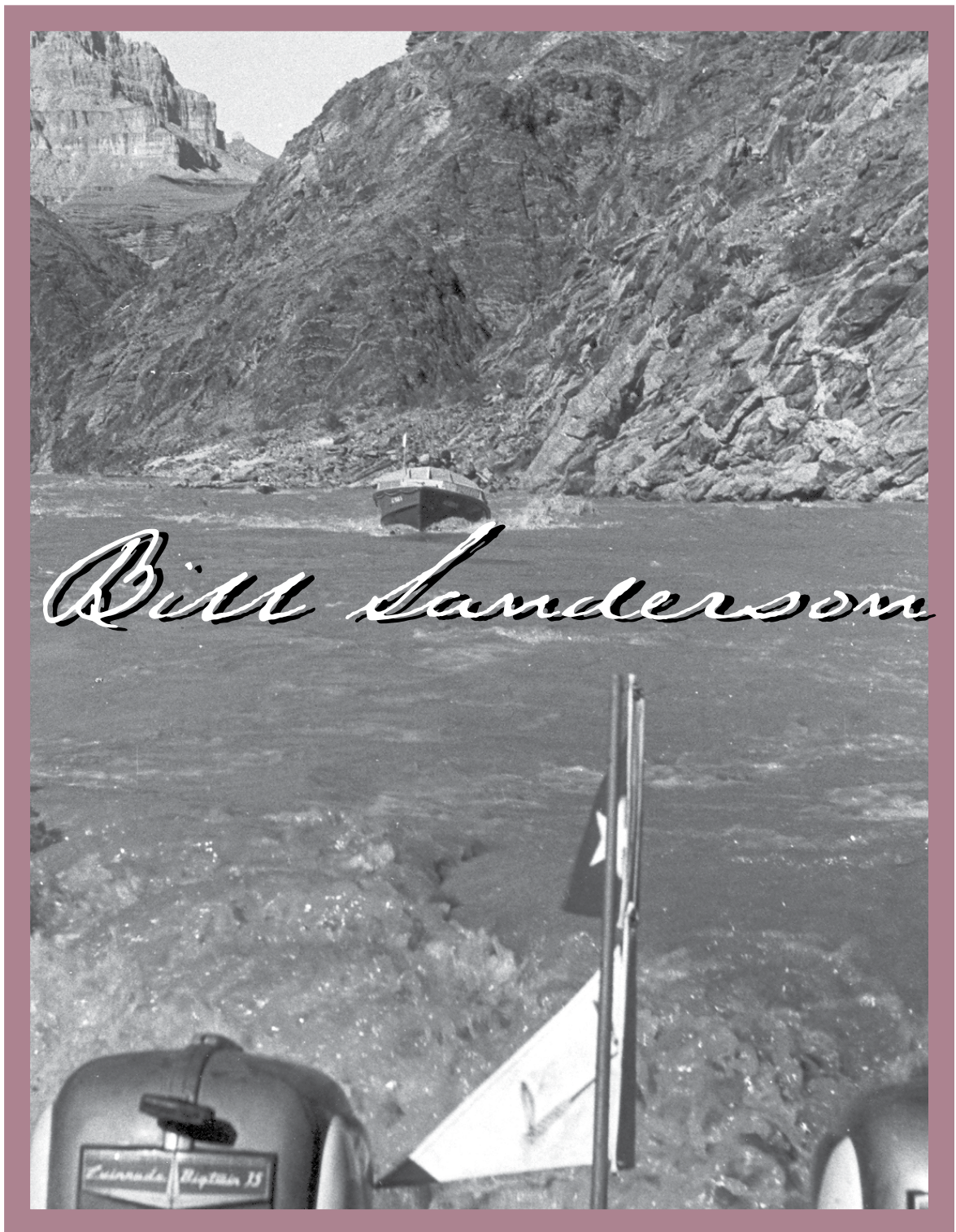


# boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. | volume 18 number 3 | fall 2005



Prez Blurb • Dear Eddy • Farewell • Board Changes • Century Plant  
Still in the Trenches • Adopt-a-Beach • Back of the Boat • Whale Stories  
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## boatman's quarterly review

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

Grand Canyon River Guides  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks.

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## Prez Blurb

ON THE CRMP FRONT, not much seems to be happening. The latest word is that the final plan will be out in late summer or early fall, but it's possible to guess that really means some time after the beginning of the New Year.

It's been a long time since I gave much thought to the French literary philosophers I studied in college, but I wonder if we're "Waiting for Godot" and whether attempts to update the Colorado River Management Plan are related to the "Myth of Sisyphus"? Time will tell.

While some things never seem to change, others do. Hermit Rapid, for example. As those of you who have been down there recently already know, things are a bit different there. And that's exciting.

On my last trip (mid June) we pushed off above Unkar to row a big day of rapids. With no interchange at Phantom, and hoping to catch Crystal before the water was all the way up the next morning, we hoped to get as far as Schist Camp by late afternoon. The peak flows were running 17,000 cubic feet per second (cfs), great for the gorge, way better than the 13,000 I had on the previous trip.

So we had lots of fun and excitement, with lunch at Grapevine camp, and then more big fun at Horn, and Granite. Last year, 17,000 cfs at Hermit was a pleasant cruise through some big (but not breaking) waves—the "roller coaster" we've all come to love. So late in the afternoon, as we approached Hermit, I told the folks in my raft that this would be "The Grand Finale!" of our day on the water. And it certainly was, but not in the way I expected...

The first "really big wave" was breaking steadily, not washing through as I expected. (I'm not good on numbers here, I don't count them: I'm too busy trying to just hit them head on.)

Whew! That thing just ate all my momentum!  
Wow! What's that all about? Didn't expect *that!*

Next thing I know, I'm looking at another biggie, crunching away in front of me. (Number eight, nine, ten, or 11?—opinions seem to differ.) In any event, it's too late now: hit it squarely, pray, hang on etc. *Bam!*

We're sitting on top of this big crashing wave, not going anywhere, and everyone in the boat realizes that if we go backwards, it's all over. After a (very long subjective) moment, we resume our journey downstream. Immediately all of us jump up and start whooping and hollering: it just doesn't get any closer than that!

About this time, I see the paddle boat in front of me is upside down, and there's a bunch of people in the water...



So I've been off the Colorado for a month or so, Sue and I took a vacation and (by the grace of God and some timely invitations from old friends) we ended up doing a trip on the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the Selway.

From what I've heard since getting back to Arizona, others have had exciting experiences at Hermit. Private boaters, scouting on shore, report seeing some motor rigs just about stall out on that lower lurking trouble maker in the Hermit wave train. Commercial oar and paddle rigs (from several companies) have found themselves in "belly up" mode, and smaller boats on private trips have had identical results.

One of the most popular passenger questions I get is "Don't you ever get tired of this?"

Tired, sure—I'll be eligible for "Social Insecurity" before you read this and it could be that I'm really not as energetic as I was two or three decades ago.

But bored, no way. It's as exciting as ever, and it's always refreshing to find that reality sometimes exceeds your expectations. They don't call it the "Grand Canyon" for nothing.

This was not, however, my only exhilarating on-river experience this season.

The following tale reflects, in part, on "river courtesy": doing good (or right) for your fellow boater. This time I was the lucky beneficiary of some timely assistance from a guy whose name I never learned.

I've known for a long time that you can recognize an experienced boater when they start the conversation with "Is there anything you need?" And the prevailing ethic is that if someone needs something, and you have it to spare, you just hand it over: God only knows that next time you might be the one that's short on some essential, and if we can't help each other out we're all going to suffer the consequences, eventually.

After a rather unpleasant winter, Sue was feeling up for an adventure in March. We decided to spend five days floating the Verde River from Childs to the Sheep Bridge in our inflatable kayaks.

In contrast to the Colorado River in Grand Canyon, the Verde is a very small, somewhat ephemeral, desert river that you can run mainly in the winter and early spring. During the summer months, diversions for irrigation reduce flows to 25 cfs or less. The section from Childs down to Horseshoe Reservoir lives up to its "Wild and Scenic" status. As the river winds through the desert, cottonwoods and sycamores line the banks, while saguaros climb up the slopes of granite mountains in the distance. It's not unusual to see eagles soaring overhead, or otters playing in the river.

Although the rapids on this section of the Verde

are Class II and III, the real challenge is posed by the vegetation. Snags abound, and in a number of places the only navigable channel is a narrow run through the trees and bushes. And judging from the wreckage, the Verde just loves to eat canoes: a few years back we counted the remains of five between the Childs put in and the mouth of the East Verde, a distance of only a half dozen miles. At the last minute as we were packing up, I remembered (for the first time ever) to throw in an extra line, some pulleys, and a generous supply of extra 'biners "just in case" we might need them.

The first couple days were fun and uneventful. The next to the last night we camped a few hundred yards above the mouth of Wet Bottom Creek, on a grassy bank overlooking a side channel and a island in the middle of the river. In the morning we hiked back up the river to the Wet Bottom Trail, which crosses in the vicinity of Red Creek, and followed it a couple miles as it climbs up towards the Mazatzal Mountains. The wild flowers were out in full force, a truly magnificent tribute to a moist winter. When we reached the top of an old lava flow, seven or eight hundred feet above the river, we stopped for lunch and a long look at the scenery before heading back to camp and our boats.

We only intended to make a couple miles that afternoon, and I was a bit casual as we pushed off: ignoring my usual practice I decided to wear my hearing aids, rather than put them safely away in a waterproof container in my ammo box. A short distance below camp, a line of trees extended across the place where our channel rejoined the mainstream. A narrow gap a little wider than my inflatable kayak appeared, and I went for it.

The current through the trees was stronger than I anticipated, and my last minute maneuver failed to thread the needle cleanly. I brushed against a tree and—faster than I could say "Oops!"—I found myself in the water, clinging to a branch, trying to keep my head high enough to keep my hearing aids dry, and not lose my paddle. My boat was neatly folded around the upstream side of the tree, and the current was so strong I couldn't get my feet underneath me to stand up, even though the water probably was only a couple feet deep.

Sue, of course, threaded the needle adroitly, grabbed another branch, and yelled "What do you want me to do?" "Take my paddle" I replied. Then, unencumbered, I let go of the tree and swam to shore next to where she'd parked.

The first thing I noticed was that one of my hearing aids was missing. Damn! Those things are expensive! I gave her the other one to put away where I couldn't lose it, and then we hiked upstream and

swam over to the island to contemplate what to do next. My inflatable was just out of reach, maybe five or six feet from the bank, with only a foot and a half of one tube exposed above the surface on either side of the tree. The rest of the boat, and all my gear, was underwater in a swift current. When I stepped on the cobbles at the base of the bank next to the water, the current plucked them away and dumped me back in the river for another short swim.

Things were not going well at all. Back on the bank again, I was able, at last, to grasp a couple branches from the offending tree, bend them over, and secure them to some vegetation on shore to make a flimsy bridge I could step on without exposing my feet to the current. Then using another branch for balance, I managed to get out to the downstream side of the tree where there was a convenient branch to stand on.

The situation looked pretty hopeless. I remember thinking, "Sure glad I brought some extra line and pulleys—too bad they're all under water!" Feeling in the river for the bag they were stored in, I felt my velcro watch band disengage as the river snatched away another prize. I got one biner on the bag loose, then carefully cut a strap to free the other and—clinging to the knife and bag—went for another swim.

Back on the island again, I'd just managed to get the bag unpacked and start wondering where I was going to set up a Z-drag when we noticed the first other boaters we'd seen in four days, several more folks also in inflatable kayaks. I yelled "Don't try coming through here!" and shock registered on their faces as they saw my boat wrapped around a tree. They drifted downstream out of sight.

A few minutes later, however, one of them was standing beside us on the island, offering to help. I scrambled back out to the tree and secured the end of the line to something on the boat, and we set up a mechanical advantage system with the other end attached to a tree on shore. The three of us hauled on the line with all the force we could muster, and we took up a couple inches of rope, but the boat seemed immovable. I remember thinking "This is not going to work, we'll waste the rest of the afternoon and end up leaving the boat here, and I'll be hiking out without my gear in the morning."

We tied off the line and I scrambled back to the tree. Eventually I was able to reach my throw bag, under a couple feet of water, and pull out the line. After tossing the end to shore, I tied the other end to whatever I could reach underwater, and returned to shore. We set up a second Z-drag and hauled away as hard as we could, again taking up only a few inches of line. After tying it off, we returned to the first one, and again were only able to gain a couple inches.

The next couple hours went by quickly—the boat stayed firmly plastered around the tree, and although we

slowly gained a little with each pull, nothing seemed to be changing. At one point our new-found friend scrambled out to the tree and was able to change the attachment point for one of the lines. As he was doing this, the lid to my cooler popped open and a few things floated away—but he was on it in a flash, got the lid closed again and tied shut.

The sun slid behind the hill across the river, and sunset was approaching, and it looked like we had little to show for all the effort. I was beginning to wonder about how much longer we could afford to fool with this apparently hopeless project before we'd have to give up and look for a place to camp. The other guy had been with us for a couple hours, and no doubt his friends downstream were getting impatient for his return.

Sue said something to him and he replied "I can't just leave you guys here alone." We pulled some more. And then, as the sun set, by some miracle the end of the boat we were pulling on suddenly seemed much closer to the surface. Each time we switched from one line to the other, we were able to take up more line until—suddenly—the boat unwrapped itself, slid around the tree, and was floating, upside down in the current, at the end of the haul lines.

Without a word, our unnamed friend ran for his boat downstream, with Sue right behind him. As I untied the lines to set my boat free, I saw a few things float away...a canteen, a couple old river chairs that were almost ready for the trash can...but nothing really important.

It was getting dusky by the time I got to my boat, untangled the mess, and we floated off in search of a camp. The guy who'd helped us had headed off downstream to rejoin his friends, we never had time to get his name or say "Thanks!"

