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At the pl rez line. Nice.

*for those not liking the hot days:*

*Crossing Kit Carson Pass--  
The First Winter Crossing of the Sierra Nevada  
by John Charles Fremont*

[\[Site Map\]](#) [\[Bookstore\]](#) [\[Home Page\]](#) [\[Rappel to the Bottom\]](#)

John C. Fremont, 2nd Lieutenant in the U.S. Topographical Engineers, is credited with the first siting of Lake Tahoe by a white man, the first crossing of the Sierra Nevada in winter over what

is today called Kit Carson Pass (8,574 feet) and the first ascent of Red Lake Peak on February 14, 1844.

He set out in the spring of 1843 on his Second Exploring Expedition. Fremont's party was particularly strong as it included the famous scouts Kit Carson and Thomas Fitzpatrick. His instructions were to explore to the Colombia River region to the Pacific Ocean. Fremont had hoped to head east across the Great Basin to the Rocky Mountains. But his provisions were low and his stock unfit for the eastward journey. He decided instead to cross the Sierra and resupply in the Sacramento Valley. Fremont's decision could not have been an easy one to reach, for the month was February and he was committing his party to an unknown route and to the first Sierra crossing ever attempted in the winter.

It is now winter and conditions are appalling--they are lost, nearly out of food, their stock is in poor condition to travel, the snow is deepening as the head west towards Carson Pass from Carson Valley, Nevada. The winter temperatures are unbearable. Excerpts from his diary summarizes the bleakness of the situation.

Crossing Carson Pass, from Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and to Oregon and California in the Years 1843-'44 by John C. Fremont. Gales & Seaton, Printers, 1845 (reprinted in A Treasure of the Sierra Nevada, edited by Robert Leonard Reid, Wilderness Press, Berkeley, CA, 1983).

In the morning, I acquainted the men with my decision, and explained to them that necessity required us to make a great effort to clear the mountains. I reminded them of the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, with which they were familiar from the descriptions of Carson, who had been there some fifteen years ago, and who, in our late privations, had delighted us in speaking of its rich pastures and abounding game, and drew a vivid contrast between its summer climate, less than a hundred miles distant, and the falling snow around us. I informed them (and long experience had given them confidence in my observations and good instruments) that almost directly west, and only about 70 miles distant, was the great farming establishment of Captain Sutter—a gentleman who had formerly lived in Missouri, and emigrating to this country, had become the possessor of a principality. I assured them that, from the heights of the mountain before us, we should doubtless see the valley of the Sacramento river, and with one effort place ourselves again in the midst of plenty. The people received this decision with the cheerful obedience which had always characterized them; and the day was immediately devoted to the preparations necessary to enable us to carry it into effect. Leggings, moccasins, clothing---all were put into the best state to resist the cold.

I have already said that our provisions were very low; we had neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt became one of our greatest privations. The poor dog which had been found in the Bear river valley, and which had been a *compagnon de voyage* ever since, had now become fat, and the mess to which it belonged requested permission to kill it. Leave was granted. Spread out on the snow, the meat looked very good; and it made a strengthening

meal for the greater part of the camp. Indians brought in two or three rabbits during the day, which were purchased from them...

**February 2**--It had ceased snowing, and this morning the lower air was clear and frosty; and six or seven thousand feet above, the peaks of the Sierra now and then appeared among the rolling clouds, which were rapidly disappearing before the sun. Our Indian shook his head as he pointed to the icy pinnacles, shooting high up into the sky, and seeming almost immediately above us. Crossing the river on the ice, and leaving it immediately, we commenced the ascent of the mountain along the valley of a tributary stream. The people were unusually silent; for every man knew that our enterprise was hazardous, and the tissue doubtful.

