

boatman's quarterly review



Rudi Petschek photo

Jimmy Hall

Dear Eddy • Prez Blurb • Youth Trips • Fall Meeting • Bert Loper • Back of the Boat
WF Presents • Books • Tammies • GTS 2004 • Western Grand Canyon Lava Dams
Last Uprun • Autumn River Report • Deer Creek and Thunder River Trail
Confronting Hance • Them Old Boats • All Dead Except the Gunsmith • Phantom Guitar

boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

*Protecting Grand Canyon
Setting the highest standards for the river profession
Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community
Providing the best possible river experience*

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

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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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Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO "SLICE THE PIE EVEN THINNER?" BY
MICHAEL GHIGLIERI IN BQR 16:3

I AGREE WITH THE PREZ that we need to "sit at the table and hammer it out." Private boaters have been trying to do this for decades, and I think they are glad to welcome GCRG to the party.

David Yeamans
GCRG LIFE GUIDE MEMBER
& PRIVATE BOATER

THE RIVER EXTENDED

IN THE FALL OF 2001 I took the 22 day OARS trip down the Grand Canyon. The trip was led by Andre Potochnik and starred Bruce Keller, Eric Sjoden and other notables.

A fellow camper, Jim Thompson, and I decided if three weeks was good, seven weeks would be better. We bought a sixteen-foot jon boat, a 25 horse power Yamaha Motor and plenty of provisions. We put in on the Missouri River on Sunday, June 1, 2003, at Fort Benton, Montana, just below Great Falls.

On July 4, we were in St. Louis and on July 15 we took out in New Orleans, 3100 miles and 45 days later. I took a cab to the French Quarter and liberated Arnaud's.

The Grand Canyon and its boatmen are huge inspirations for the "yes, yes," "why not?," "no shit there I was" spirit of adventure.

Joe Humphreys

Prez Blurp

PERHAPS SOME OF YOU WILL RECALL running your first trip in the Canyon, the excitement of pushing off at Lees Ferry, the exhilaration of making it through Paria Rapid, thinking to yourself, “This is great, I’m a Grand Canyon Boatman!,” and the sobering first look at House Rock, or Unkar, or Hance, thinking to yourself, “What the hell was I thinking?”

Some combination of those feelings is what it feels like to write one’s first column as president of Grand Canyon River Guides. In order to get a feel for what was required, I made the mistake of reading a number of old *boatman’s quarterly reviews*, and before those, *The News*. Bad move! I gained a new appreciation for the amount of work (and writing) that has been done before. Some time, if you get snowed in, or you are moving old books from one storage unit to another, take an hour or two to go through some old **BOGRS**. What an amazing adventure **GCRG** is, and what luck to be around it while history is made.

Hopefully by the time you read this, the Colorado River Management Plan will be out in draft form, with a preferred alternative identified. The **GCRG** board and officers will be reviewing and commenting on the draft. I can not emphasize too strongly how important it is for each and every member of **GCRG** to also comment individually on the proposed plan. Even if you agree completely with the preferred alternative as it is written, you should still comment to that effect. No matter what the preferred alternative is, many people will criticize it and ask for it to be changed, and it would be a shame if the Park came up with your dream plan and it got changed because you didn’t speak up for it.

The new plan may affect how much work there is for guides in the Canyon, who you can work for, how you can work, and how often you can go on private trips. I hope there is something in that list to get each one of you fired up enough to write or email your comments to the National Park Service.

GCRG continues to participate in the Adaptive Management Process, whereby a group of interested parties makes recommendations to the Secretary of the Interior on how the Bureau of Reclamation should operate Glen Canyon Dam. I was able to attend the Technical Work Group meeting in October as an alternate for our representative Matt Kaplinski. We are at the table with the tribes, the water and power interests, the federal agencies, and the other recreational and environmental interests. We don’t always get all we want for the Canyon, but we get more than if we didn’t participate. At least that was the way I saw it.

I’m writing this in the beginning of November, thinking of another summer season gone by, and I am reminded of the words of a boatman from 150 years ago:

We were rowing homeward to find some autumnal work to do, and help on the revolution of the seasons.

—HENRY THOREAU

“A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers”

I hope you all have found some good Fall or Winter work, to help on the “revolution of the seasons.”

John O

A Baby Condor Hatches

ARIZONA’S ONLY reintroduced wild-hatched condor has been closely watched since it was first observed last Spring. Arizona Game & Fish anticipates the fledging to take place in mid to late October 2003. The monitoring has taken place since confirming the chick’s presence. Given the monitoring effort, we know the chick has been fed about every other day. It is a very active chick and is around 18–20 weeks old (as of October 2003).

Also, two condors that were treated at the Phoenix Zoo for lead exposure were re-released and are doing well back in the wild.

Nikolle Brown

The Canyon's Heart

In the fleeting moments when the song of the night cricket
Blends and fades into the falling sigh of the Canyon Wren;
It is there that you will feel the precious and elusive instant
That lies between the beats of the Canyon's heart.

Stuart Walthall

Who Painted the Sunlight?

I dance across the water top,
Twirling and leaping for joy.
The numbness that once succumbed my feet
Spreads like venom, racing through my veins.
I have become a doe.
Caught in the headlights.
Frozen in my tracks.
A wave of awe hits me full force
Making even the air seem foreign.
I gasp in a struggle to understand
The beauty that surrounds me
And blink to confirm that what I see is real.
Who painted the sunlight just that way?
Who carved this enormous statue of rock?
Each grain of sand so perfectly placed
To create a majestic masterpiece.
The waves are synchronized
In a complex ballet.
And I begin to wonder what I've done
To deserve such perfect seats
To such an amazing show.
I look to the heavens
Pondering how to thank my creator.
The world is spinning round and round me
That any picture I might take
Would simply be a blur.
But suddenly we've hit the shore,
My feet stumble onto land
And yet another day has closed
To be stored in my memory of

THE GRAND CANYON!!!!!!

Rachel Richardson
age 14

Grand Canyon

You touch me
with remains of ancient mountains and river smooth stones.

You caress me
with warm days and chill nights.

You fold me in your depths
and kiss me with your breezes.

You whisper old earth secrets
to my thirsty soul.

Though my time with you is brief,
I promise to return.

To be held
in your embrace once again.

Jan Taylor

Two Worlds, One Foot

I stare down at the stripes on my feet,
Lines where pale and weathered meet.
Chaco tan, distinctive Z, river mark,
Contrast between the protected and exposed, profound,
stark.
The line between two worlds expressed in flesh,
One piece ready to return to the civil world, to enmesh.
The other stands apart, adapted to the wild and sun,
They are parts of the same appendage, different yet one.
Time will fade this transitory sign,
Yet the foot that has led to so many memories will always
be mine.

Oscar "Chip" Marx

Why Do River Trips With Youth?

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE had the opportunity first-hand to experience the sheer joy of watching youth interact with the river, it may seem trite to try and explain why this kind of trip is important. For those who have not yet been on a trip with youth, or have and shudder at the thought, or have never really considered the value of a youth trip, the following are some of the reasons Grand Canyon Youth is passionate about getting young people on the river.

Grand Canyon Youth strives to provide access for youth who would not otherwise have the opportunity to experience the river. It is our belief that every youth can benefit from a river experience in some way. Our programs are not only for “at-risk” youth, although those youth are often included. Even if a participant could potentially afford to come on a trip with her or his parents, the dynamic of a group of youth away from their parents and from modern distractions is unique. A Grand Canyon Youth river trip is structured especially for youth, including educational and team building components that are very different than what is offered on a traditional commercial trip. Grand Canyon Youth is also for all the youth who don’t fit in a specific category. It is for youth who are willing to complete the community service, educational, and earning requirements and are excited to have the opportunity.

River trips with youth also extend the magic of the river to the broader community by involving teachers, counselors, tribal members, parents, and volunteers in the process. Many parents have shown their gratitude for the chance for their daughter or son to do something they never could. Youth often return home after a trip with a newfound feeling of accomplishment and independence and with great stories to tell their parents and peers.

Learning about the historical, ecological and archeological treasures of the canyon often comes about due to natural curiosity. A youth sees an odd shaped rock or notices tracks at camp and asks a question; others gather around not wanting to miss out. The guides become role models for the youth in the way they act both with freedom and responsibility.

Can a group of high-school students truly appreciate Grand Canyon? It depends on the individual. However, whatever point a young person is at on the road to maturity, a river trip leaves a deep impression. Whether that impression is more personal, stretching the boundaries of what that youth thought was possible for them, or relational, feeling an accepted part of a paddling team, both are valuable.

The benefit to the Canyon itself can be more elusive. Perhaps these kinds of benefits won’t be seen until the

future when adults, because of an experience when they were sixteen years old, influences them to take action to protect natural resources. This sense of stewardship, awareness and awe that youth inevitably come away with, however small, can grow stronger with age. One participant from a trip this summer says it best, “I never thought it would be much—just going on a river—but how wrong I was. It doesn’t get any better than this. This was a life-changing experience that I will always remember. A part of me has changed because of this trip.”

OTHER GRAND CANYON YOUTH NEWS

Huge thanks are in order for the great guides, staff, and owner of Arizona Raft Adventures (AZRA). Thanks to AZRA, Grand Canyon Youth was able to run an additional seven-day fall upper-half Grand Canyon trip. This trip had students from the Flagstaff Arts & Leadership Academy as well as the Youth Volunteer Corps, a nationally affiliated non-profit service learning program. Thank you again for this incredible opportunity. For more information, to volunteer or donate please contact Grand Canyon Youth, P.O. Box 23376 Flagstaff, AZ 86002 (928)773-7921.

Emma Wharton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF GCY

Fall Meeting 2003 Wrap-up

THE GCRG FALL MEETING in Fredonia was quite a success. The group size was somewhat on the smallish side, but the guides attending were completely engaged—they came prepared to listen and ask questions. The weather was fabulous, the food was great and the talks were interesting and meaningful. What more could we ask for?

We learned about the eminently worthwhile and incredibly necessary work being done by the Grand Canyon National Park Foundation. Their work spans a wide range of projects not covered by National Park funds. This includes trail building, restoration of historic buildings (not to mention historic boats!), diverse wildlife projects and much more. We heard details on the mechanical removal efforts spearheaded by the Grand Canyon Monitoring & Research Center as a means of reducing trout populations and giving the endangered humpback chub a fighting chance. We learned more about the “negative sediment budget” in Grand Canyon and the incredibly sophisticated technology used to monitor fine grain sediment deposits and distribution.

Ranger Mike McGinnis from Grand Canyon National Park gave us a detailed rundown of river issues as they pertain to the guides. Thankfully, we won't be undergoing an extensive revision of the Commercial Operating Requirements this time around. However, please note that the “grandfather clause” for American Red Cross First Responder will be eliminated after January 1, 2005. In other words, after that date, the park will no longer accept American Red Cross First Responder certifications. You have one more year to make the switch to a Wilderness-based course that complies with National Park Service (NPS) requirements.

Fortunately, river guides have been doing a good job of reporting GI illnesses and educating their passengers. Incidents of dehydration were down, and there were no cases of its polar opposite, hyponatremia (water intoxication), reported in 2003. Nor were there any fatalities. We also discussed at length the Norovirus problem that continues to plague Grand Canyon—seven river trips experienced GI outbreaks this summer. Mike's suggestions for preventive measures that should be implemented on every river trip include:

- Purify drinking water as per NPS recommendations (Note: as per a new regulation in the 2004 COR's, potable water for backcountry operations must be hauled from a public system, boiled, or filtered & disinfected).
- Continue diligent hand washing (remember to purify your hand washing water or use hand sanitizer).
- Stay out of the kitchen.
- Clean your filters with purified water (not river water!).

- Don't work on a trip until seven days after the onset of a GI illness.
- Report outbreaks to the NPS on the forms provided in the COR's and follow NPS protocols.

Mike also urged guides to have passengers on the trail (for hiking out) by 6 a.m. Park rangers see a number of river passengers in trouble when they've started hiking later in the morning. The discussion of hike-out problems and river incidents certainly underscored the need for the nps to be more responsive to gcrG in disseminating incident reports as they occur in order to highlight trends that may necessitate preventive measures. We sincerely hope that the Park can implement workable procedures for this prior to the next river season.

Pam Hyde led an informative discussion of the challenges inherent in an Adaptive Management process that is dominated by water and power interests. She also discussed the need for articulating focused objectives, engaging support of the public and creating alliances and better communication with other environmental organizations. We learned about “pesky” creepy-crawlies and even deadly critters in Grand Canyon including all manner of spiders, scorpions, ants, flies, Africanized bees, and mosquitoes. We also heard about all the incredibly positive things Grand Canyon Youth has been doing for kids from a variety of communities and backgrounds.

The discussion of the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) centered on “process not content” at our meeting. Suffice it to say that a full range of reasonable draft alternatives, including a preferred alternative and “no action” alternative will be available for public comment by the end of this year. All of these alternatives are currently undergoing a preliminary impact analysis, and mitigation measures will be added where necessary to address any major impacts that are identified. Once the CRMP/EIS is published, you can expect extensive public review opportunities, including public meetings. So gear up for the next round! You can keep informed by visiting the park website at www.nps.gov/grca/crmp.

Clearly the most poignant and moving portion of the day was the talk from the Whale Foundation. Discussing depression as a concept, and then hearing a first hand account from a river guide who spiraled down into depression, rage and despair was a shattering awakening for those present at our meeting. River guide Chris Wright courageously chronicled his long dark journey and recovery. The immediacy of those problems and their prevalence in the river community was brought home in the most personal way possible. By acknowledging what he experienced, Chris laid bare the problems that exist in

the river profession, the urgency of building awareness of those destructive tendencies, and the need for action. It dispelled many preconceived notions about river guides and brought to light the absolute need for the assistance and expertise that the Whale Foundation has to offer. For those attending the meeting, it was indeed a powerful awakening as well as a glimpse of how the Whale Foundation has actually helped to save and rebuild shattered lives. We can't thank Chris enough for sharing his story. It took enormous strength, born of a true desire to help others. If the Whale Foundation has a primary message, it must be that "You're not alone." This sentiment grounds us as a community and brings home the collective responsibility we have for our continued well-being. We hope that in sharing, Chris found additional strength through his willingness to acknowledge his pain and through the support of other fellow guides. Chris' journey hit home with all of us. The Whale Foundation should serve as a superb model for building support networks on rivers outside of Grand Canyon as well. The need is universal and profound.

We ended the meeting with a fabulous spaghetti feast, the excellent movie "Three Women, Three Hundred Miles," and a raffle of goodies provided by Teva, Willow Canyon Outdoor in Kanab (who also provided tasty coffee for the day), and Demaree Inflatable Boats. We'd like to sincerely thank Western River Expeditions (and Trent Keller, Brian Merrill and Paul Thevenin specifically) for hosting the event and helping out in a myriad of ways that helped to make the day a real success. Rotating the Fall Meeting between Flagstaff and "points north" is incredibly valuable and a practice that we will continue in the future. I would also like to thank all of the wonderful speakers who took the time to come and share their knowledge with the rest of us—we learned a lot and the opportunity to ask questions and have open discussion was invaluable. Thanks go to Jennifer Hicks for all the meal planning and cooking and to Matt Kaplinski for bringing all the audio-visual equipment and being the "tech man extraordinaire" for all of the power point presentations. And we appreciate Julie Munger's willingness to show her fabulous movie about her intrepid riverboarding adventure. It was a fun way to wind down the evening. Overall, everyone pitched in and it was a super group effort. If you made it to the meeting, thanks for making the effort to come. To those who couldn't make it, try us next time! It's a great event.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Mud Dwellers

There is silence in the forest.
There is a quiet everywhere.
It can mean only one thing:
Rain.
The rain comes.
Slow at first. Then hard and steady.
The mud dwellers' little hearts
start beating and pumping life.
They emerge
out of the mud and into fresh air,
their little eyes looking around, studying their world.
They sing and dance
and laugh and call to one another,
wooing mates, laying eggs, laughing, croaking.
The rain means life for them,
more than anything else.
The rain is hard,
And they flee to the trees.
It is here at last.
Frogs!

Bonnie McIntosh
age 14

Dawn

Dawn breaks.
Color
is streaked across the sky.
Then,
there's that moment,
before anyone wakes up,
as if the whole world
is holding its breath,
keeping a big secret.
Red and pink
across the desert sky.
I live
through color,
I breathe
through color.
Dawn.

Bonnie McIntosh
age 14

Bert Loper's Wretched Roots

I AM JUST BACK from a 5,500 mile road trip in search of the origins of the Grand Old Man of the Colorado, Bert Loper. Armed with two crates of cryptic and conflicting clues, I spent October in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, and Colorado, sniffing, digging, and rooting through courthouses, libraries, cemeteries, and anywhere else my leads took me. Microfilm and ledgers, old books and older tombstones, days of tedium punctuated with moments of utter amazement. Well, I was amazed anyhow.

But before even leaving my driveway the hunt was on, mostly via internet. There was little known about Loper's father—only that he left when Bert was young and died in Texas some time later. By sending out dozens of queries to chat groups, scouring genealogy sites and the U.S. Census, and following blind hunches, a picture slowly developed of a man named Jehial P. Loper. Or Jehail. Or Jehil, Jahiel, Jehile, Gehile, or just plain J.P.

He first showed up in the 1860 census for Bowling Green, Missouri with a wife, Ann, and three daughters. In 1862 he deserted the Union Army. By 1870, Ann was gone and he had married America Mettler at a tender sixteen years of age to his 36. They had birthed two boys, Andrew Jackson Loper and Albert A. Loper. Yet by 1872, J.P. Loper was in Whitesboro, Texas alone, establishing a brickyard. Two years later he married for a third and final time, this time to a widow, Sarah Jane Smith Truly, with grown boys. But where was J.P. from? That continued elusive until I found a webpage mentioning a Ghile Loper as being a brother of the Lopers of Mulvane, Kansas. More on that another time.

Once on the road I found a few true pearls. In the Whitesboro courthouse I found J.P. Loper's will, wherein he disinherits both his sons, Bert and Jack. What a crumbball. I wondered why until I unearthed, in Bowling Green, divorce papers between Jehial P. and

America Loper. After a fiery battle with accusations of adultery, abandonment, and abuse, J.P. apparently lost custody of his boys and left Missouri a bitter man—and apparently one who held grudges.

A few blocks north of Bowling Green's courthouse I found America's shattered tombstone among the collapsing Mettler graves. She died just four years after Jehial left, when she was 25 and Bert was six and a half. She had succumbed to the family bane, tuberculosis, which felled her sister Orpha Ann a decade earlier, brother Winnie just months after America, and their mother Teresa in 1882, when Bert was twelve. I wish I could say Bert's life began to improve after that, but it didn't. That would be a long time coming.

Brad Dimock



Bert Loper's grandmother, uncle, mother, and aunt.

A.P.B. on Loper Stories

THROUGHOUT THE COMING many months I will be rooting about for more of Bert Loper's life and death, hoping to have a biography ready for you by early 2005. In the meantime I would love to hear from those of you who have heard any good Loper stories, have any burning questions, or can offer any good pointers or perspectives.