After a mile or so, we found a suitable beach and pulled over for camp. I was mildly hypothermic, and expecting all my clothes, which had been in a bag underwater in a strong current for several hours, would be soaked. To my surprise, the garbage bag I used to line an old, leaky "dry bag" had actually kept the water off my clothes. And as I shed my life jacket, my missing hearing aid—worth about as much as my boat and the rest of its contents together—fell in the sand at my feet!

Although most of what we'd planned for dinner was soaked with river water, or gone altogether, a tin can or two had survived. And thanks to the quick action of our savior in getting the cooler shut again, there were a few beers as well.

Although I'd accumulated more than three decades of worth of various unintended rips, tips, and dips in the river, this was my first wrap. It seems you're never too old or experienced to screw up; the difference between a good run and disaster can be a moment's inattention, or a klutzy stroke at an inopportune time.

Over the years, I've tried to be helpful to other



boaters whenever possible. I've been paid back bigtime for all the favors I've done, and probably owe a few more just to get even again. All I know about the guy who stopped to help us is that he's from Montana, and generous and thoughtful to strangers. There's no way Sue and I, without his help, would have saved that boat. I hope, somehow, he sees this story eventually, and reads these words of appreciation.

*Drifter*

## Once More With Feeling

**T**HERE'S THIS RIVER: *Grand Canyon Boatmen Stories* was published more than 10 years ago. It's now out of print so I've decided to go ahead and publish it again. I'd like to keep the original collection and the same idea, but would like to add a few new stories and some new artwork to give it a fresh face.

I'm looking for TRUE (but of course they can be embellished) stories about life on the Colorado River in Grand Canyon. This can be about an event, a person, a whole trip, a day, a meal, etc. Humor is great, but not required. Stories must be less than 3,000 words.

Art can be black and white or color, photographs, paintings, sketches, etc.

All contributors must either currently work or have worked at some point as a commercial guide on the Colorado River in Grand Canyon.

Manuscripts should be submitted electronically (you can send a hard copy if you really can't email one) to me at the address below. Artwork can be submitted either as a low-res scan or a good quality xerox copy by mail or email. I'll contact you when I need something of better quality.

Deadline for all submissions is December 1, 2005. Please contact me directly if you'll need an extension.

Also, with this edition there will be some sort of monetary compensation for contributors...

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## Oral Histories Online

**T**HE GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES Oral History Project has been in action, in one form or another, for the last fifteen years, barely two years after the organization's founding. It is one of the most positively commented-upon features of GCRG, the others being the BQR and the GTS. Lynn Hamilton has reported on its progress and I presented an update at the 2005 GTS. Many of the edited, published interviews can be found by searching the BQR at the GCRG website, <http://www.gcr.org/bq/search.htm>.

This project has always been a cooperative one with Northern Arizona University Cline Library Special Collections and Archives (sca). As I announced at the GTS, many of the interviews are now available online



*Oral History interview with Lois Jotter Cutter.  
NAU.PH.94.37.174, USGS Old Timers Collection.*

at the Colorado Plateau Digital Archives, <http://www.nau.edu/library/speccoll/index.html>. This is the search page and once you're there, type in Grand Canyon River Guides, or Old Timers, (for the 1994 USGS funded set of companion interviews), and limit at the bottom to "Sound Recordings." You will be able to link to full transcripts, and/or audio/video, of most of the published interviews, plus those that have yet to be edited for publication. With a right-click on the format, you should be able to save these files for personal use or listening pleasure. As more interviews are processed, they will be added to the site, so drop by occasionally to see what's new. While you're there, search for digitized photographs and manuscript material, over 40,000 items and still growing.

*Richard "Keeper of the Books" Quartaroli*  
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARIAN AT  
NAU CLINE LIBRARY

## Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO “THE SURPRISING TRUTH ABOUT ADDICTION” BY STANTON PEELE IN BQR 18:2

STANTON PEELE DOES BQR readers, not to mention an addicted person or concerned family/friends, a disservice in his essay “The Surprising Truth About Addictions” in the last BQR.

Quitting the use of drugs and/or alcohol is fraught with failure for many who have tried on their own and suicide is often viewed as a solution. Government studies show that between twenty and 35 percent of suicide victims had a history of alcohol abuse or were drinking shortly before their suicides, in another study nearly 24 percent of suicide victims had blood alcohol concentrations (BACs) of .10 or greater (the legal level for intoxication in many jurisdictions), and in a study of all non-traffic injury deaths associated with alcohol intoxication over twenty percent were suicides. In another study of youthful suicide, drug and alcohol abuse was the most common characteristic of those who attempted suicide; fully seventy percent of these young people frequently used alcohol and/or other drugs.

Peele may also be unaware of cultural demographics when he speaks of the addict quitting “in order to achieve normalcy”. Many addicts are second, third or even fourth generation users and not only haven’t had a normal lifestyle to fondly look back upon or even aspire to, but have experienced positive reinforcement for the user/addictive lifestyle.

He laments that labeling a person an addict conveys no possibility for change. The basic tenets of Twelve Step Recovery Programs and conventional treatment for addicts are that change from the pain, isolation, poor health and dysfunctional lifestyle is not only possible—it’s the goal and promise.

Peele touts a physician led “brief intervention” as the most successful approach. This is naive. Problem drug and alcohol users avoid medical treatment except as a last resort, and those who do seek it, have had opportunity after opportunity for intervention botched due to disinterested, undereducated, and inattentive medical “help”. The average medical school class time devoted to addiction is thirty minutes.

Next, Peele suggests a behavioral treatment technique called “motivational interviewing” which is a recognized, useful, and successful method of dealing with any problem. If drinking, drugs, gambling, spending, are causing family, legal, or job problems, it is possible to change your thinking, attitudes and behavior. However, the acute symptoms of the addiction must be dealt with before addressing the chronic issues associated with it—you have to stop the bleeding before you figure out how

you got cut. You may need professional help, you may need the help of non-professionals, but you need some type of help.

The Whale Foundation was founded as a result of, and named after, a tragically and fatally addicted individual. A need to educate and to offer help was recognized in the boating community to prevent more such tragedies. Using Stanton’s logic, boatmen and women should just suck it up, wait for life to get better and then “self-propel” their way through change to live happily ever after.

As evidenced in his own biography, “Dr. Stanton Peele is famous for his rejection of both the widely accepted Twelve Step Program developed by Alcoholics Anonymous, and of the concept that addiction is a biological disease.” He has a negative bias against programs that have worked for millions. There is ample room for different approaches and thinking, but to summarily dismiss the only programs that have worked for many is narrow minded, disrespectful and ultimately dangerous.

*Blair Kuropatkin*

IN REFERENCE TO “REGAN DALE” BY LEW STEIGER IN BQR 18:2

OH, PLEASE. More of Regan Dale’s photo’s of 1000 cfs in 1977. The picture of Lava Falls was really lovely. Can we please see Hance, Upset, Bedrock, Horn, Crystal...and more???

*Roy Young*



IN REFERENCE TO “TAKE ME TO THE RIVER” BY VINCE WELCH IN BQR 18:2

THE STORY BY VINCE WELCH in the latest BQR brought back some intense memories of a similar incident.

In the late 1950s or early 1960s, Jorgen Visbak, Paul Ganahl and I hiked into Supai with the intent of climbing Mount Sinyala. We stopped at the tribal office and paid our dollar, then spent some time with Vince Collins, an old friend who was the resident Indian agent at the time. Vince had been to Mount Sinyala and he gave us advice on how to get there, including the location of the Apache Trail, where one first climbed out of Havasu Canyon. Then we met with Lemuel Paya, one of the tribal elders who we had met with Bill Belknap on previous trips to Supai, and got some advice from him.

But the hike to Mount Sinyala did not go well, and when we figured that we did not have enough time to accomplish what we had intended, we returned to Supai and hiked to the river. This was not easy, since at that time there was no established trail below Mooney Falls, and we had to go through all of the grapevines, which was tough on our ankles.

When we got to the river, we found a troop of Boy Scouts there. They were having a ball, and they were playing in the water, of course. At the upstream junction of Havasu Creek and the Colorado, there is a flat rock projection at about river level. The boys were going out to that rock and diving into the river, then swimming across the mouth of Havasu Creek to

the downstream ledges. It was great fun. But, as we watched, one boy dove in, but then misjudged the current and was swept past the downstream landing. He was headed down the main Colorado along the left bank ledges, and was surely going to disappear out of sight.

The Scoutmaster who accompanied the boys was a fat guy—really roly-poly, and he was dressed in a scout uniform and wore shorts. He really looked a bit strange to be at the river. But he saw the boy who was in trouble, and, of all things, he had a coil of rope hanging from his waist. He started to run along the ledges, and as he did so, he took the coil of rope from his waist. When he was just above the boy, he dropped the end of the rope to the boy, and amazingly enough, the boy caught it and held on. That act surely saved the boy’s life. I’ve often wondered if either the boy or the Scoutmaster realized that an heroic act had taken place, or how serious the consequences could have been if the Scoutmaster had not acted, or if he did not have a rope. I’ve wondered whether now, some forty years later, if either of them recalls the incident, or whether they have just passed it off as a minor item in an otherwise neat hike into Supai.

It is too bad that the woman in Vince’s story did not have the same bit of good fortune, but both incidents underscore the fact that one cannot underestimate what can happen if one does not understand or misjudges the potential dangers of the river.

*William E. Mooz*

## Farewell: Joe Hall

**T**HE NAME DR. JOSEPH G. HALL may not be that familiar to river runners, but it certainly should be to Grand Canyon naturalists. Joe Hall taught zoology at San Francisco State University from 1957 to 1982 but, more importantly, spent summers from 1960 to 1972 and 1974 on the North Rim studying Kaibab squirrels. He would take his wife Betty and four daughters camping for the summer and compiled field notes of squirrel activity each season. Besides scholarly articles, in 1998 he also wrote the popular *Linea: Portrait of a Kaibab Squirrel, with Sketches of Other Wildlife on the North Rim of Grand Canyon*.

In the early and mid-'90s, I worked on campsite studies with Joe's daughter, Lisa Hall Kearsley. One day she casually mentioned that she had done a Grand Canyon Dory trip after she graduated from college. I asked how that came about and she told me that her dad had done some dory trips with Martin Litton and P. T. Reilly. When she told me that they were in the 1960s I about fell over. Joe was on the classic 1964 trip with Reilly, Litton, François Leydet, and Phillip Hyde, the trip that resulted in the very important Sierra Club book, *Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon*. I informally call this "The Flush On Down Trip," as they found out below Lava Falls from Toroweap Ranger John Riffey that the flows from Glen Canyon Dam would drop to 1,000 cfs, so they adopted the war cry "Let's flush on down" for the rest of their voyage, "what Martin aptly called 'The Supreme Adventure.'" Joe's wildlife photos can be found in Leydet's book, as well as a prime example of his humor. Leydet wrote: "We had some big water ahead of us: Ruby, Serpentine, Bass. 'We'll run Bass ackwards,' offered Joe Hall. Indeed the cheer was somber, and the jests were ghastly."

Joe was also on the Martin Litton trip in 1965 that included David Brower. According to a 1992 interview

with Litton: "One time (June 28, 1965), Johnny Litton had this boat we called the *Submarine*. Horn Creek was real bad that day, and that old boat went over the edge and right to the bottom of the river, and hit. And when it came up, there was four feet of the nose missing. Well, Joe Hall was a scientist and he had all his fancy rat cages because he was catching rodents and killing some of them, keeping some alive, and some he pickled in bottles. So, he had all this stuff, and he had these beautiful half-inch plywood boxes. And so, when that happened, we said, 'Well, Joe, you'd better pickle the ones that are alive, because we're going to use your cages.' And we made a new bow for the boat—the whole thing."

A few years ago Joe donated his field guides of squirrel research and his river trip slides of Glen and Grand Canyons to NAU Cline Library Special Collections and Archives. His 1964 trip log may also be found in the P.T. Reilly Collection. If you want to know what the vegetation was like then or the birds encountered, there is no better compilation than that found in Joe's daily log. Karen

Underhill, Head of Special Collections, and I were fortunate enough to visit with Joe and Betty at their house in Grand Junction. Joe was becoming increasingly debilitated from recurring polio, but nothing stopped his sense of humor, nor his positive outlook on life. Joe ran "Bass ackwards" for the last time on May 17, 2005. Grand Canyon River Guides extends its condolences to Betty and their daughters and families, particularly to Lisa and Mike Kearsley and their boys.

*Richard Quartaroli*

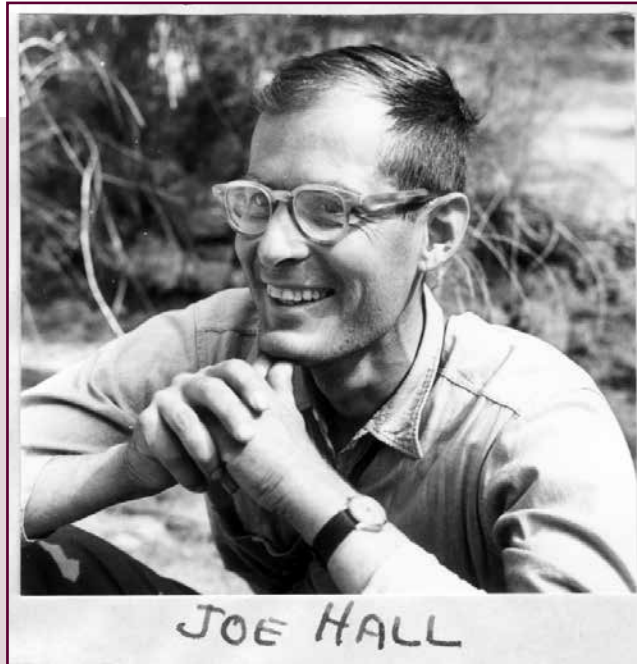


Photo by P.T. Reilly from the 1964 trip, NAU.PH.97.46.89.37.



## Changes to the Board

**E**ACH AND EVERY YEAR the GCRG board of directors tackles new issues, wrestles with policy directions, and provides their invaluable input, all with aplomb, enthusiasm and a great deal of camaraderie. However, from time to time, a specific board is especially challenged—a situation we have certainly experienced this past year with our work on the Draft Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) of the Colorado River Management Plan. This was truly a task that brought home to all of us the important role GCRG plays in protecting Grand Canyon and the river experience. It also highlighted the exceptional nature of those who volunteer their efforts towards these worthy goals.

