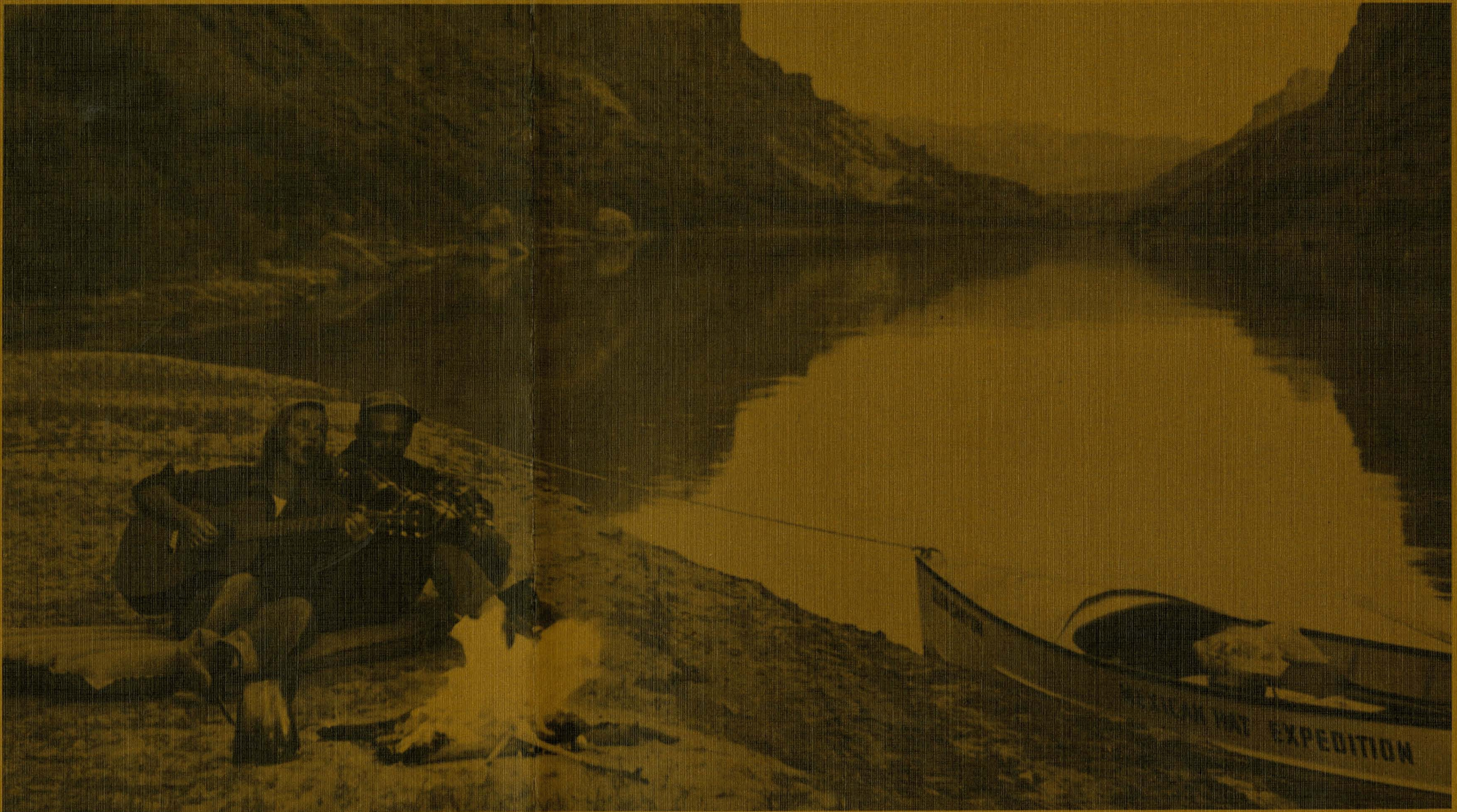


FOLK SONGS OF THE COLORADO RIVER

SUNG BY KATIE LEE FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5333



FOLK SONGS OF THE COLORADO RIVER SONG BY KATIE LEE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5333

FOLK SONGS OF THE COLORADO RIVER

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MUDDY RIVER

(Lee)

THE CANYONEERS

(Clingman)

DRINKING SONG

(Lee)

KAVITATIN' KATIE

(Taylor, Lee, Cutler, Marston)

SONG OF THE BOATMEN

(Lee, Gilyson)

TALE OF THE TICKABOO

(Lee)

RAPIDS AHEAD

(Triplehorn, Jones)

RIVER LULLABY

(Heale)

THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD SAN JUAN

(Lee)

TWO LITTLES FLIES

(Triplehorn)

WHEN THE COLORADO RISES

(Heale)

THE HIPPOPOTAMI

(Mexican Hat, Lee)

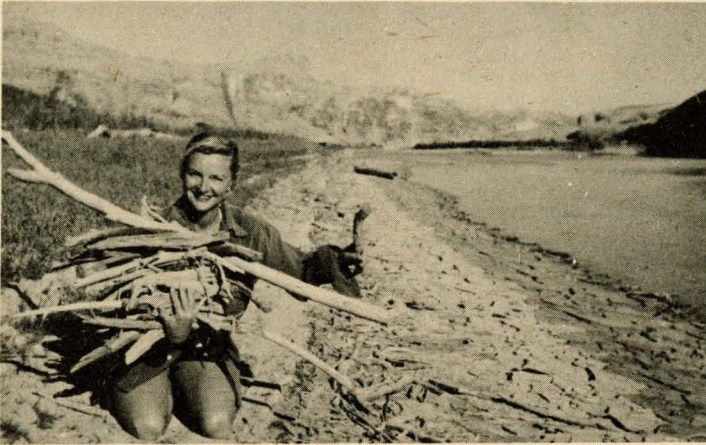
THROUGH THIS WORLD

(Lee)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

THE FOLK SONGS AND POEMS OF THE COLORADO RIVER

Collected and Edited by Katie Lee for Folkways Records



DESTRUCTION OF THE COLORADO'S

GLEN CANYON

REQUIEM

(A Poem)

You've silenced me! You've cut my chattering
string!

Are you glad that I no longer sing?
Are you proud, now in my millionth year,
Proud to see my journey's end so near?
And when you've covered o'er my secret
carvings back beyond,
Will you feel might at having laid my restless
waters still?

I'm sure you will!

You never knew, nor took the time to find
What strange and wondrous scenes I left
behind.
Nor felt the blanket pressure of the stars
Hold you against the warmth of my sandbars.
My deep and winding crevasses you've never
climbed with pounding heart
To turn, and down the fluted sides in wonder
let a tear fall through.
No! Not you!

