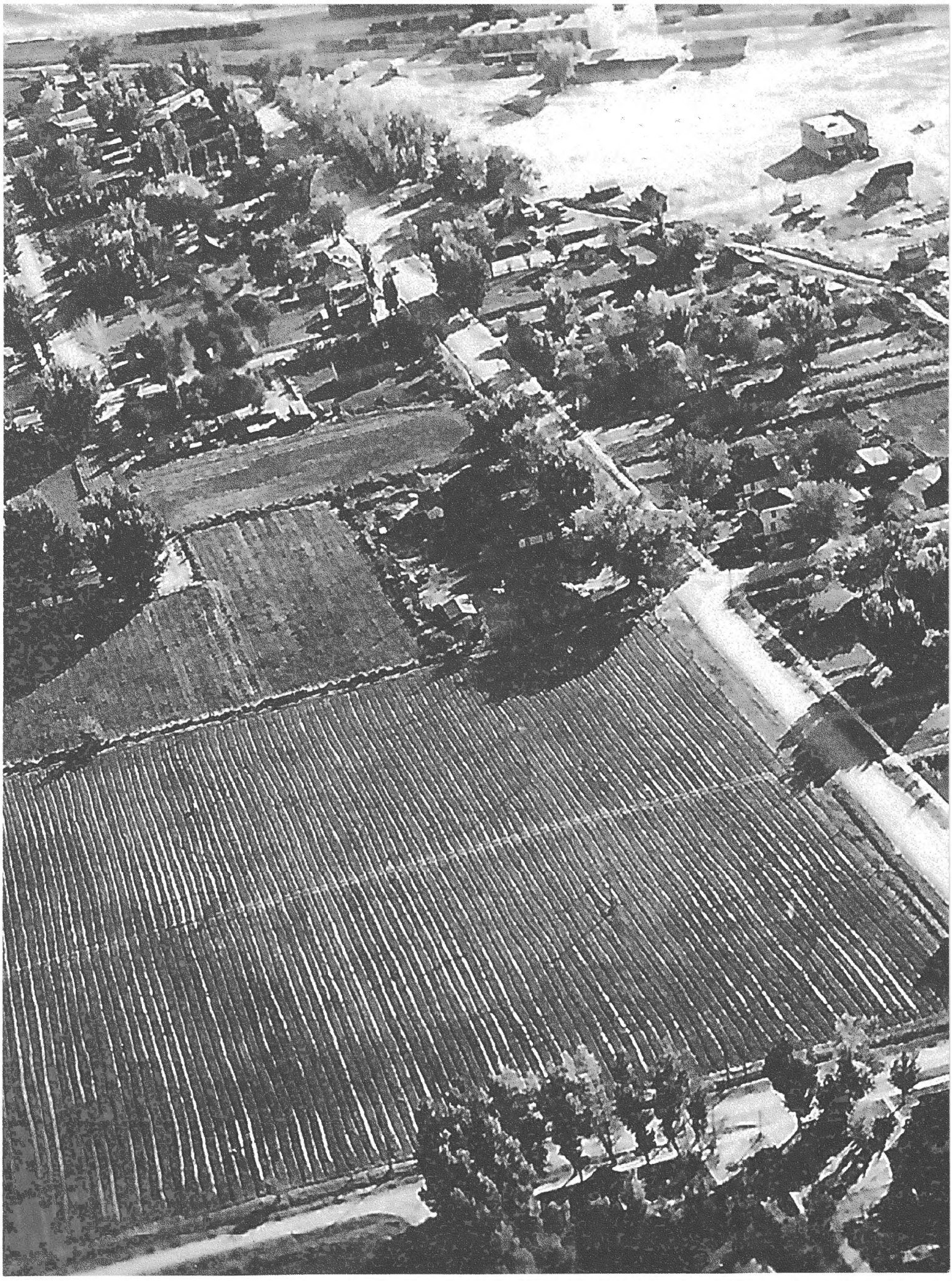


This place.

The Green River Magazine

38°59'36"N, 110°9'0"W





What is Green River all about? Well, where to start... from the outside looking in, it looks like just another small town; you might even say it looks like Radiator Springs. Green River is small, and there are quite a few run-down old buildings, but it is definitely not just another small town, not to those who grew up here. Green River is so much more than that; it's home, it's family. The people that live here are one of the things that make Green River so great. No matter where you are in town, whether it's the store or the gas station you'll encounter a friendly face. We're all family here and I wouldn't have it any other way.

There are so many places and things that I will always remember and think of home—Melon Days, the beach, the geyser, the boat dock, the Chow Hound and Ray's—those are just a few. People who come to Green River and overlook it, thinking it's just another run-down small town, are seriously missing out on the amazing people that they can meet and the amazing experiences they could have here.

In the summer it's all about the beach and the river, cooling off on a hot summer's day, making memories with friends that you will never forget; and it's the start of melon season. The fall is all about school starting back up and Melon Days. Winter, well, winter is all about basketball, that's a big thing here in this little town. Mostly everyone loves basketball. Spring is all about school finally coming to an end; everyone is getting ready to start the summer thing all over again and make some amazing memories. What better place to do it than Green River?

—Dakota Wetherington, student at Green River High School

About
The Green River Magazine was made by Sincerely Interested in partnership with the residents of Green River, Utah, and a selection of visitors and transplants.

Editors
Sarah Baugh and Nicole Lavelle

Design
Sarah Baugh and Nicole Lavelle

Contact
hello@sincerelyinterested.com

Sincerely Interested
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sincerelyinterested.com

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Sarah Baugh is artist and designer from Hope, Idaho. She lives in Richmond, Virginia, where she is pursing an MFA in Graphic Design at Virginia Commonwealth University. She first visited Green River as a Frontier Fellow with Epicenter in 2012.
sarahbaugh.com

Nicole Lavelle is an artist, designer, and writer. She is from California and Oregon. She is working towards an MFA in Fine Arts with a focus in Social Practice at the California College of the Arts. She first visited Green River as a Frontier Fellow with Epicenter in 2011.
nicolelavelle.com

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EPICENTER

Sincerely Interested

Welcome to the Green River Magazine.

This publication is about a town, in the desert, in the west, in the United States of America, in 2014.

The richness of Green River's physical landscape is rivaled only by the richness of the human narratives that exist within it. We are compelled by this place and its specific earth and people. But also, for us, a closer look at Green River is a closer look at the entire American West. Natural beauty, openness, resource extraction, land and water use, and rural culture: these are some of the myths and realities that shape Green River and many other communities west of the hundredth meridian.

There are many layers to this place. It is beautiful and fierce, peaceful and dusty; it is kaleidoscopic. This publication illuminates some of those layers. We have dug into the past, examined the present, and wondered about possible futures. We have not surveyed Green River in its entirety, but between the pages of this magazine, we offer you a few core samples.

We are both visitors. Our work in Green River began in 2011, the start of repeat experiences as visiting artists. Our shared interest in the intersection of natural, built, and social environments led us to collaborate in 2013 on the predecessor to this magazine, called the Green River Newspaper. This publication is a continuation of our ongoing interest in research, gathering, and translating the nuances of place.

Within the magazine, we aim to present a multitude of perspectives from a wide variety of contributors of many ages and backgrounds. The contents represent contributions from born-and-bred Green Riverites, more recent transplants, and visiting artists from urban centers for whom Green River has been a source of intrigue and discovery.

Green River is complicated. We are aware of and fascinated by the tension between insider and outsider perspectives and the evolving relationships between guest and host. The transplanted creative community that we are situated within adds an additional layer of complexity to this place. It is our hope that this publication reflects a keen awareness of our role as outside editors and our respect for the people and landscapes of Green River.

A magazine can be considered many things: a time capsule, a dispatch from an expedition, a snapshot, or an illustrated essay. Depending on where you are located, this may be a celebration of your hometown or a glimpse into the life of a distant site. Whatever it is, we hope this publication provides a multidimensional narrative of this place.

Sarah Baugh and Nicole Lavelle
Editors, Green River Magazine

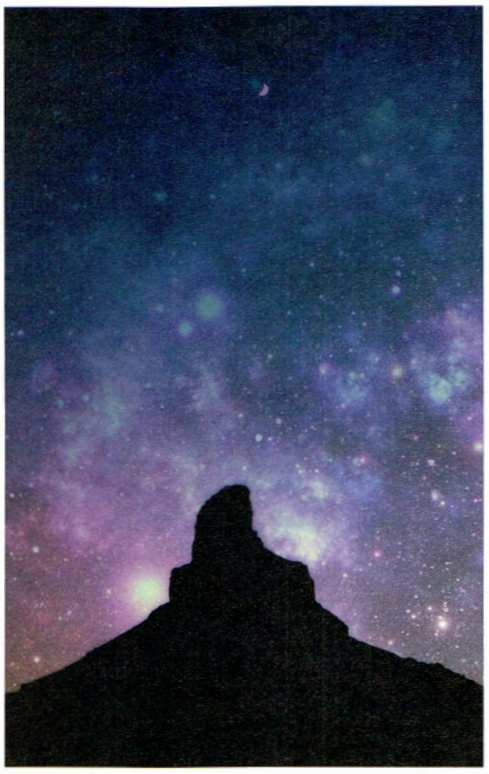


Photo Sarah Burnett

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Allycia Anderton
Green River, UT

Allycia was born in Price and she grew up in Green River. She likes to write and draw. She is writing a story right now and she is always typing on it, she is almost done with the second chapter of the story. Allycia loves to write. When she isn't writing she is drawing or thinking about what to write or draw.

Lizbeth Anguiano Avila
Green River, UT

Lizbeth Anguiano Avila goes to Green River High School. She is in the 8th grade. She likes to hang out with friends a lot, and she loves her family. She loves Justin Bieber and she likes to hear his songs. She likes to watch funny or scary movies with family and friends. She is a very loving young lady.

Mindy Bastian
Green River, UT

My name is Mindy Bastian, I am 17. I go to Green River High School. I like to go hiking and swimming and go on interesting adventures with my friends. After high school I plan to go to college and get my MBA.

Pat Brady
Green River, UT

Pat Brady is a math teacher and librarian at Green River High. He is also the mayor.

Katherine Brown
Green River, UT

Katherine Brown accompanied Phil Nelson to Green River in 1997. She started working at the Melon Vine in 1999 and has been there ever since. In 2012 she met a fellow widower, Rich Rolfe, and they share their lives together between Green River and Hanksville, UT.

Carson Davis Brown
Grand Rapids, MI

Carson Davis Brown is a photographer and filmmaker with a background in design. When he's not working from home, he's traveling with friends, meeting new people, and making eggs.

Sarah Burnett
Green River, UT

Sarah Burnett is a local photographer with a passion for desert landscapes. She graduated from Green River High School in 1999, and Snow College with an Associates Degree in 2001. Sarah is often found in a pair of well-worn sandals and a dusty camera bag, always ready for the next photo-op.

Chris Cordingley
Green River, UT

Chris Cordingley is 13. He likes rafting, fishing, and camping outdoors. His favorite foods are pizza, mac and cheese, and cheese fries. His favorite sports are baseball, football, and basketball. His favorite video games are Grand Theft Auto 4 and 5, and any Call of Duty. His favorite game is pool.

J. Vernal Dilworth
Fredonia, NY

Jason Dilworth is an assistant professor at the State University of New York at Fredonia, a 2014 Marion Fellow, and co-founder of Designers and Forests. His education comes from the wilderness of eastern Utah and the commonwealth of Virginia.

Ryan Greaves
Grand Rapids, MI

Ryan Greaves is a graphic designer, photographer, artist, collector, cat lover and forever eagle scout. He enjoys making people smile and is inspired by the absurd, unique and weird. Reason and rationale guide him in his work, but nothing's perfect.

Jack Forinash
Green River, UT

Jack serves as Principal of Housing at Epicenter, a community development not-for-profit organization he co-founded with fellow graduates of Auburn University's School of Architecture. An Alabama native, Jack moved to Green River in 2008 and now calls this place home.

Tyson Giles
Green River, UT

Lauren Hert
Green River, UT

Chris Lezama
Green River, UT

Originally from Northern California, Chris has learned to appreciate rural Utah living, but wishes winters didn't get so cold. Chris graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Sociology and Modern Literature from the University of California Santa Cruz.

Charlie Macquarie
Oakland, CA

Charlie Macquarie is a librarian, archivist, ~~Nevadan~~ ~~Californian~~ Nevadan, and generally adventuresome person. He works mostly in collaboration with a T100 pickup.

Miles Mattison
Oakland, CA

I go places and make things. I am attracted to interactions between people and land. I worry about the things that make us modern, but participate in some anyways. I am shamelessly astonished by both the sunset and the moon.

Ian McClusky
Portland, OR

Ian spent most of his twenties rattling around the West in an old pickup. He now makes documentaries and teaches others to tell their own stories through documentary. He looks forward to returning to Green River to share *Les Voyageurs*, and enjoy again the delicious watermelons.

Lindsey McFarlane
Green River, UT

In her spare time, Lindsey likes to play the piano and ride her horse Prudence. Lindsey also likes to play volleyball, soccer, and participate in Quiz Bowl.

Zack Mecham
Green River, UT

My name is Zack. I live in Green River. I go to Green River High School. I like biking, girls, and food.

Roman Medina
Green River, UT

Roman goes to Green River High. He likes to play basketball. Also, he likes to hang out with friends after school or in his free time. He was born in El Paso, Texas. His favorite classes in school are history, math, and P.E.

Prisma Mendez
Green River, UT

Prisma Mendez is a twelve-year-old girl who attends Green River High School. She is the second-oldest child out of four children. Her father's name is Rodolfo Mendez and her mother's name is Genoeva Herrera.

Phil Nelson
Green River, UT

Phil Nelson moved to Green River in 1997 to be closer to the desert rivers he loved. He worked as a carpenter and painter to make ends meet. Before passing away in 2009 he completed *Desert River Stories*. He was a true River Rat, preferring the company of the canyons and rivers to city life.

Duston Ogden
Green River, UT

Duston Ogden is 14 years old. He likes to fish, camp, and just hang out with his family. Some other things he likes to do is play his Xbox. He loves to be outdoors. He loves to farm. His two favorite sports are football and basketball.

Chance Pfander
Green River, UT

My name is Chance Pfander and I play three sports: basketball, baseball, and golf. My favorite sport is basketball, and I would like to go to college for basketball when I graduate. My next favorite sport is golf, and then baseball. My best friend is Nick Corrigan ;)

Justin Pinneo
Green River, UT

Justin Pinneo was born in Price, Utah and was raised in Green River his whole life. He goes to GRHS. Justin likes to ride his dirt bike and four-wheeler. His favorite subject in school is math. Justin likes lots of sports.

Jaden Richards
Green River, UT

Jaden is an 11th grader at Green River High School who enjoys music, art, dancing, acting, and hanging out with his friends.

Armando Rios
Green River, UT

Armando Rios is an AmeriCorps VISTA at Epicenter and currently administers the Fix It First program. In his time in Green River, Armando has helped build one house and worked on over 18 homes. When Armando is not swinging a hammer, he enjoys spending time at the local river beach.

Mary Rothlisberger
Green River, UT

Mary is a thinker, writer, conversationalist, and relationalist situated in the hinterland of North America. She hails from the border town of Palouse, Washington, and spends most of her days taking the long way home back and forth across America. She loves small towns, long winters, optimists, parades, and the United States Postal Service.

Ryann Savino
Green River, UT

Originally from the granite-clad foothills of Northern California, Ryann first came to Green River in 2012 via canoe. A recent graduate of Whitman College, she wrote her Environmental Humanities Senior Thesis on the Green River watershed and her family history held within its silty flow. Ryann currently serves as an AmeriCorps VISTA with Epicenter.

Nikolas Shaffer
Green River, UT

I have lived in Green River for two amazing years. I have three interesting siblings. I am currently in 10th grade at the amazing Green River High School. I like to play sports and computer games. I always try to look on the bright side of everything.

Sarah Siefken
Green River, UT

Seven years ago, Sarah fled the Illinois cornfields and has been living out west ever since. During the week, she and her husband work as park rangers in the deserts of Utah. On the weekends they hit the road to find their next big adventure. Check out their travel blog at redrockrangers.com

Cyrus Smith
Greensboro, NC

Cyrus is an artist and musician from Portland, Oregon. He came to Green River first in the summer of 2013 for an artist residency with Cabin-Time, and again in January 2014 as a Frontier Fellow with Epicenter. He currently lives in Greensboro, North Carolina, where he works for Elsewhere, a living museum set inside a three-story former thrift store.

Katelynn Sweat
Green River, UT

Maria Sykes
Green River, UT

Maria has spent most of her life in Alabama and is a true southerner. She graduated from Auburn University with a Bachelor of Architecture. Following a visit to the town of Green River, she moved here to co-found Epicenter. Maria enjoys going to loud concerts and taking long road trips.

Charlotte X.C. Sullivan
Brooklyn, NY

Charlotte works at the Queens County Farm in New York City. In operation since 1697, it is the oldest continuously farmed land in New York State and situated on the largest remaining tract of undisturbed farm land in New York City. She co-founded the Frontier Fellowship with Epicenter, and currently serves on their Board of Directors.

Dakota Wetherington
Green River, UT

I am a junior at Green River High, I am 17. I like to play basketball and go swimming in the river. After graduating high school I plan to go to college and go into either journalism or psychology.

Brooke Williams
Wyoming

Brooke Williams is a freelance journalist with four books including *Halflives: Reconciling Work and Wildness*, and dozens of articles. Lately he's writing about the psychological necessity of wilderness. He has an MBA in sustainable business and when not wandering around southern Utah, lives near Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming.

Trey Vetere
Green River, UT

Bennett Williamson
Santa Cruz, CA

Bennett Williamson was born in Boston and lives in Santa Cruz, California. As an artist, DJ, and project manager, he produces work in galleries, on the radio, and online. Interests include vernacular media, signs, and technology's influence on popular culture. He was a Frontier Fellow at Epicenter in 2013.

Citizens of the Green River Area,

Greetings to all. I know that a few in the community are having health problems, some quite severe, I wish you a quick recovery and if not possible, the strength to carry on.

It has been awhile since I have written a letter so it is a bit lengthy and quite informative. I hope you read it all.

Some changes have occurred that you may not be aware of: Howard Burnett, after 40 years of dedicated service, has decided to retire from the Fire Department. I want Howard to know how much we have appreciated his service to our community.

Next we had a change in our Council. Mike Silliman was elected to the Council and I know that he will be a valuable member on the Council. That means that Kent Johnson will no longer be on board. His service has been invaluable and I thank him for his many years of committed service and work for our city.

We have recently received approval and assistance from the National Park Service Rivers, Trails, and Conservation Assistance Program to allow Green River to improve on existing trails and create new ones around town and along the river. This will continue to help us become more of a destination then a drive-through. Our Trails Committee members are: Penney Riches, Karen Smith, Sarah Siefken (State Parks), Tim Glenn, Kelly Dunham, and Marcy DeMillion (NPS). If you are interested in being a part of this grand effort please contact the City office.

I would also like to organize a citizen-run committee to set up a Veterans Memorial in town. The members would begin a campaign to collect donations and set up a bank account to hold the funds. They would also decide on options on where to put the memorial and create ideas for design. If you are interested in being a part of this noble effort to remember and honor the brave and patriotic men and women of our community, please contact the City office.

Another committee that I believe our citizens should be involved in is a Beautification Committee. The responsibility of the members would be to create ideas that would bring out the beauty of Green River, choose businesses and residences that are striving to look their best, and put together service groups that could help those in our community that need help in cleaning/clearing up their properties. If you are interested in helping Green River become as beautiful as it can be please call City offices. If you are a citizen that needs some help with your yards please let us know.

We are fortunate to have three great organizations in our community to help not only our children, but ourselves as well. Most of you have heard of them, however I feel they all add a great deal to our community and want to make sure all know what is available in our town.

First of all, there is the Epicenter located on Broadway. They have programs that are available to help with home repair and they can find assistance in local, state, and federal programs. They have and will continue to sponsor various workshops including many that are art based. They and their Frontier Fellows, men and women that come to Green River to share their expertise, have worked with the high school. A present project had them working with Mr. Gowans' class to interview local Veterans. Some of the interviews will be submitted to the Museum Archives.

Next, is the Community Center located on South Long Street They sponsor the Boys and Girls Club of Green River and their theme is, "Providing a positive place for children to learn and grow." A few of the things they do for our elementary age youth are: have daily individual homework help, workshops with professional artists, and healthy lifestyles education. They have had a fieldtrip to Goblin Valley, decorated a float for the Melon Days Parade and even made their own movie that was written, produced, and starred the Boys/Girls Club kids.

Last but not least is CHEER located at the corner of Main and Walnut, old airport office, CHEER stands for Creating a Healthy Environment and Encouraging Respect. It is a drug and alcohol prevention coalition. The coalition members include citizens of Green River and a member from the 4 Corners organization. They have worked hard to bring prevention information to our town. You may have noticed them at home volleyball and basketball games. Through the Safe Passage program, CHEER was able to create the Pirate's Den Teen Center, open Monday–Thursday 3–5pm. It is not only a place for the youth at the high school to come relax, play foosball, air hockey, or ping pong, they can also get help with school work and participate in a variety of activities.

There is a great organization that businesses can join and help make Green River more of a destination location. It is called "Potluck" and is an active Green River Business Group.

News on the economic front: the power plant is continuing to move ahead with the required studies that they need to do in order to apply for an "early site permit." Even though Blue Castle continues to progress, they keep being delayed by the opposition filing motions in court.

Emery Refinery is also progressing forward and are continuing design and engineering work. They are also aggressively pre-qualifying contractors to perform the work.

TESLA, an American company that designs, manufactures and sells electric cars, is setting up a supercharging system at the Museum. This will hopefully bring in many new visitors to our town. To check them out, go to teslamotors.com.

Currently, we are in the process of updating our General Plan and recently sent out surveys. Thank you to those who took time to complete and return a survey. These surveys will really help us shape the future of Green River.

I would like to thank all those that go about each day quietly yet helping neighbors and others all the while making Green River a better place to live.

I encourage all to visit our website, www.greenriverutah.com at anytime.

As the great Robert Louis Stevenson said, "Don't judge each day by the harvest you reap but by the seeds you plant."

Until next letter
Sincerely,
Pat Brady

Ciudadanos del area de Green River,

Saludos a todos. Yo se que algunas personas en la comunidad sufren de problemas médicos, algunos muy graves, ojalá que tengan una recuperación rápida y si no, la fuerza para seguir adelante.

Ha pasado algún tiempo desde mi última carta a nuestra comunidad, por lo tanto, ésta es un poco larga pero muy informativa. Espero que la lean a fondo.

Hay algunos cambios que tal vez no han escuchado. Howard Burnett, después de 40 años de servicio, decidió a retirarse del Departamento de Bomberos. Quiero que Howard sepa cómo hemos apreciado su servicio a nuestra comunidad.

Tenemos un cambio en el Ayuntamiento. Mike Silliman fue elegido para ser parte del Ayuntamiento y yo se que él va a ser un miembro muy importante. Esto significa que Kent Johnson no va a ser parte del Ayuntamiento. Su servicio ha sido invaluable y quiero agradecerle por sus años de dedicación al servicio y por el trabajo que ha dedicado a nuestra ciudad.

Recientemente hemos recibido la aprobación y asistencia del Servicio de Parques Nacionales Ríos, Senderos, y el Programa de Conservación para mejorar senderos existentes y crear otros nuevos en la ciudad y cerca del río. Eso va a ayudar a nuestra ciudad a llegar a ser un destino en lugar de una parada. El Comité de Senderos está compuesto por Penny Richards, Karen Smith, Sarah Siefkan (Parques del Estado), Tim Glenn, Kelly Dunham, y Marcy DeMillion (NPS). Si está interesada/o en ser parte de este gran esfuerzo por favor contactar a la oficina de la Ciudad.

También quiero crear un comité de ciudadanos para hacer una conmemoración a los Veteranos en nuestra ciudad. El comité primero va a colectar donaciones y abrir una cuenta bancaria, además de buscar las opciones para la ubicación y diseño de la conmemoración. Si usted está interesado en ser parte de este noble esfuerzo para recordar y honrar a los hombres y mujeres valientes y patrióticos de nuestra comunidad, por favor comuníquese con la oficina de la Ciudad.

Otro comité que creo es muy importante para que nuestros ciudadanos participen es el Comité de Embellecimiento. Si está interesado en ayudar a Green River a ser tan hermosa como puede ser, por favor llame a la oficina de la ciudad. Si usted es un ciudadano que necesita un poco de ayuda con sus propiedades por favor háganoslo saber.

Somos afortunados de tener tres organizaciones muy buenas en nuestra comunidad que ayudan no sólo a los niños, sino también a nosotros. La mayoría de ustedes han oído hablar de ellas, sin embargo, siento que suman mucho a nuestra comunidad y quiero asegurarme de que todos sepan lo que está disponible en nuestra ciudad.

La Primera, es Epicenter ubicada en Broadway. Ellos tienen programas que ayudan con reparaciones del hogar y saben cómo encontrar programas de asistencia locales, del estado, y federales. También ellos tienen y continuarán patrocinando varios eventos, incluyendo muchos relacionados al arte. Ellos y sus Frontier Fellows, hombres y mujeres que vienen a Green River para compartir su experiencia, han trabajado mucho con la escuela secundaria. Un proyecto en el que estaban trabajando recientemente fue en la clase del Señor Gowan para entrevistar a veteranos locales. Algunas de estas entrevistas van a quedar en los Archivos de nuestro Museo.

La próxima es la Community Center en S. Long Street. Ellos promueven el Club de niños y niñas de Green River con el propósito de, "Proporcionar un lugar para que los niños puedan aprender y crecer." Algunas de las cosas que hacen para nuestros jóvenes en edad primaria son: brindar ayuda con la tarea diaria individual, talleres con artistas profesionales, y educación sobre estilos de vida saludables. Ellos han tenido una salida de campo al Goblin Valley, decorado una carroza para el desfile de Melon Days incluso hicieron su propia película que fue escrita, producida y protagonizada por los niños de Boys and Girls Club.

La última es CHEER situada en la esquina de Main y Walnut, la vieja oficina del aeropuerto. CHEER es sinónimo de "La creación de un ambiente sano y estimulante de respeto." Se trata de una coalición de prevención de drogas y alcohol. A través del programa Safe Passage, CHEER fue capaz de crear Pirate's Den Teen Center, de Lunes a Jueves, de 3 a 5pm. No es sólo un lugar para que los jóvenes en la escuela secundaria puedan venir a relajarse, jugar futbol, air hockey, ping pong sino también pueden obtener ayuda con las tareas escolares y participar en una variedad de actividades.

Hay un organización a la que las tiendas locales pueden unirse para ayudar en el trabajo de mejorar Green River. Se llama "Potluck" y es un grupo de negocios muy activo.

Noticias en el frente económico: la planta de energía continúa para adelante con los estudios necesarios que tienen que hacer para solicitar un "permiso de sitio temprano." A pesar de que Blue Castle sigue avanzando, ellos siguen siendo retrasados por la presentación de mociones de la oposición en los tribunales.

Emery Refinería también avanza y sus obras de diseño e ingeniería continúan. También están calificando exhaustivamente a los diferentes contratistas que llevarán a cabo la obra.

TESLA, una empresa estadounidense que diseña, fabrica y vende autos eléctricos, Está desarrollando un sistema de sobrealimentación en el Museo. Se espera que esto traiga muchos nuevos visitantes a nuestra ciudad. Para comprobarlo por usted mismo, ingrese a teslamotors.com.

Actualmente estamos en el proceso de actualizar nuestro Plan General y por eso recientemente mandamos una encuesta. Gracias a aquellos que se tomaron el tiempo de completar y entregar la encuesta. Estas encuestas son muy importantes ya que van a forjar el futuro de Green River.

Me gustaría agradecer a todos los que van cada día en silencio ayudando a los vecinos y los demás para que Green River sea un mejor lugar para vivir.

Los invito a visitar nuestra página web, www.greenriverutah.com.

Como el gran Robert Louis Stevensen dice, "No juzgues cada dia por la cosecha que obtengas sino por las semillas que hayas plantado."

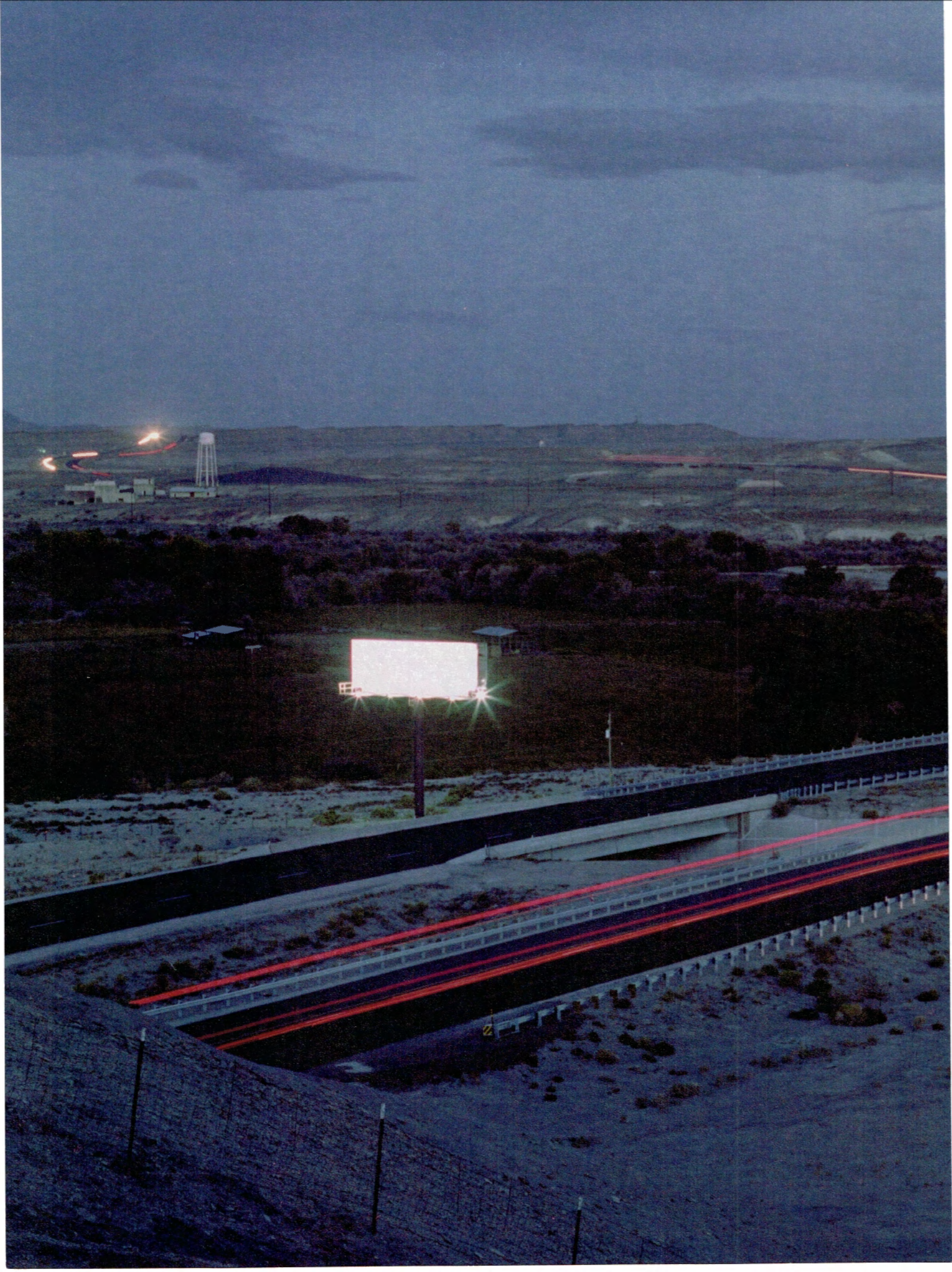
Hasta la próxima carta,
Sinceramente
Pat Brady

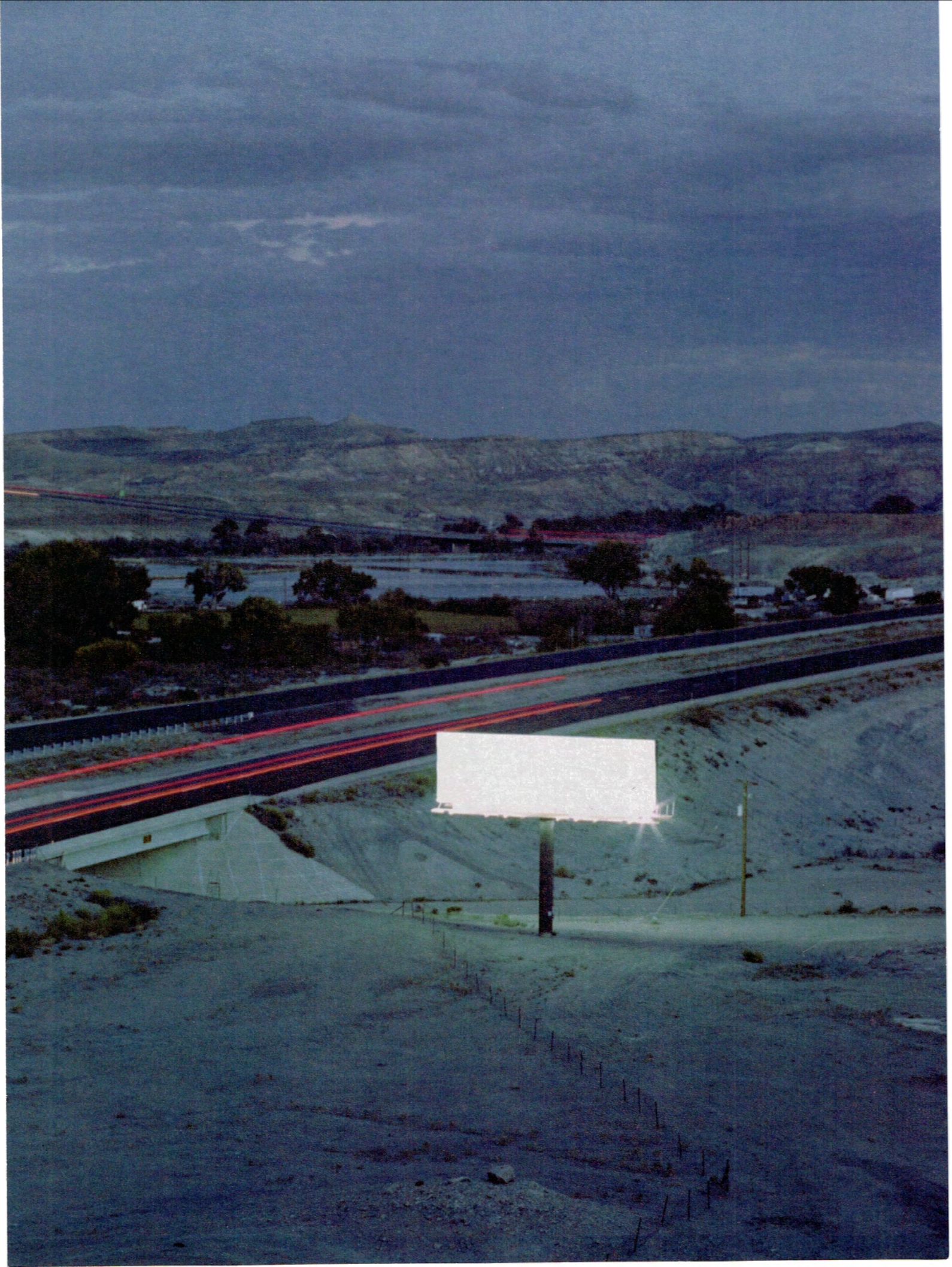


Seasonal

Photographs by Miles Mattison










chow hound
PIZZA




BALSALT
BALSALT


















AS & GROCERIES
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Melon Days

Since 1906



Nancy Dunham and Richard Seeley at the Dunham melon stand in September 2013

In the morning, the town grew to be five times its regular size. Every Green River local was there, plus all of their cousins from out of town, plus the parents of the kids in the high school marching band from Colorado. People lined Main Street with lawn chairs and kids perched on the open tailgates of pickup trucks backed up to the sidewalk. The sun beat down from the east. At 10am it was already too hot.





The parade started with a medi-vac helicopter buzzing Main Street just barely above the power lines. The crowd screamed in delight and kids slapped their palms to their ears. Three Boy Scouts with flags marched in formation from the east to begin the procession. One carried the United States, red white and blue. The other carried the State of Utah, the Beehive State, and a third carried a white and red flag for the town of Green River.

And then came the melon.

The melon is about twenty feet long, ten feet tall, and it is made of wood. It is a long slice of watermelon with a sort of square bottom that allows it to sit on a platform lined with shiny red mylar streamers. Its rind is painted a variegated green.

It is magnificent.

If you have never been to Green River, Utah, during Melon Days, you would only see the melon dormant, stowed away in the parking lot of the history museum waiting for its annual march down Main Street. You might think it is built atop a trailer, meant to be towed behind a farm truck.

But you'd be wrong.

The melon appeared to power itself.

