animal found in the region. Sheltered rocky coves were crowded with tiny pocket mice, white-footed mice, wood rats and kangaroo rats, while cottontails and jack rabbits hopped about uneasily on the more open areas. Clinging all over the rocks were lizards of various sizes and colors, stolidly awaiting whatever the future might bring to them, and moving only when the rising waters began to lap against their scaly sides. As the prow of the boat touched the island, activity began to pick up. Here was a place for expansion! In no time at all the boat took on the appearance of a miniature Noah's Ark as small rodents, and even lizards clambered aboard and took refuge beneath anything that was available. Stepping ashore was a rather eerie feeling. The wildlife kingdom on the island was represented by more than just the small mammals and lizards that first caught the eye. A flashing, slender figure darting around behind a rock disclosed the presence of a snake—a Red Racer—while warning buzzes from more than one nearby shelter were enough to instantly guarantee caution. Meeting one rattlesnake is usually enough excitement for anyone, but finding several short-tempered fellows on a single, small rocky point, without any knowledge as to just where an individual is located, is enough to cause an unfamiliar chill or two. These rattlers were usually ready for anything—disturbed, irritated and ready to take a crack at whatever might come within range. They didn't know what was happening, but they did know they didn't like it!

One large island at the lower end of Boulder Canyon became a primary attraction when it was discovered that a bighorn—a huge ram—was trapped there by the rising waters. He became quite a tourist attraction, and was viewed with eager curiosity from the boats headed up the lake. Food was hauled out and left on the island for him and he never failed to make an appearance before his appreciative audience—until one day he failed to show up. A search of the island quickly uncovered him, lying dead with a bullet hole in his skull. What a wonderful sense of sportsmanship some marksmen must have had!

Farther up the lake on the Virgin river arm, another ram was found on an island. Interest here also centered on a neighbor of his, a coyote. For months both lived in apparent harmony on their private island. It was here that sympathetic locals decided the lone handsome ram needed company, so two bighorn ewes were trapped and moved out to share his solitude!

It was on such islands that accurate studies were made of the animal species of the region, and some were collected that had not previously been known to occur there. Sacks of lizards were hauled to the mainland where they were emptied out on the shore, there to sweep up the rocky slopes like an animated wave.

Down in Hemenway Wash the approach of the lake must have created consternation among a family of kit foxes. Situated in the side of a gravel wash, the fox den seemed well situated for raising a family, and here five fuzzy little fellows were born. The family was discovered just a few days before the rising waters threatened to flood them out. It was possible to drive a car to within a few yards of the den, and each night for over a week the family was watched from the car with the aid of a flashlight. The playful pups would come crowding from the den, all eyes and big ears as they peered curiously at the light. Then would come a rough and tumble tussle as the awkwardly tugged and pulled at each other. Up the steep gravel bank they would struggle and then down again, sliding and often rolling to the bottom amid a shower of small pebbles. What a happy family they were! One night it was apparent that they could not stay longer than another day before the water would enter the den, and so camera equipment was brought along the next evening. With the aid of photo-flashes a group of pictures was obtained as the old foxes moved the pups to higher ground somewhere back up in the low mountains above the wash.

Naturally the creation of the lake brought with it a fisherman's paradise. Larger and larger were the bass that were caught. Soon it ceased to be news when someone brought in an eight pounder! As though to furnish a climax for the fishing fraternity, various parties began to come in with tales of strikes that almost yanked the fisherman from the boat—but the fish got wary! Then the mystery was cleared up. A man brought in a huge fish that had all the appearance of some kind of a salmon—the Colorado River Salmon it was, or more accurately, the Colorado River Squawfish. It grows large, this biggest of our American carp, and has been known to reach a length of five feet and a weight of eighty pounds. No wonder these fishermen talked about a fish hitting a plug "like a ton of brick!"

But not all fishermen caught fish, some caught lizards! It was found that the collared lizard, that was often found on the rocky slopes near the lake, couldn't seem to resist a plug any more than a hungry bass. So, on more than one occasion some of the staunchest followers of Isaac Walton tradition were observed trying their skill at "lizard baiting"—casting a plug ashore and seeing if it could be retrieved before the lizard could catch up with it!

