

boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc | volume 16 number 2 | summer 2003



Ted Hatch pg. 24

David Lavender • Dear Eddy • Save Our Ships • Back of the Boat • Moses Tripped
GTS 2003 • GTS River Trip • Doris Rapid • Adopt-a-Beach • Sand Bars in Grand Canyon
Lucy Runs the Rapids • The Madness of Jack Sumner

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 generally held the first Wednesday of each month. All innocent bystanders are urged to attend. Call for details.

Staff

Executive Director	LYNN HAMILTON
Board of Directors	
President	MICHAEL GHIGLIERI
Vice President	JOHN O'BRIEN
Treasurer	LYNN HAMILTON
Directors	MIKE CAIFA BOB DYE MATT KAPLINSKI JERI LEDBETTER JP RUNNING DRIFTER SMITH
GCRG's AMWG	
Representative	ANDRE POTOCHNIK
GCRG's TWG	
Representative	MATT KAPLINSKI
BQR Editors	KATHERINE MACDONALD MARY WILLIAMS

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
Office Hours: 10:30-4:30 Monday through Friday

Phone	928/773-1075
Fax	928/773-8523
E-mail	gcrg@infomagic.net
Website	www.gcrg.org

WingDing Success!

THE FIRST ANNUAL Whale Foundation WingDing was held on Saturday, February 8th, 2003 at the Coconino Center for the Arts. As a first time event, over 350 people attended for food, drinks, music, live and silent auctions—and just to have a great time. The Whale Foundation Board of Directors cannot begin to thank all of the individuals that made this event happen. For fear of leaving someone out, we wish to just extend our heartfelt thanks to everyone who made this event so successful. Donations came pouring in for sponsorships, auction items, entertainment, food, signage, etc. The generosity we received was unprecedented!

When we first began talking about the WingDing, we wanted to create a party where the river community could get together to not only celebrate our old friend Whale, but also catch up with one another at a relaxing, fun event. We believe we accomplished what we set out to create and it is our intent to make this celebration an annual event that can continue to grow year after year. Whale was there in spirit—everyone who attended can attest to that. Many in attendance ran into friends they hadn't seen in ten or twenty years. This was exciting to experience. The success of our event will allow us to further extend the programs the Whale Foundation offers to the guiding community. In 2002, the Whale Foundation served 34 persons for a total of 273 hours. To date in 2003, we have served six persons for a total of 23 hours. We appreciate your trust and commitment to living as fully as you can.

Once again, we wish to thank everyone who donated and/or attended the first annual Whale Foundation WingDing. If you weren't there this year—we missed you and we hope to see you in 2004. Thanks again!

The Whale Foundation

David Lavender

WESTERN HISTORIAN David Lavender, twice nominated for the Pulitzer Prize, died at home on April 26 after a long illness. He was

93. Although he is known as the author of more than two dozen Western histories—many of them the definitive works on their subjects—we riverfolk remember him best for his *River Runners of the Grand Canyon*. Lavender was an avid boater and was the logical choice when, after Dock Marston's death, the Grand Canyon Natural History Association wanted a writer to pen a popular history from Marston's vast collection at the Huntington Library. It was a daunting task.

Although the Marston Collection is unarguably the world's greatest treasury of Colorado River history, Lavender found its peculiar organization, sheer magnitude, and ingrown biases made synopsis a formidable goal.

Worse, the collection was riddled with mildew, and the technicians who fumigated it miscalculated the proportions of formaldehyde and other toxins. As a result the collection was billowing noxious fumes—as, to a lesser extent, it does to this day. Lavender was the first



researcher to delve into the more than four hundred green file boxes of manuscripts, letters, notes, miscellany, and poison gas. It was excruciating. After an hour or so of reading he would stagger, eyes streaming, temples throbbing, head spinning, into the gardens to recuperate.

Although some river obsessives have found nits to pick with a few of Lavender's details, those who have assaulted the Marston Collection agree that Lavender's ability to capture the character of the collection, single out the significant tales from the mass of tangential information, and tell them in such an entertaining, engaging, and overall accurate manner, is more than remarkable. It is genius. Sadly, the budget would not allow him to create the massive history he felt the material deserved. Sadder yet, the book—a bible for history-oriented guides—has long been out of print. A new edition would be a

fitting homage for his contribution to the history of river running.

Brad Dimock

Hello Plant Lovers!

HAPPY SPRING, and indeed a splendid one it has been for blooms in the Grand Canyon! We have been on the river and at the computer screen as of late photographing plants, updating species lists, writing plant descriptions and grants, and of course dreaming of the day we will hold a finished field guide to plants of the Colorado River in our trembling hands. Oh, the day! The project was well received at the GTS this March when Lori and Kate gave a powerpoint presentation on our progress and flashed a copy of the draft to many an eager boatman.

Of course, none of this would be possible without the intrepid work and research of all of you! We received and compiled the first 75 plant descriptions this winter and are now at the task of editing and

contacting publishers. Our goal is to have 150 plant species compiled (many with photos and drawings) by May 15th to send down the river with the various river outfitters for field testing.

We are very grateful for the unflinching enthusiasm and support from this wonderful community of plant geeks and naturalists in love with the Grand Canyon. You may contact us via email: Kristin at kristin.huisinga@nau.edu or Kate at katewatters@excite.com or Lori at lorimaka@info-magic.net. If you have a decent camera with a macro lens and an eye for beauty, contact us about taking some film downriver with you.

Kristin, Kate and Lori
"THE CHARLIE'S ANGELS OF BOTANY"

Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO “GRAND CANYON WILDERNESS WITH MOTORS—NOT A CONTRADICTION, A NECESSITY,” BY T. DESTRY JARVIS IN BQR VOL 16:1.

I’M NOT GOING TO MESS around much with the “yes for wilderness motorboats” argument of T. Destry Jarvis in the Spring 2003 issue. Just one thing.

“It is ridiculous,” he writes, “to suggest that [outdoor novices] cannot achieve a true wilderness experience by riding on a motorized raft through the park.”

Risking ridicule, I suggest exactly that there are people who consider Central Park a wilderness, but that doesn’t make it so. It is a bit sinister to argue that we can change the central definition of wilderness just because city folk won’t know the difference.

You know the difference. A “true wilderness experience” doesn’t have a motor on its tail.

Jim Malusa
TUCSON

IN REFERENCE TO “GRAND CANYON WILDERNESS WITH MOTORS—NOT A CONTRADICTION, A NECESSITY,” BY T. DESTRY JARVIS IN BQR VOL 16:1.

IN HIS ANTI-WILDERNESS article (BQR Spring 2003), T. Destry Jarvis mentions his impressive history of involvement with wilderness issues and his current position as consultant to Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association (GCROA). His job is to influence the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) to benefit his employers, especially in D.C. where he resides. This is relevant since his various interpretations of the Wilderness Act appear to hinge on where his paycheck comes from. While employed as Federal Policy Director at National Parks Conservation Association, Jarvis wrote a letter defending the 1980 CRMP’s proposed phase-out of motors to NPS Director Russell E. Dickenson. Yes, you read that right. He wanted the motors out.

“Russ, the decisions to ban motors in the Grand Canyon...were not made lightly, but only after years of discussion, study and consideration,” he reminds the Director. He goes on to say, “The Service can not afford to allow additional years of contentious debate

on these issues, if progress is to be made in any other of the many problem areas deserving your attention. NPCA urges you to stand firm on these important principles.”

So what changed? There have been no amendments to the Wilderness Act, no changes in the underlying spirit, values and principles of Wilderness. The intent of Zahniser and wilderness advocates and contemporaries Olaus Murie, Aldo Leopold, Supreme Court Justice William Douglass and Bob Marshall is clear. Time and again they wrote that motorized transportation is antithetical to Wilderness.

If Jarvis is so sure powerboats are fine in Wilderness, why is it necessary to cherry-stem the Colorado River out of a proposed Wilderness Bill? Why not just allow Congress to designate the entire Grand Canyon, with the River, Wilderness? Is it possible he isn’t convinced and therefore must hedge his (or rather, GCROA’s) bets?

Now more than ever, we need the peace and solace of motor free Wilderness in Grand Canyon and elsewhere. The meaning of Wilderness was clear in 1964, it was clear in 1980 at the time of Mr. Jarvis’ impassioned plea to get rid of motors, and it remains clear now. If there is any place on Earth that deserves to be free of motors, it has to be Grand Canyon.

Jo Johnson
CO-DIRECTOR RIVER RUNNERS FOR WILDERNESS

IN REFERENCE TO “PUT ME IN COACH—I’M READY TO PLAY THE GAME” BY MICHAEL GHIGLIERI, BQR 16:1

THIS IS A LETTER FOR the up-tight who are out tiger-hunting. While I am the rawest of rookies in Grand Canyon, I started guiding in 1972. I am aware of the possible pitfalls outlined by Michael Ghiglieri. Over and over I have heard “Is there life after NOLS? Is there life after Antarctica? What do you do when you’re back in the real world?” Honey, it’s all real.

Michael,

I’m not sure I understand the tone of voice or even the purpose of your article “Put Me In, Coach”. I fear you may be succumbing to some version of a mid-life crisis. Thriving on the ego-feeding results of living on the river guide’s pedestal is very exhilarating and very dangerous. “Then what?” you ask. Find more things that feed your

soul and your heart rather than your ego. Earn your good fortune and luck. Turn more kids on to the desert. Work your heart out on these environmental issues. Paddle a pond with fast-water virgins. Volunteer for the Whale Foundation. The recognition you crave may be the real tiger.

I'll turn 50 on the river this summer. I can't do all the things I used to do, but at least I no longer have to worry about what I'm going to do when I grow up. And I never am going to have much money, but if I pay attention, with a wide-angle point of view, some other passions will arise for a slower, creakier, perhaps broken body. To misquote Ivo, I hope to celebrate the progress I make working out this endlessly fascinating story of life.

You don't even have to lighten up. Maintain your intensity and your convictions, but treasure your family, your loves, your river. "And when you come to a fork in the road, take it!"

Sarah Krall

IN REFERENCE TO "LETTERS FROM GRAND CANYON—PIRACY AND CAPTURE CARVE THE GRAND CANYON:PART B", BY IVO LUCCHITTA, BQR 16:1

AS I READ IVO'S ARTICLE "Piracy and Capture Carve Grand Canyon: Part B" [BQR 16:1], my mind flashed back to what Clarence Dutton wrote in "Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District," 1882, Chapter X—Structure and Drainage System of the Kaibab. "Along the greater part of the length of the Kaibab, and keeping very near to the median or axial line of the summit of the plateau, there is a long and comparatively narrow valley. Demott Park is a portion of the same depression. When the geologists first visited the plateau they were considerably perplexed by this long valley or chain of valleys. They observed that from the summits which overlook them on either side nearly all the drainage channels flowed away from it, and very few flowed into it. Powell and Gilbert were at first inclined to suspect that a long, narrow wedge on the summit of the plateau had dropped between two faults, but no faults could be discerned, and they abandoned the supposition. During the last season a thorough survey of the drainage system was made, and I think the mystery may now be cleared up. In the first place, the

existence of the supposed faults was positively disproved by the discovery of the crossbedded sandstone of the Aubrey group just where it ought to be in case no faults exist, or where it could not be if the faults did exist. In the second place, the chain of valleys is to locus of an ancient river which once flowed from the north and emptied into the Colorado. This river was far more ancient than any of the other drainage channels now scoring the surface of the Kaibab, which are all of comparatively recent origin. What antiquity should be assigned to it may not be altogether established, but by far the most probable supposition is that it is as old as the Colorado itself and its tributaries, the Kanab, Paria, and Little Colorado. That it belongs to the system of drainage which prevailed when the structural conformation of the country was very different from the present on is self-evident".

A few years after I read this I was flying over the southern end of the Kaibab at 13,500 feet, looking north. Sure enough, the chain of parks are part of a long medial depression. Dutton thought the medial depression we see today, held an ancient stream that ran from the north and emptied into the Colorado. But perhaps the depression is the trace of the ancestral Colorado running north and eventually northwest to the sea. Dutton also thought that the Colorado was impounded east of the Kaibab in an Eocene lake that may have overflowed to the north, down the depression toward the town of old Paria which he states is the shortest path to the sea. I talked to Ivo concerning this passage by Dutton, and he did not recall it, but thought it interesting. Ivo's theory is more coherent and makes sense. It explains how a depression would have formed on the crest of the fold, producing "racetrack" valleys at either end where the fold plunges. The ancestral Colorado became stuck in such a valley at the south end of the fold and made the sweep around the end of the Kaibab and toward the northwest, that we see in the great bend of Grand Canyon.

Dick Clark

Save Our Ships!

FOR SOME THIRTY YEARS, Grand Canyon National Park's collection of historic boats has languished in the outdoor courtyard of the old Visitors Center. Boats from the 1909 Galloway/Stone expedition, the Kolb brothers' 1911 trip, the 1923 USGS trip, Nevill's first trip in 1938, the original motor trip in 1949, one of the first pair of 1962 dories, Dock Marston's 1963 sportyak, a Georgie raft, and a few others have been deteriorating in the sun, wind, rain-splatter, and drifting snow. In spite of 1970s-vintage NPS directives to protect the boats, our legacy as Grand Canyon boatmen has slowly been dying. That's about to change.

On the evening of May 1, the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project had its first formal meeting. Working under the umbrella of Grand Canyon National Park Foundation (a fund-raising organization under the direction of Deborah Tuck) the Boat Project is dedicated to saving the Grand Canyon boats from their tragic neglect. The timing could not be better. Superintendent Joe Alston (the first superintendent who can run his own boat through the Canyon) is solidly behind the project, as are Science Director Jeff Cross and Chief Archaeologist Jan Balsom, under whose supervision the boats now reside.

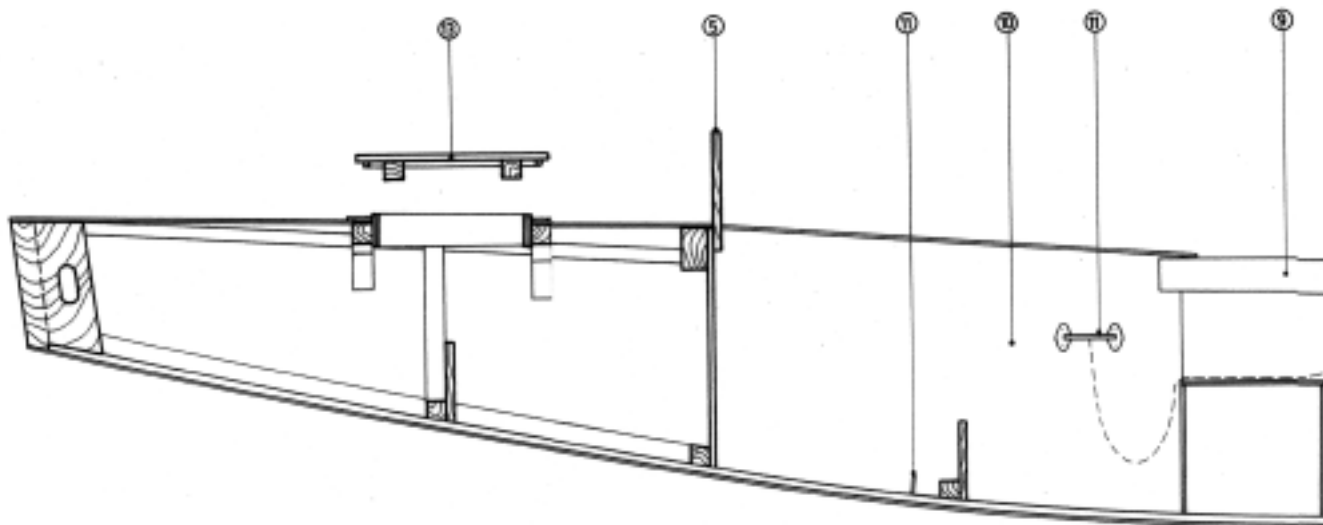
The Boat Project's advisory board, consisting of Gaylord Staveley, Tom Moody, Richard Quartaroli, Ellen Tibbetts, Cameron Staveley, David Edwards, and Brad Dimock, met with Deb Tuck, Fran Joseph, and Jack Schmidt from the Foundation and outlined the initial steps of the program in two phases.

STEP 1, URGENT AND IMPERATIVE— SAVE THE BOATS

- * Secure an accurate inventory of what boats the NPS actually has in their collection.
- * Replace the decaying cradles that hold the boats with new, stronger, well-padded ones.
- * Complete the architectural drawing project of the boats begun under the Colorado River Fund two years ago, thereby preserving the lines and construction details of the vessels.
- * Begin moving the boats to a workshop, where professional conservators will stabilize the boats.
- * Move the stabilized boats into the new warehouse at the South Rim where they will remain protected.
- * Raise the funds to accomplish all this.

STEP 2, IMPERATIVE, BUT NOT QUITE SO URGENT— PUBLIC DISPLAY

- * Once the damage has been stopped and the boats stabilized and protected, we will work toward a new state-of-the-art display, where the public can see, learn about, understand, and appreciate the river heritage these boats represent.
- * In the meantime, the NPS has committed to keep at least one boat from the collection on display at the new Canyon View Information Plaza at all times, likely exchanging boats from time to time.
- * We cannot allow the project to end with Step 1, with the boats stabilized but sentenced to life in warehouse prison. Step 2 will be far more difficult, time-consuming, and costly.





The WEN, 1938
 Cam Staveley overlooks his grandfather's boat:
 peeling paint, unpadded cradle, open to the elements.

We're thrilled to be beginning this project. But what is even better is that this is no pipe dream. This is happening now. Superintendent Alston has committed to begin moving the boats by June 1.

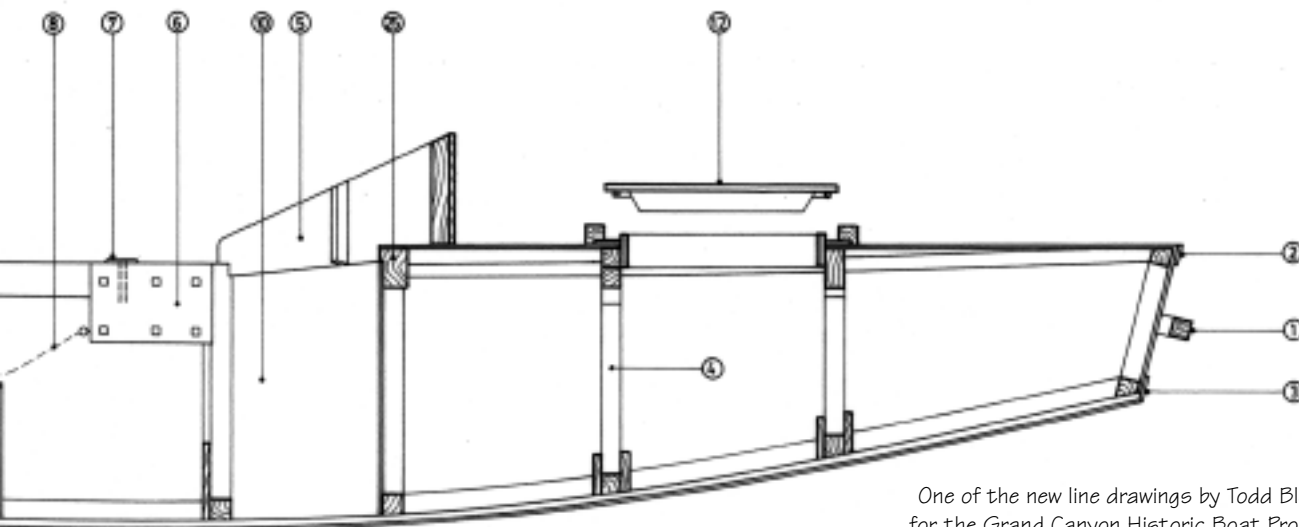
We are currently interviewing conservators, scheduling the drawings, and finalizing the designs for new cradles. The stabilization workshop is being vacated for

us. The new warehouse is nearing completion. The Boat Project and the NPS are looking at acquiring a few other boats that are languishing in the Southwest. We are off to a good start, but we have a long, long way to go.

We need your help. From time to time we will need helping hands for actual projects or events. But more importantly, we need money. There is a limited amount of funding left from a grant by the Colorado River Fund, earmarked for line drawings and boat preservation, but that will only begin the project. The NPS is supportive, but is so severely underfunded that we will need to raise a majority of the funds ourselves. That's where you come in. We will be putting together a brochure that you can hand out to your passengers, detailing the project, offering t-shirts, caps, videos, etc. and soliciting donations. Your enthusiasm

for this project will be contagious—your apathy will be lethal. Get excited. Let's do this. With your help, our legacy will finally get the respect it deserves.

To find out how you can help, contact Fran Joseph at GCNP Foundation. 928 774-1760, fran@gcnpf.org



One of the new line drawings by Todd Bloch for the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project.