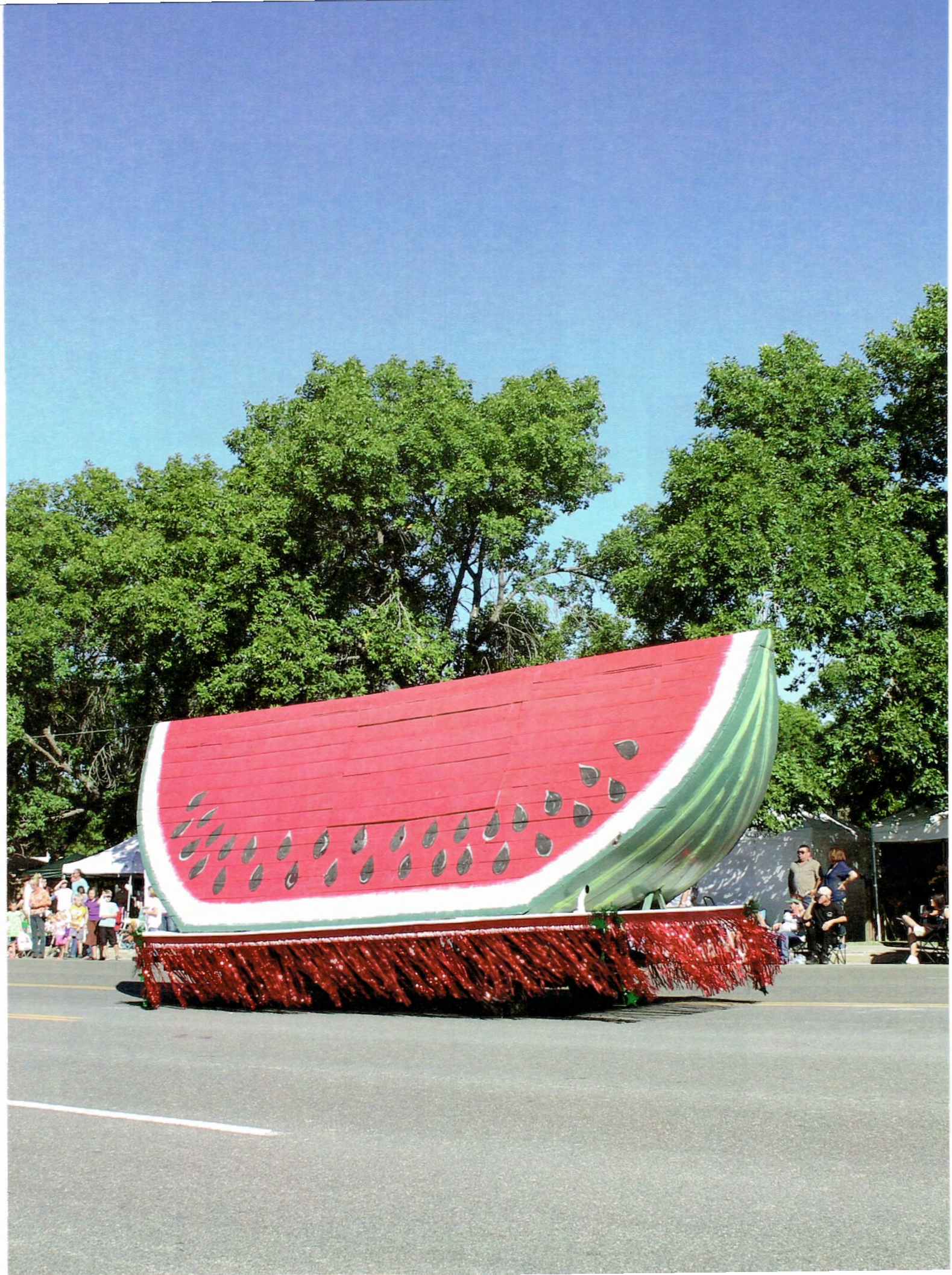
After the melon came the Melon Queen and her two attendants, standing on a flatbed trailer pulled by a mom on a four-wheeler. The girls waved with their elbows and their wrists and they giggled in their long dresses. Their friends yelled for them. "Judith!" "Hey!"

Then there were clowns in tiny cars and rainbow socks. One of the small cars was a bathtub on wheels.

The fire trucks creaked by, one engine from Green River and another from neighbor town Thompson Springs, a town that by recent count had only 39 residents. Then came a marching band, old cars, and a four-wheeler carrying the mayor, his wife, and two of their grandkids. They were all wearing green shirts.

A bald man with sporty sunglasses drove a yellow Mustang convertible carrying three ladies from the Emery County beauty pageant. They too waved with their elbows. The parade transitioned seamlessly back into regular traffic as the Sherriff led a long line of highway travellers coming through town for gas, diesel, and Subway sandwiches. A Wal-Mart semi-truck was first in line behind the Sherriff's flashing red and blue lights.

After the parade was the park.








DUNHAM MELONS
FAIR PRICES
FAMOUS FOR FLAVOR
BUY FROM THE GROWER

In the park, on the southwest corner, the Vetere family cut up watermelon with machetes. "First you quarter it, and then you chop," said the chopper, a distant Vetere cousin by marriage. *Fwack fwack fwack fwack fwack.*

In the northeast corner, at the Dunham melon table, you could eat orange crenshaw, cantaloupe-colored canary, pink israeli, and watermelon. They were cut up into little pieces and placed into sticky tupperware with tape labels. A teenager chopped slowly with a kitchen knife. "My uncle grows all of these melons," he said. Nearby, the Thayn melon table offered triangle watermelon and thin crescent moon slices of sweet, sweet cantaloupe.

Later in the afternoon at the Dunham melon stand, melon matriarch Nancy Dunham sat in an armchair beside her friend Richard Seeley. The town may have crowned the Melon Queen the night before in the high school auditorium, but Nancy Dunham is a melon queen in her own right.

Her granddaughters weighed crenshaws for people stopping off the main road through town. It was a good year for melons, Nancy said. "We had a little bit of rain that caused a little bit of trouble with the cantaloupes, but basically it's been a good year," she said.

Richard explained how to tell if cantaloupes were ripe or not. "That's a good ripe one." He piled the ripe ones on top. "The trick is to look at the place where the stem was. If it looks like a clean break, it was ripe when it was picked. If there's still some stem left, no good." Then he'd toss it in the pig bucket.

In the evening, there was a lull between melon eating and square dancing. The Trojan Melon rested quietly on Broadway at the end of the parade route, beneath the crazy beautiful desert sunset, its mylar tassels ruffling.

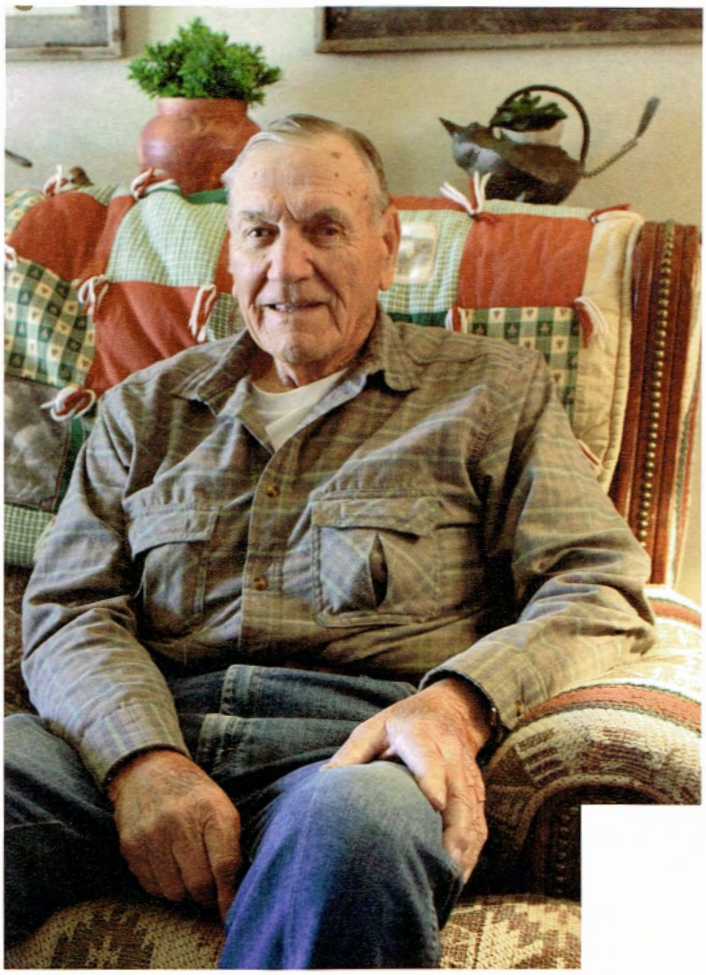
That night the rain and wind blew in as lightning struck in the east and the square dancers wove around the pavilion in the park. The women wore those fluffy skirts and the music was a kind of slowed-down techno. At one point they danced to a square dance remix of that song "Who Let The Dogs Out." The caller was very skilled, and sang the moves in time with the music. *"Bow to your partner. Bow to your corner. Explode the wave. Slide the door. Back step, promenade. Who let the dogs out. Wheel and deal, run around the outside. Inside girl, run around the inside. Pass the ocean."*

The rain descended that night, soaking the dry earth. All the next day, sheets of monsoon flooded the streets and tremendous thunder interrupted conversations. Good timing.

A Few People in Green River

953 people call Green River home, give or take. The town has experienced population booms and slumps throughout its history in response to shifts in industry. If first a ferry, then the railroad, and then uranium, missiles, melons, and tourists, what might be next? What brought Green River's residents here, and how does the town grow and shift to keep them? What follows is a few small stories about some of Green River's most interesting people.

Interviews and photographs by Ryann Savino and Cyrus Smith



Teddy "Ted" Cornelius Ekker

Retired uranium miner, service station manger, construction worker

Green Riverite all his life

How do you envision the future of Green River?
There is not a future for Green River, unless we see some industry come to town. We have a great deal of natural resources, including natural gas. We need to use these resources to generate more business.



Lisa Ruby Hackett

KOA Campground Employee and Artist

Green Riverite for 15 years

Best Green River Memory?
The day I got my dirt bike and finally saw the most beautiful place on Earth.



Orrin Johnson

Student

Green Riverite for 13 years

How has Green River changed since you've lived here? **They built a Subway, the Melon Vine added a bakery, and the Epicenter came to town.**



Erick Martin Mendez

Ace Hardware Employee

Green Riverite for 13 years

In what ways has Green River changed you since you've lived here? **I'm an overall better person. Growing up in a small town you don't have all the temptations you do in the big city.**



Haydee Trejo

Head Housekeeper at Super 8 Motel

Green Riverite for 21 years

Qué usted preven para el futuro de Green River? **Yo pienso que la mejor ayuda para la comunidad de todo Green River sería que se cumpluera la promesa de poner la Planta Nuclear sería una gran ayuda para todos y para todo.**



Dale Ernest Richards

Retired educator

Green Riverite for 34 years

How has Green River changed since you've lived here? **Since the completion of the interstate we have lost businesses and jobs, forcing our youth to leave our community.**

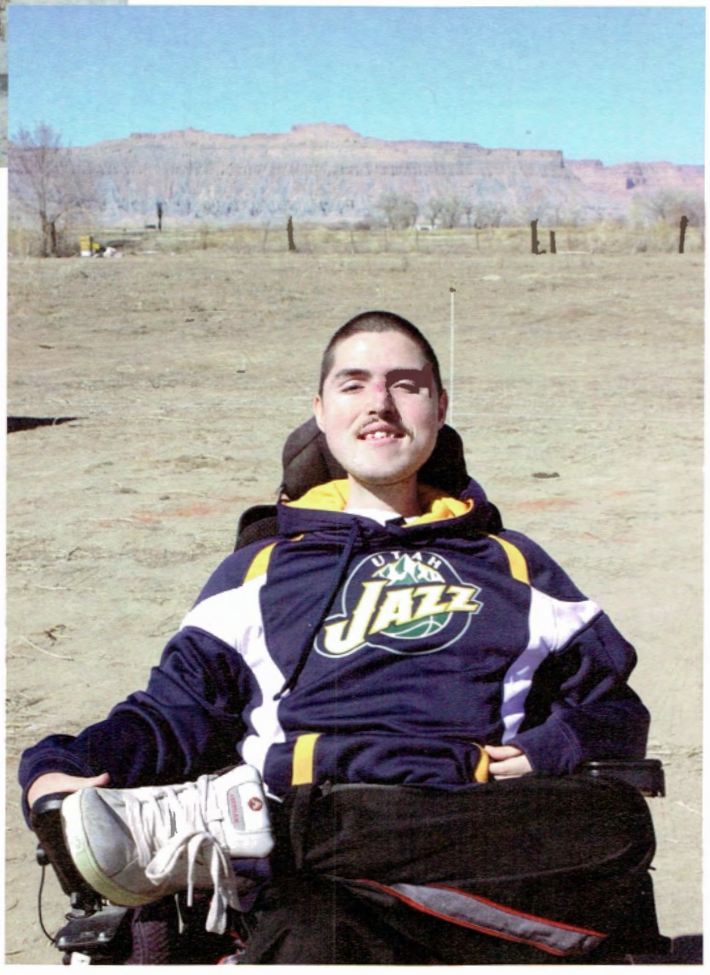


Allen Burns

General Manager at West Winds Truck Stop

Green Riverite for 46 years

What do you envision for the future of Green River? **With the freeway, the railroad, and all the natural resources here, the town will have to flourish again, and it will be nice to have something to depend on other than farming and tourism.**



Conner Jeff Newland

Freshman Boys Basketball Coach

Green Riverite for 21 years

I have always loved sports but could not participate. The coaches noticed that the boys listened to me and really showed respect. My greatest reward is teaching the boys and our community to accept and include everyone regardless of their disabilities.



Avran Mendoza

Senior at GRHS

Green Riverite for 6 years

Share with us one of your most compelling Green River memories. **Melon Days is fun I guess.**

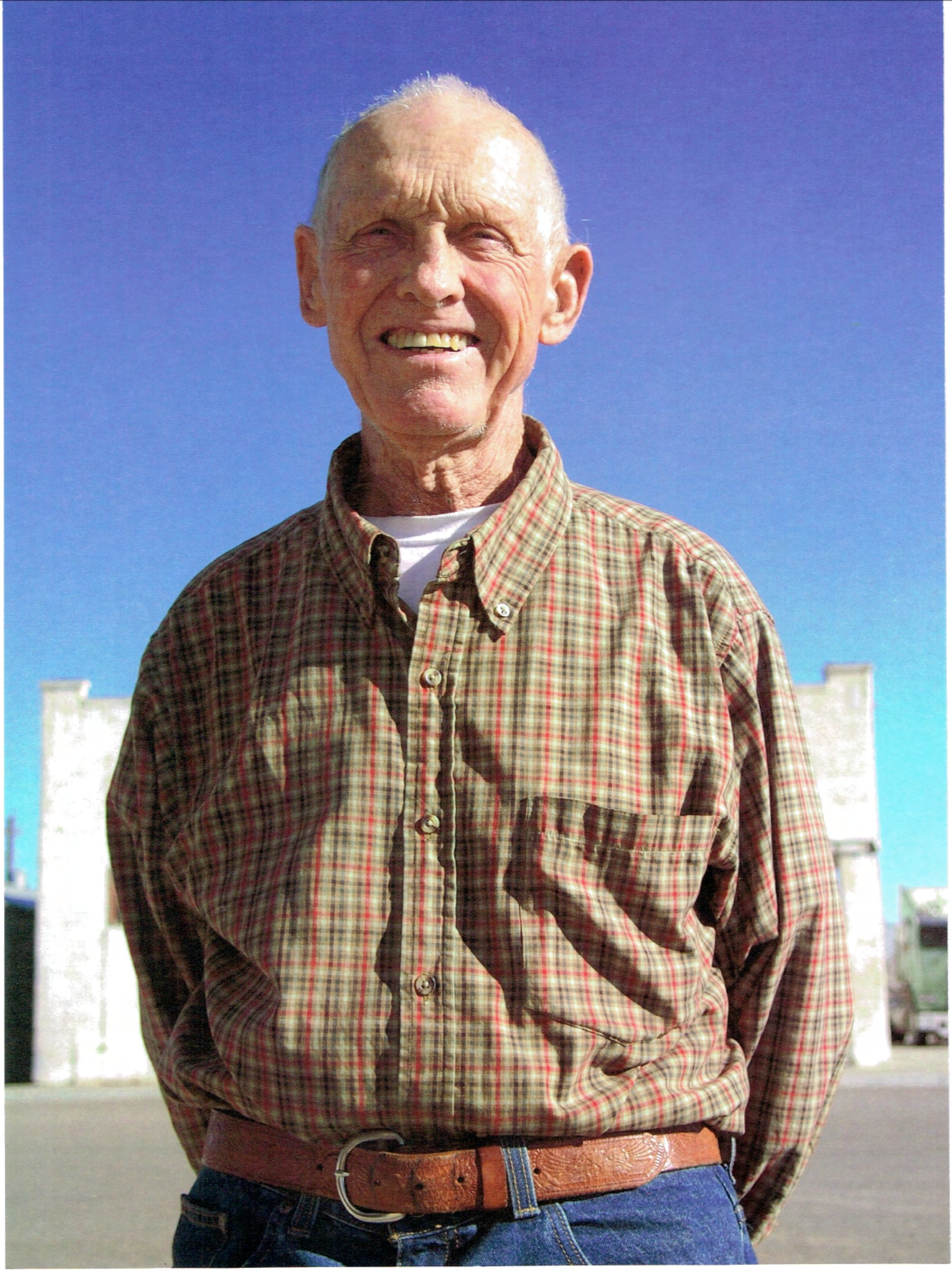


Maureen "Jo" Baxter

Artist

Green Riverite for 49 years

What do you envision for the future of Green River? **More ups and downs, hoping the ups will prevail.**



Glenn Baxter

An interview with Glenn Baxter conducted by Cyrus Smith

Introduction

Glenn Baxter Entonces. Aqui estamos. Si se puede hablar Espanol.

Cyrus Smith Un poco, pero no me gusta.

Glenn Un poco bastante.

Cyrus Do you speak Spanish fluently?

Glenn No. It's a shame, because I really kind of picked it up. I got in some trouble when I was early in my senior year of high school, and ended up with my brother down in Uvalde, Texas. I worked for about 5 or 6 weeks thinning lettuce, I think to teach me a lesson about how important it was to get smart.

Cyrus That's the hardest of the hard work out in the fields, right?

Glenn Do you know what it's like?

Cyrus I've done a little bit of farming. Enough to know that it is hard on your back. And lettuce is supposed to be the worst because it is down low right?

Glenn The problem is that the seeds are so tiny. When the plants were a few inches, a crew would come in and thin the lettuce. Every 14 or 15 inches we would leave a healthy looking plant. Very long rows. A city block or so. Our water jugs and our lunches were down at one end, so we had to chop all the way down the row, turn around and come back to get another 6 or 8 ounces of water. And this was the summer time in south Texas.

Cyrus Did you think you learned what you were sent out there to learn?

Glenn Mostly.

Cyrus You learned how to work anyway...

Glenn I'd always done that. My dad died when I was quite young. I've had an entrepreneurial spirit from then.

Cyrus Seems like that's what it takes for a small town like Green River?

Glenn Yeah. Yes.

Cyrus Well, let's start from the beginning. For the record, if you could give your name, where you were born, what year.

Glen Name is Glenn Baxter. I was born in a small town in central California by the name of Santa Maria, just down the road from San Luis Obispo. In 1935, if you can believe it. As each day goes by I can hardly believe it. Santa Maria is a very broad valley where the Santa Maria River dumps into the Pacific. Thousands of acres of relatively flat irrigate-able land.

Cyrus And that's where you grew up and went to school?

Glenn No, it's not. We stayed in Santa Maria from the time I was born until 1942. Apparently the family knew that my father had some heart problems. Back in that era it was thought that living in a dry climate could be very helpful for that kind of problem, so we moved to Phoenix, Arizona. We were able to purchase a home on the north outskirts of Phoenix. It was pretty much the edge of town.

Cyrus Must have felt like the wild west out there?

Glenn Quite a bit. But the sad part of it is, in the fall of '42, on a Saturday night, my father was out in the yard planting another tree... and all of a sudden my mother screamed. Turned out my father had suffered a fatal heart attack. An ambulance did come, but in that era there was almost nothing an ambulance crew could do. That was quite a shock to the family. Less of a shock to me, because I was seven years old. I didn't realize the impact of it.

My mother had a number of friends and relatives in Santa Maria, so she decided she ought to go back to Santa Maria. We didn't have any furniture or anything, just whatever we could pack into our old Buick. During that time also, one of my uncles got me a job with a paper route. So, I had my first real job. By then I was 8 maybe 9. Delivering newspapers by bike was kind of a physical challenge for a kid that young.

Cyrus So, you learned to work well before you were working out in the lettuce field.

Glenn Yes. Then, we moved back to Phoenix. We were able to put a down payment on a post-war tract house. Just a slab floor, made of concrete blocks. It got pretty hot in the summer. I was able to get another paper route there, and I could use that for my own spending money. There were two papers, still are. The Arizona Republic comes in the mornings, the Phoenix Gazette in the afternoons. So, I carried two routes and was one of the wealthiest youngsters in my neighborhood.

Cyrus Alright! *(laughs)*

Glenn I learned what rewards there could be from working hard.

Cyrus So you stayed in Phoenix through your senior year of high school?

Glenn My mother stayed there even longer. But, I got in some trouble senior year. It was nothing horrible, but it was bad enough that my mother was really concerned that she was losing control of me. She thought it would be appropriate for me to go live with my older brother in

My intention in interviewing Glenn was to ask him about the town of Green River and his place in it. What I received instead was a brief telling of his life story. While it was not what I had anticipated, it seems to me that there is no better way to tell the story of Green River. So, here you go. A long conversation with one of Green River's longest-standing citizens. —Cyrus Smith

Texas. He and his wife agreed to take me in.

After school was out, my brother helped me get a job with a friend who had an electric motor shop in Uvalde. It was just a one man operation. The whole shop was maybe 15 by 20 feet. What he mostly did was repair and rewinding. Just worked on old motors. So, that's what I did. Rewind and repair fractional horsepower electric motors. No bigger than maybe 3 or 4 horsepower. Apparently, I was a quick enough learner that he was happy and gave me things to do.

College

Glenn In July or August my brother started talking with me about college. I hadn't really thought about it, but I heard adults and my brother talk about it. He and the man with the motor repair shop went with me on a long automobile trip to see the facilities down at Texas A&M.

At that time, Texas A&M was essentially a full military school. I didn't know what we were seeing or why, but because my brother thought I had a talent for electrical things, he said, "You know you ought to do this." I was pretty good at math, just had a natural inclination for it I guess, so he and the shop owner convinced me to go and study electrical engineering.

Just through pure chance I happened to be placed in an Air Force squadron. My father spent most of World War I as a mechanic. That's the business that I became involved with in Utah. I had a pilot's license, and an instructor's license, and I was an "airframe and power plant" mechanic.

Cyrus Runs in the family. Did you also learn how to fly at that point?

Glenn Well, yes and no. I didn't learn how to fly, but between my junior and senior years I went to a "summer camp" down to an air base in Laredo, Texas, and had a chance to take a ride with an Air Force pilot.

It was in a single engine trainer plane, set up for a pilot and student. And during that ride, he took his feet off the controls and he let me fly. Seemed like a lot of fun. Maybe 6 or 8 minutes. After we got back on the ground, he gave me a compliment. Maybe they do that to all the kids, I don't know. It's possible, just barely possible, that I had some kind of born talent for situational awareness.

> This was in the days before the internet, so we didn't know too much about this part of the world.

Cyrus How long did you spend at A&M?

Glenn I was at A&M for three and a half years before I ran out of money. I was lucky enough to get a job as an engineering aide for North American Aviation in Downey, California. So, I dropped out of school, and worked for them full time. I was a helper for an engineer that was working on the F-108, which was a unique fighter jet being designed by North American Aviation at the time.

I came back to A&M the next Fall and I graduated in the Spring of '58.

Interlude

(Emily Ensminger, a visitor from Greensboro, North Carolina, enters the room.)

Emily Green River is gorgeous, we just walked around.

Glenn Well, it's got a lot of non-gorgeous things. You look around the town, and look at the number of closed businesses. We who live here get used to it.

Emily I feel like it has a lot of potential. I hope that it has another revival at some point.

Glenn Well, if the nuclear plant becomes a reality, it's going to totally transform the town. Which I think is more likely than not, because there are so few suitable sites around this country for a nuclear plant.

Cyrus Like the missile base back when. That was a boom time, right?

Glenn It was a boom town then. In fact, the first year and a half that I worked at the base, there were no homes that my wife or I could possibly think of living in. There were some that were big enough, but they were just falling apart. So, we ended up living in Price and I commuted to and from the base.

Emily It was nice to meet you.

A Young Family

Cyrus So, where were we? You were at A&M. Had your first experience flying.

Glenn During the fall semester of my Junior year, I met this young woman at the local Presbyterian church in College Station. We clicked, and were married in January of '57.

Cyrus What is your wife's name, for the record?

Glenn For the record, her real name is Maurine. For virtually all of her life, she's gone by "Jo," which she tells me is some kind of a stylish, Scottish term of endearment.

Anyway, we got married, and I finished out my schooling requirements. And I was very lucky to have a job offer with the Astronautics division of Convair Aircraft down by the main airport in San Diego.

I didn't do any engineering. Really just furthering my education. A new engineer out of college can't do very much except what he's told. *(laughs)*

We had a nice rental house. In fact an interesting story is, I found the rental house, Jo and the baby stayed back with her parents in College Station. We had some old hand-me-down furniture, but I didn't have any money to buy appliances. So, I walked into a bank. I figured banks have money and loan it out sometimes... this is before I even reported for work down at the astronautics plant. But, I

had the documents from Convair saying "please report on this date," so the banker knew I had a job. And, just on my signature, he gave me maybe four or five hundred dollars.

Cyrus Must have meant the world to you at the time.

Glenn It allowed us to start our little household. That was good to get that loan.

Green River

Cyrus When did you arrive in Green River?

Glenn We moved here in August 1964.

Cyrus Must have been hot!

Glenn Yeah it was real hot. This was in the days before the internet, so we didn't know too much about this part of the world. A friend who lived in Price and was commuting here, said, "Just an old crummy desert town. Nice mountains around. Trout fishing if you like." So, we had pretty much pictured the Rocky Mountains. All of the beautiful high altitude vegetation.

By that time, we had all three of our daughters. Our oldest daughter was quite sick on part of that journey. We drove out in a 1954 Ford sedan with a small 239 cubic inch V-8. Had a roof top rack. All of the big stuff went with the movers. That's how we got here.

I started at the Launch Complex, as what they call a pad engineer. There were three launch pads and the one block house. I was a pad engineer on pad three for a year or so. Then, for 8 or 9 years I was the blockhouse engineer, working under a good friend who was the blockhouse supervisor. We were both electrical engineers, and between the two of us, we knew just about anything that needed to be done in the blockhouse.

It was '64 that I started working here, but it was '65 that we actually moved here from Price.

Cyrus Are you still in that same house, or have you moved around?

Glenn No, we were only in that house for about two years, and then two other rentals before we moved to our current home. In about the late 70's. we started negotiations to buy the property where we live now. It was a 20 acre farm. I had no desire to be in the farm business, but we we able to clear a place for our home, which is right down next to the river. Quite isolated. We like it there.

Cyrus Did you build it yourself?

Glenn Partly. I was able to do it without any big financing. Took us three or four years to get it finished. We had to hire a contractor to do the excavation, the foundation, the basement, concrete work and stuff like that, so the hard stuff was done.

> It was a boom town then. In fact, the first year and a half that I worked at the base, there were no homes that my wife or I could possibly think of living in.

But, Jo and I finished the house. I did all the wiring, all the plumbing, all the sheetrock, all the insulation. Jo did all the mudding, taping, and painting. We came up with economical ways to do a lot of things. We both worked very hard. It was probably about '82 that we finished it and moved into it. We still live there.

Cyrus You used to own the Epicenter building as well, right?

Glenn Yeah. We purchased it from a good friend of ours. Her husband had died of cancer as a fairly young guy, I guess mid to late fifties. We wanted to be helpful to her, so we paid about five thousand dollars for it, just to give her the money. We didn't do a thing with it. Jo thought maybe she could make it an art gallery. She could sell art to all of the passengers off the trains. Not that there were many.

Then the Epicenter guys came along, and it was just common sense to sell it back to them. They did really a lot of expensive and solid things to improve the structure and make something out of it.

Cyrus So, it was no longer a billiard hall when you purchased it?

Glenn That was during the boom days of the uranium exploration, which would have been the 40's and 50's.

Cyrus Before you were in town.

Glenn Yeah. By the time we moved here it was being used as a warehouse for a supplier of bread products.

Cyrus Did I hear you also helped build the Chow Hound?

Glenn Yeah. We did that pretty early on, in the early seventies. We thought the missile base was going to close down a lot sooner than it did. It didn't fully close till the late seventies. But, we made a decision to stay here rather than go back to Southern California. Our kids were all in school. So, we decided to build a fast food drive-in. We talked with a lot of people, got some good advice. Thought we were going to go with a franchise at first, but we didn't like the tight terms that a franchise company wanted from their tenants. We payed two or three different people a few hundred dollars to learn the business. One in Moab, one up in Salt Lake. We were really able to use that advice to our benefit.

We opened the week after the Fourth of July, 1973.

Cyrus Do you still have a stake in the Chow Hound?

Glenn No. We operated it, ourselves and our daughters, for about five years. Then it was sold to another lady, she did a nice job of running it for a few years. She sold it to others. It's been through several owners since we had it.■



Desert Storm US Marine Corps

I joined the Marines in December of 1984 and went to boot camp at Parris Island, North Carolina.

Permanent Duty station #1 FSSG 7th Motor Transport Battalion. I served with that unit participating in various field exercises within the state of California until September 1989 when my enlistment was up.

I was recalled to active duty in February 1991-June 1991 in support of Desert Storm. I reported to Camp Geiger, North Carolina to serve as one of only three women Unit Leaders ever in the history of the Infantry. This was at the School of Infantry, Marine Combat Training. I trained the Combat Replacement Companies for Desert Storm in basic infantry skill and Marine combat training. I was appointed to the rank of Sergeant for Outstanding Service during Desert Storm.[1]

[1]All information received from Tracey Darr Siaperas, Nov 2010.

Scan courtesy of the Green River Archives, from the Green River Veteran's Project

An Interview with Tracey Siaperas

On the subject of her service in the US Marine Corps

Interview conducted by Cyrus Smith

The following interview took place on January 16, 2014, in Craig Gowans' 12th-grade Language Arts class as part of a class assignment on oral history. Tracey was invited to share her experience as a veteran, having served in the US Marine Corps from 1984 to 1989 and again in 1991. It has been edited for length.

Cyrus Smith Thanks for being here Tracey. Would you like to introduce yourself? Also what branch of service you were in and what years you served.

Tracey Siaperas Tracey Siaperas. I am the mother of Pete and Anastasia Siaperas. I took my oath to join the United States Marine Corps in 1984, during my senior year of high school. I entered in under what is called a delayed entry. I didn't go to boot camp till actually September 1985. Scariest time of my life.

Cyrus Boot camp you mean?

Tracey Horrifying. You went through three days of what they call "forming" before you got assigned to your company and met your drill instructors. And it's just like you see in the movies. Trash cans against the wall, screaming, yelling, you're up out of bed at 5:45. You don't have time to think. I cried myself to sleep every night thinking, what did I do? Do I have the guts to do this?

Cyrus Why did you choose the Marines?

Tracey Well, I was going into the Air Force, security police. I didn't know women Marines existed. My brother was in the Marines at the time, and my sister was in the Air Force. I had walked out of the Air Force recruiting office, just about ready to swear in when I saw a poster in the hallway of a woman Marine. I went, "Wow! If I'm going to do this why don't I go all the way?" I walked down the hallway and gave it a shot.

By the end of the 13-week boot camp I walked out of there completely torn down and re-built. My self confidence was through the roof. I came out of there more empowered, feeling better about myself.

Boot camp was in Parris Island, South Carolina. There is only one way on, and one way off. And there are alligators around it, so you don't dare try to get away. When I left I did not look back.

Cyrus I'm curious, were you training with other women?

Tracey Yes. There is still, so far as I know, no co-ed boot camp.

Cyrus But, I'm guessing the ratio was dramatically in favor of males.

Tracey Definitely. It still is predominantly a male field. The size of my platoon in boot camp was 58 women. We started out with 72, and that's all that made it through.

Then I went on to Camp Geiger, North Carolina, for what they call Military Occupational School. This is where I found out what I was going to be in the Marines, and I couldn't believe it. I had never driven a car in my life, had never had a license... They put me in motor transport. The first thing I drove was a 5-ton tactical truck. *(Laughs)* I was the first woman licensed on a Logistical Vehicle System. They call it a "dragon wagon." It has a windshield on the floor board, because the percent of grade that you can take it off-road is so steep that your windshield is right to the sky. So you're looking through your floorboard out the windshield.

Nothing I could do. Packed up and went. And this is where it all gets really exciting for me.

So that's what I did for my first enlistment. I was in charge of a few missions with the Naval Weapons Evaluation Team, where we were testing nuclear missiles, and the stress as they would encounter as they come off ship, hit the beach, and go onto tactical vehicles.

Cyrus And you served in California?

Tracey Yes. I was stationed in Camp Pendleton in Southern California. I spent three and a half years there, until I was discharged in '89. When I joined, I signed up for four years of an active duty contract, and then four years of an inactive contract. You were obligated to serve the government for anything they needed you for.

My oldest daughter Brianna, some of you know her, her father was in the Marines with me. He was a Marine Corps sniper. He was out a year before me. Well when Desert Storm hit, that was... I guess today, January 16, the first shot fired. The third of February, Federal Express is at my door with orders for me to report back to active duty. And there's my husband, upset he didn't get recalled, and I'm in tears. Brianna was only two and a half.

My brother was already in Kuwait. My sister had just gotten back. Nothing I could do. Packed up and went. And this is where it all gets really exciting for me.

We went into a battle barn, it was around midnight. They call it a battle barn... it is where all the computers are set up. Where all the... we call them "heavies..." the brass, the colonels are all making plans. There were about forty women Marines, and several hundred male Marines there. We were in the bleachers.

They said "Women marines stand up." We all stood up. Told each one, "Sit down, sit down, no you stand back up, sit down..." There were five women left. I was one of those five women and I had no idea what was going on.

We were told to get on a cattle car. It's like a cattle car, but it's meant to haul troops. There are benches on the side. To me, my whole military transport career, I knew that a cattle car meant infantry. I never hauled troops of any other kind in cattle cars. What are they doing to me?

I managed to report to duty the next morning at seven o'clock, and get information. I was informed that I was part of a pilot program, with these other two women, headquartered out of Washington, DC, to be the first three women "0311's," which is infantry. We would never have that title, but what we did was train the combat replacement companies that went to Saudi, at the Marine Combat Training School of Infantry. So we trained male marines how to fight.

We put them through what we called "28 days of hell." And that was 28 days of nothing but hardcore, non-stop... and boy, it was bad on me too. When they were done training with us, they went overseas.

It was pretty exciting. I met two other women, became really good friends. I was appointed to sergeant in the Marines, which is very rare. You usually have to earn your rank through different levels of scoring and testing, but because of my "exemplary service" they appointed me sergeant.

There are a lot of other stories in there. And you see I get all excited when I talk about it. My dress blues are at the (Green River) Museum. The sergeant chevrons are not on them, but they are there. I didn't wear my dress blues after I got promoted.

Cyrus You've already answered so many of my questions. I was interested in that transition. The period out of the military and back in. Now I know that you had an open contract, so you could have been called back into service at any time, but it seems like that could derail your life. To be out and building a life as a civilian...

Tracey Exactly. I'm thinking, "What are the odds." ...there were people that were in Vietnam and had never seen service, did not have contracts, that were recalled back to active duty. Apparently they had done something at some time that made a difference, and I keep knocking on wood that they don't remember anything that I did. Because I'm not the person I used to be anymore.

Cyrus But if they did call you?

Tracey Oh, I'd go. I'd go in a heartbeat, but I don't know if I'd last long.

Cyrus I was going to open it up to the class. Does anyone have any questions?

Jill Smith What was your favorite part of being in the Marines?

Tracey The adrenaline rush. Live bullets. The sound. Firing a 50-caliber machine gun on a ring mount. AT4 missile launchers. The artillery. Watching the jets fly. You've seen the movie "Top Gun?" They filmed that down in Miramar. To watch those fighter jets go, to this day makes my heart jump.

In motor transport, I ended up as an aircraft re-fueler. I was hauling 5,000 gallons of jet fuel. Which was really boring, because I would just sit on the flight line, waiting for a chopper that needed to be filled. All tactical like I said... camouflage vehicles.

Cyrus I am interested in your day-to-day life. What would an ordinary day would be like? Also, the flip side of that, how you would spend your down time.

Tracey We were up every morning at 4:45. We would run five miles in formation, singing those lovely songs we all hear. Every morning. And we had to be in morning formation for work by 7:45. So, back around 6. We'd shower, and then we'd have just enough time to get to the chow hall. Eat that lovely breakfast. And morning formation was where you find out what your plans are for the day, what assignment you had. Before you went to lunch you'd get in formation. When you came back form lunch you'd get in formation. Then at the end of the day, formation.

The adrenaline rush. Live bullets. The sound. Firing a 50-caliber machine gun on a ring mount.

And then I was hitting the beach. I was at the beach all the time, body surfing. I was beach crazy, still am. I never had the guts to get on a surfboard though. Best I could do was a body board, or body surf.

Cyrus That's hilarious, you're shooting machine guns, you're driving around fuel, all this stuff, but you don't have the guts to get on a surfboard?

Tracey Nope.

Jill You said that your brother and your sister were both in the military. Is that why you planned on going into the military?

Tracey Probably that too. My sister was 8 years older, and I spent a lot of my summers wherever she was stationed... which was so cool. I spent a summer in Arizona, and a summer in Loring Air Force Base, Maine. My brother in law was a cop in the Air Force Security Police, so that's where I was going with that.

And then my brother joined. Both my grandfathers were Navy. My dad was an only child, and only son, so he didn't join. We came from a pretty military family.