Not everyone went fishing, however. Here and there sails began to blossom out on the lake as the more nautically inclined folks tried their luck at tacking in the desert winds. Great was the excitement the day a full fledged eight meter racing boat was put in the water and everyone took turns riding it to the dam and back.

As the lake moved on up the old Colorado River channel into lower Grand Canyon, it opened up regions that until now were relatively unknown except for a few iron nerved rivermen like the early expedition of 1889 under Major John W. Powell, the Kolb brothers of more recent time and others. Many are the interesting events that took place here—the inexorable swallowing up by the lake of ribbon-like Emory Falls; the finding of the small cave several hundred feet above the lake by Willis Evans—an Indian—which later became known as Rampart Cave and the site of an amazing collection of prehistoric animal life that included such huge creatures as the ground sloth; the finding of other nearby caves that early Indians had used as homes; the exploration of Quartermaster Canyon with its beautiful waterfall, the mute remains of an old house and primitive irrigation system, and unnumberable black burros now gone wild and populating the region like flies; running the nose of our boat into the foaming waters of Separation Rapids at the extreme upper end of Lake Mead, and with motor pulling its best, unable to make an inch of headway—all these are events that even time cannot erase.

Nor can one forget the days in the spring of 1938 when the great weight of the rapidly forming lake caused slippage in the rock formations and earthquakes jarred the entire locality. Walls were cracked in Boulder City, rocks tumbled into Black Canyon downstream from the dam and dust rose above the rim of the canyon in more than one place, while residents wondered what effect it might have on the dam itself. Those were stirring days. Yes, Lake Mead is now approaching a more sedate age and there is little today that reminds one of those dramatic early days of its birth. To those who witnessed those turbulent days, however, there is a certain touch of nostalgia that creeps in whenever the blowing of the cofferdams is mentioned.

LAS VEGAS SHOW SCHEDULE

"On The Strip" DESERT INN

"HELLO AMERICA"
starring DAVIS &
RESE - Ind.
Lounge: The Happy Jes-
ters; Escobar; Salmas
Bros.

DUNES

"CASINO DE PARIS"
Starring LINE RE-
NAUD.
Lounge: "Vive Les
Girls"

FLAMINGO

Thru Oct 27; JACK
CARTER; VIKKI CARR.
Oct 28 - Nov 24; PHYLIS
DILLER
Lounge: Thru Oct 27;
Fats Domino

HACIENDA

HANK HENRY SHOW;
Ink Spots; Charlie Shaf-
fer; Danny Owens; The
Gay Nitters.

RIVIERA

Thru Oct 5; LIBERACE
Oct 6 - 19; TONY BEN-
NETT; Oct 20 - Nov 2;
POLLY BERGEN.
Lounge: Thru Oct 26;
Pat Collins.

SAHARA

Thru Oct 4; CONNIE
FRANCIS; PAT HENRY
Oct 5 - Nov 1; DONALD
O'CONNOR
Lounge: Louis Prima,
Gia Malone, Sam Butera
& The Witnesses

SANDS

Thru Oct. 19; KAY
STARR; ALAN SHER-
MAN
Lounge: Billy Daniels;
Sonny King & Vido Mus-
so; Red Norvo

STARDUST

LIDO '66 - "QUELLE
NUIT" - Ind.
Lounge: Esquivel; Nal-
ani Kele Polynesian Re-
vue; The Sun Spots.

THUNDERBIRD

"C'EST LA FEMME"
"GIRLS ALA CARTE"
Lounge: Thru Oct 28;
The Big Beats; The
Sparklers. Oct 29 - Nov
25; The Treniers

TROPICANA

"FOLIES BERGERE"
Lounge: Mel Torme,
Jerry Lester & Si Zen-
ter & Orch.

