In Northwest Colorado near Rangely is the Waving Hands pictograph site. Believed to be of Fremont origin, the site is named for a life-size pair of disembodied hands painted on a sheer sandstone rock face. The hands are mysterious. Are they welcoming or warning? Drowning or emerging? Celebrating a victory or pleading for deliverance? No one knows for sure, but the waving hands are arresting and thought-provoking, and remain a distinctly human statement in a remote wilderness.

Photograph by Bill Mitchem
Waving Hands Review, the literature and arts magazine of Colorado Northwestern Community College, seeks to publish exemplary works by emerging and established writers and artists of Northwest Colorado. Submissions in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, drama, photography, and art remain anonymous until a quality-based selection is made. Unsolicited submissions are welcome during the academic year between September 15 and February 15. We accept online submissions only. Please visit the Waving Hands Review website at www.cncc.edu/waving-hands-review for detailed submission guidelines.

The staff of Waving Hands Review wishes to thank President Russell George, the CNCC Cabinet, the Rangely Junior College District Board of Trustees, and the Moffat County Affiliated Junior College District Board of Control. Thanks also to those who submitted work and those who encouraged submissions.

All works Copyright 2015 by individual authors and artists.
# Table of Contents

## Artwork

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Katie Berkoff</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Blair</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Photographing Sage Country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terry Carwile</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>Gates of Lodore Rainbow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeremy Chambers</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>Mount Mahler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aletha Dove</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Lightning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
<td>Sunbeam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Foster</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>A Single Rose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barb Gregoire</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Tiny Framed Chaos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rene Harden</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Butterfly Kisses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melissa Hill</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Israel Holloway</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>National Anthem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>52</td>
<td>Violet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janele Husband</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>Summer Squall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lisa Krueger</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Heritage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patti Moseby</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Country Backroads</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathy Simpson</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Three of a Kind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>65</td>
<td>Wild Connection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Slaugh</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>Morning Aspens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donna Theimer</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>Golden Gate Bridge</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Non-Fiction

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kathy Bassett</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Brown's Park Tidbits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Gulliford</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>The Green River, The Gates of Lodore, &amp; the Echo Park Dam Fight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liz Johnson</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Twenty Centimeters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Morris</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Blue-Eyed Brice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis Thompson-Ellis &amp; Joshua Ellis</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>Dinosaurs and Dogs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heather Zadra</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>From Steam Age to World Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Stage: The History of Rangely’s “Tank”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Fiction
Heidi Nielsen 66  The Forgotten Sword

Poetry
Yuri Chicovsky 27  Quickie
David Morris 10  Burial Ground
19  Moffat County Homestead Down Under
28  After the Fact
Weldon Sandusky 20  Hollywood Bowl
30  The Steinway
32  Bachman Lake
Joyce Wilson 12  Lovers
22  She Who Listens

On the Covers
Front Cover: Looking Through the Portal into a Recording Session at the Tank. From left: Bruce Odland, Marc McCoin, and Jeremiah Moore. (Photograph by Mho Salim/Courtesy of www.tanksounds.org)
Inside Back Cover: Heather Fross, A Long Day in the Coal Mill
Back cover: Janele Husband, Water Faerie

Editors’ Choice Awards
Artwork: Aletha Dove for her photography
Non-Fiction: Mary Morris for Blue-Eyed Brice
Fiction: Heidi Nielsen for The Forgotten Sword
Poetry: Joyce Wilson

The award winner in each category receives a $50 cash prize.
Butterfly Kisses  
Rene Harden (photograph)
I met Brice in the late 1970s when I worked for Social Services. One spring morning he showed up asking for food from the food bank, which was in our office in those days. He asked specifically for canned tuna, which caught me as being kind of odd. Icy blue eyes drilled through my skull while I tried to figure him out. Didn’t look mean, but sure looked seasoned. Needed a shave, but looked like he could whip out a straight edge, lather his face, slide his razor down his cheek, and then stretch his neck to glide the blade upwards and over his chin. Maybe even splash on some Old Spice. Refusing cans of soup, boxes of Hamburger Helper, macaroni and cheese, and some green beans, he was satisfied with a stack of round cans of tuna.

The next time Brice showed up he was cleanly shaven. Shiny white hair framed his tanned, weathered face. He tilted his head and leaned over the counter, and, with a boyish grin, asked for a little more tuna. In turn, I explained I needed his name and address to document where the distribution of donated goods went. He took a step backwards and distanced himself. For a second, it seemed like he was going to leave, that I had lost him. A step forward and then those piercing sky-like eyes looked into my soul again, and he said without flinching, “I’m staying south of Mather’s.” Good enough for me, instantly thinking of the location: the block between Yampa and Breeze Street, with the north border of 4th Street running East to West—searching my memory for any trailer, house, or apartment in that part of Craig. I knew my town like the back of my hand but couldn’t remember any housing there. I wrote down Brice Shull, 315 Breeze Street.

My job in the basement of the courthouse was dismal. I was depressed and unhappy. No windows—just concrete halls outside of the glass walls and doors of the office, which led down to the jail. Days spent providing food and assistance to people barely getting by. No joy came from those who slid open the heavy glass doors to ask for public relief. But a ray of sunshine peeked through the door when mysterious Brice arrived. When no one besides me was there, he’d talk about his life. How, back before the Roaring 20s, he left home in Indiana, a home with white fences and tradition, to run away to the shipyards. Jumping in moving box cars for the sake of seeing the country and
making enough money to get by. Eyes softening at the mention of his mother, and then looking downwards. And silence. I don’t remember him ever mentioning his father.

I believe the stories he told me, fully, to this day. He told them straight and he told them raw. But not offensively; he always spoke to me with respect, carefully skirting sensitive subjects and never swearing. I liked that. I want to think that he tipped his hat, but maybe that is my imagination; it would have fit him whether he did or he didn’t.

Brice went lumberjacking in Oregon, and in between jobs always hoboing, traveling coast to coast on the rail. Then, one trip heading back east, Brice stumbled into a life he loved when he pulled open a boxcar door and landed in Wyoming. He fell into a job herding sheep in the vastness of the Snowy Range, living in a sheep camp, moving with the sheep from lambing, docking, shearing and branding. Spending summers in the high mountains, and then shipping and moving to the lower grounds when it snowed. His life as a herder got my attention because I had tried to get to know the non-English speaking herders that came annually to the ranch we frequented in Axle Basin south of the Yampa River. They came from further south, through brush country teeming with sage chickens and rattlesnakes, and then even further south and up the mountain, where oaks and aspens touch the sky and elk bugle in the fall. I tried to get my head around how herders could come to this solitude, how they lived day-to-day, night-to-night, and what and where they went home to after sheep were shipped in the fall. What was the life of a sheep herder about?

Brice liked the solitude. He welcomed fresh air, the bleat of a newborn lamb, and silence; the howl of a coyote, the companionship of his dog, a starry night, and even the wind. He liked caring for the lambs and ewes in trouble, protecting the sheep from bears and mountain lions, and a strong cup of coffee. He was a loner. But, clearly, he liked to have at least one friend, as he kept coming back again and again, even after his Old Age Pension was straightened out and mailed to his box at the post office. And I liked him. I looked forward to the sound of the sliding glass door opening, predictably,
the same time each week.

Nights got colder and winter was in the air. When Brice came in, he looked cold, chilled to the bone. He shivered. I took him aside and told him it was time to be straight with me. I asked him where he was living, because I had checked out the block he claimed as an address, and all that was there were abandoned cars, trees, and rubbish. Instead of vanishing, as I was afraid he would do, he plainly said that he couldn't keep up with herding anymore. The rancher he'd been working for had offered to let him stay on the ranch, but he couldn't bring himself to live like that, so he applied for an Old Age Pension, and had been holed up in an old car all summer. He hadn't lied—he lived right where he said. I asked him about the tuna, and he explained that he had befriended some stray cats, and that keeping them fed took more than he could spare, so he took to getting tuna from the food bank. They slept with him and kept him warm.

We figured out a plan to give away some of the cats, and Brice agreed to go into senior housing. That didn't work out too well—he laid newspapers over the carpet to keep the floor clean, and he kept dropping ashes from his cigarette on the papers. He said the old ladies and housing folks worried he was going to burn the building down. And I think he was sneaking cats into his apartment. Anyway, when spring came, Brice had saved up enough money to head out of town. The lady at senior housing suggested he check out some new senior apartments in Montrose or Delta, so Brice took the bus down and relocated. Some months later, he showed back up in my office, saying he had made a fool of himself because he decided to come up to Craig to visit, fell asleep on the bus, and someone had stolen his wallet. He said he didn't have a cent on him. I called around and verified where he was living. And then I broke all rules by telling Brice I'd give him a ride back home and help him out until he got his next check.

The long ride over 9-Mile, through Rifle, past Grand Junction, and on to his apartment was filled with stories and laughter. He talked about his family; they were “politically affluent,” as he worded it, and his ambition to see the country never lived up to their expectations. He had failed at marriage, too, but didn't elaborate. Now the family wanted him to move back to Indiana. They had plenty of money and wanted him to be taken care of. Smelled like a nursing home was in the works, and Brice would be the proverbial black sheep. He would never fit in. The barren beauty of the land marked by hoofs of deer, elk, and sheep, and tracks of bear, mountain lion, and dog had captured his heart.
Brice went back to his apartment down south. For a while, I continued my Social Services stint, trying to figure out my life, spending my day job surrounded by concrete walls, and missing the routine visits of my tuna-seeking friend. He wrote letters and I wrote back. Time passed, and his writing became disjointed, and I worried. I drove down to see him and realized that the Brice I had known was quickly fading away. And he did.

Somewhere in my boxes of memories and photographs, I hope someday to come across his letters, and the photo of Brice, his dog, and his horse, living the life he loved up in Wyoming. If and when I find that picture, I know I will cry, and then smile. Brice was my friend. We shared a yearning for silence and solitude, but needed the gift and joy of kindred friendship.

Photographing Sage Country

Lauren Blair (photograph)
Burial Ground
by David Morris

Four
ancient
piles
of lichen-spattered red granite stones.