The snow deepened rapidly, and it soon became necessary to break a road. For this service, a party of ten was formed, mounted on the strongest horses; each man in succession opening the road on foot, or on horseback, until himself and his horse became fatigued, when he stepped aside; and the remaining number passing ahead, he took his station in the rear. Leaving this stream, and pursuing a very direct course, we passed over an intervening ridge to the river we had left. On the way we passed two low huts entirely covered with snow, which might very easily have escaped observation. A family was living in each; and the only trail I saw in the neighborhood was from the door hole to a nut-pine tree near, which supplied them with food and fuel. We found two similar huts on the creek where we next arrived; and, traveling a little higher up, encamped on its banks in about four feet depth of snow. Carson found near, an open hill side, where the wind and the sun had melted the snow, leaving exposed sufficient bunch grass for the animals to-night---

**February 4**--I went ahead early with two or three men, each with a led horse, to break the road. We were obliged to abandon the hollow entirely, and work along the mountain side, which was very steep and the snow covered with an icy crust. We cut a footing as we advanced, and trampled a road through for the animals; but occasionally one plunged outside the trail, and slid along the field to the bottom, a hundred yards below. Late in the day we reached another bench in the hollow, where in summer, the stream passed over a small precipice. Here was a short distance of dividing ground between the two ridges, and beyond an open basin, some ten miles across, whose bottom presented a field of snow. At the further or western side rose the middle crest of the mountain, a dark-looking ridge of volcanic rock.

The summit line presented a range of naked peaks, apparently destitute of snow and vegetation; but below, the face of the whole country was covered with timber of extraordinary size. Annexed (as a sketch in the book) you are presented with a view of this ridge from a camp on the western side of the basin.

Towards a pass which the guide indicated here, we attempted in the afternoon to force a road; but after a laborious plunging through two or three hundred yards, our best horses gave out, entirely refusing to make any further effort; and, the time, we were brought to a stand. The guide informed us that we were entering the deep snow, and here began the difficulties of the mountain; and to him, and almost to all our enterprise seemed hopeless...

Tonight we had no shelter, but we made a large fire around the trunk of one of the huge pines; and covering the snow with small boughs, on which we spread our blankets, soon made ourselves comfortable. The night was very bright and clear, though the thermometer was only at 10°. A strong wind, which sprang up at sundown, made it intensely cold; and this was one of the bitterest nights during the journey.

Two Indians joined our party here, and one of them, an old man, immediately began to harangue us, saying that ourselves and animals would perish in the snow; and that if we would go back he would show us another and a better way across the mountain. He spoke in a very loud voice, and there was a singular repetition of phrases and arrangement of words, which rendered his speech striking, and not unmusical.

We had now begun to understand some words, and, with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple ideas. "Rock upon rock---rock upon rock---snow upon snow---snow upon snow," said he; "even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains." He made us the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. "I wanted to see the whites," said he; "I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here"---and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and, drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.

Seated around the tree, the fire illuminating the rocks and the tall bolls of the pines round about, and the old Indian haranguing, we presented a group of very serious faces....

**February 6**--Accompanied by Mr. Fitzpartrick, I sat out to-day with a reconnoitering party, on snow shoes. We marched all in a single file tramping the snow as heavily as we could. Crossing the open basis, in a march of about ten miles we reached the top of one of the peaks, to the left of the pass indicated by our guide. Far below us, dimmed by the distance, was a large snowless valley, bounded on the western side at the distance of about a hundred miles, by a low range of mountains, which Carson recognised with delight as the mountains bordering the coast. "There," said he "is the little mountain---it is 15 years ago since I saw it; but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday." Between us, then, and this low coast range, was the valley of the Sacramento; and no one who had not accompanied us through the incidents of our life for the last few months could realize the delight with which at last we looked down upon it.

It was late in the day when we turned towards the camp; and it grew rapidly cold as it drew towards night. One of the men became fatigued, and his feet began to freeze, and building a fire in the trunk of a dry old cedar, Mr. Fitzpartrick remained with him until his clothes could be dried, and he was in a condition to come on. After a day's march of 20 miles, we straggled into camp, one after another, at night fall; the greater number excessively fatigued, only two of the party having ever traveled on snow shoes before....