You have no tears! You've dollar signs for
eyes!
Not one of nature's wonders made you wise.
Your only thought was how to cloak the facts.
Which men can we buy? Who'll get the fat
contracts?
I nearly flipped my stream that day I saw
my face in LIFE.
You had me growing corn on rock where even
God had never tried!
Oh, how you lied!

Only a few who've stood with me alone
In the twilight bottom of a bowl of stone
Only those who've followed me in wild
elation
Will feel each drowning inch with suffocation!
To them I leave a truth the likes of you
will never find.
It can't be bought, or sold, nor spit upon,
nor torn apart.
It is the heart!

Katie Lee-1958

The Colorado River is young, yet ageless. It is a wild, raging torrent, yet gentle as a lamb. It is crystal clear, then coffee-with-cream farther down. It is cold, it is warm, it is always wet and it is referred to as HE by those who have felt his strength against their oars. He is a river to be admired for the beauty he has created and respected for the canyons he has carved. Sadly, the Colorado, great watershed of the Western Hemisphere, is not much of a river any longer. Instead he is a series of dams with fluctuating lakes backed up behind, ringed with scum, destruction and debris, and packed with seventy-five foot mud flats where once beaver built the sort of dams that nature intended.

These man-made dams are here, not so much for the good they might have done, as for political reasons. They are here because the general public is apathetic about the destruction of it's wilderness, because the government agencies who build dams (the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Corps of Engineers) have a strong propaganda machine, and because the many conservationist organizations fail to operate as one toward a common goal to preserve this wilderness. It is in the wind now that they will lose the battles they have already fought and won to the avarice of city, state, and governmental politics, unless they import lobbyists and pay off judicial committees to keep their interests afloat, just as the politicians do.

To those of us who love the river for what it is, who have found the Glen Canyon to be one of the most beautiful, unmolested, clean, fascinating areas in the country, packed with scientific information, with ancient history and ruins, and who have experienced adventure unparalleled amid its winding side canyons, the damming of its flow seems an appalling waste of everything. Everything except yours and my tax money---unlimited.

Our of a conflict of ideas, varying sense of values, intensity of emotion, grow songs. Songs of love, songs of protest, songs of humor, of historical value, and songs that

express a way of life along a great river. The men who have lived beside and boated this river for a living during the last three decades are in great part responsible for the preservation of these songs. But they have been caught in the net of "progress" (an ill-used word) and must sink if they don't swim with it---their songs are likely to drown because there is no river left to carry them on.

It is "progress" to destroy beauty, wild life, ancient ruins, solitude. And now, though nobody will be able to tell you why, it is progress to destroy one of the wonders of the world---your Grand Canyon. A great thunderhead of water once carved that mild-deep gash in the earth, it will carve no more! At this writing there is a mere trickle being let through at the will and whim of man. Glen Canyon dam holds it. A few more years and a magnificent river will find its grave there because the power companies and surplus crop growers of Phoenix, Arizona, propose a series of three more dams down in the Grand Canyon. There used to be a law blocking even the proposal of such a pernicious idea, but some Senator with "progress" on the brain and dollar signs for eyes, struck that from the books just as Senator Moss of Utah was able to strike from the Colorado River Storage Project Act the invaluable lines: "... as part of the Glen Canyon Unit the Secretary of the Interior shall take adequate protective measures to preclude impairment of the Rainbow Bridge National Monument." and the provision, "It is the intention of Congress that no dam or reservoir constructed under the authorization of the Act shall be within any national park or monument." Needless to say, the Grand Canyon is both National Park and Monument. You, as a citizen, will hear about dams in the Grand Canyon only if you take National Parks Magazine, belong to the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, or some lesser known conservationist group. The dams will be lightly referred to as "Bridge Canyon Dam", "Marble Canyon Dam", perhaps "Spencer Canyon Dam", and there will be no mention that they are down in the Grand Canyon and that their waters will inundate Park and Monument land. The rest of you will hear about it when it's finished, probably as a "marvelous new recreation area". Meanwhile, you will remain uninformed as the instigators go about their plans to dam it and dam it and dam it. There seems to be no way to inform the general public of this menace. Newspapers, the most likely source of information, are tied to the political machine and will rarely print an article on the conservationists' side. And so, with eyes to the almighty dollar, the Wreck-the-Nation Bureau (a neatly turned word) and the Corps of Engineers with their state and federal backers have put every river in America up for grabs. Between them they have already taken most of our great wilderness rivers: The Snake, the Salmon, the Gunnison; they've plugged the Green, stifled the San Juan, corked the Colorado and the Wind rivers. They've left more scars on the old Platte, Brazos and "Missoo" than a berzerk surgeon with his sutures, and one out of every ten of these dams was "... worthy and right for the significance of earth."

The three loudest crepitations made by the Wreck-the-nation Bureau and the Corps when passing propaganda are: (1) "Immense, new recreation areas". (2) "Irrigation of arid, fallow lands". (3) "Power, power, electric power for our bulging, progressive cities". Under the crepitations is, of course, much hot air... because:

(1) It was already a recreation area, before the dam, only much larger than it is now. It had many sandy beaches and willow trees; secret, winding, narrow canyons to explore, each little canyon having its own clear stream and the tinkling voices of many waterfalls. It was there for anyone who wished to go and enjoy, only then it was free of the debris of the beer-can heaver, the kleenex-bush planter and the incurable wrapper-dropper. The kind of person who makes the effort to go to a place of beauty and experience the effect this beauty has upon his spirit, is not likely to clutter it up for the next kindred soul. The river, with few exceptions, was always clean. "Ready-made recreation areas" collect a different breed; correlate them with the mess a fluctuating lake makes and the damage is interminable.

(2) When Glen Canyon Dam became a reality, LIFE MAGAZINE ran an article on the great merit of this worthy project. There appeared drawings where the land would blossom forth with lush vegetation. To those of us who knew the country it was a bit startling, since the area on which they were growing greenery was solid Navajo, Keyenta and Wyngate sandstone, reaching back off the river some fifty miles on either side and averaging eight hundred feet in thickness. God has never been able to grow anything on it, but then God isn't the Wreckthenation Bureau! Now that the dam is in they've changed their minds... it isn't going to be used for irrigation after all. The U.S. Government pays millions of dollars a year to cotton, wheat the corn growers not to raise more crops for the surplus market.

(3) Hydro-electric power is as outmoded as the Pony Express. There are atomic plants at work now doing, more effectively, the work that hydro-electric power has done in the past. We are a nation of incongruities. We can send a man around the world in eighty minutes, but we can't de-salinize sea water to keep our ever-dropping water table above the danger point. Does a dam help that? No. Evaporation is unbelievable high in arid country and again the profits are lost.

