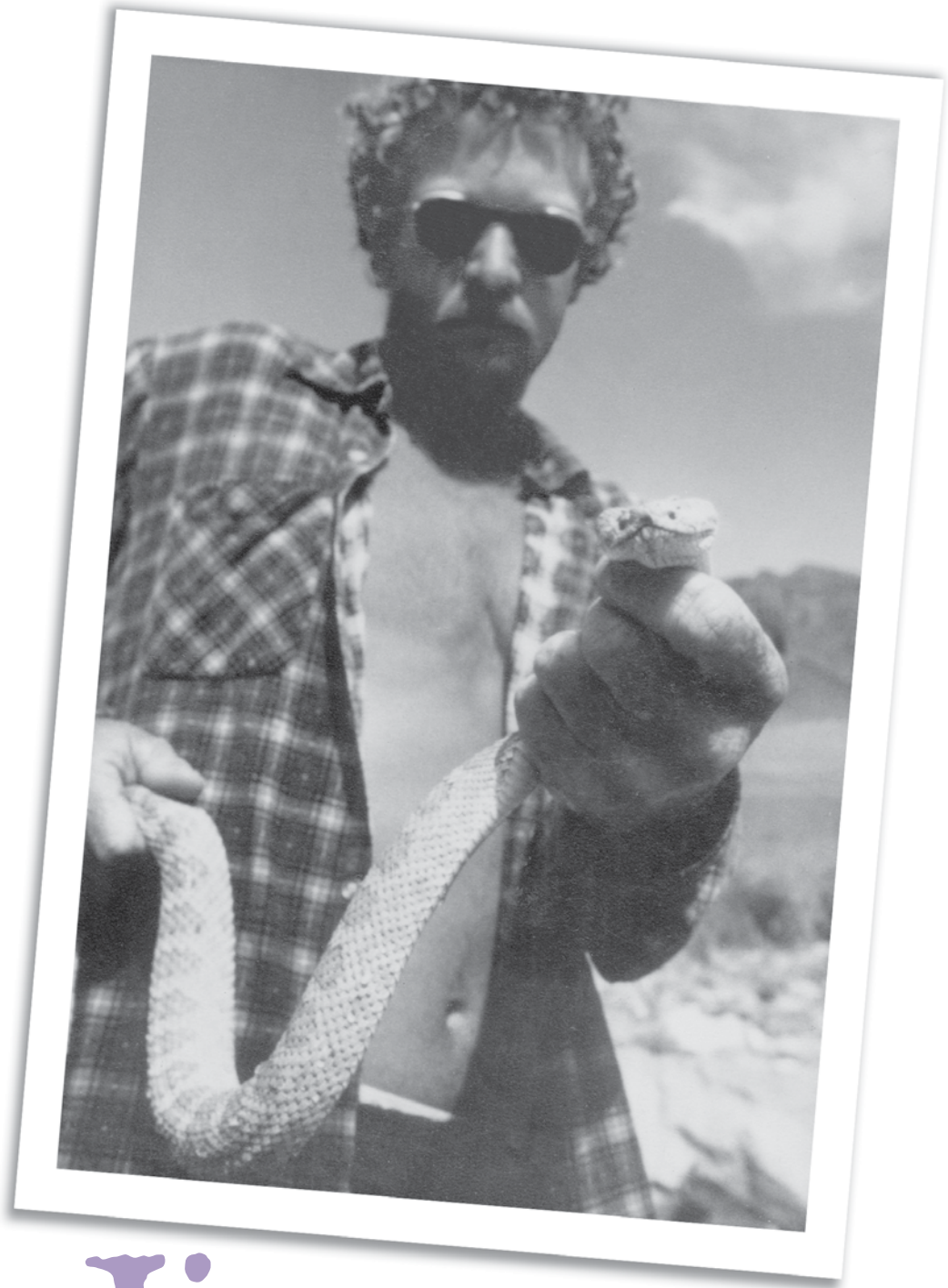




# boatman's quarterly review

the journal of  
Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc  
volume 14 number 3  
fall 2001



# Jimmy Hendrick

- Dear Eddy
- Soap Creek Rapid
- Billy Hawkins
- Letters from GC
- Books Reviewed
- Financials
- Ballot Comments
- Contributors
- Free Flowing Colorado

story on page 18

## boatman's quarterly review

...is published more or less quarterly  
by and for Grand Canyon River Guides.

Grand Canyon River Guides  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

### Staff

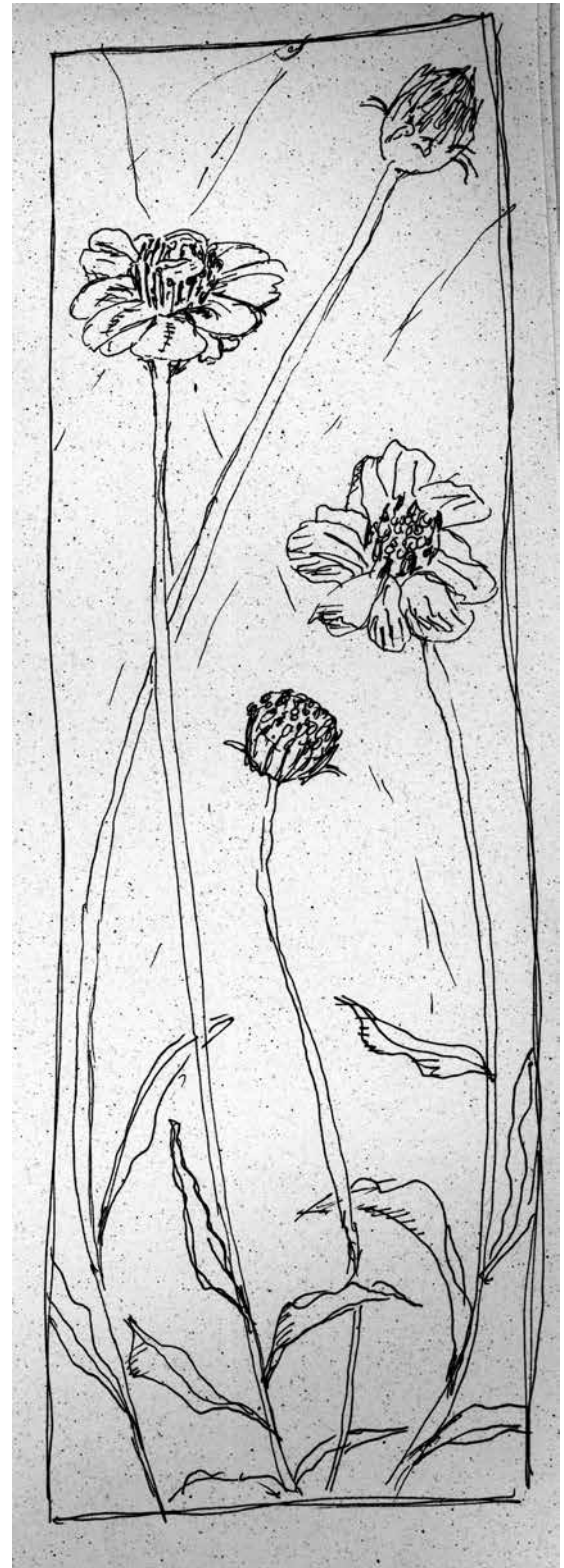
Executive Director	Lynn Hamilton
Board of Directors	
President	Richard Quartaroli
Vice President	MICHAEL GHIGLIERI
Treasurer	Lynn Hamilton
Directors	Clinton Anderson Dave Christensen Matt Kaplinski Chris McIntosh JP Running Drifter Smith
Gcrg's amwg Representative	Andre Potochnik
Gcrg's twg Representative	Matt Kaplinski
Bqr Editors	Katherine MacDonald Mary Williams

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks.  
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, az 86001  
Office Hours: 10:30-4:30 Monday through Friday

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



Demise Gackstetter

## Parting Thoughts

**A**UGUST 10, 2001, almost 0400 hours—nine days and four hours past the bqr deadline. The computer turned itself on and woke me up to its bubbling and humming. Time to get up and finally sit down and hammer out my final message to the people as President. One hundred and thirty-two years ago today J.W. Powell was waking up somewhere in the “Roaring Twenties” getting ready for another day of lining and portaging. I’m a little bit jealous, but profoundly grateful that I got to the Canyon when I did in 1969, a hundred years after Powell, but ten years too late to get to see the river as he saw it to Separation Canyon and forty years late to see it past there. But I figure if we can build dams we can also take them down. That’s been my dream, and rationale for spending the better part of my life as a boatman rowing and motoring people through that incredible place we call Grand Canyon. Dams kill rivers, so for me it is hard to imagine how anyone could love running rivers and not dream of the day that the dams are no more and the river runs free.

When I took office almost a year ago, one of my goals was to get our organization to take a position in favor of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam. The Grand Canyon River Guides (gcrg) Board of Directors has spent countless hours discussing the issue and still haven’t really reached a consensus. The fear is that not everybody hates the dams and that if we were to take a formal position that we may lose members as a result. After all, the dam smoothes out the flow and makes it possible to schedule and run trips pretty much year-round in any type of boat. That’s the up side. The down side is that the river is tamed, predictable, subdued. Endangered species are headed for extinction. The fluctuations and clear water are taking out the beaches and vegetation is covering what’s left. On a regional scale, all of the dams on the river from Glen Canyon downstream to the Gulf are evaporating millions of gallons of water daily into the dry desert air, wasting this most precious resource wholesale. I think the down side outweighs the upside. Nobody wants to alienate or possibly lose any members and that’s why we have been hesitant to take a poll and determine if there is the support to warrant taking a position on this issue. The question has been asked: “Why do we need to take a position? Why not let other groups such as the Glen Canyon Institute and the Sierra Club fight that battle?” The answer is that we have more influence than we think and the weight of our organization will definitely make a difference. Personally, I think gcrg should take it a step further and call on Congress to initiate an

Environmental Impact Statement (eis) to determine the best possible way to manage water on a basin-wide scale into the next millennium. We need to determine just how much water we need to store and where the storage should be located. The big reservoirs in the lower basin need to be reevaluated in terms of evaporative loss of water. Maybe we already have enough storage in the upper basin above Lake Powell that we could and should remove all of the dams from Glen Canyon to the Gulf of California thereby increasing both the quality and quantity of water available for municipal, agricultural and recreational use by eliminating evaporative losses from excess storage capacity.

As guides we have tremendous influence through client interaction, educating them on the issues and encouraging them to spread the word. It is amazing what this ripple effect can accomplish.

Much has changed since September 1, 1869 at Callville, Nevada when Major Powell bid farewell to Sumner, Bradley, Hawkins, and Hall and they pushed off and headed for the Gulf of California. On the other hand, maybe we are pioneers just like they were...they couldn’t have foreseen the taming of the river by a series of dams. We surely didn’t foresee that we would be shoulder to shoulder with others like us, journeying toward putting the river back in the canyons. So now, on the same day, 132 years later, I’ll hand over the boat to Richard, but unlike Powell, I’m staying with the trip and enjoying the ride to the sea.

Good luck Richard, see ya at the next Board of Directors meeting.

Guano!

*Kenton (Factor) Grua*

## From the Veep: GCRG Fall Meeting with CPRG at Sand Island

**A**BOUT 80 YEARS AGO, the bureaucrats and the politicians artificially divided the Green, the Grand, the Colorado, and all their tributaries into Upper and Lower Colorado River Basins. There is no reason for boatmen and guides to be so divided. So, in order to help rectify the situation, Colorado River and Tributary boaters from the Colorado Plateau River Guides (cprg) and the Grand Canyon River Guides (gcrg) will be having a meeting the weekend of November 2-4, 2001. Meeting will be at the group campground at Sand Island, near Bluff, Utah. Some folks think of the location as "neutral territory"; I prefer to think of it as "common ground," or "common water," if you will.

We'll be having dinner and a get-together on Friday night; meals, talks and discussions on basin-wide issues on Saturday, dinner and a get-together on Saturday night; breakfast on Sunday with either more talks or a business meeting in the morning; clean-up and wrap-up after lunch. If there's enough

water, those inclined could do some non-gcrg-sponsored boating. If the weather is bad, we have the conference room at the Desert Rose Inn in Bluff for Saturday. For those not wanting to camp out, lodging is also available in Bluff at the Desert Rose Inn at 435-672-2303.

This is an excellent opportunity to meet and party with your pards and to find out what's happening throughout the river system; general members and interested folks are always welcome. A reminder card with details will be in the mail by early October. Hope to see a bunch of you there.

*V.P. Quartaroli*

## From the Veep, Part II: Grand Canyon River Group

**T**HIS SPRING SOME FOLKS interested in Colorado River management issues for the Grand Canyon formed the Grand Canyon River Group and began informal discussions. Although all are members of various groups, such as river guides, private boaters, environmental groups, commercial outfitters, and federal agencies, nobody is formally representing any organization, and everyone expressed the caveat that opinions are our own and are not necessarily those of any organization. President Kenton Grua and I accepted invitations to be a part of the discussion process. I have committed to being a part of the group even after my term as Vice President/President is over.

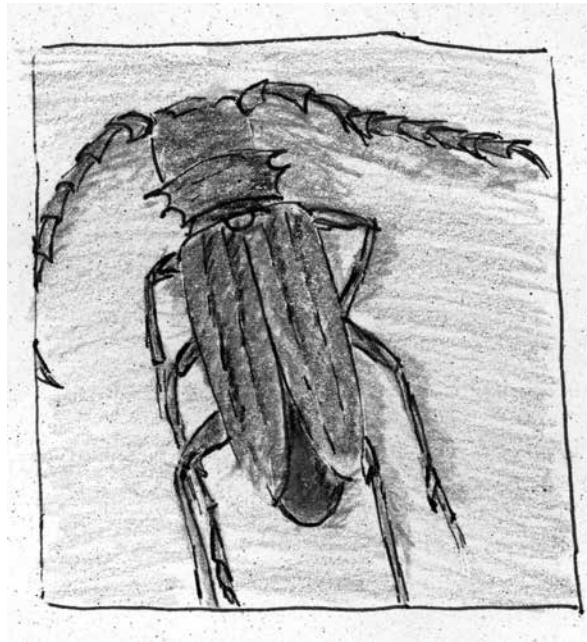
Besides email communication, most participated in a San Juan River trip the end of April; unfortunately Kenton and I were both unable to go. An introductory meeting with new Grand Canyon National Park Superintendent, Joe Alston, occurred in mid-July, which I attended. Upcoming fall and winter get-togethers are also planned.

The ultimate goal of the group will be the production of a comprehensive formal document detailing the group's consideration of all the relevant river management issues and to include a final set of recommendations to be offered to the nps and all concerned parties. The document is to be organized on an

issue by issue basis and will present the group's general feelings on an issue, along with the opportunity for any participant to express dissenting views. Consensus is not a goal, therefore it is felt that this document will be of particular interest and benefit. Recent discussions have concerned launch-based management analysis.

If anyone has thoughts or issues they might like me to consider, please contact me through Lynn Hamilton at [gcrg@infomagic.com](mailto:gcrg@infomagic.com) or gcrg, po Box 1934, Flagstaff, az 86002. I will keep you posted through the *boatman's quarterly review*.

*V.P. Quartaroli*



*Dennise Grackstetter*

## Think GTS!

**W**E KNOW THAT IT may seem incredibly early to think about the Guides Training Seminar (gts). Heck, the river season is still in full swing! However, we've just got to fill you in on our plans. Time flies by so fast and it suddenly came to our attention that we hadn't done an "Old Timer's gts" in many years—since 1995 in fact. It's time to get those early river runners together at the land session and give you an opportunity to hear about the old days and maybe learn something new to carry into the future. A truly historic event of epic proportions! So, come one, come all! You shouldn't miss it!

### **GCRG Spring Business Meeting:**

Friday, March 22, 2002 (Location to be determined—probably Old Marble Canyon Lodge, but we'll let you know.)

### **GTS Land Session (Old Timer's Celebration—The Lessons of the Past):**

Saturday–Sunday, March 23–24, 2002 at Hatch River Expeditions Warehouse in Marble Canyon, az.

### **GTS River Session:**

March 26–April 1, 2002 (Upper half—Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch)

April 1–April 9, 2002 (Lower half—Phantom Ranch to Diamond Creek)

So, mark these dates on your calendar and count on coming! Our speaker invitee list looks like the "Who's Who of the Colorado River." Look for further updates and more details in future bqr's. See you there!

## Dear Eddy

Regarding *Dear Eddy* by Glen Rink, bqr 14:2

**T**HIS ARTICLE IS IN REFERENCE to Mr. Glen Rinks' *Dear Eddy* contribution regarding the overturned block of quartzite on the Thunder River trail. Coming upon that spot during a river trip last summer, I was taken back by the sight of the block removal. Although I disagree with the comparison to the outrageous act of "improvement" of Quartzite Falls on the Salt River, I do agree that this particular trail "improvement" is pushing the limits of acceptable change. I think the main message in Mr. Rinks' editorial is that enough is enough with major trail construction on threshold level trails of Grand Canyon. I have been working trails for over twenty years, many in the Canyon on those very "well intentioned caretaker" trips. I do believe so much of the work done down there is invaluable to mitigate the high impacts bestowed upon the inner canyon by both commercial and private groups. Just the fact of shear numbers in such a defined area constitutes some care and you have to admit that use levels on trails such as Thunder River are very high. The very old-time boaters can certainly tell tales of how things have changed due to the fact of increased user numbers. I understand that there are still "caretaker" trips going on by outfitters and guides. Is that any different? Hopefully, four-foot wide cut steps in Elves Chasm is not on the list of trail deeds, but some level of maintenance is due when heavy use begins to degrade the very resource we are all drawn to. It is important for all concerned to voice opinions to the park if there is an issue regarding work along the river corridor or anyplace else in *your* National Park. I hope trail workers, guides and the public think about their impacts while working and enjoying the Canyon.

*Don Sharlow*

Trails

Supervisor,

Big Bend National Park

## Election Results

The results of the gcrg election are as follows:

Vice President	Michael Ghiglieri
Board of Directors	Matt Kaplinski
	JP Running
	Drifter Smith

The new board will be in effect starting September 1, 2001.

# The Changing Rapids of Grand Canyon— Soap Creek Rapid

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times for the Kolb brothers on November 8, 1911. Emery and Ellsworth were having the time of their lives, retracing the route of the Powell expedition, matching Powell expedition photos, making movies, and living the good life on the river. They ran the rapids in the upper basin, cruised through Glen Canyon, and had little trouble with Badger. Then they encountered Soap Creek Rapid, their biggest challenge to that point on their trip.

You see, Soap Creek Rapid had a real nasty reputation. A raft carrying ten prospectors wrecked here in 1872 (Dellenbaugh, 1907). Powell did not even consider running the rapid. Frank Mason Brown, president of the Denver Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad and leader of the Brown-Stanton expedition, drowned just downstream of Soap Creek in July 1889. Never mind that the drowning occurred near the riffle at Salt Water Wash, Soap Creek got

the rap. In 1896, Soap Creek was the only rapid in Grand Canyon that George Flavell lined after vividly describing its hazards in his journal. George Wharton James perpetuated the reputation in his own inimitable way, referring to the “dreaded Soap Creek Rapids” (James, 1900). Never mind that his guide in 1897, Nathaniel Galloway, had rowed James downstream to Badger Creek Rapid and pretended that it was Soap Creek (surely Nat knew the rapids better than that).

Inflated reputation or not, Soap Creek garnered the Kolbs’ attention. They noted its sinuous array of boulders, “violent current,” and “twelve-foot waves”

playing “leap-frog” over its initial “eight-foot fall” (Kolb, 1914). They concluded that it wasn’t as bad as some of the rapids they had run in Cataract Canyon, but there were complications; they would run it one boat at a time, relying on the luck that had been with them since Green River, Wyoming. While Ellsworth entered the rapid in the *Defiance*, Emery filmed the historic first attempt. Ellsworth missed the first rock in mid-channel, but then Lady Luck took a holiday. He pulled with full strength, but his stern gently touched another rock just

downstream. He hoped that the boat would swivel and continue downstream bow first, but instead he was thrown out, clinging onto the gunwale of a boat that was briefly pinned. Then the boat pivoted and turned upright, and Ellsworth climbed back into the cockpit and landed it in the middle of the rapid. He hiked back upstream to try it again.

The second time, in the *Edith*, he missed his entry and was carried

over the poulover dead center in the rapid. The *Edith* almost stood vertically in the second wave, then flipped in the cacophony of turbulence. After crawling from beneath the boat, Ellsworth scrambled on top but was promptly swept off by a large wave. He kept his grip and stayed with the boat, and Emery rowed the *Defiance* to his rescue. They were swept downstream, finally pulling to shore over a mile below the rapid. By the end of the rescue, Ellsworth found that “somehow I had lost all desire to successfully navigate the Soap Creek Rapid.” In 1923, recalling the events of that day in 1911, Emery Kolb insisted that the U.S. Geological Survey expedition



The Frazier-Hatch expedition portaging a boat around the head of Soap Creek Rapid at about 3,000 cfs in 1934. The exposed rock that appears above the boat formed the poulover that flipped Ellsworth Kolb in 1911. (courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society, Frazier-Hatch #3-27).



1872—The Wheeler Expedition, en route to Lees Ferry, photographed Soap Creek Rapid from the north side in 1872. In a classic case of the leader naively writing the captions, Wheeler declared the place to be near the mouth of Kanab Creek. Note that Soap Creek consisted of three sections of whitewater separated by short pools. (William A. Bell, WB-106, courtesy of the National Archives).



