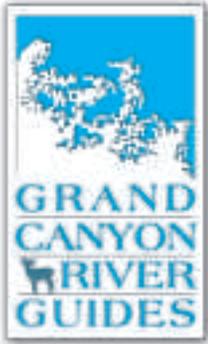
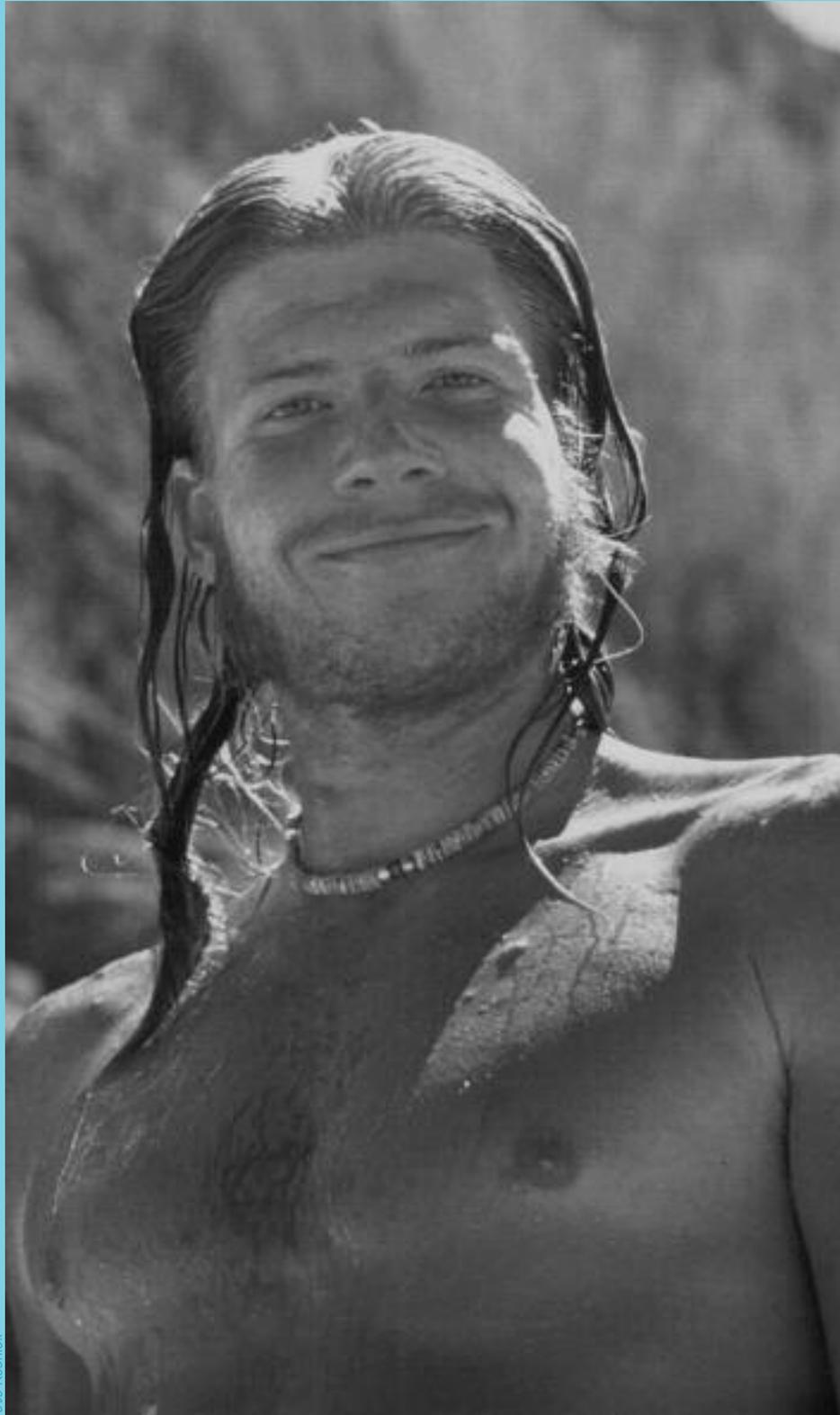


boatman's quarterly review



the journal of
Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc
volume 15 number 1
spring 2002

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Pete Resnick

DAN DIERKER

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boatman's quarterly review

...is published more or less quarterly
by and for GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES.

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES

is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

Protecting Grand Canyon

Setting the highest standards for the river profession

Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community

Providing the best possible river experience

General Meetings are held each Spring and Fall. Our Board of Directors Meetings are held the first Monday of each month. All innocent bystanders are urged to attend. Call for details.

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Our editorial policy, such as it is: provide an open forum. We need articles, poetry, stories, drawings, photos, opinions, suggestions, gripes, comics, etc. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

Written submissions should be less than 1500 words and, if possible, be sent on a computer disk, PC or MAC format; Microsoft Word files are best but we can translate most programs. Include postpaid return envelope if you want your disk or submission returned.

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks.
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
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Act Organically

ANOTHER LATE NIGHT spent re-reading three months of Board minutes, press releases, email discussions, BQR articles, poll results, etc. and trying to distill it all into one column of Presidential sanity, or inanity. Comparing my job at Cline Library's Special Collections—providing access to our materials while also preserving our holdings—to the 1916 National Park Service Organic Act. Juggling two apparently disparate mandates, the Organic Act states "...to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

Even without these instructions, conflicts were bound to occur as people used the Canyon and the River, yet wanted to protect what they enjoyed about them. It seems like many issues concerning our places of commonality are contentious, with conflicting opinions, even among the GCRG membership and the Board. The vp has summarized the results of the poll on Glen Canyon Dam, not entirely inconsistent with what prior Boards have previously stated. GCRG values the opinions of the membership enough by taking the time to ask. To the present Board goes the task of elucidating a stance, but you'll notice it is not attached. At the risk of being quoted out of context or misquoted in the media, the Board will issue a statement in the next issue.

We applaud the settlement restarting the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) revision. Litigation began about two years ago after Superintendent Aramberger halted the process, which had already been in limbo for way too long. Bob Grusy has taken some hits for his words, as has GCRG for not being vocal. But both took the stance that resource protection could continue even if the CRMP revision process couldn't. In BQR volume 11:1, Christa Sadler outlined what the Board hoped to see happen. Although some details have changed, it is an excellent basis for GCRG's participation in the upcoming process and be assured that we will be well-represented at each meeting.

As GCRG did not buy-off on the preferred alternative in the Glen Canyon Dam EIS, we have good news that the Adaptive Management Work Group has passed some sediment motions pushed through by Andre Potochnik. GCMRC will be initiating flows to conserve sediment that hopefully will include Seasonally Adjusted Steady Flows, the regime GCRG supported all along.

I wouldn't think of missing the GTS at Hatchland and I hope y'all will be there to participate and enjoy this historic event honoring the elders of our tribe.

Richard Quartaroli

Mexican Hat Expeditions Memories

BOY, THE LAST TWO ISSUES of BQR have really brought back some memories. First the story of the restoration of the *Sandra*, and now the latest on the River Rat pins.

I was an eleven year-old boy in the summer of 1969 when I had the good fortune to join a Mexican Hat Expedition through the Grand Canyon. That summer, I think they started in Green River Wyoming for a "Powell Centennial Expedition." My parents and older brother were along for several of the early stages, and my sister



Gay and the "Norm," the day he broke his ribs.

and I joined them from Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek.

The *Sandra* was one of the boats used on our trip, along with six other Cataract boats; the *Norm*, *Bonnie Anne*, *Bright Angel*, *CamScott*, *Mexican Hat III*, and the *Joan*. The *Bonnie Anne* was an all fiberglass boat, and the *CamScott* an aluminum boat. The rest of the boats were wooden, some of which were in need of restoration even back then.

I can remember watching Gay Staveley repairing battle damage by picking out the rotten plywood, and liberally applying epoxy resin and fiberglass to what was left, then throwing in driftwood, sand, and anything else that might add structure.

I kept a little journal from this trip that recorded a few interesting items including rocks being thrown off

Navajo Bridge for good luck as we approached; having my oarsman Don Ross washed overboard at Soap Creek leaving eleven year-old me reaching for the oars; flipping two boats near mile 24.5; swimming in the Phantom Ranch pool; lining Lava Falls; and a choice quote from Gay saying that we "had more accidents than all the other trips put together".

Diamond Creek had washed out earlier that year making our extraction only possible by a couple of four-wheel drive jeeps and an old Bronco. Freewheeling up the creek as best we could with too many people aboard, I am sure we looked like refugees fleeing some Canyon war. I remember it being a bumpy and uncomfortable ride with a guy sitting on the hood of the jeep trying to give direction to the driver by pointing right and left, presumably in the direction of a perceived better route. In reality he was a hindrance as our driver simply couldn't see anything in front of him. No wonder it was bumpy.

At Peach Springs we boarded a bus for Flagstaff and ended up at the Staveleys' for a party, and during the festivities they gave us each a River Rat pin identical to the one pictured on the back cover of the Fall 2001 BQR.

Later on, my family purchased two wooden dories, and we made several private trips through the Grand Canyon as well as down the Green River in the early 1970s.

Keep up the good work, I enjoy every issue.

Andrew McKenna



Between mile 148 and mile 150. "Bonnie Anne" oarsman Don Ross takes a break and lets me do some of the work.



Mile 93.5. Boats are the "CamScott" hidden behind the "Bonnie Anne," and the "Bright Angel" on the right.

Dear Eddy

A PRIMARY REASON for the construction of Glen Canyon Dam was to extend the life of downstream reservoirs. It was common knowledge that silt from the Colorado drainage would diminish the storage capacity and ultimately inhibit hydroelectric generation of downstream facilities. Glen Canyon Dam was built to postpone the inevitable. While the silt may settle out of sight in the Reservoir, it has not been eliminated. It accumulates, as do a host of other problems created by our manipulation of the river system.

Regional development increases demand for water, recreation and power with no concomitant recognition that these resources are finite, and, in the case of water, already over allocated. While demand grows, the supply diminishes as silt accumulates in the reservoir. We are becoming increasingly dependent on a system that is unsustainable. It is time to recognize and take responsibility for the declining utility and ultimate failure of current river management policy.

In the debate over decommissioning, proponents of the Dam should not be allowed to ignore the future. Evaporation losses from the reservoir are currently tolerable, but as the storage capacity diminishes and water becomes increasingly valuable there will come a time when the costs of maintaining the reservoir exceed the benefit. Factor in the escalating cost and impact of ultimately decommissioning the Dam when the utility of the reservoir is compromised by the accumulation of silt and it is quite possible that the time to act is sooner rather than later.

There are plenty of ethical and esthetic reasons for the restoration of Glen Canyon, but it will be political and economic pressure that drives change in resource management policy. In that light, the decision to decommission the Dam requires an investigation that realistically determines where the cost benefit balance point lies. This appraisal should include a realistic estimate of future restoration costs associated with present operation. Current resource pricing should include adequate funding for rehabilitation of the river system. While we may not live long enough to see this restoration occur, it is arrogant and irresponsible to use resources provided by the Dam while ignoring the environmental mess we are leaving for future generations.

Analysis of any operating policy must include restoration costs if there is to be a rational debate. Appraisals should project present and long-term costs, and provide resource pricing that adequately funds the operating strategy; such information is bound to change the nature of the debate.

The membership of GCRG has diverse opinions, but avoiding the issue will not solve the problem. If GCRG is serious about preserving the Grand Canyon it is time to step up to the plate.

Kevin Greif

I OPPOSE THE IDEA that GCRG endorse a request for an EIS on Glen Canyon Dam. First, it won't be distinguished from a simple advocacy of "Drain it, Damn it," which has the real effect of wasting energy on an improbable action to the detriment of other possibilities. And secondly it would alienate many outside our organization, with hardly a broad consensus inside our group.

Even better, the idea of a full length Colorado River Short and Long Term EIS is deserved and proper to channel our efforts. My understanding is that if Lake Mead and Lake Powell bathtubs are full, Glen Canyon Dam can release flood flows three times faster than Hoover dam can handle, as experienced in the 1983 lower river flooding. Such a realization might dictate lower lake levels in winter. Lava Cliff Rapid could rise again—now that's something to fight for. This is different than just an EIS centered on Glen Canyon Dam.

I have recently visited the Elwha River, Dams and Lakes in the Olympic Peninsula and couldn't be more excited about the prospect of it again becoming a free flowing river. I would advise all to get a copy of the recent *High Country News*, September 24, 2001, and read the history of the justifications and battles to accomplish this still unfinished project. It's a sobering lesson and marvel of cooperation—not a ramrod of a few with their own agenda.

Noel Eberz

I SUPPOSE WE'RE ALL GLAD that the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) will be restarted. What do you think it took to do that? My guess is a lawsuit. I hate to admit it but the legal system can be our friend, especially when it makes parties get together and agree without making one party or the other guilty. The recent out-of-court settlement has ordered the restart and completion of the public planning process, identified money for it, shifted allocation, and a few other things. That's a far cry from where we were when, in February of 2000, Rob Arnberger, then Superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park, unilaterally terminated the public planning process that his organization was required by law to perform. In a way his act was an out-of-court settlement, too. No guilt was imputed and a set of conditions was met.

The conditions were to encourage and sustain two sets of access rules—one set granted immediate access and one set couldn't guarantee a trip in the Canyon within most of a lifetime. Arnberger liked the way wealthy commercial river trip customers didn't have to wait hardly at all for their turn to view the canyon as it sped by their luxury boats while at the same time the penurious tens of thousands waited in vain for a chance to feel the dirt, wet, and spirit of an unhurried river trip powered by their own muscles. We had to continue treating the de facto wilderness of the river corridor as a superhighway for waterbus tours.

When the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association (GCPBA), and over 400,000 of their friends sued the Park Service and Rob Arnberger they sought, among other things, to restart the public planning process. On the other hand, the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association (GCROA) joined with the Park Service and pledged their considerable profit-derived resources so that the public's voice would be silenced in matters pertaining to national park management. GCROA liked things the way they were and saw no reason to allow the public to be heard. Judging by its longstanding silence on the inequities, the Grand Canyon River Guides felt the same way. In fact, their president at the time, Bob Grusy, decried the position of GCPBA and lamented the fact that GCPBA decided a lawsuit was needed; after all, couldn't we all just get along? Apparently we couldn't, and at last the United States legal system thinks the public shouldn't have to settle for the raw treatment it has received in these

last twenty years. The new settlement is quite a different one from the business as usual, no comment, no response, and arrogance of the original settlement.

It is a good thing that the courts are here to encourage (cajole, threaten, and force if necessary) dissenting parties to reach an agreement; otherwise the people who lack the megaphone of money aren't heard. Now let us work together again to get the best access solution we can and work together so that Congress doesn't sabotage our efforts this time.

David Yeamans, LIFE GUIDE MEMBER OF GCRG

"In life, everything is just the way we like it."

—Georgie White Clark

I AM DELIGHTED to officially tell GCRG that 24-Mile Rapid has now been changed to Georgie Rapid! It was a long and difficult path to get this honor for Georgie. I know many of you may not feel the choice of a rapid to be renamed was a good one. However, it is only important that she be recognized for being such an integral part of Grand Canyon history.

Georgie's first choice for a rapid named after her would have been Crystal. She especially loved the roughest rapids and Crystal above all others. I knew that would not be possible because of its long-established name. 24-Mile was chosen because of its "kick in the bum" attitude. Georgie liked to do just that to the people she was fond of.

I was surprised and shocked by the dissent voiced by the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association regarding the naming of any rapid for a "commercial" operator. They did not realize that Georgie, like the private boaters, began just as they have—sharing the expenses of a river trip with people who were interested in an adventure. They decided politics were involved in naming a rapid for Georgie and nothing could have been further from the truth.

When you run Georgie Rapid, I hope you will take the opportunity to tell your passengers a bit about Georgie and her colorful history—the true one and the one she made up! She was an amazing woman.

Roz Jirge

In Memoriam

Bob Euler

Dr. Robert Clark Euler passed away on Sunday January 13th, in a hospital in Prescott, AZ at the age of 77. He suffered from failing kidneys and diabetes. Bob was the park archaeologist at Grand Canyon National Park for ten years and wrote or co-authored more than 150 publications. He was a scholar of Southwest and Great Basin tribes, as well as Canyon archaeology and history. Memorial donations can be made to the Prescott Chapter of the Archaeological Society, PO Box 1098, Prescott, AZ 86302.

I FIRST MET DR. EULER in 1977 and worked with him at Grand Canyon almost daily for six years. While the printing and cataloguing of thousands of photos and analysis of flaked stone was tedious, the days and weeks in the field and on the river were glorious. He was appointed to the position of Park Anthropologist by Sen. Barry Goldwater to strengthen NPS relations with the surrounding tribes, and he had almost total freedom to plan our work. Earlier he had reprised the river trips of Major J. W. Powell to relocate archaeological sites mentioned in the trip diaries. Discovering Beamer's Cabin atop one of the stratified sites, constructed since Powell's trip, he was able to date the cabin using the diaries and other historical data. He spent decades working with James White's granddaughter researching White's controversial 1867 passage through the Canyon.

My favorite personal story is that of the Anasazi Bridge at President Harding Rapid, which Bob was studying (see BQR Volume 13:4). We provided logistical support to Kenton Grua and Ellen Tibbitts to climb the route so we could photograph it from across the river. On that trip they discovered a cave above the bridge with some weaving implements. Bob wanted very much to personally inspect the cave. So one morning we embarked in the helicopter to "land" on the slope below. This was about a 45 degree slope, so the pilot planned a one-skid landing on one of the few prominences. As he nestled the skid into the soft soil, he asked me to get out first and reminded me to crouch very low while walking to the front. I was terrified. It seemed to me that the rotor was too narrowly missing the slope above, that the pinnacle was unstable, that it was possible I'd be stranded. But I opened my door, gritted my teeth, and told myself that if Bob Euler could do it, if he wanted me to do it, I could. Just as I stretched my leg to get out, the prominence crumbled and crashed into the river below. The helicopter pilot veered the chopper off the slope, and we headed home.

Bob was tenacious in his search for the truth. He was a Renaissance man, a true anthropologist, of equal

parts sociocultural anthropologist, archaeologist, historian (and photographer). He believed strongly in basic research, but did not shun applied research, like so many others of his generation. He relished discussion with non-scholars for any shred of information that might lead him to a new understanding of Grand Canyon history and prehistory. He will be missed greatly by many.

Trinkle Jones

I FIRST MET BOB EULER in the summer of 1981 when I was a graduate student working on a research grant for Trinkle Jones on the North Rim of Grand Canyon. Trink and I were classmates, and she needed some assistance with a survey project on Walhalla Glades she was doing for her Masters' thesis and with which Bob was assisting. I gladly volunteered and headed up to the North Rim to camp for a month on Walhalla. Bob was very gracious and eloquent, the quintessential archaeologist, dressed in khaki and drinking martinis. I had my introduction to "windshield" archaeology with Bob, as we bounced over numerous archaeological sites on the North Rim where dirt fire roads went over and through house mounds. I learned many things that summer from Bob, and realized one of the reasons Trink had wanted me on the survey was to bring in a third opinion into the mix relative to statistical sampling and artifact collection. Bob was of the generation where "grab samples" were the norm, and Trink and I were earnest grad students learning about sampling and the error of bias created by our predecessors. Bob had an interest in ceramics and cared less for chipped stone artifacts (unless they were finished projectile points or tools), and my background was in chipped stone identification. To make a long story short, we would find archaeological sites and record them. Bob photographed the site and collected all artifacts from randomly placed units. We packed in toy rakes (a red rake with yellow handle) to use in raking away and removing the pine duff so that the ground surface and artifacts were exposed. I actually would check Bob's units to make sure he didn't leave the chipped stone behind. In retrospect, I'm amazed he let me get away with checking up on him. But he did, and he became a mentor, teacher, advisor, and a member of my thesis committee.

One other notable incident occurred that first summer on that project that showed me a slightly different picture of Bob. Trink and I shared a big walled tent as our home; Bob had his own. One night, we heard quite a bit of shuffling, cross words, and

chaos coming from Bob's tent late at night. The next morning Bob announced there was a mouse in his tent and he was going to "get it". The nighttime display continued for a few more nights, until one day, while on survey, we came across a bull snake. Problem solved. Bob collected the snake, took it back to camp, put it in the tent with the zipper open just enough to allow the snake to leave after the meal was over. We came back to camp and the snake (and mouse) was gone. Problem solved.

In the words of Dr. Euler, "It doesn't take that much more to go first class, you just can't stay as long". One of the many things I will remember.

