

boatman's quarterly review



Kate Thompson

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...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.

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks.
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Slice the Pie Even Thinner?

IN 1857, LIEUTENANT JOSEPH CHRISTMAS IVES led one hell of a journey from the mouth of the Colorado upriver to the Rio Virgin west of Western Grand Canyon. He then plodded overland with his mule train onto the South Rim and the Coconino Plateau, dropping partway into Havasu. Next he traversed all the way east and north to Fort Defiance. This foray into the relatively unknown Southwest was high adventure of the first caliber. His quote about the sheer desolation of the Coconino Plateau—"Ours has been the first, and doubtless will be the last, party of whites to visit this profitless locality"—rings down to us today, however, with a singular lack of foresight that makes us shake our heads despite ourselves.

A dozen years later, a Major John Wesley Powell carved out a name for himself by hiring a crew of Civil War veterans living as mountain men in the Rockies to row four Whitehalls down a thousand miles of relatively unknown river canyons along the Green and Colorado rivers. Grand Canyon was the grand—and ultimately fatal—finale to Powell's 1869 Expedition of Exploration. (An aside here, a new book just published this year by Puma Press presents the journals and letters of these first Grand Canyon River Guides and engagingly explores this expedition with the eyes of a professional...) Not only did none of Powell's surviving crew ever want to run that river again, Powell himself made only one more partial trip. It is clear from Powell's ensuing career that he, like Ives, believed that no one else would be tough enough or foolish enough to attempt boating the Colorado River in Grand Canyon ever again. Not even Powell's second, 1871-1872, crew wanted to row past Kanab Creek to face Lava Falls, Separation Rapid, and Lava Cliff Falls. They abandoned their Whitehalls near Mile 144 with a profound sense of relief. The whole enterprise of continuing downriver was far too taxing of both strength and courage.

If we don't watch ourselves, we can tend to be smug today over these dramatic, perhaps even overdramatic, early accounts of the terrors of Grand Canyon and that wild beast of a river coursing through it. And we can grin and roll our eyes at those explorers' wrong predictions that no one new would ever be dimwitted enough to venture into the region again. Not only do we have the whole thing figured out—the cut at Bedrock, the V-wave in Lava, the whale's tail in Horn Creek, the left and right runs in Hance (and the center one at flows of 70,000-95,000 cfs)—we babysit dimwitted newcomers in the depths of that canyon

quite often. Collectively, it seems, a legion of them. Hey, not only do we know the Canyon and the River, we also know that both together act as one of the most powerful catalysts of renewal of the human spirit. We, it turns out, are guides not only into an immensely impressive terrain on Planet Earth, we are equally guides into the lost canyons of joy within the human spirit.

Have we—and the Canyon—done this job too well?

None of the outfitters running the Grand Canyon Colorado have to advertise their services much any more. Sure, the current economic recession and war have nicked business a bit. But, really, the sixteen commercial NPS concession contracts are relative gold mines when compared to other “real-world” business out there in that cutthroat national economy of layoffs and bankruptcies. After all, no new companies can enter the scene in Grand Canyon to present competition. The Chinese cannot manufacture new, cheap but serviceable Grand Canyon trips or user-days or launches by using sweat shop/slave labor. “Our” established and sanctioned and contracted trips are the number one-rated adventure travel experience in North America. Powell never would have dreamed this, but now half a million people do dream of their experiences here and they tell others how wonderful and even life-changing they were. So, yes, in a business sense, outfitters seem to have their cake and eat it too. And we are the agents of their success.

We are also guardians of the quality of this experience. Sure the NPS continues to try to build fences around what we can do, but the majority of those fences are ones with which we Grand Canyon River Guides already agree. Some are even ones that we have recommended. Most of us take our guardianship and stewardship of the Canyon deeply to heart. This deep love for the Canyon combined with our far superior knowledge of it places us in a weird psychological position.

Who else, we may ask ourselves, is better suited to take people into this Canyon with the greatest positive effects on our fellow explorers but with the fewest negative impacts on the Canyon beside us?

The answer is nobody. Really nobody.

For those of us who dwell on this revelation, our superiority with regard to Grand Canyon issues compared to the entire remainder of intelligent life in the universe, lies a deep trap of conceit and hubris. Sure, we’re smart and we run good clean trips. But so too do other boaters out there, boaters for whom a private Grand Canyon trip is a float to boating Mecca.

Yes, we’ve all seen private trips rigging in a hurricane-scattered mess of gear at the launch ramp with a proud heap of 80+ case of beer stacked up to supply

fifteen people with a constant mental anesthesia for two-plus weeks. And we know that these private boaters’ attempts to consume that beer—to bring no can home alive—will guarantee that the experiences of those private boaters in Grand Canyon will be at best mediocre and more likely a pathetic beer bash that mocks the majesty of the Canyon. Why not, we ask ourselves, find some pond somewhere, launch their boats on it, and stay drunk there under their umbrellas and in their folding chairs, out of our sight and that of the Canyon itself?

Lest we judge too harshly, however, or condemn these “trailer-trash” private trips as being the typical private trips, let me point out that most private trips are populated with private boaters who respect the Canyon and value extremely highly their boating/hiking experiences in it during their trips. For many of them it is truly the trip of their lifetimes. So much so that, as with the commercial passengers that we service, the word spreads.

And the demand grows.

And grows.

Lieutenant Ives and Major Powell would be blown away with the current state of affairs at the Canyon.

And with shrinking beaches due to the environmentally deleterious operations of Glen Canyon Dam, the pie fails to expand to accommodate this growing demand.

The National Park Service in the 1970s made an attempt to determine the carrying capacity of the river corridor within the Canyon. This carrying capacity pivoted around camp site numbers, size, and dispersion, and upon other more social factors such as crowding at attraction sites, rapids, etc. This attempt at identifying carrying capacity or defining the size of the “pie” to be sliced up between users became the backbone of the entire system by which the NPS allocates and limits usage of the river to commercial outfitters and also to the private sector made up of those who want to row or paddle or motor their own boats themselves. In short, to be their own pilots. Yes, I know this is common knowledge but please bear with me for a moment.

The early allocation was roughly 93 percent commercial and seven percent private. This was shifted several years back to roughly 75 percent commercial and 25 percent commercial. Commercial outfitters, it might be pointed out, require both a critical mass of user-days and a very high predictability of having them to remain in business. An allocation system allowing this, whatever their slice of the pie might be, is vital. Meanwhile, access as a private trip permit holder to this 25 percent shifted away from a lottery system, complained about by many as being one so extremely unreliable that a private boater

might never gain access to the river, and has moved to the now infamous and hated “Waiting List.”

No matter what your opinion might be of the Waiting List or of private boating in general, demand by private boaters to be a trip permit holder now apparently exceeds demand by commercial passengers for access to the river in Grand Canyon.

The current Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) process to somehow revise or “improve” on this apparent inequity of access is occurring due to NPS law and also in response to a lawsuit by private boaters. This process has become a very hot one, with scoping sessions scattered across the USA and with more recent “Stakeholder meetings” and then yet more Stakeholder meetings on the issues of carrying capacity (what is it, anyway, and how does one determine it?), motor usage, and allocation of user days between the two major user groups of private versus commercial. Conspicuously, there exists no NPS allocation for an “educational” sector, again, just commercial and private plus the large “shadow” allocation for “science/resource monitoring.”

The scoping sessions, as you might know, were tightly controlled. They limited most comments to a written format. Even so, this yielded more than 50,000 comments from 13,000 public commentors. The Stakeholder meetings (occurring as late as June 2003) were also tightly controlled, and, in my personal opinion at least, restricted to such arbitrary dimensions of input and also without allowing true discussion groups that might lead to consensus compromises, that their value will, I fear, prove to be limited at best, and detrimentally distortable at worst.

Even so, a pattern emerged with singular clarity: Neither the commercial outfitters nor those representing the private boating community are eager to make concessions within their own camps.

This may sound obvious or even facile, but unless such discussion between the user groups can lead to remedying at least some of what are identified as inequities enjoyed by both sides, then the entity who will saw the baby in half will be the National Park Service. And if the latter entity does a glaringly poor job of it, their completed CRMP will result not in a workable plan but instead in litigation.

For example, commercial outfitters point out that half of the scheduled private launch dates are canceled or deferred by the permittees, and thus imply that the private permit holders are not acting in a responsible manner. They also point out that a minority of private boaters have become so adept at playing the NPS system to get themselves onto private trips that they do three, or four, or even five private trips in a year, thus taking private user-day slots away from more deserving private boaters. The outfitters point out that if the private boating leadership were really interested in “equity,” as claimed, then they would agree to

new regulations to limit a private boater to one trip per year and thus “clean their house” of “system-abusers” who worsen the overall situation for private boaters in general. But, some outfitters point out, the private boating leadership is not willing to do this.

A further criticism by outfitters is that, while, yes, it may take twelve years for a private boater to get his or her own permit to run a private trip, any private boater is free right now to explore the possibility of joining a partially filled private trip with a launch date scheduled for the next 12–24 months; this is exactly, outfitters point out, the same option that a commercial passenger now faces in trying to get onto a commercial river trip.

On the other side of the coin, private boaters point out that a twelve year wait (or even twenty years as some extrapolate) to get a private launch permit is ridiculously unequal to the one or two year wait that a person who wants to buy a commercial charter trip faces. Private boaters say this is socioeconomic discrimination, or even segregation, and unfair.

With such arguments, often degrading into apples-versus-oranges comparisons, all progress is derailed, which seems to be, for a few, a goal in itself.

In the last “Stakeholder Session” I pointed out to the group in general—and to several members’ dismay—that all discussion of allocation scenarios are completely arbitrary and are an exercise in futility without a very specific and critical body of data. It is absolutely necessary to the NPS, I said, in their deciding an equitable allocation system, to know what the true demand of the American public in general is for specific sorts of trips: commercial, private, and educational.

Thus the NPS must devise instruments to assess what every member of the public interested in a river trip through the Canyon actually wants as their preferred trip. When such data are tallied, they yield a guide for allocation. This may sound obvious and simple and true, but the knowledge that such data may yield (assuming that the data are accurate and representative) is potentially dangerous to every user group and threatening to the status quo in general, including the status quo of private users, who may discover that private boaters are an even smaller minority than currently claimed, while the currently unallocated “educational” user group is vastly underestimated.

Apropos of this need, the NPS is already exploring a “gateway” concept. This computer gateway would assess every person who wants to participate in a Canyon river trip—private or commercial—with a series of questions designed to categorize their specific interests and preferences. This system does not yet exist but resides in the stage of conceptualization.

Critics of gateway concept—and of all other social survey instruments aimed at determining public preference—point out that some people within any and all

user groups will be tempted to stack the deck somehow by creating a flood of their own user-members to distort the pool of data. Their ability to do this depends of course on NPS safeguards within their survey system but also pivots on a user group's combined financial resources to pay for flooding the system with "extra" or "spurious" would-be users.

No system is perfect. And all systems are suspect when the status quo is threatened with change that will hurt a user group.

Unfortunately this problem is ours. Not with some other group of "experts." And it devolves upon us to open-mindedly consider and offer positive inputs in creating a better system.

The pie is shrinking and the demand is growing—and all of this in an adversarial and litigious arena. Our contributions are critical.

We may never "all get along." Very likely we will not. Animosities between some elements of all user groups over allocation may fester forever due to "equity" being perceived differently by different individuals. But if we are to behave as rational individuals in a civilized society, we need to engage in honest dialog with the full foreknowledge that everyone at the table may have to give up some small part of their slice of the pie to forge a better allocation system.

Do we have it in us to help shape a fairer system that preserves a viable commercial outfitter system while allowing the average private boater out there to gain a workable anticipation that he or she will be able to hop

onto a private trip with three or four years?

I think it is possible, especially if we are willing to re-explore the idea of "private permit-holder" versus "private boater" and devise a system that favors the latter and de-emphasizes the exclusivity of the former.

To pull this off we need to sit at that table and hammer it out. As we all know, democracy is a messy process. But it is infinitely better than "Big Brother."

Hence, when the next CRMP review session begins, please be there. Your positive participation is needed.

This is my last President's Column in the BQR. I will soon step down to leave the GCRG presidency in the very capable and sometimes wry hands of John O'Brien. It has been my pleasure to try to serve you, my fellow guides, in positive ways. After all, we are a limited breed and we pay a big price to practice our profession. I've tried to reduce that price. I also, as most of you do, possess a deep respect and, yes, a somewhat possessive one, for the Canyon itself; I would like to pay "it" back by attempting to protect it from the seemingly endless follies and ecological insults perpetrated upon it by our fellow men (not women, it may be pointed out, just men). In these two dual attempts, I must admit, I have had what I consider to have been very limited success. For my parting shot—my Parthian arrow—please let me simply say: Thanks for trusting me (if you did), and my plea to you is, when faced with any issues on Grand Canyon, follow your heart and act upon its dictates.

Michael Ghiglieri

Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO “BACK OF THE BOAT” BY MIKE BOYLE
IN BQR 16:2

IN 1987 SOBEK RAN the first descent of the Yarkand River in Chinese Turkestan. John Yost, Jim Slade and I ran self-bailers, and Mike Boyle got stuck with the bucket boat. The river dropped 7000 feet in 300 miles, and there were no maps, no aerial photos, no trails along the shore. We encountered several deep canyons that precluded scouting, due to the wall-to-wall river and vertical rock sides. This was psychologically challenging water, not for the Class IV water, but for the total unknown that greeted us around the each bend, and the lack of time to prepare for it. We had no choice but to run these canyons, make quick decisions, and hope for the best.

In one of these gorges, Boyle took a wave that filled his boat to the gunwales. He careened away, out of control, and disappeared downstream. Slade was in the lead but had pulled to shore down below and was unable to help. Yost and I were behind and gave fruitless chase. As I swept past Slade, he called out “Boyle was still upright, going around the bend!” It sounded like an epitaph.

We learn from Boyle’s article in “Back of the Boat” in the last BQR that for quite a while until rather recently, his life fit that description. He again floated around the bend, and not always under control. He left guiding and the life he knew and loved, and caromed towards some scary unknown future for which there was no map. In spite of the hazards and the setbacks, he managed to stay upright, if periodically awash.

As he disappeared downriver that day on the Yarkand, floating where no man had floated before, he stayed true to his own credo. He was certainly working hard and doing the best job he could. No one doubted that he was paying attention. Boyle’s fundamentals were always sound. Somehow he managed to remain upright. He bailed his boat and scrambled to shore before we caught up to him. He looked beaten up, but not beaten, his huge droopy mustache unable to hide the grin.

Now we’ve caught up to Boyle again, but this time we find him under control in midstream, his life moving forward, and that grin still hiding the recent turmoil. We’re all proud of Mike. He faced challenges greater than most of us will ever have to face. He managed to stay upright in spite of taking some big ones over the bow, and he came out on top. We’re also pleased with the inspirational example he’s set for others. Today, off the river, he continues to live by his

own tenets, which we all would do well to emulate, and his example again gives hope to all of us that there is indeed life around the bend. Work hard, pay attention, and do the best job you can.

Just like Boyle.

Skip Horner

IN REFERENCE TO “THE MADNESS OF JACK SUMNER” BY
DON LAGO IN BQR 16:2

DON LAGO’S PIECE in the last BQR, pertaining to Jack Sumner’s self mutilation, was the most shocking piece of Powell lore I can imagine. It is remarkable that such a bizarre tale has been under wraps for a full century, given the keen interest in the Powell expedition. It is the tale of a deeply troubled man at the very least—a man who would be institutionalized in today’s world.

But aside from the tragedy it exposes in Sumner’s life, it has ramifications that ripple far wider. Robert Brewster Stanton and others who have searched long and hard for evidence to condemn Powell, have relied heavily on Sumner’s latter-day account of the 1869 expedition, wherein Sumner claims much greater leadership in the trip, and condemns Powell on a number of accounts. Yet is an account written some four-and-one-half years after Sumner castrated himself on the banks of the Green River—it is an account written by a man unhinged.

We know that now, and can begin to put Sumner’s account into a somewhat different perspective. And certainly we can forgive earlier researchers for leaning so heavily on Sumner’s seemingly coherent recollections. Or can we?

It was Stanton who requested Sumner’s 1907 account, which forms the backbone of Colorado River Controversies. Yet in appendix G of Stanton’s unpublished manuscript of *The River and the Canyon*, he quotes a letter from Sumner—with one large omission. The ageless question of “What did he know, and when did he know it?” comes to mind. Stanton’s footnote explaining his omission, in light of Don Lago’s discovery, now begins to speak volumes. (I am assuming the bracketed words were added by Stanton.):

March 28th., 1907

Dear Stanton:

Yours 21st. rec'd. and noted. In reply will say that you have got hold of a badly mutilated copy of my journal. I kept a journal from May 24th., 1869, when we left Green River, Wyoming, to Fort Mojave, Arizona. Made a complete copy of the original and sent [it] to Maj. J.W. Powell. He was very anxious to get it, and now I see why, I probably said some things in it that did not suit him and he has erased, or had erased, a lot of it.

As to the first part, from Green River to Uinta River, it appears it has been stolen bodily.

The journal was written up every evening with pencil, but all of it was perfectly legible when I copied it at Fort Mojave. Of course I can't fill in the omissions that occur in your copy of the journal, but I think the account I sent you ten days since will make things plain to you.