December 21, 1989—The channel across the debris fan has deepened and new rocks appear near the edge of the rapid. The rapid begins farther upstream than in 1872 and the whitewater is continuous, as all guides know. Note that the once-robust sand bar has been severely eroded. Ted Melis poses at right. (Robert H. Webb, Stake 1398).

portage Soap Creek. The ten trip members took an entire day to move their five boats and one and a half tons of equipment, and Soap Creek kept its status as the most fearsome rapid in Grand Canyon.

Four years later, Clyde Eddy launched the first gonzo river trip, replete with a dog and a bear cub. Eddy had read Dellenbaugh's account, and he had no intention of running Soap Creek either, but the river god had other plans for Clyde. Upon reaching Badger, and thinking it was Soap Creek, Parley Galloway (Nat's son) was eager to run the rapid, but Eddy ordered the crew to line it instead. Rowing through a rainstorm and an upstream wind, the crew boated the three miles to Soap Creek. Not knowing they stood on the brink of "the dreaded rapid," Parley read the water and decided to run it. As Eddy gushed in his account, "I permitted myself to enjoy the thrill of the wild and dangerous ride" (Eddy, 1929). It was not until five months later, on a second trip through Marble Canyon, that Eddy realized he had been lost; Parley Galloway was the first person to successfully run

Soap Creek Rapid.

But reputations die hard. The "Dusty Dozen," otherwise known to history as the Frazier-Hatch expedition, saw the rapid at 3,000 cubic feet per second (cfs) and portaged. The Carnegie-Cal Tech expedition of 1937 also lined. Shortly thereafter, Buzz Holmstrom, on his historic solo trip, had heard enough about Soap Creek that he had promised himself he would portage. Expediency overruled caution, however, and he ran it, writing in his journal, "At Badger my knees got very weak—but they were like steel rods compared to the way they were here—if that channel wasn't entered just right with cross-wise momentum it does not take a blueprint to tell one what would happen." (Dimock 2001) Then, abruptly, no one was bothered by Soap Creek Rapid again. Not Norm Nevills, who in 1938 seemed to prefer hiking to boating; not Holmstrom on his repeat trip in 1938; and not Don Harris and Bert Loper, who ran all the rapids with glee in 1939. Something had changed.

We learned of the long ago changes in Soap Creek

Rapid well before we had carefully read the history. Comparing old and new photographs revealed changes made subtle by the large annual floods that used to roar down the Colorado River. When Ellsworth Kolb ran the rapid, he faced a steep initial drop through exposed rocks into a series of holes. These holes were either filled in with smaller rocks thrown into the rapid during a debris flow in the late 1930s, or deposition a little farther downstream in the rapid backed the flow up sufficiently to stifle the violent hydraulics. The net change to the rapid is that it is easier to run now; the holes turned into the waves that make Soap Creek Rapid like a little rollercoaster ride.

More often than not, debris flows make Grand Canyon rapids easier to navigate. The 1966 event at Crystal Creek created a hellacious hazard that gave debris flows a nasty reputation for bad changes in the river corridor. However, as we have learned at Lava Falls (in 1995), Granite (1984), Waltenberg, and Soap Creek rapids, some debris flows raise the depth of water over dangerous rocks or create runs that offer alternative routes. By narrowing wide rapids, or inserting a boulder or two in strategic places, debris flows can improve the navigational safety of some rapids. Next time you enter Hance Rapid, eyes blinded by the afternoon sun, and you wonder where that Whale Rock is down there, look over at Red Canyon and say your little prayer to the river god. It's gonna happen some day.

*Bob Webb and  
Diane Boyer*



1909—Before portaging the rapid in 1909, the Stone expedition photographed, from river left, the line of holes that marked the head of the rapid. (Raymond A. Cogswell, #621, courtesy of the Cline Library, Northern Arizona University, NAU.PH.97.34.172).



February 22, 1995—The holes that created the "dreaded Soap Creek" were erased by deposition just downstream. The rapid no longer has an abrupt initial drop but instead gradually falls through its length. Again, note the erosion of the sand bar on river right. (Dominic Oldershaw, Stake 2942).

References:

- Dellenbaugh, F.S., 1908, *A Canyon Voyage*: G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 277 p.
- Dimock, Brad, Personal communication, 2001.
- Eddy, C., 1929, *Down the World's Most Dangerous River*: New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company, 293 p.
- James, G.W., 1900, *In and Around the Grand Canyon*: Boston, Little, Brown, and Company, 346 p.
- Kolb, E.L., 1914, *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico*: New York, Macmillan, 344 p.
- Webb, R.H., 1996, *Grand Canyon, a Century of Change*: Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 290 p.



## Raven-Watcher

Crouched on a shale slope, she peered  
from between yucca spears  
to watch them toboggan down snow patches  
on their black-feathered asses; she muffled  
her laugh when they snacked on snow-clods.

She learned raven-talk—  
the sounds of water pouring into a canteen,  
a hasp settling into place.

But what she loved most  
was the way ravens loved: in mid-air.

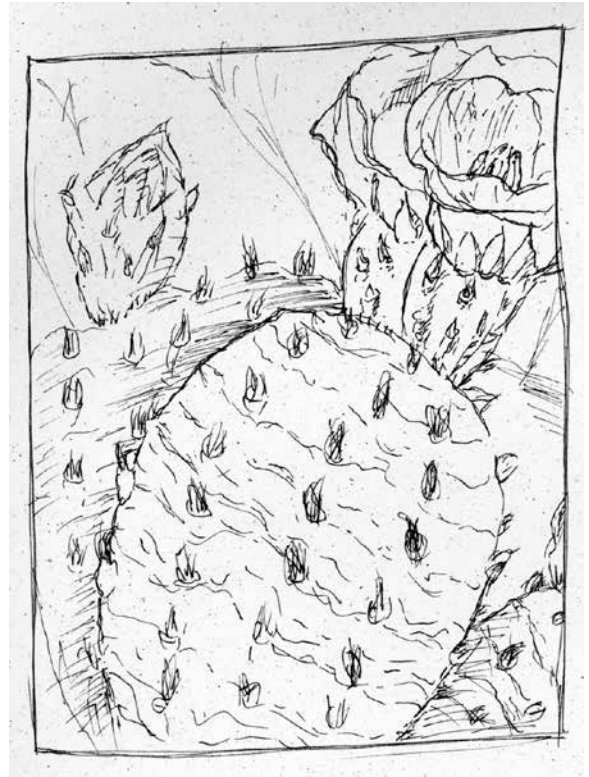
Opposites attract.  
Her sweetheart was a rock-climber.  
He passed each free moment pressed  
to canyon walls, while she loved the air's caress.

*Some swore she jumped.  
She tumbled over the rim  
like the pack-mules in the snowstorm that year.*

*Black feathers curled around her face in love—free-fall, a mile.  
Woman and bird twirled, iridescent, and then swept upward.*

*Now, in a pile of raven's down,  
a human-raven baby softly grows  
while mother blackness swoops  
around the world, calling.*

Andrea Ross



Dennise Gaackstetter

## ode to the pino salad

oh the spring days of myriah  
my kitchen tucked back in your place  
your space, protected  
from wind and dancing sand

oh the countless naps with pards  
in your shade, your shelter  
from cicada buzz blistering  
june afternoon

oh the silent walks of autumn  
alone from nanko to kwagunt  
able to really see old river's mesquite  
new river's thicket, thick  
alive and wild

oh even in winter you live  
thru new loves, old friendships  
entwined into trivets, bracelets, baskets  
memories woven of you earthen  
purple plum roots

Rhonda Barbieri

## Billy Hawkins: Abducted by Alias!

JOHN WESLEY POWELL won great fame for descending the Colorado River, yet most of his boatmen, who fully shared his bravery and achievement, have remained barely more than names. Being from Missouri, I was curious to know more about Billy Hawkins, also known as “Missouri Rhodes.” Virtually the only background story historians told about him was that when he met Powell in 1868 he was going by this alias because of some minor brush with the law back in Missouri. But I have discovered that this story was a case of mistaken identity, and that the truth about Billy Hawkins is far more interesting.

Hawkins did a better job of hiding his identity than he ever expected to, misleading historians for 130 years. His real name was William Robert Wesley Hawkins, but his use of the name “Billy Rhodes” among Powell’s men left them thinking that Rhodes was his real middle name. Powell, Stanton, and Dellenbaugh perpetuated this error in their books, and when Powell’s most important biographer, William Darrah, tried to research Hawkins’ background, this was the name he pursued.

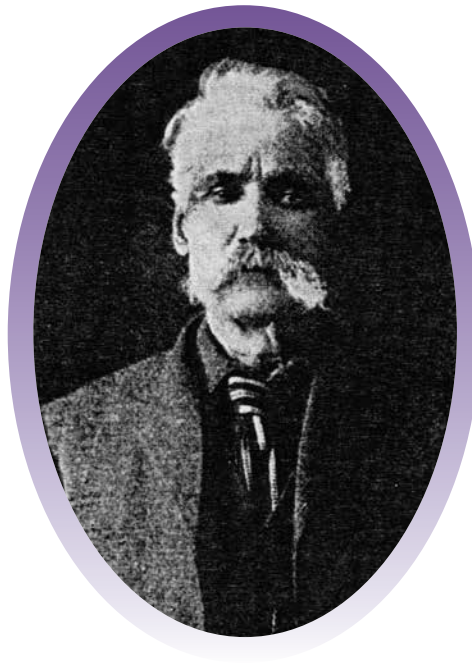
I also used the name William Rhodes Hawkins in requesting Civil War records from Missouri and national archives, but all I came up with was a Confederate Colonel named William R. Hawkins. Considering that our Billy Hawkins fought for the Union, later named a son for Abraham Lincoln, and was far too young to be an officer, this was a poor fit. Then I had the same hunch that Darrah must have had. I requested the name William Rhodes, and back came a record for one William H. Rhodes. It was this record that Darrah used as his background source on Billy Hawkins, first in an 1947 article in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, and then in *Powell of the Colorado*. Later historians, including the otherwise careful Lavender and Stegner, simply trusted Darrah, and so did the descendants of Billy Hawkins, who incorporated Darrah’s account into published family histories.

Darrah listed Hawkins as being born in 1841, which would have made him 28 on Powell’s trip. Darrah’s

Hawkins enlisted in the Union cavalry in Boonville, Missouri in June of 1863, but by November the muster roll listed him as “absent under civilian arrest”. By January he was back with his unit, and he was mustered out in St. Louis in May of 1865. There were no details of his crime, and Darrah says: “It is perhaps just as well that no additional facts are included”. Darrah implies that this incident accounts for Hawkins using an alias, but he also implies that this crime couldn’t have been serious enough to warrant serious punishment. Darrah doesn’t ask why, if this arrest was so minor, Hawkins was using an alias many years later? Darrah omits mentioning that he is talking about a William Rhodes, which would imply that Hawkins committed his offense before he enlisted and was already hiding his identity, though his crime soon caught up with him.

But there were discrepancies that should have alerted Darrah. Rhodes listed himself as married, but the real Hawkins didn’t get married until 1873 in Utah. Rhodes listed a birthplace of Webster County, Missouri, but Hawkins, in several Mormon Church records, always listed Gentry County as his birthplace. Most significantly, family records listed Hawkins’ birth date as July, 1848, and on this point the Hawkins family refused to accept Darrah’s version. An 1848 birth means Hawkins was twenty at the start of Powell’s trip, and only fifteen when he enlisted in the Union army. Rhodes’ enlistment form measured him at six feet, one and a half inches tall, which is tall for anyone of that time, and especially for a fifteen year old.

If Darrah had pursued the name William W. Hawkins, he would have found a better match. This Hawkins lists his birthplace as Gentry County. He is five feet, five inches tall. He did claim to be seventeen upon enlisting, but it was common for kids to lie to get into the army. This Hawkins gives his current home as St. Clair County. I visited St. Clair county and checked the 1860 census and found a Hawkins family headed by the widow Sarah Hutton Hawkins, with five children. All their names match the names in the family Bible that Billy Hawkins passed to his descendants. The census lists Billy as born in 1848.



William Rhodes Hawkins  
As he appeared in 1909 at the age of 68.  
Reproduced from "Colorado River Controversies"  
(1932) courtesy of Dadd, Mead & Co.

Billy's oldest brother, John, enlisted in the Union cavalry in 1861. The Civil War in Missouri, a slave state that remained in the Union, showed the ugliest face of a civil war, with neighbors burning each other down. St. Clair County was near the bloody Missouri/Kansas border and in the thick of the action. General Price's Confederate army pitched winter camp there, and issued a call for new recruits to rally there. A Kansas Union General looted the county seat, Osceola, and burned it down. When Confederate guerrilla leader Bill Quantrill burned down Lawrence, Kansas and massacred its citizens, he said it was in retaliation for Osceola. In response to Lawrence and the aid given to the guerrillas by border Missourians, the Union commander Ewing ordered the border populace evicted, and the refugees flooded into St. Clair County.

St. Clair County wasn't the safest place to be a Union supporter, and this is probably why Billy Hawkins slipped across the Polk County line to enlist in the Union army. Crossing this line also placed him outside the jurisdiction of the highly controversial General Ewing, and meant he could go join his brother's regiment, the 15th Cavalry. A few months previously, Billy's mother had died, freeing him of parental obligations, but it seems he waited until the crops were in before enlisting. He took with him a horse that the Union Army valued at \$110. Hawkins' regiment patrolled west central Missouri and engaged in minor skirmishes.

In the fall of 1864, General Price made one last attempt to seize Missouri for the Confederacy. From Arkansas, Price's army of 12,000 cavalry troops (including a Union spy named Wild Bill Hickock) headed for the state capital of Jefferson City. Hawkins' regiment rushed to its defense, arriving just one day ahead of Price. Price decided that the capital was too well defended and headed further west, where he was joined by Quantrill's guerrillas, including Frank and Jesse James, who had just finished a massacre and dangled the scalps of Union soldiers on their bridles. Hawkins' regiment went in pursuit, and they were soon joined by a unit including Bill—not yet Buffalo—Cody. They chased Price for 150 miles, engaging him several times. Finally at Mine Creek, Kansas, Hawkins took part in a cavalry charge of 2,600 Union troops against a force twice that size, a charge led by Colonel Benteen, who later became famous at the Little Big Horn. The Union charge shattered Price's forces and ended the Confederate threat to Missouri.

Hawkins' unit wasn't engaged in any military action on February 23, 1865, the day he was arrested for mutiny. The only record of this event is the log of the military prison in Springfield, Missouri, which lists Hawkins as "Confined for mutiny." Perhaps Hawkins had committed an act of personal rebellion against authority. For eighteen days Hawkins was "confined without order," which may mean awaiting trial. The next muster roll for his unit lists him as "present," However, Hawkins received no

further pay after his arrest. The implication is that if he was serving without pay, he may have been serving out a sentence, perhaps doing menial labor for his unit, such as cooking, which was what he did on Powell's trip. Hawkins had originally enlisted for twenty months, and the army held him to that contract, discharging him on July 1, 1865. Hawkins must have walked off in a huff with some army gear, for his muster-out form stated that he owed the army \$1.61 for "one waist belt, one gun sling, one shoulder sling and plate."

You can see why Hawkins would have wanted to hide his identity from a Union officer like Powell. If, during the year between inviting Hawkins on his river trip and the launch, Powell had checked into Hawkins' military record, he would have discovered a mutineer and surely refused to take him.

Where did Hawkins get the name Rhodes? Darrah's William H. Rhodes was a cavalryman who fought in some of the same battles as Hawkins, so maybe Hawkins knew him and borrowed his more honorable name. More likely, it came from a famous mountain man named Bill Rhodes, who roamed the west for a quarter of a century, and was in Wyoming during its 1867 gold rush, as was Hawkins. Mountain man Rhodes was killed by Indians in 1868, so the name was free. Of course its possible that Hawkins got into further legal trouble while roaming the wild west after the war. His application for a military pension reveals that he arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas in August of 1865, Denver the next spring, Nevada in 1867, Wyoming later that year, and Colorado by 1868, where he met Powell. But I suspect that Hawkins adopted the alias entirely to prevent Major Powell from checking his past. Ironically, Hawkins' secret may have made a crucial contribution to Powell's success. When the Howlands and Bill Dunn mutinied at Separation Rapid, it may have been important to Hawkins to prove he was no mutineer.

Hawkins got into another ordeal with the military when he applied for a military pension in 1890. At that time, pensions were given only for disabilities suffered in the line of duty. Hawkins claimed he was seriously disabled due to his horse falling on him in 1864, attributing an amazing list of maladies, including asthma, to this accident. The War Department was highly skeptical, as there was no mention of such an accident in Hawkins' record, and the unit surgeon knew nothing about it. It probably didn't help that Hawkins was a mutineer who disappeared with \$1.61 of army property rather than properly filing a disability discharge. Hawkins hired a Washington D.C. law firm to pursue his case and for years continued filing affidavits. He must have realized that his fame as a Colorado River superman wasn't consistent with being disabled in 1864, for on one document he claimed that his "symptoms" didn't appear until 1870.

*Don Lago*

# The Boatmen

UPON REACHING THE RIVER, strangers start the process of becoming familiar with each other, and perhaps even friends in the next few days of shared adventure.

The people I will always think of the most, though, when in my mind's eye I gaze back to the river, will not be infrequent visitors such as myself, but rather the boatmen who live here. Those fortunate few whose veins flow with river water, and their grit, the river sand.

Suntanned to a brown only matched by the muddy river, hands callused by the daily rhythm of the oars, eyes that see beyond the distant bend of the river, and ears gauging the fall of the next rapid before it comes into view—these are the boatmen of the Colorado River. In my travels to distant places, and at my home where there is a sameness among those who make up the community in which I dwell, I find no other group quite like them.

Trading office for raft, and bank account for river bank, they look upon these visitors, who for a few days, live an adventure that can never be explained to those who fear to tempt fate beyond their carpeted floors and stuffed chairs.

These women and men look upon their charges who, with rings flashing in the sun, watches strapped securely into place, and suntan lotion applied on all fair skinned parts, climb into their boats seeking a good time. These same women and men become more than vacation guides that take you from point a to point b; they become friends to whom you entrust life and limb in rapids and on hikes up to different canyon views.

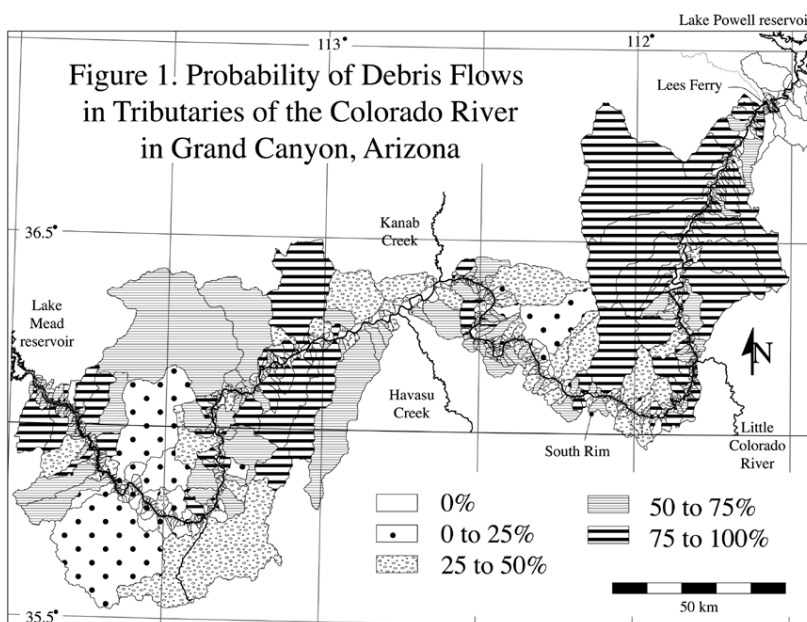
What determines if a person is successful in life? Social status—No, this only means you have met other peoples' expectations. Family position and prominence—No, even though this is important, it doesn't have power to always impart peace; in fact, sometimes quite the opposite occurs from such a responsible position. Is it money then? Not this either, because no matter how much you acquire, there is always something else to obtain just out of reach. Education—Not even this, for it is not what you learn that makes you brilliant, but rather how well you apply it to your everyday situation.

Success then must be that which enriches the soul. Success must be that you have received life's practical education and learned how to adapt it to your needs. Success must be the ability to do with your life that which others don't always understand, but that you don't worry about.

Perhaps then, success must be a boatman, whose ceiling is the stars and the moon at night, and the sun through the day. Perhaps success must be walls of a rainbow hue, with a carpet of desert sand.

This cannot be everyone's success; we must all find our own definition. But when I think of the Grand Canyon, it is always with these women and men of the raft in view. Successful in a life beyond comprehension, successful in a life beyond description.

Keith Price



## Correction

WE WOULD LIKE TO correct an error in an article titled *The Changing Rapids of Grand Canyon: Debris Flows* in the last issue of the bqr 14:2. The definitions of probability areas were missing from the debris flow probability map in the article. The correct map, including the definition areas is included here on the left.