Conservationists have had little success in their wide-spread attempts to keep dams down to a minimum, but eight years ago the Sierra Club did avert disaster by putting a stop to the destruction of Dinosaur National Park. They now find they have exchanged one Dinosaur for a hundred by letting the dam go in at Glen Canyon instead. Plus that fact that, with waters encroaching on Rainbow Bridge National Monument this year, the politicians will be able to go back to Dinosaur and build their dam. (In the May issue of National Parks Magazine, 1963, there is a complete account of Rainbow Bridge Record and Requiem, proof that the law was violated, and the promises allotted by law unkept; a disgrace, and certainly

a blot on the national conscience. If the government can't keep its own laws, should we be expected to?)

When the Conservationists asked for the simplest and least expensive method of preserving Rainbow Bridge, after losing the river to the dam builders, they met with cotton plugged ears. All the Bureau had to do was lower Glen Canyon dam a few feet to keep the impounded waters of Lake Powell below the Monument level. A river makes a bad lake. It doesn't like staying in one place. The Colorado has already proven that behind Boulder Dam. He goes up in the spring, down in the fall, he leaves angry marks along the vertical walls (all two hundred miles of them) on both sides, and he leaves stinking, mosquito-infested mud flats at the upper end. Once there were no mosquitos in Glen Canyon, now the beautiful little side canyons that were so enchanting to explore are choked with rotted timber, drift and orange peels, floating beer cans and bottles, as the Wishing Well is choked on Lake Mead, only in place of one such canyon, there are hundreds in the Glen. Thank God I was able to see Rainbow Bridge before its canyon was a catch-all. I wish you could have.

The Glen Canyon of the Colorado, unlike any other place on the globe, with the exception of the ancient city of Petra on the other side of the world, is gone. Its history, Indian ruins, scientific fascination, yes, and even the lessons it held for us in geology, as well as its uranium deposits and placer gold operations lie dark in over two hundred feet of water. Pore Colly Raddy's lovely beaches of clean, sparkling sand, his gravel bars, balanced rocks, Fern Glens and Dungeon Canyons will no longer echo along the talking water---his waterfalls are stilled. Well known writers now lament his passing. Brooks Atkinson... "it reminds us that we have inherited, through some inscrutable mystery, a compact planet of varied splendours". Eliot Porter's great book, The Place No One Knew... "absolutely not needed in this century, (Glen Dam) almost certainly not needed in the next, and conceivably never will be needed at all." Why didn't they say something seven years ago? Why didn't this album come before now? Because I think we honestly believe in our hearts that such things won't really happen... we believe some of the greatness in man will momentarily bubble to the surface and stop the steamroller, halt the rising gages of destruction, but it does not... and so

A law lies broken.

Rainbow Bridge is unprotected.

A reservoir encroaches upon a National Monument...

And ravenous PROGRESS is under way! Hurray!

Hurray! for the Wreck-the-Nation Bureau Bureaucrats with souls so pure-o Wiped out the good Lord's work in five short years.

They never saw the old Glen Canyon Just dammed it up while they were standin' At their drawing boards with cotton in their

ears!

Three cheers! for the Wreck-the-Nation Bureau For them you'll find there is no cure-o All waters of the world they would impound. I'll tell you now of their latest whimsey To fill Grand Canyon to the brimsey While Rainbow Bridge comes crashing to the ground!

Oh, they're gonna dam the Frying Pan You're next old Roarin' Fork. And when they built Glen Canyon dam The San Juan got a cork! No river's safe until these apes Find something else to do So have your fun in Cataract Cause after that, you're through!

Katie Lee - 1963

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BOATING THE COLORADO RIVER

Don Juan Onate, in 1604, looked down on it from somewhere near the Grand Canyon's rim and pronounced it Colorado--red. This name was later changed to Grand River and then back again to Colorado. The miners and the cowboys called it Colly Raddy, mostly because they never could pronounce a Spanish word. For a large river it has a rather short human-contact history. It was first scientifically noted and surveyed from Greenriver, Wyoming, then thought to be its headwaters, through the Grand Canyon to the Gulf of California, in 1869 by the one-armed Major, John Wesley Powell. There is some question among historians as to whether he was the first man through the Grand Canyon. In 1867 a man named James White was found lashed to a crude raft on the river bank near Callville (a town now inundated by Boulder Dam), babbling incoherently and certainly off his nut from the heat and brutal treatment the rapids above had given him. He continued to claim up to his death that he had come through that impossible canyon, but nobody knows where he started, and he couldn't prove it.

There is no question that with a party of competent scientists and explorers, Major Powell was the first to bring any real knowledge of the river out with him (though he lost two men doing so). He kept an ebullient diary, and wrote extensively of his trip after completing it.

Those before him, the Indians, both prehistoric and modern, never fooled with the river, never built boats to float its fickle surface, may never have crossed it--some archeologists believe. It must have acted as some God or boundry to them, which they didn't breach. The French trappers who usually came to a river before anyone else, found little enough to keep them there, and too much real danger involved to get that. So the river was left pretty much to itself until about 1879 when an itinerant miner named Cass Hite discovered gold in the gravel bars of the Glen Canyon and started to rush to its banks and the banks of two tributaries, the San Juan and the Green.

Commercially it was never navigable. Then in 1934, Norman Nevills, a wirey and imaginative

desert rat from Mexican Hat, Utah, built his first boat out of the boards of an old privy and floated the San Juan, onto the Colorado and down to Lee's Ferry. The next few years found him re-designing his San Juan boats and drawing plans for a completely new type of boat for the rugged rapids of the Grand Canyon. This was a sadirn in shape, made of stout marine plywood with watertight compartments 'fore and aft. It had extra long, heavy, but well balanced oars, could turn on a dime, was eighteen inches at the gunnels, carried two passengers only--and gear, drew six inches of water when fully loaded--about half a ton, and, if flipped in a rapid, would not sink. The passengers, with or without life jackets might sink, but not the Cataract, as it was called. (This first boat of Norm's now lies in state at the Grand Canyon Museum.) After improving on Major Powell's boats, he went on to perfect the method of running fast water. "It's stern first into the rapid", he would say. "You face your danger" by rowing upstream against the current for control as you steer off the tongue of the rapid into the raging torrent. "Major Powelling" a rapid means to point your bow downstream and row like hell. Naturally, if you hit anything at such a speed, sometimes thirty-five miles an hour, you'll split in half.

Norm made his first run through the Grand from Greenriver, Wyoming to Lake Mead in 1938. Eleven years later, having established his Grand Canyon run as one of the most thrilling commercial trips in the world, he was killed in his own plane trying to land (out of gas) on the Mexican Hat landing field. His wife, Doris, died with him. They left Norm's mother, two daughters, four Grand Canyon cat boats, six San Juan boats, a couple of mining claims and the Lodge at Mexican Hat which they owned and operated.