It is with this in mind that I feel compelled to acknowledge their hard work, considerable expertise and astounding perseverance as Drifter Smith (president), Jocelyn Gibbon (director) and Jayne Lee (director) leave office on September 1st. It is pure serendipity that Drifter served his term as president during our “final push” on GCRG’s comments for the Draft CRMP. How many people can say that they actually read the park’s gargantuan, intimidating, and complex draft, much less understood it? Drifter managed to do just that while injecting our efforts with a strong historical perspective and attention to detail. For that matter, all of our board members rose to the occasion, participating fully with perspectives born of differing backgrounds, knowledge, and dedication to the mission and goals of Grand Canyon River Guides. And of course this was not the only issue we faced (albeit certainly the most daunting). There were many other projects we worked on together during their tenure. Our deepest gratitude to these fine folk for all their hard work on behalf of this organization! Next time you run into

them, please extend your thanks, pat them on the back, and maybe even buy them a cold beer or two. They really (and I mean *really*) deserve it.

And, I bet you are dying to know to know the results of the GCRG election? How I wish I could tell you. Unfortunately it remains a mystery as the polls for the GCRG election closed too late for us to publish the new directors and officers list on this issue’s masthead. However, if your curiosity has gotten the better of you all is not lost; simply look for that info on our website, [www.gcr.org](http://www.gcr.org). Election results will be posted by September 1st. The only obvious change is that Joe Pollock will take the helm, moving up from vice president to president-elect. Joe runs motors for Arizona River Runners and he has already done GCRG an enormous service by not only serving as Vice President (and now President), but also by investing a considerable amount of time and energy working on the Adopt-a-Beach Program. Joe is an intelligent and perceptive University of California Berkeley alum with great leadership qualities. You can expect him to bring sound ideas to the table.

Overall, we couldn’t be more thankful and honored to have such a fantastic slate of candidates this year. GCRG will come out a winner regardless of election results, and you can be certain that the GCRG officers and directors will be ready to tackle the tasks at hand. Clearly, it all boils down to passion—something all of our hardworking GCRG volunteers exhibit in copious quantities. How very lucky we are.

*Lynn Hamilton*

# Century Plant, *Agave*

## Century Plant, *Agave*

*Agave utahensis* var. *utahensis*, *A. utahensis* ssp. *kaibabensis*, *A. phillipsiana*

Agave Family  
Agavaceae

THE CENTURY PLANT (*Agave* spp.) has long since captured the human imagination and is one of the most unique plants to grace the precipitous slopes of the Grand Canyon. The common name, century plant, is a misnomer, as it takes twenty to forty



Grand Canyon century plant, photo by Kate Watters

or more years for them to send up a towering Dr. Seuss-like flowering stalk. Following this dramatic endeavor, the plant dies. Even when plants are not in bloom it is difficult not to admire the stiff, succulent leaves spiraling from the center of a rosette, fanning outward in perfect symmetry. The woody, sometimes burgundy-tinged spines arise from the leaf margins and each leaf bears the shadowy imprint of the previous layer. These spines are distinctly different from the marginal fibers found on yucca species.

Grand Canyon is home to three different century plants. Utah century plant (*Agave utahensis*) is the most common and is represented in Grand Canyon by two subspecies: Utah century plant (*A. utahensis* ssp. *utahensis*) and Kaibab century plant (*A. utahensis* ssp. *kaibabensis*). Kaibab century plant is the larger of the two and rarely produces offsets, thus it typically grows as a single plant. It grows large yellow-flowered panicles on flowering stalks that are up to three feet longer than those of Utah century plant. In Grand Canyon along the river, Kaibab century plant occurs from Marble Canyon downstream to Kanab Canyon. It prefers calcareous or sandstone outcrops

and is found to elevations of 8200 feet.

Utah century plant is a smaller, fewer-leaved version that produces numerous offsets arranged in clumps and has a shorter flowering stalk (to 14 feet tall). It grows to 4600 feet on open, rocky, usually limestone slopes in Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah. In Grand Canyon, plants are commonly found from the South Bass area downstream to Grand Wash Cliffs. Plants exhibiting characteristics of both species appear where the two types overlap in distribution, suggesting that hybrids occur.

A third, and recently discovered species, the Grand Canyon century plant (*A. phillipsiana*), is known only from a handful of sites within Grand Canyon and is very distinct from the other agaves native to the Colorado Plateau region. Its gray-green arching leaves grow to nearly twice the length of the Utah century plant. In September, the Grand Canyon century plant produces a towering flower stalk dappled with creamy blossoms on long, widely spaced lateral branches. The Grand Canyon century plant is a bit of an unfolding mystery to botanists, as it is an ancient, living cultivar. These remarkable plants are found on terraces within major tributaries, the



Kaibab century plant.  
photo by David Edwards



majority in association with archaeological features such as roasting pits. Recent research provides evidence that the Grand Canyon century plant was a cultivated crop, introduced and farmed by pre-Columbian people. Molecular tests reveal the plant's closest relatives may reside in southern Arizona or northern Mexico and Pueblo inhabitants probably acquired the plants found in Grand Canyon via trade with Mexico peoples. Agaves produce genetic clones, or pups, through underground stems or rhizomes, making these plants ripe for cultivation.

Early dwellers of Grand Canyon and other regions in the Southwest and Mexico utilized century plants for food, fiber (for hairbrushes, sandals, blankets, and mats), and medicine, alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages. Continuing today, agave roasting begins with the harvest of plants just prior to the emergence of the flower stalk, when the plant's core is engorged with sugars. A pit up to three feet deep and twelve feet wide is excavated then layered with fire heated stones and

green or wet vegetation. The agave "heads" are placed inside, covered with more vegetation and dirt, and then cooked for two to three days. The most treasured part is the innermost non-fibrous core, which is tender and sweet. The outer, fibrous sections are pounded out, sometimes coated in reserved juices and dried, serving as a future fruit snack. Roasted agaves taste like a very sweet dried papaya or like molasses, making them glorious sweet treats for pre-historic desert dwellers.

The Hualapai method of preparing agave is slightly different and includes the use of beargrass (*Nolina microcarpa*), cattail (*Typha* spp.), and barrel cactus (*Ferocactus cylindraceus* var. *eastwoodiae*). Fortunately, the Hualapai elders still teach the youth how to prepare the agave, resulting in a strong living tradition.

*Researched by Wendy Hodgson*

## Still in the Trenches

**G**CRG's ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT PROGRAM representatives are still in the trenches advocating on behalf of recreational concerns in this stakeholder process that provides recommendations for the Secretary of the Interior on how to mitigate resource damage in Grand Canyon. This has been an exciting and interesting year with November's flood flow, the high fluctuating (trout suppression) flows this past spring, low/erratic flows from the dam caused by wildfire-induced electrical shortages in the grid, struggles between upper and lower basin states, the new public comment period for the Bureau of Reclamation to address management strategies for drought conditions, a Recreation Protocol Evaluation Panel river trip, public outreach committee tasks, endangered fish work, and more.

In all of this, GCRG tries to bring an important river runners' perspective to the table and you can be sure that our concerns and thoughts are heard loud and clear. We represent *you*, so if you have any questions or suggestions, we encourage you to contact GCRG and we'll put you in touch with either Andre Potochnik (our Adaptive Management Work Group representative), or John O'Brien (our Technical Work Group representative). We want to hear from you!

On that note, we would like to thank those of you who took the time to answer our ballot question regarding reservoir levels in low water years. These perspectives will help us to formulate our formal

comments to the Bureau of Reclamation. Considering that initial water allotments were based on data from what we now know to have been a wet cycle, the Secretary of the Interior simply must implement management strategies for low reservoir conditions as experts predict that our current drought may be a decade or longer in length. You can be assured that whatever the outcome, GCRG will insist on sufficient water levels to ensure safe navigation of the Colorado River.

Answering these questions touches on the need to look at the larger picture. It behooves all of us to think more creatively about how to live in a desert during obvious global warming. Ultimately conserving water and energy and exploring alternate (renewable) energy sources will be our only real economic option for the future of the Southwest. The era of dam building personified the attitude of "man over nature". In reality though, nature may have the last laugh. The concept of adaptive management relies on collaboration for achieving managements that is reflective of broad social values (Lee 1993 and Gunderson et al 1995). This is a challenging process with acknowledged difficulties and impediments, yet it remains a tool that we are determined to use. Your questions and comments will greatly assist us in this endeavor.

*Lynn Hamilton*

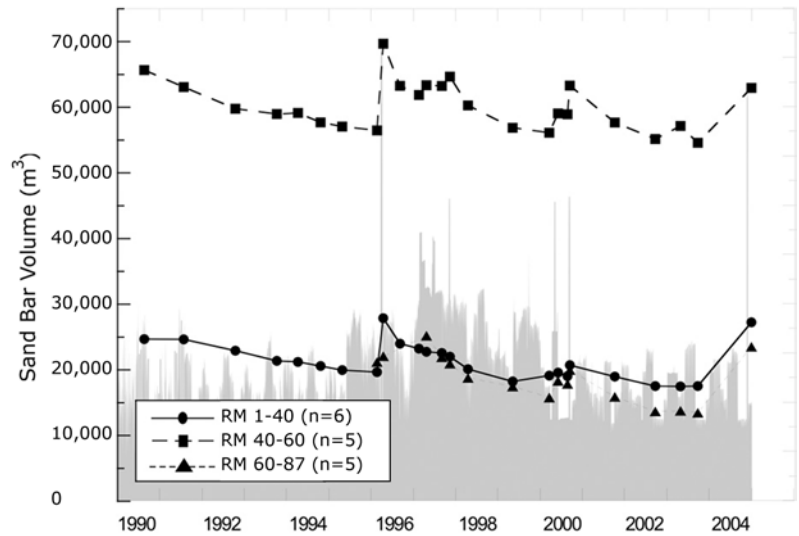
# Adopt-a-Beach Update

**T**HIS IS JOE POLLOCK. You may have met me passing out the Adopt-a-Beach (AAB) packets at the GTS over the last couple of years, or at other GCRG functions. I want to give an update on this year's Adopt-a-Beach goings-on, as well as an idea of what to expect for next year, Adopt-a-Beach's tenth year!!

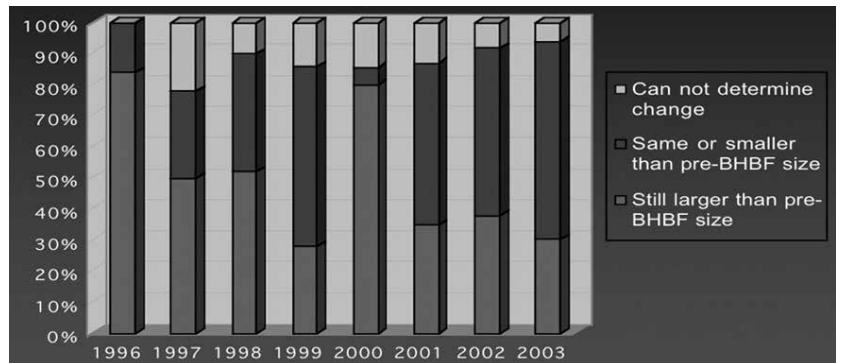
The fact that computers are an everyday tool for practically every aspect of our lives has not escaped the world of Adopt-a-Beach. We will continue to use the "analog" or "real" film format that we always have. We are, however, continuing to scan the film into a computer to stay abreast of our digital archive. This year will denote the first year that the beach photo analysis will be done almost exclusively on a computer screen, where access to the past years' photos can make comparisons straightforward. The work toward making the archive easily readable on the AAB website is going forward with the continuing help of our webmaster, Chris Geanious. Currently I am taking an idea Kate Thompson has to develop a "flip-book" of photos for each beach on the computer with time, date and water level information. This will hopefully turn into a resource for not only researchers, but also river runners and anyone interested in the downstream effects of Glen Canyon Dam in the Grand Canyon.

Expect the publication of the results from the analysis of 2004 photos and datasheets later this year, both on our website (<http://www.gcr.org/aab/ab.htm>) and through the Winter issue of the BQR. One comment I've seen from a number of adopters is that vegetation encroachment is getting pervasive. These are welcome comments, as are any observations about the state of the beaches. If there are changing conditions, like the increase in vegetation, that relate to the usability of the beaches, please feel free to make use of the datasheets to explain what you see. This is a great opportunity to record the your views, and it may well lead to a better understanding of what we can do to improve the management of Glen Canyon Dam.

One of the reasons for the establishment and



Graph provided by Matt Kaplinski at NAU showing sandbar volume.



Graph by Kate Thompson showing number of beaches by percent.

continuance of AAB is that it provides an independent and thorough review of the state of the beaches in the Canyon. An area I intend to explore is the connection between AAB and other research programs like the sand bar studies done by the Namdors through NAU and the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center. This Spring, Matt Kaplinski from NAU once again gave a great presentation at the GTS. He and his co-workers assembled an astonishing amount of data and one graph in particular caught my attention. The graph shows a general decrease in the volume of sand in sandbars in Marble Canyon. This much everyone knows. The thing that caught my eye was the similarity between the information presented in their graph and the graph that Kate Thompson assembled for last Fall's BQR article. It look as though the two programs corroborate each other's information quite nicely.



This year's adopters may want to know that you are participating in a critical time in the program. It is, again, Adopt-a-Beach's tenth year, and one of the reasons of the program's formation was the Beach Habitat Building Flow (BHF) of 1996. The release of last November's BHF of over 40,000 cfs marks the first time since 1996 that the Canyon has seen such a tremendous release. One of my own observations made this year after the test flow was the effect of the 5-20,000 cfs High Fluctuating Flows (AKA trout suppression flows) and what a good camping area this made at several locations. With the water up to only 17,500, the 20,000 level seems like an easy bench to make use of at several locations. Be assured that this year's photos and datasheets will be analyzed with a unique historical perspective.