Cyrus Are you not able to join if you are an only son?

Tracey You can get out of it. And they recommend that you don't.

Jill So you can keep the family going?

Tracey Right. And that's what was scary, when all three of us children were called back to Desert Storm, my mother was very concerned. My bother is an only son, and he is the last of the Darr line. My mom was so fearful that she was going to lose all three of us. Thankfully I got there a week early and stayed stateside. Everybody that came a week later came through our class and we shipped 'em off. She was very thankful for that.

I grew up a lot. Grew fast.

There is no bigger pride than the patriotism you feel. In boot camp you have to stop whatever you're doing in the morning when the flag runs up and in the evening when the flag goes down. You have to stop, face, and salute. We'd stop in the middle of exercises. And I'd find myself tearing up. "Gosh, don't let the drill instructors see me, 'cause they'll really get me." But it was tears of pride. Watching that flag go up and knowing what I was serving this purpose for.





Photos Bennett Williamson

C.J. Vetere: Code Enforcer

by Bennett Williamson



On a sunny Thursday morning in Green River, I was squeezed into the cab of a city-owned Chevy S-10 pickup alongside Zoning Administrator, Ordinance Manager, and Animal Control Officer C.J. Vetere. He was halfway through a shrub-related horror story—"they were, not kiddin' you, as tall as the trailer"—when a call came in from City Hall. We pulled over, C.J. shouldered his work phone, dug in his pocket for his other iPhone, and tapped through a PDF of the Green River City Code as he listened. After a pause he replied, "I believe the wording is basically, if you do not want to have problems with animals killing them, you keep 'em cooped up. If not, they're fair game. But I'll pull it up and read it right now before I go talk to them."

Some days it's dogs, some days it's lawns and delinquent buildings, but today, as C.J. puts it, "we'll be chicken rustlers."

Green River's Nuisance Abatement Ordinance defines standards for safety and presentation that property owners must maintain on their homes and businesses. The ordinance has been controversial since the original version was adopted in 2004, and was repealed in 2007 due to lack of enforcement and the council's belief that it was too punitive on citizens. When local motel owner Keith Brady joined City Council around that time, he was concerned that disheveled properties could cause a decline in tourism revenue, and he made a concerted push to reinstate the ordinance and create a new staff position to enforce it. "If we don't look good as a city, people don't want to come back," Keith says. He met with the ordinance's most vocal opponents and modified certain requirements in order to "come up with something we could agree on," and generally made it "easier to comply." The ordinance was reinstated in 2009 and C.J. was hired March 2013 as Green River's first full time Ordinance Manager.

Most of C.J.'s work gets done from the cab or the truck, documenting ordinance violations related to overgrown vegetation, damaged or dangerous buildings, accumulated junk, and abandoned cars. He makes daily rounds, slowly driving the city limits from the water treatment plant to the dump and weaving every street in between. He keeps a dog crate in the back of the truck and can usually fulfill his Animal Control duties just by corralling loose dogs along his route. "Yesterday I caught four and I didn't even try," he said.

During pit stops and visits throughout the day, C.J. is a sounding board for city residents. "That's the time where they'll be like, 'Hey why aren't you doing this?' or 'What can we do to make this better?' They know that I'll be objective and listen to their issues," he said, raising a hand off the wheel to wave at a passing driver. "I try to be out of the office as much as possible. I try to make sure that I touch base with people, that I talk to someone every day."

A city the size of Green River guarantees that he'll run into those who might be delinquent, too. The best option is to have residents fix their yards and houses voluntarily, so C.J. often walks the line between friend and authority figure. "I do it kinda back-door," he said. "I talk to them and get them to bring it up. I let them walk into making it their idea... You get them to feel like, 'Hey I was the one that said this, I'm not being told to do it.' And then I help them get to the finished product." For those unresponsive to conversational negotiations, C.J. sends official administrative notices that tell them how to comply and



how long they have to do so.

After a quick stop for fresh Chow Hound donuts we resumed our slow roll. C.J. pointed out a house with a tidy gravel driveway. "Look at this guy, he's got a yard, he's got trailers, he's got coolers, he's got a field tank, he's got a camp trailer—but it doesn't look that bad. You have to look to notice. He's got it presentable enough that it's fine." A few houses down, it was a different story. "This guy's got stuff scattered everywhere. If you opened the garage it'd make you cry. Why do you need cardboard boxes sitting on your front lawn?"

"I'm not the most organized person in the world either. I've got junk," he continued. Growing up in a ranching family, C.J. saw first hand how equipment and debris can pile up in the front yard. "As soon as I knew I was gonna get this job, we said, 'OK, I've gotta be just as good as I'm asking of people,' so we went right to the property we owned on Main Street and we tore all the trees out, put a new fence up, cleaned any scrap iron or got it away." Before the ordinance was reinstated, Keith Brady says he felt "a bit of apathy in the town," but now hopes that the feeling of responsibility will be contagious and "encourage people to take pride in their community."

City Council has asked C.J. to focus on Broadway and Main streets first, the parts of town most visible to travellers. One of C.J.'s first projects was the hotel at the corner of Long and Main, which had fallen into disrepair. "It looked bad, there were kids getting into it," he said. He was able to negotiate an agreement with the landlord, who lives out of state, and local contractors have now completed the first stage of a three-year renovation plan.

In the late afternoon we returned to City Hall, where C.J. shares a small office with Mayor Brady. On the computer he cross referenced public tax roll information with plat maps of the city to find out who owned the disheveled lots he had noted during our drive. Green River is a tight knit community, and so far everyone he has worked with has complied without threats of lawsuits or bulldozers. "I don't think it will ever get there," he said.

For now, C.J. is focused on building up a stable of long-term projects by "trying to get stuff going where I'm in stages rather than all at once," and studying how other cities handle nuisance ordinance enforcement. With C.J. on the job this past year "we have seen results," says Keith Brady. Residents are embracing the changes, and he notes that "City Council and the mayor have gotten comments from the city to be more aggressive" with enforcement.

"A lot of people want overnight results," C.J. said. But he knows that creating change takes time, and leading by example is just as important as enforcement. Having lived in Green River his entire life, C.J. is happy to have a job where his labor is reinvested in positive changes for the city. "I have the avenues where I can help. Here and there you make a difference."

Fix It First

An interview with Armando Rios

Armando Rios is an AmeriCorps VISTA (Volunteer in Service to America) at Epicenter and currently administers the Fix It First housing repair program in Green River.

What is Fix It First? How does someone in town get involved with the program?

The program is a revolving micro-loan fund aimed at creating safe and affordable homes for the residents of Green River. What that means is that homeowners who receive repairs, pay back the full cost of the project with a low interest rate (1-5% depending on income), creating a perpetual construction/payment cycle. Essentially, homeowners who are currently making payments are paying for future repairs, creating a neigbors-helping-neighbors mentality.

To get on the list for a home repair you just need to qualify financially, own your home, and need a repair. If you are elderly and own your home you do not need to meet the financial requirements and just need to have a home repair in mind that will keep your home a safe and sound place. We can do things like build ramps, install handrails, install grab bars, as well as the usual home repairs.

Why did the Epicenter choose to focus on repair versus building new housing?

There are multiple reasons for choosing to repair existing homes. First, there are lots of people in Green River who own their homes outright, meaning they don't want to go out and buy a new house and pay off a 30-year loan. Also, after finishing the first ever Habitat for Humanity house in Green River, Epicenter staff decided that smaller projects for homeowners are the way to go. The projects are much quicker, less expensive, and volunteer groups can complete most projects in just one workday.

Finally, the City of Green River's 2013 Housing Assessment showed that 46% of houses in Green River need repairs. We'd like to improve that number.



1

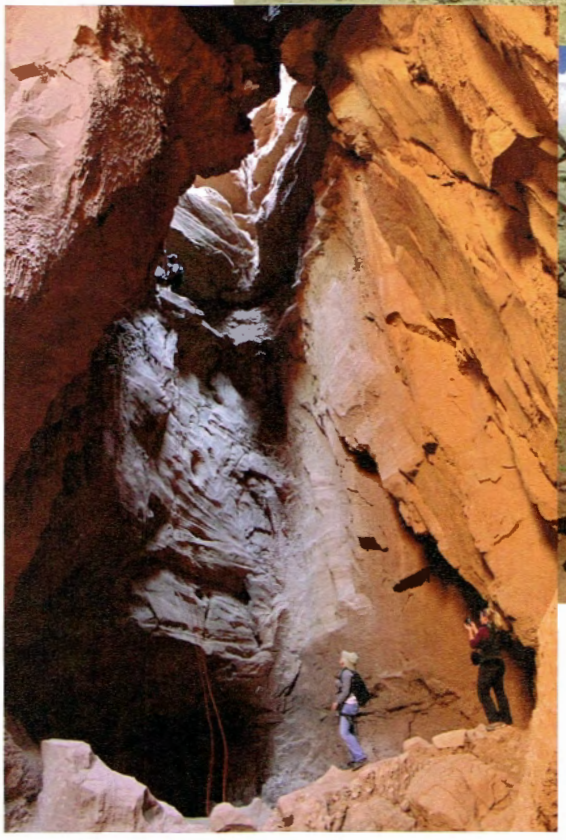


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3



4



5

Photos Sarah Siefken

Adventure Diary

by Sarah Siefken

The first time my best friend came to visit me in Green River, I could tell she was skeptical.

Shasta and I both grew up in a big-ish city in the Midwest, but I hit the road soon after college to move out West. For the past seven years, I'd been begging her to come out and visit. I serenaded her with tales of soaring red rock cliffs, sinuous slot canyons, and raging rivers. "You'll love it!" I promised, "It's amazing out here. Come visit!"

Shasta negotiated time off work, packed up her car, and drove 18 hours west. But when she pulled up to my driveway last winter, it was a gray, nasty, negative-15-degree day. She spun around in a 360 and raised an eyebrow. I had some convincing to do.

I think a lot of people have that same reaction. They see Green River as a utilitarian pit stop—somewhere to gas up before their next destination. What these people don't realize is that Green River is the ultimate hub for some of the most amazing red rock adventures in the southwest. World-famous canoe trips, ancient rock art, raging whitewater, killer mountain biking, and some of the weirdest rocks you've ever seen are just an hour drive from town.

This town is full of adventures for anyone who's willing to scratch the surface. Take another look.

After a week of adventures, I finally had Shasta convinced. We spent her entire visit hiking, biking, and digging deep into the gorgeous red rock desert surrounding Green River. When she loaded up her car to start the long drive back home, I think her initial skepticism towards this tiny town had turned into something closer to surprised amazement. She'll be back.

1
San Rafael Swell Rock Art

Green River lies right on the eastern edge of the vast San Rafael Swell–a gigantic uplift in the earth's crust that's filled with some of the most gorgeous, intricate rock art in the southwest. Some rock art panels are tricky to find (I still haven't found Ascending Sheep!), but with a good map and sharp eyes, you can find images painted onto cliff walls thousands of years ago.

2
Westwater Canyon

If a flatwater trip through Labyrinth Canyon sounds a little too tame, a trip through Westwater will definitely crank it up to 11. Westwater is a 17-mile stretch of the Colorado River filled with gnarly Class IV rapids. When you're not holding on for dear life, you'll see some incredible 1.7 billion year old rocks. Grab a permit with the BLM ahead of time, or book a trip with a local rafting company.

3
Labyrinth Canyon

The town of Green River is the launching spot for an epic canoe trip through Labyrinth Canyon. Over the course of 3 days and 2 nights, you'll wind 68 miles past towering red rock cliffs to the takeout at Mineral Bottom. It's a seriously gorgeous trip. The river snakes by bizarre rock art and scoots around precipitous bowknot bends. If you forgot your canoe at home (it's an honest mistake!) you can rent one in town.

4
Rappelling Goblin's Lair

Goblin Valley State Park is just one hour south of Green River, and it's full of the weirdest rocks you'll ever see. Thousands of people come every year to wander around the bizarre orange hoodoos called "goblins." But if you really want a wild experience, pack your harness and rope. At the eastern edge of the park, the goblins come together to form a cave called the Goblin's Lair. Clip in, take a deep breath, and rappel 80 feet down to the cave floor.

5
Mountain Biking Klonzo Trails

Everyone knows Moab is the mountain biking Mecca of the southwest. But honestly, I'm not a big fan of rocky, technical trails. Luckily, the smooth and flowy Klonzo Trails are just an hour southeast of Green River. Like all the best trail systems, the Klonzo Trails make several concentric loops, and you can piece the trails together however you want for a variety of riding experiences. Killer views of Arches National Park and the La Sal Mountains are just the icing on the cake.



"I tried to paint one mule for each mule we have. See, we have a fat short one, we have a tall slim one, we have one with a long tail. Then we got a bony little one. The two colts are at the end. That's me and Phillip!"



"I want to show you guys this. This is a quilt block from years ago. This is my grandpa's mother and my grandpa's dad. In the house next to us, there were like 100 of these quilt blocks. My mom and I, we made one of these for each of their descendents. "



Dawna Dinkins is a Green River native. She is a waitress at the West Winds restaurant, and proud co-owner of a pack of mules with her husband Phillip Dinkins, who grew up in nearby Thompson Springs.

Dawna's Mules

"We play with them, we hitch them up to this wagon. We have a cover for the wagon. We'll go out into the middle of the desert and have a day. We do the parade, the Melon Day's parade. I rode, and packed the little white mule, and I had melons in the pack."

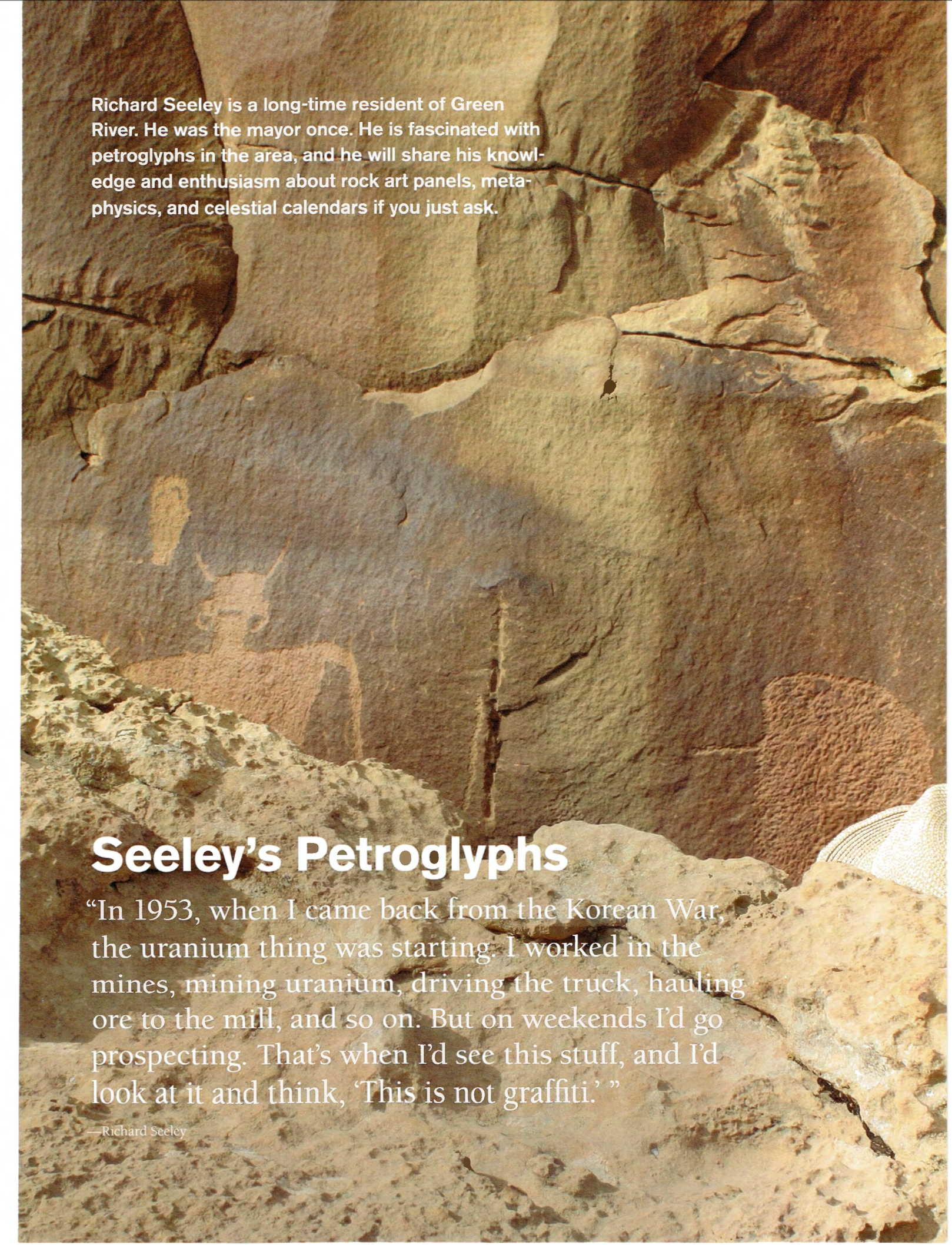
—Dawna Dinkins



"When you first walk in there, on your right, there's a guy that looks like he's got a ball cap on. Well, it's really his eyes, and according to the story his name is Eye Killer. Because he was terrible. When he'd get upset with you, he'd just kill you."



"During the equinox, when the sun sets, a beam of sun hits Monster Slayer first, right there in the heart, because he's pure of heart. Right after that, as the sun sinks, it goes right from his heart to Eye Killer, and it kills him. I think these are great stories."



Richard Seeley is a long-time resident of Green River. He was the mayor once. He is fascinated with petroglyphs in the area, and he will share his knowledge and enthusiasm about rock art panels, metaphysics, and celestial calendars if you just ask.

Seeley's Petroglyphs

"In 1953, when I came back from the Korean War, the uranium thing was starting. I worked in the mines, mining uranium, driving the truck, hauling ore to the mill, and so on. But on weekends I'd go prospecting. That's when I'd see this stuff, and I'd look at it and think, 'This is not graffiti.' "

—Richard Seeley



Bianca, Judith, Lissett, and Cecila



Julissa, Beto, and Florelissa



Judith singing "Stereo Hearts" by Gym Class Heros



Judith's Cake



Judith is dancing with Erick Mendez (the Chambelan de Honor), and the other Chambelanes are Jonny Mendez, Elieso Trejo, Javier Flores, Jaden Richards, Freddy Escalante, and Elias Trejo.

Photos Vega Video and Photography of Salt Lake City



Judith Trejo is a student at Green River High School. She is quick to smile and is a talented musician. She was a 2013 Melon Queen attendant. A quinciñera is a celebration that takes place on a girl's 15th birthday.

Judith's Quinciñera

"A quinciñera is when a girl is becoming a young woman. You go to church and they accept you as a young woman. And you dance with your dad and *padrinos*. All your family is accepting you as a young woman."

—Judith Trejo

Melon



Lynn Daye - Queen 1966



Piles

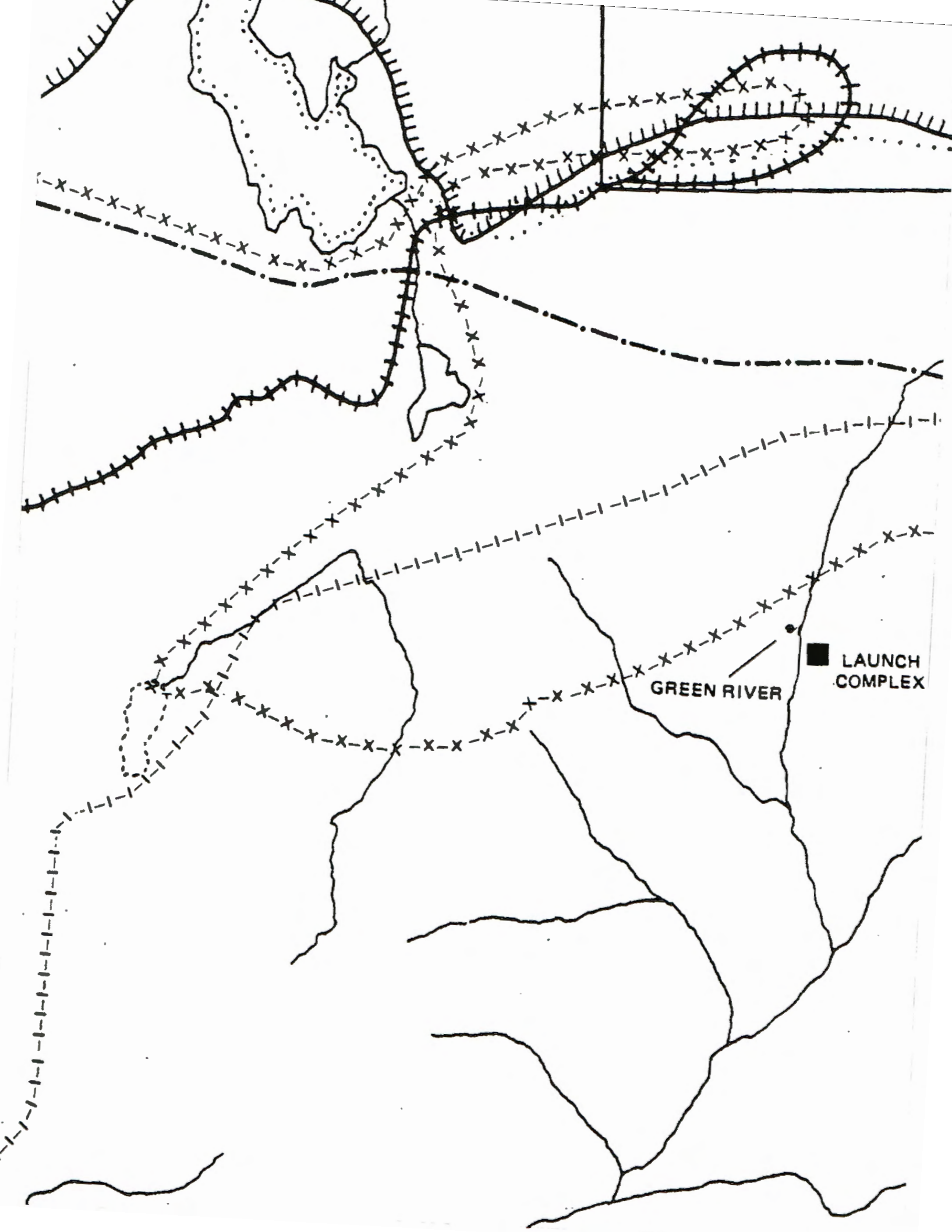
Jo Anne Chandler

the Green River Archives



If you talk to Jo Anne Chandler, you will need to take notes. Her official title is *Green River Archivist* but you could argue that she almost embodies the archive. Grey board boxes on tall metal shelves, white plastic binders filled with photocopied oral histories, and black-and-white print-outs of old photograph scans—these might be the collection, but Jo Anne is the catalog.

The clippings, scans, and photographs on the following pages appear courtesy of the Green River Archives.


LAUNCH
COMPLEX
GREEN RIVER





This was my friend who wrote this poem when we lived on Green River

To the Desert

Have you ever seen the deser
In the early, early, dawn,
With the dew still on the lily,
And the starlite not quite gone

Have you been there at th
noontime,
When the autumn sun is high,
Watched purple haze on distar
mountains,
And white, wooly clouds flos
by?

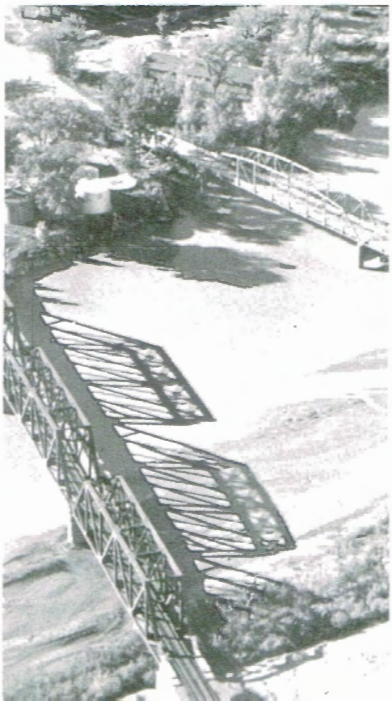
Have you seen it in the evenin
When the twilite shadows fall,
And the last red sunbeam lin
gers,
Spreading magic over all?

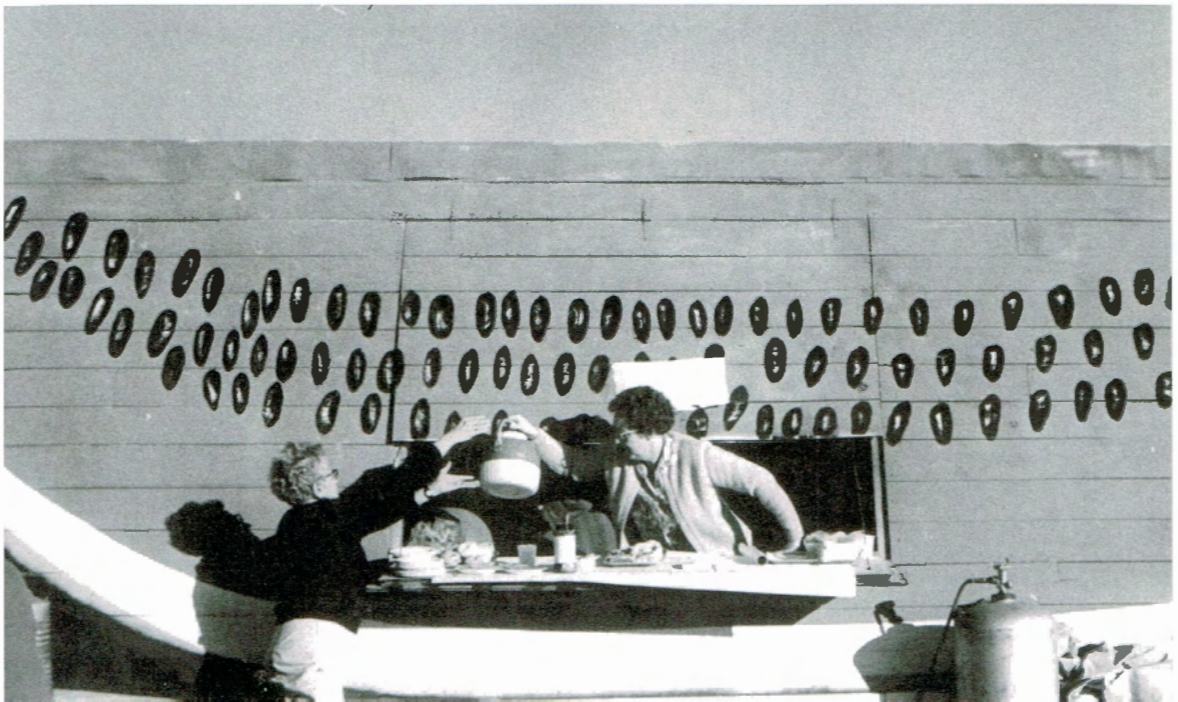
Have you watched, with eye
for beauty,
Beauty wrought in God's ow
way.
If you have, I'm sure and cer
tain,
You'll be back, again, someda

Olive Hunt









Olive C. Hunt

Have You Ever Seen the Desert?

Have you ever seen the desert
In the early, early dawn,
With the dew still on the lillies,
And the starlight not quite gone?
When the soft, carressing breezes,
Drifting from yon mountain side
Stir the hearts of desert flowers
Till they toss their heads in pride?
Watch night's shadows silent fading,
As the crimson shafts of light,
Burst proudly forth like warning sentinels,
Lurking shadows take their flight.
Have you ever seen the desert
When the sun is hot and high,
When the sky is like blue daisies
And the fluffy clouds float by.
And you try to watch their shadows
As they swiftly drift away,
If you have, I'm sure for certain,
You'll be back again some day.

Olive Hunt

GREEN RIVER — As I walked up the path and up the stairs I was surrounded by rocks. If I was a rock hound, I would have been in paradise. As I started to knock on the door I heard, "Come on in" in a loud but friendly voice.

I thought, "wait a minute, isn't this Olive Hunt an elderly, serene poetess and painter." This voice doesn't fit in with my preconception of her.

Upon opening the door my preconception of Olive was thrown out the window. Across the room from me was a humorous and sharp-witted lady with white hair. I knew after just a few minutes that she had been around.

Her first words to me were, "As you can see, I like to paint and write and run around in the desert but I don't like to be a housewife."

Olive Hunt is as native a southern Utahn as red sandstone. She was born in Kanesville, went to grade school in Loa, lived part of her life in Hanksville and her later years in Green River.

As a child she helped herd her father's cattle. At 14 she worked for $1 a week washing clothes over a washboard for a family of five.

"I was married at 16," she said. "I should have been spanked and put to bed instead."

Olive loves the desert and she's not afraid to let others know it. "I learned the beauty of the rocks, trees and even the weeds," she said. "I get my ideas for my poetry and painting from nature and changing seasons."

When she was a young girl she took three painting lessons. With only this much direction she started to paint, mostly for her pleasure but later on for friends and other desert lovers.

She paints the things she loves the best, from her cabin in the Henry Mountains to Dead Horse Point. "I believe in painting what I see," she said. "I have a pretty accurate eye for colors and there's plenty out there to get right."

While still a young girl she started to write poetry. She now has 125 poems which are ready to be printed. The poems are of the things she knows the most, mother nature and human nature.

With her increasing age she seems to have acquired a clarity that most of us never realize. She has taken to writing "words of wisdom."

- The greatest thoughts of man are born; when with grief his soul is torn.
- Let sin stay a mistake; never let it become a habit.
- He who never doubted never lived. And he who's never conquered doubt has naught but doubt to give.

Olive is grateful for her talents. "I'm not beautiful anymore, but there's a lot of beauty in my head," she said. "I'd soon be talented than beautiful. You know which will take you farther."

As if her poetry and painting aren't enough things to do, Olive is a die-hard rock hound. Her collection stretches throughout her house, onto the front porch and around to the side of the house. Her rock garden is actually just that, everything from petrified palm wood to jasper and "pigeons blood."

"I pretty well know one rock from another. If I don't know by now, I never will," she said.

This writer got a crash course in geology and mineral identification. "Now what's this one called, Bonehead," she asked. "I think it's jasper," I said. "What! if that was any better a piece of petrified wood it'd bite your hand off," she said. "Boy, you young people are slow in the head these days," she added.



Olive C. Hunt

A Tribute to Dell Mecham

A Trucker's Tribute

For Loyd--June 20, 1954

Here's a tribute to the truckers,
Who are always on the go,
When the roads are hot and dusty,
When they're slick with ice and snow.

They roll for countless, weary miles,
With the hot sun pouring down,
Till their brows are throbbing, beating,
Overjoyed to hit a town.

Where they might step out a moment,
Stop the engine's steady hum;
Find cooling shade, or ice-cold drink,
A sandwich or some gum.

Just anything to pause a bit
And see how things are coming,
Too soon, it's time to roll again
They start the engine humming.

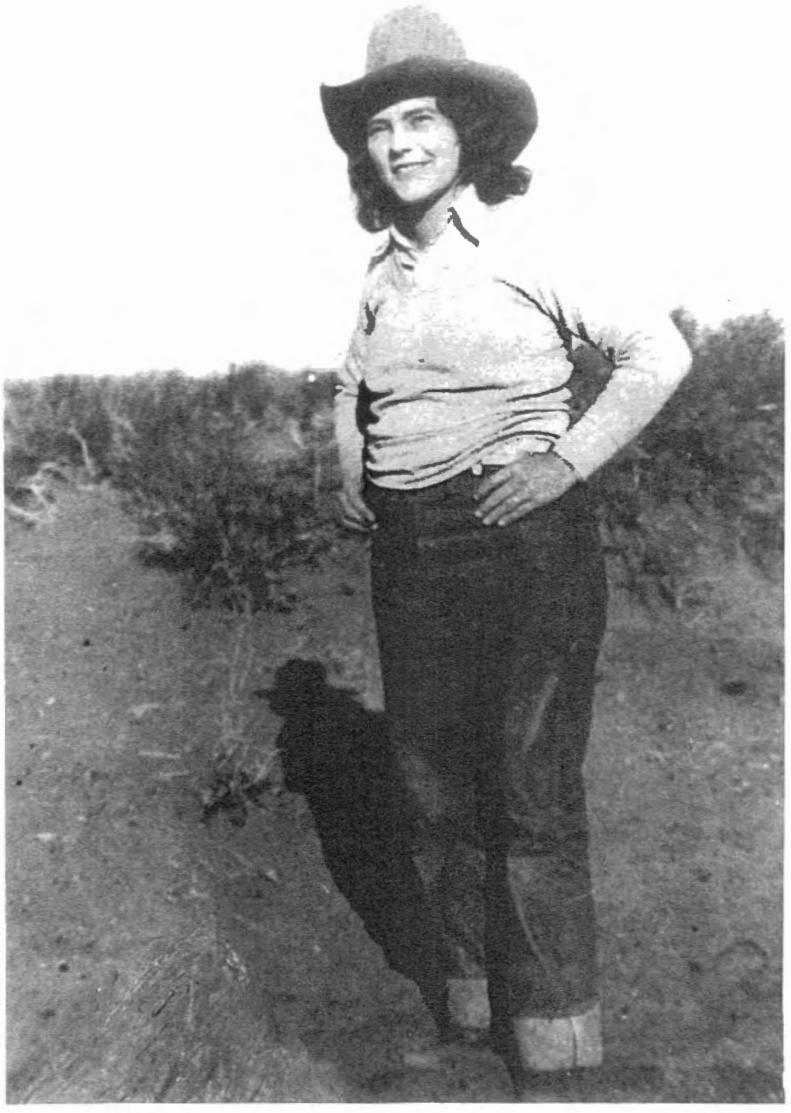
Thus they roll on through summer
And then comes sleet and snow,
When the roads are slick and icy,
It's pretty tough, you know.

For their troubles now are just as rough
As through the summer heat,
Music, flowers and poetry
He held in a world apart.



She likes to
paint, write
but not be
a housewife

Pearl Baker



1932
PEARL BIDDLECOME BAKER
GREW UP AT ROBBERS ROOST RANCH
AUTHOR OF SEVEN BOOKS
WROTE NUMEROUS ARTICLES
GAVE MANY LECTURES THROUGHOUT UTAH

Picture, Courtesy Pearl B. Baker

PEARL BIDDLECOME BAKER, 1907-1992
MELVEN MARSING, 1905-1929
FRANK JAMES BAKER

Pearl Baker was a noted Western writer and former owner of the Robbers Roost Ranch. She was two years old when her parents, Joe & Millie Biddlecome, took possession of the famed Robbers Roost in southeastern Utah where she spent her childhood and young adult years.

During her early school days, she attended the two-story 1909 Green River Public School which had a wide staircase and 14 stairsteps. While there, she ran into trouble at times with the administration. One day Principal O'Connell, frustrated with her antics, exploded, "For two cents I'd throw you down those stairs!" Pearl who was blessed with a lifelong fighting spirit, answered, "If you can do it I'll give you two cents!" After eight years at the school she went to high school at St. Mary's of the Wasatch in Salt Lake City, then returned to Robbers Roost. After her father died in 1928 she and her husband, Mel Marsing, bought out the interests of the Roost from her mother and sister, Hazel. Mel died a year later and his young widow operated the ranch with the help of hired cowboys.

She married Frank James Baker in 1933. They continued with the cattle ranch until 1939 when they sold to Pearl's sister and husband, Arthur & Hazel Ekker. They moved to Oregon, divorced later, and Pearl returned to Utah with her three sons, Joe, Jack and Noel.

She purchased the J. M. French house (later owned by Jim & Shirley Ramsay) on Farrer Street in 1944. She remodeled it and used it as a boarding house during the uranium boom of the 1950's.

In the late 1940's the uranium mining population of White Canyon on the Colorado River had grown to the extent that a teacher was needed to instruct the children living there. Pearl took the position and taught there two and a half years.

In 1952 she managed the Flying Diamond Cafe in Green River. She grew parsley in pots in the kitchen and made her own jelly, working long hard hours. When time allowed she continued research for her first book, "The Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost."

She sold her house to Jim & Shirley Ramsay in 1964 and moved to other interests. She worked at a National Wildlife Refuge in Socorro, New Mexico, retiring in 1969.

Returning to Green River in 1970, she was soon caught up in a whirl of projects. While she was Woman's Club president from 1972-74, the club purchased a large outdoor clock for convenience of the townspeople and travelers through town. The clock was set over the entrance of the Helper State Bank until the building was vacated. It was then moved to the Green River Travel Center at 885 East Main Street.

In 1972 the Green River City Hall burned, including the library which was housed in the two south rooms of the city hall. This was a county library and the library board was reluctant to re-establish the library. Pearl became the first City Library Committee Chairman to raise funds for a new library. During her years on the Board she set out to have libraries built in the towns of Emery County. Not one of the seven towns in the county had a building for a library. They all have libraries now, including GreenRiver built within a ten-year span. She served on the Emery County Library Board several years.

Pearl was president of the Green River Chamber of Commerce from 1976-77. She helped organize and write the script for a film on Green River for the Bicentennial celebration in 1976. The film can be seen at the Green River Library on request.

Her years of cattle ranching and her wide acquaintances of cattlemen made her a valuable officer in the Eastern Utah Cattle Growers Association where she worked as secretary/treasurer.

The outgoing and outspoken Pearl stood firm in her views and met a number of dissidents along life's primrose path but her numerous friends far outnumbered her foes. A person of many talents, she saw talent in everyone. She piloted her own airplane during the 1930's when even male pilots were a novelty. In her later years, much of her energy was used to crochet fancy western-style vests and to make horse hair hat bands, an art that is almost lost to the craft world.