In early 1950 the boats and operation of them on the rivers were bought by two of Norm's boatmen, Frank Wright, of Blanding, Utah and Jim Rigg, of Grand Junction, Colorado. They built two twenty-one foot cabin cruisers to add to the fleet, known then as Mexican Hat Expeditions, and made the first commercial run through the Grand Canyon in them in 1953, running all rapids, as they had to, but as the "cat" boats often could not.

I came to the river in 1953, made my first run through the Grand in the twenty-one footers. They said at the time I was the third woman to have run all the rapids in that canyon. On that trip I found them already singing songs like "Rapids Ahead!" and "When the Colorado Rises". Since then I have made two more Grand Canyon trips in the cat boats with Frank Wright as my boatman and guide. The rest of the sixteen trips have been on the San Juan, the Salmon, and through the Glen Canyon--where I acted as guide and explorer.

Frank Wright elected in 1957 to be river guide for the Museum of Northern Arizona and the University of Utah. They wished to pull out as much of the ancient culture of the Indian people as possible before the dam inundated all the sites. He sold Mexican Hat Expeditions to Gay Staveland, husband of Joan Nevills, daughter

to the late Norm, and the cycle was complete.

Commercially, there are other people who boat these rivers: Buzz Hatch, A.K. Reynolds, Harris and Brennen, Georgie White, Art Green, and Rod Sanderson, to name a few. I have made attempts to collect song material from them in the past but was never successful, though I know songs are being written. I have always gone with the old Nevills' crew and collected the songs from them and their passengers. Gay and Joan now operate Mexican Hat Expeditions, but with most of the river dammed and a mere trickle going through the Grand Canyon, I don't know where they will run in the future, or what they will sing about. If the songs already made outlive the river's destruction, it will be a miracle.

Reference books on the Colorado River:

Canyons of the Colorado - John Wesley Powell

A Canyon Voyage - F.F. Dillenbaugh

Beyond the One-Hundredth Meridian - Wallace Stegner

The Colorado - Frank Waters (Rivers of America series)

Colorado Controversy - Julius Stone

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico - Ellsworth Kolb

First Through the Grand Canyon - R.E. Lingenfelter (story of White)

FOLK SONGS, AND POEMS OF THE RIVER

MUSIC TEMPLE

(A side Canyon off the Glen)

If anyone should ask me where
I wish to sing,
I know a place where whispers rush
To join a bird on wing,
Where silence is cacophonous
Where even thoughts are heard
And all words come together
To make the only word.

Beneath this wind-sucked archi-dome
Time-hollowed out of stone
I have sung in solitude, yet
Never sung alone.

My notes rose up in harmony
To join a mighty choir,
Then fell in thirds, beside the words
Of Nero's golden lyre.

Poem by K.L. 1958

MUDDY RIVER

Muddy River was composed by me during the winter of 1953 while I was longing to be back on the beautiful Sepia Serpent instead of in Hollywood singing for my bread and butter. It tells of a trip that begins on the San Juan at Mexican Hat, Utah, winds through an entrenched meander called the Goosenecks of the San Juan, flattens out at Piute Farms, which sometimes makes pushing the boats over the sandbars the only way to get down. It joins the Colorado at mile 78 and proceeds down to Lee's Ferry, an old Mormon crossing. Just below here it enters Marble Canyon of the Grand, picks up the Little Colorado, which river, when not in flood, wears the deepest stain of turquoise from a travertine spring some 13 miles above her confluence with the Colorado. It winds through the Upper, Middle and Lower Granite Gorges, over such major rapids as "Hermit", "Granite", "Hance", which inspired the expression, "That one'll make a Christian out of you!" It passes the gettin'-on-and-off-place, Phantom Ranch, a mile deep in the earth at the foot of Bright Angel Trail where all the tourists come bow-leggin' down on the mules, and the deer are fed pancakes every morning. Toroweep Point overlooks the largest, most feared rapid in the canyon, Lava Falls. Sleeping on the beach a mile above, it's roar can be plainly heard--and felt, as it shakes the ground under your air mattress. But that is not why the air was gone from mine. The boatmen have a trick or two in their sinister little minds!

Now if I had a Mexican Hat
I wouldn't put it on
I'd jump right in
From it's broad brim
And skim down the San Juan.
And if somebody made for me
A good old Gooseneck pie
I'd rather float
On down his throat
In a river boat, says I.

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, oh, --oh, oh, oh, Muddy River
Oh, oh, oh, on your way down to the sea.
I'll take your rapids and your roar
Like they ain't never been took b'fore
And come a runnin' back for more
Cause you don't worry me!

There is a stretch at Piute Farms
That sorta makes me doubt'cha
Your throat will parch
From this death march
And take the starch from out'cha.
And then the San Juan flows right on
To meet his blood relation
And if your ear
Is tuned I fear,
You'll hear this conversation.

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, oh, --oh, oh, oh, Muddy River
I'm the Mighty Colorado, that I am
You mud with me, I'll mud with thee
We'll send our flood down to the sea
I'll meet'cha there for a big party
We'll bust out Boulder Dam!

Then, Lee, he built a Ferry there
 And Brigham Young did boss it
 He spent his life
 To pay the price
 For all his wives to cross it.
 The Little Colorado has
 A habit quite peculiar
 She'll turn her hue
 To a turquoise blue
 My gosh! I hardly knew ya!

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, oh--oh, oh, oh, Muddy River
 Oh, Little Colorado marry me
 And over Hermit we will forge
 We'll snuggle up in the Granite Gorge
 And on to Lava we will roar
 Just crash along with me!

On, the mules work hard at Phantom Ranch
 But the deer are really livin'
 Just have a seat
 And a buck will eat
 All the buckwheat cakes you'll give'im
 At Toroweep I went to sleep
 A dreamin' of an actress
 In great despair
 I woke up there
 The air gone from my mattress!

CHORUS: (Same as 1st chorus)

At Lava Falls the roar appalls
 And no words can define it
 We stood on shore
 For a week or more
 And swore that we would "line" it.
 "No guts!", I heard a boatman say
 As down the tongue he rowed it
 He pulled ashore
 With a broken oar
 Some forty miles below it!

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, oh,--oh, oh, oh, Danger River
 Boiling, seething, churning to the sea
 Your rapids took me, and your roar
 Like I ain't never been took b'fore
 I ain't so sure I want some more.
 A Christian you made me!

THE CANYONEERS

... was written by Loy Clingman, cowboy and
 geetar-picker and one-time trail guide and bus
 driver at the South Rim. He had seen the
 boats come into the bank there at Bright Angel
 Creek and had talked to Norm and some of the
 other boatmen about their trips, which inspired
 him to write this song about it, even though he
 himself has never boated the river.