**February 10**--The elevation of the camp, by the boiling point, is 8,050 feet. We are now 1,000 feet above the level of the South Pass in the Rocky mountains, and still we are not done ascending. The top of a flat ridge near was bare of snow, and very well sprinkled with bunch grass, sufficient to pasture the animals two or three days; and this was to be their main point of support. This ridge is composed of a compact trap, or basalt, of a columnar structure; over the surface are scattered large boulders of porous trap. The hills are in many places entirely covered with small fragments of volcanic rock.

Putting on our snow shoes, we spent the afternoon in exploring a road ahead. The glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue, had rendered many of the people nearly blind; but we were fortunate in having some black silk handkerchiefs, which, worn as veils, very much relieved the eye...

**February 13**--We continued to labor on the road; and in the course of the day had the satisfaction to see the people working down the face of the opposite hill, about three miles distant. During the morning we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Fitzpatrick, with the information that all was going on well. A party of Indians had passed on snow shoes, who said they were going to the western side of the mountain after fish. This was an indication that the salmon were coming up the streams; and we could hardly restrain our impatience as we thought of them, and worked with increased vigor.

The meat train did not arrive this evening, and I gave Godey leave to kill our little dog, (Tlamath,) which he prepared in Indian fashion; scorching off the hair, and washing the skin with soap and snow, and then cutting it up into pieces, which were laid on the snow. Shortly afterwards, the sleigh arrived with a supply of horse meat, and we had to-night an extraordinary dinner---pea soup, mule, and dog.

**February 14**--With Mr. Preuss, I ascended today the highest peak to the right; from which we had a beautiful view of a mountain lake at our feet, about fifteen miles in length, and so entirely surrounded by mountains that we could not discover an outlet. (According to historian Francis P. Farquhar, the mountain that Fremont and Preuss ascended was Red Lake Peak. The lake they saw from the summit was Lake Tahoe). We had taken with us a glass; but, though we enjoyed an extended view, the valley was half hidden in mist, as when we had seen it before. Snow could be distinguished on the higher parts of the coast mountains; eastward, as far as the eye could extend, it ranged over a terrible mass of broken snowy mountains, fading off blue in the distance. The rock composing the summit consists of a very coarse dark volcanic conglomerate; the lower parts appeared to be of a slaty structure. The highest trees were a few scattering cedars and aspens. From the immediate foot of the peak, we were two hours in reaching the summit, and one hour and a quarter in descending. The day had been very bright, still, and clear, and spring seems to be advancing rapidly. While the sun is in the sky, the snow melts rapidly, and gushing springs over the face of the mountain in all the exposed places; but their surface freeze instantly with the disappearance of the sun....

**February 16**--We had succeeded in getting our animals safely to the first grassy hill; and this morning I started with Jacob on a reconnoitring expedition beyond the mountain. We travelled along the crests of narrow ridges, extending down from the mountain in the direction of the valley, from which the snow was fast melting away. On the open spots was tolerably good grass; and I judged we should succeed in getting the camp down by way of these. Towards sundown we discovered some icy spots in a deep hollow and, descending the mountain, we encamped on the head water of a little creek, where at last the water found its way to the Pacific.

The night was clear and very long. We heard the cries of some wild animals, which had been attracted by our fire, and flock of geese passed over during the night. Even these strange sounds had something pleasant to our senses in this region of silence and desolation.

We started again early in the morning. The creek acquired a regular breadth of about 20 feet, and we soon began to hear the rushing of the water below the ice surface, over which we travelled to avoid the snow; a few miles below we broke through, where the water was several feet deep, and halted to make a fire and dry our clothes. We continued a few miles farther, walking being very laborious without snow shoes.



**SEAGULL**

**DOG**

**HORSE**



**MAN**

I was now perfectly satisfied that we had struck the stream on which Mr. Sutter lived; and, turning about, made a hard push, and reached the camp at dark. Here we had the pleasure to find all the remaining animals, 57 in number, safely arrived at the grassy hill near the camp; and here, also, we were agreeably surprised with the sight of an abundance of salt. Some of the horse guard had gone to a neighboring hut for pine nuts, and discovered unexpectedly a large cake of very white fine-grained salt, which the Indians told them they had brought from the other side of the mountain; they used it to eat with their pine nuts, and readily sold it for goods.

