

# **Induction of Mildred Janet Davis Miller into the John Wesley Powell River Museum River Runners Hall of Fame**

Mildred (Millie) Davis Miller was born to William (Bill) and Pansy (Pat) Davis during a particularly harry Illinois snowstorm in 1936. The snow drifts were so high, the doctor walked right over the fence to get to the house. That beginning was a good sign of the pluck that formed Millie's daring spirit, as if she chose the snowstorm herself. Millie's childhood memories were of shooting cans off the fence post with her dad, sitting on his lap during a bull fight in Cuba, sailing the family's 32ft. sailboat out on the Great Lakes, and watching the path they climbed up a Mexican volcano glow with warning behind them. It was time to find a new adventure.

When Millie was 14 years old, the family went on vacation to Bluff, Utah. Always a fan of unusual travel, Bill had heard about river running and decided he and the family should give it a try.<sup>1</sup> There on the banks of the San Juan River, Bill used a small hand pump to blow up an 11.5-foot-long 7-man yellow neoprene boat that he had purchased from an army surplus store and modified for watertightness. He, Pansy, and Millie floated 220 miles down the San Juan to the confluence with the Colorado River and on to Lees Ferry, Arizona. They traveled through the heart of Glen Canyon and hiked up to Rainbow Bridge.

180

REGISTER OF PERSONS ENTERING PARK

NAME	STREET AND NUMBER	CITY OR TOWN	STATE	TRANSPORTATION	REMARKS
1754 Leaping B. Davis	June 24, 1950	San Francisco	Calif.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1755 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1756 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1757 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1758 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1759 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1760 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1761 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1762 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1763 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1764 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1765 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1766 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1767 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1768 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1769 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1770 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1771 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1772 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1773 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1774 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1775 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1776 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1777 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1778 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1779 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1780 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1781 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1782 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1783 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1784 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1785 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
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1788 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1789 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1790 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1791 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1792 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1793 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1794 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1795 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1796 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1797 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1798 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1799 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag
1800 Susan Davis	June 24, 1950	Chicago	Ill.	Hand Airbag	Hand Airbag

Coming upstream on the Colorado River in the "Tash-Na-Ni-Ah-Go-Atin" on June 26, 1950. From Lees Ferry to Rainbow Bridge. Bill Davis signed for the whole family. June 24th, 1950

Rainbow Bridge Register. Bill Davis signed for the whole family. June 24th, 1950

Picture courtesy Glen Canyon National Recreation Area Museum Collection

<sup>1</sup> Dock Marston: *The Colorado River Historian*, Volume 1, Book 4, *River Dock 1950-1960*, by Tom Martin, Vishnu Temple Press, 2022, p 390; *Canyon Vacationing* by William Davis, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

<sup>2</sup> Davis to Marston, July 16, 1951, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; Rainbow Bridge Register, courtesy Glen Canyon National Recreation Area Museum Collection

It was a wonderful first trip with fantastic views. Not bad for a new adventure! After Glen Canyon, Bill and Millie traveled to the North Rim Lodge in Grand Canyon National Park while Pansy traveled on to the Lake Mead area to make sure the car made it as far down the river as they did. Trekking on foot down a steep trail in the wee hours of the morning to escape the heat of the day, Millie and Bill hiked the North Kaibab Trail 14 miles to Phantom Ranch and the Colorado River, arriving in the afternoon of July 18<sup>th</sup> to join A Mexican Hat Expeditions river trip.<sup>3</sup> Just a few days after joining the trip, the group came upon the *Esmeralda II*, abandoned to the river by Ed Hudson just a month earlier.



*The 1950 Wright-Rigg river party inspects the Esmeralda II above Forster Rapid, June 21, 1950. Millie and her father Bill are just to the left of cowboy-hat-wearing Frank Wright. Photo courtesy the Plez Talmadge Reilly Collection, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, AZ.*

Millie recalled how interesting it was to find such a treasure left to the will of the river, and how strange to see what the other river runners hoped to find inside. As some went for stores of cigarettes and others for tins of food, Millie spotted the American Flag – tattered, but still our Old Glory, and she knew what deserved her rescue.