"Casino Center"

EL CORTEZ
KING HENRY; BROS.
KIM

GOLDEN NUGGET

Thru Oct 13; NORO
WILSON. Oct 14 thru 27

THE CUT-UPS

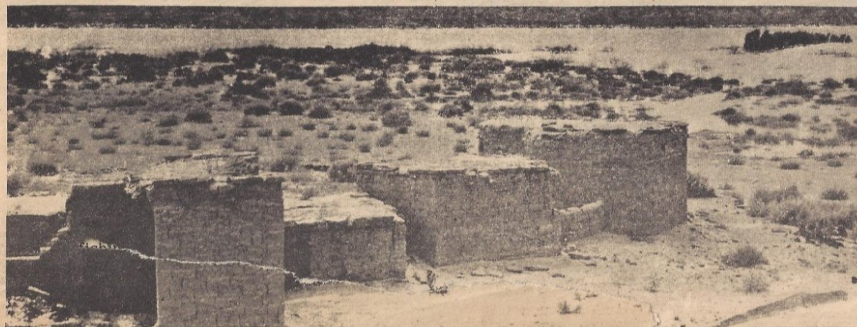
Thru Oct 17; BIG MOE
& THE PANICS Oct 18
thru 24; PAUL DINO
SHOW; Oct 25 - Nov 22;
DEMARCO & DAY

SHOWBOAT

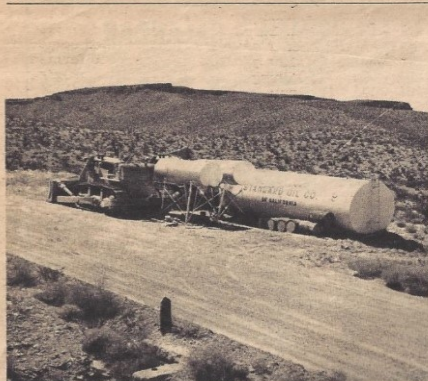
Thru Oct 17; BIG MOE
& THE PANICS Oct 18
thru 24; PAUL DINO
SHOW; Oct 25 - Nov 22;
DEMARCO & DAY

THE MINT

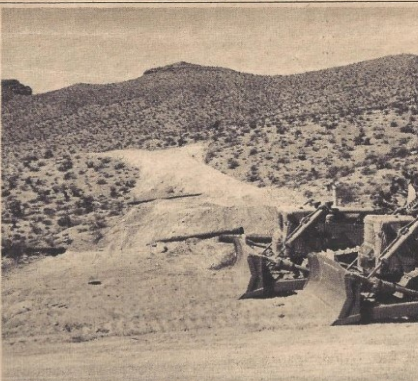
"ICE SHE-BANG FOL-
LIES"; THE TIGERS;
THE SH-LOs - Ind.
Lounge: Topless Watu-
sis.
Top O' the Mint: Wild
Bill Davison (Dancing)



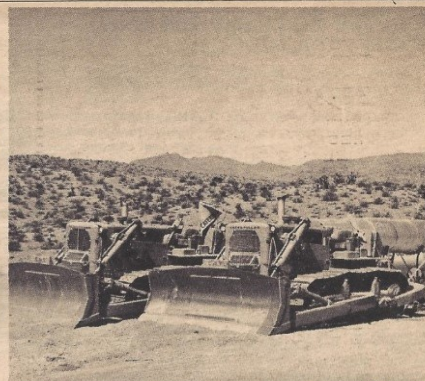
The waters of Lake Mead have buried the Lost City. Photo taken in the spring of 1938 just before the ruins disappeared.



THESE SNAPSHOTS WERE TAKEN AT THE JUNCTION OF THE NEW SANDY POINT ACCESS ROAD AND THE PIERCE



FERRY ROAD, 5 MILES NORTH OF MEADVIEW. THE MIDDLE PHOTO SHOWS ROUGH GRADING AND CULVERTS.



EQUIPMENT AND SURVEY CREWS ARE WORKING DAILY MAKING STEADY PROGRESS TOWARDS THE LAKE.

"THE RIVER AND THE LAKE"

BY CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

(Reprinted from the August, 1947 edition of "Arizona Highways")

By CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

Oh! Mother Nature had made one wild sweep with her brush down the side of that fish. Then she had dipped that brush in a dozen or more paints before she tossed her funny handwork aside, labeled "Rainbow."

There he lay, blood red on his gill covers. The "rainbow" stripe that reached to his tail was shaded from pink to scarlet and tinted along the edges with orange. His fins were orange, tipped with white. Just to touch him off, Mammy Nature had waved a spray gun of silver paint in his direction before she threw him in the Colorado River for us to catch!