## The Last Grand Canyon Ambition— A Review of Two Novels

EARLE E. SPAMER's *Bibliography of the Grand Canyon and the Lower Colorado River*, online at <http://www.grandcanyon.org>, has over 25,000 citations; of those, there are only 164 entries under "fiction," with less than 40 that might be considered novels. Lisa Michaels' recently published *Grand Ambition: A Novel* (W.W. Norton & Company, 2001, \$23.95 cloth, 275 pp., 0-393-05047-5) and John Vernon's upcoming *The Last Canyon* (Houghton Mifflin Company, October 16, 2001, \$24.00, 352 pp., 0-618-10940-4) increase not only the quantity, but also the quality, of Grand Canyon and Colorado River fiction.

"Glennie?" [his younger sister Jeanne] asked... 'Where they put her, will mother have the books she likes?' He turned away. 'Of course, silly. They have a huge library in heaven. Every book ever written.'" (Michaels, p. 188)

New publications on the Canyon and the River seem to be appearing almost constantly. Obvious comparisons of Michaels' novel about Glen and Bessie Hyde might be made to contemporary non-fiction release *Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde* by Brad Dimock; that of Vernon's novel about John Wesley Powell's 1869 river trip with Donald Worster's biography, *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell*. Perhaps less obvious might be this review of the works in regards to the novelization of these historical stories.

It is evident from the reading that both Michaels and Vernon have done considerable historical research and are to be commended. Although neither purports to be writing a history, it is this accuracy that can lend a feeling of believability. The craft of the novelist allows both the freedom to add dialogue, thoughts, and emotions without having to speculate, and thus they are not limited to "just the facts, ma'am." It is hard to read for pleasure after reading history; this reviewer must fight the tendency to always look for the picayune, so I'll get it out of the way now.

It seems Michaels may have had a couple of things off, one being Glen Hyde's dad being named Reith instead of Rollin, which could have come from some information in the Marston Collection, and can be excused as poetic license. More obvious is the dust jacket illustration, a combination of at least three images, placing Glen and Bessie in more of a skiff, not a scow, and on a river not obviously recognizable as the Green or the Colorado.

More has been written, and there is more information available, about Powell, thus nit-picking is easier.

Vernon has accepted Powell in his assignment of men to boats, although that has been corrected long ago by researchers consulting others letters and diaries, most recently Ardian Gill in "Who Was 'Kitty Clyde' Anyway?" in the summer 2001 *boatman's quarterly review*. Much debate has occurred concerning the oaring configuration in Powell's 1869 Whitehall boats: were there sweep oars on that first trip, and, if so, when were they put to use? Because of the numbers of men and boats at the beginning of the trip, they probably did not start with steering oars. In discussions with Brad Dimock, Al Holland, and Michael Ghiglieri, it might be concluded that lack of "steerage" contributed to the wreck and loss of the "No Name," and that the men figured out pretty quickly thereafter that since they had extra men and needed more control, that they needed sweeps. Vernon has "ruddermen" in the boats prior to Disaster Falls, but that really is a picayune nit. Another is did Powell wear his lifejacket around his neck or his body?

That out of the way, both novels were fun and enjoyable reads, with Michaels' being the more gripping and therefore my preference. She alternates short chapters from Reith Hyde's point of view to longer ones from Glen and Bessie's; Vernon divides his book into two alternating stories by parts, that of Powell's trip with travels by Paiutes, so that some members of each party are destined to meet at the end. Although endings for the Powell party and the Hydies are generally well known to river runners and readers of this publication, as such these stories are not real mysteries but delve rather into the mysterious inner workings of the minds and feelings of the characters.

"They were stuck in time, thought [Sumner], like flies in fresh amber. They'd be here forever and no one seemed to care." (Vernon, p. 244)

When you have a bit of time on the river, or are waiting at home for that next trip, I recommend either novel for that dreamtime escape.

C.V. *Abyssus*

## Letters from Grand Canyon— Reversal: Establishing a Course

WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING events that have occurred over hundreds of years in the area that is now the Colorado Plateau (traversed by the Colorado River). These events are reasonably clear in their overall architecture, but the fine details escape resolution, much as the far wall of the Grand Canyon, hazy in the shimmer of late-afternoon light, reveals the grand entablature of major cliffs and the contrast of dark forest and lighter bare rock, but not individual ledges and trees. We accept this soft focus of understanding because time and space wear down detail, as they should. But now we have arrived at last at the Cenozoic, the youngest era, the age of mammals, our age, a time when we might expect to be able to lean back with a contented sigh and say: “Now at last, we can see, know, understand everything, now we can finally relax.” But this is perhaps the most puzzling, the most obscure, the least well known part of the whole story.

The problem is this—as was discussed in the previous *Letter (Genesis)*, Mother Earth had quite a sneeze at the end of the Mesozoic Era: tectonic plates crashed into each other, mountain ranges were thrown up, interior seas slogged in and then back out, and the landscape was changed profoundly. When the dust settled, what is now the Colo-

rado Plateau had acquired the general shape of a huge saucer, rimmed by mountains and sporting large lakes in the low-lying center. Not surprisingly, rivers, which have a marked preference for going downhill, took the sensible course of generally flowing radially inward from the

mountainous rim to the lakes at the center. In the case of northern Arizona and adjacent southern Utah, this means that they flowed *North*, which is the exact opposite to the present course (generally *South* to *Southwest*). How, and when, precisely, did this reversal take place? What might have caused it? We don't know (so much for the Apollonian clarity of vision). With luck, someday we will find a clue that will complete the puzzle, or put

the information we have into a new framework that will enable us to say “of course!”

Although the broad outlines of the landscape of today were already in place shortly after the “sneeze,” the details were not, and it is these details which give geologists trouble. Our understanding is made more difficult because of the scarcity of deposits and landscape features which we can attribute to the time of drainage reversal. Without them, there is little to work with, and we can only make a proposal as to what occurred, and when.

The building of the proposal begins with the colorful geologist Charles B. Hunt. Hunt spent decades in parts of the Colorado Plateau that are today infested by motorhomes and mechanical contraptions of every kind, but in the '30s, '40s and '50s were as empty and lonely as Tierra del Fuego. He got to know the plateau like the inside of his pockets, and was especially intrigued by the rounded river gravel, abandoned channels, and isolated remnants of valleys (such as Unaweep Canyon across the Uncompahgre Plateau of southwest Colorado) which he kept finding in places where no rivers are found today. With time, dedication, and much patience, Hunt assembled the various pieces into a commendable

picture, which he published in 1969 (*Geologic History of the Colorado River in U.S. Geological Survey Professional Paper 669, The Colorado River Region and John Wesley Powell.*)

What Hunt found is that by the Miocene time (roughly 25 to five million years ago), the Colorado Plateau had a river network that

could be considered ancestral Colorado River, and so on. The courses of the ancestral rivers departed considerably from the modern ones in detail, *but the ancestral rivers flowed in the same direction as the rivers of today, south to southwest*. This means that the reversal of flow probably took place somewhere in the interval between about 40 million years ago, when rivers still flowed into the central lakes, and the Miocene.

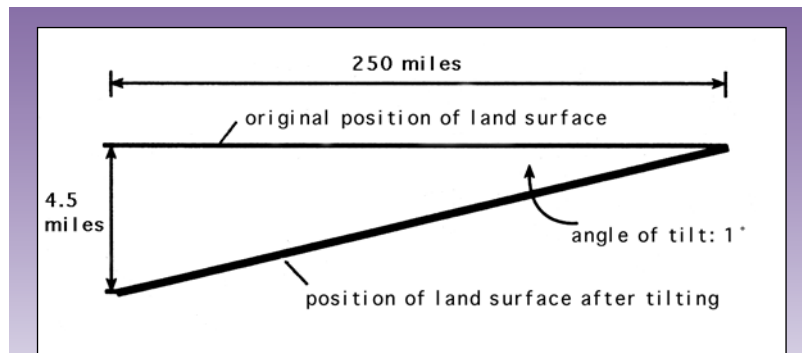


Figure 1: A tilt of one degree produces a difference in elevation of 4.5 miles over a horizontal distance of 250 miles. (The tilt is exaggerated in the above drawing for illustrative purposes.)

How did it happen? Hunt proposed that the southern course was established when the lakes overflowed and spilled through a low area to the south. This is not very realistic for a variety of reasons. In particular, the western and southern rim of the saucer consisted of the formidable mountain range, the great rim, produced by the “sneeze” that took place at the end of the Mesozoic and the beginning of the Tertiary. This would not be a probable place for the lowest spot of the entire rim. The lowest spot would most likely have been to the east, bordering the High Plains and producing eastward flowing rivers such as the Platte and Arkansas. So, we are left with two workable possibilities for reversing the course of the streams of the plateau:

- a) Tilting of the Colorado Plateau
- b) Eroding part of the rim to below the level of the lake.

Tilting seems like a promising way to lower the rim relative to the center and to reverse drainage. Even a very small tilt makes for very large differences in elevation over the horizontal distances that are in question here: a tilt of only one degree makes for a difference in elevation of nearly four and a half miles over a horizontal distance of 250 miles (roughly the distance between the lakes in Utah and the rim of the plateau).

Thus, tilting the plateau to the south by one degree would lower the southern rim by four to five miles (or raise the center by a like amount), ample to achieve the reversal (Figure 1). But, there is a problem. The sediments which were deposited in the ancient lakes before the tilting were initially horizontal and should have also been tilted southward. Of this there is no evidence. What we do see is that the durable Paleozoic and colorful Mesozoic rocks are tilted northeast, as much as four degrees near the south rim of the plateau, decreasing to about one degree toward the interior. But this is part of the saucer shape of the Colorado Plateau, which came about when the saucer shape was formed, not later. The working of erosion upon these tilted beds is what gave rise to the Grand Staircase, so majestically displayed when one drives north from Jacob Lake on the Kaibab Plateau.

The effect of erosion upon beds tilted so long ago may well be part of the reversal story. When erosion

attacks a rock couplet that consists of a hard caprock overlying softer beds, the result is a scarp that with time gradually retreats down the dip (maximum slope) of the beds (Figure 2).

Hard-over-soft couplets are common in the Mesozoic section of the Colorado Plateau, and many have produced the remarkable cliffs of the region, including those of the Grand Staircase. We need only mention the Vermilion, Chocolate, and Echo Cliffs, the battlements of Black Mesa, and even the monoliths of Monument Valley to make the point clear (Figure 3). More directly important to our story, the process of cliff retreat has had the overall effect of lowering first the area near the rim of the plateau whereas the saucer’s center once occupied by ancient lakes, remains high the longest (Figure 3). The new effect was a reversal of topographic slope. Thus, we

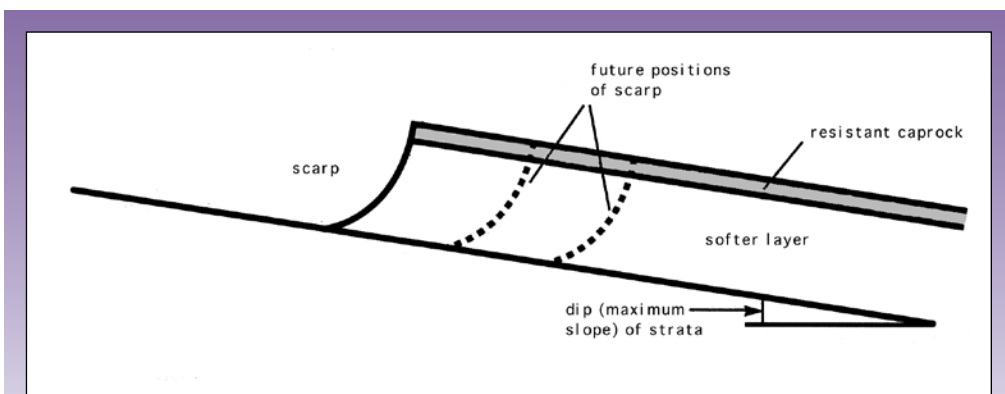


Figure 2: Formation of scarp when resistant caprock overlies softer beds. With time, scarp moves down-dip because of erosion. (The dip is exaggerated in the drawing for illustrative purposes.)

can eliminate the undocumented idea of back tilting of the strata.

But, is this change in topography enough in itself to cause a reversal of drainage? Not likely, because the formidable mountainous rim of the saucer was still in place and the rivers had to find a way across the barrier to establish a southerly or westerly course. The solution probably lies partly in the ways of rivers, and partly in events west and south of the plateau’s rim.

In a previous *Letter*, we explored how rivers work, and found that, to erode, they need energy. As we will see in the next *Letter*, rivers with steep gradients erode vigorously and extend themselves by the process of headward erosion, which enables them to gnaw their way across mountain barriers. Are we starting to hit pay dirt here? Maybe. To find out, we need to expand our views and think about the Land Beyond the Mountains, that shadowy place west and south of the great rim.

The mountains forming the rim did not extend west

and southwest forever: somewhere, they came to an end, and what lay beyond them was the sea, not immediately perhaps, but not that far either. Rivers flowing toward the sea worked their headwaters back into the mountains. If the country inland of mountains, namely, our great saucer, was also well above sea level, the rivers would eventually carve their way across not only the mountains, but also into the saucer that lay beyond.

We know that the saucer was near sea level when the mountain building took place, because much of the area was occupied by the Interior Seaway. And the saucer must have been lifted above sea level in order for Hunt's

tion is lowered. In the Basin and Range province, the ranges are still high, but many of the basins are not. Streams emptying into these basins would have their mouth at a low elevation and their headwaters at a relatively high one, meaning steep gradients and vigorous headward erosion. This is another mechanism by which streams from the west and southwest could have worked their way into the plateau, reversing its drainage network.

In sum, the proposal is that reversal of drainage on the Colorado Plateau resulted from a combination of events. On the plateau, erosion and down-dip migration of scarps, starting near the upturned rim, lowered the

region near the rim. The area near the Colorado Plateau's center remained high. This caused a reversal of topographic slope. Meanwhile, the plateau and its mountainous rim were probably uplifted, encouraging the encroachment of streams that emptied into distant oceans and which carved their way across the rim. This process was hastened when the mountains forming the western edge of the rim were pulled apart and foundered into what is now the Basin and Range province.

Please note that I refer to all this as a proposal, or in scientific jargon, a hypothesis. Information of various kinds is

pulled together to develop an idea of what might have happened, or is likely to have happened. It is a reasonable guess, the best that can be done with the scanty information on hand. Tomorrow, new information may prove this hypothesis right, or wrong, as the case might be. But that is the fun of studying things that are veiled by the passage of untold time.

*Dr. Ivo Lucchitta*

*This is the sixth in a series of "Letters from Grand Canyon" by Ivo Lucchitta that will appear in future issues of the bqr.*

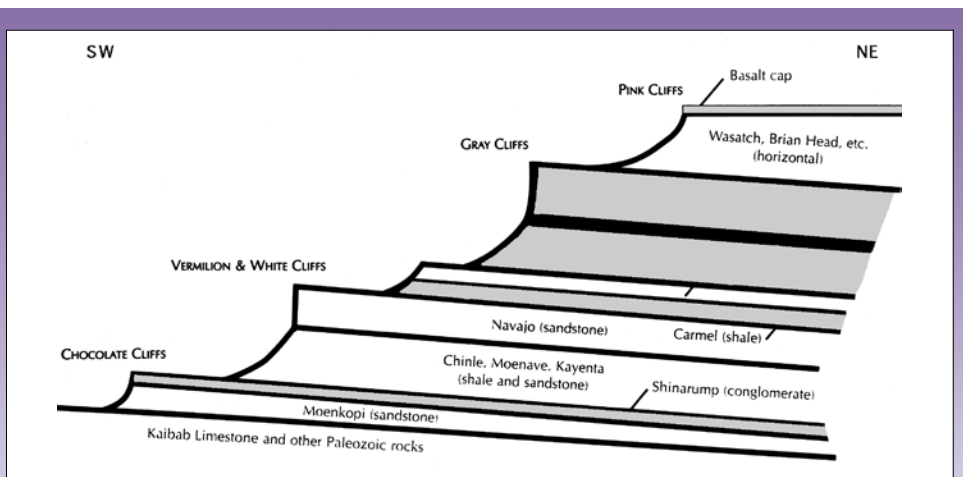


Figure 3: The Grand Staircase. Vertical distances, greatly exaggerated relative to horizontal ones. Treads of stairs are on resistant units. Each rise is a cliff formed by resistant caprock over less resistant beds. Beds forming Pink Cliffs are horizontal, whereas underlying beds are tilted gently, so contact between the two is an unconformity. Many formations are omitted from the above drawing for clarity.

ghostly river network to form. Consequently, whatever uplift took place at this early stage would have happened between when the sea left, about 65 million years ago, and the time of the river network, about 25 million years ago. We now have a mechanism whereby events taking place far beyond the rim of the Colorado Plateau, combined with erosional processes on the plateau itself, would give us a means for reversing drainage directions on the plateau.

But there is another major disturbance that we must consider. In Miocene time, the area west and south of the plateau was pulled apart by a great episode of rifting, causing the breakup of its ancient mountainous rim. This produced the Basin and Range province so well represented in Nevada, great ranges and intervening basins all aligned roughly north-south, which from space look like an army of giant caterpillars marching determinedly north. When a region is pulled apart, its average eleva-



## Grand Canyon Life Zones

### I. Transition:

Ground-nesting under a juniper  
like a Townsend's solitaire  
in my sleeping-bag,

I awake to the eerie predawn whistles of elk.  
Before the sun, I leave; my first steps  
on Kaibab limestone—Permian, bonehard and white.

Within a few miles, millions of years surround me.  
What was an ocean becomes a muted sea  
of rock; the smooth, sheer Coconino—  
once a giant sand dune—turns  
into a tablet lettered with petrified tracks;  
a single tailmark drags behind each set of clawfeet.

### II. Upper Sonoran:

Caves in the Redwall  
are deep sockets  
holding old souls:  
palm-sized figurines  
of bighorn sheep  
folded from willow  
and buried in sand.  
If centuries ticked by  
as seconds, they would be  
just hours old, like tracks I leave  
near pads of prickly pear and agave.

### III. Lower Sonoran:

From the inner gorge, the rim's invisible;  
the canyon's so wide, the sky's an ocean.

The tamarisk casting shade  
could be in any desert canyon.  
A person could live here

without ever knowing the *pik*  
of a three-toed woodpecker living a mile above.

But these rocks are earth's marrow.  
And the pulsing Colorado churns red

with mud, while upstream, the the elbow  
of a confluence, the Sipapu—  
the navel of this world—lies open.

*Andrea Ross*



*Dennise Gaackstetter*

### tamarisco

you old salty cedar  
how many have put tongues  
to your grey green scales  
how many, noses  
to your frenetic pink  
bee and fly filled  
plumes

*Rhonda Barbieri*

## Jimmy Hendrick

**I**HAD MET THIS PERSON: she was in the anti-war movement when I was in the Marine Corps, and I found that quite amusing, listening to her stories, and her talking about politics and things like that. I ended up seeking her out after I got out of the Marine Corps, and tried to find her. I ended up going to Havasu Canyon with her on a little backpacking trip. I thought that was pretty ridiculous, because when I was in the military, you avoided carrying things on your back, and you tried to avoid walking long distances. But I went with her, and discovered this place, Havasu Canyon. I went down there one day, and I was swimming in all the pools and stuff, and we went down to the river and we're hangin' out on the river, and the big old boat pulls up, a motor rig, and it drives into the mouth of the canyon, and it just blew my mind. I looked out at the river and I thought, "I can't believe there's people down here with boats! I want to do this!" I think it was like the fourth time I'd ever been to the Grand Canyon in my life. I just saw this boat, and I said, "That's what I'm gonna do." It wasn't like a big, traumatic decision or anything, it was just I saw a boat. I had no idea there were boats like that. I didn't know there were boats on rivers, and I was gonna do it. So I went down to the boat, and it just so happened that I knew the guy driving the boat. (chuckles) The guy was working for arta, my first employer, [American River Touring Association] and he was way generous. He thought it was great. I was out of the Marine Corps, and he just goes, "Okay! You want a trip?" (chuckles) I'm just like, "Well, ah, yeah!" It was that easy. So he gave me directions on how to find the boss. "You must go to the boss." So I set out hitchhiking from Havasu Canyon to Oakland, California, where the most honorable boss was. And he was—I'll never forget it—1016 Jackson Street, downtown Oakland, California. And I couldn't understand how the hell Oakland, California could relate to the Grand Canyon. Why was I going to Oakland, California, to get into the Grand Canyon?! You know? So I hitchhiked to Oakland and here I am hitchhiking downtown Oakland, (chuckles) and I was going, "I can't believe this!" And they had their office in like this rundown, ramshackle part of the city of Oakland, and I was not used to being in big cities. We all have to pay a price, [though], so that's what happened.

**Steiger:** And who was the boatman?

**Hendrick:** The boatman? His name was Steve Dupuis. I met him in California—when I was in the Marine Corps, I met him.

**Steiger:** Let's back up. Tell me just a little bit more about your family. What was your dad like? What was

your mom...

