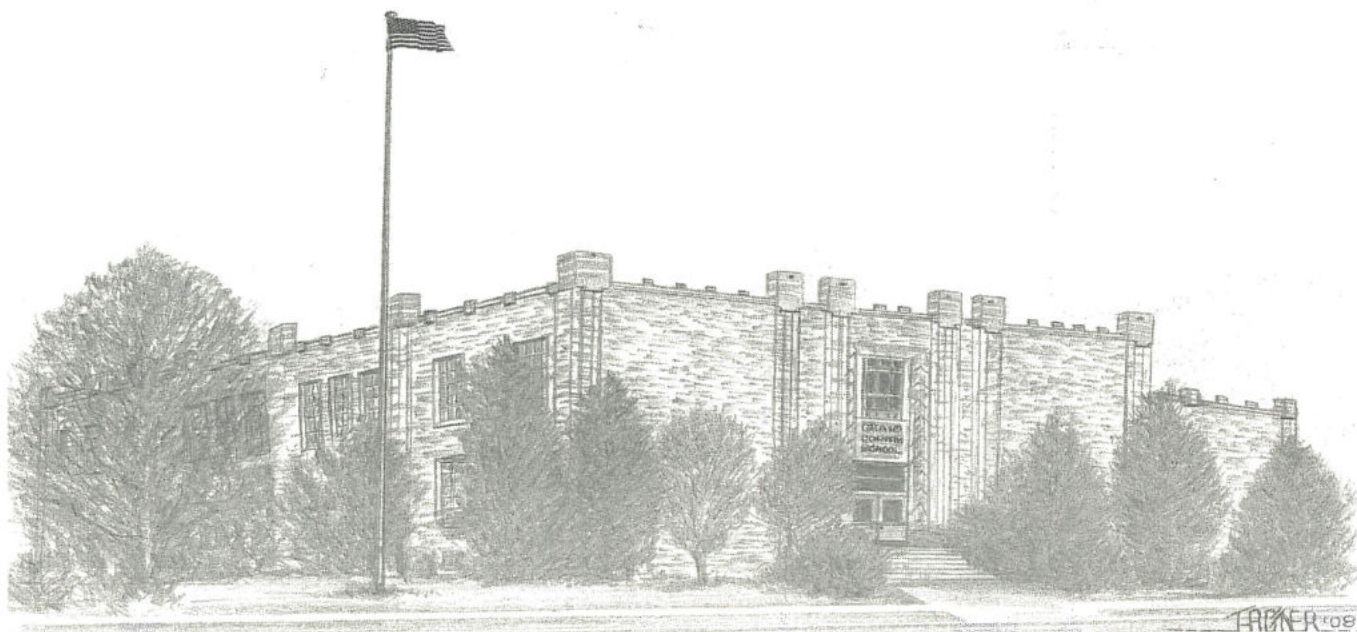


CANYON LEGACY

JOURNAL OF THE DAN O'LAURIE MUSEUM OF MOAB

SPRING 2008 VOLUME 62 \$6.00



From School to City Hall

The life of a building that housed students and now staffers



Also Inside: *A previously unpublished story by the late Pearl Baker, conjecturing about the "real" Spanish Bottom of the Spanish Trail.*

Fran Barnes

Enjoying the photography and writing of one of Moab's best trail guides and promoters.



CANYON LEGACY

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Within this issue of *Canyon Legacy* is a
selection of stories that take us into
the hallways of an old school and into the canyons of
southeastern Utah.

For starters, former Moab resident Janet (Lowe) Buckingham has penned
a story on the history of the old middle school, which has in recent years been
transformed into the new City Center. From the 1930s to the 1990s, many
Moab residents walked those halls as students; now they can go there to visit
with the mayor or attend a city council meeting. Congratulations go out to the
city officials and community members who saw the value in saving the old
building and could envision the stately edifice it has now become. Additional
accolades are due to those people who worked to ensure that it be renovated in
an environmentally sensitive manner.

Moab artist John Hagner has once again generously put pen to paper with
historic flare to draw the cover art for the *Legacy*, showing the old school as it
looked in its early days. His artwork has also graced the cover of the previous
two issues featuring Star Hall and the Moab Arts and Recreation building.

The City Hall story is followed by an unrelated but not uninteresting
manuscript by the late Pearl Baker, who grew up as a cowgirl on her family's
ranch at Robber Roost. She became a writer and is perhaps best known for her
stories about the Wild Bunch and her early life on the ranch. Pearl operated a
book store in Green River and was an avid historian. When I was a child, Pearl
would frequent the offices of my family's business, *The Times-Independent*,
often with a story in hand and surely a story to tell. She was a big woman with
a big presence, and as a little girl I both feared and respected her. On one such
occasion she delivered a story for possible publication, which somehow never
found its way into the pages of the *T-I*. One day last fall, while my mom, Adrien
Taylor, was going through some of her old files, she came across the story and
offered it as a submission to the *Legacy*. It's a fine piece that offers to unravel
some mysteries about the Spanish Bottom Crossing of the Old Spanish Trail.
Although Pearl has been gone for many years, it's a treat to hear her voice again.

Complementing the Spanish Bottom piece are some stories and photographs
by the late Fran Barnes, who spent a sizeable chunk of his life extolling the
virtues of canyon country to prospective visitors. Barnes wrote dozens of stories
and guide books about the area, and the selections in this issue should help the
reader to envision the country that Pearl Baker wrote about.

Barnes' enthusiasm for the beauty of southeastern Utah was boundless.
His business partner and wife, Terby, was a board member of the Museum of
Moab, and over the years each contributed articles to the *Legacy*. A couple of
years ago Terby donated the archives of their works to the Museum of Moab for
preservation and documentation. It will take a momentous effort to catalogue
the collection, but work is underway to do just that. Some day, the public will be
able to view a sampling of the Barnes' works in digital format.

Fran Barnes died in 2003 and Terby passed away just last month, as this issue
of the *Legacy* was being put together. Their many writings will continue to serve
as guides and positive commentaries on the beauty of canyon country.

—Sena Hauer

On the front cover, a drawing of the old public school, by John Hagner.

On the back cover, The Three Gossips, by Fran Barnes.

For information on becoming a member of the Museum of Moab, please write
to 118 E. Center St., Moab, UT 84532; or phone 435-259-7985.

*The mission of the Museum of Moab is to preserve and display
artifacts and information, and to promote research and education that
accurately reflect the natural and cultural history of the Moab area.*

CANYON LEGACY

VOLUME 62 SPRING 2008

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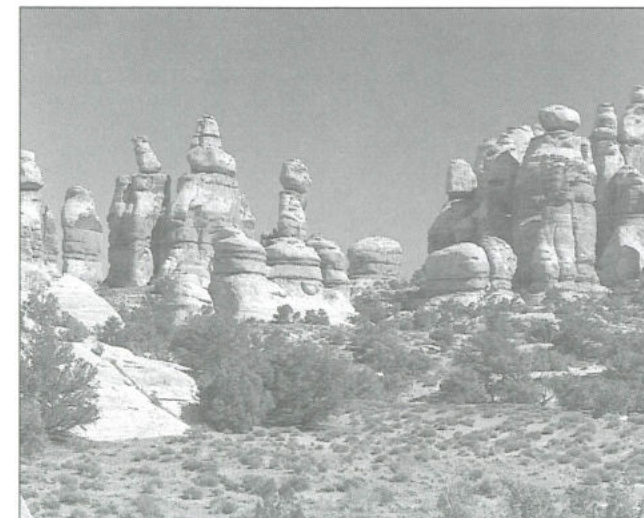
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From School to City Hall

The life of an old school and how it has become the jewel of City Center

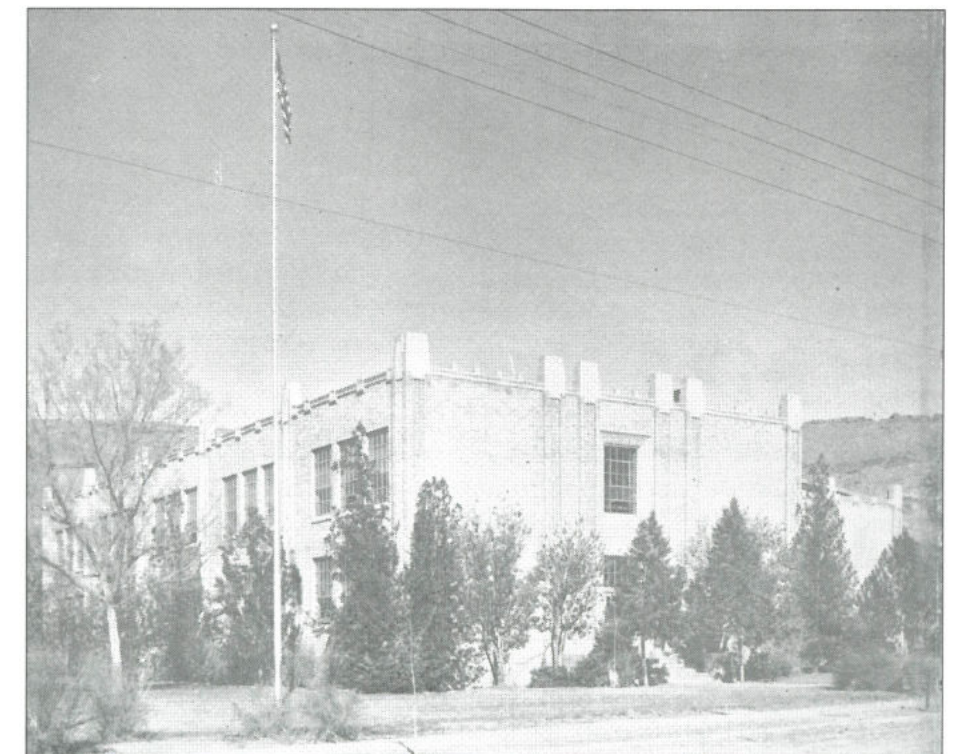
The face of Moab has changed dramatically in the last two decades. Buildings have tumbled to make way for new motels or restaurants. Some of Moab's landmarks dating back to the early days of development and settlement of the community have simply vanished. That is why it is so encouraging to see the City of Moab fall in love with an old building and refurbish it for new uses. Although the acquisition and remodeling of the Old Middle School on Center Street for the new Moab City Hall was fraught with controversy, the building is today the beautiful anchor at the center of the community.

Constructed as a Public Works Administration project with a school district bond in 1934, it replaced the old Central School, which was razed to construct the new school building. Designed by the architectural firm Scott and Welch from Salt Lake City, proposals for building the new

This story's author, Janet (Lowe) Buckingham lived in Moab for 17 years. She is a former director of the Moab Arts and Recreation Center. Buckingham has been a regular contributor to *Canyon Legacy*. She is the author of "Into the Mystery: A Rock Art Tour of the Moab Area," and has authored many travel guides about Utah for Fodor's Travel Publications of New York City. She is a former writer for *The Times-Independent* newspaper in Moab and wrote a monthly column in *Moab Happenings* for six years. Her poetry can be found in "Glyphs" and numerous anthologies across the country. She is currently residing in Kodiak, Alaska, where she is director of the Chamber of Commerce.

At left, the old school has been transformed into the anchor of City Center in downtown Moab. Renovations were completed in 2005. Photo by Sena Hauer.

At right, a photograph of the building during its heyday as a high school, and prior to any modifications. Photograph used with permission from the City of Moab.



school came in between \$134,379 and \$147,000. Plans were for a two-story building with 20 classrooms and a gymnasium. The building would be "strictly fireproof" and would "in every respect be one of the finest school structures in the state." The building was the first municipal PWA project to reach the stage of actual construction in the State of Utah.

In February of 1934, the job to construct the building was awarded to T.G. Rowland of Salt Lake City. The cost was to be \$119,048.

Unfortunately, the bond election had to be taken back to the voters because the PWA insisted upon serial bonds as opposed to term bonds. The original bond election was overwhelmingly approved by the community in a vote of 181 in favor and 22 against. The second election was also approved with 211 in favor and 21 against.

Demolition of the old Central School began in March of '34. All materials of any value were salvaged, including doors, windows and lumber. Much of the salvaged

lumber was sold to the public, and the community pitched in to help with the job of cleaning up the debris left by the demolition. "Each man or boy working Saturday will be given his choice of two show tickets or two dance tickets, in addition to two tickets to a free supper to be served at the high school," *The Times Independent* reported.