...(1)

As to the journal in your possession, I care nothing for it. Keep it or send it back to Washington as you see proper. I would be very foolish to write a journal and leave it in the condition of the copy you send me. Perhaps J.W.P. erased the parts, perhaps some other person did. I deny its parentage [in the form it now is]

(Signed) Jack Sumner,
Vernal, Utah.

(1) The parts of this letter omitted refer to Sumner's sickness, etc., and in no way relate to the subject of the journal.

Brad Dimock

IN REFERENCE TO "THE CHANGING RAPIDS OF THE COLORADO RIVER—DORIS RAPID" BY CHRIS MAGIRL AND BOB WEBB IN BQR 16:2

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST in your most recent issue a scholarly study of the small but intriguing Grand Canyon rapid now known as "Doris". The very first paragraph of the article by Chris Magirl and Bob Webb includes the sentence: "Though the boat stayed upright, Doris and the other passenger were thrown into the water." I was that "other passenger"!!

From my limited experience, that little rapid is unique on the river—as was its namesake. It has nothing to do with debris flows—it has all to do with geology and flood stage. It is dangerous at low water and a roller coaster at flood stage. I saw it at low water

and will never forget it. It ate the *Wen*—all sixteen feet of it. And we never touched bottom, or the sides, or anything else.

I suggest the following scenario. An excavated length of river bottom cut through an almost horizontal, erosion-resistant sedimentary bed into softer material, to form a long, straight, deep and narrow pool of water. High water rushes the length of the pool, making normal waves. Low water pours over the lip of the pool and quietly sets up a circulation of water, downstream at depth, upstream at the surface—a familiar condition in many places, but not at such a large scale and length of river (half a mile of straight level pool below Doris).

In 1940 Doris Nevills and I were lolling on the flat stern of the *Wen* enjoying the quiet scenery. Norm was rowing. The river stretched calm and peaceful ahead. "Strolling down the river on a quiet afternoon" stern first, watchful, drifting along. Peaceful. So what made that long, dim ripple ahead? We looked. We saw. Straight down. The whole river was going straight down. The *Wen* upended and went full length straight down, how far I wouldn't know. I do know the *Wen* shuddered, stopped, turned sideways as its natural, built-in buoyancy returned it to the surface.

The agile and ever alert Norm scrambled out of the cockpit, up and over the gunwale so as to force the emerging *Wen* to fall back right side up. He was totally successful in that split second effort.

I found myself spread-eagled, face down on the rear deck, half over the edge, one hand with a firm grip on a safety rope, the other seemingly anchored in the water. So I pulled that arm in and up popped a sputtering, blowing Doris. I had a firm grip on the seat of her pants.

This all went on in deep, deep water. The sixteen-foot *Wen* went totally under, but did not touch bottom. None of the passengers was scraped or scratched. Not a bit of blood. It could not have happened in a shallow debris-flow rapid.

It was a no-line rapid in Grand.
They ran it just as was planned.
But the hole at the bottom
Reached out and got 'em
And pulled them in by the hand.

There were several verses of this brilliant doggerel. Milderd Backer Rosa McVey wrote it all down in her little black book. I wouldn't blame you if you made no effort to resurrect it.

John Southworth

IN REFERENCE TO “DR. HARVEY BUTCHART ORAL HISTORY” BY LEW STEIGER AND “DEAR EDDY” BY ANONYMOUS IN BQR 16:1

I JUST FINISHED reading a copy of the Spring 2003 BQR that someone gave me. That is a very nice publication you have put together. Even as a non-boat person I enjoyed all the articles.

For the record, I would like to correct two errors.

In the great article on Harvey Butchart, the phonetic spelling was a off a bit in the paragraph where Harvey was talking about how many miles he had hiked in the Canyon, and again in the paragraph when Harvey was talking about how many of the Canyon’s named summits he had climbed. In both cases the correct spelling of the first name he mentioned is Jim Ohlman (not Tim Oldman).

There was also an article “Dear Eddy” by Anonymous castigating the GCNP’s Science Center for permitting the bolting of the Granite Rapid boulders. I had discussed this issue with some of the Science Center staff in March or April. They were extremely annoyed that these boulders had been bolted. Not only had they not permitted the bolting, they had, in writing, specifically forbade the boulder bolting. As Christa mentioned in her article, the Park just doesn’t have enough money or people to monitor all the goes on in the Canyon.

Ken Walters

IN REFERENCE TO “DR. HARVEY BUTCHART ORAL HISTORY” BY LEW STEIGER IN BQR 16:1

PAGE 30 “TIM OLDMAN . . . [phonetic spellings]” This is Jim Ohlman, who, as Harvey said, hiked an amazing amount in the Grand Canyon.

Just as there is a manifest communication gap between Flagstaff and Utah boaters, so too there often seems to be one between boatmen and the most serious hikers of the Grand Canyon. There is only occasional overlap.

Anthony Williams

A Quiet Victory

ONE OF THE GREATEST joys of a wilderness experience is the opportunity to experience something that is so rare in our hectic, technology driven lives—natural quiet. Due to Senator John McCain’s swift action, you will still have the opportunity to experience the stillness of a Grand Canyon morning or the magnificent quiet of the early evening hours.

FAA regulations currently limit tour flights in Grand Canyon in summer between 8 AM and 6 PM and between 9 AM and 5 PM in the October through April period. A provision on a recent bill facing final votes in the House and Senate would have allowed small planes and helicopters to fly over the canyon an hour after sunrise to an hour before sunset. Think of those long summer days and you’ll realize the serious ramifications of this failed amendment. Grand Canyon National Park and environmental groups vigorously opposed the flight expansion.

As a result, Grand Canyon friend, Senator McCain, stripped the provision from the bill last week.

Curfews on overflights are one of the few gains that have been made in the battle over air tour limits in Grand Canyon. For the moment, their status is secure, but back-door amendments such as these are sure to re-surface. We’re just barely holding our own in this struggle that has spanned years. So next time you’re sitting on a Grand Canyon beach sipping your coffee and enjoying the quiet of the morning, take a moment to ponder the ongoing battles that wage on this issue and the exhaustive efforts that are being made just so that you can have that experience. It can be easy to forget just how precious those moments of quiet truly are and how much they enrich our lives.

Lynn Hamilton

Changes and Thanks to the Board of Directors

The GCRG board elections are officially closed as of this writing, and you'll notice three new names on our masthead: OC Dale, Jocelyn Gibbon and Jayne Lee. Matt Kaplinski will be returning for a second term, and Jeri Ledbetter and Bob Dye will remain on the board for one more year. We really look forward to working with the new board of directors. It's going to be a challenging and interesting time, however, the board line-up looks strong. I'm always amazed at the ability of new board members to come together and work effectively, although I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised as it's rather akin to good guide dynamics on a river trip – dealing with problems intelligently and anticipating what lies ahead.

Normally, GCRG elects three new board members each year, but the recent resignation of Mike Caifa necessitated choosing the top four. Mike is pursuing nursing school — time constraints and distance inhibit his ability to continue working effectively as a GCRG board member. We completely understand – after all, directorships are volunteer positions and yes, there is life beyond GCRG! Mike would make another perfect poster boy for the Whale Foundation's efforts to raise awareness of post-guiding career paths! Our sincere thanks to Mike for stepping up to the plate and helping us for the past year. He was a great addition to the board and really we'll miss working with him.

I would like to extend my sincere gratitude to the other outgoing board member, JP Running, as well as to outgoing GCRG president, Michael Ghiglieri. Thankfully there is no need to say goodbye to Matt Kaplinski as he'll be around for yet another term. It's been an

extremely busy yet educational year with experimental flows, CRMP meetings, the GTS, and many more issues and activities that required a concerted effort from everyone. Through it all, we worked exceedingly well together and our cooperative efforts were very productive.

As "trip leader" of GCRG, president Michael Ghiglieri was superlative and brought to the table his extensive knowledge of guiding, river politics, ecology and an overriding sense of the true need for protection and preservation of the Colorado River corridor over the long term. His in-depth involvement along the way was crucial to our success, his penchant for creative analogies gave us fresh perspectives, and his leadership capabilities were strong. We sincerely hope he'll continue to stay involved after his term ends. Additionally, it was wonderful working with JP Running over the past two years. He provided important balance to the board, his contributions were many and he's an all around great person, dedicated to the Canyon and the river.

Overall, one of the joys of working for GCRG is the ability to work closely with such wonderful individuals. Their intelligence, knowledge and passion for the river and the canyon carry us onwards. They may be "leaving their posts" so to speak, but stewardship and involvement is in their blood. We know we'll be seeing them again and sharing ideas (and maybe more beer and pizza). It's been a privilege and even a whole lot of fun.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

The Changing Rapids of the Colorado River— President Harding Rapid

IS THERE A MORE INTERESTING rapid in Grand Canyon than President Harding? It isn't especially challenging whitewater, yet it seems like more boat wrecks have occurred here than in any other rapid with the same level of difficulty. Its current name isn't its first, and doubt was cast early on concerning its antiquity. Finally, the run here has changed and not because of a debris flow.



Figure 1 A.. “Boulder Rapid”—January 17, 1890.
The fuzzy photograph of the boulder in what is now called President Harding Rapid, taken by Robert Brewster Stanton with his “Detective Camera”
(Stanton RS 4D, courtesy of the National Archives).

The unusual name for this rapid comes courtesy of the U.S. Geological Survey expedition of 1923. The night before their portage of Soap Creek Rapid, they tuned into KHJ radio in Los Angeles and heard that President Warren Harding had died. Claude Birdseye, expedition leader, decided to take a day of rest on the day of the funeral, which coincided with the expedition's arrival at a little rapid formed around a large rock in the center of the channel. Emery Kolb, head boatman, and Grand Canyon veteran, did not remember this limestone block in the river from his 1911 trip (Freeman, 1923). They decided to name the little rapid for the just-deceased Harding.

Kolb's memory was faulty. Robert Brewster Stanton saw the boulder (Smith and Crampton, 1987, p. 137–138), photographed it (Figure 1), and even named his rapid number 160 “Boulder Rapid” in his unpublished notes (Webb, 1996). The name, which never

appeared in Stanton's publications, was as elusive as Kolb's memory. Because the USGS expedition concluded that the rock had fallen into the river between 1911 and 1923 (Brian, 1992, p. 32, says “about 1910”), many passing this point have looked up to the right-side cliff to fit it back into one of the many depressions up there. Stop looking up there, unless you like the view; that rock has been in the river for a long time, and it came out of the unnamed canyon over on river left, transported by a long-ago debris flow.

There are three runs here: right, left, and center. The three have very different consequences, depending on water level. The USGS expedition had the first documented accident here—Elwyn Blake tried to go right but instead tangled with the wave rolling off the rock. His boat flipped onto its side, throwing Blake clear, but he quickly swam back and climbed in (Blake, 1923). The most famous incident here, which occurred during the epic swim of Bill Beer and John Daggett in 1955, should have changed the rapid's name again. Beer swam right, Daggett went center, and the rock scored its second victory. Daggett was swept under the left side of the rock and was temporarily pinned; when he emerged, he had numerous cuts to his head and hands (Beer, 1995, p. 71–74). Beer compared the rock to a cheese grater, and his casual observation reveals the antiquity of the rapid. The rock had to be in the current for many years to develop those sharp flutes.

Over the years, President Harding Rapid has become almost legendary in terms of those who have



Figure 1 B. “Boulder Rapid”—February 19, 1992.
Approximate match of Stanton's photograph of the boulder, taken from a boat bobbing in the eddy. No differences can be interpreted from the match
(Steve Tharnstrom, Stake 2567).



Figure 2. A. President Harding Rapid—October 7, 1982.
Riparian vegetation encroached on the formerly barren banks after operation of Glen Canyon Dam began in 1963
(Raymond M. Turner, Stake 677).



Figure 2 B President Harding Rapid—October 19, 1983
A debris flow occurred during the summer of 1983, after the large dam release had ended. Some boulders transported from the canyon on river left were about the size of the rock in the middle of the rapid
(Raymond M. Turner).

lackadaisically entered its tongue. One commonly used river guide (Stevens, 1983) rates it a “4,” but this rapid is one of the few in Grand Canyon that requires a move after entry. One incident, regularly repeated, involved clueless boatmen, a flipped boat, and shaken-up passengers. When rescuers suggested to the boatmen that they calm their passengers by having them hike Saddle Canyon, the boatmen reportedly responded: “Where is Saddle Canyon?” On one trip we were on, one boat casually entered center, then stern-walked on the massive wave that forms at 45,000 cubic feet per second (cfs), but luckily didn’t flip.

Depending on when in the 20th century river runners encountered it, the run here has changed. At high water levels, some have successfully run the center waves; Reilly, who passed the rapid at a discharge of about 125,000 cfs in 1957, reported “a slick bulge...with just a suggestion of a hole below it” (Reilly, 1957, p. 9). At low water, the first observers report the run was on the right; Stanton’s photograph (Figure 1A), taken at about 5,000 cfs, shows only a narrow slot on the left. The left side was briefly narrowed following a 1983 debris flow (Figure 2), but subsequent high releases from 1984 through 1986 quickly widened it. Recently, rock-falls that began in the winter of 1998 (Webb et al., 2000) narrowed the low-water run on the right, forcing all but the most adventuresome river runners left. We predict relatively frequent debris flows here, suggesting that the run will eventually return to the right side.

Bob Webb and Chris Magirl

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The End of “Changing Rapids”

DEAR BQR READER: This will be our last contribution to the *Boatman's Quarterly Review* on the subject of changing rapids in Grand Canyon. We recently signed a contract with the University of Utah Press to do a book on the nature of rapids and changes in the ones along the Green River downstream from Jensen, the Colorado River in Westwater, Cataract, and Grand Canyons, and the San Juan River. It will be a collection of the articles we've done for BQR, *The Confluence*, and other publications, as well as articles yet to be written, all combined into a (hopefully) readable book. Look for it in late 2004 or (more likely) 2005. We thank you for allowing us to indulge in literary allusions, alliterations, and just plain silliness on these pages while conveying information on the whitewater that we all enjoy.

Bob Webb and Chris Magirl

GCRG Fall Meeting

THE GCRG FALL MEETING will be held at the Western River Expeditions warehouse in Fredonia, AZ on Saturday, november 16th. We'll start at 10:00 A.M. with talks throughout the day on a variety of programs and issues: the Colorado River Management Plan, historic boat preservation progress, the experimental flows and the status of the Humpback Chub recovery efforts among other things.

Count on lunch, dinner and a good party on Saturday night. It'll be a great chance to learn more about some of these issues, discuss what's important to you and see your friends before everyone scatters for the winter. We'll send out a postcard with more information on the GCRG Fall Meeting as we get a bit closer. But pencil us in and count on being there! It's going to be a super event!



Wanted: Boating Stories

Do you have a funny boating story? A manuscript that is gathering dust, because no respectable magazine would touch it with a ten-foot pole? Do you perhaps know fellow word-smiths, who wield oar and paddle as deftly as a pen?

Rather than biting my nails, waiting for the publication of my new book, I decided to sink my teeth into a new project. Please consider contributing your eloquence and wit to an anthology of river pieces with the working sub-title *River Runners, Tales of Hilarity and Misadventure*, which I am currently putting together.

Each essay should be between 2,000 and 5,000 words, creative non-fiction (meaning: flaunt your style, but stick to the truth), the setting a stretch of western river, whitewater or flat. Encounters with wildlife (including tourists) or people, trips gone haywire, disasters on shore or afloat—anything should be game. The collection will incorporate aspects of the epic, the “Bildungsroman”, quest narrative, screwball comedy

and Texas tall-tale. Your (preferably unpublished) piece could be highbrow or low; retro or postmodern; mere fluff, or containing a “serious message”. It does not matter, as long as it's offbeat and original. Sort of “Monty Python meets Lewis and Clark”. Previous publishing experience is desired.

If the thing I cobbled together for this minor masterpiece of revisionist adventure writing is any indication, the writing should be fun, a surefire antidote to our beastly obsessions with royalties, sales, reviews and the meaning of Meaning.

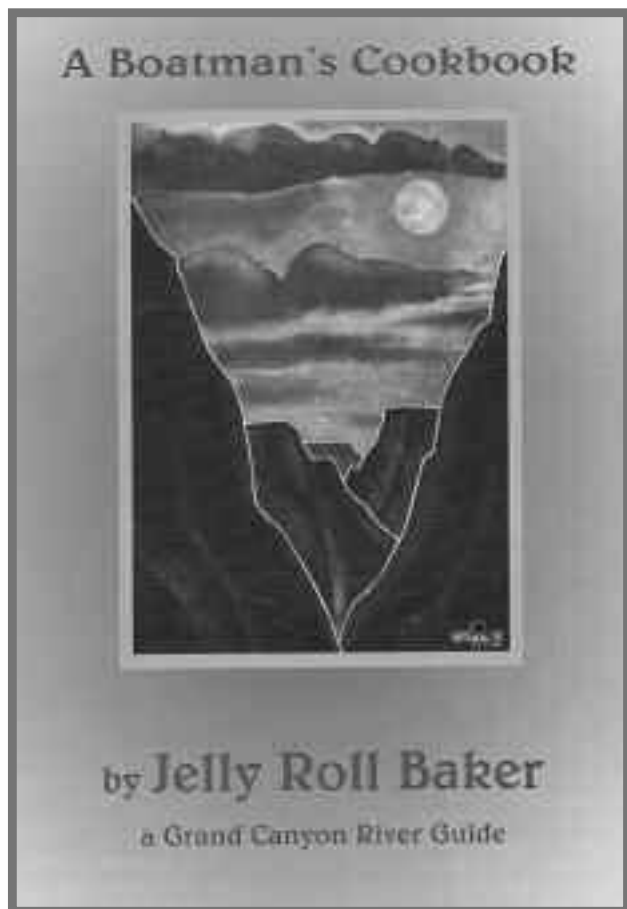
I don't have a publisher yet—but you know the game: As soon as I can bait the proposal with catchy names, they will bite. If you know of any presses (or agent) willing to take on such a work of repressed genius, please let me know.