**Hendrick:** My family. My greatest remembrance of my dad was the day we went out to hunt pheasants, and I was really young—must have been around seven, I think, and I had a 4.10 shot gun. My mom would always rant and rave about how it was too dangerous for me to be running around with this shotgun. So this is the thing I remember: My dad had a few nips of Irish whiskey, he was part American Indian, he was mostly Irish. He liked whiskey. He always had a drink of Irish whiskey on the way to pheasant hunting. So we're in a 1949 Mercury, which is an awesome ride—this car was really fun. I remember, seven years old, I'm holding this 4.10 shotgun, scared to death that my father would see me do something wrong besides what he had taught me on how to handle the shotgun. I was supposed to hold it a certain way, it couldn't be loaded, the safety.... Dah, dah, dah, dah. Everything had to be just right, or he'd speak. He'd never ever hit me or touch me like that, but he would have to speak in a tone of voice which would scare me. So I didn't want to be scared, so I tried to handle the shotgun perfectly, and I'm trying the best I can. He says, "Step out of the car now, with your shotgun, Jimmy." And I open the door, and I start to step out, and here's my father, who's had maybe a few more nips of whiskey than he should have, grabbing his shotgun and blows a hole the size of... (chuckles) the hole in Upset, through the roof of the '49 Merc, and I'm goin' (look of astonishment).... And I realized right then that maybe authority figures and adults and maybe everyone else doesn't always know what's best for you. He's a well-meaning gentleman, but he just blew a hole through the roof. That could have been my head or his foot. So I then began to doubt authority, I think, at an early age. But my father wasn't really an authoritarian figure—he was just a happy-go-lucky guy who lived in a small town and owned very small businesses. And if it wasn't for the Native Americans who came through to buy stuff, they would have all starved.

**Steiger:** That was in South Dakota?

**Hendrick:** South Dakota, yeah. And they were just really cool people: they were farmers, they were hard workers.

I'll tell you one more story: My father took in pheasant hunters, and he'd take 'em out hunting. So I guess you could say, in a funny way he was a hunting guide. No offense to bird hunters, but I see hunting guides where I live now [Alaska] that hunt grizzly bears, and it's hard to equate being a hunting guide on a pheasant. When you're used to hunting moose and grizzly bears, it's hard to, (in deep, brave voice) "Let's

go hunt a pheasant!” It’s like, it’s just a little bird. I mean...

I forgot what I was going to tell you. Oh shoot! Pheasant hunting.... Oh, my dad goes.... See, all these pheasant hunters get in line and walk across a field. So they’re walking across this field, and this guy walks up to my father and he gives him the keys to his pickup and he goes, “Barney, here’s your keys.” And Barney turns bright red, “What the hell are you doing with my truck keys?!” And the guy starts to tremble, you know. Barney says, “How’s anyone supposed to use the truck if the keys aren’t in it?” He goes, “Jimmy, take these keys back and put ’em in the truck!” And the poor guy’s totally confused. My dad’s furious. He’s like, “What if one of my neighbors, what if one of my family members needed that truck?!”.... So it was a different world than we live in now. So anyway...

I had a mother. (laughter) She’s French-Canadian Catholic—very, very into the religion thing, which I totally rebelled against. Her firmest purpose in life, once she saw me pop out of the womb, was I become a priest. She failed miserably, and she’s always been unhappy about that. She blames me. But a priest’s life was not for me.

\*\*\*

We used to call him “Jimi Hendrix” and Jimmy kind of encouraged that. It fit the bill. He didn’t play guitar, was not a rock star, wasn’t even black, but he *was* out there; one of quite a few wild men and women who were on the scene through the ’70s and early ’80s. He was—and probably still is— one of those people who until you did a trip with him seemed pretty flamboyant and full of himself; but after you got to know him became a friend for life, somebody you’d never forget and would always be glad you’d known. He started with arta, worked in Idaho; went to Africa with sobek; wormed his way into one of the sweetest little companies ever: Wilderness World; and after that sold ended up with Expeditions for a few years before migrating north to Alaska, where he resides today, running dog races in his spare time and otherwise keeping busy with an outdoor gear store “Denali Mountain Works” and a river company  
Too-loo-uk River Guides (P.O. Box 106, Denali, AK 99755 ~ akrivers.com ~ 907-683-1542).

\*\*\*

I wonder if people join the military because they have a lot of confidence, or they join the military because they don’t. You know? I think it’s kind of a mix. I could have gone off on my own. I wanted to go into a logging camp. I always wanted to do that, I wanted to be a

logger. So I told my parents when I was sixteen that I was going to go become a logger immediately. My dad talked me out of it.

So I did...I just—it was crazy. My brothers were in Vietnam. I had a brother in Vietnam at that time who wasn’t doing well. And I felt like...my uncle was in Iwo Jima, and he was a big-time part of my youth. You know, as a boy I loved listening to my uncle tell me stories about the old Marine Corps of the World War II era. Those people were bad. They would be on these islands, a hundred days in a row, under intense fire from the Japanese. I mean, everybody knows about the Marine Corps in World War II. Here was my dad’s brother, telling me stories about it, and geez, it’s like other people in my family always seemed to end up in the Marine Corps. So it was kind of...it was kind of like an adventure, but when I got into the Marine Corps I realized that I was overwhelmed by it, and I couldn’t imagine—even imagine. And I would try, because I can certainly, always imagine awesome sex acts with beautiful women—things like that. Or imagine cold swimming pools on a hot day. You know, imagine jumping out of an airplane with a parachute when you’re flying in one. But not...I had no idea that people could be so hard on each other.

Steiger: As people were in that situation?

Hendrick: As in the Marine Corps. It was like “Holy Toledo!” And I kept my mouth shut, but whenever I’d see somebody be abused, you know, or obviously an injustice is being done to a fellow boot in boot camp, or a Marine later in my career as a Marine, I would want to interject and stop them from doing whatever they were doing to this person, but then you wouldn’t be with the rest of the group, you know. So I learned how to live in a group, how to become controlled, and all these horrific things—I mean, things that I was totally disrespectful of...

I thought probably the war in Vietnam was a political mistake, and that militarily the military couldn’t function there as they did in other wars, because the political mess it was in. So I knew that I wasn’t.... I took the attitude as a seventeen-year-old growing into an eighteen-year-old, that, “Hey, this is all too much for me.” You know? All I know is that my two brothers are in the military. I just know if I’m going to go on with my life, I’ve got to get this military thing behind me. Let’s just knock it out, you know? Let’s just do the job, get it done, and go on and become the President or whatever. So I just wanted to get through the damned thing. I don’t know. I don’t know, Lew. Gee willikers, what was I thinking?!

I was in a helicopter squadron in a Marine Corps air wing. This is in California, close to San Clemente, where Nixon had his home in California. So he would land in Air Force One, we’d put him in our helicopters

and we'd fly him and support his group to San Clemente. I'd been reading this book, it was by this guy Jerry Rubin, and it was pretty ridiculous, but there was this thing that he talked about that I liked where this guy Mario Something went up to Berkeley and started the free speech movement by writing an obscene word on a wall, "Blank' War!" He just didn't like war, he thought war was a stupid concept. So that was what he wrote on a wall at UC Berkeley, and it became this big deal.... So I had that on my mind, and I knew Nixon was coming. Well, I was very insulted, because these big airplanes came in, full of caskets out of Vietnam, through Hawaii, and into our thing, and they were unloading these caskets and I was just moved emotionally. I thought, "This is too intense. Each one of those boxes these guys are moving around have a man in 'em. Each one of them have somebody's father or brother in each box." I was imagining how many people were affected by that box? How many people did that one box make sad, for how many years? And I thought, "Who's responsible for this?" You know, who is responsible for all of this sadness? Well, all of a sudden, all these officers are running around, they're all hyped up, "Air Force One is coming in, Secret Service are coming in. Let's go, move this mess!" You know? It's like, these are dead Marines. "Move this mess." So (swoop) we move 'em all out of the way, and they go, "Air Force One is coming!" So while everybody's running around, I go and I put on this guy's uniform that doesn't exist, and I grab this red paint, and we climb up onto this tower and we write, "Fuck War!" in giant letters on the tower. And we run down the tower, and out to our job site, and look up, and that's right where Nixon's gonna be, and he could see it, for sure. We were just kids, we were like eighteen-year-olds and we're like, "Uh-oh, we're gonna get in trouble." So we go back to work. The next thing I know, I'm standing there in this line and here comes the Secret Service guys. You know, they're all landing in their jets, and Air Force One comes in. The Secret Service guys come down, and here we are, Marines with our weapons, and they come and search us, and they clear our weapons to make sure we have no rounds in them, and then make sure we have no weapons or other grenades or anything like that. And then they walk away and I'm thinking, "Well, what if the assassins come? What'll I do? Hit 'em with the end of my rifle?" It's like, "This is ridiculous, man!"

So then Nixon came and he was cute, he was a crack-up. What a guy! He liked Marines, and he'd come down and he'd pat us on the head and shake our hands and slap you on the back, you know? And then there was Kissinger and Agnew and the whole gang. Mrs. Kissinger was very nice, long legs, very good-looking. She was delightful. The rest of them, ugly. Ugly old men. None of the Marines looked at those guys and thought, "Oh boy, there's our leaders." We looked at

them and went, "God help us!" It was scary.

**Steiger:** Did they ever find out who wrote "Fuck War" up on the tower?

**Hendrick:** No, they didn't. They did not find out, because we weren't dummies.

**Steiger:** They probably noticed that, though.

**Hendrick:** They definitely noticed it. They hustled old Dick into the cars and off to the helicopter pretty fast. Before you could say, "Jack Robinson," they had a big old sandblaster up there just (imitates sound of sand blaster) into the walls of the big water tank there. It was pretty wild.

\*\*\*

The first time I ran the Grand Canyon, I flipped at House Rock Rapids, so I think that was good to be humbled from the beginning.

**Steiger:** The very first time you flipped in House Rock?! What kind of boat was that?

**Hendrick:** Or was that my second trip? (chuckles) It was a snout rig, one of those arta snout rigs, those big, heavy.... It wasn't a snout rig, actually, it was a flat tube rig, but it was still a twenty-two-foot boat, a huge thing, must have weighed tons. Then they got better boats, they modernized and went to the snout boat, like people still have the snout boats down there today. But I'll never forget.... I thought the boat was big enough, because after running Idaho rivers, I thought it was pretty good, and I'd run the Middle Fork and the Selway, so I figured the Grand Canyon couldn't be that hard. And I saw that big hole down there at the bottom left of House Rock, and I figured since the boat I was rowing was so big—it could run that hole, but it didn't have a chance and so I turned over. A very good feeling. I just remember being under the boat and under the water, the power of that river was incredible. And I'll never forget it, the smell, the feel, of being under the river. It was just that feeling, and only the Colorado River has that. Every river that I have flipped in and swam in the deep water and through rapids on purpose, has its own taste, its own smell, its own feel, and its own visual stimulations too: you know, the sensations of seeing the color of the water when you're underwater. Ever since that flip, every time like I'll go swimming in the Colorado River and just go underwater, just take a bath and go underwater, I always have that same feeling and sensation in that same river. It all goes right back to that first flip.

I remember David Lowry a boatman for arta, he was on the boat. I just remember him laughing.

**Steiger:** He was riding with you?

**Hendrick:** Yeah.

**Steiger:** What, was he supposed to be training you or something?

**Hendrick:** Well, we were like both just starting out,

so they just gave us a boat. We didn't have commercial clients the first trip. I did the second trip. Third trip I ever did in the Canyon I had commercial clients. Like the Middle Fork of the Salmon, first trip, I had a full complement of commercial clients. A lot of rivers in those days you could just jump on and you either could make it, or you couldn't. Now you have to take all these little tests and have so many trips. (chuckles)

**Steiger:** Yeah, boating in the nineties. When was that thing?

**Hendrick:** I was just thinking of a trip in the fall of 1972, an arta commercial trip. Who the heck was on that thing? Dave Lowry.... This is interesting, let me think back to that. Who the heck was on that old arta crew? It was Don Briggs, of course, the guy we were talking about last night. Louise Hoaglund... Louise Teal who was then Louise Hoaglund, her husband Roger was on the crew. Then there was some fellas who don't run anymore. I can't even remember... his name was Gary Something. He was a guy from California. Steve Dupuis from California. A lot of these guys never hung around for a long time—probably 'cause their backs were so sore from rowing those big boats.

**Steiger:** Those snout boats...

**Hendrick:** Not a snout boat. They got snout boats later and considered that real modernization.

**Steiger:** You hit that hole straight?

**Hendrick:** Yeah, I went down there, straight down the left side. But remember, House Rock was different in the early seventies. It was a different rapid. I don't know, maybe a big old alluvial thing came in on the right out of the canyon and pinched it off a little more or something, I don't know, but it was a little different.

**Steiger:** It was gnarlier, wasn't it?

**Hendrick:** It was gnarlier.

**Steiger:** How many times have you flipped on the river on Grand? Or flipped all together?

**Hendrick:** Well, in Grand Canyon, I'll try to simplify it. I think in private trips I never flipped a raft on a private trip in Grand Canyon, but I've gone out of my kayak, had my kayak stuck in holes and swam out of the hole while the boat's stuck in the hole. That happened to me in House Rock in the same hole, left side, 1975. I'll always remember that first flip, so I wanted to just kind of not really mock the river, but just show her that I wasn't terrified of that bottom left hole, and so I did a really wild run, and I'm really glad I did it. I back-paddled against the left wall the whole way, with just kind of sitting up very erect and just doing a real deliberate backpaddle stroke. So I backpaddled all the way into that hole, then dropped into it. And then I did like this endo and came up. I went to throw my brace, and I went from a low brace to a high brace immediately. I just cranked my right shoulder big-time. So I swam out of the hole, and if it was separated or trying to separate, this shoulder, I know that just being in the water must

have fixed it, because by the time I swam to shore, I don't even remember the shoulder pain. All I remember is lookin' back and seein' my boat still stuck in the hole.

**Steiger:** Wow.

**Hendrick:** And so me and Dick Hertzler, this guy from Prescott College—you know him, you know of him. We were sitting there and watching it, and he rolled up and smoked two drum cigarettes while we were watching the boat.

**Steiger:** It sat in that hole.

**Hendrick:** It sat in that hole that long. And then it spit out just as the rest of the kayakers on our trip showed up. It was really kind of a nice coincidence that they came paddling up and I was able to yell at them and signal to them (laughs), "There's my boat." It spit out of the hole, was takin' off downriver, I'm sittin' on shore.

**Steiger:** Did Hertzler have a raft, or...

**Hendrick:** Hertzler was kayaking too.

**Steiger:** You guys were going to go rescue your boat?

**Hendrick:** No, he was too busy doin' what he was doin'—watching. (chuckles) He was good at that.

**Steiger:** He didn't care.

**Hendrick:** No, he was havin' too much fun. There were other boaters out there. We knew they could take care of it.

\*\*\*

**Steiger:** So suffice it to say, it's not a big deal to be flipping—a big old traumatic thing.

**Hendrick:** No. The way the Wilderness World rig was, with the really low, deep-into-the-tube frame, to where the boxes and all your objects were, our whole goal was to keep all the boxes and all the objects below or at the tube level. So you could have an upside-down boat rippin' down through Crystal and you could even swim under it, and chances are you're not gonna hit anything except the oar locks. Chances are, things won't get wet. It's really an awesome design. Old Vladimir [Kovalik] set up that rig so you could do that.

**Steiger:** There was that, and also the life-lines were really good on his boats—on those Avons I remember—maybe not so good on the Havasus. But they were a pretty bomber rig.

**Hendrick:** Yeah, and you could, you know, people make such a big deal of flippin', 'cause the boats they have, if they flip the boats they have, they really are in deep trouble, 'cause a lot of the boats shouldn't be turned over...

**Steiger:** So I guess it's not being afraid of flippin' that kind of freed you up to be so experimental with all these other runs that you used to do. I mean, you're probably known for doin' unusual runs—not the tried-and-true, safe things. You know, like the right in Hance and...

**Hendrick:** I think that a lot of it had to do with Vladimir's optimism and his positive attitude and the fact that when I was rowin' for Wilderness World, specifically, I could relax and know that as trip leader, if I decide to run a certain route, I got all the rest of the crew backin' me up. All the rest of the crew is there in like what we called—to inject a little bit of fun into what could be an overly-serious event—is we're there to protect each other and we're on "safety alert," which means that someone's doin' a run that isn't your normal run, and the likelihood of turnin' over or some other reason, puttin' someone in the water, the likelihood has risen, so everyone gets ready to rescue that person's boat. And it's kinda fun...but everyone knows, anytime.... Yeah. I just really have to say that Wilderness World was a big positive reason why we could do things. I mean, he [Vladimir Kovalik] gave us a lot of support. We never ran in fear down there, we never thought, "Well, when we get back, we have to explain everything to the boss." It wasn't like that at all. It was a very trusted, positive relationship with him. And we never had any fear of something going wrong and having to explain it to him. There was no fear of that. We knew that if something actually did ever go wrong—and that, to us, meant someone got hurt—that he would know that it was totally an accident or fluke. We ran as safe a trips as anybody.

**Steiger:** What gets me is you have this reputation. I mean, on the one hand, you're one of the wildest guys around, and one of the wilder, more fearless boaters that ever ran down there commercially. But on the other hand, what everybody remembers about you—and me too, included—is how you used to drill that whole safety thing. I mean, there's a lot of guys where it's like, if you talk about that, you're bein' a wienie. You know, you're not supposed to get into...just 'cause you're scared or somethin'. But I remember the trips I ran with you where you were always talkin' that up. "Now God damn it, let's have everybody tight." You made sure that the whole crew was really aware that it was a team sport, and they're supposed to be together. Where the heck did you come up with all of that?

**Hendrick:** Where'd I pick that up?

**Steiger:** Yeah.

**Hendrick:** I picked that up because—without naming other companies that I've been around and worked for—well, I would say even more exactly is the experience of you come around a corner and you're the first person on your trip on the river, so you're the lead boat, and you come around the corner and there's some guy who's flipped from another company, or a private trip, and he's like he's in chaos. And you go, "Where's the rest of your trip?! How come there's just you and this other boat right there downriver?" Or, "How come there's only you here?" And he'll say, "Well, the other guys are downriver." "You mean to tell

me that the other people on your trip are gone, they're already downriver, and they're not even here to help you?! I mean, what, you guys are just all on your own?" And they totally act like it's normal, "Well, yeah." There were a lot of people runnin' down there who were like, they're on their own trip. As though each boat is its own little entity, you know. I found that to be...my attitude was the lead boat should be able to help the second boat, the second boat should help the third boat, and right on down the line, 'cause anything can happen at any time. And I know a lot of times people thought, you know, that was kinda wimpy...(chuckles) It's a selfish thing, because I don't like worryin'.

\*\*\*

**Steiger:** What was your recollection of 1983, where the water came up and the speed run passed you?

**Hendrick:** That was the high-water trip. When they dropped our first note, we were at Nankoweap. This



is like, if you look at the positioning that we were in, you know, we were pretty lucky. Okay, our first note's at Nankoweap, "Camp high, be safe. Water's comin' up to 60,000 tonight." "Sixty thousand?! Surely they jest!" I said. And as we moved the kitchen about three times, it was great to watch the river, like the kitchens, you know, our traditional campsites, to watch them go underwater. That was really cool, but it unnerved us a little bit. But then just to jump ahead, the water came down at 220 Mile. We take out at Diamond Creek—this was a traditional Sierra Club chartered Wilderness World trip. We take out at Diamond Creek, so at 220 Mile when we woke up, the boats were high and dry. I mean, like they were a long way from the water.

**Steiger:** So you guys got the whole peak?

**Hendrick:** We got the whole peak. It was something that was really troubling my ego, was that I wanted to know that no one, no one was on the river at higher water than me. That I was on the river at the highest water. And so knowing that the water was now going down made the take-out welcome. But I was very disturbed about that. I was really concerned that I was gonna take out, and the next day the water would come up even higher, and then I would have missed it. So I was delighted that the water came down. I think the thing that I remember most, personally, that worried me, was we were camped at Unkar on the right. There used to be a really nice camp right on the right above Unkar, above all the ruins and stuff...but the place was trashed really bad by that flash flood down that little side canyon there, which hopefully still doesn't have a name. So we were at that camp, and I remember hearing Unkar just.... You know, you can usually be around Unkar or Cardenas, and sometimes you might hear it, but it's never menacing. But you could hear like



this just, "Mawr," this roar, you know. The helicopters came over and dropped another note, just before dark. Another note came in and this was, "It's comin' up." Seventy [thousand cfs], or was it eighty?.... It was awesome. It was incredibly awesome.

**Steiger:** Was it scary?

**Hendrick:** Yeah, it was the night before. Before we entered Unkar, there was a real feeling of dread that I had that night. I didn't sleep well that night, and I just had this immense feeling of responsibility, 'cause I had no idea what it would be like. I was tryin' to imagine Hance and Sockdolager. I was like, "What will Sockdolager be like? What kind of constriction will be in there?" And you know, what I always think of, is I think of the worst case scenario. What's the worst thing that could

possibly happen? Worst thing that can possibly happen is a lone swimmer is separated from the rest of the trip.

**Steiger:** Out in front.

**Hendrick:** And what kind of shit is that person gonna swim into? What does below Sockdolager look like? What does the right wall in Hance look like? What will happen? What kind of eddies are there? Are there eddies? I've already noticed that upriver there were eddies that you would see, a person could swim into, and you couldn't get in there in a boat, and you'd go by 'em, and you couldn't pull in for maybe another two, three miles. So by the time you pulled in, that person could have already been lost. You know? So that was an awesome feeling, and I considered helicoptering everyone out at Unkar.

**Steiger:** You were actually already thinkin' about it?

**Hendrick:** Oh yeah. I considered hikin' everyone out at Red Canyon out of Hance. And then I considered Phantom.... But once we got through Unkar and we ran Nevills...Nevills was tremendously powerful, like the surges and everything, it was just so awesome. There's also another side of me that didn't want to deny this experience to these people. We had people like Billy Pritchett and the doctor and Dirk Pratley's mother, Margaret. I mean, here's Margaret Pratley, a middle-later-aged woman who's like.... You know, she's not Jane of "Tarzan and Jane" fame, she's an average woman of America today, and she's like totally positive attitude, "Let's go!" You know, "I'm responsible for my own life! Don't deny me this opportunity! It's not just because I paid for this trip. You're my friend now, you know me, how can you deny me this?" That was her attitude.