Jan Balsom

I FIRST MET BOB EULER during the early days of the Glen Canyon Environmental Studies. He called me up and wanted to talk about the impacts that Glen Canyon dam was having on the cultural resources in the Grand Canyon. I quickly determined that Bob's expertise was founded on a larger base of his love for the Canyon. Over the years Bob and I worked together on a couple of National Research Council committees and in symposia and lecture series at the Museum of Northern Arizona and throughout the West. What I have come to realize is how important these icons of Grand Canyon are and have been in shaping our perspective of the Grand Canyon. People like Bob Euler have instilled in us the need to keep fighting for the environment. Today it is easy to get caught up in the politics and administrative minutia that evolve into seemingly endless meetings and adnauseum levels of discussion. We should never forget the important role that people like Bob Euler have had as scientists, educators and protectors of the Grand Canyon. We all owe Bob a big thanks and I for one will be tipping a beverage in his honor on my next trip into the Canyon. Take care on your journey my friend.

Dave Wegner

WHAT A SPECIAL MAN. We were lucky to have him on a GTS river trip in '81 and to otherwise see him in the Canyon and at lectures thereafter. I'll never forget listening to his tale of tracing the James White story while we were visiting the Unkar ruins on a beautiful spring day when two Golden Eagles converged, seemingly one from each rim and performed several contact barrel rolls over the river. He commented that as far as he knew there were only three kinds of birds in the Canyon: eagles, dickie birds and fried chicken! I light a candle for him.

Tim Whitney

Dave Hellyer

ALTHOUGH CLEMENT DAVID HELLYER did many things in his 87 years, bibliophiles will remember Dave as the issuer of catalogues offering sales of books and ephemera about the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River. Founder of Five Quail Books, Dave mailed his first catalogue in 1987 and annually thereafter until he sold the business to GCRG members Dan and Diane Cassidy in 1995. Whether he intended to or not, Dave was responsible for a lot of the increased literary presence and knowledge concerning the Colorado Plateau as he ceaselessly sought to obtain not only the most current imprints but also the hard-to-find publications. The accumulated Five Quail catalogues are the premier source for bibliographic information and value concerning Canyon and River publications.

Born in Glendale, California, Dave earned a Master's degree in journalism at Columbia University and taught everything from magazine writing to copy editing at San Diego State College and an extension course at University of California San Diego, "An Introduction to Book Collecting." He was proficient in Spanish and Portuguese and reported award-winning coverage on Latin America for *The San Diego Union*. He co-authored a book on Latin American journalism, collaborated in writing the book *American Air Navigator*, and wrote a Writer's Digest book club offering *Making Money With Words*, sharing his advice: "You must be in love with the English language, and if you don't read more than one book every six months, forget it."

I never met Dave in person, but knew him from numerous phone calls and correspondence since just prior to his issuing his first catalogue. In my search for out-of-print books, Dave and I bought and sold books to each other many times over the years. As the Special Collections Librarian at NAU, I could always rely on Dave to find much obscure Colorado Plateau material for the Cline Library.

After selling Five Quail Books, Dave continued the book business with his daughter as Bee Creek Books, embracing the latest technology and selling general Western Americana, rare, and out-of-print books via the Internet and email. On a return from a book buying trip, on November 2 at dusk a passing car hit Dave near his home in Spring Grove, Minnesota. On November 15th at age 87, book lover and dealer Dave Hellyer issued his last catalogue. Thanks, Dave, for all the fine reading.

Richard D. Quartaroli

From the Back of the Boat

EVER NOTICE IN THE SUMMERTIME how everything seems to click? For most of us anyway, our mood is always a little more upbeat in the summer. The days are longer, we're with our pards, weather is warmer, we're in the Canyon doing what we love, we're doing river trips.

There are days when things get rough, a bad day, bad run, got bit by a red ant, some passenger is wearing you thin or wearing your shorts, things aren't going the way you planned, you didn't get the camp you wanted or you didn't get into camp until after dark. But no matter what, at the end of the day there is always a place to go. You go down to the boat. That's where everything seems to make sense. That's where you can talk about the days events, relax, talk things over with your pards, talk about anything, listen to one another, or listen to the river, laugh, sing, tell stories, make plans or make your moves. Everything is right on the back of the boat.

Summer turns to fall and fall to winter. Winter can get cold and lonely. It's just not the same. You can't go down to the boat. That feeling you get from the back of the boat is what the Whale Foundation is all about. A virtual place to go to, to talk, to listen, and to plan for the days ahead.

The Whale Foundation plans to publish a quarterly

article in the BQR. These articles will be informative, helpful and sometimes humorous but always to heart.

The strength we share is the strength we have within this community. Our family is strongest when we support one another. Thanks to everyone for their continued support of the Whale Foundation.

Our recently expanded board welcomes input from, and discussion with, you—Annette Avery, Bob Grusy, Sarah Hatch, Fran Joseph, Bill Karls, Roberta Motter, Tom Myers, Robby Pitagora, Sandy Nevills Reiff, Walt Taylor, and Tim Whitney.

Check out the Whale Foundation online at: www.Whalefoundation.org. The site will continue to evolve and ideally act as a clearing house of information to aid our unique community. If you have any comments, ideas, or expertise to share please contact us for inclusion to this website. To use the Whale Foundation services, leave a message on the Toll Free, Boatman's Line 866-773-0773.

Please keep in mind that your donation to the Whale Foundation of time, energy, and money will make a difference for the river community.

We have changed our address. Please note and contact us at: The Whale Foundation, PO Box 855, Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

Transitions and Depression

FIRST SAW LOTS OF RIVER RUNNERS as a specific group in 1968–69 when I worked at Marble Canyon Trading Post. Some of the factors which stood out as pretty unique were, for some, difficult. It was a young community overall, filled with kids who desperately wanted to be on the river. They had dreams of adventure and of being heroes. Often they were thrown into leadership roles with little training and no established norms. The pressures were great because boatmen were, (and are) in a way, expendable. An impatient and eager group was standing right behind them to take their place if they didn't get it and get it fast. These were young people thrown into a culture which was scrambling to define itself. Often it defined itself as party hearty, fast and furious, fearless by living out many people's dreams—being a boatman—Huck Finn reincarnate. Pretty heady stuff, and not conducive to planning ahead for other seasons.

Ability to solve serious problems was quickly developed, but the nature of river running doesn't

encourage long-range planning with an eye to the future. The adrenaline rush, the easy availability of adoring young and often temporary partners, was in direct contrast to the end of season scrambling for that winter job to survive until the next season. For the many of our community who gravitated to winter jobs as simply a way to survive until next river season, the time to be still and assess didn't happen then either.

What I've seen in the survivors of that quick moving unique world is the ability to develop deep caring for each other while maintaining the easy acceptance of here today, gone tomorrow. Add the absolute denial of most river companies and some river people themselves to plan for long-range security, retirement, a second career, or basic health insurance in many cases, and the stage is set for potential trouble.

For that guide who is literally swept into the current, the reality of more and more intrusive governmental controls on the river, the demands of an often chronically injured and aging body, the golden time of living

only in the present diminishes. He now finds him/herself unprepared and apprehensive for, "What next?" Facing high water at flood stages may be easier than facing that your chosen way of life is being threatened and restricted due to personal and societal changes.

Low water ahead with previously unseen obstacles now visible. The tightest friendships often are with those who are facing the same challenges. The usual problem-solvers may not work anymore. This can be a setup for depression—I'm not talking about the occasional down-in-the-dumps day everyone experiences. I'm talking about the real thing—a disease, curable, but a serious disease which gradually saps the joy out of living, which makes hope an illusive word in a sappy song, and the future an idea filled with confusing choices and unprepared for changes.

New channels need to be explored, but first some of the warning signals of depression need to be mentioned:

1. Absence of joy—a flat feeling that doesn't ever quite go away.
2. Chronic tiredness—feels like slogging through mud emotionally and physically.
3. Quick to anger and/or a pervasive sadness—not necessarily tied to external events.
4. Absentmindedness—the inability to remember why you're standing in the boathouse with an oar in your hand.
5. Eating a lot more with less relief, or suffering a loss of appetite—nothing tastes good.
6. Either sleeping too much and/or an interrupted sleeping pattern—both with exhaustion.
7. Suicidal thoughts and plans crop up as a reasonable way to solve problems—but maybe not enough energy to follow through (most suicides happen when people are recovering from depression because they have more energy and don't know they're on the way back up.)
8. Alcohol or drug abuse.

If you or someone you care for has all or some of these signs, it may be an indicator of Clinical Depression. The key to treating depression is *not* to ignore it—it does not go away on its own. It is, however, highly treatable. The earlier the better—the sooner diagnosed and faced the sooner people get to plot their new channel.

As the summer season begins to swing into full gear, take time on the back of your boat to ask yourself, "What other explorations are possible, what do I need to do in order to prepare for my next fulfilling challenges?" If the Whale Foundation can help let us know!

Sandy Nevills Reiff

Moving Waters: The Colorado River and the West

MOVING WATERS is a seven-state project exploring the history and meaning of the Colorado River. From December 2001 through July 2002, the seven states that share the waters of the Colorado (Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming) are collaborating on a project to generate regional consciousness of the river.

Moving Waters will take place in 22 communities, some along the river, some far from the river, but all dependent on the river. For detailed information on Moving Waters, as well as a reading list, references and links, visit: www.movingwaters.org.

The Moving Waters Culminating Conference will be held at Northern Arizona University, September 25, 26 and 27, 2002.

The conference will be a public space where a dynamic conversation will occur with a diverse audience of researchers, policy makers, and advocates. The conference will consist of lively panel discussions, interesting plenary lectures, and a wonderful celebration of story and music. Field trips will be optionally available at the conclusion of the conference.

The "Conference Story Line" will follow the narrative thread of the "post-settlement history" of the watershed. It will begin with J. W. Powell, the reality of aridity and the road not taken, continue through the construction of the hydraulic empire (apparent escape from aridity), the big buildup (and its consequences for indigenous people and the landscapes of the Plateau), and the law of the river, and then new opportunities, including the new science (aridity is a reality), the new ethics, the new politics (including watershed councils and community based organizations, the WGA, cyber democracy), and the new vulnerabilities (post-September 11). The conference will end with an affirmation of hope.

There will be a fee for the Culminating Conference. For more information, e-mail Connie.Taylor@nau.edu or call 928-523-0499.

Resumption of the Colorado River Management Plan

On January 17th, settlement was reached by the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association (GCPBA) against the Grand Canyon National Park to restart the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP). The CRMP was commenced in 1997 and subsequently canceled in February of 2000 by then Superintendent Robert Arnberger, was settled Thursday, January 17th in the United States District Court in Phoenix, AZ.

The GCPBA was joined in the July 2000 suit by the National Parks and Conservation Association, American Whitewater and the American Canoe Association. In addition to the organizations, four individuals signed on to the lawsuit. The Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association intervened in the suit to represent and protect the interests of commercial outfitters operating on the Colorado River within the Park under National Park Service (NPS) concession contracts.

As a result of the negotiated settlement, within 120 days the NPS will initiate a process to update the park's 1989 CRMP. The NPS "will prepare appropriate environmental documentation consistent with the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969" (NEPA), no later than December 31, 2004.

The NPS will host at least one public scoping meeting and one public meeting to receive comments of the draft revised river management plan in, at a minimum, the following four cities: Flagstaff, Phoenix, Salt Lake City and Denver.

The planning process will embrace a variety of topics agreed to be included by settlement of the suit. Planners will be attempting to ascertain the appropriate level of visitor use on the Colorado River consistent with desired levels of resource protection and visitor experience goals.

Contention between non-commercial boaters (private) and park concessionaires over the total share of allocation available for non-commercial use will be addressed. The settlement directs planners to study "...the allocation of use of the Colorado River between commercial and non-commercial users, the allocation of use between different types of commercial users (e.g., between motorized and non-motorized trips), and alternatives to the current system of commercial/non-commercial allocation."

Planners will also appraise the suitability of the continuation of helicopter exchange of passengers within the Canyon. The settlement provides for consultation with "the Hualapai Indian Tribe of

Arizona and other appropriate parties" with an interest in the helicopter exchanges.

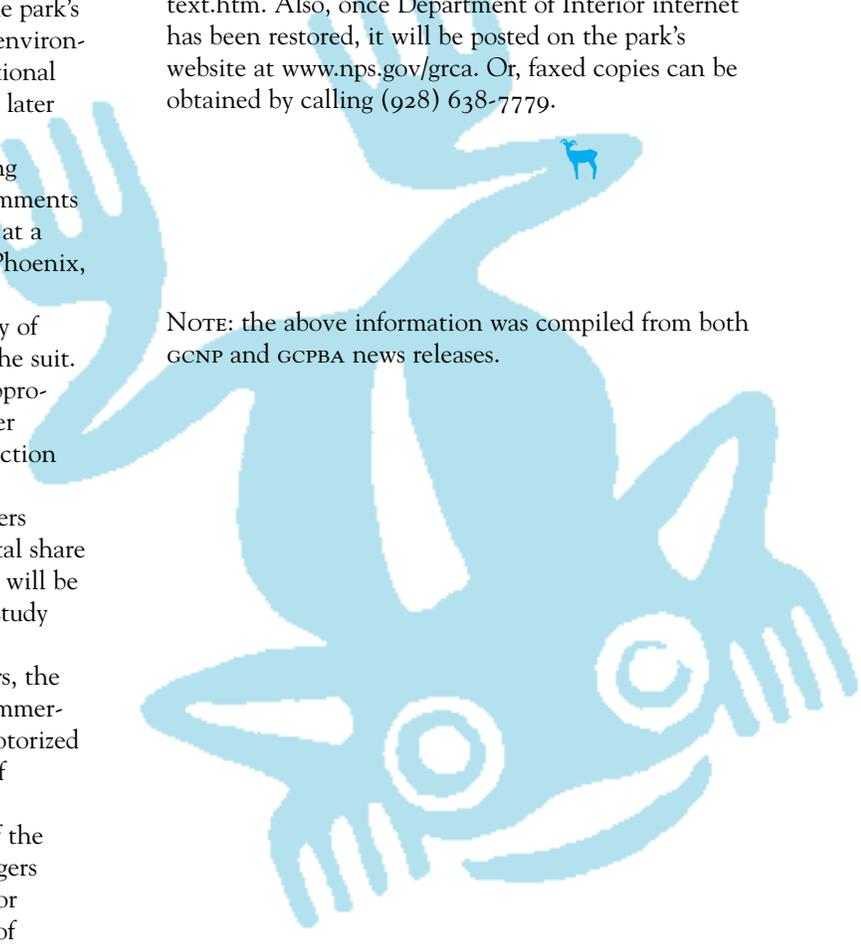
Furthermore, pursuant to NEPA requirements to systematically analyze "all reasonable alternatives," the NPS intends to consider an alternative in the planning process wherein motorized watercraft are not permitted on the Colorado River within the park.

To accomplish the CRMP planning process, the NPS has committed the use of funds that have been deposited by the commercial outfitters into a concessions franchise fee account in the United States Treasury.

The NPS has maintained an extensive mailing list of those who participated in earlier planning efforts and those who have expressed an interest in the CRMP. Those individuals will be notified and invited to participate once the planning process resumes. The public will also be notified through news releases, the park's website and the Federal Register.

For a complete copy of the settlement agreement, you can view it at www.gcroa.org/Pages/settlement-text.htm. Also, once Department of Interior internet has been restored, it will be posted on the park's website at www.nps.gov/grca. Or, faxed copies can be obtained by calling (928) 638-7779.

NOTE: the above information was compiled from both GCNP and GCPBA news releases.



The Changing Rapids of Grand Canyon— Three Rapids That Haven't Changed

OVER THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS, our research has shown that about 59 percent of the tributaries in Grand Canyon have had debris flows in the last century. Naturally, that leaves 41 percent that haven't had debris flows, and the rapids at the mouths of these canyons for the most part haven't changed in the last century. Here are brief descriptions of three rapids that haven't changed in a significant way since river runners first encountered them in the 19th century.

DUBENDORFF RAPID (MILE 131.8)

It was love at first sight. Julius Stone, a wealthy owner of factories and businesses in Ohio, became infatuated with the Colorado River and its canyons, beginning in the 1890s. He had invested in the Hoskininni Company, a venture promoted by Robert Brewster Stanton to dredge gold from the channel in Glen Canyon. In 1898, he met Nathaniel Galloway, legendary boatman of the Colorado River, while visiting his investment (Reilly, 1999). At some point, Stone proposed to hire Galloway to be his guide on a trip retracing the 1869 journey of John Wesley Powell. In spirit, if not reality, it was the first commercial river trip.

They launched in September 1909 and wended their way through the canyons of the upper basin, mostly without incident. Stone and Galloway had their own boats; the third boatman was Seymour Dubendorff, a friend of Galloway's from Vernal, Utah, who carried Stone's brother-in-law, Raymond Cogswell, the trip's photographer. On November 8, 1909, they found themselves staring at a "bad rapid" in the middle of Grand Canyon. Galloway had been there before, and the three boatmen chose to run while Cogswell walked down the left side of the rapid, snapping photographs. Stone and Galloway had good runs, but Dubendorff flipped in a wave on the far right. After they pulled him from the water and rescued his boat, Dubendorff uttered those immortal lines, "I'd like to try that again. I know I can

run it!" (Stone, 1932, p. 95). Thus did Dubendorff earn its name, although it is frequently misspelled.

Maybe Dubendorff could have successfully run the rapid that now bears his name, and if he were still alive and in Grand Canyon today, he'd face essentially



Figure 1. Dubendorff Rapid—November 8, 1909.

This view, nearly straight across the top of the rapid, shows the mouth of Galloway Canyon. (Raymond Cogswell 886, courtesy of Special Collections, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University).



Figure 2. Dubendorff Rapid—November 2, 2001.

Although vegetation has grown up, owing in no small part to the operations of Glen Canyon Dam, the entrance to the rapid is essentially the same. (Tom Brownold, Stake 4212).

the same rocks and waves. Galloway Canyon has not produced a debris flow since 1890, when the first full photographs of Dubendorff were taken (Webb, 1996). The same cockscomb of rocks appears at low water on the right side of the rapid, ending in a rock known affectionately as “the domer” that various river runners use as a marker for their cut to the right side. What has changed is the lower left end of the rapid. Powell expedition photographer Jack Hillers photographed the view looking out from Stone Creek in 1872; a match of his photograph shows a high-angle debris flow from the chute above the left side of the rapid deposited what has become a rock sieve at intermediate water levels on the left. It is doubtful that this debris flow significantly affected flow through the rapid, but it does add an additional boating hazard if one strays too far to the left.

HORN CREEK RAPID (MILE 90.2)
Horn Creek Rapid has always been nasty. The Stanton

expedition wrecked a boat here in 1890 during an ill-advised ghost run (Smith and Crampton, 1989, p. 177–178). The boat, the *Sweet Marie*, had been arduously repaired upstream in the middle of Grapevine Rapid, and the incident precipitated Harry McDonald’s departure from the trip downstream at Crystal Creek. The rock that the *Sweet Marie* smashed upon is a piece of schist with spikes on its streamside face; we affectionately call this rock “the Mace Rock,” and it is only exposed at about 5,000 cubic feet per second (cfs) or lower.

At the end of the 19th century, an adventurer-writer, by the name of George Wharton James was roaming the Grand Canyon region, promoting visitation. He took many photographs himself, but he also relied on a photographer named Frederic H. Maude to provide illustrations for his books. Both men were frequent guests in the Canyon of W.W. Bass. At some point, Maude poised himself on an outcrop of Tapeats Sandstone on the Tonto Platform and aimed his



Figure 3. Horn Creek Rapid—about 1900. From an obscure point on the edge of the Tonto Platform, this downstream view captures low water in Horn Creek Rapid. (Maude, James Collection, number A.42.10, courtesy of the Southwest Museum).