"Man, oh man," Bruce Dicky sighed reverently. "Look at him. Lit up like a neon sign."

The fish was, too! This trout had just come out of the wild, turbulent, cold-green waters of the Colorado River. It was a good nineteen inches long, thick and muscular. It had put up a terrific fight out there in the boiling, swirling current.

Once, the Colorado River was "too thick to drink and too thin to plow." That was before Hoover Dam was built. Then trout couldn't live in it. But now all the silt settles in the headwaters of Lake Mead, and in the Colorado River below Hoover Dam is some of the finest trout water in the world.

This portion of the river is drawn from Lake Mead at the two and three hundred foot levels. It comes out cold and crystal clear. It roars and rushes down through pressing canyon walls, making Upper Ringbolt Rapids, Crane's Nest Rapids, and finally the Cave Rapids. Then it goes through Eldorado Canyon and begins widening out, getting a little warmer, carrying some sand again.

But, for fifty or more miles this Colorado, which once carried so much silt it looked like a child's "runny" mud pie is now glass-clear and the finest of trout water.

It was right after Hoover Dam began backing up water in Lake Mead, and the Colorado River below cleared up, that the first trout were put into it. Some men from Las Vegas, Nevada, who liked fishing and were real sportsmen obtained some trout fry from the streams on Charleston Mountains and released them in the river below the dam.

Up to 1940 very few individuals knew about the trout in the Colorado River. But that year the Mohave County Game Protective Association sponsored one of the issues of Arizona Wild-Life Sportsman, Arizona's organized hunters' and fishermen's magazine. On the back of it was an illustration of two trout, one on each side of a yardstick. The tails reached right into the 27th inch!

That is when the excitement began. And, since then the caravans of anglers have been increasing in length and frequency in paying homage to those clear waters below the dam.

I have fished there. The first time, we had only an hour. Buddy Fox dropped the anchor in the eddy of Indian Rapids. Using short bait-casting rods, with fifty yards of twelve pound test bait-casting line, a four-ounce sinker and salmon egg clusters for bait, we cast into the current and let the swift water carry it downstream.

It was just getting dusk. The sun, low in the west, silhouetted the other boat on the shimmering silver foil as the light caught the rippling surface.

George Talley, riverman, had taken us to this spot, and he was in the other boat. Suddenly he yelled, as only an angler does when he hooks onto the "bottom of the river," and as we watched, the trout came up, sending a handful of diamond chips flying in the western sun. He fell back, to leap again, quivering and shaking like a gleaming silver shaft in that late light. He curved away

across the back water to leap in the shadow—there, even in the dull light, he gleamed against the black canyon wall.

George held him with ever-taut line, while the trout out his chunks out of the Colorado. Slowly, slowly, George forced the fish closer to the side of the boat—then netted him. As he lifted the trout, I could see it was a bigger fresh water fish than I had ever seen caught.

It was the last one—that time, for it was already dark, and back at the beach I examined my first Colorado River trout under a car's headlights. It was brilliantly colored, deep and wide, and the fins and tail were in perfect condition, showing none of the raggedness which comes of hard living.

The second time, we had just run the Cave Rapids and curved into the sandy beach just below that fast water, tumbling in four foot waves over a riverbed of jumbled boulders.

This time it was "Dutch" Derr, not long from the bleakness of Attu, in the Aleutians. Dutch was not a secondclass fisherman! He had angled for trout in Alaska and Canada. He had landed them in the Appalachians. And when he hooked onto that eighteen inch in the eddy of the Cave Rapids he leaned back on his heels.

The trout was out on plenty of line. Dutch was using a flyrod—and the fish, he was out in the middle of that swift, white water.

Dutch's quivering bamboo caught the sunlight in a scintillating golden curve. The tip beat the fast tempo of the fight against the blue sky as the trout skittered across the churning waters and then around into the rocks. The fish turned and came out. The water boiled where he swirled at the surface and submerged again. We both groaned audibly as Dutch stripped line out of the reel to ease the pressure.

Out there, in that fast water, any trout, and especially a Colorado River rainbow, tested completely the fitness of a man's fishing gear and his ability to use it.