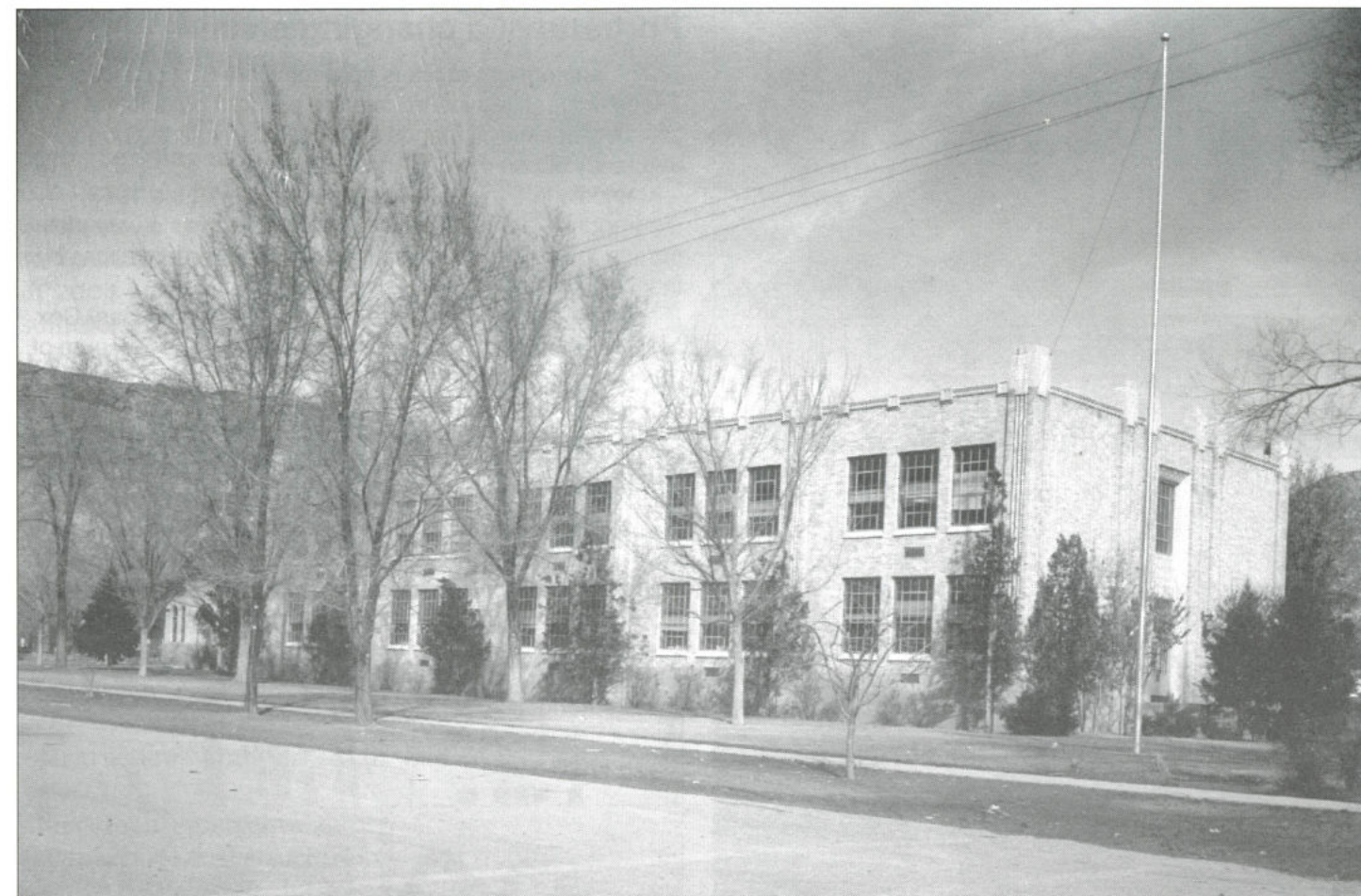
Construction began in June with 15 men. Before the project was over up to 40 men were working on the new school building. Construction was ahead of schedule, and as it neared completion the newspaper reported, "The building was designed with an eye to convenience and to the needs of the community, and every department of the school will be cared for perfectly. Moreover, the structure is beautiful with its graceful exterior walls and attractive terra cotta trim making it the most outstanding building in the community." The final cost of the building was \$136,000 with an actual cost to Grand County of \$90,000 to be paid back over the course of 20 years.

The building was dedicated on December 21, 1934, with a full day of celebration and nearly 1,000 people in attendance. There was a children's parade, flagpole dedication, children's dance, banquet, dedicatory exercises, basketball game and finally a dedication ball. Festivities began



M O G R A N D A H

The old school was featured on the cover of Grand County High School's year book, "Mograndah," in the 1950s. The name of the year book, still in use today, is a combination of the words Moab, Grand and Utah. Photograph used with permission from Grand County School District.



This undated photograph of the old school is from the files of the City of Moab. The front of the building is to the right of the photograph, and the broad side faces west toward what is now the Center Street Gym. The photograph was taken from 200 East Street before it was vacated for the construction of the gymnasium in the late 1960s. Photo used with permission from the Museum of Moab, #LLC-s-8.

at 10:30 in the morning and the citizens of Grand County were still celebrating at 1:30 a.m.

The school opened as a 12-grade school house, and for nearly 20 years it served the community well. But 1952 brought big surprises to the small town. Moab filled with uranium prospectors and new businesses to support the people who moved here to work that industry. When the school opened in the fall that year, enrollment had increased to spectacular numbers. Before the uranium boom ended, school enrollment had increased from 300 students to 2,000. Helen M. Knight, superintendent of schools at the time, reported that somehow they managed to "fit all those children into the one 12-grade

building" the first year. They had to resort to double sessions, and even so, there were still two students at each desk. School lunch was prepared in a makeshift kitchen on a 12-lid coal cook stove; for many children of transient families, this was their only meal of the day.

The school district and weary teachers limped through the difficult time with tremendous support and volunteer efforts from parents and other community members. Relief finally came in 1955, when bonding was passed for a new elementary building (now Helen M. Knight Intermediate School). A new high school was built in the mid-1960s (on property that is now immediately behind City Market), and with classes then being held in

three different schools, the old 12-grade school finally became known as "the middle school."

In 1997, the current new high school was built, and the operations of the old middle school on Center Street moved to the vacated high school. At that time, the old 12-grade school was closed down. It had served Grand County students for 63 years.

Nothing could stir up conversation like what to do with a giant old building. There were people who called it a dinosaur and wanted it torn down to make room for a new and shiny facility. There was a second camp that wanted to preserve it; that camp existed in the form of the City of Moab. The city worked diligently with the school district



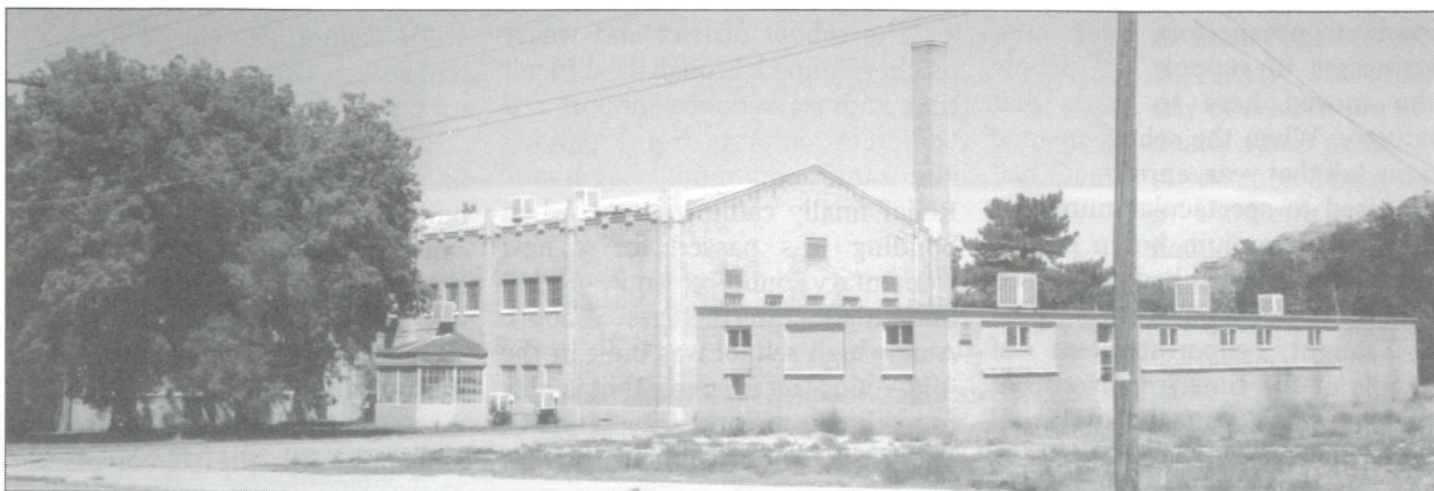
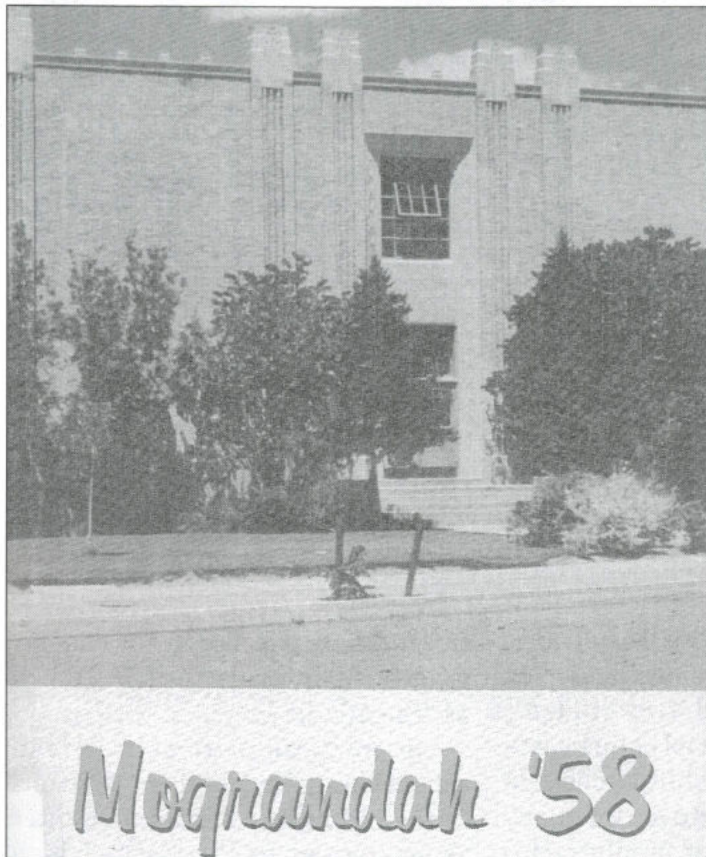
Portraits of a changing place

The photograph at left is from the Cary Cox collection. These unidentified individuals are pictured outside the old school with several friends in the 1950s. Note the doors and fancy tile on the entrance.

At middle left, the school is on the cover of the 1958 Mograndah year book. The photograph shows a very plain front to the building, as compared to recent renovations by the City of Moab.

The photograph at center right is also from the Cary Cox collection. The individuals are unidentified. The Museum of Moab would appreciate any information as to the identities of the persons in the photographs.

The photograph at the bottom of the page is taken from Center Street looking northwest. The picture, probably taken in the 1980s, shows the shop building to the right of the school. That building was razed prior to construction of the new Grand County Library. The beautiful green house room in the center of the school has been renovated by the City of Moab, and is part of the city council meeting space. Photo used with permission from the Museum of Moab, #86-6.



and other community entities to find a way to preserve and use the architecturally-unique building. In 1998, Moab City obtained ownership of the building in a land trade with the Grand County School District. Renovation to convert the vacant school into Moab City Center began in 2004 and was completed in the summer of 2005.

From the beginning, Moab City had two architectural and design goals for the restoration of the old building. City officials wanted to preserve the historic features of the building and incorporate into the building environmentally sustainable design elements. Architects from Cooper Roberts Simonsen Associates were awarded the design contract and worked with general contractor Layton Construction, both based in Salt Lake City.

More than 95 percent of the original historical structure was retained during renovation. The interior of the building changed most dramatically, as classrooms were converted to usable office space and meeting facilities. Even so, more than 26 percent of the interior elements of the building were retained during renovation. Use of recycled material was integrated into the construction plan. An innovative geothermal heating and cooling system is shared with adjacent buildings. Grand County Public Library and the city recreation and teen center buildings also utilize the earth's natural stored energy to provide heating and cooling.

As a result of their diligence in renovating the old structure into an environmentally-friendly



This photograph is of the 1940s Future Farmers of America Club from Grand County High School. Note that some of the men have matching plaid jackets. Used with permission from Cary Cox.



This photograph of the Grand County High School football team is believed to have been taken in 1942. Front row: Floyd (Lee) Cox, #27 Max Day, #34 Bob Burr, #33 Kent Somerville, #24 Buck Taylor, #12 Gordon (Duge) Westwood, #36 Eugene Dalton. Middle row: #35 Bob Taylor, #21 Baxter Bailey, #26 Ralph Miller, #22 Max Allen, #20 Bob Taylor, Coach Willard. Back row: #25 Frank L. Haywood, #32 George Dalton, #19 Calvin Wise, Ken Westwood, #35 Melvin Dalton, #37 Homer Taylor, #38 Earl Brown. Photo from the Cary Cox collection.

building, Moab City Center qualified for Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design certification from the U.S. Green Building Council. Many other environmental awards followed for the energy-efficient reconstruction of the old middle school.

Moab Mayor Dave Sakrison noted that the City Center project can be a model of sustainable design for Moab and other communities. "We've talked about the need to bring sustainable ideas to Moab, and with the City Center project, we've implemented those ideas," stated Sakrison. "I'm proud of the project, the sense of pride it instills, and the ethics of environmental stewardship it promotes. And I'm also thrilled that the design efficiencies are paying off in lower utility bills."

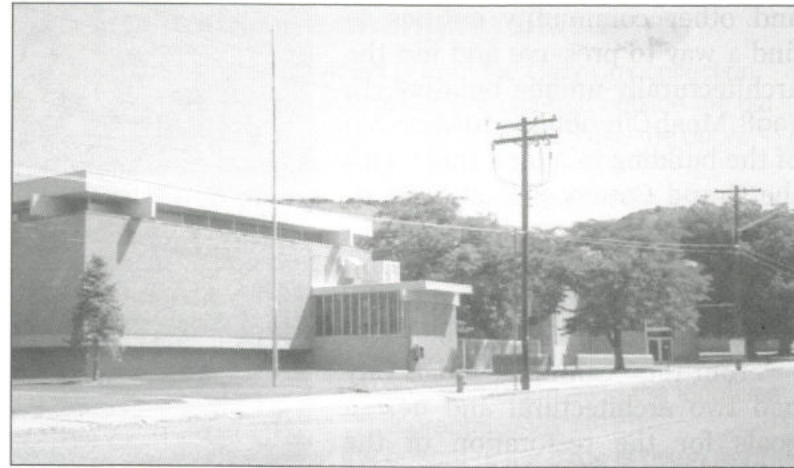
From the start, city leaders agreed the project should seek special environmental certifications despite budgetary pressures to keep construction costs down.

City Manager Donna Metzler said, "It took more time to plan and design a project like this, and there were cost issues we had to weigh and consider during the course of the project, but we are seeing a return on that investment of time and money every time we pay our utility bills. This summer will mark the end of the third year we have been in the building. That should be enough time to have sufficient data to see just how much we have been saving. The preliminary numbers indicate we're all going to be impressed and pleased."

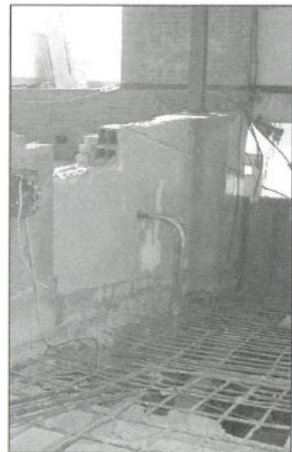
Today, 63 years' worth of students occasionally wander through the new City Hall and attempt to pick out their old classrooms. They remember where they got a scolding from the principal or sat and read a favorite book. Administrative offices for the school have been replaced by offices for the mayor and city manager. Classrooms that were once filled with noisy children are now occupied by the city treasurer and chief of police. Remnants of the old gymnasium are still visible in storage areas of the building.