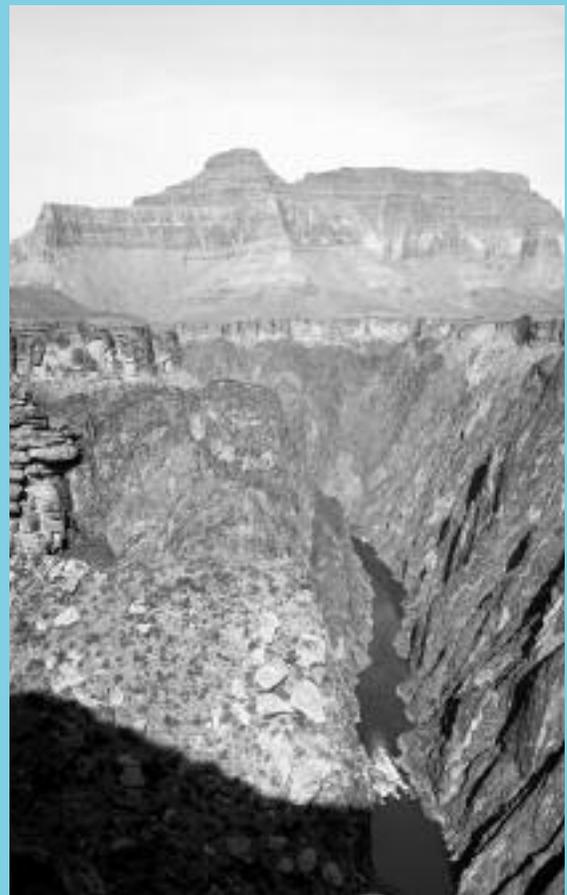


Figure 4. Horn Creek Rapid—October 29, 2001. The difficult lighting doesn’t change the fact that the rapid is essentially unchanged. (Dominic Oldershaw, Stake 3033).



Figure 5. Hance Rapid—October 15, 1911. During their 1911 trip, the Kolb brothers frequently stopped to photograph rapids. Here, they capture a familiar view of the head of Hance Rapid. (Kolb 5834, courtesy of Special Collections, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University).



Figure 6. Hance Rapid—January 27, 1990. Almost all the rocks that block the low-water left entry to the rapid are still in place. (Tom Brownold, Stake 1451).

camera downwards and downstream, creating a startling photograph of Horn Creek Rapid and its sharp waves at low water. Photographs taken at the rapid (Webb, 1996) show that most of the rocks on the debris fan are in the same place.

HANCE RAPID (MILE 76.8)

Big rapids invite speculation as to their origin. The distinctive diabase dike on the right side of Hance Rapid has led some to speculate that the rapid owes its existence to bedrock control, not the large tributary entering the rapid from river left. A short hike up Red Canyon will convince the casual observer that debris flows indeed enter the Colorado River here, just not in the last century. Because it drops thirty feet, the largest single drop in Grand Canyon, and because of the numerous large boulders that the river churns through, most early explorers lined or portaged Hance. The Kolb brothers were no exception; they began to portage and line the rapid on October 15, 1911.

The next morning, Ellsworth ran the lower left part of Hance Rapid, part in and out of his boat. Those who don't learn from history are bound to repeat it, and since that left side hasn't changed in a century, beware the rumble run that Ellsworth pioneered.

Bob Webb

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Leaving Eden

"In their hearts they turned to each other's hearts for refuge..." —Jackson Browne, *Before the Deluge*

FOR A LONG TIME NOW, I have been under the impression that there was one place in my life, in our lives, into which the outside world could not really intrude. A personal and professional Eden, a paradise where lost childhood could be regained, and all social and political distinctions become as unnecessary for us as gills. In Grand Canyon, we joke that "World War III could be happening and we'd never know it". At first uncomfortable with the lack of daily communications from the usual information sources, our guests slowly adjust and in the end become oddly proud of their lack of knowledge, and how unimportant all that knowledge really seems to be. Truly, we all find Eden in this canyon for a short time, happy in our innocence.

On September 12, 2001 we were given the "apple" and forced to eat it. All that day, traveling through the narrow limestone walls of the Muav Gorge, we had noticed the lack of planes—both the big jetliners that usually cross the canyon from LA to points east and back again, but also the smaller planes that fly over that part of the canyon on their way from Las Vegas. We noticed this, but it didn't really sink in, so intent were we on our 30-mile day, so raptly did we watch bighorn sheep families picking their way delicately over cliff faces and talus slopes all day. That night in camp the outside world crashed our party. While we were cooking dinner, guides from another trip told our guides what had happened to New York and Washington DC the morning before. We stood in tight knots talking as dinner cooked. We smiled and laughed still, slightly anxious, but still unbelieving. Not really unbelieving, it's just that the taste of that apple hadn't really sunk in yet.

Then I remembered the planes. The sky above looked deceptively calm and peaceful. And then I looked around at our group, happily celebrating Marilyn's anniversary. Marilyn, who to all of us had been a stranger just twelve days ago, was now surrounded by her clan, celebrating the day she and her absent husband had joined in marriage. Marilyn, whose son Otis, whom we all felt like we knew as a friend by this time, had just moved to New York City to teach bilingual elementary school. And then I understood. I was going to have to tell these people that their world had forever changed, that loved ones and friends had died. I was going to have to be the one to take them by the hands and lead them out of Eden.

We forced smiles around the circle that evening, listening to Marilyn's poetry, and laughing about the sweet pictures she handed around of her husband and son. I nervously declined a request to tell stories, hoping that everyone would retire to bed and leave me and the other guides alone with our fears and uncertainties. I spent a lot of the evening on the satellite phone gathering as much information as I could, finding out which among our group had been affected. I learned that Mark's family and Marilyn's son were fine, but that her best friend's brother was missing from the Trade Center, and that her husband was trying to contact her. They were happily in bed, sleeping to the mutter of the river and the brilliance of the stars. I lay awake most of the night, thinking about the role we would play in the morning. We are the guides in this paradise, showing people the way down the river, up the cliffs, and back into themselves and their bodies—happy places. And now we were going to have to guide them through sadness and fear and loss.

In the morning we moved slowly, watching the glorious, gilt-edged clouds build over National Canyon. Peach and cobalt, silver and violet let loose in a pounding fifteen minute storm. Lightening shattered the sky and a rainbow stitched it all back together at the end. It was time to talk to the group. I talked individually with the people most affected by the events, and then I asked everyone to gather in a circle. I could tell that they were curious at the unusual request, and my stern expression. I told them in the simplest way I could and as I talked, I watched their faces crumble and their bodies sag against one another for support. I wanted to take it all back, swallow the words and move backwards a few hours in time, anything to be able to erase those expressions and give them back their canyon. Afterwards people wandered the beach for solitude. Some sat by the river and watched it swirl by. Others sat with loved ones on the rocks and held each other, sadness and confusion and disbelief in their faces and their bodies.

It wasn't until later that morning, while resting in the silver-gray womb of Fern Glen, that I lost it. I watched a swallowtail butterfly with tattered wings float by, pure fragility holding up against the ravages of its life, and I began to cry, thinking of all we do to hurt and destroy, and how resilient our spirits are in the end.

Our group stayed in the canyon, in all ways. We played fiercely that day: wiffle ball and tag and mudfights. We laughed and we cried and we splashed and bathed and gloried in the mid-September sun.

And by the end of the day, the separate little knots of people had broken up and rejoined to become one again. Our tribe had survived its exit from Eden, even though that knowledge stayed with us, and we knew things would never be quite so innocent again.

Now, when all I hear on the radio is the rhetoric and political analysis of terrorism, bank accounts, fanaticism, weaponry and hatred, I am left with a bitter knowledge that I know I always had, but hoped I didn't have to believe. The canyon is not apart and separate from the world. Whatever happens out there will reach us here. But this place and places like it must shelter our souls and our spirits so that we can survive what happens elsewhere. We must have the world of nature's making to nourish and support our humanity when the world of our own making seems senseless and inhuman. With the sorrow of taking people away from paradise comes a sense of wonder at what I observed. In the early days of our trip, I watched a group of strangers become friends. When we exited Eden together, I felt us become part of a family—the family of man.

Christa Sadler

At Boucher Creek

O lover, I have seen in you that blush
that paints the Arizona sky pastels
of pink and turquoise sunsets, hovering,
reflected in your eye. Such quietness
of soul in you I feel as near a spring
deep in the canyon to whose belly cling
young sycamores and cypress-racing roots
to suckle at the breast of mother earth.

Your voice, it is as if the canyon wren
for joy will but its plaintive song begin
accompanied by ancient cottonwood
and breeze; whose autumn leaves bestirred become
her rustling choir; embraced within whose arms
she late, amid the ebbing snow of spring,
did weave a tiny nest to warm her young.
Most glad her voice, she sings of them all gone.

I feel such sadness in your soul as of
the cabin walls, now broken down, where once
Boucher had wished a wife to greet and keep
him warm. His figs and pomegranates there
she gracefully would prune, be glad to see
them bloom and feel their ripened juices flow
in ribbons down her longing neck whom he
would sweetness taste upon the harvest moon.
Such ecstasy of living in this time
and place when we, of all who've gone before,
of they who after us will come adore,
reveling in the revelation of
what now is good and all that nourishes
in beauty, joy and love; such ecstasy
that you and I, O lover, were,
if but for a moment,
in this sweet world together.

Tim Whitworth

Riverboarding

THE CANYON IN DECEMBER. Three well-trained and eager women set out to fulfill a dream thought by some to be impossible, imprudent and ill conceived—to riverboard 295 miles, from Glen Canyon Dam to Lake Mead, unassisted by a raft, in the cold waters of winter. That we would succeed, is only a small part of the story of the joy and adventure. And maybe not the most important part. For this is a story based on the belief that a simple journey is still worth doing. A success measured not only in distance traveled or the unaccomplished becoming complete, but in the more intangible elements of solitude, intimacy with the

fateful day. Word got around and the Lees Ferry ranger, at the order of the River District Ranger, came to the ramp to inform us we could not launch without a boat and it was illegal for us to use the riverboards as they were an “aid” to swimming. We peacefully contested their decision and departed with our hearts in our shoes but also with the impression that the Park just didn’t understand exactly what a riverboard is and what exactly it was that we were trying to do.

The three of us, and Ruthie Stoner, spent the next three days preparing a 100 page document with five sections, that included; showing the riverboard as a watercraft as defined by the Coast Guard; the historical evolution of watercraft in the Canyon; the board’s recreational, commercial and rescue applications; our ability to carry all Park Service required gear and our experience as applicants.

It is important, from the beginning, to dispel some of the myths about what a “riverboard” is or perhaps what it is not. It is not some flimsy piece of foam, a “surf mat” or anything like a “boogie board”. It is made of thick ethylfoam with 160 pounds of flotation. (Much more than your average “Need Help” cushion). The bottom of the board is lined with thin plastic for speed and there are six plastic handles attached with through

bolts that are rated for extracting people from the water by helicopter. A piece of foam, yes, but an exceptionally large and durable one.

We presented our document to the River District Ranger and he actually agreed with our contention that it was indeed a misunderstanding of sorts that prevented our launch. All that was left, was to pursue it through the correct channels.

Despite monthly phone calls, nothing was pursued further until one of those original Glen Canyon rangers became the new River District Ranger and the first thing that landed on his desk was our proposal. He chuckled at the irony of it and navigated our request and document through the bureaucratic channels until I believe it was even reviewed by the Park Solicitor. In November of 2001, with an enthusiastic voice, I was informed that we would be allowed to go; partially based on our river and rescue experience with the boards and in expeditions,



Carr-Clifton

Riverboarding gals from left to right: Kelley Kalafatich, Julie Munger and Rebecca Rusch.

River, teamwork, humor in the face of crisis, flexibility and dogged persistence.

The actual vision for this trip came six years ago from Connie Tibbitts and myself, on a river company training trip in which we were able to spend a considerable amount of time on riverboards as a training tool. The original goal; the pure fun of it! Connie and I tried for a couple years, on the old call-in system, to get a cancellation on a private trip launch date sometime in the summer. We were unsuccessful and I finally got one for the end of November 2000. Because Connie is more sensible than I, she wished me luck and decided there are better times to be in the Canyon on a riverboard than the *winter*!

Teresa Yates, Kelley Kalafatich and I showed up at Lees Ferry in November of 2000 with riverboard permit in hand and were literally laughed off the river by some Glen Canyon rangers who were doing a search on that

and partially based on the sensibility of our argument.

On November 25th, under clear and cold winter skies, Kelley Kalafatic, a lifetime partner in adventure; Rebecca Rusch, a newer friend and teammate of ours on the US Women's Rafting team, myself, and some supporters, met Barbara Foster at the Boat Ramp and headed to the base of Glen Canyon dam. Smitty, (as she is known to all of us) and I met earlier in my career at Kwagunt when I had inadvertently landed across the river from my camp without a boat. She transported me back across and we have been friends ever since. It was an emotional start to the trip, as my Dad accompanied us upriver. The last time he had been on that section of River was on a six week descent of Glen Canyon and Grand Canyon in 1959 on a Sierra Club trip in protest of Glen Canyon Dam. His tear stained cheeks, were a testament to someone who knows firsthand what lies under the waters of that dam.

It took us five long and cold hours to float the fifteen miles to Lees Ferry and we arrived at dark, a bit cold. Rebecca's drysuit had filled with about four gallons of water and Kelley's, with at least one. Problems in paradise, already. We spent the next day, in a wind storm above 10-mile rock on the cliffs of Marble Canyon, figuring out a strategy to deal with these "drysuits"

that Kelley had rented from a dive shop. Finally, our solution was to take old drysuits, that we planned on using as spares, and bring them up to speed with a FedEx delivery of drysuit gaskets and feet from Northwest River Supplies to Marble Canyon. They would arrive on our launch date, the 27th, and two friends would need to hike them into Badger for us. The first few days downriver, would now involve working in time to put on the extra gaskets. In the meantime, Rebecca and Kelley would use two drysuits at once.

My journal entry at Badger, November 28th: "*The fire blazes and we sit in silence—so much activity these last few days that it is hard to take it all in. Emotions, fears, surfacing and working through them one by one, figuring out which ones are issues we can change, which are intangible and which are just challenges a trip like this brings with it.*"

Like solving the early dilemma of drysuit leakage,

all of our trip would be a process of discovery. It is not as if we had it all perfectly planned out. We discovered techniques that worked as we went. It was part of the fun. No "how to" books, just good equipment, good spirits and lots of extra cord and duct tape in case something went wrong.

Friends, fishermen and rangers were shaking their heads as all of our gear, towed behind us on another riverboard, turned turtle before we even made it out of the Lees Ferry eddy. The idea of using a riverboard for our gear came after realizing that the minimum amount of weight we needed for a safe winter trip was about 80–100 pounds a piece. The abalone floats, day packs and other brilliant ideas we came up with were inadequate for this amount of gear. Kelley's day in the



Riverboarding in action.

Rebecca M Rusch

surf with Bob Carlson is the day the idea to use a riverboard for the gear evolved. We tried it out amongst rotting salmon on the lower American River in early November and it was clearly the superior way.

Rider Canyon, November 29: "*We pushed off the beach from Badger at 12:30 PM and the first thing that happened, again, was that Kelley and Rebecca's boards rolled over on the eddy line We pulled over and re-rigged! We found today that a low and wide rig works much better than getting our load up high at all—a low, wide profile is key. We floated down to Soap Creek rapid—stopped briefly to look at the reptile tracks in the Coconino and then Rebecca and I pushed off, letting our gear boards run in front of us. Soap had big waves today—feel so small, dropping into these rapids on those little boards—I actually know the river so well that I can figure out where I am, but otherwise you are just lost amidst the waves—feeling the power and gentleness of the river all at once—Rebecca*"

and I were able to eddy out and wait for Kel to film and then we floated off into the swirlies just holding on to the boards from the sides! I actually “herded” my board for a while until I realized it works better to just hold on from the side. Kel and Reba did it from the beginning of the swirlies and it actually stabilizes everything—it was the best method at Badger too! As the board starts to flip over, you can hide it and push it down. Soap went well, and I was super nervous about all the eddies through the Supai narrows with the radical helical flow—but we just kicked on through...all’s well!”

We learned over the first couple days, that by rigging our gear, wide and low, we created a stable craft. Almost, like packing a horse, weight distribution was key to creating a perfectly stable platform.

We towed our loads in the flatwater with a floating rope and handle attached into the quick release ring on the back of our “live bait” rescue jackets. Anytime the water got rough, we detached from our jackets and stuffed the rope into a bag attached to the front of the board. Through rapids, we would either float next to our gear holding on tight, or let it ride through on its own and retrieve it at the bottom. We expended less energy by actually holding on to the side of our gear boards than by kicking back to them afterwards. After we learned to “highside”, we became very stable platforms with the extra weight of our gear. We were able to run everything in this manner. House Rock, Granite and Lava were the only rapids we opted to line the gear through the rocks along the inside of the turns.

Speaking of gear, our gear was 100% dry in our Watershed drybags. The only time we had *any* water was when we failed to close them correctly and even then, only drops of water. Those bags are unbelievable. Bill Beer and John Daggett convinced us that the amount of fun we would have would be directly proportional to how dry we could keep our sleeping bags, camp clothes, and food. Because of the Watershed bags, we slept warm and dry every night and ate delicious meals instead of soggy pasta and disintegrated oatmeal. If we had the added challenge of wet gear, I am honestly not sure our spirits would have held out as well as John and Bill’s did.

It seems our trip provided us, uniquely, with one challenge at a time. After we got the drysuits fixed, we had a gas stove canister burst into a stream of fire.

My journal entry at South Canyon, December 2nd: *“Beautiful light on the walls, normal dinner routine, normal night, until something happened with the fuel bottle and gas started spewing out and ignited Rebecca’s hand and down jacket on fire! Kelley buried her arm in the sand and then the fireworks started. A full stream of fire—a food bag also on fire. We raced Rebecca to the river and put her hand in. How quickly things can get out of control—from a serene camp scene, to a serious injury! At first, I had no*

idea she was burned but now fear how much damage was done The immediate good news was no black skin—some darkish looking skin turned out to be soot. Second good sign was redness and immediate blistering—still—how much pain? Is it worse than we think? Can she bend her hand? Can we keep it clean enough? Take a deep breath, one step at a time, manage the burns tonight, see how bad they are in the morning. We put her hand in a pot of cold water and gave her some whiskey. We popped the blisters as they started to fill with fluid and I have codeine in my pocket if it gets bad. By the time we went to bed, her fingers were red, swollen and oozing—she slept with the pot of water next to her. Every time I woke up in the night she was asleep and that felt so good. A good sign, a friend not feeling too much pain to sleep. I woke every hour or so and contentedly rolled back over when I found her breathing deeply and sleeping soundly.”

Fortunately for us, her burns were only partial thickness and we were able to manage them each day by individually wrapping her fingers with gauze and tape, and further protecting them in a surgical glove. Eventually, even after hours and hours of repair work, those same stoves would fail us completely and we would resort to cooking on small fires for the duration of our trip. We had a metal oil pan and were so very glad that it was required.

Our next challenge would come on the early morning of December 4th, as we headed for Phantom Ranch. Our first rain came with dark, ominous clouds as we descended into the Inner Gorge. All the rapids would go smoothly, but as we wandered into Phantom Ranch for a leisurely visit, I would face a possible heart attack in my family. While we sorted out the seriousness of the situation, the Phantom Ranch employees welcomed us and made sure we were well fed, hydrated and kept warm and dry. The Rangers were helpful with information and re-supplying our first aid kit with extra gauze and second skin. It was incredible to be hosted and welcomed in such a warm way and so well taken care of. When we left Phantom, after a false alarm, our new friends waved to us from the Bridge. It is a feeling of warmth and encouragement that I will never forget and gave us extra chutzpah for the rapids to come.

We frolicked in the rapids of the Inner Gorge. They were big and all encompassing and completely exhilarating. At times we were scared—aren’t we all down there? And obviously, each day had its individual challenges and glories of which the details could fill a book. Ultimately, the more comfortable we became with ourselves in our new environment, the more we became a part of the River and the Canyon.

My journal entry at Tuckup: Day 14, December 10, 4:30 PM: *Tuckup Mile 165, 36 degrees, Raining with clouds blowing up the Canyon. Contentment with friend-*

ships, intimacy of water. Floating is comforting—the feel of eddy lines—unknown currents massaging my legs, pulling at my feet. Magic light fills the Canyon, fills me. Glowing—softer in light, harsher in temperature, drawing us into her midst. Fuzzy hats keep us warm. Sand blows and then it is completely still. We are quiet, absorbing. It sinks into skin, through pores, and fills our being, through immersion. Impossible to look down on the water, we see from within the water, within the waves. We are at eye level. It caresses, massages, slaps and punches, dances and roars and laughs, sucks us this way and that lets us through and we are lost in its embrace. We can control where we go to a certain extent. We can hold on to our gear or let it go—sometimes it stabilizes us, sometimes pulls us this way and that and then—flip. Canyon walls always rise above us—everything at eye level, like the Common Merganser. Blue Heron sees more. She has stayed with us to give us heart and courage with her good omens and ancient wisdom. We float, encounter waves with no resistance, and slide through. Sometimes I am scared. Granite. Upset—I think of Shorty Burton and look for his pie plate and hope he puts a good word in for us to the Watchers of this canyon. I think about Lava and know it will be Big, so much bigger than us—we will look for the course of least resistance and I will be fearful at the top and then I will be in, with, tossed by, covered by it. It will be what it is. We are entering the Mojave Desert, our coldest days—December of course—part of the price for being here almost solo. The rain slides off the mega-mid onto the sand. Occasional drops here and there reminding us we are not impervious to any of it We try to build walls of strength around us to protect us from others, ourselves, the elements. Life is about dissolving those barriers. The river dissolves us.”