We would like to recognize all the of adopters from 2004 and 2005. Thanks to all of you that make this program what it is. My apologies for any exclusions in the lists below. Special thanks to Brian Hansen and Greg Woodall for taking pre-season photos earlier this year, as well as adopters who make a special effort to adopt the same beaches year-in, year-out. This lends a consistency and perspective that is greatly appreciated. I look forward to hearing from all of you!

Joe Pollock

#### ADOPT-A-BEACH 2004

11.0R—Soap Creek	Brenton White
12.2L—Salt Wash	Robert & Celia Southwick, & Greg Woodall
16.0 L—Hot Na Na	Okie Jones
19.1L—19 Mile	Kevin Johnson
20.4R—North Canyon	Charly Heavenrich
23.0L—23 Mile	O'C Dale
29.3L—Silver Grotto	Shoshanna Jensen
34.7L—Lower & Middle Nautiloid	Melissa Pearce, Kristin Downing
37.7L—Tatahatso	John Toner
38.3L—Bishop (Martha's)	Nikolle Brown, Bert Jones
41.0R—Buck Farm	Duffy Dale
75.6L—Nevils	Nathan Jordan
76.6L—Hance	Okie Jones, Larry Hopkins
81.3L—Grapevine	Kate Thompson, John Toner
84.0R—Clear Creek	Johnny Janssen
84.5L—Zoroaster	Jodi Leach
91.6R—Trinity	Andre Potochnik
96.1L—Schist Camp	Greg Woodall, Tim Quigley, Scott Davis, Sally Ballinger
96.7L—Boucher	Erika Anderssen
98.0R—Crystal	Kerstin Jones
99.7L—Lower Tuna	Walker Mackay
107.8L—Ross Wheeler	Bob Dye

108.3R—Bass	Ote Dale
109.4R—110 Mile	Emily Dale
114.3R—Upper Garnet	Jason Mackelprang
114.5R—Lower Garnet	Jason Mackelprang
131.1R—Below Bedrock	Lynn Myers
132.0R—Stone Creek	Michael Ghiglieri, Greg Woodall
133.0L—Talking Heads	John Toner, Jessica Cortright
133.5R—Racetrack	Jacob Sack
133.7R—Lower Tapeats	Mathieu Brown
134.6L—Owl Eyes	Charly Heavenrich
137.0L—Backeddy	Jeff Touchette
143.2R—Kanab	Jed Koller
145.6L—Olo	Evan Tea
148.5L—Matkat Hotel	Christina Parker, Greg Woodall
155.7R—Last Chance	David Desrosiers
164.5R—Tuckup	Kristin Huisinga
166.4L—Upper National	Larry Hopkins, Paul Smolenyak
166.6L—Lower National	Mike Long
230.0L—Travertine Falls	Wayne Peterson, Art Thevenin
236.0R—Gneiss Camp	Kyle George

#### ADOPT-A-BEACH 2005

11.0R—Soap Creek	Jeff Sorensen
12.2L—Salt Wash	Robert & Celia Southwick
19.1L—19 Mile	Kevin Johnson
20.4R—North Canyon	Charly Heavenrich, Laura Fallon
23.0L—23 Mile	Ed Hench, O'C Dale
29.3L—Silver Grotto	Adam Elliot
34.7L—Lower & Middle Nautiloid	Melissa & Travis Pearce
37.7L—Tatahatso	Aaron Beck
38.3L—Bishop (Martha's)	Ariel Neill
41.0R—Buck Farm	Nancy Helin
75.6L—Nevils	Walker Mackay
76.6L—Hance	Matt Fahey
81.3L—Grapevine	Travis Winn
84.0R—Clear Creek	Alexis Kimball
91.6R—Trinity	Marieke Taney
96.1L—Schist Camp	Rob Tee
98.0R—Crystal	Shana Watahomigie
107.8L—Ross Wheeler	Bob Dye, Jeff Sorensen, Ruth Ann Ratay
108.3R—Bass	Jared Weaver
109.4R—110 Mile	Tex Callaway
114.3R—Upper Garnet	Kelly VanDenBerg
114.5R—Lower Garnet	Erika Feinauer
131.1R—Below Bedrock	Lena Bain/gcy
132.0R—Stone Creek	Michael Ghiglieri
133.0L—Talking Heads	Jessica Cortright

133.5R—Racetrack	Susan Detering
133.7R—Lower Tapeats	Jan Sullivan
134.6L—Owl Eyes	Charly Heavenrich
137.0L—Backeddy	Jeff Sorensen, Dave Loeffler
143.2R—Kanab	Alan Neil
145.6L—Olo	Brad Dimock
155.7R—Last Chance	Bert Jones
164.5R—Tuckup	Kristin Huisinga
166.4L—Upper National	Robyn Janssen
166.6L—Lower National	Greg Books
230.0L—Travertine Falls	Wayne Peterson
236.0R—Gneiss Camp	Kyle George, Matt Robinson

## A Call for E-mails

AS MENTIONED IN THE Adopt-a-Beach update, computers are touching every aspect of our lives. If you have an email address, please let Lynn know what it is and we'll keep you informed of dam releases, canyon district incident reports, events, classes and other items of interest to river guides. This is the best and most instantaneous way for GCRG to keep in touch with the guiding community. So, email us at [gcrg@infomagic.net](mailto:gcrg@infomagic.net) and let us know that you'd like to be added to our guide email list. We would love to include you!

## Important Dates—Mark Your Calendars

### GCRG FALL MEETING

RIVER GUIDES LOVE GETTING TOGETHER, and they most certainly love water, so we thought—why not combine the two? GCRG is planning a totally unique Fall Meeting on Lake Powell. Picture traveling to a nice secluded sandy beach by boat, with an overnight, great talks and plenty of time to bask in the late fall sun, hike and play with your friends (old and new). Sound like fun? Then join us on October 29th. (Yes, it conflicts with the Historic Boat Project Masquerade Ball, but that can't be helped.)

This kind of endeavor requires far more planning than our normal meeting, so we will need to ask you to RSVP so we can plan for food and boats for the right number of people. There will also be a small fee for the event of \$10 per person which should be sent to GCRG in advance. Guides should look for the Fall Meeting postcard in the mail sometime in September. Come and join us!

### GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR 2006

Planning has yet to commence but our GTS 2006 file is already filling with ideas and emails from potential speakers. Mark your calendars as follows:

GTS land session—March 25–26, 2006

GTS river session—March 28–April 3 (upper half)  
April 3–11 (lower half)

If you took a moment to read the GTS articles in the last issue (or have participated in past Guides Training Seminars), you should have a good idea of how fantastic

these events are and how necessary it is that you participate! This is the mother of all training sessions. The top dog. Numero uno. Not only will you come away with a wealth of information about the cultural, natural and human history of Grand Canyon, but you'll have a heckuva lot of fun to boot. We'll have more info in upcoming issues of the Boatman's Quarterly Review. Simply plan on it for 2006, as the GTS is not to be missed!

### FIRST AID CLASSES 2006

Dr. Tom Myers, Dr. Michelle Grua, and Carl Lind of Desert Medicine Institute will again be offering their exceptional first aid courses to river guides in spring of 2006 (all courses will be in Flagstaff, with exact locations to be determined). Mark your calendars for the following dates and look for a sign up sheet in the next two issues of the BQR:

WFR Recertification/Review class—March 3–5, 2006

WFR class—March 27–April 3, 2006

One participant had this to say about their WFR course this past spring:

“Together the three go far beyond a standard curriculum into the whys, wherefores, and what-ifs. The course was especially tuned toward Grand Canyon, with a strong emphasis on heat-related problems and other conditions we see on the river. We had expert guest speakers on brain and back issues, survival, and emergency scene management. All in all, I think it is a tough course to beat.”



# Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

## 2005 KENTON GRUA SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS

**T**HANKS TO RIVER GUIDE Johnny Janssen—who came up with the idea—and the generosity of some outfitters, guides and river guests, The Whale Foundation offers to Grand Canyon river guides the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship. If you are looking to further your education, are financially challenged in meeting your goals, and are a river guide in Grand Canyon, you are eligible to apply for these funds. Contact us for an application or go to [www.whalefoundation.org](http://www.whalefoundation.org) and download one. Please be sure to read the instructions and apply before June 1, 2006. If you want to support the Scholarship Fund your donations are not only greatly appreciated, they will help to create a tradition we can all be proud of well into the future. For more information call, write or email.

This year the Whale Foundation was able to increase the scholarships from \$1000.00 to \$1500.00 each and we're happy to congratulate the 2005 recipients:

Ken Baker—Canyoneers  
Lora Colten—AzRA  
Kim Fawcett —AzRA  
Jon Olivera—Hatch

## THE LIAISON PROGRAM NEEDS VOLUNTEERS

The Whale Foundation's Liaison Program was created to provide a personal link between the river community and the Foundation's services. Our goal is to find at least one working Grand Canyon guide in each commercial company, and a few freelancers, who would be willing to act as a bridge—or Liaison—between fellow guides and the Whale Foundation. We are grateful to those who have generously and enthusiastically volunteered to serve in this capacity and applaud those who have used this link to get help. All liaisons sign an agreement promising confidentiality but are not required to attend foundation meetings.

The Whale Foundation's Mental Health Services Committee will hold a Liaison Program training session Saturday October 22, 2005 in Flagstaff. Lunch will be provided and driving expenses reimbursed for out of town attendees. If you would be willing to serve as a Liaison please call, write or email the Whale Foundation at 928-774-9440 or [info@whalefoundation.org](mailto:info@whalefoundation.org)

## WINGDING IV

The fourth Annual WingDing will be held Saturday February 4, 2006 from 6–11 P.M. at the Coconino Center for the Arts 2300 N. Fort Valley Road in Flagstaff. This much loved, trans-generational river community rendezvous and fundraiser is a Whale sized undertaking for 350 revelers. We need volunteers to help with the music, food, beverages, registration, raffle, silent auction set up and clean up. Anyone who likes a good party and could spare some time this fall to help with the planning and execution of this feast is most welcome. Call 928-774-9440 and we'll call you back.

## NEW BOARD MEMBERS.

Mike Boyle (OARS) and Susan Hamilton Gourley (Canyon Explorations) have generously volunteered to serve two year terms on the Board of Directors and we couldn't be happier. We meet the third Tuesday of every month in our office at Grand Canyon River Guides, 515 W. Birch Ave in Flagstaff and our meetings are open to anyone who's interested.

The Whale Foundation  
P.O. Box 855  
Flagstaff, Arizona 86002-0855  
On Call Help Line 866-773-0773 (toll free)  
Business 928-774-9440  
[www.whalefoundation.org](http://www.whalefoundation.org)

## MISSION STATEMENT

In loving remembrance of Curtis "Whale" Hansen The Whale Foundation provides confidential access to mental and physical health care professionals and a network of support services designed to restore, promote and celebrate the well being of the Grand Canyon River Guiding Community.

The purpose of the Whale Foundation is to alleviate depression, grief, addiction, dependency and stress among professional river guides in Grand Canyon. The Foundation also exists to provide a safety net for those transitioning from the profession of river running into other occupations. These services are provided anonymously and confidentially to professional river guides, active and retired, their immediate family members and company staff. Donations welcomed. 501(c)(3).

## There Are a Million Whale Stories and Most of Them Are True

*On the tenth anniversary of Whale's death we thought a good Whaler story was in order. This beauty by Earl Perry first appeared in the BQR in the fall of 1995. If you have a Whale story please share it with us.*

**W**HALE STORIES, like Whale, come in many sizes. Some are almost too long to tell. Others, like this one, are really short—but to tell the story right, you've got to set the stage...

In the days when the hole in Crystal was down near the mouth of Slate Creek, Hatch rigs had floors and a motor frame with an oak transom that hung from two by twelve "wings" that extended back off the tail of their 33-foot boats. These rigs turned fast (that long lever arm) and cruised slow (all that 33 crammed under water). They also snapped up and forward when you hit a hole or sharp wave, which is how many of the early Hatch boatmen collected those forehead scars—attempting to snatch a kiss from spare motor boxes or duffel loads that were determined to maintain their virtue.

Now, in those days the summer daily tide was about ten feet, and it was downshifted in the spring, and further downshifted on weekends. You could end up with daily flows from 2,000–8,000 cfs, with as sharp a derivative as the dam could manage without triggering water hammer in the penstocks. So you dreaded launching Wednesday or Thursday in March, which we had done. The spring weekend water caught us at Hance. There might have been water, but there was not thought to be the skill to motor it, so we rowed. One of the boatmen lodged at the bottom right. Kenton Grua rowed over to bump him off, and achieved legal penetration (which in the state of Idaho, according to Jerry Hughes, is any penetration at all) with one of those motor wings, opening an L-shaped rip 45 by forty inches.

When we were done patching—with those floors and those frames, some old Hatch boatmen had the equivalent of PhDs in boat patching—we headed for Phantom. It was getting late when I decided we would attempt the apocryphal extreme-low-water run on the far left of Grapevine. To his credit, my trainee, Jerry Morton, took one look, decided I was daft, strongly resisted this run, and had to be given a direct order to do it. As far as I am concerned, we established a definitive proof that 1) the run does not exist, and 2) only someone as stupid as me would try this run when his own eyes told him it didn't exist.

Descending Grapevine on the far left took about 45 minutes and was as close as I ever came to flipping a pontoon downstream. It impinged in a dual rock situa-

tion: the boat started to drop broadside off one nine-foot rock and lodged on another immediately below, pinning sideways between the high rock upstream and the low one downstream, with the stern on a ninety degree angle and the nose bending off downriver. The ordeal ended when the boat had been partly deflated and had accumulated 36 inches of water (remember—these boats still had a floor in them). At long last it wallowed off.