In the meantime, Millie's dad had wandered off and came back with rounded driftwood logs. They were smooth and perfect for rolling a boat. As an engineer who regularly transported large transformers for Commonwealth Edison, Bill Davis knew how to move heavy things! On his directive, they rolled the *Es* onto her side on top of the logs. Then some of the group pulled on the heavy bow line and others pushed from the rear while Bill moved logs from the back of the boat to the front as they pulled and pushed the grateful *Es* back to the river.

They only had to move her seventy feet, but it required hard work in the hot sun for the entire crew. Frank Wright fixed the engine's blown head gasket and the party motored the boat out of the Canyon to Boulder Bay. The *Esmeralda II* is now at the Museum Collection at the South Rim, Grand Canyon National Park, sitting safe and proud of all her adventures.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Frank Wright journal, July 17, 1950, Folder 11, Box 287, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; *From Powell To Power: A Recounting of the First One Hundred River Runners through the Grand Canyon*, by Otis Reed Marston, Vishnu Temple Press, 2014, pg 491-2

Having been bitten by the river run bug, Millie and Bill came back the next year to the Colorado River, taking the train from Chicago to Grand Junction, Colorado, arriving June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1951. The next day the duo launched their trusty 7-man raft near today's Loma Boat Ramp on close to 16,000 cubic feet per second (cfs). They boated through Ruby and Horsethief Canyons and entered Westwater Canyon on June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1951. Millie wrote in her journal:

*"At first the river was the same, wide with a swift current and no real rapids and then before we knew it the canyon became too narrow and caused the water to move very, very fast and arousing many rapids. Also the canyon continued to twist and turn. The rapids were tremendous and we wore life-jackets all the time. I had lost count of the miles and was not sure of where we were. Soon the rapids really began to cause trouble and we realized we were in the dangerous Cisco-Bend [today's Skull Rapid]. The waves were very high and there were many rocks. One wave swallowed us up and we could not move for a while and we were swamped. We luckily pulled into a eddy current and tied up to a steep rocky bank and took all our things out and let the sun dry them and mean-while we began to bail out the water. After finishing we continued down the river and soon were out of Cisco-Bend. We then camped early and were very tired but happy."* <sup>5</sup>

Fifteen-year-old Millie's successful transit of Westwater Canyon was the first ever documented for a female while her dad is credited with rowing Westwater at the highest water level up to that time. After passing under the Dewey Bridge and running the Moab Daily section, Millie and her dad arrived at the Moab Bridge late in the afternoon of June 13<sup>th</sup>, an impressive run of 88 miles.

The next day, they chartered a small plane, loaded their boat and camping gear in it, and flew to Craig, Colorado. After purchasing a few provisions, they took a taxi to Lilly Park on the banks of the Yampa River where they inflated and rigged their small raft.

The duo launched on the Yampa on June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1951.<sup>6</sup> and what a delightful run it was! Ducks paddled ahead of the boat, Bill caught catfish to eat, and the father-daughter team watched deer grazing across the river from their camps. In spite of the painful sunburn Millie earned from her leisurely basking, she really enjoyed this leg of the trip.

Proceeding onward, they reached the confluence with the Green River on June 19<sup>th</sup> and continued their ambling way riding close to 19,000 cfs. The fast speed of the river allowed Bill to do a lot of side canyon hiking. On June 21<sup>st</sup> they walked partway to the Dinosaur Quarry until a kind stranger gave them a lift. At Park Headquarters, they mentioned their river trip to a Ranger and suddenly found themselves in the office of Jess Lombard, Superintendent of Dinosaur National Monument. Lombard made sure they understood they lacked a permit to boat the rivers in the Monument. After receiving a stern warning about the hazards of river running, Superintendent Lombard had a Ranger drive them back to their boat. <sup>7</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Davis to Marston, July 16 and 27, 1951, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; *Big Water Little Boats: Moulty Fulmer and the First Grand Canyon Dory on the Last of the Wild Colorado River* by Tom Martin, Vishnu Temple Press, 2012, p 63-66; Davis to Marston, July 27, 1951, Folder 7, Box 46; Wright to Masland, August 19, 1950, Folder 5, Box 142, all in Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