Even those folks who didn't particularly want to see the old structure preserved admit that the building and its beautiful grounds honor a time in Moab that is long past. Some people even swear they can hear a faint school bell ring through the halls about every 50 minutes or so.

Moab City Center is located at 217 E. Center and is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.



The Museum of Moab photograph above (#86-5) shows the Center Street Gym, with the old middle school in the background. A close inspection shows the entrance to the school building through glass doors that were added to the building in the 1960s. When the building was renovated decades ago to be a middle school, a flight of stairs was tacked onto this south side, and encased in windows and brick. The photographs immediately below, courtesy of Layton Construction, show those stairs being removed in order for the building entrance to more closely resemble its original architecture. One note of interest is that 200 East Street, where the Center Street Gym stands, was vacated in the 1960s to make room for the gym. The remaining photographs on this page show the interior of the building being gutted. Photos courtesy Layton Construction.



2005 Featured a Grand Re-Opening

The old became new in Moab with the grand opening of Moab's new City Center—housed in the old Grand County Middle School—on September 30, 2005.

The renovation of the middle school was a project eight years in the making. The Grand County School District announced plans to sell the facility in 1997, which is when Moab City offered to remodel the existing building – originally built in 1934 – into a 30,000-square-foot city center. Interior Construction Specialists (ICS), a subsidiary of The Layton Companies, was awarded the renovation contract and began construction in November 2004. Cooper Roberts Simonsen Architecture was the project architect.

Work on the Moab City Center was completed in August 2005. Thanks to the hard work of the project team, the facility was turned from a vacant, historical middle school into the center of the city. Many of Moab's residents attended the school and, along with Moab leaders, felt its preservation was important to the city's history, as well as vital to its tourism.

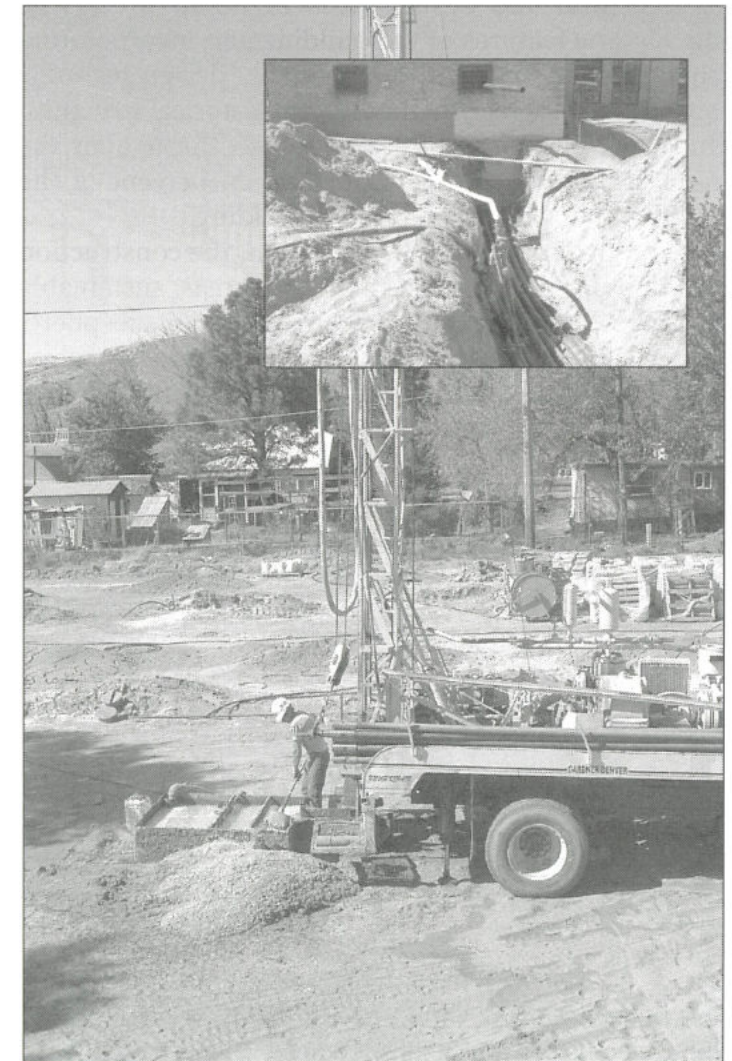
The project team did work on both the exterior and interior of the building. Exterior work included landscaping, the demolition of an addition and construction of a new roof membrane, as well as work on the outward appearance of the building itself. The crew was able to successfully restore the building to its original look.

The interior was completely revamped and includes office space, council chambers, police headquarters and public areas. The project team had to do extensive work to bring the building up to date and meet safety codes. The internal design of the building contains several state-of-the-art components, including a geothermal heating and cooling system that is saving the city thousands of dollars in monthly utility bills. The system is also used by the neighboring Center Street Gym and the new library. Crews also installed energy efficient thermal pane windows throughout the city center, a new fire sprinkler system, and a new elevator and stairway in the interior of the building.

Interior Construction Specialists is Utah's largest commercial renovation and remodeling contractor. Previous renovation projects include Midvale City's Performing Arts Center, Wasatch County School District's North School, and the Promised Valley Playhouse.



The photographs on this page were taken by Layton Construction during the renovation process. They show the geothermal wells being dug on the property, and the pipes that help move the temperatures of the earth into the buildings.



City Center Receives Environmental Honors

In early 2008, the Moab City Center received a Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) Silver certification from the U.S. Green Building Council.

Renovation of the more than 70-year-old building was completed by Interior Construction Specialists (ICS) and architectural firm Cooper Roberts Simonsen Associates. ICS worked closely with the architect and Moab officials to define the scope and constructability of the building. The renovation marks the building's third go-around as a public building. It was originally constructed in 1934 as a central school and was later converted to a middle school in the 1960s. In its new capacity as City Center, the building houses city offices that include the police department, administration and elected officials offices and areas for planning and zoning, the city treasurer, city recorder, city engineering department, city recreation and economic development.

The building's renovation was completed with two architectural and design goals in mind: preserving the historic features of the building and incorporating environmentally-friendly sustainable design features. More than 95 percent of the original historical structural and shell elements were maintained throughout the renovation, along with more than 25 percent of the interior elements of the original building.

To qualify for a LEED certification, the construction of a building must address six major areas: sustainable sites, water efficiency, energy and atmosphere, materials and resources, indoor environmental quality, and innovation and design process. Several "green" elements went into the Moab City Center Renovation project:

Recycled materials were used where possible.

An innovative geothermal heating and cooling system utilizes the earth's natural stored energy to provide heating and cooling. That system is shared with the adjacent Grand County Library and City Recreation and Teen Center.

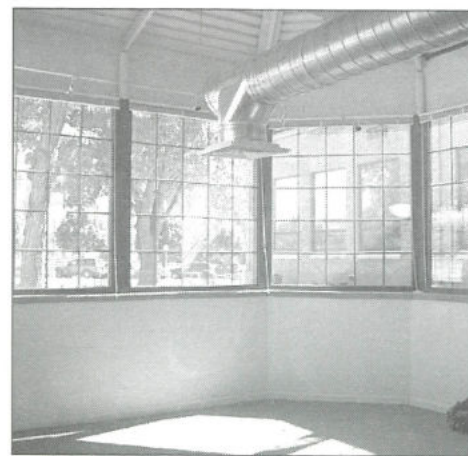
The site was designed to contain all storm water runoff on site, a system that in turn contributes to recharging the aquifer.

Native plants were placed to intermix with shade trees and outdoor art, creating park-like grounds and public space.

Energy-efficient electrical equipment, along with low-flow plumbing fixtures, provide a model of sustainable design for the rest of the community.

By achieving a Silver rating, the Moab City Center joins a list of more than 80 other projects throughout the State of Utah that have been designated as LEED-certified by the U.S. Green Building Council. The facility has also received the 2006 Utah Governor's Quality Growth Award, Best Restoration Project/Silver Award from Intermountain Contractor, Certificate of Energy Resource Stewardship from Rocky Mountain Power, and the Urban Design Award of Merit from the Utah Chapter of the American Planning Association.

Interior Construction Specialists is one of The Layton Companies, a construction and engineering service organizations based in Salt Lake City. The Moab City Center is the third project constructed by The Layton Companies that has been built to LEED standards – the company also completed the Draper Library and Utah Olympic Oval using Green Building practices. Both of those facilities are located on the Wasatch Front.



These photographs, provided by Layton Construction, show the beautifully renovated offices and meeting rooms.



This picture shows the finished product and a building with a remarkable history and future.

Photograph used with permission from Layton Construction.

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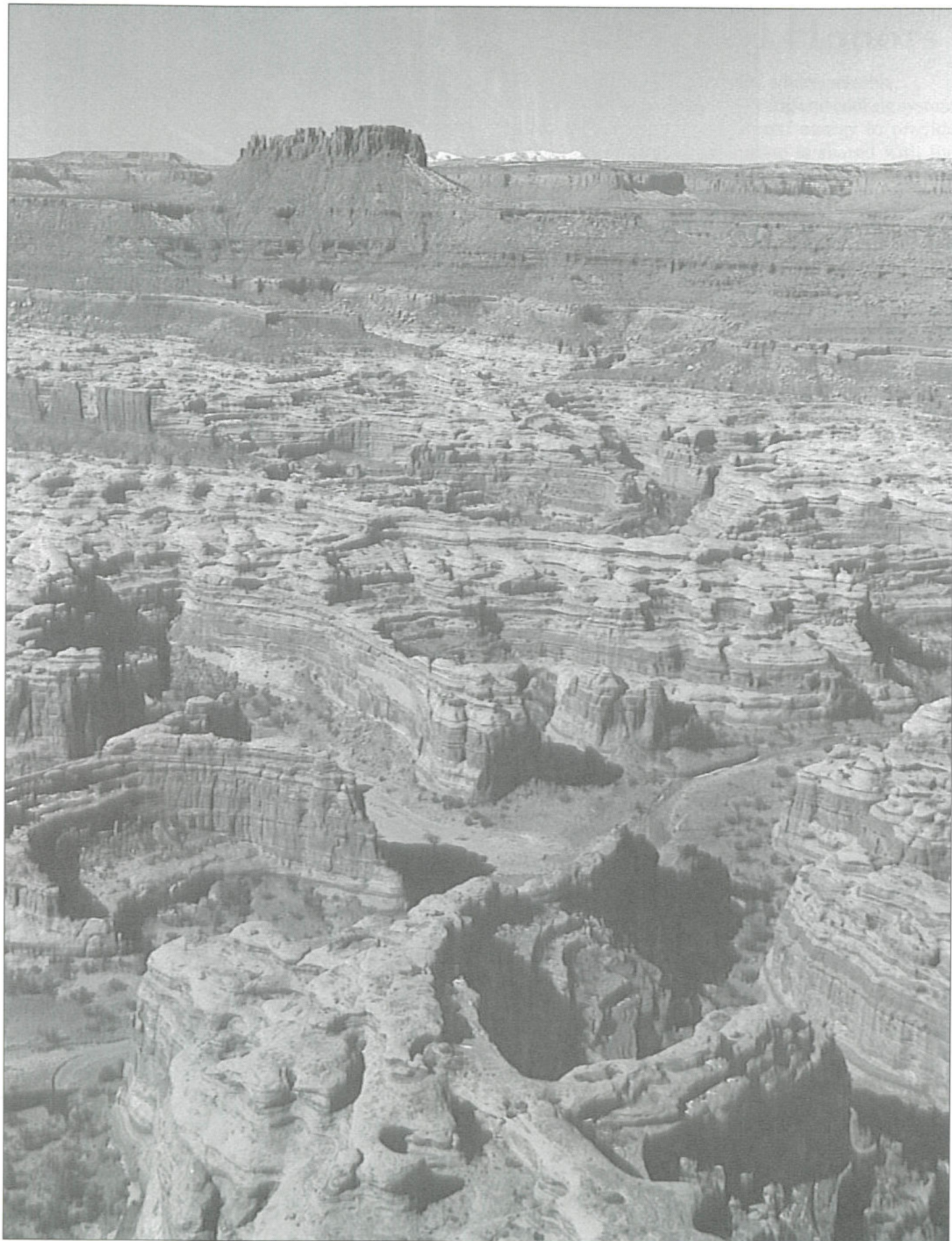
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Spanish Bottom

The late Pearl Baker, noted author and southeastern Utah resident, gives her take on how this landmark got its name

The late Pearl Baker (1907-1992) was a cowgirl, a writer, an historian and gift shop owner. She grew up tending cattle on her family's Robbers Roost Ranch near Green River, Utah. She wrote several books about life in southeastern Utah, including "Robbers Roost Recollections" and "The Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost."

Baker was a frequent visitor to the offices of *The Times-Independent* in Moab, and was a good friend of co-publishers Sam and Adrien Taylor. In October, 1988, she submitted a story to the newspaper that never got published. The topic was the Spanish Trail crossing at Spanish Bottom. "I wish you had room to run this," Baker jotted in a cover letter to the publishers. "I think I have solved this sticky problem."

Baker owned and operated Pearl Baker's Canyonlands Gifts and Books in Green River, where she lived. Her stationery bore the motto, "Books of the West for Westerners Everywhere," and featured a logo of a Big Horn Sheep.

"This article was not written for publication, but to send around to people who might be interested, and I think you are one," she wrote to the Taylors. "I didn't build a background for it, nor footnote it because the reason I wrote it was to suggest a solution to those who might care about it."

"Probably there will never be any documentation of the Spanish Bottom Crossing by that name. The three crossings of Green River, Grand River at Moab, and the one above Cataract are so different that anyone can sort them out in accounts of travel through this area. However, it took someone with complete familiarity with the country, horse sense and a little book smarts to figure this out. I think, in all modesty, that I qualify," penned Baker.

"Use this material any way you care to: copy it, even get it printed if you can. I have had my fun with it!" she wrote. What follows, with a few modifications and a few unanswered questions, is her first-person story.

The photograph at left, taken by the late Fran Barnes, is a landscape view of the Maze District of Canyonlands National Park. Much of this country is described in the accompanying story about Spanish Bottom. All Barnes stories and photographs in this issue of *Canyon Legacy* used with permission from the Museum of Moab.

The Spanish Bottom Crossing of the Spanish Trail.