At Phantom, Ray Herrington strutted down the beach, chest out, and ordered us in. "Right here, boys. Snap it up. Where the hell you been?" Now this was an unfortunate question when you'd spent hours patching down by the asbestos mine and a good part of an hour in the rocks of the apocryphal extreme-low-water Grapevine run, while he spent an alcoholic afternoon at the Ranch. Herrington's military and highway patrol experience conferred authority on him that was somewhat disproportioned to his river experience: none. From our quite recent river experience, what we had was irritation and momentum. Ten yards out from the beach, Reznick cut the motor, broke the connection, and tilted the Mercury up. With an extra seven and a half tons of water in her that we hadn't bothered to bail, the boat continued toward the abrupt bank at Phantom with impressive velocity. Herrington continued to issue directives, stumping down the slope to catch the two bow D-rings. Actually, they caught him, about midway between chest and belly. He was ready to pull us in and ream us for being late and, in fact, it was darkening.

The boat continued to land; indeed, the boat had conceived a real passion for the land. Herrington folded around the bow. The boat began to mount the shore, a sand cliff rather than a beach. Herrington vented more authoritative noises, in particular orders to "Stop The Boat." Now if we could have stopped the boat, such is the perversity of a boatman's heart that, in fact, we Might Not Have Done So. But of course we couldn't; stopping that boat was in the hands of God, who would stop it when Good and Ready. Herrington's directives continued while the boat carried him backwards up the sand cliff. Soon his heels caught. The boat continued to hump up the shore. With his heels fixed, Herrington rapidly began to uncurl from the bow of the 33. First you could see his chest and head, then an instant later only his head. There was a moment when his face registered pure outrage; then abruptly as a reverse jack-in-the-box, his head vanished. The boat continued to grind up the sand cliff, but more slowly. When she finally



lodged fast ashore, half her length canted up the ten-foot bank, a great tidal bore roared to the stern, erupted in a U-shaped tsunami around the floorboard, then settled into a steady lap-deep pourover, icing our groins for the evening. Deep under the floor, far beneath the boards, the voice of Herrington could still be heard, issuing his indefatigable directives, but muted now by tons of rubber. And with a tone of deepened indignation, for he had just learned the younger boatmen were Worse Than He Imagined. “What the Hell do you Sonsabitches think you’re doing? Get this Goddamned boat off me, and I mean right now...”

The next day we scouted Horn. We had, of course, long registered our opinions about those rapids which scared the piss out of you, as opposed to those which scared the other stuff out of you. Horn at this level appeared to require a new category—some of us (or at least I) considered throwing up. The run was obvious: the cut from far right to far left. Rather than try to make the run, some of the boatmen actually ski-jumped a bare, bone-dry rock on the left center—if a 33 can be said to “ski-jump” anything. They hit that rock full bore, pulling the motor as the rock began to slit the neoprene floor and gash a boat-length chingas into the floorboards. Here at Horn was demonstrated another peculiarity of the paleo-Hatch rigs. The pert rocker of the stern sections of a 33 was, as I mentioned, crushed under by the twin wings of the motor frame and their taut chains—but not completely. Those stern sections could still sun-pump... so that when I pulled out to the far right, my rig had achieved just enough tumescence to lift the prop. Only the prop-radius touched the river, mincing it into little water collops. I headed into the rapid broadside on the far right, motor howling, both stern valves unscrewed and whistling eerily until they went under, me bouncing on the motor casing to see if I could get the prop in and keep it in.

After Horn, Crystal evoked new depths of queasiness. Massey assembled us on the bank and announced that we would flip at least four of the eight boats. He looked at the younger boatmen. We looked into the hole. You couldn’t see very far into it. The hole was very large—from the left bank to within twelve feet of the right fan. As he told us what would happen to us, with that sunny savagery that was one of his hallmarks, the biggest boat most of us had ever seen lumbered down the tongue—a colossal Western Super-J, about 25 by 45 feet, with a bulge-casing Johnson 55 or 70 wailing back in the motor well. It plunged straight into the hole and disappeared. Two seconds passed. The giant rig continued invisible. Two full seconds, all that apparatus and humanity in the Crystal Hole, somewhere. You had time to wonder.

You could see nothing but water, blazing and backlit. That giant boat was in there, and you couldn’t see it.

You wondered more. Then, at last, standing on end, breaching, sheets of radiant water streaming from the snouts, like an apparition from the North Sea, she punched through, length on length of silver tube crawling up and out from that hole, rising, section by section, slow as a moon launch, finally breaking clear and slipping into the shadows against the cliff, bounding and thumping off down the left side of the island. We looked at each other. Nobody looked at Massey. Four out of eight. It was clear that the twelve-foot slot on the right would need to accommodate the nine-foot width of our rigs. So it did for most. You had to idle down the tongue, nose near the shore. So low was the river that the stern, even out in the middle, was still in water so shallow that you drifted along in neutral, listening to your prop pinging and clattering on the river bed and wondering how many of the blades would be available when you hung out broadside over the hole, chunked her in gear, and reached for power. From the shore I got to watch Whale and Brick Wells try it, with Wells on the tiller. They almost made the cut, clipping the edge of the hole. Against the blackness of the Slate Creek cliffs, the rig stood out at close to 45 degrees, the front eighteen feet clear of the water. As the nose dropped back to the river, the stern snapped up. Given a two-point suspension between throttle and bucking strap, Brick could ride it. Whale had no such holds. He got the full ride straight out of the chute, with one cactus pad under his saddle blanket and one under his tail.

He went into full reverse layout—and described a beautiful backwards swan up...up...up until his feet were vertical above his head and he looked like Peter crucified against the darkness rotating slowly back, downward, caroming off the frame and dropping between the wings, beside the cavitating prop, straight into Crystal Hole. Wells, like Whale, one of the Idaho potato country boys that Jerry Hughes had brought to the river, was a big man. Whale was bigger. With the boat still in danger of getting sucked back into the hole, Wells idled his Mercury down, reached a hand back and down, caught Whale in the froth and whipped him up out of the river, past the motor, into the motor well, stomped him down, pinned him solidly with a foot, reached for power, and completed his run.

“I wasn’t goin’ to let him out again—he’d showed he couldn’t pick a swimmin’ hole fer shit.”

*Earl Perry*

## GCY Update

**W**HAT A SEASON! It is hard to know where to begin describing Grand Canyon Youth's largest season ever! This year has been an incredible learning and growing experience for our organization. After our last trip we will have served over 300 youth from across the country who have completed thousands of hours of community service both on and off the river. The array and depth of the programs offered this season leave me in a humbled state of gratitude for the many wonderful guides, volunteers, drivers, Board of Directors, donors, partner agencies, parents and participants who were involved in some way or another to make this season successful.

To give an idea of the kinds of programs Grand Canyon Youth provided here's a quick rundown. There were groups from Austin, Texas, Tucson, and inner-city Boston, which included kids whom had never camped a day in their lives. There was an all-girls program from Williams, Arizona that focused on healthy life-styles. Youth from Flagstaff represented four different middle schools and all of the high schools. We worked with the Sunnyside Neighborhood Association's I-AM Youth program with low-income students from Flagstaff. There was a motor trip in April with Canyoneers and this year marked our fourth annual Hopi Youth Program and third annual Native American Youth Artist trip with artist Bahe Whitethorne. It was our first year doing what we hope will be an annual trip called "White Water Writing," a program for youth interested in writing who spent seven days with author Craig Childs. A literary journal called "Writing the Waves" will be available for sale from this trip that includes some of the compiled writings from this incredible program. This year also marked our new partnership with River Rampage, a program based in Phoenix that serves young people with disabilities (see article on next page). Finally, teen-agers worked doing on-river science projects in Grand Canyon, Lower Grand Canyon, and the San Juan with scientists studying amphibians, sediment, invasive species, big horn sheep, and helping to complete a survey-point data base with Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center.

Grand Canyon Youth employed 29 guides for our trips this year! These guides brought with them all of the spunk, professionalism, knowledge and sense of humor needed on a youth trip. Several guides worked their entire season or the majority of it with GCY. Three Grand Canyon Youth alumni worked as baggage boatmen and one was a paid San Juan guide. Thank you to all of the incredible guides who contributed to our programs this year with dedication and heart!

This list of accomplishments does not begin to tell the whole story of what these trips mean to the folks who go on them. The intricacy and intimacy of memories from each trip, letters from parents, scientists, and smiles captured on film only go a bit further. Thank you to all of you in the river community who continue to support Grand Canyon Youth whether it's telling your passengers on a commercial trip, guiding, helping with equipment donations (thank you to Wilderness for a whole lot of sleeping bags!), providing access, donating, coming to our fundraiser, or whatever creative fabulous ways you find to support us, we appreciate it!

### FALL RIVER RUNNER FILM FESTIVAL!

Mark your calendars; tell your friends, the Fifth Annual River Runner Film Series and Auction has moved to the fall. Due to our increased volume of spring river programs our annual fundraiser will take place on Saturday, November 5, 2005 at the Museum of Northern Arizona from 6:00-10:00 P.M. This festival will feature films from the National Paddling Film Festival *Roadshow* sponsored by *Paddler* magazine which are sure to be thrilling, thought provoking and fun! As in the past the festival is also open to local filmmakers and film submissions are due by October 15th. We are now graciously accepting gifts of art, jewelry, gear, and sponsorship contributions for this great event.

### WAYS TO HELP!

As always, your support, in whatever form you can give it, is much appreciated. To learn more about Grand Canyon Youth, to donate, to volunteer, or to guide please call Emma Wharton (928) 773-7921 or email [info@gcyouth.org](mailto:info@gcyouth.org) or check out our website, [www.gcyouth.org](http://www.gcyouth.org). Again, thank you to all of our current supporters, you know who you are, thanks for all you do! Here is a wish-list of things we could use...

### RIVER GEAR

- 3 16-foot oar boats with frames
- 2 16-foot paddle boats
- Side Boxes
- River Kitchen
- Heavy-duty shop cart
- New Rocket Boxes
- New and lightly used sleeping bags
- New and lightly used paco pads
- New and lightly used rain gear and fleece
- New and lightly used tents
- New hiking first-aid kits
- New first-aid kit supplies



#### OFFICE FURNITURE

- Copy machine
- Paint
- Rugs
- Loveseat
- 3 floor lamps

#### SMALL STUFF

- Photo Albums
- Chums (eyeglass holders)
- Toys (football, horseshoes, bocce ball set, volley ball, Frisbees)

*Emma Wharton*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR GCY



*Youth display colorful toenails as part of their river rite-of-passage.*

A poem from the  
“White Water Writing” Program

#### Writing the Waves

Floating poets whose only necessities are  
water and a journal  
Where you'll only get flooded with inspiration  
Where the only time is “rivertime”

by *Katie Franso*

## River Rampage

**A**LTHOUGH THE RIVER RAMPAGE program is on the San Juan and not in Grand Canyon there have been a large number of Grand Canyon boatmen who have participated on these trips when they were run through AZRA and now as part of GCY so it seemed fitting to describe a bit about these trips...

“Looking like a circus with our signature of brightly colored umbrellas—trying in vain to cover our coolers from the heat wave that only the southwest knows the true meaning of—I nervously sat with my buddy “Boat Ramp,” the best fed nomadic dog I know, wondering what this river trip was going to be like.

Never before had I been on the San Juan River, nor worked with this specific group of guides, or been on a river trip with participants who have disabilities, and was naturally apprehensive at first. My fears and intimidation subsided however, when that afternoon our six wonderful guides and the tour bus carrying the River Rampage folks from Phoenix showed up at the put-in. Meeting everyone and finally putting faces to names, made me realize how truly unique this river trip was to be.

And unique it was. From the extreme beauty of the San Juan River environment to the noticeable etching-away of cultural labels on these participants, I was continuously racked with joy and amazement at what this program was accomplishing right before my eyes. Grouped together in the timeless landscape of the desert, these people transformed, with the help of the astounding staff and entertaining (to say the least) guides, to lose their physical or mental limitations, and become free. Their souls were bared in the midst of swim drills, and rapids, and the heat of the desert—of hikes where our pasts were painted and wheelchairs climbed rugged mountain terrains, where a boy that was sight-impaired was given a chance to see all that the river can do for a person.

My time with the River Rampage program impacted me greater than any other river trip ever has. It exposed me, not only to the potentiality of transformation that exists with immersion into wilderness settings, but also to my own paradigms over false cultural labelings in context of all peoples, regardless of their abilities. I feel tremendously proud and fortunate to be part of the growing relationship between River Rampage and Grand Canyon Youth, and look forward to involving others with this tremendous program.”

*Emily Moeschler*  
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR GCY

# A Menace Threatens Grand Canyon's Biodiversity!

**H**OPEFULLY YOU HAD the good fortune to spend time in the Canyon during this year's astonishing spring bloom. Tiny, purple-flowered daleas (*Dalea* spp.) carpeted the ground alongside the Tanner Trail. Mariposa lilies (*Calochortus flexuosus*) abounded on the Tonto Plateau, gloriously swaying in the wind. The graceful seedheads of the annual, dandelion-like silverpuffs (*Uropappus lindleyi*) were a fun surprise to backcountry travelers. A favorite of many, the vividly-colored and phenomenally fragrant purple sage (*Salvia dorii*) displayed themselves proudly on Bright Angel shale slopes, a treat to the passerby. Many of these species had been patiently awaiting the winter rains which arrived in an abundance that we have not experienced in many, many years in the Grand Canyon region.

While the winter rains brought these friends out of hiding, they also set the stage for exotic plant species (AKA non-native, alien) to dominate the landscape. In fact, the verdant green slopes that enthralled many canyon wanderers this spring, actually paint a very different picture than what we saw just a few decades ago. A quick stop near Eminence to take a closer look at the slopes reveals a near dominance of red brome (*Bromus rubens*), cheatgrass (*Bromus tectorum*), ripgut brome (*Bromus rigidus*), and mustards (*Descurainia* spp.—some native, some exotic). The first bromes you probably know since almost all of us who have taken a walk in Grand Canyon have painstakingly pulled their seeds from our socks. Cheatgrass is now more abundant in the west than the large native bunchgrasses and annual forbs that are relished by wildlife. Red brome is one of the most dominant species in the inner canyon, and you have to wonder—what native species have been crowded out by this aggressive little annual? The third brome you may not know yet. Ripgut brome used to only be seen near a few campsites and developed areas (Indian Garden, Phantom Ranch), but it has now spread far beyond those disturbed areas. I remember only five years ago when there were just a few small patches of ripgut brome along the Bright Angel Trail,

and I regret not having the foresight to pull them. With their long, barbed awns, the seeds cling to fur and clothing, allowing the plant to cast its progeny far and wide, which it has.