**Steiger:** Who was Billy Pritchett?

**Hendrick:** Billy Pritchett was a young man who organized the rest of the clients into expressing exactly the same thing Margaret was trying to. "We're your friends now, we've known you for four or five days. We thought you liked us. We thought you were sincere in the way you related to us. Now you're gonna deny us this experience. That's not our friend. That's just someone who we bought a trip from—you don't really care." And they got me by the heartstrings with that line. It just totally overwhelmed me. I said, "Okay, you guys are goin'!" And three of 'em were minors. So, you know, not to say these rapids weren't awesome, but they were kind of washed out, and they were less intimidating than I thought they would be. So I got a little cocky then. I thought, "Well, then I can handle the other stuff." But the thing is, there were a lot of things about the flood that were easier, but the repercussions of something going wrong during the flood were massive. And again, I get back to those eddies that you're not gonna get to people. If you turn a boat over, the boat may end up in one of those eddies. You're not gonna get to it, forget it. And the water was cold. So just

the same old worries we always have, concern for our clients' safety, magnified by 100,000 cfs...

[Then we get to Phantom Ranch and the ranger there tells] me not to go on. He says, "You need to hike your people up Pipe Springs."

**Steiger:** Oh, he did? He said, "The trip's over."

**Hendrick:** Well, he said, "The river's closed.... Crystal Rapid's closed. I'm not saying I'm gonna arrest you if you don't, but it's recommended, and I'm asking you to hike your people out and cancel the trip, and wait for evacuation" and all this. That's when three teenagers.... See, I told these kids on my trip earlier, I said, "When we pass Phantom Ranch, as an ex-Marine, I always stand on my cooler and salute the flag." Right? You've seen me do that? Maybe not. But always when I float by Phantom Ranch, I stand on my cooler and salute the flag at Phantom Ranch. That's a tradition. So I told the kids, "When we go by Phantom Ranch, you'd better do that, everyone better salute the flag. When you see Old Glory in those cottonwoods, I want to see some respect out of you people." And they remembered that, because while I was at Phantom Ranch, arguing with the ranger, the ranger's advising me to hike all the people out.... The ranger says, "There's been a fatality at Crystal, there's major problems down there, Crystal Rapid is closed."

**Steiger:** "Hike this trip out."

**Hendrick:** "This trip should be canceled." They didn't say adamantly, "You have to," they just said, "It should be, and we recommend you hike your people out, and you wait for evacuation." And so my question was, "Are there other people above us?" "Oh, no, only one or two trips." And it turned out there were only one or two trips that they let leave the Ferry. One was Kyle [Kovalik] and Brad [Dimock] and Helen [Yard] and Fritz [Carol Fritzinger], alone on that Caligari [an 18-foot raft similar to an Avon Spirit]. And the other trip was the Expeditions trip, Dick McCallum confronting them at Lees Ferry and saying, "No way, we're going!" And that's the one Dan and Brian [Dierker] were on. And they got their taste of high water—although not as much as us! But they got some.

But what I want to tell you is: We pulled up to Crystal.... Well, wait, I want to get back to the story.

**Steiger:** How did you decide that you were going on?

**Hendrick:** Well, I'll get to that, but I want to tell you this really funny thing. The ranger says.... And then he goes stomping off, from the ranger station where the flag is flying.... He was pretty irritated, and he stomped away, very frustrated.

**Steiger:** Because you told him, "No, we're not gonna..."

**Hendrick:** I told him I would consider it, but that I wouldn't be hounded into making a decision, and that if he wished to represent the Park Service, maybe he would be wiser to put the Superintendent on the phone

with me.

**Steiger:** The Superintendent?

**Hendrick:** Yeah. "Maybe I should go right to the top," I said. "You know, as a Marine aviator, I think that I wouldn't waste time with you as a lance corporal. I want to see the colonel. And I'm not gonna take any verbal abuse from you. So you either be quiet or get your superiors here to speak."

**Steiger:** As a Marine aviator?

**Hendrick:** Well, as a member of the Third Marine Air Wing. I flew in helicopters, I may not have flown them, but...

Anyway, so the kids were there at Phantom Ranch, the ranger walks away, and unbeknownst to me, the kids strike the colors. They take down Old Glory, because they know...

**Steiger:** Oh my God! Teenagers!

**Hendrick:** Two fourteen-year-olds and a sixteen-year-old on the trip, and they strike the colors, and they folded her up applicably, they did a good job. And I didn't know this, and this is a huge flag.

**Steiger:** They're doin' this why? Just because they don't want to salute?

**Hendrick:** They think I'm mad at the ranger, and they therefore don't feel the Park Service is worthy of flyin' Old Glory at their ranger station, so they pulled the colors down and folded 'em up, correctly, in respect to the flag, and stored it on the boat—unbeknownst to me. Big flag, property of nps.

**Steiger:** They struck the colors and swiped 'em, huh? (laughs)

**Hendrick:** Yes. Unbeknownst to me, three teenagers are stealing federal property at Phantom Ranch, under my nose.

**Steiger:** And stowing it away on your boat.

**Hendrick:** Right. So I stomp back to the boat and I tell the people, "This is not a good situation. The first thing we need to do is remove ourselves from the physical touch of these rangers." So we loaded the boats and we took off. And the ranger's doing this scene (gestures) as we float by. He's very upset. So we float down to Pipe Springs, because I get a pang of paranoia that I might be in trouble with the Park. You see now, the big trip, ever since Unkar, has been, "As trip leader you're runnin' lead boat. You pull over, is anyone else gonna make the pull-in?" Maybe, maybe not. You never hardly on that trip saw every boat make the pull-in. So I was pretty tense about this one. I was getting very graphic, using tense body language, "Come on, try harder!" And everybody pulled over at Pipe Springs, except the baggage boatman.... But he had no clients, so, "Bye-bye!" And I saw him disappear in those big rollers below Pipe Springs. I just figured, well if he flips and drowns, he's only a baggage boatman. But I knew somehow he'd be okay. So my first responsibility was to the paying, commercial, Sierra Club charter clients. So they're all in



there at Pipe Springs. I tell 'em, "Look, I really would appreciate it if each and every one of you good people would beat feet to the South Rim and disappear. Go. Go home. This is too much stress on me and the crew, and frankly, we just can't take it." So this doctor on the trip, a wonderful woman in her mid-forties, a physician, she stands up and she says—in all respect to the Sierra Club trip leader who was this other person who was kind of dealing with their own fears at the time, she says—"I think I speak for the rest of the trip that none of us want to leave." And so she was very professional and polite and she said, "Can we keep going? We'd really like to stick it out with you." And I said, "People, if you want to go on, then you're goin' on. I'm not gonna make anyone leave, although I wish everyone would." So they all just got on the boats. Here's our crew, standing on shore, the boats are tied up, and now...

**Steiger:** So I just want to get this straight and make sure I've got it. Basically the ranger's telling you, "Trip's over, you guys are outta here," and you say, "Sorry, I'm not going to be railroaded into this. We'll just go downstream and think about it."

**Hendrick:** Exactly.

**Steiger:** And then you put it to the people, and they don't want to go.

**Hendrick:** I put it to the people, but when I first put it to the people, it was like I want them to leave. I made it clear to them that I want them to leave, that I personally do not want to be this mentally overwhelmed with responsibility for people's lives, and this was beyond what we're being paid for, and they should all leave...

But I wanted to tell you about this thing with Kim Crumbo [ex-nps ranger]. The next day I pull into Crystal, and Crumbo's on shore there, he says, "Let me see your lifejacket." Now I'm waiting for him to say, "You defied the ranger at Phantom, you're outta here!" But he does say very subtly, something to the effect of, "You've pissed some people off. And you'd better be careful. And if I was you, I would get out of here as quick as you can." 'cause there were two helicopters in the air when we were there. And one of them definitely was rangers, and he was implying something, that "you need to get outta here." You know, "As a friend, if you hang out around here, you could be in trouble." So I go, "Thanks." And he goes, "But I can't let you go on." And I go, "Why?" And he goes, "Well, look at this." And he's holding up my lifejacket, and he says, "I can see the color of your eyes through this thing. You can't be serious! What are you doin' wearin' this?" "Hey, that's my lifejacket." "Well here, put mine on."

**Steiger:** Wow!

**Hendrick:** He tried to make me wear his brand new Park Service jacket. And you know, when I look back at that, I don't remember—I believe I took it, but I may not have, or something. I think we swapped life jackets. Or he got one from someone else or somethin', but the

point of the deal was, he wouldn't let me go on with the lifejacket I had, which was my jacket I'd had for like (with mock tears) thirteen years or something! It was totally worn out.

So okay, so now here's Kim Crumbo and the other Park Service people are workin' in the helicopters and they're walkin' around the area, and outta nowhere... these three teenagers walk up, and they go "Tah-dah!" and they hold up the flag! And they're all proud, and everybody's written on it!

**Steiger:** Oh my God!

**Hendrick:** Everybody's written on it.... The last thing I said to the people when we pushed off at Pipe Springs was.... They were so cute, because they all went down and got on the boats, and the whole crew is standing on shore. We're on shore and the people on the boats, and they're going, "Come on, let's go!" You know? And I'm lookin' at 'em and they all go, "Speech, speech! Speech by the trip leader!" You know, "Give us a moving speech," someone yelled, or something. I think it was Kimmy Kovalik—Vladimir's daughter was on the trip and she said, "Yeah, Jimmy, give us a real spirit-raising speech!" So the place became dead quiet, and they're listening, and I just looked at them and I said, "This might be dangerous." And we all got in the boats and we left. So we were there at Crystal, and on top of the U.S. flag in the white part of the flag, it says in big letters, "*This Might Be Dangerous.*" (laughter) And then there were notes from every client on the flag. "Great way to go! We love you!" and all this stuff, you know. And every one of them had signed it. "We'll all go to prison together!" "One for all and all for one!" you know. And just a great attitude, and it was hilarious. But Crumbo goes, "What is that?! Is that the Phantom Ranch flag that was reported stolen yesterday?! Get that out of my sight, I don't see it!"

**Steiger:** Ah, so you guys camped below Phantom that night, before Crystal.

**Hendrick:** Yeah. I believe we camped on the left above Granite, or maybe.... You know, I'd have to think a minute where the hell did we camp—I know we camped, because it was the next day, that they pulled out the flag. Those kids were awesome, how they did that. That was just a really funny thing.

**Steiger:** Well, now when you saw Kenton and those guys go by [Kenton Grua, Rudi Petschek and Steve Reynolds in a single dory, setting the world speed record through the Canyon], what did you think?

**Hendrick:** When I saw Kenton and those guys go by? Well, I thought it very odd. I was like, "Where's the rest of the trip?" (chuckles) I'm like, "Where is everyone?" I kept looking upriver, wondering where the other trip members were, where the rest of their boats were, because they were in a hurry, they didn't exactly explain what was going on. It was unbeknownst to us that there

was only one boat in their trip.

**Steiger:** So you didn't figure out right away that they were doin' a speed trip or anything.

**Hendrick:** Not at all, no. I thought it was a dory trip just cutting through our trip. I thought it was very strange. It's like, "What's your point? And where are the rest of your people? And why are two boatmen together?" (laughs) "What is going on?" But I don't actually recall, unlike the story Speed [see the Christa Sadler, Red Lake Books publication *There's This River*], saying I said all these obscenities and stuff. I don't actually recall, I don't remember being unfurled about their presence at all like that.

**Steiger:** I forget where I got that. That must have been me embellishing Kenton. I think he knew you were mad at him for passing you. It seemed like what he said was that they passed you right at Hermit, and you guys were already pulled out, and you were gettin' ready to run the rapid, and they just kind of went through you.

**Hendrick:** Yeah, exactly.

**Steiger:** And you and those guys ran it right together.

**Hendrick:** Yeah.

**Steiger:** Was it big? Do you remember, was Hermit big?

**Hendrick:** It was big.

**Steiger:** Were you guys cheatin' it?

**Hendrick:** We were cheatin' it. That's the thing is, I don't know what people are tellin' ya', but most of the stuff we rowed away from. I mean, it was too big, it'd be ludicrous to row into. I definitely know we cheated in Hermit. (pause) Heck yeah, cheat it.

**Steiger:** So when Crumbo gave you this lifejacket, so then did you guys walk everybody around Crystal?

**Hendrick:** Definitely. Yeah, we walked people around Crystal.

**Steiger:** But the run wasn't that hard?

**Hendrick:** The run wasn't that hard, and the run was funner than hell, rowin' through the tammies.

**Steiger:** Not rowin' by that hole.

**Hendrick:** Rowing through trees, you know. Actually being concerned that your boat might get stuck on a tree on the right side of Crystal is pretty wild. The hole was so far away. I mean, it was a piece of cake. But you know, it was, what, two days earlier that the person had died [during a motor-rig flip]. The really remarkable thing was seeing the motor rigs, the crunched-up motor rigs, moored and stuck here and there. They looked like a grenade had gone off on them.... And it was wild to see those motor rigs like that. Here we had the Sierra Club, little Sierra Club oar-powered-loving trip. (adopting little old lady voice) "Those motors are so bad!" And here's this little rowboat going by at the biggest water, and this big motor rig totally destroyed and hanging there, limp, as we thrustured our way down the river. You know? (laughs) It was a lot

of fun. High water was a gas, and it was fun because I got to also play—the first time in my life I got to play like a big brother kind of comforting role. We had my wife Debra, we had Howie Usher—these are people I distinctly remember, and they will probably very much resent me painting them in this picture—but we also had a little macho kid named Bill Wasley. And these are three physically tough people. And we also had the baggage boatman. His name escapes me right now, damn it. Four of them were overwhelmed with concern for the clients, and just a little bit of a lack of confidence. They were worried and they were scared, and I would try to comfort them.

**Steiger:** They were new, right?

**Hendrick:** Yes. And it's like, "Come on, you guys are gonna miss a few eddies." And you know, like we pulled into Matkatamiba, for instance, and three boats missed the eddy. (pow, pow) And then I'm always the first in, so boom! I'm in there. Now to get out is about a fifteen-minute endeavor, to get the heck back out. And so they've already blown by. So I have this massive concern. I've got three boatloads of clients now that missed the eddy and have blown off downriver, and God only knows what's happening to 'em. So we had to abort Matkat and pull out after 'em. And we leap-frogged, literally, down the river like that. We'd try to pull into a camp or a lunch spot, (chuckles) and a couple of boats would miss. We'd always end up inevitably in some awkward place that we never intended to be.... But if we could all get over at the same place, fine, let's perform our function there, because by God, we're all here at once, so let's don't blow it. The only place everybody made it was Havasu. That was the only place, it's pretty cool.

Man, it was exciting.

**Steiger:** Yeah. So how'd those people.... How was it at the end? How'd they do?

**Hendrick:** The clients? I got a letter.... Julie and I were just at Dirk Pratley's, visiting his infant and his wife, Fritz. He has a letter from his mother about the trip, and she just goes on and on. This letter was written years and years after the trip. She goes on and on about, "This is the most wonderful thing that ever happened in my life!"

**Boselli:** She had a whole photo album of it.

**Hendrick:** And you know, you can take it lightly, because we hear it all the time.

**Steiger:** Oh no.

**Hendrick:** But it's true. I mean, to those people, it's probably the biggest rush of their life, and one of mine too. I mean, it was incredible.

**Steiger:** Mine too.

**Hendrick:** As far as being guides, we want to give people an experience. There's a real line as to—you gotta stick your neck out a little bit, you gotta take a chance. You have to risk things—for them too. And if

it works out, they have a trip that is so vastly superior, than they would with people.... Now, I don't want to point fingers, but there was a company that flew out at the Little Colorado. There were companies abandoning trips upriver of us, giving up and flying out. You know? And to me, that's not right.... You know, money can't buy it. And there's nothing...lawyers and lawsuits and bureaucrats and all these things shouldn't scare the industry away from trying to provide people with these kind of experiences.

**Steiger:** (whistles) That's an amazing story.

**Hendrick:** What would happen today if the water came up to 100,000? The Park would probably close the river.

**Steiger:** Most likely.

**Hendrick:** They sure might.

\*\*\*

**Steiger:** You have to tell that story about when Jeff Behan fell up there. That's such an amazing story. I've never heard it from you, but I heard it from Behan.

**Hendrick:** Well, interject if something sounds in collision there.

**Steiger:** I'll just shut up and let you start. Just start from the beginning.

**Hendrick:** Well, we were at the Ledges Camp, you know. We rowed down to the Ledges Camp and Jeff and one of the clients went off hiking downriver. So I'm hanging out on the boats. I think it was Debra and her brother and Geoff Gourley were cooking dinner that night. I was supposed to be cookin' dinner, but...I volunteered to clean up, because no one wanted to, and I'm the best guy to do dishes. So I was doin' dishes, they were cookin'. We're sittin' there, and the client who had gone hikin' with Behan.... I had had one beer, so I was sittin' on the boat with that one beer, and I remember I was just finishin' it, and this fella came running up, and he's screaming in a total panic sense, "His bones are sticking out! His bones are sticking out!" We thought he was referring to Jeff, 'cause they had gone off together. So I was waiting for this bad situation. So he then ran up into the kitchen, and he was in a state of shock. So my instructions to the crew immediately were, "Debbie, Gourley, treat this man for shock, don't leave him for a second, maintain his airway, stay with him, just treat him for shock." There's no sense dealing with him any longer, he has nothing to offer, he's freaked. He's babbling now. He's babbling, he's totally out of it. So then it's like, "Okay, let's go." So I know Howie's a surfer, he can carry.... "Howie, grab the backboard. You are the backboard man, bring the backboard." We don't know where Jeff is, we don't know where we're going. But we know every hike in there, so it's a process of elimination. So then it's like I'm going with nothing, I'm going to be the first person there, I'm going with

nothing, I'm carrying nothing, because I want my hands free to do cpr. I don't need anything, I'm going for cpr. So I take off runnin'. Then I yell back, "John Markey, John Markey!" I have to run back again 'cause I know I'm not quite organized. "Markey, get in your boat, right now, row to Havasu, hike like a son-of-a-bitch to the phone. Call the Park Service, tell them to get a helicopter into the Ledges Camp." Once again, I don't know, maybe I'm totally blowing it. Maybe he's not injured bad enough. But the thing is, I'm coverin' every base, right now, while I have a window of opportunity to do it. So Markey rows away, there he goes.

**Steiger:** So you'd already started runnin', and you stopped, turned around...

**Hendrick:** I turned around and went back, 'cause I knew I wasn't ready. There were knots untied behind me. We need to get the 9-1-1 thing moving. Markey's the one. "Go, by yourself, bye-bye." He's gone.

Okay, Chuck Carpenter's there. "Chuck, get a bunch of ropes. Get ropes. Come up with ropes, enough to belay a backboard." Who else was there? A couple of other people. "Bring up the first aid stuff. All you other people..." Clients that are responding, athletic clients that I think can be trusted to do something, "Come with gear." So all the first aid gear, I said, "I don't care what it is, everything we have, bring to the base of the wall. If he's up above that wall, just stop there and we'll come down and get it." So I go (swish), I'm runnin' now.

**Steiger:** Now you're at the Ledges, and he went up to the falls there?

**Hendrick:** Yeah, the one downstream. And he's up, all the way up—all the way, as far as you can go, and then there's that big Redwall, sheer wall. Huge sheer wall of Redwall. And he'd been free climbing up there, and what happened was, he wedged his right foot in a crack, and his right hand peeled, the slab peeled. And so he went with the slab and twisted. Anyway, compound fracture, dislocation, and ripped his foot off, basically. So I don't know any of this. All I know is there's bones sticking out. So actually, the ironic thing is, while I'm running up there, looking for Jeff, I'm thinking, "Am I gonna get in trouble? I've instigated a rescue, and I don't even know if I have an injury yet." (chuckles) You know? Markey's gone to call the Park Service, he's going to. There's gonna be a helicopter. And I just decided on that old defiant nature, I just had this defiance like, "Hey, I gotta do what I think is right," and I'm already thinking of the repercussions, the arguments, the criticisms. You know what I'm sayin'? And it made me understand what doctors must go through, and emergency room personnel. It's like you make these decisions, and you already know someone's gonna criticize you. You know, you can't win, basically. You can't please everybody. So I'm runnin' like hell, I'm sweatin', and I'm doing these climbs that normally I don't do,

and when I do do 'em...

**Steiger:** There's a bunch of climbs, it's hard to get where he is.

**Hendrick:** There's a bunch of climbs. Yeah, and I usually don't go up there. I've only been up there like once, and it scared me, and I never went back. I'm just screamin' up this wall.

**Steiger:** So this ain't no "walk in the park"...

**Hendrick:** No, no, no, we don't take clients up there. We never, ever—this is the first time I've ever heard of a client even goin' up there.... And Behan made a mistake. He's rowin' a baggage boat, he's got no business on his first trip, takin' a client up there.