Finally, the trout began to falter in his rushes, and Dutch was beguiling him into the slower, smoother water of the eddy.

My first glimpse of the rainbow against the sandy bottom was a flash of silvery-white as he turned his belly to the sun in a smooth curve, when he rolled on the surface. His light grey-green back was darkly spotted. Even in two feet of water he showed three fingers width of "rainbow."

Gradually my friend worked him closer—and suddenly he caught the exhausted fish unawares and beached him—eighteen inches of the finest game fish that swims.

This year, I've been up there twice, already. Since my first visit in 1943, Willow Beach has been improved. A "reformed" orange grower, of Anaheim, California, one Dutch Flother, has deserted the adjoining state and its citrus groves, and he and his partner, Ed Barry, have built cabins and boat docks in the bend of the river. Instead of sand and boulders and driftwood, there are accommodations for fishermen, rock-hounds, mountain climbers, naturalists, or whatever you happen to be. Dutch and Ed keep a good line of safe boats and powerful motors. They also operate a water taxi service—taking you to any point on the river, either for a few hours' fishing, or a week's camping. They'll drop in on you daily if you want to make a prolonged stay.

If you have your own boat and motor, they'll help you launch it and advise you about the river and the fishing. And—in passing—don't take lightly the advice

about the river, and its currents and rapids! The Colorado River below Hoover Dam ripples through the gorge at approximately 11 miles per hour. She pulls a fourteen-foot skiff with a 22 horsepower motor to her bosom, and can and will give you a wild dance if you get careless. In no case should you be out of reach of a buoyant boat cushion or life-jacket. Boating is safe—if proper respect is paid the swirling green skirts of the old gal from the north.

About tackle to use, it might be best to tell you about my last trip with Ed Williams from Kingman. He is the one man who probably knows more about angling for the mighty river trout than any one other individual.

Ed uses both the short bait-casting rod and the long, light fly rod. When we first went out that morning, we went upstream from Willow Beach into the faster waters. He pulled in below the first rapids and we got out the fly rods. In his choice of light lures, he had spinners, streamer flies, darters, and a small, deep-diving wobbling lure, commonly called flatfish. The smaller wobblers used with the fly rods come in a variety of colors. Ed prefers the black with orange one with black tinting.

We waded out in the back eddy as far as we could in our rubber boots and cast to the edge of the fast water funneling through the rapids. The swift current whips the lure downstream, and it is retrieved in short, erratic moves.

There'll be no doubt in your mind what it is when the trout hits. The line will zip through your fingers and you'll be fast indeed if you can hold your balance without taking a step to recover.

I saw Ed take one in that spot. The fish took his line, by the yard, but Ed, wised up on Colorado River trout, turned him before he got into the fast water. There in the back water of the eddy he leaped. They always do in the Colorado, not one, but several times.

A mile or so upstream, from the first catch, at another rapids we beached our boat again. This time it was Rex Bowen, our companion, yelling. "Hey, I've got one!" He was fishing far down the beach. The low sun shining through an overcast sky back-lighted him and the rippling water. His rod was arched, straining against the boring fish. Suddenly it snapped straight, the line fell slack in his hand. The fish whirled up out of the depths and shook himself violently against the backdrop of rippling silver. Again and again he leaped high, shaking the loose flatfish hooked in his mouth as a terrier shakes a rag. Rex had lost him, and it wasn't long before the trout loosened the hooks and the lure went sailing away down the Colorado. Still the trout was mad, and he rolled on the surface three more times before he sounded.

Then, Ed suggested we move on upriver in the boat. Towering walls of water-carved stone leaned over us as we thundered up the river, our outboard's throb reverberating between the palisades of rock.

The old river man pulled in below another tumbling rapids. The beach was white, river-washed sand. A bar of boulders piled the flow up into a roaring mass of white water. I asked Ed if it had a name.

"No," says, "We haven't really named it yet, but we do call it the 'Brummitt Bumps.'" He chuckled a little as he explained, "Bill Brummitt, from Kingman, tried to cross that rapids in a boat. It turned him over and he lost all his fishing tackle, motors, and everything in the boat. He landed on that bar down there."