Cairns.

They stand out
like purplish bumps
on the skin
of a steep and pine-shaded hillside

high above nearby
sandstone crags
and with a fine view
of a distant
gray-blue sharp edged mountain range.

Are they graves?

I don’t know what they are.

I don’t know what else they’d be.
That book of love poems
you wrote speaks sex and sighs,
flowers and dreams that vanish
when dew has dried, rinsed from
hair washed after last night’s roll;
love that yearns,
pretends,
is free.

The real thing throws you high,
sometimes over the moon as you
work it out in sweaty mud beneath
a sun of dirt under your nails,
love worth more yelling than
whispers, that costs the
rest of your life
and is.
Dinosaurs and Dogs
A discovery narrative

by Ellis Thompson-Ellis and Joshua Ellis

As far back as I can remember, I’ve been a rockhound. Problem is, growing up in Florida and Louisiana, there aren’t many rocks. A few beautiful limestone exposures can be found in the freshwater springs of Florida, covered in cool blue water. As a kid I would spend hours snorkeling in just a few inches of water, sifting through sediment to find those few precious fossils. Each one was a unique treasure; each had its own story, no one like the other. I would collect my small rewards and show them to my mother. As a treat she would send them off to the University of Florida for identification. The staff paleontologist would diligently return each fragment with small, handwritten tags: this one a deer horn, that one a fragment of ground sloth, here a fish bone, there a snake vertebrae.

My husband Josh’s childhood differed considerably, in that he was involuntarily dragged around deserts and mountains by a rockhound mother in search of little bits of the past. Every time the family would vacation, even something as simple as a state line rest stop became an opportunity for his mother to find the nearest pile of rocks and scour through them, searching for anything resembling a fossil. Because or despite of this, Josh never really developed an interest in rocks, fossils, or being involuntarily dragged through deserts, but as the old adage goes, “Men marry women like their mother.” And in Josh’s case, this certainly turned out to be true.

As I grew older, my interests broadened, ultimately leading me to study the ocean, another source of fascination—and this one readily available in my Southern setting. Things remained so until last year, when Josh and I moved to Colorado—a place full of rocks. Be still my beating heart! Surrounded as I now was by wonderful and diverse rocks, my

Josh Ellis brushes off a large section of long bone that he found on the day of discovery. This piece had fallen from the surrounding cliff along with other small bone fragments. Since the bones were found on a dog walk, Josh and Ellis decided to name the site “Walter’s Bones.”
childhood passion returned with fervor. Suddenly, every road trip, every hike, every dog walk was an opportunity to peer into the past, to see creatures that had been covered for millions of years.

After a few fun encounters with dinosaur fossils and ancient invertebrates, Josh and I soon found ourselves spending the better part of our weeknights with some fellow rockhounds and dog walkers exploring our “backyard” around Rangely for fossils. A few storm deposits and fragments, along with various leaves and an insect or two, were enough to keep us going. Our dogs were well-walked, and we were having great fun.

On a Sunday afternoon in April 2014, disguising our adventure as yet another dog walk, a small group of us set out just south of town to roam the desert. After a few hours, we hadn’t found much in the way of fossils, but it was a beautiful spring day spent with good friends and tired dogs, so, content, we began making our way back to the cars. We followed a line of steep sandstone cliffs, still hopeful for fossils. Passing through a narrow gap, Josh and I each stopped in our tracks to pick up large bone fragments; these were larger than usual.

We shouted to the others that we had found something, and as a group we immediately began searching the cliff face overhead to see if we could find the source. Within minutes Josh exclaimed that he had found something else. As I walked over to where he stood, my eyes fell upon a massive piece of solid bone as long as his arm. My jaw dropped. As I looked at the cliff behind him, I saw two more large, long bones, some ribs, and a few other bone fragments in the sandstone. Each of these was bigger than anything we had ever found. Whatever this animal had been in life, it was truly a behemoth—even compared to our Great Dane! We continued sifting through the soft earth for over an hour, uncovering piece after piece of fossilized bone, and letting our imaginations run wild over what this incredible creature might have been. As the sun began to gradually make its westward descent behind the sandstone cliffs surrounding the ancient creature’s final resting place, we carefully stowed the numerous pieces we found into a small outcropping, safe from prying eyes and desert

Thompson-Ellis and Walter the dog on a separate fossil hunting hike south of Rangely near Douglas Pass.
thunderstorms, and slowly made the long steady climb back to the vehicles. In the days that followed, we returned to the site several more times. Without exception, we made new discoveries on every visit—the site was simply a treasure trove of dinosaur remains. With every new rain storm that washed down the cliffs above our site, new pieces of the past were uncovered. And with every new fragment we found, our curiosity grew. One thing, however, was becoming certain: if we kept the site a secret among ourselves, these remains would be left in the wash, forever unidentified, and doomed to return to the dust of the desert. So I reached out to Liz.

**Twenty Centimeters**

*An discovery narrative*

**BY LIZ JOHNSON**

Twenty centimeters.

“Really?” I thought. “Twenty little centimeters. Hardly enough to spark my interest.”

In the early summer of 2014, I had received an e-mail from my co-worker Ellis Thompson-Ellis, who teaches at Colorado Northwestern Community College – Rangely Campus. She described how she and her husband, Josh Ellis, had found a large dinosaur bone on one of their hikes in the Rangely backcountry. I could not deny the enthusiasm in her writing. Since I was a paleontologist, she had e-mailed, knowing dinosaur bones were not new to me.

I had spent many field seasons walking across the badlands of Montana, where dinosaur bones were everywhere you stepped. I had worked with museum crews to jack hammer, chisel, and haul out dinosaur fossils, ranging from Triceratops to the mighty Tyrannosaurus rex. My degree in molecular paleontology had stemmed from this field experience.

Ellis wanted me to come out to take a look at this huge, impressive, giant 20-centimeter bone fragment. Can you sense my skepticism?

I, being on the Craig campus of CNCC, could not just walk down the hall to visit Ellis’ office; I would have to drive 92 miles from Craig to Rangely. We
had both been hired a year earlier, but being on different campuses, I didn’t know her well. So I didn’t respond right away. But Ellis was persistent. Another email was sent my way asking me to come out. Figuring that two emails were more persuasive than one, I decided to take Ellis up on her offer.

As I was driving to Rangely, I prepared myself for a worst-case scenario: I would meet up with Ellis, and then hike heaven-knows how many miles to find an isolated 20-centimeter bone fragment, only to see that there was nothing in the surrounding hill. All that time and work for nothing. But then again, maybe there was something more in the hillside. I had to go and see to find out.

After meeting up with Ellis, I was introduced to the site’s namesake, Walter, a black, five-foot high, giant Great Dane. I had brought my own dog, a beagle named Dixie, because she couldn’t spend more than a few hours in isolation without extensive damage to my home belongings. Comparing the two dogs side-by-side was laughable, as Walter towered over Dixie. Standing on his hind legs, Walter could look me square in the eyes.

We loaded the pups in Ellis’ car and headed out to the site. On our way, we chitchatted and got to know each other a bit better. Of course, Ellis was filling me in on the site’s details. Prior to my coming out, I had insisted on knowing where the site was located—not because I wanted to snub the Ellises or steal their site, but rather to ensure that the site was indeed on Bureau of Land Management property. The first rule of prospecting for dinosaurs is to know whose land you are on at all times. Ellis knew this too, and, of course, the site and all access roads were just as she said. Eventually, we were driving up a BLM dirt road, bypassing several oil pads in the process.

We parked the car and unloaded our gear, plus the pups. I looked out on the rugged landscape dominated by massive sandstone cliffs and cut by brush-filled gullies. “Well, it looks like dinosaur country,” I thought. Being told that the site was only 0.3 miles from the car, I knew better than to assume an easy hike. We maneuvered our way down one cliff-face, through a sagebrush and piñon filled gully, and up another cliff—all the while checking for rattlesnakes.

Within no time we were at the site. Up until this point, Ellis and I had been making small talk, but then she stopped, allowing me to assess the location: a cliff above us, with the 20-centimeter bone fragment at our feet. Yes, the bone was 20 centimeters, but not in length, as I had assumed. In diameter. It was obvious to me that this fragment came from a much, much larger dinosaurian bone.

Ellis pointed up to the cliff face, where I next went. Climbing up, I thought of the second rule of prospecting for dinosaurs: “Don’t kill yourself.” It wasn’t a huge cliff, but steep and rugged enough that a fall could result in serious injury. It took me a while to get my bone-vision back, but then everything was clear.
Sticking out of the cliff was the originator of the bone fragment. And directly above and perpendicular to it was another long bone. Within three feet, two ribs, another long bone, and an unidentifiable bone chunk were visible. Not only was this a dinosaur, it was a large dinosaur. Only a few fragments had weathered down the hill, suggesting the majority of the animal was still in the hill. And the fragments were of good quality.

“We need to work on our communication,” I thought, as I remembered Ellis’ 20-centimeter e-mail description.

My mind was racing as I began to think what the animal could be. “Maybe a Triceratops?” I told Ellis. The bones were big enough. “Maybe a duck,” referring, of course, to a duckbill dinosaur like Edmontosaurus. There was no way to absolutely know for sure until the animal was dug out of the cliff.

With Ellis still below me, I came across an extraordinary sight. It was something that I had only read about in papers and seen behind museum glass. Never had I seen it in the field. “No,” I thought, “It must be something else.” But as I falsified every hypothetical statement of what it could be, I reverted to my earlier conclusions of what the fragments were. This was not just a mere dinosaur, but something very special.

To the readers of this article, I must be intentionally vague here. You see, if I told you what we had discovered, it could endanger the excavation, or it may not be what I think it is. To protect both the excavation and the scientists, we are keeping this a secret. This is a mantra of all scientists.

“You didn’t tell me this (amazing, undisclosed thing) was here!” Ellis responded from below: “When we found it, we didn’t think it could be real!”

I could see the excitement on her face. I turned back around and again thought to myself, “We need to work on our communication.”