Come listen, and I'll tell a tale
 Of hardy Canyoneers
 That breed of me, the River Rats,
 Who live without the fears
 Of common ordinary men
 Whose worries sure are small
 Compared to those who flirt with death
 Beneath that high grey wall.

CHORUS:

What's in a man to make him thirst

For the kind of life he knows is cursed
 He'll die a lonely River Rat,
 Foolhardy Canyoneer.

If you've ever wondered what you'd do
 When all the chips were down
 If you doubt you'd do what a man would do
 When danger comes around
 Then take the test to prove the case
 To see if courage palls
 As the waves leap thirty feet or more
 On the trip through Lava Falls.

Chorus:

At night at rest on a rocky beach
 He hears an eerie sigh
 The Lonely Phantoms of the gorge
 Whose mournful voices cry
 "Although we ran the rapids wild
 And with our lives did pay,
 We welcome you, you River Rats
 Who come this dismal way."

THE DRINKING SONG

In 1956, on the Upper half of the Grand Canyon
 this toast was composed by me and other mem-
 bers of the trip. Though there are many clear
 streams running into the Colorado from side
 canyons, many of us prefer to drink the
 Colorado water which is silt laden. A can-full
 set in the bottom of the boat for ten minutes
 settles out to clear water and tastes better
 than a good many of the highly mineralized
 streams flowing in from springs. It may look
 too thick to drink and too thin to plow, but it
 isn't. Unfortunately it isn't too thick to dam.

We drink to thee, O Colorado
 Mighty river, full of wonder.
 We love your canyons, deep in shadow.
 Our bailing cans we raise
 Full of Muddy Water.

KAVITATIN' KATIE

There has always been a bit of rivalry on the
 river between the various kinds of "craft"
 used to travel its turbulence. The power-
 boaters look down on the cataract boaters,
 the cat-boaters peer disdainfully at the
 canoe and kayakers (who can't run the
 Grand's heavy water anyway) and we all look
 down on the sausages--the rubber rafts.
 Otis "Dock" Marston, who was first of all
 one of Norm's boatmen, left the oars for
 power about '51 and since then has designed
 and perfected powerboats of various sizes,
 shapes and materials to make his runs. He
 is quite an authority on fast water boating
 and has kept the only near-accurate record
 of all passage through the Grand Canyon since
 Powell and White. We encountered Dock down
 in the canyon several times, and I understand
 Kavitatin' Katie was written by his crew (all
 male) after one of those meetings. I under-
 stand also that I do not have all the verses,
 as they couldn't be printed. Too bad! Willie
 Taylor, who is said to have instigated this
 song and who turned the verses over to me,
 died going through a rapid on Dock's 1955

trip...died of a heart attack, which he was
 expecting, and asked to be buried on the
 river he loved, which he was. That same
 year we had to play footsie with Georgie White
 and her "gang" --some 40 people in Army
 surplus bridge pontoons! Dock and the boys
 obviously heard about it, as the lyric would
 indicate. I suspect that the last verse bears
 witness to the fact that Katie is pretty vocal
 about her likes and dislikes. The underlined
 words are the names of some of the major
 rapids on the Grand Canyon run.

'Come on, you Rats
 Grab your tennis shoes and shorts
 Just forget your bras and falsies
 Cause the boys are all good sports!

CHORUS:

I love her,
 I love her,
 It's easy to see
 It's Kavitatin' Katie for me!

With heir so gold
 And eyes of Supai blue
 She charmed the boys at Kwagunt
 And Marston lost his crew.

She took her shower
 Clinging to a rope
 Didn't bring her Ivory
 Cause they called the rapid "Soap"

The Riggs use "Power"
 And Marston uses "Speed"
 And Frank Wright rows his heart out
 Keepin' Katie in the lead.

She can sing
 And twang on her guiter
 While the cruiser wallows broadside
 Through the waves around Unkar

And she can ride 'em
 You oughta see her stance!
 She thought it was a riffle
 But it turned out to be Hance.

The motor conked
 In a stinker called Boucher
 Katie grabbed the bilge pump
 And the Rigg boys yelled, "Touche"

Upside down
 Through a riffle known as Bass
 Landed on a sandbar
 Sliding on her... lifejacket.

Walthenburg?
 To her it's just a breeze
 Dubendorff?
 She'll swim it if you please.

She's so sweet
 She's high upon the heap
 She thinks Bedrock Rapid
 Is a quiet place to sleep!

Can she cook?
 You oughta try her cakes
 Colorado cocktails
 And juicy burro steaks.

Katie camped at Deer Creek
To spend a blissful night
Then the howling mob decended,
"Egad! It's Georgie White!"

Today she's dry
Tomorrow she'll be wet
As she grapples for her bedroll
In the big hole in Upset.

The moon was down
Gee, but it was dark!
Katie hit the sack at Whitmore
Woke up at Granite Park.

The Grand Wash Cliffs!
Hurrah, we've got it made!
But at Sandy Point sat Georgie
Sippin' lemonade.

Kavitate?
She wonders what it means.
A naughty word? A pretty gal?
A style of wearin' jeans?

But here's the truth
As a Canyoneer I'll swear,
To cavitate, my pretty Kate
Is to let your prop suck air!

SONG OF THE BOATMEN

Before I even got back to Hollywood from Lake Mead that year of my first run, I had completed the Boatmen's Song. I had spent those glorious, tired and happy nights on the river's bank playing my guiter, singing, and listening to the stories of others who had run his wild course, as told by the boatmen. Their attitude seemed to be that it fascinated them, terrified them, yet held them in a grip impossible to untangle. When going down the tongue into a dangerous rapid they would fling their heads back and sing madly through the wild spray as the bows of the cruisers crashed with teeth-jarring jolts on the explosion waves from a fifteen foot leap in mid-air. To hang on was to live! Then at night, quiet on the sandbars, there would appear this sadness in them--would life's course always be this wildly exhilarating, this lonely? They must have thoroughly injected me with this spirit, because some of them are gone from the river, while I am still hopelessly captive, and hopelessly in love with his wantonness. (The melody you may recognize, it was stolen from my friend Terry Gilkyson who called it The Cry Of The Wild Goose.)

Last night I lay in a restless bed
A hum-drum life pounding in my head
When out of the night came a mighty roar!
The river, callin' me back once more.

CHORUS:
My heart knows what the river knows
I gotta go where the river goes
Restless river, wild and free
The lonely ones are you and me.

Today I know your magic call
Will lead me back to the canyon wall
And the music in your rapid's roar
Makes this boatman's song from his soul pour.

Tonight as on your banks I sleep
Like a woman, soft, you will sigh and weep
And I will dream of a sweet, warm kiss
And a moonlit stream, and the love I miss.