The second one he hooked showed me how mistaken I was about the first one. The butt of his rod took the strain and Ed was forced to give him line, stripping it from the reel, but giving up every inch reluctantly. It was no use. The trout took it all. He got into the fast water and away he went with the surplus on Ed's reel. When it was all spooled off, Ed clamped down. The leader, parted at the lure, and Ed reeled in, laughing, "I'll get him—yet!" You could tell his laugh was genuine because as we idled downstream toward Willow Beach he was still talking about the "big one."

Between sheer walls, where no one else would stop, Ed said, "Let's troll."

We rigged up short bait-casting rods that are stiffer than fly rods and can stand the strain of constant pressure. This time we used bigger flatfish.

"Let out about a hundred feet of line," advised Ed, throttling the motor to idling speed.

His technique was interesting. He followed the back water eddy to the wall, upstream, then quartered downstream to the other side in a zig-zagging course. At all times he was fishing, pumping his rod to give

(Continued On Page 4)

"The River and the Lake"

(Continued From Page 3)

the flatfish accentuated action, reeling in until he could see his lure and letting out line until he only had a layer of thread on the spool.

His method was productive. Again and again we hooked the mighty river trout. Some we turned loose, some we kept, and some got away. Those we lost always gained a big roaring cheer from Ed, and the comment, "The fellow that gets him will earn him."

To complete the picture of the Colorado River below Hoover Dam, and its trout fishing, it is necessary to visit Emery's Landing on the Nevada side of the river. You reach it via Searchlight and Nelson, Nevada.

Cabins, meals, boats and motors are there for those who want to tap the famous trout fishing of the Colorado lower down the river than at Willow Beach.

Emery's Landing was pioneered, and is still operated by one of the most colorful of the rivermen, Merle Emery. Incidentally, Merle ferried the first reclamation engineers up the Colorado, through Boulder and Black Canyons, while they studied the walls and picked the site for the huge impoundment now world-famous.

A recent survey of the trout fishing on the river revealed that the fishing pressure is divided approximately 40-60 between Willow Beach and Emery's Landing.

An average of a thousand trout every month come in to Emery's Landing. Each passing week the traffic is heavier, as those who fish for the battlers of the cold-green waters bring more and more friends to this fine fishing stream.

At present, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Nevada and Arizona Game and Fish Commission all participate in stocking the West's finest trout water. It is estimated there is about a 15% natural hatch of trout in the river, as well as that produced in the hatcheries.

Now, a Nevada fishing license is required on the Nevada side of the River, and an Arizona fishing license is required on the Arizona side. A cooperative agreement once existed between the two states, but the Arizona Game and Fish Commission saw fit to terminate it at the beginning of this year. Many feel it is imperative another co-operative plan be worked out, because it is impossible to consider the Colorado River below Hoover Dam anything but fine fishing water for the entire west.

So far as is known, the record catch is 28 1/2 inches of "rainbow." This wasn't the fantastic fish dream of some overheated angler; it weighed 6 1/4 pounds. But, the thing that's exciting to ponder is this: scale readings of the trout caught (much like tree ring readings, fish-culturists tell us) show that none of several hundred recorded are over four years old!

That fact, plus the remembrance that the first trout were put in the river right after Hoover Dam was dedicated in 1936 gives a feller goose bumps. Somewhere in that sixty miles of this mighty trout stream is a fish or two - or more - close to eleven years old!

I wonder how much the titan weighs? I wonder when, where, and who'll catch him?

Let me know if you do!

The Colorado, the ol' gal with the swirling blue-green skirts, has other surprises, too! Both above and below the stretch of icy-cold water which offers such excellent trout fishing, is warm water game fishing!

Yes, in Lake Mead above Hoover Dam and then again below Davis Dam site marking the lower end of the cold trout water in the Colorado is some of the finest bass fishing in the Southwest.

The place commanding the attention of most bass fishermen on Lake Mead is Temple Bar on the Arizona side. You can reach it from junctions on Highway 66 west of Seligman and then from a junction on the Kingman-Hoover Dam Highway.

Surface plugs and deep running artificials provoke Lake Mead bass into striking. Record weight fish are taken regularly with six and seven pounders fairly common.