<sup>5</sup> Millie Davis Diary, Folder 2, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA <sup>6</sup>  
“Chicagoan And Daughter Shoot Westwater Rapids,” *Moab Times-Independent*, June 14, 1951



*Millie snaps a picture of her dad Bill Davis in Dinosaur National Monument, June, 1951. Davis designed a covering to shed water off the boat in rapids. Photo courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA and Millie Davis Miller.*

After leaving the Monument, Bill and Millie resupplied at Jensen, Utah, then entered the expansive Uinta Basin. Millie wrote in her diary about how bad the mosquitoes were:

*“We camped at a mosquito-hole and climbed up the hill trying to get away. In the middle of the night we climbed down the hill in the dark.”*

The two boaters quickly learned to eat meals while afloat on the water, but they still tried to hike away from the river into the nearby hills at night to sleep away from the mosquitoes. Finally, they entered Desolation Canyon on June 25th and, thankfully, the mosquitoes thinned out.

They hiked side canyons, caught fish, and Bill did a little gold panning – a skill he and Millie had picked up on prior adventures “out west” together. How well his skill had developed was unclear, as he didn't find any nuggets on this particular trip. The only things that sparkled were the waves by day and the stars by night. Using the raft upside-down as a bed in fine weather, Millie could fall asleep searching for the constellations her father had taught her to find as a child. When it rained, the upside down raft became a handy tent.

After whatever quality of shut-eye they could get, dad and daughter ran the rapids amidst “*huge holes and ocean waves*” until they came to a rapid full of rocks. This they lined on the left and also lined the Tusher Diversion Dam,<sup>8</sup> walking along the shore line and hand towing their precious vessel until it was safe to enter the river again.

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<sup>7</sup> IBID; Superintendents Report, July 5, 1951, Dinosaur National Monument Archives



*Millie Davis in Desolation-Gray, June, 1951. Photo courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA and Millie Davis Miller.*

They arrived at Green River, Utah, on July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1951 feeling the excitement and exhaustion of a successful river run. Packing up the boat and their gear, they caught the train back to Chicago. Immediately after the trip, Bill wrote Colorado River historian Otis “Dock” Marston that he had, “*made the trip for pleasure, a relaxation, it was my vacation.*” In his reply, Dock included detailed information about the rapids in Lodore Canyon.<sup>9</sup>

Bill and Millie both really enjoyed their river trips. Soon after returning to Chicago, Millie told her dad she wanted to go again, but next time she wanted to row her own boat! Bill was all in and outfitted a second 7-man raft.



In 1952, Bill had 36 days of vacation and decided to run the Green River. His route was planned from Green River, Wyoming, to Phantom Ranch in Grand Canyon National Park - a little over 800 miles in all. On this trip, spunky 16yr old Millie would get her wish and captain a ship of her own, as it were. Bill prepared two boats for the trip. If all went well between two towns both named Green River (one in Wyoming and the other in Utah) Bill planned to go on through Cataract Canyon as well. He wrote Dock Marston of his plans, and Dock again replied with detailed suggestions on how to run Ashley Falls, Disaster, Triplett and Hell's Half Mile. Everything was set in the planning for the 1952 river trip, but time always brings changes, even in the short span of a few years.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> "Canyon Vacation Brings Adventure," *Edison Round Table*, August, 1951 <sup>9</sup> Davis to Marston, July 16, 1951, Marston to Davis, August 4, 1951, both in Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

Between 1950 and 1952, Bill and Pansy had divorced and Bill remarried a woman named Fern. Also by that time, Millie had developed what every 16yr old girl deems of utmost importance in life – a social calendar. Thrown into the deep end of normal Davis family life, city folks Fern and her 16yr old son Ronald Weidner joined the expedition. With new family in tow, Millie was excited to get her hands on the oars, but also thought that 10 days – 2 weeks would satisfy her wanderlust nicely this time around.