**Steiger:** Did he know where he was goin' even?

**Hendrick:** No. He's just walkin' with a client. He was totally innocent. I mean, he's a good person, and a very good boatman, but he made a mistake, he shouldn't have taken a client up there. But anyway, point bein', I didn't know where he was. So I'm doin' all this stuff and thinkin', "I'm pretty awesome!" But I'm scared to death. "Bones sticking out!" plural! I'm waiting for this multiple fracture. So I get up there, and I don't see anybody. I'm like totally amiss. It's like, "What the hell is going on?" And I hear this groaning, and I look behind this rock, and there's Jeff laying there, and his calf muscle is about the size of a fist, and his foot is sticking out at an oblique angle, pointing to the outside. He's in a lateral position, and it's way up his leg. The majority of the lower leg bones are exposed, totally. There's no tissue or whatsoever on 'em. They're just exposed bones.

**Steiger:** "Bones are sticking out."

**Hendrick:** The bones are sticking out—to the ankle. But there is no ankle, and there is no foot. The ankle and the foot are way up the leg, attached to this muscle and tissue that's as big as a fist, and hard, and the foot's sticking out.

To me, as I looked at it, I said in my mind, "Amputation, fractures, he could die of shock. Work on the shock." And there was no blood loss, there is no flowing blood! You know?! And I can't take credit and say that it's my great medical experience that did this for me, but I simply felt his foot, and it was pure luck that I felt the dorsalis pedis pounding.

**Steiger:** What's the dorsalis pedis?

**Hendrick:** The vessel in the top of his foot had a massive pulsation to it. I mean, I could palpate it and feel it. I had no intention, that wasn't even what I was looking for. I was just kind of in shock myself, feeling his foot, to see if it was really attached to his leg, or was it just stuck there. So I kind of grabbed his foot and pushed on it, and pulled on it a little bit to see if it was literally amputated, and just a piece. You know what I'm saying? But it was not only attached, I could palpate the pulse. So I knew right then that his foot is still attached, and it's alive, it's perfusing, I've got a

pulse, in this awkward, incredible position! That went by real fast as I went to do my survey. Of course I first went to the foot, but then I got my head together and went for the survey, and I went for his head. You know, does he have any head injuries? No, no, he was coherent, he was conscious. And I just gotta get over this one little hurdle right now and say that Behan is one gutsy guy. He is a strong, brave, gutsy person. I was so impressed with his demeanor. So he's laying flat, his head's flat on the ground, and he won't even let me palpate his spine. You know, he won't let me move his hips or anything. He's like, "Let me go, I'm okay, I'm okay! My head's fine, my neck's fine. Look! Look at me move my neck!" And he lifts his head up, and I go, "Stop it, Jeff! Okay, I believe you!" And he's going, "Look, my arms are okay." He's flapping his arms. "Stop it!" He's scaring me. "Don't try to get up!"

**Steiger:** So he's already...

**Hendrick:** He's already done a survey on himself.

**Steiger:** "It's just my foot."

**Hendrick:** Yeah, he goes, "My foot's gone. I've looked. My leg's gone and my foot's gone." That's what he said, and he kept saying, over and over, "My foot's gone." You know, like, "Do you see it anywhere?" And then I grabbed his foot and I go, "Can you feel this?" And he goes, "Oh, my God!" And he kind of sat up and looked, and from his point of view, because now I've stuffed my shirt and some stuff under his knee, trying to get a little bit of a view of his leg by elevating it a little bit, so he feels the sensations in his foot, but as he lifts up—because he's flat on the ground—and as he lifts his head up and looks down, all he sees is his bare bones, with no foot attached.

And then he drops his head in utter terror, I'm sure, and fights the shock that must be just rollin' over him. The pain and the fear and the shock must be just rolling over him, and he's just so strong, he's fighting it, you can see it in his face, you know, his fight. He was fighting, man, it was so impressive. And like, "No, Jeff, your foot is here, man. It's still attached to your leg." And he's like, "Don't fool me, don't mess with me, Jimmy, I know it's gone, I see it's gone, my foot is gone. You've gotta find it." And I go, "Can you feel this?" And he goes, "That feels like my foot!" He must have been confused, you know. "Where is it?!" It's like, "It's right here, it's under your knee." Then he starts slippin', 'cause like he'd go, "Oh, ahhh, ahhh," and then he'd begin to cry a little bit, then he'd toughen up. He'd just cowboy up and grit his teeth and fight. He wouldn't weep and he wouldn't scream, but every now and then he'd have to just yell. Every now and then he'd just go "Ahhhhhhh!" So I'm tellin' him, "Okay, I got your foot, do you feel it?" And he's goin', "Yeah, I do feel it." And I said, "This is your foot, man, and you have a pulse. And

you have color. Your foot's pink. And your pulse is beating. You still have a foot. And then he began to like disbelieve me, and he said, "I know I don't." And he laid there. So the first people started arriving. I don't know who gets credit for this, but someone on the crew—it might have been Debbie—told the clients, "Does anyone have any pain killers or muscle relaxers?" So about a half-dozen bottles of pain killers and muscle relaxers, all prescribed to someone else—so this would have been all illegal—came to me from the clients. So my first concern was, we're gonna lose his foot because of constriction of vessels. He's going to lose it because of his loss of perfusion, and that at all costs I've gotta save his foot...and his life. But, you know, right now, let's...

**Steiger:** So there wasn't much blood?

**Hendrick:** There was very little blood. And his calf muscle was as hard as a rock, so my feeling was that if this condition continued, and I'm moving him, eventually we're gonna pinch off those vessels and he's gonna lose his foot. So I made a major decision. There were two nurses there, and one nurse said, "Don't you dare give him drugs." And the other nurse said, "His life is more important than anything, give him the drugs, or we may lose him."

**Steiger:** So they knew that he had to have drugs, 'cause the pain was gonna do him in.

**Hendrick:** He needed drugs, but there was no doctor there to prescribe the drugs, and there was no doctor there who could legally give him the drugs. So this one registered nurse—I won't mention her name—was a registered nurse in the state of Arizona, gave him the drugs. And she said, "By God, I'm doing it." Because I was scared. I said, "If I give him these drugs and he dies, I'm breaking the law." We gave him Valium, and we gave him Percodans, and we gave him Flexorils.

**Steiger:** All of 'em?

**Hendrick:** All of 'em, at once. I mean, "Swallow these." He was conscious, like, "Jeff, you're gonna have to swallow. You know, if you choke to death, we could lose you. Don't puke. Do you feel good enough to swallow these?" And he said, "I know what you're doin', I want 'em, I want 'em. Please! Pain killers, Jimmy, anything! Pain killers, anything man." I remember him saying that over and over, "Anything! Pain killers! Anything! Pain killers! Please, please!" And then he'd scream, "Ahhhhh." So I gave him Percodans, Flexorils. And you know Flexoril's an amazing drug, because I was holding his calf muscle with both of my hands, and I could feel the muscle relax to a softer form, and his tissue mass literally started to slide down his lower leg a few inches, and it would stretch and it slid, and it stretched and it slid, and it got all relaxed, and I could move the foot around a little bit. Now understand that the foot is

attached to the entire ankle bone unit.

**Steiger:** Because the break is above that.

**Hendrick:** Right.

**Steiger:** Good thing!

**Hendrick:** Yes, it's a perfect thing, for him, long-term healing. So his foot and ankle are intact. The bones are simply broken out of the joint.

**Steiger:** Right.

**Hendrick:** Fractured out of the joint, broken out, in a very nasty manner, but he's perfusing, the tissue's still there, the bone's still there. Okay, so let's get rollin', let's get him the hell out of here. Plan A...

**Steiger:** And you're way up this canyon.

**Hendrick:** We're way the hell up there. Plan A is the helicopter's gonna get him out tonight. But as rescues go, time was consumed.... Luckily for me, because I would have died of guilt if the helicopter would have been there, the helicopter couldn't make it in that night, there wasn't enough daylight for him to even try to come in. So he didn't even come in until the next morning at first light. So that was good for my psyche, because if he'd have been down there waiting, and I couldn't have produced Jeff by dark, I would have felt very guilty.

So everyone, it was a real classic Wilderness World team effort. Not one argument, not one complaint, just everybody injecting their skills and their knowledge to make it work. ...I had a lot of Betadine, and I had a lot of sterile, clean dressings. So what I did is, I soaked the exposed bones with Betadine—straight Betadine, undiluted. 'cause my major concern at this point was bone infection. Bone infection [could] do two things: rush up his blood system and kill him, or lose his leg. So to avoid either of those, my main concern was infection. So I soak his leg with Betadine, wrap it in Curlex.

**Steiger:** Well, wasn't that soakin' his leg—I heard that somebody was sayin', "Don't touch it."

**Hendrick:** Yeah, there was a nurse. The nurse who didn't give him the drugs was constantly giving me bad advice. She suggested I reduce the fracture. I said, "I will not attempt to reduce the fracture. If I reduce the fracture and lose perfusion, we still lose the leg." She argued against that. I told her, "I'm trip leader, I'll take responsibility. Please stay out of the way." And then she started doin' the thing, "Don't touch him at all, then. Don't touch it at all." Well, I heard all kinds of advice, but not in a negative...

**Steiger:** I heard that you cleaned it really good. You went ahead, so you Betadined the bones...

**Hendrick:** Let me put it this way, I had it elevated straight out. I had it elevated, and his knee was padded, so the Betadine was flowing over the bones, and the Betadine was flowing in and out of the "holes" if you will, or the surface of all the fracture of the foot and everything. Any exposed thing, or any crevasse in there that I could squirt the Betadine into it, I tried to just

irrigate the entire thing with straight Betadine. Then I did wash it with an irrigating solution...

**Steiger:** Is that a saline solution?

**Hendrick:** A saline solution. Then I Betadined it again, and then I wrapped these three Curlexes. So what I did was, I wrapped the thing with dressings, almost in a cast-like, except very loosely.

**Steiger:** Clean gauze.

**Hendrick:** Clean, sterile dressing, all over everything. And I used up every one I had. And I used up all the Betadine I had, and I soaked it all. So it was saturated with Betadine. And then I covered it up with bandages—big triangulars and what-not.

Now, the whole thing of movin' him was, now I'm puttin' him on the backboard, and the whole thing of movin' him was to have that leg loose and relaxed, so as not to pinch off the circulation to that poor, dangling foot. And then my concern was always circulation to the end of the extremity, circulation to the toes. He had it! It was wonderful! So I left his toes exposed so I could play with them.

**Steiger:** And they're still...

**Hendrick:** No, they're still mid-bone. They're right where a normal calf muscle would be now, is where his foot is. And the end of his whole muscle system is about right here in the middle of the tib fib [tibia and fibula]. So now the thing is, Howie got really funny. Howie's got this way he wanted to strap him on the backboard. You're a horseman, you know, "running 'W'."

**Steiger:** Yeah, keep it simple!

**Hendrick:** I said, "What are you guys complicating..." That's exactly what I was tellin' 'em. "Why are you guys making this so difficult?!" About four people are like totally involved—Chuck Carpenter—and they're climbers. "I'm a climber!" "I'm a climber!" "I'm a climber!" "Shut up! I'm used to pack horses. We're doing a 'running 'W.'" "What's that?" "It's just this: voom, voom, voom." "Oh!" "See, wasn't that easy?" And they're like, "That won't work, Jimmy." I said, "Yeah it will. I'll bet my life on it, 'cause I'm gonna hold onto it when we go down the cliff." So we put him in there, and the idea was to keep his leg loose and flexible—again, not to pinch that artery.

**Steiger:** So there was no way in hell you guys were gonna get him out of there if you didn't have a backboard, huh?

**Hendrick:** If we had not had a backboard, we would have made one. Yeah, you had to have had a backboard. There's no way we could have got him off the face of those cliffs without a backboard. Now I have to think, he's been given these drugs, so he could be drowsy on the pain killer. Now I have to think about losing him from vomitus. You know, I've gotta keep his airway open. So I drop him off the cliff, head first, and so I think I've got that problem beat. If he starts to vomit, I can just roll the backboard.

**Steiger:** So he's on there. You don't have to tie his head? Well, did you have his head...

**Hendrick:** No, I had his head a little bit padded, but not much, 'cause he wanted.... I was communicating with Jeff the whole time, and he wanted to be able to move his head, he wanted to be able to look around. He didn't want to be strapped down by his head. I said, "Well, I want your head loose, so if you feel like you're going to vomit, you can turn your head and vomit." He's an amazing man. He'd have these waves of in-and-out, you know, where the pain would get to him or whatever, and he'd begin to weep and just go out on me—not unconscious, but out of communication. And then he could come back and he would just struggle. What a fighter! It's like, "I'm okay, I'm still here. I'm still here, don't leave me, don't leave me." "I'm not gonna leave you, man." "What the hell are we doin'?" "We're droppin' you off the cliff." "No, no, don't! Bring the helicopter in here. Don't drop me off this cliff! No, no!" "Jeff, we're droppin' you off the cliff and I'm goin' with ya'." He goes, "Okay, you won't leave?" I go, "No." "Don't leave me." "I'm not gonna leave ya', I'm right here." "Well, stay here." "No, I'm gonna go down by your foot. I'm gonna ride down with your foot. Do you understand that?" And he's like, "Yeah, I do." "You do, don't you?" "I do." "This is incredible, you really do! Okay, I'm going down on your foot. So I'll be here. Alright, here we go." So we got Chuck Carpenter on one belay, and we got Howie and someone else on another belay.

**Steiger:** And is it startin' to get dark?

**Hendrick:** It is almost dark. It's almost too dark to see. So they're totally cool people, man. Everyone was bein' so cool. And everyone else was down below, and there was total quiet so we could all hear. And I'm like, "Slack...slack...okay, on belay. Let it go." And they're just inching us down. So the deal was, I'm not harnessed in, I'm not tied to anything. I'm holding onto this strap that's holding Jeff in, and my attitude was, "If Jeff goes, I'm goin'." And I know this is weird, but it's like, "If I'm going to kill Jeff Behan and he falls out of this backboard, I'm goin' with him. I'm not lettin' this happen to him." So with one hand I got Jeff's strap that's holding him, and the other hand is free so I can push brush and cactus away from his foot, because as the backboard's goin' down the cliff, we're encountering brush, we're encountering barrel cactus.

**Steiger:** So Behan's upside down?

**Hendrick:** He's upside down. And everything that comes near his foot, I'd push away with my hand. My hand is like totally destroyed, it's all cut from cactus needles and brush and rock, 'cause I'm like (crash, crash), totally into it. I'm not lettin' anything touch his foot. You know, I could say, "Whoa!" and they'd stop and then I'd inch the backboard over to avoid something, and it was a damned-long time. By the time we

got him to the bottom, my hand was totally torn to pieces, and I was like.... I can't explain it, I was totally exhausted. I was hardly able to stand up. We all got the backboard, and in pitch black, we carried him back to camp, where Mr. Geoff Gourley became the hero of the night, because I don't even remember what happened next. All I remember is wakin' up in the middle of the night, screamin', "Where's Jeff?! Where's Jeff?!" I passed out. (laughs) I was done, I was toasted.

**Steiger:** So Gourley...

**Hendrick:** Gourley missed the whole thing, 'cause he was down there at the kitchen, organizing all that, and keepin' the people there. So he kind of missed the big, exciting parts. So he was Behan's best friend and his guest on the trip. And then he got to row his first trip ever from then out—Geoff Gourley did. So Geoff took over and stayed up with him all night. And so did the nurse.

**Steiger:** Did Behan sleep?

**Hendrick:** In and out, in and out. He did a lot of fist squeezing. He held someone's hand all night. He did a lot of squeezing of hands. He did a lot of screaming, but he slept here and there, because I heard him yell once, and that's when I woke up. I felt really like I had failed him, because I don't even remember where or how I fell asleep. And then I went over there, and he was asleep, but he looked dead, and I just began to cry. And I guess it was like just finally emotions were coming through. I just remember standing there, looking at Jeff, and I thought he was dead. I just started crying, "I'm sorry Jeff, we let you down." And Gourley's goin', "He's not dead, he's not dead, he's sleeping!" So you know, I was just bawling away, and I looked down at Jeff and sort of like slugged him. Not slugged him, but whacked him in the side of the head, just wham! And he wakes up. "Are you okay?!" And he goes, "Oh man, you have no idea how much this hurts. It's just really hurtin'. You guys have gotta give me more drugs. You've gotta give me more drugs." And it's like, "I can't, you know. I can't give you any more drugs. It's just too weird, Jeff. I don't know what the fuck's gonna happen to you." So I passed out again. I wake up to the sound of the helicopter.

**Steiger:** Dawn, Markey made it.

**Hendrick:** Markey made it. You gotta give a lot of credit to John Markey, the amount of time that he had. He was very efficient, because he's not a distance runner at all. He's a boxer, he's a real stout, very thick-muscled person. He's not a striding, long-muscled person. He has a hard time running, but he made it up there in the dark, and he called them in the night. And he did a good job. And because of him calling 'em, the helicopter was there at first light. And he deserves a lot of credit for that, because of the lack of infection.

Now, when I went to the hospital to talk to Dr. Lewick right after I got home, he said that he was

astounded that there was no bone infection whatsoever. He said, "A situation like this, out in the field, and as long as he was in the field, ten out of ten times they're gonna come in with an amputation or an infection—inevitable. And how the hell this guy didn't get an infection, is just impressive to me." And he thanked me and stuff. I was all scared when I went in there, like what'd I do wrong?

**Steiger:** Well, they say you're not supposed to put Betadine on somethin' straight, but...

**Hendrick:** They can say all they want. That's all I had, was bottles of Betadine....irrigation solution, the saline. But it wasn't really mixed together.

**Steiger:** Well, we used to do it straight all the time, but lately they've said, "It's better to dilute it, because it kills the tissue."

**Hendrick:** Yeah.

**Steiger:** But whatever you did, it obviously worked.

**Hendrick:** It was a tremendous rescue, though, man. It was really fun and rewarding, and it worked out.

**Steiger:** Real challenging. A lot of opportunities to mess that one up.

**Hendrick:** Everybody was really awesome. You know, Howie? Think about what Howie Usher did—with the backboard under his arm, he does the climb.

**Steiger:** He makes this climb.

**Hendrick:** Yeah, and Howie's not Mr. Total Mountaineer either. I mean, Howie's a good climber, but he's just like most of us, and he got up there with that backboard. (cry of elation) And Chuck Carpenter went up with two big climbing ropes over one shoulder. Just to make those climbs with that kind of gear. And somebody carried the first aid box up there. I don't know who, but there was all kinds of heroes all day. It was a really tremendous team effort. It was way cool.

**Steiger:** That's a wild story. And he doesn't even limp, really.... Just a little bit, but not bad. I remember him wearin' a brace around there, but you would never know that it was somethin' that traumatic. Wild. (whistles) And that was an Expeditions deal?

**Hendrick:** No, no, that was a Wilderness World trip, 1983.

\*\*\*

**Steiger:** Tell me about your race. You just did...the one with the sled dogs. Just describe it.

**Hendrick:** The Alaska Challenge—the Yukon Quest?.

**Steiger:** I mean, it's not like you left the river and went and got a desk job.

**Hendrick:** No, I am...

**Steiger:** You've been on your track further out there than ever.

**Hendrick:** ...It's a thousand miles, there's six checkpoints. The first check point is 125 miles, about, maybe closer to 155 or 160. The second checkpoint is 300 miles



ness: in the winter up there you can see forever, and just—the space is immense.

**Steiger:** Yeah. Doesn't have much to do with the Grand Canyon, but it's what you're doin' right now.

**Hendrick:** Well, it has a lot to do with the Grand Canyon. It's the Planet Earth. The Canyon is just part of the Planet Earth. The Canyon is not the world, it's a part of the world. You know, I used to think that being on a frozen river with snow on it would be uncool. I only wanted to be on whitewater rivers and all this, but runnin' sled dogs on a river is a real challenging experience, to say the least. The race is a thousand miles. You have to summit four mountains and you have to go along on the river for quite a few hundred miles. So I've been runnin' that race. That's what's kept me away for so long.

*Lew Steiger*

away. So you go 500 miles before you can really take a break. It's a trip, you get really tired and cold, and you feel real achey and stuff. It's a lot of hard work.

**Steiger:** And there aren't any houses and there aren't any telephone poles.

**Hendrick:** There's nobody out there.

**Steiger:** There aren't any roads, and there's nothin'.

**Hendrick:** No, you're in the bush—we call it the bush. (chuckles)

**Steiger:** Are there a lot of trees?

**Hendrick:** The whole thing about the Yukon is, the Yukon doesn't really have much of an economy, so the population in the Yukon is pretty low. There just aren't a lot of people, there are no jobs, so what the hell do you do out there for money? There's some subsistence people around, but they're usually natives, and they're not hanging out on trails, probably like living in a village or whatever. But people just don't live out in the wilderness—it's too hard. It's a wild, wild expanse. You know?

**Steiger:** Well, not really, because I've never seen it, but I can imagine.

**Hendrick:** Same kind of space, like at Shane Murphy's house, lookin' out the window at the Painted Desert, lookin' clear across a good, 50, 60, 70 miles ahead of you. It's a really wonderful thing about wilder-





# GCRC Financial Statements

## Profit and Loss Statement Fiscal Year 2001

### Income

Membership income	\$41,298.00
General contributions*	26,414.46
Amwg/twg grants 21,000.00	
First aid class income	15,503.00
Gts income & grants	14,030.20
Adopt-a-Beach grants/contributions	10,100.00
Bqr grants/contributions	10,000.00
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc.)	6,401.50
Gts overhead reimbursement	1,404.11
Interest income	1,336.58
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$147,486.58</b>

### Expense

Bqr (production, printing, postage)	\$37,095.29
Amwg/twg	20,026.41
Payroll expenses	20,792.21
Gts expenses	15,423.25
First aid class expenses	13,940.18
Rent	7,200.00
Adopt-a-Beach 7,170.05	
Cost of sales	5,060.48
Postage	3,133.46
Depreciation expense	2,916.00
Printing	1,750.20
Telephone	1,656.59
Meeting expense	1,635.89
Payroll taxes 1,492.10	
Office supplies	1,471.72
Utilities	862.90
Travel & diem expense	500.82
Internet	467.62
Other (bank charges, etc.)	390.39
Insurance	338.78
Repairs	246.74
Contract labor	60.00
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>\$143,631.08</b>

**Net Income** \$3,855.77

\*Includes a significant one-time special ira distribution, memorial contributions, year-end fundraising and general (un-restricted) contributions.