She had a new house built on North Long Street in 1978 with a great view of the Book Cliffs. A welcome sign on her front door read, "Come on in. I can sleep any time."

In 1988 she moved to Castle Country Care Center in Price and decorated her living quarters with mementos of her children, nieces and nephews. She passed away at the Center December 19, 1992. Services were held at the Green River LDS Chapel and interment was in Elgin Cemetery.

Pearl often said, "A parent should never have to lose a child," but she lost two of her sons--one in a tragic accident and one to cancer.

JOE B. BAKER, January 6, 1927-July 21, 1983, was killed while working on a construction job in Green River. He was married to Maxine Howland and they had one son, Jody Jim. Joe is interred in Elgin Cemetery.

JACK BAKER was born September 20, 1929, passed away March 5, 1992. He and his wife, Addie, had four children--sons, Mike & Pat; and daughters, Jonie & Debbie. Jack is interred in Sunset Memorial Cemetery at Moab, Utah.

PEARL BAKER'S PUBLISHED WORKS

THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST

TRAIL ON THE WATER (Biography of Bert Loper, river runner)

ROBBERS ROOST RECOLLECTIONS (Pearl's life at the Roost)

RIMFLYING CANYONLANDS WITH JIM HURST ((Jim operated the Green River airport 1953-1973)

PIUTE POSEY AND THE LAST INDIAN UPRISING (Piute Indians of San Juan County uprising of 1923).

HOOKERS IN ALASKA (Dr. Keith & Mrs. Hooker's adventures in ALaska).

PL,IC (Science fiction)

She lectured frequently throughout the state and authored many unpublished articles including a novel, "Through the Sipapoo." She wrote and taught a grammar course, "Instant English," at Green River High School and to individuals in her home.

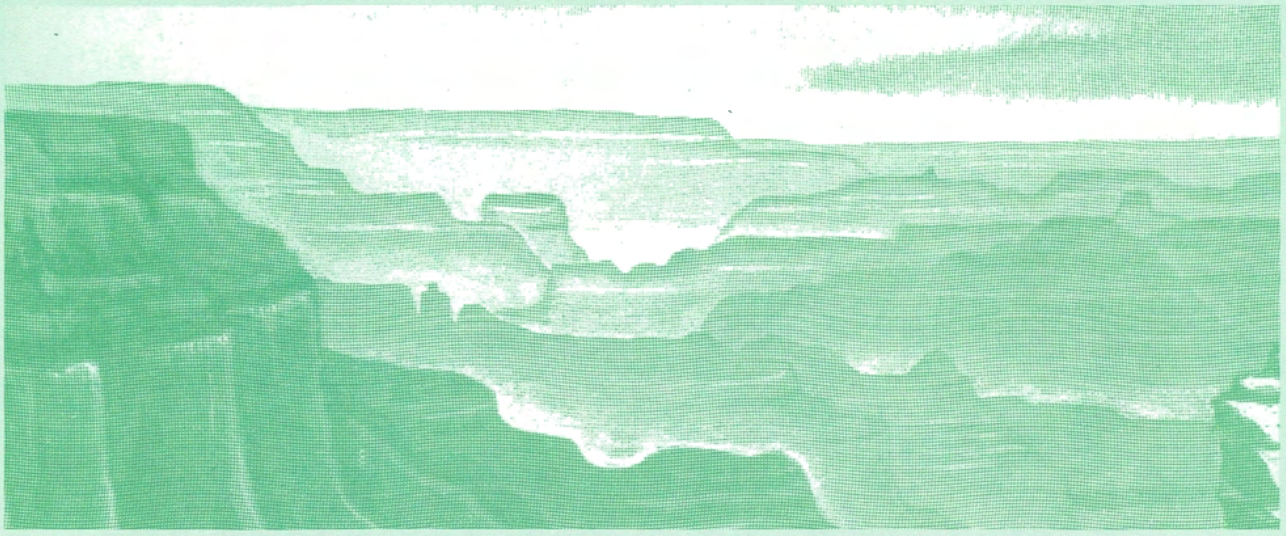
By Barbara B. Ekker
Gaye E. Thurston
Muriel W. Smith





The Green River is part of the greater Colorado River system of the Southwest. Snowmelt from the western slope of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, part of the Rocky Mountain Cordillera, feeds and creates its headwaters.[1] However, in deep time, its source stems back ten million years ago when the river course was first established, incising the Uinta Mountains instead of meandering around them, a fact that demonstrates that the Green River was meandering before the mountains began to rise.[2] From "wooded hills and green valleys of the upper river" to "arid badlands and desert," it has long been known that "very early the river assumes its major role as a carver of canyons."[3] Beginning in the state of Wyoming, it weaves its way down to northern Utah, then east into northern Colorado, and then back again into Utah, where it continues through the state until its confluence with the Colorado in Canyonlands National Park. It is a river that crosses biomes and borders, and it is a river of great proportions. ⟿

Photo previous page Ryan Greaves



From its headwaters in the Wind River Mountains, the Green drains forty-five thousand square miles, an area roughly seventy percent larger than that drained by the Colorado above its confluence with the Green.[4] Its volume and length make it the Colorado's largest tributary.[5] It is over four hundred miles longer than the Grand and, under the rules of geographical nomenclature is should be properly designated as the upper mainstem.[6] Donald Worster writes in *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell*, "In 1921 the state of Colorado, with support of the U.S. Congress, perversely declared the Grand to be the mainstem, as though chauvinism could repeal the facts of nature."[7] However, despite the latent tension of its designated title, river runners have known for over a century where to put in.

In 1869, John Wesley Powell, Professor of Geology at Illinois Wesleyan University, put in at Green River, Wyoming, along with his crew of ten men: George Young Bradley, Bill Dunn, Frank Goodman, Andy Hall, Billy Hawkins, Oramel G. Howland, Seneca Howland, Walter H. Powell, and John Colton Sumner.[8] They took four boats—Emma Dean, Maid, Sister, and No-Name—and brought enough provisions to last them ten months.[9] Sponsored by the Illinois Natural History Society,[10] Powell's goal was to map the Colorado Plateau and, "he aimed to fill the biggest blank still remaining between Atlantic and Pacific shores."[11] At that time it was known that the Green did eventually merge with the Grand River, creating the Colorado which then curved through the Grand Canyon. However, nothing was known of the course the river took to reach the confluence or whether surviving the junction and lower river was likely. Writer William deBuys says that "the bearded, one-armed major... wanted to divine the geologic history of the land through which the river passed: Of what was it made, how did it form, and what might it offer to the people of the United States?"[12] Survive he did, arriving safely at the mouth of the Virgin River and its Mormon settlements in Nevada on August 30, ninety-eight days after their start. Then in 1871, Powell embarked on the Green yet again.[13] The geological and anthropological knowledge Powell gathered on his two journeys is astounding. William deBuys writes, "Nothing in Powell's life held more consequence."[14] However, knowledge of the Colorado Plateau was not his only contribution to the riverscape. He also opened the Southwest to river explorers, exploiters, and rafting enthusiasts alike. —*Ryann Savino*

Footnotes

1. Roy Webb, *If We Had A Boat: Green River Explorers, Adventurers, and Runners.* Salt Lake: University of Utah Press, 1986. p.7
2. John Wesley Powell River History Museum
3. Utah State Historical Society. *Utah Historical Quarterly: The Colorado...River of the West.* Ed. A.R. Mortenson. Vol. XXVII, No. 3. Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, July 1960, p. 251-252
4. ibid
5. Ellen Meloy, *Raven's Exile: A Season on the Green River.* New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1994. p. 7
6. Donald Worster, *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell.* New York: Oxford University Press, 2001. p.155
7. ibid
8. John Wesley Powell River History Museum
9. William deBuys, *Seeing Things Whole: The Essential John Wesley Powell.* Washington, DC Island Press, 2001. p. 51
10. Wallace Stegner, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1954. p. 45
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12. deBuys, p. 32
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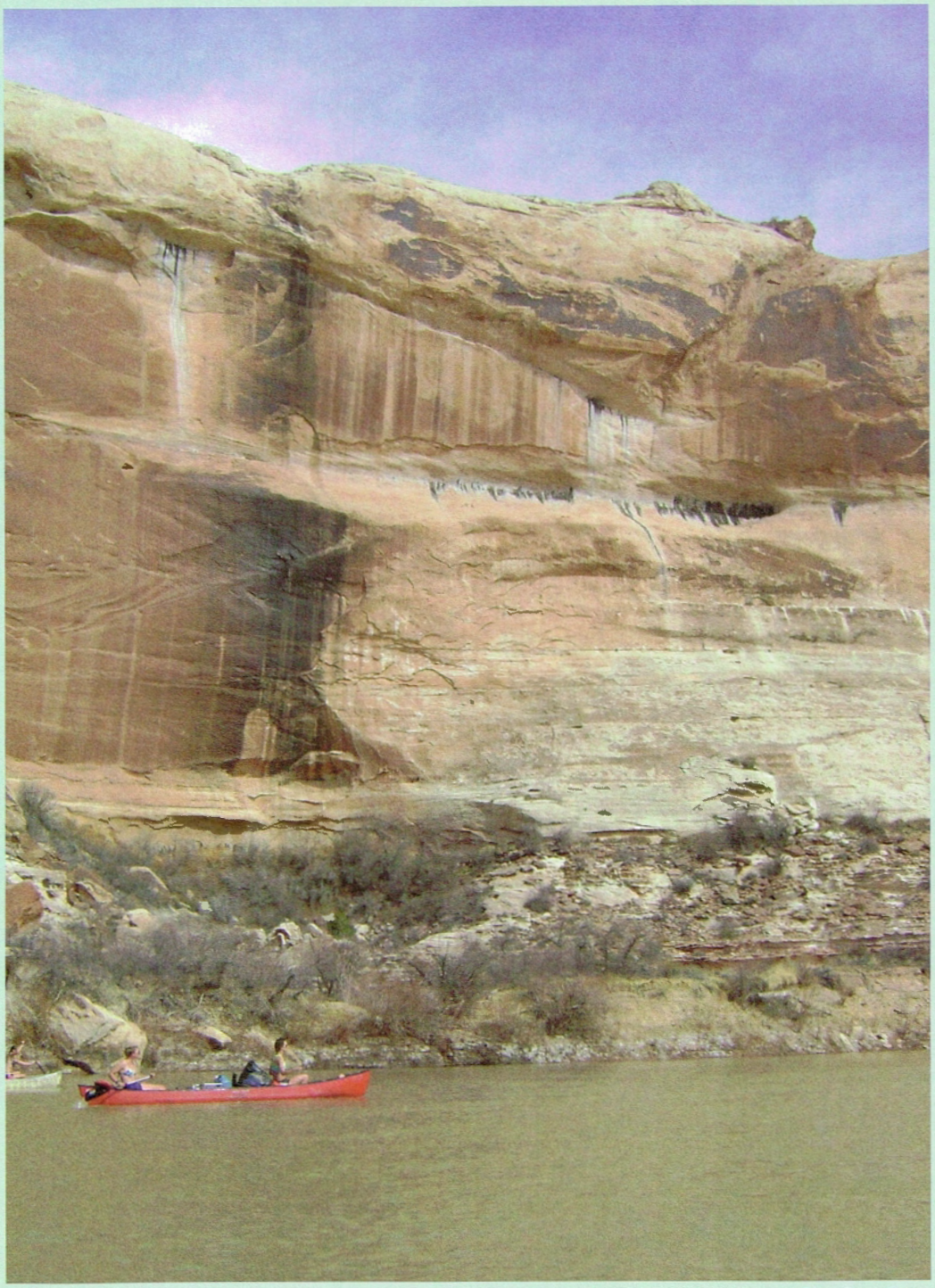


Photo Ryann Savino

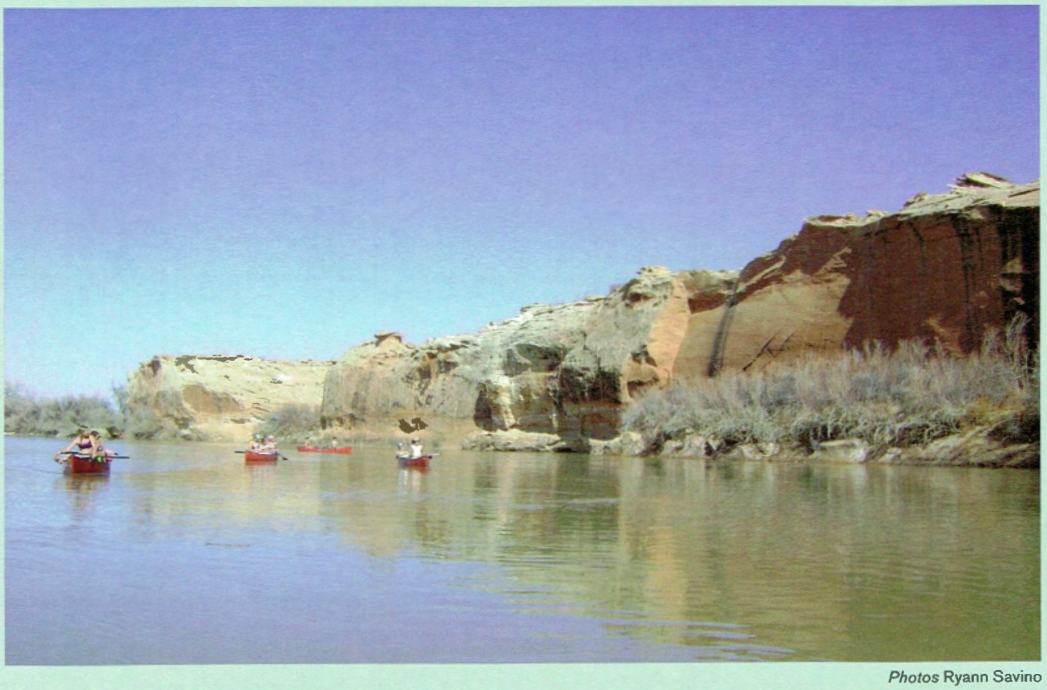
Tributaries

An Exploration of Ancestry Through the Green River Watershed

by Ryann Savino

Ryann Savino first came to Green River in 2012 to learn about her late uncle, Phil Nelson, renowned river runner and former Green River resident. What follows is a series of vignetted excerpts from her written thesis for her Bachelor of Arts in Environmental Humanities at Whitman College. They have been edited and arranged for publication.





Photos Ryann Savino

I have heard and felt the river from the start of my earliest days of life. I have lived the life of the river, felt its water ripple off my skin and sink into my eardrums. I must now take the Green riverscape for itself and begin to listen as it explains the watershed of my ancestry, as it reveals my story to me.

A river is, by definition, a collection of tributaries. Small creeks and pulsing waterways come together to form a larger body, a culmination of hydraulic majesty. The Green River offers such majesty. From its headwaters in the Wind River Mountains it collects flow and coalesces with other streams before its own confluence with the fabled Colorado. Its tributaries are many, some less noteworthy for their significance, but all play a role in sustaining the Green. In Wyoming, Horse Creek, New Fork River, Black's Fork, Henry's Fork, Sage Creek, Big Sandy River, and others pulse into the main stem. The Yampa River with its silt-heavy flow merges with the Green in northern Colorado, adding rich colors to the clear water exiting Flaming Gorge Dam. Then Utah contributes to the geomorphology of the watershed with the liquid veins of the Duchesne River, White River, Price River, and San Rafael. All of these tributaries directly impact the hydraulics of the Green, their confluences acting as points of reference in the life of the mother flow.

If a river is, by definition, a collection of tributaries, then a desert river is a miracle of hydraulics. Western desert rivers originate in high altitudes of snow-capped peaks and curve down through rock until they are cradled in the red rock canyons of the Southwest. Sediment load, flow velocity, and stream power are the three main characteristics which determine the alluvial channel of a desert watershed and are heightened during flash floods, which cut the river channel deeper.[1] Their sheer presence in such arid landscapes is a miracle, leaving scars across biomes that appear to be bone dry. The land that wraps around their banks is thirsty, ready to drink the water's flow. Yet, they persist, their resilience a testament to their majesty. Then there is family, a mirror of the river, its system of collection reflected back from the watershed carving itself through the land. A family, by some definitions, is a collection of ancestors coming into their living descendants. An individual offspring, like a desert river, is a miracle. It has been understood that the world of genetics creates an individual's possibility of existence as one in sixty-four trillion.[2] Try and tell me an individual is not a miracle of genetics. Try and tell me a desert river is not a miracle of water's survival in an arid land.

My mind carries my line of vision back to Bobby Anderson's kitchen. It is January 5th, 2013. My socks are cold against the white-tiled floor, there is fresh cherry pie on the counter, and my hand encircles a glass of water on the kitchen table. Bobby turns to me. "I just want you to know," she says, "you are the descendant of one of the greatest river runners there has ever been."

In October of 1972 Phil Nelson was twenty years old and trying to hitchhike to El Paso, Texas, where his maternal grandmother lived. I do not know where he was hitchhiking from or how long he had been on the road; all I know is what he found. Years later, in an unpublished essay, he wrote, "In the early 1970's, like a lot of us, I was adrift. Hitchhiking around the West. Looking for something that made sense." In the middle of Phoenix, along Interstate 10, he was picked up by a Vietnam veteran named Mike. Over a lunch of cheeseburgers and fries at Dairy Queen, Mike turned to Phil in slow motion, saying that he wasn't quite ready to go back to see his own family in Texas just yet. "I'm going up to Hermit Creek for a while or so. I got some stuff in my head to sort out before I go home. Texas can wait."[3] Then he asked Phil if he'd like to join him. I imagine Phil sitting in the hard plastic chair, all his possessions in a pack in the back of Mike's 1960 Chevy station wagon. He scratches at the stubble on his cheeks, looks out the window, turns back to Mike and says, "Yes."

I saw two drafts of a particular essay Phil wrote, one titled, "The Hook is Set. Grand Canyon," and the other, "The Start." These two titles thoroughly describe the transformation that overcame Phil's life after making that one fated trip down into the Grand Canyon. Having never backpacked before, Phil switched-back down into that first sandstone crack with Mike and was hooked, not to be released for the rest of his days. Something about the Southwest arrested his attention. Many years later Phil would write, "I returned to the Grand Canyon whenever I could. Usually hiking by myself...I put over 2,000 miles on foot in the Grand Canyon, mostly in the 1970's."[4] The desert of the Southwest became a sort of refuge for Phil, and he always kept a river close.

Right now I am sitting atop a red rock boulder, my knees held close to my chest, and my gaze overlooking the Green River and Labyrinth Canyon in Utah.

Green River, as a town, is heartbreakingly thirsty and stunning, which cannot help but make me wonder how interesting a person my Uncle Phil must have been. I imagine him sitting atop this same red rock boulder, gazing out at this canyon, and feeling incredibly at peace. I wish we could sit here together, maybe pass some whiskey back and forth. He could tell me his life. I could tell him mine. I know that cannot happen, but it is somewhat nice to allow myself to imagine.

This trip has been beauty. These canyons hold stories I could only dream to know. This water with its pistachio brown green tint flows as though it is refreshing my soul. I have felt a sense of connection and communion with Uncle Phil. This, in all ways, is a whole new world to me. It is dry and cracked, saturated and content, and the colors—these desert canyon colors—are soothing my soul big time. I can see why people come here and get hooked. Why one might stay in Green River. Why one might return. ■

Footnotes

1. Ron Cooke, Ron, Andrew Warren, and Andrew Goudie. *Desert Geomorphology*. London: University College London, 1993. p.151
2. Delbert Hutchison. Message to the Author. 17 April 2013. Email.
3. Phil Nelson. "The Start." N.d. TS. Collection of Katherine Brown
4. ibid

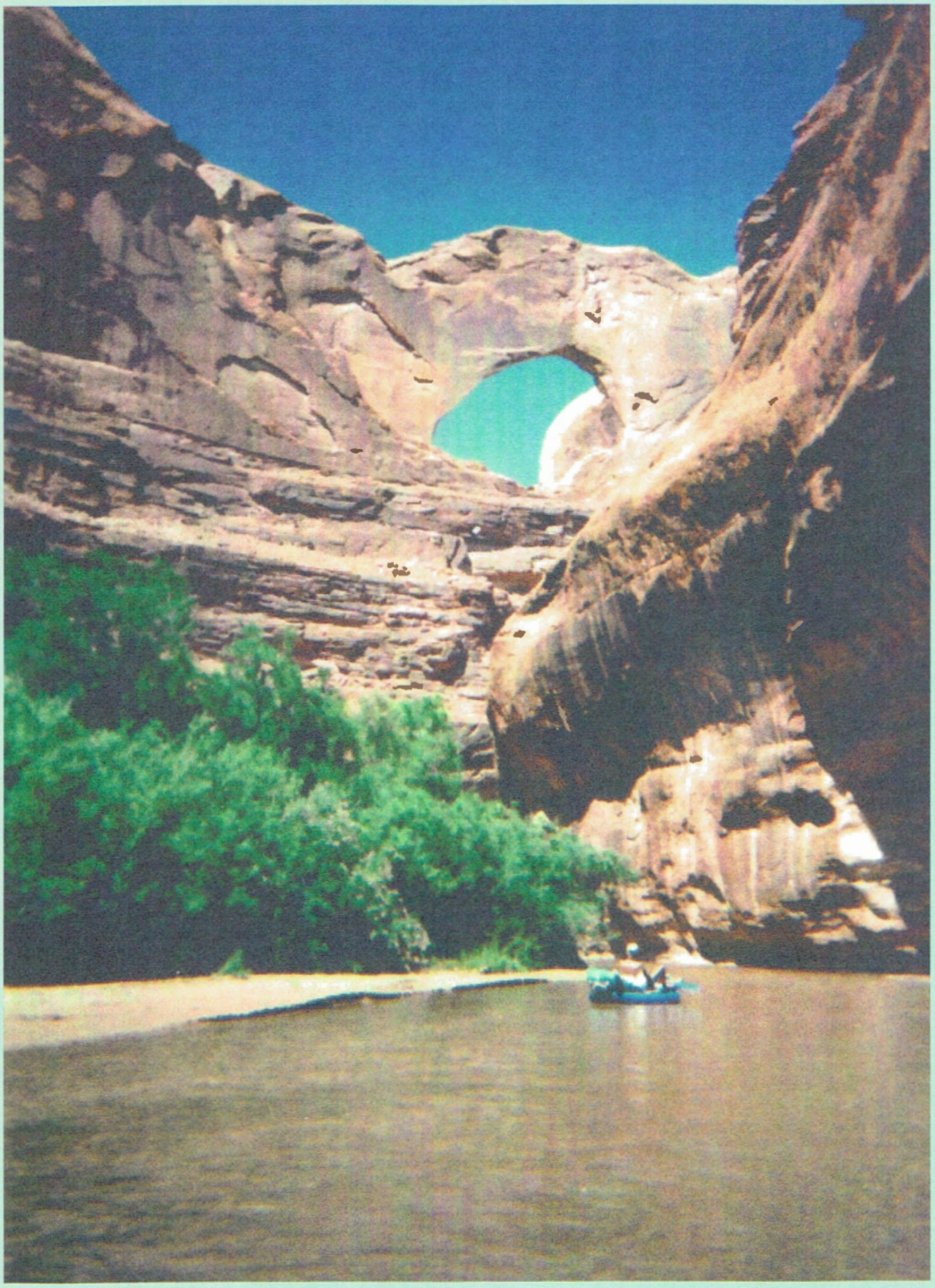


Photo courtesy of Katherine Brown

Separation Canyon Green River, Stillwater Canyon

by Phil Nelson

This story originally appeared in *River Stories*, published by Desert Water Press.
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Photos courtesy of Katherine Brown

Forward

People float rivers for many reasons. Some go for the excitement of whitewater rapids. Others like to relax. Cast a line out.

You'll find stories of treacherous water. Exciting situations. Natural calamities. Some outrageous human behavior. And some peaceful, thoughtful moments, inside.

My style of boating is a bit different than most. I tend to get out on small streams, in small boats, for long periods. Usually alone.

My equipment has been specialized over the years. It all fits in order. I've tried and tested equipment and ideas over decades now. What works for me may not suit you.

Before you go, ask yourself, "What are my abilities?" You may not admit them to us. But be true to yourself. Denial is a powerful thing. So are rivers.

Multi-day river trips will teach you a lot about yourself. Be forewarned! It can be habit forming.

I've chosen these stories from many. I hope you'll enjoy them. All events, locations, names, are true. Only the rivers have changed to protect their innocence.

Separation Canyon
Green River, Stillwater Canyon

Below my hometown of Green River, Utah, the Green River flows for 120 miles through some of the finest scenery in Utah. I've lost count of the number of times I've been down there. I often go alone. But I nearly always meet people. Most are friendly. Others have brought their problems with them.

September 2003

I planned on launching at Mineral Bottom and going on down to the Confluence. A distance of 52 miles.

But first. You have to figure out how to get out. You can continue downstream through Cataract Canyon, "The Graveyard of the Colorado." Or, get a jetboat ride back up the Colorado River to Moab. You also need a Flatwater Permit from the National Park Service.

My buddy, Sonny, follows me in his truck to Moab. First stop is the jetboat operators. I make a date for the pickup. Pay some money, get the ticket.

Then to the Post Office where I purchase a money order for $20, because the Park Service doesn't take cash.

Next stop is the Park Service. At the front window I announce my intentions, and I'm shown down the hall to an office. I show my "way out" ticket. They print up a permit for me. All set. Almost.

Sonny and I have lunch. I get a few last minute things. Then it's back to the outfitters yard, where I leave my car.

I jump in Sonny's truck and we head down the highway towards Dead Horse point. Before the park, we leave the pavement and drive down the switchbacks before arriving at Mineral Bottom.

The usual unloading, inflating, packing. This time I've brought an awning for the frame and it takes a bit longer to assemble.

Sonny was going to fish. But down canyon were some darkening clouds and he decided to get out before the roads turned to mud. It turned out to be a wise decision. So we say our goodbyes and he heads out. I'm loitering around the launch site. It's around 4pm. There are folks around. I'm kinda in the way. It's a narrow ramp. So I decide to push off and go down the river.

I floated a couple of miles. Saw a nice beach on the right and pulled in. This will do fine.

I was watching the clouds down canyon becoming ever darker. They seemed to be low, just over the rim. Then, the rim became hazy. I knew what that meant. I put everything loose inside my tent. Secured the boat.

A slight breeze came up. I watched the sand cloud pour off the rims, down the walls, and up the river bottom towards me. I jumped in the tent. The first wind hits hard. I'm spread eagle on the floor trying to keep the tent from blowing away. Then. The rain starts. Poles are bending. Big drops come pouring down in torrents. And now the lightning. It would flash a mile away. A few seconds and BOOM. Boom. Boo-oo-om. Echoing throughout the canyon.

I can hardly see. The tent has formed around me. I can hardly find the zipper. When I do, I open the door just enough to see out. There are waves a foot high moving upstream. Orange waterfalls pouring off the rims.

This went on for an eternity. Well, maybe an hour. I watched this show from my peephole. When it calmed down some I ventured outside. The river is now an orange sherbet color. It's still too breezy to fire up the camp stove. I'm not putting the stove inside the tent. If the wind should roar through again and push the walls in, well, I'd have melted nylon to deal with.

When I crawled back inside at dark, the strangest thing happened. The wind had picked up again and was flapping the tent. I guess it was static electricity. Sparks would light up and pop. The tent would light up in an eerie glow.

And sure enough. It starts raining again. It rained pretty hard for awhile. Then tapered off into a drizzle for most of the night. I'd poke my eyes through the peephole and see the lightning flash. And for a split second you could see the orange waterfalls pouring off the walls of the canyon.

Hard to sleep when you're this close to the river and thunder cannons are going off.

At sunrise, the canyon is clear and calm. Not a cloud. Birds are chirping. River is orange and hasn't risen.

Across the river is the White Rim Road. It leads to the road that takes you over to the put-in. I thought I'd paddle over and see how the road conditions were. I get in the empty boat and paddle over to the other side. I tie up and walk over through some wet shrubs. The road is a mess. It's cut through with gullies. Mud all over the place. It's nice out though. So I decide to walk over to the launch site and see what happened over there.

Just past the junction with Mineral Bottom Road, I see a small white pickup truck. It's stuck in a wash with mud a foot deep. There's no one around. Footprints head off to the boat ramp area.

When I arrived, I talked with the Ranger. He's wandering around assessing the situation. A woman is helping an older

fellow unload a cataraft. He said he'd spent a miserable night upstream and was ready to leave. His wife had come to get him, but the truck was stuck.

Minutes later, a black Toyota with a wooden sea kayak on the roof pulls in to the parking lot.

"How'd you get around that truck?" I ask them.

"We just drove around it. Is that your truck?"

"No. It belongs to that couple over there unloading that raft. She got stuck and walked over. I'm sure they'd like to leave soon. Her husband has spent a trying night on the river."

"Okay. We'll help them out, but first I need to get this kayak off the roof."

So I help unload this beautiful mahogany sea kayak off the roof onto the ground. It's a two-person and quite long. I've never seen anything quite like it down here.

The couple from California drive myself and the other couple over to their truck. We all get out and try to push it out. The wheels just spin. We get a rope and fasten it to the bumpers. The Toyota spins. It's not going anywhere.

Way up on the switchbacks we hear and then see a large 4-wheel drive truck coming down. As it approaches, we see that it's an outfitter's rig out of Moab. When they stop, they get chains out and hook on to the rear of the stuck truck and pull it right out. Everybody's happy. So I turn and walk down the road to my boat. Did that appear unusual to anybody? I guess not.

I paddle my boat back to camp and have another cup of coffee. Load up camp and soon I'm back on the orange river.

I've gone about two miles when I notice the wood kayak coming down. I'm drifting, as usual, and they're paddling. They reach me soon enough.

"Just admiring your boat," says the woman in front.

"Thanks. It's pretty comfy."

We talk some. I think they said they had five days. But they would be taking the jetboat out before I would. Said this was their first time here.

They paddle past me. I don't paddle much on the Green. Later that day, I see their kayak pulled up on the left. I passed on by. Didn't see them.

But too soon the wind is picking up and blowing me around. Clouds are coming up from the south. And I'm looking for somewhere to pull in and batten down.

When you're way down in these canyons, you are unable to see out for the weather. It's a narrow rim-to-rim window. Like yesterday, it can come in fast.

Nothing very promising in the way of campsites in this area. Better paddle hard and make some miles in hope of finding something flat and dry.

As I approach the first bend of Fort Bottom, I find a good enough beach and head for it. I'll have to plod through the mud to reach the dry part. That'll be a small price to pay, because I can see that hazy cloud obscuring the rims down the canyon. And here comes the wind. I barely got the tent up. Throw some bags and myself inside. When it blows horizontally, I'm holding down the tent, at Fort Bottom.

It rained some more that night. For a while it poured pretty good. Can't sleep well when it's like this.

In the morning, it's all wet and muddy. Around the bend I can see that the sun is shining in. But it won't get in here for another couple of hours. I elect to leave quickly and get some sun. I'll just put the wet tent in its bag and dry it out later.

Drifting around the bend into sweeping views. No clouds. I'm basking in the sunshine. I pull over and set up my lawn chair. Pull the tent out to dry, and get out a paperback book to read for a while.

In less than an hour the tent is dry. I've made some more coffee cuz I didn't get enough before running out of the mud camp. So I guess it's time to float.

When I'd nearly completed the long loop of Fort Bottom, here comes Gregg and Joy in the kayak. They're taking pictures. We drift together for a while. Then we pulled over at the beginning of the White Rim Sandstone as it emerges from the river. They tell me they've had their kayak out on the San Francisco Bay. But this is their first river journey. It was a last minute decision.

We float into a most enjoyable afternoon. Arriving at Queen Anne's Bottom, (real name), we discover the low water has exposed a rocky riffle. Gregg is worried about damaging his hull.

We solve this problem by walking out into the rapid and relocating a few obstructive rocks. They squeeze into their cockpits and make it through with just a few bumps. But all's well. They pull into a beach below and wait for me.

Gregg and I have a cigarette and exchange addresses and phone numbers. I figured I wouldn't see them again, at least not on this river trip. That boat of theirs is fast.

Half an hour later I'm approaching a very large beach backed by the White Rim Sandstone. It must be a quarter mile long. And there. In the middle, are Gregg and Joy, setting camp. It was so nice that I told them I was camping down at the far end.

The full moon rose over the wall. No wind. No rain. Finally. We're getting post-card-perfect weather.

Morning was warm and still. Gregg brought some fresh coffee over. I walked back with him to their camp. They need to catch up on time so they're packing up early.

They soon left. I'm in no hurry. It's a great beach. I walk around for a couple of hours. A ferry used to run through here. You can get on top of the sandstone at a notch upstream. Great views up and down the canyon. I sit on the edge of the rim listening to the "Moody Blues" on the CD player.

Today the river is back to its normal tan color. I hadn't gone but a mile when that darn wind blows in. It came out of nowhere. It blew so hard I could make no progress whatsoever. Another curse of these inflatable kayaks. They float right on top of the water and get pushed like a bubble. I gave up and headed for shore. Fighting the wind is a waste of energy. The wind always wins. Wind waves are moving up the river. I hang out behind a collapsed wall out of the wind and wait.

When the wind finally blew out, I got back in the boat and head for the other side at Anderson Bottom. I walk around and look at the history of the place.

I push the boat out into the current and just float. Stillwater Canyon begins here. This long straightaway is nearly three miles long, and is one of

my favorite parts of the canyon. I want it to pass slowly.

I plan to make camp at Valentine's Bottom. I'll explore around there. Some people tried to settle there in the early 1900's.

When I arrived at the bottom I found a nice camp right where the river starts to curve around the bottom. I walked around and found an old wooden boat and some old lumber. Lots of cans.

Back at camp, I've got the "Doors" on the headphones. *"Choose the day. Couples. Naked. Race down by it's quiet side. And we laugh. Like soft, mad children. Shake dreams from your hair, my pretty one. A vast radiant beach, and a cool jeweled moon. The time has come again."*

Thanks, Jim Morrison. Nearly 40 years later. But you blew it with heroin. Shame.

That night was fairly calm.

Day 4. Is that all it is? I'll go a few miles down to the Turk's Head area today. Where, you and I, will walk around and see.

Lots of life here. Spend some time looking around. Sometimes, it seems that the only way to see stuff is to see it alone. "Where are we going today? When is lunch? How long is this going to take?"

By yourself you can do anything you want. Everything you want. And no one complains.

There's a story in all you see. All that you hear. Feel. Feel the sun on your skin. The air moving past your ears. The little critters who live here. What do they feel? Perhaps it's a better life than we know. And what do we know? Not much, really.

So don't ask me what time is lunch. Eat when you're hungry. Speaking of. I'm having roast beef in a can. Says it's from Argentina. This cow has done some traveling. I open the can and pour the chunks and gravy into a pan and warm it up. Yum. Yea, I know, you vegetarians are probably retching. Eat what you want. But I gotta tell ya. You can't do this my way and have your fresh food. There's no room for a cooler. Think about it.

Day 5. I've spent the day on the other side of the river. Been hiking around. I nearly became lost in all the small drainages. No footprints on the bare rock. I was parched. All that water in the river, and not a drop up here.

When I got back to the boat, I drank a quart of water. I float some more. The canyon narrows below Turk's Head. A mile or so below, I see a beautiful sandbar shining in the sunshine. When I get there, I pull over and walk around. It's big and I can see that others have used this beach not long ago. I see indentations of canoe bows that were pulled in. Footprints all around. And though it's a little early, I decide to make this my camp.

At the river's edge, the bank rises up a couple feet over the water. 15 feet away is dry sand. I'll put the tent over there. Since I have lots of time, I'll do inventory of my food and supplies. I have two gallons of drinking water remaining. I'll put that back in the boat later. First, I drag the boat up on top of the bank. Then I load the water jug inside. I'm worried that the wind will blow an empty boat away. I've seen this happen.

I've got lots of food. A quart of homemade Kahlua. 10 packs of cigarettes in a waterproof box.

Some stinky socks and t-shirts get washed in the river, then hung on the awning to dry. Everything seems just fine.

I took out the stove from the plastic kitchen box. I made some coffee and put lots of Kahlua in.

When darkness bored me, I crawled into the tent. Took off my shoes and placed them outside the door. My sleeping bag is draped over my Paco Pad (air mattress). I laid there for awhile and went to sleep.

Later, I was awakened by a strange sound. It sounded like a log or something was sliding over the sand. The kind of your boat bottom makes when you grind into the shore. It went quiet. I paid it no mind. I dozed off again. But only for a few seconds. My right hand was resting on the floor of the tent, and suddenly it was wet. What? What!

I grabbed my flashlight. Water all over. I unzipped the door. I'm in the river. It's flowing all around me. One shoe is floating outside the door. I grab it and toss it in the tent. I run out in several inches of water. No boat! It's gone. I shine the light down the river and don't see it. In the meantime, other stuff is floating away.

I'm throwing what's left into the tent. At least things are contained in there.

"Where did all this water come from?"

I grab the stove, but the pots have floated away. I grabbed some cans, clothes, and put them in my chair. It's dark. The moon hasn't come out yet. No clouds. The stars are out. I'm sloshing around in the middle of the river in the middle of the night.

I saved what I could. The water is slowly rising. Back behind me is a higher spot. Still dry. I move everything over there. There isn't much of a bank behind the sand bar. It rises up to meet the canyon wall. I can gain some height. But the bank is choked with tamarisk. It's not much use to me. I'd have a hard time getting all this gear up in that mess.

So. I'm sitting in my chair. Saved everything I could. And I'm pissed! Yelling profanities into the canyon.