A controversy has raged for more than a hundred years between people who live in southeastern Utah and historians about whether or not the Old Spanish Trail crossed the Colorado River at Spanish Bottom. There was so much evidence of the trail on the country both east and west of the crossing, that we who knew the region have been sure that it did, but there was no documentation in either Spanish or American records.

Mary Beckwith spent a good deal of time and money on research, even making a trip down to the crossing. On this tour Randall Henderson named the Dollhouse, in the Maze section of what is now Canyonlands National Park, and it has been called that ever since. [He was editor of *Desert Magazine* for many years. That publication was based in Palm Desert., California, and he spent a lot of time in the 1930s and '40s in Moab generating stories for his magazine.] Beckwith gave up in trying to document anything. There were not even any Spanish inscriptions on the rocks. Her parting remark was: "Slavers leave no tales or trails."

But she did fire up the interest of Bert Silliman, a longtime Green River resident and farmer, and he said he had solved the mystery, but he died before he could get the information compiled. I helped Bert in the 1950s, but I had moved away and do not know what he had learned.

In the fall of 1987, I decided to use the winter months to run this down. I had the library get me some books, but they were unable to locate the LeRoy and Ann Hafen



"Books of the West for
Westerners Everywhere"

October, 1988

Dear

Sam & Adrian

book
[*Old Spanish
Trail*, University
of Nebraska Press, 1954]

saying there was no such book.

I knew I had read it in the '50s when it first came out, and the description of a crossing reported as the Green River Crossing sounded like Spanish Bottom to me. Finally a friend of mine, Robert Seely, Jr., who worked at the University of Utah, located the book there and I got it on a library loan. It was a delight after all those heavy, dark, dull books I had been trying to read. They gave crossings, Green River crossings, but that wasn't what I wanted.

When Mexico decided that, in order to pull her colonies of California and New Mexico together and control that vast domain between, she would have to establish an overland link, Escalante was sent to explore a caravan route. He was only partially successful, but he did establish one fact: the Green River had to be crossed by this trail. He had crossed the Gunnison [called the Grand then] and the Colorado above where they joined at Grand Junction, and the only big river was the Green.

The upper reaches of the Colorado Plateau were desert and not supposed to be beaver country. It was slashed by deep canyons and was never really explored. The Green River was well known north of the area, so any large river had to be the Green.

Silliman did discover that the early trail was called the Bears Ears Trail (Orejas des Osa), which was a prominent landmark on the Abajo Mountains. From Ute Mountain, the first caravan moved to the Bears Ears, and an Indian guide then took it back under the Abajos, through Canyonlands and down to the crossing of the river just above the Cataracts. The canyon wall on the north side of the river looked impregnable, but there was a small fault crack that allowed a rock slide to give uncertain footing to Indians who had used the trail

for centuries.

The way then wound around through the Land of Standing Rocks into Waterhole Flat, and the next landmark was Sunset Pass into the head of Hatchie Canyon. Down that and up the North Fork into the South Fork of Happy Canyon, later caravans beat a deep trail down Happy Canyon to the Dirty Devil, up the river and across, and out on the west through Poison Spring Canyon.

From the Burr Desert the next landmark was Temple Mountain. Past it through Sinbad to Castle Valley the trail wound, over to Huntington Canyon, and up it to Skyline Drive, down it to Spanish Fork Canyon. This route was feasible, cutting quite a distance off Escalante's wanderings, but there were still several loops that could be cut off of it.

Poison Springs is a misnomer. The springs spurt out in little jets from a seam in the rock for several inches before they drop off into the wash. Old cowboys found these little squirts very suggestive and gave it a name not socially acceptable. However, as time went on and they needed to call it something in mixed company, someone hit upon this as being the closest to what they had named it, satisfying both the cowboys and the ladies. The water is as sweet and pure as all other springs, filtered through red and white sandstone of this country.

Probably the first shortcut was the Bears Ears run-around. From Dolores going west, the trail was laid out straight across the south end of Dry Valley, past Church Rock and down into Indian Creek. There are still places in the soft sandrock of the canyons where the hard hoofs of the mules cut the trail into the rock two or three inches.

The northern end of the way in this area was dropped when a route was explored from southern Utah up Salina Canyon and down Ivie Creek on this side of the mountain. There was probably no definite track from the crossing of the Muddy, until it was crossed again at Hanksville. There is supposed to be a Spanish inscription near Tan Seep on the San Rafael Swell not too far from the Muddy. From the crossing of the Muddy and Fremont near the present Hanksville, Burr Desert made a short day to the head of Poison Spring Canyon.

Early explorer William Wolfskill mapped a new

route by going north from Dry Valley and crossing the Colorado (then called the Grand) near Moab and the former Atlas Uranium Mill site. There, the river is slow and shallow with a good bottom and banks. Wolfskill then came on to the Green River, crossing over some sere, sterile country, with the same conditions. This route was so hard on the animals that it was not much used.

[Wolfskill was a frontiersman and trapper from Kentucky who in 1820 joined with several other mountain men to trap beaver in New Mexico and southern Colorado. They were among the first to explore what would be known as the Sante Fe Trail, and were known as the Taos Trappers. He later went to California in 1831, seeking his fortune.]

I was surprised at how many caravans used this route to take woven woolen goods to California to trade for the big mules and good horses that California had to excess. Literally thousands covered the trail in big caravans spring and fall. Summers were too hot to travel, and snow blocked the passes in the winter. Each caravan had to number about 200 to ward off Indian depredations in California, Nevada and Utah. Slaves were carried both ways.

[In the following paragraph, the author refers to an individual by the last name of Hafen, and does not provide a first name or any reference. She most likely was referring to LeRoy R. Hafen, the author of numerous books including *Old Spanish Trail: Santa Fe to Los Angeles*, and a 15-volume series of documentary material known as *Far West and the Rockies Series*. During his distinguished career, he was an official historian for the state of Colorado and a professor at Brigham Young University. He died in 1985 at the age of 91.]

Baker continues: Hafen gives a wonderful account of packing the mules every morning. The packs had been taken off the night before and each mule's whole regalia piled together with the property of the member of the caravan. In the morning, the mules were herded into camp and muleteers held them closely bunched. Other muleteers roped out each animal, took it to the proper pack, packers (two per mule) placed a blindfold of carved leather over the animal's eyes which caused

it to stand quietly until the pack was expertly and securely tied on. The packers then yelled "Adios" "Vaya" or "Anda" as they tied up the last rope, and other muleteers took the animal out to hold with his laden brethren. In an incredibly short time the mules could be packed and the caravan on its way. No breakfast was eaten by the men; in fact, the only meal of the day was a sort of mush called amole which was eaten in the evening. Parched, ground corn was favored for this meal, because it was light to carry and swelled in cooking over the little campfires until the eater thought he had had a meal. Likely every man carried a private pack of jerky or pemmican which he chewed during the day, but the trip was no picnic any way you look at it.

When E. T. Wolverton went into the Under the Ledge country to prospect for oil, he found evidence of many of these little camps strung along the canyons. [Wolverton was an early prospector in and near the Henry Mountains in country below Robbers Roost.]

I wish you had room to run this. I think I have solved this sticky problem Pearl

Wolverton called the little camps "visitas." These visitas and the deeply trodden trail were clearly discernible until the 1920s and '30s when sheep blanketed the range and destroyed every vestige of sign.

Another factor that historians did not consider but that we natives were entirely aware of was animal culture. A mule can travel long distances on very little forage and get along OK, but it has to have water. In these deep canyons, both in Canyonlands and on the west side of the Spanish Bottom Crossing, there was water from rainwater tanks, as well as wet weather seeps that welled up in the canyon floor and ran sometimes for miles in a trickle. Mules of the caravans had access to water all day long, and came through in fine shape until the good grazing of southern Colorado was reached.

Historians find it difficult to credit that the Spanish Steps were built by caravan travelers so that the mules could climb out the narrow crack in the ledge. However, Ned Chaffin tells me that his father knew about the steps in the 1890s when he prospected for gold rush on

the San Juan and Colorado rivers. [Chaffin's father started the Chaffin Ferry at Hite near what is now the upper reaches of Lake Powell. He also operated a farm there.]

There have been other explanations about the steps, but this satisfies me. These steps were slabs of rock

...it occurred to me that horses and mules could have been driven back and forth on the Green River Crossing all day without any particular problem. And suddenly I could see the answer we were all seeking. It was not the name the traveler gave the crossing, it was the description of the crossing that identified it.

set in and packed so expertly that they remain today as passable as they did 50 [now 70] years ago.

Three river crossings were used by the caravans: one near Moab, the Green River under the Book Cliffs near Green River and the Spanish Bottom Crossing. The one at Moab was called the Grand because the Colorado River from the junction of the Colorado and Gunnison [called the Grand at that time] to the confluence with the Green River was called the Grand until May of 1923, when it was officially changed to the Colorado. It crossed near the present [now former Atlas uranium] mill, and was wide, slow running, with good bottom and banks.

The Green River Crossing was split by an island. From east to west, the traveler crossed about half the stream onto the lower end of the island, went two or three miles up the island, and crossed the western

branch of the river.

Neither of these crossings was difficult, but the Spanish Bottom Crossing was a different cup of tea. It carried the water from both of these large streams in a swift-running stream aimed directly at the Cataracts. The banks were

hard to get up, the crossing angled sharply upstream from west to east, and the lashing currents carried everything down to the maw of the rapid with deadly force. It was dangerous and greatly feared, but once across, the mules made the trip in so much better shape that it was worth the risk.

In one of the big books I was researching, mention was made of a group of slaves, older children and women, standing on the bank, wet and shivering, their hands bleeding from being tied to the packsaddle of a mule. At the time I thought it was a little brutal to treat people that way, but they had to be put across the river, safely and quickly. I could envision a big, strong mule led out into deep water, eight or ten slaves herded out to him and tied securely to the pack saddle. The mule then hauled his cargo across into deep water on the other side, the slaves were cut loose and herded to the bank. When this was called the Green River Crossing, I lost interest.

Thinking it over later, it occurred to me that horses and mules could have been driven back and forth on the Green River Crossing all day without any particular problem. And suddenly I could see the answer

we were all seeking. It was not the name the traveler gave the crossing, it was the description of the crossing that identified it. Calling the Spanish Bottom Crossing the Green River Crossing, which was done in the early days, did not make it so. If I had figured this out before I tried to read all those deadly dull books, I am sure I could have put the proper names on at least a few of the crossings.

Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch used Dandy Crossing, at the mouth of White Canyon at Hite, but the Spanish Bottom Crossing and trail were their secret back door to the Roost. Charlie Siringo tells of going that way and meeting Butch's brother Dan at Monticello. In fact, three of the Wild Bunch, Bob Ricker, Gene Grimes and Jack Moore, took a herd of stolen cattle over the old Spanish Trail. [Siringo was a Pinkerton detective who operated all over the western United States. He rode after thieves, murderers and rustlers. He was said to be a master of disguise and infiltrated many outlaw gangs. He once chased after the notorious Wild Bunch.] A full account of this is in my book, *Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost*.

All winter they had gathered a few head of cows at a time and put them down into Poison Spring Box. In the early spring they gathered the herd, took it down the canyon to the Dirty Devil River, crossed, and pushed the cattle up Happy Canyon, over into Hatchie Canyon, through Sunset Pass, wound through Standing Rocks and down the Spanish steps to Spanish Bottom. Ricker told Neil Hanks [a resident of the region] about it that summer after he returned to the Roost, and Neil gave me a full account of the trip. The next morning when they put the cattle into the Colorado, the sun blinded the leaders and they could not see the farther bank. They balked midstream and whipped

around into a mill.

When a river goes over a rapid, the tremendous weight of the water is suddenly released, causing an undertow reaching back up the river bed some distance. When the herd stopped in the middle of the tongue of the rapid and swung around, they trampled each other down in a mass into this undertow. The wad shot out from under the swimming cattle, and exploded out under the rapid with cows going end over end in every direction.

The balance of the herd was across the tongue, and the men managed to get them on across and up on the bank. The profit had gone out of the enterprise, but they took the 90 or so head left and went on.

When the herd topped out of Indian Creek a few days later, it passed Carlyle's New Mexico Land and Cattle Company ranch at Peters Spring.

A kid from the Foy family was staying at the ranch and heard them go past just at daylight. When Bogus Shorty McConnel, foreman for Carlisle came by that morning, the Foy boy told him about it. Bogus Shorty dropped off the mountain and took up the trail. Overtaking the herd in a couple of hours, he rode through it and finding no cattle of his outfit, let them go past. He visited with the riders and learned they had a contract with Alex Calhoun of Delta for the herd. He had noticed that a lot of the cows carried Wim Thompson's brand, and dropped Wim a note at Green River about it.

Wim immediately drove a buggy over and found the cattle near Telluride. He replevined them. Then he and Calhoun got to talking and when Calhoun offered him \$12 a head he took it. It was not what they were worth, but putting together a trail outfit and driving forty or fifty head of trail-weary, sore-footed cows back home was going to be

an expensive project. He took the money, which made the herd no bargain for Calhoun either, but he could fill his beef contracts.

By all rights, Major John Wesley Powell should have set the record straight. He did say that the Indians came down to the river on the south side, but he just assumed that the ledges north and west of the Spanish Bottoms were solid and not to be climbed.

Now we come to one of those "what if" situations in history. What if such and such had happened to so and so. What if the Indian that guided that first caravan around and up the river to the Spanish Bottoms Crossing, had guided it instead down White Canyon to Dandy Crossing. White Canyon lay open and with water in plenty at the Fry Canyon branch. And there was some grazing in it. The ford across the Colorado at the mouth of the canyon was solid bottom and good banks, with the stream slow and placid. On out the north, North Wash, a lush, open canyon containing Crescent Creek led out onto the Burr Desert. This route would have cut off a lot of miles and been so much easier to travel.

When I taught school at the uranium mill at the mouth of White Canyon, my cabin was on the spit of land running out from White Canyon to the Colorado. One morning I noticed Frank Barrett looking at the rising river and went out to join him. Frank was from Dove Creek, Colorado, and for many years had wintered on the Colorado because in Dove Creek he always had pneumonia during the cold winters. At this lower elevation and milder climate, he felt fine. Sometimes

he brought his family down, and sometimes he came alone or with one or two companions. "Frank," I asked this morning. "Exactly where is Dandy Crossing?"

