

Colorado River Traveler Tells Of Dangers Lurking In Canyons

we will come to Lava Falls, the so-called "graveyard of the Colorado" which has never been conquered by a single boatman.

Holmstrom is determined to go through the brawling trench which lies nearly 5,000 feet below the ground surface in Granite Gorge, west of the Grand Canyon.

We're blistered and sun-burned and tired, but we're going on down the river another 1,000 miles, we hope. And all because it's fun.

plorers club.

We have been more than a month reaching the arid desert of southern Utah and northern Arizona. It's a strange contrast to the slender Lodgepole pine forests at the headwaters of the Colorado.

Sometime in the next few days

Editors Note: The following dispatch was written exclusively for the United Press by Amos Berg, member of a three-man expedition down the Colorado river from Green River, Wyoming, to Guaymas, Mexico, the longest voyage ever taken on the turbulent stream. Today the three adventures were on second leg of the trip.

By AMOS BERG

(Written For The United Press)

GRAND CANYON, Ariz., Oct. 28. (UP)—It's a long, long trail and it's dangerous, but it's fun.

That sums up what it's like to roar through the Colorado river rapids in a small boat. The weather is alternately hot and cold but we get used to it and the other discomforts and then really begin to enjoy the thrills.

Still somewhat shaky from the first 1,000 miles of the voyage which began among the glaciers of the continental divide, the three of us—Buzz Holmstrom, Willis Johnson and I—are pushing off down the Colorado to face another 1,000 miles of canyons and desert.

Behind us are 16 rock-walled canyons and approximately 300 major rapids. Holmstrom, who is the only man to travel the river alone, has shot every one of them without portaging or lining in his tiny Oregon cedar boat.

Sometimes the waves in the rapids rise up 20 to 30 feet. It's very bumpy and you don't know if you're going to come out on top or on the bottom. We've been lucky so far and have landed on top.

The boat in which Johnson and myself are traveling is an 83-pound pneumatic rubber craft which tosses in the swift current like a bobbin. It has been out of the water only twice for short portages.

With the assistance of Johnson, I am taking pictures of Holmstrom's amazing manipulations in the choppy water for a reenactment of his lone voyage made in the fall of 1937. The films will be shown at the San Francisco world's fair as the 83rd expedition of the New York Ex-