Back of The Boat

The Whale Foundation Presents: Transitioning Careers How Veteran Guide Mike Boyle Found A Dream Job in the Real World And His Way Back To The River

WORK HARD, PAY ATTENTION,
AND DO THE BEST JOB YOU CAN

THIS CREDO HAS SERVED ME WELL throughout most of my life, especially as a guide in Grand Canyon and on other rivers around the world. It's not profound or inspirational yet it embodies simple traits that almost any trip leader or manager would love to see in his/her boatmen or employees. Anyone who has ever paid me to do a job has gotten this in return, and it's all I ask of the people who work for me. When asked by the Whale Foundation to do this article, I jumped at the chance. Having been forced to experience it first-hand, I know how difficult the transition from guiding to something else can be. This transition is particularly challenging because nobody wants to quit guiding.

Graduating from college in 1973 started me off with a career in business. Having moved to California from my roots in Ohio, a new world opened up to me. After about four years I decided I didn't want to work the next 40 odd years or so only to wake up one day wondering what I had done with my life. I had a burning passion to experience the outdoors. So I left the business world and took off into the mountains. It wasn't long before I landed a job with OARS as a shuttle driver for river trips on the local California Rivers. That was short lived because I realized the place to be was on the river, not driving the truck. I started as a regular guide in 1978.

In 1979, the opportunity came up for my first Grand Canyon training trip. Needless to say, I was hooked on the Grand Canyon after that first trip. During the same year I was hired by Sobek Expeditions to run Watut River trips in Papua New Guinea. What a year that was! An incredible world of adventure that I had only dreamed of was now mine to explore. I was 29 years old, embarking on an unstoppable journey to spend my life in the outdoors, running rivers, and meeting some of the most unforgettable people of my life.

I had a great run for fifteen years as a full-time guide. My schedule towards the end included working in Alaska during the summer, Chile in the winter, and Grand Canyon in the spring and fall. Usually, I was able to squeeze in plenty of time off and every so often even a specialty trip like an exploratory river expedition. It was a glorious and rewarding life. Along the way I even managed to marry my best friend and make a long distance marriage work. My life was adventurous,

exciting, and fulfilling beyond my wildest dreams.

In my late thirties, my body was feeling the effects of a hard-driving athletic lifestyle, and I started to experience severe pain in my left hip. This was outside the realm of normal bodily aches and pains, so I sought out the opinion of an orthopedic surgeon. He diagnosed me as having the hip joints of a 65 year-old man and facing joint replacement surgery on both hips. In complete denial, I went off to run another river season thinking that I just needed to get in better shape.

The following year the pain in my hip had escalated, so I sought out a second opinion. The results were the same. My state of denial continued as I left for yet another river season thinking that I could overcome this through fitness. That year I realized that my fitness level was irrelevant, as the pain was getting worse. The reality of my physical condition was starting to look all too unavoidable. I went on to guide for a few more years while getting two more opinions from doctors. After five opinions and several years of denial, I had my first hip replacement in May 1993. My perfect world had stopped spinning.

I bounced back from my first hip replacement, and after eight months I was about 90 percent recovered. That was a long period of introspection and soul-searching, with no idea of what to do with my life. Guiding was over, although there were brief periods when a return to that career seemed possible. Shortly after my recovery all hopes of a return to guiding were dashed when it became evident that my other hip would have to be replaced. Two years after the first, I had my second hip replacement. This time there were complications. Inserting the prosthesis had split my femur lengthwise causing muscle spasms that would prolong my recovery and leave me more debilitated than the first surgery.

This several-year period of being carved up and put back together was incredibly depressing—but not spent idly. After much thought, I returned to college in pursuit of a degree in geography and a teaching certificate. Substitute teaching at local high schools helped me reason that my best opportunity at a second career would be as a high school geography teacher. After all, as a guide I had traveled all over the world, related to people from all walks of life, and had assimilated all of that knowledge and experience. It seemed like a natural progression.

Four months after graduation the new school year was starting, and I was still pounding the pavement looking for a job. It was difficult to even get an interview at one of the 40 schools to which I applied. Finally the principal at a small school succumbed to my pleading and offered some information about why he could not hire me. Apparently my former employer of fifteen years would not answer inquiries about my years of employment. It was the kiss of death for a prospective teacher. When I questioned George, my former employer, he offered up that he was too busy. Evidently fifteen years of working hard, paying attention, and doing the best I could was not good enough for him. I was devastated, deeply depressed, and ultimately lost.

At this point my chances of getting a teaching job were nonexistent since I had applied without success to every school within a two-hour drive of where I lived in Texas. I started to look for anything that would give me a paycheck. During this time I was talking with Tony Anderson (TA), venting my frustration, when he told me that Steve Carothers' company swca Environmental Consultants had an office in Austin. After several attempts to contact Steve, I was frustrated and about to give up. TA happened to be plowing Steve's drive one day that winter and told Steve of my plight. Later that night TA called saying, "Be at Steve's office at nine A.M. Tuesday for an interview." I showed up Tuesday at 9 A.M. wearing a suit and tie and polished cowboy boots. The interview went well, and after a few days Steve called me back in and offered me an entry-level job to see what I could do. He actually told me "We're going to throw you into the deepest water we can find and see how well you can swim." Today I'm still with swca, and Steve has never let me forget how funny it was to see me show up in a suit and tie for that interview.

Steve gave me a chance based on TA's recommendation and probably a few inquiries he made with mutual friends in Flagstaff. I had no consulting experience and knew little about the industry, although, I remember thinking, "How hard can it be?" This new challenge was scary, but at least I didn't have to run Crystal. My thought process was to approach it the same way I would lead a river trip. I had to get the passenger list, buy and pack the food, load the truck, get everything to the river, etc. It was all basic organization and making sure that I didn't miss anything. In the eighties Sobek guides had a saying "Ya gots to pay attention." This is a good idea when traveling in foreign countries, running new rivers, and working in remote areas. The same holds true when starting a new career in unfamiliar surroundings. The end result was very successful because I worked hard, paid attention to everything, and did the best job I could.

Five years later, I realize that my perfect world is spinning again. I'm the Managing Principal of the Flagstaff office of swca, with 25 employees and manage a couple million dollars in annual revenues. Recently, I was instrumental in winning a project to prepare an Environmental Impact Statement for the Colorado River Management Plan in Grand Canyon National Park—a dream job for an old boatman.

The transition from a tremendously rewarding career in guiding has been extremely difficult. Working hard, paying attention, and doing the best job you can are attributes not unique to me but found in most guides with whom I have worked. These attributes are not common in the business world, like I assumed they would be. Guides are a special group of people that possess innate abilities of resourcefulness and common sense, which are recipes for success in any job. I didn't really know this five years ago, but love and support from my wife, help and faith from my friends, and an opportunity from Steve helped me realize this in retrospect. Do guides have these attributes and abilities naturally, and that's what makes them good guides, or do they develop them over time through a career in guiding? I'm not sure. However, I do know that at least once a day I look at the photos on my office wall and wish I were back on the river with those guides.

Of course, I knew Whale. I ran a few trips with him, double camped with him, helped him push his boat back in the water, and had more than a few beers with him. He was our friend and fellow boatman who needed a hand and didn't ask for it. Perhaps the only good thing to come out of the end of Whale's career is the impetus to start the Whale Foundation. I know I sure needed all the help and support I could get and I would have called on them during my time of uncertainty and fear. It's a nice feeling to have a safety net like the Whale Foundation to help make the transition a little easier.

Mike Boyle

THE WHALE FOUNDATION is here to help boatmen navigate a career transition from river guide to real world successfully. The Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship was created to serve the needs of someone, like Boyle, who requires further education to meet his or her goals. The first recipient will be announced soon! Please contact us for more information on any of our services or to donate your time or financial assistance.

The Whale Foundation, PO Box 855, Flagstaff AZ 86002-0855

Our toll-free Boatman Help Line is 866-773-0773 or check out our website, a work in progress, at www.whale-foundation.org

Moses Tripped

A LONG TIME AGO, when river running was in its infancy, so was writing for publication. One of the early Public Relations (PR) men for a famous writer was Moses. He had been leading one of the most famous adventure travel trips of all time, one in which his entire party decided to trek from Egypt to a coastal region in the Middle East. This trip's destination was described in rather glowing terms, as often happens with adventure travel descriptions. In fact, the trip organizer described it as "The Promised Land."

Of course, as often happens too with adventure travel trips, things did not go as smoothly or quickly as planned. For one thing, Moses had neglected to secure all the necessary permits. He also was rather cavalier about his boats. He ended up having to part the Red Sea just to get to the other side. He could have walked the Isthmus, but no, the authorities, bureaucrats one and all, were personally upset with Moses having decided to run such a substantial trip without permits.

So parting the Red Sea seemed to Moses a viable solution to what was essentially a case of excessive zeal on the part of government to regulate wilderness travel to the point of forbidding exoduses.

Most of us are aware of what happened to the Pharaoh's rangers when they tried to arrest Moses and then detain his ragtag collection of backcountry hikers. Cecil B. DeMille filmed a startlingly unpleasant reenactment of this episode (which, by the way, also demonstrated in Technicolor how important it is to wear those life jackets). What most of us never knew was that some of the best writing produced by that trip ended up on the cutting room floor not long after this.

This happened, to the immense detriment of subsequent generations, in the following way. Moses had been working his way east and north without a guidebook or map. He was winging it, as many trip leaders have done in the past. But his winging it had led his trip up too many blind alleys, canyons that walled out, and into arid lands that threatened to wipe out his party via dehydration.

In fact, so many members of this trip had begun to lose faith in Moses as trip leader, that he decided to leave them all in camp while he went on a solo hike up to higher ground to try to figure things out on his own. Without the incessant babble of disgruntled clients clamoring in his sand-crusted ears, the proper route might become more obvious.

Moses spotted a fire on the side of the mountain he'd been ascending. Like most good trip leaders, he knew it posed an environmental threat. So he approached it with the idea that he might be able to put it out. Even back then people had the wrong idea about the efficacy

of fire suppression in the wilderness. And this time was no exception. But it soon became a moot point. Moses could not extinguish the burning bush.

Instead the bush seemed to be trying to tell Moses something. This is a pretty unusual development, unless the bush is a Sacred Datura and we've been sucking on its blossoms. But Moses was stone cold sober. At least this is how he later told it in his incident report.

As these unusual moments with the burning bush unfolded, something even stranger happened. The normal geology of the mountain side underwent a local disturbance to produce three separate slabs of bedrock which exfoliated from the parent mass. Even more amazing, on each of these slabs were written, in Hebrew of all things, fifteen operating requirements, commandments really, specifying many don'ts, and a few dos, on how to trek through life in harmony and with the fewest negative impacts on one's fellow trekkers.

Moses was impressed not only with the author of these Fifteen Commandments but also with their relative simplicity combined with their deep implications, which, when contemplated, could be seen to comprise fairly wise advice on avoiding several pitfalls lurking in the business of adventure travel.

Moses was now not merely trip leader, he was on a mission. He hurried back to camp to share with his trip members the new operating requirements for their trek through life. That Promised Land resided in their way of thinking, he now knew, and the sooner everyone was operating on this same wavelength, the better.

Unfortunately, as can all too easily happen when a trip leader leaves everyone alone in camp too long, Moses' trip members have gotten really off track. Instead of keeping toilet paper at the portas and Clorox in the dish pails they had melted down their jewelry to cast a golden calf. Moses, already of diminished mental acuity due to his exhausting solo hike up and down the mountain, felt his self control slipping away. Where do these outfitters find such idiotic passengers? was just one of the thoughts that flitted through his dehydrated mind. There were, of course, other thoughts as well.

Overwhelmed by his responsibility as trip leader, by his disappointment in the performance of his other crew members in his absence, and in his reading of the profound Fifteen Commandments, Moses allowed his attention to the route lapse. A small protrusion of bedrock caught him in mid stride. Moses tripped on this, lost his balance and, to his horror, felt the three tablets fly from his grasp.

Instinct alone can be credited with Moses' amazing recovery of balance and the tablets. A video replay of this would have been pretty amazing. Even so, as amazing as Moses' recovery was, the third stone tablet had jetted too far forward for Moses to catch it.

This third slab of bedrock with Hebrew symbols on it spun through the air as if in slow motion then crashed to the bedrock and shattered into an incredible number of tiny shards.

In shock, Moses stared down at the mess. Now what had those last five commandments been? Moses wracked his brain to recall them. Yet, try as he might, Moses could only recall number eleven.

What was that Eleventh Commandment lost to posterity when Moses tripped?

We as Grand Canyon River Guides would do well to have that Eleventh Commandment etched into the Redwall above Vasey's Paradise—or on the Big Black Rock in Lava Falls. I mean it is something that none of us don't need to hear often.

Especially, perhaps, those of us who imagine that our being a river guide will last as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers shall flow.

As I mentioned in the last issue of the BQR, our profession is addictive. This is true in part because there exists virtually no other profession of which I am aware, not Hollywood superstardom, not rock music stardom, not brain surgery, not astronautry, nothing, that earns for one as many genuine benefits, personal rewards, positive development, and admiring fans as guiding on the Colorado through Grand Canyon. This remains true even if the pay that Outfitters dole out for our fourteen-hour work days does often suck.

The profession becomes a lifestyle. The only desirable lifestyle. And the mere thought of losing forever that profession and lifestyle induces in us a feeling of panic. That panic and the bleak imagery that spurs it fosters in many of us a process of denial—denial that we will ever lose this profession, this place, this lifestyle, this sense of fulfillment, of purpose, of beauty, and of our belonging to something so fantastic. This denial causes many of us to fake ourselves out. Despite what we know to be true and real about human nature and biology—about our own individual nature and biology—we deny the ultimate reality that the day will come when we absolutely will not be able—or be allowed to—work in that Canyon.

Many guides have conquered this tendency to fake ourselves out by denying reality. Several have thanked me for writing "Put me in, Coach" in the last issue of the BQR. Some have explained to me that coming to grips with the realization that Grand Canyon guiding would someday be only a memory was the toughest thing they had ever done, as if they were an agave growing on a Redwall terrace suddenly wrenched out,

roots and all, fatally.

Yes, this does sound dramatic, but it is also real. And what converts this realness into very dangerous territory is whether or not we have made the efforts necessary to develop a secondary professional ability that, out there in the commercial world of the 21st century, can earn us a decent living. Our lack of a parallel profession can be a killer.

On the other hand, our possessing an alternate professional ability and our psychological ability to put it to use outside the Canyon to support ourselves is, metaphorically speaking, the life jacket that yanks us to the surface during an otherwise fatal underwater swim in any long, nasty rapid during high water (you know, like Hance in late June of 1983).

We all know guides who have pulled off a professional expansion of abilities, some of them proactively, others reactively. We may even envy some of these fellow guides. Some of us may chalk up their success in this to luck, or to special breaks, thus justifying our own failure to have achieved the same sort of personal accomplishment. Thus faking ourselves out.

It was not luck, nor was it a special break, nor was it a good horoscope. Neither was it the favor of God. Instead our fellow guides who have taken personal responsibility for their own fortuitous futures have done just that, they have faced reality, embraced it, and made proactive though difficult decisions about educating themselves to function in an economically viable way in a non-Canyon world. Some of these, our peers, are teachers, nurses, contractors, carpenters, photographers, writers, salesmen, sky-diver-outfitters, writers, musicians, doctors, physical therapists, and so on. Every single one of them had to confront their own demons, had to work, had to do some very uncomfortable things, and had to believe in the future. They most of all had to not fake themselves out about endless guiding in the Canyon to accomplish this.

If you are a Grand Canyon River Guide who has done this—or is in the process of doing this—I tip my GCRG baseball cap to you. And I make this plea to you: encourage your fellow guides who need it to believe in the future and in themselves to take proactive steps to broaden their skill set to a non-Canyon setting. Encourage them to invest financially and behaviorally in their own futures. Indeed if you become a mentor to just one fellow guide, you may save a life.

On the other hand, if you are a Grand Canyon River Guide who secretly denies the future and believes that you will be able to sustain a long and happy life merely through guiding, take a good look at the X-rays of any long term guide's spine. If that doesn't sober you, take a look at your own financial net worth and compute how many years you can live in the style you'd prefer based on that worth.

I don't want to beat all this over the head any more than necessary, but it is a matter of life and death.

So, if you are not already doing so, start thinking about your own economic future, start clarifying in your mind what you want that future to look like, start examining options that can get you there, start talking to your peers who are further ahead on that path than you are, start believing in the real future, start believing in yourself as something more than your currently are, and, most of all, stop faking yourself out with a denial that the future is coming in which you will no longer be a Grand Canyon River Guide.

And, oh yeah, Moses. That third tablet that he butterfingered into oblivion, What was written on that, anyway?

Well, most scholars who have donated their lives to solving this riddle agree on just one thing. The text of the Eleventh Commandment proscribed the following: "Thou shalt not fake thyself out."

Michael P. Ghiglieri

One Hard Lesson

Cultivating a modest rock garden inside my house,
I scatter stones around on shelves & sills
or deposit them in desk & drawers, so
I may stumble across them at odd moments.

When I strain for a slim volume on geology, one
by McPhee say, a chunk of granite dislodges,
sparkling with Herkimer diamonds. Or unrefined
turquoise far from the Rio Grande in Mexico, gets shoved

aside as I wipe dust off the kitchen window ledge.
Smooth, heart-shed Lockport dolomites line up
as paperweights I have gathered from Lake Ontario's
shoreline just fifty feet from my front door.

Fossil-bearing Texas sandstones share a glass bowl
with Alaskan jade & a miscellany of Ordevicians.
Others in a jewelry box are of origins unknown.
But the ones I intentionally return to periodically,

that is, when I know I need exposed geologic layers
to mirror the depths within myself, are Vishnu schist,
a scant handful of chips & bits of that most ancient
of stones I dislodged near the Colorado River, specifically

at the very base of the Grand Canyon's inner gorge.
I release the precious few from a worn, sealed Ziploc
into my palm, near black on near white,
like near timelessness on my curving brief lifeline.

Then I can say all this, see all this, how,
in collecting them, these solid stories of the Earth,
I am remembering who I am on a Sunday morning now,
knowing the destiny of every rock is to become sand.

Karla Linn Merrifield

GTS 2003!

THIS SPRING'S GTS was a good one, save for one glaring shortfall...Lynn Hamilton was home sick. A slew of folks stepped in to fill the myriad voids left by her absence, including penning her recapitulation of the highlights of the weekend for the *boatman's quarterly review*. We missed her and are glad to learn she's again "right as rain."

Waylaid, detained, and stuffed by a Navajo taco at the Cameron Trading Post, I arrived to the meeting at Marble Canyon Lodge after it was well under way. I listened in on discussions by a collection of boatmen, ranging from two generations of Thevenins led by "silverback" Paul through a wide range of ages and experiences, of the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) and the comments collected earlier, employers, park rules and regulations, and the training trip. The discussions on employers and park regulations offered no new or earthshaking information, but certainly offered a needed chance to blow off some built-up pressures.

The uncertainties surrounding the plan's possible changes generated the most comment and speculation. My observations from the discussion: everyone has ideas about how the plan should turn out, some more than one idea, and many of those ideas contradict each other. Superintendent Joe Alston's ultimate decision ranks foremost in everyone's interest. Here's hoping he decides rather than canceling it like his predecessor.

The Training Trip discussion proved interesting and revealing. Members batted about ideas of what the trip should and could accomplish, who could or should attend, and how to promote it in the future. The list of expected trip accomplishments included reinforcing the connections between old hands and newer boatmen, between boatmen in different outfits, between boatmen and park officials, and the opportunities to learn from the "faculty" of guest specialists and old boatmen. Not surprisingly, this congregation of boatmen thought priority ought to be given to boatmen when assembling the list of attendees. Opinions varied, but not widely, on how to promote greater participation. Some hoped outfitters would actively encourage their boatmen to attend. Others opined encouraging words from former participants might prove effective. As the Training Trip discussion reached its conclusion the meeting reached its strongest consensus: talk it up folks.

About that time Matt Kaplinski arrived with his pickup bearing the weekend's supply of beverages, so the group migrated to Hatchland, Steve, Sara, and Ted's generously donated warehouse at Cliff Dwellers, for the Land Session. The Friday evening session was, as usual, decidedly informal; Martha Clark began her weekend-long presentation of savory food for boatfolk of all ages

who renewed and established friendships into the wee hours. The windy, cold weather kept some indoors longer than others.

On Saturday morning things got serious. The first order of business for most was a generous dose of shade grown/organic Toucanet Coffee donated by Helen Yard, followed by generous breakfast from Martha's kitchen. Once most had eaten, Michael Ghiglieri took up his post managing microphone and schedule. As usual, the Grand Canyon National Park superintendent got the first word. Joe Alston began with the stunningly honest, "I'm mighty glad to be here." Rather than discussing the major issues the park faces and how it's grappling with them he told of how glad he is to have survived his bypass surgery and how eagerly he anticipates his next trip on the river. Next Denny Fenn presented an organization chart explaining the dozen terrestrial and aquatic ecosystem research projects funded by the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC). Lew Coggins followed with an explanation of one phase of the research funded by the GCMRC, the trout kill between Kwagunt and Lava Chuar to establish a sort of "clear cut" to monitor how the non-native trout and carp move back into the last possible humpback chub habitat.

Peter Huntoon and Helen Fairley then presented their divergent views on the enigmatic human-wrought structures at Deer Creek. Both arguments presented strong evidence but I will not take sides for fear of losing one or two friends. Geologists and archaeologists use different tools and techniques, yet often pursue similar questions. Peter and Helen are both good at what they do. I hope to see more such disputes aired at future Training Seminars.