Contact me at nedludinmoab@yahoo.com.

Michael Engelhard

A New Cookbook

A BOATMAN'S COOKBOOK is now available. This collection of recipes, for both on the river and off, is written by AzRA guide, Jon "Jelly Roll" Baker. There is interesting reading in the Forward, and Dutch Oven, Grill, and Chopping Guides. The recipes include soups, salads, main courses with and without meat, side dishes and some desserts. All the recipes would work well on the river and this book should be a welcome addition to any adventurer's kitchen



whether at home or not. These recipes are a great selection to choose from for your next private trip or pot luck!

The cost is \$14.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. Contact: Jelly Roll Baker, Box 1616, Flagstaff, AZ 86002



Sing for the River

YEE-HAH! *Sing for the River, A Collection of River Songs* has arrived! This songbook contains 55 songs, all of which, in some way, are about rivers. The melody, lyrics and guitar chords are included, as well as a brief glossary of musical terms. You'll be singing popular hit songs and classic river favorites. Everything from traditional songs, such as *Shenandoah*, and *Peace Like a River* to Arizona folk musician Katie Lee's *Muddy River* and *Pore Colly Raddy* to Robert Hunter and Jerry Garcia's *Ripple*, and *Broke-down Palace*, to J. C. Fogerty's *Proud Mary* and *Green River* are included.

Boatmen and river runners will get a chuckle from *River Waltz* and *Half-Day Float* and appreciate the haunting beauty of *Santa Elena Canyon* and *Banks of the Guadalupe*. The songs and the stories they tell are sure to please.

The pen and ink illustrations throughout the songbook, the clarity of the score, and the size and layout of the book contribute

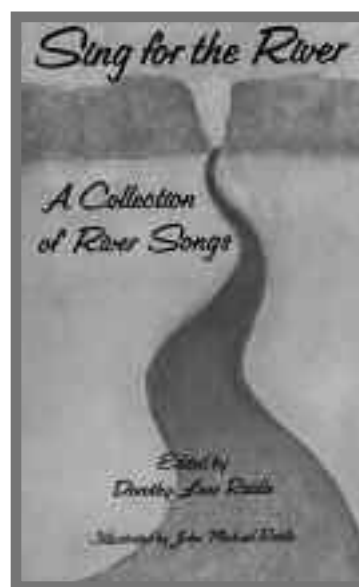
to a quality product. It will fit into an "ammo" can or a guitar case. It's perfect to take on a shuttle or multi-day river trip.

You can help to protect and preserve our nation's rivers while singing. A portion of the proceeds from the sale of each book is donated to American Rivers, a leading national river conservation organization.

To order please send check or money order for \$24.95 for each book ordered, plus shipping and handling charges (\$5 for the first book and \$2 for each additional) and 7.7% sales tax for books shipped to Arizona addresses (\$1.92 per book) to:

Yee-Hah! Inc., P.O. Box 3676, Scottsdale, AZ 85271. Phone 480-994-1140.

Orders may also be placed via web site www.singfortheriver.com. Retailers are invited to contact us for discount information.



Dorothy Lees Riddle

Depression and My Life

DEPRESSION IS A FASCINATING CONDITION. There is a great deal of value in thinking of it as a disease. For one thing, it responds very well to medication. Further supporting the disease concept is the finding that the brain chemistry of depressed people is different from that of other people and that it is possible to find the same biochemical differences in the brains of animals who appear “depressed”.¹ Depression is a grave and life threatening illness—much more common than we recognize. There is a connection between the blues and depression, but the difference is like the difference between the sniffles and pneumonia. A person with clinical depression is one who feels almost no joy in life, who has no hope, no ambition, who feels stuck, powerless, and perennially sad—and who thinks this is the normal way to feel. You cannot connect to other people, you have distressing physical symptoms, You can’t concentrate, you feel guilty, worthless, hopeless, and you think about suicide.²

I got it, and I guess a lot of other people do too, but I can only relate *my* story. The Whale Foundation thought it would be helpful to print a first hand account.

I don’t know exactly when it started, but, knowing what I know now, it was rearing its ugly head early in my childhood. The Canyon and the river became a refuge for me without my even realizing it. There were times I would leave it for a “real” job, but my life would go into a downward spiral and I would eventually seek refuge and return to the Canyon, not realizing what was happening. Nothing made sense, nothing made me happy, and one day I noticed that I had stopped feeling. Looking at the walls no longer had an effect on me, like I was dead inside. I saw a therapist at one point. She diagnosed me with depression (I knew I was depressed!) and suggested anti-depressants. That was out of the question for me—I told myself I could beat this—I just had to try harder. .

Ever so slowly the disease creeps into your brain like a dark cloud, until it is so grey in there, being alive has no meaning. At the times it eased up I would venture forth and start a new career, getting involved in life. It seemed if I stayed fanatically consumed with what I was doing I could keep the demon at bay. Other times I would sink into a depressed lethargy, exhausted by my own energy.

I had an overall feeling that life was slipping away. But the harder I tried to get a grip, the further I had to reach. My friends drifted away. I was no fun to be with and I did not want to be seen in this state. I craved friendship and support but the nature of the disease makes it impossible. I felt so worthless, so unworthy. I thought I was affecting other people negatively by my

presence. At first people would say "snap out of it" or "get over it". Truly that is the most painful and cruelest thing one can say to someone with depression.

The river, the Canyon, and the community kept me alive until I reached the point of no return—there was no more reason to be alive. I couldn’t feel anything anymore and even the Grand Canyon couldn’t touch me. I had lost my friends and support from being down for so long and I was having trouble getting along with other crew members, everything was so distorted, I was clinging desperately to little things to hold me together and driving others crazy.

I called the Whale Foundation one day, in a half hearted attempt to reach out and Sandy Reiff grabbed me, saw me immediately at her inconvenience, and for the first time told me what was going on and what I had to do about it—and gave me hope. She not only arranged for further help but followed up on it, which is important because when one does reach out like that, it is in a moment of clarity that might not happen again and it’s very easy to slip back into oblivion. She got me pointed on a road to help myself. I do not know where it will take me but I have something I haven’t had before—hope and understanding. Its unbelievably painful and my point of all this is to maybe help anyone else as well. Besides, misery loves company.

Depression is a thief, It robs you of the ability to think clearly, it steals your memory. It stole a large part of my life, and my self confidence. The ability to think good things about yourself goes away, as if there is a hole in your persona. In the spaces it leaves perfectly placed fears that further paralyze you. It boils down to two choices, reach out, or kill yourself. If there is someone to hear when you reach out you may be saved It’s a very long road as yet I have no idea of how long.

Depression is not an emotion in itself. It is not sadness or grief, it is an illness. When you feel your worst—sad, self absorbed and helpless—you are experiencing what people with depression experience, but they don’t recover from those moods without help. It’s Hell. The longer it goes on the longer it takes to turn around. If you can relate to these feelings please get help. They say its curable, it can be manageable.

If you know someone who could fit into the category of depression help them to get help. Its a matter of life or death. I am very grateful to Sandy and for the Whale Foundation. I miss Whale. He is saving my butt (again).

Anonymous

Foot notes 1&2: *Breaking the Patterns of Depression*, Michael D. Yapko

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

The Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship

Please join the Whale Foundation in congratulating the first round of the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship recipients for the 2003–2004 academic year. These three individuals were selected from a group of exceptional applicants. We compliment them on their commitment to excellence and wish them well in the pursuit of their goals. This year the Whale Foundation will present three \$1000 scholarships to the following Grand Canyon River Guides:

Michael Caifa
High Desert Adventures
Working towards a Nursing Degree

Rick DuCharme
OARS
Nursing School

Jill Dassing
AZRA
Updating Nursing License in USA

With continued support, the Whale Foundation will award The Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship on an annual basis. The deadline for the 2004–2005 applications will be April 1, 2004. Please think about your educational goals and apply next year.

AzRA Sets The Pace

The Whale Foundation would like to commend AZRA as being a leader among the Grand Canyon Outfitters in providing health services for its employees. They are now offering employees the choice of receiving services through the Guidance Center and through the Whale Foundation. Through either provider AZRA is footing half the bill for their employees. Of course, billing is submitted with no reference to the person receiving any such service. The Whale Foundation has already begun receiving calls and working through this program. Thanks AZRA, and we hope other outfitters follow your lead!

The Boatman Hotline

So far in 2003 we have been able to serve over fourteen guides in need with over forty hours of service. The Whale Foundation has a variety of service providers. We now have specialists in the mental health field, physical and massage therapists and medical specialists. We are also expanding into career and financial counseling. If you need help in any way please contact the Whale Foundation at our confidential hotline. Toll free at 1-866-773-0773.

Save the Date!

Mark your calendars for the second annual Whale Foundation Wingding, February 7, 2004. If you were there last year, you know it is not to be missed. If you weren't there...come find out what all the talk was about!

The Whale Foundation Hotline Q & A (Why Haven't You Called?)

Q: What happens when you call the Whale Foundation Hotline toll free at 1-866-773-0773?

A: You will reach a confidential message machine or a trained triage specialist. This person will answer your questions, determine who will best be able to assist you and schedule an initial appointment.

Q: If I leave a message on the Whale Foundation Hotline, how soon will the triage person return my call?

A: We answer our calls within 24 hours. We know leaving a message may be hard but PLEASE do it so we can back to you as soon as possible.

Q: Does the Whale Foundation only have specialists in the mental health field?

A: That is not the case at all. The Whale Foundation

has professionals in the physical health field, from massage and physical therapists to a variety of medical specialists who may assist you. We are currently working on refining and expanding into the career transition counseling and financial planning.

Q: Do I have to pay for the services provided through the Whale Foundation?

A: We ask that each person pay what they can. Many of our providers will work with you on an individual basis.

Q: Who will know that I have called the Whale Foundation?

A: No one except the intake counselor and the persons providing service. The service portion is entirely separate from the Whale Foundation.

Q: What if the Whale Foundation doesn't have a provider who can help me?

A: We have many professionals who are providers. This situation probably will not happen. If it does, we will endeavor to help you find an appropriate source of help.

Q: Can you just give me a list of providers so I can contact them directly?

A: No. The list of providers is confidential and the Whale Foundation needs to keep it that way. Please use the procedures herein to obtain services through

the Whale Foundation. The professionals that are supporting the guiding community are working in conjunction with the Whale Foundation. You have to talk to the Whale Foundation first, this way we can match you with the service provider that meets your needs the best!

We ask that all of you that are in need please call the hotline at 1-866-773-0773. So far this year we have had the opportunity to serve over fourteen individuals. If you need help, please call the hotline. That is what we are here for!

Grand Canyon Youth Season A Success!

THERE ARE MANY WAYS in which to measure a successful season working with youth on the rivers and in the canyons of the Colorado Plateau. Perhaps it is the phenomenal guides who share their wisdom and enthusiasm about a place while helping youth discover new things about themselves. Or it could be the youth who bring these same guides to tears with laughter and gratefulness. It could be the youth sharing a geology presentation with other youth, learning leave-no-trace principles, or just feeling the freedom to be silly.

In June, participants on the Native American Youth Artist Trip spent seven days with artists Shonto Begay and Raechel Running, painting, drawing, and playing on the San Juan River. Each student received art supplies and a journal to take with them. At the end of the trip these journals revealed drawings of rock art, yucca and portraits of new friends.

This year's Grand Canyon trip hosted students from four different states and four high schools in Flagstaff. By the end of the trip, several participants wanted to become boatmen. One, who had just graduated from high school, got an AzRA assistant slot after returning from the Grand Canyon Youth trip. The following was submitted by Whitney Roberts, who will be a senior this fall at Flagstaff High School and was a participant on the lower half of Grand Canyon Youth's June trip.

"Grand Canyon Youth made it possible for me to experience one of the seven natural wonders of the world, the Grand Canyon. Our small trip was led down the Colorado River to some of the rarest and most astonishing views not only in the Grand Canyon, but in Arizona. It was uncommon to find our group at ease. The only time you would see us resting was when we were catching our breath or preparing for our

next adventure. We hiked, climbed, swam, explored and rafted through rapids that required our team effort.

Making friends was not a problem. We became a team at once, going through rapids soon after we put in. Team work was also needed for inspiring each other on hikes, as we pushed each other to reach the next water hole or breathtaking hanging garden. We grew to treat one another as a family while we set up and ran camp. Trust came fast, too. Whether it was saving someone that had been tossed overboard into the river or knowing that everyone in the paddle boat was willing to accomplish the next command on the paddle boat, we grew as individuals. Memories were created for me that will last a lifetime: swimming, cliff jumping and seeing more waterfalls than I thought could exist in one canyon. Grand Canyon Youth gave our group the opportunity to get outdoors, meet new people and see sights only accessible by raft. I recommend anyone and everyone to get involved in the Grand Canyon Youth program. You will not regret it."

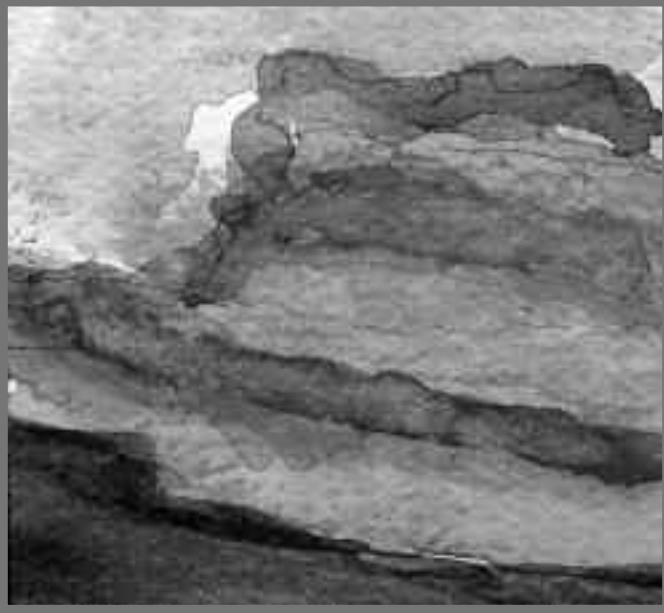
As always, Grand Canyon Youth is indebted to all of the wonderful folks who make our programs amazing. A special thank you to Martha Clark, Thad Stewart, Kristen Huisinga, Tom Carter, Russell Baker, Robert Conley, Cindy Jalet, Darren Carboni, Shonto Begay, Raechel Running, Cynthia Billings, Patrick Conley, Jacob Fillion, Don Keller, Adventure Discovery, and to Fritz, for continually being the glue that holds it all together.

Grand Canyon Youth is in the process of planning our 2004 season. Volunteers are always welcome and needed. Please contact Grand Canyon Youth P.O. Box 23376 Flagstaff, AZ 86002, (928)773-7921 or info@gcyouth.org if you have questions.

Emma Wharton

Native American Youth Artist Trip

Skyhawk Eisenberger



Raechel Running



Raechel Running



Raechel Running



These towering walls entrap me with beauty
Just as a trunk of a large tree
And as these large waters move through with peace
It holds the life, something that will never cease
Though we all fear its downfall
This is the lot of us
This is our call
It's our battle
It's our brawl
This river of life stays once and for all.

Darien Yazzie

Saving Boats and River History: History in the Making

WHO SAYS HISTORY is dull, boring, uninteresting? Obviously no one who was at the old Grand Canyon National Park Visitor Center, now Park Headquarters, July 23, 2003, in the courtyard, in the sun, in the rain, trying their best not to lovingly touch the fleet of historic river running boats being re-cradled and moved.

In the last *boatman,s quarterly review*, (“Save Our Ships!”, vol. 16:2 pg. 6–7, Summer 2003,) you read about the plans for the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project and the first couple of steps in this undertaking. We are pleased and proud to say that this project is well on its way. Several dozens of interested folks from Grand Canyon National Park (GCNP), Grand Canyon National Park Foundation (GCNPF), GCNPF Boat Advisory Committee, interested boaters, media reporters, and even visitors, looked on and assisted with the operation. The excitement on the South Rim was electric, leading to a lightning and thunderstorm, with threat of flash floods.

Varying sets of eight people, on four padded cross-pieces, raised the three Galloway boats, the *Edith*, the *Glen*, and the “*Stone boat*”, the Nevills Expedition *Wen*, and the *Music Temple* dory onto new, Brad Dimock-built, bomb-proof cradles, guaranteed to support craft double their weight. GCNP Superintendent Joe Alston completed the second part of his heart surgery recovery (the first was recently rowing downstream from Phantom Ranch) by participating in the lift and lower.

