



THIS IS GREEN RIVER

Exhibit Guide

JUNE–OCTOBER 2015

**John Wesley Powell River History Museum
Green River, Utah, USA**



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INTRODUCTION

Pete Collard and Maria Sykes *Curator and Organizer, This Is Green River*

People travelling through Utah on Interstate 70 might not realize it, but the town of Green River is a remarkable place. In many ways the history of the town parallels the history of the American West. It is a strong community where families have worked hard to build a life in the desert landscape. Today, an agricultural base and a thriving tourist industry keep the town alive, but there are many layers of history—especially recent history—that are often overlooked. Green River is more than just motels and melons.

This Is Green River aims to give visitors a better understanding of Green River, encouraging them to look closer at the town, maybe stay a little longer, or visit again. This project also aims to acknowledge the big role that local people have played in making this special desert town a wonderful place to live. This Is Green River brings together the voices of the community to share their stories from the past, present, and possibly the future of the town.

Green River has experienced many different economic eras. In the years following the river expeditions of John Wesley Powell, the Denver and Rio Grande railroad was built and completed in 1883. The first fruit crops were grown at the beginning of the twentieth century, leading to the melon farms that are still here today. Uranium mining arrived during the 1950s, followed by the Green River Launch Complex a decade later. These diverse industries brought new workers and their families to Green River, helping the town to grow and the infrastructure develop.

Traditions from the formative years of Green River have helped shape events from the recent past. The annual Friendship Cruise, a boating caravan that drew over 700 boats in its heyday, showcased the unmatched river landscapes that John Wesley Powell and his intrepid crew explored over 100 years previously. The community Trail Ride followed the journey of local mailman Cornelius Ekker, recreating his regular sixty-three mile delivery route from Green River to Hanksville during the last years of the nineteenth century.

Community events like the Friendship Cruise and the Trail Ride keep Green River residents connected to their predecessors. Like mailman Ekker, there are many names from the past that have helped shape the town—characters such as Pearl Baker. But there are many equally important

but less well-known people, unsung heroes, who have contributed tirelessly to the community.

The stories presented here ask us to question what makes a town and why people chose to live there. A community is not the place, but the people and families that live and work there. Despite hardships, the people of Green River have continually worked together to create a better place to live, to work, and to raise a family. This is the story of the town, an exhibit about Green River by the people of Green River.

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United Way of Eastern Utah

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Sincerely Interested

sincerelyinterested.com



Thank you

The organizers of *This Is Green River* would like to thank all of the wonderful people of Green River who shared their stories, opened their homes, took us on a boat ride down the river, fed us dinner, shared ancient rock art with us, and gave us even more reasons to love this place. Thank you.



THE MEANING OF OBJECTS

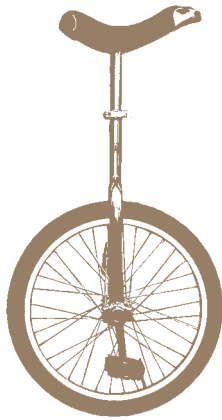
Pete Collard
Curator



This exhibit is a collection of stories about the town of Green River; personal stories, public stories, and historical stories, each one connected to the objects and photos displayed here in the gallery. The objects have been lent by the people of the town and help us to create a physical history of Green River, tracing its history through the years. Collectively this exhibit tells the stories of these different times through the memories of the people that lived through them and objects that they have collected.

Objects have an important role in our lives. We buy, borrow, find, and give objects, but more importantly, we keep and treasure them. Every object has a story—about the person who first owned it, the place it came from, or a specific moment in time. Furniture and household objects can tell stories of migration and people starting new lives and families. Clothing or equipment can remind us of an old workplace or a famous sporting victory (or perhaps a heroic defeat). We find it hard to throw things away because we become emotionally attached to them; sentimentality is usually stronger than logic.

This sentimentality surrounds us in our homes, family photographs, souvenirs, gifts and the bricolage of everyday life. Our favorite personal possessions are invaluable for these memories, rather than for any recognized monetary worth. Objects matter because they connect us to the past and to people no longer with us. Collectively they are the physical world we inhabit and they are means by which we communicate, exchange, and store our society.



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GREEN RIVER TIMELINE

1825

William Ashley and other fur traders begin annual rendezvous the in Green River region

1829

Old Spanish Trail passes through Green River

1836

Fur trader Denis Julien carves his name on rock near Green River

1858

Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives explores Colorado River region and predicts that there will never be white inhabitants

1869

John Wesley Powell leads first expedition down Green and Colorado Rivers

1871

Second Powell expedition

1876

Mail carrier known as Mr. Blake establishes Green River as way point

1878

Tom Farrer and family move to Green River

1883

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is completed, passing throughw Green River on its way from Denver to Salt Lake City

1896

Utah granted statehood

1906

Green River becomes incorporated; Green River Presbyterian Church built

1907

Annual Melon Days celebration begins

1910

Midland Trail, a transcontinental automobile route from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco, passes through Green River; First Green River High School built

1915

Electricity comes to Green River

1927

The Green River changes course during a flood

1946

Wagon bridge collapses leading to the development of Main Street

1947

First Melon Days parade, first Melon Queen crowned

1955

Second Green River High School built

1958

Union Carbide uranium mill in operation until 1961; Friendship Cruise Begins

1963

Green River Launch Complex begins operation

1970

Interstate 70 (mostly) completed

1979

Green River Launch Complex ceases operation

1982

Third and current Green River High School built

1983

Interstate 70 bridge over the Green River completed

1987

Green River Trail Ride begins its first year as the San Rafael Mail Run

2010

Green River Trail Ride held for the last time

MELON SLICE FLOAT

Melon Days began in 1907 as a celebration of Green River and its famous melons. Today, Melon Days is still celebrated every year on the third weekend in September. The weekend-long event attracts thousands of people to town for the live music, a parade on Broadway and Main Streets, the Melon Queen Pageant, free melon in the park courtesy of the local growers, and more.

A painted wooden structure mounted on an old car chassis, the famous watermelon slice was originally built to be a float in the Melon Days parade; it was also a concession stand. The chamber of commerce built the float in 1960 as an advertisement for Green River. It is still used today for the Melon Days parade, but is pulled by a truck as it no longer runs on its own. Visit the north side of the John Wesley Powell River History Museum to see the watermelon slice.