For the next few hours, we looked for additional clues along the cliff. Was anything else poking out? Were there more fragments down the hill? I took data from the bones as to how they were lying and plunging into the cliff. Bones are useless to scientists if disturbed.

During lunch, we talked about what this would mean. CNCC now had the staff and facilities to house and prepare dinosaur bones. We had dinosaurs all around us in the rocks surrounding Rangely and Craig. Ellis and I determined that, with a little work, we could use paleontology as an educational tool and offer field courses to dig up these amazing, extinct creatures.

After lunch, there was not much more we could do. Taking bones from public lands is illegal without the proper permits, even for a credentialed paleontologist. We would have to wait and go through the proper channels to excavate the specimen. We left the site during the heat of mid-day, knowing the great opportunity that lay in our path.

As I drove home, I thought again about those measly “20 centimeters.”
Deep in an unfrequented corner
of empty desert

I edge my way
cautious
down and in
to dugout semi-darkness.

My fingers trace
gouged out storage niches
along rough bentonite walls
and I peer into the rusted remains
of a stove pipe
shoved through a ceiling made
of crooked piñon trunks
and bent branches
from which
the paper thin shed skins
of rattlesnakes hang
like gray crepe streamers.

Here
an early twentieth century
hardcore crazy habitated
intent on carving the good life
out of a dry
harsh
sunbaked
hardscrabble land

and I find myself asking:

What must this someone’s
quality of existence
have been
if this was a viable alternative?
The Hollywood Bowl
by Weldon Sandusky

My wife runs off one week-end
With a high school boy.
My son and I wait out the abandonment.
Drinking, crying, a desperate cab ride.
American Airlines to L.A.
Guitar and harmonica hitch,
Look at me someone! Anyone. No one. Look at me!

My mother’s front yard
Replaces the wine bottles and Hollywood Blvd.
A child support subpoena
After four years replaces
Fanciful schemes of revenge.

One night the scenario
Of separation and divorce
Put me alone, I remember, in an empty
Darkened Hollywood Bowl.

Center stage. No props, No lines.
Just a man weeping with an audience of stars
Accompanied by the distant sound of
Passing automobiles.
She Who Listens
by Joyce Wilson

She who listens, trained to hear
between and underneath the lines of what is said,
She hears high notes, silent screams of desperation,
muffled bass beats of broken hearts,
recitations of lives embroidered round
with curling edges all lacey-like,
till she hears up close the acid eaten holes
that pierce the fabric of what’s
supposed to be your life.

She takes a sip of water when it’s warm,
of tea in winter’s chill. She takes no notes
to make you wonder what of note you said.
Instead, she drinks in words for reference,
encapsulates their meaning, echoes back
the melody you missed
in pounding out your song of life,
the one too hard to hear.
County Fair

Melissa Hill (photograph)
Brown's Park Tidbits
by Kathy Bassett

Some folks don't like Brown's Park, for various reasons. Some folks call her ugly and too far away. Some people say she's too quiet and there's nothing to do there . . . but take another look. Perhaps she is quiet and far away . . . but some people are so bored with their lives that they wouldn't be happy anywhere. Brown's Park isn't ugly and never has been. She is full of mystery, hidden treasures, sorrows, and happiness . . . and, frankly, Brown's Park doesn't care if you like her or not. If she likes you, she yields her beauty for you to enjoy. Many of her secrets will never be known, and some of her treasures will remain hidden until the end of time. There have been many books written about the area; some are full of truth, and some are full of fiction. I can only write about what I've seen and known for 40 years. Some of it is bad, some is good, and some is just funny stuff.

The first time I saw Brown's Park was when my father-in-law took me out there to go rabbit hunting. As we drove over the cattle guard at Chet Solace's Ranch, I remember his words to me: “Brown's Park is a place you will either love, or you will hate it . . . there is no in between.” Guess what? There wasn't anything I didn't love about it, and I was only too happy to spend every minute we could visiting there. In the mid-70s, when we had the privilege of moving to Brown's Park, I was elated.

Looking back now, the first funny thing that I remember was a “Box Social” put on by the Brown's Hole Homemakers Club. I had to ask what a Box Social was, but then I got into the spirit of things. I fried up some chicken, fixed potato salad, made coleslaw, and baked a pie. I really got into decorating up my box, and we headed off to the Lodore Hall. Oh my! It was packed with people. I still remember who bought my box, but I was so extremely shy that I wouldn't own up to the fact that it was my box, so poor Steve Radosevich had to eat it all by himself. I never did tell him.

Jim and Penny Creasy had a cute daughter. When she arrived at the hall, all the guys in the building were stretching their necks to see what her box looked like because they wanted to sit with her and eat her food. It went for $50.00. The guy who bought it sure enough got to sit with Miss Creasy, but he wasn't real happy with the peanut butter sandwich in the box.
The dances at Lodore Hall will never be forgotten. Folks came from Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado. Many times I saw the hall so packed with people that some of them had to go outside to dance. People not only came to dance, but also to watch the fist fights that always broke out during the evening. It was fabulous entertainment.

One dance I recall was during a Mountain Man Rendezvous being held up on Beaver Creek. So, of course, the mountain men came to the dance also. One of them asked my daughter to dance, and she was horrified when he got so wild out on the floor—not to mention his having imbibed a little too much—that with all his jumping and jiggling and dancing, his pants fell off, leaving everything he owned displayed out for all the world to see. Suzy came over and hid behind me because she was afraid he'd come back for another dance, and she wasn't having any of that.

The little kids were as much fun as the adults, always trying to find a hiding place to keep from having someone drag them onto the dance floor. I remember little Jaimie Creasy buggered up his head on a nail under a table, trying to escape a little girl chasing him around for a dance. The bigger boys swaggered around, trying to look like the catch of the night. I remember one young girl who planned an evening of dancing with a local ranch kid, so she got all dolled up, and then was extremely miffed because he had worked hard all day with the cattle and didn’t want to take the time to clean up because he was late, so he showed up as her date all dirty, hair awry, and with manure on his boots. She remarked, “He even drove the dirty ranch flatbed truck to the dance!” That ended that romance.

There were no wallflowers at the dances. We often wondered how some of the people made it home. Most did manage to keep their vehicles between the fence rows.

I was there when Mr. Terry was murdered at the KT Copper Mine. His partner, Howard Sadler, had come back from town and found him, so he came to our house to call the sheriff’s office. Mr. Terry was a special man,
very kind, soft-spoken, and always so thoughtful. He had picked up a couple of hitch-hikers near Craig and told them if they would work for him a couple weeks at the mine, he would buy them tickets to home in Idaho. They seemed eager and pleased with the proposition. They repaid him by bashing him over the head with a sofa leg. They then stole his car and headed west. But, stupid is as stupid does, so when a patrolman pulled them over for a non-working tail light near Salt Lake City, one of the kids jumped out of the car and started yelling, “We did it!”

Then there was the time when some roughnecks decided that people in Brown’s Park were easy marks. They harassed folks on several occasions, shot out power lines, and even shot at people. Brown’s Park gals driving home from town were chased and nearly run off the highway. One day another gal and I couldn’t get across the swinging bridge because a truck full of guys were on the bridge, drinking and throwing their cans down into the river, and sneering and laughing at us. The last we saw of those guys was a big dust cloud rolling over the hilltop once we got our rifles and climbed out of our trucks. Our house was robbed, our dogs beaten, holes shot in the walls—so the men decided enough was enough. We women all got lessons in how to defend ourselves from such attacks. All the women started carrying guns. We were all given instructions to shoot at anyone who didn’t belong in the Park. One day I looked out the window and saw a couple of people who appeared to be sneaking up a hill across the highway. I stepped out into the yard, hid behind a tree, and plunked a couple shots below their feet. They couldn’t get out of there fast enough. Thanks to the sheriff’s office, some of the thugs were caught and, for whatever reason, were never seen in Brown’s Park again. So things got back to a nice, slow, dull roar.

Outsiders were interlopers; locals were a different story. In those days, all the local folks gave other locals unwritten permission to go on their property whenever they wanted to, and didn’t worry about their neighbors messing with things they shouldn’t. The Smelter Place (as we all called it back then) had the best apricots around, with a fabulous asparagus patch behind the old house. In the spring it was always a race to get over there and get the asparagus picked before anyone else did. Sometimes on our way in, others were coming out, smiling and waving. But neighbors took care of neighbors and watched out for things that didn’t seem quite right. If a fence needed to be fixed, it got fixed. If a gate was down, it got put back up. There was never any reference to money owed, or “I did that for you, so you need to do this for me.”
Many times, the good deeds weren’t even mentioned, but everyone knew they were much appreciated.

People change. Things change. And times change.

I have hundreds more memories of my time in Brown’s Park.

And, I imagine, someday there will be another book written about Brown’s Park.

Quickie

By Yuri Chicovsky

Linoleum,
Gas Station paraphernalia,
Surprise! perfect bacon

O, Marilyn Monroe
diner waitress
taking me back
to your double-wide,
your open arms
and colorful tattoos
After the Fact

BY DAVID MORRIS

The event
is gone and over
and no damage done
yet your day devolves
into a morass of tense
second guesses:
What if fate had lured you
just that step or two
closer to her explosive
reptilian rage?
How had you failed to feel
her dull brown menacing presence
until you'd nearly
blundered
inside her coiled embrace?

And then:
What would have been
your options
had she darted in
and stung a vulnerable lower leg
with her vicious stinging kiss?

A pleasant desert day
near to ruined in a flash:
for the rest of a cloudless dusty afternoon
you can't help but know you hear
behind every sage or rock
or stunted juniper
another dry angry malevolent
alarm bell buzz.
Tiny Framed Chaos

Barb Gregoire (ceramic)
The Steinway
by Weldon Sandusky

Out of reach...
The power of death.
Seemingly proud, fancifully proud.
Aunt Helen in excruciating pain
Screaming for mercy in her hospital room.
My father hopelessly dying and crawling
to his little bed in our kitchen room.

Meanwhile, my mother's grand piano—
Steinway & Sons
Ready, like some vigilante
to accompany joy.
If not just for contrast.
Death and Life, then, for Eternity and Peace.
Satan be gone! No more. I hear you not!