"You are standing on it," he replied. "It lies across the fan of rocks and gravel that White Canyon has shot out into the Colorado during floods. The river smoothes out these rocks so that there is no dam, but they pave the crossing all the way.

"Going from this side over, the crossing aims downstream over this fan, coming out right down there, but you don't go downstream too much. From that side over to this, it comes out below the mouth of the canyon, but there is plenty of room and good banks."

"One winter," he went on, "another fellow and I drove down to spend the winter. About the first of February we had got pretty tired of each other and grub was getting low, so we decided to go home. Our car was on this side of the river, but we knew that Bears Ears was under

By all rights, Major John Wesley Powell should have set the record straight. He did say that the Indians came down to the river on the south side, but he just assumed that the ledges north and west of the Spanish Bottoms were solid and not to be climbed.

ten feet of snow and we couldn't make it out that way for a couple of months anyway."

I could see what he meant. No one drove out south during the winter

months, through the Bears Ears, until a road was blasted down Comb Wash hill. But the road out North Wash was always free of snow, and passable all year.

"We had plenty of time," Frank went on, "so we tore into several piles of driftwood for reasonably straight small poles and all the wire we could find. We were lucky enough to locate a few long planks of a kind, also. We built a raft, making it big enough so that our car would not be top heavy and turn the raft over in the current. We anchored it into the bank about here, drove our Model T onto it and lashed 'er down. We had put four empty gas barrels on the sides, too, for buoyancy and it looked like it would ride.

"I swam across the river, taking the end of about all the rope we had, and took a couple of wraps around that big willow tree over there. My partner shoved the raft out into the river and jumped on, rowing as hard as he could to steer the thing across the river. I had tied the rope to the upper corner, and the current splashed against that side and pushed it over.

"When it grounded on that bank, he jumped off and held it until I could get down and bring the rope and really anchor it to the other side. We laid down the planks again and drove the old Model T off onto dry ground. We dragged the raft out of the river to save our gas barrels, loaded one on the car to bring back gas when we picked up our camp that summer, and went out by Hanksville and around home. No big deal."

Just a few miles after coming out onto Burr Desert, Frank crossed the old Spanish Trail, although he was not aware of it, just before it dropped off into the narrow, rough

Poison Spring Canyon. My research ended with Hafens' *Spanish Trail*, published in 1954. I read it then, and remembered the following incident, which I was happy to find just as I recalled it.

Quoting from Bancroft, Wilson's narrative in Robert G. Cleland's book *Pathfinders*, published in 1929, Isaac Givens in an interview with his old friend A. G. Toomes said that "one of the men he knew... Tibeau and Doke, the latter being a Tennessean, left Los Angeles in

By the time they had carried the material back up the river, Kit Carson had gone farther upstream and built a much larger raft upon which he loaded their riding equipment, camp, the dispatches and other baggage. He added the people of the expedition, those who could not swim. Those who could swim carried lines to pull the raft; those who couldn't paddled with poles from the drift piles.

1842, in company with John Roland and B.P. Wilson, to go to Santa Fe. The route they took rendered it necessary for the party to cross the Grand River and Green River, the juncture of which forms the Colorado. In swimming his mule across the Green River, in order to head off some loose animals he had been detailed to cross, getting into swift water before he was aware of his danger, Doke, with

the animal he was riding, were drawn into the chute of the first cataract of the canyon, and were precipitated over the falls, where it was deemed utterly useless to look after his remains." [The author does not provide the first names of Tibeau, Doke, Bancroft or Wilson, of whom she refers to above. *Pathfinders* is of the series *California*.]

Hafen quoted full length an article from *Harpers New Monthly*, by George D. Brewerton some five years after he made the trip with Kit Carson in 1848. Carson was carrying dispatches of the military from California to Washington, D.C., and he was in a hurry. He made the 2,300-mile trip from Los Angeles to Santa Fe in an incredible forty five days.

Writing from memory, Brewerton described the Spanish Bottom Crossing minutely, although he called it the Grand Crossing several times. They arrived on June 3, 1848, when the river was in full spring flood. They made a raft, put the dispatches on it and some of their equipment, and tried to tow it over the swift, lashing tongue of the rapid. But they couldn't make it, and grounded on the north side of the river in the back flow of the first rapid.

By the time they had carried the material back up the river, Kit Carson had gone farther upstream and built a much larger raft upon which he loaded their riding equipment, camp, the dispatches and other baggage. He added the people of the expedition, those who could not swim. Those who could swim carried lines to pull the raft; those who couldn't, paddled with poles from the drift piles. Although he hit a sunken floating log midstream and jolted

off several saddles, most of the food, six rifles and all of Brewerton's diaries, notes and specimens, he didn't lose a man and got the bulk of his caravan equipment across the river.

Gathering all the people at the crossing, Carson gave orders that when he started bringing the mules over, every man was to make all the noise he could to attract the attention of the mules that familiar safety lay there and not in the thunderous roar from the rapids. In Brewerton's words: "The bell mare striking out and breasting the waves gallantly, and the mules, with only their heads and long ears visible above the waves came puffing like small high-pressure steam boats in her wake. The yelling on our side now commenced, in which the Indians took the thorough bass, performing to admiration, while our Mexican muleteers rent the air with their favorite cry of 'anda mulat,' 'huper mula.'

The Green River as it cuts through the Maze District of Canyonlands. Aerial photograph by Fran Barnes.



The animals, attracted by the noise, made straight for us; soon we had the satisfaction of seeing them safely landed, dripping and shaking themselves like so many Newfoundland dogs."

Brewerton went on to say that with the experience they gained in making this Grand crossing, they had no trouble with the Green. This confused Hafens, because he would have had to cross the Green first. It is quite evident that he added this to establish credibility, knowing the Green had to be crossed in the trail, so tossed it in and it landed in the wrong place.

Using the description of the crossing to identify it, we find the Spanish Bottom Crossing called both Green River and Grand. What with there being two rivers (the Green and Colorado) with three names (Grand, Green River and Colorado), and three crossings, two of them named, but the third and most used one taking a name from either of the other two indiscriminately, a lot of confusion came about. Using the descriptions of the crossings, it can yet be straightened out by someone who cares to do it.

The Dollhouse

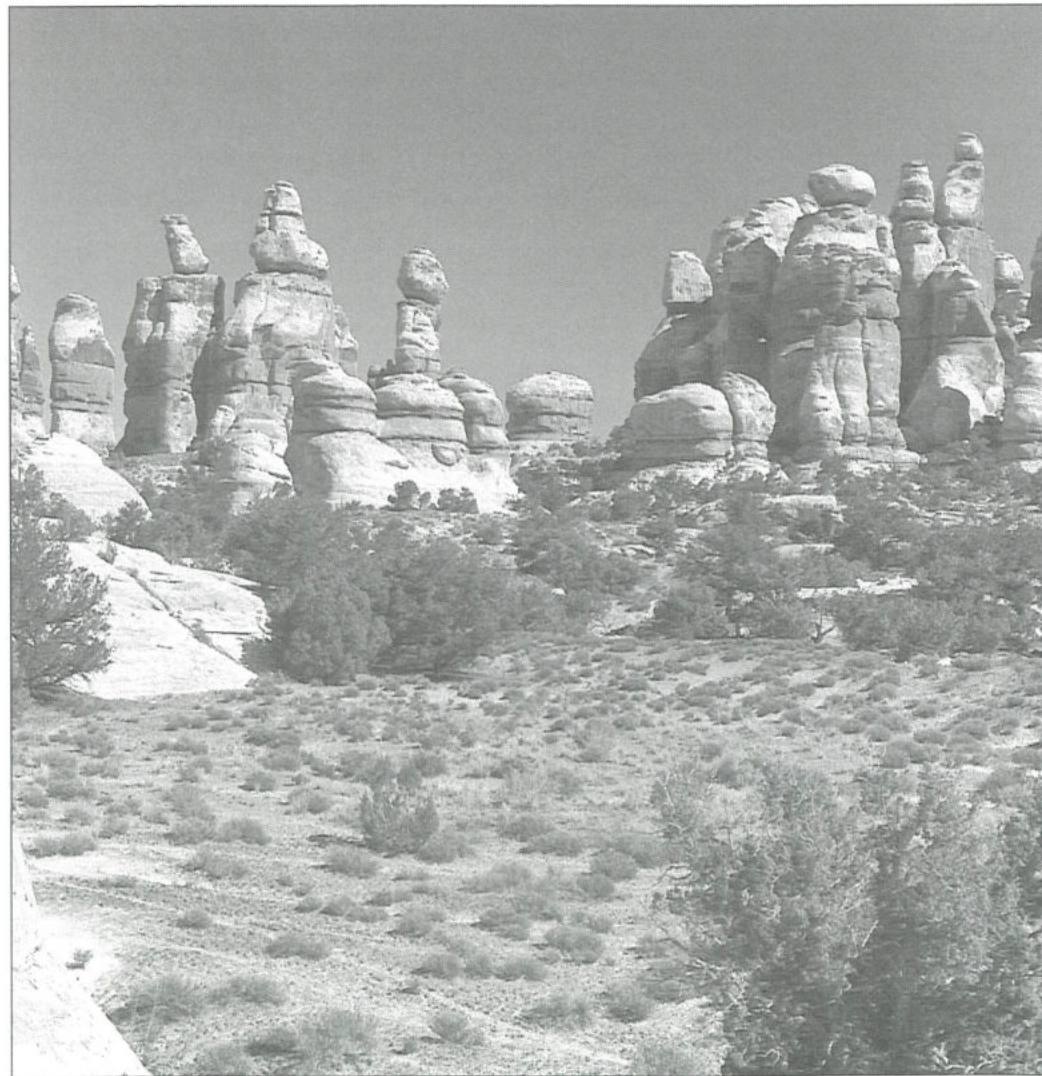
Look down the lens of the late Fran Barnes' camera into a maze within The Maze

The Dollhouse is remote, isolated and in the very heart of a gigantic slickrock maze nearly 100 square miles in size. The Dollhouse is an inner maze itself, of tall and spectacular color-banded sandstone spires, fins and ridges.

The Dollhouse can be reached by off-road vehicle, but only by the most intrepid, persistent and durable off-roaders. The trail to The Dollhouse is not your run-of-the-mill graded forest road, with an occasional rough place, stream ford or mud hole for excitement. It's an off-road vehicle trail in the old tradition—it can be traveled only by the most skillfully driven four-wheel-drive machines, or by high-clearance, low-gear sand buggies, for those who know how to handle these specially built mechanical Jackrabbits.

If you live in the West and are tired of doing the same old trails that so many others use, or if you live east of the Rockies and are planning a trip west to "try the legs" of that four-by-four you own, then head for The Dollhouse, in southeastern Utah.

Sure, if you are coming from the west, sample some of the desert trails in Nevada and western Utah on your way, but save plenty of time for The Dollhouse. From the east, if you head west



Story and photographs by the late Fran Barnes. See biography on page 27.

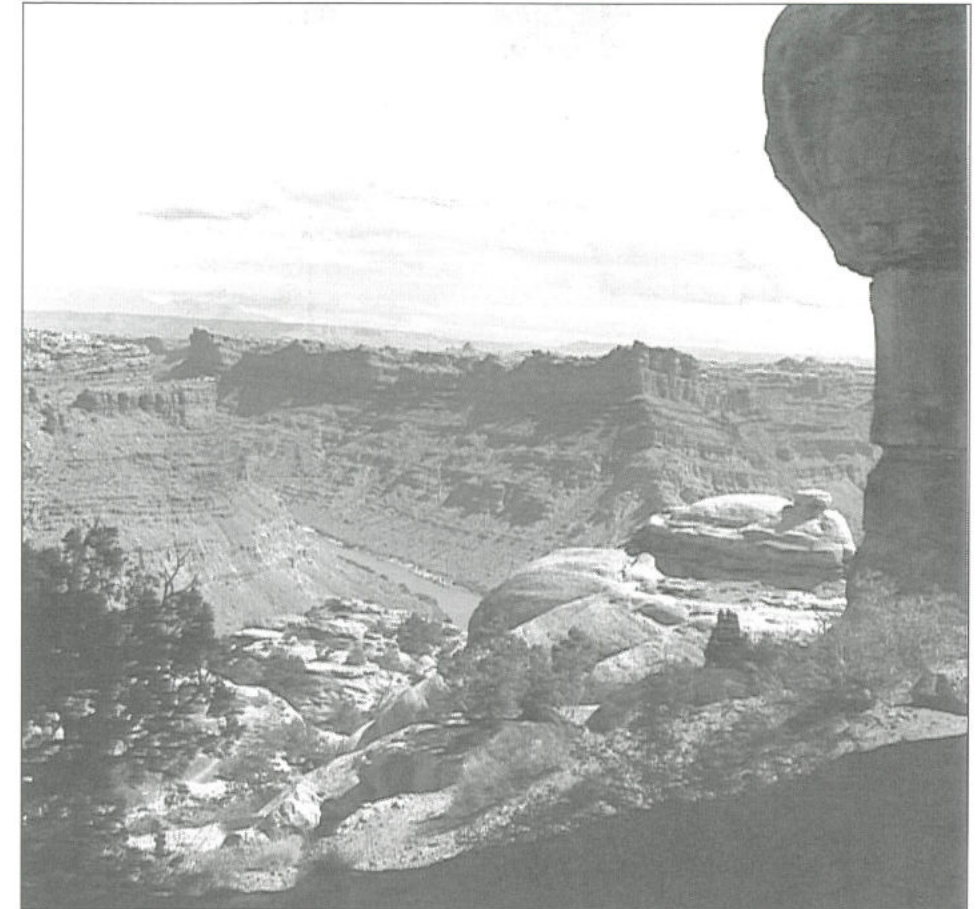
These striking hoodoos give the visitor the impression that he or she is not alone, but in the company of giant dolls perhaps? The Maze District of Canyonlands National Park.

during the summer season, try a few of the trails in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado on the way (see *OFF ROAD*, March 1976). But make The Dollhouse your ultimate destination, in the Maze District of Canyonlands National Park. You can hardly get more remote from civilization in this nation than there, nor find a more spectacular and challenging off-road vehicle trail.