**February 20**--we encamped with the animals and all the materiel of

the camp, on the summit of the Pass in the dividing ridge, 1,000 miles by our travelled road from the Dalles of the Columbia.

**February 23**--This was our most difficult day; we were forced off the ridges by the quantity of snow among the timber, and obliged to take to the mountain sides, where, occasionally, rocks and a southern exposure afforded us a chance to scramble along. But these were steep, and slippery with snow and ice; and the tough evergreens of the mountain impeded our way, tore our skins, and exhausted our patience. Some of us had the misfortune to wear moccasins with parfleche soles, so slippery that we could not keep our feet, and generally crawled across the snow beds. Axes and mauls were necessary to-day, to make a road through the snow. Going ahead with Carson to reconnoitre the road, we reached in the afternoon the river which made the outlet of the lake. Carson sprang over, clear across a place where the stream was compressed among rocks, but the parfleche sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock, and precipitated me into the river. It was some few seconds before I could recover myself in the current, and Carson, thinking me hurt, jumped in after me, and we both had an icy bath. We tried to search a while for my gun, which had been lost in the fall, but the cold drove us out and we went back to meet the camp. We afterwards found that the gun had been slung under the ice which lined the banks of the creek.

Using our old plan of breaking the road with alternate horses, we reached the creek in the evening, and encamped on a dry open place in the ravine.

Another branch, which we had followed, here comes in on the left; and from this point the mountain wall, on which we had travelled to day, faces to the south along the right bank of the river, where the sun appears to have melted the snow; but the opposite ridge is entirely covered. Here, among the pines, the hill side produces but little grass---barely sufficient to keep life in the animals. We had the pleasure to be rained upon this afternoon; and grass was now our greatest solicitude. Many of the men looked badly, and some this evening were giving out.

Backcountry\_Resource\_Center--Paul Richins, Jr.

[www.jps.net/prichins/backcountry\\_resource\\_center.htm](http://www.jps.net/prichins/backcountry_resource_center.htm)

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for the beautiful pics:<http://www.marieclaire.co.uk/blogs/547176/meet-the-generation-of-incredible-native-american-women-fighting-to-preserve-their-culture.html#y5UioxWL1hQHhom1.01>

## **Meet The Generation Of Incredible Native American Women Fighting To Preserve Their Culture** by Danielle Seewalker 19 Aug 2014

Native Americans represent just one per cent of the US population and some languages have only one speaker left. Now a new generation is fighting to preserve the culture.

Meet the women leading that fight:

**Evereta Thinn**      **Age: 30**      **Tribe Affiliation:** Diné (Navajo)  
**Occupation:** Administrator at a Shonto School District

When Evereta entered college as the only Native American in her English 101 class, it was at that moment she realized that she needed to speak up and not be that stereotypical 'shy' Indian that keeps to herself. She started by writing an essay in that very class about living in 'two worlds'; living in the traditional world and living in the modern world and how Native Americans need to find that balance in today's society. 'Knowing who you are as a Native, know the teachings from your elders and engraining them as you go out into the modern world is how you maintain that balance'. She further explains that 'once the language fades, the culture will slowly start to go too. If the younger generations cannot speak the language, how will they be equipped to make decisions on policies and protect our tribes in the future?' She aspires to start a language and cultural immersion school for the Diné (Navajo) people.

**Alayna Eagle Shield (left) and Tonia Jo Hall (right)      Age: 24**

**Tribe Affiliation: Lakota & Arikara**

**Occupation:** Teacher in the Lakota Language Nest Head Start program/Medical student  
Alayna currently holds a seat in the National Native Youth Cabinet under the National Congress of American Indians (CNAI). Three key issues that she addresses on behalf of the Native youth population are the importance of language and culture, bullying, and lack of education. Her passion to keep the language alive stems from her father being one of the few fluent Lakota speakers. He chose not to speak it to her as a child, but as she grew older, she understood the importance of keeping the language alive. 'Speaking your language is a guide to knowing who you are as a Native', says Alayna.