I don't have a pot to boil water in to make coffee. Not that I need to wake up. But I'm all wet and something to warm me up would help. I find the bottle of Kahlua and drink it straight. There's half a pack of cigarettes I had in the mesh pocket in the tent. Okay, settle down some.

The river is still rising. Slowly. At its peak it was three inches deep where I sat. I assess the situation. Maybe I could walk back to Turks Head? Could I? I have one left shoe. There's another pair on the boat. I have half a gallon of drinking water. All the stuff I have needs to become portable. Floatable. I make a plan.

First. Get the sleeping bag. Lay it over the chair and wring out all the water you can. Put it in the big waterproof bag. Put the cans and heavier things in the "action packer" boxes. I have two of them. They float as long as they don't tip over. Water will pass through the gap where the lid joins. I pack them with balance in mind. I drag them out into deeper water and watch them float. Satisfied, I bring them back to what's left of the high ground. On the back of my chair, I have a daypack strapped to it. Inside is a 20-foot length of ¼ inch poly rope. I tie the two boxes

together in the center with the bags surrounding them. The waterproof bags are filled with as much air as I can allow without leakage. I have a raft.

And me? Am I going to get on that thing? No. I know that I can float on the Paco Pad. I've floated on mine before. It'll barely float me, as long as I don't move much.

All I gotta do is wait for the sky to lighten. So I can see what the hell I'm doing. The water hasn't risen any more. Luck again. Lucky? Why sure. If the river had risen much more, I'd be floating in the dark and it would be a worse experience than this.

On the other side of the river is a higher beach. I can still see the top above water. But with this untried rig, I'm not sure I could get over there before being carried off. So for now, I'm staying put. I do not want to go swimming just yet.

Then came the foam. Now, wouldn't that make a good movie title? It was a 6-inch mass of tan-colored soap suds. Yuck! It's starting to get light. My "raft" is tied to the chair and I think it's time to leave.

My life jacket is in the boat. Wish I had it. It would help. Well. Here we go. I put the chair on top. Tie it down with some shoelaces I had in the box. Then walk the thing out into the deeper water. I hold the raft by the rope in my hand, and lay myself on the Paco Pad. That's the tricky part. It wants to slip out from under me.

I'm in the river and letting the current take me away. At first, I couldn't hold the rope and paddle with my hands. So I tied the rope to my left shoe and this freed my hands. I keep an eye out for any gear that might get caught up in the shore vegetation. But the foam is covering everything up. All that can be seen of me is my toes, knees, and my head sticking up above the foam. The raft is pulling me down the river. The water is kinda cool. I guess about 60 degrees. And after an hour of this, I'm starting to chill. Shaking. I need to get out soon and warm up. There isn't much in the way of a landing around here, just walls and rock. It's hard to steer my raft to the side. When I stroke with my hands, I move, but the raft refuses, and I tend to submerge under water. Or, under foam, as the case may be.

At last. I see a small sandy area on my side just ahead. But I can't get to it in time to pull in, and it slips by. Then I see another one a bit larger and I am determined to get there. Before it gets away, I come off the Paco Pad and find footing with my feet. Then I pull the raft and the pad onto the beach.

Whew! I'm shaking pretty bad. I've come about 2 miles. Maybe I should just wait for someone to come by and have mercy on me. I smoke half a wet cigarette. Drink some water. And wait for the sun to come shining in. When it does, I warm up fast. I decide to give it another go. The foam is letting up into patches now. Water doesn't feel so cold, but it is.

I float for another hour like this, but I just can't take the cold anymore. I can't go all the way to the confluence like this.

I get out and wait a half hour and warm up. Then go back in. This time I feel better. I'm still 15 miles from the end. Soon, I'll come to Horse Canyon, where there's a riffle at low water. And a big beach below. I decide that's as far as I'll go. When I get there, I'll dry out my gear and wait for mercy.

But wait. Did I just see something blue? I can see over a mile downstream and I thought I saw the same color blue as my boat. Sure. I want to see it. But now it's not there. I'm so out of it I'm starting to hallucinate. Depression sets in.

But wait. There is something blue. A thin blue line, and then I see the frame and the awning, with some shirts hanging from it. HOLY NED! It is my boat! As I get closer, I see it really is. It seems to be stuck on a rock. It's wiggling back and forth. Depression leaves. Joy and happiness return. As I drift closer, I can see that it's in the current, up against a rock, pivoting. The current moves by pretty fast. Pay attention! I've got to get close by to grab it. Don't miss it. I might not get another chance. When I get close, I slip the rope off my foot and hold it in my hand. I paddle near and reach out for the frame of my boat.

Got it! The Paco Pad slips out from under me. I let off some slack on the rope and roll myself onto the boat. Tie the rope to the frame and push away from the rock. I paddle with my hands and retrieve the Paco Pad. Throw it in the front.

"Look at this! Shoes. Drinking water. Sunscreen. All kinds of goodies! Oh happy day!" I pulled over at the earliest opportunity to break down my "raft" and properly load the items in their original locations. Yes!

Hand paddling is a little tricky. But I manage to get through the riffle okay. Now, let's pull over to that long beach and have a proper celebration.

The boat is covered with foam. No wonder I could barely see it. Only the very tops of the tubes are still blue. I unload all the bags and boxes. Lay out the wet sleeping bag. Erect the tent for air drying. I laid the on the Paco Pad and dozed off.

I awoke when I heard voices coming from up the river. Upstream, just entering the rapids, are a couple of canoes. They move on through and pull over on my beach. They bail out some water.

"Hey. Do you have a map?"

"Yea. Do you have any tobacco?"

"Sorry. We don't smoke."

I dig out my river guide. They are looking for Jasper Canyon. They thought this might be it. But it's the next canyon down.

I explain what happened to me. They had camped at Turks Head last night and were high enough up that they didn't notice the water had come up. Just the foam.

We chat for a while. They'll be taking the same jetboat that I will. They loan me a spare canoe paddle.

If I had waited for the mercy, these people would have been my saviors. But this all worked out just fine.

They leave me and head downriver. I smoke a dried out cigarette. Then heat up a can of soup right in the can. Eat it down and wash out the can in the river. Boil some water in it to clean it up real good. Then boil some drinking water in it for a cup of coffee that I didn't get this morning. I still have a plastic cup. I always bring two. I lost one to the river. Damn, that's good coffee.

I walked barefoot up and down the beach with this wonderful cup of coffee. While smoking my pipe, I find that I have only three cigarettes left.



Photo courtesy of Katherine Brown

No rolling papers. I thought I brought some. Guess not. I have some loose pipe tobacco, slightly wet.

I've lost my plastic take-apart paddle. My two stainless steel pots. One right tennis shoe. Some socks. Two t-shirts, a carton of cigarettes in a plastic box. And a fork and coffee cup. Not too bad. I can replace all this rather easily. Respect gained from the river—priceless.

I dragged the boat way up. Tied it to my tent. And I slept very well that night.

One more day and one more night on the river. I'm going to get to the confluence today. So I'm off and back on the water. I prefer this means over yesterday's type of floating. My jetboat comes tomorrow.

At Jasper I see an old man sitting in the stern of a canoe, facing shore. I pull alongside and ask him if he's got any cigarettes.

"No. I don't smoke anymore." He looks at me kinda weird. Glances at the awning.

"But stay and talk to me. It's too quiet down here. My daughter's off somewhere looking for Indian ruins. I come from Chicago. My daughter had to share a father/daughter experience and she brought me to this God-awful place. I could care less. I'd rather be drinking with my buddies in the V.F.W. bar."

I tell him I'm a Cubs fan.

He says he likes the Bears and couldn't give a shit about baseball.

"Well. I gotta go. I've got a jetboat to catch. Maybe I'll se ya at the pick up."

"Don't leave yet. I want to talk to you some more. Make some noise, will ya. It's too quiet down here."

Some people. I back away and turn into the current. I'm not used to the canoe paddle. But it's far better than my hands. The miles go pretty fast. I'm ready to leave.

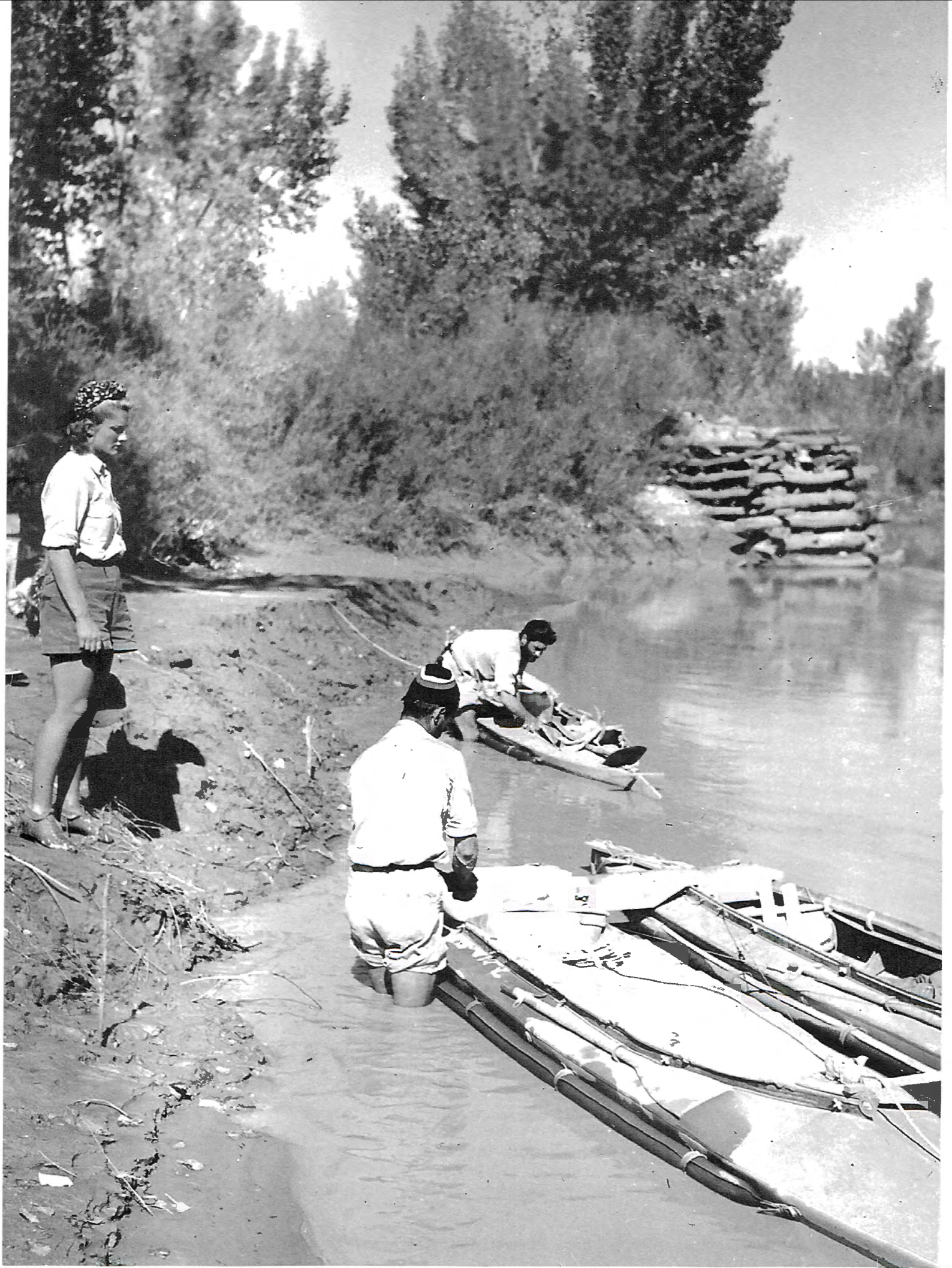
At the last mile, I have a ritual I like to do. It's the Doors again. I put on the headphones and play "The End." It starts with a helicopter sound. *"No safety or surprises, the end."*

The jetboat shows around noon the next day. We all return to Moab in a few hours. The jetboat is pulled out of the river onto a trailer and towed into town. At the office, I start my car and bring it over near the boat and get my gear.

I visit a C-store and get two packs of cigarettes, a couple of cokes and some donuts. Low sugar, I guess. I drive back home to Green River. Where I learned that it had rained over two inches the afternoon before it caught me 100 miles below.

I visited Sonny. Told him the story. He directed me to his backyard where he produced a dog screw. A big stainless steel screw with a triangle handle. "Just screw it into the dirt or sand. You take this with you."

It goes everywhere with me now. When I tie up the boat, I remember you. You may never get on the river with me, can't blame you really. But thanks.



Green River Redux

by Ian McCluskey

Although residents of Green River had seen a handful of boaters float down to the old railroad bridge and pull up, the three who arrived one windy afternoon in October 1938 were different. News spread fast.

"Back then, why, nothing happened in Green River that the entire town didn't know all about," recalls Rey Lloyd Hat. "And so it was quite a lot of excitement that some people were coming down the river in kayaks. And I heard about it from a fella who took pictures. And that was quite a novelty back then—anyone who had a camera. And he was headed down to the river to get some pictures of Frenchmen in kayaks."

The strangers had traveled halfway around the world to reach the tiny Utah town.

They arrived in Green River in small, narrow boats made of canvas stretched over light-weight wooden frames. The watercraft seemed far too fragile to have just emerged from Desolation Canyon, just up river.

No one in town had seen a kayak before, because no one had ever taken a kayak down the river before. But even more unusual of a sight: one of the boaters was a woman—young, beautiful, vivacious. She wore a silk scarf over her strawberry blonde hair, a khaki shirt, and canvas shorts with a coyote tail hooked into a back belt loop.

Genevieve had arrived with her newlywed husband, trip leader Bernard, and their best friend, Antoine.

The three French kayakers pulled up to what is now the state park. A group of townsfolk had gathered, watching them unpack.

"Anything new in Green River, everybody was there," recalls Waldo Wilcox. "I was in school at the time." The teacher let Waldo and the other students head to the river to see the visitors.

The French trio had stopped upriver at Waldo's parents' ranch, the McPherson ranch. The McPhersons had put the French up for a night, and invited them to join in the fall branding. In appreciation, when the French arrived in Green River, they invited the McPherson boys, Waldo and Don, for rides in the kayaks.

"And we was the only kids in Green River that got to do it," recalls Waldo with a chuckle. "About all I remember: The woman was very pretty."

Genevieve seemed to have that effect.

She had just celebrated her 22nd birthday, deep in the canyon of Lodore. There, the French encountered another boat party—a half dozen men in two wooden boats from the Utah Department of Fish and Game. More than 50 years after the brief encounter with the French trio, river historian Roy Webb of the University of Utah was interviewing one of the men. Roy tells the story: "As he started talking about Genevieve, he got very animated and very excited about it. His wife came walking by from the kitchen and said, 'Are you talking about that French girl again?' And then she just shook her head and walked on."

When the French arrived in Green River, they were getting a window into the Wild West; when the residents of Green River met the French, they were getting a glimpse of the future—a new generation of outdoor recreationalists.

"They were far ahead of contemporary American river runners, who usually had a wooden boat, engineer boots, a campfire, a gun, a fishing pole, and a jug of moonshine," explains Roy. In contrast, the French wore inflatable life jackets, padded helmets, and packed pup tents and down sleeping bags into dry bags—the vanguard of today's river runners. One could say the first of an REI generation.

The French trio represented a pivot point between a new and old way of exploring the river. In the old tradition, they were on a long expedition, setting off from Wyoming, and following the path of the river as far as they could (eventually making it all the way to Arizona). They stuffed their kayaks with provisions for long stretches of isolation in remote and rugged canyons. But the French trio set out not to survey or prospect, farm or ranch, drill or develop, but simply to run the river for the pure adventure.

We arrive to Green River sore, soaked, sunburned, sandy. Like the French, we have come to Green River, not only with kayaks but also with cameras.

Seventy-five years after their pioneering journey down the river, I have gathered a small team to follow their path. With me are two other kayakers, Paul and Kate. Two of the French were newlyweds, and Paul and Kate are engaged. Together, we form our own trio.

But we have not come purely for historic reenactment. We're not in canvas kayaks or wool clothes. We're not pretending to be them, or attempting to step backwards in time. Our quest is not just about the past, but also about the present.

With us is a small volunteer film team. Like the French, we are documenting our trip. They recorded

themselves in color 16mm film—so ahead of its time in 1938 that even Hollywood hadn't yet released a color movie. So in the same spirit, we're working with modern equipment, from our GoreTex dry suits to our HD DSLR cameras.

Like the French before us, and John Wesley Powell before them, we are on an expedition into the "Great Unknown." Our quest is to uncover whatever we can about the French Trio—about who they were, where they came from, and where they went. Our plan is to stop where they stopped, meet the people they met, or their decedents. To uncover photos, letters, news clippings... whatever we can to fill in this lost chapter of history. And, in doing so, we hope to have an adventure ourselves.

When we arrive to Green River, we head straight to—as is the custom with so many river runners—Ray's Tavern. Then we crash at the Holiday River Expeditions bunkhouse, and wash off river mud.

At dawn, two of our crew members get to fly above the canyons with Red Tail Aviation. For days we had been deep in the canyons, craning our necks up. Now, we are seeing the wide scale of the West. On the river, we were always in contact with water. From the air, the most striking impression is how small the river looks, how thin the ribbon of water among the vast wrinkles and ridges of redrock that stretch beyond eyesight in every direction.

When the French arrived in Green River, they stopped at a melon stand. So, in the same spirit, we stop at a melon stand by the side of the road, run by Nancy Dunham.

"I've told people everywhere in the country that they can't even stop in Green River because they get sand in their shoes and they won't leave," says Nancy. "Green River is a little bit of paradise. Not a whole lot, but a little bit."

Widowed now, Nancy came with her late husband to Green River from the East during the uranium boom. Their kids started growing melons as a 4-H project, and when they realized that Green River's water, sun, and soil were the perfect combination, Nancy got into the melon business.

In a town known for its booms and busts (peaches, oil, uranium, missiles), melons have been a mainstay. In fact, each year the town celebrates with the Melon Days festival, and appoints a Melon Queen. The 2012 Melon Queen, Destiney Holbrook, agreed to show us around.

We saw the bridge where the French trio paddled and pulled up their kayaks. The Midland Hotel, where the French trio had dinner with Norm Nevills of Mexican Hat, who would become famous in his own right as one of Utah's very first commercial river guides. Destiney showed us the fire station, where her grandfather was Fire Chief, and her high school, where she is one of 22 students in her graduating class. Last year, she says, it was just 17.

Before our time in Green River is done, we meet with Jo Anne Chandler in the basement of the John Wesley Powell River History Museum, where she presides over the Green River Archives. She stores more than 10,000 items—a number she calculates as a ballpark guess. The collection holds an assortment of ephemera that tells the story of town people and their daily lives: a bottle capper, baby's booties, a 50s-era Geiger counter, a wedding dress, a WWII helmet once worn by a Green River resident but found in the garbage dump. Joanne counts all of these among her treasures.

The Green River Archives also holds the town's yearbooks. Including Jo Anne's year, 1967. "That'll tell you how old I am," she jokes.

Jo Anne was runner up to Melon Days Queen. She has a photo of her in the Melon Days court. Her parents had moved from Virginia, and Joanne suddenly found herself transported from the greens of the piedmont and debutant balls to the ash-colored hills of Green River and Friday night dances in the basement of the Midland.

"If I had known you then, who would I have met?" I asked her.

"Oh," she says, with a twinkle in her eye. "You would have had fun!"

She shares with us something we weren't expecting. Among her many boxes of unsorted photos, she found a few of the French kayakers from their time in Green River.

We spread them out across the table.

"These were unlabeled, just clumped together," she says.

Jo Anne shows us a letter written by one the French—the best friend, Antoine. It's a thank-you for sending copies of the photos taken of the French when they stopped in Green River. The letter is his own handwriting, with his name, signed at the bottom. There is something indescribably tangible about seeing the handwriting. The pen pressed into the paper.

This is exactly what I had come to Green River to find. A trace, even if small, of the French kayakers.

I had set out on this quest because the traces had been so few, and so elusive. I was drawn by curiosity to learn more about the incredible adventure of the three French kayakers who had made history in 1938 but had been forgotten to time.

Perhaps prophetically, the three French had nicknamed themselves "the voyageurs without trace." They had gotten the idea because as they looked back, they saw the wake of their kayaks fading as they passed.

Before Green River, we'd stopped in Vernal to shoot. The French had stopped there as well. They had stayed with river runner Bus Hatch and his family. The Hatch house, built by Bus himself, still stands in Vernal. As we shot a few exteriors, a car slowly cruised up and rolled down the window. Two teenage girls watched us film, and then one asked: "Y'all making a movie?"

"A documentary," we answered.

She popped her bubblegum as she thought this over. "You mean like Ghost Hunters?"

"Yeah," we said. "Kind of."

We had come in search of ghosts—the three French, gone. Their traces mostly vanished. But our quest isn't just to uncover what was, but to experience what remains.

In this search, we find what the French found: ranchers and melon farmers, river runners, and friendly townsfolk, kind enough to offer up beds and warm meals, curious to hear of our adventures and to share stories of their lives, before standing on the shore, waving us bon voyage, as we round the river bend and disappear from sight.

To learn more about Ian's project, visit ianmccluskey.com.







What Will Green River Look Like in 100 Years?

Skyscrapers? Wild beasts? Monorails? Radiation? Green River High School students from Craig Gowans' Language Arts classes consider possible futures for their town.

Nikolas Shaffer

Mr. Gowans

L.A. 10

The Future of Green River

In 100 years a lot of things will have changed about Green River. Most buildings in Green River will be demolished or destroyed. The few buildings that will be there will probably be skyscrapers that are very close together. All the asphalt roads will be un-used and decaying, with weeds and plants growing in the potholes and cracks. Tumble-weeds will be everywhere; you won't be able to walk six inches without having to dodge a tumbleweed. There will be very little green in the area. Even the Green River will be a sickly yellowish brown color. It was polluted by the power plant's radioactive materials being dumped in there. Most of the life will be extinct or will have moved away.

The population of Green River will be about 15,000. All of the population lives close together. Most of the population lives in the skyscrapers, but a few live outside because they can't afford it inside the skyscrapers. The people rely on trams and monorails to transport them from one skyscraper to another. Few of them can afford to fly out to other cities, the cost of fuel is too high for most. Very few people will be able to leave because life outside the skyscrapers is so dull and dreary.

Inside of the skyscrapers everything is colorful and electronic, to try and convince everyone that life is good. The skyscrapers are a paradise compared to the outside, and that's why few venture out there. All of the major retailers are in there, you can get almost anything you want. There is enough food, clothes, water, etc. there to last the population for 500 years but the planet won't last that long due to mining of the core.

Even though everything may seem perfect in the skyscrapers the world outside is slowly deteriorating. The future may be bright but all good things must come to an end.

Mindy Bastian

Mr. Gowans

L.A. 11

Green River in One Hundred Years

What do I think that Green River will look like in one hundred years? Well I don't exactly know, but there are two possibilities. It could die off and turn into a ghost town, or the power plant could come in and this town could boom. It mostly depends on whether or not the power plant comes in because if the power plant comes in, the town will grow a little bit because they will need people to build it and then they will need people to run it.

But on the other hand if the power plant doesn't come in this town will most likely be a ghost town. If the power pladoesn't come then there will not be anything to help this town grow, and if there isn't anything to help this town grow then there will still be nothing here. So what's the point in living here? If you have to go to another town just to do your shopping then come back to this old run down small town, why not just move to the town where you can actually get the stuff that you need. Don't get me wrong I love this town but this town is mostly little kids and old people, once you graduate you have to move away to go to school. Then when you're done with school there aren't really any jobs here, If we don't do something about this then this town will die off with the older generation.

Chance Pfander

Mr. Gowans

L.A. 11

Green River In 100 Years

Green River, in 100 years, will look like a ghost town or a bigger city with a high population just depending on the nuclear power plant. If Green River has the nuclear power plant go through then we will most likely have a higher population. The craziest thing to happen in Green River would be if the power plant somehow blew up or had a malfunction. Then Green River would probably be a ghost town. It would be very similar looking to Thompson Springs, other than there would probably be no people living in Green River because of the radiation. It would be like the place up in Russia where the nuclear plant had problems and it ended up sending nuclear radiation everywhere. For up to like ten years they wouldn't let people anywhere within the perimeter of the town because of this nuclear radiation. Now, people are allowed to go in certain areas, people like tourists. The cool part about Green River if the nuclear power plant blew up and it turned into a ghost town would be that there would probably be all of the same buildings that are originally here, which would be a good childhood memory. If it got a bigger population then there would probably be new buildings replacing the good old memorable buildings which would be disappointing. But it would be nice to see Green River have a change in a positive, more productive way. Basically, I think Green River will look like a ghost town or a city in the next 100 years, just depending on the way things go.

Jaden Richards

Mr. Gowans

L.A. 9

Green River In the Future

It's the year 3014, my friends and I decided to go on a vacation despite the warnings everyone gave us. We didn't really say what the danger was. Yes, the world is overrun by vicious beasts, but we only get to live once, so why not take a small risk to have some fun? We did some research on the world and choose what we thought was the most interesting spot.

"Hey you guys, I found something!" I yelled over my shoulder, not wanting to take the effort to turn around. With these Beasts around here, you have to save your energy and be alert twenty-four-seven. My friends came rushing over, like moths to a flame, pushing and shoving each other. Jenny was the first one over, her long red hair still in her face from fighting her way over here. She pulled it over to the right to show gorgeous blue eyes, her shirt was ripped from all the close calls she's had. She was kind of like our leader. She was the one who always came up with the ideas, which is surprising considering most of her ideas almost gets us killed.

"What do you got?" she said in her calming voice. I scanned through the article looking for the one or two sentences that had stolen my interest, a minute passed and I still couldn't find those interesting sentences. By this time everyone was huddled around my computer, trying to nibble on the tiny piece of bait that I had found.

"Green River huh? That doesn't really seem like an adventure to me." Jack said, throwing his opinion out into the open. Jack was the smartest out of the group. He had dark brown hair and these big glasses that he says he needs, even though we all know he just wears them to look smarter. Jack was never really afraid to speak his mind, whenever we felt something needed to be said or done, he was usually the one to do it.

"Yeah, here listen to this." I replied.

"Green River is the oldest ghost town known to man, most of the people who lived there moved when the Beasts came, but those who stayed are said to have changed, changed in evil

ways too big for you or I to imagine."

I read in total astonishment, the fact that the town is old is cool in itself, but how these people changed into these evil creatures is just unbelievable. I knew that as soon as I read this, everyone in the group would agree that we will have to go there, I just didn't expect them to agree so easily.

"Well that sounds... interesting," said Jack

"No, that sounds amazing," said Jenny, I knew Jenny would say something like that, she always did. It seemed like to me she was always looking for a way to get herself and usually us in trouble.

"So it's settled then, we're going. I'm going to get the things I need, I would advise you to do the same," I said, pushing back on the chair with the back of my knees standing up, I was taller than all of them, and you would think I would love to be taller than everyone else, but at this time in the world it's better to be small.

***

About a week had passed before we finally arrived at the town, and I'm pretty sure we were all stunned at what we saw. The buildings that had once stood tall and held people as they lived their daily lives, were now rubble at the ground.

''Nice job Jason, this is some adventure!" Jack yelled with his sarcastic attitude as he leaned on the used-to-be-building. "Don't blame this all on me, I only came here because of what the article said!" I yelled back, as I walked over to him and got into his face. I wasn't really the kind of person to yell at; I had a really short temper and couldn't control my anger very well, and just as things were getting a little too heated, a loud growl came from behind the building rubble and broke the commotion Jack and I were making. Silence fell as we all turned around to see the one thing we hated the most creep around the rubble with its staggering four-legged walk. A chill went down my spine and my life flashed before my eyes. I shook my head trying to stay in reality.

The Beast jumped at me with all its force, its strong legs throwing the creature at least ten feet. It pulled its arm back and swiped forward with all its strength. I flew backwards and hit the ground, the cuts on my cheeks ran deep into my flesh. As I lay there the pain felt like a fire was just made underneath my skin, all I could do was lay there in pain as my eyes slowly closed.

TO BE CONTINUED

Visioning

by Epicenter

1 Public Safety Building

Though the final design will likely look nothing like this, Epicenter created these drawings to assist the City of Green River in applying for CIB (Community Impact Board) funding. The building has potential to not only house the necessary emergency services, but also to be a facility that can be treasured and showcase treasures like the city's vintage ambulance. We want people to drive into town to see the heart of Green River, not just stop at the gas stations and pass by. Come in to town and see what all we have to offer.

2 Green River Trails System

In collaboration with the City of Green River and the National Park Service, citizens of Green River have begun developing a trail system in Green River. Trails in and around Green River is an idea that has existed in the community for years, but hasn't become a reality for reasons like logistics and liability. However, with the help of the National Parks Service, the City is finally beginning the process. Trails on the ground are still a couple years out, but we're hopeful to create an in-town historic trail in collaboration with the Green River Archives by the end of 2014. The Green River Trail System will connect natural, historic, and modern landmarks, provide recreational areas for locals and tourists, and promote Green River as a destination. The Trails Committee is facilitated by Epicenter and consists of Karen Smith, Penney Riches, Sarah Siefken, Marcy DeMillion, Kelly Dunham, and Tim Glenn.

3 Old Motels into New Apartments

Whenever someone visits Green River, they always mention to us how "someone should do something with all of these abandoned motels." We agree. So, we created these renderings of the Book Cliff Motel to illustrate a possible affordable housing solution for those unable to afford an entire house (e.g. senior citizens on fixed income, young couples, recent high school graduates). This exact design and project may never come to pass, but the City of Green River is working with the Ollene Walker Housing Loan Fund to identify interested property owners for multifamily affordable housing projects. Maybe one day we'll have more apartment options and less unused motels on Main Street.

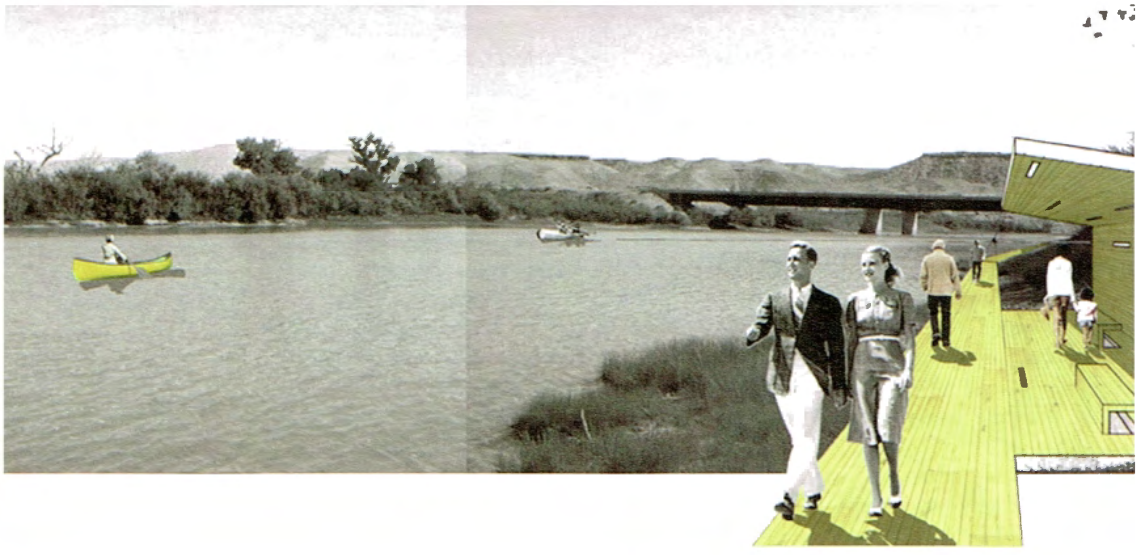
To accentuate Green River's rural pride and pioneering spirit, Epicenter provides housing and businesses resources and promotes the arts. The Epicenter staff aspired to take ideas from the community and help make them a reality. Some of these projects may never come into being, or the final product may look nothing like the concept rendering, but this visioning phase is a vital first step to getting community input and exploring funding opportunities. As a team of designers and architects, Epicenter has the opportunity to help Green River envision its future, whatever it may be.



1



2



3

Green River General Plan

The city looks to the future



A joint meeting between the Green River City Council and the Planning Commission, to work on the city's General Plan with help from Ken Young of Utah Community Planners. January 2014.

Present City Council Members Gary Riches and Penny Riches; Mayor Pat Brady, City Recorder Conae Black, Planning Commission members Jack Forinash, Chris Lezama, Amy Wilmarth and Kim Andrus; and citizens Kelly Dunham, Travis Bacon, and Sarah Smart. Facilitator: Ken Young. Visitors: Sarah Baugh and Nicole Lavelle.

A city is in perpetual motion. It is the sum of many small living and nonliving parts, parts like people, trucks, and rivers. A city is built with bricks and concrete, but also with the experiences and emotions of the people inhabiting it. Some liken a city to a living, breathing creature. No surprise then, it is difficult to plan a city.

The Green River City Council and the Planning Commission, together with input from Green River residents, have drafted a new General Plan for the City of Green River. A General Plan is the approximation of a town or city's vision for its future growth and improvement, comprised of rules, ordinances, and suggestions for land use, public services, and community development.

Should multi-family housing structures be encouraged? Is there sufficient water to meet growth demands? What types of land should be preserved, and what types should be developed? The Green River city government collected input from the public via a survey and town hall meetings in an effort to compile popular opinion about the town's future. The results are used to shape ordinances and suggestions that future civic leaders will reference in guiding the city's growth.

Is there sufficient water to meet growth demands? What types of land should be preserved, and what types should be developed?

Green River's General Plan was last updated in 2006, and the recent overhaul will include present-day issues that concern the region such as annexation of land into current city limits, creation of economic development areas and tax incentives for incoming industry, and the rules regulating the subdivision of land plots.

Assisting the city with the process of developing the General Plan is Ken Young of Utah Community Planners, a firm based in Cedar Hills, Utah.

What follows is the survey put forth to the Green River public as a means to collect visions for a shared future. Please note that the survey has been completed and is no longer accepting responses.

Green River General Plan Survey

We would like your participation in updating the Green River City General Plan, a guide to shape the future growth and improvement of the community. *Help plan the future of Green River* by taking a few moments to fill out this survey. Please return this survey via US mail, via fax to (435) 564-3347, drop it off at City Hall at 460 E. Main Street, ***or*** fill out an online survey at www.greenriverutah.com. Additional copies available at City Hall.

Please return your completed survey as soon as possible.
ESPANOL: Para asistencia en espanol, llame al 435-564-3330.

DRAWING! Returning the survey by **Wednesday, February 26, 2014** will make you eligible for a drawing.
The first three names drawn will receive $100 credit applied toward their monthly utility bill.

COMMUNITY VISIONING WORKSHOP: Please come on **Thursday, February 6, 2016 at 7:00 pm** at the **John Wesley Powell Museum at 1765 East Main Street** to help us with updating the City's Plan!

General

1. Please circle the TOP 3 reasons you live in Green River.

Rural	Born here	Clean environment	Property rights	Schools	Family	Low crime
Quiet	Scenery	Outdoor recreation	Sparse population	Affordable	Job	Less congestion
Desert / dry climate		Other:				

2. How would you rate the importance of the following community values in Green River?

	Very Important	Important	Somewhat Important	Not Important	Undecided
Promoting livable neighborhoods					
Respecting the environment					
Economic vitality					
Respecting cultural heritage					
Embracing change					
Promoting growth that serves community needs					
Embracing diversity					

3. How would you rate the following conditions, activities, and services in Green River?

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor	Undecided
Communication between elected officials and citizens					
Citizen opportunities to be involved in city affairs					
Opportunities to participate in cultural activities					
Facilities and activities available for senior citizens					
Economic development					
Youth activities					
Overall quality of life					
Street maintenance					
Culinary water					
Sewer					
Law enforcement					
Fire protection					
Animal control					
City parks					
Utility billing options					
Recreation programs					
Sidewalks					

Land Use

4. How well does Green River City respond to and resolve the following?

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor	Undecided
Weeds and trash					
Un-kept or broken down lots					
Abandoned or junk vehicles					
Vandalism					
Unattended dogs and cats					

5. How important is it for Green River City to establish and enforce property standards for the following?

	Very Important	Somewhat Important	Not Important
Unlicensed vehicles in the front yard			
Unlicensed vehicles in the rear yard			
Weeds, trash and miscellaneous junk			
Abandoned or junk vehicles			
Debilitated fences			
Debilitated structures			
Limited street parking (including large and construction vehicles)			

6. As Green River grows, how important are the following kinds of land uses / development?

	Very Important	Somewhat Important	Not Important
Single family residential			
Multi family residential			
Retail / shopping			
Business / industrial			
Recreation			
Agriculture			
Public facilities and services			

7. If Green River is to grow, to what population would you like to see the city grow? (Check one)

	Keep it the same at around 1,000		10,000 – 24,999 (such as Hurricane or Washington)
	1,500 – 3,999 (such as Monticello or Castle Dale)		25,000 – 49,999 (such as Spanish Fork or Lehi)
	4,000 – 6,999 (such as Moab or Roosevelt)		50,000 + (Grand Junction or Ogden, or larger)
	7,000 – 9,999 (such as Price)		

8. What are the most appropriate areas for the development of industrial, commercial and residential uses? (Check any that apply)

Development	Industrial	Commercial	Residential
Within existing city blocks			
Expand into farmland /open space			
Main Street and South Broadway			
North residential area			
South residential area			
West of town			
East of town			
None (no growth)			

9. Do you think Green River is friendly to business opportunities? Yes_____ No_____

10. Do you work in Green River? Yes_____ Yes, and elsewhere _____ No_____ Retired _____

11. What approximate percentage of your shopping is done in Green River?

50% or less	60%	70%	80%	90%	100%

Community Design

12. How important is creating bicycle/pedestrian walkways on major streets? (circle one)

Very Important	Important	Somewhat Important	Not Important	Undecided

Economic

13. Circle the TOP 5 types of commercial growth you would like to see.

Fast food	Sit-down restaurants	Medical	Hardware	Banking	Appliances / repair	Movie theater
Car rental / taxi	Department stores	Furniture	Insurance	Dental	Shopping centers	Sporting goods
Drug stores	Guest / retail lodging	Gasoline	Groceries	Books	Entertainment	Clothing
Automobiles	Auto / diesel repairs	Gifts	Electrician / plumber	Other:		

14. Name three specific businesses you wish were in Green River:

1)	2)	3)

15. How important are the following types of commercial or industrial development to the future of Green River?

	Very Important	Somewhat Important	Not Important	Undecided
Revitalize Main Street and Broadway				
Technology related industries				
Light manufacturing industries				
Heavy manufacturing industries				
Energy related industries				
Other:				

Housing

16. If a friend or relative was looking to move to Green River today, how would you rate the availability of affordable, adequate housing?