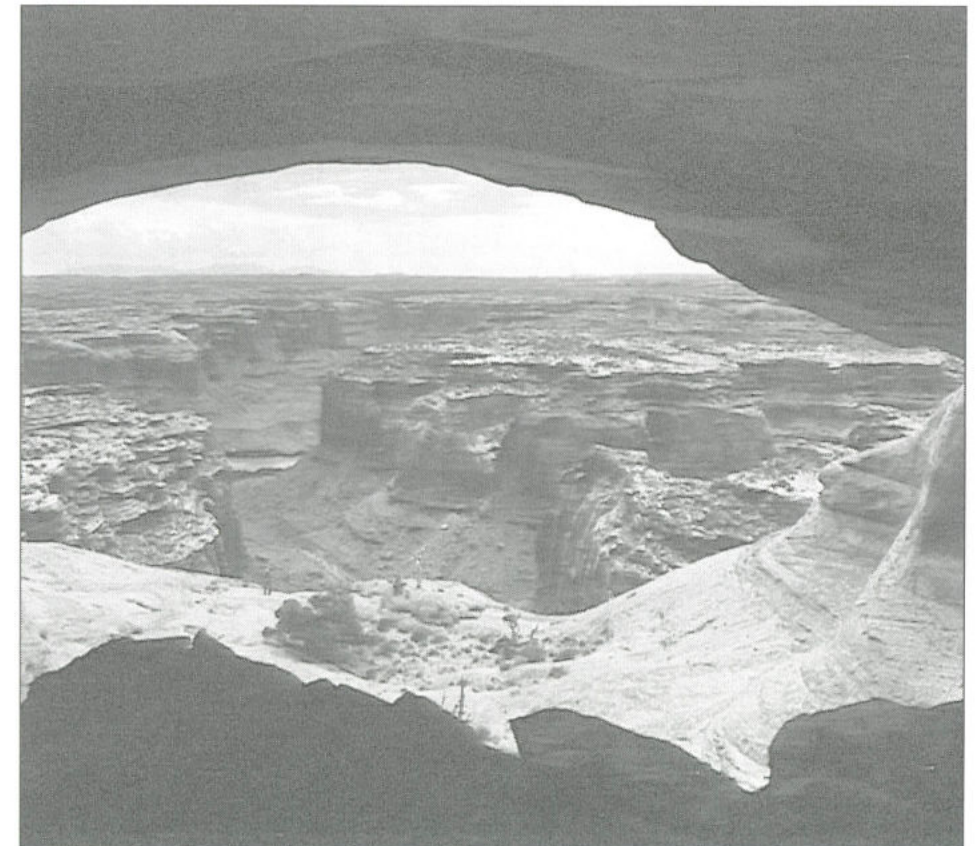
Southeastern Utah is an immense complex of open desert, high mesas, slickrock, and deep, sheer-walled canyon systems, punctuated in three places by isolated mountain ranges and elsewhere by monstrous uplifts. Highlight areas in this unique and wondrous canyon fantasyland are protected within three national parks—Arches, Canyonlands and Capitol Reef—an assortment of national monuments, a huge national recreation area and several state parks and other special areas.

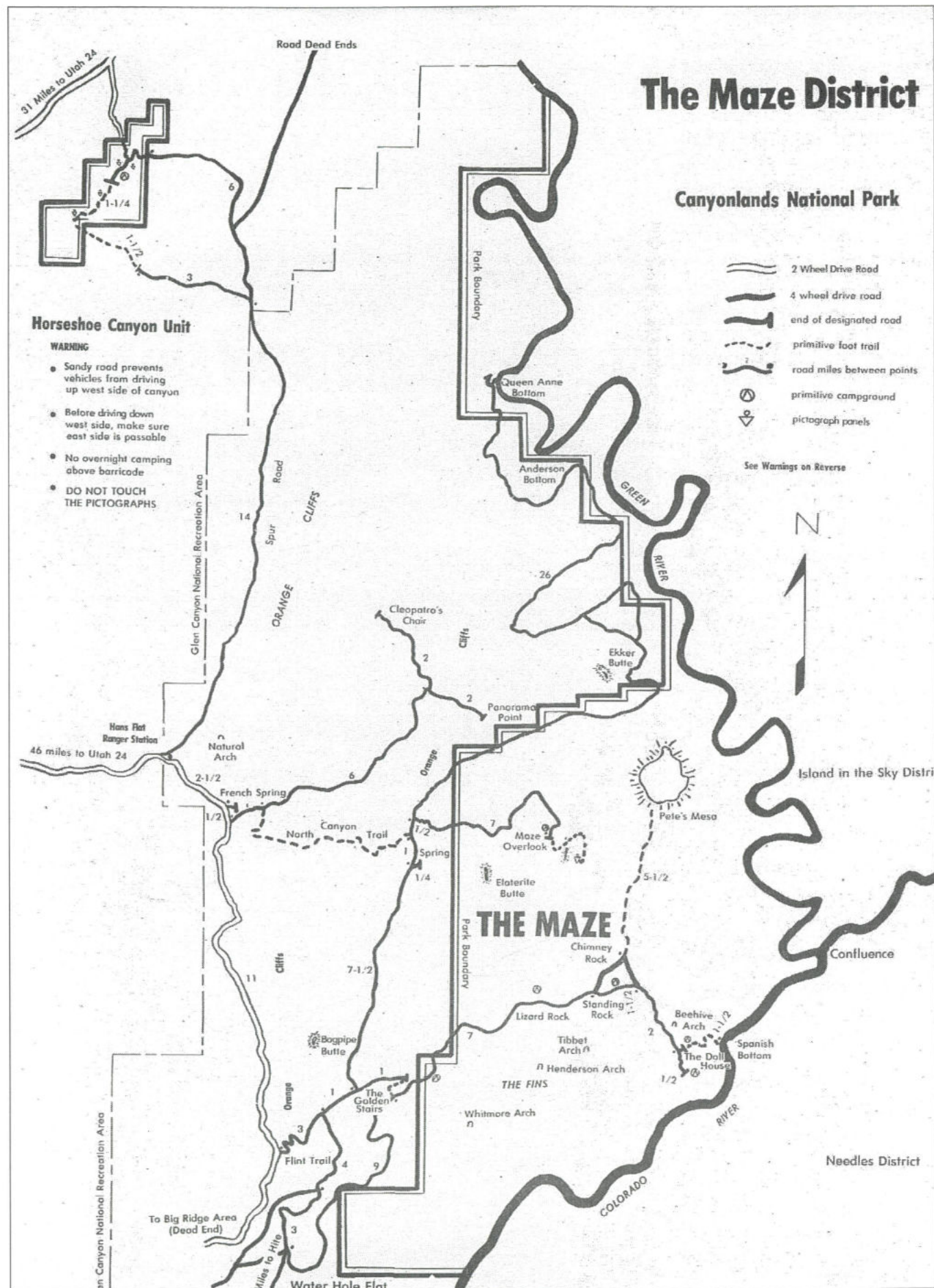
There are off-road vehicle trails in all three national parks (*OFF ROAD*, February 1977) but Canyonlands National Park offers by far the most interesting and extensive trails of the three. The park is divided by deep, impassable river gorges into three distinct areas, with direct vehicle or foot travel between the three impossible.

Two rivers, the Green and Colorado, meet in the heart of Canyonlands National Park, making a gigantic "Y". The northern area of the park is called the Island in the Sky, because it is dominated by a high, sheer-walled, narrow-necked plateau. The White Rim ORV trail circumnavigates the base of this looming "island" (*OFF ROAD*, July 1974). The area to the east of the Colorado River is called the Needles District. This district is a labyrinth of spectacular canyons that can be traveled by ORV. Both the Island in the Sky and Needles districts are readily accessible from Highway 191 to the east, and receive fairly heavy visitation, at least during the



River views and scenic vistas are a hallmark of a visit to The Maze. The Green River flows into the Colorado River and forms the eastern boundary of The Maze District of Canyonlands National Park. Photos by Fran Barnes.





main travel seasons.

The western park area is called the Maze District. It can be entered only by off-road vehicle, or by the most strenuous type of backpacking, and is not readily accessible, a fact which keeps visitation very low. The Maze District of Canyonlands National Park is cut off from the rest of the world on three sides by the deep Green and Colorado river gorges, and on the fourth by the immense San Rafael Desert, a land of red-hued sand dunes and equally colorful sandstone outcroppings.

A paved highway, Utah 24, runs north and south between this desert and the jagged San Rafael Reef to the west, but the dirt road that crosses the desert to get to the Maze District of the park is long and tedious. The trails within The Maze are also long, but certainly not tedious. They are everything that ORV trails should be for a memorable off-road adventure.

It is necessary to prepare for a trip to The Dollhouse and other highlights in The Maze. It is very remote from fuel, supplies and potable water. A tankful of gas will hardly get the average ORV to the first viewpoint and back. Extra fuel, water and provisions are essential, and primitive camping from the vehicle is an absolute necessity. There are no motels, commercial campgrounds or restaurants within practical range of The Maze, and it is too far from these for one-day

The trail to the Dollhouse is long and very rough, but spectacularly scenic all the way. Much of it is on weathered slickrock. Photo by Fran Barnes.

trips, even long ones.

The bare minimum of fuel for a trip to The Dollhouse and out, with no side trips on other spur trails, is a big tankful plus a jerry-can or two, depending on vehicle mileage. A second, built-in tank, plus spare cans, is essential for a more thorough exploration of The Maze, and so is plenty of water, especially during the warmer summer months. One gallon per person per day is considered a minimum for drinking and cooking, plus any desired for bathing. There is no fuel and little water available at The Maze ranger station.

The usual camping foods will do, but take extra along, in case a mechanical breakdown stretches the trip out a day or so. If freeze-dried meals are used, these require water for reconstitution. Be sure to have along a good spare tire, plus an extra tube or patching kit, tire tools, an assortment of mechanics tools, a jack and spare oil and fan belts. In sum, be prepared to fix the usual minor things that can go wrong with vehicles, especially in rough terrain.

The nearest service station is a long day's drive from The Dollhouse, and far longer from some of the ends of other Maze trails.

If practical, obtain a copy of the U. S. Geological Survey topographic map of Canyonlands National Park before heading for The Maze. This map can be purchased from U.S.G.S. mail or retail outlets, or from park visitor centers near Moab. The map may not be available at the Maze District ranger station, and is essential to navigation.

There are two approaches to visiting the Maze District of Canyonlands National Park: start bright and early from either Green River or Hanksville, the two nearest towns; or get a better start yet by camping the night before still closer. Primitive camping is permissible anywhere in the desert beside the approach roads, and there is a public campground near the turnoff from Utah 24, at Goblin Valley State Park, about 12 miles to the southwest by paved and dirt road. Signs about midway between Hanksville and



Green River point to this park, which is worth visiting for its unique valley full of weird stone hobgoblins.

The road toward The Maze from Utah 24 is just a short distance south of the Goblin Valley turn off, and is marked by a large BLM sign. Other signs mark other trail junctions along the way, with the first goal being the Hans Flat Ranger Station. Here, Park Service rangers on duty can offer advice and information about the trails and wilderness area ahead. Park policy requires all vehicles to register here as a safety precaution. The remote trails are only infrequently patrolled. A "flight plan" and time

schedule left with the rangers could be very helpful in case of unexpected trouble on Maze trails.

At Hans Flat, a trail fork goes north toward the Horseshoe Canyon annex of the park where great panels of prehistoric pictographs cover whole sections of canyon wall. The trail south heads toward the infamous Flint Trail, a stretch of steep, rough switchbacks that give access to all Maze trails.

About three miles from the ranger station, well before the Flint Trail turn off, a spur trail travels east out onto a jutting peninsula toward rim overlooks. This trail may not be worth the time and fuel for anyone

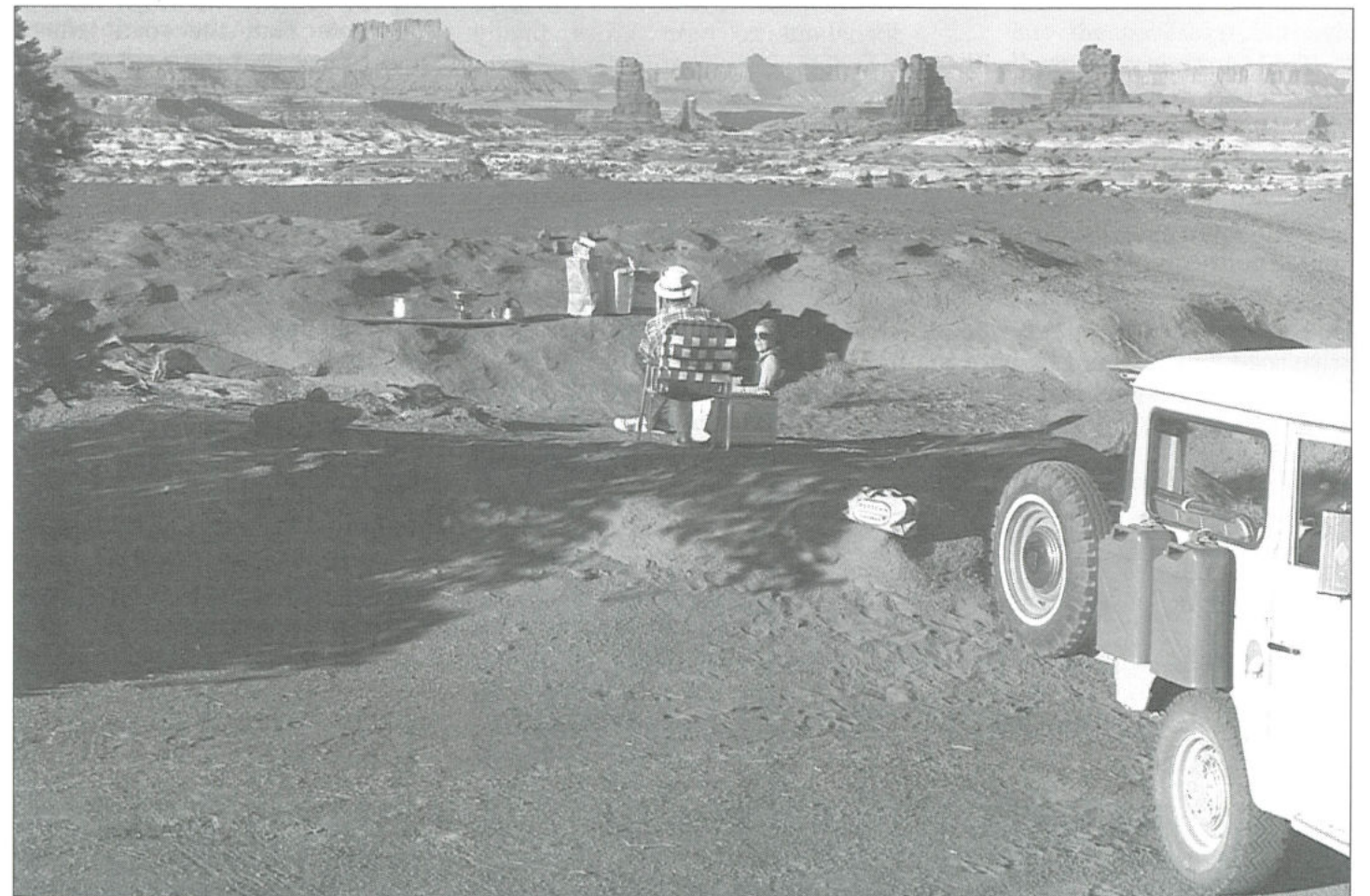
heading for the Dollhouse.