Following the mid-morning break Andre Potochnik opened the worthy causes segment of the program as he made the familiar pitch for the Adopt-a-Beach program, a dated re-photography series documenting the occasional coming and relentless going of sand from the riverside since the dam began impounding it in March of 1963. If you're in the canyon, Adopt-a-Beach. If you're in the canyon often, do like Benton White and Dave Desrosiers, adopt a few. We then made a great leap from the beaches at the bottom to the offices on the South Rim as Deborah Tuck explained how the Grand Canyon National Park Foundation acquires and distributes private funding to make up for the withering federal appropriations for the National Park Service and this jewel in its crown. The most exciting project she mentioned is the effort to find a place out of the weather for the historic boats in the park's collection. Norm Shrewsbury for the Whale Foundation offered a do-it-

yourself-help mechanism for heading off calamitous consequences such as those ending Massey's and Whale's lives. If you need help, call the Whale Foundation. They can help. If you don't need help, call the Whale Foundation with a contribution. They need it. Finally, Rob Elliott proudly announced a significant step in the maturation of the Grand Canyon Youth program, introducing its excited and enthusiastic first director Emma Wharton. Grand Canyon Youth needs boatmen and can put them to good use.

After lunch Tom Ryan from the Bureau of Reclamation gave us the grim news on the 2003 season's flows: What water? Nat White offered a guide to the night skies, one remarkably well tailored to his audience. Nat advised how to prepare for the heavens' offerings before launch and commended Burnham's Celestial Handbook for your river library, a cheap and thorough "observer's guide." Helen Yard's talk on the riparian and low-slope bird habitat concluded the birds are busy in the early morning and hang out where they find food—in the post-dam thickets along the shore and in the rich plant community in the "Old High Water Zone." Her insights into the changes brought by the post 1963 flow regime and the tenacity of the older communities were particularly graceful. Lori Makarick, Rachel Stanton, and Kate Watters took up the topic of the plant kingdom in the park and their unlikely combination of projects of "ethnic cleansing" operations to extirpate noxious aliens and the "Below the Rim" plant guide project they have been working on for a couple of years. The prototype guide they showed around is filled with outstanding photographs and precise line drawings. Get one when it sees print.

Archaeologist Lisa Leap summarized the park's activities protecting, monitoring, and restoring the old stuff from all eras throughout the park. I took particular note of the boat restoration and protection project at the South Rim and the explanation of the restoration of the Beamer Cabin a short way up the Little Colorado. Bill Vernieu's explanation of the flow and temperature dynamics in the reservoir and how those variables affect the temperature of water discharged by the dam made a complex set of processes clear. He coherently related variables as diverse as reservoir level, climate, weather, seasons, and the rational and irrational release protocols. His presentation set my mind to whirring. I'd say the dam needs an adjustable intake so release water can be skimmed off the fluctuating surface of the pool to warm up the stream to encourage the few humpback chub we have left. It might make swimming a bit less bracing, too.

Al Holland gave a talk on the invention of river running as a recreational activity, both private and commercial, that nearly cost Michael Ghiglieri his watch as the president resolutely tapped it to tell the

stubborn Holland he talked too long. Fred Phillips and Ann Hadley then reported on their riparian habitat restoration project at Lees Ferry. The photographs they showed of their "young plants loving life" reminded this aging parent of young parents showing off photographs of their kids. Under Phillips and Hadley's care those youngsters are flourishing. With their talk the day's formal presentations wound down and the informal activities commenced.

One of the Hatch guides wheeled in a barrow full of firewood, started the big stove, and everyone warmed up to the party. Martha served the biggest supper of the weekend to warm the inner souls of a multitude of boatmen and boatmen's friends. After supper Don Briggs showed two sets of slides, the first a set of stunning images of evocative clarity and emotional effect and the second a set of salacious images of provocative hilarity. To calm the crowd Ghiglieri held the drawing for one of Dave Haskell's fine paintings and several other fine prizes. Once Ghiglieri had restored order Phil Smith introduced his showing of his fresh from Wild Irishman Creek in the Mackenzie Basin of New Zealand copy of the film made on the 1960 run down and back up the Grand Canyon. After a few hilarious media snafus Matt Kaplinski and Brad Dimock cobbled together a way to synchronize sound and light to show big water, big boats, some big egos, and Kiwi master boatman Jon Hamilton slithering his way up through Lava Falls. The music started after that show-stealing warm-up act. The Stone River Band boogied, rocked, and stomped indoors and a pickup acoustic string trio and quartet of Bill Vernieu on guitar and mandolin, Zeke Lauck on guitar, Justin Howe on cowboy guitar, and Joanna Joseph on string bass picked, grinned, and sang out by the blazing juniper fire. The musicians and beer held out longer than most of the revelers.

Following more of Helen's coffee and Martha's appetizing Sunday breakfast Chuck Higgins started the second day's morning round of park service talks delivering a good-humored and rigorous presentation on the least appetizing topics, the Norovirus that wreaked such havoc on some trips last season and recommended sanitation procedures to help prevent outbreaks. Chuck's lessons—scrupulously wash hands with clean water, filter (max 0.2 micron) and disinfect (two drops of bleach per gallon of clear water for thirty minutes) all water for drinking, and stay out of the kitchen for three days after recovery. Mike McGinnis followed, taking the heat for "the rules," with an equally important and similarly unattractive topic discussing the changes in the Commercial Operating Requirements for this season and a report comparing last season's "incidents" with past seasons. Ken Phillips from the park's Search and Rescue explained that service's operations and stridently urged prompt

reporting of any incidents that might require rescue or evacuation to minimize risks to all parties involved. The ranger from Lake Mead reported on the problems arising as the stream cuts into the deltaic fans at the end of the river and at the ramps left high and dry by the dropping reservoir levels.

The morning's "critter talks" began with Heidi Kloeppe's crisply presented talk on the latest invader to the Colorado Drainage, the New Zealand Mud Snail, a trophic dead end that devours the algae that used to feed scuds and midges, themselves the suppers of a host of larger appetites such as fish, lizards, bats and swallows. Nikolle Brown, everyone's favorite snake lady, showed photographs of the several snakes she knows so much about and reiterated her request for photographs, time, and location information of any snakes you see. Chad Olson's rich talk on the California condors in the park and beyond explained much of their behavior, chronicled the successes and frustrations of the reintroduction program, and offered a simple rule for managing human-condor contacts: if curious condors come to visit your camp, immediately chase them off; keep your distance from and minimize contact with all other condors you meet.

By then it was lunchtime but we were so far behind schedule no one would stop and volunteers began discreetly circulating through the audience distributing sandwiches. Rick Erenwein, recently hired at the park as a planner for the Colorado River Management Plan's revision, explained how the process worked. When he opened the floor to questions he was inundated by a flood of additional comments, even though the public comment period has ended. He held up well under the assault, explaining he assembled the data and others made the decisions.

Dave Haskell's talk on the life expectancy of the reservoir behind the Glen Canyon Dam and the consequences of its filling by sediment broached the troubling question of what to do with all that sediment and when to do it. He cogently argued tending to that mountain of mud now will cost less than tending to it later but acknowledged no political will to face the daunting task yet exists. As Dave spoke, Brad Dimock and I hastily calculated removing the sediment already accumulated would require a ten-yard dump truck load every few seconds for several decades. On that bright note Brad, noting he'd do every thing possible to finish in the negative one hour and twenty-two minutes he had left, introduced and read brief excerpts from the two new Colorado River Chronicles series publications, Bill Suran's transcription of the river journals from Emery and Ellsworth Kolb and Bert Lauzon from their 1911-12 expedition and his compilation of the journals from Buzz Holmstrom's 1936-38 adventures.

Once again a generous group of special people have

helped put on a successful Guides Training Seminar. The hospitality of Ted, Pat, Steve, Sara, and Eva of Hatch River Expeditions provided the warehouse we made into a convention center for the weekend. The commercial outfitters who operate in the Grand Canyon, the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, and Mark Thatcher made generous financial contributions. The National Park Service also contributed, both financially and with loaned equipment and professional personnel. Northern Arizona University loaned the major part of the audio-visual equipment used to mount the seminar. All the speakers donated their time, travel, and expertise. Dave Haskell donated his great painting, raising more than \$500 for future seminars.

Those who contributed to the creature comforts deserve special mention: Martha Clark and extended family for the fine food, Helen Yard for the fine coffee, Matt Kaplinski for selecting such a grand array of beverages, the Stone River Band and the pickup circle of players and singers for a rocking Saturday night's music, and who ever controlled the weather for making it warmer every day.

Special kudos go to the members of the Guides Training Seminar committee who organized the entire affair and to the Grand Canyon River Guides board of directors from which it was mostly drafted. The highest praises are due the many anonymous volunteers, those who picked up every loose end throughout the weekend, doing their part to make the whole enterprise such a success, and to the mass of canyon lovers who attentively attended.

Al Holland

GTS River Trip

MY NAME IS Joe Pollock and I've been a guide with Arizona River Runners since 1999. I was packing for our company training trip March 10th when it came to my attention that Grand Canyon River Guides was looking for a trip leader for the on-water portion of the Guides Training Seminar (GTS). I talked with Lynn, quickly shifted gears and by the same time the next day I was planning for that trip, launching on the first of April. Over the next couple of weeks it became harder and harder for me to escape the fact that I was to lead a trip launching on April Fool's Day.

The 2003 GTS river trip was, however, an unqualified success. Guides from nine different companies and the National Park Service took down boats from five companies and the Park along with more than a dozen speakers. Our boats, a paddle raft, a couple of kayaks, a duckie, and the mother ship, Diamond's motor boat, all made the two week seminar go by like, well, like a two week on-the-water seminar ought to go like. We all undoubtedly learned at least one thing new about the Canyon and about each other, some of which came out on the last night's poetry slam.

Geologists Ivo Luchitta and Peter Huntoon gave us rock solid interpretations of the Canyon's most salient features, while biologists Clay Nelson, Fred Phillips and Nikolle Brown informed us of snails, trees, and snakes, respectively. Chuck Higgins gave us the low-down on the Norovirus and from on-high, Ken McMullin and Nick Miller showed us sound level monitoring of overflights and other interesting noise makers. Mike McGinnis offered safety advice on evacs on the upper half, and on the lower half Allyson Mathis provided ways for us to interpret just what it was Ivo and Peter said about rocks and walls. Abby Sullivan took pictures for the Adopt-a-Beach program and gave us reasons to sign up for a beach of our own, and Kate Thompson showed us not only a nice collection of debris flow remnants, but that yoga in the morning can be called stretching, too. Starting the yoga movement on the upper half was Abby Spotskey, who added ethics to our understanding of showing others how to Leave No Trace. Thanks to Jen Dierker for the Hualapai history and roasting feature demo, as well as to Kelly Burke from the Grand Canyon Wildlands Council for her cameo and introduction to island and corridor ecology. We

were able to become aware of other ways of being and doing with the help of Liz Sharp's awareness of disabilities, and a big thanks goes to Brenton White, probably one of the few Rangers who would relish putting up with our lot for the entire trip.

The information dispensed by this group of speakers will no doubt become part of how we relate to, and relate others to, the Canyon. In time, we may forget some specifics of individual presentations and discussions (as happens for any trip), but one thread seemed to run through many of our speakers' topics: relationships. Either by encouraging us to make a bond with our group of passengers or co-workers, forming a personal connection with the Canyon or the environment where ever



On a windy spring day this is the way to "row" the flatwater.



Ivo Luchitta talks geology.

we are, or by recognizing the interdependence of all organizations and agencies involved in the management of this, or any, park, we were shown that being down here isn't all about running rapids or pushing a boat through the water to be at the transfer or take-out on time. As guides, we must of course learn those things (or perhaps soon be out of a job), but by placing people and the environment and personal experiences with the Canyon in high regard, we can become better guides.

By the way, has anyone seen my walkie-talkie?

Joe Pollock

Photos courtesy of Joe Pollock



Abby Spotsky talks "Leave No Trace"



Picture perfect paddle boat run through House Rock.



Leslie Diamond piloting the mother ship.



Gathering for class at the hilltop.

The Changing Rapids of the Colorado River— Doris Rapid

LEADING HIS SECOND commercial trip through Grand Canyon in 1940, Norm Nevills not only guided Barry Goldwater, future Arizona senator and presidential candidate, but he also took his wife, Doris, to help with logistics and meals. After a midday rest and shower at Deer Creek on August 15, the trip returned to the boats for an afternoon float toward Kanab. About a mile downstream, at 137.5-Mile Rapid, Norm's boat got stuck in a hole and nearly flipped. Though the boat stayed upright, Doris and the other passenger were thrown into the water. Norm quickly pulled his wife back into the boat, and her name became synonymous with the energetic rapid (Crumbo, 1981). According to Goldwater's (1970) published account of the trip, "this small rapid was not even indicated on the map, and surprised us greatly." Curiously, Norm ran the rapid two years earlier, taking botanists Elzada Clover and Lois Jotter on the first commercial trip through Grand Canyon (Cook, 1987). Even if neglected by the maps, surely Norm, a boatman known for his conservative approach to river running, would have remembered the violent little rapid

below Deer Creek Falls. It turns out that Norm's memory was not failing; instead, he became an important part of one of the more interesting stories of changing rapids we have yet deciphered in Grand Canyon.

Using repeat photography, we have tracked where debris flows have or have not occurred in 147 Grand Canyon tributaries from 1890 through 1990. To identify changes to the river, a photograph of the tributary is required before any changes caused by debris flows occur. Fortunately, people occasionally take photographs of Grand Canyon. In fact, shutters are pushed so often in some locales, Earle Spamer (1997) predicted a widespread shortage of Grand Canyon photons due to their

removal in the bodies of cameras. Deer Creek falls is just such a place. Starting with Hilliers in 1872, most travelers packing silver halide pointed their lenses toward this lovely waterfall. These travelers then typically put the cameras away, leaving the next rapid, Doris, obscure and far out of the limelight. Indeed, the reach of river below Deer Creek is flush with plentiful virgin photons.

Even Robert Brewster Stanton, the engineer who systematically photographed the entire river corridor, ignored the rapid in favor of the upstream and downstream views of the canyon walls. Climbing high on the debris fan on river right, Stanton chose a composition for his downstream view that looked beyond the tailwaves of the rapid (Webb, 1996). He did, however, record in his diary that the rapid offered "high waves and a drop of eight to ten feet" (Smith and Crampton, 1987). By 1923, when the Birdseye Expedition came through surveying water surface, the rapid at mile 137.5 was gone. Not only does the Birdseye map show an almost negligible drop, his diaries catalogue a meager one-foot fall. Stanton's high waves had vanished. But our story is not yet finished.

After we constructed a new water-surface profile from LIDAR data collected in 2000, Doris Rapid, now named for one of its first swimmers, reappeared with a respectable five to six foot drop (Figure 1). When juxtaposed, the two water-surface profiles from 1923 and 2000 show the steep aggradation at the rapid. Perhaps the rapid was simply washed out in 1923. Though higher stage can sometimes wash out rapids, the discharge was not exceptionally large for the Birdseye Expedition (around 25,000 cfs). In addition, Doris has a reputation for getting feisty at high water (Crumbo, 1981).

As we discovered at many other locations within Grand Canyon, debris flows can enhance or create new

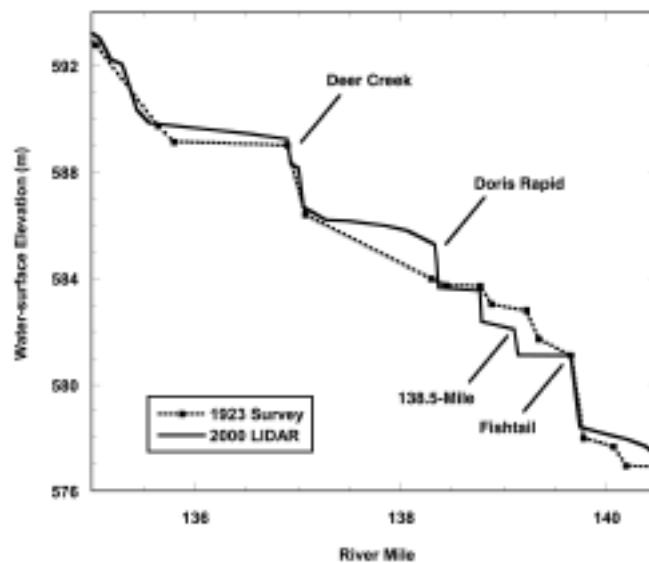


Figure 1. The water-surface profiles of Doris Rapid measured in 1923 by the Birdseye expedition and 2000 with LIDAR. Because it has had no debris flows since 1890, Fishtail Rapid is the anchor linking the two data sets.

rapids. Comparing the water-surface profiles in Figure 1, we see that at least one debris flow constricted Doris Rapid between 1923 and 2000, creating the drop we see today. In addition, the eyewitness accounts by the Nevills trips of navigational difficulty at Doris further constrain the date of this enhancing debris flow. Hence, we can conclude, with some certainty, that Doris Rapid aggraded between 1938 and 1940.

Though we know how rapids are formed or enhanced, how do they disappear? Stanton's eight to ten foot rapid was reduced to a one-foot drop by 1923. Large mainstem floods remove debris and reduce the size or severity of rapids. When piecing together the story of the changing character of Doris Rapid, the timing of Colorado River floods becomes important. The largest known flood since Stanton's trip is 220,000 cfs, measured at Lees Ferry in 1921. After Stanton recorded his observations of a fun rapid at Doris in 1890, subsequent flooding removed material and effectively removed the rapid. Thus, when Birdseye floated through the Canyon in 1923, Doris Rapid was a small, one-foot riffle. Furthermore, because the 1921 flood was large enough to remove the rapid, we can deduce that the material forming Doris Rapid in 1890 was not present in 1884, the year a huge flood, estimated at 300,000 cfs, came tearing down the Colorado. Putting together the pieces, we can deduce that at least one other debris flow occurred at Doris Rapid between 1884 and 1890.

So the next time you've packed your cameras away after an extended lunch at Deer Creek, remember the feisty little rapid about a mile or so downstream. Basking in the shadows of its upstream, photogenic neighbor, Doris Rapid has it all: high waves, history, cloaking ability, at least two historic debris flows, and very little attention. Catch a photon or two—they abound at river mile 137.5.

Chris Magirl and Bob Webb

REFERENCES:

- COOK, W.E., 1987, *The WEN, the Botany, and the Mexican Hat: the adventures of the first women through Grand Canyon on the Nevills Expedition*: Orangevale, Callisto Books, 151 p.
- CRUMBO, KIM, 1981, *A river runner's guide to the history of the Grand Canyon*: Boulder, Johnson Books, 61 p.
- Goldwater, Barry M., 1970, *Delightful journey—down the Green and Colorado rivers*: Tempe, Arizona Historical Foundation, 209 p.
- SMITH, D.L., AND CRAMPTON, C.G., 1987, *The Colorado River survey*: Salt Lake City, Howe Brothers Books, 305 p.
- SPAMER, EARLE E., 1997, *The Grand Canyon—further final report, and user's guide*: Annals of Improbable Research, vol. 3, no. 4, p. 15–18
- WEBB, R.H., 1996, *Grand Canyon: A century of change*: Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 290 p.

On The Canyon's Rim

We who would startle the centuries
with our transient words and voices,
would do well to stand here
some muted dawn,
balanced in the interlude
between security and the abyss,
to peer into the ageless mouth of time...
We could, with searching
eyes lock upon the flight of an eagle,
watch it slide the updraft streams
through depthless expanses,
each foot of its descent or rising
a measure on sandstone walls
of more years than man's brief chronicle.
We could view in gorge's distance
the scouring torrent that used
boulders as tools, even before
the first sounds were formed
on man or angel's tongues...
before there was thought or purpose,
as we perceive it now.

We who would be poets or orators
in these anxious annals of micro-history
should return penitently...in reverence
to this womb of mind and infinity,
where, perhaps through the shifting
of ancient tones and shadows,
employing words etched upon the wind,
we could learn a perspective on substance,
re-define the futility of patience...
speak with the power
of silence.

David L. Byrn

Adopt-a-Beach 2003

HARD TO BELIEVE how time flies...it's been eight busy years since we commenced our Adopt-a-Beach photo-matching program, monitoring changes to Grand Canyon camping beaches. The program is still going strong, thanks to the dedication of our principal investigator and all of the wonderful "adopters" we've had over the years—a combination of commercial guides, NPS personnel, science folks and private boaters. Truly a unique cooperative effort!

We've provided a list here of all the 2003 season adopters. Coverage looks to be very thorough, although we always need additional adopters (double adoption is fine!). The more photos and data we have, the better! The integrity of our program hinges upon it. So, give me a call at (928) 773-1075 and let me know if you're interested. I'll send you everything you need.

Our program provides an ever-evolving "picture" of sediment deposition, along with trends and causalities, for selected beaches in five critical reaches in Grand Canyon. The results are disseminated to the National Park Service, to Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center, the Adaptive Management Program governing flows from Glen Canyon Dam and other interested parties. Kate Thompson, the principal investigator for the program, is hard at work on the analysis of the 2002 season and the effects of the January–March 2003 high fluctuating flows. We'll have a summary of

those results in the next issue of the BQR, and once completed they'll be posted on our website, www.gcr.org.