01

GREEN RIVER PAINTING

Painted by local artist Jo Baxter in 1994 for the Emery County Fair, this object measures 4'x8' and depicts many aspects of Green River and its surroundings: the Green River Launch Complex, uranium mining, melon farming, the iconic Gunnison Butte, petroglyphs, the Hastings Waterwheel, the three town churches, boating on the river, the John Wesley Powell River History Museum, trains, aviation, and the Crystal Geyser. This painting has hung in the "old airport building" (currently a City of Green River facility housing the Pirates Den Teen Center) since 1994.

02

URANIUM MINING

Jackie and Randy Nelson

JACKIE: My dad grew up in Green River, but my family moved a lot. For most of my schooling I was in Moab, Utah. In the '60s my dad mined uranium out in the San Rafael Desert with my grandfather. When we were kids we would go out on the desert and help my dad stake the claims to the mines by stuffing papers in used tobacco cans and putting them in the rocks. He had incline mines, and when we were kids we used to take the Geiger counters and go along the wall of the mine and see how fast we could get those things clicking.

My grandmother used to take a little pickaxe and dig out some of the uranium. That way you'd have pure uranium, and my dad and grandad used to say that she had better uranium than they got, but she only got a handful whereas they were taking out buggy-loads of it. I remember going down in the mine when my dad would load the dynamite and we'd come out and count how many shots of it went off and if we didn't count everything that he had put in he didn't go back in the mine. Several years ago I went out on the desert with some friends and we came across a uranium mine and the smell coming up from the it that brought me back to when I was a kid in the desert. It's kind of a musty, damp smell, but I've never smelled it anywhere but a uranium mine.

RANDY: After we were married I worked in the mines with Jackie's dad and uncle Charles and brother Jay. One of the incline mines was pretty shallow, about 75 feet deep, and had some really high-grade uranium. Her dad had hired some guys to mine it for him, and they wanted to take as much as they could. You need to leave pillars in the mine to support the mine, but because the uranium was such high grade the workers didn't leave very many pillars.

Jackie's brother Jay, her uncle Charles, and I were down there one day, Charles over drilling and Jay and I running

the buggy. And all of a sudden that place caved in. Jay had gone to put a scoop of muck in the buggy and pulled back to get more when the whole thing came down and buried that buggy. If it had happened ten or fifteen seconds sooner he would've been dead. We both ran around the rib—the side of the mine—and Charles came around the other way, so we were all ok, but we got the hell out of there. We went back down the next weekend with railroad ties and cribbed the ceiling of the mine all back up, but it caved in again at which point Jackie's dad pulled out of it and said we wouldn't go back any more.

CHOW HOUND

Jo Baxter

The Chow Hound has been at the center of social life in Green River since the 1970's. Locals even joke about how many times they've been to Chow Hound in one day. It was once a drive-in, but has since been converted to a sit-down fastfood restaurant. In addition to being at the town's social center, Chow Hound sits at its physical center as well, and is located on Main Street next to the Post Office where everyone does daily post office box checks; there are no mailboxes or home delivery in Green River.

When the Green River Launch Complex closed, most of the workers left Green River. My husband Glenn did not know what to do. He did not like the idea of unemployment when he had a skill that was useful, and he was sure he could find a job. We had decided we had to find a way to earn a living. If we wanted to stay in Green River we would have to do something—build something—ourselves. That's when we got the idea of having a drive-in restaurant.

We got a loan from the bank and purchased two homes on adjacent lots, where the restaurant still is today. We sold one of the homes to a farmer north of the town, and he moved the whole thing on a truck. I think it's still there. We set fire to the other one. The local fire volunteers used it as a training exercise. You probably couldn't do that today!

For the new restaurant Glenn did all of the electrical wiring, and I did the interior painting and designed some of the fittings. Somebody told us we needed a brightly colored roof to attract attention, so we painted it red. Barn wood was really in that year, so we made panels for the counter out of that. I liked doing creative things. We had a float one year at the Melon Days parade; I painted the station wagon and made a hamburger bun out of paper mache. We came up with the name from the word 'chow,' which is a

military term for food. A 'chow hound' means a really eager eater, which of course we wanted for our business. Quite soon it became a destination restaurant. People who were driving to Grand Junction or taking their boats down to Lake Powell for the weekend would stop and order hamburgers. People liked what we were doing. It was a whole new ball game for us to learn how to run a restaurant, remembering to order ketchup and meat to last through the week. In the end we ran the restaurant for five or six years, although I always think that the restaurant actually ran us.

CHOW HOUND CAP

Maria Sykes

My incredible older brother, Steven Harvey Sykes, Jr., visited me in Green River only once, back in September of 2009. He loved it here and would have visited many more times, but he was tragically killed in a cycling accident in San Francisco in June of 2011.

His solitary visit to Green River is one the fondest memories I have of this place—one of the best weekends of my life, really. It was my 25th birthday weekend, my first Melon Days, and the first time I went to one of those otherworldly hippie desert parties...you know, at the 'Jenkstar Ranch" on the way out to the beach. This was back in the early days of Epicenter. Jack, Justin, Rand, and I still lived out in that dusty old Dunham trailer way up Hastings on the river near the old waterwheel. I loved it out there and I'm glad my brother got to experience that place with me. That weekend, I showed Steven the unlikely place I was slowly falling in love with, Green River, Utah.

At some point during his visit, my brother decided he needed to purchase a baseball cap, so we were on the lookout. One day we went to get burgers for lunch at Chow Hound. I scoffed when Steven added a hunter-green Chow Hound baseball cap to his order. I thought it was ugly—both the color and the material.

When my brother got in his accident in 2011, I immediately got on a plane to San Francisco to be with him. He was in the ICU in a coma from which he would never recover. We eventually had to say goodbye to an unconscious body and 'unplug' my brother. I thought this kind of stuff only happened in movies. It's completely and utterly insane that this actually happens. Looking back the whole situation is such a blur; it feels very unreal.

A few days after we said goodbye to my brother, I was going through his stuff in his apartment with my sister-in-law, Eileen. She asked me what of Steven's possessions I wanted to keep. In a daze, and feeling pressured to take something, I said I wanted one of his ball caps. I chose the Chow Hound cap because it seemed right. When I took it out of the closet, I could immediately smell my brother. It was a simultaneously saddening and comforting moment. I took the cap and placed it in a bag.

For the next six months or so I treated the ball cap like a relic, only taking the cap out of its container for a few minutes to smell the brim and remember. It was a critical part of my healing. Eventually, my desire to treat the cap like a precious object faded. At some point in early 2013, I decided to start wearing the cap myself during the community softball games. I know my brother would want me to wear it while doing things I loved rather than let it sit on the shelf in my closet. That moment of letting go was a turning point in my grief.