At the base of the Flint Trail switchbacks, one left spur heads north for an overlook viewpoint and a long trail that eventually reaches a Green River bottom land. It is some 36 miles of tortuous travel through spectacular canyon wilderness scenery. This trail spur is well worth exploring, if fuel, supplies, time and energy remain after taking the Dollhouse trail. It also offers access to another seven-mile spur to the Maze Overlook, where a rugged four-mile hiking trail enters The Maze to reach a pictograph panel.

The right fork at the base of the Flint Trail heads south along

a twisting terrace below the western cliffline conquered by the Flint Trail switchbacks, but still high above the upper levels of The Maze, visible in the distance. Eventually this trail descends to a still lower level and forks again. Signs point on south toward Hite, on upper Lake Powell, and to the north toward The Dollhouse and the Land of Standing Rocks, a labyrinth of slickrock fins near the trail.

The Maze is home to spectacular pictographic panels, as seen in photos at left and right. In the picture below, one can tell that camping here is primitive and undeveloped, and is permitted only at designated sites. The views from this picnic spot show the grand vistas of Canyonlands National Park. Photos by Fran Barnes.



Waterhole Flats Road

One of the many scenic byways in The Maze

Maps: Orange Cliffs, Browns Rim, Mouth of Dark Canyon; all 15" USGS quadrangles. Canyonlands National Park map can replace Orange Cliffs and Mouth of Dark Canyon quadrangles.

Type: First section of a 73-mile trail northward. Has spur trails (described or mentioned separately).

Mileage: This section, 30 miles to Waterhole Flats. Time: Two hours.

Difficulty: Mostly easy. Careful driving in places due to washed-out places.

Trail summary: Begins with a rather obscure turn off Hwy. 95 (near Hite), between the Colorado and Dirty Devil rivers. Proceeds northward from registration stand, but soon begins long curves rounding canyon pour-offs. Requires 30 miles of trail to do about 18 miles airline. This was a fair enough two-wheel-drive road, but it would be hard to classify it as such nowadays.



Trail description: There is one road in the lower portion of The Maze District that runs for about 73 miles, not counting spurs off it. It begins down at the Hite area, and ends down on the Green River bank at Queen Anne Bottom. Its first important intersection is the Dollhouse/Sunset Pass junction. Elevations here are in the 5,600 foot neighborhood. Next, the Flint Trail, then The Golden Stairs spur. These two junctions are on a higher bench of 6,000-foot elevation. The road continues north, and The Maze Overlook road, branching to the right, is the next intersection. This is also the last intersection of importance, and the road goes for about 26 more miles, finally reaching Queen Anne Bottom on the Green River. This road will be described in segments, and this one is called Waterhole Flats because that is its first important junction.

This road begins in a setting as beautiful as one will ever see. This is upper Lake Powell on the Colorado River where the Dirty Devil River flows into it. The road leaves U-95 between the Colorado

and Dirty Devil bridges quickly and inconspicuously. It begins its generally northward trek by making a giant "3" bend using a good portion of its 30 miles in getting around the heads of Rock Canyon. It goes through Andy Miller Flats country then, and goes up-canyon and back, to some

extent, to get around Cove Canyon. After many small side canyon dips, the road comes out into the open grasslands of Waterhole Flat.

In traveling northward, the beautiful buttes of the high country will be to the left of the road, and the flats and drains to the river will be to the right. The road is situated on Cedar Mesa sandstone mostly covered with various alluviums. The cliffs are predominantly Chinle, with some Wingate above and Moenkopi sandstone below White Rim and Cedar Mesa.

There is some conflict with the maps and the present day lay-out of the roads at the junction. As one approaches the road sign in Waterhole Flat, the road left to Sunset Pass, and the road right to The Maze (Dollhouse), make almost a perfect four-way crossing. If your destination is The Dollhouse, or over Sunset Pass into Hatch Canyon, this is where to make a turn. The northward continuation of this road will be divided into the Flint Trail Base and Millard Canyon Benches/Maze Overlook segments.

Notes: 1. Some side trails in this area (Glen Canyon National Recreation Area) have been blocked. The trails leading toward the Colorado were not blocked. 2. Cattle still roam these areas. 3. This is very scenic country. It is hard to put a time-frame on it with numerous viewing and photo stops! The Sewing Machine, Candlestick, and the beautiful canyons and buttes demand extra time.

An overview of The Maze, looking east toward the La Sal Mountains. Story and photo by Fran Barnes.

Fran and Terby Barnes

Their legacy of guiding people through the beauty of canyon country

The late Fran Barnes was the author and photographer of scores of stories and books about the scenic and recreational opportunities of the greater Moab area. He and his wife Terby were consummate partners in this venture, and their publications are still well known and sought after by those seeking information about the back roads and beauty of the Colorado Plateau.

Terby Barnes, who died on Feb. 16, 2008 as this issue of *Canyon Legacy* was being produced, donated the archives of their publication efforts to the Museum of Moab. *Canyon Legacy* is proud to be a forum for the Barnes' valuable works.

Fran Barnes died in 2003, thirty-five years after he and Terby moved to Moab with their young daughter to embark on an era of adventure that helped to highlight the wonders of canyon country to an eager public. The couple discovered Moab while traveling the West, as they were particularly interested in Lake Powell which had just begun to fill, and in the newly designated Canyonlands National Park. At that time, Arches was still a national monument, and the natural beauty of the area was beginning to be publicized by popular magazines such as *National Geographic*.

Before moving to Moab, Fran and Terby lived in California where they worked in the aviation, engineering and aerospace fields. When they left those careers and moved to Moab in 1968, Fran began to write stories for the travel industry touting the virtues of southeastern Utah. He'd had experience writing for outdoor magazines such as *Trailer Life*, so it was only natural that he continued to write stories from his new Moab base for publications including *Western Gateways* and *Desert*. From 1970 to 1974, Fran also wrote a weekly column for the *Moab Times-Independent*, and was a stringer for the *Salt Lake Tribune* and *Deseret News*.

Fran was involved in local civic affairs, as a member of the Grand County Travel Council and the BLM advisory board. But he is perhaps best known for the lengthy series of guide books that he wrote which are beautifully illustrated by his photographs. Always by his side in this venture was Terby, who served as editor and ultimately publisher of their *Canyon Country* pictorial travel guides.

In 1974, Fran published a 48-page tabloid called *Canyon Country*, describing the many wonders of southeastern Utah and offering traveler information. This was followed by four newsprint publications called *Canyon Country Trails and Highlights*, each issue describing several recreational adventures and scenic areas.

The popular *Canyon Country* series really took off in 1977 when Fran was asked to author and illustrate a book on hiking in the region. Next followed books on exploring,

camping and geology, after which the prolific author's interests branched out into prehistoric Native Americans and their rock art. By the time the series reached No. 15, Fran's publisher announced his own retirement, and, with a new book about Arches and Natural Bridges waiting in the wings, Fran and Terby made the leap into the publishing business. From 1987 until the time of his death, Fran continued to write, illustrate and publish the ongoing series of books and sometimes maps, until they reached No. 66 in the *Canyon Country* series. All the while, Terby was at his side typing, proofreading, getting bids and distributing the materials. In fact, by the time Fran died in

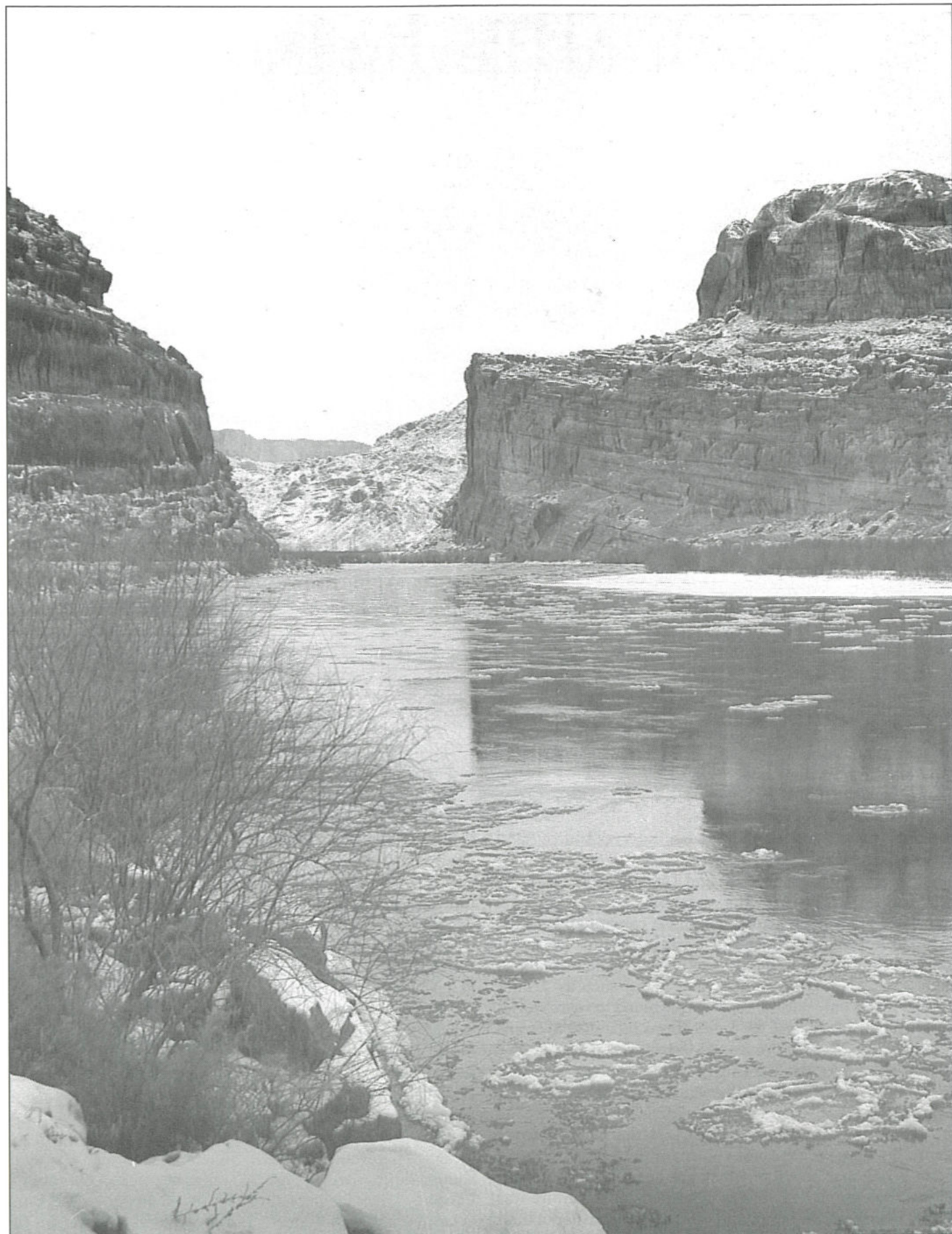


2003, Terby was comfortable as sole publisher and editor of *Canyon Country Publications*, a position she held until her death.

The publications covered a variety of subjects, ranging from off-road vehicle trail guides, mountain biking guides, geology, human history, and prehistoric animal tracks. Fran also contributed many articles to *Canyon Legacy*.

During the last three years of his life, Fran had made a detailed study of the complexities of Navajo sandstone indigenous to the Moab area. By the time of his death, Fran had succeeded in bringing his findings to the serious attention of the scientific community.

Aside from her publishing life, Terby involved herself in local passions such as Valley Voices (the women's barber shop-style chorus), and as a singer in the Moab Community Chorus. Twice she served as a board member of the Dan O'Laurie Museum of Moab, and also contributed articles to *Canyon Legacy*.



The Desert's White Cloak

A letter admonishing visitors to enjoy
canyon country in the winter time

by Fran Barnes

A letter from Fran Barnes of Moab.

Dear Summertime Canyonlands
Visitors!

You're missing something. You should
try this place in the winter sometime.

Sure, the red rock canyons and towers and cliffs and arches are grand in the summer, and the green-bordered Colorado River bears glistening, linear jewels as it snakes back and forth between the high sandstone walls that confine it. Of course, the sprawling, colorful vistas that greet you from such places as Dead Horse Point, Island in the Sky and Anticline Overlook are magnificent in midseason. No doubt about it.

But add to all this a touch, or more, of pure white snow on the rounded red rock, the broad plateau lands, the shelving terraces of plunging canyons and the open expanses of rolling sand dunes. Decorate that river called Colorado with crusts of crystalline ice along its shores, and a multitude of ice floes slowly floating on its surface in a stately dance. What was grand and beautiful and colorful before becomes superb, enchanting and

This view of the Colorado River became an all-too-familiar scene during the winter of 2007-08, which had prolonged cold temperatures and above-average precipitation. The viewer may note that this scene of the river canyon as it enters the Moab Valley became forever changed, also during the 2007-08 winter, with the construction of a pedestrian bridge. The picture at right is of North Window in Arches National Park. Story and photographs by Fran Barnes.