The Adopt-a-Beach program provides the necessary documentation to effectively voice our concerns about the effects of dam flows on Grand Canyon beaches. The data and photographs generated by the program are also being used in other important ways—they have proved to be an important tool for researchers. The data are being utilized to help determine the carrying capacity of the river corridor, and the program has even become a model for other river monitoring efforts in the West!

Our thanks go out to all of you who help make this happen—our adopters, the interested members who support our efforts, and our funders, the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund (a non-profit grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters) and the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center.

Sediment (or the lack thereof) has become one of the most pressing issues in Grand Canyon, and will remain so for the foreseeable future. Think about "giving back" to the Canyon by becoming an adopter today!

Lynn Hamilton
GCRG EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

2003 Adopters

-13.5R	Dam Beach	Lunch Crew–WRA
-8.0L	Lunch Beach	Lunch Crew–WRA
11.0R	Soap Creek	Jeff Sorensen
12.2L	Salt Wash	Andre Potochnik
13.5R	Lunch Beach	Lunch
16.0 L	Hot Na Na	Chris Parks, Kimo Nelson
19.1L	19 Mile	Kevin Johnson
20.4R	North Canyon	Erica Fareio, Charly Heavenrich
23.0L	23 Mile	Bryan Edwards
29.3L	Silver Grotto	Amy Jo Reeves
34.7L	Lower & Middle Nautiloid	Kristin Downing
37.7L	Tatahatso	Nancy Redfern, John Toner
38.3L	Bishop (Martha's)	Nicole Brown
41.0R	Buck Farm	Nancy Helin, Marijka Billingsly
75.6L	Nevills	Walker Mackay
76.6L	Hance	Larry Hopkins
81.3L	Grapevine	Shoshanna Jensen
84.0R	Clear Creek	Tim Whitney
84.5L	Zoroaster	BJ Boyle
91.6R	Trinity	Andre Potochnik

96.1L	Schist Camp	Dave Stratton
96.7L	Boucher	Jo Johnson, Greg Woodall
98.0R	Crystal	Amber Skye Meyer
99.7L	Lower Tuna	Leslie Diamond
107.8L	Ross Wheeler	Bob Dye, Jeff Sorensen
108.3R	Bass	Bert Jones
109.4R	110 Mile	Keith Bunnie
114.3R	Upper Garnet	Ed Hench
114.5R	Lower Garnet	Ed Hench
131.1R	Below Bedrock	Nicole Corbo
132.0R	Stone Creek	Arthur Thevenin
133.0L	Talking Heads	Adam Bringhurst
133.5R	Racetrack	Shoshanna Jensen
133.7R	Lower Tapeats	Jo Johnson, Greg Woodall
134.6L	Owl Eyes	Charly Heavenrich
137.0L	Backeddy	Jeff Sorensen
143.2R	Kanab	Drifter Smith
145.6L	Olo	Wes Neal
148.5L	Matkat Hotel	Brenton White
155.7R	Last Chance	Nicole Brown
164.5R	Tuckup	Susan Hamilton
166.4L	Upper National	Larry Hopkins
166.6L	Lower National	Christian Anguish
230.0L	Travertine Falls	Wayne Peterson
236.0R	Gneiss Camp	Kyle George

Grand Canyon Youth— Alive, Well, and Growing Up!

IT'S BEEN A FEW YEARS now since the idea for Grand Canyon Youth (GCY) was hatched on a beach in Grand Canyon. With a lot of hard work and dedication from a cast of wonderful volunteers we've managed to put together a pretty solid program enabling hundreds of youth from diverse backgrounds to participate in educational river adventures. This year we had the very incredible fortune to receive a grant from the Walton Family Foundation to support our very first employee. After screening a group of very qualified candidates we chose Emma Wharton for our first GCY Executive Director. We are *very* thrilled to have Emma on board. Emma hails from Salt Lake City, she comes to us with a lot of non-profit experience, she has worked as a river guide for Holiday for the last several years, is just finishing her Masters Degree in Social Work and is very excited about being part of our organization. We all feel really lucky to be working with her.

Our 2003 season includes three trips from Diamond Creek to South Cove, three San Juan trips and a Grand Canyon trip. We have youth participants from the communities of Williams, Parks, Seligman, Flagstaff,

Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, and the Hopi and Navajo Reservations. A *big thanks* goes to all our volunteer Guides and Logistics Coordinators for this year's Lower Grand Canyon Trips: Mark Piller, Ed Hench, Will Victora, Mark Franke, Kyle George, Martha Clark, Thad Stewart, Molly O'Mera, Johnny Jansen, Dennis Harris, Michael Whalen, Yael Bernstein, and Seth Tanner. You guys did an awesome job, thanks for volunteering your time to help make the GCY Program a great success!! And also a big thanks goes to AZRA for their support and for all the help from their fantastic staff!

We are still recruiting youth participants for our Grand Canyon trip this summer, June 20 to July 7. If you know of any teens out there who would like the opportunity to participate on a GCY trip this summer, you can give Emma a call at the office (928-773-7921) for more details.

Fritz

Sand Bars in Grand Canyon, April 2003; Some Observations on Adaptive Management Actions

Background on the Experimental Flow Program: What's the problem? (2001)

Long term monitoring of fine sediment and endangered fish by the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC) was shown both to be in severe decline. These two ecosystem resources are widely held as keystone elements in the beleaguered post-dam river ecosystem.

What did we do? (January 2002)

The Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG) requested Interior secretary Gail Norton to design experimental releases from Glen Canyon dam that would mitigate loss of sediment and endangered fish. To accomplish this objective, Bureau of Reclamation (BOR) followed procedures of the Adaptive Management Program as mandated by the Glen Canyon Dam EIS and Record of Decision (ROD). The plan was to satisfy congressional intent as expressed in the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992 (GCPA): to operate the dam to "preserve, mitigate adverse impacts to, and improve the values for which Grand Canyon National Park and Glen Canyon National Recreation Area were created" (sect. 1804, GCPA).

How did this happen? (January 2002)

We drafted and pushed a motion through AMWG to reverse the decline of these important natural resources. The motion was called the "sediment conservation experiment". It was intended to mitigate long term sediment loss, while respecting the need to save the endangered Humpback chub. An experimental design was then developed by GCMRC with comments taken from all 24 stakeholders. It included a plan for flood release(s) from the dam to rebuild sand bars when tributary sediment input to Marble Canyon reached a specified trigger level.

One element of the proposed experiment includes high daily fluctuations, January to March, over multiple years. The hypothesis proposes that disrupting spawning habitat of the competitive/predatory(?) non-native fishes in the Lees Ferry reach would enhance habitat for the endangered native fish downstream.

Sediment scientists predicted that the proposed high daily fluctuations would quadruple sediment transport out of Grand Canyon to Lake Mead above normal ROD flows. Some of us on the AMWG raised concerns about predicted erosion of sediment, but these were not incorporated into the experimental design by GCMRC and BOR, which increasingly changed focus to allocating resources to conservation of native fish.

Where are we now? (April 2003)

Last summer, an Environmental Assessment was conducted by BOR with public input and then approved by the secretary with a Finding of No Significant Impact (FONSI, December 2002, see <http://www.uc.usbr.gov/amp/index.html>). The experiment began on January 1, 2003. Due to insufficient sediment input, there was no flood flow to store sediment. But high daily fluctuations ensued (5,000–20,000 cfs) and continued seven days a week for three months. To assess impacts, in April all of the Adopt-a-Beach study sites were re-photographed by volunteers. Late in the month the GCMRC sediment team ran a trip to monitor the results. I ran a trip and made the observations below.

Some observations of sediment distribution, April 9–25 river trip:

Following are recent general observations of the effects of the January-March high fluctuating flows to sand bars/camping beaches on the Colorado River and Lake Mead.

- 1) Sand bars are increasingly stripped of post-dam sand (identified by its lack of silt and clay). This has exposed increasingly extensive areas of the 'hard pan' of pre-dam silty sand and/or rocky shorelines that now armor the remains of many popular camping areas. Some examples of such camps include: Soap Creek, Hot Na Na Wash, North Canyon, Nautiloid Canyon, Buck Farm Canyon, Saddle Canyon, Nankowear main and lower camps, Cardenas Creek, the "Cremation" camps, Trinity Creek, Monument Creek, Crystal Creek, Bass camp, across from Deer Creek, upper National Canyon, the Whitmore helicopter pad, 202-mile and Granite Park (measured by the difficulty of pounding in your sand stake).
- 2) The 20,000 cfs daily maximum flows reworked much of the higher elevation eddy sand into benches that are ten to fifty centimeters below the 20,000 cfs stage height. These same flows stripped additional amounts of fine sediment from the channel margins between the larger eddy systems. Shorelines and landings between eddy complexes are generally rockier. Some of the larger eddies contain large amounts of underwater sand (check out Carbon Canyon).
- 3) All reaches of the Grand Canyon from Lees Ferry to Separation Canyon are similarly affected. These patterns of erosion and redistribution of fine sediment are not restricted to the Marble Canyon reach.
- 4) Many of the newly formed 20,000 cfs sand bars are emergent and available for recreational use during the

present daily maximums of 13,000 cfs. But, they are now being cut back by these flows, and will be inundated when daily maximums reach higher levels during the primary commercial season.

5) Due to low reservoir levels, the Colorado River is reclaiming the upper fifty miles of Lake Mead. Gneiss Canyon Rapid is beginning to show itself (RM 236). The current slows through “sand bar alley” (about river mile 254 to river mile 260) but the channel is still navigable (not advisable at night). The Lake Mead delta is being actively incised with fast current (about three to six knots) below Quartermaster Canyon (river mile 260). It flows through a shallow ‘canyon’ of deltaic sediments below the Grand Wash Cliffs (river mile 276). The current increases in velocity below Quartermaster, is increasingly channelized, and is very turbid between the Grand Wash Cliffs and middle of Iceberg Canyon where it abruptly terminates in the clear water of Lake Mead. The new rapid at the mouth of Pearce Bay is getting larger and more technical with the obstacles apparently composed of resistant deltaic mud towers (not advisable at night). The bay at South Cove is soon to be bathymetrically surveyed by GCMRC for its future viability as a takeout for river trips and launching of lake trips.

Summary:

In providing these observations, I do not intend to preempt or influence the outcome of ongoing sedimentologic work. I do look forward to seeing the results of current GCMRC sediment monitoring when it becomes available this summer. I am disappointed that GCMRC did not employ their bathymetric survey system (multibeam) for their April survey. It's the best and only way to see what's happening underwater.

I anticipate that the full impact of reduced

camping beaches will be felt in June-August, when dam releases are highest and demand for carrying capacity is at its peak. The loss of low elevation sand may force greater use of the old high water zone for camping, with attendant impacts to these sensitive areas that are no longer renewed or buttressed by deposits from large floods.

The Experimental Flow program was designed to solve fundamental problems caused by ROD dam operations. Until the river receives sufficient sediment to trigger a Beach Habitat Building Flow from the dam, we will be working in a highly depleted sand resource, especially for those of us without gills. Feel free to comment.

Andre Potochnik, Ph.D.

ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT WORK GROUP

Prayer

May your journey be long, and the river of your journey carry you well
May the rapids that lay ahead be powerful and treacherous and the
Route through prove difficult and rewarding.
May you find the serenity of calm water
May you lay some night on the hard ground so that
You will not sleep and might notice the heavens.
May the morning reward you
And may you greet that morning as if you are newly born
May you know death so when she comes you might greet her with dignity
May your days gather behind you like stories
And spread out before you like a dream
At the end of the day
May you know you have left little trace
And may your feet ache
May you find solace and wisdom in the setting sun
And in the moment it slips over the horizon
May its mystery be revealed
Only as a mystery
May you hear the rhythm of love beat in your heart
So that you might sing to it
And others sing along
May your mind be set free and your body set in motion.
May your grandchildren kneel down at the bank of a stream
Gather pure clean water from it
And may they give thanks to you for the gift.

—Amen

Benjie Howard

Ted Hatch

MY DAD WAS A LITTLE GUY at Jensen, Utah. They had Bridge Day at Jensen when they built the first bridge across the Green River. They had an old ferry there before, that was run by a fellow named Jensen. But they had Bridge Day to celebrate the building of this bridge, and so my dad went down there. He saw this old boat come in with furs in it. It was one of the Galloway boats; and he admired that boat, and looked at it then and thought, "This would be so much fun."

The account that was written about them is true—Parley Galloway was thrown in jail, and... Frank Swain at that time was a sheriff for the Vernal Police Department, and they captured Parley for [not paying child-support], and put him in Vernal Jail. Parley didn't have enough money to post bail, but Frank called my dad. He said, "Bus, we got a river man up here, and he tells the neatest stories about all these canyons that he's gone through, and by boat." Frank and my dad thought it was fascinating that they could go down the river in a boat. Dad said "Whoa, I want to find out what kind of boat he had, and build one, so that we can go." And Frank said, "Well, look, Parley will help us if we'll post the bail, so he can get out of jail." Dad went up, and I don't know how much it was—it seemed like it was \$75 as I...I can't be sure of that figure, but they put up the bail for Parley. Before they did, they interviewed him a few times to make sure of the description and size of the boat and how it was built. All the time, my dad was taking notes, and drawing, because he was a contractor by trade, and he was a very good carpenter and builder. So he got the idea to build this boat pretty much from what Parley said. And so, they put the bail up. Well, the next day (laughs) they went to see Parley again, and he had skipped out on the bail. And here's an interesting side-light that I don't think Roy [Webb] discovered in his research [for *River Man*, a biography of Ted's father Bus Hatch]: Wally Perry is a direct descendant of the Galloways.

LEW STEIGER: Parley was Wally's granddad?

TED HATCH: Yeah. And it's interesting because Nathaniel Galloway and Parley were great river runners, and admired, because they remembered the rapids so well. But my dad had gleaned enough information from the discussion that he went home that winter and built a boat in the garage—a beautiful wooden boat. He thought this was the cat's meow, we're ready to go now.

STEIGER: I think I saw in Roy's book that they named their first three boats *What Next*, *Don't Know*, and *Who Cares*?

HATCH: Yes. Those are the correct names. He later built one, a fourth one named Teddy, after me; I'd been

born in '33. It was painted light blue, and they took it on the Middle Fork, and ran it up there. And when I got older, I just remember seeing the boat, but he loaned it to Doc Frazier and Hack Miller when they did their trip up there, and they lost it.

* * *

If it can be said that there are a handful of 800 pound gorillas in the Grand Canyon river business, you could argue that Ted Hatch by himself equals two or three. Ted's dad, Bus, was the grandfather of commercial river-running. The companies that Bus and his sons built over time have touched the lives of just about half the boatmen that ever were, not to mention untold thousands of guests on a host of different rivers. Along the way Ted himself has pretty much always been a fountain of good cheer and generosity, giving everybody and their brother a job when they needed one or a ride down the river, throwing the best parties of all, and happily donating the use of his warehouse for countless GCRG functions whether he agreed with the politics therein or not, to name just a few examples. This interview took place in February, 1999 at the Hatch Warehouse at Cliff Dwellers and, as per usual, the beer was on Ted...an old story that all too often goes unacknowledged.

* * *

HATCH: I can't remember when my dad did his first trip. It's up for conjecture. The first good boat he built was Parley's design. He tried one earlier, I think when he was sixteen or eighteen, and just used nails—and this is kind of like Norm Nevills did with the horse trough—he ran Split Mountain Gorge and he said by the time he got to the bottom, it had come apart. So he was reluctant to talk about it, or even show that he had a boat, but I think that was prior to the Parley Galloway boat.

...It was kind of a family outing. They'd take a rifle and they'd hunt, and they'd take fishing poles, they'd fish, they'd take liquor, they'd take everything they thought they would need, and go as a vacation, a fun thing to do...

Then they got movies, old-time movies of 'em, and he'd show 'em to his friends, and the Chamber of Commerce. They gave talks, and...especially after he ran Grand Canyon—then he became quite well-known—but other people would call and say, "Bus, take me down the river! I've got to go down the river with you!" And he'd say, "Well, I can't get off work," you know. His first love was the river, and second was the contracting and building trade. He'd say, "I can't take you, I can't afford it." "We'll pay you." So they'd pay my

dad to go run the Yampa River. Well, what could be a better job? No one would argue that. So he'd take a river trip, and he'd take several doctors or lawyer friends of his, and they paid him for the trip. And eventually, that became our way to earn a living. Even though it was seasonal and it was difficult...for many, many years it wasn't profitable. But we had so much fun that we couldn't give up, and any time a guy wanted to go on a trip, and would just cover bare bones expenses, we'd jump in our boat and go.

STEIGER: And this was the whole family?

HATCH: Yeah, my oldest brother, Gus, ran a few trips, and then my brother Frank did too, and Don, and then I did. Gus got tired. He didn't like river-running. He liked the trip, but he didn't like that kind of work. As my dad got older, then Don and I became the guys to run, and we loved it. We stayed with it. I even quit my other jobs just to be able to run.

STEIGER: There was one other story that I heard about your dad, that story about—I guess it was Doc Frazier was the first one that ever bankrolled him, and how he gave somebody—was it Frank Swain?—some money to go get groceries...(laughs)

HATCH: That's a true story. Frazier wanted to be one of the guys. He was a physician in Copperton, Utah, which is right by Bingham Canyon, and Bingham Mines. And I think maybe Buzz

Holmstrom even worked up there sometimes. But anyway, Frank Swain worked up there, with security, and he'd worked for Kennicott Corporation for a long time, and the doctor told him that he'd love to go on one of these trips. Well, Frank says, "We just can't afford to go on a trip every time somebody wants to go." And Frazier said, "Look, I'll pay you guys to build the boats, pack the trip, if you'll take me through the canyon." So Frank

called my dad, he said, "Bus, will you build three or four boats, would you get a trip ready? Frazier'll bankroll us, he'll finance the trip. If you guys can get off from work and build the boats, we'll all go down and run the river." Well, they did. They did the Middle Fork of the Salmon, they did Grand Canyon. I believe they did Lodore, and maybe from Hideout down through Flaming Gorge. I think so. But Frazier financed the trip...

And so, Dad worked all winter building the boats, and then they bought the food and packed the expedition, and that's how they got goin'.

STEIGER: Now, when you say "worked all winter," do you mean that that's all he did, or he was buildin' houses, and then he'd come home and work on the boats a little bit?

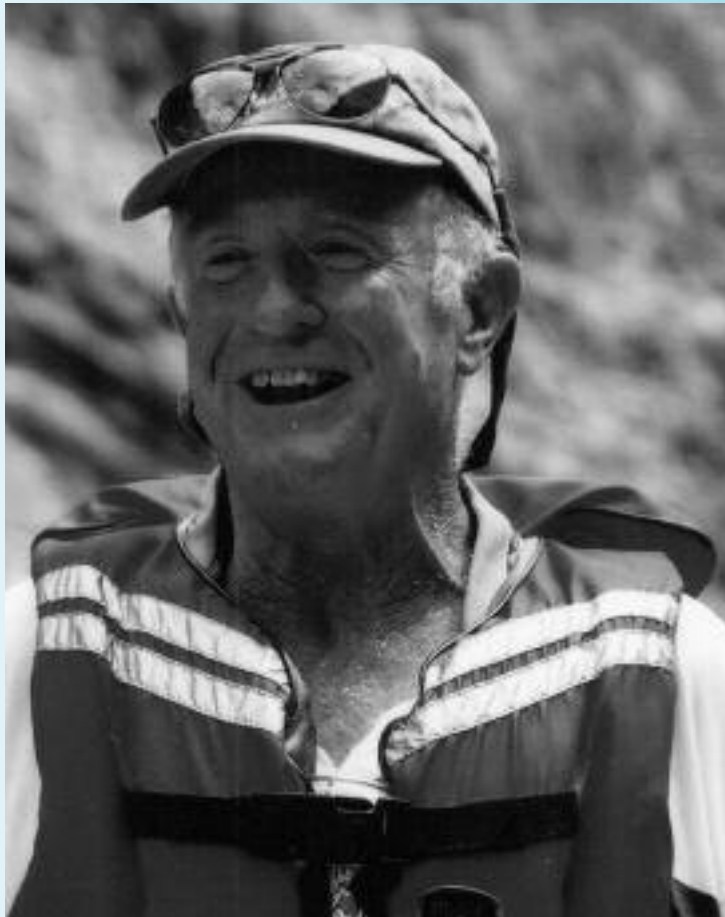
HATCH: A little of both, but in the winter, the construction business was slow. So he had time to work in the winter, off-season, kind of. In summer, he was supposed to be building homes, and he'd be running rivers.

STEIGER: Would he have to spend a lot of time building the boat, do you remember?

HATCH: Yes. It seemed awfully, painfully slow to me. I'd go out and watch him. He had a draw knife and he'd carve his own oars because the ones they bought he didn't like. He made his own oars and he could take wood and steam it, and bend it and have it molded

the way he wanted. He'd get the best wood. He'd work for days, you know, making a good set of oars...I mean, to have 'em where they're really even and balanced. His oars were really good. When we bought commercial oars, we didn't like 'em because they weren't balanced the way he used to do it, and they were harder to use.

