

The Grand River becomes the Colorado River

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On My 21 1921 the 67th Congress unanimously approved renaming the GRAND RIVER, beginning in the mountains of northwest Colorado, continuing to the confluence with the Greene River in Utah, to be henceforth called the COLORADO. The segment further downstream to the Ocean was already had that name. A year earlier Colorado had changed the Grand to the Colorado in their State. Congress made it official

Nothing was done to rename Grand Lake and Grand Junction, initially named because of their relation with the Grand River.

Bill Davidson was born and raised in Detroit Michigan, knew nothing of the western States. Until WWII when he became an able bodies seaman in the United States Navy, serving from the West Coast.

Out of the Navy, he had many adventures in California. Eventually he moved to Grand Lake Colorado with a new wife Winnie. They lived in a Trailer Park west end of the small town, adjacent that Lake. Bill obtained a franchise for a A&W Root Beer Restaurant in nearby Granby. He and Winnie ran the store profitably for ten years employing youth of the valley. When open, it was seven days a week, dawn to curfew, a punishing schedule on which they thrived.

It must have looked like easy money to the new owner, because that party had to close within a year for the service provided disappeared and so did customers, especially the locals.

Meanwhile Bill and Winnie had moved from Grand Lake to Columbine Lake a resident owned community of 200 homes, surrounding a natural small lake called Columbine, this the community name.

Retired, , bill began to be the spokesperson for all activities pertaining to the community. His specialty, water, management, book keeping. There was a small Board and for years was its spoke-person, =sat of the Boar of most organizations that felt with the use and conservation of water.

He trained is successors.

Bill was a grandma Moses oil painter, self taught, not primitive in the least. His cabin was covered with moments he had captured over the years, many such scenes now gone forever, his sketch that preservation.

We four of us were of similar age, background. On arrival on a Friday night weekend, a delight to share a few drinks (actually more when we were early). Many drinks? No problem no matter the weather or our condition, for the lodgings were connected by friendship. And by adjoining age, love of family, work, laughter.

Bill was a great neighbor for every owner. In the case of the home our son-in-law and daughter built. they designed the house, made the floor plans for construction, then hired a contractor. He was a local, began when the owners were at work.

They had discussed their dream with Bill and Winnie. He chatted with the contractor, became friendly. Then when the foundation was laid, before the contractor could move further, Bill and he discussed the house. And pointed out that the contractor was about to begin construction with the front door and garage at the rear of the house, uncapsable to the road. Thanks were given then. Drinks were bought for the Davidsons by our relatives for catching this oversight.