While it may be too late to address some of the more widespread species, we would be remiss not to take notice of a new species that is just now knocking at the park's door—Sahara mustard (*Brassica tournefortii*). Sahara mustard is native to Mediterranean area, thriving in the broad desert belt from northwestern Africa to the Saudi Arabian peninsula and possessing a fondness for sandy and gravelly soils. This means it is fully adapted to arid regions, in fact, the southwestern U.S. might just remind this plant of home, allowing it to settle in and feel very comfortable. So how did it get here? Like camelthorn (*Alhagi maurorum*), another of our spiny invaders, Sahara mustard was likely brought over, unintentionally, with imported date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*) trees. It was first found in California in 1927 and within ten years it was commonly seen along roadsides and fields. Despite its presence in California for almost eighty years, this year it earned the name "tsunami mustard" as it has blanketed whole valleys, hillsides and ecosystems.



Sahara mustard (*Brassica tournefortii*).  
Photo by Craig Dremann

Sahara mustard takes many shapes and forms—growing from only five inches to up to four feet tall and almost a broad. It often has enormous basal leaves that can smother surrounding plants and rob the early spring moisture from winter annuals. It also has another crazy adaptation for survival—it coats its seeds with a sticky gel that helps them to cling to animals. As these giants die back in early spring, their large, dry bodies act like tumbleweeds, acrobatically roaming across the landscape and providing tinder for future fires. Rodents, and likely many other creatures, eat and cache the seeds, which are known to remain viable long periods of time. The seeds can actually stay viable for many weeks on floating plants—imagine what that could mean. This plant has superb survival strategies, loves the desert and riparian areas of the Southwest, and is in our



neighborhood. In fact, it now forms a dense blanket around portions of Glen Canyon, and at Lake Mead, Sahara mustard is threatening the habitat of rare dune plants. We know it is upriver and downriver, but what about Grand Canyon?

If you were at Lees Ferry this spring, you more than likely saw this plant. The alarming news is that if you were at Lees Ferry last spring, you might not have noticed it. In just two years, Sahara mustard went from growing in just a few manageable patches, to being one of the most dominant plants, found along the mouth of the Paria River, spreading up the slopes, and literally surrounding the campground. In 2004 at the Guides Training Seminar (GTS), I introduced you to this plant and showed a few photographs. Some river guides even got to know this plant up close and personal by pulling over 9,000 individuals from the Paria Beach area and along the roadsides. This year, volunteers removed almost 30,000 plants in just two days, and to be quite honest, there were probably about another 500,000 that we did not pull due to lack of time, money and people. And that's just Lees Ferry! During spring surveys we found Sahara mustard at Indian Garden and along Pipe Creek, and the CanX crew pulled it at North Canyon, Buckfarm beach, Silver Grotto, and a few other places on the upper half of their spring training trip.

Ecologists in California are loudly sounding the alarm about this exotic mustard worrying that entire ecosystems are at risk. Some believe that this plant could easily destroy the native vegetation of several National Parks within our lifetimes. Dr. Libby Powell, the botanist at Lake Mead National Recreation Area, posted a report about their efforts to date and says, "We have a disaster on our hands that a great deal of manpower will be needed—just to keep at bay... It is time to act, not study this menace—in my opinion—or say goodbye to our favorite desert places as we have known them. It is definitely easier and more fun to create experiments rather than start pulling plants—but pull we better start doing—soon—or we can forget finding an answer otherwise, in my opinion."

This is an alarm that we should be hearing loud

and clear. The truth is that we don't actually know the current distribution of this species in the park. We do know that seeds from the Glen Canyon plants *are* floating down the river this year. We do know that the plants we did not get at Lees Ferry *will* be spreading downstream. Is it possible that the amazing biodiversity



Lydia Manone helping pull Sahara mustard (*Brassica tournefortii*) at Lees Ferry.

found within Grand Canyon which brings such joy to humans and is critical to wildlife, is more threatened than we imagine? The answer is probably yes. *But*, it is also probable that the community of people that call Grand Canyon home, will continue to educate themselves as they always do, and in doing so, will be willing to join in and lend a hand. We will be looking for volunteers to spend time at Lees Ferry next February and March—the plan is to pull all of the Sahara mustard plants before they produce seed. That is the least we can do and it will take a massive commitment on our part, to be thorough, vigilant and timely. We will also be looking for folks to keep an eye out for this plant downriver next year—and we will have laminated hand-

outs about this species along with postcards so that you can write down location and control information and send it back to me. I feel confident that we have learned enough lessons in the past to now fully embrace the need to act quickly and cohesively in the present. I can also envision the long days of pulling plants, and I know they will end with songs, stories, and an excellent meal shared with friends, so I invite you to join the "over the edge veg" team!

Lori Makarick  
lori\_makarick@nps.gov  
OVER THE EDGE VEGETATION  
PROGRAM MANAGER

# A Grand Canyon Turkey, Mountain Lion and Giraffe

**O**UR MARCH 27, 2005 two-week Ivo Lucchita geology trip set off from Lees Ferry, heading down the river on three Arizona River Runners motor rafts. Due to the El Nino year, the Canyon was far greener and sporting more flowers than ever seen, by most accounts. Water was everywhere, including pools, ponds and previously dry stream beds, now running.

Day four—Wednesday—we set off doing the loop hike, with lessons in geology from Ivo, scrambling up Carbon Creek then over to Lava Canyon and back down to the river. Camp was back upriver near the Morning Star mine. Greeting us in camp was a full grown wild hen turkey. I'm using wild in only a natural descriptive sense. This little critter was starved for attention, and probably for goodies as well. She strutted about, assisting in camp setup and meal preparations. It's a good thing we had pork chops. After dinner she sat, like a loving puppy, at our feet and encouraged petting.

Breakfast found her once again helping out in the kitchen, picking up any little dropped item. She jumped up on the tables to ensure proper cooking techniques were used. Later, loading the boats, there she was, poking away and inspecting the process. Our boat, the last to leave, left her on the beach clucking and unhappy. Shortly thereafter, she took to wing and followed us by air. Her attention drawn to a hiker's camp across river, away she flew, fickle but looking for new adventures.

On we traveled through the routine beauty of our grand surroundings. By now we realized one result of the dense vegetation and abundant moisture was the very few sightings of bighorn sheep and deer, so prevalent in previous years. The animals simply didn't need



*Grand Canyon turkey.*



*Mountain Lion tracks at Whitmore camp.  
Photo by Joseph Klemp.*

to be at river level to enjoy life. On Friday, April 7<sup>TH</sup>, we woke to day twelve at Whitmore camp.

A couple of our early rising adventurous mates found fresh tracks in the damp sand of the wash. These tracks were easily recognized. They had been left by a mountain lion, prowling through during the night. This was even more impressive as they were very close to the groover site. Our group leader had set her camp out near the wash, the last on the beach. Evidence revealed this lion strolled very close to a peacefully sleeping Jan Taylor.

Packing and moving, we floated on down a few miles. On a ledge at river level I saw a large furry golden brown animal. Now I knew what it was, but my mind kept telling me no, they aren't here. Finally I shouted out "Bear" and pointed. Brian Hansen immediately swung the boat around. He knew there weren't any here also, but what the heck, let's go and look. Yep, a bear. A big bear.

Cameras appeared with lots of pointing and shouting. This guy was not happy we were in his world. Besides the

look given us, he started running up the steep canyon wall. Every 100 yards or so he would stop, look back at us, then off again. It was not long until he was at the top of the inner rim, certainly less than one minute. It was then I realized something really important. In spite of Hollywood movies, there would be no sense trying to outrun a really mad bear.

The second boat came along but few saw the bear. We figured due to the distance there wouldn't be any successful photos. On our boat, noted Flagstaff photographer Rachael "Always Has a Camera In Her Hand" Running, of course, didn't. She fought to yank it out and snapped a couple of dark spot in the distance





It's really a bear!  
Photos by Marcella Schmidt

photos. One of Arizona's premier photographers, Gary Ladd, was on the last boat. He didn't have a chance.

Most on the second boat didn't believe us. Those on the third, "No, no way, no bears. You guys are full of it." Well, we took up a discussion and determined to call this sighting a giraffe. Folks would probably believe that just as well as a bear. Only after our return did we find that there were a couple of successful photos made. Our vindication!

Where exactly was this bear? Well, for his protection and allowing for movement, I won't give the precise location. Just look for him downriver.

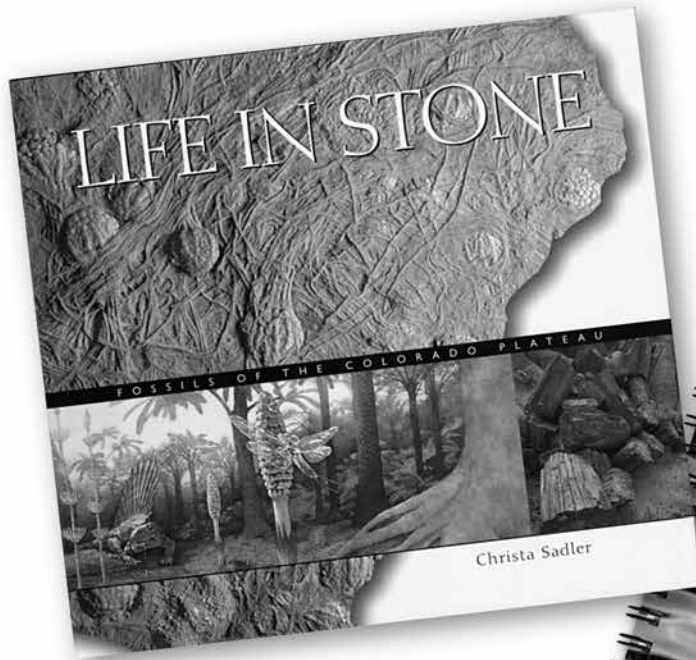
*Ed Pollock*



## New Book and River Journal

**Y**OUR RIVER LIBRARY may be bulging with books on the geology of Grand Canyon, but it could be lacking a definitive book about the extraordinary fossil record contained within the sedimentary rock of the Colorado Plateau. River guide/geologist/ author/ educator Christa Sadler has written a new book, *Life in Stone*—a beautiful and highly informative glimpse into the remnants of ancient life and the natural cycle of organic evolution and extinction in the Four Corners area of the American Southwest.

This book sparks the imagination as it explores fossil evidence of ancient oceans, swamps, slow moving rivers, sand dunes, tidal flats and tropical seas. But more than anything, *Life in Stone* is indeed about “life” in all its amazingly diverse forms, its development, and evolutionary adaptations. Sadler’s earth science work examines the fossil record through time:



from the Precambrian and the appearance of the first life forms three and a half million years ago, through the Paleozoic with its tremendous diversification, into the Mesozoic and the age of reptiles, and ending with the Cenozoic era that encompasses the explosive evolution of mammals. This book captures the excitement of Paleontology and answers questions about how fossils are formed, and what they can tell us about our world—both the past and our future. Most of us have stumbled across fossils during a Grand Canyon

hike. If you’ve ever wondered what that fossil might be, how it lived, how it died, or how it may have evolved, this is the book for you.

Wonderful photographs, illustrations, and maps enliven the interpretation of this material, deepening the level of understanding for the reader while broadening the appeal for anyone interested in this fascinating subject. Even the appendices provide a wealth of information on the art and ethics of fossil hunting, where to go for more information, and a suggested reading list. At only 72 pages and a 7 1/2” x 8” size, the book is compact enough to carry along with you on your next river trip and is certainly a must-have for your personal library.

*Life in Stone* is available at local stores in Flagstaff: Mountain Sports, Aspen Sports, Babbitt’s Backcountry Outfitters, etc... This book can also be purchased through its publisher, the Grand Canyon Association, at PO Box 399, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023, [www.grandcanyon.org](http://www.grandcanyon.org) or (800) 858-2808. At only \$11.95, *Life in Stone* is a fantastic deal, and a beautifully rendered book that unlocks the secret stories that these fossils have to tell.





**T**HE RIVER JOURNAL is the long awaited solution for people who want to record their river journey through Grand Canyon. It features eight photographic postcards taken from within the depths of the canyon by long time river guide/photographer Geoff Gourley.

A wire bound book that lays flat and uses high quality paper, the journal is the perfect place to jot down thoughts, log the excitement, sketch/paint beautiful canyon vistas and share notes and addresses with friends. It also features a plastic front and back cover to protect your investment from water, sand and general rough treatment.

A great accompaniment to a Stevens/Belknap guide book, the River Journal is now available through Hakatai Press for \$16.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. Keep in mind that the River Journal would make a fabulous Christmas gift!

For orders please email us at [info@hakataipress.com](mailto:info@hakataipress.com) or call us at (928) 774-5474. Cash, check, Visa and Mastercard are accepted. Please include credit card number and expiration date. Orders will be shipped out the next business day (unless we are on the river).

Hakatai Press, 107 N. San Francisco St., Studio 5, Flagstaff, AZ 86001.

## Don't Miss the 2ND Historic Boat Project Masquerade Ball

**T**HE GRAND CANYON Historic Boat Project invites you to the second annual Masquerade Ball on Saturday, October 29, at the Elks Club in Flagstaff. Once again we will have a vast Silent Auction full of great river gear, art, and books, and we will rock to Arizona's hottest dance band, Limbs Akimbo. We will update you all on the progress and plans for the project, and let you know how you can contribute to the process.

The costume theme is, of course, river related—boats, boaters, gear, meals, beaches, bad runs, or whatever floats into the eddies of your mind. Prizes for best costumes. Tickets are \$10 in advance, \$12 at the door, and are available from Grand Canyon National Park Foundation, 625 North Beaver Street, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001. If you have gear, art, books or other material you'd like to donate to the cause, please write or call us at 928 774-1760. See you there!