	Available	Somewhat Available	Hard to find	Not available
Vacant or ready to move in				
House to buy				
House to rent				
Trailer to buy				
Trailer to rent				
Apartment to rent				
Bedroom to rent				
Fifth-wheel/ pull-behind space to rent				

17. Should accessory apartments (basement apartments or other secondary dwelling units, part of a single-family home) be allowed in Green River?

Yes _____ No _____

Land Use

4. How well does Green River City respond to and resolve the following?

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor	Undecided
Weeds and trash					
Un-kept or broken down lots					
Abandoned or junk vehicles					
Vandalism					
Unattended dogs and cats					

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Limited street parking (including large and construction vehicles)			

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Business / industrial			
Recreation			
Agriculture			
Public facilities and services			

7. If Green River is to grow, to what population would you like to see the city grow? (Check one)

	Keep it the same at around 1,000		10,000 – 24,999 (such as Hurricane or Washington)
	1,500 – 3,999 (such as Monticello or Castle Dale)		25,000 – 49,999 (such as Spanish Fork or Lehi)
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Development	Industrial	Commercial	Residential
Within existing city blocks			
Expand into farmland /open space			
Main Street and South Broadway			
North residential area			
South residential area			
West of town			
East of town			
None (no growth)			

9. Do you think Green River is friendly to business opportunities? Yes_____ No _____

10. Do you work in Green River? Yes_____ Yes, and elsewhere _____ No_____ Retired _____

25. Which are the most important issues facing Green River during the next five years? (Check all that apply)

	Parks and recreation development		Traffic management (road improvement / construction)
	Need for economic development / job creation		Preservation of historic buildings and sites
	Multi-family residential development		Population growth
	Industrial development and locations		Utility and service rates
	Preservation of wildlife habitat / protect open spaces		Preservation of small town lifestyle
	Affordable workforce housing		Other:

26. Do you agree or disagree with the following concerns?

	Strongly Agree	Agree	Somewhat Disagree	Strongly Disagree
Green River has sufficient water supply to meet growth demands				
Streets in Green River need repair				
More youth development and recreation opportunities are needed				
City government services are sufficient and appropriate				
The provision and service of utilities is satisfactory				
Police services meet the community safety needs				
Fire services meet the community safety needs				
Emergency services meet the community safety needs				
Animal control services are sufficient				
Airport facilities and services meet the community needs				
There are sufficient cultural and recreational opportunities in town				
More beautification and improvement efforts are needed in town				

Information

27. How long have you lived in Green River?

0-1 year	1-3 years	4-8 years	9-15 years	16-20 years	21-25 years	26-30 years	31+ years

28. Which part of town do you live in?

In town, north of Main Street	In town, south of Main Street	East side of river	Outside of city limits

29. What is your household size?

1 - 2	3 - 4	5 - 8	9 +

30. What is your age?

Under 19	20-25	26-35	36-45	46-65	66-85	86+

COMMENTS:

Thank You!

Please enter me into the drawing for utility billing credit (see page 1). *(Optional)*

Name: _____ **Address:** _____

Survey Return Options:

US mail or drop-off at: Green River City Hall, 460 E. Main Street, Green River, UT 84525

Send via fax: (435) 564-3347

Online survey: Complete and submit a survey at www.greenriverutah.com

GREEN RIVER

Please return this survey by Wednesday, February 26, 2014.

fold here and seal to send by mail

Place stamp here

RETURN TO:

General Plan Survey
Green River City Offices
P.O. Box 620
Green River, Utah 84525

Glossary for a Multitude of Potential Futures

What does the future of Green River look like? Who is involved? What is the future of natural resource extraction? What are potential uses for land and water, and who decides? What is in those trucks, and what is on those trains?

acre-foot (ac-ft) A term used in measuring the volume or amount of water needed to cover 1 acre (43,560 square feet) 1 foot deep (325,851 gallons or 1,233.5 cubic meters). USBR



Fig. 1 | Rendering of the proposed plant near Green River *Source: bluecastleproject.com*

appropriation doctrine The system for allocating water to private individuals used in most Western states. The doctrine of prior appropriation was in common use throughout the arid west as early settlers and miners began to develop the land. The prior appropriation doctrine is based on the concept of "First in Time, First in Right." The first person to take a quantity of water and put it to beneficial use has a higher priority of right than a subsequent user. Under drought conditions, higher priority users are satisfied before junior users receive water. Appropriative rights can be lost through non-use; they can also be sold or transferred apart from the land. Contrasts with riparian water rights. USGS

BPD Barrel per day. *The Rock River Resources processing plant will process a total of 10,000 BPD, converting local crudes and condensates into naptha, fuel oil, diesel, and jet fuel.* RRR

Blue Castle The name of a proposed nuclear power plant that would sit about four miles northwest of Green River City, between Highway 6 and the Book Cliffs. Current design proposes two reactors, a water pond, and would generate 3,000 megawatts. *The name refers to a geographic feature, a colloquial name for a jutting Book Cliff also known as "The Submarine."* See Fig.1

Blue Castle Holdings The name of the company that is undergoing the permitting process for the Blue Castle Project. They are headquartered in Orem, Utah.

carrying capacity The maximum sustainable size of a resident population in a given ecosystem. PRB

cask Containers designed to safely store and ship spent nuclear waste. Spent nuclear waste casks are designed, according to federal standards, to store waste for thousands of years. *The spent waste from the Blue Castle Project is projected to be initially stored in wet storage within the reactor buildings, and then in dry casks on site at the plant.* WIKI +BCP, See Fig. 2



Fig. 2 | Dry cask storage for spent nuclear fuel. *Source: Nuclear Regulatory Commission*

ceramic pellets Nuclear fuel such as uranium nitride and uranium carbide can be processed into small ceramic pellets that fit inside of metal rods. Once the fuel is spent, it maintains its form as small ceramic pellets. *The Blue Castle Project uses ceramic pellets as an example of the type of fuel their plant will use.* WIKI + BCP, See Fig. 3



Fig. 3 | ceramic pellet *Source: bluecastleproject.com*

COL Refers to the Construction Operating License, the second step in the permitting process towards constructing a new nuclear reactor. This permit allows the appropriate technologies to be paired with the site, planned, and built. It also permits the plant to operate. According to Blue Castle Holdings CEO Aaron Tilton, the Blue Castle Project expects their earliest permitting date to be 2019. BCP + NRC, See also ESP

crude oil (Also referred to as "petroleum") A naturally occurring, yellow-to-black liquid found in geologic formations beneath the Earth's surface, which is commonly refined into various types of fuels. A fossil fuel, petroleum is formed when large quantities of dead organisms, usually zooplankton and algae, are buried underneath sedimentary rock and subjected to intense heat and pressure. WIKI

de-risking The process of identifying, researching, and

attempting to solve potential risks and problems of a large-scale development project. BCP

Delta, Utah A town in Millard County, Utah, that is home to the Intermountain Power Project. *The power plant in Delta is similar in size and scale to the project proposed for Green River, and Delta can be looked to as an example of the social, economic, environmental, and land use impacts that a major energy project can have on a small desert town.* See Fig. 5

doubling time The number of years required for the population of an area to double its present size, given the current rate of population growth. PRB

economic development The sustained, concerted actions of policy makers and communities that promote the standard of living and economic health of a specific area. WIKI *"Emery County's future belongs to those individuals that desire a rural, natural setting in which to live and raise a family, but who are also resourceful and innovative enough to produce goods and services for the worldwide marketplace."* EMC

emergency preparedness Refers to planning for potential large-scale emergencies relating to industry malfunction, accident, or natural occurrences. Includes upgrading transportation and hospital infrastructure, and developing protocol for crisis mediation and disaster relief. *The Blue Castle Project's NRC early site permit requires a component of emergency preparedness to assure the site is prepared for the potential.* BCP

endangered A species of animal or plant that is at serious risk of becoming extinct. *There are number of endangered or threatened species whose habitats may be further threatened by industrial development in the San Rafael Desert or by pulling water from the Green River. These species include: The San Rafael cactus (Pediocactus despainii), Jones's cycladenia (Cyladenia jonesii), Maguires daisy (Erigeron maguirei), bonytail (Gila elegans), Colorado pikeminnow (Ptychocheilus lucius), humpback chub (Gila cypha)* See Fig. 4, *and razorback sucker (Xyrauchen texanus).* BIO

ESP Refers to the early site permit, a permit issued by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to parties invested in constructing nuclear reactors. This permit is the first step towards completing a new reactor, and the application for the permit requires extensive research into the environmental, safety, social, and infrastructural impacts on the proposed site, as well as plans for emergency preparedness. *As of January 2014, according to Blue Castle Holdings CEO Aaron Chilton, the Blue Castle Project was working towards their ESP and expected to submit it to the NRC by early 2016.* NRC + BCP, See also COL



Fig. 4 | Humpback Chub
Source: National Park Service

farmland Denotes land suitable for agricultural products, both crops and livestock. Three common classifications include arable land (annual crops), permanent crops (orchards and vineyards) and permanent pastures (for grazing or natural grasses). *In the 2002 census there were 459 farms in Emery County. While beef, hay, corn, and oats are Emery County's top products, Green River's agriculture economy is melon-based.* EC

feasibility A determination that something can be done. A feasibility report is required in some planning processes to examine the situation and determine if a workable solution can be developed and implemented. USGS

FERC The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission is an independent agency that regulates the interstate transmission of natural gas, oil, and electricity. FERC also regulates natural gas and hydropower projects nationwide. USGS

greenfield A site of undeveloped land in a city or rural area. *The Blue Castle Project is currently the only project proposing a nuclear reactor on a greenfield site.* BCP

HEAL Utah Healthy Environment Alliance of Utah. "HEAL has established itself as a leader in the struggle to make Utah's environment healthy and safe for all."–HEAL *HEAL Utah is an opponent of the Blue Castle Project.*

industrial park An area zoned and planned for the purpose of industrial development. Often includes heavy industry such as mining, refining, and power production. Usually situated near the intersection of transit modes such as highways, railroads, airports, and ports. *There are a number of existing and proposed industrial sites in the Green River area, including the Green River Industrial Park, the Green River Industrial Site, and the Mancos Hills Industrial Park.* WIKI + EC

infrastructure improvements Improvements made to public utilities and road systems to accommodate a population increase, often due to an influx in workers to a new industry. Improvements can include: new freeway on-ramps/off-ramps, expansion of sewer, gas, and water systems, and expansion of waste treatment plant.



Fig. 5 | Intermountain Power Project in Delta, Utah. *Source: Wikimedia Commons, Phil Konstantin*

Intermountain Power Project A coal-fired power plant in Delta, Utah, operated by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. WIKI + See Fig. 5, See also Delta, Utah

Mancos Hills Industrial Park A proposed development project north of Green River. See page 99-104.

man-camp The colloquial name for the standardized, modular, and often temporary housing placed near a construction or production site to accommodate an influx of mostly male workers. See Fig. 6, page 97

McCandless, Mike Emery County's Economic Development Director. Works towards appropriate economic growth in the county. Has held this position since 2004.

megawatt A unit of power equal to one million watts. *The Blue Castle Project nuclear power plant anticipates generating 3,000 megawatts annually. For perspective, the two coal-*

fired steam electric generators at the Hunter Power Plant in Huntington Utah generate a combined 944 megawatts. BCP + EC

mining The extraction of valuable minerals or other geological materials from the earth. Ores extracted by mining include metals, coal, oil shale, gemstones, limestones, rock salt, potash, and clay. Mining in a wider sense include extraction of any non-renewable natural resource such as petroleum, natural gas, or even water. *Green River lies within a region rich with valuable extractable resources such as uranium ore, coal, and petroleum. Construction sand and gravel are also extracted from the area. There are a number of abandoned surface, underground, and pit mines in the area. Mining permits are granted for claims on public and SITLA land in Utah.* WIKI, See Fig. 7

NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission) The federal commission responsible for regulating all nuclear activity within the United States. The NRC regulates existing and proposed nuclear reactors, radioactive waste, and nuclear security. NRC



Fig. 7 | An abandoned uranium dugout mine in the San Rafael Swell. *Source: sanrafaelcountry.com*

paraffin wax A type of hydrocarbon that has many uses in a variety of products, including candles, adhesives, food (as a preservative and stiffener), cosmetics (softens skin and makes products creamy and shiny) and pharmaceuticals (covers pills and tablets to give them an easy-to-swallow finish). RRR, See also: Rock River Resources

peak construction The time during which the most construction activity takes place on a construction project. Increases population due to workers, their families, and service industries to support them. *During the 5-7 year construction period for the two proposed nuclear reactors, the population of Green River could grow by as many as 4,000 people. This would more than quadruple the 2014 population of Green River. The Rock River Resources crude processing plant expects to employ approximately 300 workers at peak construction.* RRR +BCP

permanent jobs Refers to jobs that remain at a site once construction of the site has been completed. *Upon projected completion in 2016, the Rock River Resources crude processing plant and storage and logistics rail facility expects to create 125 permanent jobs.* RRR *Once peak construction has ended, the Blue Castle nuclear plant expects to create 800-1000 permanent positions, 25% of which will be nuclear-specific and 75% of which will employ the general labor force.* BCP

public water use Water supplied from a public water supply and used for such purposes as drinking, firefighting, street washing, and municipal parks and swimming pools. USGS

"push-pull" hypothesis A migration theory that suggests that circumstances at the place of origin (such as poverty and unemployment) repel or push people out of that place to other places that exert a positive attraction or pull (such as a high standard of living or job opportunities). PRB

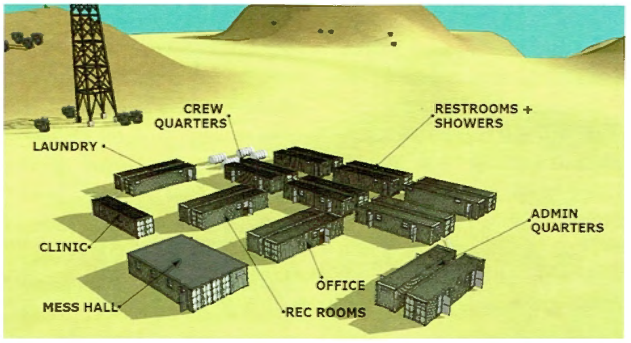


Fig. 6 | Example of "man camp" housing unit. *Source: falconcontainers.com*

radioactive waste Wastes that contain radioactive material. Radioactive wastes are usually by-products of nuclear power generation. *The waste from the Blue Castle Project nuclear power plant is expected to be stored on-site for 60-80 years, and then be transported to be reprocessed or stored at an off-site repository facility.* WIKI + BCP

recreational facilities Amenities planned and built for off-duty employees and their families. Facilities are often built or funded by employers as a means to improve the community. Could include bowling alley, public swimming pool, roller rink, golf course, and a shopping mall. BCP

riparian water rights The rights of an owner whose land abuts water. These rights differ from state to state and often depend on the nature of the water. The doctrine of riparian rights is an old one, having its origins in English common law. Specifically, persons who own land adjacent to a stream have the right to make reasonable use of the stream. Riparian users of a stream share the streamflow among themselves, and the concept of priority of use is not applicable. Riparian rights cannot be sold or transferred for use on nonriparian land. USGS

Rock River Resources The name of the company that plans to design, construct, and operate a crude oil processing plant and a hub for rail-based oil distribution in the proposed Mancos Hills Industrial Park. They are a division of Emery Refining, LLC, and are headquartered in Houston, Texas. *The refinery will be the first of its kind constructed in the United States in nearly four decades. It will process crude oil into products like naptha, diesel, jet fuel, and paraffin wax. Rock River Resources is a proud sponsor of the annual Green River Melon Days celebration.* RRR + UTB

service sector Refers to the part of the population not directly engaged in manufacturing, agriculture, or extraction. *With new jobs coming into Green River, an approximate 5-10 persons are required within the service sector to support each new job (examples: teachers, doctors, customer service, retail, etc.)* WIKI + BCP

SITLA (State of Utah School and Insitutional Trust Lands Administration) Administers trust lands within Utah for the benefit of state institutions. At the time of statehood, Congress granted parcels of land to Utah from

which revenue could be generated to support state institutions like hospitals, public schools, and universities. About 6% of the state's lands are set aside in this fashion, and are administered much like private lands. Revenue is generated through oil, gas, and mineral leases, rent, and royalties, and real estate development and sales. *In Emery County, there is an ongoing process underway to trade public lands for SITLA lands in an effort to maintain a contiguous wilderness area on SITLA lands that have yet to be used for energy production or resource extraction.* SITLA

spur Refers to a secondary rail line that connects to a main rail line. *Rock River Resources is proposing the future development of a railroad spur off the main Union Pacific rail line into the Mancos Hills Industrial Park, northwest of Green River city limits.* WIKI + EC

State Engineer The public official who grants approval for large-scale industrial and development projects to obtain water rights (among other responsibilities). *The Utah State Engineer is Kent Jones.* MOAB

storage and logistics Refers to infrastructure to hold and transport goods. *The first phase of the Rock River Resources development in Green River will include the construction of a spur off the Union Pacific rail line and a subsequent storage and logistics rail loading facility. Crude is expected to truck in from other locations in Utah and be loaded onto trains for further transport.* RRR

SUWA (Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance) A group dedicated to conserving the canyons of Southern Utah. WIKI

thermal-electric power plant A generating plant which uses heat to create steam-driven electricity. Such plants may burn coal, gas, oil, wood, waste; or use nuclear, solar, and geothermal energy to produce thermal energy. *Utah currently has a number of such plants, including the Intermoutain Power Project in Delta, the Hunter Power Plant near Castle Dale, and the Huntington Power Plant near the mouth of Huntington Canyon, all of which are coal-fired.* BCP + USBR + EC

Tilton, Aaron Former Republican Utah State House Representative, 2004-2008. Served as the Vice Chair of the House Public Utilities and Technology Committee. *Currently CEO of Blue Castle Holdings. Graciously offered his time in an interview to contextualize the Blue Castle Project for this magazine.* BCP

Vernal, Utah A town located in the Uinta Basin in northeastern Utah whose economy is based in natural resource extraction. Industries located there include: petroleum, natural gas, phosphate, and uintaite (Gilsonite). WIKI



Fig. 8 | An example of xeriscaping
Source: Wikimedia Commons

water "In the Western U.S., no matter what you're doing, water is an issue." —Aaron Tilton. BCP *The Blue Castle Project will require water to be pulled from the Green River to cool the reactors. Once used, the water will evaporate as steam. The amount of water needed for the project varies by source: 50,000 acre feet* HEAL, *29,600 acre feet* PNP, *53,600 acre feet* MOAB, *and 24,000 acre feet* BIO. *The allotment of water rights to the Blue Castle Project has been contested in state courts by H.E.A.L. Utah, Living Rivers, Uranium Watch, Utah Rivers Council and local water users.* STL

xeriscaping A method of landscaping that uses plants that are well adapted to the local area and are drought-resistant. Xeriscaping is becoming more popular as a way of saving water at home. USGS

Source Guide

This glossary was compiled by the editors of the Green River Magazine from a variety of primary and secondary sources.

EC Emery County http://www.emerycounty.com/economicdevelopment/

BCP Blue Castle Project http://www.bluecastleproject.com and interview with Blue Castle Holdings CEO Aaron Tilton conducted via telephone by Nicole Lavelle on January 27, 2014. (Full transcription available)

NRC Nuclear Regulatory Commission http://www.nrc.gov

RRR Rock River Resources www.rockriverresources.gov

HEAL Healthy Environment Alliance of Utah http://www.healutah.org/nuclearutah/energy/greenriverreactors

PNP Project No Project, an initiative from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce http://www.projectnoproject.com/2010/12/blue-castle-nuclear-project-emery-county-utah/

MOAB Moab Times Independent http://www.moabtimes.com/view/full_story/24171445/article-District-judge-affirms-water-rights-for-proposed-Green-River-nuclear-plant?

BIO Center for Biological Diversity http://www.biologicaldiversity.org/programs/public_lands/rivers/pdfs/Protest_Green_River.pdf

PRB Population Reference Bureau http://www.prb.org/Publications/Lesson-Plans/Glossary.aspx

SITLA Trust Lands Administration http://trustlands.utah.gov/

STL Salt Lake Tribune http://www.sltrib.com/sltrib/politics/57159234-90/blue-castle-judge-nuclear.html.csp

USGS United States Geological Survey Water Science Glossary of Terms http://water.usgs.gov/edu/dictionary.html

USBR United States Department of the Interior Bureau of Reclamation Glossary http://www.usbr.gov/library/glossary/index.html

UTB Utah Business http://www.utahbusiness.com/articles/view/energy_boom/?pg=2

WIKI Wikipedia entries for general defenitions of industry terms

Referenced

"How Vernal, Utah, Learned to Love Big Oil" by David Gessner for OnEarth http://www.onearth.org/article/how-vernal-utah-learned-to-love-big-oil

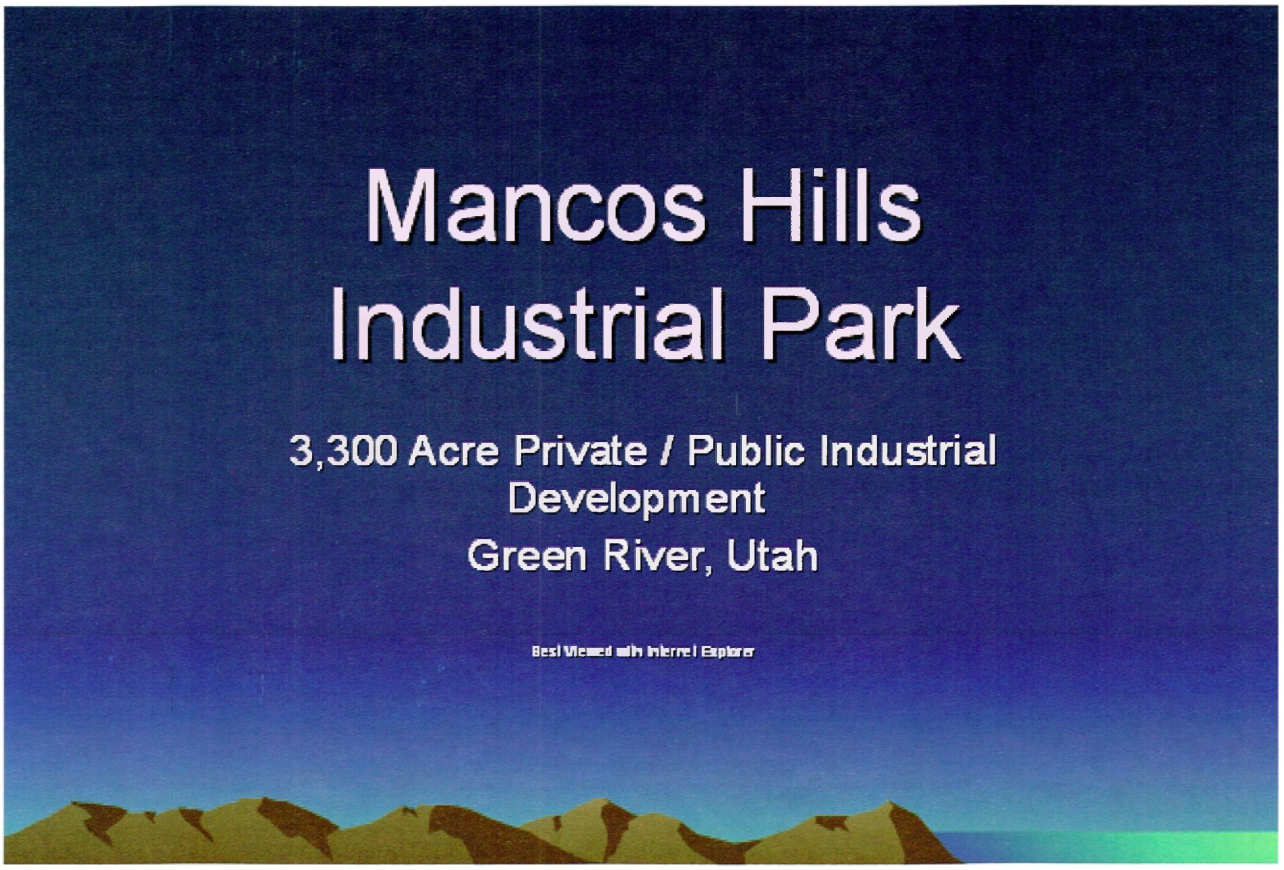
"Writing Water in the West: Reclaiming the Language of Reclamation" by Nancy Cook, in *The Bureau of Reclamation: History Essays from the Centennial Symposium*, Ed. Brit Stroey, Denver: U.S. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Reclamation, 2008.

San Rafael Country website http://www.sanrafael-country.com/

Multiple attempts were made to contact **Union Pacific Railroad** and **Rock River Resources**, but at press time neither had responded to queries for information.

Colloquial terms and common knowledge were garnered from conversations with Green River residents.

A presentation from Emery County's
Office of Economic Development



Source: http://www.emerycounty.com/economicdevelopment/

Why Green River?

- Transportation (I-70, US 6, US 191)
  - Salt Lake – 182 miles (3 hours)
  - Denver – 343 Miles (5.5 hours)
  - Las Vegas – 406 Miles (6 hours)
  - Phoenix, AZ – 513 Miles (8 hours)
  - Boise, Idaho – 518 Miles (8 hours)
  - Los Angeles – 674 Miles (9.5 hours)
- Rail Served by UP and BNSF
- Water – Green River is 2nd largest navigable river in Utah. Attainable water rights

What Types of Business

- Mining, Processing & Milling
- Distribution and Transportation
- Rail served distribution – Off loading
- Oil and Gas Services – Rigs, Drilling Services
- Manufacturing / Fabrication
- Power Generation

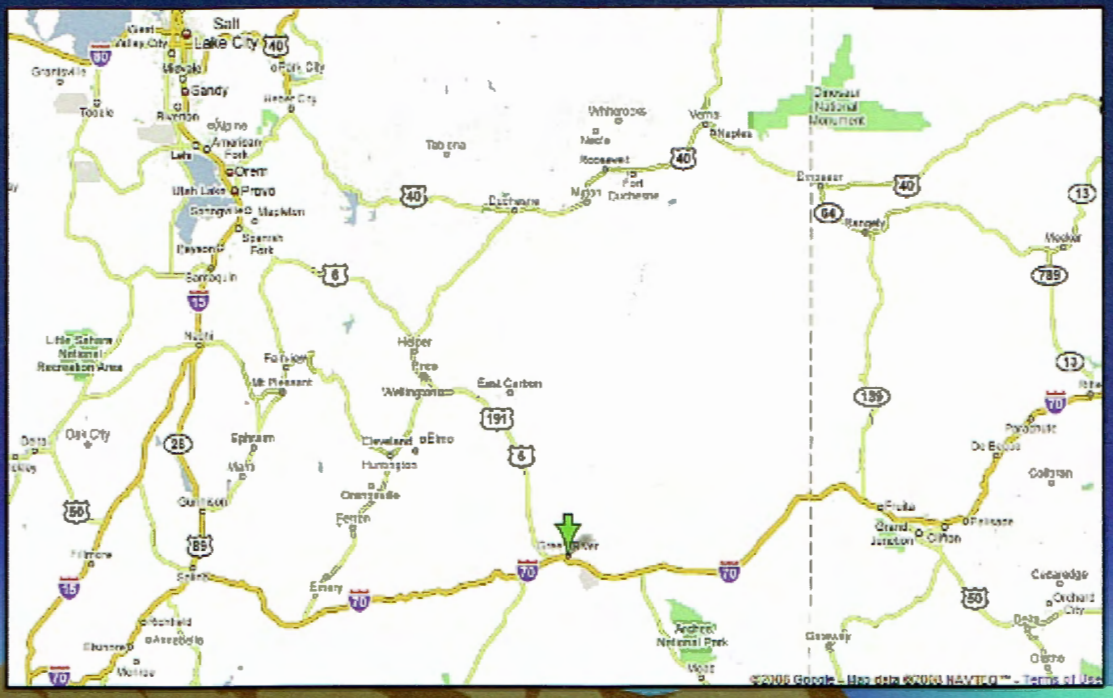
Panorama



Mancos Hills Project Details

- 2,547 Acres of SITLA trust land
- Emery County to serve as "Developer"
- Emery County will recruit potential clients & negotiate terms and prices
- "Greenfield" development – Infrastructure built as projects develop
- Clients asked to participate in development of improvements
- Client participation become "match" money for improvements from other sources
- Emery County will create an Economic Development Area (EDA) to participate in infrastructure improvements
- Federal funds will also be targeted for infrastructure
- Culinary water from Green River City
- 800 acres of Private properties
- Private lands handled through real estate agents
- INDUSTRIAL ONLY – no retail or hospitality businesses
- SITLA lands to be sold to clients – create new tax base.

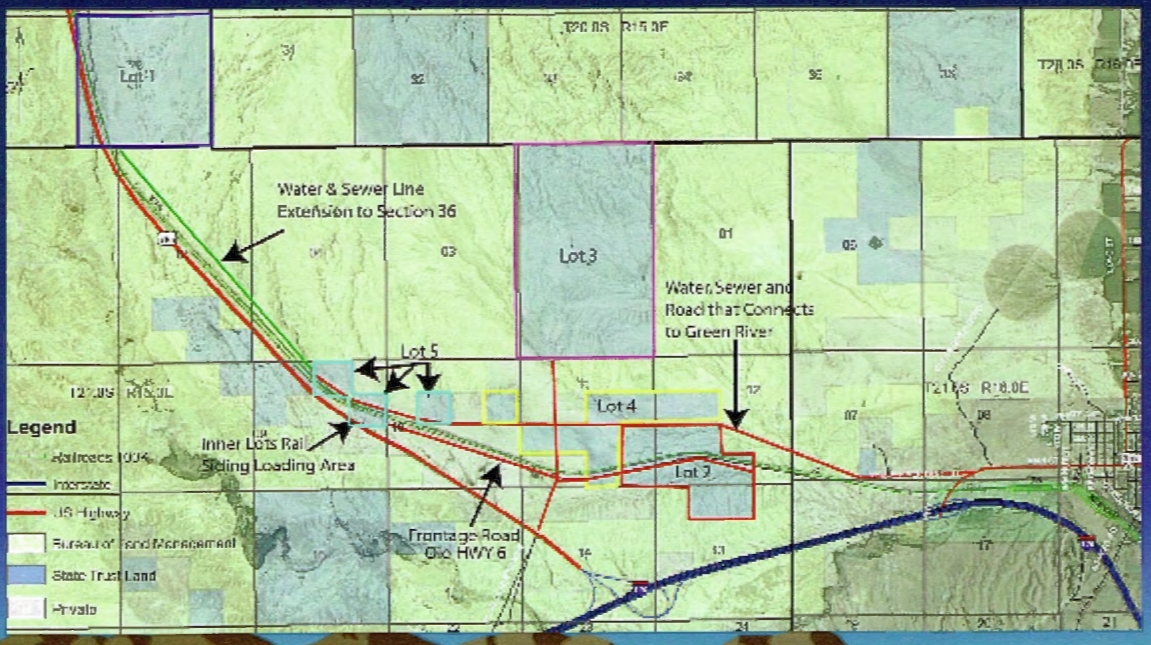
Regional View


Salt Lake City
Provo
Orem
Price
Vernal
Rangely
Meeker
Craig
Helper
Price
Green River
Moab
Grand Junction
Delta
Montrose
Cedaredge
Orchard City
Palisade
Fruita
Collbran
Clifton
Loma
Mack
Dinosaur National Monument
Arches National Park
Canyonlands National Park
Manti-La Sal National Forest
Fishlake National Forest
Ashley National Forest
Uinta National Forest
Wasatch-Cache National Forest
Dixie National Forest
Little Sahara National Recreation Area
Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area
Scofield Reservoir
Joes Valley Reservoir
Huntington Reservoir
Electric Lake
Millsite Reservoir
Cleveland Reservoir
Gunnison Reservoir
Starvation Reservoir
Rockport Reservoir
Echo Reservoir
Jordanelle Reservoir
Deer Creek Reservoir
Utah Lake
Strawberry Reservoir
Scofield
Wellington
East Carbon
Mt Pleasant
Fairview
Spanish Fork
Springville
Payson
Santaquin
Nephi
Fillmore
Oak City
Delta
Levan
Gunnison
Manti
Ephraim
Sterling
Mayfield
Axtell
Salina
Aurora
Redmond
Monroe
Richfield
Elsinore
Sevier
Emery
Castle Dale
Ferron
Huntington
Cleveland
Elmo
Green River
Thompson Springs
Cisco
Whitmore Canyon
Westwater
Loma
Mack
Fruita
Palisade
Clifton
Grand Junction
Collbran
Plateau
De Beque
Parachute
Battlement Mesa
Rifle
Silt
New Castle
Glenwood Springs
Carbondale
Basalt
Aspen
Snowmass Village
Meeker
Rangely
Dinosaur
Vernal
Naples
Maeser
Jensen
Whiterocks
Roosevelt
Fort Duchesne
Myton
Duchesne
Tabiona
Kamas
Park City
Heber City
Midway
Wallsburg
Charleston
Sundance
Provo
Orem
American Fork
Lehi
Alpine
Draper
Sandy
Murray
Bountiful
Centerville
Farmington
Layton
Clearfield
Kaysville
Roy
Ogden
Brigham City
Tremonton
Garland
Honeyville
Corinne
Willard
Perry
Plain City
Hooper
West Haven
Riverdale
Washington Terrace
Pleasant View
North Ogden
Harrisville
Farr West
Hill Air Force Base
Clinton
Sunset
Syracuse
West Point
Clearfield
Kaysville
Layton
Centerville
Bountiful
Woods Cross
West Bountiful
North Salt Lake
Salt Lake City
West Valley City
Taylorsville
Murray
Midvale
Sandy
Draper
Riverton
Herriman
Bluffdale
Lehi
Saratoga Springs
Eagle Mountain
Alpine
American Fork
Pleasant Grove
Lindon
Orem
Provo
Springville
Spanish Fork
Payson
Santaquin
Genola
Goshen
Elberta
Eureka
Tooele
Grantsville
Stockton
Lake Point
Erda
Dugway
Wendover
Ibapah
Callao
Partoun
Baker
Snake Valley
Great Salt Lake
Antelope Island
Fremont Island
Promontory
Golden Spike National Historical Park
Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge
Willard Bay
Pineview Reservoir
Causey Reservoir
Wheeler Historic Farm
Hogle Zoo
Liberty Park
Red Butte Garden
Snowbird
Alta
Brighton
Solitude
Park City
Deer Valley
Heber Valley Railroad
Soldier Hollow
Wasatch Mountain State Park
Jordanelle State Park
Deer Creek State Park
Utah Olympic Park
Utah Olympic Oval
Kimball Junction
Silver Summit
Coalville
Wanship
Echo
Henefer
Morgan
Peterson
Croydon
Enterprise
Cedar City
Parowan
Kanarraville
Hurricane
La Verkin
Virgin
Rockville
Springdale
Zion National Park
Kanab
Fredonia
Colorado City
Hildale
St George
Washington
Ivins
Santa Clara
Leeds
Toquerville
Hurricane
Hildale
Colorado City
Fredonia
Kanab
Zion National Park
Springdale
Rockville
Virgin
La Verkin
Kanarraville
Cedar City
Parowan
Enterprise
Beaver
Milford
Minersville
Panguitch
Bryce Canyon National Park
Escalante
Boulder
Torrey
Capitol Reef National Park
Fruita
Hanksville
Bicknell
Loa
Fish Lake
Koosharem
Sevier
Salina
Gunnison
Manti
Ephraim
Mayfield
Sterling
Axtell
Aurora
Redmond
Monroe
Richfield
Elsinore
Joseph
Glenwood
Marysvale
Junction
Circleville
Panguitch Lake
Navajo Lake
Duck Creek
Cannonville
Tropic
Henrieville

What about Green River Industrial Park?