## Balance Sheet as of June 30, 2001

### Assets

Cash in checking/savings	\$40,432.33
Postage & security deposits	2,391.15
<b>Total Current Assets</b>	<b>\$42,823.48</b>

### Fixed Assets

Computer & office equipment	\$38,138.15
Less depreciation	34,209.19
<b>Net Fixed Assets</b>	<b>\$3,928.96</b>

### Liabilities & Equity

Payroll liabilities	\$952.64
Restricted Funds	277.64
Equity	45,522.49
<b>Total Liabilities &amp; Equity</b>	<b>\$46,752.44</b>

General members	1,032
Guide members	754
Circulation	1,868

Profit & Loss Statement does not reflect hundreds of hours of donated services for oral history preparation, bqr proofreading, irs annual report, Guides Training Seminar, website maintenance, clerical help, donated equipment and more...



Dennise Grackstetter

## 2001 Ballot Comments

### GOOD THINGS GCRG IS DOING:

Bqr. Dealing with Park Service.  
Continuing to crank out a most awesome bqr issue after issue!  
The newsletter—always impressive and informative.  
Gts—land and river.  
Providing a forum. Monitoring the politics. Encouraging stewardship.  
Being a voice of support for the river corridor. Gts is fantastic.  
Bqr—but would be better emulating the cprg rag with more research/scientific articles.  
Oral histories. Monkey wrenching the existing system that hurries up, does a ton of work, and then throws it away. Keep at 'em!  
The bqr is my lifeline.  
Bqr! Adaptive Management—we must develop a guiding influence. And Adopt-a-Beach. Keep up the good work!  
A way for members to have a voice.  
Guide training trips and seminars. Keeping guides and members informed about Grand Canyon issues.  
I would just like to thank everyone who makes the bqr so great. I hope I can contribute someday!  
Educational function is fantastic.  
Adopt-a-Beach.  
Technical Work Group of the Adaptive Management Program.  
Education, the gts land and river and as always, the bqr!  
Trying to please everyone.  
Informing public and guides of issues. Great informative newsletter.  
Bqr continues to be great. Fall Meeting, Spring gts and river trip. Don't ever stop.  
Newsletter is really good. Gts and Fall Meeting are great. Sense of community.  
You're just great!  
Bqr. Spring and Fall meetings are great. Involvement in responding to environmental issues.  
Being a voice, a forum.  
Giving guides an identity outside the outfitter they work for.  
Creating a "voice" for guides. Oral history of old and new guides. Art & poetry, science, political and continuing education articles in the bqr. Guides Training Seminar.  
Keep up the fine publication. Love the history pieces and also the policy happenings concerning the Park Service. I look forward to every issue—always something to learn and pass on to passengers while we float.

Lynn Hamilton, Adopt-a-Beach, the histories of living legends in Grand Canyon, bqr and Guides Training Seminar.

Great to have someone looking out for us.

Bqr—the oral history. This publication has become an institution in and of itself.

### MISGUIDED THINGS GCRG IS DOING:

Need harder line with Park Service. Need to support Glen Canyon restoration project with much vigor!  
Not focusing on guide working issues, i.e. health plans, retirement, wages. Listening only to your "inner circle" of folks.  
The bqr should be the bmr (*Boatman's Monthly Review*) with more short stories, poems, geology/botany/natural history.  
Not taking any stands on issues.  
Take positions on heated nps issues that polarize gcrg.  
Not resisting all the bullshit regs. More fighting the man!  
Do you feel guilty about something? You're awful quiet about boatman-outfitter relations. You'll take on the Gov'mint but not one of your bosses.  
Neglecting to get this great slate of candidates to run again if they don't make it this time.  
Gcrg continues to straddle the fence separating the two sides in the fight for increased private allocations. The gcroa bosses say private "repeaters" abuse the system and clog up access...but crew are not even counted against the commercial allocation! You guys need to remember that you're all private boaters, too.  
Can't think of any, but I like to focus on the positive.  
Dam removal—let it go. Think geologic time frame.  
Your efforts are better spent elsewhere.  
Get some women running for the Board positions.  
Gcrg has no teeth unless it unionizes.  
Inadvertently causing more regulations for river runners and higher qualifications for boatmen.  
Trying to please everyone.  
Don't worry about any misguided things gcrg is doing, when gcrg is doing the best ever.  
Should be neutral on the motor/oar issue.  
The motor/wilderness thing has again divided the guide community. How do we patch this up?  
It would be nice if labor issues were raised more often like stagnant wages and lack of benefits. Represent the guides more, not the darn outfitters.  
Not taking a firm stand against the excessive enforcement at Lees Ferry by Dave Chapman.  
Sometimes it feels a little biased toward rowing and

unsupportive of motor outfitters.  
 Not working to resolve private permit/access.  
 Letting guides get away with calling what they provide  
 “The Experience”.  
 Not taking stands on key issues affecting the river.  
 The outfitters amendment sucked! We watched the  
 gcpba privates go it alone. Can’t we take a stand on  
 anything?  
 Right on track. No misguided things as far as I can see.  
 Need better website. Compared to gcpba site, it needs  
 much improvement. Need to be more vocal in  
 commercial—private allocation issue.  
 Do not fall prey to the often one-sided, distorted,  
 manipulative and often hysterical eco-mindset. The  
 eco-hysterians have become the equivalent of the  
 worst 19th Century snake oil salespeople. Be wary!  
 Taking it all so seriously.

#### THINGS GCRG SHOULD BE DOING:

Publish info in the bqr from talks given at the gts  
 land & river seminars—the stuff is dynamite for gc  
 education! Archaeology, geology, mapping canyon  
 bottom, science projects, water purification,—the  
 list is endless. How about one article an issue?  
 Addressing boatman issues!  
 Get a health care plan. 401k plans. License issues (1st  
 aid, food handlers, etc...)  
 Encouraging benefit packages from outfitters to  
 employees. That’s a good thing.  
 A damned shame no females signed up for the board!  
 Where’s the babes? Thank heaven for Lynn, Mary &  
 Katherine.  
 Focus on interp, education and stewardship.  
 Majority of guides I meet are terrific. If some want  
 “professional” recognition, they should get with less  
 juvenile judgment (3–4 “old timers” come to mind).  
 Help ’em plan for retirement or lifestyle change.  
 Battle the bureaucrats for rational management  
 guidelines. If it wasn’t broken, go back to before  
 they “fixed” it.  
 Not focusing more in the arena of guide benefits (or  
 lack of). Let’s be more interactive with outfitters on  
 this.  
 Getting water back in the Rio Verde!  
 Lobbying heavily for re-igniting and seeing to fruition  
 the revamping of the crmp.  
 How about setting up a group health plan.  
 Breach the dam. Mess with the man. Ditch the glam.  
 Open the spam.  
 Use our position & clout to encourage a resolution to  
 the crmp process. Act as a middleman, instigator &  
 “coach”. We occupy the center!  
 Simplifying the boatman’s duties and responsibilities!  
 Unionize the guides and strike against the outfitters.

Guides should share the profits.  
 Need more attention to private allocation. Situation is  
 not fair. Someday you will retire and want to take  
 the family on a private trip. Want to wait 20 years?  
 Wilderness designation for the Colorado River.  
 Help bring Glen Canyon Dam to an end as the  
 destroyer of Grand Canyon.  
 Now that sat phones are on every trip, why wfr for the  
 guides? We need to help the Park think!  
 Keep up the good work. I appreciate being informed  
 about what is happening.  
 Should take tougher board stance regarding Grand  
 Canyon wilderness issues. Kowtowing to the outfit-  
 ters will in the long run not benefit river or guides.  
 Try to work more on guides’ employment issues. Keep  
 struggling against the bureaucracy.  
 Trying to unite guides’ community. I think outfitters  
 & nps prefer a divided guides’ community and a  
 diminished gcrg. Divided we are conquered.  
 Advocate for the natural resources of the Grand Canyon  
 and the guides who educate thousands of people  
 about the resources and the threats to them. Support  
 wilderness designation and the lowest impact visita-  
 tion possible!  
 Working toward a sector-neutral access system for  
 privates and commercial passengers.  
 More guide get-togethers in places other than Flagstaff.  
 Keep it up with the oral histories of the old timers.  
 Support and defend our 4th Amendment rights (oppose  
 drug testing without probable cause or at least  
 reasonable suspicion). Support wilderness designa-  
 tion.  
 Be a voice for all aspects of Grand Canyon.  
 Restart the crmp process.  
 Speaking out on crmp issues. E-mailing.  
 Help provide better beach deposition flows. Calling  
 absurd talk of eradicating tamarisk.  
 Keep working towards comprehensive guide benefits.  
 How about getting more involved with the issues?  
 Fight/obstruct bullshit.  
 Publish financial information of each Grand Canyon  
 river outfitter, including income/expense, profits,  
 etc...  
 Get a handle on the Park Service requirements for 1st  
 aid. It’s becoming ridiculous.  
 You guys are doing an awesome job.  
 Still don’t have a clear, easy inet interface. You really  
 need to have a way and place to inform about what  
 gcrg members are doing for other rivers and water-  
 sheds. So many of us have moved beyond Grand  
 Canyon to apply lessons learned there to other  
 rivers. We are all one. Help us celebrate that reality.  
 Need to be more involved in the current debate over  
 access, allocation, and long term planning (Park).  
 What are gcrg’s positions on motors, helicopter

exchanges, future of the dam, expanded use on the Canyon? Gcrg has remained silent on these important issues. Get it together, speak out, lead. Work on labor issues for guides.

#### BETTER WAYS FOR YOU TO BE INVOLVED IN GCRG:

Being on the North side of the canyon makes it difficult to be more involved.  
E-mail & forums online. We can't all be in Flag!  
Move back to az! But I'll continue to rant and rave about the canyon from here in California. Sometimes I even see a gcrg sticker on a vehicle here.  
Cool-o!  
I need to be closer to Arizona.  
I do what I can!  
Keep moving meetings around—at least around the Canyon perimeter if you can.  
Regional meetings, seminars, et. al.  
Keep the faith. Don't take any wooden nickels. Keep all the dots on the dice.  
Run for office.  
I would need to move a lot closer.  
Write an article  
I suppose I would be more involved if I lived in the area. I try to keep you people supplied with food by working in the agriculture business in beautiful South Dakota.  
Come to board meetings. Write for bqr. Attend a gts river trip.  
Emails and such that petition help for particular battles to be fought. Bqr is great, but doesn't come in due time to fight the good fights.  
Hand out tasks via website (signup sheets, etc...)  
Adopt-a-beach. Attend meetings. Continue positive p.r. with private boaters on/off river.  
Adopt-a-beach.  
Come to more meetings.  
Organize strikes for professional wages and full benefit packages.  
Need some kind of branch office for those of us on the north side of the ditch.

#### NOTE:

The above comments are those received by the time of publication. However, we have refrained from printing any comments that could be construed as personal attacks.

## Major Contributors FY 00/01

The Board and Officers of gcrg want to thank all of our members whose generous donations during the past fiscal year (July 1, 2000 through June 30, 2001) have enabled us to continue our work. Space constraints make it impossible for us to list all those who have contributed significantly over past years, but it doesn't mean that we're not eternally grateful to you all! We apologize to anyone we may have inadvertently missed.

#### MAJOR CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Archenhold  
Brown Foundation  
Michael Engl Family Foundation  
Robert Gooch (in memory of Brenda Gooch)  
Grand Canyon Conservation Fund  
Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center  
Newman's Own Organics  
Teva Sport Sandals  
Michael Wehrle

#### MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Michael Archenhold (ira distribution)  
Robert Gooch (in memory of Brenda Gooch)

#### PATRONS (GUIDES)

Noel Eberz, Flagstaff, az  
David Hinshaw, Santa Monica, ca

#### PATRONS (GENERAL)

Anonymous  
Cass & Lynn Nevada, Seattle, wa  
Michael Wehrle, Charleston, wv

#### BENEFACTORS (GUIDES)

Steve Asadorian, Los Angeles, ca  
Ken Wright, Big Sur, ca

#### BENEFACTORS (GENERAL)

Barbara & Phil Albright, Blue Bell, pa  
Carolyn Langenkamp & David Kemp, Sacramento, ca  
Gloria Pfeif, Seattle, wa

#### LIFE MEMBERS (GUIDES)

David Brown, Salt Lake City, ut  
Jack Calabrese, Blythe, ca  
Steve Carothers, Flagstaff, az  
Tim Deutschlander, Brian Head, ut  
Colby Hawkinson, Corvallis, or  
Karl Joerger, San Anselmo, ca  
Matt Kaplinski, Flagstaff, az

Bruce Keller, Flagstaff, az  
Brian Mitchell, Montesano, wa  
James Moss, Copper Mountain, co  
Clay Nelson, Phoenix, az  
Rob Pitagora, Berkeley, ca  
Sturgis Robinson, Prescott, az  
Curt Smith, Petaluma, ca  
David Stinson, Marble Canyon, az  
Sam Walton, Flagstaff, az  
Clay Watson, North Salt Lake, ut

**NOTE:**

The Chehalis Fund of the Tides Foundation, on the recommendation of gcrg member, Mr. Drummond Pike, had provided our organization with a \$1,000 grant. As the grant was received in the new fiscal year (after July 1st), it is not reflected in the above list. However, it would be remiss of us to wait another year to acknowledge the contribution. Thank you so much for your support!

We would also like to again express our sympathies to the family and friends of the late Michael Archenhold and Brenda Gooch. Memorial contributions and ira distributions such as these have greatly assisted in bolstering gcrg's financial health, thereby allowing us to continue to pursue our goals. We are eternally grateful for this remembrance.

Thanks again to those of you who contributed to our year-end fundraising drive! Those names were listed in the last bqr (Volume 14, #1) and you know who you are! Your support was extremely generous and vastly appreciated.

Lastly, we wouldn't be where we are today without our numerous funders as well as each and every one of you who has supported gcrg over the years with your memberships and contributions. You are our strength and we can't thank you enough...

**LIFE MEMBERS (GENERAL)**

Cameron Alexander, Bozeman, mt  
Theora Barringer, Tucson, az  
Dave Carrington, Key West, fl  
Eric Carson, Madison, wi  
Jim Case, Bisbee, az  
Ryan Comfort, Ballwin, mo  
Andy & Wendy Cookler, Nederland, co  
Wade Eilers, Carmine, tx  
Daniel Graber, Las Vegas, nv  
Mike Gregersen, Auburn, ca  
Mark Grisham, Flagstaff, az  
Linda Hammett, The Colony, tx  
Joanna Hawley-Jones, Crescent City, ca  
Kathleen Lingo, New York, ny  
Peter Lohbeck, Tempe, az  
Mike & Michelle Meade, Corona del Mar, ca  
Ronald Pennington, Costa Mesa, ca  
Wayne Peterson, Sun City West, az  
Jack Schmidt, North Logan, ut  
Heather Weir, Santa Fe, nm  
Judy Zaunbrecher, Racine, wi



*Demise Gackstetter*

# Boating on a Free Flowing Colorado River

THE PROPOSAL TO DRAIN Lake Powell is based upon three factors: biological need, economic viability, and dam safety concerns.

## Biological Need

Prior to the dam, the waters of Glen Canyon were a crucial breeding and rearing ground for many endemic species (including humpback chub and Colorado pikeminnow (formerly the Colorado squawfish), and the free flowing Colorado River provided a necessary passageway for seasonal migration. In 1963, the gates at Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River were closed, and Lake Powell began to fill. The canyon, named for its exceptionally beautiful side canyons and glens by Major John Wesley Powell during his first descent of the Colorado River in 1869, gradually flooded.

Construction of Glen Canyon Dam has impacted the ecosystem of Grand Canyon National Park more than any other human factor. Spring floods that previously deposited millions of tons of vital sediment and nutrients have been replaced with cold, clear, regulated flows. Native fish that evolved in the dynamic, pre-dam environment have been unable to adapt, and are increasingly outcompeted by non-native, introduced species. Despite high expectations, the much touted experimental spike flow, conducted in 1996, provided only short-term benefits rather than a long-term solution. The Grand Canyon riparian ecosystem has been radically altered into an unnatural and unsustainable system.

## Economic Viability

Over the past twenty years, the Bureau of Reclamation has spent many millions of dollars attempting to mitigate the downstream impacts of the dam. According to Dan Beard, former Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, the long-term cost associated with maintaining the reservoir offers the most compelling argument in favor of decommissioning.

The power provided by Glen Canyon Dam represents a mere three percent of the total power use for an area that currently has a surplus. California's current electricity crisis is largely irrelevant to this issue, as the amount of power the dam could deliver to that area is insignificant due to limitations in the delivery system. Also, California's difficulty is not a product of a systemic shortage of energy, but a short term result of regulatory failure. Also, their problem is well on its way to being solved, in large part due to conservation measures.

In the arid Southwest, water is becoming increasingly more valuable than power. Currently the only water diverted from Lake Powell is for the small town of Page, Arizona, and for the cooling of the Navajo Generating Station. Yet the 27 million acre-foot reservoir, an incredibly inefficient storage container shimmering in the desert sun, loses 570,000 acre feet of water per year due to evaporation and an additional, variable amount due to bank seepage. The total cumulative loss since the creation of Lake Powell is greater than 30,000,000 acre feet, or approximately 2.25 years worth of the river's flow.

The dam has a finite life span, due to the enormous amount of sediment carried by the Colorado River. Sediment is being relentlessly deposited in the reservoir, reducing its storage capacity, and advancing along the old river channel toward the dam. Once too much sediment accumulates in the reservoir, the process of decommissioning the dam will become much more difficult and expensive, as well as environmentally damaging.

## Dam Safety

During the summer of 1983, a relatively small flood nearly resulted in catastrophic spillway failure. Employees of the Bureau of Reclamation, in a desperate effort to maintain control of the river, placed makeshift plywood extensions on the spillway gates. Thankfully, the rains abated and the flood subsided, but only after

Some guides and private boaters have expressed concern that a free flowing Colorado River would be unrunnable for much of the year. In order to develop a picture of what the river would have been like without Glen Canyon Dam, Glen Canyon Institute has compared inflows into Lake Powell with actual flows measured at Lees Ferry since 1963. We found that during the off season and shoulder seasons, extremely low flows (below 5000 cfs) occurred about three times as often as they would have without Glen Canyon Dam (See figures 1 and 2). During the peak season, extremely low flows occurred nearly twice as often as they would have without the dam (See figure 3). Extremely high flows (over 100,000 cfs) would have occurred only .54% of the time during the peak season.

There is also a perception that fluctuations would be much more dramatic. Again, the opposite is true. Without Glen Canyon Dam, daily fluctuations greater than 5000 cfs would have been extremely rare. Nearly 60% of the days since 1963, the river would have fluctuated less than 500 cfs (see figure 4.)