The foursome embarked in Green River, Wyoming, on June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1952. They met river runner Adrian Kenneth "AK" Reynolds who drove the party, their 2 boats, their gear, their supplies, and their trail-mix bags of enthusiasm and trepidation to the Smith Ferry put-in at Linwood, Wyoming.<sup>11</sup> Bill was to man the 12ft boat while Millie had charge of the 11 ½ footer. The others were on camera duty and hang-onto-the-boat duty, respectively. To their credit though, the newbies jumped right into the spirit of the trip. Ronnie wanted to try rowing, so early on the morning of Sunday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, the group was up preparing for the run. Swarms of mosquitoes hurried the rigging of the two boats right along and they pushed away from shore mid-morning on about 7,000cfs with Ronnie in one raft and Fern and Millie traveling with Bill in the other. As the clouds of bugs cleared and sunlight filled the gorge, the group all agreed it was stunningly beautiful. Flaming Gorge was quite aptly named. Later in the evening, they made camp near Hideout Canyon.



*Millie Davis rowing in Flaming Gorge, June 23, 1952. Photo courtesy Millie Davis Miller.*

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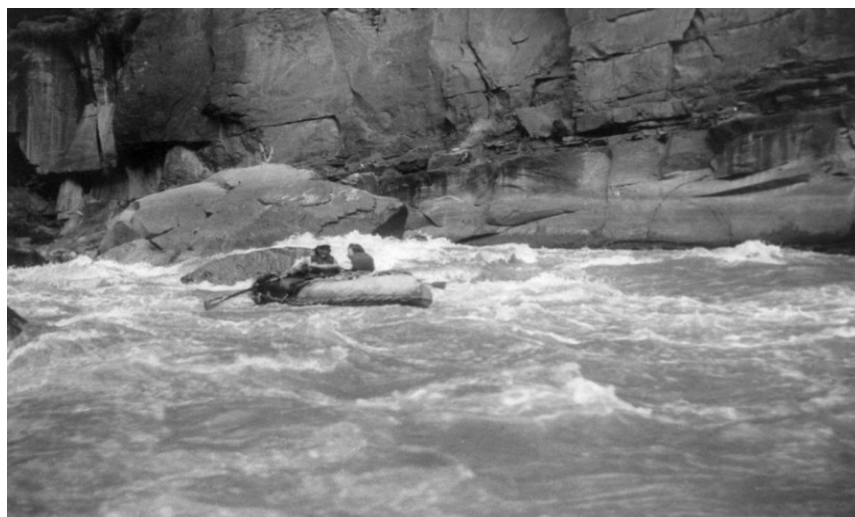
<sup>10</sup> Davis to Reilly, May 9 and 21, 1952, Davis to Marston, May 10, 1951, Marston to Davis, May 31, 1952, Marston to Davis, August 4, 1952, Davis to Marston, August, 1952, all in Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

<sup>11</sup> Davis to Marston, June 21, 1952, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; "On River In Rubber Boats," *Green River Star*, June 27, 1952; Fern Davis Diary, Folder 33, Box 288, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

The next day Millie was at the oars of her boat until Ronnie asked to row again. They swapped over just upstream of a very large cabin-sized boulder in the middle of the river. Having scouted the route ahead of time, Ronnie rowed past it on the right with no problem at all. Everyone enjoyed the Ashley Falls run and commented on how easy it was. Emboldened, Fern took the oars and the teens rode with Bill. However, poor Fern was terrified within a few minutes, thinking she had bit off more than she could chew. She called to her resident dare-devil/expert Millie to come take the oars and Millie happily obliged her.

On Tuesday, the 24<sup>th</sup>, Ronnie rowed Millie's boat into a hole in Red Creek Rapid. He would have been soaked but the rain had already taken care of that. The group stopped in Swallow Canyon and warmed up by a large fire. The rain quit, the sun came out, and they hiked to the top of the canyon for the view. The next day they rowed all the way into the Gates of Lodore, Millie and Ronnie taking turns rowing.