Someday before I'm old and grey
I'll find a woman who'll go my way
She'll take the rapids strong with me
And she'll blend her voice in a song with me.

THE TALE OF THE TICKABOO

Cy Warman, a poet of the late 1800's wrote these words about his friend Cass Hite, who lived alone, and died alone in his little cabin about a mile up Tickaboo Creek, a tributary of the Glen Canyon. Cass had come to that country in 1880 looking for the Peso-La-Ki mine, a silver mine on the Navajo land which was then, and is forever now, buried in legend. He became the friend of Hoskinini, Chief of the Navajos, and claimed that Hoskinini saved his life by getting him across the river and away from the tribe who knew he was looking for the mine and were about to make sure he never found it. Hoskinini had the mine covered over because he said it had brought much grief to his people. In ancient days the Spaniards had made them work the mine as slaves, and now the white men came again to kill one another and the Indians for a few pieces of the shiny stuff. On pain of death no Indian would reveal its hiding place and Cass never found it. Pish-La-Ki means silver, Hosteen means man. Cass was a miner, a silver man, but he also placered gold in the Glen Canyon. I found this poem of Cy Warman's (entitled The Ghost of Hoskinini) encased in another poem of some 80 verses, written by Cass on his 60th birthday, March 3, 1905. His poem he called "The Trail of Sixty Snows." The music was written by me in 1955.

They tell a tale on the Tickaboo
Beyond the snowy range
A story if it's really true
That's surely wondrous strange

They say at midnight, when the winds
From out the canyon blow
And Colorado's foamy waves
Dash on the rocks below

That a horse of solid silver comes
Who's feet are shod with gold
And dashing o'er the canyon walls
Is reined by rider bold
The Ghost of Hoskinini
With a wild and wanderin' eye
Who comes to guard the pathway
Of the Hosteen Pish-la-ki.

The Sheepmen tell the story
And the prospectors who came
From tinct mines in Juab
Say that they have heard the same.

That every night a midnight
When the winds go wailing by
Rides the Ghost of Hoskinini
'Gainst the Hosteen Pish-la-ki.

For here it was the Spaniards
He said made Indian slave
And mebe so the river
Flows sometimes by the grave
Of Hoskinini's old grandmother
Who, 'fore she came to die,
Was made to dig the Peso
For the Hosteen Pish-la-ki.

But brave old Hoskinini
'Fore death his hands had tied
Said he would guard the Peso
Made "paper talk" and died.

And even now at midnight
As we talk you and I
Rides the Ghost of Hoskinini
'Gainst the Hosteen Pish-la-ki

The trapper by the river
My guide, the Navajo
Says he has heard this story
And knows that it is so
And that's the Tale of the Tickaboo
Beyond the snowy range
A story if it's really true
That's surely wondrous strange.

(END OF SIDE ONE)

PORE COLLY RADDY

I have sung this song across the country, wherever I have worked, from New York to Hollywood, for the past seven years. It has received many requests for a repeat so perhaps a few have heard my plea. Pore Colly Raddy bubbles crystal clear out of Grand Lake in the Colorado Rockies. Near the Colorado-Utah border it picks up the Gunnison, and further down the Dolores and the Green. It catapults through Cataract Canyon above Glen Canyon; out of Glen it cuts the mile deep Grand Canyon then ambles on toward the sea. But the Giant Predator, man, has entered the picture with his dams now, and even before Colly Raddy gets through Cataract his restless waters are brought to a stinking, muddy halt behind Glen Canyon Dam

High upon a snowy crag
Was born a rippling baby.
"Will I be big and strong one day?"
And his mother earth said, "Maybe."
"There is a way down to the sea,
My son, if you are clever
You'll go ahead and make your bed
To lie in it forever."

So the Colorado Baby
Went along his lonesome way
He huffed and he puffed and soon enough
He heard a loud voice say,
"Hey! Where'dya think your goin'?"
You'd best keep offa my toes,
I'm Gunnison, the Son-of-a-gun
And what I say here goes!"

CHORUS:
Pore Colly Raddy
Just lookin' for a sea
His mama never told him

What sea it oughta be
Now this may take a little time
But I'll betcha if I tried
I could dig a well
Right through hell
And come out on the other side
Oh, Glory! What a ride!

Colly Raddy bounced the Gunnison
Jest like he was a feather.
"Hey, easy, lad, don't get so mad
We're in this thing together!"
With noble savoir faire
He picked up Miss Dolores
He next was seen, taking Miss Green
And heading for the forest.

He took 'em through a canyon
Where he'd built some Cataracts
They split their girdles on these hurdles
Pret'near broke their backs

Then he cut a canyon one mile deep
And made his grandstand play
From a Lava Dyke he took a bite
And spit the rest away!

Chorus:

From there on it was easy
And to the sea he ran
When he arrived no one denied
That river was a MAN!
So now you think my story
Has surely got to end
But humans came to stake their claim
And call that river "friend".

They checked his endless labour
With a big cement creation
And he said, "Well, now what the hell
I can't fight Reclamation!"

I'll just sit here and chew away
At this concrete foundation
And one year soon, in the month of June
They'll have free irrigation!"

Chorus:

RECIPROCITY (a poem)

I have heard the wild crow's caw,
Seen the ferrat struggle in the
eagle's maw,
Walked in canyon narrows where
the sandstone jaw
Cut as though t'were ice
And it was nice!

I have heard the drum-like ring
of feet on clay,
A winding boulder-crustured floor
has led my way
To mute impasee where choaking
crevasse lay
With tumbled slice.
But it was nice!

Naked in the sun and wind--
There are those who say I've
sinned--

I have been with rushing waters
pinned
To earth, neat and concise.
And that was nice!

Once on the river's sandy paw
I built my fire, stared
in awe
At Mother Nature's tender
claw
Yet cruel device.
And said, "She's nice!"

Last night I dreamed on this
same beach
Of foreign men who came
to teach

RAPIDS AHEAD!

As it has been with songs of the folk since their
inception, new lyrics arrive to re-dress old
tunes. In some cases the old words are lost,
in others they live concurrently, just as fre-
quently the new lyric dies and the old stays
on--the melody underlying these words varying
but little. RAPIDS AHEAD! was obviously
placed to "Ghost Riders In The Sky", a lyric by
Stan Jones, a tune much older--borrowed from
the old country "When Johnny Comes Marching
Home Again". Nevill's boatmen taught it to me.
It was written by one of Norm's passengers, Trois
Tripplehorn.

The River Rats are off once more
Through canyons grim and deep
The Mighty Leader mans the oars
While waves above us leap
The angry river takes its toll
When boatmen lack his skill
But a river run with this brave son
Is a ne'er forgotten thrill

CHORUS:
Rapids Ahead! Yippy-yi oh!
A good Rat never dies!