One by one, a GCNP enclosed stock trailer hauled the three Galloway boats to the new Conservation Shop where conservators from Western Archaeological and Conservation and volunteers will painstakingly clean the hulls. Despite the dreams and talk of many in attendance to put these boats on the water to “see what they,ll do,” we must emphasize that the efforts here are to conserve the craft, not to restore them to operating condition. And, in addition, to place them on display as “living” history of our boating heritage, and avoid the “safe-keeping” fate as in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Many people, too numerous to mention here, need to be thanked. But first and foremost among them is boatman Joe Alston, who also happens to be GCNP Superintendent. “These boats tell the story of river running on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon,” commented Joe. “The opportunity to make right the damage caused by decades of neglect, and protect these boats and their history, is incredible.” For although it has been decades, Joe has been “at the helm” for only two years, and his enthusiasm and support has been instrumental for the project,s success.

History is in the making with the cooperation of the Park and the Foundation in preserving river running artifacts, indeed, some of our traditional cultural properties. It is also the first time the Foundation has had an advisory committee for a project. Chair Allen Naille called the “boat folk, essential to this excellent project” and thanked them “for all that you are doing to help maintain the rich legacy of river running and all that it has meant to those of us who love this park.” Allen concluded that he was „honored to have been involved in the heavy lifting.

“Save the Boats” has now successfully “put-in,” but there is still a long, rocky, wet, yet exhilarating and fun voyage to get to the “take-out.” To help power this cruise, contact Fran Joseph at the GCNPF, 928-774-1760, fran@gcnpf.org.

Richard Quartaroli



Fran Joseph



Fran Joseph



Fran Joseph

Fran Joseph

The Travails of Charlie—First Inflatable Raft Through Grand Canyon

FIRST, YOU MUST NAVIGATE the crowded, sun-baked parking lot. A multi-colored fleet of polished metal and tinted-windows—Volvos, s.u.v.'s, and mini-vans—jockey for the few remaining parking spots. Rap music blares from the cooler-sized speakers on the deck of the wedge-shaped building. Lost children shriek, running between the rows of cars; schools of bare-shouldered teenage girls giggle in unison, caught up in the excitement and promise of a warm day on the river with the fresh-faced guides in dark wraparound sunglasses and life jackets. It is easier to park on the road.

Brave the parking lot once more, on foot this time; then tiptoe up the steps of the deck and into the lime-green, neon-lit foyer. Soon you are treading water in another sea of youthful exuberance; bewildered parents sway like anchorless buoys, credit cards in hand. Then and only then, if you manage to thread your way through the giddy crowd, eventually you will find *Charlie*, resting in a glass case in the T-shirt shop cum museum.

Charlie.

The first inflatable raft to float the canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers; the raft that not only changed the way we boat on Western rivers, but opened these rivers up to anyone with time on their hands and an itch too see what's around the bend. *Charlie*, arguably the founding rubber father of modern day commercial rafting in the West, the unwitting progenitor of the merry carnival here at Mad River Boat Trips in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

The sun's glare makes it difficult to view *Charlie*. Not that many people take an interest. Occasionally a day-tripper wanders in, lost or looking for a T-shirt, and wanders out, a dazed look on their face. Despite the vintage boats and the attractive historical mural at their fingertips, these neophyte river runners have other things on their minds. They are on vacation. Here to grab a few hours of fun on the Snake River, not to voluntarily attend a history lesson on boating in the West. It is hard to fault their insouciance or their indifference. Young, strong, tan—they have signed on for a fling, not a long-term romance, with the river. A one-day stand.

Romances, though, have started in stranger places.

Sixty-five years old and sagging, *Charlie's* uninflated, rubberized surface is creased and care-worn. The yellow raft has little of the aging charm of the wooden boats on display. In an interesting difference of opinion on the

restoration/preservation debate, Utah Historical Society (where *Charlie* usually lives) insisted that the raft be left as is, refusing various suggestions and/or requests to have *Charlie* "brought to life," as some proponents of restoration state the case. Attempts to restore *Charlie*, according to the historical society, would be a violation of the "integrity" of the raft as well as a possible risk to the raft itself, a historical artifact. A valid point-of-view. And yet, *Charlie* looks sodden and unappealing, even a bit lonely this morning. Before arriving at the Mad River T-shirt Shop/Museum, the raft had been stored in the basement of the Utah State Historical Society in Salt Lake City for some years. "We can't keep exhibits on the floor forever," said one curator. I agreed with her, half-heartedly. A wee voice in my head, though, whispered, "Why not?" That *Charlie* was even seeing the light of day, far from its traditional stomping grounds, was a credit to Breck O'Neill, owner of Mad River Boats. "Better than nothing," badgered that same voice as I stared at *Charlie*. "But what *Charlie* really needs is a boathouse, a place where it can be permanently on display, along with other Grand Canyon craft."

As part of the agreement with Utah State Historical Society, O' Neill had *Charlie* appraised by a curator from the Maritime Museum in San Francisco for insurance purposes. In terms of its historical value, he listed the craft *priceless*.

* * *

"Your voyage floored me," wrote Amos Burg to fellow-Oregonian Buzz Holmstrom in the winter of 1937-38. The gas station attendant from Coquille had recently completed the first solo journey down the Green and Colorado Rivers in a handmade wooden boat. Overnight the often-shy Holmstrom had become uncomfortably famous. As savvy to the uses of publicity as Holmstrom was reluctant, Burg made his pitch. Why not combine their talents—Holmstrom's skill as a boatman, his knowledge of the Colorado, and his popularity with Burg's talents as a photographer, his adventurous background and his numerous contacts—to make a film recreating the solo trip. This film would not only make them plenty of money, but also allow them to do what they both loved. Ever anxious to get back on the river, Holmstrom jumped at the opportunity. Naturally, Buzz would row his wooden boat; Amos, however, had come up with another novel idea. Not only he would film the epic journey, he would row a different kind of boat—a rubber raft—down the rivers.

If ever there was an incurable, yet remarkably pragmatic romantic, it was Amos Burg. From an early age, he seems to have been struck by the “holy curiosity,” a wanderlust for travel, preferably by water, and faraway places. The back sloughs of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers near his hometown of Portland were his first playground. At twelve, he shipped out as a cabin boy on ocean liners; soon after he was working his way around the world on cargo ships. By the time he met Holmstrom, he had paddled his canoe down the Columbia, Yukon, Snake, Mississippi, and the McKenzie, often from source to debouchement. He preferred a partner on his adventures, but would go it alone if necessary. Only the year before he had taken what one newspaper article called “a crude toy rubber raft” though Hell’s Canyon of the Snake River. Impressed by the raft’s performance and light weight, he may well have decided then to design a sturdier, more able raft, one that could withstand the pounding he was sure to receive on any journey down a larger river. Burg was always preparing for his next adventure.

With the help of Charles Wheeler, a shipping magnate and long-time friend, Burg contracted with the B.F. Goodrich Company to construct the raft out of a new wonder material—vulcanized rubber fabric. (Eventually Burg named the boat after Charles Wheeler, who also donated two hundred dollars toward the trip.)

Air Inflatable of New Jersey would manufacture the prototype, according to Burg’s specifications. Each of the separate twenty-six chambers of the raft would be inflated with two-and-a-half pounds of air pressure; the bright yellow, five-foot by sixteen-foot, would weigh a mere eighty-three pound when inflated. The craft’s fore and aft compartments would be sealed at the thwarts to provide a waterproof storage area for Burg’s gear and expensive camera equipment. Burg crowed that it “would float on a dewdrop.” Goodrich guaranteed that it would carry a load of five thousand pounds. In his ever-laconic fashion, Holmstrom uttered that he would hate to row a boat that weighed that much through a rapid.

Contrary to popular belief, rubber rafts were not invented by the U.S. Navy in response to World War II. Almost one hundred years earlier, Lt. John Fremont of the United States Army and Horace H. Day came up with the idea of a rubber raft to explore the Great Plains and Rocky Mountain regions. The first recorded use of this ungainly, rectangular-shaped beast was in 1842 when Fremont set out to survey the Platte River, not exactly a roaring stretch of whitewater.

Weeks late, *Charlie* finally arrived in Green River, Wyoming aboard the Union Pacific. At first sight, Burg was thrilled; Holmstrom remained dubious. Preparations continued. The two Oregonians cobbled together a wooden frame. On August 26, 1938, they launched from Green River Lakes, bound for fame, fortune and the Sea of Cortez.

Despite his vast experience on rivers, Burg had his hands full. Not only was he venturing down eleven-hundred-miles of unfamiliar river, he was piloting an untested craft as well. More importantly, he was a paddler not an oarsman. Soon enough, he would have to start thinking and responding differently in his approach to fast, often unforgiving, water. It is a wonder (and a credit to Burg’s judgement, composure and sound skills as a waterman) that he did not get into more trouble. Through it all, Burg somehow managed to avoid a serious, even fatal mishap.

Amos, nevertheless, had his share of trouble on the river, partly due to his inexperience, partly due to the inherent limitations of *Charlie*.

The journal accounts of Holmstrom and Burg himself confirm that *Charlie*/Amos did everything but flip. On the shallow, rocky upper reaches of the Green, *Charlie* functioned as Burg had anticipated, bumping and threading its way through the rock-strewn river. Given his experience, it is likely that Burg was a quick study.

Running on relatively high water, the trio entered the Canyon of Lodore in good shape. Amos ran Disaster Falls without incident; at Triplet Falls, he washed up on a boulder and had to get out on a rock and push *Charlie* off. It would not be the last time. With the help of Phil Lundstrom and Buzz, he portaged Hells Half Mile. In Split Mountain Canyon, however, Burg had a scare. Trying to avoid the larger waves, he found himself going sideways into a pourover. For an instant *Charlie* trembled on edge, ready to flip. Then the raft washed out. Ever in good humor Burg wrote that evening, “*I left the job pretty much up to Charlie.*” Soon enough Amos/*Charlie* would face a stricter test.

In mid-September they stopped in Jensen for a much-anticipated break. The only problems Amos faced were the unstinting generosity of the locals and their curious questions. What *would* happen if that thing strikes a rock or runs over a tack? A few days later they set off down river. One-hundred-miles of the Uinta Basin, seventy-miles of Desolation and Gray Canyon, and one-hundred-thirty-miles of the Green River Valley awaited them, followed by Labyrinth and Stillwater Canyons. Amos/*Charlie* held their own.

Heading into much-dreaded Cataract Canyon, Holmstrom filled Amos’ ear with tales of doom and destruction. An old boatman trick.

At the head of the Big Drops, Amos tried to sneak down the shoreline. Instead he found himself riding into the heart of the maelstrom. The great waves bent and twisted and folded *Charlie* up double bow to stern. Burg nearly had his head cracked open. There was little he could do but hold on and ride it out. At Big Drop #3, he

lined. Holmstrom was having his own troubles in Cataract. Twice he hit rocks, once hard enough to crack the hull of the *Julius F.*

By the time he arrived in Marble Canyon in mid-October, Burg had figured out that the best way to safely complete the eleven-hundred-mile journey as well as film it, no small accomplishment in itself, was to simply avoid the bigger rapids when at all possible. Again, a credit to his judgement. Burg (with the help of Willis Johnson, who replaced Phil Lundstrom at Green River, Utah) wiggled his boat down the eddies and side pockets of most of the major rapids, a time-consuming effort.

Amos lined Soap Creek, then House Rock; when he ran North Canyon, *Charlie* was swamped and nearly capsized. On October 17, Johnson wrote, "*We almost lost Amos in his rubber boat today. His boat is too flexible and half the boat was sucked straight down in a strong whirlpool. It is a wonder the rubberized fabric it is composed of didn't rip for there was a terrific strain on it. It was very tough though... The wooden boat goes over the waves a lot better. We have been whirled around several times in whirlpool, but can always get out of them with little difficulty.*"

Amos lined 27-mile Rapid, then Hance on the left. In the tailwaves at Sockdolager, he nearly turned turtle. After helping Amos line *Charlie* around Eighty-three Mile Rapid, Holmstrom himself nearly turned over in an unnamed wave a few miles below.

Below Horn Creek Amos wrote, "*This afternoon Julius F. ran Horn Creek Rapids and Granite Falls, while ambitionless Charlie lined a few yards around the head.*" He also lined Hermit. After Burg had yet another close encounter in Turquoise Rapids, Holmstrom remarked half-in-jest, "That thing isn't safe!"

Ruby Canyon and Serpentine Rapids were no kinder to either boater. Once again, Amos dribbled *Charlie* along the rocky shore while Buzz narrowly escaped another sound thrashing.

One afternoon after a long day on the river Amos asked Willis, "What did you write about the trip today?" A bit coy, Willis laughed and said, "Well, we carried Amos' boat around this rapid, that rapid, all the rapids." Chagrined, Amos replied "I wish you wouldn't mention that in your writing." Willis mumbled O.K. Of course, he continued to record the mishaps of *Charlie* (and the *Julius F.*) as well as his sincere admiration for Burg.

On October 25, Johnson revealed yet another close encounter for *Charlie*/Amos. "*In one rapid this afternoon a very large cliff splits the river into two very narrow channels. We chose the right channel and came through very nicely, but Amos was not so lucky. The strong current hurled him against the right cliff, his oar was knocked out of the oarlock and he was held helpless against the cliff by the strong current while we were being carried further and further downstream all the time. He was finally able to free the boat before it could be sucked under. It was his narrowest escape from disaster.*"

At Waltenburg, Burg portaged again. Holmstrom tore a three-by-eight-inch gash in the bottom of the *Julius F.* Two days later, Burg/*Charlie* plunged into Forester Rapids and was nearly upended. Having nearly lost his "office equipment," i.e. his pencils, pens, notebooks, maps, journals that he had neatly arranged in his cockpit, he landed on a sand bar below the rapid to recoup. In the style of boatmen then and now, he made light of the incident. Dubendorf and Lava Falls waited downstream. Burg lined both of these major rapids; Buzz ran both.

As tempting as it is to compare the two boats and the two boatmen, it is a faulty comparison and a temptation best avoided. Though Burg and Holmstrom were running on low water (10,000 cfs) and carrying heavy loads, there were significant differences between them.

Holmstrom knew his boat and the Canyon. Certainly he was confident of his skills the second time around. Amos, oddly enough, had assumed the greater burden—an untested craft, an unfamiliar river, a brief time to learn the trade of the oarsman besides carrying on the duties of filming and photography. Intrepid by nature, proficient through practice—Amos would never match the technical rowing skills of a Holmstrom. Under the circumstances, it is doubtful that anyone (even Holmstrom) could have rowed *Charlie* any better.

Later Holmstrom wrote of Amos, "*He sure did a fine job of rowing as Charlie rows much harder than Julius.*" Burg said of Holmstrom, "Buzz is a superb boatman, very rhythmic in thought and action, accurate as a knife thrower." Despite minor disagreements, both men were in the habit of giving credit where credit was due.

A few days later the trio encountered the rising waters of Lake Mead at Separation Rapid. The yellow raft with the patched-together rowing frame, no doubt underinflated and overloaded, slipped down the dwindling current into slack water, the first inflatable to pass through the canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers.

A dozen or more linings, four near flips, two or three portages, numerous encounters with rocks, and probably numerous, unrecorded near misses—by modern standards, Amos/*Charlie* got hammered. In many respects, though, the 1938 trip was an unvarnished success. The journey was completed; life-long friendships established; even Amos' film garnered a nomination for best short film from the Academy of Motion Pictures. *Charlie* became the first inflatable to go down the river; Holmstrom became the first boatman to run every rapid, as far as they knew. In spite of their grand plan, the two Oregonians didn't make any money to speak of.

* * *

The following year (1939) Burg brought *Charlie* on a trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River with several prominent boatmen of the day. In one article

Brad Dimock wrote of this meeting, “They eyed the inflatable with suspicion as they launched their fleet of wooden boats. By midway down the river their opinions were changing. They envied *Charlie*’s ability to run the shallow water, bounce off obstacles without lengthy repairs, and have dry shoes at the end of the day. By the end of the trip, the future of whitewater boating was forever changed.”

Running rivers took a back seat to the exigencies of WW2. Throughout these years, Burg traveled regularly to distant locations around the world, both on his personal adventures and later in his work for the U.S. government. *Charlie*’s next adventure did not come until 1946 when Amos ran the Snake River/Hell’s Canyon a second time. For the most part, however, *Charlie* remained in the shed next to Burg’s home in Juneau, Alaska for the next thirty or so years.

In 1978, Amos rafted Hells Canyon of the Snake River again; two years later he boated the Yukon with family and friends. He was seventy-nine years old. Age, safety, the number of people involved, the condition of *Charlie*—all may have factored into Amos’ decision to leave the yellow raft behind.

Burg did strike up a friendship with Cort Conley, Idaho boatman and writer, in the early 1980s. Visits and frequent letters between the two river runners, generations apart, drew the two men into a sturdy friendship. Eventually Conley persuaded Burg that *Charlie* was an important piece of river history. *Charlie* should be placed *somewhere* safe, Conley insisted. Burg had considered putting the raft in the Columbia Maritime Museum in Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia River. (“In my own backyard,” said Burg.) Conley sympathized with Burg’s desire, but argued persuasively that *Charlie* should be placed in a museum closer to Grand Canyon, where more people would appreciate the role it had played in whitewater history.