This is the only object I own that once belonged to my brother. I'm sure I'll inherit or choose something else of his the next time I visit Eileen, but for now, this is it.

CHURCH DOOR

Joshua Rowley

This door was on a church building in Beaver, Utah where my mom grew up. My grandfather was the pastor for that church; when they remodeled that building around 1970, he took the door home because they didn't need it anymore. He didn't actually use it, but the door was sentimental to my mom who had all these memories growing up going to this church a couple times a week, so she brought it to Green River. Here it was the door to our food storage room. It didn't fit its frame very well so it scraped along the floor, which meant that anytime my siblings and I would sneak in there to get snacks our parents knew. We'd even try to open it really slowly, but that never quite worked great for us either. My parents probably ignored it sometimes because they didn't want to deal with us always getting snacks. That house still physically exists but is in a state of disrepair, so much so that I won't drive by it anymore because it doesn't resemble the house in which I grew up.

When my parents moved away my sister took the door with her to Lehi, again just for the sentimental value of it. She just had it in a garage for several years, so then I took it and hung it up on the wall in my home. The door moved around several houses in Salt Lake before I moved it back to Green River. Now it just sits in one of our spare bedrooms, where it reminds me of snacks, I guess. There's nothing incredibly special about the door—no pope touched it. If I ever adopted kids it would go to them or I would give it to one of my nieces or nephews because we're a very sentimental family. It would be funny if somebody eventually took it back to Beaver where it started out.

SCHOOLHOUSE MAP

Gayna Dunham

National Geographic was always a part of my life. When I was eight, my paternal grandparents Colonel Fred A. and Florence Dunham moved to Grand Junction where they had a complete original collection of *National Geographic* covering two walls of the guest bedroom. I always heard tales from around the globe from my military grandparents and my Dad who had done his own unique globetrotting.

I was a child when the old Green River schoolhouse was torn down. I remember the grand entryway, the white porcelain drinking fountains, and these topographical relief maps. The maps hung on the walls of the huge classrooms. I vaguely remember some sort of box they were in so one could be pulled out for display and then returned.

Dad was always looking for materials to re-use (a master at recycling, reusing, and repurposing). I'm sure he hauled lots of materials away from the demolition site. These maps were what we got. The relief of the mountains, the label tag, and the stamped wooden frames awed me. I don't know what we thought we would do with them, but they went into the back of the closet and have not moved from there until now (about thirty-five years later).

GREEN RIVER LAUNCH COMPLEX

Glenn Baxter

After graduating from Texas A&M, I got a job with a company called Convair, based in San Diego. They were the prime contractor for the Atlas, an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile that was becoming the workhorse of the country's growing nuclear defense program. At that time America subscribed to a policy of mutually assured destruction: if the Soviets saw one of our missiles coming they would launch one of their own. It seemed to work because we haven't had any nuclear wars.

My work with Convair took us all over the country—Spokane, Omaha, Cheyenne—wherever there was an Atlas missile base. I was on a program to go into the field and install new technology in the F-Series missiles and their supporting ground equipment. Around 1963 I was recommended to a company called Atlantic Research that was working on the new Athena missile program. They offered me a job at the Green River Launch Complex, a sub-installation of the White Sands Missile Range. The first Athena was launched the following year.

Green River was very busy then, everyone had a job that wanted one. A lot of workers were moving to the town to build the missile complex southeast of the town. I started work as an electrical engineer on pad three. Later I was promoted to engineer at the main Block House, which meant I was involved with all the launches.

Each launch depended on the weather conditions. There was a five hundred foot tower in the middle of the complex used to accurately measure the wind speeds. All this information was fed into the computers that calculated the effect this would have on the missile during take-off.

Typically each Athena rocket had three launch stages. The first would get it off the launcher, maybe to an altitude of

5-10,000 feet before it was blown apart with explosive devices. Then followed the second stage burn before the reentry sequence started. The missiles were largely unguided, but each went up in a large parabolic arc, going to a height of around five miles above the surface of the earth and a total distance of five or six hundred miles.

The radio telemetry on board each rocket would send back the data as it re-entered the atmosphere. The computer technicians would record and study this data in the weeks after each launch.

SELECT GREEN RIVER VETERANS' ITEMS

Historically, Green River has a high percent of men and women who have served in the United States' armed forces. The exhibit display is a very small sample of objects representing these brave men and women. Please visit Jo Anne Chandler in the Green River Archives located in the basement of the John Wesley Powell River History Museum for more information on Green River's honorable veterans.

08

AMERICAN FLAG

Flag from the Green River American Legion Auxiliary, ca. 1948

09

MELON FARMING

Nancy Dunham

I've lived in Green River since 1955 when the uranium industry was in full bloom. My husband Gene had just gotten out of the army and we set up a supply house for the miners [see Table 03]. Gene got pretty well acquainted with all of these people and we travelled around a lot in the back of the pick-up truck, seeing some of the country. As our family got bigger, he started getting interested in farming.

Uranium folded about '64 or '65; the government subsidies ended and some of the mines closed down. The supply house business faded away and so we became full time farmers. We bought Ruby Ranch—20 miles south of Green River—and spent years working on irrigation to the point where we could raise cattle and grow hay. After 1968 we started raising a few melons on our other farm north of town. Pretty soon we found there was a market, and we had a family that could work it. The kids liked the income from selling a melon or two. And so we started a business.

The smiley face with the straw hat is our trademark, it was drawn by a friend of mine, a local girl, and painted onto glass windows during Melon Days. This was in about 1980. I immediately loved it and she granted it to me to use for our business. I like it because it gives people a happy attitude when they come to buy a melon. And half of any salesman's job is having the right attitude.

Melons are part of the community here. There were a whole bunch of us when we started. Now we're down to three basic growers. The labor is a pretty serious part of the industry; it takes a lot of effort to grow watermelons out of the ground.

NELSON'S SEEDLESS MELONS

Randy Nelson

My dad, who moved to Green River around 1942, was one of the first people in this part of the country to grow seedless watermelons. He started growing them in the '60s when I was in high school. Seedless melons are a hybrid. You have to plant the seedless melons in a hothouse and then transplant them to the field. You also have to have a row of seeded watermelons and then a row of seedless melons in order for them to pollinate; if you just plant seedless melons they won't make a melon—they're sterile.