- Existing "park" includes roughly 520 acres, with 8 different land owners
- 240 acres of which are already owned / controlled by Ecodomaine/Red Leaf
- 80 acres owned by GR City, but obligated to High Desert Refining
- 80 acres of private have express no interest in selling

Project Layout



Lot Details

- Lot 1 – 640 Acres
- Lot 2 – 340 Acres
- Lot 3 – 1027 Acres
- Lot 4 – 360 Acres
- Lot 5 – 3 – 40 Acre lots

*** $900 to $1400 per acre purchase price**

****Lot boundaries and acreage may be adjusted as needed.**

Current Status

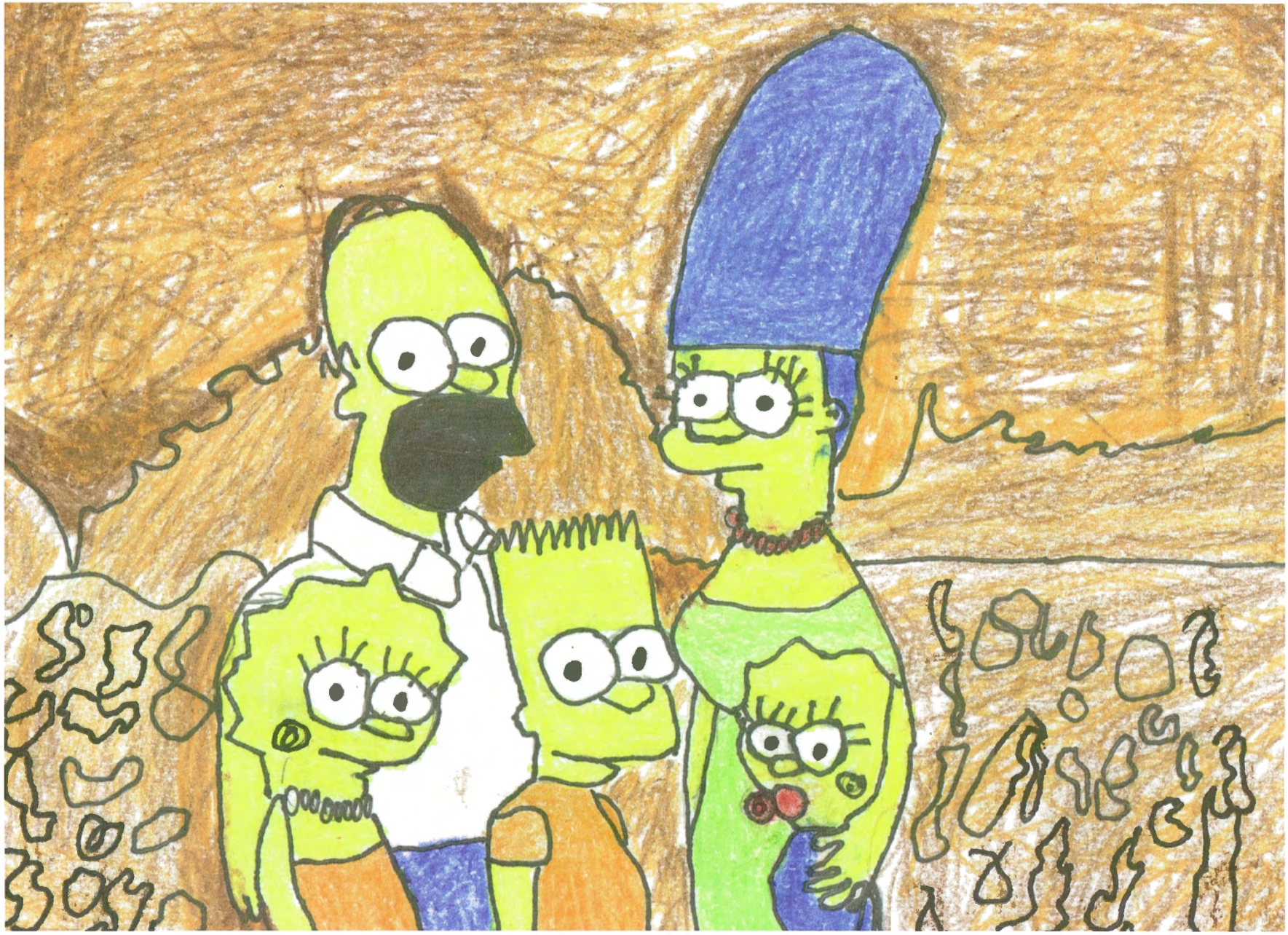
- Board of Trustees for SITLA has agreed to approve Emery County as the Developer of the area.
- Mancos Resources has signed letter of intent to purchase Lot 1. Anticipated $100 million project overall. Agreed to commit up to $2.9 million toward road and water improvements.
- EnergyPath Corporation has executed a Letter of Interest on Lot 3.
- 670 Group, LLC has acquired significant blocks of property surrounding development and agreed to include in Mancos development.
- Emery County has filed an application for $1.7 million to the Economic Development Administration for infrastructure improvements.
- Emery County is in the process of creating the Economic Development Area (EDA) to support development and maintenance of infrastructure.
- Emery County is working with Engineering firms to receive proposals on final infrastructure design

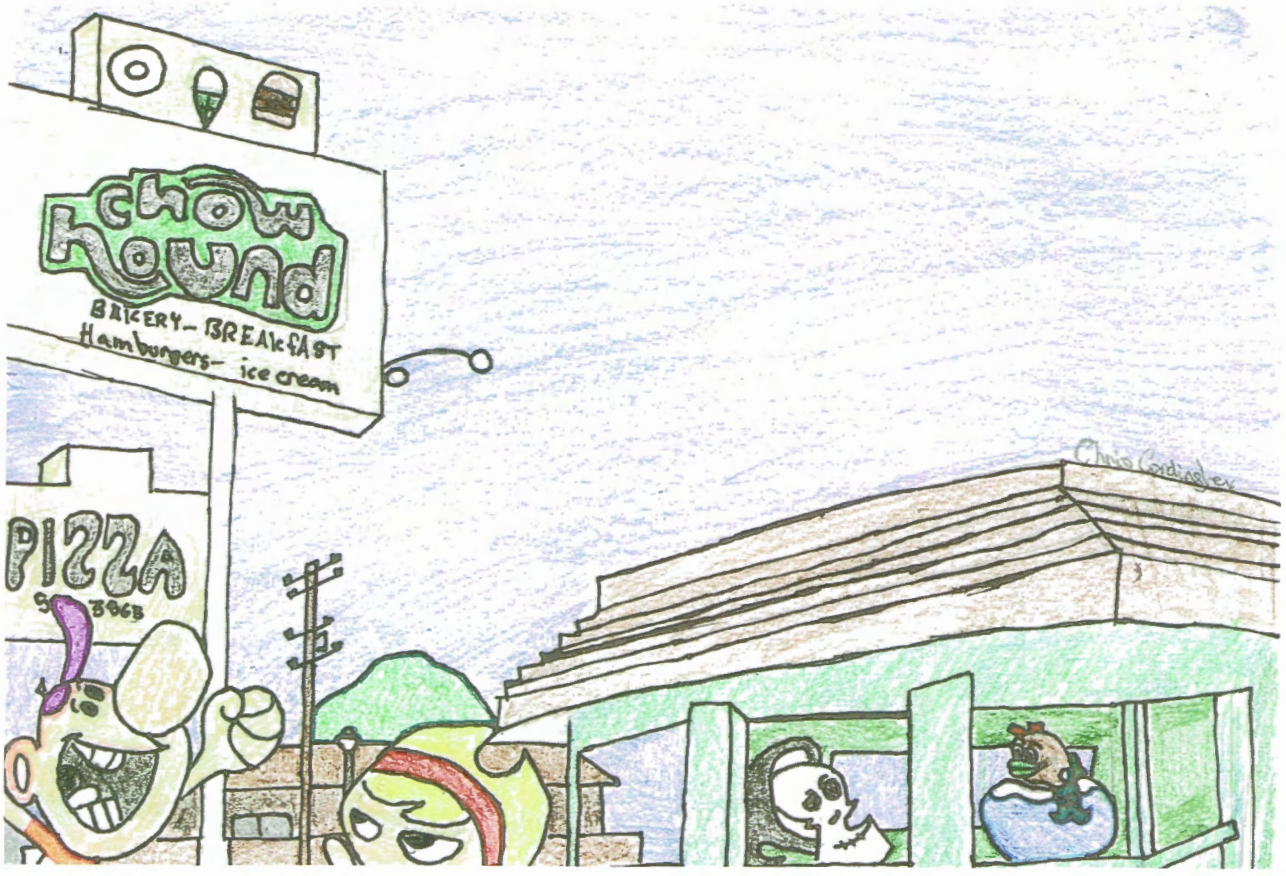
Contact Information: Mike McCandless, Economic Development Director, Emery County, econdev@co.emery.ut.us

Beavis and Butt-Head in the Chow Hound

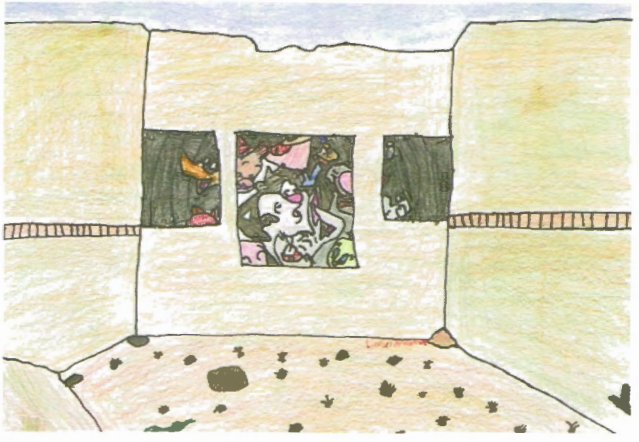


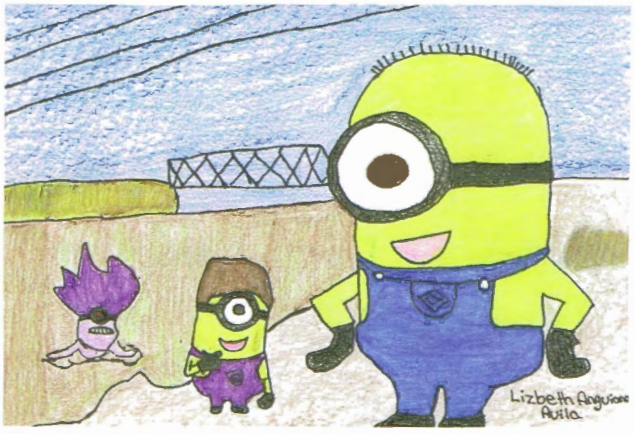
Green River Junior High students from Burke Simmons' Visual Arts class envisioned a Green River full of cartoon characters.

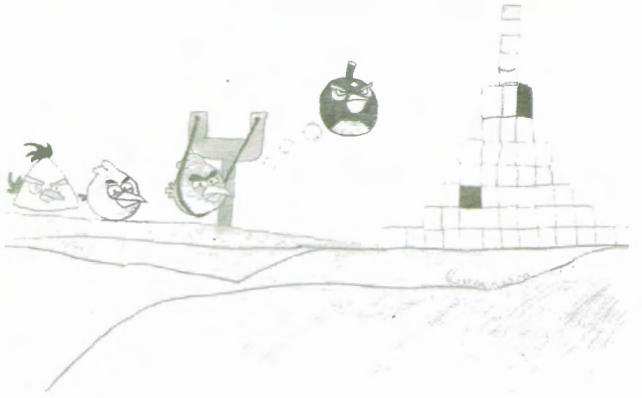








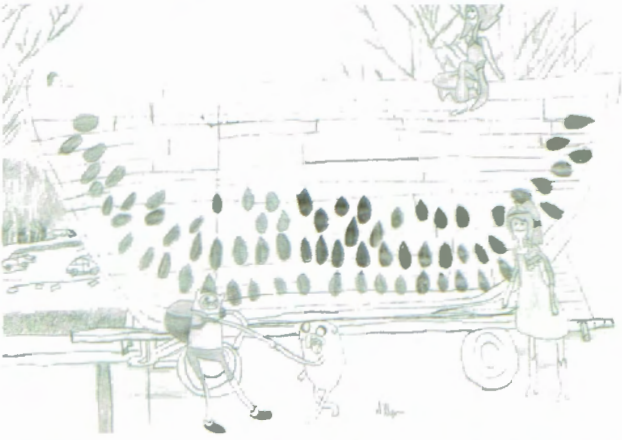




Student artists: Duston Ogden, Trey Vetere, Chris Cordingley, Zach Mecham, Lindsey McFarlane, Allycia Anderton, Lizbeth Avilia, Katelynn Sweat, Lauren Hert, Roman Medina, Tyson Giles, and Prisma Mendez











other things are registered trademarks of someone else. They are used here without permission. This is art.

Notes on Floy

by Brooke Williams

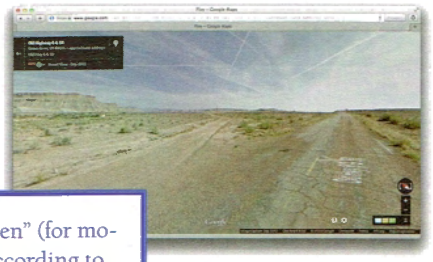
You call this "Floy Notes," not because it's only about Floy, that I-70 freeway exit to nowhere, but because you like how the word "Floy" sounds. You like how at the end of saying it out loud, you feel open to anything. On an early trip "ground-truthing" routes in potential Wilderness Areas, you took that exit into the Book Cliffs. Which is really what this is about: routes in the Book Cliffs.



"Routes" and "roads" are different. "Roads" for your purposes are maintained, purposeful, legal means of getting from one place to another. A "route" on the other hand is but one possibility of getting from one place to another. Opinions vary on specific "routes"—"are they roads or not?" This is only possible because official Wilderness has no "roads." If a "road" exists in an area, that area cannot be designated officially as wilderness.



Your first trip... you and your co-worker and friend Ray discovered that off-roaders had "opened" an officially closed "route" high in the Book Cliffs by knocking down the sign with their Jeep. You and Ray made a video while you re-installed the sign, and put it on SUWA's website. People believing that motorized travel should be allowed on any and every "route" inundated you with hatred. While you and Ray thought it was funny, the BLM didn't. After thinking about it they wrote you a nice letter about your officially volunteering to build barriers on "closed" routes. Which you did. You built barriers on "closed routes" in the San Rafael Swell. Motor-heads tore those down too.



Routes are officially "open" (for motor travel) or "closed" according to the Travel Plans. The Travel Plans are part of the latest Resource Management Plans, which six of Utah's District Offices completed in 2008. You and anyone who cares about the wildness remaining in America support efforts to overturn these plans in court.

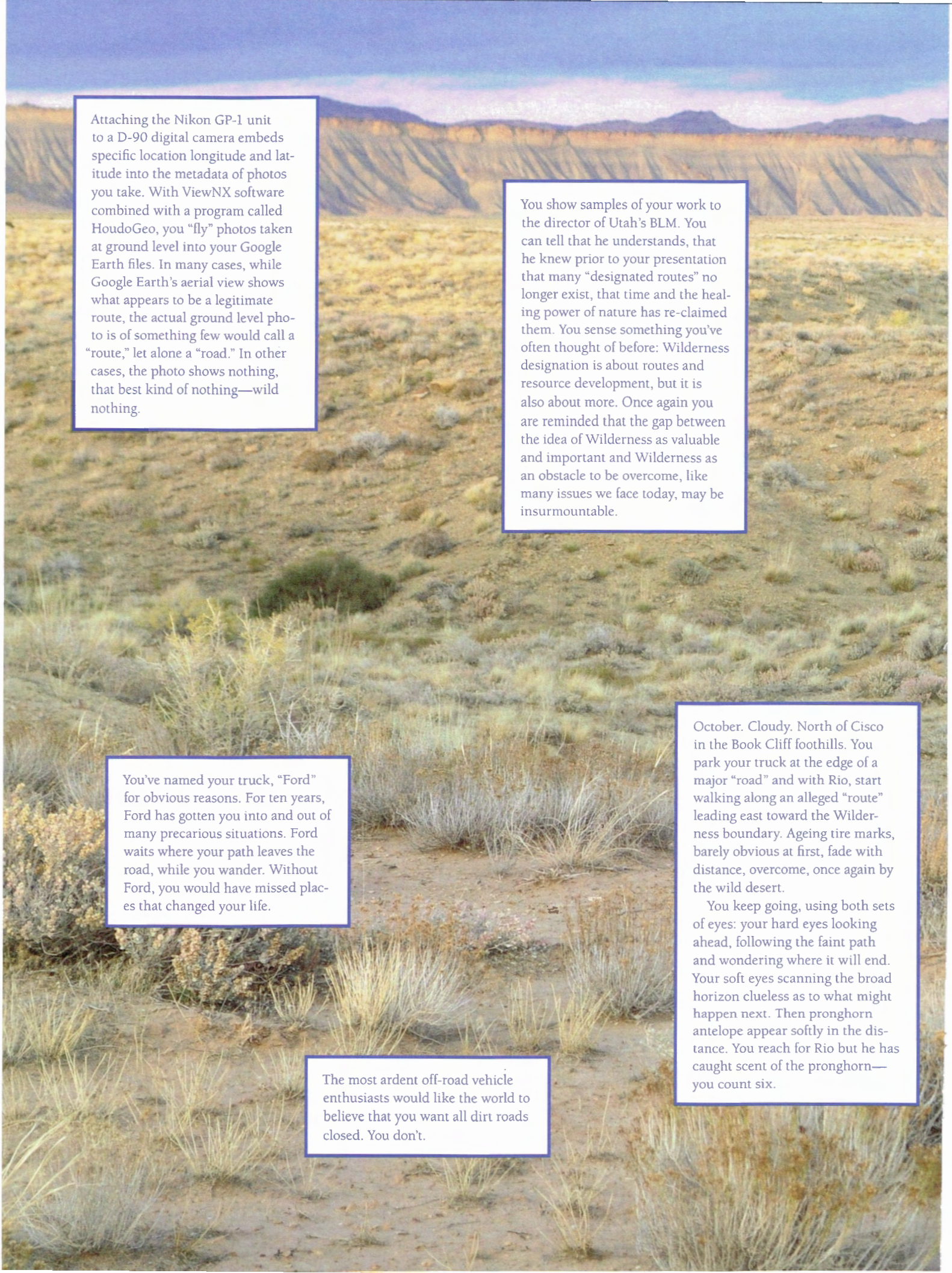
You wondered about the logic behind the official maps and discovered that when the BLM began working on their current travel plan, Grand County's political elite presented them with a map of all the "routes" the BLM was to "designate" as open to motorized travel. That map had nearly 23,000 route segments. To do their job protecting land belonging to all Americans, they couldn't automatically officially designate all 23,000 segments. Doing so would incite SUWA, the Grand Canyon Trust, Living Rivers, or any of a dozen other groups to collectively jump down their throats. After scratching their heads, the BLM decided that having no incentive to physically check each of the 23,000 routes that they would use a statistical test. Based on formulas, they learned that if they looked at 585 of those 23,000 routes and found them to be legitimate—maintained, often used, with a destination, etc.—they could be 95% sure that all 23,000 were legitimate. Having neither the incentive to physically check even 585 routes, the BLM found aerial photographs taken in 2001, which they used for confirmation. The result was a travel plan with nearly 23,000 routes designated as open to motorized travel.



On your way to Moab from meetings in SLC, you and your wife, Terry plan to take a quick detour into the Book Cliffs for a few photos and be back on your way. She is tired of travel and too many people. You have unfinished work. You leave your truck where the "route" into a wash branches from the "road." (You need to know where this "route" ends.) She wants only to sit on a rock. In that hour alone, wild and free for the first time in nearly a month, she writes a poem. A small stream moves beside her like a liquid mirror. You lay down next to her. She reads her poem out loud while you stare up at the cliff walls as they move silently together, squeezing off the remaining light.

Ode To Sanity

Here is the stillness
of a sanity restored –
A slit of light torn in the cliff
is just enough to remind me
There is no such thing as despair
except in the world we create.
Remote is the human world
not wilderness –



Attaching the Nikon GP-1 unit to a D-90 digital camera embeds specific location longitude and latitude into the metadata of photos you take. With ViewNX software combined with a program called HoudoGeo, you "fly" photos taken at ground level into your Google Earth files. In many cases, while Google Earth's aerial view shows what appears to be a legitimate route, the actual ground level photo is of something few would call a "route," let alone a "road." In other cases, the photo shows nothing, that best kind of nothing—wild nothing.

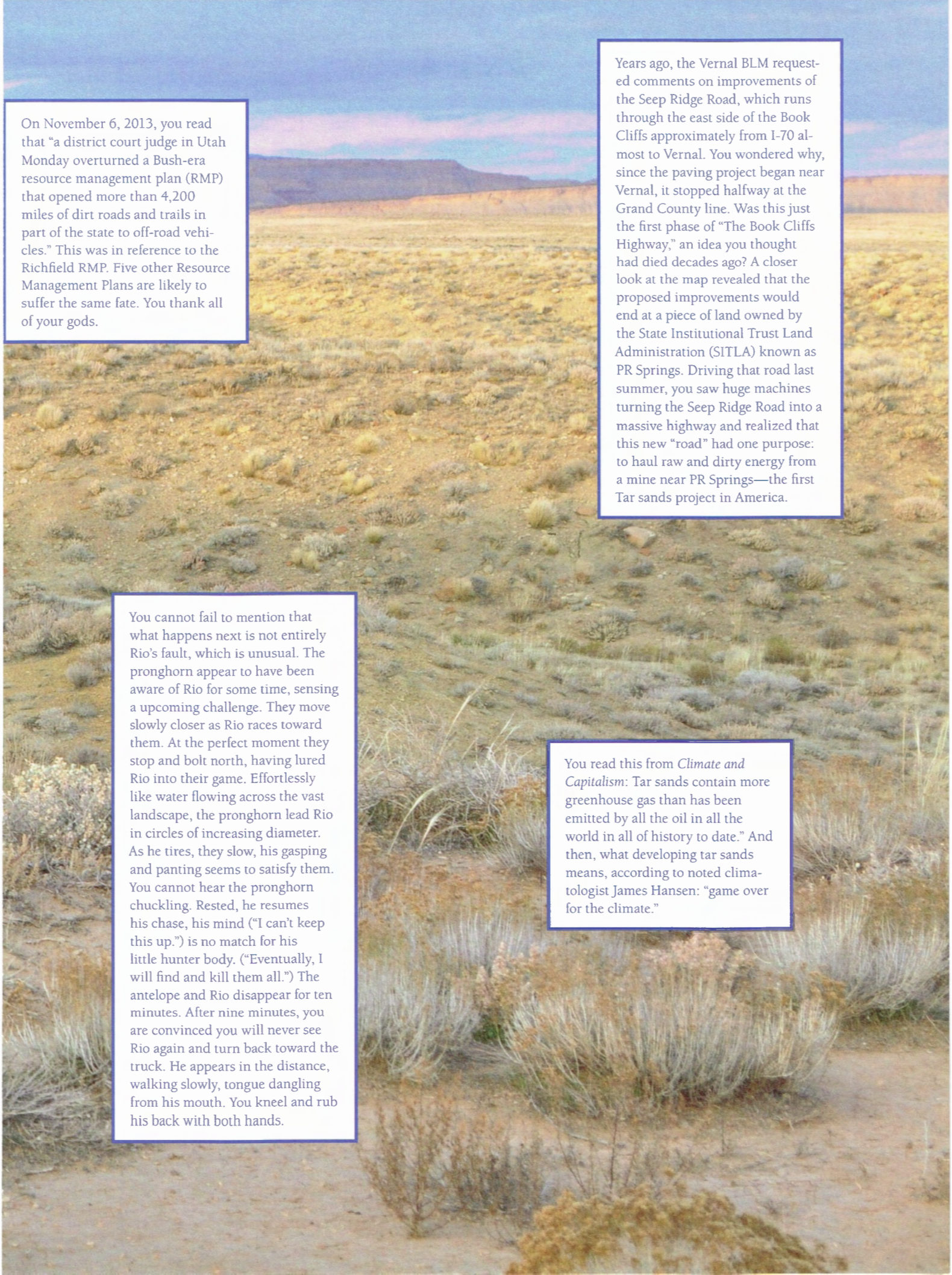
You show samples of your work to the director of Utah's BLM. You can tell that he understands, that he knew prior to your presentation that many "designated routes" no longer exist, that time and the healing power of nature has re-claimed them. You sense something you've often thought of before: Wilderness designation is about routes and resource development, but it is also about more. Once again you are reminded that the gap between the idea of Wilderness as valuable and important and Wilderness as an obstacle to be overcome, like many issues we face today, may be insurmountable.

You've named your truck, "Ford" for obvious reasons. For ten years, Ford has gotten you into and out of many precarious situations. Ford waits where your path leaves the road, while you wander. Without Ford, you would have missed places that changed your life.

October. Cloudy. North of Cisco in the Book Cliff foothills. You park your truck at the edge of a major "road" and with Rio, start walking along an alleged "route" leading east toward the Wilderness boundary. Ageing tire marks, barely obvious at first, fade with distance, overcome, once again by the wild desert.

You keep going, using both sets of eyes: your hard eyes looking ahead, following the faint path and wondering where it will end. Your soft eyes scanning the broad horizon clueless as to what might happen next. Then pronghorn antelope appear softly in the distance. You reach for Rio but he has caught scent of the pronghorn—you count six.

The most ardent off-road vehicle enthusiasts would like the world to believe that you want all dirt roads closed. You don't.



On November 6, 2013, you read that "a district court judge in Utah Monday overturned a Bush-era resource management plan (RMP) that opened more than 4,200 miles of dirt roads and trails in part of the state to off-road vehicles." This was in reference to the Richfield RMP. Five other Resource Management Plans are likely to suffer the same fate. You thank all of your gods.

Years ago, the Vernal BLM requested comments on improvements of the Seep Ridge Road, which runs through the east side of the Book Cliffs approximately from I-70 almost to Vernal. You wondered why, since the paving project began near Vernal, it stopped halfway at the Grand County line. Was this just the first phase of "The Book Cliffs Highway," an idea you thought had died decades ago? A closer look at the map revealed that the proposed improvements would end at a piece of land owned by the State Institutional Trust Land Administration (SITLA) known as PR Springs. Driving that road last summer, you saw huge machines turning the Seep Ridge Road into a massive highway and realized that this new "road" had one purpose: to haul raw and dirty energy from a mine near PR Springs—the first Tar sands project in America.

You cannot fail to mention that what happens next is not entirely Rio's fault, which is unusual. The pronghorn appear to have been aware of Rio for some time, sensing a upcoming challenge. They move slowly closer as Rio races toward them. At the perfect moment they stop and bolt north, having lured Rio into their game. Effortlessly like water flowing across the vast landscape, the pronghorn lead Rio in circles of increasing diameter. As he tires, they slow, his gasping and panting seems to satisfy them. You cannot hear the pronghorn chuckling. Rested, he resumes his chase, his mind ("I can't keep this up.") is no match for his little hunter body. ("Eventually, I will find and kill them all.") The antelope and Rio disappear for ten minutes. After nine minutes, you are convinced you will never see Rio again and turn back toward the truck. He appears in the distance, walking slowly, tongue dangling from his mouth. You kneel and rub his back with both hands.

You read this from *Climate and Capitalism*: Tar sands contain more greenhouse gas than has been emitted by all the oil in all the world in all of history to date." And then, what developing tar sands means, according to noted climatologist James Hansen: "game over for the climate."

A new friend of yours, an environmental attorney from Washington D.C. meets you for coffee one morning. You say, "Why are you spending so much time in Utah?" "Don't you know," she says. "Everything bad starts in Utah." And you know that in Utah, everything bad starts with SITLA. Extractive energy developers use SITLA lands to test project feasibility where they're not scrutinized for social or environmental impacts the way they would be on National Forest or Bureau of Land Management lands. Lately, when you say *SIT-LA*, it gets stuck in your throat.



What you call the Rim Road runs west and east along the flat top of the first rise the Book Cliffs make from the desert below. This road makes wildness accessible. For much of its length it serves as the boundary separating places meeting the criteria for Wilderness designation from those that don't.

You've worked with SITLA before and know that they view the tens of thousands of acres deeded to them at statehood to fund schools, as wasteland to be exploited by the highest bidder.

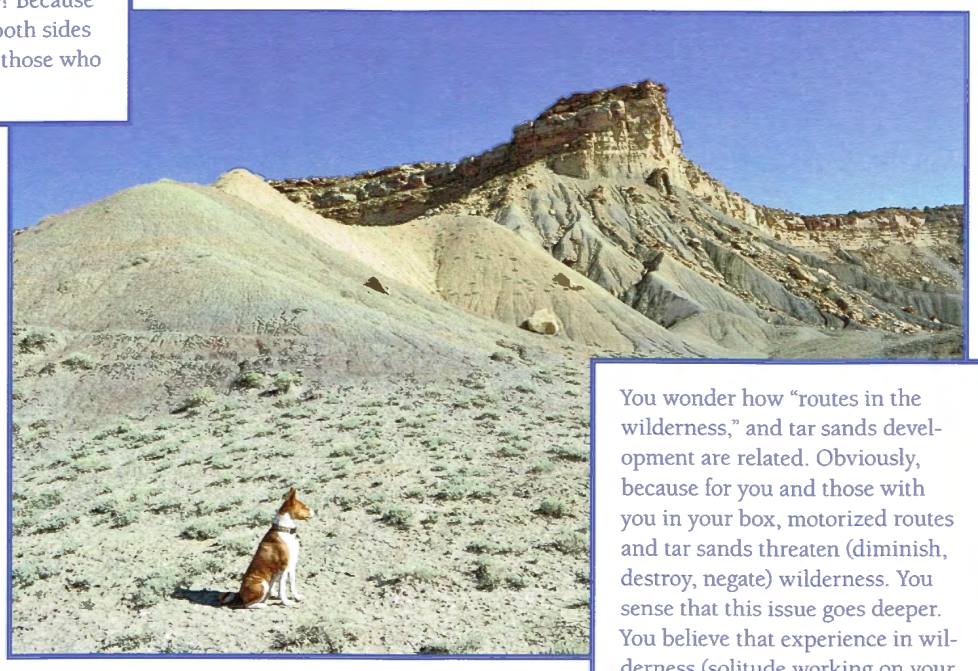


Keeping names straight is not possible. Failing to attach each one to an image in your mind, they become poetry:

Sego Nash
Thompson Canyon
Crescent Canyon Danish Wash
Horse and Middle Horse
Windy Mesa Road
Blaze (Blaze!)
Tusher
(both hands, Left and Right)
Trough Springs Ridge
Death Valley the Grassies
Strychnine and Bear.

And once again Floy.

You know reasonable people on both sides of the "wild versus motors" debate, who if given time together could come up with a travel plan that would work for most everyone. Why don't they? Because unreasonable people on both sides of this issue would make those who are reasonable suffer.



You wonder how "routes in the wilderness," and tar sands development are related. Obviously, because for you and those with you in your box, motorized routes and tar sands threaten (diminish, destroy, negate) wilderness. You sense that this issue goes deeper. You believe that experience in wilderness (solitude working on your imagination, the natural system—life force—whirring all around you and vibrating inside you) is the source of your knowing what's right with the world. Tar sands development, your body tells you, is not right with the world.

You sense that most of those who, like you, are pro-wild are also anti-Tar Sands, and vice versa. Does this simplify our problems or make them more complicated?

More simple, you think, because this way, people can be put in one of just two (rather than many) boxes. You once thought that "to think outside the box" was "to think inside that other box." But now you know that true change lies in that vast area beyond all boxes.



You understand that "believe" by definition includes an element of doubt. Without doubt, you remember, boxes disappear.

Photos Brooke Williams *Screen shots* Google Earth Street View

Thru-hikers Guide*

Brown's Park, Colorado to Green River, Utah

by J. Vernal Dilworth

The THRU-HIKER, an introduction.

You have seen the men and women known as thru-hikers before. You probably do not remember them. I guarantee you have passed them on the highway. You in your car, on the crown of the road. Them beyond the shoulder walking with the debris and flotsam of interstate travel. Thru-hikers are different from adventurers. They are walking for different reasons. Some could be walking to evade the law, others could be between lovers or jobs, and still others could be walking simply because they enjoy the act. No matter what their reason, all thru-hikers share one bond. They all choose to take a longer, slower, harder way between two points.

Brown's Park to Green River

The walk that I am recommending begins in Brown's Park—though I suppose if you are interested in doing the hike in reverse, from Green River to Brown's Park, you simply need to read this recommendation in reverse—Brown's Park is not the most northern part of what was once known as the outlaw trail. However, it is the most important. For Brown's Park is a lawless middle land where geopolitical boundaries only make sense in atlases. Here federal, state, and private individuals all claim ownership. Here three geological regions crash into and stretch apart from another. Here the past, present, and future blur into something unique only to fiction. As one begins, the walk follows the river, the direction of its flow.

One hundred days before you set out, write down a list of things that you want to take with you. Look at a map of the area and learn the meaning of the place names. Clip your toenails. Think about who is going to lend you a life jacket. You will need the life jacket at some point in the future on your walk, maybe.

Mile 0. Year 1990

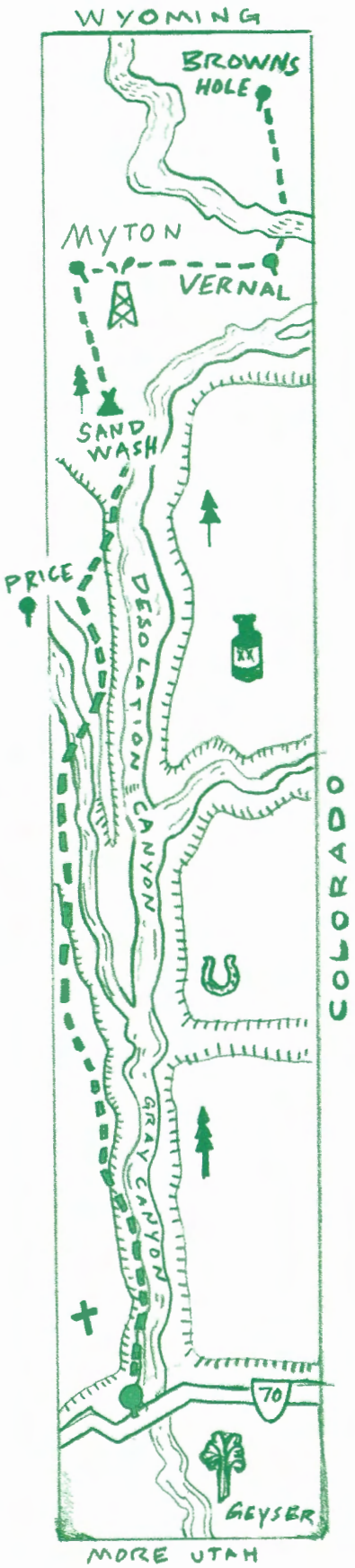
Brown's Park was once called Brown's Hole. It is now a take-out for fishermen with round beer bellies and luxury SUVs. The men there now speak in a strange jargonny language. "Fish On!" they will declare. Then, "WD40, SCUD, BWO!" as if their words clearly mean something to one another but remain distant from the English roots. These men fish for sport. They need to catch fish for their existence, not to eat but to catch. For once they catch a fish they will release the fish and declare no harm. These men are all from Hollywood; keep clear, they can be very aggressive. You need a permit to paddle the river. And if you are a backpacker you will need a permit to hike into the canyon of Lodore. Thru-hikers do not need any permits. They just need to be aware that they should avoid camping near the river, be at least 1000 feet above the canyon rim, and never at anytime should they look like a backpacker. Avoid anyone you see and never ask for permission.

Mile 30. Year 1883

The first part of the walk begins in Pat Lynch country. Lynch is a veteran from every war the United States has been involved in. Though he is not dead, you may be lucky enough to come across a marble marker commemorating his service in the Revolutionary War. There are stories that describe Lynch as a mercenary, a hermit, a criminal. It would be wise to believe all of them and respect his solitude as you move through the region. Mountain lions are seen in this area.

*An excerpt from a yet to be written account of one man's dream of walking.

*File under Fiction, Folklore, Stories from Parents.



Mile 40. Year 1919–1932

From atop Hardscrabble Mountain you'll see the river break apart into several sediment-clogged channels before heading straight into the remarkable anticline known as Split Mountain. You have made it to Island and Rainbow Parks. Keep to river right so you can make your way up Horse Trail Canyon. There you'll find easy walking and good potholes for waterespecially in winter and early spring. Once through Split Mountain every thru-hiker should stop and visit the world famous Dinosaur National Quarry. From there leave the river and follow Brush or Ashley Creek to Vernal where you can begin your shortcut across the desert. Avoid roads.

Mile 50. Year 1985

The local banks in Vernal used to organize reenactments of shootouts and bank robberies. Outlaws were always the heroes. Today, they are more guarded.

The thru-hiker will want to walk to where there is water. This means that some days will be longer than others. Backpackers will worry about distances and campsites. Thru-hikers need not worry about such matters.

Mile 138. Year 1850, 1970, 2006

Once you've left Vernal the next stop is Sand Wash, a dusty outpost for rafters and oil field truck drivers. In 2012 a compressor station blew up in this region. Stay clear of any industry. There is good water and plenty of beer at the Camp Ground.

By name there are two canyons left, Desolation and Gray. However these two canyons are made up of hundreds of ridges, gullies, and washes. Remember there are no trails or established routes for the remainder of the walk. In the nineteen seventies—the last time anyone attempted this walk—Mike Kelsey, a self-described master hiker, encountered long hot days, very little fresh water, and dead ends at every turn. Hopefully you will have read his account. You can find a copy of it at the public library in Vernal. If you are walking along the river you will have plenty of company, especially in early summer and late spring. If you are seeking solitude stick to the canyon rim. Up there you will be able to avoid the peanut-butter-bear-traps known as campsites.

Desolation and Gray canyons run the length of the Book Cliffs. In the canyon you will find the ruins of cabins, pithouses, and old bootlegger stills. These are the last testaments to pre-industry. It was in these canyons that Flat-Nose George Curry spent his last days as an outlaw. It was here that he was killed, gunned down by Sheriff Tyler's deputy. In his final gunfight no one really knew who was who? Tyler and his deputy thought they were tracking a shoemaker turned murderer. However, once the smoke cleared it became to clear to them that they had, by mistake, killed someone for whom there was a much bigger reward. A $3,000 dollar reward.