### GRAND CANYON HISTORIC BOAT PROJECT UPDATE

The conservation process for the Grand Canyon National Park collection is



moving forward. Conservationist Brynn Bender is directing the process and doing a fantastic job. Already the *Wen* is complete and others are close behind. By sometime this fall we hope to have the first of many back on public display at the Canyon View Interpretive Plaza, along with a new interpretive display on river history. We are now finalizing a booklet on the historic boats that will be distributed at the South Rim, Lees Ferry, and to the River community. Lastly, this fall we are planning to bring the *Wee Red* into the collection—the only boat to run down and up Grand Canyon. We hope to see you all at the Masquerade Ball!

*Brad Dimock*

*Ellen Tibbets*

# Bill Sanderson

Well, I guess all this starts in 1903, when my dad [Rod Sanderson] was born. But in 1929, he went to work for the Bureau of Reclamation. Of course that was during the Depression, so he had a pretty good job—irrigation engineer—out of college. We went to Rivers, Arizona, during the Second World War. That's when they rousted up all the Japanese and put 'em in prison. That was just north of Casa Grande about thirty miles... Rivers, Arizona. We was there 'til the war was over. Then they sent Daddy to Saudi Arabia to teach those Arabs how to grow crops, 'cause he was an irrigation engineer. Of course he got acquainted with King Ibn Saud who was the king then. He taught 'em how to irrigate crops and stuff. I think the first crop they grew was carrots. He sent a truckload in to the king there. And the king, a week later, sent a messenger back—a runner—and told my dad he was out of camel food. So the government sent a cook over there, to teach him how to cook all these vegetables.

But after he got back in '52, I think, that's when the Bureau sent him up here to start investigatin' the dam sites. And this is where he started, right here at Glen Canyon Dam. That lasted a couple of years. Then on down to Marble Canyon, a couple of years down there; and Bridge Canyon.

**STEIGER:** Was there even a town here [Page, Arizona]?

**SANDERSON:** No, it was called Manson Mesa. I didn't move here until 1956. In fact, it was still called Manson Mesa at that time. But the bureau had started puttin' in some temporary trailer houses. In fact, my oldest brother, Larry, and myself was the first ones that moved here—just about this time in 1956. We was the first guys that ever made residence here. It was a lonely place. There wasn't no bank or nothin'. No hospital.

But in getting back to this river operation, I think it was 1953 when Dad was investigating the Marble Canyon dam site—this Dock Marston came through in an oar boat; and he didn't know anything about the rapids, so he got Dad to go down the river with him a ways, and show him how to run these things. That's how he got started. Dock Marston got these power boats. He told Dad if he took him down the river three years, he could have all the equipment. And Dock Marston would only take about—well, they had three boats, and he'd only haul four passengers, so [Dad] could haul three passengers. I remember one year was...Mr. Ballard-Atherton, and he was president of the Hawaiian Telephone Company. He went down. Like you mentioned a little bit ago, what was his name from Prescott?

**STEIGER:** Dr. Euler.

**SANDERSON:** Euler. Yeah, we took him down a

couple of years.

**STEIGER:** And so Dock Marston had funded, had built those—these are those boats we looked at, these three power boats here?

**SANDERSON:** Seth Smith built 'em down in Phoenix.

**STEIGER:** Dock Marston paid him to do that?

**SANDERSON:** No, they just give it to him. In fact, Evinrude give him the motors. Didn't cost him a dime. Because there hadn't been any power boats down the river, and they wanted to test this stuff out.

**STEIGER:** When your dad was workin' for the Bureau, he'd already been boatin' down there. What kind of boats was he using then?

**SANDERSON:** Just a little sixteen-foot with probably a fifteen horsepower Evinrude.

**STEIGER:** And he'd go both ways, up and down, with that?

**SANDERSON:** Not very far.

**STEIGER:** Not very far up.

**SANDERSON:** One rapid to the other. You know, between Marble Canyon. But everything that he used down there was hauled down a cableway—two cableways, actually. They lived on the inner gorge. The cook actually lived up on the rim—the cook and his wife—and he'd come down every mornin' on the first cableway, cook their dinners, stay there all day. Then his wife would pull him back up.

**STEIGER:** There must have been some kind of big ole' motor winch deal?

**SANDERSON:** No, actually they used a pickup. She'd hook the long cable on the ball of the truck, and she'd back down until the cable got slack, and she knew that he was down. And then they had a time where five o'clock or somethin', she'd hook the cable back on the pickup, and she'd start pullin' him back up. When he got to the top, he'd lock the brake or whatever.

**STEIGER:** Well, now, that was from the top down to the middle?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, down to the inner gorge.

**STEIGER:** There were two runs of cable, is that right?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, from the inner gorge down to the river...

**STEIGER:** ...was another deal.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. I don't know exactly how that worked, to tell you the truth. But they all lived in tents there on the inner gorge. I remember the story goes that the cook up there took all those guys' per diem checks into Flagstaff and bought the groceries and brought 'em back. That's what they ate on. He'd take 'em down there, and they didn't have any refrig-

eration at that time, so they had to buy groceries quite often. One day the cook got in his chair, cable cage, and he thought his wife had the thing on the pickup, so he let go of the brake.

**STEIGER:** Oh, no!

**SANDERSON:** And the way Dad tells it, she was just gettin' ready to hook it up, when it jerked out of her hand. And he slammed on the brake. She had to back up the pickup. And she was gettin' ready to hook it on again, and he let off the brake. Well, this happened about three times. Finally, she got it hooked up, and she pulled him back up. They got in the pickup and hooked up their trailer and they left.

**STEIGER:** That was it! (laughter)

**SANDERSON:** So here all these guys was down there, they had to do their own cookin'. They'd draw straws or somethin' like that. Everybody took their turn. I don't know, somebody said something about, "Whoever complains about my cookin' is gonna cook next." So this one dude, he cooked a bunch of beans, and he put about a pound of salt in those things. Well, that's one guy—I don't want to mention names—'scuse my language, but he tasted those beans and, "[expletive] these beans are salty! But that's just the way I like 'em!" (laughter) He wasn't about to cook tomorrow.

But from there they went on down to Bridge Canyon. And of course their theory was at that time—the Bureau of Reclamation—was they would have Glen Canyon and Marble Canyon and Bridge Canyon. They would all be lakes, all the way down to Lake Mead—like from here to Lees Ferry, fifteen miles of river, dependin' on the lake level.

What else do you want to know?

**STEIGER:** Well, back to Dock Marston. I interrupted you. You were sayin' that Dock Marston promoted these boats. They were built by Seth Smith, and then Johnson gave 'em the motors?

**SANDERSON:** Evinrude. The first ones, I don't remember, they started out with two sixteens, and then two 25s the next year. And then they gave him motors for three boats, two engines on each.

**STEIGER:** Was that so you'd have a spare if somethin' [went wrong]?

**SANDERSON:** No, we had a spare down in the hatch.

**STEIGER:** But it was two anyway? I wonder why two, instead of just one big one.

**SANDERSON:** They didn't make 'em that big that was waterproof. When I was in high school, Dad bought a hydroplane for me—racin' boat. It was an Evinrude, 33 horsepower. Had a big ole' flywheel on the top, and had to wrap a rope around that. A four-cylinder. Wide open. Had to crank that thing. It only had forward speed, no reverse. So you had to make sure your boat was pointed out into the river.

**STEIGER:** It didn't have a neutral or anything?

**SANDERSON:** No. Direct drive. You had to have it

pointed out, where you wanted to go, before you pulled that thing. I remember one time I was settin' in front there, steering it, [Dad] pulled that thing and it just fired right off, and he fell over the motor, and the flywheel was chewin' him in the chest, and he had both arms over all the spark plugs. Oh! that was exciting! Of course he killed the engine, 'cause he just shorted out the whole thing.

\* \* \*

*Bill Sanderson is one of the brothers of Sanderson Bros. Expeditions, a venerable and glorious old company which has since evolved into a large part of Wilderness River Adventures. Bill's dad—Rod—was a true pioneer of river running in Grand Canyon and, come to think of it, so was Bill, along with his brothers Jerry and Larry, and their good friend Bill Diamond (not to mention all their wives...who did quite a bit of the work too back then, if several reliable witnesses from the time are telling it straight). The pioneer aspect is no surprise, of course. Sandersons have been doing that stuff for generations: Bill's great granddad, Roy, at the age of eleven... "witnessed the gun battle of the Earps and Doc Holliday with the Lowry brothers and Billy Clanton in Tombstone. Roy recalled running to the scene with his father when they heard the sound of shots and seeing his father stoop over the body of Billy Clanton to exclaim, 'He fired three shots after he was hit in the heart.'"*

*This interview took place in December, 2004, courtesy of a grant from the Grand Canyon National Park Foundation's Historic Boat Project.*

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** Boy! What was Dock Marston up to? Was he just runnin' the river for fun?

**SANDERSON:** Well, he'd been oarin' the river.

**STEIGER:** With Nevills he started that?

**SANDERSON:** Norman Nevills, [Martin] Litton—he knew all those guys. I really didn't know him that well. Hell, I was just in high school. Him and his wife would come from—I think they lived in Berkeley, California. And we was livin' in Needles at the time.

**STEIGER:** So that's where you went to high school, was Needles?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, I went to freshman and sophomore [years] there.

**STEIGER:** And drove the power boat down there?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** So comin' up here, your dad ran those three trips for Marston?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** And then got those boats?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. And then he just give him the whole load. And we run 'em for, oh—well, Dad died in '64. Hell of a thing. He put in his thirty years with



the Bureau of Reclamation, retired, and only lived six months after that. Hell of a retirement. He got cancer on not the lobe, but whatever that part of the ear is.

**STEIGER:** Skin cancer?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. They cut it off, but they didn't get it all. It went down into his lung. He was takin' those cobalt treatments, and he kept tellin' that doctor, "My left arm is sore." The doc told him, "Well, that's kind of normal, 'cause that's pretty high radiation." We was there at a family deal and all my uncles was there—Dad's brothers. There was five boys in the family there. Uncle Bill, he was next to the youngest, he smoked cigars, and he give Dad one. Dad took a puff off of that, and he damned near choked to death. And when he went through one of these radiation treatments, he told the doctor, "Boy, I liked to choked to death." "Well, let me give you a chest X-ray." And that's when he found out that he just—his lungs was just saturated. Give him six months, and he barely made it. He wanted to go down to Cholla Bay where we had the cabin, but Jerry and I—you've met Jerry, of course—we talked him into stayin' there in Phoenix. And we got Helen over from Fullerton—the oldest daughter—she was a registered nurse. She took care of the guy for six months 'til he died.

I was workin' for Lucky Ditch Liners in El Centro, California. We put in concrete ditches for the farmers, and we just happened to be over in Glendale, I think, diggin' some ditches for the Salt River Project. My next brother, he was two years older than myself—Richard. It was my birthday. Jack Hopkinson and myself was stayin' in this motel, and Dick stopped by. He said, "Dad just died this morning." Hell of a note. We went to work anyway—nothin' you could do.

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**SANDERSON:** Richard—we called him Dick—see, I was born in '37, he was born in '35, two years older than myself. That's a funny thing about our family, is that Dad died in '64, Dick died in '74. He was only forty years old. Bud—Raymond Floyd was his name—he died in '84. He was only 61. And Mother died in '94. She was born in '03, whatever that made it—91 years-old. And when we buried all those guys down there in the cemetery in Page, Jerry says, "Well, I wonder who's gonna die in '04?" Well, he just had a bypass, just about three weeks ago.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, I heard. Actually, that's how come I got here, was I called him. I spoke to him, and he said he didn't feel up to talkin' to anybody, and said I ought to talk to you.

**SANDERSON:** I don't blame him!

**STEIGER:** No, I don't either.

**SANDERSON:** I know I'm gonna have one.

**STEIGER:** A bypass?

**SANDERSON:** No, I'm gonna die right here on the floor, and they're gonna load me in the trunk, haul me

to Kanab and give me a haircut. Well, actually, they're gonna burn it off.

**STEIGER:** You got it all figured out?

**SANDERSON:** Oh, yeah. I've even got my cookie jar in there [to put my] ashes in. And Craig, he's a pilot, flies one of those twin Otter, high-wing, fixed-gear, two-engine turbo-prop, nineteen-passenger airplane. And he's also kind of head of the second command out at the airport there at Grand Canyon, South Rim.

**STEIGER:** Is that your son—Craig?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, he's the oldest one. He lives on the South Rim. Anyway, it shows what Craig does.

**STEIGER:** Oh, yeah, director of operations at Grand Canyon Airlines.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. But he's gonna take this cookie jar and fly over Gunsite Butte over there, and he can throw it out.

**STEIGER:** Throw the whole jar out?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. Well, I bought it at—not Marble Canyon, but goin' to Flagstaff there. Where is that place right there, by the Little Colorado?

**STEIGER:** Oh, Cameron?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. And it's Indian-made, you know. And somebody comes over there by Gunsite Butte, "Oh my goodness, there's some pottery!" (laughter) So that's about the end of my story. I only got twelve more days to live, 'cause I'm gonna be the next one that kills the pocket. Hell, I'm already on this oxygen.

**STEIGER:** You just holler if you need to hook that stuff up. We can hook it up right now. You got a nasal deal, one of those nasal canulas?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. Well, a big tank in the closet.

**STEIGER:** Well, if you get to wantin' to hook it on there, just holler.

**SANDERSON:** I do when I'm out of breath. Oh, I've got...(whistles "whew")

**STEIGER:** Do you want to hook it up right now?

**SANDERSON:** No. Long as I keep talkin'...It's when I go to sleep is when my oxygen drops down below...once it gets below 83 percent, then you're in trouble.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Well, my dad's been down to thirteen percent.