With Burg’s blessings, Conley approached Grand Canyon Museum on the South Rim in the late 1970’s. The ranger-in-charge at the time seemed emphatically disinterested in securing the raft much less in putting it on display. Conley was dismayed by the response. He would have to look elsewhere.

Conley also feared, rightly so, that *Charlie* would end up like so many historical artifacts, squirreled away in the basement of a museum waiting for a sympathetic curator. If not on the edge of the Grand Canyon, then where?

Next, Conley approached the Utah State Historical Society in Salt Lake City. He struck paydirt. Gary Topping, a curator with an interest in the history of the Green River area, was excited about acquiring *Charlie*. Delighted, Conley put him in touch with Amos. Topping made such an impression that Burg agreed to place the boat at Utah State Historical Society. On

February 13, 1982, Amos wrote to Topping, “Your enthusiasm for *Charlie* certainly makes your museum seem like the logical place for its last resting place. You win.” Whatever the agreement, Burg wrote further, “I’d appreciate it greatly if you would write Mr. Wheeler in your enthusiastic prose to tell him that the boat named *Charlie* in his honor is *to be a permanent exhibit in your museum* (italics mine). Mr. Wheeler is over ninety and this would mean a great deal to him.”

Soon after Amos brought *Charlie* down to Salt Lake City. Conley was there for the annual WRGA meeting and he, along with Topping, met Amos in the Utah State Historical Society basement. Together they inflated *Charlie*. After nearly fifty years, the modest yellow raft still held air. Conley lugged the raft over to the WRGA meeting to show it off while Amos gave a talk about *Charlie* and his amazing trip through the Canyon in 1938.

At the time, the prevailing philosophy concerning fragile historical artifacts seemed to be one of minimal interference. Since one can’t “preserve” rubber, the best approach would be to make it “presentable.” Thus, *Charlie* was cleaned up as best as possible, flakes and all, and put on display. The idea of placing a bladder inside *Charlie* to “restore” the craft was unacceptable. *Charlie* would have had to been cut open and then resewn. The entire process meant excessive handling of the frail boat not to mention putting added pressure on existing seams, according to museum curators. (The bladder technique, though, has been improved in recent years. Made of a very thin, but non-stretchable material, the bladders are designed to slip in through the valve hole, thus requiring no surgery. The bladder is then inflated, a bit smaller than the original raft, putting little if any pressure on the old seams.)

Between 1982 and 2000, *Charlie* resided at the Utah State Historical Society, occasionally on display, more often in storage in the basement. On June 11, 1986, Amos Burg died in his hometown of Portland, Oregon. Gary Topping left the Utah State Historical Society in 1991. In the summer of 2000, Mad River Boat Trips contracted with the Utah State Historical Society to display *Charlie* for a period of time.

Go visit *Charlie*! Despite the crowds, the little yellow raft that started it all might be glad to have visitors with romance on their minds and rivers in their hearts.

Vince Welch

On Rivers and Humility

We are all here to help each other get through this thing... whatever it is.

-Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

A BOATMAN TOLD ME TODAY that he had “kicked the Cribworks’ ass,” this on day two of his training on the Penobscot River. I sighed deeply for the brilliant naiveté of the boast.

Guiding a difficult river is a beautiful and challenging endeavor, but the technical aspect of the work is the least of the challenge. You could push ten empty boats out of the Bailing Eddy (how many of us today stop to consider the significance of the name?) and one of them would have a very nice run through the Cribworks.

As with life, the Cribworks doesn’t give a damn about your run. When next you return don’t expect Telos Hole or Guardian Rock to cower in the face of your prowess. Don’t expect Pillow and Pelican Rocks to part at your approach. The river flows on, unperturbed by your frail thrashings.

Many of you paddle solo boats and confront solitary challenges of a different sort every bit as rewarding as those of guiding. But don’t confuse the two. The people in your raft are the true source of your successes and your failures. Each brings from the world beyond his or her own baggage and expectations. Many are afraid and some admit it freely; others conceal their fear behind bravado. Many are burdened by expectations they can’t possibly manage. Some are simply here for the thrills. It is your privilege and complex task to discover the true needs of your crew and to find a way to enrich each of them through the experience. In the midst of a busy season keep in mind that, for some of your crew, their trip with you will change their lives. Treat each trip as though it were your last.

We should all be students of the great boatmen of our time. Emulate their styles freely and study the subtleties of how they tend to their crews. We all know such guides. They are the ones requested by crews every other day and most of them bear the physical infirmities of their many years of experience. Copying them is the only shortcut I know to mastery.

Don’t get me wrong, a fine run feels very nice and can make the whole world seem a bit brighter for a time. Take pleasure in your run; this may be the closest that you come to a state of grace.

Don’t take all the credit for it though. After a nice run, give thanks to your crew who, despite their fears and inexperience, paddled when you needed their help

and refrained from messing up your lines. Give thanks to your fellow boatmen who cheered your successes and rescued you from the consequences of your errors. Give thanks to the outfitter who made the trip possible and handled the myriad little details you don’t even want to think about. And finally, give thanks to the relentless, implacable river that tolerated your audacity and bore you on her broad back.

It is the reflection of the river within yourself that strengthens you and builds your character, and the quality of your run has less to do with the course of your boat than with spirit with which you approach the challenge. Most of us eventually move on to other things. Return now and then, and as you negotiate life’s river, preserve a piece of the Penobscot in your heart. The challenges you face here will serve you well downstream.

Phil Gormley



Dugald Bremner

Dan Davis, Sr.

An interview at Grand Canyon River Guides' Guides Training Seminar—April 1993

BRAD DIMOCK: We've got a completely different perspective coming up here on river running back a while ago. This is Dan Davis. He was the first fellow that you might have called a River Ranger. He was a Canyon District Ranger.

DAVIS: Yes.

DIMOCK: We've got one with the same name, now. What a coincidence!

...Dan was working back before they *had* any boats, so he had to go down with a lot of the other folks, like Georgie and Gay Staveley and Dock Marston and all. Here he is, Dan Davis. (*applause*)

DAVIS: Thank you! I do feel a little embarrassed to be here with so many people like Don and Bob Rigg, and so many others. But it's sure been a pleasure to be here and meet many of you.

What I want to talk about, it says several different things in several different programs, and none of them are what I'm going to be talking about. What I'm going to be talking about is pretty much the evolution or the beginning of river management in the Park. Some people—and I'm not going to be apologizing for anything, and I'm not going to be bragging about anything, because there are some—I think we heard last night an indication that there might be too much regulation. But that came from Alaska where no one believes anybody can tell anyone what to do. (*loud agreement from audience*) In fact, they blew up all the National Park Service's planes in Alaska not too many years ago because they wanted to do it their own way. I'm almost half kidding, Bob, but not quite. But anyway.

BOB RIGG: Can I have one minute rebuttal?

FROM THE CROWD: You had your chance last night!

RIGG: ...From the FAA standpoint, they always love to say, "Hi, I'm So-and-So from the FAA and I'm here to help you." The same thing happens with the NPS, the National Park Service, "Hi, I'm from the National Park Service, I'm here to help you." Have you ever had that experience? If you haven't, I'm sure you will. I'm not sure I believe we're always here to help you.

DAVIS: I know that, but...

RIGG: You aren't like that.

DAVIS: Just a few statistics—and excuse my notes, I didn't know whether I was going to be talking outside, and I'm kind of geared for talking outside with a podium. A little background of river management: some groups, *none* of you, really, have criticized the National

Park Service because we didn't start managing the river and coming up with some regulations long before we did. Other groups feel that it's over-managed, but I'm not going to get too deep either way in that. But on the non-management in the early years, Sierra Club and the lot have really thought that a lot more should have been done. But there's some statistics that will show the National Park Service's position. From the establishment of the Park, until the end of 1953, which was about when I showed up, there had only been 41 trips in the whole history of the National Park System. It was made a Park in 1918. Through 1953 averaged 1.1 trips a year. Through that period, and all through the fifties, the National Park Service had, at the most, nine permanent field rangers for the whole Park. That includes the supervisor ranger for the North Rim, Desert View, the Grand Canyon Village, and everywhere else. By 1950 the National Park was getting over a half-million visitors a year, up above, and one party a year coming down the river. So it's pretty obvious where the priority *had* to be. Whether they *wanted* it there or not, didn't matter, because when you have a half-million people visiting the rim and one boat party a year coming down the river, it has to just kind of take the back seat. ...Well, one party a year, you really don't need to regulate too much. (*audience laughs*) Of those trips, only fifteen were commercial parties, like most of you represent now, in that whole history of Grand Canyon National Park, through 1953. Again, only fifteen were commercial trips. There were very few commercial operators then: Hatch had maybe just a couple trips, Nevills quite a few, Harris-Brennan had some, and Georgie. Georgie, really, was about the only one that was running every year there after 1953. But the commercial parties really were giving no one any problem. The Park Service, at least *they* felt—and that was passed on to me when I arrived here—that the commercial parties were all cooperative and no big problem.

Starting in about 1950, a lot of completely unprepared people started coming down. Well, this was after World War II, all over the country: a whole different kind of people started showing up everywhere. Some were absolutely maniacs, some were *extremely* ingenious and imaginative people. So many of them...well, I'm still talking very few numbers, that started to come down the Colorado River, had *no* idea what they were

getting into, and of these forty-one in that whole history of the National Park, since it was established, ten quit at Bright Angel in a state of panic, because half of them had lost all their food and gear, a couple of them were drowned and never found. So that was the way the situation [was], when I got here.

In 1954, a number of incidents happened that all of a sudden made us think that, really, we got to start watching the river, because the traffic, the number of parties, really started increasing. By 1954, ten came down that particular year, which is pretty wild. That's at least two parties a month leaving Lees Ferry! (*audience laughs*) But the real problems—and there *were* some real problems, and stop me if this is common river lore, but it's a story that should be, it's such a horror story, that everyone should be aware of it, and it should be passed on to everyone's grandchildren and all. The Elmer Purdiman [*phonetic spelling*] party in 1954, which was really my first year, since I was the newest ranger, they assigned the Canyon to me—not officially, the rest of them really weren't that much interested, and I really got interested pretty fast in it. But anyway, in 1954, Elmer Purdiman... And as you may recall, last night—I don't know who, whether it was Gay or who—mentioned that Purdiman is the man that was running a party in Glen Canyon and hit the only rock in Glen Canyon (*audience laughs*) and the fellow drowned, or swam underwater to Las Vegas or something.

But anyway, the next year, Elmer Purdiman organized a commercial trip to come down through Grand Canyon. He had never been here before. He'd messed around up in Glen. I don't know if he'd even messed around in San Juan before. But anyway, he organized this trip, and on the trip he had his nephew who was seventeen years old. Does everyone know this story, so I can quit and move on?

MANY IN AUDIENCE: No! Start it! Go for it!

DAVIS: Okay. He had his nephew with him. Again, seventeen years old, that's big enough to row a boat. But anyway, he promised his sister, the boy's mother, that he would walk him around the four worst rapids. Well they got to Hance and so he and the boy took off walking. Instead of just walking around the rapid, they got up on the Tonto Platform and three days later, the boy—Elmer hurt his leg on the Tonto between Hance and the Kaibab Trail. So the boy, three days later, showed up at Phantom and reported that his uncle was disabled on the Tonto about a day's trip east of there. And this boat party of customers on this commercial trip were still sitting above the rapids at Hance! (*audience laughs*)

So he *did* have a boatman that assumed command—he'd never been on *any* river (*audience chuckles*). So they finally gave up and came through on their own to Phantom. We had to go pick up Elmer Purdiman with a mule and haul *him* out. Then the boat party finally

showed up at Phantom Ranch and they spent a couple of days debating whether to quit or go on. They decided to go on, and did, and got as far as Monument and decided that they'd had enough. The alleged, or so-called "leader" at that time had hurt *his* leg, and so two of them gave up at Phantom and walked out, and there were still six there when they decided to quit at Monument Creek. They walked out the Hermit Trail, leaving two of them there, because one had busted *his* leg up. So we had to send a mule down and get *him*. They abandoned their boats.

Then that was really Georgie's second commercial trip. She came through and saw these boats there and tied them all together and just cut them loose. They ended up in Lake Mead by themselves. There is nothing more dangerous than boats sitting on a bank waiting for someone to get in and head down the river. But anyway, this really caught a lot of people's attention that there *are* potential problems in this river. (*audience laughs*)

And then the same year—and I happened to be at Phantom both times on these things, because I was living there. In fact, I lived ten days down and four days off to go out and then back down to Phantom for ten days. Anyone I could catch a ride with, I did, because the Park didn't have a boat. In fact, I would be very reluctant to call myself the River Ranger because the Park had no boat—didn't have a boat in 1960 when I left, either. (*audience laughs*) But it's just as well, because they didn't have anyone to run it (*audience laughs*) because we still only had eight permanent rangers and a handful of seasonal. So to put together boat crews, we had no staffing. The only river equipment that I inherited or had when they said I was in charge of the river, was a grappling hook (*audience chuckles*) which someone years ago... Long before that Boy Scout tried to swim across the year before there at Phantom, they figured anytime there was a drowning, they could go down, really—at Pipe Creek there was a pretty good swirl there at that time—and grapple (*audience groans*) and *maybe* that would be the eddy that whoever it was, was in. *And* two life jackets. They were cork and the canvas was rotten—you could stick your finger right through them. They were big hunks of cork. I don't think they've used those since—I think the *Titanic* was probably the last (*audience laughs*) they used cork life jackets. But those were my three items of river equipment. But anyway, that kind of explains why very little attention has been given to the river by the Park, until things started happening that were causing us and them real problems on the Rim. Because this Purdiman thing, God, we had mules going everywhere! (*audience laughs*) And wondering where any of the people were. But I just can't imagine that all of you hadn't heard that story, because this is absolutely true with absolutely no embellishment whatsoever. (*audience laughs*)

Then the same year, Daggett and Beer swam down. I was at Phantom Ranch when they came through. These are the two that swam down in wet suits and fins, and towed most of the time or rowed on—each of them had two of the...I don't know if they even have them any more. They were these rectangular, Army surplus, rubber boxes. When they got to Phantom, they tried to tell them they couldn't go down. One of them was of the Fred Harvey family, and he had more clout than we did. (*audience chuckles*) And so they really were pretty good. They had done a lot of homework, but not enough. To give you an idea, so many of the people coming down, they were kind of prepared in a way, but Daggett and Beers had decided they might have to portage or go around or hike out, so they decided that golf shoes were the most sensible shoes (*audience laughs*) in the Canyon, for hiking. Maybe the river trail, which is all sand, maybe golf shoes would be alright. But they tried to walk around the head of Sock, and it took them just about ten feet, trying to...their only other shoes were swim fins (*audience laughs*) and you sure can't climb rock with those. They just barely got started trying to get around Sock, and the golf shoes—they hadn't ever tried them, that was the first time they'd tried them on rocks and all, and it was a disaster. So they jumped back in the Sock, still almost at the head of it, and when they got to Phantom, they had some tennis shoes brought down by Fred Harvey, and both of them gave me their golf shoes! (*audience laughs*) I don't play golf, and the shoes didn't fit, either. (*audience laughs and applauds*)

Some of the people going down were *really* brilliant people in some ways, and behind where I lived was my mule corral. There's my whole staff. I'll show you a picture of it, with a horse. (*audience chuckles*) Behind the corral there were more boats and canoes and beat up things, because so many people just abandoned everything. As I said, and it's very obvious to you, just a loose or abandoned row boat on the beach on Phantom Ranch—or anywhere else—is extremely dangerous, because you don't know what kid is going to get in it, or what. So all chained together behind the barn were more boats than you can shake a stick at—mainly little tin rowboats from Sears Roebuck, a canoe or two—all the goofy kind of boats you could have. But one that people made fun of, but I was really kind of impressed with him: his name was Jones, Utah Highway Department, and a relative of Bus Hatch. I don't think it was a close relative. But anyway, he had made this canoe, regular stock canoe, but he had reinforced it—almost armor-plated it—with aluminum, and covered it. And then he had a helmet, a hard hat, that he rigged up with a spotlight.

DIMOCK: A camera.

DAVIS: And a camera—he had both.

DIMOCK: They called him Bucket-head Jones.

DAVIS: Yeah, that's who I'm talking about, is Bucket-head Jones. (*audience laughs*) Does everyone know about this?

SEVERAL: No.

DAVIS: Well *his* canoe was behind my place. And this hat, he put a camera on his head—he was alone—in the daytime so he could take movies when he was paddling. The controls were rigged up so he could paddle and still take movies. And then at night he switched it to a spotlight so he could run at night, with this big spotlight on his head and paddle and still see where he was going.

I haven't seen any river maps or charts since 1960, but he made a scroll that was the finest thing I had seen 'til the time I left. But he was, again, a highway engineer, Utah Map Department—made this scroll of the whole darned river, so you didn't have to mess around with the sheets and all. I'm sure there are things similar now. So he could do all these things, and see where he was going and what was ahead, and paddle, and take movies, and everything all at once.

He got to Phantom and quit, but came back the next year and finished the trip.