STEIGER: Would he kinda make 'em a little counter-weighted or somethin'?



Ted Hatch on the river in 2002

HATCH: Yeah.

STEIGER: So he'd have 'em pretty stout.

HATCH: And tapered. And then on the ends of some of 'em, he'd take copper, wrap 'em with copper and put little rivets or small nails in it to protect the tips. 'Cause in those days, we didn't have a tip protector.... Yeah. And to build a good boat, it took several months.... But he built the boats, and then we'd run with Frazier. And the story about the food was...they went to the store, they bought a .22 and some bullets, and they forgot, or didn't care—they weren't all that excited about Frazier; they were working for him, yes, but.... they bought liquor and beer with the money. Now in those days...I think it was \$21, or something like that, and it doesn't sound like a lot of money, but a dollar a day is what they paid a lot of men that worked. And so, they thought they'd made an incredibly good deal with the shopkeeper. But on their way back, Frank reminded my dad that Frazier didn't drink. (laughter) And they said, "He'll be furious! So what'll we do?"

A farmer came along with a load of watermelons. Frank Swain was quite a talker and he could tell the most amusing stories. He managed to talk to this farmer for a while and convince him that they were starving and they needed some watermelons. The guy gave him all they could carry. So they had something like six watermelons and a case of beer and liquor and the rifle and the bullets, and they got down to the river and Frazier was mad. He raised hell.

They said, "Look, we're gonna get the meat, we're gonna live off the land. We have this .22 and we'll shoot a goose or some ducks, or something along the way—maybe a deer." (laughs) I think Frazier saw the folly of that, but they went on down, and later, Frank Swain said yeah, they did shoot a goose. He said they picked it and cleaned it and cooked it. And he said it tasted like glue. (laughs) He said, "We couldn't eat it."

STEIGER: So they didn't do much eatin' on that trip?

HATCH: It was pretty bad. He said, "Fortunately, your dad was a good fisherman, and he caught catfish in the river. We ate a lot of catfish."

STEIGER: That Bus was catchin'.

HATCH: Yeah. The Colorado River squawfish is what I call it. I'm trying to think of the scientific name of it. But they'd catch those once in a while, and they were very good. Some of them really got big. They're endangered now... He would catch a frog, put it on a hook and throw it out on a set line overnight. He'd usually get one of those great big Colorado squawfish.

STEIGER: I remember Emery Kolb talked about catching salmon down on the river. Is he referring to a squawfish? [Ted nods] Yeah, it's not really a salmon, though.

HATCH: It's a member of the salmon family. I think it's a close cousin. Some people called it the Colorado

River salmon...When they ran Grand Canyon in 1934, they hiked up to see Kolb, and they went in and had a great visit with him, and he was really friendly and helpful in a lot of ways, and then they hiked back down.

STEIGER: Do you have any recollection of them going off and doing that? I guess you were just one year old, so I guess not.

HATCH: I don't remember that part. In the later trips, I do. I was older. When I got to be about twelve and thirteen, I was mad because I couldn't go. I was really upset when my older brother Don got to go, and I couldn't. I told Dad, "I'm every bit as good as Don, I work harder, I'll do a better job, and I should go." Well, his excuse was that I was in school. And I couldn't leave school. But I still got my first trip down the Yampa when I was thirteen—at least the first trip that I ran the boat. I went down the Yampa when I was nine, and then later, I got to run a boat when I was thirteen, and I was more scared than the passengers. (laughs) They were in the other boat! They were with my dad.

STEIGER: Was that your very first river trip, on the Yampa when you were nine years old?

HATCH: Yeah, I got a trip or two down Split Mountain Gorge, which is on the Green, a few years before, but my first real trip of note was on the Yampa when I was nine...It was great. It was super. And we met Harry Aleson, I don't know if you've heard of him...at Jones Hole. And of course, I didn't know him and Dad was really pleased to see him, and they sat up all night, drinking and telling river stories. But I went over to talk to him briefly—he had some boats there—and came back. In later years, I got to meet Norm Nevills, and Jim and Bob Rigg. I met Georgie at Lava Falls in, I think, '54, when I was down in Grand on my first trip. It kind of galled me, because people on Georgie's trip told me that I'd better wait, and she'd show me how to run Lava Falls. We were all lookin' at it, trying to decide where to go, and I had a little 22-foot boat—little by her comparison, you know.

STEIGER: She had her big triple-rig.

HATCH: Yeah. I went back to camp and we hadn't even cleaned up the dishes for breakfast. I said, "Throw everything on the boat, we're leaving." Everybody wanted to go, they wanted to run it, they didn't want to linger around camp. And I'd spent a half hour looking at the rapid. So, I said, "We're gonna run that before Georgie so they can't say we waited to have help." (laughs) And our guys all rallied to the cause, got in, and I ran down and I thought, "I can't really see my marker point," you know, trying to watch one rock that would help line it up—I couldn't find it. And just by luck, I made a better run than I've made a lot of times since, but I made a good run, and pulled in at the bottom on the left by the cliff there. Then we turned around and laughed and said, "Okay, Georgie...Come on



Left to Right: Wes Eddington, Sally Eddington, Bus Hatch, Eva Hatch, Madeline Despain, Roy Despain

down.” And no offense to Georgie, she was a wonderful person, and everyone grew to love her in her way. She was pretty abrasive at times, but that was part of being a river runner. But they ran the big barge down through and hit every big hole in there.

STEIGER: Do you remember, did you go left or right?

HATCH: Left of center. There’s a slot there, a “V” slot that a small boat can fit. And for divine power reasons I was able to just luck out, ’cause I’ve made worse runs with a bigger audience.

STEIGER: Yeah, it seems like you always do. And also, your best runs, nobody’s ever there. (laughs)

HATCH: Exactly.

STEIGER: The bad ones, they’ve got the cameras out and all that.

HATCH: That’s when you get in trouble.

* * *

STEIGER: I guess we should say a little bit about how the business evolved for your dad. From what I’ve read, it started out as just a hobby, and his main trade was as a contractor, who built a whole bunch of buildings that are still standing in Vernal today.

HATCH: Yeah. One example is the Vernal Elementary School...that’s still in use today. He built the swimming pool complex in the park that was later taken out. He

built that large Safeway Store and bowling alley that are still in Vernal.

STEIGER: And a lot of residences?

HATCH: Oh, a lot, 35 or 40 homes. But as the opportunity to run the river and show people the canyon came about, he enjoyed it more, and he stopped contracting and we started the river business. And it was just a family-run job. The phone would ring, and my dad would say, “Yeah, we’ll do this trip. Don, are you gonna take this one? Or Ted, will you take this trip?” and we’d go. We’d pack. And sometimes they put me on the back burner, and I’d say, “Hey, remember, it’s my turn.”

STEIGER: So the business kind of got started in that immediate area? (**HATCH:** Yeah.) Sort of with the Yampa, and Lodore, and what else was there?

HATCH: Grey-Desolation. And we did later, Cataract, and we came into Grand. We didn’t do much on the Glen Canyon. We ran some of those, but there were no rapids. It wasn’t exciting. Once you saw all the scenery, and it’s very pretty...I liked the aggressive, the action part of the river running, rather than the hikes to the scenic points. So, as a result, we didn’t run a lot of Glen Canyon trips. But we did the Yampa, you know, like many times. The Middle Fork of the Salmon was also fun, because it was excellent fishing, we’d see bear, and wild sheep; and it had, and still does have, some great rapids.

STEIGER: So while you guys were out there doing it as a business—we're talking about from the late thirties right through the '40s and into the early '50s that you guys were operating? (**HATCH:** Yes.) You must have about been the only ones out there, huh?

HATCH: We got the first-ever-issued, river-running concession by the government. It came through Dinosaur National Monument at the time. The first one that was ever issued, as far as we know, to anyone for commercial operation.

STEIGER: Anyone, anywhere.

HATCH: Yeah. We knew the park people and worked with them on fire-fighting duties and helped them a lot when they needed to move people downriver. One time we hauled a bunch of toilets down Lodore Canyon to be put in the campgrounds, because that year, the superintendent thought they all needed to have a toilet. And so, we hauled 'em in for 'em. Shorty Burton and I and my brother Frank went on the "toilet brigade."

STEIGER: How was that? They can't be like the toilets they have today?

HATCH: No, these would fold. They were partitioned, kind of a prefab type, they'd collapse and fold down. And you could take the partitions out and assemble them together when you got there. They dug the pit, you know, they had a crew. We'd take the crew in, and they'd dig the pit, and the holding tank and everything. I remember, we went down in there, and we liked the toilet job as far as—without passengers, it was a lot more fun, you didn't have to cook for 'em, and you didn't have to make 'em wear a life jacket. Once you got your boat loaded, even though it was terribly overloaded, you were ready to go and happy as a clam, because all you had to do was shoot the rapids. We got down to Pot Creek—I'll never forget. Shorty Burton, who was an excellent boatman, he was always a good ol' guy. Well, he took an overload on his boat. We all were overloaded, but Short, I remember, had a lot more than he should have for his share. We got to Pot Creek and he went to pull in, and he couldn't make it. (laughs) He went around the bend, and stopped. Well, there was a cliff, and there was no way to get the toilets back over to Pot Creek. So, Frank and I unloaded our boats and left the equipment we had and went on down and told Short, well, he'd just have to run another trip. So three days later, we come back around and got the rest of the stuff, and tried it again. And it was hard to get in there, because the water was fast, and it was high water. We wanted high water for hauling the cargo. ... The boats then were twenty-eights. We called 'em twenty-eights. They're about twenty-seven-and-a-half, war surplus pontoons. They were lighter than the thirty-threes, by far. They were not as tough as the thirty-three that we got in the later years. But they were a lot better to handle with the oars.

STEIGER: But they had floors in 'em...you'd have to bail?

HATCH: Yeah. We had floors in 'em, they'd pivot. They did a good pivot, but they were so heavy. And the guys that ran those, we used as big an oar as he could handle, and we had a double set of oars, so that if we got down there and Hell's Half-mile or one of them was pretty rocky or dangerous—in Lower Disaster Falls, you didn't want to get swept up on the rocks—we'd double up and take two men with oars, the captain being on the main set, and he'd call instructions to the front guy. He'd say "right oar, left oar." That picture's an example: There's a guy on the front set of oars in that shot.

STEIGER: That's a beautiful shot, too.

HATCH: That's Lava Falls, and one of the early rowing rigs going through. On the back we had a motor on that when we ran Grand. But hauling the equipment and that, we had these big boats with double sets. And we'd double up when we needed to, and we'd carry the oars around with us to take that front set—or if the motor failed. If you're running a motorized trip, if the motor failed, you didn't stop and try to change spark plugs. It was too late. You had to grab the oars.

STEIGER: So you didn't have a spare motor, you had the oars right there.

HATCH: Yeah, you had your oars, and you take the motor off, and take the plugs out, shoot alcohol in it, pull it through a few times, put the plugs in. Usually, they'd start.

STEIGER: What kind of motors were you using back then?

HATCH: When we started out, the first motors I remember were the old Johnsons, 5-horse and Sea King. Later, we tried several brands, Evinrude. Eventually, we had better luck with the Merc's that came out in '58. The Hurricane Merc engine was a champion engine. It was 20-horse, but it would beat the 25s of the other brands, so we stayed with Mercury then—for those years. Later years, we became disenchanted with Mercury, and changed engines again.

STEIGER: From what I've read, just of the history of that time, I had the impression that the fight over Dinosaur National Monument, with the dams down there and stuff, probably figured in for growing you guys' business. Do you remember that happening?

HATCH: Yeah, once they proposed the Echo Park Dam. The original proposal, as I remember, was to be put in an area near Steamboat Rock, which is down in the middle of Dinosaur National Monument. We blew our stack on that plan, it was a bad plan to flood the national monument for a power-type dam, for an irrigation and power reason. We put up such a battle with 'em, and it got a lot of newsprint. A lot of people had wanted to come and see that area to decide, pro or con, whether to build the Echo Park Dam. Well, we fought

that as best we could, with the Sierra Club, and with the Audubon Society, and outdoor people that wanted to preserve the national monument. Dave Brower came on that trip, Martin Litton came down in there, and we put up such a battle that a lot of people in the community wouldn't speak to us. (STEIGER: In Vernal.) They treated us very poorly. The Chamber of Commerce didn't like us, and we'd been good members for years. But that got a lot of interest in the park, and we started running more people. Lucky for us, with all our figures and arguments, there was a trade off, they got them to move the dam up into Red Canyon, which was not national monument. And even though we didn't want a dam up there, that's where they built the Flaming Gorge Dam. And we fought the Echo Park Dam for years. I think through the efforts of the Sierra Club and our guys and the Audubon Society and other people, we finally got them to trade it off and get it out of the park area. At least not build it in a national monument. And we weren't all that well-treated in Vernal for ten years, but we brought in quite a few tourists as a result, and more people after they'd run the trip, decided, "Yeah, that's a fun trip, we'll go again." And then we had a lot more folks.

And pretty much the same in Grand Canyon, our business grew as we took more people. We didn't have a quota then, and we tried to improve our business and make it grow, get it larger. As I remember, sometimes we'd only run three or maybe five trips through Grand

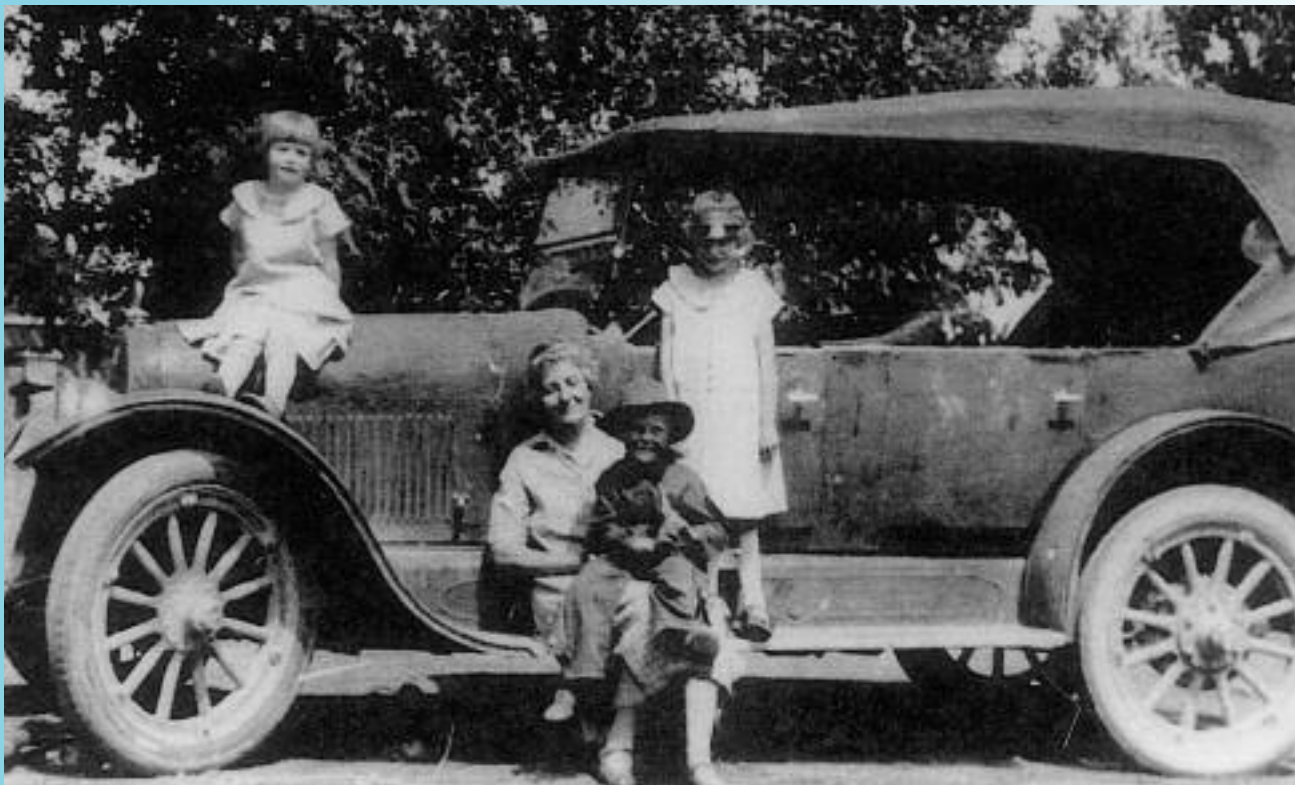
Canyon in all of summer. We were just a small company, and we worked long, hard, lean years to build our company to where it is. And I'm proud of it. There's nothing to hide from that. We'd take the same stand if we had it to do over. Same...we fought the dam when they wanted to build [Glen Canyon] dam. We couldn't block it, but we did argue against it. Now that it's here, I think it's improved our trip...we've got water in July and August, when it was too rocky to run. Maybe you could take kayaks through, and little tiny boats, but the dam at this time is giving the river runner an opportunity to extend his season. Even though you can see all kinds of damage, you can see the sandbars are being eroded. I talked to a guy—and I won't tell you his name because they still might go find him—he landed a plane on one of the sandbars down by Tanner Mine. That's how big those sandbars used to be.

STEIGER: Wow.

HATCH: You go down there now, and there's no way. And they were beautiful. They were redone each year, polished with a new layer of sediment and sand, and they were so pretty and gorgeous and large. You never had a problem with camps like you do now in the lower section. You had a lot of sandbars. And they've eroded away.

STEIGER: Boy, landing a plane down there. It must have been a pretty good airplane.

HATCH: He was a good pilot, and it was a Cessna



Left to Right: Mary Ann Hatch, Lota Hatch (grandmother), Ted Hatch, Julianna Hatch

140...and that was way before it was illegal, see. When I got my first airplane, I flew down the river through a good part of Grand Canyon, like I was driving a car. I looked at Indian caves, Indian ruins. I flew Havasupai and Deer Creek Falls, and everything, every place imaginable to see it from the air, because I couldn't see all of that from the boat and I didn't hike up to all of it. I'd fly the canyon all the time. Then when it became unpleasant for the people on the bottom of the canyon, I had to get out of there.

In the early days, we didn't have that many people in the canyon. It wasn't offensive.

* * *

STEIGER: How did the transition from wood boats to rubber occur?

HATCH: In the '30s, my dad ran—well, even earlier, I'm not sure of the exact year he ran the Middle Fork. I can find out from Roy. But, he ran the Middle Fork, and on his first or second expedition, they had a rubber boat with them. It wasn't my dad's doing, but this fellow showed up with one. I wouldn't be surprised... I think it was Amos Burg. But he ran the rubber boat with my dad's wooden boats downriver. They had a movie of it, and later, Doc Frazier went back to Washington and showed movies of the trip to the President of the United States, and narrated it. And it was their first or second expedition. There was a newsman along that took movies, and the rubber boat ran so very well; I saw a picture of it go over Velvet Falls, and my dad was amazed. He said, "That guy can hit big holes, and it rides more easily, won't tip over as easy, and it packs way more weight." It was more efficient. He liked it. Right after that, then he made every effort to start finding rubber boats. But it wasn't 'til after the war that we were able to get 'em. And toward the end of World War II, then the rubber boats became available. I used to buy pontoons for \$50 apiece. I remember one time, he sent me to Salt Lake to buy two or three, and I bought seven, 'cause it was such a deal.

STEIGER: And, when you say pontoon, you don't mean the side tube, you mean just the boat part, the whole raft.

HATCH: The raft, with a floor. And with a motor on it, the floor would come up and plane a little bit. Those with a floor would outrun these types we're running now. They were a lot faster. And used less fuel. The trade off was that you had to bail.

STEIGER: Somebody had to bail.

HATCH: The bilge water was always down there, and we used to run the floor-type boat down about Bass Trail...about 110 Mile...and we'd have eighty to a hundred buckets of water in that floor. We'd leave it in there, and toward the lower rapids we'd try to hit one of

those big holes head-on to throw the water out. (laughs)

STEIGER: You'd think that it would come to the back, wouldn't it?

HATCH: Yeah, it goes just the opposite way to help stabilize your boat. It made it more stable. I'd seen Georgie take a bucket and fill her boats with water to run some tough rapids because she didn't want 'em to capsize.

STEIGER: Her triple-rig?

HATCH: Yeah, the little ones that tried to kill her.

STEIGER: Oh, the thrill boats, yeah.

HATCH: And, I thought, "You know, that's a neat idea." So we just left the water in, sometimes it got too deep, and it would squirt the passengers, then we'd bail it. They were faster. But, see, as you went down into the hole, the water all ran to the front—that's where you want it. You hit the hole, take on more water, you're going over the back, then it runs to the back. And you go back down. The water seemed to be a kind of a gyro, to stabilize it...and we thought it was fun if we could—that was before Crystal was formed. If we'd hit some of those rapids, Horn Creek or Granite, and knocked the water back out, it'd save us a lot of work. But by a hundred buckets, I mean those big, big ones—the big buckets.

STEIGER: Like a five-gallon bucket.

HATCH: Yeah, that kind you can wash dishes in.

STEIGER: Uh-huh, yeah...When did it hit you that river running was something you could maybe do full-time? When you were growin' up as a kid, did you think the river business was gonna be it?

