

GUARD PAYS DAM VISIT

Arizona Risks "Navy" Craft

Julia B. Takes Governor's
Party From Parker to
Scene of "Invasion"

California Water District
Crew Fails to Welcome
"Foreigners" Arrival

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PARKER (Ariz.) March 6. (Exclusive)—The Julia B., happily dubbed, for the occasion, Arizona's navy, came through in grand style today by carrying Gov. Moeur's military reconnaissance party fifteen miles up the murky Colorado and landed them safely at 2:51 p.m. on the Arizona end of the Parker dam site.

The sometimes uncertain voyage was made in order that Maj. F. I. Pomeroy of the Arizona National Guard and Herbert H. Hotchkiss, secretary to the Governor, might test the possibility of taking a unit of the guard up to the dam site by the river. Access to the dam site over Arizona soil is generally conceded as hopeless, or too costly for a guard unit and its necessary equipment.

PROTECTION OF RIGHTS

The Governor, it will be recalled, wants to have a unit of the guard there to protect Arizona's rights on that side of the river in connection with the construction of the dam.

It did not take Maj. Pomeroy long to look over the terrain and decide that in the meadow land above the mouth of the Bill Williams River where it joins the Colorado, was an ideal camping place for soldiers.

And the brave little Julia B. demonstrated the feasibility of taking men and equipment up the river.

The major will return to Phoenix, make his report and recommendations, and a plan of action will be agreed upon.

The Julia B. is primarily a ferry boat, very wide of beam and draws only eighteen inches of water, but eighteen inches is a lot of water on top of some of the sandbars that sprawl all over the river bed at this very low season. She has an engine room and a pilot house abaft.

JOINED BY PARTY

She left her mooring near Parker about 6:30 a.m., piloted by Capt. Tom Kinder and Ascension Esquerera. The main party joined the craft about eight miles up stream, having gone to that point by automobile on the Arizona side of the river.

It was a beautiful morning for the voyage with the brilliant new green of the spring leaves on the poplars seen against the red and blues of the distant mountains and cliffs that line the river. Word that the Arizona navy was moving on to the Parker dam site spread faster than a brush fire along the California side. As the boat from time to time came out from behind screens of drooping willows and gently nosed through the open stretches of water, men, women and children from the various squatters' settlements that dot the new highway rushed to the river bank and gaped.

It was the first time, since war days, that such a boat had come up the river. Once during the war the Julia B., or her sister ship the

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ARIZONA NAVY GOES TO "WAR"

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Nellie Jo, hauled twenty tons of manganese up the river. At the wheel most of the trip today was none other than the able woman member of the Arizona Legislature, attorney-at-law and outstanding resident of Parker, Mrs. Nellie T. Bush. With her was her husband, Joe Bush.

Ascension was the Colorado's counterpart of Mark Twain's lead heaver for he sat astraddle the bow with a long willow pole which he plunged into the water ahead every now and then when it looked shallow.

JOE WAS ADMIRAL

Capt. Kinder was chief engineer and Joe himself was a general-all-around admiral.

Maj. Pomeroy and Secretary Hotchkiss, together with George Jones of Toledo, and G. A. Marsh of Parker, sat on the shady side of the pilot house, puffed peacefully at pipe or cigarette and enjoyed the voyage. Several times it looked as though some wicked sand bar was going to get a relentless grip on the Julia B. and creat her of this most important mission in all her career, but skillful navigating by Mrs. Nellie, or by Admiral Joe himself, kept the boat out of the clutches of the sand bars—once or twice she seemed to falter but soon swung about and was on her way again.

Arrival at the dam site found the Metropolitan Water District boys at work on two barges and some motorized dories, somewhat embarrassed as to proper naval procedure. All recalled vaguely that when a foreign vessel comes into port carrying dignitaries, both civil and military, some sort of a salute was required but only a shotgun could be mustered. A stick of dynamite was counted out for fear the visitors might think it was an overt act.

The engineers hurriedly discussed the etiquette of making welcoming calls upon Admiral Joe and his staff aboard his flagship Julia B. and it was held tentatively in mind: To permit the visitors to reciprocate,

the engineers felt they should board one of their own barges which they named the Prune and the other Apricot, but as it turned out no formal visits were exchanged.

The Julia B. was nosed into the low sand bank on the Arizona side and a shout of welcome went up from all the craft in the harbor answered by wave of hats and halloos from the other side. One of the cables to which a barge was fastened proved to be too low to permit the Julia B. to pass under and so a district boat was placed at the service of Maj. Pomeroy and he was taken up the river for a brief inspection of the Bill Williams terrain, a quarter of a mile north.

The major and Hotchkiss also inspected the cable anchors in the cliff on the Arizona side but made no comment. The scouting party took on a picnic atmosphere when Mrs. Bush spread a tablecloth under a willow tree and all fell to before the return trip down the river was begun.