Figure 1

**Frequency of Occurrence of Certain Flow Levels for Colorado River, With and Without Glen Canyon Dam, 1963 to Present, During Off Season (11/1-3/31)**

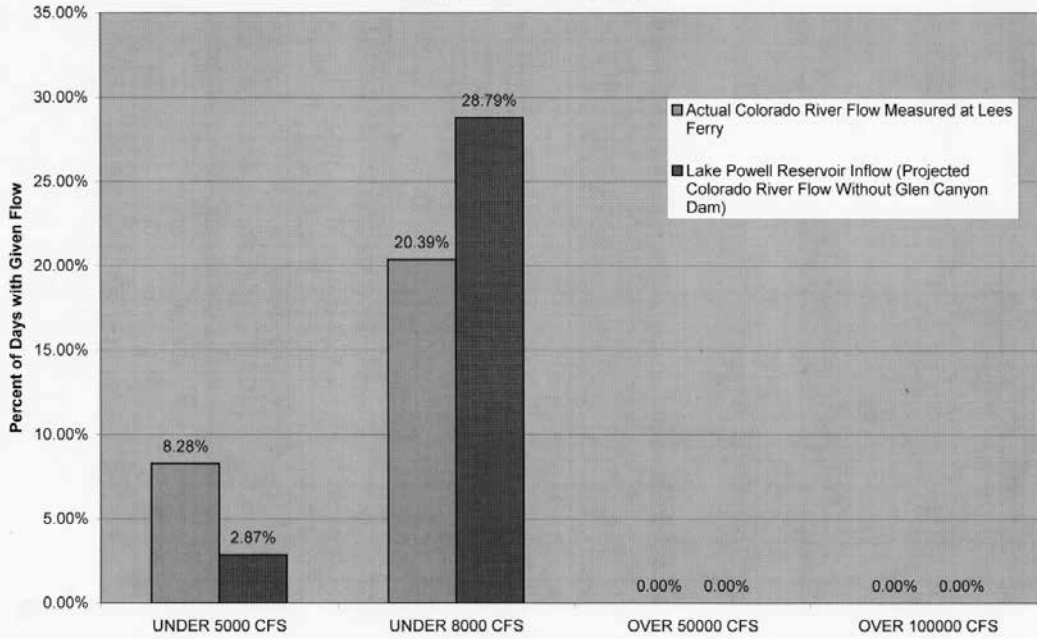


Figure 2

**Frequency of Occurrence of Extreme Flow Levels for Colorado River, With and Without Glen Canyon Dam, 1963 to Present, During Shoulder Season (4/1-5/14 and 9/16-10/31)**

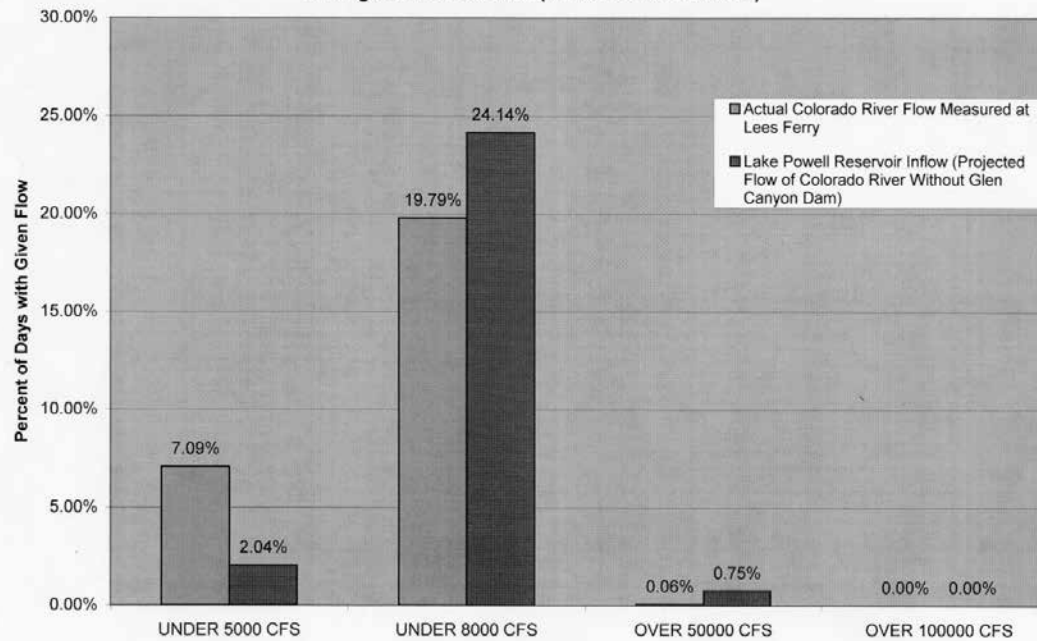


Figure 3

Frequency of Occurrence of Extreme Flows for Colorado River, With and Without Glen Canyon Dam, 1963 to Present, During Peak Season (5/15-9/15)

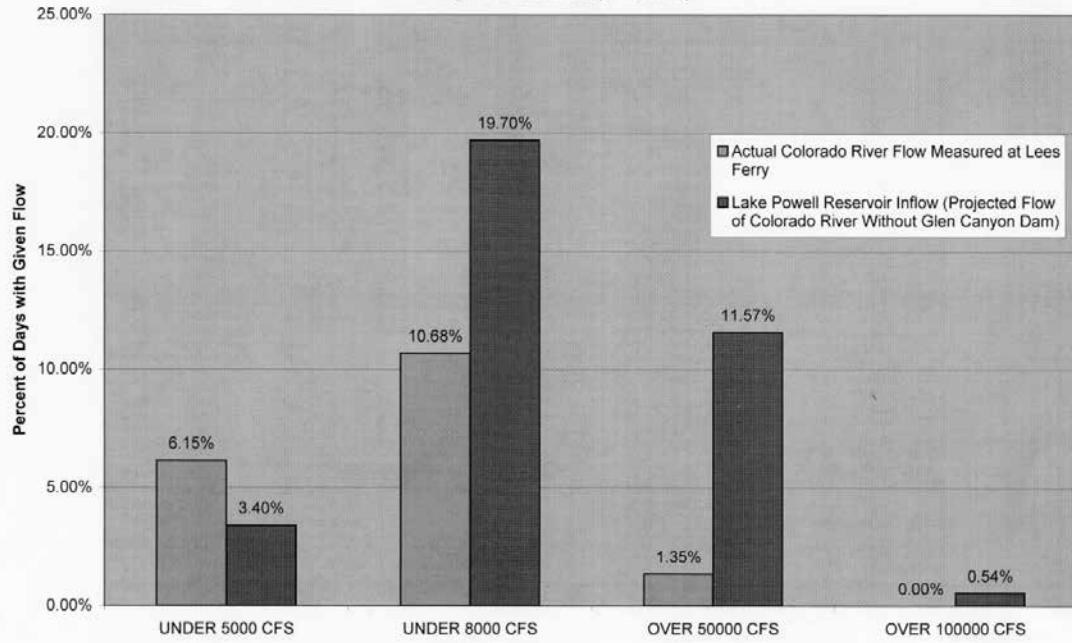
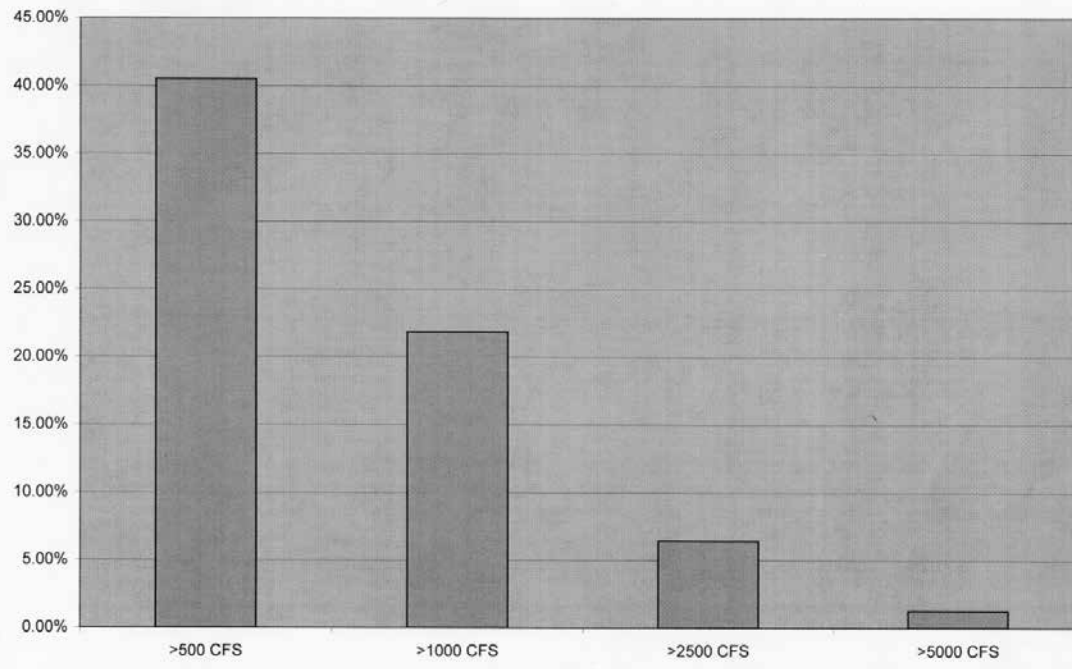


Figure 4

Projected Daily Fluctuation of Free Flowing Colorado River, 1963 to Present





inflicting significant and costly damage to the spillways.

The 1983 flood peaked at just under 120,000 cubic feet per second (cfs). Yet according to historic records, the Colorado River flowed at more than 500,000 cfs in the 1860s, and over 350,000 cfs in the 1880s. Geologic evidence indicates flows exceeding one million cfs within the past 2,000 years. The dam's ability to control these enormous floods will steadily decrease as storage capacity of the reservoir is reduced due to sedimentation. Catastrophic failure of the spillways would have enormous environmental and economic consequences, and could result in the loss of human life.

#### CITIZENS' ENVIRONMENTAL ASSESSMENT

Glen Canyon Institute believes that an environmental assessment, led by citizens of the United States, provides the best opportunity to assess the potential for restoring Glen Canyon. Therefore, we have been developing and facilitating a Citizens' Environmental Assessment (cea) of the proposal to restore a free flowing Colorado River through Glen Canyon and Grand Canyon. As part of the cea, we have completed eight technical studies, covering issues such as biological resources, cultural resources, economic resources, physical resources, dam safety and social/policy issues.

The proposal to decommission Glen Canyon Dam will require intensive study and public review that is far more rigorous than the resources of Glen Canyon Institute will support. The cea is not intended to take the place of a comprehensive environmental review; rather, it is the first step in the process. The purpose of the cea is to demonstrate sufficient public support to justify a full Environmental Impact Study (eis) on the operations of Glen Canyon Dam that includes decommissioning the dam within the range of alternatives.

Although in 1996 the Bureau of Reclamation (bor) completed an eis on operations of the dam, decommissioning was not offered as an alternative to the public. Public comments that suggested decommissioning were simply rejected as falling outside the scope of that eis process. We believe that the American public should decide whether or not the long-term environmental costs of maintaining Glen Canyon Dam outweigh the short-term benefits provided by Lake Powell reservoir.

#### LET'S BE REALISTIC

Several years ago, I discussed our campaign with a fellow river guide who, although he liked the idea of a free flowing Colorado River, argued passionately with me for the better part of an hour. He finally said, "Jeri, I just worry that you people are wasting your time. It's just not realistic."

Another friend suggested that I go visit Mono Lake, another "unrealistic" effort. In the 1970s, Mono Lake was being relentlessly siphoned off to quench a very thirsty Los Angeles. An idealistic group of scientists founded

the Mono Lake Committee with the mission of saving and restoring the beautiful, fragile ecosystem. "You're dreaming," they were told. "You guys are wasting your time; you'll never win against L.A. water."

But they did win. With what seemed like a radical proposal, they presented a positive, rational message. The Mono Lake Committee managed to persuade L.A. water users that they could still have plenty of water, without destroying the lake. Today Mono Lake, well on its way to recovery, steadily rises, providing a symbol of hope to remind us that "lost" causes are not necessarily lost. Unless, of course, we don't try.

It's important to remember that, were it not for Martin Litton, David Brower, and a handful of others, two dams would have been built within Grand Canyon during the 1960s. Brower, when offered a compromise that would allow only one dam in Grand Canyon, compared it to choosing "only one bullet through the heart instead of two." No compromise.

Fighting the dams in Grand Canyon was "unrealistic." A small city had been built to support the dam workers; blasting had begun. But thanks to those willing to fight such "lost causes," the Colorado River still flows through Grand Canyon. Mono Lake wasn't consumed by the high-flow toilets of Los Angeles. A hundred other "lost causes" have been won by those unwilling to compromise.

Is a vision of a free flowing Colorado River "unrealistic?" Not at all. Over the past few years, we have noted a gradual acceptance of the proposal—on both sides of the issue. At a recent Congressional Field Hearing regarding the future of Western water management, Congressman Hansen (r-ut) predicted, "In the very near future some well-meaning lawmaker from the East will introduce legislation to decommission Glen Canyon Dam." He warned the audience, and officials representing the seven Colorado River Basin states who were called to testify, "The day is coming."

People sometimes ask what I think the chances are of decommissioning the dam; I reply, "100%." The Colorado River, by virtue of its enormous capacity to carry sediment, has already made that decision for us. The question, then, is not if it will happen, but when.

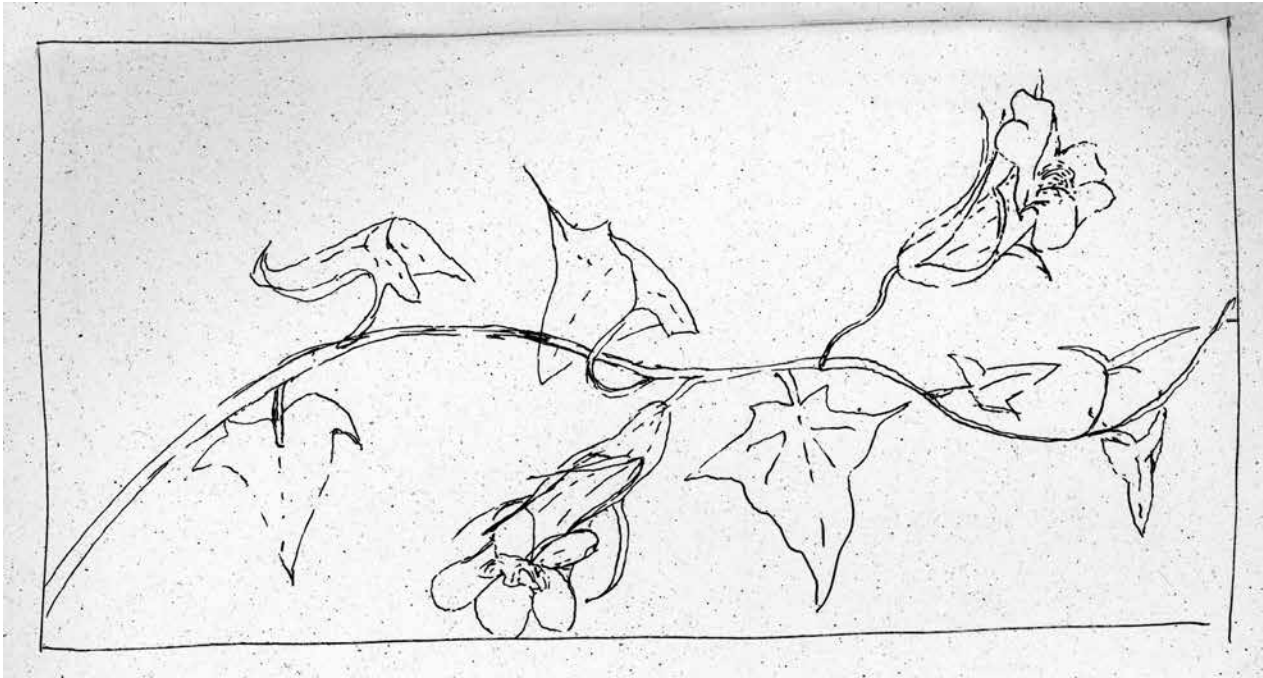
We must act now, while the window of opportunity exists for the Colorado River to restore itself. We can no longer afford to make decisions about our natural resources as though we are the last generation to truly matter. We must, after all, be *realistic*.

*Jeri Ledbetter*  
Executive Director  
Glen Canyon Institute

## Businesses Offering Support

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

<b>Canyon Supply</b> Boating Gear 505 N. Beaver St. Flagstaff	779-0624	<b>Marble Canyon Lodge</b> Lodging and trading post merchandise, Marble Canyon, AZ	355-2225
<b>The Summit</b> Boating equipment	774-0724	<b>Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ</b> Lodging and store merchandise (excluding tobacco, alcohol & gas)	355-2228
<b>Chums/Hellowear</b> Chums and Hello clothing. Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707	<b>Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA</b> Taxes 230 Buffalo Trail, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	525-2585
<b>Mountain Sports</b> River related items 1800 S. Milton Rd. Flagstaff	779-5156	<b>Trebon &amp; Fine</b> Attorneys at law 308 N. Agassiz, Flagstaff	779-1713
<b>Aspen Sports</b> Outdoor gear 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff	779-1935	<b>Laughing Bird Adventures</b> Sea kayak tours Box 332, Olga. WA 98279.	503/621-1167
<b>Teva Sport Sandals and Clothing</b>	779-5938	<b>North Star Adventures</b> Alaska & Baja trips Box 1724 Flagstaff 86002	800/258-8434
<b>Sunrise Leather</b> , Paul Harris Birkenstock sandals. Call for catalog.	800/999-2575	<b>Chimneys Southwest</b> Chimney sweeping 166 N. Gunsmoke Pass, Kanab, UT 84741	801/644-5705
<b>River Rat Raft and Bike</b> Bikes and boats 4053 Pennsylvania Ave. Fair Oaks, CA 95628	916/966-6777	<b>Rescue Specialists</b> Rescue & 1st Aid Box 224, Leavenworth, WA 98826 www.rescuespec.com	509/548-7875
<b>Professional River Outfitters</b> Equip. rentals Box 635 Flagstaff, AZ 86002	779-1512	<b>Wilderness Medical Associates</b> 189 Dudley Pond, ME 04219 www.wildmed.com	1888-945-3633
<b>Canyon R.E.O.</b> River equipment rental Box 3493, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	774-3377	<b>Rubicon Adventures</b> Mobile cpr & 1st aid Box 517, Forestville, CA 95436 rub_cpr@metro.net	707/887-2452
<b>The Dory Connection</b> Dory rental 823 1/2 W. Aspen #4, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	773-1008	<b>Vertical Relief Climbing Center</b> 205 S. San Francisco St., Flagstaff	556-9909
<b>Winter Sun</b> Indian art & herbal medicine 107 N. San Francisco Suite #1, Flagstaff	774-2884	<b>Randy Rohrig</b> Casitas by the beach for rent in Rocky Point.	522-9064
<b>Mountain Angels Trading Co.</b> River jewelry Box 4225, Ketchum, ID 83340 www.mountainangels.com	800/808-9787	<b>Dr. Mark Falcon</b> Chiropractor 1515 N.Main, Flagstaff	779-2742
<b>Terri Merz, MFT</b> Counselling 1850 East Flamingo Road #137 Las Vegas, NV 89119	702/892-0511	<b>Willow Creek Books</b> Coffee & Outdoor Gear 263 S. 100 E. St., Kanab, UT	435/644-8884
<b>Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS</b> Dentist 1419 N. Beaver Street, Flagstaff, AZ	779-2393	<b>KC Publications</b> Books on National Parks Box 94558, NV 89193-4558. www.kcpublications.com	800/626-9673
<b>Snook's Chiropractic</b> Baderville, Flagstaff	779-4344	<b>Roberta Motter, CPA</b> 316 East Birch Ave., Flagstaff, AZ 86001	774-8078
<b>Fran Sarena, NCMT</b> , Swedish, Deep Tissue, & Reiki Master	773-1072	<b>Flagstaff Native Plant &amp; Seed</b> 400 East Butler, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	773-9406
<b>Five Quail Books</b> Canyon and River books 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix	602/861-0548	<b>High Desert Boatworks</b> Dories & Repairs andy @wileywales.com Durango, CO	970/259-5595
<b>Canyon Books</b> Canyon and River books Box 3207, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	779-0105	<b>Hell's Backbone Grill</b> Restaurant & catering Hwy 12, Box 1397, Boulder, UT 84716 www.boulder-utah.com	435/335-7464
<b>River Gardens Rare Books</b> First editions 400 West Lydia's Canyon Road, Glendale, UT 84729	435/648-2688	<b>Boulder Mountain Lodge</b> Hwy 12, Boulder, UT 84716 www.boulder-utah.com	800/556-3446
<b>ERA Conley Realty</b> 123 W. Birch Ave., Suite 106, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	774-4100	<b>Marble Canyon Metal Works</b> mcmetalworks@worldnet.att.net www.marblecanyonmetalworks.com	928/355-2253
<b>Design and Sales Publishing Company</b> geology guides www.edu-source.com/fieldguide.html	520/774-2147	<b>Cañonita Dories</b> Dories@frontier.net Dory kits, hulls, oars, trailers, repairs, and dory accessories.	970/259-0809
<b>River Art &amp; Mud Gallery</b> River folk art 400 West Lydia's Canyon Road, Glendale, UT 84729	435/648-2688		
<b>Fretwater Press</b> www.fretwater.com	774-8853		



Dennise Grackstetter

## Care To Join Us?

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

### General Member

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

### Guide Member

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_

- \$25 1-year membership
- \$100 5-year membership
- \$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)
- \$500 Benefactor\*
- \$1000 Patron (A grand, get it?)\*
- \*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.
- \$100 Adopt your very own Beach: \_\_\_\_\_
- \$ \_\_\_\_\_ donation, for all the stuff you do.
- \$16 Short sleeved T-shirt                      Size \_\_\_\_\_
- \$18 Long sleeved T-shirt                      Size \_\_\_\_\_
- \$10 Baseball Cap
- \$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)

We don't  
 exchange  
 mailing lists  
 with anyone.  
 Period.

**Total enclosed** \_\_\_\_\_



## Rat Pin

**K**ATIE LEE STOPPED BY recently and showed me her goodies. No, not those goodies, but her two and a quarter inch slides of Glen Canyon in the '50s. And, her rat pin from the Mexican Hat Expeditions (mhe) days, pictured here. Nevills Expeditions gave out the pins prior to mhe. Nowadays, Diamond River Adventures and Wilderness River Adventures give out rat pins, a holdover from the Sanderson Brothers. But the Nevills' and mhe pin is no off-the-shelf model, but a custom representation and a worthy keepsake. Grg would like to have some replicas made for next year's gts and is soliciting the membership for some creative jeweler to help out. Of course we're looking for a deal to keep the price down to the membership, but don't let that hold you back. It's for the spirit of the Canyon and the River and not necessarily a fundraiser, although any bucks for the cause is ok, too. You can contact through the grg office.

*Richard Quartaroli*

---

Thanks to all you poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to the Brown Foundation and Newman's Own Organics for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.  
Printed on recycled paper with soy bean ink by really nice guys.

---

Box 1934  
Flagstaff, az 86002



## boatman's quarterly review

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

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