Without the help of the boating community, the biographies of Holmstrom and the Hydes would be far shallower and less complete. I beg for your assistance once again. Please contact me at 1000 Grand Canyon Avenue, Flagstaff, AZ 86001, braddimock@fretwater.com, or 928/853-2007. Thanks much!

Brad Dimock

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

IT TAKES A BIT OF PLANNING to pull off things like the Whale Foundation's WingDing and Health Fair. One of the best parts about it is how much fun we have making these events happen. If you and your friends have any interest in spending some time helping us out we would greatly appreciate it and we can definitely use it! Want to be a volunteer? Email and let us know at MegViera@aol.com.

THE WHALE FOUNDATION HEALTH FAIR

As part of the 2004 Spring GTS, the Whale Foundation is proud to be sponsoring its first-ever Health Fair. Aimed at promoting healthier lives and lifestyles for the guiding community, the Health Fair will consist of volunteers from the medical community (doctors, nurses, physical therapists) providing a range of free basic screenings and information on a variety of medical problems including: high blood pressure, glaucoma, diabetes, skin cancer, low back pain, and repetitive motion injuries. Vouchers to obtain free or discounted medical tests will also be given and will include: cholesterol, PSA's (for males at higher risk for prostate cancer) and mammograms (for women at higher risk for breast cancer). The Health Fair will be open to all guides and *it's free!*

THE BOATMAN HOTLINE

To date in 2003, the Whale Foundation has served sixteen people. This includes over 64 hours of service. Since the Whale Foundation's inception in 1995 we have helped 134 people. If you need help in any way, please call our confidential hotline toll free at 1-866-773-0773

WWW.WHALEFOUNDATION.ORG

With the hard work of many, we are pleased to announce that we have launched our new website where you can get loads of information about the Whale Foundation including: confidential mental and physical health care sources, financial planning assistance, transitioning sources, and Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship information. Check it all out at www.whalefoundation.org.

THE KENTON GRUA MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship application is available on the Whale Foundation website at www.whalefoundation.org. It's not too early to be preparing your application for the 2004-2005 scholarships. The deadline is June 1, 2004. During 2003 the Whale Foundation awarded three \$1,000 scholarships to Grand Canyon river guides.

WINGDING

Calling the Grand Canyon guiding community—young and old, far and wide! Your presence is requested at the Second Annual Whale Foundation WingDing! We have had to change the date so remark the calendars!

What's the WingDing? It's a party! A fundraiser! A celebration of the Grand Canyon river community!

This year's event will be held Saturday January 31, 2004 from 6-11 P.M. at Coconino Center for the Arts, 2300 Ft. Valley Road, Flagstaff, AZ 86001.

Last year's WingDing was so much fun we're doing it again! There will be a sit down dinner, live music, dancing, a live auction, silent auction, raffle, and door prizes. The amazing Martha Clark and Mosey's Mobile Kitchen will cater the affair. We will ask for a dinner donation and there will be a cash bar, but otherwise—it's free!

Community support is essential to the Whale Foundation's success. The WingDing celebration is our one and only annual fundraiser. Last year's event far exceeded our expectations and confirmed: the members of this community not only genuinely care about one another, they are not afraid to show it! We are deeply grateful to those supporters who have already informed us of their generous donations to this year's event; their names are listed below. If you've not done so, there is still time for you to be part of WingDing 2004. Any and all donations of time, artwork or your financial support are greatly appreciated, will be utilized throughout the year, and acknowledged at the WingDing. Your gifts allow us to accomplish our mission: to serve the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual health of the Grand Canyon Guiding Community. Thank You!

2004 WingDing Sponsors include: Arizona River Runners, Inc., Hatch River Expeditions, James P. Marzolf DDS, Colorado River and Trail Expeditions, Inc., JDL Medical PC, Cork 'n Bottle, Professional River Outfitters, Dave & Sue Stilley at Sutcliffe Floral, and Joan Mitrius.

So, mark your calendar. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to celebrate our friendships, our talents *and* raise money for the Whale Foundation's programs.

Meg Viera

The Whale Foundation Presents— Pre-Season Fitness and Back Injury Prevention

FAMOUS LAST WORDS, “Next year I’m going to get in better shape before the river season starts.” Using your first couple of trips as winter training is not always the best idea. We all have good intentions to start that fitness program, but it won’t actually happen unless we make a conscious effort to change our routines. Injury prevention begins by changing our lifestyle, our habits and modifying our behaviors. Most of us know what we should do, but putting these thoughts into action is the most difficult task.

One of the key elements in maintaining an exercise routine is to make it simple and enjoyable. Find activities that you can work easily into your schedule and that you like to do. You will find it much easier to stick with a program if you add some variety, or in other words, “cross train.” This is also much better for your body as the stresses to different joints and muscles will vary.

A training program for a river guide in the off-season is important for many reasons. One of the most important reasons is that as a guide you are participating in a multitude of athletic events. Each day is different and you never know what lies ahead. You are just not rowing or navigating a boat, but you are also providing an adventure for passengers. You not only have to assist in loading and unloading gear and supplies everyday but you are leading people on both wet and dry hikes in very rugged terrain in a wilderness environment. You may even be pulling in a passenger or two after a wild ride through a rapid. This all takes strength, endurance and flexibility.

Let’s address a few of the basic necessities in an exercise program. Strengthening, stretching, and cardiovascular training are the three essentials. Maintaining lower back and extremity flexibility could include some basic hip, hamstring, calf, thigh, and lower back stretches. General stretches for the lower back could include lying on your back and pulling one knee to your chest, crossing legs and pulling both knees to your chest, or swinging your upper body one direction and lower body the other to get rotation stretch. Strengthening could include sit-ups both to the center and with elbows to opposite knees (this helps your back rotation muscles), pull-ups, or push-ups. Make sure with any strengthening that you first tighten your “core” muscles (buttocks, back, and stomach) before you push or pull any weight. Some yoga positions provide a good balance of flexibility and strengthening of the core. Cardiovascular conditioning should again be an activity that you enjoy. It could be indoor or outdoor walking, hiking, biking, swimming, or skiing. Make sure that you are elevating your heart rate to benefit your heart muscle. A quick

and easy guide to finding a “target heart rate” (THR) is subtracting your age from 220. Then find 75–80% of that number. So, if you are 40, subtract 40 from 220 to get 180. This is a maximum heart rate. You do not want to exceed that heart rate when you are training. A “target” heart rate is 75–80% of your maximum or for a forty year old the THR is 144 beats per minute. Take your pulse for six seconds and add a zero to that number. Take your pulse after you have started an activity and are warmed up. This can help you set the proper pace to gain some cardiovascular conditioning.

Exercising at a gym or at home with resistive weights for strengthening is also a good idea for pre-season fitness. Again, include some warm-up cardiovascular exercise. Make sure you are targeting both front and back muscles when strengthening the upper body. Bench and chest presses are fine, but the shoulder support system (rotator cuff muscles) is found posterior to the shoulder and underneath the shoulder blades (scapulae). Keep both elbows at your sides, hold a weight in your hands and pull shoulder blades together in the back as you rotate both arms out. Placing a small towel roll in the armpit can also make this exercise for the rotator cuff more specific. Also add some rowing and lat pull exercises. Lower extremity resistive strengthening could include some hip abductor, quad, hamstring or leg press machines. Light squats can also benefit a variety of muscles. Be sure that you tighten your abdominal, gluteal/back muscles (“core” muscles) before exerting a force to push or pull.

Exercise balls are a good tool to use to stretch and strengthen. Lying forward or backward on the ball (or a raft) is a great support stretch position. It is possible to do sit-ups, buttocks and back exercises by changing positions on the ball from back to stomach. Push-ups from the ball strengthen a variety of “core” muscles as well as leg and arm muscles. Placing a ball behind your back and buttocks as you do a wall squat can make that exercise more comfortable and “enjoyable.” Again, always remember to tighten your abdominal and gluteus when you are doing any leg or arm exercise to gain better trunk strength.

A “corset” of muscles supports the low back. Some of these include the abdominal and internal/external oblique on the front and side. There are also back extensor and rotator muscles that run parallel and at angles to the back. Don’t forget the gluteus muscles, hamstrings, quads and hip rotation muscles that help maintain the pelvic girdle symmetry. These muscles all pull together and support the spine with all of our bending, twisting and lifting movements. They work

most efficiently when they are in the proper position and not on stretch. Their mechanical advantage improves when the weight you are lifting is closer to your body. Yes, this all translates into (and you knew this was coming) “Bend at your hips and knees and keep your back and head upright as you lift.” Bending at your waist to lift objects increases the pressure inside your back discs and provides poor mechanical advantage to your muscles. They cannot contract properly from a stretched position. When you are raising from a squatted lift position, make sure your head is the first thing that comes up, not your bottom.

Some other good tips for safe lifting include tightening your buttocks and stomach muscles as you stand up from a squatted position. Also, pivot your feet when lifting and turning with a load to avoid excessive loading on the lower back. Try to break down some of your heavier loads as you are moving gear around. If it is too heavy, get help. I do know that it is not always possible to get into the best positions with some lifts. If you have to do a lot of forward bending, be sure to stand up and do a few backward bends at your waist immediately afterward to take those muscles off stretch. Make sure that you are stretching and warming up each morning as you rise and getting at least a brisk walk to the kitchen.

Visualize a positive outcome for your pre-season fitness program and you will be successful. Have a great season!

Judy Stratton, P.T.

Books on Books on the River

FIFTY YEARS AGO Francis P. Farquhar compiled a list of the 125 most significant books on the Colorado River and Grand Canyon. Published in a limited edition in 1953, his bibliography became the classic reading and collecting list for those who wished to know the history of the Colorado. Now, half a century later, Mike Ford, a veteran Canyon fan and voracious reader, has compiled a sequel to Farquhar, giving us a list of the 225 most significant works on the Green and Colorado Rivers, the Colorado Plateau, and Grand Canyon. Like Farquhar, Ford gives a small review with each title, letting you know why he feels this book stands out of the field of thousands published since 1953.

In December, Five Quail Books and Fretwater Press are re-releasing Farquhar’s *Books of the Colorado & the Grand Canyon: A Selective Bibliography* with a revised index and endnotes. In conjunction with that, Fretwater Press is releasing Mike S. Ford’s *The Books of the Grand Canyon, the Colorado River, the Green River, and the Colorado Plateau: a Selective Bibliography*. Both will be available in limited hardbound editions and trade paperbacks. For those of you just starting to compile a river library, and for those who have become clinical biblioholics, these books will steer you to the cream of the crop.

Brad Dimock

Thinking About Tamarisk

IF YOU’VE NOTICED tamarisk removal in some of the tributaries in Grand Canyon it is because Grand Canyon Wildlands Council and Grand Canyon National Park are hard at work on a tributary restoration project. We will write a full article for the next issue of *boatman’s quarterly review*. For questions in the meantime, you can contact: Kelly Burke, Grand Canyon Wildlands Council, (928) 556-9306, kelly@grandcanyonwildlands.org and Lori Makarick, Grand Canyon National Park, (928) 226-0165, lori_makarick@nps.org.

Kelly Burke

Announcing The GTS 2004

PLANNING EFFORTS for the Guides Training Seminar (GTS) land and river sessions have begun in earnest. We're busily sending out speaker invitations, coordinating with the Park Service and thinking up new and creative ways to make those events even more enriching and beneficial for the participants.

For the GTS Land Session, in addition to the top-notch interpretive training in the cultural, natural and human history of Grand Canyon (not to mention park issues and the political issues shaping the future of the Colorado), we are supplementing the event with a Health Fair sponsored by the Whale Foundation. We applaud their idea of offering "triage and referral" services to working guides. They'll be able to do blood pressure and skin screenings. They'll also provide referrals and vouchers for mammograms, prostate checks and cholesterol screenings at labs in Flagstaff and Page. Activities may include a physical therapy session and information on financial planning. What more could you ask for? You will be actively learning information that helps you in your profession while learning how to take care of yourself. We'll take care of you, mind and body!

We also have some wonderful plans for the GTS river session. In addition to the regular flotilla of a motor rig (provided by CRATE), paddle rafts, oar boats and a dory or two, we may also bring along some historic boats (but we promise not to subject you to the sweep scow). Just think how it would feel to row one of these beauties! As most of you know, the GTS river trip takes the interpretive aspect of the land session and puts it on the water so that working guides can learn "in situ." Experiential learning at its best. The GTS river session is the only entirely cooperative training trip around, theoretically incorporating guides from all commercial companies. We have been thrilled that guides representing approximately ten outfitters have participated the last few years. Aside from the wonderful interpretive training, the benefits that past participants have expressed most frequently are the opportunities for networking and interaction with guides from other companies, and the resultant camaraderie built on a shared experience. You can't beat it.

In addition to fabulous speakers, we will also be working to make the trip more fully participatory in a number of ways. We recognize that mentorship (less experienced guides learning from more experienced guides) is probably the best learning tool around for both the intangibles of guiding as well as interpretive training. There is an incredible wealth of knowledge in the guiding community just waiting to be tapped

and we intend to do just that! We will also ensure that guide participants have the opportunity to pilot/row/paddlecaptain during the trip. In other words, we will encourage rotating duties during the course of the trip so that all guides can gain experience. Running a boat with coaching from an experienced guide on board will provide an incredibly valuable learning experience. Learning by doing is key. Consequently, the 2004 GTS river trip will be more well-rounded, incorporating training in both interpretive skills and river skills as well.

Lastly, we've changed the lower half of the river trip a bit to add two more days so that the entire trip can take out at the Lake. Normally we take out at Diamond Creek, but this seems like a good opportunity to expand our horizons in additional ways. We'd like to take the time to learn more about that stretch below Diamond Creek—maybe explore Columbine Falls and other key spots along the way, while certainly experiencing the new, but strange, rapid at Pierce and the changing sediment dynamics of the Lake.

We'll be sending the GTS postcard (sign up) to guides in December or January, so look for it in the mail! The GTS land session is open to the general public. We encourage you to sign up in advance (so that we can get a handle on numbers). To encourage this we will offer a discount to those of you who sign up by March 1. For the river session, first priority will be given to guides sponsored by an outfitter, then to all interested guides and trainees who have trips for the 2003 season. If you want to be sponsored by your outfitter, start talking to them now! If you're not sponsored, send in the application, a check (which we'll hold until we determine if you're eligible), and a letter or resume with your background. Tell us who you are and why you should go. This will help us with our participant selection process. Guides may choose from the upper or lower sessions (or both if we have room). Guides on the upper half will participate in a clean-up of the GCRG Adopt-a-Highway stretch of road between Marble Canyon and Vermillion Cliffs after the rig on March 29.

So here's the deal. Write down these dates, tell your friends, and start making plans!

FOOD HANDLER'S CLASS

Date: Friday, March 26TH, 2004. 10 A.M. — 2 P.M.

Place: Old Marble Canyon Lodge (Marble Canyon, AZ)

Contact: Marlene Gaither, Coconino County

Environmental Health at (928) 226-2710 or

email her at mgaither@co.coconino.az.us to sign up.

GCRG SPRING MEETING

Date: Friday, March 26, 2004 (starts at 3 P.M.)
Place: Old Marble Canyon Lodge (Marble Canyon, AZ)
Discussion of: GCRG board nominations, CRMP, conservation issues, etc....
Dinner and party follow at Hatchland afterwards.
Come and offer your ideas!

GTS LAND SESSION

Dates: March 27–28, 2004 (8 A.M. to whenever)
Place: Hatch River Expeditions warehouse, Marble Canyon, AZ
Lodging: On your own (camping, or staying at one of the local lodges)
Cost: \$35 (covers food for the weekend) or \$30 if you sign up by March 1
Note: If you're sponsored by an outfitter, please sign up and we'll bill them later.
Bring: a camp chair, a mug, dress warmly and in layers and plan on staying for the weekend!

GTS RIVER SESSION

Upper Half Dates: March 30–April 5, 2004 (Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch)
Cost for Upper Half: \$165
Lower Half Dates: April 5–15, 2004 (Phantom Ranch to Lake Mead)
Cost for Lower Half: \$185
Note: If you're sponsored by an outfitter, please sign up and we'll bill them later.
Requirement: The river session is open to guides/trainees with work for the 2004 river season.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Food Handler's Info

AS ALL RIVER GUIDES on the Colorado River through Grand Canyon know, the Commercial Operating Requirements specify that you must have a Food Handler's certification. We thought we'd take this opportunity to review the various options that are open to you:

- Food Handler's Classes are regularly offered by the Coconino County Environmental Health Department. You can call Marlene Gaither at (928) 226-2769 or send an email to her at mgaither@co.coconino.az.us
- GCRG coordinates a Food Handler's Class the day prior to the GTS land session (in this case, Friday, March 26, 2004) to be held at Marble Canyon Lodge, in Marble Canyon, AZ. It's a convenient way of getting the certification before the river season begins (if you're going to the GTS, that is). You can call Marlene Gaither to sign up (see contact info above). Course hours will be 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Lunch will be provided.
- Take the Backcountry Environmental Health home-study course. This course is designed specifically for backcountry operators (like river guides) who deal with environmental health issues such as food safety, water purification, human excreta and solid waste handling and disposal. This is an approved certification course for Backcountry Operators for all federal parks. Again, contact Marlene Gaither at Coconino County Environmental Health and she'll send you the homestudy packet.
- The CORS state that you can get a Food Handler's certificate from a recognized entity that holds training classes and issues certificates. That means that you can seek a course wherever they are offered. Guides who wish to take a class in another jurisdiction should inquire at their local health department for availability.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

A Fresh Look at Western Grand Canyon

Lava Dams: Introduction

IF YOU EVER GET A CHANCE to camp at Toroweap Overlook, go stand on the edge of the Esplanade and look down at Lava Falls Rapid and all those lava flows and dams that remain frozen to the canyon walls (Figure 1). If you stare hard and long enough, you'll expect to see the lava flow just west of Vulcan's Throne start moving again, flowing down Toroweap Valley, and into the Colorado River some 2000 feet below. You'll begin to imagine what it would have been like to stand at that same spot hundreds of thousands of years ago and watch the hot lava flow into the Colorado River.

For many years, people have wondered how these lava dams were formed and destroyed and on what time scales these events occurred. Through a series of articles, we'll present to you new ideas on how those lava flows and the Colorado River may have interacted.

During the past two million years, significant volumes of basalt were extruded from vents in the Uinkaret volcanic field (Hamblin, 1994). Many of these flows cascaded over the rim, mainly on the north side of the canyon, and into the canyon, particularly in the vicinity of present-day Lava Falls and Whitmore Rapids. There are more than 150 flows present in this volcanic field, and Hamblin (1994) identified the remnants of at least thirteen different lava dams. Hamblin proposed that most lava dams occurred between 10,000 and 1.8 million years ago, and that western Grand Canyon lava dams took several days to several thousand years to form. He hypothesized that the dams were stable, could have lasted up to forty thousand years, and that deep, long-

lived lakes backed all the way up to Moab in one case. The lakes then filled with both water and sediment, and the lava dams were gradually eroded through headward erosion, similar to erosion at the base of Niagara Falls, as water flowed on top of the sediments and down the face of the dam. In addition, Hamblin (1994) identified unusually coarse river gravels with huge foresets—preserved riverbed ripples—in a deposit overlying the remnant of a basalt flow at river mile 188 (river left) indicative of a large-scale flood, but he attributed the



Figure 1. Photograph of lava flows and dam remnants viewed from Toroweap Overlook, looking west and in a downstream direction.

deposits to failure of a landslide dam upstream. Lucchitta et al. (2000) proposed that major accumulation of basalt-rich gravels in western Grand Canyon represents extremely vigorous erosion of a lava dam as a result of overtopping, headward erosion and plunge-pool action.