Mile 201. Year 1858

If the thru-hiker wants to take a detour to Price and Helper, and why wouldn't they, I recommend they stop by one of the town's watering holes and buy Matt Warner a glass of milk. Warner is the last of the Wild Bunch. He gave up outlawing 1858 and since then he has been holed up in Helper drinking milk—alcohol irritates an ulcer in his stomach—and telling stories. From Price follow the river to its confluence with the Green in Gray Canyon.

Mile 261. Year 1900

George Sutherland Curry (Wild Bunch) has a side canyon named for him. The canyon is rather unremarkable in a rather remarkable land. The walls of the canyon are tan and speckled with sagebrush, rabbit brush, and some bunch grasses. The hills of the canyon are scarred from grazing. There could be water there if it rained hard enough. The canyon could flood if there was enough rain. Maybe if the timing was just right George Curry could again kill. Hope it does not happen, but it might happen so be careful. Keep your distance.

Mile 321. Year 2014

When you leave Gray Canyon the canyon walls disappear. This is a nice place to camp for the final night. Early river explorers camped here too. The river once again spreads out and meanders its way toward the city that shares its name. If you are there in the summer I recommend melons. If you are there in winter I recommend West Winds. Stay longer than you should.

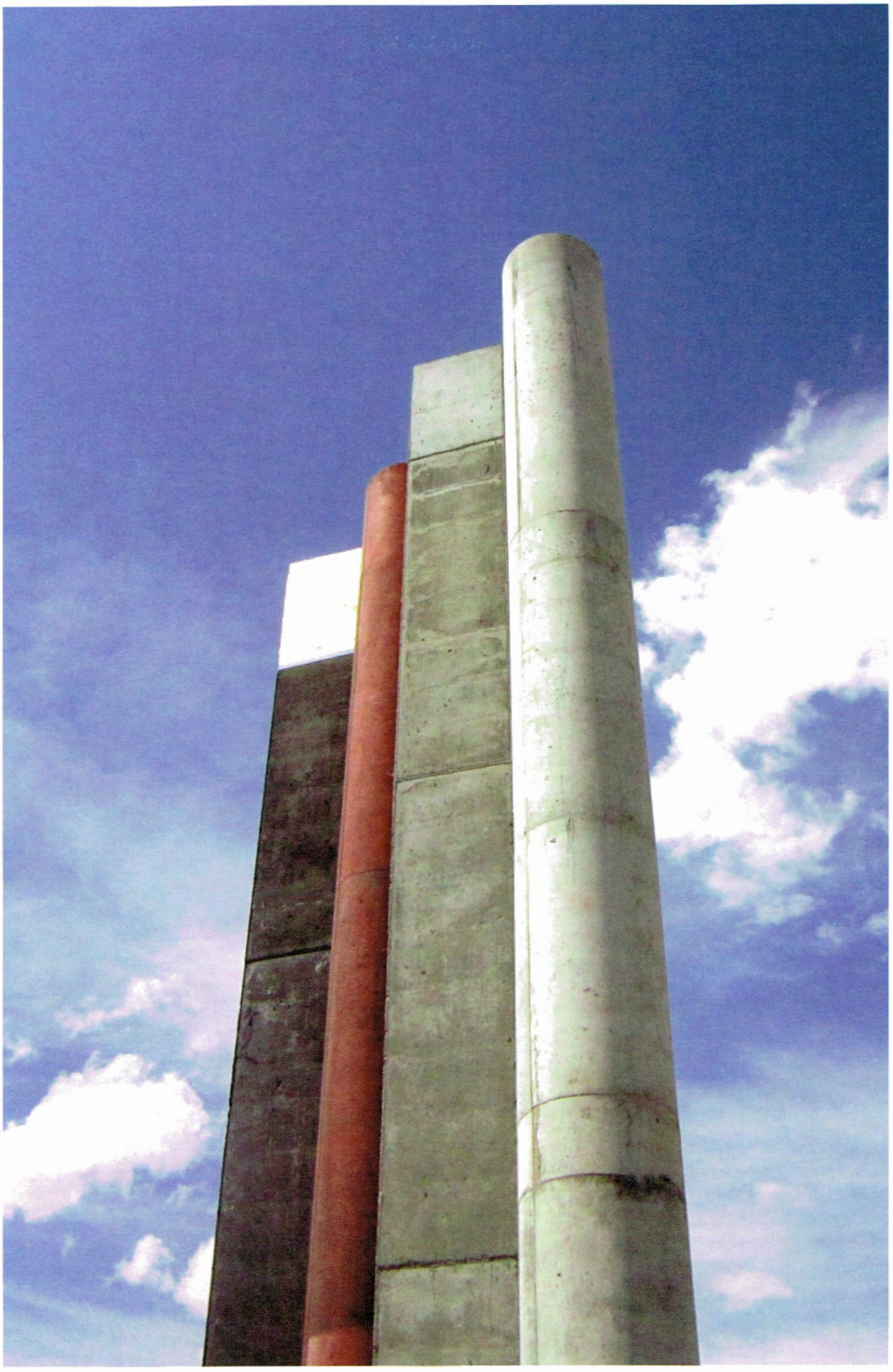
Green River Rocks

by Mary Rothlisberger



(From left to right, then top to bottom) MY BATHING SUIT FROM WADING ACROSS THE RIVER AT ABOUT MILE 12 **THE COVE, BUT IN A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH** NEFERTITI ON A HOT AFTERNOON BEFORE A SWIM **THE SAN RAFAEL SWELL** THE MILKY WAY **THE STARS OF COURSE, BUT PROBABLY ORION** SPARKS FROM A FIRE, THE KIND THAT FLY UP **CHARLOTTE'S ROCK WRAPPED IN SILK STRING** FOUNTAIN COKE FROM THE MELON VINE WHILE GROCERY SHOPPING **THE COLOR OF JACK'S EYES AT SWASEY'S BEACH WHILE PLAYING CRIBBAGE ON A VERY SUNNY DAY** CRYSTAL GEYSER MINI **THE WRINKLED GROUND AT CRYSTAL GEYSER** TAMARISK BRANCHES THE WISPY BITS **I SKINNED MY KNEE ON A RIVER ROCK** I SKINNED MY ELBOW TOO **HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE RAIN** MUD FROM THE RIVER BEFORE IT DRIES **INTERIOR OF THE STONE HOUSE AT TWILIGHT** CHOW HOUND PARKING LOT, EARLY MORNING **THE VIEW AT THE BEACH WHILE DOING A HANDSTAND** EARLY EARLY MORNING ALONE AND FAR AWAY **THE VIEW TO THE EAST WHILE THE SUN IS SETTING WEST** THE BEGINNING OF A SUNBURN **THAT PARTICULAR BIT, DRIVING TO TOWN FROM THE SOUTH, WHERE EVERYTHING CHANGED** THE RIVER GIVING WAY **ICECREAM** CHARLOTTE'S ROCK, A FEW DAYS LATER **THE GREEN RIVER BLACK PYRAMID** THE RAPIDS UP CLOSE **TUSHER WASH OR IS IT TUSHER CANYON** THE BOOK CLIFFS AT SUNSET **THE BOOK CLIFFS AT SUNRISE** WHERE THEY USED TO LIVE **JUST ANOTHER MIRACLE SUNSET** THREE ROCKS **THAT SPACE BETWEEN US**





FLASHBACK

(to Monument Hill)

by Charlotte X.C. Sullivan

On Saturday, August 23, 2013, I had the pleasure of spending the morning with Dan Harrison and his son, Bo, applying 23-carat ducate gold leaf to Andrew Roger's *Elements* on Monument Hill. Thirty-five feet in the air, we started working at around 8 in the morning, and stopped at noon, since the epoxy we were using to apply the gold to the concrete started hardening too quickly.

Working with genuine gold leaf is a privilege, as it is an incredibly exquisite and expensive material. While I firmly believe that the creation and contemplation of art is essential to a healthy human existence, I share a question Dan Harrison posed about this public work of art, which is, "If someone's got money to spend on something like that, why didn't we do a project that would really help the town?"

His question is worth mentioning, as it brings up broader questions relevant to the ethics and economics of contemporary artistry, particularly with more and more artists working outside of a traditional studio practice. Is installing *Elements* on Green River's Monument Hill the same as installing *Elements* in Manhattan's Central Park? What sort of role does an artist play in rural revitalization? How do we define "help" in this context? Is one definition of "help" more right or wrong than another?

I took one bathroom break during the four hours Bo and I worked together. Dan lowered me down to the ground in the cherry-picker and I unstrapped my harness. Shawnee, Dan's wife and Bo's mother, and I went to the Chow Hound where she bought everyone cold drinks: unsweetened iced tea with lemon for me and cherry Coke for Bo.

Before we packed up for the day, I epoxy-ed my fingernails with the excess gold leaf. Throughout the course of the next week, after multiple river trips and campfire builds, it began to fade away.



Photos Charlotte X.C. Sullivan

Contexts



Art America West

Maria Sykes, Jack Forinash, and Chris Lezama, staff members at Epicenter, took a moment to consider the roles of the visitor, the guest, and the host within Green River, and the larger mythologies and realities of the American West, topics which directly concern the context of this magazine.

Photos by Carson Davis Brown and Ryan Greaves

What is the draw for visitors? How does the myth of the American West influence people who come to Green River?

Jack The main draw is, without a doubt in my mind, the romanticism of the American West, first instilled by Manifest Destiny propaganda in the early 1800's and cemented in American minds with Horace Greeley's infamous quotation, "Go West, young man, go West and grow up with the country." American cinema, advertising campaigns, and even Saturday morning cartoons inescapably imprinted the West's ruggedness and vistas forever into our minds, whether we realize it or not. The exposure, in every sense of the word, that the West offers and draws pioneers here to try out ideas without repercussion. And, their trials and errors sit forever in the desert, decaying at the same immovable and timeless rate as the buttes in the photogenic backdrops.

Chris Outside of Green River's obvious beauty, many people come to Green River because it's a place that's in between other places. Green River in the context of the "American West," I'm sure, is a big draw. The Utah landscape is certainly unique and often emblematic of how many people thought of or still think of the West. I know the first time I saw the Book Cliffs, I thought it was hard to believe that something like that could exist outside of a movie set.

Maria People from all around the world love both the idea of and visuals from the American West. "Escape from the city and go to the frontier. You'll find freedom, outlaws, stars, and canyons. Conquer the wilderness and it will make a man out of you. Reject civilization. Be a pioneer, a homesteader." I think this mythology still applies to places like Green River today. In the case of Epicenter, we came here as pioneering designers. We wanted to get out of the city and traditional architectural practice and strike out on our own.

What pulled you west?

Jack The West was unknown and open. It was a good place to try something that needed breathing room for mess ups.

Chris Green River's possibilities, amazing scenery, and opportunity to work closely with interesting and interested people brought me to Utah. But in terms of geography, I'm originally from the California coast and about as far west as our continent reaches, so to go "west" I actually had to go east.

Maria Years of watching Westerns on Saturday mornings with my Dad and going on family road trips with my extended family to the West—nostalgia and fearlessness brought me here. I wanted the dusty canyons, cowboys, to run rivers, and have adventures. Living and working in the city was fun and all,

Photo Ryan Greaves



but how could I could say no to the self-actualizations and experiences offered by living and working on the frontier?

What role does idealism play in attracting visitors?

Jack Often our minds perceive that "pioneers" settled the West. Perhaps more historically-accurately the West has drawn bankrupt-but-still-optimistic entrepreneurs, scheming opportunists, persecuted evangelicals, and disillusioned young adults. Our perception of these settlers glosses over the reality that the West continues to be the same as it was: a place to start over, with plenty of space and less regulations. A sense of the possibility of a fresh start is the most idealistic someone can be.

Maria The same idealism that brought me here brings people here every day: Tourists come west to experience the Wild West, ghost towns, and canyons. In terms of Epicenter, we use the openness and wildness as well as the idea of the "frontier" to attract artists and designers working in an urban environment to come to Green River. We even call these visiting artists and designers Frontier Fellows! Fellows come here because they want the break from all the hustle and bustle of the city. They want to contribute to a cool small town, even if just for a month. Yes, Green River is really "cool" to outsiders.

What are some realities that emerge once the visitor arrives? How does the context of Green River encourage or discourage an idealistic outlook?

Jack A visitor that spends some time here, asking questions and seeking to learn about the community, will be able to better understand Green River as a microcosm of America, of rural America, of the American West. They'll see it's not so different as other places. A visitor will come to realize their misconceptions of poverty as abstractions that fall short of identifying complex issues, involving not just a lack of money. Economic poverty is delineated from "poverty" as a general all-encompassing term; empathetic people will see there are other entwined elements of social poverty, systematic barriers, or circumstantial burdens, but there is rarely, if ever, a poverty of ambition. Green River, as a case study, first breaks down idealistic outlooks, but with a decision to apply duration will encourage idealism by rebuilding it in a more accurate way, ready for targeted action based in understanding of place and circumstance.

Chris That Green River has had better days and hopefully better days are soon ahead.

Maria Idealism is kind of a coping mechanism. It's a collection of fantasies that help us try to make sense of a history, a place, and its people. Upon spending some time in Green River, visitors realize that this place is both very special and

Photo Carson Davis Brown



completely normal. Sure, there are still cowboys, but they're not riding their horses into town, blasting through the saloon doors, stopping the piano music, and confronting the Deputy Sheriff. I wish that sort of thing still did exist in Green River, but those days are long gone. Well, actually, I guess people do ride out into the desert and shoot off their guns for fun. The adventurous spirit is alive in Green River, but in a more modern way I suppose.

Can you speak to how different people view the role of the Fellow? The Fellow themselves, the local residents, the Epicenter, other outsiders looking in? Are there differences between perspectives? Are they any rifts? Misalignments? Issues?

Jack Fellows see themselves as guest observers. Returning Fellows see themselves as guest doers. Local residents see Fellows as artists from the coasts. Epicenter sees Fellows as people to carry out tangible activities that gain a buzz for the organization; Epicenter also sees Fellows as potential future staff. Outsiders see Fellows as artists on the internet through an undefined and imagined context.

Chris I'm sure there are different perspectives to the Fellowship and to Fellows. Epicenter sees it as way to bring in energizing and exciting new projects and ideas to town that can be shared with the community and added to Epicenter's ever-expanding canon. Fellows see it as a way to live in and engage with a community that they are unfamiliar with and have artistic freedom to create projects. Residents see them as exciting new faces or just another "one of them." I don't think there are any real rifts or issues (at least from my perspective) because things are pretty straightforward and everyone gets something different out of it.

Maria I think everyone experiences the Fellows in a different way. For example, teens work really closely with Fellows on projects (e.g. The Green River Newspaper) or in workshops (e.g. songwriting and recording). These teens see the Fellows as friends and mentors. I think the teachers at GRHS see Fellows as enthusiastic and qualified teaching assistants interested in the future of our youth. I view the Fellows as opportunities. We bring Fellows to Green River to facilitate meaningful community projects with local residents, create unique place-based artworks, and to bring new energy and ideas to Epicenter. Very rarely do we have misalignments with the community and Fellows. Fellows aren't here to judge our town or cause unwanted change. That's not the purpose.

What have been the impacts of this recent chapter of visitor culture? Tangible, intangible, invisible, spoken, underlying...? E.g. What impact does/can a Fellow have on the economy, culture, etc. of Green River?

Jack Fellows bring a realization of interest outsiders have for this place, to the

Ford the River Part Two by Charlotte X.C. Sullivan
Photo Carson Davis Brown, from Cabin-Time 5



amazement of the residents. Hopefully, it is building some pride of place.

Chris A fellow can have short term impacts and a lasting legacy. Short term impacts include money he/she puts into the local economy and the projects he/she creates. Ideally, the fellow leave a lasting legacy with the relationships he/she made and new thoughts provoked.

Maria I'll sort of echo what Chris said. We require Fellows to shop and dine locally whenever possible (and it's almost always possible). Every dime that goes to Price or Grand Junction is a dime that doesn't go towards the schools, parks, and people of Green River. That upsets me a lot. Beyond the literal monetary benefits, Fellows bring enthusiasm, energy, knowledge, and creativity to Green River. Green River already has all of those things, but Fellows facilitate projects that celebrate all the good stuff! Plus, Fellows are able to focus their time here being enthusiastic, energetic, and creative with our youth, teens, and whoever else they work with while here. The Frontier Fellowship brings out the already great aspects of Green River.

What role does art play in all of this? Is art a specific kind of tourism?

Jack Art serves a tourism draw specific to the type of people who drive across the country as a vacation, not taking interstates whenever possible, talking to each other in the car rather than watching DVDs, and packing food for snacks and stopping on the side of the road to make a lunch. In other words, art draws those weirdos that are interested in it and seek it out. The typical tourist appreciates art when there is a accessible collection of it with a book telling them about it. Striking art can have an inherent impact on anyone; we all believe that. But it's easily dismissed by the standard American. Unless it's art about/next to/on a dilapidated building.

Chris Sure, I suppose it is a specific type of tourism that is probably more attractive to people of this generation. It seems that some may be more inclined to get to know a community better than if they were just passing through and would like to learn what kind of art would be contextually or content-appropriate for that community.

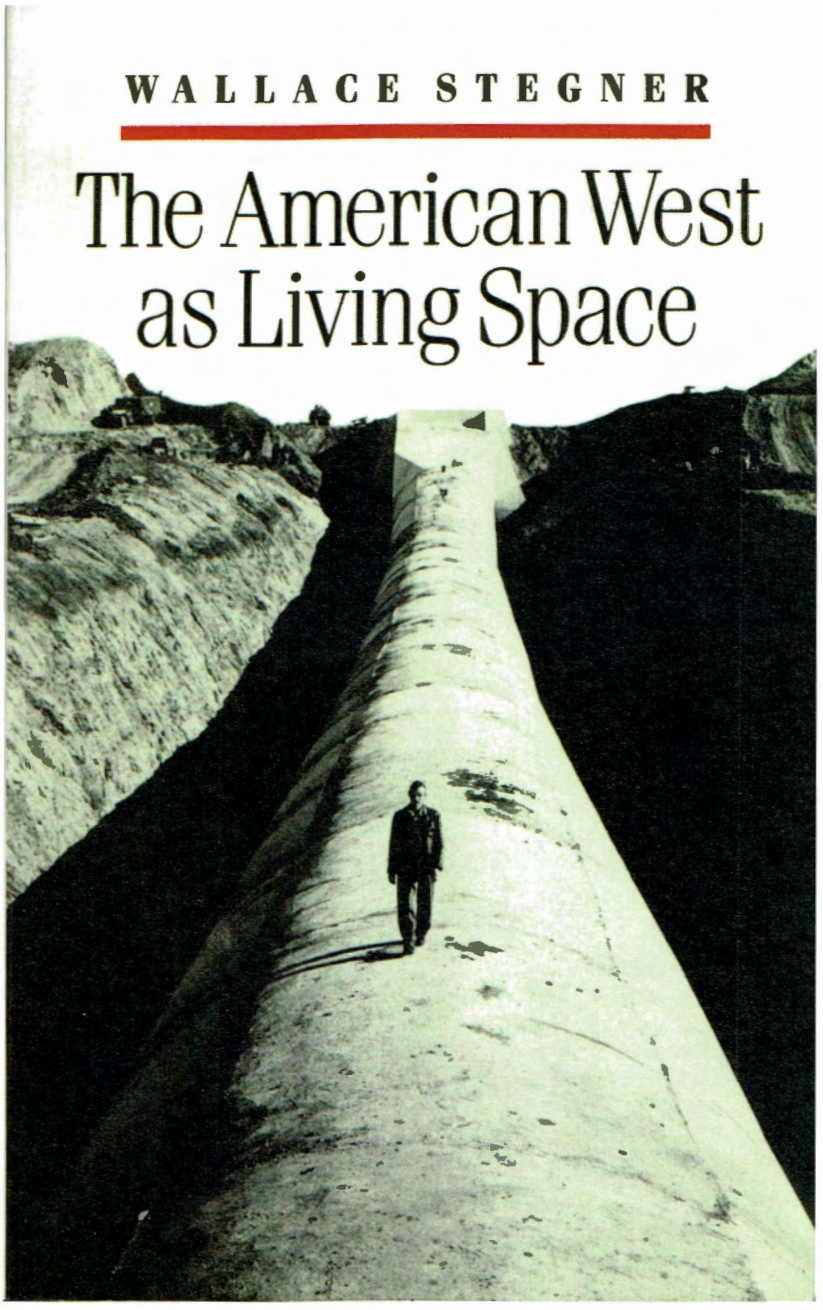
Maria In general, art attracts new and visiting populations. But, the Frontier Fellowship goes beyond tourism and into big-picture community development. Art can be a powerful sponsor of our local culture and economy. By bringing people here and truly getting them invested in this place, we're bringing in new resources, ideas, and money for the medium-to-long term. The recognition and marketing of our community's arts and culture assets, both local and imported, is an important element of economic development. Creatively acknowledging and marketing community assets can attract a strong workforce and successful industry, as well as help sustain our positive quality of life here in Green River.

Photo Ryan Greaves

The Arid States Adventure Library

by Charlie Macquarie

The Arid States Adventure Library is a project which aims to document and promote exploration of the physical and mental landscape of the American West, at the same time investigating the changing perceptions of adventure, history, and population in this region. The Library collects and makes available the materials to supplement this mission, which include books, maps, artifacts, documents, and places themselves.



Book Collection, ID B2013-008
Title The American West as Living Space

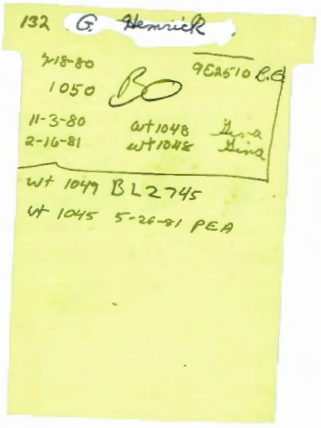
Author Stegner, Wallace, 1909-1993
Dates 1986, 1987
Publisher University of Michigan (Dynamics of Scholarship/Publisher Interaction subject to continuing research)
Front Cover Central Valley Project, 1935
The West Semi-desert with a Desert Heart
California Might seem to be an Exception, but is not.

"Western culture and character, hard to define in the fist place because they are only half-formed and constantly changing, are further clouded by the mythic stereotype. Why hasn't the stereotype faded away, as real cowboys became less and less typical of western life? Because we can't or won't do without it, obviously. But also there is the visible, pervasive fact of western space, which acts as a preservative. Space, itself the product of incorrigible aridity and hence more or less permanent, continues to suggest unrestricted freedom, unlimited opportunity for testings and heroisms, a continuing need for self reliance and physical competence."

"In the West it is impossible to be unconscious of or indifferent to space. At every city's edge it confronts us as federal lands kept open by aridity and the custodial bureaus; out in the boondocks it engulfs us. And it does contribute to individualism, if only because in that much emptiness people have the dignity of rareness and must do much of what they do without help, and because self-reliance becomes a social imperative, part of a code."

"Aridity arranged all that complicated natural and human mess, too. In the view of some, it also helped to create a large, spacious, independent, sunburned, self-reliant western character, and a large, open, democratic western society. Of that, despite a wistful desire to believe, I am less than confident."

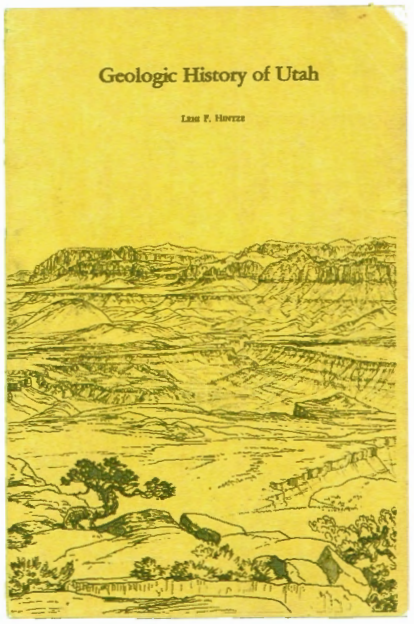
#books #WesternUnitedStates



Document Collection, ID
DA2013-002.02
Title 132 (G. Hemrick)

Color_(approximate) Canary
Color_grouping_factor_1|b Outlier
Dates various
Use unknown
Creator unknown
Found_location UP2013-004.01 (Geneva Coal)
added_Atmospheric Workshop; Tool; a spare bearing machining; the way rail skirts long rooms; sideways light down coal dust; not coal dust but coal; dust settles; tons above the pit

#documents #Utah

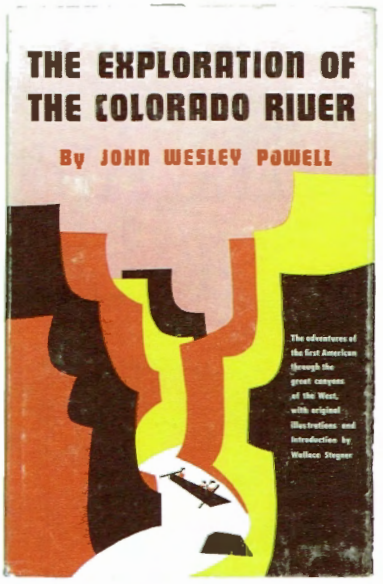


Book Collection, ID B2013-052
Title Geologic History of Utah

Author Hintze, Lehi F.
Dates circa 1976
Figures 1-83
Charts 1-46

"The crust is in nearly isostatic equilibrium and cannot sustain large vertical or tangential loads without deforming, Eastern Utah floats higher than the Great Basin, which in turn floats approximately 5,000 feet higher than it did during most of its geologic history."

#books #Utah

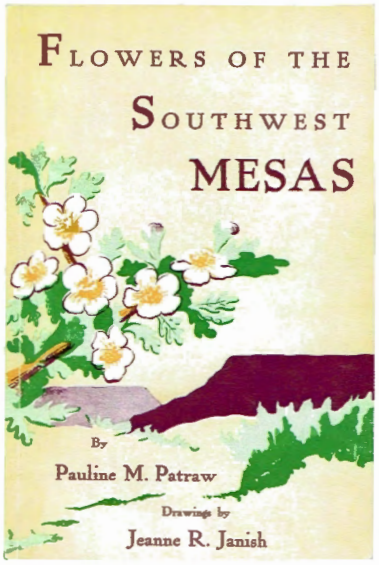


Book Collection, ID B2013-039
Title The Exploration of the Colorado River

Author(s) Powell, John Wesley, 1834-1902; Stegner, Wallace, 1909-1993
Years 1869, 1874, 1957
Acquired Buena Vista, Colorado [pronunciations incorrect, please see related regionalisms]
Coffee: Yes ["Seventy or Eighty Pounds,"]

"The good people of Green River City turn out to see us start. We raise our little flag, push the boats from shore, and the swift current carries us down."

#books #Utah #Arizona #Wyoming

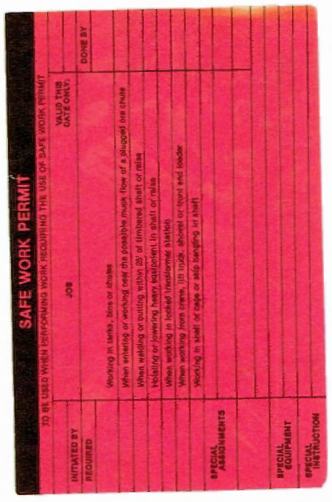


Book Collection, ID B2013-055
Title Flowers of the Southwest Mesas

Author Patraw, Pauline M. (Pauline Mead), 1904-2001
Illustrator Janish, Jeanne R.
Publisher Southwestern Monuments Association [Popular_Series_#: 3]
Information_Objectives Accurate and Authentic
Donation_of Edwards, Jenny

"This is a land with a flavor all its own: a land of brilliant sunshine and cool breezes, where the fragrance of sagebrush is strong after a rain and where the sweet odor of Pinyon smoke hangs in the air. Rainfall is light in this country. The trees are small and scrubby as though stunted, and generally grow some distance apart, making visible wide expanses of land and sky."

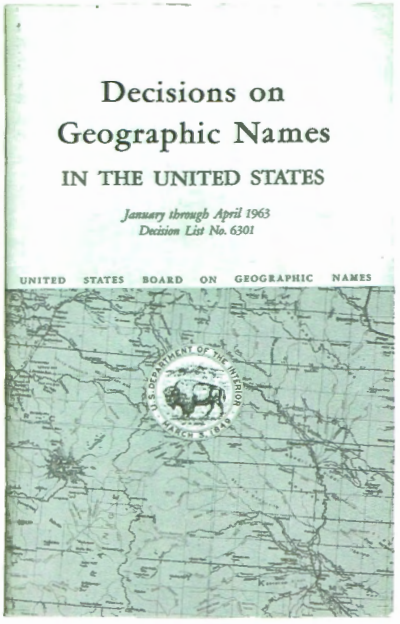
#books #Nevada #Utah #Colorado #Arizona #NewMexico #Southwest



Document Collection, ID DA2013-002.07
Title Safe Work Permit (Union Carbide)

Materials Cardstock (2|c_TYPE: Neon [safe]); Ink
found_Location NP2013-007.02 (Tempiute)
Special_Assignment Yes (possible funk)
atmospheric_note_("Vibe") Sage mysteries; Pinyon safety; Scheelite excess; and my unit of Joshua marching on the next range.

#documents #Utah #Nevada

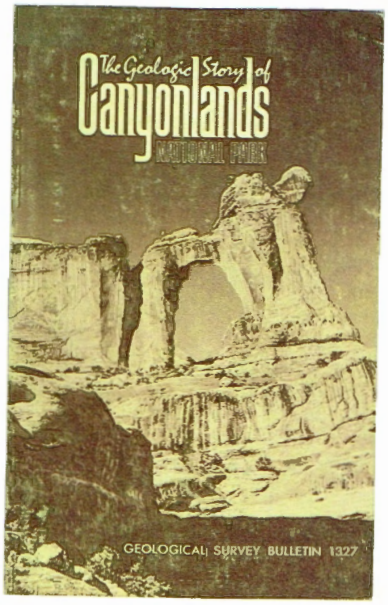


Book Collection, ID LB2013-010
Title Decisions of Geographic Names in the United States

sub_Title January through April 1963
Decision_List_No. 6301
Decisions Decisive
Authority United States Board on Geographic Names

"Hole-in-the-Rock: Steep defile about 0.7 mile long, leading downward to the Colorado River about 5 miles north of the confluence of the Colorado and San Juan rivers; so named because the Mormon mission to San Juan County, in 1880, chose to approach the Colorado through this defile and, after considerable blasting and construction of dugways, the wagons were let down the very steep and narrow passage to the Colorado River; the extreme ruggedness of this passageway has caused the trek of the mission to be called the Hole-in-the-Rock Expedition; Kane County; 37°15'05" N., 110°53'15" W. Not: Hole in the Rock."

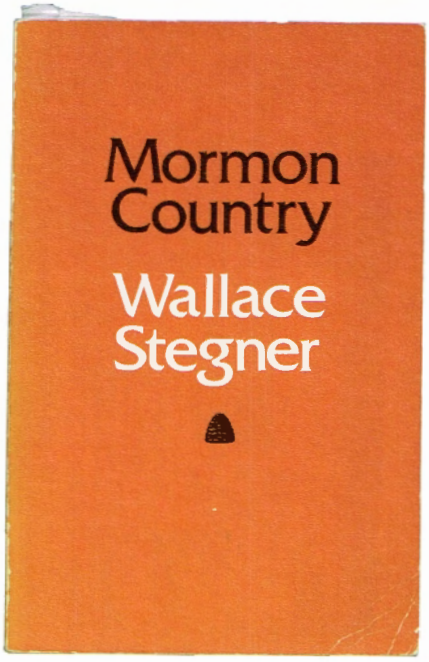
#books #United States #Utah



Book Collection, ID B2013-051
Title The Geologic Story of Canyonlands National Park
Author Lohman, S. W.
Illustrated Stacy, John R.
Dates 1974
Geological_Survey_Bulletin 1327
Library_of_Congress_catalog-card_No. 74-600043
Stock_No. 024-001-02498-5
Catalog_No. I 19.3:1327

"The birth of Canyonlands National Park was not without labor pains"

#places #Utah #Canyonlands



Book Collection, ID B2013-013 / T2013-001 (Loan Number)
Title Mormon Country
Author Stegner, Wallace, 1909-1993
Symbols Beehive
Enlightening Very
Communalism Intense
Landscape Intricate Relationships

"Wherever you go in the Mormon country, you see the characteristic marks of Mormon settlement. Especially you see the characteristic trees, long lines of them along ditches, along streets, as boundaries between fields and farms. These are the 'Mormon trees,' Lombardy poplars. Wherever they went the Mormons planted them. They grew boldly and fast, without much tending, and they make the landscape of the long valleys of the Mormon Country something special and distinctive. There are Lombardy poplars elsewhere in the world; there are few places where there are so many, and there is no place where the peculiar combination of desert valley and dark lines of trees exists as it does in this country."

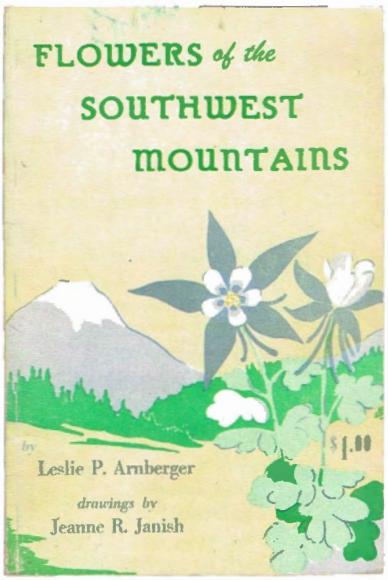
#books #Utah #Nevada #Idaho



Document Collection, ID DA2013-001.06
Title Inter-Company Reply Memo

Doc_ID(Other_ID) UC-149-8
Creator Union Carbide Agricultural Products Co.
Use_for Union Carbide
Creator Berkshire Business Forms Inc.
Reply Requested (various triplicates)
Scope_Note The collection includes one form, and various; various impressions of deep red dust and oil; various tunnels at differing degrees of blackness; various carbons used, unused, and partly used; various piles of desert radiating out into various nights.

#documents #Utah #Nevada

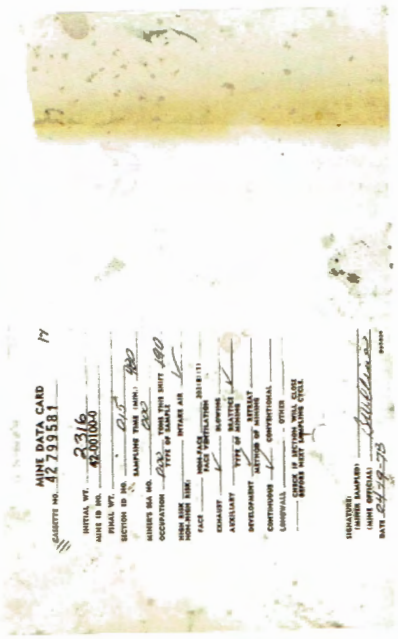


Book Collection, ID B2014-002
Title Flowers of the Southwest Mountains

Author Arnberger, Leslie P. (Leslie Preston), 1924-
Illustrator Janish, Jeanne R.
Cost_(in_U.S._Dollars) $1.00 (not up-to-date)
Published: Southwestern Monuments Association
Dates 1952; 1954

"Flowers and plants, like people, are much more interesting when we know their names and a little bit about them. Very few technical terms have been used, so if you don't know a peduncle from a petiole, don't worry about it. It is not necessary."

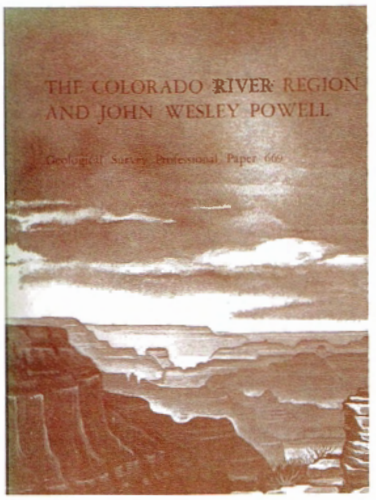
#books#Arizona#New Mexico#Nevada#Colorado#SouthwesternMonumentsAssociation



Document Collection, ID DA2013-002.03
Title: Mine Data Card (Cassette_No.: 42799581)

Acquired_Location Geneva Coal (UP2013-004.01)
Associated_fieldwork extensive; various institutions; (sub_descriptor 3b: Utah Museum of Natural History)
Counties Emery
Physical_reflection (Documentary) "All shaft, adits, tunnels, and etc. closed and sealed; complete reclamation affected; unaddressed is the necessity for strong lights, hung far out along coal belts as a beacon or burning seal"

#documents #Utah



Book Collection, ID B2013-041
Title The Colorado River Region and John Wesley Powell

Author(s) Rabbitt, Mary C. ; McKee, Edwin D. (Edwin Dinwiddie), 1906-1984; Hunt, Charles B. (Charles Butler), 1906-1997 ; Leopold, Luna B. (Luna Bergere), 1915-2006
Added_entry_(Director,_USGS) Pecora, W. T. (William Thomas), 1913-1972
Dates: 1969
Published United States Government Printing Office (Washington)
USGS_Professional_Paper_# 669
Link_(perma?) pubs.usgs.gov/pp/0669/report.pdf
Price $4.25 (cloth cover) [inflation_factor: None_]
Stratifications cherty; cross-bedded; calcareous; massive; (bench several miles wide); sheer; marbled; argillaceous; to river

"The river's boom is associated with a pervasive uneasiness which never leaves a man while he is clamped within the cliffs of the canyon. This uneasiness is not the reflection of a queasy stomach... Rather, the uneasiness is a subdued but undeniable cold fear which never departs."

#books #Utah #Colorado River

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