As we reached Separation Canyon, and knew the rapids were behind us, we started to relax, maybe a little bit. We spent time reflecting with each other about our journey. But the Canyon’s powerful beauty kept our focus on her.

December 15, 5 AM, mile 265 river left: Cold, rainy night—asleep at 7:30 pm yesterday, exquisite, clouds pouring over limestone walls, snow everywhere, Yosemite-like It is another world here where terradactyls and dinosaurs should be appearing. We are camped above the lake line in a tamarisk grove—slippery, slidy mud to get down to the river. Lashed boards together into a big floating platform—kicked some, floated some, sat backwards and kicked some, 26 miles yesterday—we think we will make it to Pearce Ferry today. Rebecca is wet and worried. We’ve had a couple cold days, cold but so beautiful. Will we really immerse, today, into a land of flashing Christmas tree earrings, is it really Christmas time out there?”

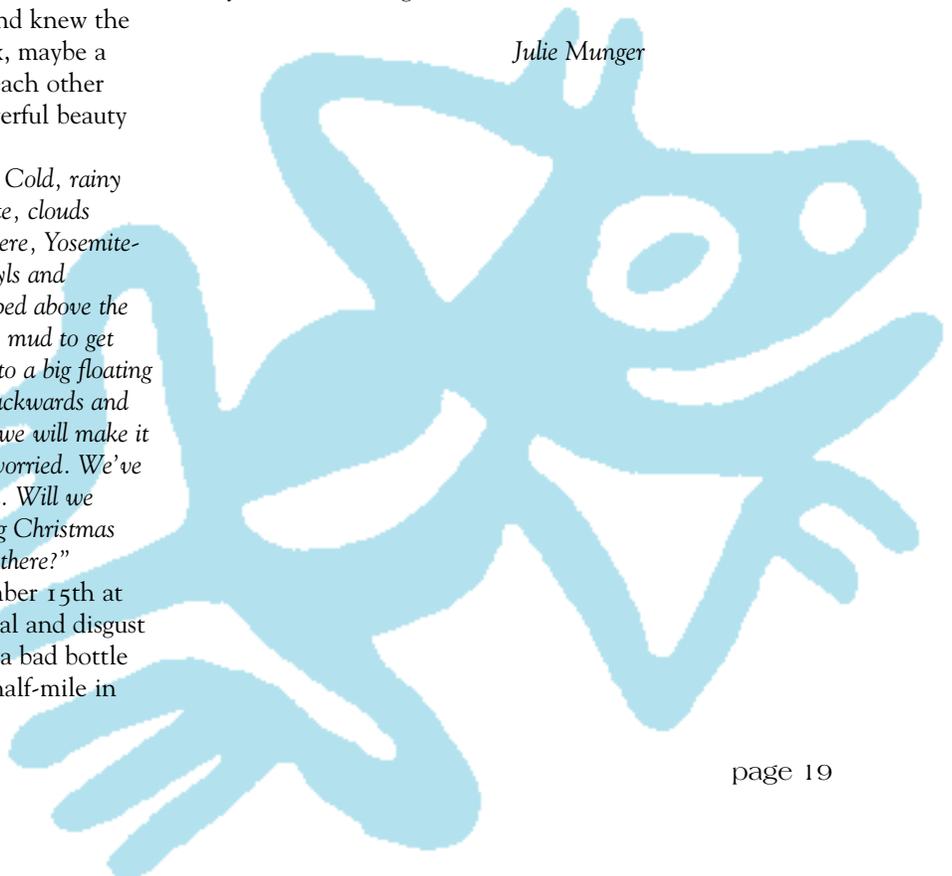
We kicked into Pearce Bay on December 15th at around 2:00 P.M. We celebrated our arrival and disgust with the reservoir at the same time with a bad bottle of rot-gut whiskey as we kicked the last half-mile in

the flatwater of the reservoir. Two good friends, the same ones that hiked in our FedEx package of gaskets, Carr Clifton and Abigail Polsby waited out a two day snow storm to meet us at the closest turnout. We staggered up a silty shoreline with gear in tow for our final look back.

My last journal entry: “We were immersed in the intimacy of water. A part of the River—its gentleness and strength. Enveloped in its light—the snow catching the emerald reflection of river, the walls bathed in orange and red. The solitude and silence of our days punctuated by the songs of Canyon Wrens, calls of migratory ducks and geese; shrieks of wisdom from the Herons and the soft storm of wind from the flapping of an eagle’s wings.”

To all of you, who believed in this dream, and contributed ideas, encouragement and even just smiles, I say a huge thank you. An idea put forward by Connie Tibbitts, over six years ago, became reality due to the determination and reasonability of many people, including Ruthie Stoner, Teresa Yates, Michael McGinnis, Bob Carlson, Josh Weston, Carr Clifton, Abigail Polsby, John Middendorf, Garrett Schniewind, the list goes on. When you have a dream, that is initially a little off the wall, you find there are two kinds of people; some just simply say it will never happen and have all sorts of sensible reasons why not—and then there are those that immediately start thinking of how to help make it work! Without these people, our trip would not have been possible. The American spirit of adventure and discovery is still very much alive in the spirits and souls of all those willing to support someone trying to do something different: just for the doing of it.

Julie Munger

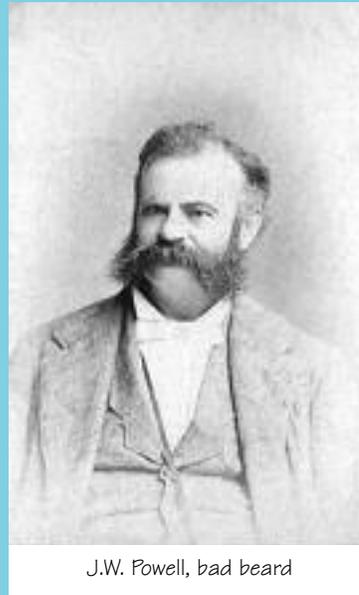


White Lies, Major Distortions, and Several New Stabs at the Truth—8 recent publications on James White and Major John Wesley Powell

HISTORY IS PERHAPS the most subjective of sciences—so malleable that it might better be called an art. Although most historians begin with fastidious research, rooting far and digging deep for facts, for “truth,” it is inevitably up to the historian’s discretion which “truths” to accept, which to qualify, which to discredit, and which to discard altogether. Often these judgments reveal more about the author than the subject. The stories of James White and John Wesley Powell are cases in point.



James White's adventure



J.W. Powell, bad beard

did not remove the dramatics in his otherwise brilliant and geologically ground breaking government report.

The primary fodder for much debate appeared in the aptly titled *Colorado River Controversies*. The book presents two edited segments of Robert Brewster Stanton’s two-volume manuscript, *The Colorado River of the West and the Exploration, Navigation, and Survey of its Canyons from the Standpoint of an Engineer*. The original manuscript was far too ponderous, with too little market appeal, for any

publisher to touch it before Stanton’s death in 1922. Some ten years later river runner and industrialist Julius F. Stone, a longtime friend of Stanton, hired James M. Chalfant to edit a portion for print, addressing two topics: James White’s River Journey of 1867, and The Affair at Separation Rapids. In the first section, after a review of White’s story and an interview between White and Stanton, White’s journey is removed from Grand Canyon and launched at Pearce Ferry. (White simply mistook a two-day walk from the San Juan north to the Colorado River, Stanton explains, for a forty-five day walk south to Pearce Ferry.)

In part two, Jack Sumner and Billy Hawkins, members of Powell’s 1869 trip, are called upon in their old age for the true story of the expedition and the motives for the departure of the Howland Brothers and Bill Dunn at Separation Rapid. Both Sumner and Hawkins tell of an incident somewhere near the foot of Cataract Canyon where Dunn inadvertently dunked Major Powell’s watch, ruining it. In Powell’s explosive rebuke he orders Dunn to pay for the watch and his keep, or leave the expedition. Hawkins includes a brawl with Walter Powell, Sumner adds his own invi-

BACKGROUND

Original source material for the Colorado River journeys of James White, in 1867, and John Wesley Powell’s first expedition in 1869, are spare, often vague, and at times entirely contradictory. As a result, historians have had the delightful opportunity to pick and choose from sources, to mix and match, to rationalize and discount, to portray White and Powell anywhere from saints to slimeballs, from messiahs to murderers.

Little appeared about White for several decades after his 1867 journey other than newspaper stories—often highly distorted—and the occasional broadside in books about the river. Powell’s early documentation is equally distorted: the river segment of his 1875 *Exploration of the Colorado River of the West and its Tributaries, Explored in 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872*, was actually a slightly reworked article he originally wrote for *Scribner’s*, a popular magazine who specifically requested “more incidents of the expedition of a blood-curdling nature.” Powell exaggerated, altered, and combined expeditions to comply—but unfortunately

tation to duel Walter (declined) as well as a series of spats between Powell and O.C. Howland. Both Sumner and Hawkins claim their own leadership in continuing downriver from Separation.

In the end, Stanton and Chalfant conclude that the primary reason the men left at Separation was that Powell ordered Dunn to go (over a month earlier) and this was the “first promising side canyon” (Apparently Hite, Crossing of the Fathers, and Lees Ferry did not look promising). Oramel Howland left because he was tired of being picked on by Powell and was standing up for his friend Dunn, and Seneca Howland went because he was Oramel’s brother. Hence Powell virtually ordered the men to their deaths.

Although there is certainly much truth in *Colorado River Controversies*, and it should be standard reading for all full-time guides, it is also quite evident that a great deal of the book goes over the top, as much or more so than those books that worship Powell. Just what to make of *Controversies* has colored river history for seven decades.

POWELL: THE FIFTY YEAR BLOOM

Powell books seem to come out in clusters about every fifty years. The decade of Powell’s 1902 death brought several eulogies for Powell and two books by Frederick Dellenbaugh, who accompanied Powell during the 1871–1872 river and overland survey, and developed a lifelong case of hero worship for Powell. His *Romance of the Colorado River* (1902) is a history of human visitation to the river, and *A Canyon Voyage* (1908) a detailed account of the second Powell river expedition—a trip Powell rarely acknowledged. Dellenbaugh blasts away at James White as a grand prevaricator, stoutly defending Powell as the first down the river. And although Dellenbaugh preceded *Colorado River Controversies* by three decades, and consequently did not have to *refute* the charges against Powell made therein, he may actually have done much to *precipitate* them.

For although Powell may or may not have cared much for Dunn or the Howlands, he took pains to defend their honor. Not so Dellenbaugh. Those men abandoned Powell in his time of need. In *Romance*, Dellenbaugh labeled them deserters, and later campaigned successfully against having their names included on the Powell Monument on the South Rim of Grand Canyon. Such a branding scalded both Hawkins’ and Sumner’s sensibilities and may well have added the necessary steam for a rebuttal by these long silent men—men who had stuck with Powell at Separation, and later agreed to work for Powell again.[1]

THE SECOND BLOOM

Almost five decades passed after Powell’s death before

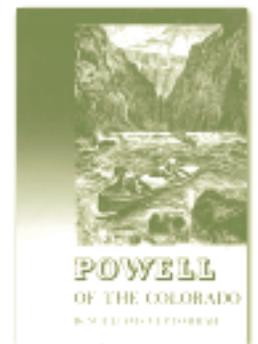
his significance began to dawn on Americans, his name and achievements largely fading into obscurity in the interim. Then, in the late 1940s William Culp Darrah collected, transcribed and, with the Utah Historical Society, published the lion’s share of journals and correspondence from Powell’s river expeditions. [2]

In 1951 Darrah published his 400-page biography, *Powell of the Colorado*—well researched, containing much praise, and precious little criticism. To his credit, when Darrah did his research he made the best of his opportunity to interview many of Powell’s coworkers from his years in Washington, and gives a unique picture of the workings of Powell’s bureaus. But from a boatman’s perspective, the river history is sloppy and ill-informed. Darrah had never been on the water.

Within three years, three more biographies appeared. Paul Meadows’s 1952 *John Wesley Powell: Frontiersman of Science* was a 100-page summary of Powell’s life and theories. Little notice was taken of it then, however, or now. A year later Elmo Scott Watson’s *The Professor Goes West* was released posthumously. It was essentially a supplement to the Powell chapter in Watson’s history of Illinois Wesleyan University (IWU), where Powell had taught. The book consists primarily of a wealth of correspondence from Powell and other IWU folk who accompanied him on the river and overland during his surveys. There are many stories from the *Bloomington Pantograph*, and a great deal of correspondence from H.C. DeMotte about the overland surveys. All this material sheds a unique light on Powell’s career, and little of it can be found elsewhere to this day.

Then, in 1954, came the big one, the one fellow Powell biographer Donald Worster says “explains Powell’s resurrection to sainthood after World War Two,” Wallace Stegner’s masterpiece, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West*.

Where Darrah assembles facts in a row, Stegner paints with bold strokes, comparing and contrasting Powell with the people, politics, and ideology of his day. He focuses especially on Powell’s prescience in water issues in the West and chronicles his downfall, shaking his head as he sees history repeating itself in the 1950s. Planning versus expediency. The good of



the common man versus the greed of development and industry. Stegner writes magnificently, with humor and panache; his book became an instant classic and

remains required reading to this day in college courses on the West.

Stegner's descriptions of the river and canyon scenery were far better than Darrah's, as Stegner had been down the San Juan and Glen Canyon with Nevills. Still, you can tell his trip ended at Lees Ferry, and that he never rowed the boat.

As far as *Colorado River Controversies* was concerned, Darrah blew the book out of the water, saying it "was actually written by Chalfant and does not represent the opinions of Stanton. The facts are manhandled in a reprehensible manner." [3] Stegner, too, dismissed Hawkins and Sumner's tales as bad blood, bombast, and sour grapes. "Powell may have done some bad things," Stegner is alleged to have muttered, "but he's not going to do them in *my* book."

THE CURRENT BLOOM

Another fifty years went by with a small burst of Powell books commemorating the centennial of his 1869 trip, but nothing too huge appeared until

suddenly, almost 100 years after his death, a bumper crop of five new major Powell works came off the press (and more on the way). Moreover, this bloom was accompanied by three publications about the disputed challenger to Powell's seniority on the river: James White.

JAMES WHITE: STUDIES IN OBSCURITY

Almost since the day White was plucked from the Colorado baked, blistered, and "some loco'ed" on September 7, 1867, his tale has been a subject of fierce debate. At first it was championed by all who heard it, and quickly passed on, often with elaboration. Some of his admirers went so far as to assign localities to his vague descriptions of terra incognita, and soon his launch point was designated as the Grand River (now the upper section of the Colorado) shortly above its confluence with the Green. It was here on the Grand, claimed reporters such as Dr. C.C. Parry, where White and his friend George Strole built their raft of cottonwood logs. They were fleeing hostile natives who had slain their leader, Captain Baker, and late that same night, Strole and White set off downriver. After four days of smooth sailing they hit rapids. Strole was

washed overboard and drowned. White clung to his raft for another ten days, occasionally flipped over or washed from the raft in rapids. After the loss of Strole, however, White had tethered himself to the raft with a long lariat, much as surfers do today, and could drag himself back onto whatever happened to be the top of his craft. At one point he wrecked on an island and built a new raft from logs found nearby. He ate his leather knife sheath. He traded his revolver to some Indians for the hindquarters of a dog, half of which he accidentally lost in the river before he could gulp it down. Slowly starving, nearly drowning, steadily losing his senses, he drifted as far as Callville, Nevada, some sixty miles below Grand Canyon, where he was dragged from the river by a group of Mormons.

White's story spread via word of mouth, newspaper, and mention in books about the new and scarcely known West. But White's story began withering two years later when Powell and his men encountered the fury of Cataract Canyon where White's tale, according to most printed versions, described smooth sailing. Powell pronounced White's tale poppycock, as did most subsequent river runners. But whereas Powell, Kolb, Freeman, and others simply discounted the tale as fiction and passed on, Dellenbaugh got downright mean about it. Stanton took it as a personal affront and launched his own vendetta.

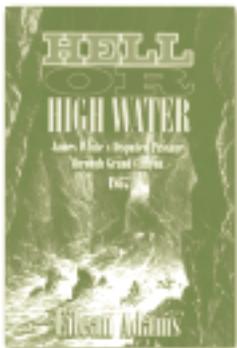
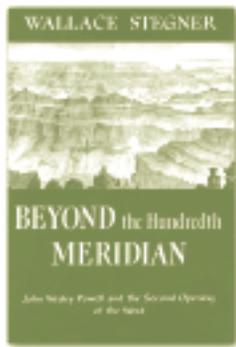
Yet throughout the last 134 years, White has drawn fans, some who went so far as to publish their support. Unfortunately these publications vie with one another for being the most obscure and unattainable of all works on the Colorado.

Thomas Dawson assembled a potpourri of newspaper articles, book excerpts, and letters from White himself, and was able to get it published as *Senate Document #42* in 1917. He presented some very good—and some not so good—evidence for White's tale. Yet good or bad, Dawson's pamphlet remained so scarce as to be all but irrelevant to the layman.

In 1920, William Wallace Bass, of Bass Trail, Camp, Rapid, and Limestone, published *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado*, containing one of Billy Hawkins's accounts of the Separation affair and a pro-White article. But it, too, remains as scarce as hen's teeth.

In 1950, Frances Farquhar, river runner and Sierra Clubber, reprinted a previously unheralded 1867 newspaper article about James White by J.B. Kipp. It was one of the earliest printed accounts of White's tale and lent White much credence. But the small book, called *The Colorado*, with only 180 copies printed, is exceedingly rare.

Then, in 1958, James White warranted a full book by Richard E. Lingenfelter. Called *First Through Grand Canyon*, the book makes a strong case for White.



Strong, that is, until Lingenfelter adopts Stanton's premise of White heading *south* from the San Juan. He then has White enter the Colorado through Navajo Canyon and spend four days floating the flatwater from there to the Little Colorado. Oops. Even with this flaw, the book could have helped spread the word of White's possibilities, but only 300 were printed.

Harold Bulger wrote a good defense of White in 1961, in the Missouri Historical Society's *The Bulletin*. Bulger rerouted White to the Colorado via White Canyon, the closest yet to White's own testimony. But who reads *The Bulletin*?

And for that matter, even *Colorado River Controversies* sold poorly—only 500 copies were rumored to have made it to the public—and remained one of the rarer river texts until 1982, when Bill Belknap brought it out in paperback. It quickly became a staple of boatmen's ammo cans and opinions, and almost as quickly went back out of print.

Well, we can now add two more obscure works to the list. In early 2001 Brad Smith released a limited run (100 copies) of a 28-page well illustrated pamphlet called *First to Journey Through the Grand Canyon: The Life Story of James White*. Although the river portion errs in following Lingenfelter's flatwater run of Marble Canyon, the booklet supplies a good deal of new information on Captain Baker's background as one of the first to explore the Silverton area, becoming the namesake of Baker's Park. Unfortunately the pamphlet appeared only briefly for sale on the internet, and vanished.

Shortly after that, Five Quail Books produced a reprint of the 1917 Dawson document, including a new bibliography. Its value lies in the number of sources Dawson draws into one place, most especially the letters from White to Dawson, and it is one of the seminal pieces of the White saga. Although Five Quail still has a few of the 150 softbound reprints, all but one of the 50 leatherbound reprints (get this!) were stolen from the bindery parking lot. Talk about scarce!

But finally in late 2001, Utah State University Press released, in both hard and soft cover, (thousands of them!) *Hell or High Water; James White's Disputed Passage of Grand Canyon, 1867*. At 191 pages plus notes, this unabashedly pro-White book traces the origin, evolution, and ramifications of White's saga, chronicling the changes in details and "facts" as the decades progressed. The author, Eilean Adams, has good reason to be thorough—James White was her grandfather. Her case for White is strong, bringing him to the Colorado River via Moqui Canyon in Glen Canyon—finally giving us a geography that matches White's most consistently repeated details. It was a route discovered and brought to Adams' attention by the late Bob Euler, who lived just long enough to see

the book in print. In the course of telling the tale, Adams makes two remarkable points I would like to share.