New studies of those basalt-rich river gravels (Figure 2) suggest that

the gravels were emplaced by the rapid and catastrophic failure of lava dams (Fenton et al., in press; 2002). Whether any of the lava dams lasted long enough to allow the deposition of lake deposits in their upstream reservoirs is uncertain, as deposits from deep-water lakes linked to lava dams have not yet been verified in Grand Canyon (Kaufmann et al., 2002). The chemical composition and different ages of the deposits lead us to believe that at least five of these failures occurred not long after the dams were formed. Among the geologic evidence of these floods are large basalt boulders up to 115 feet in diameter and perched high above the modern Colorado River. Rocks in the flood deposits are mostly basalt; essentially these deposits are the rock that formed the dams.

We propose that some of the dams were inherently unstable, too unstable to create long-lasting reservoirs that would leave lake deposits behind. We hypothesize that basalt poured over the rim of western Grand Canyon and into the gorge cut by the Colorado River. The lava eventually “froze” in place following the initial hydroexplosive interaction with the Colorado River, creating a dam whose base and abutments rested on loose talus slopes and unconsolidated river sediments. While the dam was forming, interaction of the lava and water caused the explosive fragmentation of basalt glass and zones of hydrothermal fracturing. These structurally weaker zones formed both at the base and higher in the dam as the reservoir filled as quickly as the lava piled up. At sufficient hydraulic gradients, water stored in the reservoir flowed, or piped, through the now porous dam. The piping created larger and larger conduits, eventually allowing water to entrain sediment and dam material, ultimately causing the complete collapse of the lava dam and the rapid draining of the lake behind it. Preliminary data indicate that one of these floods was the largest ever to run through Grand Canyon and it ranks among the largest known in the continental United States.

Until recently, the timing of landscape development in western Grand Canyon has been mainly based on Hamblin’s (1994) interpretation of lava dams near the Uinkaret volcanic field and age-dating of those lavas. Most of the dating of the Uinkaret volcanic field was undertaken in the 1960s and 1970s, and even at the time problems were known to exist with the application of the technique to these lavas. In future articles, we will discuss age dating of these lavas—both old and new—and detail our studies on catastrophic dam failures and flood discharges. Stay tuned.

Cassie Fenton & Bob Webb



Figure 2. Downstream view of an outburst-flood deposit at river mile 202 (river right). The deposit is approximately 165,000 years old and is 175 feet above present-day river level. The boulder in the foreground is roughly 3 feet long. Another outburst-flood deposit overlies the Black Ledge lava-dam remnant near river mile 203.

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Jet Boaters Bill Austin and Guy Mannering Uprun the Last Rapid

THE COLORADO RIVER COMMUNITY membership is down by two due to the recent loss of boatmen from the 1960 Grand Canyon jet boat trip. New Zealander Guy Mannering died August 7 and American Bill Austin on September 2, 2003. Although we remember



Bill Austin

From the Bill Belknap photo collection. NAU 96.4.94.352

them for their participation in the only successful uprun of the Colorado River through Grand Canyon, both men also led full lives in many other ventures and adventures.

Born in Kentucky on September 26, 1927, William Thomas "Bill" Austin was a "key player in the exploration of the Flint-Mammoth Cave System, the founding of the Cave Research Foundation (CRF), the engineering of Antarctic research stations, and in commerce in the Kentucky Cave Region," wrote Phil Smith. Smith, who sought out Austin for caving in 1952, added, "Bill avidly photographed CRF's exploratory and scientific ventures. His photography expertise was never more superbly evident than [what] he did for an early action archaeology project."

At the same time, Smith's work on the Ross Ice Shelf, Antarctica, as part of the International Geophysical Year (IGY), needed engineers, so he and Bill "spent the 1957-58 austral summer together in a small remote field camp on the ice shelf. Later, in the 1960s, Bill was the chief engineer for the U.S. Antarctic Research Program, where he designed several research stations including a station at the South Pole consisting of several laboratory and living buildings beneath a geodesic dome. The new station replaced the one constructed in 1955-56 for the IGY. Pole Station and Palmer Station, also designed by Bill, have been continuously occupied since.

It was in 1957 that they "discussed the idea of making a trip up the Colorado. ...The inspiration for the idea came from *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*...and from [their] having become acquainted with a new water turbine jet boat being perfected by C. W. F. Hamilton Ltd. of Christchurch, NZ. ...Bill Austin deserves central credit for masterminding the Grand Canyon uprun expedition, a feat that has never been repeated. ...The first of two major accidents occurred at Lava Falls [when] Bill suffered a compound fracture of his left lower leg."

On Thursday, June 23rd, 1960 Joyce Hamilton wrote in her diary: "The boats would have to approach the rapid in exactly the right spot to follow down the tongue on the point of the ridge to avoid being sucked in the Scylla and Charybdis which lay in waiting, one on each side. ...We heard some sickening thuds above the roar of the river, and then, after an unbearably long silence, shouts from the cliff-top—Garth, Phil and Jim tearing down the trail. 'Bill's broken his leg.' ...Margie standing on the rocks a few feet above the rapid had witnessed the whole drama and had given the alarm to the cameramen on the cliff above. *Big Red* slid off the tongue to the right, hitting the corner of the great curling wave which tossed that 24-foot, two ton boat clear into the air, and flung it aside into a turbulent area among some rocks." Smith left on an Air Force helicopter with Austin, "intent on getting him to a hospital and good medical care in Las Vegas. ...In the end, neither Bill nor I was in on the finish of the grand adventure that we had hatched up three years earlier in Antarctica. We talked about another trip, but it was not to be."

Smith concludes: "Bill's legendary roles in caving, Grand Canyon exploration, Antarctica, and in his work as a businessman in Kentucky have inspired several successive generations of players in all these diverse realms. He set high and exacting standards for himself, and others. ...Once you became Bill's friend, he was a devoted and fierce advocate of your interests."



Guy Mannering

From the Bill Belknap photo collection. NAU 96.4.95.5

American variant hull that “after driving ‘Wee Red’ and ‘Wee Yellow’ through the Colorado River that although they were bigger, heavier, and more powerful, they also were ‘clumsier and less responsive.’” Guy was also instrumental in other ways. With encouragement and promotion to his friend Bill Hamilton, Jon’s father, Hamilton formed W. F. Hamilton Marine Ltd. to manufacture jet units commercially. It’s a good thing Guy was filming that trip. As he and Bill Belknap waited their turn in the *Wee Red* at the bottom of Grapevine Rapid, they watched the *Wee Yellow* nose-dive into a hole half way up. “And to the bottom of the river along with the *Wee Yellow* went all their tools, the fiberglass repair kit, all the film which Jim [Bechtal], as Indiana Gear Works photographer, had

exposed on the up-stream trip, including two thousand feet of movie and seventeen rolls of 36 exposure Kodachrome.”

At the last GTS, Smith showed a brand new video dub from Jon Hamilton’s vault-copy 16mm movie that Guy filmed and narrated, *Grand Canyon Uprun: Jetboats Conquer the Colorado*. Throughout his life he was an active outdoorsman, especially a jet boater. Smith commented: “The outings with jet boats and the Hamiltons and the Mannerings convinced me that Jon and Guy should be in the Colorado attempt.”

Grand Canyon River Guides and the boating community wish to extend their condolences to the families and friends of Guy Mannering and Bill Austin on their latest uprun; may it be successful.

Richard Quartaroli

Note: Thanks to Phil Smith for the notification and information; his appreciation of Austin can be found in the Autumn 2003 “CRF Newsletter.” The film can be viewed on video. Bill Belknap’s photographs, Joyce Hamilton’s publications, *White Water: The Colorado Jet Boat Expedition and Diary Kept during the Upriver Conquest of the Colorado River, June–July, 1960*, and the Martin J. Anderson Collection oral history interviews contain more information on this historic river trip. All may be found at NAU Cline Library Special Collections and Archives at <http://www.nau.edu/library/speccoll/index.html>.

Guy M. Mannering, son of the legendary mountaineer George Edward Mannering, was the Christchurch, New Zealand photographer on the 1960 jet boat round trip. Guy was 78 at the time of his death. With a partner, he operated Mannering and Donaldson, a highly successful photographic business. Guy published several photography books with his own photographs and those of others. In 1962–63 and again in 1964, he made trips to Antarctica to document the New Zealand Antarctic Research Program, resulting in a splendid book, *South: Man and Nature in Antarctica, a New Zealand View* (Text by Graham Billing, edited and illustrated by Guy Mannering). Later in the ’60s he did a delightful book, *Katie*, about a five-year old girl’s summer on a sheep station. More recently he published *The Hermitage Years of Mannering & Dixon*, *The Peaks & Passes of J. R. D.*, and *The Seas Between*.

Phil Smith mentioned in his remarks at the 2003 GTS and in a recent correspondence that “the Mannerings were very hospitable to those of us involved in the U. S. Antarctic Research Program. I spent dozens of nights in their home. In fact, I saw Sputnik for the first time when at their house. It was a memorable evening—the Mannerings were hosting a party for a large number of Yank and Kiwi polar types, mountaineers, and jet boaters. As it was early spring (Oct. 1957) in New Zealand, the Mannerings had a fire in their fireplace—at the appointed time we all went outside, at first having a hard time distinguishing Sputnik from sparks coming out the chimney (poor observations aided by Scotch), but then we spotted Sputnik.”

Besides filming the jet boat run, Guy was one of the main boatmen. He and Jon Hamilton commented on the

An Autumn River Report— Dam Operations, and the Drought

I JUST COMPLETED my last commercial trip of the 2003 season. On our way to Phantom Ranch, the marvelously still air and sublime light of October graced our lives. Then, as southern California and the north Kaibab Plateau burned, walls and rims became mystically cloaked in smoke. Ash drifted silently onto our decks at Bass camp and Stone Creek. With herds of desert bighorn sheep, we coughed and wiped our noses until the southwesterly winds blew against us to Lava Falls. A chill then came to the air at Parashant Canyon, a full moon, and a view of weather fronts passing us by to the north. It was wonderful.

We viewed the erosion from the recent summer monsoon rains. It brought big side canyon floods from Carbon Creek to Red Canyon. The monsoon also hit big in tributary canyons from Deer Creek to Parashant Canyon. Side canyon floods like these continue make rapids rockier, less navigable and more harrowing. Beaches continue to erode from river fluctuations and side canyon floods, and the streamside becomes more choked by vegetation.

As the quality of the riparian environment diminishes, demand for public access only grows. In my many years as a Grand Canyon river guide, I've not seen the canyon beaches more severely eroded. The canyon desperately needs a beach-building flood release from the dam to restore and rejuvenate habitat and camping areas. We are working toward this goal through the Adaptive Management Program as the Colorado River basin drought moves into its fifth year.

What will this winter bring to the Colorado River basin and river flows in Grand Canyon? Following is a recent report from the Bureau of Reclamation. Give us a "ring" if you want to talk about where to go next.

OPERATIONS

Releases from Glen Canyon Dam in November will be nearly identical to what they were in October. In November, releases will average 8,000 cubic feet per second (cfs) with a total of 476,000 acre-feet scheduled to be released. On Mondays through Saturdays in November, daily fluctuations due to load following will likely vary between a low of 5,000 cfs (during late evening and early morning off-peak hours) to a high of 10,000 cfs (during late afternoon and early evening on-peak hours). On Sundays, releases will be 5,000 cfs from 7 P.M. until 7 A.M., and 8,000 cfs from 7 A.M. until 7 P.M.

Releases from Glen Canyon Dam in December of 2003 will likely be higher than November. The volume releases in December is likely to be 600,000 acre-feet (an average release of about 10,000 cfs).

Because of the draw down condition of Lake Powell, releases from Lake Powell in water year 2004 are being scheduled to meet the minimum objective release of 8.23 million acre-feet. This is consistent with the requirements of the Criteria for Coordinated Long-Range Operation of Colorado River Reservoirs.

EXPERIMENTAL FLOWS

Daily high fluctuating releases from Glen Canyon Dam, as part of the Glen Canyon Dam experimental flows, were completed on March 31, 2003. From January through March 2003 releases ranged between a high of 20,000 cfs to a low of 5,000 cfs each day. These same high fluctuating releases are scheduled to be repeated in January through March of 2004.

The January through March high fluctuating releases were intended to benefit the endangered humpback chub. Scientists have recognized that the humpback chub population has been in general decline since highly fluctuating flows were curtailed in November of 1991. Those flows helped keep the non-native fish, especially the rainbow and brown trout, in check. The trout are thought to prey upon and compete with native fish such as the endangered humpback chub.

The experimental flows from Glen Canyon Dam received environmental clearances in December 2002. The flows were analyzed in an environmental assessment in accordance with the National Environmental Policy Act. The experimental flows are the result of ongoing studies by scientists from the United States Geological Survey and were recommended by the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Work Group, a Federal advisory committee. The experimental flows address the decline of two key resources in the Grand Canyon: sediment and population viability of endangered humpback chub. The Finding of No Significant Impact on the experimental flows can be found at http://www.uc.usbr.gov/amp/flow_fonsi.pdf.

BASIN HYDROLOGY

Severe drought conditions in the Colorado River Basin continue. As we move into a new water year there are no signals of the drought easing. Water year 2004 began on October 1, 2003 and the first month of our new water year was much warmer and drier than average. Basinwide precipitation in October was only about thirty percent of average. Soil moisture levels throughout the basin are very low, and as we move into winter it appears likely that the snowpack will be building upon these very dry soils. The scenario is not favorable for next spring's runoff, as much of the melting snow will be

absorbed by the dry soil. Reclamation is estimating that with average snowpack conditions this winter, runoff next spring would be about 75 percent of average.

The Colorado River Basin is now in its fifth year of drought. Inflow volumes have been below average for four consecutive years. Unregulated inflow in water year 2003 was only 53 percent of average. Unregulated inflow in 2000, 2001 and 2002 was 62, 59, and 25 percent of average, respectively. Inflow in 2002 was the lowest ever observed since the completion of Glen Canyon Dam in 1963.

The trend of low inflow continues. Unregulated inflow in October, 2003 will end up being only 55 percent of average. As of October 31, 2003, observed inflow to Lake Powell is about 6,000 cfs, about 58 percent of what is usually seen in late October.

Low inflows have reduced water storage in Lake Powell. The current elevation of Lake Powell is 3,602.0 feet (98.0 feet from full pool). Current storage is approximately 11.9 million acre-feet (49 percent of capacity). The good news is that even after four years of severe drought, Lake Powell is still storing a large volume of water (nearly 12 million acre-feet).

Updated October 31, 2003

Tom Ryan

Andre Potochnik

ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT WORK GROUP

Announcements

LOST

Jade amulet necklace on or about September 10 at Deer Creek near the "cool tube." Contact Butch Hutten at Wilderness River Adventures. Work phone is (928) 645-6048. Offering reward!

HELP WANTED

PRO is currently looking for two full time employees. The open positions are for a full time/full year customer service person and a full time/part year (eight months) food packer. Please e-mail resume to info@proriver.com

JOB OPENINGS

Grand Canyon National Park will be announcing several job openings for qualified river guides as a "small craft operator." There will be openings available for licensed river guides, for river guides with a law enforcement commission, and for intermittent river guide work. These positions will be listed in three separate job announcements. Apply for one that best suits you or apply for all three. To apply go to jobsearch.usajobs.opm.gov/index.asp. Vacancy Announcements will be open December 22 through January 23.

These positions are located in the River Sub-district, Canyon District, Division of Resource and Visitor Protection, Grand Canyon National Park.

Duties include: rowing an 18-foot inflatable raft on the Colorado River through Grand Canyon National Park; performing various functions within the River Sub-district work unit including preparation for and participation in National Park Service river trips in an 18-foot oar powered inflatable raft; engaging in visitor contact, resources monitoring and rehabilitation, concessions evaluation, hiking, trail work, trash pick up, backcountry toilet maintenance, and other river trip support services; performing various boat shop duties including food purchasing and packing, boat repair, painting, shuttle driving, etc.

Pay is \$15 to \$17 per hour based on a 10-hour day minimum, plus overtime at time and a half.

For additional information about the duties and responsibilities of this position contact: Mike McGinnis (928) 638-7832 or e-mail at Michael_Mcginnis@nps.gov.

Green

Such brilliant shades I haven't seen
The river glints with light
Of reds and golds and purest green
Of warm and cold daylight.

The desert blooms with crimson hues
Amber, blue, and violet
The colors riot and diffuse
With a scented secret.

The cliffs and slopes in profile loom
Around each turn and bend
In brilliant light or silent gloom
For miles without end.

I've never seen such shape and tone
The way I see them now
My eyes were blind, the world unknown
Until you showed me how.

Jan Taylor

The Opening of Deer Creek and History of the Thunder River Trail

GOLD

THE SECOND POWELL EXPEDITION down the Colorado River ended at the mouth of Kanab Creek on October 16TH, 1871. The crew members stowed their boats with the idea of wintering over in Kanab and returning to complete the trip down through the Grand Canyon the coming spring. One of the crew was E. O. Beaman, a photographer.

Beaman (1874) wrote the following about the new years festivities in Kanab.

January 1, 1872. The New Year came in like a roaring lion, with storm and cold. In the evening a ball was given, and both storm and cold were soon forgotten in the excitement of the dance. Just as the festivities were at their height, Major Powell joined the party, adding dignity and jollity to the occasion. The major and his companions had just returned from a trip down Kanab Wash. They had followed the wash until it entered the Buckskin Mountains, at which point a deep cañon is formed, which enters the Colorado River at the Marble Canyon. The object of this trip was to open a route by which supplies might be sent to the boats on their downward trip the coming summer; and, as the wash had been hitherto unexplored, and one of the party, who considered himself an expert, claimed to have discovered gold in paying quantities within the distance of the eight miles they had traversed, the new-comers became at once the stars of the evening.

In a footnote, Beaman added:

It was not long after this supposed discovery that all Utah became excited about the Colorado placer-diggings, and at least five hundred miners must have visited the Colorado River, by way of Kanab Cañon, in the spring of 1872.

Beaman severed his ties with the Powell expedition, and went off on his own to photograph and otherwise reconnoiter the canyon country. One early exploit in the spring of 1872 was to return to the mouth of Kanab Canyon to visit the gold placer diggings. Access was gained by taking a route along what is now Forest Service road 22 across the flats southeast of Fredonia to Snake Gulch north of Big Springs, descending the gulch which is tributary to Kanab Canyon, and continuing down the canyon. The narrows in the lower ten miles of Kanab Canyon afforded a miserable boulder hop, especially with pack animals.

Beaman, along with some miners accompanying him, arrived April 15th. The modern place names have been added in brackets in his account.

The day after our arrival I visited a mining camp, of which one John Riley was chief, a mile and half down-stream. 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 previous with a small rocker to work up a newly-discovered flat, and the others of the company being absent on a "prospecting trip." Near the place was a waterfall of three hundred feet into the river [Deer Creek Falls] from a lateral gulch called Marble Cañon [Deer Creek Narrows].