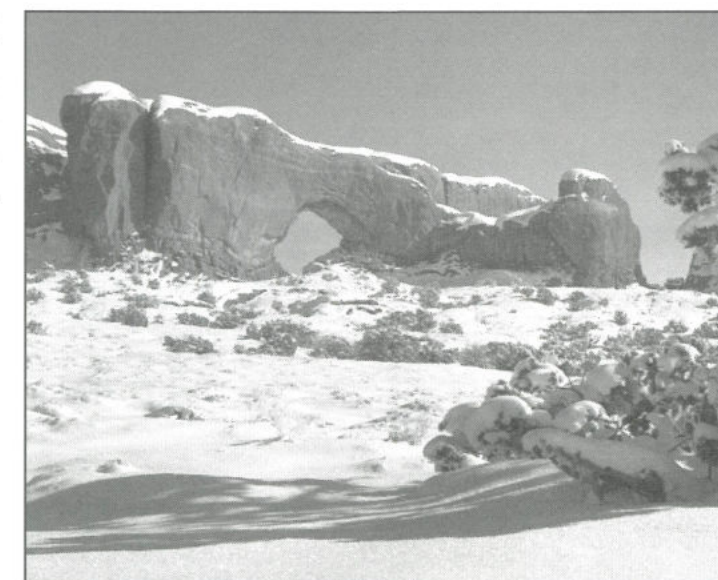
brilliantly prismatic in the wintertime of canyonlands.

What? You're convinced? You accept my invitation? Then come along with me on a one-day trip into canyonlands with snow. It'll be a full day in our cozy, warm four-wheel drive, so we'll take along some lunch, and a hot thermos too. And don't forget the cameras and loads of film! Yes, bring along that shovel too--just in case. The snow IS rather deep this winter.

Warm up the car, and buckle in firmly, because the roads are icy too. And it's off we go, to see the snow--on red rock!

First, let's take a peek at Arches. The Entrada and other formations there are especially red, and should be lovely topped with white. The road is steep at first, but cleared of snow, with a sprinkling of amber sand for traction. And far below to the south is Moab Valley, white now, rather than its summertime green.

Here's Park Avenue, a double row of very tall sandstone slabs with shapes reminiscent of the tall skyscrapers



of New York. The rolling, juniper-studded "avenue" between the red rock buildings is now a carpet of glistening white, and patches of pure white fluff cling to the building setbacks and lofty penthouse tops. None can hang onto the vertical walls, so these remain unbroken red. The long shadows cast by the low winter sun vie with the sky in producing myriad shades of icy blue.

Now, on down the road, which is a winding path sunken within a thick shag carpet of white as far as the eye can see. Past the soaring figures of The Gossips, three gigantic women

standing close, each in long, old-fashioned dresses, each topped with incongruous sunbonnets. All too tall and slender to offer a welcoming ledge for snow, but standing with their button-boots all white-encrusted.

Soon, the turnoff to The Windows, our terminal destination in Arches today. There's too much else to see to linger long in just one place. Must hurry on, even though hurrying on is a crime against nature, because the warm winds of spring may erase all this glistening white within a day, at any time. Spring comes early in canyonlands — usually in

February.

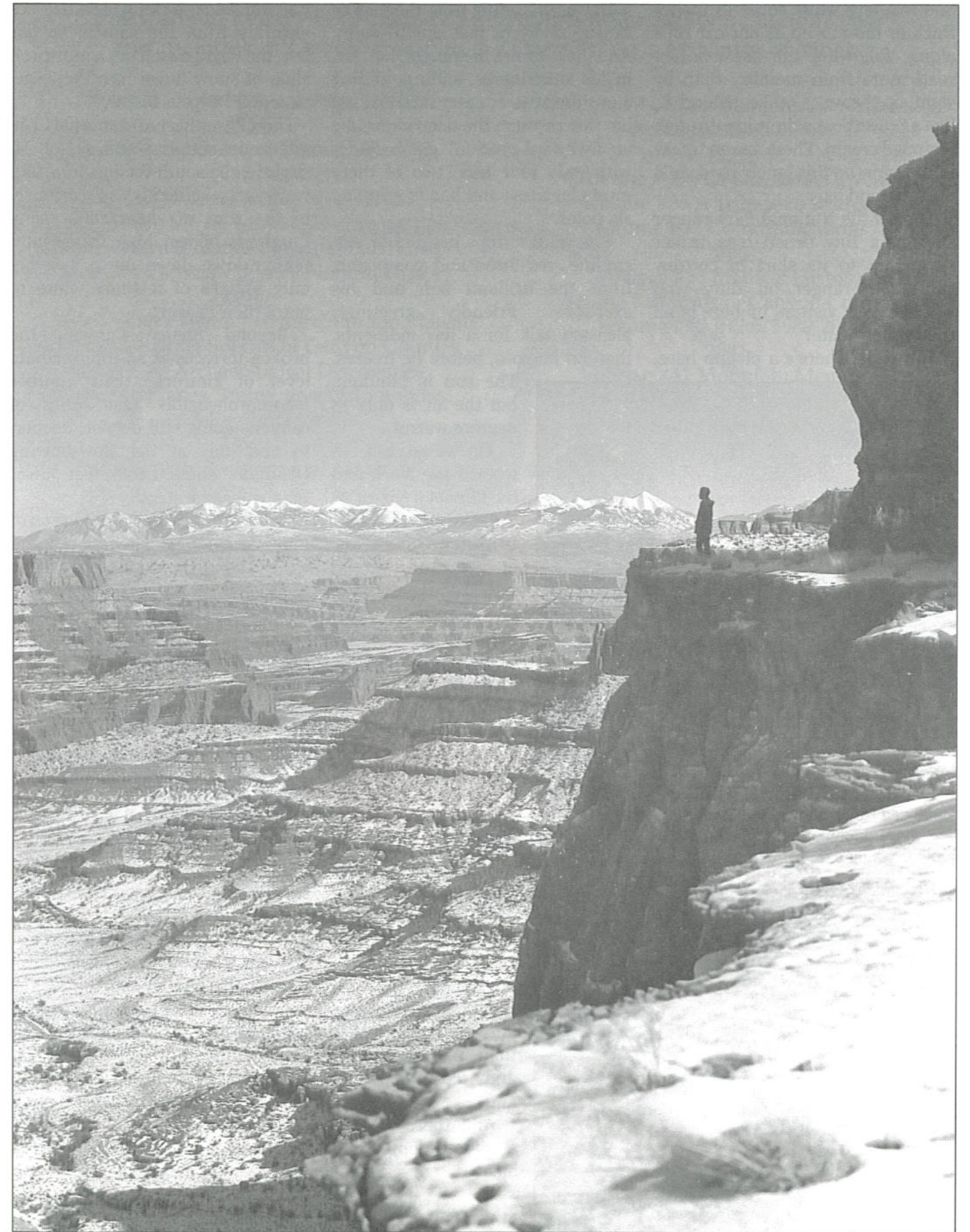
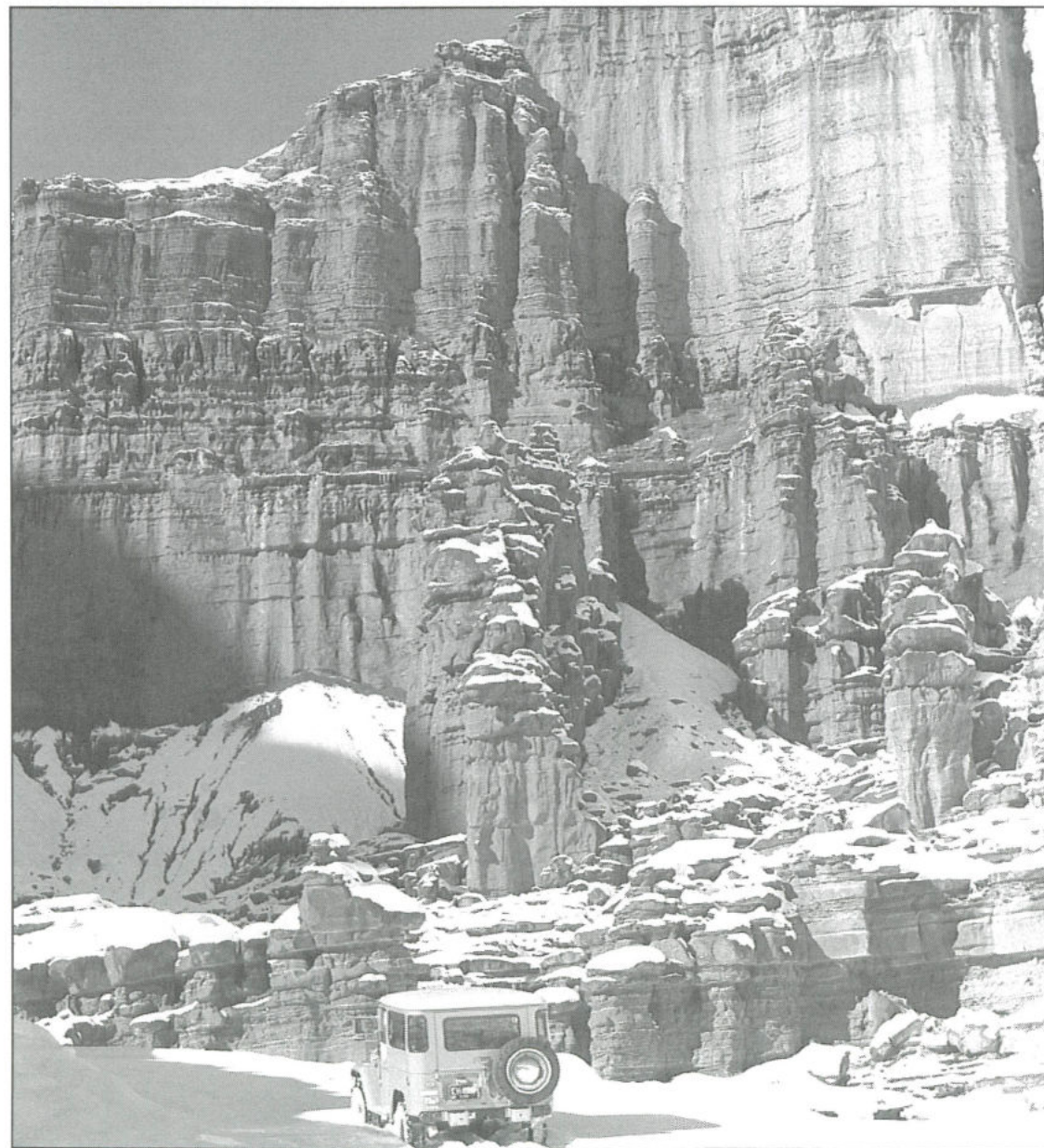
The Windows! A fantasyland of rounded domes and turrets and knobs and fins and fingers and pinnacles and spires, many of them perforated with shapely holes-in-rock windows--so to speak--and arches, many arches. All of rock the color of dried blood. All softened by a blanket of white and by patches of still more white on top of rounded rock.

There's Double Arch and Turret. There's North Window too. We would love to hike to South Window, but the snow is far too deep. Only an athlete could get more than a few yards. But how beautiful the snow is, lying on top of that graceful arch!

Now back out of Arches, to seek a lofty vantage point from the Island in the Sky. We might just make it to The Neck, if the snow isn't too deep. The road, of course, has not been plowed.

An hour later, here we are, rolling along the arrow straight road across the high plateau to the north of The Island. All is white in all directions, a soft

The base of Fisher Towers on north Highway 128 is covered with snow, as the Barnes vehicle makes first tracks to the monoliths in the photograph at left. At right, a person stands on The Neck, which is part of Island in the Sky, a district of Canyonlands National Park. The entire area, from the red canyons to the La Sal Mountains looking east, is blanketed in white.



and feathery white some 18 inches thick or more. And as our car rolls along, following the snow-buried road more from memory than by sight, it throws a wake behind it, like a powerboat skimming through whipped cream. There are no tracks in the snow on this lonely road. Just ours, behind us.

There's the National Park ranger station, a tiny desert-rose trailer sitting up to its skirt in cottony snow. No ranger on duty--who would expect visitors up here in all this winter white?

But wait! There's a pickup here,



Balanced Rock, above, and the Three Gossips, below, are major landmarks in Arches National Park. They bask in winter's glory in these photos by Fran Barnes.



with tracks leading from the nearby ranger quarters just out of sight. And there comes the ranger, hatless, in his shirtsleeves, sliding, gliding along on cross-country skis, making his way through the deep snow like an awkward-graceful giant spider with only four legs, two of them muscular arms and hands gripping ski poles.

The ranger stops beside our car, smiling, red-faced and perspiring, from the brilliant sun and his exertions. Friendly greetings, pleasant talk for a few moments, then on he goes, before he freezes. The sun is blinding, but the air is only 15 degrees warm!

On we go, too, on toward the Neck and its fabulous views to the east. We stand now in awe and look below at the land, spread into the distance like a gigantic relief map. Straight below, directly below, are the tortuous turns and twists of the Shafer Trail, the horrifying Jeep trail that links the Island with the White Rim--now truly white--far below. No wheel tracks mar the trail's snow-softened surface. Who would dare descend into this white world of wonder, not knowing if he could ever return to the land of living, and to colors other than red and white and red and white and--

And there are the appalling depths and alcoves of Shafer

Canyon. Look! A cloud of white rises abruptly from the canyon to our left, the frigid dust from a multi-ton slide of snow down into the eerie, shadowed depths below.

There! Another! And another! The afternoon sun is warming, oh so slightly, the south-facing cliffs, and snowpacks clinging precariously to the rims of sheer cliffs many hundreds of feet high, let go and plunge down, down, down. Leaving only plumes of feathery white to mark their passing.

Beyond Shafer Canyon, the broken terraces of an intermediate level of rimrock, then another incomprehensibly vast series of canyons going still deeper, deeper, to end only at the slow-flowing Colorado, some 1,800 feet lower than where we stand.

Still farther away, beyond tens of miles of complex canyons red and white, stand the mighty La Sals, a mountain range of incomparable beauty and majesty. Pyramidal peaks pierce the deep blue sky, peaks painted pure white by winter's cold.

Soon our eyes grow weary of all this beauty and color. It's almost too much to perceive for long. Like heaven, best taken at first in small doses, to lessen the shock. We look at each other and say nothing. But our thoughts are apparent to each other. Is it real. Is it real? Can there be this much beauty yet unspoiled in this land of ours?

Bemused, we turn back to our car, and eat a quiet lunch in its warm interior. No one says much. We just watch to the east, savoring what is there, as though it might disappear at any moment.

Then we drive on into another half-day of seeing the canyonlands, softened, amplified, enhanced, augmented, enchanted, by winter's matchless beauty.

The Canyon Legacy is available by subscription for \$25 per calendar year and includes full membership to the Dan O'Laurie Museum of Moab.

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