**Shawn Little Thunder      Age: 26      Tribe Affiliation: Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe**

**Occupation:** Poet / Singer / Songwriter

Growing up, Shawn was severely shy and timid. It wasn't until after graduating high school that she was urged by a musician friend to be featured in one of his songs. This was a freeing moment for her and a new outlet to express herself. She began to write poetry and join local talent shows. While holding a work position at a teen group home, Shawn encouraged the teens to keep a journal and write how they felt. Most of what the teens wrote was poetry and songs so Shawn began a poetry workshop that led to an open mic at the group home. She decided to expand her efforts and encourage others to speak freely at local events and pow wows. Rez Poetry: 'Wičhóiyé Wašaka' (Strong Words) was the name she coined for her events. 'That's what I want to do, empower other Natives, especially the younger generations'.

**Sage Honga      Age: 22      Tribe Affiliation: Hualapai, Hopi & Diné (Navajo)**

**Occupation:** Server at W Hotel in Scottsdale, Arizona

Sage earned the title of 1st attendant in the 2012 annual pageant, Miss Native American USA. From that point forward, she has been encouraging Native youth to travel off the reservation to explore opportunities. In Native American culture, knowledge is power and the youth are encouraged to leave the reservations, get an education and then come home to give back to your people. 'My tribe, the Hualapai people, is so small that I want to be a role model to show my community and youth that it is possible to come off our land and do big things'.

**Juliana Brown Eyes-Clifford      Age: 23      Tribe Affiliation: Oglala Lakota & Samoan**

**Occupation:** Musician, photographer, film maker, artist



Juliana and her husband, Scotti Clifford, have formed the band, 'Scatter Their Own' (which is the English translation for the word Oglala). They travel to various Indian reservations and other parts of the country to play their music. They are self-taught, cannot read music and play what comes out naturally from their hearts. Juliana is inspired to play for the youth and inspire them to branch out and learn about the arts and music which are topics not generally exposed on the reservation. The songs they write are about Mother Earth, social justice and about the Native American culture.

**Kelli Brooke Haney Age: 33 Tribe Affiliation: Seminole, Creek and Choctaw  
Occupation: Musician / Artist**

As the daughter the internationally recognized Native American artist and former Chief of the Seminole Nation, Enoch Kelly Haney, it's no shock that artistic and bold talent radiate from the ever-inspiring Kelli Brooke. In the early 2000s she formed a rockabilly band with her best friend called The Oh Johnny! Girls and also has a solo music project called Hudson Roar. Kelli grew up in a household where her parents spoke Seminole Creek as the first language. She is also the mother to a sweet five-year old boy, Jack, and expresses the importance of raising him with Native American traditions as well as encouraging him to embrace his own artistic talents.

**Juanita C. Toledo Age: 28 Tribe Affiliation: Walatowa-Pueblo of Jemez**

**Occupation:** Works for the Community Wellness Program on Jemez Pueblo Reservation  
Growing up, Juanita was valedictorian of her charter school, President of the Native American Youth Empowerment (NAYE) group, and on the executive committee of UNITY (United National Indian Tribal Youth Organization). During college things changed dramatically for Juanita. She felt the pressure of life and quickly fell into depression, anxiety and succumbed to drugs and alcohol after dealing with a very traumatizing family event. 'It was the worst time of my life; I really thought I was going to die and I wanted to die'. In 2012, she had a turning point. 'I started to believe in my dreams and in myself again.' She ran for Miss Indian World, one of the most prestigious honours a Native American woman could receive. Although she didn't take the title, her tribal community was extremely proud of her representation. Today, she works for the Community Wellness program on her reservation and has truly influenced positive changes in the program and in her community.