First: Although White's journey was certainly unplanned and his vague descriptions of points unknown did little to enrich human knowledge, his voyage may well have hastened and changed the course of Southwest history, to wit: The November 6, 1867 *Rocky Mountain News* reports that Powell was "making preparations for a more ambitious expedition to culminate in a passage of the Grand River to its junction with the Colorado." Yet after White's tale began to circulate, it made two things evident: a well equipped trip should be able to make it down the Colorado and, if that were so, and White had done it, Powell, in hoping to make history, would find it hard to be credible halting at the confluence of the Green and Grand. White's story, true or not, forced the issue. Powell *had* to run the Colorado. And he did.

Second, and far more important: Stanton's facts may not be what they seem. The final blow against White in *Colorado River Controversies* is Stanton's 1907 interview with White. In that interview (a notarized transcription of which he exhibits) Stanton, at times condescending, at times combative, batters away at old White with a line of questions, followed by a well prepared set of statistics, leaving White befuddled and nearly speechless. Stanton then deduces that White actually went *south* from the San Juan for a month or more rather than *north* for two days—and in fact never ran or saw Grand Canyon at all.

In *Hell or High Water*, Adams gives context for the interview, including White's subsequent denunciation of Stanton's deductions. Then Adams produces the smoking gun: a letter from Stanton to his old boatman William Edwards, asking him to take the enclosed transcript of the White-Stanton interview to Roy Lappin, the stenographer who recorded it, and have him swear before a notary as to its faithfulness to what was actually said. Why doesn't Stanton send it straight to Lappin? Stanton explains that Lappin's transcription was inaccurate and that he, Stanton, had revised it such that it was "not an exact copy of the words but is absolutely exact in facts." (*Whose* "facts" he does not state.) "Now I fear that if I send this to him," Stanton continues, "either he would go to White with it and



White would want him to change it or object to his verifying it at all..." Apparently the "facts" that Stanton's revision were true to, were not likely to agree with White's facts. I believe that's called cooking the books. Herein is the lesson prosecutors keep relearning to this day. No matter how strong your case may be, you only have to get caught planting evidence once to blow the case, your career, and your everlasting credibility.

BACK TO POWELL

The 2001 crop opened with Donald Worster's massive biography, *A River Running West*. At 573 pages (plus 100 pages of notes, bibliography, and index) it needs to be good, especially when Worster prefaces it by stating "Stegner's biography was based on limited research into its subject or the nation's development." Well, the opposite of limited research is unlimited, i.e. obsessive. Which Worster's was. Which is a good thing.

Whereas Stegner paints primarily in blacks and whites, Worster does fine detail work in shades of gray. He gives us a very human Powell, warts and all, not always likable, not always right, certainly not perfect. Born to a methodist zealot, Powell rebels early, desperate for a good education, soon adopting his own non-religion, science, with a lifelong fervor. He sprints from one project to the next, scarcely noticing the loss of an arm, oblivious to those he steps on along the way, intolerant and uncomprehending of those who lack his zeal, heading for something, somewhere, that does not yet exist. No matter—he will create it.

And he does, masterminding the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology, both of which he heads for decades, gathering about him many of the greatest scientists, artists, and visionaries of his day. Powell proves a poor detail man in most fields, leaving that up to his scientists, but he is unquestionably one of the grandest big picture thinkers that ever lived—a synthesizer, a facilitator, and a surprisingly gifted administrator. Yet in the end his grandest schemes are shot down, their brilliance doomed by the radical socialism that Powell packaged with them.

Interestingly, Worster is the first and only Powell biographer to give James White his due, saying that although White's journey was improbable, the alterna-

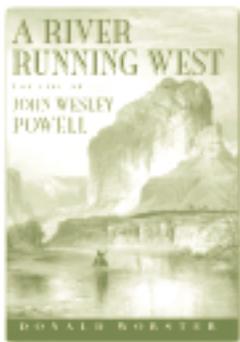
tives given by Stanton and others are even more so. He paints Stanton as a petty man, although he gives Hawkins and Sumner's tales fair play. Worster also gives the first good airing of Powell's less-than-deft management of his 1871–1872 river and land survey, detailing the impatience and frustration of his crew as Powell abandoned them for weeks and months at a time.

In this biography, even more than its predecessors, Powell's river trips are shown to be only the tiniest part of who Powell was and what he did. They were the stunt that launched a brilliant career. Powell, it becomes clear, never fell in love with the river as so many of us have. To him it was a rather inconvenient path to get through an area he wished to survey—a thing to be measured, allocated, and put to use—but not necessarily loved. If he could have explored the Colorado River in a horsecart, he undoubtedly would have. The river's works of erosion captivated Powell's analytic mind, but not the living river itself. River magic is not quantifiable in science-speak, and to Powell, it did not exist. The scenery was grand, the river was a nuisance.

Although his first river trip was spectacular, he merely used it as a springboard to the next scientific endeavor, never in his old age looking back fondly to his time on the old Colorado. And to him the second river trip was not an expedition at all—it was merely part of the overall survey, which happened to be in boats for a while, no more noteworthy than the endless monotonous triangulation work that progressed overland. In fact, the river held little enough of his personal interest that he left much of that second trip up to Thompson to lead, while Powell traveled elsewhere.

And although Powell's personnel skills grew to be startling in the 1880s, on his first river trip his leadership was far from brilliant. Rather, it was rough and raw (although I daresay I have run with worse trip leaders). Powell was not a whitewater addict, nor a worshiper of the mystique of wild rivers. He was a scientist first and last. And perhaps that is one thing about the Major that many river-smitten critics find hardest to forgive.

Edward Dolnick's *Down the Great Unknown* is less a biography of Powell than an in-depth treatment of Powell's 1869 river expedition. Dolnick feels, and rightly so, that most folks don't quite realize how difficult and dangerous that trip was, nor do they understand what it might have felt like to be there. To remedy that he uses analogies by the bushful to try to convey to the layman what it might have been like to be one of those men, in one of those boats, on that river, way back then. And although analogies can



never be precise, I think he comes closer than most to describing the feel of running those boats. Since Dolnick is not a professional boatman, he quotes the opinions of many modern guides—Drifter Smith, Michael Ghiglieri, Regan Dale—even me—in an attempt to find accuracy, to resolve unsolved minutia such as, “Did Powell have sweep oars on his first expedition?”[4]

A few things come through particularly vividly in *Down the Great Unknown*. Notably, Dolnick’s flashback description of the chaos and horror and insanity and utter ineptitude of the Battle of Shiloh, where Powell lost his arm—a battle so horrible and deadly that both sides lost. But it got worse for Powell, with the unbelievably ghastly “medical” care he and others received in the field, severed arms and legs stacked outside the stinking, festering tents. Makes your skin crawl. Later, Dolnick does a fine job of making the reader realize what it might be like to slowly starve, trying to row and line and portage those monster boats through lower Grand Canyon on a diet of hot wet rotten flour and coffee.

Unfortunately Dolnick swallows *Colorado River Controversies* unchewed, dismissing James White in a few sentences and giving Hawkins and Sumner’s stories perhaps a bit more weight than they deserve—especially in light of Adams’ recent revelations about Stanton’s accuracy. But all in all, it’s a good book to give the layman a feel for the Powell Expedition.

William deBuys, the brilliant writer and historian who gave us *Salt Dreams* (about the lower Colorado and Salton Sea) released a fine anthology of Powell’s writings in 2001. Called *Seeing Things Whole: The Essential John Wesley Powell*, it contains sixteen selections, of Powell’s writings on the river, ethnology, geology, and much about his land use ideas in the arid West. He closes with two sections on Powell’s final fixation, the science of man. With so much written *about* Powell, this helps us find out what Powell was actually thinking; what *he* thought important. The bulk of the book centers on Powell’s prescient perceptions of, and plans for, the arid region. He was the first to understand it, yet in spite of decades of fighting for reform in the West, he died the same year the the Bureau of Reclamation was formed—an agency that would make extremely limited and often grandly misguided attempts toward his master plan.

It is good to remember when reading this book than Powell wrote very little himself and answered few letters. Rather, he spoke nearly every word of his essays and books aloud to an “amanuensis”—a person hired specifically to write down what he said. Hence, although he edited his works somewhat, it is wonderful to picture as you read, Powell pacing back and forth in

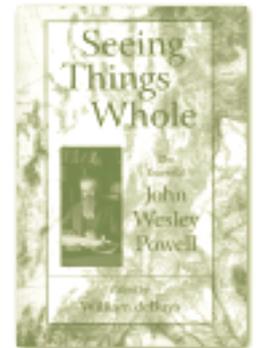
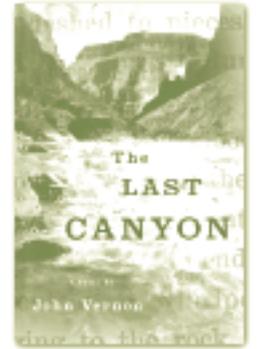
his cluttered bookstrewn office, puffing his cigar, organizing his thoughts and orating them succinctly, word by word.

Although deBuys’s selections provide enlightening and informative reading, equally so is the connective tissue he supplies between selections, his context and insights illuminating the significance of Powell’s thoughts. If I were to fault the book, it might be for running a little heavy on Powell’s land use planning and a little light on his ethnology. But hey, nobody’s perfect.

In addition to all the nonfiction works, two novels about Powell’s journey have been written. Historical fiction is an interesting genre—it can be utterly impossible hogwash or, due to the lack of restrictions placed on nonfiction writers, it can pry closer to the real truth than a biography. In the case of these two novels, thankfully, they are both based on good research and ethical conjecture. The first, John Vernon’s *The Last Canyon*, is a split tale. Vernon follows Powell’s men, coarse and crude, as they struggle down the river, chronicling the inevitable collapse of morale as conditions deteriorate. Alternate chapters follow a band of Paiutes as they circumnavigate Grand Canyon in an attempt to rescue a missing child.

Powell’s journey is told well, if somewhat predictably to us boatfolk, and is salted with a large helping of Stanton’s ire. What I found more captivating was the story of the Paiute Toab and his relatives working slowly across the Canyon, east toward Navajo Mountain and back through Glen Canyon to the Kaibab Plateau. Vernon’s attempt to reveal the Native American world view and mindset is convincing and at times disturbing to Caucasian sensibilities—yet Vernon places no moral values on their lives. The inevitable collision of Toab’s band and Powell’s men on the Shivwits Plateau forms the climax of the book.

Vernon, a veteran of ten novels, writes with grace: “The exposed earth here spilled unexpected secrets, and the rattleboned men were going back in time, sliding deep into the past. Wes felt it more than he knew it, sensed all of them devolving. They’d lost weight, their clothes drooped like rags, some had no shoes, their nerves had been frayed, the leaky boats were lighter and felt ready to collapse at the flick of a wave into piles of clattering wood. And every foot



forward stripped off more human padding.”

Lastly (so far) is Ardian Gill’s *The River is Mine*, due out in the next month or two. Gill’s story unfolds from the pen of George Bradley, who in real life was the most consistent and entertaining chronicler of the 1969 Powell trip. [5] Gill has studied Bradley’s journal well and then extended it into a book-length story. Bradley is a loner, uncomfortable in the camaraderie of the other men, and spends much of his spare time to himself, writing. In Gill’s version we get a far more detailed account of the daily work on the expedition, the rapids consistently taking up much of the day and leaving the men exhausted and in danger from dawn until dusk. In camp, Bradley records much of the other men’s conversations, and takes pains to write down the lyrics of the songs the men sing—actual lyrics of the songs from that era. I have studied Bradley myself and find it hard at times to tell when Gill is using Bradley’s

real voice and when he is improvising. In other words, he does a good Bradley.

The real Bradley was constantly annoyed by Powell’s lack of religion and failure to observe the Sabbath. Gill’s Bradley follows this strain, yet gradually finds himself reassessing Powell’s “religion” of science. One afternoon up Bright Angel Creek, he writes:

“It’s the sound of the river that does it. It takes hold of you like a child demanding attention. It’s calmed Walter so he hardly prays in

the boat anymore; it’s kept Jack uncommon quiet, and it’s made me sit and think...I used to think that if I did good toward man and served the Union and worshiped God, all would be well, but it turned out that it set my mind aroil the same as the rocks rile up the river, and sometimes I didn’t know what to think. So far I’d always come back to faith in the Creator, but it was becoming more and more of a chore. It occurred to me that I hadn’t prayed for over a week.”

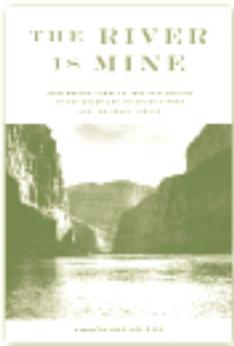
Ivo Luchitta opened a recent Geology Symposium at the South Rim with a premise. Somewhere out there is Truth, he said, the great Truth that we can approach but can never fully grasp or describe. Each investigation we make can give us another fact, another perspective, another *little truth*. And each of these little truths brings us a step closer to the actual Truth. This is equally true for history. Each of these new books builds on a multifaceted legacy of White and Powell. [6] Each chips away in some manner at old falsehoods, each adds errors of its own, each adds new truths to the greater Truth. Thanks to these new

works, our pictures of White and Powell are richer than ever. But don’t be like one of the six blind men, each touching a different part of the elephant and pronouncing it to be something different. Read widely, keep an open mind. For the serious river historian, Adams and Worster are must-reads. For the river enthusiast, read ’em all. [7]

Brad Dimock

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Sumner planned to join the second expedition but got snowed in; Hawkins later worked as a packer for the Powell overland survey.
- [2] These journals, long out of print and hard to find, have now been released on CD form by the Utah Historical Society. In word-searchable form, they are a tremendous resource.
- [3] Even Stone, the financier of *Controversies* alludes to this on the rarely-seen dustjacket: “The original documents and records of Stanton have been so cleverly revised and edited that, although it is primarily of historical significance, *Colorado River Controversies* now contains much of interest to the general reader also.”
- [4] Dolnick ends up disagreeing with my hypothesis that Powell’s men could not have completed the trip without inventing the sweep oar. Unfortunately the last time I spoke to him I had not yet found my greatest bit of ammo: Billy Hawkins’s account of running the middle section of Separation Rapid in August, 1869. “I said, ‘Watch my smoke this time!’ and I told Hall to put all his strength in the oars, and I would do the rest...I headed for the lower side of the cove... Hall had the boat under such headway that I could manage it with my steering oar...”
- [5] And as if there weren’t enough Powell books at once, it appears there is another Bradley book coming soon, too. Michael Ghiglieri has located the original Bradley journal and done what he says is a far more accurate and complete transcription. He hopes to release *The Secret Journal of George Young Bradley* by early summer.
- [6] By thte way, there are a couple dozed more Powell and White books and references that did not fit.
- [7] As we go to press, Five Quail Books is making an attempt to have each of these eight new books in stock.



Old Timers' GTS

OH, IT'S GETTING SO EXCITING! Our Guides Training Seminar plans are slowly coalescing into what may be the most dynamic and interesting program ever. In case you forgot to mark your calendar last time around, here are the relevant dates yet again. Better make note!

Friday, March 22, 2002:

10 AM–2 PM—Food Handler's Class at Old Marble Canyon Lodge, Marble Canyon, AZ. Call Marlene Gaither at Coconino County Health Department (928) 226-2769 to sign up.

3 PM–??—Spring Meeting at Old Marble Canyon Lodge. Nominations for board members and the new VP/President elect, current GCRG business. Plan on coming! Afterwards, we'll head down to Hatchland for dinner and a party.

Saturday, March 23–Sunday, March 24, 2002:

GTS Land Session: (Old Timer's: Lessons of the Past) at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse, Marble Canyon, AZ

- 6:30 AM—Breakfast (and 7 AM on Sunday)
- 7 AM—Registration on Saturday
- 8 AM—?? on each day—GTS main program
- 6:30 PM on Saturday—Dinner, then campfire talks & party!

GTS River Session:

Upper half—March 26–April 1 (Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch)

Lower Half—April 1–9 (Phantom Ranch to Diamond Creek)

Well, on one hand we'd like to you to be curious enough about the program to come. On the other hand, we can't resist some shameless name-dropping (to make *sure* that you come!): Bob Rigg, Kent Frost, Bob Webb, Bill Mooz, Vaughn Short, Fred Burke, Steve Carothers, Gaylord Staveley, Sandy Nevills Reiff, and the list just goes on. Things were so darn different, thirty, forty and even fifty years ago. Some of you younger whippersnappers may not have been born when our eminent speakers were doing wild things like powerboating, uprunning or even air mattressing (air mattressing?) in the canyon. Or you might have been tiny energetic tykes with no idea that your penchant for water and adrenaline rushes might lead to a life-long love affair with the Colorado. Whatever the case may be, can you really miss a chance to hear what these folks have to say about their past experiences?

Loads of great historic film footage and slides. Stories that sound untrue but are completely real. Stories that sound real but have not a shred of truth. Story telling at it's best! Can you imagine being around a flickering campfire with these folks weaving yarns? And to top it off, in addition to historic folks we'll have historic boats: a sweep scow, a Buzz Holmstrom replica boat, the Nevills' boat *Sandra*, and even a Powell boat. Hard hulled boats from different eras with unique construction, capabilities and each with their own stories.

And, if all that weren't enough, get ready to learn about important park issues, get the hydrological forecasts for this year, learn more about Hualapai cultural perspectives and hear about programs from our sister organizations, The Whale Foundation and Grand Canyon Youth, as well as from the Grand Canyon National Park Foundation. We'll also go more into depth on water law and river politics with Arizona Humanities Council (AHC) scholars Bill Swan and Robert Glennon, examine tribal and non-Indian use of the river with AHC scholar Gary Hansen and Lees Ferry history with Doug Kupel.

So, that gives you an overview of the land session, open to the public. The cost is \$25 for the weekend (covers food), or \$20 if paid by March 1 (unless you're sponsored by an outfitter). You can make checks payable to GTS and send to GCRG, PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002. For guides, the GTS flyer should make its way to you shortly for sign ups (land and river sessions). Looks like old timers Bob Rigg, Kent Frost and Bill Mooz may be joining us for the river trip in addition to other great speakers, making for a fabulous opportunity for guides and trainees having work in the canyon for 2002. The cost, once again, is \$135 per half of trip. If an outfitter sponsors you, they'll pick up the tab.

Thanks again to the Arizona Humanities Council for providing a grant that assists with our GTS land session and makes this Old Timer's event possible. Teva Sport Sandals also supports this endeavor. We are also exceedingly grateful for the ongoing support of the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, providing a grant to assist with both land and river sessions. The GCCF is a non-profit grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters.

As the GTS gets closer, we'll post an agenda on the GCRG website at www.gcr.org. So check it out! Bear in mind that it may change a bit as time goes on, but it will provide a good indication of speakers, topics and times. We'll see you there!

The Dam Poll

IN OCTOBER OF 2001 we sent out a poll reexamining the opinions of Grand Canyon River Guides' (GCRG) Membership regarding which management options of Glen Canyon Dam they preferred. Cards sent to guide members were green, to general members, yellow. As prescribed by Grand Canyon River Guides' bylaws, the GCRG guide membership continues to be the "guiding body" with regard to GCRG policy. In a de facto, yet very real sense, Grand Canyon river guides act as stewards of the river corridor; they are the most familiar with its resources, and they have made, as individuals, the greatest personal investments in this region. Even so, we on the GCRG Board very much wanted to know the opinions of our general members as well. Perhaps surprisingly, as you'll see, the opinions of these two membership categories were similar.

In that a primary question of this poll was whether or not GCRG should take a position regarding the management options of Glen Canyon Dam, here is the break down. Of guide members, 217 said yes, take a position; 22 said no, don't; 23 more said we should defer taking a position. Of general members, 347 said take a position; 16 said, no, don't take a position, and yet 23 more said defer taking a position. Hence, no matter how you cut the numbers, 87 percent of responding members said GCRG should take a position. And do so now. But what position?

This is where the rubber meets the road. The table in this article illustrates how the opinions shuffled into place. Clearly the preferred option of Grand Canyon River Guides' membership is to endorse a full-scale Environmental Impact Study of the entire Colorado

Option	Guide Members	General Members	GCRG Members Combined
Endorse a full-scale EIS of the upstream and downstream impacts of Glen Canyon Dam, the reservoir, and the power plant operations with decommissioning to be considered within the range of alternatives.	110 (50%)	197 (57%)	55%
Decommission Glen Canyon Dam now; no more research is needed.	73 (34%)	121 (35%)	34%
Retain Glen Canyon Dam as an operating power plant.	28 (13%)	25 (7%)	9%
Other	6 (3%)	4 (1%)	2%

For GCRG, taking a "stand" on any particular issue has never been easy. One of the traits that characterizes our guide membership is a diversity of opinions. While, arguably, it was very possible for the GCRG Board to formulate its own consensus opinion and then present it as representative of GCRG, we on the board felt that this sort of representative "government" was a bit pompous in that a true poll of our membership was not only possible but also easy—and, of course, inarguably accurate.