When the lake's right, almost anytime from September to mid June, pluggin' for bass on Mead is...well, you can cast out a go-deeper, crawler or ding-bat and the water's so clear that you can see 'em come out after it!

Quite a few anglers have joined the "two on one" club while fishing the lake. I mean catching two bass on one lure!

One especially nice feature about fishing the lake is that you're not overrun with other fishermen. For here is a small inland sea, 125 miles long, with probably a thousand miles of coves, back waters and bays where you can put in a whole day of casting and not be bothered!

Too, if you fill your limit of bass, which is ten fish, you can try for channel cats, crappies and bluegills.

What more can a man want?

Perhaps it's river fishing for bass, channels, crappies and bluegills - then take a surfaced highway to Parker, Arizona on the Colorado River. It's the sesame to Lake Havasu equal to Lake Mead in warm water game fish offerings. Both Havasu and Mead have produced prize-winners in national fishing contests - and in the ten, eleven and twelve-pound classes!

Rapidly gaining favor with fishermen from California, Oregon, Washington, Texas and hosts of Arizona nimrods is that stretch of the Colorado below Parker Dam which backs up Lake Havasu.

This relatively new fishing water was discovered by Tommy Kinder, who pioneered a boat landing on the west bank of the river just above Parker. Boats, motors and cabins are available at his Colorado River Boat Camp.

Bass fishing on the river has gained such attention among the West's anglers that a half dozen other fishing camps have been set up.

A hostelry of excellent accommodations offering guest rooms with hotel furnishings, shower baths and meals has just been finished, and will offer its services this fall. River Lodge, as it is called, caters especially to the

man who's got "fishin' fever" and is serious and wants to do something about it. It is just two miles below Parker Dam on the west bank.

Boats, motors and cabins are available at other camps along the river.

Fishing the river has a distinct appeal of its own. The current is fairly strong, and to the uninitiated would be passed up...but, mister, let me tell you that from River Lodge on down past Tommy Kinder's clear to Squaw Dam are some of the most exciting moments!

George Savard of River Lodge had Nelson Huie and me in a boat one night. It was two o'clock in the morning, to be exact. We were anchored in a fast run below a gravel bar - and we were fishin' for channel cats!

We'd let out a hundred or more feet of line weighted with heavy sinkers, to penetrate that powerful current.

There we'd sit, the black, oily-appearing water swirling and gurgling past the boat and gently nudging it. Now and then a star would fall out of the blue-black sky. We'd feel more than hear the whisper of the owl's wings. Off in the distance along the shore a bullfrog stroked his bow on the bass string as he tuned up for the concert.

We talked as men will in the black of night, about...and, suddenly, in the middle of a well-tuned gem of philosophical thought would come a surge on the line, would be a sullen, stubborn, sleek catfish. He'd always have it on his mind to head for Mexican waters, which makes it interesting!

We landed a dozen or more. The next night we had a catfish fry.

Or like the time Tommy Kinder wound up the outboard and took us downstream from his place. Tommy not only runs a fishing camp, but he fishes, and how!

I was in the prow and he stood in the stern, on one foot, the other was on the guiding handle of the motor. It was throttled down until we barely made headway against the current. Tom skillfully swung the boat in and out, following the shoreline at just the right distance for casting.

We were using highly polished spoons. They slipped into the clear blue water and as we retrieved they tumbled and darted, sending rays of light into the depths. Every now and then we'd catch sight of a swiftly-moving shadow coming out from under the gnarled roots, an overhanging bank or a sudden log. Almost faster than you could react, it would attach itself to that glistening spoon, the line would tighten and the rod would bow respectfully to the fighter from the deep, and Tom would chortle advice as he shut off the motor.

Then, as we'd drift back with the current, that bass would put up his fight!

To me, the Colorado River and its lakes are...well, I just don't have the right words in my vocabulary, so I'll just say: "man, it's good fishin' there." Any fisherman will understand what's wrapped up in those words.

FISHERMAN'S CALANDAR

OCTOBER, 1965

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

DECEMBER, 1965

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

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**PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING PERSONS
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OF THE MEADVIEW MONITOR**

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PHONE _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PHONE _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

REQUESTED BY _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PHONE _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

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