AUDIENCE: In a canoe?

DAVIS: In a canoe, yeah.

AUDIENCE: He went everywhere in a canoe.

DAVIS: But had put a tremendous amount of work in reinforcing it with aluminum. It was a penyang [*phonetic spelling*] canoe, a short canoe, a fourteen-footer, which is a short canoe.

And you might wonder why we allowed Jones to continue on, why we allowed Daggett and Beer to continue on. One of the biggest problems that faced us all through the fifties was a matter of jurisdiction. Marble Canyon was not part of the Park at that time. The Park boundaries started at Nankoweap, and so there was nobody...Well, there's a gaging station at Lees Ferry. There wasn't even a pit privy, as I recall, in those days. Don, I think, showed some pictures—or someone did—where there was just a beach there and the old historic houses. And absolutely nothing else.

Yeah. And so there was no control up there. That wasn't the National Park Service's. I suppose Bureau of Land Management at that time. But the Bureau of Land Management at that time did not *really* manage much. They *do* now, but they've had some chores added by Congress, to their duties. There's the BLM. And this put us in a real jurisdictional problem, because most of the people that would show up at Phantom Ranch...Well, the Park had no control over anybody until they got to Nankoweap, and we sure weren't going to station someone at Nankoweap or put a submarine fence across there. And so, really, our first contact with anybody was at Phantom Ranch. No, seriously, several went by just because they couldn't control their craft and land.

But the National Park Service having no authority

whatsoever above Nankoweap meant that anybody that wanted to, could put in at Lees Ferry and do anything they wanted. And then when they got to us, it was too late. By rights, some of them, we should have said, “No, you can’t go any further.” But there were other major problems that made it impossible for us to even do *that*, because the state, at that time, claimed that the Colorado River was navigable, and we were in heavy lawsuits with the Department of the Interior solicitor and the State of Arizona. And this was before the upstream trip was completed. To be navigable, a stream has to be navigable both directions. And when the state and the Park Service were fighting about jurisdiction over the river...

AUDIENCE: I thought it was the Coast Guard, that was claiming...

DAVIS: No, the state wanted it, because they had planned on running power lines, at high water line, down, just like Stanton’s railroad.

AUDIENCE: That was *before* the Coast Guard got in it?

DAVIS: Yeah. And they wanted jurisdiction just so they could have the right to run power lines at high water line all the way down Grand Canyon. And we, of course, were fighting that. And so no one really knew who owned the—not “owned,” that’s not the right word—but who had the responsibility and authority to do anything on the river during that period. So some of these people that really had no business whatsoever being on the river... Fortunately, most of them that had no business being there realized that long before they got to Phantom Ranch and bugged out. But others *did* go down, because we didn’t have the authority to say you couldn’t. In spite of that, because of these problems, that year, the end of 1954, I came up with what really was kind of a phony permit system that really had no clout at all. Some of the boat operators will maybe remember it. It was a very, very simple application form, and the only requirements were—and I don’t see how anyone could object—was that on this party, someone had to have gone down Grand Canyon once, anyway. And that was the minimum requirement for that. And then, because there were so few parties on the river, you could be two months stranded without seeing another soul, the other requirement was that you had to have enough boats so that you could completely lose one boat and still take your whole party on out to safety somewhere. And the manifest, or list of passengers. Those are the only three things in this permit. And a lot of people squalled like heck—some of the commercial people. But I still think that was a pretty modest set of requirements for a river like that.

AUDIENCE: We’d take that right now.

SEVERAL OTHERS: Yeah!

AUDIENCE: Have you talked to your son? (*audience chuckles*)

DAVIS: In many ways, it was way more dangerous then for the parties, because all through the sixties we averaged out about two parties on the river at the same time at any time in the boating season. That’s on the whole 275 or whatever miles it is. Only two parties, or less, on the whole river. So if you were stranded or got in trouble, it could be a *month* before someone came by. The commercial parties always did notify us—well, one didn’t notify us, but they always made reservations at Phantom Ranch and Phantom Ranch told us. But we would know when all the commercial parties were coming through, but this made it a little more formal: we knew who their passengers were, and things like that, and we knew when to expect them at Phantom Ranch, and when they expected to get out on Lake Mead. The danger there is obvious: when you’re the only party on that whole river from Lees Ferry to Lake Mead, you could have sat there all winter before anyone would have found you if you were in trouble. So I wrote two little—someone told me Staveley still uses them—two little mimeographed booklets, “Escape Routes from the Colorado.” I said, “If you’ve mussed up your gear at Mile such-and-such, that the nearest way to get out for help—because you’re on your own, is... And then I wrote a trail guide that kind of went with this, because again, if they got into trouble, they had to get word to us. At that particular time, there was not one single civilian helicopter in the state of Arizona. There had been helicopter service on the Esmeralda period, but they busted up all their helicopters—in fact, I think there’s probably still some rotor blades up in the Hance Mine area, which was the only place they could land legally.

AUDIENCE: I’ve *seen* that! Still up there.

DAVIS: That was their base in the Canyon. See, the Hance Mines were owned by William Randolph Hearst, and we had condemned Grandview Point. Hearst owned all of Grandview Point. That was his mill site, the old Hance mill site. And then Hearst acquired that land. It was a very ugly combination to get Grandview. And Hearst was so mad that he—this was a public offer—he would give all of the asbestos mines to any mining company in the country that would go in there and work them, just out of orneriness or spite to us. It was so bad that I got in there with a simlometer [*phonetic spelling*] and went through every one of them, because this was in uranium days. And, God, had there been uranium there, we’d have been really dead. But fortunately, there was nothing but asbestos. I’m rambling, I know, but...

AUDIENCE: That’s okay.

DAVIS: But anyway, these “permits” that we gave to commercial operators weren’t really permits, because they didn’t have the effect of a legal, binding, permit, but it was just our way of finding out who was coming. With the exception of the commercial parties, we never

knew when *anyone* left Lees Ferry, because we had no communications or anything else with them. The first, like Daggett and Beer, the swimmers, a number of other really marginal outfits—the first time we ever knew they were on the river was when they showed up at Phantom Ranch. So they could have been rotting away upstream for months and no one would ever have known it—or we wouldn't know it.

But anyway, I started to mention helicopters. There was a helicopter, Bob was involved... Well, no, he didn't go out on it. The people that *abandoned* the *Esmerelda* went out on it.

RIGG?: I rode one down there in fifty [1950?].

DAVIS: Yeah, but that outfit went broke. They busted up all their helicopters. And helicopters at that time were really marginal things. They were Korean War—well, the civilian helicopters were very small Bells. I'll show you a picture of one. The closest civilian helicopter was in Denver, and it would take two days—they trucked them, they didn't fly them. (*audience laughs*)

AUDIENCE: That gives you an idea!

DAVIS: And we did use those helicopters later on when the two big planes... But it'd take two days for them to trailer the helicopter to the Grand Canyon. And there were *none* that we could get in California, which was a surprise. The military had helicopters: H-19s and H-21s. Both were the basic Korean War helicopter. They would come if there was absolute sign of life, but *never* for a body. The first bodies they ever came for was when the TWA and United planes crashed. And that was the *last* time they ever came for a body, to my knowledge.

So we had no helicopters available, quick. And so it was to everyone's advantage to let us know that you're going down the river. But a lot of people resented that, because that was the government telling you what to do. But as Bob said, "All we want to do is help you." (*audience laughs*)

AUDIENCE: It hasn't changed.

DAVIS: (*laughs*) Yeah. But the only rejection in the whole... Again, this permit did not have the legality of, you know, like a driving permit or something. So there was only one party that was rejected in the whole 1960s that I was there: Had he left Lees Ferry without telling us, why, he'd have either killed himself or showed up at Phantom Ranch. But this was a guy that wanted to come down in a seaplane without wings. (*audience laughs*) The wings were off of it. But fortunately, he thought a permit was required and so he wrote for a permit and we turned him down. Really, he could have gone to Lees Ferry and kicked off, and there was nothing we could have done about it.

AUDIENCE: Floated on down the river.

DAVIS: Well, with no wings.

I don't know whether a hull seaplane or floats,

because he didn't described it—he just said a seaplane without wings.

AUDIENCE: Maybe with little oars coming out of the side, instead of wings.

AUDIENCE: I think he would have made it.

AUDIENCE: ...wings back on, and fly it back out.

DAVIS: It's hard to say. But I think we said "no," and he believed us.

AUDIENCE: Are those illegal now?

DAVIS: Seaplanes? I think now the permits would have the effect of law if you were denied a permit—very definitely. But again, we still didn't even know who owned the river at that time, because, again, the state wanted to run power lines down. The Coast Guard *did* get into it. We used them on our side in proving that the Canyon was not a navigable stream, and they agreed with us. But again, this was before the first successful upstream trip. That would almost make it navigable, in a marginal way. But by then the dam was...

AUDIENCE: Seems like I remember a George Van der...

DAVIS: He was here *way* after me. I think he was Chief Ranger or something, oh, ten years after I left.

I did mention one thing that was quite impressive to me: Up until the fifties, every boat party had about 130-140 miles of river that was their, in effect, private river, to do what they wanted, camp where they wanted. Now, with 100 parties at any given time in the summer, each boat party, if you split it up, has two and a half miles per party. That kind of means that you do need to have some control on when people leave Lees Ferry, and a whole lot of other things. But when there were two parties a month, it was great.

I've talked way more than I should. Let me show...the slides I have will be repeats of some. I don't have too many, less than a half tray, and I'll go through them fast, because I know it's getting late. These are mainly just quick shots of what it looked like then. Tad and Bob talk about burning driftwood, but they never showed you any *real* piles of driftwood. (*audience laughs*) (*slide show starts, people move around*) This, of course, is the Bright Angel confluence. My cabin is in those cottonwood trees there...

A Letter from Bessie Hyde

A FRIEND IN UTAH recently received, through friends of friends, a previously unknown letter from Bessie Hyde. She wrote it to her aunt and uncle, Ruth and Millard Haley of Pittsburgh, hours before her departure from Green River, Utah. The letter sheds some new light on the Hydies as they prepared to depart on their fatal river journey.

On a factual basis, Bessie mentions the scow as five-and-one-half feet wide, not five feet wide as most other sources state. If accurate, this would make the boat a bit more stable, yet less maneuverable than previously thought. Bessie also mentions a recent visit to Pittsburgh—perhaps on her 1927 trip East with Glen.

More significant, I think, is the vagueness of their plans and the lack of any mention of writing, publicity, or the setting of records. This aggravates a nagging suspicion in the back of my mind. When I wrote my biography of the Hydies I tried to rely on factual data instead of rumor and myth. Yet I may have inadvertently bought into the prevalent “record-setting and publicity” motive for the Hydies’ adventure. Reviewing the data now, I can find little factual basis for that assumption, other than the cryptic notes made by Dock Marston on an interview with Adolph Sutro made some thirty years after that Hydies perished. (Sutro had ridden with the Hydies for two days below Phantom Ranch and been the last to see them.) Yet the notes of the interview did not reveal what the questions were, or the actual verbatim responses. And in previous correspondence between Marston and Sutro, Sutro claimed to remember very little about the trip.

In fact, if Bessie’s letter is at all indicative of their trip plans, it appears they were simply on a grand adventure, much as Glen and his sister Jeanne had been on their Salmon River journey two years earlier. Any strong thoughts of publicity may have come much later—on the river when Sutro was with the Hydies; later, in the evolution of Sutro’s memories; or even in Marston’s much-abbreviated question-and-answer notes with Sutro.

The lessons to me as a historian are to beware of myth, avoid assumptions—mine or another’s—and be vigilant to the power of suggestion on memories and perceptions. And remember that people often hear what they intend to hear. The best sources are nearly always those recorded at the time by those who were directly involved. With that, here’s Bessie:

Green River, Utah
Oct. 20, 1928

Dear Aunt Ruth and Uncle Mill,

I certainly did enjoy seeing you all in Pittsburgh and only wish my visit could have been longer.

Margaret wrote that Upton was there for a few days and I know how glad you were to see him. How is he getting along in school?

This is a funny little town (they claim over six hundred population - but it just isn’t possible).

We plan on leaving in three or four hours. The boat is practically finished. It’s rather large 20 ft. long, 5-1/2 ft. wide and 3 ft. high, and is guided by a large sweep oar at each end.

We will go down the Green River and then the Colorado, (how far will depend on how bad the water gets) making about a three two months trip. From the river we’ll go to Los Angeles and spend three or four days there, and then on up to San Francisco. I plan on doing a lot of sketching on the trip, as, of course, the scenery will be wonderful.

We had one great scramble getting ready to leave—packing for the river trip—packing the trunk to be sent to Los Angeles—and storing the other things in the attic at the other house. Packing is an awful bother anyway, although I must admit Glen did most of it.

I’m terribly excited and awfully anxious to start.

Write to me sometime (at Hansen, Idaho), and I’ll write you all about the trip when we get out.

Love to Sally Lou

Lovingly,

Bessie Hyde

Footnote: I was able to track the source of this letter back to Millard and Ruth Haley’s only living child, Sarah Louise Turan. She was a toddler when the letter was written and was the “Sally Lou” in the letter. Upton was her elder brother. Unfortunately, Ms. Turan could shed little other information on the story of the Hydies.

Brad Dimock

The Toquerville Myth

FOR MOST OF THE YEARS since Wes Larsen published his theory about the fate of Powell's three missing men, this story has remained in the realm of river runner's campfire ghost stories. But now that Larsen's theory has been thrust onto the national stage in John Krakauer's new book, it's time to examine Larsen's theory with a light more penetrating than a campfire.

In his 1993 Canyon Legacy article, Larsen presented an 1883 letter from William Leany to fellow Mormon pioneer John Steele, concerning a triple killing that had occurred "in our ward". One of Larsen's central claims is that the only time Leany and Steele were living in the same ward was at the time of the Powell expedition. But this is simply not true. According to public LDS biographical sources, there were four periods when Leany and Steele lived in the same place at the same time, first in Nauvoo, Illinois, then in Salt Lake City, then for years in Parowan, where Leany served in the militia for a year under the command of John Steele, and finally in southern Utah, where Leany lived in Harrisburg and Steele lived in Toquerville. Furthermore, at the time of the Powell expedition, Leany and Steele were not in the same ward. According to the official LDS record, Annals of the Southern Utah Mission, compiled by James G. Bleak, which is readily available in many libraries, it was only in November of 1869, months after Powell's men disappeared, that the semi-annual conference of the LDS Southern Mission combined Harrisburg and Toquerville into the same ward, where they would remain until they were split up again in March of 1874.

If you allow that Leany was writing his letter years later, and might have been using a blurred definition of when they shared "our ward", then you open the door to an event, a triple murder, that fits the Toquerville letter perfectly. According to the Annals of the Southern Utah Mission, in March of 1875: "At Toquerville a terrible calamity occurred on this date. Richard Fryer who for some time had, at intervals been subject to attacks of insanity, this date shot his wife and babe, and also Thomas Batty, who had been trying to subdue the frenzied man. Fryer was killed by the Sheriff's posse, who were attempting to capture him. Mrs. Fryer died soon after being shot. Thomas Batty, died on the 17th, and the babe on the 18th."

In his discussion of the Toquerville letter, Larsen insisted on referring to the "three men" mentioned in it, but in fact the original letter never said anything about "three men", only "the three" and "those three".

Thus a wife and baby fit the letter. The posse killing the killer fits the Toquerville letter's: "the murderer killed to stop the shedding of more blood."

The Toquerville murders received major publicity in Utah newspapers. The Deseret Evening News began its coverage on March 16, 1875, and on March 23 carried a long report from a witness, William W. Hammond:

"Richard Fryer has been at times, for a year or two, laboring under fits of temporary insanity....He some time ago ordered his wife, Teresa Fryer, to leave his house and take her infant son, which she did, and has since lived most of the time with Thomas Batty and family....Fryer went this morning, about 7 o'clock, and knocked at the door of Thomas Batty's house...he asked her if she had not brought disgrace and shame enough upon him? Fryer then drew a loaded revolver and fired a shot at Thomas Batty, the ball entering below the left eye and coming out at the back of the head....Fryer then turned and fired at his wife, who was yet in bed, the ball entering below the left ear and lodging in the head....Fryer then shot his infant son, who was in bed with his deceased mother....After completing the tragedy, Fryer went to his house....The sheriff of Kane County, as soon as he was notified of the facts, went as near the house of Fryer as was deemed safe and called from the bystanders a posse, instructing them to arm themselves, which they did....the sheriff called and asked Fryer if he would surrender. The first time he answered, "I will not, if you want me, come and take me." The second time his answer was, "I will not; I have had enough of you and Bishop Bringhurst". The position occupied by Fryer precluded the possibility of taking him without a further sacrifice of life. After viewing the position and believing that unless immediate action was taken more innocent blood should be shed, the sheriff ordered his posse to open fire, which they did, killing Fryer instantly."

The phrase in Leany's letter, "the murderer killed to stop the shedding of more blood", is practically a quotation of the newspaper's "unless immediate action was taken more innocent blood would be shed."