Thursday, June 26<sup>th</sup>, was a bright, sunny, promising day; Fern was struck by the beauty of the canyon. Millie recalled standing on a small bank and looking down at the rapids. Ronnie had rowed the first few, but at the Disaster Falls scout he refused to man the boat for the next run. Dad looked at daughter with a, "You're up!" look and off they went! Millie and her dad both ran Upper Disaster Falls solo, and Millie ran Lower Disaster with Ronnie as her passenger without scouting. Millie said, "Oh my, the lower was worse than the upper one, but it was thrilling!" Bill and Millie ran solo at Triplett Falls, but Fern got her signals crossed with the camera and didn't get a picture, so they unloaded Millie's raft and carried it back to the top of the rapid so she could run it again with Fern as her passenger. This time Bill had the camera. Fern wrote that the group "*camped at the lower end of Triplett Falls, took baths, washed some clothes. Boy we all feel wonderful.*"



*Millie Davis makes her run of Triplett Falls, June 27, 1952. Photo courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA and Millie Davis Miller.*

On the morning of Friday the 27<sup>th</sup>, Bill realized they hadn't actually run Triplett Falls yet. He ran his boat through the Falls solo while Millie took to the oars of her boat with Fern along as a passenger. At Hell's Half Mile, the group portaged the first 300 feet. Fern wrote that the *"rapid is about the biggest and most dangerous looking thing I have ever seen. After seeing that the other ones looked mild."* The rain returned and the group rowed out of Lodore, through Whirlpool, and on to the mouth of Split Mountain; each one wet, cold, and hungry. A beautiful camp, big fire, and good food helped end the day on a fine note.

The rain notwithstanding, the river had been dropping all this time. While they picked up some water from the Yampa, they were now running on 10,000 cfs and dropping.



*Bill and Ronnie portaging the top of Hells Half Mile, June 27, 1952.*

*Photo courtesy Millie Davis Miller.*

The group ran Split Mountain the next day without incident in fine weather. Millie noted, *"It was a lot of fun because the rapids were not so dangerous, but the waves were very high. Our type of boats made it fun."*

They visited the Dinosaur Quarry and sagely told no one they were traveling by boat. Back on the river, the crew rowed on to Jensen, Utah, where they treated themselves to ice cream and warm beds at a nearby ranch.

Bill intended to push hard through the mosquitoes of the Uinta Basin as fast as he could on Sunday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, but the Basin's winds had a different idea. Bill and Millie struggled at the oars all day fighting Lake Michigan sized waves. They found a sandbar which was free of mosquitoes and made camp. The next day proved calm. Breakfast and lunch were enjoyed out floating down the river – an earned reward. Their struggle on this run wasn't over yet though. Row as they might, the group was nowhere near out of the Basin by the end of the day Monday. Clouds of mosquitoes descended on them the instant they pulled into shore to camp. Dinner was out of the question as they pulled the boats up out onto the bank and dove into their sleeping bags.



Eager to move on, Bill got up early on July 1<sup>st</sup>. He wrangled both boats into the water and tied them together. Rousing the teens enough for them to climb into Millie's boat, the tired trekkers set off again - Bill at the oars in front with Fern to keep him company, and Ronnie and Millie towed behind, both fast asleep. The heat of the rising sun eventually woke up the teenagers, but Bill chugged on alone, fueled by mosquito power. The group entered the mosquito-free godsend of Desolation Canyon before stopping to eat both breakfast and lunch back to back. They camped at a beautiful sandy camp with shade trees, lovely water to swim in, and lots of catfish to catch.

On July 2<sup>nd</sup> the group made miles mosquito free. Fern wrote that *“at about 6:30pm we found the best camp site we have had so far; we all thought the one we had last night was nice but this one is just about perfect.”*



*Millie Davis rows the Tusher Diversion Dam, July 3, 1952. Photo courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA and Millie Davis Miller.*

The group ran the Tusher Diversion Dam with Millie rowing Ronnie.

Millie wrote, *“After about only four rapids we went through Green River Valley. We ran the dam that Dad and I portaged last year. The water was a little lower this year and the run was thrilling.”*

At Green River, Utah, Bill and Fern bought train tickets for the teens, their time coming to a close. They rolled up one boat, packed up its gear, then had dinner together. After dinner, Millie and Ronnie waited for the 10:00pm eastbound train taking them home to Chicago. For Bill and Fern, they rowed on down the Green headed for adventures in Cataract and Grand Canyons. They reached Phantom Ranch on Thursday, July 17<sup>th</sup>. Fern wrote in her diary the *“trip has been out of this world as far as being a success, and it will be good to get home and take a bath and sleep in a bed for a change.”*

Bill was pleased with the trip too. He was not only proud of his daughter's rowing, but he was happy with how his wife, Fern, did as well. After the trip, Bill sent Dock Marston the diary Fern wrote.