It takes a crew of hardy souls
To make this run a treat
With boats designed by Norm himself
And wholesome food to eat
An evening campfire on the shore
When darkness closes in
A bed that's sound upon the ground
Beneath the canyon rim.

(CHORUS)

When we are old and life grows dull
And memories tales are spun,
We'll think of Norm and his brave crew
And friends who shared our fun.
And when St. Peter asks us why
We claim an entrance there
"We've run the River Styx with boatman Norm",
We will declare.

(CHORUS)

RIVER LULLABY

In order for there to be songs about a place,
songs that live for any length of time, there

Her how to cut her river's
breach,
With crude advice,
And they weren't nice!

They said, "We'll dam your
canyon's art,
Drown it out, rip it
apart.
So I stabbed them through
the heart!
Once! Twice! Thrice!
And it was nice!

K. L. - 1957

have to be catalysts--people who sing them,
who teach them, who write them and who
make singing them something that everyone
wants to do. Jim Rigg and his brother Bob
were catalysts. I can still hear Jim's lusty
baritone echoing through the side canyons as
he led a party of River Rats up the winding,
narrow corridors on an exploration trip.
Naomi Heale is one of those passionate girls
who loves the river, who writes good songs
about it and plays a bit of guitar to help. We
like singing her songs, so through her efforts,
a legend is kept alive.

Most of the songs that the River sings
Tell of adventure bright
But there's one, soft and clear
That you may hear
When the Canyon is shadowed by night.

The willows by the stream
All say, "Come on, and dream,
We'll sing a river lullaby.
Though clouds my drift on high
To hide a starry sky
We'll sing a river lullaby."

Danger now has passed
The water's still at last
It's time, once more
To linger on the shore.

My love is here with me
And life is ecasty
We'll sing a river lullaby.

THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD SAN JUAN

Included in the Upper Colorado River Storage Pact
were four huge dams, most of which are now com-
pleted. One of the Colorado tributaries to receive
a cork was the San Juan. The San Juan is rich in
Indian lore and legend. There are many ruins left
by prehistoric peoples, there are petroglyphs tell-
ing of their past, cliff dwellings and pictographs.
There is a good deal of old mining machinery and
many caves hold their dead firmly packed by cave-
ins. The San Juan, like the Colorado has taken
its toll of unwary passengers, those ill-equipped
to handle themselves in the land of quick reprisal.
Norm used to tell a story of an old Prospector
who literally found a "pot of gold" in the San Juan
one year where it had sluiced itself out into neat
little piles below some overhanging rocks. He
found it because the San Juan had gone dry, some-
thing it almost never does. Before he could get
it all out a flood came down and buried his cache
beneath the waves again. For ten years he plodded
the banks of the old river waiting for the water to
dry up. Finally, in desperation and madness he
jumped off the bridge at Mexican Hat to die in the
swirling waters. The next year the San Juan
went dry again! I could not find the author who
wrote the words to the Ghosts of the Old San Juan,
and there was no music, so far as I know. A
few years ago I added the last two verses and set
it to music. The San Juan now runs only when
they let it through Navajo Dam, the rest of the
time it is not boatable.

There's a legend they tell of treasures galore
Along the old San Juan

Where there's long lost plunder in deep hidden store
 Along the old San Juan
 Well, them that searched have come and gone
 There ain't nothin' left but the old San Juan
 And the ghosts of a wild old river.

O, the Spanish they came, all lookin' for gold
 Along the old San Juan
 Seven shinin' cities, so the tale is told
 Along the old San Juan
 O, the plunderin' Spanish have come and gone
 Ain't nothin' left but the old San Juan
 And the ghosts of a wild old river.

O, the Piutes they came, all lookin' for spoil
 Along the old San Juan
 Where the waters burn and the whirlpools boil
 Along the old San Juan
 O, the warring Piutes have come and gone
 Ain't nothin' left but the old San Juan
 And the ghosts of a wild old river.

O, the miners they came, all lookin' for ore
 Along the old San Juan
 But died 'fore they got what they was diggin' for
 Along the old San Juan
 O, the prospectors now have come and gone
 Ain't nothin' left but the old San Juan
 And the ghosts of a wild old river.

Then the dam-builders came a diggin' a grave
 For the swirlin' old San Juan
 They stilled the waters and filled the caves
 Of the glorious old San Juan
 O, the river met with the dam head on.
 Now there ain't nothin' left of the old San Juan
 But the angry old ghosts of the river.

So stranger remember as you pass this way
 Where flowed the old San Juan
 That the gold lies deep and the devil's to pay
 For damming the old San Juan
 For dam builders come, but soon they'll be gone
 To join the ghosts of the old San Juan
 The angry old ghosts of the river.

TWO LITTLE FLIES

Many will recognize the tune to the little off-color song which has been sung in many a fraternity and sorority house. There must be twenty-five to thirty versions of the River Flies. The first ones were written on Norm's trips, then when Frank Wright was our captain. The verses below have been taken from several different trips. Outlaw Cave, an old hide-out for cattle thieves back in the 80's, and a favorite last night camp for the San Juan and Glen Canyon trips, was lost to the boaters seven years ago when the builders of G.C. dam cut the traffic. Before then we de-boated at Lee's Ferry, 15.2 miles below the dam.

Two little flies decided to roam
 So they packed their bags and they left their home
 Flew right over to Mexican Hat
 And signed for a trip in nothin' flat.

CHORUS:

One was black and one was blue
 And one had spots on his tra-la-loo

The other had spots on his tra-la too
 Hi-ho, the Merry-o.

The boats shove off when the clock strikes eight
 If your hair ain't combed the "chief" won't wait
 You throw in your bags and you leap to your seat
 And the Navajos watch in the desert heat.
 You ride right through the rapids rough
 Take all of the thrills with a huff and a puff
 The fly on the oars of the boat in the lead
 Is a fly called "Frank" of a higher breed.

(CHORUS)

By now you're burnt by the scorching sun
 Your feet are sore and your clothes are gone
 There's sand in your bed, in your teeth, in your hair
 But the sights you've seen are a treat that's rare.
 Next night out with weary arms
 We're all dead beat from Piute farms
 They told us first we'd ride every riddle
 Don't you believe it! You walk down the middle!

(CHORUS)

Up at dawn, make your bed, dash away
 You can rest when you're dead, but today let's play
 If the canteen's dry take a drink from the river
 Half of it's sand, but it's good for the liver.
 Now the last night out at Outlaw Cave
 The girls are clean and the boys are shaved
 Their clothes are torn and their legs are bare
 But the view gets better cause the pants aren't there!