What this poll revealed was a number of minor revelations. First, while notoriously weak when voting on past issues, on this one, 35.5 percent of guide members responded (262 of 738 guide members) and 35 percent of general members (406 of 1,083) responded. This, for the record, is a strong response.

River Basin—upstream and downstream of Glen Canyon Dam—with a focus to illuminate the true ecological, social, and economical effects of each management option of Glen Canyon Dam operation, including, and this is the critical point, full consideration being made in all research as to the effects of decommissioning of Glen Canyon Dam as a hydropower plant and subsequently draining Lake Powell.

As is obvious in these data, a fairly close second preferred option—endorsed by 34 percent each of guide and general members is to decommission Glen Canyon Dam as a power plant now. In these members' opinions, adequate data supporting this decommission option already exist.

A total of nine percent of GCRG members favor retaining Glen Canyon Dam as an operational

hydropower plant—and hence with a relatively full reservoir behind it—more or less in a business as usual manner.

Only two percent of GCRG members rejected the above three options in favor of other personally held options.

Note that the most favored option, the full-scale, entire-basin EIS is neither an extreme nor an unprecedented concept. National environmental impact research on the scale required here has been accomplished for the Columbia River Basin and for the Everglades.

The combined Fall meeting of Grand Canyon River Guides and Colorado Plateau River Guides at Sand Island last November helped expand the vision of several GCRG Board members as to the severity of the upstream impacts created by Glen Canyon Dam operations and the need to reevaluate the ecological and economic parameters of the dam's operation before the damages it has been causing become even more difficult and expensive to mitigate.

This awareness of the current severe levels of degradation of several of our nation's irreplaceable natural wonders has prompted the board of Grand Canyon River Guides to take a stand by presenting an organizational stance in regard to Glen Canyon Dam operations and to the levels of acceptable damage of such operations.

This concern lies firmly within the stated goals of Grand Canyon River Guides. Indeed it is our top goal, namely: "Protecting Grand Canyon." GCRG has demonstrated its long dedication to this goal in 1991 in the original Glen Canyon Environmental Studies EIS process, in the passage of the 1992 Grand Canyon Protection Act, and by participating in the current adaptive management process influencing Glen Canyon Dam operations.

We'd like to thank all of you who took the time and the 21-cent stamp to let the world know your assessment and opinion of the most preferred option with regard to Glen Canyon Dam operations and the best protection for Grand Canyon.

Michael P. Ghiglieri

"Other" comments

WE THOUGHT IT ONLY FAIR that we include what folks meant when they checked "Other position" on this poll. One or two longer comment pieces were included as "Dear Eddy's" in this issue.

GENERAL MEMBER—"OTHER" COMMENTS

- "E" (Retain Glen Canyon Dam as an operating hydropower plant) with the condition that it be decommissioned when our foreign oil dependency decreases to less than fifteen percent of total oil demand.
- "F" (Endorse a full scale EIS) with the goal of "D" (Decommission Glen Canyon Dam)
- Endorse recommendations of the Rubin et al (USGS) memorandum of August 2000, now!
- Replace the dam with low head hydro for power and an almost natural river. "Low head hydro" uses natural flow and diverts part of the flow for power returning water downstream. See rivers in Europe!

GUIDE MEMBER—"OTHER" COMMENTS

- Study the issue considering water use and politics, power needs and production costs, environmental impacts of production. The issue is bigger than the ecosystem of the Colorado River. The dam will go away eventually. When is the right time frame?
- I prefer to be downstream...
- Really a combo of "D" (Decommission) and "F" (Endorse EIS). Decommission the dam and explore the steps/mitigations to do it "best"/most desirably.
- Create a constant flow schedule and creative plan for beach deposition.
- Allow a forum for all positions regarding Glen Canyon Dam.
- Drain the reservoir to the intakes, continue power plant operations!



Late Breaking News in the Adaptive Management Program, Glen Canyon Dam

TECHNICAL WORK GROUP MEETINGS, 2001

THE TWG WAS BUSY IN 2001. We had two days of meetings about every month and went on a river trip March 24–31. At the request of the Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG) strategic planning group, the majority of our time was spent discussing, arguing, and revising the goals, management objectives, and information needs sections of the AMP strategic plan. Every sentence, phrase, and syllable in that document was scrutinized and our recommendations passed on to the AMWG.

A synthesis of sediment-related research was delivered to the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC) in August of 2000 (the epochal “Rubin memo”). The TWG formed an ad-hoc group to investigate what the implications were to the program. In a nutshell, the research shows that the present operating criteria (the EIS preferred alternative) are exporting, not conserving, sediment from the system! The researchers also recommend some possible remedies that include large spike flow releases timed with tributary sediment input events and sediment augmentation. The sediment ad-hoc produced a paper that stresses the importance of the research and developed a series of experimental flows to test the new hypothesis. These recommendations were unanimously accepted by the TWG in November, 2001 and forwarded to the AMWG for approval.

ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT WORK GROUP MEETING JANUARY 17–18, 2002

The Adaptive Management Program (AMP) Strategic Plan is finally accepted, a document in progress for two and a half years! We think it’s a strong document and a major step forward for the program. We hope Secretary Norton will concur.

Long term monitoring shows decline in endangered Humpback chub and sandbars/beaches over the previous decade. Here’s what the AMWG is doing in response to the recent monitoring results:

A) Non-native fish control gets moving. We helped push through a motion to immediately begin efforts to control the proliferation of non-native fish in Bright Angel Creek and the mouth of the Little Colorado River (carp, catfish, trout) that prey upon and compete with endangered native fish (Humpback chub, Razorback sucker).

B) Sediment conservation flows are initiated. We passed motions to accept the TWG Sediment White Paper and initiate plans for sediment conservation flow experiments from the dam this year.

One of the experimental flows being developed is a test of Seasonally Adjusted Steady Flows—the alternative advocated for by the US Fish and Wildlife Service and GCRG during the EIS. Other flows include short-duration high flows (31,000 cfs) or high fluctuating flows (8–31,000 cfs/day) in the fall following significant tributary inputs. We even have budget dollars built-in to test these experiments.

We (Andre and Matt) feel the AMP is finally showing signs of progress. The AMP’s monitoring program has identified some disturbing trends in the ecosystem—a good sign that we have an effective monitoring program, no? The AMP is designing experimental flows to test new hypotheses that, hopefully, will reverse the declining trend in native fish populations and dwindling sediment supply. In our opinion, that’s how the program is supposed to work—experimentation based on the scientific method is used to revise dam operations in order to meet the intent of the Grand Canyon Protection Act. It may be shown that a new EIS will be needed on dam operations, but scientific experiments and long-term monitoring will tell the story. The whole process is slow, but it’s important to remember that the whole thing is an experiment, not just flows, but also the management and policy aspects of the program. Although it isn’t very sexy, we choose to work within the AMP to foster relationships with other stakeholders to accomplish our goal of protecting the Grand Canyon.

COLORADO RIVER SYMPOSIUM JANUARY 30–FEBRUARY 1, 2002

At the end of January, the Water Education Foundation convened stakeholders of the Colorado River basin to discuss problems facing our use of the Colorado River. The symposium took place at The Bishop’s Lodge in Santa Fe where, in 1922, the Colorado River Compact was signed by the seven basin states and President Hoover.

We were honored to serve on a panel that discussed how dams should be operated in the 21st Century. The panel was convened by Barry Gold (GCMRC-Chief) and comprised Rick Gold (Reclamation), Nikolai Ramsey (Grand Canyon Trust), Steve

Glazer (Sierra Club), Clayton Palmer (Western Area Power Administration), and Andre Potochnik (GCRG). We thank Rita Sudman-Schmidt and her staff for orchestrating a fine conference and for supporting our participation. A verbatim proceedings volume is forthcoming.

All of our meeting notes and stuff are on file with Lynn at the GCRG office and are also available as public domain info from the good folks at Reclamation. If anyone is interested in joining our effort to “be a part of the process” with adaptive management, please contact us and join the fun—even if you disagree with how we are going about it.

Andre Potochnik and Matt Kaplinski
THE GCRG ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT GUYS

The River: A Journal Entry

It takes you deep into time and yourself,
this river that flows through Earth’s history.
Here powerful currents sculpt out canyons;
here gentle drips nourish mosses, ferns, and flowers,
bringing green life to the arid landscape.
The river spreads in thunders and booms, splashes and gurgles.
The tinkles and murmurs of side canyons become hymns to Mother Earth.

The river gives freely of itself.
Sand and wetness cling to us like a second skin.
In the peace of quiet stretches, in the exuberance of white water,
in the tirelessness of sand becoming rock and rock becoming sand,
I find happiness.
It bursts forth as whoops of delight and as quiet awe.

I leave the river tomorrow, but it has poured into my soul,
Leaving me sated with feelings of love, health, and joy.

Lorna Mason
June 5, 1995

Creosote

THERE IS A SAYING in the Sonoran desert where I was born and raised that “the desert smells like rain”. We all knew this meant that the creosote or “La Gobernadora” (The Governess) of the desert had been watered. The New Mexican name for creosote is Hediondilla (Little Stinker), which pertains to the strong scent it emits, especially after it rains.

This abundant desert shrub grows below 5,000 feet in Arizona. In the spring, yellow flowers bloom and soon produce fuzzy white seed balls. The blossoms are sought after for nectar and pollen by insects and bees. In fact, 22 species of bees are dependent upon creosote for nectar.

Botanists know that creosote bushes reproduce by cloning themselves. In the Lucerne Valley of southern California, a creosote patch growing from a single seed measures 70 feet by 25 feet. The huge ring was carbon dated to be 11,700 years old, surpassing a 4,900 year old bristlecone pine, which makes it the oldest living plant on record. Creosote is also one of the oldest known medicinal plants of the Southwest.

According to Phyllis Hogan, who has spent more than 25 years documenting plant use among Arizona

tribes, the Hualapai relied on creosote to relieve the itching and pain of chicken pox. The Maricopa Indians drank a decoction of the leaves for intestinal trouble, while the Yavapai drank it to relieve symptoms of colds and flus. The Pima made a tea for coughs, colds, and to relieve arthritic pain. In addition to these uses, the Mexican people have also used the tea for a basic “cure-all.” Every tribe that Hogan has researched uses creosote in some form.

The United States Pharmacopoeia from 1842–1942 listed creosote as an expectorant and pulmonary antiseptic. Current research indicates that creosote helps reduce the painful symptoms of rheumatism, reduces inflammation, and inhibits bacteria, molds and other pathogen’s growth. Creosote, when applied to the skin as a tea, salve, or tincture slows down the rate of bacterial growth, killing it with antimicrobial activity. This explains why many boatmen have found relief from skin ailments with Denise Tracy’s miraculous Super Salve, which of course contains creosote.

DeeAnn Tracy



Sam Walton

Oral History Assistance (\$) Needed

IN KEEPING WITH OUR commitment to a joint Oral History Project with Cline Library of Northern Arizona University, the oral history segment remains the cornerstone of each issue of the *boatman’s quarterly review*. However, our as yet unpublished oral histories number fewer than ten. We must preserve this “living history” while we can—and there are a lot of interviews yet to do. You can help by passing along funding ideas to keep this vital project going (again, individuals, foundations, corporate sponsors). Furthermore, all contributions to our Oral History project will be put in a “restricted fund” and used specifically for this purpose. Let’s keep it going into the future!



Grand Canyon Youth Benefit and Raffle

ONE PAIR of shiny new, eleven-foot Sawyer oars will be raffled off at this spring’s GTS. They are a \$260 value, kindly donated by Canyon Supply. You can purchase \$5 tickets (or a bargain of five tickets for \$20) at the GTS, the GCRG office, Canyon Supply, or at Diamond River Adventures in Page. The drawing will be held Sunday afternoon at the GTS and you don’t need to be present to win. All proceeds benefit Grand Canyon Youth to help expose kids to the joy, wonder, and lessons only the river can teach.

Rob Elliott

Still Messing About in Boats

I'M STILL ACCEPTING STORIES, artwork, and musings about the Colorado River in Grand Canyon to include in the new book that will be somewhat of a sequel to *There's This River*. I've received a lot of submissions, and some of them are really terrific, but I don't have enough for whole book yet.

As a reminder, I'm looking for true (embellishment encouraged) stories of *all aspects* of life on the river. I am also considering poems and short essays. I also need art quality photographs, sketches and paintings with a Canyon or River theme to help showcase all the talents of the river community. (I will look at both black and white and color, but I will have room for more black and white than color in the end).

Your story or art submission should be somehow unusual—there are loads of great journals from the “trip of a lifetime,” or beautiful pictures of the river with the canyon in the background. I am looking for things that will show the world why Grand Canyon is special, why what we feel, see and learn down there is different from other river trips.

The stories must be true, about river trips in Grand Canyon, not too slanderous or mean, and should be under 3500 words. Also, *you* must have been down the river at least once, but you do not have to be a guide or have done a bunch of trips.

As a clarification, Northland Press is also doing a book of stories from rivers throughout the West, not just Grand Canyon. My collection of stories is not connected in any way to that publication.

The new deadline is the *end of September 2002*. Please send your submissions (Hard Copy and/or zip disk, formatted for Mac, MS Word preferred—you'll get your disk back) to:

Christa Sadler
P.O. Box 22130
Flagstaff, AZ 86002
(928) 774-8436
Email: Sinyala@aol.com

Ideally, I'd like to get any submissions on zip disk, formatted for a Mac, but if all you have is a hard copy, send it on in. I will reserve the right to edit your submission, but I'll OK any major changes with you.

Thanks, and I look forward to reading some more great stories!

Christa Sadler

Announcements

JOB

Hatch River Expeditions is looking to fill two full time seasonal food packing positions at our Marble Canyon warehouse. The position will include room and board. Start date is April 22. Duties include packing out river trips, driving passengers, and various other tasks. One river trip included, opportunities for more may exist. \$8/hr. Contact Sarah Hatch at amoshatch@aol.com or send a resume to: Hatch River Expeditions, HC 67 Box 35, Marble Canyon, AZ 86036.

GC Plant Guide

DO PLANTS INTIMIDATE YOU? Do plants excite you? Have you ever wished that there were an interesting, non-technical plant guide for the plants along the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon? If so, this is the project for you! We are looking for people to contribute photographs, information, drawings, or maps to include in this plant guide. *Plants of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon* will be a compilation of knowledge from those who spend the most time on the river, in other words *you*, into a field guide that highlights the plants of the river corridor and their unique qualities. The intended audience is guides and passengers, so the guide will not focus solely on identification of plants, but on interesting and related facts and issues. Our guide is uniquely organized by river mile, camp location, and climactic zone, showing plants both while flowering and dormant. All of the profits from sales to bookstores and passengers will go directly to non-profit organizations like Grand Canyon River Guides, Grand Canyon Youth, and The Whale Foundation. Outfitters and guides will receive complimentary copies. We will also consider other organizations suggested by our contributors. So, if you have knowledge or art that you would consider submitting for this project, or you would like to assist with editing, please contact Kristin Huisinga at (928) 527-1306 or Kristin.Huisinga@nau.edu, Kate Watters at (928) 522-8822 or katewatters@excite.com, or Lori Makarick at (928) 638-0139 or lorimaka@infomagic.net. Also, for more information, look for us at the land-based GTS this year! We would love to hear your suggestions regarding a format and design that would be most helpful for you.

Kristin Huisinga

DAN DIERKER

You can't spend much time on the Colorado without running into the Dierker brothers, Dan and Brian. Brian, the younger, six-foot-six with a pony tail and a very large voice, has been omnipresent on the river for the last three decades. Dan, the elder, is not so tall, is more solidly constructed—accordingly nicknamed “The Wedge”—runs a somewhat lower public profile, but is a force to be reckoned with nonetheless. He has been around just as long, and run every sort of craft from triple-rigs to snout-boats, Avons to dories, motor-rigs to sportboats. A little while back he shared some perspectives of thirty years on the river.

DIERKER: Okay. Well, I was born in Phoenix in 1952, after my sister Dena. My father was a doctor down there, both of my parents were only children, and we had a big family, like it was in the fifties. They moved up to Flagstaff to raise a family right after my sister Laurie had been born—that was in 1953. Coming up here was kind of when I first start remembering stuff, around two years old, three years old. But it seemed like a good place to grow up. Andrea came along, and then Brian, and then they adopted my youngest brother, Eric. My father was a doctor here, and he was also the director of public health for Coconino County.

One of the things that we did when I was young, right after they started the dam—when Page was getting set up—there was nothing at Page at that time—this is in 1957. Since [my father] was the director of public health, he had to go up there and look at facilities. So, as a little kid, every once in awhile I got to go up there with him and he'd be going up there for a weekend or whatever, and he'd be in meetings.

STEIGER: So, what'd they have, just like an old dirt road up there?

DIERKER: Yup, it was paved to the turn-off. But I think at first you had to go around a back way, before they did the big cut, going up the hill. You'd go out to Tuba City and that way. It was way out there. But yeah, it was all dirt road.

And I remember tents, and it was like an old western town. Bars and huge guys—of course I was little at the time, but I remember walking out to the edge. I was just a kid and I had to have a hard hat on, and I'd wander all around the construction site, because he'd be in meetings. I loved going out on that suspension bridge, that little, wire bridge with cyclone fencing on it, looking down into the gorge when they were building the coffer dam and stuff. It went clear across. And they also had cables—that's how they'd take cars and stuff across, would be a platform they'd take on the cables that were set up to drop buckets or any machinery down to the bottom. They'd just take 'em

over that way, because the bridge wasn't there. Otherwise, you'd have to drive clear the hell around to go over Navajo Bridge which is way the hell around. But then one day, I was dropping pennies off that thing, and they blew the horn and they started chasing me to the end of the bridge (laughter) running me off, you know. I got in big trouble, because I could have killed somebody, I didn't know. I was goin', "Let's see if I can hit this guy with a penny."

And we did some driving around there down to Crossing of the Fathers and stuff, and you're a little kid and you're going, "This is all gonna be underwater!"

STEIGER: So you're like six years old or something.

DIERKER: Yeah, six, seven years old.

STEIGER: Yeah, just barely old enough to kind of, sort of understand.

DIERKER: Not really, you know. When you're a little kid and you're looking at this huge place and they go, "Hey, this is all gonna be full of water," and you're going to go, "Cool!" So you don't really understand. I never did any river running or anything back then. Just, you know, was a little kid raising up.

And then we always had Hopi or Navajo housekeepers when I was growing up and every once in awhile we'd go up for about a month out of the summer with our housekeeper up on the mesas, as a little kid. I was really blonde then, so they kind of thought I was a "piebald" and they were always petting me. This was back in the late fifties, mid to late fifties. I went up and spent a month up there when I was probably about seven or eight, and just played on the mesas with the kids. I was the only white thing around. That was all dirt road out to there, too.

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DIERKER: [My father] was into the tribes. There were times that an Indian would come in that had been in a car wreck, or real sick, or whatever, and he'd take care of him. He was an early doc in Flagstaff. He'd take care of them, and he understood them and he just put a note in their pocket like, you know, "I took care of you, such and such," and they'd show up later and sometimes they'd pay him, and sometimes they'd not. Sometimes they'd give him a rug, you know, but unsolicited—he did a lot of free medicine, and I think a lot of doctors did that back then, it wasn't so much a business. I think it was much more altruistic. You didn't have to bastardize your true love to make a living, so much as you do nowadays. It wasn't nearly as contorted, and it wasn't nearly as expensive. It was good medicine.

And he was really interested in old people. He

really liked geriatric medicine. He would go around on Sundays, there were these *old, old* people. I remember going to these houses Sunday afternoon, we'd go to the grocery store, get a bunch of groceries, and he'd go visit these old people and talk to them, talk to them about coming out in the late 1800s when they came over to Arizona from Missouri or something, on horseback. (laughs) I remember listening to some of this stuff as a little kid, when my father was talking to these [people]. He would just have these rounds of really old folks that he would just kind of keep an eye on and just make sure they were okay.

STEIGER: And when you were a kid, when you were in school, what were you thinking you were going to be when you grew up?