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. Passing around the falls, we encountered a granite wall projecting into and over the river, which we were obligated to scale. This would have been impossible of accomplishment but for our alpenstocks and ropes, but, after two hours' work, we found ourselves in the very heart of the American Alps, twelve hundred feet above the river, and at a point commanding an extended view of the Grand Cañon.

• • •

We had now advanced one mile up the river from the Buckskin Cascade [Deer Creek Falls], 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 [Deer Creek Narrows] we had observed in the solid wall of the cañon. Expecting to find a narrow gorge or chasm, what was our surprise and wonder at suddenly emerging into a lonely valley, flower-decked and verdant! In its center 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 [Deer Creek 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.

Notice that the name Surprise Valley was applied to Deer Creek Valley. Beaman and his companion passed the falls at river level, and once east of it climbed onto the bench above the Granite Narrows and continued up river but not as far as the mouth of Tapeats Creek. On

the return, they followed the Tonto bench above the Granite Narrows to the saddle between Cogswell Butte and the low mesa immediately east of the Deer Creek Narrows, and descended into Deer Valley to the Patio^A.

There are important aspects to Beaman's narrative. Deer Canyon was not inhabited by miners when he visited it in early 1872. He was unaware of Thunder Spring or Tapeats Creek, so did not venture that far east. Miner access to Deer Canyon at the time was still via Kanab Canyon and the arduous hike upriver along the north bank of the Colorado River.

THE MINERS TRAIL

U. S. Geological Survey geologist Clarence Dutton organized a pack trip into Deer Canyon in 1880, allowing us a glimpse into the efforts that the miners expended to avoid Kanab Canyon and to open the areas to the east. Dutton's party used a trail down through Tapeats Amphitheater and Surprise Valley to Deer Canyon that the miners had built. He wrote: "With considerable labor and danger this trail was built and used long enough to satisfy those who went there that they had been deceived"

(Dutton, 1882, p. 159).

This was a fore-runner of the Thunder River Trail. The Miners Trail headed on the Kaibab Plateau west of Big Saddle at a point about halfway between Crazy Jug and Monument points. It descended the Permian section to the Esplanade, contoured southward on the Esplanade under the east flank of Bridgers Knoll^B along the rim overlooking Surprise Valley, went down through the Redwall cliff where the modern tail descends into Surprise Valley, and on over to Deer Canyon following the same route the trail follows today.

In 1965, I was bushwhacking my way across the Esplanade east of Bridgers Knoll where I climbed what looked like a possible route through the Permian section. Through serendipity, as I started climbing the Coconino Sandstone, I stumbled onto the old Miners Trail described by Dutton. It was preserved there as drilled and blasted switchbacks through the Coconino ledges proving beyond doubt that it was the remnants of a constructed trail! I had no idea at the time that the

trail was made by the miners or used by Dutton.

The horse trail he followed did not descend directly into Surprise Valley from the small saddle in the Supai ledges at the top as does the modern trail. This shortcut was shown on Dutton's map as a climbable route, but when he arrived, the pack trail continued to the west of the small saddle where it contoured on the Esplanade along the west rim of Surprise Valley for about a mile and a half to Deer Canyon. At the rim of Deer Canyon, a gulch afforded easy descent through the Supai ledges to the top of the Redwall cliff. It then doubled back the mile and a half on top of the Redwall cliff before plunging into Surprise Valley where it does today.

Dutton does not mention visiting Thunder Spring, and it is doubtful that he got there, otherwise he would have extolled its magnificence. Rather, his party turned westward in Surprise Valley and followed the branch of the Miners Trail into Deer Canyon. Dutton's map honors Beaman's naming of Deer Valley as Surprise Valley. However, "Surprise Valley" is set in type east-west across his map instead of north-south along the

trend of Deer Canyon. The word "Surprise" is unambiguously placed directly over Deer Valley, but "Valley" rides up the gulch to the east between the Redwall cliff and Cogswell Butte.

Somehow, on later maps, the name Surprise Valley was slid eastward into the basin eroded from the massive landslides between Deer Canyon and Thunder Spring that are drained by Bonita Canyon. That summer hell hole is a far cry from the shaded, spring-fed paradise intended to

carry the evocative name given it by Beaman!

The miners also got to Thunder Spring and the floor of Tapeats Canyon. Their primary focus was the placer gravel along the Colorado River up and down stream from the mouth of Tapeats Canyon. To reach Tapeats Canyon, they built a branch from their Deer Creek Trail eastward through Surprise Valley and down into Tapeats Canyon. The modern Thunder River Trail follows much but not all of the route they used. The evidence for their route remains as another abandoned trail remnant that I found in 2001.



View toward Thunder Spring showing the location of the Thunder River Trail (1939 reroute) and the old Miners Trail in the gulch behind a ridge that blocks all views of Thunder Spring and Thunder River.

This remnant can be found well below the eastern rim of Surprise Valley where it turns south out of the little red saddle that affords the best eye level view of Thunder Spring from the modern trail. The modern trail drops northward out of the saddle and switchbacks down toward the spring in the same gulch that below captures the flow from the springs. It reaches a prominent landing where a spur leads to the base of the waterfall beneath the spring.

In contrast, the Miners Trail goes down the desolate, uninviting ravine to the south of the little red saddle, and passes completely behind a small ridge that blocks all views of Thunder Spring and Thunder River. Once the trail reaches the Tonto bench far below, it swings northward on the bench and contours to an intersection with the modern trail. The reach on the Tonto bench is very faint. However, much of the segment in the ravine is preserved as well constructed, walled up switchbacks that are in remarkably good condition but invisible from the modern trail.

This now abandoned segment was preferentially used by horse wranglers until at least the late 1950s or early 1960s because it was less steep and didn't have the exposed drop offs found along the modern trail. In fact, the wranglers undoubtedly undertook periodic maintenance work on it until they stopped using it. River guide Drifter Smith found several 1950 vintage Canadian Ace beer cans that had been tossed along it.

It is clear that the miners built their system of trails to access both Deer and Tapeats canyons sometime after Beaman visited the area in early 1872, but before Dutton got there in 1880. Their trails were in disuse and bad shape when Dutton made his trip. The work that went into the trails belies the considerable effort they expended along the Colorado River in the Deer-Tapeats area.

As the focus of their activity moved upstream from the mouth of Kanab Canyon, it was only natural that the miners sought a better route into the area rather than use the original grind down Kanab Canyon. The



Before the construction of the Bill Hall Trail, the route off Monument Point involved making this move across the top of the Coconino cliff at the end of the point. View is looking south toward Bridgers Knoll, so if you were climbing in, you would be coming toward the camera.

location of their trail through Tapeats Amphitheater is the most efficient horse route possible. Once on the canyon rim, they followed essentially the same route that the modern forest roads take along favorable topography to Big Springs and Fredonia. Undoubtedly the miners followed old Indian routes in their discovery process, both within the canyon and on the Kaibab Plateau.

The rock walls along the west side of Deer Valley, which are often attributed as being Indian canals, are in fact built up cribs that were little more than platforms for the miners to sleep or pitch a tent on. Their construction allowed the miners relief from the humidity, heat, brush and bugs that go with the bottoms next to the creek. Probably some of the rock work of the miners was built upon Indian ruins. The occupation of the area by the miners was brief, and the location sufficiently remote. It doesn't appear they

imported any wood to build more permanent dwelling structures. That the cribs have a common east wall gave rise to the myth of an Indian canal.

ROUTES TO THE ESPLANADE

The next era of trail construction attended the use of the Esplanade as a wintering area for cattle by Morman ranchers beginning before the turn of 20TH century (Anderson and others, early 1990s). A braided stock trail of sorts began to wear in on the Esplanade bench that eventually circumscribed the entire Tapeats Amphitheater. It went at least as far east as the head of Crazy Jug Canyon or possibly Muav Saddle. To the west it extended into Kanab Canyon and beyond. Access from the Kaibab Plateau down to the Esplanade was by means of various trails through the Permian section such as the Sowats Point Trail into Jumpup Canyon, a tributary to Kanab Canyon.

A possible eastern portal was the North Bass Trail that descends off Swamp Point on the north rim to Muav Saddle where it turns east down into Shinumo Amphitheater. The North Bass Trail intersected two



The Crazy Jug rock formation at the level of the Esplanade Trail at the head of Crazy Jug Canyon. The Crazy Jug was named by early cowhands because it looked like a melted jug in a burnt out camp fire.

the southeast above a resistant limestone ledge in the Toroweap Formation for about one-third of a mile around the eastern side of the head of Crazy Jug Canyon. A fissure-like slot through the ledge and the underlying Coconino Sandstone under Parissawampitts Point allows the trail to descend in a series of tight switchbacks to the canyon floor where it arrives within sight of the Crazy Jug^C.

The Crazy Jug Trail was shown to me in 1965 by Rell Little, an old cattle rancher who at the time operated a grazing permit on the Kaibab Plateau, and who with his family worked out of a cabin at Big Saddle Camp during the summer months. He associated an early cattleman named Hatch with the trail. Ron Mace (1992) recalled working on maintaining it, probably sometime after the late 1920s.

other trails in Muav Saddle. One climbs up to the south to provide access to the surface of the Powell Plateau, and the other is the eastern limit of the Esplanade Trail which wound southward around the heads of numerous gulches tributary to upper Tapeats Canyon from the head of Crazy Jug Canyon.

The Bass Trail portal was all but useless for the cattlemen, and probably wasn't used by them because it headed in the middle of nowhere on the Kaibab Plateau. In addition, the trek around the heads of all the tributaries to Tapeats and Crazy Jug canyons was long, arduous and hazardous for both cattle and humans. Although the direct distance between the head of Crazy Jug Canyon and Muav Saddle on the Esplanade is only seven miles, the trail wound back and forth in and out of every side canyon it passed on the way, adding miles to the distance. Compounding its lack of appeal was that it became fully incorporated into Grand Canyon National Park when the park was established in 1919.

The cattlemen needed a short route from the rim of Tapeats Amphitheater down to the Esplanade. It is obvious that the Miners Trail through the Permian section west of Crazy Jug Point had been lost in the mists of time, otherwise it would have served as the ideal solution and ultimately developed into the primary trail down to the Esplanade.

Instead, the cattlemen at or before the turn of the century solved the problem of reaching the Esplanade by building a stock trail into Crazy Jug Canyon from Big Saddle. This segment took the form of a well constructed pack trail that heads on the canyon rim at the easternmost side of Big Saddle. It contours to

According to local lore, it and the segment of the Esplanade Trail between the Crazy Jug and Muav Saddle provided poachers from Big Saddle surreptitious access to the fine bucks that populate the Powell Plateau in the National Park. That type of use seems to have ceased in the 1940s.

Most evidence for the Esplanade Trail between Bridgers Knoll and Muav Saddle was all but obliterated by the 1950s. This included the reach between Bridgers Knoll and the Crazy Jug which linked with the Crazy Jug Trail. Prior to that time, wranglers working for the Churches who operated Big Saddle Hunting Camp occasionally moved horses and mules back and forth to their grazing lease on the Esplanade via the Crazy Jug Trail (Church, 1992). The Crazy Jug Trail is now in very rough shape. The last time I used it was in the late 1960s or early 1970s.

Another access trail down to the Esplanade was built



Hiking down the Thunder River Trail on the Esplanade west of Bridgers Knoll during the spring of 1961.

from Indian Hollow via Little Saddle at least as early as the turn of the century, probably before. Its early construction and maintenance also were the work of cattlemen. Later much of the maintenance was carried on by the Church family and their wranglers. The last involvement of the Churches with the trail was in the mid-1960s when they stopped wintering horses on the Esplanade. The big obstacle along it was the Coconino cliff which was negotiated by contouring a mile westward along the Toroweap Formation from Little Saddle to a break through the Coconino Sandstone.

Although the Little Saddle Trail was not intended to provide access to Tapeats and Deer canyons, it did just that. By linking with a segment of the Esplanade Trail over to Bridgers Knoll and then connecting with the old Miners Trail down through Surprise Valley, packers could pick their way all the way down to Thunder Spring and Cove Camp. This route became known as the Thunder River Horse Trail. It was long and difficult to follow. The monotony of winding in and out of all the tributaries to Deer Creek on the Esplanade was resented by most who used it.

TRAIL REALIGNMENTS

The Miners Trail down through Surprise Valley was left to decay until interest in packing people into Thunder Spring and fishing Tapeats Creek developed in the 1920s. Forest Service ranger Ed Laws, later to become a Park Ranger, and others rebuilt the section through the Supai ledges and Redwall Limestone at the top of Surprise Valley in 1925–26 (Anderson, early 1990s). They probably were the ones who blasted the direct route through the Supai ledges there in order to make that segment readily passable. That improvement saved the three mile loop over to Deer Canyon used by the miners and Dutton for their pack trains.

An interesting chapter unfolded with respect to the Thunder River Trail below Thunder Spring in 1939. Small numbers of hikers were beginning to find their way to Thunder Spring but the trail they used to reach

the base of the falls appears to have been a spur from the Miners Trail that did not continue to the bottom of Tapeats Canyon. Instead, it branched from the Miners Trail from the eye level saddle directly across from Thunder Spring where it descended to the prominent landing across from the base of the falls.



Hikers on the Thunder River Trail below Thunder Spring, Springtime 1960.

Apparently people who wanted to hike directly down to the floor of Tapeats Canyon from the spring had to bush-whack downward from the landing. Park superintendent H. C. Bryant wanted to exert a presence in this then westernmost reach of the park, so in concert with a proposal to plant fish in Tapeats Creek, he seized on the idea of finishing the Thunder River Trail from the landing to the bottom of the canyon (Bryant and Mann, 1939–43).

No reference was made by either Bryant or Mann to the old Miners Trail to the floor of Tapeats Canyon, or to the use of it by wranglers running fishing trips to Cove Camp. Cove Camp is a short distance downstream from the confluence of Thunder River and Tapeats Creek, and is now known as Upper Tapeats Camp. It probably dates from the placer gold days, and the Indians before then. The wranglers had equipped it with a cache of cookware.

Stanley White (1992) related that his father Weaver was the leader of the Thunder River Trail construction crew employed by the National Park Service to work on the Thunder River Trail in 1939. They improved the existing trail through Surprise Valley and on down to the landing below Thunder Spring. From there they extended it to the bottom of Tapeats Canyon, reaching Cove Camp during the third week of October. White recalled that in addition to his father, four people worked on the project for two to three months. Three of the others were Ferris Pratt, Raymond Pointer and Reece Locke.

Superintendent Bryant also recognized that the Little Saddle route down to the Esplanade was less than ideal, and proposed that the National Park in cooperation with the National Forest Service lay out and build a trail off the west side of Crazy Jug Point. Little did they know

this proposed route was just a few tenths of a mile from the Miners Trail! Correspondence between the park and forest service reveals that the project was heading to construction when World War II broke out (Bryant and Mann, 1939–43). The project died for lack of resources, probably a combination of personnel and money.

MONUMENT POINT ROUTE

Every adventurous hiker who plied the Thunder River Horse Trail was looking for a shortcut through the Permian cliffs. The most obvious route seemed to be directly off Monument Point, two miles west of Crazy Jug Point. Logging roads made it most of the way out to the point from Big Saddle Camp, providing decent access to the rim there.

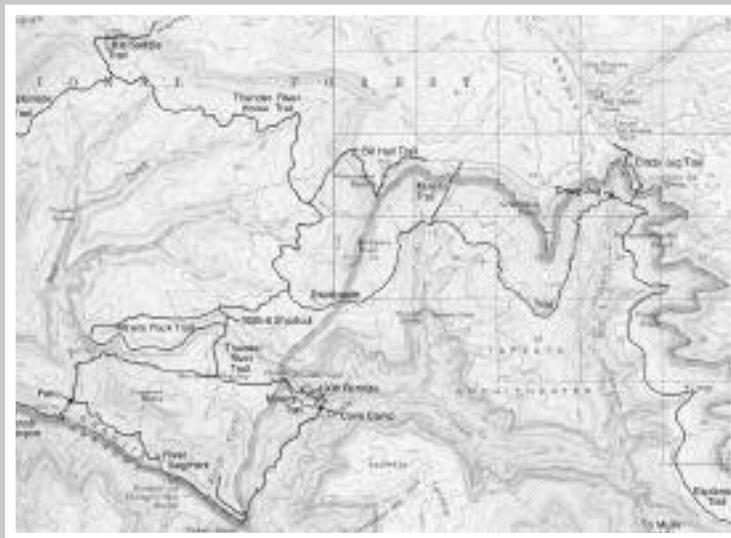
People started using the Monument Point route at least as early as the 1930s. The route started down through the Kaibab Formation on the eastern side of Monument Point just a bit back from the end and dropped to a bench in the Toroweap Formation on the point of the ridge. From there it

was straight down the point directly toward Bridgers Knoll over a series of ledges that terminated at a sheer cliff in the Coconino Sandstone. A twenty-foot nerve racking traverse across a ledge on the face of the upper Coconino cliff allowed one to negotiate around the point toward the east to a climbable slot down through the lower part of the Coconino cliff. The slot ended on the sharp Hermit ridge which forms the saddle between Monument Point and Bridgers Knoll. There were numerous routes off the saddle to the horse trail on the Esplanade to the west.

Many people desired to avoid the exposure on the Coconino cliff, so at least as early as the late 1960s they started using an alternative. Once down to the Toroweap Formation on the Monument Point route, they contoured about a half mile westward above a prominent ledge to a scree-filled shoot through the lower Toroweap Formation and Coconino Sandstone. The

National Park Service developed this safer route into what they call the Bill Hall Trail during the late 1970s. Bill Hall's name was attached to the trail as a memorial to his loss in the line of duty. He was a park ranger who, responding to an auto accident, was killed when he missed a turn while driving toward Jacob Lake on the highway from North Rim.

The Bill Hall segment was the last to be attached to what is now the Thunder River Trail. A few people still use the Thunder River Horse Trail from Little Saddle, but mainly in the early spring when the road to Monument Point is snowed in.



The modern Thunder River Trail begins on the rim as the Bill Hall Trail and ends in Tapeats Canyon as the 1939 reroute. The Thunder River Horse Trail begins at the rim as the Little Saddle Trail. Both descend Surprise Valley via the 1925–6 shortcut. DO NOT use this map as a trail guide.

Many trail segments shown have reverted to wilderness.

RELATED LORE

The story of the Thunder River Trail would not be complete without fleshing out the role that the Churches played in its maintenance. Big Saddle Hunting Camp was built by Hayden Church in the 1920s. His son Jack, and Jack's wife Mardean, took it over and operated it until the mid 1960s. They also owned the Buckskin Tavern on the state line between Kanab and Fredonia. Although their primary business was the Utah Parks Company,

which had concessions to operate mule trips in Bryce, Zion and the North Rim, they hosted hunters and guided hunting trips out of their lodge and several cabins at Big Saddle Camp during the fall.

The Big Saddle facilities are long gone. The smaller cabins were wrecked and burned in 1967. The main lodge was left standing but cut into three sections and moved years ago to its current location at the junction of U. S. 89A and Forest Service road 22 just southeast of Fredonia. It now forms the core for the house just to the southwest of the intersection there.