Dad raised some darn-good seedless watermelons—big, beautiful, and sweet. He'd put this sign on the door of his old farm truck and he'd sell watermelons along the side of the road in Price, Moab, Salt Lake City, and Vernal. Back then there weren't a lot of watermelons brought-in by truck. People waited for the Green River watermelons that came in late August and September. Today there are so many watermelons trucked around the country that people don't really care for a watermelon in August and September; they're through with them by that late in the summer. The watermelon market has changed since my dad grew them. It got pretty tough, but after my dad passed away my brother and I continued raising melons until the early '90s.

GREEN RIVER TRAIL RIDE

Fran Randolph

The Trail Ride started out as the San Rafael Mail Run. This was Ted Ekker's grandfather and father's mail route and he wanted to ride it too. Six or seven friends got together in February of 1987 and we rode from Green River to the airport in Hanksville and delivered Valentines. The next year we decided that we would advertise it and see who would ride with us. We got three more people to participate, and the next year we had 50 people show up. Then we got better organized and started riding shorter loops and the mail run became the Green River Trail Ride, which lasted until 2010. We were permitted to have 150 people on a ride, and we were full to capacity most of the time.

We rode away from the roads as much as possible. When we began the Green River Trail Ride we started out by Goblin Valley, would go up Chute Canyon and come back down Little Wild Horse, about a 22 mile ride. Some people were ready for it and some people weren't used to the deep sand and boggy clay you encounter out there. But we made a lot of good friends and a lot of people came back every year—even though they'd done the same loop—just for the company and the show of it all. We had people dressed up as military, or actual cowboys, or city slickers who had shiny, brand new equipment that looked like it had never had the price tag taken off of it. But we made some great friends through the trail ride.

Eventually we stopped riding out by Goblin Valley because it got so popular with tourists and because one of our loops flash-flooded so that we couldn't get through a slot canyon. So we moved back towards Green River, making loops through areas like Ernie Canyon and Old Woman Wash. When people wanted to have something different we moved the ride on top of the Swell at Sinbad Interchange and proceeded to make a couple of loops near places like Eagle Canyon, Swasey's Cabin, and Dutchman Arch.

We generally had three or four people from Green River in the front with the leader (Laddie King took over after Ted). We tried to keep the riders between the leader and the people in the back. I always rode the rear of the pack just to make sure everybody would come in safely. We would be anywhere from an hour to two hours behind the leader. We took an extra animal in case an animal got sick or went down. The organizers all rode mules and the participants rode horses. They'd make a fuss about having to ride a mule, but the funny thing was their horse didn't make it. Mules are more agile, tougher, more sure-footed, and can survive on less feed. In my opinion they're just a better animal.

The Trail Ride would probably still be going today if our numbers had stayed up, but as gas prices rose people's priorities changed. It got to where we were down to 80 people, with nobody wanting to take it over, so it eventually shut down. It was a lot of work beforehand, but I always loved the ride. You always made good memories out there.

TRAIL HAT

Logan Spadafora

When I was eight or nine years old, after my grandfather died, my grandmother gave me his hat that he wore just about everywhere. He even died in that hat while riding a four-wheeler. He got it Mexico and added the red lanyard himself. I'm not much of a hat person, and the hat's too small for me now, but I did wear for special events like Melon Days or while out riding on the trails, including the one time I went on the trail ride with my aunt. My Aunt Fran Randolph owns several mules and one horse. When I was young I would occasionally be invited to go for a quick ride with her and my Uncle Mike. Each time that I went I would slowly develop my skills as a rider.

One year they invited me to go to the annual Trail Ride with them; I was so excited! The Trail Ride was a gathering of local riders that would go to a remote area and camp for two days. The first day we rode a long loop covering over twenty miles through the rugged terrain of the San Rafael Reef. The second day was a shorter loop because we had to disassemble camp. Each night we had a wonderful meal of meat, potatoes, and sourdough biscuits. The portions were huge and so was the flavor; a colossal steak and buttered garlic red potatoes did not disappoint. The atmosphere was amazing for a twelve-year-old. For a weekend I was a cowboy, tending to the animals and riding all day. Each day came with its own set of trials to complete while riding a mule. At the end of the Trail Ride I had proven myself a competent rider. I lucked out because that was the last year a trail ride was held. It had become too expensive to host it each year. Even though it doesn't happen anymore I will never forget the special experience I had that weekend.

HUNTING

Guy and Trudy Webster

Hunting in Green River has been around for a long time. A lot of the old-timers were official government hunters, paid by ranchers to protect their livestock from mountain lions and bears. These hunters travelled all over the state and were in high demand for catching animals. Some farmers also kept hounds to protect their livestock, but hunting wasn't a sport; it was about sustaining your livelihood.

Up on the Book Cliffs is the old Cunningham Ranch. When the family decided to sell, it became a protected area managed by the Utah Division of Wildlife Resources. It's a world renowned hunting area, with buffalo, elk, deer, mountain lion, and bear. It's in the backyard of Green River, yet most people have no idea that it's up there. It's fun to take people for the first time: the road starts rocky and dusty, but at the crest it's all lush green meadows—grass up to your knees. It's so beautiful.

Over thirty years, we've only harvested one bear each and one mountain lion. We probably won't take another one ever. Numbers are strictly limited. There are waiting lists of eighteen years in some cases. For us it's more about enjoying the experience of the hunt. Walking ridges in the snow, it can take all day to find a track, and sometimes you never catch up with the animal. When you do, it's a real privilege—getting to sit five yards away from an elk on a cold winter morning just as its bugling.

A number of people in town hunt for deer and waterfowl, but not many use hounds. We train our dogs from pups. It's in their blood to track, but they've got to be taught how to hunt. We've bred them from bloodlines across the US and Canada. We take the pups out with the older hounds, and you rely on them to train the younger ones. It can take two to three years before they are able to start a track, particularly in difficult weather conditions. Every dog we run

has a GPS and telemetry collar to track them; they can be running a couple days ahead of us. On the Book Cliffs, the bears and lions use the terrain to their advantage. We're on the animals' home turf. We've had dogs thrown off the mountain and killed by lions—a sad thing but part of the hunt. Sometimes you have to pull a dog off a ledge to safety. I've had to take ropes down a cliff to get to a dog.

We've always hunted as a family, first with our two kids and now our three-month-old grandchild has already been hunting with us. We feel it helped us raise good kids, giving them an awareness of nature and teaching them to learn from and appreciate the land. It's a world that a lot of people don't see. We live outdoors; we're not people who go to the movies. There are probably only three weeks of the year we're not hunting or training the dogs. There's a lot of commitment that goes into being a hunter.