HATCH: I was obsessed with it. My dad said, "Of all my sons, I think you'll be the one that will like the river work the most, but keep in mind it's a part-time job. It's not that profitable, and you're away from home a lot. Don't put all your eggs in one basket." Well, I broke all the rules, I went full-time river-runner, loved it, and built it to where I could support myself and my family. And I'm pleased. If he could come back and see me now, I'm sure he'd be pleased. He wouldn't have approved my building this big warehouse or buying airplanes or diesel trucks, because that was unnecessary. We did everything with maybe one little one-ton truck and a tandem trailer, in those days.

STEIGER: So, you mean his philosophy was "if you don't need it, don't have it."

HATCH: Yeah. And so, I'm pleased the way things [turned out]. I was lucky and worked hard for many years. And I first started really wanting to run the river on my first trip. I never changed.

STEIGER: At nine years old.

HATCH: I got discouraged a lot of times, and I'd run on my own without paying passengers sometimes, for the fun. But I would never have stopped running the river, I just would have to regroup. There were times I get

discouraged now, because of regulations, and lawsuits, and things like that that have come about that make it more difficult to do the job that you love. But yeah, I decided when I was a kid—and I would do it again.

STEIGER: So for you, by the time you were in high school, you knew you were going to be a river runner, and that was it.

HATCH: Eventually.

STEIGER: That was what you were gonna do.

HATCH: Yeah.

STEIGER: You mentioned earlier that you did have to do other jobs to make ends meet.

HATCH: Oh, yeah! I sure did.

STEIGER: When you were gettin' started.

HATCH: My dad believed in college and education. He was a straight "A" student, which I didn't believe until my aunt got the old report cards out and showed me. So we all had to go get a college degree.

STEIGER: And everybody had to get good grades?

HATCH: Yeah, or pass, because that's about what I did. (laughter) So I selected a major which would let me run rivers. I got a composite major in biology, so that I could teach school and then run rivers. Well, after I started teaching school, the school system—it was a good job, it was really something to do—high school. I taught biology, and I also taught consumer's math...but as quick as I could stop teaching and start running rivers, I did, full time, even though winters were pretty slow...I taught one year in Vernal, and then I went to a little town called Manila. I don't know if you know where that is, up on Flaming Gorge. The reason I went up there, the people were just wonderful, it was great for hunting, fishing, and that's where you started your trip down Red Canyon and into Flaming Gorge. So each evening after school let out, I'd run down to the lake when they started to fill Flaming Gorge, and catch some trout. And it was beautiful. One day a guy kept lookin' at me and laughing. I went over to him and I said, "What's so amusing?" He said, "Well, you're not the best fisherman up here, but you're the best dressed"—coat and tie. (laughter) I didn't even change. I'd leave school and go fishing. And we'd hunt chukars and ducks, sage hens. I loved it.

STEIGER: Sounds like a great childhood.

HATCH: Yeah. It was a short-term job, but a long-term river run, and I made it into what I have now. We run from March through September, and that's pretty nice. Good season.

STEIGER: I wanted to ask about characters that stand out from your childhood days. Talking to you, and from what I've read about your dad and stuff, there's a sense that you guys really were River Runner Central, and that everybody who would come through would try to talk to your dad—other guys.

HATCH: Yeah, I think a lot of people came into that

area, because the Yampa and the Green River joined right above Vernal there at Split Mountain Gorge. And if you were gonna run either stream, that was kind of a nice place to be. You could quickly get in a car and drive over to Lily Park and be on the Yampa in short time, and up at Flaming Gorge in 45 minutes to an hour. So we were located in an excellent place to run rivers. And if we went on downriver through Ouray, we were in Grey and Desolation and then Cataract. We were right on the hub of river running, in our opinion. Excellent place to locate for river runners. And so a lot of the old-timers that were friends of my dad's, some of them on their first trip, like the French people that came over, Desynes, and DeColmont, Genevieve [phonetic spellings]. They came over, they had the first kayaks I'd ever seen. As I recall, I was only six or seven years old, maybe five. I can remember they only spoke French, but my dad spoke French.

STEIGER: He did?!

HATCH: He wasn't very good at it, but he could communicate with 'em pretty well. He took it when he went to Willcox Academy when he was young. Anyway, he spoke French, and they stayed in our home for three, four days, and then they went over and ran Yampa with kayaks. And they were the canvas-covered ones, like the Folboat style. They ran that. Then they ran Grey Desolation, I believe, and then down through Cat. Went through Cataract and when they got to Lees Ferry—they were planning to run Grand Canyon—when they got to Lees Ferry, they came back out. But they stayed in our home and got directions, and Dad would draw the map of the river and show 'em where the rapids were, and like "right of center," he'd tell 'em where to run 'em. Wonderful people. After the war we never found 'em again. They wrote to us before the war, and then after World War II we don't know what happened to 'em. One was a skier, he was really good. But they came and stayed with us.

Norm Nevills came over to our home. My dad loaned him an engine to take down into this low water in Desolation Grey. I think we've got that engine now. We found it in a cellar. This old-timer had bought it from my uncle, and when he moved he called me and said, "This is an old, historic engine—you'll want it." We're trying to determine now if it's the exact engine that we loaned Norm Nevills, because I think it is. It matches the pictures. It's got an old iron bottom on it, and big bolts. (laughs) We wind this rope up on top to start it, and if you miss, it beats you to death.

STEIGER: And you've got to start it again.

HATCH: The wood piece will just...Yeah. So I've got that. We're gonna rebuild it if we can.

STEIGER: Does it have a brand name?

HATCH: Yeah, it's got a brand name. Let me think of the name of it. It's a Montgomery Ward brand. Sea

King. It's something like that. They don't make 'em now. But anyway, it's silver and it's square on top. And one of Buzz Holmstrom's old boats in that book that [Conley, Dimock and Welch] wrote, shows a motor just like it. So it's gonna be fun to find out. This propeller that's down here, did you know that that's off the air boat that Bill Greene used to use to run up Glen Canyon? ... We think it's off the first air boat. And before Bill died, I went to Phoenix and asked him about it, and he said, "Yeah, that's one of the propellers they used." When we hired a new guy that year, we had him polish the propeller and paint it. You look at it now, and it's immaculate. We put it up.

STEIGER: Yeah, I would like to see that.

HATCH: And Bill—see, we used to come down here, and we'd always go see Bill Greene. He was an old river runner. Norm came and stayed at our home and went out and ran.

A lot of old river runners came to our home. Dock Marston came by.

My dad had an old canteen that I still have. Georgie White came by and signed it. Dock Marston, Rigg brothers, Roy Despain, Smuss Allen, just a good cross-section. Buzz Holmstrom. I got Barry Goldwater's signature on it before he died. And he said, "I'd be honored to sign this." He saw—what was that one guy's name?—Southwick or Sopwith. He had run the river, but I never met him—Grand Canyon runner. Frank Wright... I'll think of his name. Each time these folks would come by, he'd have 'em sign it. And some of the signatures are real dim now. The museum in Green River wanted me to donate that to the museum, but I didn't really want to, because I wasn't sure how they'd take care of it. Some things are just left to sit around.

STEIGER: Or if they would know what they had, yeah.

HATCH: It's priceless. I've got it hanging on the wall, and I go hug it. (laughter) My dad tore it on a trip through Grand on a corner, and my mom stitched it up so I got a little bit of her handiwork there, and then his canteen, and all these names on it. He'd see 'em on the river and they wouldn't have anything, any paper, and they'd sign their name in ink.

STEIGER: On his canteen.

HATCH: Yeah. I think Harry Aleson's on there. I'm not sure about Reynolds and [Halic?]—they may be. Halic probably... I've got up real close in bright light and wrote all the names down that I could decipher, and showed the list to Barry, and he looked at 'em and he knew a lot of 'em, like Frank Wright.

STEIGER: Yeah, he was pretty good on history.

HATCH: And Don Harris. I was very lucky, in my opinion, to be... these guys were champions in my book. Everyone else would laugh at me for admiring river runners, as they were hard drinkers and tough old guys. Every guy was different. We'd go down a river, and one

guy would run a rapid one way, and one guy would run it another way, and they both come out the bottom none the worse for wear. You'd argue about who had the best technique, and who had the best run. Of course if the guy tipped over, you could say, "Hey, that wasn't the way we do it," and laugh. And that was the fun of it. And I'm lucky too.

My dad named some of the rapids in Split Mountain Gorge. Doc Inglesby [phonetic] was with him on a trip, and Doc got thrown out of the boat. They named Inglesby. SOB is one that my dad was down there with Holmstrom, and my dad capsized, and Holmstrom said, "I guess you'll have to name that one Bus." And Dad said, "No, no, I'm gonna name it SOB." (laughter)

STEIGER: So he got to go boatin' with Buzz Holmstrom?

HATCH: Yes. It's on the map now as SOB.

STEIGER: Was that Holmstrom's second time through there?

HATCH: I don't know, because I never got to sort that out. Roy Webb would probably know.

STEIGER: Do you remember Holmstrom?

HATCH: Oh, yeah. Yeah, he stayed in our home. He was workin' in Echo Park sometimes, with the Bureau of Reclamation or something. He came into our home and stayed with us and he had a flashlight that was waterproof. I didn't believe there could ever be anything like that. I'm not sure of the date—I'm guessing 1945 or '46. He said, "Yeah, this is a waterproof flashlight." I said, "Can I take it and try it?" He said, "Yeah," and he laughed. I filled the bathtub, and I got in and put the flashlight underwater, you know. It was rubber-coated and had a glass window, and it worked! I thought, "This is the greatest!" I said, "This is really something to use!" And he said, "Yeah. Don't swim with it, though. You need to swim with your hands. Don't take it in swimming after dark." And I said, "Have you ever drowned?" He said, "Yeah, actually I have. I was underwater so long that I choked and everything went black. They got me out"—in those days they rolled you on a barrel—"and rolled me on a barrel to get the water out, and I came back. But don't ever be afraid to drown, it's painless. There's a minute or two where you struggle real hard, try to get to the surface, and it's probably the least painful way to die. If you know that, you'll be a better river runner." So I never forgot that story, and when his brother—I guess it was a brother or cousin—came to see us a couple of years ago, or a year ago, and I was not there, he wrote to me, and I wrote back and told him what Buzz had told me... but these guys would come into our home, and the minute they showed up, out came the drinks. Dad would sit up all night, talkin' river runnin', and my mom would get so tired, and go to bed. They'd be up at three in the morning and didn't care, and go look at their boats in the dark with a flashlight. It was

fun. They'd put me to bed, and I'd come back out and listen to stories. Some of 'em were pretty big yarns, and some were probably accurate—you wouldn't know. Whatever they said was okay. Frazier, for example, in this article here in *The Vernal Express*, tells about rivers and rapids running 30 or 50 miles an hour. You know that's not true. And waves as high as telephone poles. (laughter) The stories got to be whoppers. By the time they came out the other end, the trip had gotten a lot more difficult, and the dangers were everywhere.

* * *

STEIGER: So how old were you when you first came down the Grand Canyon?

HATCH: In '54 I was about, I'd guess, twenty years old.

STEIGER: Was that a scary thing to come down here?

HATCH: Always wanted to. And I thought I was up to the challenge. As a matter of fact, I was mad because they hadn't let me come earlier to prove myself. But yeah, I'd never run Grand before, and I took a group of people through, and I loved it. I wanted the challenge. One of the things that happened in the early days when Dad was training me in Lodore, was he'd sneak a rapid and make a clean run, and I'd go over and hit the hole, and he'd say, "Son, I know you can run better than that. You're just bangin' up the boats and equipment for a thrill. Someday you'll get yours. You'll learn that that's the wrong way to run the river, to hit every hole." And I loved to do that, to see if the boat would run. In later years, it proved true. I sneak 'em now. (laughs) I'm a lot better than I used to be.

STEIGER: It didn't sound like he was very scared of any...

HATCH: No...he thought if he died running in the Grand Canyon, that was okay. He'd just as soon die here as anywhere else, and he was pretty courageous. He'd come back and run boats when the other guys got scared, or when they tipped over and wouldn't continue, or when they had a leaky boat, or they had trouble. He'd take the worst boat and run it for 'em, and help 'em. We've got an old movie where Frazier tipped over. He climbed on the bottom of the boat (laughs), and he's waving at the guys while he's on the way downriver, upside down. My dad would cuss when he'd see that, because he felt Frazier shouldn't have ever tipped over, it was a bad run. But down here, he loved the challenge and he was feisty and liked to try his best to do it. Tippin' a boat over wasn't that bad, unless you lost it, or drifted into the rocks, because they could turn 'em back over, get back in, bail 'em out.

STEIGER: Did they turn 'em back over out in midstream?

HATCH: Could do.

STEIGER: Themselves?

Hatch: See, this one right here, it's not an easy job, but they could turn it.

STEIGER: Is that the *Lota Ve* [phonetic]?

HATCH: Yeah. That boat was named after my uncle's first daughter, who's close to my age—Uncle Alton. He was on the *Dusty Dozen* trip.

STEIGER: Which was the trip in '34, those guys' first time through the canyon?

HATCH: Yeah. All of 'em, first, except for Clyde Eddy—he'd been before.

STEIGER: That was the trip where they found the first split-twig figurines that were ever discovered?

HATCH: Yes, they found some then, and later they



Bus Hatch rowing and Blacke Marshal hanging on to the *Lota Ve* circa 1930 (?).

discovered some more things that they gave to the museum. They brought 'em home to my home and had 'em stored. I got in there to play with 'em in later years, and I wasn't popular. They made me leave 'em alone. Then he decided that he'd better get 'em to the museum, because he didn't want 'em damaged. So we don't have any artifacts from the cave or Indian ruin. I do know where some Indian ruins are that haven't been discovered, but I've left 'em alone, I've never gone in there.

* * *

STEIGER: It didn't sound like [your dad] was on that first [Grand Canyon] trip that you were on.

HATCH: No, my brother Don and I ran that, and Smuss Allen.

STEIGER: So about the time you really started runnin', your dad was kinda phasin' out of the...

HATCH: I ran that trip in '54, and we took three boats through. Don was to take the next trip in the little 22-footer, all alone. Don didn't want to go, he was tired,

and his wife wanted him, and he had a number of excuses, and I was just rarin' to go. So with luck I got back and got the second trip with the little seaplane tender. I'd just run it, and I went back and ran it solo, alone, again.

STEIGER: So your first trip ever through there, you were twenty years old, and you were carrying people?

HATCH: Yeah.

STEIGER: And your second trip is a one-boat trip.

HATCH: Alone, with people...Yeah, I took the seaplane tender...22-feet, flat nose, and it took water over the front all the time. We had to bail. But it was all guys.

STEIGER: Did that have an inflatable floor?

HATCH: I think so. But I had a floor in it, over the bottom.

STEIGER: A wood floor?

HATCH: Suspended, where I stood, and run a motor on the outside.

STEIGER: It was probably pretty quick.

HATCH: It was fast, yeah. It was a lot faster than the boats we've got now. It was kinda like skiin'. You'd go

down the river like this. And when you picked a slot, it was there, and it rode some big water. It was pretty durable...

STEIGER: Now a 22-foot boat...how many guys on the trip?

HATCH: I think we had six or seven in that 22-footer. It was way overloaded. I got downriver, and we only had one motor. In those days, if you knocked a motor, you had to row. That was just automatic, we knew that. We were very careful with the motor.

STEIGER: So you had one motor and like three oars or somethin'?

HATCH: Two oars.

STEIGER: That was it. So if you knocked the motor, you'd better not lose an oar.

HATCH: And so one rapid, we got



Dirty Dozen at Stanton's Cave, 1934
Left to Right: Bus Hatch, Bill Fahrini, Clyde Jayne(?), Clyde Eddy(?)
Legs in foreground: Dr. Russell G. Frazier

down to Bedrock, which is the wrong one to use. That comes from my inexperience, from just being the second trip. I had an old notebook that my dad had written on where to run each rapid, as I went downriver. It was kind of like this river guide you've got now. I thought, "Well, this Bedrock, I'll run it with the oars." They wanted to see if I could handle a boat with the oars, in case I knocked the motor. So I started on Bedrock, and I could see I wasn't gonna make it. I fired that baby up! (laughter) and drug the oars, and made the cut. Then I picked the oars up and I said, "We're not gonna do any more of those!" I about got postage stamped...we thought it was low water if it was below 40,000 [cfs]. "There's a problem here, boys, it's gettin' low."

STEIGER: Below 40,000? (whistles)

Hatch: We always went in the spring when it was high. See, it's farther from the rocks. But really, now, you don't get 40,000. That's before the dam.

STEIGER: Forty is huge, isn't it?

Hatch: Yeah.

STEIGER: So those early trips, you were seein' water like that: it was 40,000-50,000. (whistles)

Hatch: That was my training years.

STEIGER: Boy, there's some big ol'—that's a pretty big stage.

Hatch: Beautiful.

STEIGER: There's some big ol' whirlpools, big old eddies, big waves.

Hatch: The first trip I was on, Smuss and Don kept runnin' ahead of me. I didn't know the river, I'd run the rapids by sight. And after a couple of days, I got mad. I said, "You guys keep runnin' off and leavin' me. I've never been down here. Gimme a break. If you're gonna lead me through, lead me through." They'd get their motor goin', they'd run off and leave me. So the next day I got up early and I took the lead. Don said, "What the hell's goin' on?! How come you're runnin' the boat in lead? You've never been down here, you don't know where you're goin'!" I said, "Well, I was doin' that before, only you guys were out of sight." And he said, "Well, you'll tip over!" And I said, "If I do, you'll be behind me. You can pick me up." And I did, I ran Hance, first time I ever saw it, without any help. I just looked at it and ran it. And Grapevine down to Phantom.

STEIGER: Now, was that around 50,000 or something like that?

Hatch: Yeah, 44,000-45,000, 'cause I run it, and then it came right back. In those days, without a dam to make it fluctuate, you probably were within six inches depth the next week, unless it was really dry or really flooding. Then, of course, it could go up six feet. But we'd go up and we'd put a stick in the sand and see where it was, and come back the next week and look and see if it was gone, or how much it had dropped.

STEIGER: When it comes to bein' scared, when Shorty Burton got in his jackpot, did that affect you? [When Shorty Burton got tangled in a flipped boat in Upset Rapid and drowned.]

Hatch: That was terrible. Shorty was one of my best friends, if not my very best friend. Short and I ran a lot together, and his skill as a boatman was very good. He wasn't afraid. He was probably more stable and cool than any man on the crew. One time he stopped and approached a Big Drop in Cat and lit a cigarette, watchin' the river. We said, "What the hell were you doin', lightin' a cigarette on the approach to Big Drop?!" And he said, "I figured I was right where I was supposed to be. I wanted a cigarette." So he stopped, lit the smoke, and then kept his engine goin', and made a beautiful run. So he was a cool hand. When he got killed, we all had bad feelings, because I gave him that brand new jacket that got tangled and we believe it killed him. You know, he couldn't get loose. Brand new nylon jacket. That same week my dad died. And Shorty died and we were still running busy in Grand—we needed Shorty. My dad died, and he kind of helped in the office—even though he was old, he gave me a lot of good advice. We had two deaths in ten days there, and the funerals were just three, four days apart. But that was a real tragedy for our whole family. We kept on running our trips, even though a lot of folks would have said, "Hey, don't do that." But my dad had an old theory that when somebody died, don't sit around and cry, have a party, have a wake. He didn't believe in sadness, he said, "You're gonna die anyway. Might as well enjoy it." When he was on his deathbed, I went in and I was cryin'. He said, "What's the matter with you?" I said, "Doesn't look like you're gonna make it." And he said, "Son, I know that. If you do half the things that I did in my life, and have half the fun, it'll be a success. I've been watchin' ya', you haven't done that yet. Get out there and have some fun! Don't try to change things you can't change." I thought that was great, 'cause he died the next day. I thought, "What a deal." But I was pall bearer at Shorty's, put my dad in the grave the same day. He said, "Go on with your life." The same day that my dad died, I packed a trip that afternoon, and I went out on the river and ran it. We've always said we'll just keep on runnin' if somethin' happens, so be it. I like that.

STEIGER: ...With Shorty, did that make it seem more dangerous to you guys? Like that was the first time somebody really got hurt?

Hatch: We were probably more careful, because it was in our minds. Upset wasn't that hard to run. We'd laugh, we'd drink a beer and run Upset.

STEIGER: Did you guys just go left, or down the right side?

Hatch: Down the right side, always. Shorty always ran the left. And Dennis and I kept tellin' him, "Shorty,

run the right side, 'cause on the left side there's a shoal that sticks out, and you'd hit your motor sometimes." And Short said, "Well, it's a lot easier, but I have to pull my motor." We said, "Yeah, then you put it down and you're gonna go into the cliff, and you got other problems. The right side's a better run." When he left, I didn't go with him when he drowned—Clark Lium was with him on another boat. He had an old tattered life jacket that was his personal jacket. It was worn out ten times. I said, "Put this new jacket on, Short," and he did. Then he tried the right cut on Upset and he didn't get over there, and he hit the hole sideways. In those days we ran boats with floors in 'em, and no side tubes.

STEIGER: The taildraggers, motors hangin' off the back, floors on the boats.

HATCH: They were a lot faster, but they weren't safe, they weren't wide.

STEIGER: Didn't want to be sideways.