The Churches operated pack trips into Thunder River from Big Saddle via the Little Saddle route, mostly after hunting season. Their best known wrangler was Walapai Johnny Nelson, whose father was sheriff at Kingman. Johnny also was well known as a heavy drinker. Mardean Church (1992) recalled, "A great

guide, people loved him, but had to fire him and rehire 50 times a season.” For years, Walapai Johnny maintained the stash of cookware at Cove Camp just down from the junction of Thunder River and Tapeats Creek. His inscription is in the rock shelter beneath the large boulder overlooking the roasting site just west of where the Thunder River Trail drops out of Surprise Valley to Thunder Spring.

The Churches wintered their Utah and Grand Canyon horses and mules on the Esplanade until the mid-1960s. For decades their trail hands did the bulk of the maintenance and even made some improvements on the Thunder River Trail from the canyon rim to Cove Camp. Their hands even did most of the work on the Crazy Jug segment before it was abandoned in the 1950s.

In 1965, Rell Little told me about getting the last of the cattle off the Esplanade sometime in the early 1960s. Another rancher named Johnny Vaughn, who also operated a cattle lease on the Kaibab Plateau, noticed that there were a fair number—at least a truck load—of feral cattle down there that they could occasionally see from the rim. Representing found money, they decided to go after them. This they did by taking a couple of docile cows out to Little Saddle, and wrangled them down onto the Esplanade via the Little Saddle Trail. In no time, the wild cattle congregated around the domesticated stock, and the wranglers were able to peacefully walk the entire lot out to the rim with the cows in the lead. They walked the lot right onto the truck without incident, and, the way he told me the story, drove right off to the packing plant to collect their reward. That was the end of cows on the Esplanade over in that country.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grand Canyon historian Dove Menkes, who has assembled exhaustive files on the Grand Canyon and its lore, graciously spent hours sifting through his holdings in order to provide copies of transcripts of interviews, correspondence and other documents pertaining to the 1870s gold rush and the Thunder River Trail. Michael Anderson researched the history of the Thunder River Trail for the Grand Canyon National Park Service in order to get the trail listed in the National Register of Historic Places. As part of his research, he conducted the invaluable interviews with old timers familiar with fragments of the story incorporated here. He also generously provided drafts of his writings on the topic.

Peter Huntoon

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ENDNOTES:

- A. The Patio is a modern river runners name given to the sandstone flat immediately upstream from the Deer Creek Narrows. It is one of the most scenic gathering and rest spots in the Grand Canyon.
- B. Bridgers Knoll was called Bridgers Nose up until the 1960s, being named for Jim Bridger of Wyoming fame. Exactly who imported his name to the Grand Canyon is unknown to me, but I suspect it was one of the turn of the century wranglers working the cattle on the Esplanade.
- C. The Crazy Jug is a peculiar pinnacle that juts above the Esplanade at the head of Crazy Jug Canyon some 1,400 feet below the canyon rim at Big Saddle. The early wranglers who worked the cattle on the Esplanade thought it resembled a partially melted bottle found in a burnt out camp fire, thus their name for it. It is the erosionally resistant upper part of a geologic feature called a breccia pipe that is localized along the trace of the Muav fault. The fault passes through Big Saddle, trends down Crazy Jug Canyon, and continues to the southeast through Muav Saddle into Shinumo Amphitheater. Breccia pipes in the Grand Canyon are caused by the collapse of the overlying rocks into caverns in the Redwall and Muav limestones. As successively higher rocks fall in, a rubble filled chimney forms that is called a breccia pipe. In this case, the rocks surrounding the breccia pipe eventually eroded leaving the breccia behind as a pinnacle. Crazy Jug Point and Crazy Jug Canyon derive their names from the feature.

Red Wall Dawn

In the gray light of day
there is no color in the sky
the canyon walls are lithographs
from a book from a day gone by

In the rocks thin beds
the shades of gray
the canyons book of pages
tell of a sea now gone away

I like to look at the walls of gray
before the light of day
those ways of life now gone
were better in some ways

As the sky grows brighter
red lights the walls of gray
intrudes upon the stillness
the clamor of today

When I awake before the break of day
and look on the cold gray dawn
I see the story of our past
In the coming of the morn

Robert Barminski

Desert Maw

Sand and spine, thorn, and claw
Snatch and grab; this desert maw
Amongst the silent slumbering seed.

Wind-whispered words; invisible
This windy world...Crack!
Spilling colors
As the dry air hovers
And the dry dust covers me.

Light echoing from blazing walls rising high
Pressed against this insanely azure sky
And then falls limp on this desert floor
Blinding, silent roar
To echo once more
And to echo
Once more.

Stuart Walthall

Sons and Rivers

Born into the dark cradle of mechanization
they survived to find the rivers.

Peace from the engines for a time,
while modern voices said they were wrong;
irresponsible, unreliable, inefficient,
not like a smooth running motor
turning to the dictates of a timeclock.

They listen to the voices and believe,
not wanting to go against other people,
being overwhelmed by industrial modes.
Who could fight it at last?

And yet they know.

They have been to the rivers,
heard the sound of water over bedrock
hollow and clear;
the low gurgle of an eddy,
the roar of Lava Falls,
the silence of flat water.

They have seen the trout break surface.

They have thrown in a pebble.

They know and can go to a river.

They can take their sons and daughters
to a place where smooth shiny stones
show clean through the clear glacial water,
and the color is dark green
or where silt floats heavily
with not a visible bottom to behold.
Perhaps there will be some left then
Perhaps they will go to the rivers.

Amil Quayle

Confronting Hance Rapid and Other Uncertainties

ALL THE TRIPS BLEND TOGETHER NOW, except for that first one in April of 1966. Yet things might have turned out differently had Stan not bounded into the kitchen and heaved his briefcase onto the table one day in February.

“Donna, Donna, great news. We’re going to chapter one high school students down a river on a raft during Easter vacation.”

Stan’s outburst would turn out to be the result of a casual remark to a student whose father was part owner in a Salt Lake City rafting company.

“I know you’re afraid of water, but we’ll be wearing life jackets.” he said.

His enthusiasm couldn’t be denied, but I remained silent. I would wait to see what developed. All I knew was I would not go on that trip.

He knew I was afraid of water. But he didn’t know about the lessons at the local municipal plunge when I was a child.

I remembered the chlorine smell of the yucky foot baths we had to plop our feet into to fight athlete’s foot. Mostly, I remembered shivering, my arms wrapped about my torso, trying to ward off stomach cramps that only went away when the lessons ended, and the breathing spasms that hit when I inadvertently wandered into deep water.

When instructors tried to teach me the Australian crawl, I imitated the stroke magnificently, but planting my face in the water was another story. My heart would race, a sense of doom would invade my senses, and I would stop breathing for moments at a time.

How I hated that pool. But my resolute mother would heave a sigh every June and enroll me, once again, in those frightful lessons.

* * *

I never overcame my fear of water or learned to swim properly. But my fears were cast aside, and it wasn’t long until we found ourselves, along with 18 teenagers, at Lees Ferry boarding 22-foot rubber neoprene rafts.

Ski parkas, gloves and stocking caps worn under drab, olive green Army ponchos were the fashion of the moment for it was bitterly cold. But the weather didn’t impede the vigor and enthusiasm of those robust teenagers.

Other than the constant awareness that I might not return from what was probably my last vacation, life on the river wasn’t so bad. We encountered mostly calm water the first two days, with just some beginner rapids to acclimatize us.

Adjusting to “life in the sand” wasn’t always harsh, in

spite of the cold. We found sand in the bottom of our coffee cups, our tennis shoes, our sleeping bags. We came to love that sand.

We also thought the Army ponchos we were advised to bring were a brilliant idea. You could snap them together to make a two-man tent or use them as tarps. When we donned our mandatory life jackets, we all looked and felt like puffy, green ducks, albeit wet ones. It wasn’t long before we discovered the ponchos were useless in keeping dry.

My fear of the water diminished when I found I could hold onto the rope and bail at the same time and still see where I was going. However, when a wave hit me in the face, I pretended no one noticed when I hyperventilated for what seemed like five minutes at a time.

By the morning of the fourth or fifth day I thought I had a handle on this river rafting business until we heard the boatmen discussing a rapid of great enormity—Hance Rapid. I tried to put the rapids out of my mind, but it didn’t work, and it wasn’t long until the boatmen (we didn’t call them river guides in those days) guided their rafts toward the shore and tied up.

Our boatman spoke with a soothing Western drawl. “Everyone stay in the boat while we scout the rapids.”

Naturally, some teenagers trailed after the boatmen. Not me—I stayed back shaking.

After some time, our boatman returned. Fear gripped me when he tightened our life jackets—*he never did that before*. He checked every rope and guide line and made sure all extra oars were within his reach and that the oar locks were working properly. He smoothed his sandy hair and donned gloves, all the while remaining quiet.

How come he doesn’t say anything? My stomach double flipped, and a heavy vise pressed on the center of my chest.

The first boat pulled out—slowly. Eventually, it made its way to the glassy tongue of the rapids. Then all we could see was swirling foam covering the raft.

A voice yelled out, “Oh, my God, they’ve swamped.”

No one uttered a word. There was no way to know if the boat before us made it through the rapids. *I wonder what my little daughter will grow up to be?*

On a signal from our boatman, two student flunkies pushed our raft out into the water. *Why did we have to be the next boat?*

Our boatman expertly maneuvered the oars to point the raft down river. His arms strained as he pulled on the oars. I positioned myself in the safest place possible—the center. Tumultuous sounds rumbled in my ears. *Or is that my heart pumping?* Slowly the raft crept to the edge of the watery shelf and descended into the

foam. Shivering, stomach flipping, I closed my eyes and huddled next to the baggage like a big green lump. Apparently what I couldn't see couldn't hurt me, but deafening sounds were telling me different; *why I won't even feel the cold*, I told myself, *I'll just die before I hit the water*.

The raft dropped with a resounding thud. Surprisingly, we landed upright.

Loud, chaotic sounds terrified me, but two words spurred me to immediate action: "Bail, Bail." I didn't know who yelled, but eyes shut, I fumbled around for the ubiquitous bailing bucket that was also used for shaving in the morning and salad in the evening.

Using a death-grip I tightened my hold on the rope attached to the raft so I wouldn't go flying overboard—an image I couldn't purge. Finally, a bucket conveniently floated by and nudged me. Eyes still shut, I groped, and picked it up—somehow still holding onto the rope. Then I bailed even though I had no idea if the water I was bailing was actually going overboard. The boat filled with more water as the waves spilled over us. Water entered my poncho from the opened spaces around my legs, causing me to shiver and shake; I could barely hold onto both the rope and the bucket. Every time a wave hit, I hyperventilated, but I never did let go of that rope.

How long is eternity? All I could hear were muffled and faraway sounds of laughter and screams. *Don't those blasted teenagers have any respect for death?*

"Donna, open your eyes," someone shouted. I was pretty sure it was my boatman, not God. He was laughing.

Shouts, laughter and screams continued, but now the sounds were real.

Slowly I opened my eyes, my white-knuckled right hand gripping the rough rope, my left hand grasping the empty orange bucket.

A quiet shout filled my tired lungs. *Surprise! I am alive.*

That night, even a steak couldn't entice me to eat. Nausea and dizziness gave me an excuse to cozy up in my sandy sleeping bag, and I spent the rest of my short, waking hours reflecting on my laurels. *I survived the day.*

Silently I thanked my mother for not giving up on me. Did she unknowingly show me the way to face the unknown? To face down fear? Now, no longer would I say "no" to new opportunities just because I was afraid. Drifting off to sleep I dreamed of colorful hang gliders swooping over canyon walls.

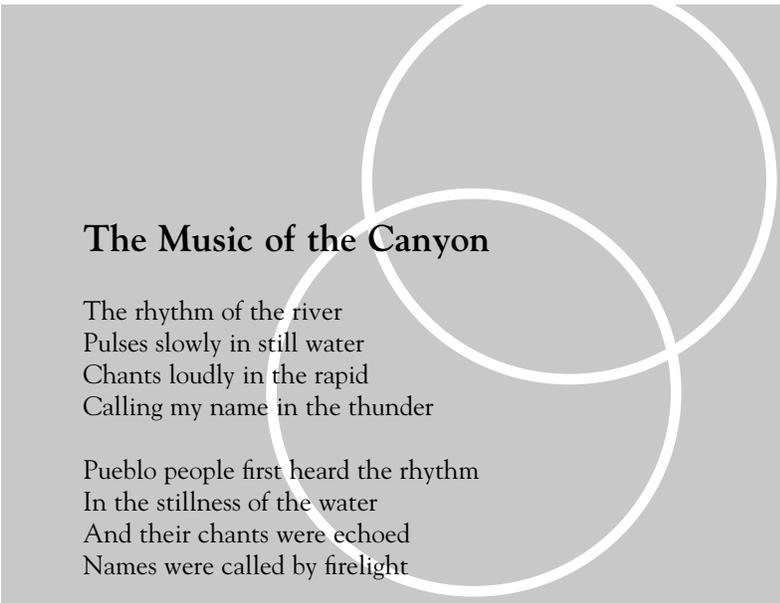
Although I am still afraid of the water and have nightmares of drowning, we run the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon almost every spring—25 trips and counting.

During those years we have seen the rafting industry change for the better, rapids change course, and side canyons undergo drastic transformations. Seeing Havasu

after a flash flood was a shock, but still beautiful in its nudity. The Elves Chasm pool now looks like a little paradise, and I love to sit among the monkey flowers and Zoroaster granite while the group heads on up to the water fall. I have seen boatmen traverse Crystal Rapids by at least three different routes during the last 36 years. We have also seen rookie boatmen begin their tour of duty, become head boatman and move on. And we have floated down the river during the 1996 flood. During that trip we rafted up the Little Colorado for at least a half mile (it seemed like a mile).

Yes, we have seen so much on the river over the years, but those wonderful experiences might not have happened had it not been for my making a major decision to accompany my husband on a river trip. I never forgot that first trip where I learned to face fears head on. And if I had my way and insisted on not going, I would have missed out on a lifetime in the canyon.

Donna Ashbaugh



The Music of the Canyon

The rhythm of the river
Pulses slowly in still water
Chants loudly in the rapid
Calling my name in the thunder

Pueblo people first heard the rhythm
In the stillness of the water
And their chants were echoed
Names were called by firelight

The rhythm of the river
The calls of the coyote
Together became music
The Music of the Canyon

Robert Barminski

Jimmy Hall

SOME BOATMEN COME TO THE CANYON, run a few strips, and fade away. Others stay for years, become familiar faces, and grow into the community. And then there are those few, those very few, like Jimmy Hall. Jimmy Hall was a bonafide institution. From the wild and woolly trips of the 1960s into the regulated and relatively tame nineties, you could count on seeing Jimmy on just about any trip, and expect to hear another wild tale in his drawling Southern twang. He told a million of them, and there were another million told about him. Like many boatmen of his era, drink was a large part of many of those tales. But the booze caught up to him and he flat out quit. In the latter half of his career, Jimmy was famous for his outrageous, rigorous, blistering hikes. "Hike 'em 'til their feet bleed," was his rumored motto, though he denies it. He entered what he refers to as the "guru phase" of boating, and a dedicated band of folks returned to do trips with him year after year. He was surrounded with charter trips. Then one day he was gone. Poof. Flat-out fired. Outta there.

Jimmy made a few guest appearances after that as a hike leader or a science boatman. In 1995, I caught up with him in Flagstaff, sat him down on a couch, and started asking questions. This is Jimmy's story. Or one of them.

* * *

HALL: I was born in Dallas, 1947. I was raised out in San Angelo, Texas. I actually don't know very much about the first years of my life. I was adopted by my grandparents, and I never knew my mother. And just this year, I found out what her real name was. I saw my actual birth certificate, and these were papers I had never seen.

I was raised when I was little by Lupe and Felix Gonzales. They took care of me throughout the day. My parents would pick me up in the evening, but I actually stayed at their house. And Lupe told me—and I never knew it—that my mother saw me up until I was about four years old, and that on the last day that she and I were together, that she actually just held me and played with me the whole day. And then they had me go out into the back yard so that leaving would not be traumatic for her and traumatic for me. A cab came to the door and Lupe said she went out to the cab. And it was very strange. Lupe asked her if she wanted to go back and just kiss me or hug me and say goodbye, and she said, "No, I can't do that." She left.

DIMOCK: Where'd she go?

HALL: I have no idea. I have no knowledge of it. And she's somebody I've always very, very much wanted to meet. If I had one big thing that I could do in my life, one of the big things for me to do—and I don't actually know any way of tracing her down—would be actually

to walk up and just say, "You are my mother." And at this point in my life, there would probably not even be a friendship or a love or anything, but it would be the acknowledgement of this is my mother.

My grandparents were very good to me, my grandfather was a very well-to-do man. I was loved very much by them, and I don't feel any lack of love in my upbringing. They were very good people. My grandmother died when I was about—I think I was about fourteen—and my father remarried again, Audrey. She's a very fine woman. But there's still something very much missing in not being able to look up and say, "I know that individual's my mother."

That's a little off the subject of river running!

* * *

HALL: I went to school in Texas after my grandmother's death. I really did extremely poorly in school. I don't believe it was actually lack of intelligence—I think it was a lack of motivation or something. And I really lost a lot of motivation in my life when my grandmother died. She was the kind of person that would kind of push you to a great extent. When that push stopped, I truly stopped, and I did not push myself. So therefore my education probably is roughly that of probably a high school sophomore. It's funny, though, I honestly liked being in school. I loved being with the kids, I loved the social part of school. I remember I actually failed my senior year in high school, and it really wasn't a problem to me, because I was happy being there. I virtually did nothing in my second senior year. One of my teachers told me that they had had a discussion about what to do about me. And essentially, they made a decision that they would graduate me, and I graduated from high school.

I went to college at Angelo State College, and I still had no motivation to be in school, except for the social aspect of being there with the other people. And so therefore I did very, very poorly in college and didn't get a degree. But I wasn't there for any other reason than just to be with the people.

* * *

HALL: My grandfather knew a man who owned a pool hall. His name was Doc. And I can't remember Doc's last name. After my grandmother passed away, the easiest way to deal with me was to have me come to my grandfather's office when I got out of school. It was easier than just having me at home without anybody being in attendance of me. And I started playing pool. I



Rudi Petschek photo

have fairly good hand-eye coordination. I don't have *great* hand-eye coordination. I learned how to play pool. And the old men in the place, they loved to put me under pressure, and I'd play for Cokes, or I'd play for a dime. It was a social club for the old men who honestly had no other place to go, and yet they could be with people of their age and of their experiences. Eventually, Doc died. One day he died in the pool hall. He was sitting in his chair. He just looked like he went to sleep.

After that, it was taken over by different people, and the whole atmosphere of the place changed and it became a lot rougher, it became a lot rowdier. And for some reason, I couldn't accept it well, I didn't like it. I ended up being thrown out of the pool hall.