GENE'S JEEP

Jonathan Salinas

As you drive down the main gravel road of Dunham Farms, you observe all sorts of objects from trucks to farm tractors that look older than the grey dirt of the desert. If you really think about it, the equipment scattered about is an ode to American ingenuity and entrepreneurship. Always striving for something new and improved—it is what men of old called Manifest Destiny. Towards the end of the bumpy gravel road there appears to be a pile of rust with specks of bright orange on it. If you take a closer look you can see the frame of an antiquated Jeep. Now this Jeep is not just any old Jeep; it is a 1943 Willys Jeep, the Jeep that helped win World War II. This Jeep has a rather interesting story that intertwines my family's past with what you might call destiny.

In 1945 my Grandfather, Eugene "Gene" Dunham was ordered to Italy. His job there was to decide whether the tanks, motorcycles, trucks, and Jeeps used during the war should be sold to Italian junkyards, melted for steel, or shipped back to the United States by sea—no easy task. While supervising the disassembling of hundreds of Jeeps, trucks, and other vehicles, he decided he would select the best parts from many different Willys and ship every part back to the U.S. for his own private use. Years later, when he returned to the U.S., my Grandfather reassembled a Willys from these parts, painted it orange, and continued on living his life. He married my grandmother Nancy, and they had six children together, including my mother, Gayna.

The old orange Jeep has gone through a lot over its 70 year life. Surviving the hard summers that Utah renders is no small task, but at the height of its use the Jeep drove through the jungles of Central America on a *National Geographic*-sponsored excursion. Though the Jeep brings to mind many memories, it is special to me because it represents how intercultural and diverse the Dunhams really are. We come from over ten countries, and we have, each

and every one of us, travelled extensively—to over hundreds of countries combined. Just like this Jeep was made up of hundreds of different parts from all over the U.S. and Europe, so is my extended family. Over the years of my own personal travels, every time I return to Green River and drive down that old gravel road I look at that old Jeep, thinking to myself how my cousins and I will someday restore it, bringing it back to its former glory. For now this is just a dream, but we Dunhams have many dreams and behind them a work ethic I have rarely seen come from any other people. I thank my Grandpa for bringing back that Jeep and for everything else he did for us. He was truly an American visionary and role model for younger generations.

SADDLE

Randy Nelson

My grandfather had a homestead on top of the Book Cliffs. My father and I would trail cattle up the river then through Rattlesnake Canyon to the top of the cliffs, about a fifteen mile ride. I've used this saddle since I was 13, riding it up and down those canyons until I stopped trailing cattle. It is a rough country with very little water. It's a dangerous landscape in which to be alone.

The last time I rode with my dad was in 1972. It was late October or early November, and we were coming down from the homestead and had entered the canyon when we realized that some of the cattle were missing, so we turned back to search for them. Dark fell and we had to make a camp in the canyon. It got below freezing and my dad and I took turns making and tending the fire, then moving the fire and sleeping in the warmth where the old one had been.

The next morning we decided that I would go back and wait with the rest of the herd and dad would go further up the canyon for the rest of the cattle. After several hours waiting, I saw my dad's horse coming toward me without my dad or his gun on the saddle. I rode back up the canyon and found him so badly bruised that he was barely able to walk. Paint, his horse, had gotten spooked and thrown him. We knew he couldn't walk out, so we made a plan: during our ride we had noticed seismographers flying over the canyons in helicopters. I rode back down and intercepted one of the helicopters before it took off and got it to pick up my dad and take him to the hospital.

We eventually sold the homestead to the Ute Indian Tribe, and my dad died soon after. I kept trailing cattle until I could no longer make a living doing it. It's been two or three years since I was last up there.

CATTLE RANCHING

The Dunham family kept livestock at the Ruby Ranch, fourteen miles south of Green River. Tucked beneath a distinctive red rock outcrop are several corrals that have existed for over one hundred years. Here cattle would be watered, weighed, and branded. Each cattle brand is registered with the Eastern Utah Cattlegrower's Association.

Every ranch has unique markings that clearly identify the owners of cattle bought and sold throughout the state. The Dunham family brand is created in two stages: the first uses two parallel line and crescent-shaped brands. If the calf was too be kept, the design could then be changed into a "ZD" by adding two extra strokes—one diagonal and one vertical line to the existing brand markings.

EASTERN UTAH CATTLEGROWER'S ASSOC. \$1,000 REWARD

will be paid for information leading to arrest and conviction of any person or persons stealing or killing livestock branded as stated below belonging to members of this association.

Ray Alger Moab		Rt thigh and hip	Arnel Holyoak Moab		Left rib	Taylor Livestock Moab		Left hip
Ernest Bastian Green River		Left rib	Don & Kathie Holyoak LaSal-Moab		Right shoulder	Leon Thayne Green River		Right shoulder
Kenny Bates Moab		Left shoulder	Paul Holyoak Moab		Right rib	Larry & Glenna Thomas Moab		Left shoulder
Harley Bates Moab		Left shoulder	Dean King Green River		Left shoulder	(Horses)		Left shoulder
Cunningham Cattle Co. Cisco		Left rib	Laddie King Green River		Left hip	(Horses)		Right hip and thigh
Gary Ekker Green River		Left rib	Mike Keener Green River		Right shoulder	White Ranch George White Spanish Valley		Left side
A.C. Ekker Green River		Left rib	Moore Land and Livestock Green River		Right rib	Wilcox Ranch LaSal		Left rib
Arthur Ekker		Left rib			Left hip	Don Wilcox Green River		Left and Right shoulder
Robber's Roost		Left rib			Left & Right hip	Jim & Kelly Wilcox (Cattle & horses)		Left rib and hip
Dunham Land and Livestock Green River		Left side	Kerry Rozman Green River		Left & Right rib			Left hip
		Left side			Right hip and thigh	Waldo Wilcox Green River		Left hip and thigh
		Left side	Silliman Cattle Green River		Right hip and thigh	Dave Wilcox Green River		Left hip and thigh
Gayna Dunham Green River		Left rib	Smith Cattle Co. Green River		Right hip and thigh	Ken Wilcox Green River		Left hip and thigh
Kresha Eastman Green River		Left rib	TN Company Butch Jensen Price		Left hip	John Vetere Green River		Left hip
Rey Lloyd Hatt Green River		Left rib	Kari Tangren Moab		Left hip			and thigh
Royd F. Hatt Green River		Left rib	Joe Taylor Moab (Horses)		Left hip	John Cory Vetere Green River		Left hip and thigh
Hatt-Bacon Livestock Green River		Right rib						

Dunham Land and Livestock Green River

Left side

Left side

BASKETBALL

an interview with Jonathan Mendez and Chance Pfander

This year the Green River High School boys' basketball team took second place in the UHSAA 1A championship, the furthest any Green River basketball team has gotten. Four of the starters were seniors (now graduates), known as the "Fab Four." Below Fab Four teammates Jonathan Mendez and Chance Pfander talk about what winning second place was like.