The anti-LDS Salt Lake City Tribune, introduced a further element into the story, blaming Fryer's actions

on Mormon fanaticism. It concluded its March 17th article with: "Fryer has been subject for some time to fits of insanity, but had appeared of late to have recovered, and was at work yesterday plastering. He had since driven his wife from home. When the Sheriff went to take him he told him to keep away, as he was the Lord." And the Tribune concluded a March 26 article with: "INSANITY PRODUCED BY RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT: This man Fryer, was some-time ago a steady, industrious man, and a very zealous Mormon. He had, no doubt, built his faith and hopes on Brigham, the false Prophet, and when he learned that Brig. had been sent to prison, and that he had denied polygamy, and all his teachings were false, it affected his mind to that extent that he became insane, and caused him to commit this terrible deed." An element of religious fanaticism in Fryer's actions fits well with the strong tone of religious apocalypse in Leany's letter.

The Toquerville murders were not forgotten by history. In the 1980s, a Toquerville historian published two books on Toquerville history, and he included the Fryer/Batty murders in both books. The name of this Toquerville historian was Wes Larsen. Before the Toquerville letter was ever discovered, Larsen had already published the perfect explanation for it. Yet when Larsen presented the Toquerville letter to the public, he omitted mentioning an explanation that covered almost every detail. If Larsen had related the Fryer/Batty story, his Powell theory probably would have been ignored.

Larsen has made several other claims for the Toquerville letter that don't stand up.

The Toquerville letter speaks of "the killing of the three in one room of our ward". A ward is an ecclesiastical district. Larsen tries to conjure the mere word "ward" into a "ward house", and suggests that because only Toquerville had a ward house with more than one room, the killing must have occurred in the Toquerville ward house. This is a leap of illogic. (Regarding "one room", the Toquerville letter may diverge from the Deseret News, which initially reported the murders took place in two rooms, but then Hammond's eyewitness report said that after killing Batty, "Fryer then turned and fired at his wife", which makes no mention of a second room).

Larsen suggests that Powell's men were intercepted and then taken to Toquerville because it was the county seat. At that time Toquerville was indeed the seat of Kane County, but the much larger St. George was the seat of Washington County, as well as the government and church capital of the Southern Mission. It's unlikely Powell's men would have reached Toquerville on their own, because they would have had to pass St. George or the trails leading to it.

When you are coming north from the Arizona Strip, old St. George is highly visible on its heights, and the only way to (just barely) miss spotting it is to follow the base of the Hurricane Cliffs, but then Powell's men would have seen Fort Pierce and the major trail coming down the Hurricane Cliffs and heading for St. George, which soon became the Honeymoon Trail.

If the murder of Powell's men was a carefully guarded LDS secret, William Leany would have been the very last person to be told about it. In September of 1869, Leany was on trial by the church authorities for being a heretical troublemaker.

In trying to explain "the murderer killed to stop the shedding of more blood", Larsen suggests a high level LDS conspiracy to silence the killer of Powell's men and thus save the church from serious retaliation. Larsen points the finger at Eli Pace, the son-in-law of John D. Lee, who was shot in late January of 1870 under strange circumstances, which were then covered up. Larsen may be quite correct about there being a cover up of Pace's death, but at the time it seems to have been an open secret as to why Pace was killed and why the real reason was covered up. Lee's daughter Nancy had already been abandoned by her first husband, and now Eli, her second husband, was fixing to leave her too. According to a letter, from John D. Lee's former neighbor, who signs himself "Bosco", published in The Salt Lake Daily Tribune on Jan. 1, 1875, soon after Lee's arrest: "Her next husband was a young Mormon boy by the name of Eli Pace; it is believed by many that he got tired of her and was going to leave her. ONE NIGHT HE WAS KILLED, when no one but his wife was present. He was shot through the heart, not with a shot-gun but with a Colt's revolver. His wife got a light, and then gave the alarm, stating that Eli had shot himself. A post mortem examination was held, but no evidence was brought to prove that Lee's daughter killed him. Lee is a great visionist; he was not long in settling the matter, for the spirit of Eli Pace came back and told Lee that he had killed himself. He, the spirit, was happy in Heaven, and wanted his father to take care of his loving wife Nancy. Of course, no one believed in Lee's vision, as he never fails to try his visions or dreams when occasion requires."

Historians too have been known to see ghosts.

Don Lago

Indian Canals in Deer Canyon

A MYTH HAS BEEN GROWING during the past couple of decades among canyoneers concerning the presence of Indian irrigation canals along the west side of Deer Valley above the Patio. There is also speculation that the canals were extended by placer miners to workings along the Colorado River. Both are intriguing ideas because there are obvious rock walls present, so the idea deserves serious examination.

Field work reveals that the notion of the canals isn't plausible based on the positions of the so called canals, and the locations of the springs that served as the source for the water and the plots that were supposed to be irrigated. The following are primary considerations.

(1) The rock wall is on the west side of Deer Creek meaning: (a) it is at the bottom or downstream end of all the plots that were supposed to have been irrigated by the Indians, and (b) it is in a position where the Indians would have had to divert water across Deer Creek to reach those plots! The present position of Deer Creek has not changed since the Cogswell landslides to the east based on the morphology of the west sloping bedrock and debris fans off Cogswell Butte that occupy the valley floor. Thus the canals would have had to deliver water uphill to the irrigated plots.

(2) The actual construction of the wall is observed to be a series of cribs that utilize a common east wall or closely aligned series of east walls. Each crib is subdivided on its north and south sides from adjacent cribs by secondary walls. The cribs were then infilled with course rock and leveled off, each having a different elevation. Some downstream platforms are higher than those upstream.

(3) There is no hint of a buried canal within the cribs, or any through-going channel interior to the wall that parallels the creek. Also, there is no impermeable material in the construction to prevent leakage of water. To the contrary, the crib infills are course rocks that are highly permeable and would not allow water to move more than a few feet along their length.

(4) The springs in Deer canyon are on the east side of the valley. If anyone were going to build a canal irrigation system in the valley, they would have contoured the canals along the east side of the valley from the springs to positions above the plots to be irrigated. This would have allowed for a traditional gravity feed system. This was never done.

(5) The extension of the preexisting Indian canal by gold placer miners during the 1870 rush was supposed to have exited the valley over the landslide debris immediately to the west of the Tapeats Sandstone outcrop at the Patio, not through the narrows. There are no constructed walls or canals along the toe of the slide

west of the narrows or along the slopes facing the Colorado River. Furthermore, the elevation of the toe of the slide debris next to the Tapeats outcrops at the Deer Narrows is above the elevation of the walls in Deer Creek making this a second example where water in the canals would have had to move uphill.

There is plenty of evidence that Indians utilized Deer Valley. They even constructed rock buildings there.

E. O. Beaman, the photographer on Powell's second expedition, described how people helping Powell reconnoiter Kanab Canyon discovered gold in the sands in the lower part of the canyon in December 1871. This set off an intense gold rush that focused on placer deposits along the Colorado River near and upstream of the mouth of Kanab Canyon. When Beaman visited the area in 1872, by coming up from Kanab Canyon, some miners were probing as far east as Deer Canyon, but at that time they had not done much there or occupied the place.

Clarence Dutton visited Tapeats Amphitheater in 1880, and found that the miners had built a forerunner of the Thunder River trail into Deer Canyon. It is obvious that the miners had gotten into Deer Canyon and done a considerable amount of work in the area after Beaman's trip. It is also likely that the miners built structures on abandoned Indian structures. I infer that the miners who occupied Deer Valley built the cribs along the west side of the valley to get out of the humidity, heat, brush and bugs that go with the bottoms next to the creek.

The occupation of the area by the miners was brief, and the location sufficiently remote, that it doesn't appear they imported any wood to build more permanent dwelling structures. It is likely that the cribs they built were little more than platforms to sleep on or to pitch a tent on. These platforms with pretty much a common east wall are the mythical Indian canals.

The reality appears to be very different than the myth, but no less interesting as canyon lore!

Peter Huntoon

Fun With History

IN AN ONLINE DISCUSSION recently, river historian Roy Webb wrote: “A question just popped into my head regarding Deer Creek, certainly one of my favorite places in the Grand; who first went up there from the river, and how did they know of it?”

I thought it might be fun to try to find the answer. Not only was it fun, but I learned some things I didn't expect. Here's how I approached it, and what I learned. I started with a process of elimination.

James White—if you believe his story—floated past here on or about September 4th, 1867 and described how he looked at a stream of water

...about as large as my body that was running through the solid rocks of the canyon about 75 feet above my head, and the clinging moss to the rocks made a beautiful sight. The beauty of it can not be described.

Hiking was not a big feature of White's alleged trip, and in any event, when he was pulled out of the river at Callville three days later he couldn't even stand up. So White, even if he did go by here, missed his chance to be the first to discover what's up above the falls.

Next I looked at the journals kept by George Y. Bradley and Jack Sumner on Powell's first trip, which passed by here on August 23rd, 1869. Sumner wrote:

Passed 2 cold streams coming in from the north, one of them pouring off a cliff 200 feet high.

Neither Bradley nor Sumner mention any hiking—they were, in fact, racing to get out of the canyon before they ran out of food altogether. So they missed their chance, too.

The next trip down the river was Powell's 2nd expedition, in 1872. On this trip, Stephen Vandiver Jones wrote in his journal:

Friday, September 6th, 1872 ... made Camp No. 105 on right side just below the mouth of a clear, cold stream, coming from the north. It is the prettiest stream and the coldest yet seen flowing into the Colorado. Fifteen feet wide and a foot deep, it flows from one ledge of rocks to another, not in falls, but miniature rapids. From Beaman's description this must be the creek that he and Riley visited coming up the river from Kanab Cañon, 15 miles below...

Saturday, September 7th, 1872. Waited for pictures up the creek. Nothing to eat except bread and coffee. Started after dinner and ran rapid after rapid, none of them very bad for 4 miles, when we came to a small clear stream pouring out of the cliff into the river with a fall of about 175 feet. Stopped for pictures. This is

the fall—Beaman has photographed and called “Buckskin Cascade.” Ran into the granite 2 3/8 miles below camp and found a narrow, swift river for a mile and a half. Ran this afternoon one of the worst rapids on the trip. Near sunset heard some one halloo on right bank. Pulled in and found Adair, Adams and Joe Hamblin with rations and mail at the mouth of lower Kanab Cañon. The water from the river had backed into the cañon, so ran our boats up 300 yards and made Camp No. 106 on right side of the Colorado and in Kanab Cañon.

Sunday, September 8th, 1872.... The view at the mouth of Kanab Cañon is grand, but gloomy. The walls 2000 feet high and very narrow. Silence and solitude reign. Numerous signs of the visit of the miners last spring. Thousands of dollars were spent here to no purpose. This evening the Major told me that owing to the shattered condition of our boats and the high stage of the water that we would leave the river here.... So tomorrow morning we bid the Colorado good-bye and start for Kanab.

When they camped on Friday, September 6th, Jones was mistaken about where they were: Tapeats Creek was not the place Beaman had visited. But obviously, Powell's men already knew something about the area, and the next day, on the 7th, they found “Buckskin Cascade”—today's Deer Creek Falls—which they recognized as the waterfall that Beaman had photographed.

E. O. Beaman was the photographer who had accompanied Powell's river trip down the Green and Colorado to Lees Ferry in 1871. But what was he doing taking pictures at Deer Creek before Powell's 2nd trip got there?

Jones' next journal entry provided the necessary clue when he mentioned “the miners last spring.” E.O. Beaman left the 2nd Powell expedition in February, 1872, while it was wintering in Kanab, Utah. This was just before the ill-fated “Kanab Creek Gold Rush” which was set off when, at Powell's request, some packers investigated Kanab Creek as a possible resupply point for his river expedition, and reported finding some colors from gravel they panned at the river. A couple months later, as miners poured into the canyon, Beaman headed down Kanab Creek to check out the excitement.

Expedition leader John Wesley Powell also kept a journal on that 2nd trip, and here's what he had to say on Sept 7th, 1872:

Spend forenoon in exploring Tapeats Creek below. Tis a deep gulch in wall of trap. Find Shinumo Ruins. Come down after dinner to

cataract. Make Picture. Climb over into Surprise Valley. Run down to mouth of Kanab.

This wasn't all that informative, so next I looked at the "official" history of the expedition, written by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, and published years later under the title "A Canyon Voyage", where I read:

...as soon as we launched forth after dinner, we began to look longingly for the mouth of Kanab Canyon and the pack-train. The river was much easier in every respect, and after our experiences of the previous days it seemed mere play. The granite ran up for a mile or two, but then we entered sedimentary strata and came to a pretty little cascade falling thru a crevice on the right from a valley hidden behind a low wall. We at once recognized it as the one which Beaman had photographed when he and Riley had made their way up along the rocks from the mouth of the Kanab during the winter. We remembered that they had called it ten miles to the Kanab from this place, and after we had climbed up to examine what they had named Surprise Valley we went on expecting to reach the Kanab before night."

Now Powell's entry was beginning to make sense. After dinner ("bread and coffee" for the mid-day meal), the expedition left the vicinity of Tapeats Creek and shortly arrived at Deer Creek Falls—the "cataract" that they photographed—before climbing up to "Surprise Valley." Afterwards, they continued the rest of the way down to Kanab Creek for camp.

But what's this about "Surprise Valley?" Today that's a long hike to be doing on a nearly empty stomach, especially on an afternoon where you're also boating all the way from Tapeats Creek to Kanab Creek. To find out, I looked in Dellenbaugh's other book, "The Romance of the Colorado River," thinking I might find more details. I didn't, but I did find one of E. O. Beaman's photographs, a picture of what we call "Deer Creek Falls." The caption reads: *The Outlet of the Creek in Surprise Valley, near the Mouth of Kanab Canyon, Grand Canyon*

Could it be that Beaman's "Surprise Valley" was really the Deer Creek Valley? After all, someone hiking upstream wouldn't see any valley from river level, and if they climbed up past Deer Creek Narrows they'd probably be surprised when they looked down into Deer Creek Valley.

In 1874, Beaman published an article about his adventures on Powell's second expedition, and explorations in and around the area of the Grand Canyon, including his visit to the mouth of Kanab Creek during the "gold rush." After describing his trip down Kanab Creek to the Colorado River, he wrote:

The day after our arrival I visited a mining camp,

of which one John Riley was chief... Expecting to find them hard at work "panning out," we were somewhat surprised to find only one person in camp, Riley having gone up the river a week previously with a small rocker to work a newly-discovered flat, and the others of the company being absent on a "prospecting trip." Near the place was a water-fall of three hundred feet into the river from a lateral gulch called Marble Canyon.

As the scenery was reported fine, I resolved to visit it; and so, shouldering my camera, I started, with one assistant, for a ten-mile climb over limestone and marble boulders. I found the cataract fully equal to the description given of it. The walls rise perpendicularly five hundred feet, and the fall is unbroken and magnificent.

....

We had now advanced one mile up the river from the Buckskin Cascade, as I named the fall, but, before retracing our steps, we determined to go on over the shelf, and, if possible, explore a strange fissure we had observed in the wall of the cañon. Expecting to find a narrow gorge or chasm, what was our surprise and wonder at suddenly emerging into a lovely valley, flower decked and verdant! In its centre stood a grove of young cotton-wood trees, through which flowed a limpid stream of water, fed by a dozen springs gushing from the foot of the mountain. Almost involuntarily we named this Surprise Valley, although paradise it seemed to our rock-wearied eyes. Bent upon enjoying the "good the gods had provided," we scrambled down the mountain, and under the shade of the cotton-woods enjoyed the refreshment of sleep and food.

The valley, or mountain-basin, as it really is, is a half-mile wide and two miles long. It is the outlet of a gulch, and is surrounded by mountains three thousand feet high. The summits of these mountains are covered with eternal snows, and greatly resemble the glaciers as seen from the valley of Chamouni. On the river-side a wall of slate and sandstone rises to the height of eight hundred feet, and through this a mountain-stream has cut a narrow channel or crevice, from which a lateral crevice cuts through to the river—a distance of three hundred yards—from which there is a beautiful view of the Colorado. The stream, running through the lower crevice, drops down in gradual cascades until it makes the final plunge, where it is precipitated into the river in a sheet five feet wide by a fall of one hundred feet drop. Because of its serpentine course, I was unable to take a picture giving the entire crevice, and was obliged to content myself with taking views at different points. Walking about on projecting ledges, in many places so narrow as scarcely to afford foothold, with

yawning chasms beneath us, and the muffled sounds of water running far below confusing the ear, gave photographing a charm unknown to the studios; and, while pursuing our perilous way, a curious archaeological observation was made. In many places the ledge seemed to be formed artificially of stone and mortar, and in one place the impress of a beautiful feminine hand graced the wall. This hand was like a dark blood-stain in color, and was neither carved nor laid on with any material the chemicals would act on. Could it be that this was the mausoleum of some long-extinct race, and this hand so symmetrical and womanly reached out from the eternal rocks to tell the tale of its ossification? Just where two stately cotton-woods flung tricky shadows over a noisy little cascade, we paused to weave fancies weird and strange around the evidences of generations unknown, who “rolled down the ringing grooves of time,” and left nothing to tell their story.

Our provision now running low, it became necessary to get back to the Kanab-Cañon as expeditiously as possible, and, rather than climb the rocks, we determined to sail down the Colorado on a raft. Having constructed a float, it was found not sufficiently large to carry two; and my companion, preferring the overland route to the water, started on foot, leaving me to solitary navigation. In three minutes after pushing off, I had run a terrific rapid, and in less than an hour reached camp, a distance of twelve miles.