DIERKER: Oh, I've always thought since my dad was a doctor, theoretically I was going to go and be a doctor too. So I graduated in 1976 with a biology degree, and never really pursued—took the MCATS and this and that, but never really, fully pursued that, which is probably just as well. I don't know, I think I'm maybe too selfish with my time to be a good doctor, or just seeing how bogged down they were with their lives. I appreciate it, but I don't know, I think I could have really enjoyed it and probably would have done well at it, if I didn't start going off on tangents and experimenting.

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DIERKER: My father basically left in 1965, so it was just Dottie and the kids. Then, I got into Scouts a lot when I was young, and started hiking all over the place. Hiked in the Grand and had a really active troop and went all over here and there, but never still thought about doing any river running and stuff. Went to school here at Flag High, and then graduated from there in 1970 and then went into NAU, and was going with sciences and stuff. Worked in the post office when I was going through college. I was on the ski team and this

and that, and then graduated in 1976. Actually, right after I got out of high school—since we're talkin' river—that's when [Dick] McCallum was first starting his company. I met Jim David when he was the manager

for the Snow Bowl, when I was like twelve or so. He kind of knew us, knew Brian, and he was in the school system by then. McCallum was a counselor at Emerson School, and had met Brian. He was getting his youth trip idea up, so they invited Brian and me along for his twenty-eight-day river trip in June of 1970.

STEIGER: Now, is Brian like a big football star?

DIERKER: Not really, he was a snoozie. He was tired from growing two feet a year, between the ages of eight and twelve, so he mostly slept those years, which was probably good for everybody. At fourteen, he was a big, tall kid. But he was starting to come into his own then he was like six-four or whatever, six-two, or I don't know. I hadn't really noticed him much until then. It was starting to get more inter-

esting to spend time together.

STEIGER: Well, that first trip that you did, what sticks out in memory for you about that trip?

DIERKER: I can remember that trip really well, because we were rowing on that galley boat, the steel frame. We went up there two days before we were actually going to leave. This was 1970. I don't know if there were really launch dates, I think they were launch windows. (laughs)

So we get up there, and the boat's never really been in the water. We put it all together and go out, and haven't loaded any of the gear but decide to see how it rows. Well, just the steel frame almost put the damn floor in the water, much less putting any gear on it, the floor was almost dragging in the water at that point. (Steiger laughs) But, you go ahead and go on. So we get out there (chuckles), push off at Lees Ferry, out there just to take a spin, just offshore, and McCallum had gotten a smokin' deal on all these old oarlocks. We go out there and, hell, we snapped three out of four of the



oarlocks before we got back to shore, terrified. So we get back and McCallum hops in his truck and drives back to Flagstaff, has Mayorga weld up these steel rings and stuff. So they're full-feathered oars.

They had basically one or two paid people on the trip; and some kid from back East, and we took a Navajo kid on there, and then a photographer—this guy named Dick Witmore—and Barney Andersen, and Jim David. And basically it was a snap-up thing with a full steel rigid frame, and just heavier than a son-of-a-bitch; sixteen-foot oars, four rowing stations, and Dick was runnin' the sweep. You'd sit on top of these metal boxes, and pull your heart out for him. (laughter) Yeah, we made some great cuts, and then we also got our asses kicked.

So off we go the next day, and it's cold and we go down and camp [at] Badger our first night. It's bitchin'. I remember gettin' off from camp on the right hand-side at Badger and there is toilet paper everywhere. It was messy, and you'd stop at camps and, we'd all go around and pick up toilet paper and stuff and burn it. Right then it was kind of getting trashy.

It was hotter than hell. It was in June. And I'd spent, from camping and hiking and stuff, spent probably a week at a time outside, but I never spent *three* weeks at a time outside.

STEIGER: Was it a real impressive thing to be like going down the Grand Canyon?

DIERKER: Oh, hell yeah. And you're also rowin' right off the get go. You know you're part of a team.

STEIGER: And hardly anybody else was, huh?

DIERKER: There wasn't a lot of rowing, there was mostly motors that we saw.

We camped at Redwall, which hell, it was a great camp. I had no clue. I think it was the first year that they recommended—unless it was an emergency—not to. We declared a shade emergency or somethin'. Well, we got in trouble there, 'cause Jim David, Barney and those guys had booze on the trip. And just to dick around with Barney, we buried a bottle of Jack Daniels or Jim Beam or something up in there. And we never found it before we left, and he was pissed! (laughter) You know they weren't heavy drinkers. His booze bottle was the thing. He kept lookin'. And we never found it! So I looked for that for years, it never showed up, at Redwall.



Well, we had big runs. We had some really good runs. We made a really good run in Hance, I remember, and feeling cocky. We snuck it around there, and there was water, we were on the money, and then we had the huge ride that that picture's taken of in Hermit—just a blast! I remember it being really—it was big. So, anyway, that was a big ride and we're all jacked up, and we get to Crystal and we look and we all convince ourselves that if we go in that hole we're all gonna die. So, we're pumped. So we go in there. Totally blowin' it—get out there and could not move that boat. I remember McCallum going, "We're going in the hole!" (Steiger laughs) and I just (whimper and wail). Yeah, we slam in to there and then ping-pong down.

We hiked all over, it was great. Did the up and over at Tapeats and at Deer Creek, and went up there with nothing. He [McCallum] was practicing his youth survival, Nazi camp thing and we made it. He instilled that into us for the rest of his trips—kind of survival deal, you know. Take a sheet, take a few candy bars and go up and wander up and spend the night out in the middle of nowhere. Oh, he did that with his youth trips all the time.

It was cool. You got colder than hell up there. In June even at night, it got real cold. I remember just runnin' around everywhere. It was a wonderful deal.

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DIERKER: But anyway, we went on this trip in 1970, and then I went and rode a motorcycle through Europe for the rest of the summer and came back to college. Then in 1971 I went on one trip, just kind of as a row along on a triple-rig—three Green Rivers. [rafts] And

then in 1972 ,I did a couple, and then in 1973—well a couple, it was kind of a short season back then, or it was with McCallum runnin' it. And then 1973, I got more into it and was runnin' triple-rigs with Don Neff. I started raking in the big dough in 1973 at \$25 a day. I was a heavy expense. Well, Moody came probably at 1974 or 1975. The first time I met him, he was loading a triple-rig with me. And he was just this beanpole out on the triple-rig, (Laughs).

STEIGER: You didn't torture him did you?

DIERKER: I just told him to row faster, you know, keep up or something, I don't know. He was a lot more water savvy than I was probably, but we'd grunt stuff in there.

Then I was doin' snouts with Mike Yard 1976 and 1977 in the summer. I'd still go to school in the winter.

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DIERKER: I rowed my first full season down there with Don Neff on triple-rigs, and you really learn the river. You start off with a triple-rig. What we'd do is we'd go down the first night and if there was somebody, or if Yard would be with us or somethin', you'd break the triple-rig apart and take the most competent client and we'd give 'em their own boat until you got down to the gorge. And so we'd leave 'em in if they were doin' fine. I rowed on my very first trip—it was with Brian, and Don Neff, and myself. So [we] broke 'em apart and you got your own boat.

STEIGER: So every boat had four oars?

DIERKER: Oh yeah, we always took a bunch of oars, these damn aluminum fully-pinned oars that had ball-bearing pins that took three wrenches and half-an-hour to change out if anything happened. Then you'd rig 'em up if the gorge was running big, or whatever, or if you really felt like you really needed to, just because of the type of clientele or the guy wasn't cuttin' it, or whatever. And, you'd rig 'em all together and then run the gorge, and then sometimes you'd keep 'em all rigged together 'til Lava and then break 'em apart right after Lava.

It was fun and easier to just throw people in their own boat and let 'em go. It was great!

STEIGER: Why was it that you had to be good to run 'em when it was a triple-rig? What was the deal on that?

DIERKER: Good?! I don't know if you had to be good. Well, you really, really had to get your timing down. Because you wouldn't run straight down, you'd cheat the back boat. You really needed to kind of know your whole water dynamics of rapids, what those levels were, 'cause you'd need to cheat the back boat out because the front boat could always out-pull and you didn't want to start cartwheeling down stuff. So, you wanted

to give him an advantage. The front boat could go into shore—say like Crystal's a classic one... Or House Rock or any of those, most of 'em down there you're left-to-right gut pull, you know? You couldn't yell at each other, and you didn't need to. So you get your angles set, and you'd let him get out in the current a little bit, because you want the current to work for you. So you really learn angle anyway. It's pushing that boat, so you want the current helping you push you off to the right into the shore. It was like a front and back sweep boat.

So, you'd set the back in and you want to pitch it into shore. Well, there are a couple times that that back boat would get drug out in the current (laughter) and you just say, "I don't care, you take the shore." Yeah, that happened.

STEIGER: And Neff was always the boss and he was always in the front.

DIERKER: The front oar calls the shots. And the back one just takes a beating. It's like crack-the-whip.

But you could do funny things when you're just going down, and not necessarily in rapids—you always want to stay in the current, you hate getting those damn things caught in an eddy. So, your buddy would be snoozin' off and stuff, and you go ahead and swing it around so you line him up, because you could be out in the current and just take a couple strokes and he's workin' his ass off in the eddy, tryin' to get around just so you aren't havin' to row like crazy, 'cause you're basically floating, and you'd be there and you just be holding the current a little bit and lookin' over and hearin' him cussin'. (Steiger laughs) No, that was great fun, I learned a lot from Donny.

STEIGER: Should we talk about Neff?

DIERKER: He's a wily snake. He's a wily guy. Neff was wonderful with the people. He was wonderful on the river to learn river and fun. He taught me, "The river has big ears, don't ever take anything for granted down here." He'd been down there long enough to take his whoppin's in good times and bad and still take a boat out. Basically, don't think you can just smoke everything 'cause it's your tenth trip of the year, and everything has gone great, you've got it wired and you know that water, because it will come up and slap your ass. Before a rapid he was great to watch. He would check everything and he'd make sure everybody...he'd get all the people involved. Not scared, there's a difference between getting people involved and getting people scared.

I've run some dory trips, I've seen some damned dory dissertations by the leaders about boats flippin'. Dear God, the people are almost in tears and they didn't want to get in the boats. They get on my boat, and I go, "Don't worry about all that shit, you guys hang where you are, I'll do the high-siding, I'm the big fat kid, and let's go out and have fun."

You know, you need to check out some stuff, make sure the damn jackets are tight, tell 'em to help you out, tell 'em to look around the boat. Neff was wonderful at that. He was great with people in general. He'd kid with them, but yet, he'd kind of talk. Looking at Neff and looking back on it, he taught you the fine line of guiding, and you learned how, as a younger person—I hope you learned it. (Well, I must say we've taken advantage of people in the seventies—like people were incidental sometimes. (laughs) We didn't mean it that way, but sometimes it was like that.)

But Neff showed you that, "Yeah, you are there, under their employ. These people are paying me to take them down." But Neff was great with the folks, loved the ladies. *Loved* the ladies, and they loved him.

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DIERKER: McCallum believed in all freeze-dried food, and did for years, and years, and years. You'd get lean and mean at the end of the summer from eatin' that stuff. Richmoor dehydrated food, and he had this one that he loved—he always packed a couple of the chili-macs. I think that was his signature meal. But, God, these dried banana chips! We wouldn't take any booze. And he started sending a few soda pops, and he loved grape soda pop in steel cans.

We'd always jettison the damned grape soda the first night out, to lighten the boats, and everybody hated it. Those cans sank like a rock. At night, one of the traditions was to go ahead and drop all that off in the river. There's probably five or six tons of that stuff up at Boulder Narrows, a popular camp for our first night, on the left. Tons of 'em in there. McCallum would send two fresh onions on the trip. That was the fresh food. That was the exciting night, yeah. Powdered eggs, powdered cheese, you name it, it was all powdered food.

STEIGER: And how did you handle the kitchen?

DIERKER: A little water and throw the shit in. It was fast. (laughs) It was incredibly fast. It was, the pump-up little white stove and some wood. But in general, back then, we had a lot of family stuff, and Georgie kind of set a lot of things in McCallum's mind and in just river running in general. You're down there to see the Grand Canyon, you aren't down here to eat. Yeah, McCallum was from the Georgie school. We had little rubber inflatable duckie ponds for tables, and stuff like that. You know, eating was just a necessity.

We never did get real tables, people would perch around and we'd cook on these rocket boxes. Lay it on these rocket boxes that we pack stuff in and made that the foot-high table, and that was it. It was brutal, but you didn't know any better, it was fine, it was campin'.

But passengers' expectations back then, you know...

STEIGER: They just wanted to get through alive.

DIERKER: No, they had a *great* time. We didn't have a lot of people, even in the seventies, you didn't have the sophistication that you do now and what you can take. Gave 'em basically tube tents, which was an oversized garbage bag to sleep in, for tents.

We went through the "blue goo" toilet stage for awhile, the chemical toilets and this and that, until they finally got the crap-in-a-box technique down.

But, it was reasonable. You know Mac's trips didn't cost a lot of dough, He was into giving these little scholarship deals to kids. It was much more "ma and pa," but also just much more of kind of an adventure experience, than a catered outdoor trip, which I think most of 'em have become now anyway. I think that's fine. I don't think you need to go to the extremes of the Hollywood extravaganzas that happen down there now, where you wipe their butt and set up their cot and put their little Kleenex box there with them.

STEIGER: Did you ever do any of those, those Hollywood trips?

DIERKER: No, no. It would make me want to puke. But Fort Lee, you know, Tony Sparks said, "Look, there's a certain amount of clientele out there that wants top dollar and wants to be catered to fully. And that's great, but in general down there, you take good care of the people and you get 'em through. Now look, we take so much gear now, which is fine—I mean, we sleep on Paco pads. But back then too, we'd send people off on hikes you know? We'd be patching the boats or something, and we'd tell 'em where they were, and tell them to use common sense. I also think clientele was probably more exposed to—the people going down there had more experience out-of-doors, a base experience out-of-doors, than they do now.

STEIGER: By far. You know, I don't remember, was the trail up to the Deer Creek Narrows, was it always as skinny as it is? I don't ever remember, like, somebody being scared goin' back in there. But now, for the last fifteen years, it's always something that you're aware of, that you need to be around.

DIERKER: Those people aren't going to fall—the people that are really afraid of heights. It's the idiots that fall. It's the, "Oh, you know, I'm an athlete, even though I've only walked on sidewalks for the last thirty years, I have no trouble." Those are the people that go down. It's not the wall huggers.

But I think there's also in our litigious society, if anybody stubs their toe they want a full assessment. I mean even on this big wigs' trip that I just went on, these guys that are supposed to be making all the decisions of the Grand Canyon, this one guy comes up to me and you see it all the time, it is so classic. He "boo-booped" himself. He just had a little ding somewhere. He brought it out and was concerned you know. I mean it was a very shallow abrasion. "Go wash it off, and we'll

keep an eye on it.” (Steiger laughs) That’s part of the trip, leavin’ some of your hide. You take the sand out of it, you leave some hide down there.

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DIERKER: So, yeah, just goin’ through college and doin’ that in the summer, and then workin’ at the post office in the winters and going to college. Then in 1976, when I was through with school, that winter—I’d go down to Phoenix and live down there and be a carpenter in the winter, for Guzman Construction, framing and trim crews. I’d always done carpentry when I was in high school and stuff, got in the union down there, in the carpenter’s union, and that’s what I did in the winters until like 1980. I’d go down there in October at the end of the season, and live down there and then leave there in April.

Everywhere from big old custom stuff up in Cave Creek, to big old apartment complexes, to regular tract homes, canal homes. Mostly residential. Did some commercial stuff, smaller commercial stuff, and then learned some form setting and went out and did that for two weeks at Palo Verde, but that drove me nuts. You’d go there in the morning, and these other guys would strip down these forms, form-strippers, and then you’d make the new next set of forms, and that’d take you a couple three hours, and then you had to sit and stay in that location all day for eight hours until they were inspected. It was a slow painful death. Oh, it drove me crazy!

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DIERKER: Then in 1978 is when I first went up to Alaska with Sobek. I actually tried to get on to go to the Omo in 1977, but that didn’t happen. It might have been even 1976 that I tried.

STEIGER: Sobek was an international river running company, started by these guys—Rich Bangs and some other guys—who were Grand Canyon boatmen.

DIERKER: George Wendt, John Yost and a fourth party that died on the Blue Nile. [Lew Greenwald]. Oh, I loved Sobek. I wouldn’t have gotten to all the places—a lot of boatmen wouldn’t have gotten to all the places that they did.

I went over to Turkey with Dave Henshaw and ran over there. I was up in Alaska and there was some stuff gonna open up, you know, being part of the solid crew

for Sobek was my potential.

So that was going along, and in the late seventies I made a couple of decisions, I was gonna get into a ceramics deal (I took a bunch of ceramics in college) with Mark Arnegard—he worked for Wilderness World. And you know, it seemed like I was just kind of just getting aimless. And I wanted to move back to Flagstaff in the winter, I was kind of tired. It was the winter of 1979–1980. So, that sounded good to me, so I threw in with that for a couple of three years, and kinda didn’t do boating all summer either. I’d get down on a trip or two. Went up to Alaska for a trip or so in those years—from 1980 to the winter of 1982. Right after I got back from Alaska that year a thing was gonna open up to go to Ethiopia. It was a real conflict in me, “Am I gonna move on with this?” Get serious with Sobek and do riverin’ all year round. Because I was doin’ it in the summers and



Dugald Bremner

then doin’ other stuff in the winters. So anyway, basically I just decided to go ahead and try this [ceramics] thing out, and got committed to that. And it was a full-time deal, which was fine. That’s all Arnie does, is ceramics.

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DIERKER: I had done one Wilderness World trip in the late seventies, and then a couple with ’em in the early eighties, ’cause I kind of got tied in with that, but was still majorly a potter at that point.

STEIGER: Pretty interesting jump from Expeditions to Wilderness World, huh? (Dierker laughs) I mean, there’s a different philosophy there, in terms of equipment,

anyway.

DIERKER: Oh yeah, troglodyte to sportscars. McCallum's theory on boat frames were, if they broke make them thicker, if it was flat make it diamond plate. Vladimir [Kovalik]'s theory on boats was the lighter the better. Once you get on the boat, you're just sitting there, you don't need things, and the boatmen should be able to walk around on broken razorblades and be okay.

Very sophisticated thinking in the river industry, Vladimir Kovalik—incredibly lightweight equipment, fastest boats goin'—he designed boats. But anyway, I got into that. I was getting to know Kyle [Kovalik] and I've done a couple of trips with him with Gary Casey. Sue B[asset] and that ilk. It was kind of post-Tom-Olson thing. So, I kind of got in there, and I'd met Jimmy Hendrick in 1980. I kind of got in with that crew, and so went full time with them, 1983, 1984, and 1985.

STEIGER: Those were three *wild* years.

DIERKER: Three wild years. I ran some Expedition trips, and actually on the high water, on the flood of 1983, I was rowing for McCallum on that trip. I'd been rowing for WiWo while the water was coming up. And then when it boomed, it was Brad [Dimock] and [Carol] Fritz[inger] and Brian and myself, and Dennis Harris.

In June. McCallum had two trips going out. He (McCallum) and Yard were doing a youth trip. We had two launches that day.

STEIGER: The Western boat had flipped a week before that. And the dam was shaking—this was just before the spillways began to disintegrate and everybody was really nervous. It was after the Tour West flip and the Georgie flip and all that. It was at 72,000 [cfs].

DIERKER: Right. But there were about four trips getting ready to leave, and this ranger John Dick comes

down and goes, "The river's closed, I'll be back in fifteen minutes. You guys can't go." And McCallum just goes to the phone and calls up [Superintendent] Dick Marks and I was way impressed with McCallum. Looking back on it, it was a great moment for him. He calls up Dick Marks and says, "Well, you can't stop me from going." And Marks goes, "Sure I can, you won't be insured." And he goes, "You have it all wrong, pal. You're a rider on my policy, we're leaving." He said, "Hey, I was down here before the dam. This river's fine, you've just gotta go in the right place. You've gotta go in the right place when it's low. Screw you. Bye."

So off we go on our little high-water adventure, and you know, it was great.

But it was screamin'. One of my first memories of it is, "You better not dick around leaving." You know how usually when a rowing trip takes off, there's somebody brushin' their teeth, and somebody dickin' around coiling the rope. And somebody up there talking to a passenger, and you all kind of head off. We did that *once*—we pulled out of there, and we dicked around, and God, everybody was gone. There were no eddies either. We were way down there before we could stop over, and everybody goes, "Wahoo! Hoo-hah!" And then after that we realized that it was like, "Gentleman, start your engines!" You've got all the ropes tied, all the people in there, all the jackets on,

and everybody with their boats on shore, whether you were holding them yourself or somebody holding them. And you'd look around and go, "Are you ready to go?! Are you ready to go?!" Because if you didn't leave all at the same time, you wouldn't see anybody, until they stopped.