Dock was well aware of the 1938 folding kayak run of Genevieve de Colmont from Green River, Wyoming, to Lees Ferry, Arizona. Dock also knew the difference between a fold-boat and a rubber raft, (the latter which Millie had manned). He wrote Bill that Fern's diary made "*mighty good reading.*" As to Fern, Dock noted the first "*women to run from Flaming Gorge to Bright Angel were Doris Nevills and Millie Baker. I can think of no other women who have made this run.*"

As for Millie, Dock wrote he had "*no record of any other girl taking a boat thru Lodore and down to Green River, Utah. I am sure no girl has done it and that includes girls of any age.*"

Dock Marston concluded, "*I think the most unusual point in your trip was the boat work of your daughter.*"

Following that record-making river trip, Millie soon embarked on a completely new kind of adventure. She met her husband of 66 years (and counting!), Wayne Miller, in the fall after her last river trip with her father in 1952. Together, Wayne and Millie have shared their love of this vast, beautiful, and wild world with 3 children, 6 grandchildren, and 10 great grandchildren to date. They have visited 8 countries, lived in 3 states, and have been the culprits behind more fantastic family shenanigan memories than anyone can count. When learning of their grandmother's river rafting prowess, none of Millie's grandchildren were a bit surprised.

*The John Wesley Powell Museum at Green River, Utah, currently has in its archives some of the items from Mildred's trips. This includes the 11-1/2ft yellow rubber boat, ropes, tie downs, canvas, mosquito netting, blow up life ring (US Navy 1943), air pump and miscellaneous items in a raft bag. The museum also has a thumb drive with pictures and an oral history by Mildred and Tom Martin. There is also a folder with newspaper articles.*

*The Glen Canyon Conservancy in Page, Arizona, has the Davis's 2nd raft, oars and a blow up life ring.*

*The Otis Reed Marston collection at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, has Mildred's original diary of her Fruita to Moab (Westwater Canyon), Yampa to Green River Utah run in 1951, Fern Davis's journal of the 1952 river trip, and correspondence between Bill Davis and Dock Marston.*

*1 Dock Marston: The Colorado River Historian, Volume 1, Book 4, River Dock 1950- 1960, by Tom Martin, Vishnu Temple Press, 2022, p 390; Canyon Vacationing by William Davis, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA 2 Davis to Marston, July 16, 1951, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; Rainbow Bridge Register, courtesy Glen Canyon National Recreation Area Museum Collection*

*3 Frank Wright journal, July 17, 1950, Folder 11, Box 287, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; From Powell To Power: A Recounting of the First One Hundred River Runners through the Grand Canyon, by Otis Reed Marston, Vishnu Temple Press, 2014, pg 491-2*

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7 IBID; Superintendents Report, July 5, 1951, Dinosaur National Monument Archives Millie Davis in Desolation-Gray, June, 1951. Photo courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA and Millie Davis Miller.

8 "Canyon Vacation Brings Adventure," Edison Round Table, August, 1951 9 Davis to Marston, July 16, 1951, Marston to Davis, August 4, 1951, both in Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA 10 Davis to Reilly, May 9 and 21, 1952, Davis to Marston, May 10, 1951, Marston to Davis, May 31, 1952, Marston to Davis, August 4, 1952, Davis to Marston, August, 1952, all in Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA 11 Davis to Marston, June 21, 1952, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; "On River In Rubber Boats," Green River Star, June 27, 1952; Fern Davis Diary, Folder 33, Box 288, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

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1952, all in Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA 11 Davis to Marston, June 21, 1952, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA; "On River In Rubber Boats," Green River Star, June 27, 1952; Fern Davis Diary, Folder 33, Box 288, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

12 Marston to Davis, July 28, 1952, Folder 7, Box 46, Otis Reed Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, CA