HATCH: And he flipped it over sideways. And all the passengers drifted clear, they were fine. Clark picked 'em up. And then they looked around and said, "Where's Shorty?" Couldn't find him. So Clark and one of the other guys dove underneath the boat that was upside down, and Short was in there, tangled up. They had to tear his life jacket to get him out. They gave him artificial respiration, but he was gone.

STEIGER: I know he was a mainstay of the crew at that time, and I've been meanin' to ask who some of the other guys were then—your starters for that time.

HATCH: Mark Garff was good. And Bruce Lium. Clark Lium. Both were good boatmen. And of course Dennis Massey and Earl Staley. Smuss—his name was Sylvester, which he hated. (laughs) Sylvester Allen—we called him Smuss. When he was doing things wrong, we called him Smudgely. Good guy. Smuss Allen.

Roy DeSpain used to run with my dad, and then he was the same age as Smuss, but he got to where he just didn't go anymore. He liked the river, but he capsized with a bunch of Boy Scouts up on the Green one time, on his own trip. He just took a bunch of Scouts. We chased duffle and Scouts for two days. No one was lost, no one was hurt, but a lot of duffle was missing. And some of the irate parents tried to make him pay for their lost gear. It discouraged ol' Roy, I think. But he was a neat guy, I used to date his daughter. Pretty nice gal.

The boatmen in those days, there weren't very many that could run Grand Canyon safely. The motors we had then weren't sealed very well, and a little wave would hit you from the back and it would suck water and quit. So you had to really be quick about changing motors or running the oars, and know how to mechanic the motor to get it goin' again—take the plugs, take it out, take the plugs out, blow it out, get it goin'. So not everybody thought that was a neat way to earn a living. It was kind of precarious. Sometimes you'd get swept into another

rapid while your motor was out.

STEIGER: Did those guys do other jobs?

HATCH: Yeah, pretty much. Mark Garff got a master's in economics, and taught at some college for a while. And Bruce Lium graduated in ichthyology from the University of Utah. Shorty Burton was an old cowboy. I don't think Shorty graduated from school. He took the Utah Boatman's Test when Ted Tuttle had that test, and Tuttle was really pleased to have this state boating test that...Shorty flunked it. Ted Tuttle said, "Here's the best guy you've got for running the river, and he flunked the test."

STEIGER: Tuttle knew what he was doin.

HATCH: He said, "There's something wrong with this test if it doesn't cover the guy that's able to run the boat." And Short was a straight "A" guy on a boat. The passengers loved him. So Tuttle kind of went over the questions with Shorty again, and gave him a license. (laughter) Which we thought was funny.

STEIGER: That's pretty good!

HATCH: I got the seventh license ever issued by the State of Utah. My number was B-007 [double-oh-seven], which I liked...Yeah. Then Dudley Amos ran boats for us, and Paul Geerlings. Paul was at the University of Utah, and Dudley Amos flew Spitfires in World War II, and then he was an attorney.

STEIGER: So these guys, there was a whole different thing. Nobody thought bein' a boatman, that would be a career. Them guys would just work in the summer.

HATCH: It was a fun job, yeah, part-time.

STEIGER: And you guys had the company, and you guys were the only ones around during the winter. Did you have a hard time getting through the winters?

HATCH: Yeah. Oh, some years were pretty lean. I'd write letters all over and try to figure out how to get customers. We had some pretty lean years. I remember we used to load the boats in the summer and go out, and we'd have an old truck just piled high with equipment. And I'd hear people at the gas station say, "There go those crazy Hatches again. I wonder how many will get killed on this trip?" (laughs) Like Don says, "How many went on the trip?" "Five." "How many drowned?" "Seven." (laughter)

* * *

STEIGER: When you were doing your early trips, what was the routine with the park? Do you remember what the rules were down here?

HATCH: Oh, the first rules were great! But we thought they were excessive. We had to come over and report the number of people who were going on the trip, the number of boats, and then when we got off at Temple Bar Marina, or back to the office, we had about one week to call in and tell 'em if we had a good trip, or

we're all out or safe, so that they wouldn't initiate a search.

STEIGER: If they didn't hear from you in about a week?

HATCH: They'd call us. If they had to initiate a search, they didn't have anyone that could run the river. They'd call us to go help look for people. And in emergencies, we did have some trips where we ran for 'em.

STEIGER: Just to go find somebody?

HATCH: To search for lost people. So that was pretty nice. They knew we were gonna run a trip if they saw us down at Lees Ferry, blowin' up boats. That was the clue. And talk about freedom and fun! Those were the days. Once you'd gotten around the first turn on the river, you were the captain, you ran the boat, you camped where you wished. And we were good with our cleanliness, we didn't leave trash, because we knew we'd have to use those camps again.

STEIGER: What was the typical camping routine?

HATCH: Well, we washed dishes and cared for them pretty much the same. We hadn't started using the Clorox to sanitize 'em. We'd just put a double rinse. And then for the porto—we didn't have portable toilets in those days, but we'd dig a big pit in the sandbar, and then we'd put a folding chair over it, with a toilet seat. The effluent went into the sand, and we covered it, and we usually dug the hole two or three feet deep, because we didn't want it to be near the surface, or to be dug up or washed out. That became a problem because a lot of sewage was left, buried in the beach, even though high water came down and helped clean the beach and put new layers of sand. In those days, it was still a marginal thing to do, and later we changed that.

We used to cook over a wood fire, because everywhere we had piles of wood. We don't now. Sounds awfully like a big war story, but I remember the wood pile got so high at Unkar, that it was at least two stories high of driftwood, from the surface of the water on that bar there, up into the air. Unkar was just a great collector for firewood. On the right, above it, where that right shoal comes out. It would get loaded with wood. It's got some there now.

STEIGER: Like right in that little eddy where you stop to go see the ruins up there?

HATCH: Yeah, upstream. Don't stop too far down. But upstream you stop there, and you look out over that gravel bar and the rocks. That used to be just plastered with wood, from centuries, probably. But we used to take that. And Georgie [White] used to build a fire there to signal that everything was okay. I don't know why. She'd be at Phantom the next day and call on the phone. But Whitey, he could be there and see the fire, and away they went...

We had the most freedom in the world. And we had a safety record that was just as good as it is now. I'm

bragging, but we had very few accidents.

STEIGER: I sort of have that feeling about most of the outfits. I mean, you'd have people fall down on the trail.

HATCH: Yeah. Hikers. I'm worried about our guys when they get up and climb in the rocks. In the boat, I feel good, they're safe. And we don't have untrained men down there. We don't have a shaky jake running the boat. The old days of jumpin' in with one guy who'd never been there before are over.

STEIGER: Bledsoe told this great story: He said on his first trip that he ever did for you, you pushed 'em all off on the training boat and you said, "So long men! If you live, you've got the job!" (laughter)

HATCH: I thought it was funny. They probably didn't.

STEIGER: No, they did, they thought it was great at the time. Just that whole "Wa-hoo!" That really stuck with a bunch of those guys.

HATCH: Bledsoe stayed for a long time. He did a lot of trips. It's unfortunate, some boatmen, after they've run a lot of trips, get tired or change jobs. And probably I'm the kind of guy who'd be a ski bum if I liked skiing as much as I do the river. My preference, right now today, or tomorrow, would be to get in the boat and go with my customers and friends down the river, than to sit here in the office, or to pack trips, or to drive trucks, or to do whatever you have to do to make it work. Most owners feel that way about their company—they're sincere. And the ones who've stayed through all the tough times have proven it.

* * *

STEIGER: Now Don, that's your brother, and you guys—how'd that work? You guys were kinda partners, and then you split and you took Grand Canyon and he took Idaho and Utah and all that.

Hatch: We were partners for about seventeen years. He wanted to always buy new equipment for Idaho, and I wanted to buy new equipment for Grand Canyon, 'cause I loved it down here, and he loved the Idaho Salmon River country, and he loved Cataract, and he loved Dinosaur—plus it was close to his home. He wanted to stay up there...so we'd argue about equipment. Being brothers, we were rivals. We'd argue about how to run the river, but we were best of friends. And finally one day we just decided, "You know, let's split the company. It's big, and we didn't ever dream it would be this big. Let's split the company." Of course the Idaho boats went to Idaho, and the Grand Canyon boats went to Grand Canyon. So we had a pretty good split arranged that worked out to the benefit of both of us. Then he got to be—we didn't have to go get each other's permission to buy something or to sell something, or to make big business changes, or little business changes. And we stopped having that animosity. We

could call the shots. If you made a bad decision, you had to live with it. I loved the split. I always wanted to be in charge, and I was the youngest of the family, and I always had somebody tell me what to do. They were right (laughter) but I still wanted to be out there. I thought I could do it. (laughs) But in all our efforts, like Don says, “We’ve set river running back twenty years!” (laughter)

* * *

STEIGER: You guys took the Kennedys down?

HATCH: Bobby and Ethel and Edward. Edward went a year or so later. Kennedys did four trips with us.

Steiger: Were you on those trips?

Hatch: Yeah.

Steiger: How’d that go?

Hatch: Good. They didn’t ask how I voted, and I didn’t tell ’em.

Steiger: Where was that story, it says in the guide book, in Belknap’s guide book, that Bobby swam?

Hatch: Badger. He was in my boat. He jumped out. I said, “Don’t go, this is a bad rapid.”

Steiger: He said, “I want to swim”?

Hatch: And he swam. The air mattress went one way, and Bobby went the other. It really pounded him. I thought, “There goes the business, there goes Bobby.” We chased him, and I caught him downriver, and Ethel’s screaming. We pulled up alongside, and I helped him in the boat, and Bobby sat down and said, “I want to apologize to you. You were right, I shouldn’t have done that.” Which I thought was pretty darned...

Steiger: Yeah.

Hatch: So anyway, he was an excellent swimmer, and he handled it, but man, talk about...

Steiger: So he just wanted to jump out, and you told him, “Don’t do that,” he did it anyway.

Hatch: I said, “It’s a big rapid.” His terms were “no one tells me what to do.” But overall, they were great folks. I liked Edward the best...

I’ve met some really outstanding, top Americans. Though I’d just as soon go with the regular Americans. The big, deluxe trips take a lot of care and planning, and you don’t want to offend anyone, and they’re more delicate, and I don’t relax ’til it’s over. Maria Shriver got some spray paint—I probably shouldn’t tell this—but she got some spray paint out of the boat. They’d use cans of spray paint to put their names on the boats. And on the front—George Henry ran the boat—and they put “George Raft,” for George Henry. They had stars and all kinds of paintings on the boats. Maria was just a little girl. She was like nine or thirteen, I don’t remember. But we got down to Vasey’s and she put her name on the cliff there in paint. Boy! the Kennedys were upset, and they got her out of bed in the morning. They got some

scratchers out of the dishwasher to clean it.

Steiger: Made her clean it up.

Hatch: To clean it. And that didn’t work very well, so they built a fire and burnt it off. But there were some big words about that.

Steiger: I hadn’t heard that. I’d heard that story about Bobby jumpin’ in. I didn’t know it was on your boat. I never heard that that was you.

Hatch: I was there.

Steiger: So they were pretty good people?

Hatch: Yeah, I liked ’em.

Steiger: You gotta hand it to him, to jump up there and say, “I owe you an apology.”

Hatch: Yeah, for a guy like Bobby. He was running for president that next year. We did the Green River with ’em, and they had their campaign goin’, and they had all these things worked out. He would have won. I think he had it locked up, when he was assassinated...and that was just before he was killed.

Steiger: That trip? Well, it’s good that they got to do it.

Hatch: They had all the kids with ’em. Michael, the one that got killed last year, skiing, was a little dare devil. He was a lot of fun. He grew up since then, but he was just a little guy when he went with us. We’d be goin’ along, and he’d jump out in his life jacket and swim along a cliff. We’d say, “Don’t do that, it might be undercut.” He didn’t realize the danger. But he’d get up on the ledges, maybe twenty feet above the river, and jump in.

Steiger: The water wasn’t that cold?

Hatch: No, not like it is now. This was on the Salmon, this wasn’t on the Grand. But the Salmon was cool.

And John Glenn, he was nice, I liked him.

Steiger: John Glenn came down Grand Canyon, or Idaho?

Hatch: Middle Fork. Yeah, John Glenn was great. We got in a water fight, and the Kennedys were just poundin’ us. They had all the buckets, and we were in rowboats, and John said, “Get closer to ’em. I know how to fix this.” I said, “John, they’re whippin’ our ass, we gotta get across the river, get away from ’em.” “No,” he said, “get over there.” So I got closer, and he dove in, swam across, got in the boat with Ethel and the Kennedy kids. He grabbed each one of ’em and threw ’em in the river. Threw ’em all out! And then I went over and picked him up, and we went back and he said, “That’ll slow ’em down.” “What made you think of that?” He said, “It’s an old Marine tradition to charge when you don’t know what to do.” (laughter) “John Glenn! you cut that out! You might hurt my kids!” And we just laughed.

Steiger: That’s pretty good.

Hatch: That was funny. I liked him. Of course I liked

about all of 'em. We got tremendous publicity: Right after we took the Kennedys, our phone, our mail, things just went crazy.

Steiger: Yeah, the historians credit the Kennedy thing as really jumpin' up the business—not just for you guys, but for everybody.

Hatch: It got national attention.

Steiger: Did you have reporters on the trip and everything?

Hatch: Yeah. We had one boat full of reporters that followed us. They'd come by with a helicopter and pick up the film and go out and show it on the news. I got down to Phantom Ranch and called my wife. She said, "Turn on the TV!" I said, "Hell, I'm at Phantom Ranch, there's no TV!" She said, "Well, you're on TV! They've got an interview with you about the Kennedy trip." I said, "Well, I'm at Phantom Ranch." "Well, you can't see it." Al Swartz [phonetic] was the news coordinator for AP, I believe it was, and he came over. The news guy said, "Oh, bill Kennedy for the trip." So I went to Bobby and I said, "These guys say to bill you for the trip." He said, "That's wrong. Tell them if they want to go, they'll only get interviews when I say. And you have your man run the boat so they can't come up when we're going to the bathroom or something. We need privacy too." So I went back to Al and he said, "If you'll help me get these extra interviews, I'll give you publicity that you won't believe. When we run these shots out, they etch the names of the company off the boats, so that they blur, you can't see 'em. I'll leave 'em on. It's worth \$130,000, the length of time these shots are gonna run. I'll leave 'em on if you'll help me get the interviews."

He bought me. Right there I said, "I'll help you." (laughter) All I did was go talk to Bobby, and when Bobby'd say okay, our boatman, he'd come down. When Bobby'd say, "That's it," I'd go say, "Okay, start the motor." They didn't camp with us. They camped on separate beaches.

Steiger: But the Kennedys put up with it because he was gonna run for president, so it was publicity for him too.

Hatch: Every day planes flew by. This one guy, we talked to him on the radio and got him to drop us some ice. Out of the 'copter, he dropped blocks of ice. And we'd pick 'em up and put 'em in the cooler, see, for cocktail hour.

Steiger: Those guys were pretty fun to party with too, I imagine.

Hatch: Yeah. The liquor they brought, Andy Williams brought a lot of wines. He had all these French wines. Ethel liked wine, and they had the wine all over. But the Kennedys had the bourbon, and it was Old Fitzgerald's, which is their dad's.

Steiger: That's his label?



Hatch: That was their bourbon. Of course they gave liquor to the boatmen after dinner, and we had drinks and visits. It was a lot of fun. I was tired, though, when I got out of there.

Steiger: A lot of hoopla too.

Hatch: There's a lot of concern, because you don't want anyone to be bumped.

Steiger: That was a big deal for the whole business, right there, it sounds like.

Hatch: Yeah. And Al Swartz was true to his word. He kept the names on the boats.

Steiger: Now, who did he work for? That was network TV?

Hatch: Associated Press, I think.

Steiger: So they would ordinarily air brush out...

Hatch: The name of the company, yeah. But on the TV shots, you'd see "Hatch River Expeditions." And it was beautiful. I saw some of it later, after I got off the river. But I missed most of it. But he was true, he kept his word. That was risky.

* * *

Steiger: Now, you went to high school with Jake Luck? You guys were in the same class? What was your class like? How many people were in that thing?

Hatch: We had a good collection of losers. (laughter) They were good ol' boys. We weren't all that scholarly. A good percent of us went to college and got degrees. Sometimes we did things that we weren't always supposed to do, but Jake was a neat guy, and he used to, like I say, fire a spitwad the full length of the class. He could take your ear off with the impact. So a lot of times, even though I was shooting at his full face, knowing I might hit him in the eye, I had to fire those shots back, just to keep him at bay. But he was fun, and we had a great time in school. I loved our high school class and thought it was great. I was chairman of the reunion two different years—at each five-year reunion—and we had a great time. The nondrinkers would try to have it in some church or some Mormon hall, and I'd try to have it at the country club or the Elks Club, so we had a trade off, but I think I got the best attendance at my [reunions]. We'd hire a band, and we'd have a great time. Jake didn't ever make it up there, but I sure missed him, and I wished he had. I teased him about it, but it was a long ways from Kanab.

Steiger: I guess like everywhere else, have you seen Vernal change a lot over the years? Has it grown?

Hatch: Vernal has, and I'm not sure I like all the change. I remember when Vernal only had 2,000–3,000 people, and I knew everyone in town. My Great-great-granddad Hatch settled Vernal, and they were planning to name it Hatchtown, but he didn't want that, so he asked them not to name it Hatchtown. They named it Vernal, which means “green.” It was a postmaster who named it Vernal. But Jeremiah Hatch settled there and then I'm a direct descendant of these guys that first came out there. Now in town, I hardly know anyone anymore, and they've even got traffic jams. That was unheard of in the days when we were kids.

Steiger: When did he come out there?

Hatch: I can't remember the exact date, but he was sent out by Brigham Young to colonize Vernal. He had four wives and thirty children.

Steiger: Would that have been like after the Civil War?

Hatch: During, because they were in the Mormon Battalion, and Matthew Caldwell, on my mother's side, was one of the other settlers. They settled Dry Fork Canyon. He marched in the Mormon Battalion about, I guess, in 1871. They had formed the community then at that time. I'm related to everybody in Vernal, if they're old descendants...Matthew Caldwell, who was in the Mormon Battalion did believe in polygamy, he had quite a few children.

STEIGER: Now, the Mormon Battalion, I'm not sure—now we're getting pretty far afield—but what was that all about?

HATCH: Well, in the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, the Mormons were holding church meetings, and a lot of people thought they were weirdos and strangers and plotting a revolution, when in fact they were just a religious group. And so they were persecuted. In those days a lot of people thought witchcraft was still in vogue, I guess. But they were jealous, didn't like the Mormons—especially the part about plural marriage. They chased 'em out of Illinois. And at that time, my ancestors were not Mormons. They were wagon-builders. They built wagons and sold 'em to the guys who were coming out the Oregon Trail and to Salt Lake. Later, they met Mormons and liked 'em and came out and joined 'em.

STEIGER: And the Mormon Battalion was just those people who migrated?

HATCH: Well, during the Civil War, the president asked for help from the Mormons, even though they'd been persecuted by the federal government. And if they'd help, he'd let them eventually settle in Salt Lake City with some kind of regulations, and eventually maybe form a state, the state of Utah. So would they send a military detachment to the West Coast? Which they did. They went into Texas and the West Coast and back. It was the longest march in history, as far as we know.

STEIGER: And that's what your great-great-granddad (**HATCH:** No, on my mother's side.) participated in? That was Caldwell?

HATCH: Yeah...

STEIGER: And so all these people went out to Utah where there wasn't...

HATCH: Where they could have religious freedom.

STEIGER: But it was pretty bare, pretty sparse?

HATCH: It was pretty grim for a long time. Years to come it became what they called the land of Zion. (chuckles)

STEIGER: It's impressive now. So are a lot of your relatives pretty devout?

HATCH: Most of 'em.

STEIGER: Are they mad at you for drinkin' and carryin' on and stuff?

HATCH: They like me, but they do give me a bad time, and they feel I jumped over the track when I married an Episcopalian. My background heritage, they would forgive me instantly and help me if I wanted to be a religious person, but I'm not, and I tell 'em that. I say, “My religion's down on the river in the Grand Canyon. If you want to have church, come on down.”

“Lucy Runs the Rapids” #188

When Lucille Ball gets into hot water, it's not necessarily “hot” water. The water in this instance is the icy H₂O found at the bottom of the Grand Canyon in Arizona in the “Lucy Runs the Rapids” episode of “Here’s Lucy.”

IN THE PROCESS OF delivering a camper pickup truck from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Lucy detours through Arizona, with Uncle Harry (Gale Gordon), Kim (Lucie Arnaz) and Craig (Desi, Jr.). Uncle Harry only discovers that they're in Arizona when Lucy has to stop at Lees Ferry on the Colorado River.

On the way, Lucy is flagged down by a young man who needs a push for his car. He tells Lucy it has to be going 30 mph to get it started. So Lucy, misunderstanding, backs up and charges for the man's stalled vehicle at that speed, stopping only at the last minute when she realizes that this doesn't seem right. The near victim happens to be a guide for float trips down the Colorado.