Bryan Brooks *How does Green River feel about basketball?*

Jonathan Mendez In Green River pretty much the whole town supports it. There's baseball, golf, and track, but the town supports basketball in a completely different way. I think that because we're such a small town it just brings us together. That's a large reason why we got to State this year—because this town is so big into basketball and they support us so much.

BB *When did you start playing?*

Chance Pfander I started playing basketball when I was a little kid—since I could walk probably. I didn't really get into basketball until Junior High came around; all my buddies like to play it a lot, so I grew to love playing it too. Now it's my favorite sport. With basketball, if someone on your team's not doing what they're supposed to do it really affects you. For the most part I've always played really well with everyone on my team.

JM I started playing when I was a kid too. We were all playing Junior Jazz—we were so small then.

BB *Why do you think you got to the championship?*

CP Mainly a lot of time and effort. On our own we'd go

play basketball just as a hobby and we got really good at it and knew how to play it. We always made each other better.

JM We had a really special group of kids this year. We knew we could make it there, and we did. At the start of the season we had double practices, one starting at five in the morning and the other after school. We did that for a whole two weeks and then just practiced after school for a while, but toward the end of the year we started doing it again just to stay in shape. We kind of hated it, but it really paid off.

BB *Tell me about getting to the championship.*

CP For the most part every game going to the championship was a close one. We beat Duchesne by six, Panguitch by one, and Bryce Valley by ten. These were all really good teams. Last year we played Panguitch and barely lost to them. This year we played them in the exact same spot, and we ended up beating them by one point.

JM It was insane; that game was crazy. Panguitch made a layup that put them up by one point. We had possession of the ball next and one of our teammates shot the ball and missed. TJ got the rebound and he tipped it in and puts us

"We had a really special group of kids this year. We knew we could make it there."

up by one. With 10 seconds left Panguitch called a timeout and when we come back in one of their teammates shoots the ball, and it rolls around the rim—our hearts just stopped—and it rolled out giving us the win. It was crazy!

BB *What was it like being at the championship game?*

CP It was way cool, walking out in the lights and the smoke at the start of the game. It was the coolest experience I've ever had in sports by far. It really got your adrenaline going. It sucked that we lost, but at the same time you're so happy to get to the championship.



Second in the State Green River High School Boys Basketball team members with their second place trophy

JM We were kind of bummed that we didn't get first, but I'm glad I got to live that experience—walking through the smoke. It didn't even hit me that I was in the championship game until I actually was in the smoke. They had a little conference before the game for all the seniors; they brought us into a room with the seniors from Rich High, our opponents, just talking to us about what we're supposed to do and when we walk through the smoke, and the two trophies were sitting there. We were just looking at trophies the whole time, not paying attention to what was being said.

BB *What will basketball be for you in the future?*

“It was way cool, walking out in the lights and the smoke at the start of the game. It was the coolest experience I've ever had in sports by far.”

JM If I keep living here I'd support the new teams, try to get involved as a coach maybe. I want to go to Snow College and I'd like to continue playing basketball there, but I've heard that's a pretty hard team to make.

CP Basketball will probably just be a hobby, but I might join a league at Weber State where I'm going to college.

BB *And basketball's future in Green River?*

CP This next year is going to be rough because our two starters are both moving, and all the seniors graduated, so the team will have a lot of young, unexperienced kids. But my little brother's seventh grade class has a bunch of kids like us that are really athletic and love to play sports. They've also got a lot more kids, so that's the class that's going to do really well, maybe even better than us.

PIRATE PRIDE

Pat Brady

We have 100-110 students at Green River High School, running from seventh grade through twelfth. Last year we had a graduating class of thirteen. A large percentage of our kids usually go on to higher education. They all really make something of themselves.

Sports are a really big deal for Green River. Our kids put a lot of effort and hard work into them. We've had a lot of state championships, a lot of regional championships, which is an achievement for such a small school. The community really supports us; they come out to the baseball games, the volleyball games.

Students pledge allegiance to a Pirate Charter, and we have a Mark Twain quote printed on the wall in the principal's office: "Now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates." Local businesses have the Pirate flag displayed in their premises to show support.

This year our boys basketball team took second in the state championships. It was a wonderful achievement. When the team came home, we called ahead to the Fire and Police Departments, and they got all the engines, ambulances and police cars to line up through the town with all the lights on. We told the coach driving the boys home to come into Green River from the eastern highway, and we were all waiting for them. The kids were absolutely thrilled; everyone was cheering. We arranged it so they would finish up at Ray's Tavern for dinner. That was a great community event.

TEACUP

Cassidy Bastian

When I was five, my dad built me a little playhouse. I helped paint it pink and white. When it was new, I played in the playhouse a lot. It had a fake kitchen set, and my friends and I would always play house or restaurant. We would even have sleepovers in the playhouse. In the house were lots of toys, but the one I played with the most was a dinky, tiny teacup with Snow White painted on its side. I got it out of the dollar toy machine from the Chow Hound. I searched the car to find all the change I possibly could to buy it. I was so happy when it was the Snow White one since she was one of my favorite princesses. My dolls would drink out of the cup or I would use it for a tea party.

Years later when I had forgotten about the little playhouse and all the toys inside, our backyard caught on fire and the playhouse and shed burned down. The fire came close to our actual house, but luckily it was stopped before it could cause any more damage.

Searching through the ashes where my playhouse once stood, I saw a little white object. It was the teacup. The fire charred the teacup black inside and some on the outside, but it was the only thing that survived from the playhouse. I gave the teacup to my mom and she put it on the kitchen windowsill. It has been sitting there ever since. When I see the teacup each day it reminds me of all the great childhood adventures I had in that little house. The playhouse might be gone, but the teacup survived, and so do the memories.

BABY SHOES

Gayna Dunham

Dad was a breech baby born in 1928 at home on the kitchen table in Rifle, Colorado. The breech birth caused blood restriction in his legs which were blue for a time. With a gloomy report from the doctor concerning the breech birth—dad would possibly not walk or have some difficulty doing so—Grandma Florence gently massaged his legs and feet with olive oil every day. He did learn to walk, and these were his shoes. In 1995, our daughter was born premature in Bolivia. I also rubbed her down every day with olive oil. We called her 'our salad' after the oil rub-down. She also wore these shoes; the bright and colorful laces were perfect for her.