In the state of Texas at that time, you could go into a bar and you could play pool all you wanted, as long as you didn't go to a table where people were drinking. After that, one of my other friends who was thrown out—Jodie Hall—we found out that people would gamble, and they would gamble with *us*, and these people had no clue on this planet about how to play pool. They didn't understand what it was to match up,

face another man, say, "We're going to play for 'X' amount of money per game," and honestly understand you're doing battle until one of you gives up or runs out of money. And so it was like we found this land of cotton candy where we could go and pluck money off a money tree. Jodie actually became a *much* better pool player than I did—played on the road. He was a pretty serious gambler. I learned how to play reasonably well. The average drunk in a bar has a problem, even now, when he runs into me.

* * *

HALL: After I failed my first senior year in high school, my grandfather, during the summertimes, sent me to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon to work for my uncle Troy Hunt, who managed, at one point, all the curio shops on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon for the Fred Harvey Corporation. Then he also ended up doing the buying for the curio shops and running the warehouse. When I first went up there, I worked in one of the curio shops.

In San Angelo, it had been picking money off the money tree. On the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, that was during the time in the mid-sixties when the pipeline was being built, and there were other men who were a bit older than I was, who had no clue on earth about gambling, and no clue on earth about playing pool. It was extremely profitable for me. All of them were making exceptional money as pipeliners, and I would play for five or ten dollars a game, and over the course of an evening—I might get into the Tusayan Bar at seven o'clock in the evening—I might leave at midnight or even later, and I might actually only come out ahead one or two games per hour, and the quarters would be strung out on the table forever. And so it was not hard at all to win sixty, eighty, a hundred dollars in an evening. And yet you didn't win a hundred dollars from one individual. It was fun. I made good money.

And at that point I'd gotten old enough to where I really *could* get in trouble. I was twenty years old, about to turn twenty-one, and that was when I ended up meeting Dennis Massey, and Dennis Massey was my connection to river running.

Dennis, at that time, had probably run more trips as an individual, than any individual in his time. And what happened was, Dennis was on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, I believe delivering motors to be carried down by mule into the canyon at Phantom Ranch, to meet a river trip who had run out of motors. And Dennis got up in the Tusayan Bar and he got incredibly drunk. Dennis was a character who had a very aggressive personality, and so he told the people in the bar that he wanted to gamble, he'd play for anything. The man who ran the bar knew me. He gave me a call at my uncle's house, and it's the one time in life I think God took my hand. For some reason I did the strangest things I've ever done in my life. I went to the cookie jar, I knew there was a man out there that was probably a road player, I realized that I would do myself no good on this earth matching up with somebody who was truly tough, and waging war with 'em in front of anyone. Number one, people would understand that I played much better than they had ever seen me play, they would understand that I played much more consistently, and they would probably understand that it would make absolutely no sense to play me for even ten dollars a game—mainly because you were virtually giving your money to me, when I wanted it.

God took my hand. I went to the cookie jar, I took out like \$150, a small amount of money, \$200—I don't know what I took—and I went out to the Tusayan Bar. And here's this little, short, blond-haired character, had a jaw that looked like Popeye—had *forearms* that looked like Popeye. Dennis was small, but he was very aggressive. I walked up to him and I looked at him, and I said, "You wanna play pool?" He looked at me and he said

something like, "Yes. Who are you?" "Jim Hall. Do you want to play?" He said yes, and I looked at him and I thought, "Okay, this guy's a road player. I don't need to hear the song and dance, I'm just gonna say what I'm gonna say, and if he wants to do it, I told him that I'd play him a couple of sessions for a half, and that's what I'd do."

Well, Dennis kind of looked at me kind of funny. And even back then, when you talked about a dime, you were playing a game for ten dollars. If you were playing a game for a quarter, you were playing for \$25. If you played a game for half, you were playing for \$50. If you played for a buck, you were playing for \$100. If you played for *two* bucks, you were playing for \$200. And Dennis kind of looked at me really strange, and he said, "Look, I'll play you for a buck." And I looked at him and I thought, "Hey, this isn't going to work out. I'll play you two or three sessions for a half. You can have that, I really don't care. *But* I'm not going to play you for a buck." And the next thing I know, he looks at me confused again, and then he says, "I'll play you for two bucks." And I looked at him and I thought, "This guy's a nut case! What's happening here?" And then it snapped on me, I was so involved in the intimidation of how aggressive he was, I didn't realize that he had never played pool in his life, and he was just aggressive.

So, strangely enough, I did the one thing that I had never done before. I honestly opened up at two dollars a game and slaughtered him for two nights. And I ended up winning \$60 from Dennis. I could have made that much money going to sleep in the bar. But there was something in his aggression that brought out a very real aggression in me. And somehow I became very aggressive with him, and yet we made a connection.

To this day, I don't really understand the connection, except Dennis had a different type of ego, a different type of carriage of himself. Dennis was not an extremely pleasant person. And he *was* very aggressive. But somehow we made a connection, and we honestly became friends as much as anyone became friends with Dennis Massey.

Dennis told me, he said, "Look, I'm gonna go back to Hatch River Expeditions. I'll write you a letter, I'll speak to Ted Hatch, and I'll see if he'll hire you." Dennis wrote me a letter in about two weeks and he said, "Ted will hire you. Come out. I'll be getting off the river," at some date, it was like late in July.

I told my uncle what I was going to do, and he had heard of people on the river. My uncle thought, "Hey, you *have* gone crazy." And he knew what I was doing, playing pool and everything else. And I, out on the South Rim, I was making the discovery of girls, and the fact that girls could be a lot of fun. And Dennis had told me that girls on the river could be a lot of fun also. So it just sounded like something to do.

DIMOCK: What year would that have been?

HALL: I would have been twenty-one years old. I started the year after Steve [Bledsoe] started. Steve started in 1967. I started in 1968.

So anyway, I went into a room at the Pageboy Motel, and there was Ted Hatch, laying there—Ted, with his bright red face—and I think they were having a beer, and I remember Ted was in his underwear, and they had the air conditioner on high blast. And I walked in, all bright, young, freshly-scrubbed, and cheerful, and I said, “Hi, my name’s Jim Hall.” Ted said something like, “Great, but I don’t know you.” And then I said, “Dennis Massey told me that he spoke to you, and that you would hire me.” And Ted said something like, “No, I didn’t hire you.” At that point, I was totally shattered.

So anyway, what ended up happening was I ended up going to—God, I can’t remember whether it was the Empire House—it was some old bar on the main drag of Page, and at that point in life I drank. And I was drinking a beer, and they had a pool table that only had like three pockets on it. I was just slapping the shots in. Well, Ted ended up coming into the bar, and he was there with Dennis. And somehow or another, I don’t know what Dennis said or what happened, but in actuality, Ted said, “You can do a river trip.” So I ended up going down the river with Fred [Burke] and Dennis. It really wasn’t, at that point, a job. And amazingly enough, at the end of the trip, Fred and Dennis got me something like twenty dollars a day as a swamper, and that was the first money I made on the river.

Fred Burke was *hysterical* running a boat. Fred, at that time, was truly intimidated by Crystal Rapids and some of the rapids in the Grand Canyon. He actually wasn’t that bad a boatman. Dennis, at that time, was considered to be an amazing boatman. Looking back on it, Dennis was a good boatman, but he really was not any more than that.

The *next* year, I had my one training trip that was really a real, live training trip, and then I ran a boat. To be quite honest, it was a miracle that I survived. And the other thing of it is, the people on the boat, if they would have understood how well trained I was, they should have been absolutely terrified! I had no clue what a rapid was; I had no clue which way was downstream; and it was a matter of blind luck and following people as closely as I could get to them, that I got through the canyon. And that was how I got started in river running.

DIMOCK: I’d always heard various myths about that—it always involved a pool game with Dennis Massey—that you won your job in a pool game, playing with a broom handle.

HALL: That actually happened a lot of years later, and what happened was...God, I can’t remember. I had a girlfriend, and I honestly can’t remember who it was. And what I wanted to do was play a game of pool with

the girl. And there was two guys playing on the table, and basically, I asked them, “Are you all through?” And they said, “No, why don’t you put your quarter up?” And I told ’em, “Look, I’m not interested in playing *you*, I want to play *her*.” Most people in that situation, if they’re not deadlocked in gambling, will look up, and if they’ve been around a pool room long, they’ll smile and they’ll say, “He wants to play *her*.” So anyway, the guy looked at me again, and he said something like, “I’ll play *you*.” And I looked at him and I said, “Look...” I can’t remember what I called him, but I was pretty well tuned-up at the time. “I don’t know *who* you are, but as stupid as you are, I can beat you with a damned shovel.” And that was the only thing that was laying around. And I had actually played with a shovel before. And then, strangely enough, I don’t know how it came out, but I was drinking heavily at the time. I said something like I’d play him for ten. And that wasn’t any big deal, I just wanted the guy to leave me alone. I wanted to play the girl. I wanted to play pool with her, and then I wanted to play *with* her. That was the whole point.

So anyway, the guy ended up, he played me a game for ten dollars, with the shovel. And I don’t know how it happened, I think he broke the balls. To this day, I’m not sure. The only thing I can remember is I ran a rack with a shovel. And I turned to him and I said, “Look, do you want any more?” And at that point, he got extremely irate. And then I tried to explain to him again, “I’m not interested in playing pool with you. I’m not even interested in your ten dollars. I want to play a game of pool with the girl.”

That doesn’t have much to do with river running!

* * *

HALL: The early trips with Dennis, basically it was everything that could be done to get the boats from Lees Ferry out to Temple Bar. And there was no other focus, other than getting the equipment through. And honestly, it was very scary. Nobody knew how to run a boat, nobody had any real clues as to what the runs were at different stages of water. I can remember Don Hatch, I believe, saying that he would never, ever expect a man to run a boat in Grand Canyon on less than 10,000 cubic feet per second (cfs). That was the absolutely bottom that he would ever expect a man to make an attempt on the canyon with. And the equipment was very, very bad. The equipment was, I don’t know, we called ’em “outside motor mounts,” other people called ’em “tail-draggers” and so on, where you actually hung off the back of the boat. And you actually had to deflate the back end of the boat in order to get the motor in the water. We were running short-shaft Mercurys, so basically the back end of the boat was sunk about...Oh, God, you know, you’re sittin’ with your butt about ten

inches off the water. And we had two small duffel piles, one on the motor frame, and one up on the other part of the boat. Side tubes were called “training wheels.” It was with absolute *disgust* that you had to go down the river with training wheels on. It was a major moment in your life when you were actually able to take your training wheels off.

[We’d] row Badger, row Hance, row Lava Falls. If you got scared, you rowed Upset—get those great big whaling oars out, and away we went.

DIMOCK: What was the theory on rowin’ the rapids?

HALL: To be quite honest, we had no clue of a way in which it could be done reasonably with a motor. We didn’t know how to make a turnaround run. First person I ever saw kind of do a turnaround run with consistency, that was the focus of what he was about to do, was Steve’s brother, Dave. And Dave actually learned how to do that, imitating the rowing run in Lava Falls.

I remember when we first started, you hung out off the back of the boat, and you flopped into a hole, and the whiplash was incredible. First time I ever saw it really happen was Steve and I—Steve got frustrated with me ‘cause I was takin’ too long at Lava Falls. Steve finally said, “Well, what are you gonna do? You gonna row, or are you gonna motor the boat through?” And I was terrified of the idea of motorin’ the boat through Lava Falls. So Steve finally looked up and he said, “Look, if it bothers you, I’ll do it.” Steve jumped on my boat, sat down on my bucking strap, and didn’t realize that I locked one leg completely under the bucking strap, and then I put my other leg on top of it. Steve, when he ran his, he sat down on top of his. And so he sat down on it, and kind of pulled on it a little bit, seemed okay. So we flopped off the ledge, and it knocked Steve dead square out. Steve’s eyes, honestly, crossed. It looked like he’d been hit. And the next thing that happened was I reached down, I grabbed Steve, I put him across my lap. I had a *ton* of adrenaline pumping, and by then the motor kind of banged over a couple of rocks, but it was still capable of running, and I started the motor and I started to pull in below, and I remember Steve looking at me, and he said, “It’s okay, I’ll run the boat.” And he honestly just kind of grabbed me by the shirt and scooted me over. And then he started kind of running *somewhere*. I honestly don’t know where he was running the boat, but we were headed at the bank. And then he looked at me, kind of a confused look on his face, and then he said something like, “Go ahead, you run the boat.” And we went over there, and we sat down for about a half an hour and drank a couple of beers. But yeah, we were clueless. And it was fun.

I honestly remember when Brick Wells explained to me how he was truly a grand old man of the river because he had honestly been through the gorge of the Grand Canyon ten times. And to be quite honest, that

was a lot of trips. Within a couple of years, Dennis Massey ran fifty trips through Grand Canyon. Dennis was the first to run that many trips.

I mean, like in the first years that we worked, really neat things happened, yet we didn’t know they were neat yet.

DIMOCK: Didn’t seem that impressive back then, like you say, we didn’t know they were funny yet.

HALL: Right, we didn’t know we were funny yet.

* * *

HALL: I remember the first time I ever saw an inside motor rig. I thought they were death traps. Actually, it wasn’t until after we had run them that we realized that the inside motor rig was a much safer mount. The first rigs that we ran, if I’m not mistaken, were actually designed by Bryce Mackey. And Bryce had got his initial design from Western.

DIMOCK: Did you still have the floors in the boats then?

HALL: When we had the outside rigs, definitely, we had floors in boats. Actually, when I ran the inside rigs for John Cross, the floor was in the boat. It was actually cut out at the back. Once you got the boat moving fast forward, you didn’t really have any water on the floor of the boat. I don’t know the dynamics of it, but I know that it worked. It’s kind of hell, though, in a backdown run. But it worked, it honestly did.

Those first rigs were pretty brutal. I remember running double-rigs. I never ran a triple-rig. But I remember running double-rigs. We had what was called the “spider mount,” which somehow or another, they made a little triangular mount that the boatman stood in, that fit in between the two boats.

And the actual double-rig, the one that really worked that was pretty well perfected, that I remember seeing, was done in concert with John Cross, Jr., Jim, and Jerry. And they actually knew how to rig a double-rig in such a manner that it was a pretty reasonable boat to run—if you want to call two 33-foot boats tied together with a sausage tube in the middle “something reasonable to run.”

DIMOCK: When did you go to Cross?

HALL: I went to Cross in a year when John Sr. was having some difficulty with his business. He’d gotten into a situation, I believe, with taxes, where it was extremely difficult for him to get by. And at *that* point, I was about to marry Jean [Cross], and I went to work that season for John. That was the season that the water fell out so horribly at the end of the season, and everybody pulled out of Grand Canyon by the end of the season. And the end result of *that* was, I probably ran as consistent an extraordinarily low period of water as anybody has. To be quite honest, I don’t think it taught me much. I think I just got thumped a lot.

DIMOCK: Is that the low water of 1973?

HALL: I think so. And I was out like in October and way on out there. When you'd come up to places, basically you'd just fall off a ledge. I actually remember in one season—and it's not the lowest water that I remember—going around the left-hand side at Bedrock, and there being no current over there, and not being flushed around, or anything else—just actually driving around the backside of Bedrock.

I remember things like Ruby, Serpentine, Deubendorff. It was monstrous! And somehow or another, we all survived. I remember going straight down the right-hand side of Horn Creek, where you go in between the ledge and the black rock at the bottom. And I remember doing that on several occasions. And I remember actually coming up and thinking, "This is the run." You've honestly got to be seeing some regular low water to think "this is the run." That's some pretty low water.

When you come down to Crystal—and back in those days the Crystal hole was *the* hole—and you looked up and the rock that made the hole in Crystal was that far out of the water—two-and-a-half, three feet out of the water. And at *that* point, Crystal wasn't any big deal, you just went around the rock. There wasn't any hole. It was all the rest of the stuff you were terrified of.

Or when you go down through Lava, and remember when it was just tiers? Yeah, you just pull your motor. And you never picked up enough force that, when you bumped the big rock at the bottom, it did anything. You were goin' so slow, you coulda stuck your foot out and pushed yourself off the rock without hitting it.

* * *

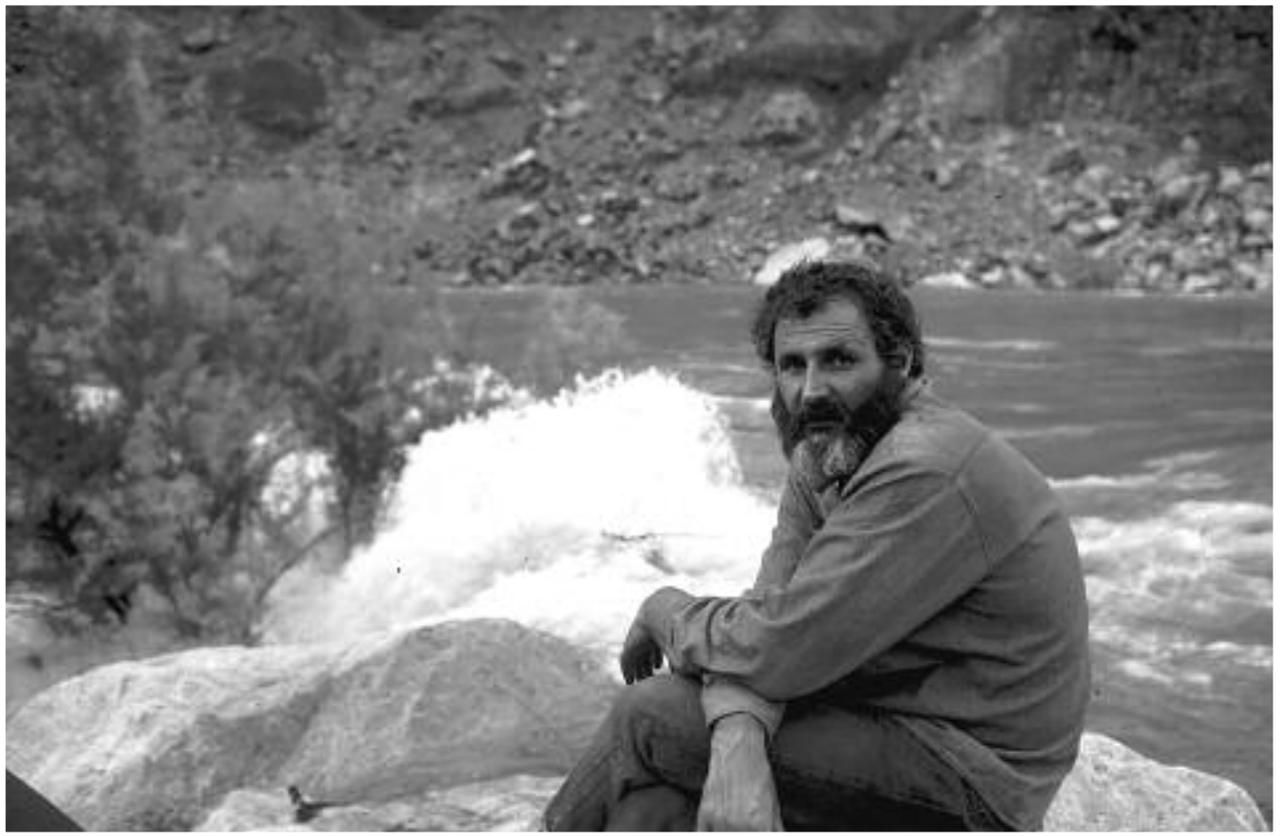
DIMOCK: What were the trips like then, other than the boating? Just fires on the beach, that kind of...