Out of touch...
The power of the flesh
The smell of the rose
Subdued like the silence of red
or the sublimity of blue.
I'll live forever.
I'll be immortal.
I'll be rich.

We sing, thus, dying
little by little everyday
like the brush of a cat against your leg.
Are we on the same page?
One and ah, two, and three...
Now sing!
When I was quite young
My brother took me fishing.
Cane poles sticking out the windows,
Radio blaring with Fifties Rock & Roll,
A little tackle box…

Then shoving off in a rented row boat
From Mr. Babosel—proprietor of the lake,
My brother manning the oars
And I beginning to notice
I wasn’t dressed enough for the cold.

On our way to the privacy of the cattails
We’d ease in like skilled
Professionals and no sooner than that
Have our red and white bobbers riding
The ripples in the water.
Negligently, I whipped my brother’s
Hat off and was duly reprimanded.

I tore into my sack lunch shortly after
Dawn and began to feel the warm sun so
Welcome, then, at first curious nibbles and
Later my bobber vanishing and my worm
Unfortunately gone.
Light

Katie Berkoff (digital illustration)
National Anthem

Israel Holloway (watercolor)
Mount Mahler

Jeremy Chambers (photograph)
Gates of Lodore Rainbow

Terry Carwile (photograph)
At river’s edge, the Colorado Northwest Community College (CNCC) students hummed with excitement, inflating the rafts, hoisting the kayaks, packing provisions, counting the PFDs, and checking on helmets and paddles. Mid-September and my first trip on the Green River, my first multi-day raft trip, and we laughed and joked, swapped river stories, and when everything was ready, we walked to a large cottonwood tree, stood in a circle, and listened to the safety talk.

Not much water or CFS—cubic feet per second—on the Green in the fall, but still enough volume for a nice trip, if only the Indian summer weather would hold, and the predicted cold front would move in after we’d taken out at Split Mountain. But as we stood around the ancient cottonwood looking west towards the red rock ramparts of the Canyon of Lodore, we knew that it would be a four-day, three-night trip regardless of the weather. We all had sufficient rain gear, or so we thought.

We were on the edge of the Colorado Plateau, the northeast corner, where the Green River drains out of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, through Dinosaur National Monument in Colorado and Utah, and down to the confluence with the Colorado River in Cataract Canyon.¹

The trip leader explained that we would scout all rapids by walking beside them to learn the way of the water and path of the currents. On our trip, we would study the largest rapids eloquently named by river runner Major John Wesley Powell. On the Green he christened Winnie’s Rapid, Upper and Lower Disaster Falls, Triplet, and Hell’s Half Mile.²

It seemed simple enough. The college students were eager to hit the river, and the deep red walls of Lodore beckoned us forward. A tiny white cloud appeared above the canyon walls, but the sky was blue, and the river a deep pine-tree green color verging on brown. Sun shone on the rafts. We cast off and became a curving thread of boats finding the current and moving between 2,000 feet of vertical canyon walls. Soon the campground was gone and dark
red walls towered above us. We drifted with no way up or out, except to stay on the water and float the river’s course.

I thought of the final phrase from Norman Maclean’s book *A River Runs Through It*. Though he was writing about Montana, on this overcast day he could easily have been with me on the Green when he wrote, “Eventually all things merge into one and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world’s great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs. I am haunted by waters.”

No wonder one of Powell’s men on his first trip in May 1869 abandoned the group after the Gates of Lodore. No thanks, he said. I’ve had enough. Indeed, Powell had been warned that somewhere in the canyon was “a big suck” that no party of men had ever survived. But in covered wooden boats, better suited for lake travel than Western rivers, Powell had come through this very canyon. Soon we would be at the rapids that had claimed one of his boats, smashing it on the rocks, and resulting in lost supplies and a decline in the expedition’s morale, but that was the 19th century.

We had new inflatable rafts for our gear, duckies or self-baling inflatable kayaks for one to two persons, and hard shell kayaks for experienced paddlers who wanted to dance around the rocks and rest in eddies behind boulders. We had Gore-tex clothing, neoprene wetsuits and river booties, special life vests, lanterns, river sandals, and enough food for two trips. We had cotton clothing in river bags to keep it dry, and we wore
polyester shirts and shorts that would dry quickly in the sun, if there was any. That little cloud had grown.

The dark red walls loomed even higher, and a light rain began to fall. There were no shadows, only small rivulets of silver rain rolling down the cliffs. It was much too early to camp, so down the river we went, a more subdued group, huddled on the rafts in our rain gear, feeling the wind pick up. Absorbed in our own thoughts amidst black boulders, we rode the river deeper into the ancient canyon.

I thought about the movable community we had become, the young kayakers like dolphins on our flanks, gliding beside the rafts, and I knew that as timeless as this river seemed, it had almost been dammed, this canyon flooded and forsaken. Where we now floated would have been hundreds of feet underwater. As a college professor of history and Environmental Studies, I came on this trip, in part, to tell stories about river travelers who had preceded us—Native Americans, prehistoric Fremont and historic Ute Indians, beaver trappers in the early 1800s, cattlemen and cattle rustlers, and early river runners in wooden boats.

My job wasn’t to paddle or to cook but to explain the environmental history of the river, and how the magnificent canyons of the Green and the Yampa were almost lost to large concrete dams: giant wedges of power and pride to be placed within these billion-year-old rocks in the 1950s by a federal agency run amok. I had several historic tales to tell, but it was raining, we had miles to go, and as the oars slipped quietly through the gray-black water, I realized my rain gear was already soaked.

Paddles raised in unison, Colorado Northwestern Community College students unite as rafters interested in the Green River ecosystem. (photograph by the author)
There are plenty of dangers on the river, but the story I wanted to explain was a different kind of danger: the threat of industrial-scale development in these remote canyons. The conservation groups who had rallied to save the canyons changed the course of American environmental history. It takes courage to go through rapids, but it also takes courage to fight for nature. The dark walls in the Gates of Lodore may be ancient beyond memory, but sometimes in the American West canyons need a human voice.

This is a story about wisdom and courage half a century ago, when there was no rafting industry in the West, and the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation could put their dams any place they wanted. It’s a story about two rivers, the Green and the Yampa, that no one had ever heard of much less rafted, and it’s a story about environmental principles and the need to stand by them in the face of intense political opposition. Sound familiar? How do people thwart industrial development in the Rocky Mountain West? In the early 1950s, conservation associations found out. In 1950 the word “environment” was not in the American vocabulary. The Sierra Club had never dealt with any issues outside of California, and groups like the Audubon Society and the Izzak Walton League had members who watched birds and fished. Green was the color of grass, and it had nothing to do with politics. We had just finished World War II, the Cold War was upon us, and it was time to ratchet up development. Everyone needed water for agriculture, and smooth, flat reservoirs for speedboats so that pretty water skiers could wear those dangerous new swimming suits called bikinis. The baby boom had begun, and it seemed logical, even patriotic, to dam every free flowing river in the American West, yet what if progress meant leaving things alone?

Visitors get splashed in the rapids at Hell’s Half Mile. (photograph by the author)
Dinosaur National Monument, on the edge of the Colorado Plateau in Northwest Colorado and Northeast Utah, contains two ancient rivers. Over millions of years, the swirling waters of the Green River have met the darker waters of the Yampa to carve canyons at the confluence. The Yampa meets the Green beside a huge sandstone cliff named Steamboat Rock. Where the rivers merge was christened Echo Park by one-armed Major John Wesley Powell, who descended the Green in 1869 through the Gates of Lodore. He affectionately named a sequence of rapids Disaster Falls, Triplet Falls, and Hell’s Half Mile. Though Powell went down the Green to the Colorado River and all the way through the Grand Canyon, it was on the Green at Disaster Falls, after entering the Canyon of Lodore, that he lost the only boat on his trip.

Eager beaver dam builders from the Bureau of Reclamation sought to destroy the rapids that had terrorized Powell’s men in the spring runoff of May 1869. The Bureau’s boys sought to submerge some of the finest white water, and biggest drops, of any Western river. In 1938, President Franklin Roosevelt expanded the 80-acre dinosaur quarry site at Dinosaur National Monument to include 259,000 acres, and both of the spectacular river canyons. The next year, the Bureau showed up, maps in hand.

The Bureau of Reclamation took the first action toward erecting Echo Dam by building a road. In A Symbol of Wilderness: Echo Park and the American Conservation Movement, Mark Harvey writes, “In 1939, along with its surveys, the Bureau of Reclamation constructed a primitive road thirteen miles long which ran from the Iron Springs bench—the high plateau far above the rivers—down into Echo Park, and managed to do so without obtaining clearance from the National Park Service.”

River rafters prepare for the day under the iconic Steamboat Rock at the confluence of the Yampa and Green Rivers. (photograph by Terry Carwile)
I
n the 1930s the Bureau had also begun massive projects to dam the Columbia River. No one worried about salmon or Native American fishing rights. Even the left-leaning Okie folksinger Woody Guthrie wrote about hydroelectricity, and “turning our darkness into dawn.” Dams were proof of American technological know-how. Electricity generated along the Columbia had helped win World War II by providing the power to build the ships and planes essential for the war effort.

So why not put a dam on the Green River in the far northwest corner of Colorado in a place no one had ever heard of? Why not put a dam in Echo Park? Why not pour a concrete wedge between 500 million year old walls of red Uinta quartzite, which would back up water into both the Green and Yampa River Canyons?

Why not? Because Echo Park was in the middle of Dinosaur National Monument, a unit of the National Park System, and symbolically it was in the geographical center of the West. National parks and national monuments were supposed to be inviolate and protected from modern intrusions, but the busy beavers of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and all their dam-building buddies had other ideas.