Hell, it was new for us. I mean, it was wild. We camped down at North, somewhere in there, because we'd gotten a late start by all the hoobaba there. The next day, we pretty much cruised down to Buck Farm.



Alida and Dan

STEIGER: So, you rowed to the back of Redwall Cavern?

DIERKER: There was no sand in Redwall, we had lunch back there on the boats. We got into camping way up the side streams because you could float up there. And every night the helicopters would come in and give you nifty little notes like, “Be safe, camp high.” Well, that was a gimmee.

So, then we wound up going down Little Colorado and decided, because we were screamin’ downstream, to do a couple-day layover. Well we rowed up there a mile, up the Little Colorado River. And watched the water come up. We were at Little Colorado when it came up to its peak. We had to keep moving our kitchen and camp uphill.

The water was warm, it was coming off the top of the dam, so we went toodling on our ways. We went through the gorge and got to Crystal, and everybody was there at Crystal, and the choppers. Terry Brian was the river ranger there with his walkie-talkie, and showed somebody how to use it, and rode through with Dennis Harris. Of course we all walked our people over.

STEIGER: So was this a scary run?

DIERKER: Well, it was scary just because you could get sucked out there. It was open enough where, if you wanted to be right up on the right hand shore, that way was huge. Trees were out in the water. But when you walked up to that [overlook], you saw the top of that wave over the trees. That wave never washed out, it just got bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

OARS was there, Dr. Ghiglieri with Bruce [Helin] and all that. So, we all make it through okay, and rocked down the right. We all patted ourselves on the back and collected all the people who of course walked around on the Indian ruin where everybody was havin’ lunch. And we all take off, and Ghiglieri flips in the tailwaves. Brian hauls him out of the water and the first thing he says is, “My name is Michael Ghiglieri and your brother hates my guts.” That’s a different story. That goes back to running with Ghiglieri in Turkey. So we chase his boat down and we don’t get it until Agate.

But probably one of the more interesting things is going into Granite Narrows down there, because that current would just slam you into the right. And McCallum, when he left [Lees Ferry], he goes, “Be watching Granite Narrows.” And we were goin’, “What the hell you talkin’ about?!” So, we went in to do the little porthole there, the narrowest part, and all of a sudden this current was just *smashing*—and it was flat water, just totally flat. It was Brian first, then myself, then Brad, and then Fritz I think was kind of the order, and then Dennis. Brian went in there and I just see him get raked into the wall, Brad and I are on

Chubascos [giant 22-foot Maravia rafts], Fritz and Dennis and Brian are in [18-foot] Rogue Rivers. So (chuckles) Brian just gets slammed into this wall, and then the current carries down along it, and so he’s just getting drug along the wall.

And I go, “Oh great, I’m gonna go in there and pancake on my brother and kill him. My mom will really hate me, because she likes him best.” So, I go in there, and I caught the rear end of his boat, just the back corner, I just mowed into it, and it shot him out of there like a rubber band, up against the wall.

But so, you’d slam in there, turn sideways and then get raked down the wall. Flat, you know, tearin’ off your whatever. Motor rigs were slammin’ into it. There was paint, for years, way up. Motor rigs would go in there, blowin’ out side tubes. So *that* was pretty interesting.

When we got off, it had dropped down to 80,000–85,000 [cfs]. But we got the full crest.

* * *

STEIGER: How would you sum up those years? Pretty wild, huh?

DIERKER: Yeah, those were my best running years. And that’s when we started cuttin’ the boats down a little bit, just rowin’ those Green Rivers or Rikens, just mixin’ up the gear a little bit. But Moody and I ran several trips, and Dugald [Bremner] kind of came on board, he had done some work for ARTA. He was the new guy, we didn’t really know him much. We get down to Lava, and we’re all lookin’ at Lava and it’s gonna be a right run, and we go, “Go ahead!” Now where in the hell is Bremner? “Where the hell is Dugald?!” Dugald comes over the hill dressed like ARTA, your classic, with the war paint on, and a war bonnet. We all look around and look at him. He sees us all looking at him and he looks at us, stops and pauses a minute, shakes his head (yes), and we all look at him and we all shake our heads (no), so he goes back over the ridge and takes all that happy shit off and comes over. (laughs) He’s the new kid on the block. But we were more into straight shootin’ it, I don’t know. I admire him for tryin’ it out though. (laughter)

Yeah, so we go through the eighties, and I really cut down on boating and get more into this contracting stuff. That’s what I had been doing in the winters. I kind of got out of the pottery deal in the winter of 1982–1983. I went back into full-time river running and was doing construction in the winters between seasons. And then I got married in 1986, and then, you know, I just kind of...I’d been doin’ it real heavy for three years. Then I got my general contractor’s license and had been doin’ that and still run a trip or two a

year. Some years I'd run three or four or five. One year I did some nutty trips, did some Marlboro commercial trips. I went up to Alaska a couple times in there, and stuff. But basically toned that down. And then the last couple years I've been contracting and building my house and kind of gettin' a little bit more ahead. But I'm doin' all right. So the last couple of years I've been gettin' back more into the science stuff.

STEIGER: But back down the river more.

DIERKER: Well yeah, yeah, which I enjoy.

* * *

STEIGER: What do you think about these guys that want to take the dam down?

DIERKER: Well, I think it's good for two reasons. I think it's highly impractical, but I even on this big wigs' trip got the two WAPA (Western Area Power Authority) guys to put "Restore Glen Canyon" stickers on their ammo cases. (laughs)

STEIGER: You're kidding! You made 'em do that? You're kidding me!

DIERKER: No, I explained it to them, I go, "You know, I know the benefits of the dam and it's there and all that, but what this is, if you look at it, is saying, "Learn more about what you're doing there, pay more attention," and also it's a shot across your bow to keep you guys on your toes. Because right now, I can see it happenin' right now, you guys in your little flow regimes, you're going to snooker it right back into where it was. You're gonna just offset a little bit here, declare a little emergency there and that's where it's goin'. So, you know, you need to have some leashes, and this is a very good one. It's making you go, "Oh, there's those other issues there. We're on board now, we're in the public eye."

STEIGER: And all the way from standing there as a little kid on this little cable bridge, lookin' down on this thing that hadn't been—you don't really believe personally that they should bypass the thing?

DIERKER: I think there needs to be some work done to find out what, as far as its benefit—where it is, what it is right now outweighs what is involved with just draining it. But, on the other hand, what needs to go along with that goes, "Okay, if you don't want to close that, or if you *do* want to close that, we gotta get more realistic about our water usage. We have to get more realistic about our energy usage in this country. Just 'cause we have those big ol' things that we sacrificed hundreds of thousands of acres to, so we can live high off the hog, does not justify that."

Just the way we use water and power. Power is another one. We use inefficient motors. They take the damn tax credits off for alternative power sources, like when you're building a house, if there's solar panels and

all that stuff. Why in the hell did they do that? Just because the oil thing. Now we're in an oil glut, that they just totally wiped out those programs that in a long haul are gonna save our bacon. It's just still too cheap. But in any event, as far as taking that down, personally I think it's a great idea. There needs to be a lot of work done on it. There's never been a definitive done on the siltation up there. We weren't allowed to go do that.

So, I don't know how practical that is at this point. But I sure think it's a great vehicle of keeping those guys on their toes, and I definitely think it's a great vehicle for just keeping the public aware of the balance of sacrifices, you know, what are you giving and getting?

* * *

STEIGER: You're a very successful contractor. (Dierker laughs) No, you are. You've built all this stuff. You've built a bazillion buildings.

DIERKER: I don't know if I'm that successful, I never got that big. I've built a bunch of stuff.

STEIGER: And now you're talkin' about you're gettin' tired of that and you want to go back to the river. Or back to that kind of life.

DIERKER: Well... or I've gotta do somethin' else—this hydrographic stuff, which is interesting. It's water-oriented. I think basically I have a twelve-year attention span. I've been contracting for twelve years. There's certain things that you acquire along, that you know, that I'll always be boating. It's like I'll always ride horses. It's like I'll always, even if I get out of doing general contracting, I'll always do woodwork. I'll always have a woodshop. You know, I enjoy it. But a lot of stuff, we have to bastardize our true loves to make a living. I enjoyed general contracting, just doing the work, but between dealing with the inspectors, the financial institutions, the sub-contractors and your employees, there's a lot of stress to it. I enjoyed getting it all running and this and that, but I've gotten enough out of it.

STEIGER: But you're not necessarily going to go back to being a guide per se?

DIERKER: No, I'd never do that. I've got other things to do. I like living here and doing other stuff—and also financially. The only way you're gonna make money on the boating industry is owning a company or owning a really good supply thing, like Bruce Helin's done quite well. He's done a very savvy thing. But you are not going to, unless you have absolutely nothing—or unless you are a wise investor and stuff, but there's an awful lot of well-educated boatmen out there—but you're not going to get very far ahead being a boatman. And especially if you look down the road, you're not gonna have any type of a retirement after that. Although the longevity of boatmen has yet to play itself out.



Dugald Bremner

* * *

STEIGER: If we ever put something in the BQR for other guides comin' up, is there anything you could give them?

DIERKER: Once you start lookin' at that sucker as a job, pure and simple as a job—get the hell off the river because you aren't doing anybody any favors. The reason you're down there is you like the place, you like the lifestyle. I've seen guys down there that it's a job, and you *don't* do a good job. Because there's a little bit of "Fantasy Island," it's still a little bit of an adventure, you've gotta be in the place. If you're looking at it as a job, go do somethin' else. Do everybody a favor and go do somethin' else. Sure, I've been down there and I go, "God, you know, I'm not gonna mind gettin' home and stuff." But, I have gone down there with good attitudes, and you have to do it, especially if you do it for long seasons.

STEIGER: Just as far as being a river guide, if you had to pick out the best part of it all, could you do that? Could you say what was the best part of it for you?

DIERKER: Probably tolerance. It's just kind of learnin' that a lot of damn things our society—we are such a judgmental society. It's like when a space shuttle blows up the first thing we do instead of, "What happened?" we go, "Who's fault is this?" And, I get like that. I mean, Jesus Christ, I can be really bad about that. "Who did this?! Who did that?!" Instead of accepting so many things you observe in life, should [not] be judged right or wrong. There's some times you have to call shit, "shit," and hold your ground. But so many things should be just observed and go, "Huh, that's a different bent." Or, "Huh," you know? They're not affecting you, and they aren't going to destroy any

values or any resources or whatever that you're involved with. But yet, we tend to look at so many things as saying, "I like that, I don't like that. I like that, that's wrong, that's right." You know? And I think the river's kind of throwing that out there, 'cause when you're runnin' a boat down there and you might not like to run Hance at 5,000 [CFS] but you don't have much choice. So, why say, "Oh, this is right, this is wrong"—you go down there and you do it. Hey, the wind's blowing. What do you do? You deal with the damn problem! You don't go home and wait for better weather. You don't call up the Bureau and tell 'em to shut off the wind. You deal with the damn problem and do the best you can. So I think that's why you get a strong character of people down there. You have to have powerful personalities to stay down there a long time. I mean, powerful in

yourself. I don't think overriding powerful, but you know, if you needed to go somewhere and get a bunch of goddamn guys together, ad hoc, to survive something, that would be a great well. That's a great barrel of monkeys to take along with you.

STEIGER: Guys you had to go to war with.

DIERKER: Yeah, guys you had to go to war with. I don't have that one all licked. I'll cuss up and look for somebody to lash to the flogging post with the best of 'em. But I've *worked* on that down there, and just, I think having the opportunity to be down there to see that perspective, *and* in people, too. Being able to be color blind, being able to be across the board, being able to clean your slate when you're looking at somebody to see them for what they are. Because you see everybody everywhere. You see 'em when they're elated, you see them when they're pissed off, you see 'em when they're awestruck, you see 'em when they're uncomfortable, you see how they're dealing with other people.

It's a great equalizer of mankind, everybody shits in the same box. It doesn't matter what you have out there. The only criteria I have from passengers is that they're safe, 'cause it's a funky place to get hurt, and that passengers don't bother or trample on the other passengers' experience—but I think in general, that's pretty damn rare. In general, you're dealing with a pretty good, basic, crowd of folks. As I say, it's the great leveler. They can own the office building, or they can be the janitor in the office building: It all boils down to how they take care, enjoy the place, and treat the other people.



Major Contributors

GCRG HAS ONCE AGAIN benefited from a highly successful year-end fundraising effort. We raised more than \$7,500 in unrestricted funds for Grand Canyon River Guides' coffers. These unrestricted funds allow us the flexibility to funnel money to whatever program needs it most. And remember, those kind of contributions help you too when tax time rolls around! Many thanks to the contributors below for being so very generous. Please note that a few names reflect unsolicited donations of amounts \$100 and over.

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Judy Zaunbrecher

And, of course, we always want to extend our thanks to funders who supported us in 2001 (with new additions for 2002!)

The Arizona Humanities Council
The Ruth H. Brown Foundation
The Michael S. Engl Family Foundation
The Grand Canyon Conservation Fund
Grand Canyon Monitoring & Research Center
Newman's Own Organics
Teva Sport Sandals

Unfortunately, it isn't possible to list absolutely everyone who has contributed to GCRG (and we are very sorry for anyone we may have inadvertently missed in the lists above). Contributions, large and small have an enormous impact on the health of our organization. Your assistance, wonderful complements and efforts on our behalf mean the world to us and keep us going. As you can imagine, expenses tend to increase over time. Support from our members in the form of dues and contributions are therefore increasingly necessary in order to maintain the high quality of the BQR as well as our other important programs. You are a part of this! Thank you so much.



Wilderness First Aid Courses 2002

WILDERNESS REVIEW COURSE—March 19–21, 2002 (two and a half days)

Prerequisite: Must be current WFR, WAFA or Review by Wilderness Medical Associates, WMI or SOLO. If your previous course was not with WMA, you'll need to make special arrangements. Give our office a call at (928) 773-1075.

Certification: Renews your original certification for three more years and includes two-year CPR certification.

Cost: \$185.00

BRIDGE COURSE—March 14–17, 2002 (four days)

Purpose: To upgrade from a Wilderness Advanced First Aid (WAFA) to a Wilderness First Responder

Prerequisite: Wilderness Advanced First Aid course (WAFA) graduate from WMA, kept current.

Certification: Upon completion, you will have a three-year WFR certification from WMA and may include a two-year CPR certification (we're trying to finalize this now).

Cost: \$265.00

WILDERNESS FIRST RESPONDER—April 11–18, 2002 (eight days)—Class FULL

Certification: Three year WFR certification from Wilderness Medical Associates plus two-year CPR certification.

Cost :\$450.00

Review & Bridge Course

Place: Canyoneers warehouse, Flagstaff, AZ

Lodging: On your own

Meals: On your own

WFR Course—FULL

Place: Coconino County Search &

Rescue Building

4355 Industrial Blvd.

Lodging: On your own

Meals: On your own

Class size is strictly limited. Send your \$50 non-refundable deposit with the application below to Grand Canyon River Guides (PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002) to hold a space. Checks can be made to GCRG. The courses are already filling, so act now! GCRG reserves the right to cancel any classes due to insufficient enrollment.

FIRST AID COURSE REGISTRATION

Circle One: Review Course Bridge Course

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (important!) _____ Email _____

Type of current first aid _____

Outfitter (if applicable) _____

Businesses Offering Support

Thanks to the businesses that like to show their support for GCRG by offering varying discounts to members.

Canyon Supply —Boating gear	928/779-0624	Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ	928/355-2228
The Summit —Boating equipment	928/774-0724	Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA —Taxes	928/525-2585
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Mountain Sports	928/779-5156	Laughing Bird Adventures —Sea kayak tours	503/621-1167
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Canyon Books —Canyon and River books	928/779-0105	Boulder Mountain Lodge	800/556-3446
River Gardens Rare Books —First editions	435/648-2688	Marble Canyon Metal Works	928/355-2253
Patrick Conley —Realtor	928/779-4596	Cañonita Dories —Dory kits, hulls, oars, etc.	970/259-0809
Design and Sales Publishing Company	520/774-2147	Tele Choice —Phone rates	877/548-3413
River Art & Mud Gallery —River folk art	435/648-2688	Kristen Tinning, NCMT —Rolfing & massage	928/525-3958
Fretwater Press	928/774-8853	Inner Gorge Trail Guides —Backpacking	877/787-4453
Marble Canyon Lodge	928/355-2225		

Snakes of the Grand Canyon Identification and Distribution Project

I AM INTERESTED IN photographs or slides of snakes observed anywhere in the Grand Canyon region from Glen Canyon Dam to Hoover Dam. (Of course, only take the photos when it is safe and convenient to do so.) An overall body shot from a safe distance would be best.

Helpful Hints:

- There's a better chance of obtaining photographs if you respect the snakes' personal space and move slowly around them.
- The important identification features are the type and color of the pattern/bands on tail, back, sides, head.
- If the snake is seen at night, additional lighting (such as a lantern, a few headlamps or flashlights) may allow for an identifiable photograph.

At the time of the photograph, please create a data sheet noting the basic information of river mile, side,

and date. If the location of the snake is away from the main river corridor, please note the approximate distance from the river, side of river, and river mile. For example, approximately one mile up the canyon at RM 196.8 L. Provide the best description of the habitat where it was found.

If the opportunity arises, photographs of other reptiles, particularly chuckwallas and Gila monsters, would be an added value to the project. A data sheet should also be filled out for these species.

Please send the photo or slide and accompanying data sheet or specific information to Nikolle Brown, 7779 N. Leonard, Clovis, CA 93611

If you have any questions or comments about this project please feel free to contact me at the above address or at the following e-mail address: black-catnik@worldnet.att.net.

Nicolle Brown

We Need Your Help!

THE TRAGIC EVENTS of this past year have had negative repercussions on non-profits everywhere, as funds were understandably shifted to areas of far greater need. Our organization has not been entirely immune. Consequently, GCRG has experienced a reduction in funding levels for the BQR. While we are extremely appreciative of the funding we've maintained over the years, we must pursue additional funding avenues to offset the considerable (and ever increasing) costs of publishing the newsletter. Unfortunately, in the meantime, the burden is carried by our already strained general operating budget. The BQR has increasingly become our "identity", and we are thoroughly committed to maintaining its high quality despite this financial pressure. Here's how you can help:

Contributions: Whether large or small, your tax-deductible donations contribute significantly to the financial health of our organization and its many programs. It helps you too, come tax time!

Pay your dues: It may seem like a small thing, but GCRG relies heavily on membership dues. It remains our largest income source so keep those dues current!

BQR funding ideas: If you know of any funding source (an individual, a foundation, or a corporate sponsor) that might be interested in supporting GCRG and our *boatman's quarterly review*, please let us know!

Encourage others to join: If you know of other guides or Canyon aficionados who are not members of GCRG, please encourage them to join!

Volunteer: Our mountains of filing are threatening to topple over. We could sure use somebody (or several somebodies) to come by and give a hand with that as well as other easy chores. Sure would help!

It takes all of us working together to keep GCRG strong and keep the Canyon spirit alive. Please help us if you can... Thank you for all of your support!



Care To Join Us?

IF YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER YET and would like to be, or if your membership has lapsed, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get this fine journal to boot. Do it today. **We are a 501(c)(3) tax deductible non-profit organization, so send lots of money!**

General Member

Must love the Grand Canyon
Been on a trip? _____
With whom? _____

Guide Member

Must have worked in the River Industry
Company? _____
Year Began? _____
Number of trips? _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
Phone _____

- \$25 1-year membership
 - \$100 5-year membership
 - \$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)
 - \$500 Benefactor*
 - \$1000 Patron (A *grand*, get it?)*
- *benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.
- \$100 Adopt your very own Beach: _____
\$_____ donation, for all the stuff you do.
 - \$24 Henley long sleeved shirt Size _____ Color _____
 - \$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size _____ Color _____
 - \$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size _____ Color _____
 - \$12 Baseball Cap
 - \$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)
 - \$13 Paul Winter CD
 - \$17 Lava Falls / Upset posters (circle one or both)

Total enclosed _____

Van Loon's Box



*I*t sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), then the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don't believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to free the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching and ripping as the wooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and then a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion!

The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten.

The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created.

The world would continue to run its even course through the uncharted heavens.

The astronomers on distant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out the ordinary.

A Century from now, a little mound, densely covered with vegetable matter, would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

Excerpted from *Van Loon's Geography* by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, 1932

THANKS TO ALL YOU poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to the Brown Foundation and Newman's Own Organics for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.
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