In company with Mr. Samuel Rudd, I again climbed over the cliffs into Surprise Valley. After remaining for two days in the valley, during which time I was busy with the camera, we returned to the deserted rendezvous at Kanab Cañon...

And he concludes his account by mentioning that he reached Kanab again on the 10th of May, 1872. Powell's 2nd river trip didn't leave Lees Ferry until mid-August, so there was plenty of time to find out all the details of Beaman's adventure, and look at his pictures.

I've quoted at length from Beaman's description, because—in addition to the wonderful prose and quaint spelling—he managed to answer my questions and throw in some other interesting information besides. His description of “Surprise Valley” is unmistakable, it's what is known as “Deer Creek Valley” today. So it was the men of Powell's second expedition who were the first to climb up there from the river, on September 7th, 1872. They had heard about it from E. O. Beaman, who in turn had learned about it from the would-be gold miners. While the miners may have wasted thousands of dollars “to no purpose,” a few of them must have gone home with unforgettable memories of Deer Creek.

But that's not all. At the end of the second Powell

expedition, the water in the Grand Canyon was running high enough to row 300 yards up Kanab Creek to camp. The only time I've done anything like that, it was running 50,000 or 60,000 cfs. Another interesting item: at this point on the 2nd trip, they were reduced to eating meals of “bread and coffee”—not much different than the first trip.

And how about this: in late April, or early May, in 1872, the snow covered cliffs above Deer Creek Valley resembled a scene in the French Alps! Even allowing for some artistic elaboration, that's remarkable. I've been to Deer Creek in early May each year for a quarter of a century, and never have seen anything to match that. Global Warming today, perhaps? Or just a late, bad, winter in 1872?

Drifter Smith



Kate Thompson

Ballot Comments

IF YOU'VE BEEN ON A GTS RIVER TRIP, WHAT IS THE BEST THING YOU GOT OUT OF IT?

Education.

The networking and communication with guides from other companies.

Met a plethora of wonderful humans. Including my wife.

Interpretation – Peter Huntoon, geologist – he's amazingly good at layman's (but technical) explanations.

Incredibly knowledgeable regarding Grand Canyon.

Community sharing of river culture and knowledge.

Meeting fellow guides.

Sex.

All the information and connection to other guides.

Various speakers and topics; good company; chance to interact with folks from other outfitters, science and privates.

We could drink during the day (just kidding). But seriously, meeting people from other companies.

Meeting NPS, interpreters, other guides – some of whom I still know today.

I enjoyed spending a longer amount of time with guides who I wouldn't or couldn't or hadn't spent much time with. I also appreciated learning the techniques used by naturalists, guides, researchers, scientists, musicians for sharing/teaching/explaining all the cool natural and human history facts/information they had learned about Grand Canyon, the river, the weather, the plants.

Interacting with other boatmen, networking, and archaeology info.

A lot of knowledge, experience. What a trip. Too much to learn in one 14 day run.

The right to be denied participation.

The interpretive classes and camaraderie.

Communication with guides from other companies.

Other river company connections with other guides.

Education.

Camaraderie.

Interacting with folks from other companies and park service. Great interpretive knowledge too!

Vast knowledge. Inter-company camaraderie.

Money.

Mingling with NPS folks.

Meeting guides from other companies.

Getting to know other guides, other ways of doing things, other perspectives.

Interaction with scientists to help my interpretation.

Getting to know other guides. It's the best trip on the river.

Info to give to my passengers.

Meeting new people, the learning (lectures) and interaction.

Education.

Meeting other guides. Paddle boating.

Being with fellow guides and hearing what is important and significant about the river and the canyon for them.

Education, meeting other guides.

Interpretation, hikes, socializing.

Geology info, plant info.

More of a variety of information/education.

Meeting more of the guiding community.

Meeting the other guides.

Camaraderie with other guides from other companies and more ways to describe, teach, interpret information to guests.

Peter Huntoon is terrific.

The opportunity to meet and get to know guides from other outfits.

Good education and bonding.

Canyon history and science. Making friends.

Met and got to know guides from other companies, NPS personnel, etc...

Ongoing education and great networking.

Getting to know guides from other companies. Great plant talks/walks. WFR refresher, Swift water rescue.

Best trip ever!

WHAT IMPROVEMENTS TO THE GTS RIVER TRIP WOULD ENTICE YOU (OR OTHER GUIDES) TO COME?

It should be for employed guides only.

Having the time. It is difficult to get away just before the season starts.

If our outfitters would pay for the time (i.e. missed work)

I would love to lead one for you some day. I think it would be a fit.

I'd come if I worked on the river regularly.

The trip was great. I'd go again.

I am planning on going this spring! It has been a matter of timing!

More sex.

None needed – can't wait to sign up again.

Personally I thought the one I did was great.

This space is too small for a good discussion, but outfitters should pay guides to attend.

I don't know that it needs improvement; I assume participation has fallen off (editor's note: it hasn't). In the 70's, 80's and early 90's the GTS was about learning from enthusiastic teachers about the place and it's people and learning how to take care of the place and ourselves, making the work smarter, easier and safer.

Open the trip to guides who are part-time or freelance guiding. Offer an additional trip (fall?)

Joe Pollock (TL) did a good job, but a little better plan-

ning was lacking. We did hit some bad weather and winds. (Editor's note: Joe may be a great TL, but he can't control the weather, sorry. Dealing with inclement weather and less than perfect conditions are part of guiding).

Allow more private boaters to participate.

Just more publicity.

It should have a tangible product that could then be disseminated to a wider group.

Unusual activities (hikes).

A quicker trip – using motors. Perhaps two trips could be run then.

Better experts, famous boatmen/women on trip (Brad Dimock, Theresa Yates).

Have everyone exchange or everyone go all the way.

Make sure interpretation and exploration are equal, as both are equally important.

Need more interest from motor guides.

Get enough funding to pay some top-notch resource people.

Take care of passengers.

Smaller group size.

Swiftwater rescue training.

Nude disco night, roll more rocks off cliffs.

Make sure participants are serious, not just out for a \$100 river trip.

More time options.

Getting the newsletter announcing the GTS before the GTS trip has already launched.

It's just fine.

Have two different trips or have it later in the spring – I work at a ski area until April 10th each year.

Have it in April – conflicts with the ski season.

All share equally in work.

More participation.

Run it in March.

Timing – not much you can do about that.

Being able to go without a steady job with an outfitter.

I'm freelance and never know if I'll have work in the Canyon. This disqualifies me from participating on the GTS river trip, even though I'd really like to.

Why not open it to all licensed guides? Would this create too much demand?

Less drinking in the evenings.

More learning.

Dories, kayaks, music.

How about some insight into reading the river.

Can't recall any changes I'd make.

Do it one or two weeks later. I can't take that much time off my ski job.

I love the canyon, but also love a lot of other places that I don't have enough time in already.

It's a difficult time of year for me to commit to that much time unpaid. WFR refresher and swiftwater rescue.

They're great as-is, and feel just right for the guide community. Good time of year too.

WHAT IMPROVEMENTS WOULD YOU SUGGEST FOR THE GTS LAND SESSION?

Schedule it so it coincides with my spring break.

None.

Schedule was too full after dinner. Up-run (movie) was really important but people were ready to dance and be social.

None.

None, they're great as is!

I usually don't go. I'd love to, but it's always during the ski season.

Free t-shirts for speakers (1 each) and possible speaker stipend.

I was at the 2003 spring Land Session GTS. The kitchen scene was too close to the talks. The cook prep was a constant distraction for presenters and attendees. The food was great, Martha was fun, but she should have staged her gig on the south side of the building, not outside the main doors. This is my gripe. Otherwise, it was an interesting line up of talks. NPS guide testing should be scheduled (editor's note: guide testing is available throughout the GTS weekend without an appointment at Lees Ferry). I think the Coconino County Health Department class (food handler's) is a waste of \$30. Well, at least a waste of \$15.

More people with interesting stories about Grand Canyon.

Keep it up. Good job and speakers.

I like it just fine.

The ones I've been to have been terrific. Have the Fall Meeting in Bluff again. It's closer for me.

I think its great.

Make it more thematic. This would help guides gain a more comprehensive understanding of a given subject.

Haven't been to one for a while, but dynamic speakers are most crucial.

More big name speakers.

Great as it is!

Bring back the tent! (just kidding).

Have it near Flagstaff to avoid consuming large quantities of gasoline.

None. Keep up the good work.

Themes are nice: history, biology, etc...

Try to schedule a WFR course either before or after the GTS land session at a convenient location (Editor's note: we always do – our first aid courses are usually just prior to the GTS land session).

Don't try to put too much in 1.5 days.

It's great.

Keep up the good work!

Mud wrestling between north side outfitters and south side outfitters/owners?

Get more funding, hire someone to do the job and pay them well.
None.
Have it farther north.
Sometimes better weather.
Keep up the good work!
More participation.
I would like to see the land session occur at a time when I could attend. I work for the school system in California. This coming year that would be anytime March 20-28 or April 8-12. Thanks.
None, it's great.
None, just keep bringing/inviting the "old timers".
Heated indoor area for talks.
None, other than trying to hold better to the schedule. I missed parts because speakers ran long and I had to leave.
None (yet). Positive note – I think the Hatch warehouse is a much better place than Marble Canyon... more room.
Have a union organizer speak. We have the right to know things – that's all.
"Workshops" on how to mobilize guides for improved employee benefits. Profit sharing/retirement etc., and group health insurance plans.
Land sessions are informative and well organized.
Dark beer as well as light!
Unionize.
Bob Webb talk on outwash floods from lava dams.
Less self-glorification of boat people.
Both sessions are great and informative – thanks!

Major Contributors

July 1, 2002 to June 30, 2003

The Board and Officers of GCRG want to sincerely thank all of our members whose generous donations during this past fiscal year (July 1, 2002 to June 30, 2003) have enabled us to continue our work. Space considerations make it impossible for us to list all of you who contributed during this period, much less all of you who have contributed in past years. All those names would probably fill an entire BQR! We have extended the list to include contributors of \$100–\$499. This does not include the innumerable five-year memberships.

You will also notice new additions to our Foundation Support list. Building on the momentum begun in Spring of 2002, many new funders came on board with their support in this past fiscal year. Our deepest gratitude goes out to all of the foundations listed below for their generous support of Grand Canyon River Guides and our many important programs.

Of course, we also wish to thank all those who have donated time and energy to GCRG by volunteering to help around the office, at events, etc. That goes for board members too—they volunteer countless hours of their time and energy. Thankfully, the spirit of volunteerism is alive and well in the river community. We couldn't manage without *all* of you.

And lastly, thanks to each and every one of our members for being part of the GCRG family! It truly is a vital and diverse community grounded by the common love of the Colorado River and the desire for its continued protection and preservation.

We apologize to anyone we may have inadvertently missed in the lists below. Please let us know.

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Heads-up on First Aid

First aid class sign up sheets will be published in the Fall issue of the *boatman's quarterly review*, but plan on the following classes to be sponsored by GCRG and taught by Desert Mountain Medicine:

- Wilderness First Responder—March 18–26
- Review (Recertification class)—April 2–4 (you qualify for this course as long as your original certification has not been expired for more than six months prior to the class)

(Locations to be determined, but mark your calendars!)

If you still need to take a Bridge class (to upgrade from a WAF to a WFR), contact Shoshanna Jensen directly at (928) 607-1589.

Finally—a WFR course designed for those folks who have 9–5 jobs and live in Flagstaff, AZ. Desert Mountain Medicine will offer the following 80-hour course to be held at the NAU Forestry Building.

DATES: September 23–October 30, Tuesday & Thursday nights, 6–10 PM

Plus weekends—9/27-28, 10/11 and 10/25-26 (all 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. for weekend dates)

COST: \$450

CONTACT: NAU Outdoors (928) 523-3229

Refresher Course sponsored by Desert Mountain Medicine to be held at the NAU Forestry Building, Flagstaff, AZ.

DATE: February 20TH, 3–9 P.M. and February 21ST & 22ND, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

COST: \$175

CONTACT: NAU Outdoors at (928) 523-3229

Announcements

FOUND

Sterling silver bracelet, distinctive wave pattern design, found at Mile 174 above Red Slide at the lunch spot. Contact the GCRG office (928) 773-1075.

FOUND

Silver bracelet with native designs: turtle, snake, bear, etc.... Bracelet has initials "AH". Contact Wes Neal at Arizona River Runners (928) 527-0269.

Building Momentum

The financial rebound that commenced in spring of 2002 has definitely continued into this past fiscal year as evidenced by these financial reports. Thankfully, memberships and contributions remain stable. Grant income, especially for the boatman's quarterly review, increased significantly over the previous year. This boost in foundation support has helped alleviate (for the moment) the strain on our operating budget. But lest we rest on our laurels, the grants game is always a fickle one. Our financial health is a work in progress and our financial reserves must be built up further, especially since the U.S. economy remains poor. Our balance sheet is looking better than it ever has, yet our savings account still has a long way to go before it reaches one hundred percent of our total annual budget for protection over the long term.

We are most certainly deeply gratified that the rebound has carried us this far and are optimistic about the future. However, it takes all of us working together to keep things on a stable footing over time. Here are a few simple things *you* can do that really make a difference:

1. **Pay your dues on time**—paying on time helps us save time and money. Membership dues are our single largest source of income. Keeping you as a member makes us strong!
2. **Urge others to join**—we're sure each of you knows someone who may not be a member, but might be interested. Talk us up!
3. **Volunteer time in the GCRG office**—we have stacks of filing and desperately need some help to keep it under control.
4. **Keep those tax-deductible contributions coming**—large or small, general contributions give us the flexibility to funnel money to where we need it most. We *always* need help, so send your support our way!
5. **United Way contributions**—many of you work for companies that contribute to the United Way. Any donation made to United Way and GCRG is tax deductible. Simply request that a certain amount be donated to GCRG each month. For example, if enough of you choose \$10 or \$20 a month out of your paycheck, you won't miss the money, but it could add up significantly for us!
6. **Company-matching contributions programs**—again, think of GCRG!

Your support and belief in our organization mean the world to us. Let's build on that momentum!

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

Profit and Loss Statement

Fiscal Year—July 1, 2002 through June 30, 2003

Income	
Membership income	\$ 47,701.77
General contributions*	28,303.50
BQR grants	30,500.00
GTS income & grants	16,850.00
First aid class income	15,512.50
Adopt-a-Beach grants/contributions	15,158.00
AMWG/TWG grants	10,500.00
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc.)	5,468.00
Plant field guide grants	5,460.00
GTS overhead reimbursement	769.51
Grant administration income	600.00
Interest income	549.97
Total Income	\$ 177,373.25

Expense	
BQR (production, printing, postage)	\$ 37,840.10
Payroll expenses	37,241.50
GTS expenses	16,320.13
First aid class expenses	14,755.55
Adopt-a-Beach	9,992.23
Rent	7,200.00
AMWG/TWG	6,343.51
Printing	5,722.67
Plant field guide expenses	5,460.14
Cost of sales	4,122.87
Postage	2,824.66
Meeting expense	2,535.96
Office supplies	1,676.29
Telephone	1,515.74
Memorial expenses	1,254.46
Utilities	1,062.20
CRMP expenses	1,050.12
Depreciation expense	899.00
Other (bank charges, etc.)	474.61
Internet	434.70
Insurance	370.98
Repairs	365.00
Total Expense	\$ 159,462.42

Net Income **\$ 17,910.83**

* Includes memorial contributions, year-end fundraising, and general (un-restricted) contributions.

NOTE: Profit & Loss Statement does not reflect hundreds of hours of donated services for BQR proof-reading, IRS annual report, Guides Training Seminar, website maintenance, clerical support, donated equipment and more...

Grand Canyon River Guides Inc. Balance Sheet as of June 30, 2003

Assets	
Cash in checking/savings	\$ 68,364.46
Postage & security deposits	2,272.95
Total Current Assets	\$ 70,637.41

Fixed Assets	
Computer & office equipment	\$ 38,640.80
Less depreciation	36,696.19
Net Fixed Assets	\$ 1,944.61

Liabilities & Equity	
Payroll liabilities	\$ 1,370.61
Restricted funds	1,863.83
Equity	69,347.58
Total Liabilities & Equity	\$ 72,582.02

General Members	1,032
Guide Members	738
BQR Circulation	1,827

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

Spring 2004 GTS

SPRING GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR dates are tentatively set as March 27–28, 2004, so mark your calendars! We'll have more information in the next issue of the BQR.





Dugald Bremner

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 _____

Snow Cap Celebrates 50 Years

The Snow Cap Drive In, an icon in Seligman, Arizona, celebrated its 50th year anniversary in July. The Snow Cap is well known to most Grand Canyon river runners who take-out at Diamond Creek. Owner Juan Delgadillo and his family are known for playing jokes on unsuspecting customers. Who hasn't fallen for the squirt of fake mustard or chuckled when offered slightly-used napkins and straws.

Congratulations go out to the Delgadillos from GCRG. May they serve Dead Chicken for many years to come!



So and so, Juan and Delgadillo, waiting for the next unsuspecting customer to come through their door.



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.

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boatman's quarterly review

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