Yes, Americans wanted plenty of water for irrigation and recreation. The baby boom was in full swing, and by 1957 an American baby would be born every seven seconds. The Colorado River Storage Project was smoothly moving through Congressional committees under the stewardship of Colorado Congressman Wayne Aspinall from Grand Junction, who never met a dam he didn’t like. Aspinall was from the old school, the multiple use, use-it-or-lose-it, philosophy. Rivers were for irrigation, not for running white water. 6

So, to say there was surprise in the halls of Congress, and in the offices of Brown and Root and other major construction companies, when opposition began to swell against a dam in Echo Park, Colorado, only a stone’s throw from the Utah state line, is a gross understatement. The tiny Sierra Club and the even tinier Wilderness Society decided that this was a big deal. Conservation groups (remember, the word environment was not yet in the lexicon) had lost a bitter fight in Yosemite National Park in 1913 to prevent building the Hetch-Hetchy dam to provide water for San Francisco, which was still recovering from the 1906 earthquake and fire. The dam went in. By 1917 the National Park Service had been officially created with the mantra to leave its lands “unimpaired for future generations.” Conservationists took that phrase
seriously. Contractors and Congress thought they were nuts.

Thus began one of the pivotal flashpoints in the 20th century that created the modern environmental movement. Another turning point was Rachel Carson’s 1962 book *Silent Spring*, which revealed the deadly effects of the pesticide DDT. But in the 1950s no one knew enough to care about dying songbirds. The public did know, however, that developers planned a major dam in a minor unit of the National Park System. And the public responded.

•••

When World War II veterans returned home to their wives and began the baby boom, they also returned with new technologies that would change the West forever, like Jeeps. Surplus rubber rafts made Class III Rapids on the Green runnable. Over the years a variety of intrepid white water fans had made their way down the Green after Major Powell. Some of the finest wooden river boats had been built by Nathaniel Galloway in Vernal, Utah, and the enigmatic Buzz Holmstrom had come down the Green on his solo voyage through the Grand Canyon in a wooden boat of his own design. But rubber rafts reduced dangers, could accommodate friends, and, as Bus Hatch learned, could be enjoyed by paying customers.

After World War II, a new industry was born: river running. Combine Americans’ love for camping and the outdoors with the thrills, spills, and chills of white water, and a new industry was bobbing and bouncing its way into the future.

The Hatch family of Utah understood that, but their neighbors did not. The Hatch family opposed the dam, and so they were shunned, shut out, and ostracized in Vernal, the closest town to the dam site. They wanted free flowing, sparkling rivers, and they paid a painful, personal price. It was the age of Cold War conformity, and in Mormon Utah, no one was to stand out. Except the Hatches. They believed in wild rivers, and they believed that no damn dam should go in a place as stunningly beautiful as Echo Park.
In the 1950s there was no environmental movement, and there was no National Environmental Policy Act or NEPA. No public meetings. No local hearings. Just Washington bureaucrat fat cats going about their business with the blessings of pro-growth, pro-business politicians. But then, for the first time, local legislators met their constituents—rivers runners. And it was a collision of cultures, a clash between the past and the future. Despite the enormous odds, river runners did what they could. They took on the Establishment. They argued that the Green and Yampa Rivers needed to flow free past Steamboat Rock and other locations first named by Major Powell. Bus Hatch took tourists down the Green in surplus rafts, including members of the Sierra Club. For the first time Sierra Club mountain enthusiasts came to see a new kind of wilderness; they came to see and appreciate Western rivers, and they realized that damming the Green would destroy the Canyon of Lodore.

Not since 1913 and the fight over a dam in Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park had the Sierra Club and other organizations taken on such a massive project to stop a federally endorsed dam in a national monument. Never before had the Sierra Club attempted a vast campaign outside of California, and never had the legal question of building a dam in a national monument come up. Under the leadership of their new director, David Brower, and Los Angeles Times writer Martin Litton, this crusade would rapidly remake the Sierra Club into a national organization.

• • •
Thousands rallied to the cause, including many Americans who had never been to Dinosaur. The dean of Western writers, Wallace Stegner, wrote *This is Dinosaur* published by Alfred Knopf in New York. Writer and historian Bernard de Voto railed against the dam in major magazines. For the first time, Super 8 movie film helped convince Congress to leave Dinosaur National Monument’s rivers alone. Stopping the dam at Echo Park helped create the 20th century environmental movement from an older 19th century conservation movement.

The dam was defeated after a hard battle between the entrenched Bureau of Reclamation and American citizens. David Brower of the Sierra Club worked side by side with groups like the Izaak Walton League, the National Parks Conservation Association, and The Wilderness Society to stop the Bureau. That was nationally, but locally... Hatch family members in Vernal were the only ones opposed to the dam. Everyone else basked in potential economic development because “a playground for millions” was promised. The Hatch family became avid river runners, and the first commercial permittees on the Green. The Hatches took magazine writers and filmmakers through rapids to show what would be flooded.

The Echo Park controversy sparked the biggest conservation crusade to date in the 20th century. It shifted arguments from conservation and multiple use to the environmental movement. Letters flowed in to congressmen and senators. Finally, in April 1956, the dam was deleted from the Colorado River Storage Project, though few Americans had yet to visit Dinosaur National Monument, or float the Green and Yampa Rivers. Howard Zahniser of The Wilderness Society stated, “We’re not fighting progress, we’re making it.”

... 

The beautiful canyons of the Green and Yampa had been preserved because of concerned citizens, many of whom had never rafted a Western river. Sixty years ago the canyons were saved by the slimmest of margins. Echo Park remains, but there was a cost. Flaming Gorge Dam was built upstream, forever changing the Green River, but leaving the Yampa the last free flowing river on the Upper Colorado River System.

Though Congress deleted dams at Whirlpool Canyon near Echo Park and at Split Mountain, Congress authorized Glen Canyon Dam in Arizona. The new town of Page was built, and hundreds of archaeological sites flooded under the waters of Lake Powell. Glen Canyon Dam became David Brower’s
cross to bear and Ed Abbey’s perpetual nemesis. Someday the dam will silt up and become a magnificent waterfall, but for now houseboats skim blue waters, and an ugly white bathtub ring along the canyon walls descends with ongoing drought.

So, yes, river runners should mourn the loss of Glen Canyon, but let’s not forget our upstream victory on the Colorado-Utah border. The fight continues against two competitive visions of the West—leaving it alone and adjusting ourselves and our society to a land of limited water and irreplaceable riparian habitat, or damming every river, creek, and stream for water projects that will, in the end, fail. The human perspective is always the short view. Canyons know river time, geologic time, and swirling white water dancing between dark stones.

... 

We ran the Green in the rain for a day or two. We ran Triplet Falls and avoided the wall and the Birth Canal. At Hell’s Half Mile we played through the autumnal rock garden and tried not to tag the boulders, especially the rock Lucifer in the middle, so we ran river right. Camping at Rippling Brook, we climbed up to the microclimate and ecosystem of the 75 foot Rippling Brook Waterfall. And then Indian summer returned. Our final day through rapids in Split Mountain Canyon was glorious. I was hooked.

I now have favorite campsites and long-term memories of camping over the years. In addition to the Green River’s human history, I have learned about endangered warm water fish species like the spike dace minnow and the humpbacked chub. I learned how a remote site on Steamboat Rock in Dinosaur National Monument helped save the peregrine falcon population in the American West because one of the last breeding pairs of falcons lived there. I learned how desert bighorns, once gone from the canyons, have been re-introduced.

Being on river trips with movable communities where friendships are
formed and stories shared, I have learned about “river time” and letting one’s cares and concerns flow on down the canyon. I have learned about being present, engaged, and focused on reading rapids. Sure, I’ve dumped a time or two. Who hasn’t? But I’ve learned that to be outdoors on a river is to understand the West, and one’s self, in a new and vital way. We need rivers and riparian habitat for the ecology it represents, but also for the human ecology, the friendships made, and time alone in nature.

Notes
Violet  
Israel Holloway (watercolor)
From Steam Age to World Music Stage
The History of Rangely’s “Tank”

by Heather Zadra

In her 2013 Grand Junction Daily Sentinel article about a 1930s-era railroad water treatment tank turned sonic sound space, journalist Rachel Sauer noted that reverberations in “the Tank” are hardly predictable.

Rather than return with the regular cadence of echoes, sound waves in the 60-foot, steel-capped cylinder “race in circles like atoms in a supercollider. Twist away like a whirlpool, like a benign Charybdis. Expand and pulse up and up and up.”

Sound’s curious behavior in the Tank is not unlike the story of the Tank itself. Its tidy beginning, hijacked by chance, morphs into a series of improbable events, repurposing the Tank far from its intended use. No part of the story predicts the next.

Recently, conversations about the Tank have focused largely on its resurrection. After years of sitting empty on a hillside north of Rangely, seemingly devoid of purpose, it was “saved” by friends nobody knew had loved it for more than three decades.

In March 2013, the “Friends of the Tank”—dubbing themselves “an eclectic group of artists, sonic explorers and practical minds bound by a common experience”—emerged from a group of musicians and sound-lovers who had been experimenting...
with Tank sounds since the late 1970s.

To prevent the Tank’s being dismantled for scrap metal, the Friends launched a Kickstarter crowdsourcing campaign that, in three weeks, unveiled the Tank to the public imagination, prompted 800 supporters worldwide to donate more than $46,000, and rechristened the Tank with an unlikely title indeed: Center for Sonic Arts.

The vision to create a space for community engagement, education, performance, and recording continues to evolve. Since the campaign, the Friends of the Tank have earned nonprofit status and acquired a building permit to adapt the space for assembly purposes. In September, college students, a handful of local businesses and residents, and others committed to repurposing the Tank installed lighting, fencing, ventilation, and access points. Architectural design company Rhino Cubed is nearly finished with a state-of-the-art sound studio container that will live next to the Tank for sound recording and production.

But as storytellers, musicians, and other Tank faithful have passed on oral and written stories of the Tank’s salvation, its origins have taken on near-mythic qualities.

For instance, in popular lore, the Tank never held liquid (and it didn’t—at least, not since it was hauled in pieces to Rangely and reconstructed there in the mid-1960s). It was purported to have come from Loma or perhaps the Arkansas Valley in southeastern Colorado. A March 2013 article in Denver’s *Westword* stated the Tank was “originally intended for a railroad project that was never completed.”