HALL: Yeah, we had fires on the beach. You had a shovel, you told people to bury it like a cat. The porta-potties weren't there yet. You'd go behind the rocks up there at Deer Creek, and God only knows that was a mistake!

Yeah, we had fires, we cooked with fire irons. There weren't any fire pans or anything like that. There were fire pits everywhere. And those things came along later. To be quite honest, the people expected the boatmen to be who the boatmen were. And the boatmen were absolute wild men. And back in *that* day, being a wild man would be Dennis Massey, Dean Agee, at Cardenas Creek, grabbing a bottle of whiskey, grabbing a bottle of vodka, getting drunk. Ended up in a pliers fight. That



Rudi Petschek photo



Rudi Petschek photo

ended up in a fist fight on the boat. Then ended up with Dave Bledsoe, Steve's brother...Dennis was aggressive...Dave ended up stopping Dennis from killing Dean. Dennis actually threw Dean onto an oar pin, and Dave somehow got a life jacket on top of the oar pin in such a manner that Dean slid off the oar pin. And remember, that was just an old piece of pipe. And then that developed into a fist fight. Then from there, Dennis and Dean went out, kind of in that little back lot out behind Cardenas. Dennis knocked Dean out. Dean didn't come back for, oh, I don't know, fifteen, twenty minutes. He was definitely unconscious. And then Dean comin' back, and seeming to want some more, because he felt he had been blindsided in the fight. Those were the days of the real Wild West Show. And yet the people expected it. It was almost like it was watching a fake gunfight, realizing somehow or another it would all work out in the end—and somehow it did, we all got down the river.

DIMOCK: So did things start to change after awhile? Did plier fights dry up?

HALL: The fighting got stopped to where people would actually do something like that...yeah, then the Wild West Show changed. And I don't remember what year it was, but somehow or another, we went into the

age of... Do you remember a time that you would have almost called "the sexual revolution of the river?" I don't know what you'd call it, we went through then, but somehow or another people's wives, people's children, people's everything were absolutely fair game on the river. And we definitely weren't sensible about it or anything else. And somehow or another, it seemed like people almost expected and accepted that out of us. We had become bronze-bodied river gods, and we honestly believed we had a right to your wife, your daughter, and your whiskey. We honestly believed that we had the right, the unmitigated gall, to *feel* that way.

* * *

HALL: I've always been in love with Georgie's eyes. Her eyes were just so ice blue. Nobody on earth could tell a story like Georgie could. She could honestly hold you in the palm of her hand from beginning to end, and you'd be dying, waiting for whatever her next word was. And yet at the same time, we didn't have the maturity to realize that Georgie's trip was not *our* trip. Georgie's trip, and Georgie's focus, and Georgie's love was mainly with the Colorado River itself. She *knew* about the canyon, and she also knew very well how to run a river

trip. And yet, when Georgie *did* have bad things happen, a lot of times we had a lot to say about it. But the fact of the matter is, she *did* know what she was doing. And the firemen she got out of Los Angeles, who's to say that in the time period we're speaking of, they were any less qualified than us? And they had *great* enthusiasm. In many instances, they were not running around with the big egos that we had.

* * *

DIMOCK: When did you get into walkin'? What triggered that?

HALL: Before I got divorced from Jean, I'd started walkin' a bit, and I think I honestly fell in love with Grand Canyon. I actually remember one time walking up Thunder River with Jean, and I was very much in love with Grand Canyon. At *that* point, I really couldn't focus on the people. I was walking for me. If the people happened to follow, that was nice. And when Jean and I got divorced, I went through another time in which I would walk or work until I went to sleep at night. And yet it was funny, I was dealing with something at the time, whether I realized it or not, that had a very powerful and significant influence in my life. And so therefore I fell *very*, very much in love with the canyon.

And then in time I saw it as a way of doing something I loved, but at the same time making a living in the river business. And to be quite honest, now, when I'm *able* to run a river trip, I do not find it unusual to receive a gratuity from a particular trip of \$2,000 or \$3,000. And the primary things there really are focusing on the people, not focusing upon yourself, trying everything that *you* know to make them comfortable in an environment that they may not be comfortable with, and then helping them to do things that they, under ordinary circumstances, would not do. And then it gets back to what you and I said before, where all of a sudden, other than the monetary reward—and that's one of the things, as a guide, when you are doing it primarily as a livelihood, when you have children, you think of what you get monetarily—but also, there's another reward that probably, for you as an individual, is greater than the monetary reward. And that is, when you take people who can never dream they would ever put their hands on the wall at Thunder River and see the water rolling off the top at them, and when you look at their faces, and they honestly are saying to you, "Isn't this incredible!?" And even though you've done it a hundred times in your life, or even more, it allows you to see for an instant, through *their* eyes, how absolutely spectacular the place you're in every day, is. And how privileged you are to actually be able to on almost a "when you call it" basis, walk to Thunder River, walk to Saddle Canyon, walk up into Redwall Cavern, walk wherever you wish in that environment. It's an amazing privilege.

DIMOCK: It's astounding.

HALL: And it's also, in many respects...I don't know how to say what it actually feels like inside of you when those people honestly are looking at you and saying, "Look how beautiful this really is." There's a connection to them, and a connection to the canyon at that time that's honestly very clean, very beautiful. And it's a wonderful feeling when you do something that positive for someone else.

You know, that's one of the things that I really regret now, is actually what has ended my career in boating, was actually getting involved in what we spoke of as the "guru phase" of boating. Somehow or another, it's very easy to step in such a direction that—I don't know how you put it—that your personal philosophy, or whatever you think should be the topic of the day, is what they should be hearing. And the fact of the matter is, at best, when it all works, what we're trying to do is provide people with a wonderful experience in the Grand Canyon.

And the other part of it is, it honestly is a holiday. It really is. When it all comes off right, people can honestly enter another world in which there are not business pressures, there are not social pressures, there are not nine million of the things that you deal with on a daily basis, involved in your life. And essentially, what you're doing is standing with your hands on a wall at Thunder River, listening to the roar of Thunder River and seeing water come down. And I think for people that live embroiled in a business world every day, in which the tension is just right at your fingertips all day long, there's something very, very cleansing for people in that time. And it doesn't have to be necessarily something that's that dramatic. Sometimes it can honestly be sitting down outside and watching the light change as the sun sets in the canyon, and having that become your point of focus. Where in everyday life, when the sun sets, you're either at the computer, you're in a business meeting, you're in an office dealing with pressure of some sort. That's the good part.

You know what was funny, though? On this last trip, somebody—and it was weird, because we had spoken those same words a few days before—somebody said something like, "Why are you a guide?" And I can't remember exactly how it came up. And I said, "If you honestly want to know, I'll tell you." And I gave a description of something that had happened, and how somebody had truly shared in the beauty of something with me. [One guide] understood exactly what I had said. He's old enough. Another boatman, a man who dearly loves to spark a bowl, totally did not catch what I said. And a young boatman thought I was just getting mystical. Somehow or another, you have to go through the whole progression. And once you've gone through it, then it all makes sense. But until you have gone through the progression of where you honestly wake up in the

morning and sing “Big Balls in Cowtown,” because I am capable of taking a boatload of people through the Grand Canyon—until you go through the progression of being a guru, until you go through the progression of almost everything, then somehow or another, it dawns on you what really is so great about what you’re doing.

And I think *some* people have probably been able to catch onto it, without having gone through it all. But I think the majority of people honestly have to go through it.

DIMOCK: I wonder if there’s...It’s like some of those other things that took us so goddamn long to learn, that’s something that we can convey, and save somebody twenty years of beatin’ their head against the cliff.

HALL: I don’t think it is, I really don’t. I think it’s like growing up as a kid. Your father, when you’re fourteen years old, God never created a dumber man. And somehow, you have to live to a certain age before you understand that he has honestly gone through those things that you have gone through, and then somehow or another, at a given point, he becomes one of the smarter men on the planet. And what he was trying to tell you was not just to exert authority, or anything else. It’s based on honestly trying to help you, but you were never able to see it.

I think part of the progression is you yourself fall in love with it, and it’s like you can go to my house, and you have a very nice library of Grand Canyon books. Whatever. And you’ve fallen in love with it, and you’ve read about it, and you’ve dug into it, and you’ve learned more and more and more, and it’s become something that’s very important to you. I think that’s part of it also. You have to fall in love with it. But also, then at the same time, you have to fall in love with showing the people the canyon, and seeing their interrelation with it. It’s kind of like a weird little triangular affair. Kind of a tryst in which you’re in love with the Grand Canyon, but you’re also very much willing to share what you love with the other people, and yet at the same time, when *they* fall in love with what *you’re* in love with, somehow or another, that’s very, very gratifying for you.

* * *

DIMOCK: I saw you wearin’ a shirt once that said, “I survived Paria Riffle.” Now, what was that story?

HALL: The story on that was Bill Ellwanger and I, when Bill Ellwanger first went down the river—in fact, I think it was his first river trip—we started off on a Sunday. The water was extremely low, and I ran into the rock at the bottom of the Paria Riffle with the front of the boat. And that was when we had the chains that looped completely around the boat. The chain hooked on the rock, and as the boat pulled away, the chain got ripped through the boat. So therefore, it almost cut it

completely in two. So Bill and I pulled down to Cathedral Wash. It’s comical, one of the ladies on the trip looked up, and she said, “You know, is there any way we can get another boat?” “No, we’re here, we’re going.” And Bill and I actually made some attempt to patch this gaping hole. Essentially, all we did was we kept water out of it—it did not hold air—but it honestly did keep water out of it. We ended up swapping the front end to the back end. We just turned the rig around. And it took us all day to do it. We camped at Cathedral Wash, and the next day we were down below the Little Colorado with even time for a swim. But that’s actually what happened.

I remember I tilted the motor—this was back when we didn’t go over there against the wall, we used to kind of hang out in the middle—nobody *knew* to go against the wall—and so you titled the motor, and then you dropped it back in when you got through the shallows. And when I dropped it back in, the motor never restarted. So I bumped the rock at the bottom and hooked the chain. I did camp at Cathedral. And I can’t remember who it was—I think Smedley or somebody flew over me, and the news was out within seconds of the starting of the evening fire. I definitely did not get beyond the day without everyone knowing.

* * *

HALL: I’ll tell you a story. One time I came down onto the ramp, we were about to take off. I looked up and here comes Wally in a van, and the next thing I know, *another* van pulls down to the boat. I look up, and it’s a wheelchair van. A lady comes out in a wheelchair. I looked up and I thought, “Hey, somebody in a wheelchair’s down on the ramp. They’re gonna watch us take off in the boat.” The lady was strapped into the wheelchair. It was obvious that that particular woman had no use of her arms, she had no use of her legs, and they held her in the chair by having her strapped to the chair. She was going on a river trip. I went over and I looked at Wally and I said, “Wally, this is crazy.” Wally looked at me and he said, “Yeah, I know it is. Tell you what, you take her down on the river *one* day. If you feel that it’s too hazardous to *her*, and in your judgement the risk to *her* safety and other members of the party is such that this isn’t a valid thing to do, then you call out on the radio, we’ll take her out.” I said, “Okay, I’ll take her down one day.”

The water was runnin’ about, oh, 35,000–40,000. It was high. It was baby-soft water. The next thing I know, they were tryin’ to get her into the boat.

DIMOCK: Multiple sclerosis?

HALL: You start shuffling, then you get to the point where you don’t shuffle anymore. That was what she had. So anyway, I remember them trying to put her on the boat. There were a couple of men; they weren’t that

strong. Jeff was swamping the trip, and they nearly dropped her out of the wheelchair, getting her over the front of the boat. The front of one of those thirty-threes is pretty high to pick up a grown woman in a wheelchair. I admit, I totally freaked out. I said, "This is not going to fly. This really isn't reasonable." But for some reason, I went ahead, I strapped her wheelchair down. And then they looked up and they said, "We have to put a life jacket on you." Now, in essence, what was holding her up was she was strapped to that chair. I honestly didn't see any way on earth they could put a life jacket upon the woman's body and re-strap her in such a manner that she'd be held solidly. The woman never said a word, never complained. They lifted up her arms, they slid the life jacket over her arms. They buckled it on her, and away we went.

The one thing I didn't realize was this woman knew that the road was gettin' short. One of the true desires this woman had in life was to see the Grand Canyon. And the desire was strong, and the desire was real. And therefore, to *her*, it really wasn't an inconvenience that we had to slip the life jacket over her. Naturally, when she had to go to the bathroom, you had to pick her up and put her on the porta-potty, and you had to know that had to be hard for her, because she was in front of people she didn't know. It was only her family that was on the trip, she didn't know Jeff or me. That really wasn't an inconvenience for her, because she really wanted to see the Grand Canyon. She knew that road was short.

So anyway, I went down the first day, got it through everything easy, never touched a wave, got her to camp, and I realized nothing had happened that would cause this individual not to believe that absolutely they could continue on the rest of the trip. But I was worried—didn't say anything. The second night we went on down. We honestly hit a couple of waves, and I thought, "Hey, she's not as confident as she was before, and neither am I." Then I started thinkin' about Granite, I started thinkin' about Hermit, started thinkin' about Crystal Creek, I started thinkin' about Horn Creek, and the more I thought about it, the more worried I became. In fact, when I started thinkin' about Lava Falls, I honestly got frightened. So I made a decision that night, I was gonna go over and I was gonna talk to her. I was gonna tell her the risks, and then I was gonna tell her that I didn't think the risks were reasonable for her. So then I sat on a rock and I tried to figure out exactly how I was gonna say it. I thought about one thing, and I thought about the next. Then I thought, "Why not just tell her it's not safe, and you don't feel that you're confident that you can get her through without her getting hurt?"

This lady was a lot smarter than I am. She saw and she understood exactly what I was thinking. So, I can't remember whether it was after dinner or a little bit before, she called me over. She looked at me and she

said, "Jimmy, you're scared, aren't you?" And that kinda took away my head of steam. And so once your head of steam's gone, and all your plot's gone for what you're gonna say, you might as well tell the truth as simply as you can. I looked at her and I said, "Yeah, I'm scared." She said, "You're scared somethin' might happen to me." I said, "Yeah, I'm scared somethin' might happen to you." She said, "You're scared in some way you might be responsible for my death." I said, "Yeah, I'm scared." She looked at me and she said, "You know, I've come to the point in my life where I look at my death every day. I honestly have one desire in life that I really want right now, and that is I want to see the Grand Canyon. I *know* that you're gonna do everything within your power not to see me get hurt, and if it happens, it happens. Well, what would you do? Would you rather that somehow or another, you could put me in a hospital and nothing would hurt me? Do you think the progression of the disease I have is going to grant me that much more time? I really want to see the Grand Canyon." I didn't have much to say. I honestly didn't have anything to say. She said, "You know, as long as I can be outside, doing things, and as long as I do not have to sit in a room waiting for the last moments of my life, I'm going to live as much as I can, while I can. You know, I'd really like to see the Grand Canyon." So I looked at her and I said, "Okay." After somebody says something like that to you, you go, "We'll try it one more day." And then I realized very quickly no matter what happened on that trip, the one thing she really wanted was to see the Grand Canyon. The people around her were totally clueless. It had become time to let go of her, and let her live out what she had coming, in exactly the way she saw it, doing the things she wanted to do, 'cause God only knows, it didn't matter a goddamn bit to her whether she died today or tomorrow, just as long as she was living. They were at that point where they wanted to say, "Be careful! Don't do this, don't do that!" And all she needed was somebody to let her be free. We made it all the way down the river.

I used to have a funny thing that I used to do with little kids—and this isn't a guru thing, really—I'd tell 'em about the Indians' death stone, a magical, powerful thing. And when you're a little kid, what you do, is if you came to the Grand Canyon and it was a wonderful place for you, what you did is, you picked up a small stone out of the Grand Canyon—it could be an ordinary rock—and you put it in your medicine pouch if you were an Indian, and then when the time came in your life that you had honestly come to the end of the road, rather than only seeing fear out in front of you of what you don't know, at *some* point, you could look back and see some of the truly beautiful things of your life. Also, for those who were close enough to you, when they came of an age to know, you could share your stones



Tim Whitney photo

with them. For example, let's say that you had a son who was fourteen or fifteen—almost the same age that *you* were when you came down through the Grand Canyon—you could look back at your stone and recall those memories.

So anyway, I was walkin' down in a creekbed doin' somethin'. The woman naturally never left the boat. The only time she ever left the boat was at camp. She ate lunch, she did everything on the boat. She went to the bathroom on the boat—whatever. So anyway, I was lookin' down in this creekbed—and I've never seen one again—it was honestly a white rock, and it had a blue circle in it, with some other blue circles inside of them. And to me, it reminds me of a couple of things: number one, dropping a stone into a pool of water and watching the ripples that go out from the one action, or I think circles somehow or another, in certain societies, have meant something to do with eternity. So anyway, I looked up, and I thought, "Hey!"—and it was immature, probably—I grabbed it up and I said, "This is a death stone for her, because her day is coming soon." And I did not honestly focus upon how close and how real she

knew her death must be. And so I went runnin' up to her on the last night of the trip, and I gave her this stone. And I can't remember what her name was, it could have been Mary, and I said, "Mary, I found the most beautiful death stone for you." And then I just shut my mouth. I said, "Good God, what did you say?!" And then I realized how close her own mortality was to her. And then she realized that it had all caught up with me, and that maybe I thought that I had really said something terrible. And the next thing I know, she gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, "Thank you."

* * *

Not everything was rosy, of course. Frictions grew, personalities clashed, grudges built, ideologies collided. Bile and bad feelings still linger regarding Jimmy's final departure from the River. But in the end, Jimmy Hall takes credit for his own demise. When he was at the peak of his career, with dozens of charter trips requesting him, he got the idea he might just take all that business with him to another outfitter. There are some things that just aren't forgiven in the river trade....

HALL: ...and the only thing I know is that when Ted Hatch fired me, the only thing that he ever said was—"Jim, did you *honestly* think I was going to let that happen?"

I'll tell you what, you know... God, what's his name? Is his name Stan Jantz—that works for Gloeckler? I remember when I was in the heat of talking to people, I talked to him. And Stan's a cool guy, he really is, he's a nice guy. And Kimmy was out there, and I was talkin' to Stan, I said, "You know, my sin was big." And he said, "Yes, your sin was big." And I told him, "I must have been insane—mainly because management will protect management—that's just part of life." And anyway, he laughed a little bit, and Kimmy said, "Well, there was this kid that got caught with a fifteen-year-old girl. And the father ended up discharging a gun. And he was fired, and we hired him *this* year." And Stan looked at Kimmy and he said, "Jimmy *wishes* that had been the kind of sin that he had committed."

Well... maybe some day they'll let me play in the ball game again.

edited by Brad Dimock

All Dead Except the Gunsmith

SO SCREAMED THE HEADLINE in the *Omaha Daily Republican* on July 2, 1869, some five weeks after John Wesley Powell and his crew of nine had left Green River City, Wyoming, headed for “the great unknown” stretches of the Green and Colorado Rivers. The newspaper quoted one John Riley, a trapper who claimed he had met John Sumner, a Powell boatman and the gunsmith of the headline, at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. According to Riley, Sumner had been left on shore “to report in case the failure none believed in did occur.” Over two days the paper presented a long an discursive account of the rivers, previous explorers, a planned Powell expedition to China, etc. and concluded:

“Our account is soon told. Ambition had a strong hold upon reason. Judgment was laid aside, and the Napoleonic Major, with his brave band of faithful companions...entered death’s portals—the awful, treacherous portals of Hell’s Gate...they must have died as they had lived—heroes all.”