*See more images and read the full story in the September issue of Marie Claire.*

Photo credit: Carlotta Cardana

Read more at <http://www.marieclaire.co.uk/blogs/547176/meet-the-generation-of-incredible-native-american-women-fighting-to-preserve-their-culture.html#vIkQ2GCAqscDfvry.99>

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**[Stunning photographs; the world of modern Native Americans revealed](#)**  
**[American Matika Wilbur set out to photograph every recognised tribe in the United States, fundraising the 60,000 mile trek via a Kickstarter project.](#)**

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**Lines on the Horizon: Native American Art from the Weisel Family Collection**

May 3, 2014 – January 4, 2015      TEXTILE GALLERIES 60-61 SF Art Museum

*Lines on the Horizon* highlights Native American art from the collection of the Thomas W. Weisel Family. Spanning more than 1,000 years of artistic creativity, the exhibition will focus on the

indigenous arts of the American Southwest, featuring 11th-century Mimbres ceramics alongside masterful classic Navajo weavings from the mid to late 19th century and 20th-century works by recognized artists such as the ceramicist Nampeyo of Hano Pueblo. Singular pieces from the Northwest Coast and the first Plains ledger drawings to enter the permanent collection will also be shown. The artworks, carefully chosen over 30 years of collecting, reflect an emerging sense that, through close visual and technical analysis, it may be possible to identify the styles of specific individuals who created these diverse works. Even if we may never know their names, we can still celebrate their works of art as expressions of personal and communal

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### **Anti-R-Word Quotes From Native Voices**

The name-change debate has brought a diverse group of activists to the forefront, whether it be through social media, or more traditional platforms. Here are a few Native voices that should be amplified. indiancountrytodaymedianetwork.com

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### **The Workforce Innovation and Opportunities Act**

President Obama signed the Workforce Innovation and Opportunity Act (WIOA) into law on July 22, 2014, which is designed to help job seekers access employment, education, training and support services to succeed in the labor market and to match employers with the skilled workers they need to compete in the global economy.

The Employment and Training Administration is currently hosting a series of 1-hour webinars to let you know about the provisions and implementation of WIOA. Webinar [topics and dates](#) include:

- Thursday, August 21 - Strengthening the One Stop System
- Friday, August 22 - Job-Driven Training for Adults and Dislocated Workers
- Monday, August 25 - Integrated Performance Reporting and the ETPL
- Tuesday, August 26 - Consultation with Consumers, Advocacy Groups, and Direct Service Providers on Services for Individuals with Disabilities
- [Thursday, August 28 - The Migrant and Seasonal Farmworker Program](#)
- [Tuesday, September 2 - Services to Individuals with Disabilities](#)
- [Friday, September 5 - Services to Disconnected Youth](#)
- [Thursday, September 11 - Strategic Program Alignment and Unified Planning](#)
- [Friday, September 12 - WIOA and Registered Apprenticeship](#)
- [Monday, September 15 - The Indian and Native American Program](#)

To register or for more information on WIOA, visit [doleta.gov/WIOA](http://doleta.gov/WIOA)

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### **Ken Burns: Glacier National Park in trouble**

If you're interested in seeing the namesake glaciers of Glacier National Park, Ken Burns has a piece of advice: hurry. usat.ly

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**SEPTEMBER SCREENINGS for Wilma Mankiller's life story "Cherokee Word for Water is: PHOENIX, AZ - ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY (In the Great Hall in the law school) Tuesday, September 16th, 2014 from 4pm-8pm \*\*\*\*\* Merging Art and Business in the College Curriculum**

Clearly something is happening in universities across the country. This week San Diego State University is launching a Music Entrepreneurship and Business Degree Program, which, according to the university, "is believed to be the first of its k...huffingtonpost.com

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**Extra water to be released for salmon in Klamath River**

Goal is to prevent repeat of 2002 fish kill      Jeff Barnard, Associated Press

A federal agency says it will release more cool, clean water into Northern California's Klamath River to prevent a repeat of a 2002 fish kill that left tens of thousands of adult salmon dead.

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**Central Valley irrigators ask judge to stop releases for salmon**

Eureka Times Standard

Workers move irrigation pipes from a field in the Westlands *Water* District near Five Points, *California*, last June. Westlands and another *water* district have asked.