Colorado railroad scholar William Reich, however, believes the Tank did serve a purpose before it arrived in Rangely. Water treatment tanks like this one were essential to the railroad industry in the first half of the 20th century, until diesel engines replaced steam power in the late 1950s.

Although the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad (D&RGW), to which the Tank once belonged, didn’t treat water until the mid- to late-1930s thanks to higher-quality water sources from the mountains, other railroad companies used water-softening technology beginning late in the 19th century. “The whole idea was to use soft water in the steam engines so that they would have to be cleaned less often,” Reich said. “Boiler tube cleaning was a laborious and expensive task... Hard untreated water treated with a
combination of lime water (calcium oxide) and soda ash precipitated out the carbonates that foul boiler tubes.”

To start the process, railroad companies sent out water samples for testing, and then received a custom-made recipe of soda ash and lime for individual locations. An operator entered a mixing shed attached to the treatment tank to combine the mixture before inserting it into the bottom of a two- to four-foot-wide center pipe. Raw water was then pushed up through the chemicals, leaving the harsh salts and hard carbonates in the tank’s bottom, along with the soda ash and lime. As chemistry progressed throughout the steam era, other additives completed additional tasks, such as “scaveng[ing] free oxygen ions to minimize carbon embrittlement of the steels being used in the boilers.”

Next, softened water moved to a large storage tank from the smaller treatment tank. Water was transferred either via pipe or by overflowing directly into the tank that held both the smaller tank and storage water. Rangely’s Tank, Reich believes, was likely this latter “combination” model. From the
storage tank, softened water then moved to the locomotive tenders through a spout on the tank or through a water column near the tracks. Workers periodically flushed the inner pipe of impurities before inserting new chemicals and starting the process again.

Despite local history’s placing the Tank in Loma or Mack, Colorado, the D&RGW did not have water stations, where the softening process would have occurred, in these locations. Though the Uintah Railway had a wooden and, later, a steel storage tank in Mack for locomotives and town water, and the D&RGW had a wooden tank in Fruita, Rangely’s Tank was likely built for water stations in Rifle or Grand Valley (near modern-day Parachute) or even, perhaps, a nearby station in Utah. Constructed between 1937 and 1941, the Tank would have been relevant to the industry until 1957 or 1958. Once it was no longer useful, it may have been sold for as little as $1, providing the buyer moved the structure.¹

How the Moon Lake Electric Association (MLEA) acquired the Tank in 1963 or 1964, under what conditions and at what price is a mystery contained in some long-buried accounting record, many of which still sit in railroad boxcars. We do know that a sale made sense for a railroad company upgrading to diesel technology and an electric company still producing its own power. The Tank’s potential lay just beneath the surface of things, its form as yet unrealized.

In 1951, just a couple of years after MLEA decided to offer service to the rapidly-burgeoning oilfield industry, it purchased the Rangely Power and Light Company, including a steam- and natural gas-fired generating plant. Over the next several years, Moon Lake updated and expanded the plant to run on natural gas and diesel fuel, with additional buildings and generating units in place by 1959.⁵

By the early 1960s, Moon Lake
hoped to lower insurance costs by adding a fire suppression system to draw water to the plant quickly during an emergency. Without town water lines to tie into, however, Moon Lake needed other options. The company already processed its own water and had plenty to spare. Why not purchase a water treatment tank at a railroad station nearby no longer needed, use it for water storage, and lower insurance costs in one go?"

By the time the Tank arrived in Rangely in 1963 or 1964, Claude White had been Moon Lake's Superintendent of Generation for four or five years. He, wife Arlene, and their three children lived in a small house just northwest of the plant on Moon Lake property.

The youngest of the Whites' three children, Kelvin, was approximately ten years old when he saw trucks turning off of Highway 64 carrying pieces of the Tank.

"I remember standing in the yard, watching them weld that thing together," he said. "As a little kid, I wanted to go over and do it with them. I'm sure I was told, 'You leave the yard, you're dead meat.' They cut it in the biggest sections they could to put it on trucks and get it here, so it went up pretty fast."

White and other locals who remember the Tank's reconstruction said it was pieced together in little more than a week using a crane and welding tools. Six-inch rods of steel pipe intended to transport the water to hydrants were laid near the plant. In the town proper, most residents took little notice of Rangely's new "skyline."

Moon Lake, however, would soon need to contend with the repercussions of their well-intentioned plan. Despite his coming to the company several years after the Tank did, Ken Winder, a Moon Lake electrical engineer from 1972 to 1981 and MLEA's engineering department manager until his retirement in
2013, knows as much as anyone about why the Tank never again held water. “The Tank’s position had to be near and above the plant so that we’d have water pressure,” Winder said. “But after it was placed, there were questions about the adequacy of the foundation. It wasn’t properly done; from an engineering standpoint, you have tons of water to support, and it’s not a very good hillside to begin with. There were a lot of issues concerning to me, even though the Tank was already in place.”

Longtime MLEA employee Dave Justus recalled that town officials had concerns the hill itself wouldn’t have supported the 1,170 tons of water weight the Tank could potentially hold. The plan that had dismantled and transported a massive tower of metal across county and perhaps even state lines ended here. Soon enough, hopes to electrify the country via a federally-governed power plan would render the Tank’s strategic hilltop perch purposeless. The shift would also launch the Tank into its next unlikely role.

In 1958, MLEA won the bid to supply power for the construction of the Flaming Gorge Dam, and by the time the project was completed in 1963, Moon Lake had begun purchasing power from the Dam. The next year, MLEA began receiving substantial power and energy allocations via the Federal Hydro Power System. The allotment increased upon the completion of the Colorado River Storage Projects (CRSP) in the late 1960s.

As the nation moved toward establishing a Federal Power Grid and Moon Lake increasingly relied on hydroelectric power, natural gas supplies in northwestern Colorado and California became sporadic, driving up local power production costs. Rangely’s power plant scaled back production, running its generators only during the daytime. Interestingly, though, by the time Ken Winder arrived at Moon Lake in 1972, planners were still considering options for plant fire suppression. “We purchased about two acres of land…to the south and west of the plant and created an area for a pond ditch there,” he said. “It wasn’t going to be a very deep pond, but it was another alternative being explored that was much less expensive than trying to remedy the foundation issues. And then we determined we wouldn’t continue generating power at that location.”

By 1975, Moon Lake administrators had decided the local power plant was no longer earning its keep and shut it down for good. While the company sold the generators and other plant equipment, nobody seemed to want the Tank, although local tradition holds that Moon Lake eventually offered it up for as little as $1.
Perhaps it’s no wonder that the Tank held little value in most people’s eyes. It must have seemed forlorn and abandoned, a modern-day Tower of Babel. But even as the Tank’s purpose for Moon Lake evaporated, its emptiness became the very thing that drew native speakers to it.

The first group to discover the way Tank sounds dipped, climbed and meandered was comprised of the usual suspects: partygoers, love-smitten and lovelorn teenagers, oilfield workers, and graduates echoing the last strains of their school years before heading out into the world. Locals recollect customs: spray-painting graduation years on the Tank; modifying car stereo systems with speaker cords of sufficient length to grace the tank with music; and experimenting with the range of reverberations made when a beer bottle smashed against the Tank’s metallic jacket. While not as popular a party spot as other nearby hangouts, the Tank was positively a draw for its novelty. There was something about the way it transformed whoops, whispers, and hollers into something nearly reverent, perhaps other-worldly.

In 1976, a second group of Tank inhabitants sprang from a random encounter between visiting artists and Rangely natives. One of the most fortuitous moments of “sonic thinker” and composer Bruce Odland’s life happened during the last stop of the Colorado Council on the Arts and Humanities’ Chautauqua Tour, a traveling arts festival which found Odland rambling around town gathering sounds for an event installation. Two roughnecks, still unidentified after nearly 40 years, sent him into the Tank along with his recording equipment, striking the outside of the structure with two-by-fours and rocks.10

That night, the Tank drew Odland back, this time with instruments and a friend from the Tour. Though he left Rangely the next day, New York-based Odland could never stay away for long. He felt an almost visceral need to plumb the ways the Tank spoke to him. Wanting it to be explored by

Tank “founder” Bruce Odland illuminates the Tank in 1981, long before Tank visitors borrowed, bought, or installed electricity. (photograph by Elton Norwood)
different creative minds, he brought musician friends, recording equipment, and instruments from around the world to test the sonic waters of the Tank. For more than two decades, artists made albums whose titles echoed their experiences in the structure: The Soaring Bird, Leaving Eden, and Ray of Life among them.

With two disparate groups virtually unknown to each other regularly visiting the hilltop sanctuary, it's a mystery they never really crossed paths again.

“There were occasions while we were recording that a dirt bike sound would echo into the Tank, followed by a visored-helmet, head-poking-through-the-portal spaceman,” Odland recalled. “I think that, given the music and instruments collected inside, this passed for interplanetary communication in both directions, however brief.”

While each group felt a sense of belonging to the Tank, neither gave much thought to who actually owned it. Local oral history holds that in the early 1980s, Moon Lake finally sold the structure to the Town of Rangely. Town planners apparently hoped the community might yet find an official use for the empty space, but longtime MLEA lineman Don Wade recalled that it wasn’t long before Moon Lake owned the Tank, however unwillingly, once again.

County records show that by 1989, Moon Lake had found somebody else willing to take it on. A quitclaim deed issued in February documented Moon Lake selling the Tank and the nine acres surrounding it to Jude Hacking, owner of the Ouray Brine Corporation. Hacking, who is skeptical that the Tank was never filled because of foundation issues, planned to fill the Tank with 10-pound brine water, but when a major contract with the Chevron Corporation fell through, he abandoned the plan. In the mid-1990s, he tried to sell it to the Town of Rangely, which was initially interested in a sale to use the Tank for city water. The lead paint in the Tank’s interior, however, soon killed any potential deal.