Lucy finally pulls over to a spot where it is ideal for a picnic. There they see a raft gently swaying at the

shoreline. Lucy climbs in and asks Harry to join her, but he's afraid. With closed eyes and fear-stiffened arm, Harry unknowingly shoves the raft into deeper water. Harry falls in the water and needs help. Lucy finds a mooring line and tosses it to sputtering Harry.

The loop lands about his neck and begins to choke him. Then Lucy throws out an oar which plunks him on the head. Finally, Kim and Craig swim to Harry and manage to put him in the boat. They, too, climb in. By this time, they have drifted into the main channel. A man on the shore comes waving and running to warn them, but Lucy takes this as a friendly gesture.

It just so happens that not far downstream, a raft party led by the young man that Lucy almost rammed at 30, is beginning its river-powered journey. At this

time, Lucy discovers that her raft has an outboard engine. She starts it and proceeds full speed ahead toward the full raft. When the young guide sees Lucy bearing down on him and his party, he can't believe it. Lucy careens into the people-laden raft and upends it. Lucy at the controls whisks farther down the river. Now the engine is jammed in a tight circle and Lucy thinks that they're all caught in a whirlpool. Upon realization of what has happened, Lucy drops the engine into the river and they float onward.

Finding oars, Lucy and the kids paddle to some rocks along the shore to tie up until help arrives. Uncle Harry is on the bottom of the boat, reeling from sea sickness and the oar-clonk on the head that Lucy gave him.

Tied up, they hear the drone of an engine heading toward them. It's the young river guide coming to save them. He maneuvers his craft and ties Lucy's raft to his boat.

But Lucy, suspicious that this young man is only after Kim, takes a hunting knife and severs the tow line. They continue their drift downwards.

The Carters manage to survive several roiling rapids, raft punctures, etc. And finally, the small raft lands on a strand of rocky shore.

Having unloaded their camping gear, they build a fire and try to get rest.

Craig discovers an air compressor in the raft and blows up the air mattresses. All except the one under sleeping Uncle Harry. Lucy does that one, and wanders off while it's still pumping air into it. The mattress finally blows up, and Uncle Harry comes tumbling after. Lucy explains to the startled Harry that he had a nightmare.

“The entire trip has been a nightmare,” retorts Harry.

Finally, all of them are sleeping, with Lucy nearest the water. She hears a strange gurgling sound and awakens to find that she's adrift. The others jump out of their sacks and go to her rescue. Clinging together like a human chain, they bob and bounce down another angry rapid only to be cast out again on to shore. A happy man runs to their side and congratulates Lucy for breaking the record.



The Madness of Jack Sumner

ON MAY 24, 1902, exactly thirty-three years from the day John Wesley Powell and Jack Sumner launched their expedition for the great unknown, the Denver Rocky Mountain News, founded by Sumner's brother-in-law William Byers, carried a bulletin:

CAPTAIN JACK SUMNER VICTIM OF MYSTERIOUS STABBING IN UTAH

Special to The News. GRAND JUNCTION, Colo., May 23—*Captain Jack Sumner, who left this city on Tuesday for Utah, was found about noon Wednesday near the town of Green River in an unconscious condition. He was brought to this city last night and taken to St. Mary's hospital. Dr. Hanson was called and found that Mr. Sumner was in a serious condition from a wound in the groin. He has since been in a half dazed condition and from what he says at times he must have been drugged and then stabbed. Word from the hospital this evening is that the captain is resting easy and that if no complications set in he will recover.*

An accompanying article, headlined "POOR OLD JACK," recalled Sumner's life, and concluded: "What motive anyone could have had for stabbing him, except for purposes of robbery, his friends in this city are at a loss to understand. While as brave as a lion, he was as tender-hearted as a child...While he has possessed a rugged constitution, he has seen much exposure and endured many hardships,...all of which will render his recovery slow, if not doubtful."

But there was more to this story, and it offers a deep look into Jack Sumner's psyche. Exactly one-third of a century after Sumner set off on the bold hopeful adventure of his youth, an ailing and defeated Sumner set off for the Green River again. Upon seeing the Green River, he needed little imagination to see the ghosts of himself and Powell going down it. Yet while Powell's river had carried him to great fame and power and security, Sumner's river had led to decades of obscurity and broken dreams and poverty. Perhaps Sumner had heard that this January Powell had suffered a stroke, which in September would end Powell's life. This third-of-a-century anniversary would seem to offer Sumner a powerful focus for assessing his own life and passing judgment upon its value. All we know for sure is that Jack Sumner, standing there quite alone, took out his knife, and took down his pants, and castrated himself.

He did an effective job of it too, judging from the notes Dr. Hanson made on his medical examination of Sumner four years later: "Both testicles have been

removed by himself. Operation was very successful. Done at a time of supposed temporary insanity." Given the severity of such a wound, and given Sumner's apparent isolation, we have to wonder if this was actually a suicide attempt. Dr. Hanson may have been thinking so when he said the insanity was "supposed." In an examination two years earlier, Dr. Hanson said simply: "He did this while in state of despondency." Jack Sumner had good reason to be despondent about his life. Years of trouble had left him with little to show for it. At the end of the Powell expedition, Sumner went through ten months of trouble just to get back to Denver. William Byers had already sent Powell a scolding letter for leaving Sumner so far from home without any money, and when Sumner finally got back, Byers published a tribute to him and a denunciation of Powell:

Brave by nature, inured to hardship, and fearless in the face of all danger, he was during all that terrible voyage its leading and ruling spirit, the commander of the signal boat which led the way through canon and rapid and torrent...The expedition was a success, thanks to the dauntless man who led it, as much as to him who has clothed a portion of its history in the elegant diction of the lecture room...we promise our readers at no distant day a new unwritten chapter in the history of the Powell expedition which may demonstrate that truth may really be stranger than fiction.

Powell historians, eager to defend Powell against Sumner's complaints against him and Sumner's claims for his own importance, have held that it was only late in life that Sumner became embittered against Powell. But here in the summer of 1870 the Sumner grievance is already filed, and not by Sumner, but by a man who had been one of Powell's most important backers. Sumner was only one of many who made a consistent complaint that Powell had no loyalty to historical facts or to those who served him. Because Sumner's complaints and claims were often overwrought, he made it easy for Powell's defenders to dismiss him, or portray him as a crank.

Byers never did publish his promised truth about the Powell expedition. Perhaps Byers, an astute promoter of Colorado who had cultivated friendships with major shapers of western expansion, recognized that Powell was emerging as a major shaper. For Sumner, the fact that even his own brother-in-law was reluctant to challenge Powell's self-aggrandizing legend must have made it seem futile to hope for validation for his own leadership role. For the next thirty years,

Sumner must have carried this frustration.

And the next thirty years piled on many more frustrations, many opportunities for Sumner to measure himself against the Colorado River hero he had been. Through years of trapping and prospecting, he seldom did better than survive, yet he remained loyal to the American frontier myth, with its promise not just of wealth but of heroism, loyal even after America had relegated the frontiersman to the nostalgia shows of Buffalo Bill and begun to worship inventors, Wall Street financiers, and industrialists.

An April 18, 1901 article in the Denver Republican perfectly captured Sumner's status as a relic of a vanished era:

J.C. SUMNER HATES TRAINS AND HOUSES
AND IS WORRIED BY CHANGES IN DENVER

"If I can find my way out of these box canyons I'll look up some of my relatives.... I ain't much used to these skyscrapers. Where is "F" Street?"

It was J. C. Sumner who wanted to know. He had just come out of the Equitable building when he made the inquiry. "Jack", as he is known, has prospected all over the west, but has an aversion for railroads and towns, and prefers a camp in a snow storm in a muddy arroyo to a parlor suite in the finest hotel.

Any building higher than a Mexican adobe house reminds him of the treacherous box canons that are the terror of the old prospector. It is sometimes necessary to spend days in getting out after entering a box canon.

"A train's bad enough, but these elevators make a fellow think he's drowning and falling over a cliff at the same time.... I wouldn't get into that cage again if I had to walk to the top of Pike's Peak.

"But what did they change the names of the streets for?..

"Or, say if you will just take me to W. N. Byers... I'd be all right..."

Mr. Sumner is on his way to examine a district in New Mexico, where rumor has it that rich ore exists in abundance.

"You bet I will go both ways on a burro—it will only take about four weeks longer than to go by train, and I never ride in the cars unless I have a broken leg...."

The images of canyons and falling over cliffs and drowning are notable when applied to a man who had mastered the greatest of canyons and rivers.

Wallace Stegner spent years exploring the theme of what happens to a man who persists trying to live by the American frontier myth long after that myth has ceased to function. In his most ambitious novel, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, Stegner portrayed his own

father as futilely pursuing the frontier myth, at great cost to himself and his family, until he despairs and commits suicide. In Jack Sumner, Stegner had an identical character and story line and fate, yet ironically, when Stegner turned to writing Powell history, he too was eager to ignore Sumner.

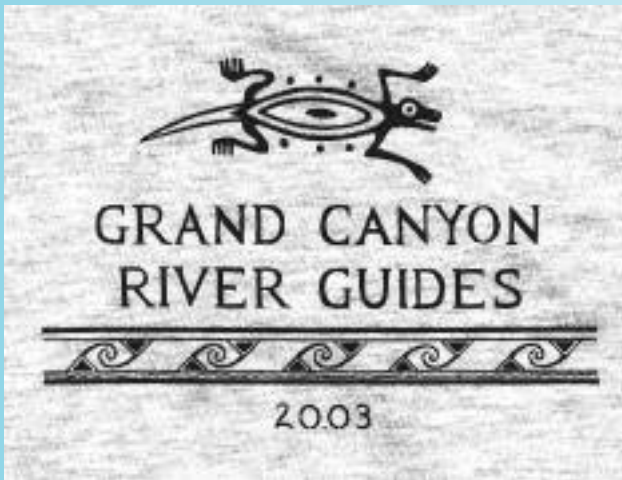
Sumner's life was hard on his family too. In 1884, Sumner's wife filed for divorce, charging that Sumner "has become an habitual drunkard," and had abandoned her and their children for a whole year to go prospecting when he could be supporting her through "ordinary industry." Curiously, eighteen months later they got re-married, but Jack insisted that instead of signing her name Alcinda J. Sumner, from now on she had to use the name Jennie N. Sumner, an identity change that caused much confusion when Alcinda tried to claim an army widow's pension. Soon after this re-marriage, Jack's mother died and left considerable real estate to Jack and his Denver siblings. Yet years previously, Jack had signed a note leaving him in serious debt (Jack would claim a friend had forged his name), and to protect the estate from being seized for this debt, he signed his share over to his children. But the children were minors, who could not legally own real estate, so the entire estate was frozen into legal limbo, potentially for a decade to come. Jack's siblings were furious with him, even more so when he disappeared for two months to go prospecting, and this legal mess dragged on for over a year. This disaster must have contributed to Jack not returning to Denver until the 1901 visit that made the newspaper.

Jack Sumner was a lost man in the modern world of technological and legal complexities. It must have been galling that after remaining true to the frontier myth, Sumner was forgotten, while John Wesley Powell, who long ago became a Washington bureaucrat, remained a hero of the frontier myth. Sumner felt that a promise to him had been broken, and if he didn't have the sophistication of a Wallace Stegner to understand how national myths could break promises of wealth and heroism, he attached that sense of betrayal wholly upon Powell. Comparing himself to the Powell legend, Sumner felt, shall we say, emasculated. We are venturing into Freudian territory here, and perhaps this article is psychologically speculative enough without wading into the quicksand of psychological theory. But even if you have no use for Freudian symbolism, consider the value of literary symbolism. Wallace Stegner could not have invented a more potent symbolism for the end of the American frontier than a man who traveled a hundred miles in one day—Sumner must have taken the train!—to end his life beside the river in whose mirror he was still a hero.

Don Lago

2003 T-Shirts Are Here!

OUR NEW T-SHIRTS, designed by Renny Russell, are available for sale at GCRG. They're 100% cotton, Hanes Beefy Ts in sizes M, L, XL, and XXL. The shirt colors are as follows: Short Sleeve—copper and moss green; Long Sleeve—stonewashed blue and ash gray. Priced at \$16 for the short sleeve and \$18 for the long sleeve shirts, these prices include shipping. What a deal!



front



back

Send a check to GCRG and Lynn will be happy to get one (or two or three) right out to you.



Fine Art for Sale

ANYONE WHO ATTENDED the Guides Training Seminar (GTS) land session in Marble Canyon had the privilege of viewing the beautiful artistry of landscape painter Dave Haskell. For those of you who may be interested in purchasing one of his “giclee” prints of original oil paintings of the Colorado River, there is a discount when purchasing them through Grand Canyon River Guides. These prints truly capture the unique beauty, power and tranquility of the most inspiring place on earth. Canyon art can be “food for the soul” with deepened meaning for anyone who has explored its depths and experienced the mystery. To view the prints online, visit the Windrush Gallery website at www.windrushgallery.net. If you find them intriguing, contact the GCRG office and we'd be happy to send you a brochure!

Back in Print

LOOK WHAT'S BACK in print after a brief period of being out of print! University of Arizona has reissued *Raven's Exile* by Ellen Melloy in a new edition with a stunning cover. It's still a great read about Utah's Green River (Desolation Canyon). I hope its past readers will welcome it back and that it will delight a whole flock of new readers as well.

Ellen Melloy

Marble Canyon Dam Rock Cores

IN 1949, the Bureau of Reclamation surveyors and engineers departed Cliff Dwellers Lodge where they had been staying during the survey of the Marble Canyon damsite. They left the rock cores, which had been drilled from the bed of the river, behind as useless. And there they sat gathering dust for 51 years until the new owners of Cliff Dwellers wanted them out of the way.

Coincidentally at that time I was getting into cutting and polishing rocks and decided to polish a rock core. The results were so unexpectedly beautiful that it occurred to me that they could be sold to other Grand Canyon aficionados. The cores were rescued from oblivion and the Marble Canyon Rock Core Co. was created.

Because the Muav and particularly the Redwall have several distinct members in Marble Canyon, the variation in appearance of the polished cores is quite dramatic, often showing fossils or crystals of calcite, quartz, and iron pyrite.

Anyone interested in seeing and buying a rock core at below retail price can contact Dick Clark, Badger Creek, Marble Canyon, AZ 86036 or call (928) 355-2281. Photos are available upon request.

Dick Clark

Announcements

FOUND

We found a disposable camera in the eddie below Crystal this past January 7. After our trip we developed the film and it appears to be from a December Private Trip that took pictures of their run through Hance. Pictures were taken of their left-side scout, and right-run at about 12K CFS. Please call 928-523-1740 to claim. Thanks.

Joe Shannon

LOST

On a recent trip, (March 27th–April 17th) a very personal item was lost at Clear Creek. If someone found the object, made from pipe stone and inscribed with a small petroglyph replica of the flute player with his flute, or knows of someone who did find the items, I would appreciate hearing about it. There would be a reward offered for its return—as well as a heap of gratitude. Thanks.

Ricardo

FOUND

Sleeping bags found at Nankoweap on May 11. Contact Donna Koster or Bob Dye at 435-644-2678.

MISSING

Several items of clothing were left behind at the GTS. If you are missing something, give the GCRG office a call at (928) 773-1075.

Anyone Need Sunglasses?

I'M IN CHARGE of pro deals for Smith Sport Optics and am on a quest to get as many river guides as I can hooked on to our program as we feel that guides are very deserving recipients. We offer licensed river guides wholesale prices. So please have a look at our website at www.smithsport.com and let me know if you are interested!

You can contact me at 208-726-4477.

Jessie Dunn

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
The Summit—Boating equipment 928/774-0724
Chums—Chums 800/323-3707
Mountain Sports 928/779-5156
Aspen Sports—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935
Teva 928/779-5938
Sunrise Leather—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575
River Rat Raft and Bike—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777
Professional River Outfitters—Equip. rentals 928/779-1512
Canyon R.E.O.—River equipment rental 928/774-3377
The Dory Connection—THE DORY CONNECTION@HOTMAIL.COM
Winter Sun—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884
Mountain Angels Trading Co.—River jewelry 800/808-9787
Terri Merz, MFT—Counselling 702/892-0511
Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS—Dentist 928/779-2393
Snook's Chiropractic 928/779-4344
Fran Sarena, NCMT—Body work 928/773-1072
Five Quail Books—Canyon and River books 928/776-9955
Canyon Books—Canyon and River books 928/779-0105
River Gardens Rare Books—First editions 435/648-2688
Patrick Conley—Realtor 928/779-4596
Design and Sales Publishing Company 520/774-2147
River Art & Mud Gallery—River folk art 435/648-2688
Fretwater Press—Holmstrom and Hyde books 928/774-8853
Marble Canyon Lodge 928/355-2225
Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ 928/355-2228
Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA—Taxes 928/525-2585
Trebon & Fine—Attorneys at law 928/779-1713
Laughing Bird Adventures—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167
North Star Adventures—Alaska & Baja trips 800/258-8434
Chimneys Southwest—Chimney sweeping 801/644-5705
Rescue Specialists—Rescue & 1st Aid 509/548-7875
Wilderness Medical Associates 888/945-3633
Rubicon Adventures—Mobile CPR & 1st Aid 707/887-2452
Vertical Relief Climbing Center 928/556-9909
Randy Rohrig—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064
Dr. Mark Falcon—Chiropractor 928/779-2742
Willow Creek Books—Coffee & Outdoor gear 435/644-8884
KC Publications—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673
Roberta Motter, CPA 928/774-8078
Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed 928/773-9406
High Desert Boatworks—Dories & Repairs 970/259-5595
Hell's Backbone Grill—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464
Boulder Mountain Lodge 800/556-3446
Marble Canyon Metal Works 928/355-2253
Cañonita Dories—Dory kits, hulls, oars, etc. 970/259-0809
Tele Choice—Phone rates 877/548-3413
Kristen Tinning, NCMT—Rolfing & massage 928/525-3958
Inner Gorge Trail Guides—Backpacking 877/787-4453
Sam Walton—Rare Earth Images, screen savers 928/214-0687
Plateau Restoration/Conservation Adventures 435/259-7733
EPF Classic & European Motorcycles 928/778-7910
Asolo Productions—Film and Video Productions 801/705-7033
Funhog Press—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788
Man of Rubber, Inc. 800/437-9224
Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture 206/323-3277
CC Lockwood—Photography books 225/769-4766
Canyon Arts—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873

Go There

Anything you have read about the Grand Canyon is a lie
Language falters and dies before the fact
The experience is inexpressible in words
The Grand Canyon is its own language
Written across space causality and time
See how puny these words are
Do not believe them
Go there

Amil Quayle

Where Are the Amphibians?

THE USGS SOUTHWEST BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE CENTER is conducting an amphibian survey in the Glen Canyon/Grand Canyon area and we need your help. River runners and hikers in Grand Canyon at some point find themselves in amphibian habitat, that is, along the main river channel, hiking up one of the sidestream tributaries, or possibly at a spring area high up on the Tonto platform. During your sojourns, you may come across a frog or a toad, and we are keenly interested in your observations. Information from you will help address the question, "Where are the amphibians in Glen and Grand canyons?"

Information we need includes location of the sighting, date, species, and life stage (egg, tadpole, adult). Please include descriptive notes as well, particularly how you identified the species. If you can, take a photograph. We are particularly interested in the northern leopard frog, *Rana pipiens*, which has become very rare in the Glen Canyon / Grand Canyon area, but we welcome any and all amphibian observations. Send your information to:

Lisa Gelczis
USGS COLORADO PLATEAU FIELD STATION



Northern Leopard Frog (*Rana pipiens*): note smooth skin, green or brown coloration overall, prominent dark spots, large eyes, pointed snout; active, strong jumper—much quicker and more active than any of the toads; most likely to be seen in water or in dense vegetation immediately adjacent to stream.

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 _____

\$30 1-year membership

\$125 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 _____

Grand Reading

WHITE ARMS AND BLACK ONES pulled on the oars as they had never pulled before. Backs strained, oars bent. The little boat did its best, and responded bravely...not for an instant did the two stop rowing.

Rags shouted to Ted, and Ted to Rags, one urging one thing and one another, the rowing became desperate and so uneven the oarsmen's ideas became fatally twisted as to the right direction.

"We're going round and round," cried Ted.

"We're coming to smooth water sure," shouted Rags; but before he had closed his mouth a sound caught his ear that sent hope hopping away into the thickest of the mist. The sound became a roar. It was unmistakable. there wasn't another like it in the world. Wildcat Pete had time and again warned them about this very place. In a minute the boys knew they were headed not for Camp Jolly, but for the most dangerous rapids in the cañon. Before they had time to breathe, a swift current snatched away the oars, and was tossing the helpless boat from wave to wave. Then, scornful of so small a plaything, it sent it smashing into splinters against a sharp rock, hurling the two boys into a quiet pool behind it.



From *Camp Jolly or The Secret-Finders in the Grand Cañon* by Frances Little, Illustrated by C.M. Relyea, New York: The Century Company, 1917

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 Ruth H. Brown Foundation, Teva, Chehalis Fund of the Tides Foundation, Norcross Wildlife Foundation, The Louise H. and David S. Ingalls Foundation, the Walton Family Foundation and innumerable GCRG members for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.

Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

boatman's quarterly review

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION U.S. POSTAGE PAID FLAGSTAFF, AZ PERMIT NO. 10
--