One problem with the account was Riley’s recitation of the names of the crew that he said Sumner had given him: It included a fourteen year old boy named only “Schwartz” and four men whose names Sumner had forgotten (including, apparently, that of his long-time trapping partner.) Riley’s story didn’t last long. On July 8th the *Chicago Tribune* reported receiving a dispatch from Mrs. Powell “...She does not believe the story and evidently does not believe it came from John Sumner...”

In the previous week, however, articles appeared in all the major papers, ranging from the *Rocky Mountain News* to the *New York Times*, working their way east along the railroad. But the characters had changed. This time the reporter is John A. Risdon, who must rank among the most glib liars in history. Risdon claimed that he was the sole survivor of the Powell expedition, having been left on shore “to tend the wagon teams.” Each time Risdon told the story it grew wilder. He first reported twenty men in the crew, and made up their names, getting only one right—Powell’s—and named two teamsters and an Indian guide named “Chick-a-wanee.” For good measure he threw in “two men who lived at Fairview, Ill., who acted as runners...” Risdon had a sense of humor: He related that Chick-a-wanee had persuaded Powell to abandon his three boats and put the entire party (save Risdon) in a twenty foot birch bark “yawl,” which they built on the spot. Illustrating the maxim that a liar needs a good memory, Risdon later said there were twenty-two in crew and when challenged made up two brothers on the spur of the moment.

Risdon had something going for him, though. He charmed his way to Governor Palmer of Illinois, who was completely taken in. Palmer sent the story to the *Chicago Tribune* which published it verbatim on July 2nd under the head, “Twenty-one Men Engulfed in the Colorado in a Moment.”

The story begins with Risdon’s manufactured role as “chainman” with the expedition and continues:

“On the 7th or 8th day of May the party reached the Colorado River, at a point named Williamsburg, a small Indian settlement.” [Powell began his trip on May 24th]

Risdon manufactured more geography, two rivers named the Big Black and the Delaban as well as the Colorado Rapids, which lay between them and had a fall of 160 feet in a mile and a quarter. Governor Palmer’s account continued: “Mr. Risdon and four or five others of the party tried to dissuade the Major from crossing at that point... But Major Powell said laughingly in reply: ‘We have crossed worse rapids than these, boys. You must be getting cowardly. If seven or eight men cannot paddle us across there, we will have to go under.’”

Risdon again expanded the party and waggishly provided lopsided propulsion: “When they left the shore there were twenty-five men in the boat... They pushed out into the river with three hearty cheers, using seven paddles, the Major standing in the stern steering.”

Risdon stood on the shore waving his hat, and said: “You must be back in time for dinner...” They cried back in reply: “Goodbye, Jack; you will never see us again.” A moment afterward Risdon saw the boat commence whirling around and like a living thing dive down into the depths of the river with its living freight, Major Powell standing at his post and was the last man Risdon saw of this noble and ill fated expedition.

Oh how Risdon wept. He told Palmer, “For two hours I lay on the bank of the river crying like a baby.” He then went up (!) and down the river...to see if he could find any remains of the party, but could not do so.

Risdon continued to search for four days, finding only Powell’s carpet bag and risking his life to recover it. Then, taking the two teams and wagons, started for the bounds of civilization. He made a journey of it: eight days of rough travel, fording twenty streams and several times nearly losing his teams until he came to an Le Roy, a military post at an imagined location on the Red River, both places a thousand miles away. His skill at inventing names seems to have failed him for he reported to a mythical Colonel Smith who made him comfortable for a few days and then had arranged his transport to St. Louis where “All of Major Powell’s

baggage together with the carpet bag... were sent to Mrs. Powell by express..."

Now this last lie could not escape refutation which makes one suspect that Risdon planned the whole thing as an enormous joke. Poor Governor Palmer; he concluded his report with: "Mr. Risdon...has the appearance of an honest, reliable man...and by his words and by the tangible proofs he brings with him (these are not described) the fate of Major Powell's expedition is left without a doubt and another name is added to the long roll of martyrs to science. Mr. Risdon served under Major Powell...for three years during the late war."

With admirable restraint a competing Chicago newspaper reported the following day: "There is still reason to doubt the loss of Major Powell and his party...[His] mother has received a letter from him dated May 28. Risdon's account...states that the disaster...occurred May 8...She does not credit the story."

On the same day the *Detroit Post* published a letter from the Major's wife in which she declared, "The whole story is glaringly false, and betrays entire ignorance of the matter...I may add the party were without horses or mules."

That put paid to the reports of Powell's demise and on July 5TH the *Detroit Tribune* declared, "The report of this man Risdon, beyond all reasonable doubt, is a tissue of fabrications from beginning to end."

The *Rocky Mountain News*, a paper owned by a brother-in-law of Jack Sumner (the "gunsmith"), published a detailed list of Risdon's assertions and reported: "They are all false. Risdon ought to be hung, and Gov. Palmer will be derelict in duty if he suffers him to go unpunished."

Perhaps getting wind of the threat, Risdon slipped out of town. He didn't get far. The July 10TH *Springfield (ILL.) Journal* carried a story under the headline: "The 'Sole Survivor' of the Powell Expedition Arrested and Lodged in Jail."

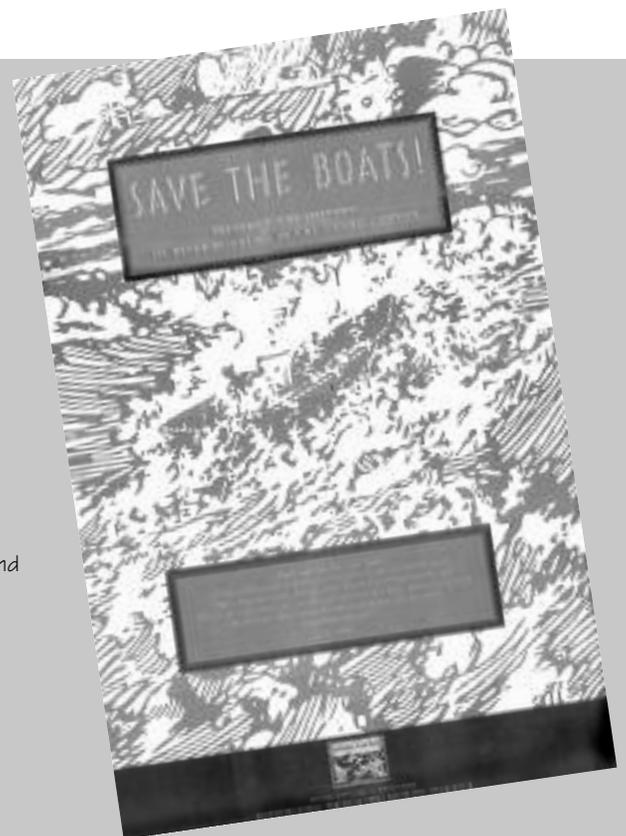
Ah, yes, but not for his hoax. It seemed he'd swiped a horse, a blanket, overcoat, quilt, and shawl from two different parties and was caught with the goods. Finding that Risdon, alias Miller, alias Clark had already served time for horse-theft, the sheriff clapped him in the clink.

Powell, of course, emerged a hero. On September 15th the *Deseret News* wrote: "After all that has published about this expedition and its loss, according to the dying [they must mean "lying"] statement of Risdon, it was with feelings of pleasure that we met the Major...there was a feeling of widespread anxiety on the subject [of Powell's death] throughout the country..." No doubt this country-wide concern helped propel Powell to prominence. As Wallace Stegner put it in *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, "In the long run, perhaps Powell should have been grateful to Risdon." I guess so; it saved him the price of a public relations firm.

I'm sure there is at least one moral here, but it's probably something like, "If you're going to lie, don't steal a horse."

Ardian Gill

Ardian Gill is the author of *The River Is Mine*, *John Wesley Powell's 1869 Exploration of the Green and Colorado Rivers and the Grand Canyon*.



"Save the Boats" posters for sale to benefit the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project.

Them Old Boats

THE GRAND CANYON HISTORIC BOAT PROJECT is powering downstream. In July we moved three old Galloway-style boats—the Julius Stone boat, Emery Kolb's *Edith*, and the USGS boat *Glen*—out of harm's way in the old Visitors Center open courtyard, to a clean, weatherproof workshop. Conservationist Brynn Bender headed up a team including NPS personnel Jan Balsom, Colleen Hyde and Kim Besom, with volunteers Barbara Powell and Rich Turner. For two painstaking weeks they gingerly cleaned them and brought them back to a luster they had not seen in decades. The next step for these craft will be full stabilization. Meanwhile three boats await movement to the cleaning shop: Norm Nevills's *WEN*, The *Esmeralda II* (the first motorboat through the Canyon), and P.T. Reilly's *Music Temple*. At the same time we are designing permanent inflated bladders to preserve the historic raft *Georgie*. We expect significant progress along these lines by the time you read this story.

Marine architect Todd Bloch, who drew up the lines for the *WEN*, came out this fall and took extensive measurements of the three Galloways. His architectural line drawings should be ready before Christmas. This important step both preserves the lines of these historic craft, should anything happen to the boats themselves, and will be a great boon to those of us that may want to build a reproduction. (I am champing at the bit.)

We are well into our fund-raising efforts to finance the full stabilization of these craft. The cleaning is affordable; the stabilization is very pricey. And the cost of our long-term goal of getting these boats back into a new, accessible interpretive display worthy of their significance will be extreme. We need your involvement, we need your ideas, and we need your money. Next season we will be asking you all to carry the message to your passengers. Until then, send us your ideas, the ways you think you can help, and of course, your money. We are tax-deductible, and the end of the tax year draws nigh!

We now have posters on sale to benefit the project. Mary Beath designed these beautiful 4-color posters, printed on very heavy stock. They not only help you to spread the word, but are a great piece of art, and will help support this project. They are going for the bargain price of \$15 plus \$5 postage. T-shirts will be coming soon. Think Christmas presents!

We cannot overstress the importance of this project. We are preserving the very heritage of our community, the story of boating in Grand Canyon. It matters not if you have allegiances to commercial or private, oar or motor, rubber or wood—this is the story of how we came to be here. Please spread the word and add your support.

Brad Dimock

Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project
c/o Grand Canyon National Park Foundation
625 North Beaver Street, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001
928/774-1760 fran@gcnpf.org



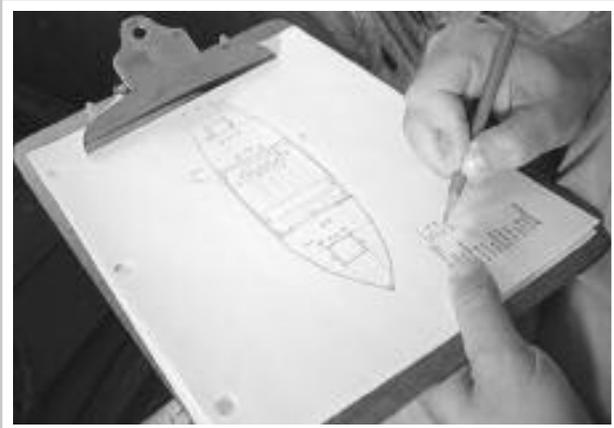
Mike Quinn photo

Cleaning



Mike Quinn photo

Measuring



Mike Quinn photo

Documenting

An Old Man

I met an American on the Colorado River
Who once crossed the Elbe
He designed the bridge to make the crossing
And marched through the town where the woman
He would marry was born
He told me with his mouth that I was unreasonable
He didn't like the way I talk about dams
"All one sided," he said
"Economic growth and the environment
There are always losers"
With his eyes he said he was old
He told jokes and with each joke
His eyes became older
With his shoulders he said he was tired
He helped his wife who had broken her knee
And would not give up
He brought her dinner, gave her a cool cloth, lifted her
His frame was large and I thought he might have once been
Powerful
I watched him not watching
With his mind, he tied unlikely ideas together
Which made him funny
And he talked to his wife like a whore
Which made him unlikely
And funny to the younger people
She laughed which made her unlikely
Tough and beautiful, and older than he
With his heart, he cried
Not that he would soon leave the Colorado River
Not that he would soon leave the world
But that he had left the Elbe
His youth
And the war
With his mouth he spoke of the California Condor
Why do we save the ugly buzzard? He asked
The beauty is in the minds of the young people, he said
They will invent
A way to live on Mars
He took me by the shoulder, thanked me for the trip
And with his hand, he left a mark.

Benjie Howard

Grand Canyon, Colorado River Boating

Day One

Scraped finger, scraped toe, cut hand,
headache, sunburn, shivers, numb buns,
clear blue-green cold exuberant river water
and Georgie Clark rapid at Mile 24.

Day Two

Sand-irritated eye, right wrist strain, head gash,
sunburned chin, ankle scrape, numb buns,
clear green cold boisterous river water
and hiking Buck Farm Canyon at Mile 41.

Day Three

Sunscreen contact dermatitis, scratched upper arm
sandal strap burns, back pain, numb buns,
cloudy green cold thrumming river water
and Horn Creek rapid at Mile 90.

Day Four

Big purple butt bruise, head conk, scraped back,
bruised right elbow, twisted knee, numb buns,
light brown cold vociferous river water
and swimming at Elves Chasm at Mile 116.

Day Five

Unknown insect bite, sunburned bald spot, heat rash,
nosebleed, blisters, swimmer's ear, numb buns,
cloudy brown cold clamorous river water
and the warm turquoise pools of Havasu Creek, Mile 156.

Day Six

Bloodied toe, chafed feet, chafed chin, lizard skin,
watery right eye, ant bites, numb buns,
cloudy brown cool thundering river water
and the big Lava Falls rapid at Mile 179.

Day Seven

Right biceps strain, chapped lips, constipation,
swollen ankles, burning eyes, re-stubbed toe, numb buns,
thick brown warm sonorous river water
and the last rapid, Bridge Canyon, Mile 235.

Day Eight

The canyon ends at Lake Mead.
The water flows on.

Margie DeLong

Wilderness First Aid Courses 2004:

Sponsored by GCRG & Desert Mountain Medicine (DMM)

WILDERNESS FIRST RESPONDER—March 18–26, 2004 (nine day course)

Prerequisite: None

Location: Flagstaff, AZ (exact location to be determined)

Lodging & Meals: On your own

Certification: three-year WFR certification and two-year CPR certification

Cost: \$435

WILDERNESS REVIEW (Recert) Course—April 2–4, 2004 (two and a half days)

Prerequisite: DMM will accept anyone who has had and kept current a WFR certification (80 hour course) through Wilderness Medical Associates, WMI, SOLO, NOLS, DMM and other Wilderness medicine providers.

Location: Flagstaff, AZ (exact location to be determined)

Lodging & Meals: On your own

Certification: Renews your certification for three years plus two-year CPR cert.

Cost: \$185

Also, Desert Mountain Medicine will be offering a Bridge Course directly (not through GCRG) on February 25–29TH in Flagstaff. This course would upgrade you from a Wilderness Advanced First Aid (WAFA) to a Wilderness First Responder (WFR). This may be the last Bridge course that they offer, so if you need it, better sign up! You can register by calling Shoshanna Jensen of Desert Mountain Medicine at (928) 213-1243.

Class size is strictly limited for the GCRG/DMM Review & WFR classes. Send your \$50 non-refundable deposit with the application below to us at PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002 to hold a space. Checks can be made payable to GCRG. If you work for an outfitter who pays one hundred percent of course costs, just send in the registration form by itself and we'll take care of the rest. The courses are already filling, so act now! GCRG reserves the right to cancel any classes due to insufficient enrollment. Call the GCRG office at (928) 773-1075 with any questions.

FIRST AID COURSE REGISTRATION

Circle one: Review Course Wilderness First Responder

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (important!) _____ Email _____

Outfitter _____

Type of current 1st aid _____

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
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Aspen Sports—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935
Teva 928/779-5938
Sunrise Leather—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575
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Professional River Outfitters—Equip. rentals 928/779-1512
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Winter Sun—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884
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Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA—Taxes 928/525-2585
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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
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Dr. Mark Falcon—Chiropractor 928/779-2742
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High Desert Boatworks—Dories & Repairs 970/259-5595
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Marble Canyon Metal Works 928/355-2253
Cañonita Dories—Dory kits, hulls, oars, etc. 970/259-0809
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CC Lockwood—Photography books 225/769-4766
Canyon Arts—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873

Phantom Ranch Guitar

THE GUITAR AT THE PHANTOM RANCH cookhouse hangs on a wooden peg in the old mess hall, in reach of any hiker, river runner, or Grand Canyon wanderer who comes in and wants to play. It's an old nylon string cowboy guitar, sturdy and a little battered, with the loving words, "Be Gentle Please" clearly lettered on the side. It has no visible brand, no fancy logo on the headstock, but it has the unmistakable patina of age and seasons, and the touch of countless caring hands.

I took it down off the wall while my raft trip buddies were checking for mail and buying postcards, and I strummed a chord. It rang out loud, in tune and clear. It was morning at Phantom, and the place was quiet. Breakfast had been cleared away, sun was streaming in onto the wooden floor, and outside were scattered campers and chattering groups of tourists, starting their day in the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

And just for a few minutes, I sat at the cookhouse table in a straight-backed wooden chair and I played that old guitar. I played the intro part to *Ghost Riders in the Sky* to get the cowboy feel, I strummed my favorite dramatic Spanish falsetas, and then I settled down and played *Don't Fence Me In*, for the part about the horses,

and so I could sing the line about "I wanna gaze at the moon until I lose my senses."

The guitar had an easy action and sounded surprisingly good. Some folks came in and some left, my river trip buddies went back to the boats, and I was left to play for myself in a sunny corner of the empty dining hall. The music rang out and no one watched or cared, and to me, my playing never sounder better.

After a few more songs, I knew I had to get back to my boat. I hung that guitar back on its peg, to wait for the next wanderer to find it, and I walked out the door down to the trail along Bright Angel Creek to the river. My trip was almost ready, with the other boatmen rigging their rafts and filling water jugs. The Colorado River was shining in the sun. Big water lay waiting downstream, a string of serious and reverent names like Horn Creek, Granite, Hermit and Crystal. As our group pushed off and my boat swung out into the Bright Angel riffles, I started singing a cowboy song and I think I never sounder better. I can't wait to play that guitar again.

Joe Hayes

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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!**

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*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.

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\$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)

\$13 Paul Winter CD

\$17 Lava Falls / Upset posters (circle one or both)

Total enclosed _____

Babar and Arthur at Grand Canyon



They have arrived at the Grand Canyon. Arthur wants to go down to the Colorado River. Since they do not wish to crush the mules, they go on foot. Wisely, Babar suggests that they call a halt before they reach the bottom:

“Remember, climbing up again is much harder.”

At sunset they admire the view. “All the same,” thinks Arthur, “it’s a bit too big.”

THANKS TO ALL YOU poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop.
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boatman's quarterly review

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