(CHORUS)

The canyons we've done and the rapids we've run
 And the trip to the Rainbow has been such fun
 But your heart sort of sinks and you feel pretty blue
 As the time draws near to leave the crew.

(CHORUS)

WHEN THE COLORADO RISES

The lay folk are fairly well convinced that they can't compose, so they write what they have to write and place it to a melody they already know. Actually, with small effort they could also write a new melody, but as in the case below, the Whiffnpoof tune suffices until a better one comes along. Naomi Heale writes a good song from the ground up, but this was her first try. She never met Norman Nevills but she was at Navajo Bridge when the River Rats dedicated a bronze plaque to his memory, and the stories she heard about him were vivid enough to allow for her composition of this song.

When the Colorado rises
 And the San Juan river roars
 Past Norm's dear old starting place
 We love so well
 All the River Rats assemble,
 Load the boats and man the oars
 While the magic of white water
 Casts its spell.

There are Phantoms on the river
 Of the good men gone before
 Of Powell, Kolb and Holstrom
 And the rest
 But Nevill's voice says,
 "Face your danger wherever you explore."
 And he lives on in our memory
 As the best.

Oh, we're all River Rats
 And we're on our way
 Row, row, row.
 We camp through the night
 And we dare each day
 Row, row, row.

Down between towering canyon walls
 Down through the rapids where danger calls
 Adventure makes us companions all
 Row, row, row!

THE HIPPOPOTAMI

When the assault rafts came to pepper the Colorado there was an inflation of something besides rubber. Sentiment. The rigid boat devotees called them "ugly", "smelly", "clumsy", "hotter'n Satan's tools" and several other things too colorful to mention. The powerboaters labeled them "inadequate craft" and zipped on by. I myself swore, on pledge of drinking the whole river first, never to set foot in one--a threat I was later unable to keep. Nevertheless, these rafts run the Grand Canyon, Glen, Green and San Juan every year, and had they not been fairly easy tubs for the rapids, they would have been gone long ago. Many people who otherwise would not have been able to experience our wild rivers have been (with their whole families) to such places as Rainbow Bridge and Dinosaur--this alone dispells their ugliness. The heaviest traffic in these weenies belongs to Georgie White. She began her boating career with Frank Wright one year when he was short an oarsman, and I don't need to tell you that, for a woman, she's strong! Because she uses bridge pontoons (with a motor lashed to the stern) she can take some 50 people at a time. This "convention haul" seems less than desirable to Mexican Hat passengers who at the most number 10, and who's objective is to disengage themselves from seething multitudes when on a vacation. We called the rafts "Hippos" and I'm sure they called us snobs when we made it known we did not care to share one of the Grand's many thousand beaches with them. Her ubiquity, that summer, gave rise to the song below. One may scorn Georgie's mode of transport but at the same time one must pocket some admiration for the "Woman of the River". I'm sure she is the only guide of the river's history who has ever attempted to operate on such a large scale, and she does it with success. She works hard, respects the wild out-of-doors, and always leaves a clean campsite--try that sometime with 50 people in your care! She raised herself from the slums of Chicago to the freedom of the West and the challenges it presents. I'm sure there are songs about her that I would like to have, before all our rivers are lost to a string of lakes, and the invention of such songs ceases. I finally ran the Salmon River in one of those Hippos.

You can't turn one around in the space of a football field, and skill is something they wouldn't respond to if they felt it, but there are places they can go that a rigid boat can't. We watched Georgie gambolling down Lava Falls one summer going wherever the water happened to take her, a testimony of the torpid pontoon, but we had to line Lava rapid in that low water year! So, you see, you can't have everything.

The ghost of Nevills will walk tonight
And shake with rage at the awful sight
Of the craft and crew of Georgie White
On the river he loved so well.

If he were on this earth with us
He'd sit behind his oars and cuss,
"My God! A Hippopotamus!"
On the river I loved so well."

He'd stand and stare at the old sea cow
There ain't no stern and there ain't no bow
It looks just like a garbage skow
On the river he loved so well!

Aboard this thing it's hot as toast
At dinner Georgie will play host
Each passenger brings his own rump roast
On the river he loved so well!

The Hippo's, boy, they smell like sin
They wallow and warp and bloop and spin
You bail it out and it bails back in
On the river he loved so well!

The thrill that made this sport a "wow"
Is lost and gone in a rubber plow
And anyone can do it now
On the river he loved so well!

Norm mutters a curse and turns away
And says they'll die to rue the day
And for this insult dearly pay
To the river he loved so well!

THROUGH THIS WORLD

When the boats run their last rapid on the Grand and are met by a powerboat to tow them through the debris-laden mud flats of upper Lake Mead, or when the last private turn around the red cliff walls of the Glen is made to bring the landing beach of Kane Creek in sight, a veritable bee-hive of emotion descends upon the boaters. They have experienced something rare--something, if they try to relate it to friends, that will stand them in good stead for graduation to a "nut". They have been with the elements long enough to capture a sense of their own unimportance, and to have eroded away the hard crust of their defenses in enough places for the real person to show. Regardless of whether they like what has happened to them or not, they return to the pugilistic world a bit more tolerant of other men. When all such places are gone, I would like to have such a boatman as Frank Wright "to row me 'cross the stormy tide' with his mildness of manner, his colossal kindness, his great wisdom and sensitive heart, his steady pioneer strength. Frank has brought to his passengers a good deal more than the beauty of the canyons.

Through this world I cannot wander
Over oceans deep and wide
I'll just go and hire a boatman
To row me 'cross the stormy tide.

This song was sung every night on the moonlit, firelit, banks of the Colorado to end the concert. The passengers came to know it as a "goodnight" song. Quietly, they would get up from the circle of the fire and seek their bed-rolls under the stars. The guitar would go back into its case to wait for the next night. For ten years Frank Wright and a college chum helped me sing these songs. Together we explored, photographed and named many side canyons of the Glen, and the names have stuck.

Perhaps it will be the only thing, beside our own insuperable memories, that the Wreck-the-nation Bureau will not inundate... and then again, perhaps they will not even leave us that.

THOSE THREE

(A poem, published in Arizona Highways, Sept. 1960)

They came once a year, those three.
The secrets of my hidden canyon
were their treasured prize.
I raised my battlements and fought,
For nought.

They swam every pool, those three.
Through the moss-green ribbons,
depth unknown and stinging cold,
They sought a slit of sunlet sky,
To dry.

Striving for the end of me,
To tenuous cliffs of talus, to walls
of shale they clung,
While boulders struck below, the boom
Of doom!

Hearts of conquerors, those three.
I protected and held fast their
footprints in the sand
To show them none had come that way
Since they.

This they do deserve of me:
To take with them a secret peace
throughout a tortured land
And know they've trod on virgin sod
Near God!

Katie Lee