In the meantime, Tank devotees continued to make regular pilgrimages to their Mecca. In 1999, Michael Stanwood, a musician and longtime friend of Odland’s who visited the Tank regularly for the better part of two decades, arrived with sound artist Jeremiah Moore to find the Tank’s portal welded shut, and its exterior ladder cut off. Hacking, who was concerned about liability as the party crowds made more regular visits to the Tank, didn’t hesitate to sell it and five of the original nine acres to Stanwood for a mere $10.
Soon after acquiring the property, Stanwood started a small organization called the “Order of the Tank,” through which a dozen or so loyal Tank friends made small annual donations to help with taxes. Though Stanwood’s own liability was covered by another property he owned, he too soon learned the unusual routine of Tank guardianship.

“I had to be pretty conscious every time I went out to put ‘Private Property’ signs back up that had been torn down,” Stanwood said. “I usually ended up getting a new padlock, which had been broken or cut off in the time between my coming out there again. It was a challenge, but I was not aware of it as much as the man who passed it on to me.”

Another decade and a half trickled by, with an eclectic, evolving group of international musicians and artists making journeys to rest, record, and explore the Tank’s soundscape. In 2005, Stanwood recorded his album Portal, christening the Tank “a vessel where serendipity is always alive, patience is rewarded, trust is sustained, and surrender can at times give way to a sense of grace.”

But as years passed, Stanwood and others began to feel that their exploration of the Tank’s secrets was coming to a close. When somebody offered to buy the Tank, even talking about parting it out for scrap metal, Stanwood reached out to the people who loved it most before making a decision.

“I had this feeling I had done my thing at the Tank,” he said. “I’d said everything I had to say....Most people agreed I should go ahead and let it go, that they didn’t need to go back out.”

Bruce Odland was one of the first people Stanwood called. As Odland
contemplated a future without the Tank, he sought input from good friend David Shoemaker, who had produced Odland’s Tank album *Leaving Eden*.

“Since none of us had been there for awhile, the first idea was to get the old gang together and have one last recording session out in Rangely,” Odland said. “When I called David…he said, ‘No, I’m not going to a funeral! Have you ever in 30 years of traveling the world for sound found a better sounding place?’”

Odland had to admit he hadn’t.

“Then we have to save it somehow,” Shoemaker said.

A few days later, as Odland and his friends celebrated his 60th birthday, a group of Tank faithful sat up late into the night, making plans to do just that. Though Stanwood returned to the Friends of the Tank double what the Order of the Tank had contributed for his stewardship for 14 years, they little understood what would be involved in the permitting process.

Now, two years in, they credit town and county officials in particular for helping guide them toward making the Center a reality.

“[W]e really did not know a thing about conditional use permits or building permits or international codes, so it is a continuous learning curve,” Odland said. “But now enough people are joining in that we feel it will really have a future there in Rangely as something. Nobody has ever before heard of a Center for Sonic Arts.”

Odland is right. Even as an international community of musicians and artists awaits opportunities to travel to, learn from, and record in the Tank, few people in Rangely have experienced the Tank in the ways the Friends envision—through education, personal engagement, and mutual interaction. There is curiosity, but not yet passion; there is wary acceptance, but not yet welcoming. The tenor of the note is still uncertain; the Friends have released it, but only the Tank will decide how it plays out.

However, if Friend of the Tank and multimedia artist Max Bernstein is right, there’s cause enough for hope, even expectancy, in the Tank’s future.

“The mission of THE FRIENDS OF THE TANK to both protect and share the TANK with the world is a noble and significant one, which begins to fill an underrepresented niche in our culture,” he wrote. “While much of the over 35+ years of documentation of this space is currently being digitized, categorized, and codified, the true potential of this place is just now beginning to surface. The Point of Maximum Potential; a boulder at the peak of a hill the moment before physics takes hold and forces it into a kinetic state. This is the moment we are at with the TANK.”
Notes

1. Rachel Sauer, “Group Rallies Around Rangely Tank and Its Unique Sound,” *The Daily Sentinel*, April 7, 2013, Dec. 12, 2014. For articles and interviews about the Tank’s story during and since the March 2013 Kickstarter crowdsourcing campaign that raised more than $46,000 to save it, click on the “Media/In The Press” link on the *Tanksounds* website.


6. Ken Winder, series of phone interviews between Jan. 28 and March 3, 2015. In Barton’s history of the Moon Lake Electric Association, the author notes that “Kenneth Winder has been the principal engineer for almost half of Moon Lake’s existence” (51).


10. Bruce Odland has spoken of this experience in various interviews and publications, including a March 2013 interview with Colorado Public Radio. For links, go to “Media/In The Press” on *Tanksounds*.


17. Odland, email communication, Feb. 21, 2015.

Kathy Simpson (photograph)
Once upon a time, a king died, leaving no heir to take charge of his kingdom. Fearing that the nobles would begin to battle amongst themselves, a great magician used his powers to embed a sword into an anvil in a churchyard, and right through the anvil into the stone beneath it. Then he had proclamations sent out, declaring that anyone who could pull the sword from the stone was the rightful king. Hundreds gathered to watch the strongest men in the kingdom try to pull the sword from the stone. They sweated and they strained, but the sword didn't budge. In time, the nobles gathered together to choose their own ruler, and vines and weeds grew up over the sword in the stone.

Hundreds of years later, a boy named George visited the church with his parents. He was a small boy, and thin for his age. George had been sick a lot when he was a boy, so he'd never learned to play with the other boys. He liked to play alone, and made up fantastic games with dragons and knights and wizards, all doing fascinating things.

Although the church was old and run down, George's parents wanted to tour the church and talk with the minister, because it was an important historical structure. They wanted to talk about the architecture and the artwork and other dull things, so they told George to run out into the churchyard and find something to play with.

On one side of the church was a graveyard, old enough to be interesting instead of scary. The tombstones had elaborate carvings and words with moss growing in them. But George didn't think it would be respectful if he jumped off of them so he could pretend to fly, as he longed to do. So, instead, he went around the other side of the church, into a little wilderness of overgrown trees and tangled vines.

There was a crumbling stone wall that ran just about the height of George's
head, and he quickly scrambled up on it and pretended he was a tightrope walker in the circus. When he got to the end of the wall, he jumped down into a big pile of leaves that had blown up against it, and pretended he was a goose, flying south for the winter. Then he crouched down and pretended he was an explorer, wandering the dangerous jungle that no one had ever left alive.

He had a grand time, fighting off tigers and giant snakes, and even a stray polar bear, using a stick for a sword or a machete, whichever came in handy at the time. And when he had fought his way to a little overgrown summer-house, he pretended that he was an emperor on his throne, refreshing himself with such delicacies as grapes and figs, tongue, and whole roasted pigs. He had great fun ordering the servants about, and having one whipped for not refilling his cup fast enough. But then he repented of ordering the whipping and sent a lightning-fast messenger to run and order the whipping stopped.

When George got tired of that game, he looked about him, wondering if his parents were done talking about the artwork in the church yet. He hadn’t heard them call him, so he watched a yellow striped cat prowling through the leaves and pouncing on them when the wind tried to blow them away. It looked like fun, so George went over to make friends with the cat.

George knew that cats are easy to make friends with, when a boy knows how to be quiet and still. And George could do that when he wanted to. He had once spent an entire afternoon hiding in the boot cupboard, with his hand held over his mouth, while his cousins searched the whole house for him.

George let the cat sniff his hand, and then the cat let George stroke his fur. When the cat grabbed George’s hand gently between his front paws and pretended to chew on George’s sleeve, George knew the cat was ready to play with him. They chased each other back and forth, crunching through the dry leaves, first George chasing the cat, and then the cat turning and pouncing on George and grabbing his leg.

When they were both tired out, they flopped down together in a pile of dry leaves. “I wish you were my cat,” George said, stroking the cat’s back. The cat purred and leaned into George’s hand. The wind picked up a bit, and George shivered and wished he had a heavier coat.
Just to warm himself up a bit, he jumped up and began kicking the leaves into a pile by the wall. He had only made a small pile when he began to worry that he might cover up the cat. So he looked around to find the cat, and finally saw him sniffing around an old moss-covered rock. The rock had an oddly shaped top, which George thought looked like the hilt of a sword. So he ran over to look at it. In his mind, he was already a pirate, searching for an ancient buried treasure.

The cat had jumped to the top of the rock, and was rubbing his chin against the tall, straight part. George laughed and scratched the cat’s chin for him, while the cat purred. Where the cat had rubbed against the stone, bits of green moss had flaked off and now decorated the cat’s yellow fur. George brushed these off the best he could, and then the cat sat down to groom his fur properly.

George examined the shiny metallic parts where the moss had come off. And then he sat up with an exclamation, and began rubbing the rest of the moss away.

“It really is a sword!” George told the cat, who didn’t seem excited one bit. “And it’s stuck straight down into the anvil. How did they do that?” But the cat just blinked at him and went back to licking his side.

George took hold of the sword hilt with both hands and pulled up, just to see if he could move it. The sword pulled straight out of the anvil, just as if it were leaping into George’s hands. He even thought he heard a blare of trumpets and saw a beam of light as he pulled out the sword.

George stood staring at the sword in his hands. It was much too heavy for him to lift, and the point dragged on the ground no matter how he tried to raise it.

“Who...so...pull...pulleth this sword....” George tried to polish the blade so he could read the rest, but it was too tarnished and caked with dirt.

“George! Where are you?” George’s father was calling him. “It’s time to go home, son!”

“I’m over here!” George called, dragging the sword over to the wall. The sword was much too heavy for him to lift over the wall, so he had to drag it around to the rusty iron gate. His parents met him there.

“George, we’ve been calling you for ages,” his mother scolded. “Why didn’t you come?”

George bit his lip. “I didn’t hear you. Father, can you read this?” He raised the hilt higher, hoping they could help. But his mother shrieked.
“George! Where did you find that horrible thing?” she scolded. “You know you’re not supposed to handle sharp things. You might hurt yourself.”

“But mother, it’s a sword,” George protested. “It’s really old, don’t you think? Look, it’s got a message—”

“It’s a weapon,” George’s father said sternly. “And you could get into a lot of trouble with that. Do you want people to think you’re some kind of a bully, going around terrorizing people with swords?”