LOCKER KEYS

Dakota Wetherington

In 1980 Tonya King Bigelow graduated from Green River High School. She stayed here to raise her kids and now teaches seminary. When she was in high school the school issued her two locker keys which replaced an old set she had in Junior high. If students lost the keys they cost \$2 to replace, which was a lot more money back then. She doesn't really remember why she kept them, but they remind her of high school experiences.

She remembers the juniors and seniors being really mean when she was in junior high: they would either stick underclassmen in a garbage can or hang them by a belt loop on a coat rack by the math room. The math teacher would find students there and he wouldn't even get them down, instead finding someone else to do it.

The old school housed kindergarten through 12th grade with the elementary grades on one end of the building, the high school on the opposite end, the lunchroom in the middle, and the gym in the basement. Tonya's class was one of the last to graduate who went to school in the old building; the unstable clay soil made the floor sink so students could pass things under the wall to other classes. Some of the teachers she had ended up teaching her children, and now she's been teaching seminary long enough to teach some of her students' children.

During her time there the school also had a football team; the field would've been where the Babe Ruth baseball field is now. During homecoming, every class between seventh and twelfth grade spent weeks building a trailer float. These floats usually pertained to whatever team they would be playing. The school also had a torch light parade where they would make torches, light them on fire, then hike from the high school to G Hill where they would light the G on fire.

Tonya also remembers Mr. Parsons coached the high school to back to back state volleyball champions her sophomore and junior years. Back then they always had region tournaments which no longer exist. As a junior Whitehorse High in Montezuma Creek first joined the region, and Tonya remembers having the farthest drive of her life on nothing but dirt roads to play against them. She reminisces on what Green River and Green River High School used to be, and what it is now. They are vastly different, but Tonya wouldn't trade being a Green River Pirate for anything.

QUINCEAÑERA FIGURINE

Judith Trejo

When I was a little girl I wanted to be a princess when I grew up, and I always dreamed of having a quinceañera. I would fantasize about the night's theme and the colors I wanted to use. Then my 15th birthday approached. Instead of being excited, I was nervous about becoming a young woman and all the responsibilities that came with it. I didn't want to be a princess anymore because I didn't feel comfortable in my own skin. I didn't feel pretty enough, strong enough, or special enough to have this great day where my family would watch me become a young woman. Then I walked into the church where I was going to be pronounced an official young woman, and there on a little table sat a present beautifully wrapped in my theme colors—purple, black, and silver—from Mrs. Mistie Bastian. I was very excited to get home after my party and open it to see what was inside.

So I waited for the day to pass and when I finally got home, I sat on the ground looking at the gorgeous box. I slowly opened it, wanting to both hurry and let the moment linger. When I finally opened it, I found another box, so I opened that too. Inside there was a porcelain figurine of a beautiful young woman in a pink dress. It instantly brought me back to when I was younger and dreaming about this special day. It was the first present I ever received that made me feel special and worthy of anything. Now every time I look at it, it makes me feel confident, unique, and strong. This is the reason we keep special things in our life: to remind us of our dreams and make us realize that little things in life can motivate us to be our best!

PORCELAIN DOLL

Cassidy Bastian

My grandmother, Donna Ryan, who also lives in Green River, made my mother, Mistie, a ceramic doll in 1982 when Mistie was thirteen. Donna made the doll at ceramics class. She used a mold to make the head, arms, and legs. She then fired it in a kiln so it would harden. She then painted the face, fingernails, and toes and made the body out of fabric. On the neck she carved "Mom 82."

Because it was so fragile, Mistie never played with the doll. Donna had made a doll for her other daughter, April, who not even a year after she got it dropped the doll on the tile floor and broke it. This made Mistie even more careful with her doll; it stood on the shelf in her room for years.

Mistie took the doll everywhere she moved. In 1988 when the family moved from their home in Centerville, Utah to Amarillo, Texas, the doll went with them. She kept it in a hard suitcase, so it wouldn't break. In 1991 Mistie moved to Green River, and so did the doll. The doll didn't have any clothes until one Melon Days she bought a lace dress for it. To this day the doll is sitting in the dining room in a china cabinet, still in perfect condition.

Mistie doesn't have any cool or adventurous memories with the doll. She didn't even name the doll. It just sat there. But it remains important to her because her mom took a lot of time and effort to make it for her. As the doll traveled everywhere, it always reminded Mistie of her mother, her old Centerville home, and all her childhood memories.

RAY'S BOWLING ALLEY

The building currently known as "Ray's Tavern" was built in 1907 as a hardware store. In 1943 it was converted into a skating rink on the entry level and a bowling alley in the basement. Today, Ray's Tavern is a Mecca for river rats (the front signage once read "Welcome Boaters" before the current "The Place for Everyone"), cyclists, dirt bikers, and motorcycle enthusiasts looking for charbroiled burgers and juicy steaks.

HORSEHAIR HATBAND

Kathy Ryan

Pearl Biddlecome Baker was born in 1907 in Ferron, Utah. Two years later, her family moved nearby to a ranch that included the notorious Robber's Roost, an outlaw hideout in southeastern Utah used mostly by Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch gang. Pearl and her husband bought this ranch after her father died in 1929, but her husband died soon after. She ran the ranch alone through the Great Depression while raising two young boys until she remarried in 1934. Five years later, Pearl sold the ranch to her sister and brother-in-law and moved to Oregon. She moved back to Utah (White Canyon) in 1949 where she taught school and ran the local post office and trading post. Because of her familiarity with Southeastern Utah and the ranch, Pearl published a requisite text about the history of Robber's Roost titled The Wild Bunch of Robbers Roost. Pearl died in Price, Utah in 1992.

Pearl Baker taught me how to make these horsehair hatbands. She was one of the last people in town to make them, and she wasn't the kind of person to teach just anyone.

Once she owed my husband some money for work he did out at the graveyard and he suggested she teach me how to make these hatbands instead. So Pearl taught me. It's a real skill that requires a lot of patience. Each one takes around 1000 hours to make. You have to wash and shampoo the hair, because you use your mouth in the process. The cross detail is something that was particular to Pearl; she had a real skill and eye for detail.