“But—” George tried to explain that he just wanted to know what it said.

“You heard your father,” George’s mother said. “Swords can hurt people. You could be hurt. You could hurt someone else. Where did you get that thing, anyway?”

“I found it, just over there.” George pointed back in the direction of the summerhouse.

“Go and put it back right where you found it, immediately,” George’s mother ordered.

“But—”

“Immediately!” she repeated. She was frowning and so was George’s father.

George hung his head and dragged the sword back through the iron gate. He was panting and sweating by the time he managed to pull the sword high enough to put it back into the anvil. He heard the trumpets and saw the light again, but the trumpets sounded discordant and sad, and the light seemed weak. George shoved the sword all the way down again, and dragged his heels as he rejoined his parents.

“Now I’ll never know what it said,” he muttered as he shoved the gate closed behind him.

“What was that, dear?” His mother seemed much happier now that the dangerous weapon was gone.

“Nothing.” George scuffed his feet through the pile of leaves as he followed his parents back to the car. They already seemed to have forgotten about the sword as they discussed the historical significance of the stone arches in the gallery.

George had just opened the rear door when the yellow cat bounded up and into George’s car seat. There the cat wrapped his tail around his feet as if to say that he wasn’t going to be removed. George let out a cry and jumped into the car ahead of his parents.

“Please can’t we take him home with us?” he pleaded, taking the cat up in his arms.
“Why...what...” George’s mother gasped.
“It probably lives here,” his father said. “You can’t just go about stealing cats, you know, Georgie.”
“But what if he doesn’t live here?” George asked. “I took the sword back. Can’t I keep the cat if he doesn’t have a home already? Please? He’s my friend.”
George’s mother looked helplessly at his father, who looked helplessly back before trudging off to ask the minister if he had a yellow cat.
The minister came out and stood by the car. “No, that cat has been hanging around here for days,” the minister said. “I try to put a little something out for him. But he doesn’t belong to anyone around here.”
“Then can’t I keep him?” George pleaded. “Please? I’ll take good care of him, and I won’t let him claw up the furniture.”
George’s mother looked at his father, and his father shrugged his shoulders. “At least it’s not a sword,” he said.
“Sword?” The minister had a peculiar look on his face.
“Oh, very well,” George’s mother agreed. “But we really must be running along. Betty Southwick and her daughter might drop in for tea.”
So George took the cat home, where he claimed a spot on George’s bed for sleeping, and a spot on top of the bookshelf in George’s room for looking down on everybody. And every morning after breakfast, the two of them would take turns chasing each other up and down the long hallways.
Contributors’ Notes

Kathy Bassett now lives in Maybell, Colorado, but used to live in Brown’s Park. She loves everything Brown’s Park has to offer, such as hiking, exploring, photography, hunting, camping, etc. She is a wildlife artist, and also loves woodworking, sewing and crafts.

Katie Berkoff is currently a full-time student at CNCC. She has been a committed artist since the age of twelve, and has plans to go to a four-year college to earn a degree in illustration.

Lauren Blair has been photographing people, places, and shapes around the globe for 11 years. She discovered the landscapes of Northwest Colorado two years ago when she found her way to Craig as a reporter for the Craig Daily Press. Photographing Sage Country was taken along Highway 13 north of Craig in September of 2013.

Terry Carwile is a CNCC Foundation Board member and periodic student at CNCC. As a former bookstore owner and Mayor of Craig, Terry says he “loves to photograph the wonderful landscapes of Northwest Colorado.”

Jeremy Chambers is an Army veteran, a father, husband, and a full-time student at CNCC-Craig. Fellow photographers comment that Jeremy has a knack for being at the right place at the right time with his camera in hand.

Yuri Chicovsky is an artist living and working in Northwest Colorado. His documentary film, Sage Country, about a local sheep rancher and his family, is currently in post-production. Mr. Chicovsky also teaches memoir writing at CNCC.

Aletha Dove was born in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and graduated from high school there. Having been married for 41 years, raised three boys, and been a professional cake decorator, she and her husband are finally retired. Now she pursues her lifelong dream of traveling and sharing the beauty of the world through photography.

David Foster of Craig is a graduate of CNCC. A Single Rose was taken in Africa in 2013.

Heather Fross is a resident of Craig. The Art of Art – A Long Day in the Coal Mill is a watercolor painting of her Uncle Arthur at the end of a long day working in the Craig Power Plant coal mill.

Barb Gregoire is a ceramic artist and teacher. Her inspiration comes from beauty often missed because of the fast pace of our present world. Barb writes, “From the boundless forms of earth, water, and fire, it is my attempt to create a dialogue between form and surface that should be viewed with quiet contemplation.”

Andrew Gulliford is a professor of history and Environmental Studies at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado. He can be reached at gulliford_a@fortlewis.edu.

Rene Harden writes, “I am 57 years old. I feel I am more of a naturalist photographer, as I like being outside rather than in. I photographed this butterfly on the White River; it was gently floating along, and then it just kissed this plant when it ever-so-gently landed upon it.”

Melissa Hill is a student at CNCC-Craig working toward an Associate of Arts degree. County Fair was taken at the Moffat County Fairgrounds as a photography class assignment.

Isaac Holloway is a full-time artist who currently exhibits in national and international shows throughout the country. His award winning artwork is inspired by the ongoing western lifestyle here in Northwest Colorado.

Janele Husband is a retired elementary school teacher. Her photograph Summer Squall was taken north of Craig in August 2013; the sheep in Donovan resides at Yampa Valley Fiberworks mill north of Craig.

Elizabeth “Liz” Johnson graduated from North Carolina State University with her Master’s in Molecular Paleontology, the paleontology subfield dedicated to the fossilization and preservation of organic biomolecules. Her extensive field experience includes many summers with Museum of the Rockies in the Hell Creek Formation of Montana. Liz teaches a variety of sciences at CNCC, including geology, astronomy, chemistry, biology and anatomy & physiology.
Lisa Krueger lives in Rangely with her husband and works for CNCC. She says, "I have my Dad and Mom to thank for encouraging me from a young age to keep learning new skills with every drawing I completed."

David Morris taught language arts for 35 years. He has published three books of poetry and has an unpublished novel. He tries his hand at a variety of art forms, and loves to let those creative juices flow.

Mary Morris, the daughter of an oil field driller, has lived in Craig since 1957 and worked at CNCC-Craig since 1991. She hopes that her personal writings will give her children and grandchildren a glimpse of how life was during her lifetime and generations past.

Patti Mosbey has been a Craig resident for most of her married life as a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. She says, "I love the outdoors and capturing the beauty we have right here in Northwest Colorado. I traded my spurs for a camera, and I'm enjoying the landscape from a new view."

Heidi Nielsen has been a lover of stories since first grade, although she didn't begin writing her own until fifth grade. She is currently in the process of publishing two short story collections, and hopes to publish at least one novel in the coming months.

Weldon Sandusky graduated from Texas Tech University in 1968—a B.A. in English. He then got an M.A. in English from the University of Wisconsin and a law degree (J.D. 1975) from the same school. Divorce followed as did commitment to, first, the private psychiatric hospital, Timberlawn, in Dallas, and, later, the State Mental Asylum in Terrell, Texas. Mr. Sandusky petitioned for habeas corpus, claiming a conspiracy to unlawfully commit him existed in violation of his constitutional rights. Upon release, Weldon got a job at Exxon/Mobil where he worked twenty years as a cashier-nightman. In 2005 he underwent open heart surgery at St. Paul's Hospital in Dallas and has since been declared totally disabled. He has coronary heart disease.

Kathy Simpson teaches biology and math at CNCC-Craig. Kathy notes that she is always surprised by the images her camera captures.

Joyce Wilson came to poetry late in life to distill joys and sorrows of nearly half a century of marriage, the birth of four children, the loss of one, and the joys of grandchildren, travel, and faith.

Donna Theimer may be in academics serving as the Dean of Instruction at CNCC-Craig, but she has always tried to balance her life with a variety of interests. Donna was published in Whispers of the Heart, an Anthology of Poetry. She believes that it is unhealthy to box yourself into only seeing the world one way. She writes, “You have to think about the world, romanticize the world, experience the world, and then put it all back together again through work and art.”

Ellis Thompson-Ellis and Joshua Ellis are from Florida and Louisiana, respectively. The couple are LSU Alumni, Josh receiving his B.A. in Political Science and Ellis receiving her B.S. in Biological Sciences and M.S. in Natural Sciences. The couple moved to Rangely in August 2013 and enjoy spending their spare time rockhounding and exploring Colorado public lands with their dog, Walter.

Heather Zadra is a sometime-educator turned freelance writer and mom of three crazy, fabulous boys. Without the memories and insights of key individuals in the research process, she would have had little to write about the Tank's history pre-1976. Her thanks go to the following:

- Rangely resident and firsthand observer Kelvin White.
- Colorado railroad scholar William Reich, who provided and explained images of the water treatment process and gave detailed information about the Tank's history.
- Retired Moon Lake Electric Association (MLEA) engineer Ken Winder for his professional interest in the Tank and personal interest in its story.
- Don and Barbara Wade.
- Ouray Brine Corporation owner Jude Hacking.
- MLEA employees Leslie Rice and Bob Kissling.
- Town of Rangely Public Works Supervisor Jeff LeBleu.
- Rio Blanco County Clerk Deputy Debbie Raley.
- The dozens of Rangely residents who offered insight to various aspects of the Tank or, if they didn't know anything, called back anyway.
- The past and current Friends of the Tank, whose passion and fresh way of seeing—and hearing—continue to color the author's worldview for the better. Thanks especially to Bruce Odland, Michael Stanwood, and Lois LaFond.
- Waving Hands Review editor Joe Wiley, who had a vision for this piece long before anyone else did.
A Long Day in the Coal Mill

Heather Fross (watercolor)
Water Faerie

Janele Husband (photograph)

Waving Hands Review is a journal of the arts and literature of Northwest Colorado produced by Colorado Northwestern Community College.

500 Kennedy Drive • Rangely, CO 81648 • 800.562.1105 • www.cncc.edu