Pearl Baker in an iconic photograph with signed greetings for Kathy and Randy Ryan

MY HERO IVA WILSKE

Dakota Wetherington

To all of you this may be just a blanket, but to me it's so much more. It isn't even about the blanket itself but the person who made it. She was a second grade teacher, mother, wife, sister, and friend. But most importantly she was my hero! She taught me empathy, kindness, understanding, service, and strength. She battled stage four cancer for over six years and still continued to be a full time teacher. If that isn't strength, I don't know what is. Even with everything she was going through she still served others because whatever they were going through (no matter how stupid) was more important to her. I will never forget one of the last things she said to me: "It is what it is, we have to make the best of it." This was right after the doctors took her off chemo and told her there was nothing else they could do for her. She wasn't Superman, Spiderman, or Batman. She was better—a real life super hero, my hero. Not all superheroes wear capes. Some just wear a smile and lend a helping hand. And if that's not what Green River is all about, I don't know what is.

STAINED-GLASS WINDOW

Jo Anne Chandler

Mr. George Thurman was an early settler in Green River. In 1906 he built our Bible Church, the first Presbyterian Church in town. It's been in continuous use ever since and it's on the Historical Buildings Commission list and on the Utah Historical listing of buildings. At the same time Thurman was building his own home. The stained glass windows in the church and the stained glass windows in his home came from the same manufacturer in Germany. We have not been able to locate that place yet, but I would be in seventh heaven to know where they came from.

I came from a Navy family in Virginia, and we moved frequently. When I was a kid we'd never live in one place more than two or three years. In 1966 we came to Green River and moved into George Thurman's old house. It was always referred to as "the Big House" because it was a two-story building. Before that we'd lived in small one-story homes. My mother's younger brother lived with us, so we were always quite squashed. We finally had space when we came to Green River.

Three of the four of us were married in that house, along with friends. It had the most beautiful staircase, it came not straight down—*Gone-with-the-Wind*-style—but at an angle and then across and you came into the living room. Any brides that were married there—other than my sisters and myself—I helped out. I'd peek over the railings to make sure they made it to the bottom. I watched my uncle and his wife get married there; I thought he was going to pass out at one point, because the minister kept going on and on and on. Presbyterian preachers can be long-winded.

In 1985 a fire destroyed the house. The window panel was one of the few things we could salvage. It's a remarkable fact that it survived, not only the fire, but also generations of children from 1906 to 1985, playing baseball and basketball

and volleyball. After the fire my brother re-built the house across the driveway, and that's the house I live in now. This window is like an old blankey that you hang on to—expect you can't sleep with this one!

BUTTER CHURN

Randy Nelson

This butter churn was one of my mother's. It was always around the home when I was growing up. You'd milk the cow and the cream would come to the top in the gallon jugs in the fridge, and you'd skim the cream off and put it in bottles. When you had enough you'd put it in the churn and you'd make butter. My mom gave it to us because we had a milk cow and our kids would use it to make butter as well.

When I was growing up, when a cow would have a calf you'd take the calf off the cow and feed it with a bottle. As a young teenager I took care of a Holstein calf named Holly. I later sold it when I graduated from high school and that was the money I used to go to school. She was just a cow, but cows have personalities too. You'd sit down to milk her and she'd wrap her tail around the back of your head, so you'd hold her tail down and put it between your legs. Then she'd pick up her foot and stomp on the bucket and ruin the milk.

My wife Jackie and I had one cow that if you left the baling twine anywhere that cow would grab that piece of baling twine and chew it. It'll plug a cow up if it gets string in its stomach; it can kill them. So I was always trying to keep string away from her. One day I cut the string on a bale of hay and that damn cow grabbed it and took off. She was chewing it up when I got her cornered, and I reached my hand in her mouth to grab the string and pull it out and she mashed my thumb—I pulled back a bloody stump! That's the only time I've heard of a cow biting somebody; cows don't bite, but that one did. What a life!

FRIENDSHIP CRUISE

Kathy Ryan

The Friendship Cruise started with the Moab and Green River Chambers of Commerce working together to let people explore both the Green and Colorado Rivers.

In the beginning it was a race to see who could travel the 186 mile distance the fastest. I think the record of just under three hours was set back in the '60s. A lot of people would build their own racing boats. We still had boat shops in Green River at that time. For the rest it was a more social event. The town put on a big breakfast at the start, and at Anderson Bottom there would be live music and a barbeque.

I've been Commodore since 1996, which involves organising the event, sponsorship, administration, putting people in place on the river, setting up the refuelling stations, permitting, taking money, and shuttling vehicles to Moab or back to Green River if a boat broke down. It's a really big undertaking and it involved so many people from the community. We used HAM radios because there is no communication down in the canyons. Those guys were such an asset to the cruise and they ran a real risk by setting up their stations high up on the cliffs in all kinds of weather to make sure we could all keep in contact.

The Friendship Cruise used to bring a lot of people to town from all over the country. It was a great asset for Green River; local people took pride in the event. The largest total of participants was 700 boats, but towards the end we were lucky to get 50. But we're kicking around, trying to see if we can relaunch the event as something specific to Green River. It could be simpler to plan. It's about organising and having a passion for something, and seeing a lot of hard work come together at the end.

"THIS IS GREEN RIVER" FILM

Documentary by Alice Masters filmed May 21-June 19, 2015 (16 minutes)

Featuring interviews with:

Glenn and Jo Baxter

Pat Brady

Nancy Dunham

Juan Gutierrez

Kathy Ryan

Jonathan Salinas

Richard Seeley

Guy and Trudy Webster

PARTICIPANTS

Cassidy Bastian
Mistie Bastian
Glenn and Jo Baxter
Tonya Bigelow and family
Keith Brady
Pat Brady
Chelsey Cain
Jo Anne Chandler
Gayna Dunham
Nancy Dunham
Kristina Farnsworth
Cathy Gardner
Green River Archives
Green River High School
Green River Senior Center
Craig Gowans
Juan Gutierrez
Tom and Shlisa Hughes
Barbara Hudnall
Doreen Lehnhoff and family

Tristen Lehnhoff
Chris Lezama
Jonathan Mendez
Randy and Jackie Nelson
Janeice Pfander and family
Chance Pfander
Justin Queen
Fran Randolph
Joshua Rowley
Randy and Kathy Ryan
Jonathan Salinas
Richard Seeley
Logan Spadafora
Orion Stand-Gravois
Maria Sykes
Judith Trejo
Guy, Trudy, and Cody Webster
Joe West
Dakota Wetherington



TELLING THE
UNTOLD STORIES
OF OUR TOWN
USING PERSONAL
OBJECTS

2015

THIS IS
GREEN RIVER