**SANDERSON:** Oh, he's a dead person!

**STEIGER:** Well, he definitely isn't as good as he was.

**SANDERSON:** This little machine...(chuckles) (aside about oxygen apparatus).

**STEIGER:** On those trips with Dock Marston, did you go on those?

**SANDERSON:** Larry and Jerry and I used to go on 'em all the time. I would go from Lees Ferry down to Phantom Ranch. Jerry would hike in there, and he'd go on down to Whitmore Canyon. And Larry would come in there, and he'd make the third part of the trip.

**STEIGER:** Was that just to split it up, or was that 'cause you guys couldn't be out of school any longer than that?

**SANDERSON:** Well, they couldn't haul that many passengers.

**STEIGER:** So your dad wanted to spread it around?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. And each place, like at Phantom Ranch, we'd take on a hundred gallons of fuel, and they would haul that down on mules. At that time, I think fuel was only 38¢ a gallon, but it cost \$1.00 a gallon to get it down. Chet Bundy would deliver us a hundred gallons [at Whitmore Wash]. He'd haul that down on horseback. In fact, I think the second trip we took, he took a couple of fifty-gallon barrels in there, and he'd run it along—he had a half-inch hose like that, black plastic hose down there. And we had all the jerry cans settin' out there, and he started siphoning one of those barrels, and when it got down to the bottom, 3,000 feet, there was so much pressure, we couldn't hold the hose. So we flagged him off, and he pulled the hose out of the barrel. So we wasted thirty gallons of it. So he had to haul some more down on horseback.

**STEIGER:** Hose didn't work?

**SANDERSON:** No. Wasn't no good a'tall. I think the next year it did work, but where it come out of the barrel, he drilled some holes in it, so it was suckin' a little air at the same time, and that slowed the pressure down a whole bunch.

**STEIGER:** I vaguely remember that line, even when I started. He left it there, didn't he, that line that went all the way down there?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** It's not there now.

**SANDERSON:** Well, the sun just destroyed it, you know, and it fell all apart.

**STEIGER:** What was it like drivin' a boat your first time down the river?

**SANDERSON:** Well, it wasn't that big of a deal, because I'd been drivin' boats since I was out of grade school.

**STEIGER:** Down there at Needles, on the river?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, on the Colorado River. Every year—well, I think twice a year—I used to take a trip down to Lake Havasu on this hydroplane and boat race, back at Needles. And there'd be thirty boats, something like that—just young kids like me. It was weird, 'cause you was all by yourself—took you about three hours. And I won twice, I think, out of four years, or somethin' like that. But the old boat got too... Well, the original name of it when my dad bought it there in, I think, '52, was Mr. Spinach. After I'd flipped that thing three or four times, he renamed it Bottoms Up.

**STEIGER:** You flipped it?

**SANDERSON:** Oh, yeah. It would just go airborne.

**STEIGER:** And then up and over?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, over backwards. It'd get airborne. Heck, I was doin' sixty miles an hour with that thing. It's only a sixteen-foot hydroplane. Had big wings on the outside like that. It wanted to fly, instead of go on the water. And the water'd get so rough sometimes it'd start

skippin'. And then all of a sudden (whistles) right over backwards like that.

**STEIGER:** How would you survive that?

**SANDERSON:** We didn't even know what seatbelts was in them days, or canopies. It was all open, no wind-shield. (whistles)

**STEIGER:** Did you have a technique for when it went over backwards?

**SANDERSON:** I didn't even have a life jacket.

**STEIGER:** What did you do?

**SANDERSON:** Just dove underneath and come out and climbed up on the deck—you know, on the bottom—wave for somebody to come by, help you out. That's all you could do. Those was—well, I'd like to say the good ole' days, but they wasn't so good, really. We didn't have any safety features—nothing like you got nowadays. And it wasn't so dangerous. These things go 200 mile an hour, you know, and they blow up.

**STEIGER:** On the Grand Canyon, if you had three boats, and you took on a hundred gallons at Phantom and at Whitmore, that'd be thirty gallons to a boat. So that means, if I'm doin' the math right, it'd be ninety gallons a boat just to get through there. Is that right, does that make sense?

**SANDERSON:** Well, you have to figure we always went through the flood stage. Daddy's birthday was on June 6.

**STEIGER:** So you wanted the water high.

**SANDERSON:** Oh, yeah, you always hit the flood stage. That water would be goin' 25–thirty miles an hour. Your boat was doin' 25 or thirty. You was doin' sixty miles an hour. Well, it's only 86 miles to Phantom Ranch, and you wanted to take four days, so you could only run four hours a day, and then the rest of the day you did hikin'. Them days, we didn't have any ice coolers. We didn't take beer or pop. The only thing we had was like a little pill. And I don't think they make 'em anymore. They was called Fizzies. It was like an Alka-Seltzer, and kinda sweet, like orange juice. You'd dip up this muddy water out of the river, and you'd drop that pill in there, and it'd fizz up, and all the mud would settle to the bottom, and you could drink the clear water.

**STEIGER:** That stuff settled the mud out?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. I don't think they make 'em anymore. I haven't seen 'em in years and years.

**STEIGER:** So you didn't have to pack water or worry about settlin' it, or any of that...too bad?

**SANDERSON:** Well, we did take lime and alanine and aluminum sulfate. That kind, later in the years, I was filter plant operator in Page. That was after they put the coffer dam in, they eliminated the boat job...Byron Daylen [phonetic], he was the head honcho for the Bureau here. He offered me a job at the water plant or at the warehouse, and the water plant paid a little more money, so I took that. And they sent me to school with the filter plant operator and the sewer plant operator to run that. But anyway, I knew how to clear this water

up. So we used to take those chemicals down there and dip up a couple of five-gallon buckets of water every night and put the chemicals in. And you had to cover it. Otherwise, in the morning there'd be a couple of rats swimmin' in it. (laughs)

**STEIGER:** So your first Grand Canyon trip, what year would that have been? Did you say '56, was that right?

**SANDERSON:** No, no. Dad died in '64. We started runnin' the river in these power boats in '54—1954 when we started runnin' the power boats. And we kept runnin' 'em all the way 'til after Daddy died in '64.

**STEIGER:** Were you doin' about a trip every year?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. In '65, we made two trips. That year, we'd take about six payin' passengers—pretty expensive. In them days it cost about \$800. In fact, that last year, James Arness from *Gunsmoke*, we scheduled him a trip. But he got tied up somehow on one of his series, and he sent his skipper...He owned a big sailboat, and this gal, Peggy Slader was her name, he sent her instead, to take the trip. We went for ten days. I don't like to say this, but she weighed about 320 pounds. (laughter)

**STEIGER:** Had to make her sit in the middle.

**SANDERSON:** We went through, I think it was Deubendorff. She was ridin' in Jerry's boat. Jerry liked to do everything fast. I mean, full power. He'd just hit the top of the waves. And Peggy flipped up, and when she came down she just broke the whole seat. That's the reason nobody liked to ride with me, because I'd just go around the wave like that, and nobody had any fun.

**STEIGER:** A little easier on the boat, though.

**SANDERSON:** Oh, yeah. That was my main concern. That year we had a lot of motor problems. Those motors were gettin' old. We'd mentioned Bob Euler. One year, when he went down, I think we had Uncle Bill and Uncle Buzz—two of my dad's younger brothers—and Bob Euler. Of course there wasn't electric start—you know, you had to pull the handle. And Bob said, "I'll crank this one." And he cranked one of those motors, and threw his right arm out of joint. My dad jumped on him, taught him how to pull. One of 'em sat on the chest, and the other stretched his arm out like this, pulled it back into joint. Had one foot on his neck, and one foot here. (squorch) The rest of the trip, he wore a sling.

**STEIGER:** But he got it back in place?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, they got it back into joint. But you know he had to be hurtin'.

**STEIGER:** He must have had it go out before then, for it to go out...

**SANDERSON:** I think so, he had a problem with it before. But he didn't realize he was gonna pull it out, just startin' a motor.

**STEIGER:** As it caught, was that it?

**SANDERSON:** Well, I think it kinda backfired or something, jerkin'. But boy, he was wonderful to go with. We

pulled in there at Nankoweap one time, and the river kinda goes in a left-hand curve, but there's a little wash that if you take off to the right, it's not very deep, but the river goes around this island. We pulled in there, and he said, "There's some Indian ruins up there I want to look at." So we went on up there, against the cliffs there. The walls wasn't very high, folded in. But that whole place was just covered with pottery and arrowheads. We was all just pickin' 'em up. When we got back down to the boat, Doc Euler had this tarp folded out there. He said, "Okay, girls and boys, let's see what you got." We dug in our pockets, threw 'em out there. He went through 'em, "Yeah, you did a good job." Then he just folded up the corner on the tarp, and he takes it back up on the beach and throws it back on the beach.

**STEIGER:** "You're not gonna take those with you."

**SANDERSON:** No. That was Jerry's motto, of course, all the time. "Take only pictures, and leave only footprints."

**STEIGER:** That's a pretty good motto.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, that was his motto. So you didn't haul anything out.

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** So the typical trip was those three boats that are in that picture, and about three people per boat?

**SANDERSON:** Four.

**STEIGER:** What kind of campin' gear? Did you just cook on a fire? Did you have stoves and like that?

**SANDERSON:** No, no. Pick up some rocks.

**STEIGER:** Tents?

**SANDERSON:** No, we didn't have tents.

**STEIGER:** Sleepin' bag?

**SANDERSON:** Sleepin' bag.

**STEIGER:** Air mattress?

**SANDERSON:** I don't think they made 'em in them days.

**STEIGER:** So everybody just put their sleepin' bag out on the sand?

**SANDERSON:** Smooth the sand out, yeah, and just slept.

**STEIGER:** I guess you were goin' usually in June, so it wasn't too rainy or nothin'.

**SANDERSON:** It was rainy a lot of times, as I remember. But like I said, we didn't run that much a day. And we'd fly in some beach and find a cave or somethin' to hide in while it was rainin'. But it never was cold, you know, in June, so it wasn't that bad. But I went on a lot of trips. After these boats was over, when I went to work for Jerry in 1969, he had the rubber rafts then—those 33-footers, and him and I used to make a couple of trips a year. The rest of the time, we was in the office or shop. But that was always good times. But a much slower trip—you'd just float or putz along.

**STEIGER:** How did he end up goin' from runnin' the trips in the power boats to startin' a company?



**SANDERSON:** He was a police officer here in Page. He was actually, I think, a United States Marshal, 'cause he worked for the United States government. One year, in the power boats we took this fella, Joe DeLoge was his name. He called Jerry, and he said, "I want to make a river trip." Jerry didn't have any boats or anything. And Larry was still working for the Bureau. So they run down to Las Vegas, and they bought one of these rubber rafts, 33-footers. They took, soon as it's... '68, I guess, took Joe DeLoge and twelve of his family. And just all of a sudden, word of mouth got out—bam!—next summer everybody wanted to take a trip. It just exploded like that. And here he was, goin' down, gettin' more boats down there in Las Vegas someplace. I forget the name of the outfit, but they had all that surplus stuff from the army.

**STEIGER:** Did he have side tubes on 'em right away?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, they bought those, too. They took that from—I think they got that from Georgie White. She run that type of thing. They called 'em snouts, snout boats. It was all black, you know. We bought a bunch of silver paint. We'd have to paint 'em every trip, 'cause the water'd be muddy. When we got back, they'd be brown, instead of silver. They was a lot of fun. Took a lot of people down the river.

**STEIGER:** Lot of people.

**SANDERSON:** Airline stewardess's... Well...

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**SANDERSON:** ... You got to know a lot of people. Jerry sold out the company there in '83, just in time. That's when we had the big flood. Had to put those four-foot side boards on top of the dam, to keep the water from sloppin' over. And they was kickin' out between 80,000 and 90,000 [cubic feet per second]. That's amazing about that—the lake was full—80,000 or 90,000. When they opened those tubes here a month ago, the best they could get was 38,000. The water's so low, no pressure.

**STEIGER:** They wanted to do 40,000, and they couldn't even do that.

**SANDERSON:** No, they didn't make it. He sold the company to Del Webb, of course, at that time. They hired Jerry as a consultant for a year. And since they incorporated three companies—Fort Lee Company—Tony Sparks, he had the one-day boat trips—and Jerry—downriver. In fact, Tony Sparks used to go down to the Little Colorado and choppered the people out. Then they hired me two years to get all these kids together.

**STEIGER:** And get 'em lined out, yeah.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. So each one of us knew what we were supposed to be doing. So in '85, I was gone. And I got a breath of wind. I decided I was gonna go to Hawaii. So I moved to Hilo, where my mother lived, on the big island. And boy, I looked for a job, and looked for a job. I wanted to get into civil service. You'd have to go take the civil service test. There'd be fifty of 'em,

and they'd only pick the six highest on the test. I went to three or four interviews—there'd be a dozen Hawaiians, and of course each one of 'em had their own brother-in-law or son-in-law...

You want to know anything about the rest of the river outfits?

**STEIGER:** Well, let's see, I guess just when you look back on it, you saw this country before the dam, before there was Page. Did you go up Glen Canyon? Did you see that before they filled it up?

**SANDERSON:** Yes. I took a bunch of people, two or three groups, clear up to the Crossing of the Fathers. That's as far, I think about 35 miles, upriver. They took pictures. That's where the Mormons come down, you know, and crossed the river.

**STEIGER:** So you did that a few times until they started the diversion tunnel or whatever?

**SANDERSON:** Once they put in coffer dams...

**STEIGER:** Then that was over.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** Did you put the boats in at Lees Ferry then?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. We lived in Kanab. We used to drive about every day, down to Lees Ferry. There was a survey party—we surveyed, actually, all the way up the river 'til we got within ten miles of the dam above and below. And then we cross-sectioned every ten feet, all the way down the walls, and even the river, so they knew exactly how much dirt it was going to take, and all this.

**STEIGER:** And they lived at Kanab, 'cause that was the nearest town? That was where you were gonna live.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. The Bureau built us a little trailer park there. We was just livin' in like 25-foot trailers—a couple guys per trailer.

**STEIGER:** When you look back at your career on the river, what sticks out for you? Was there a time you could point to, like the best day or the best moment that you had down there?

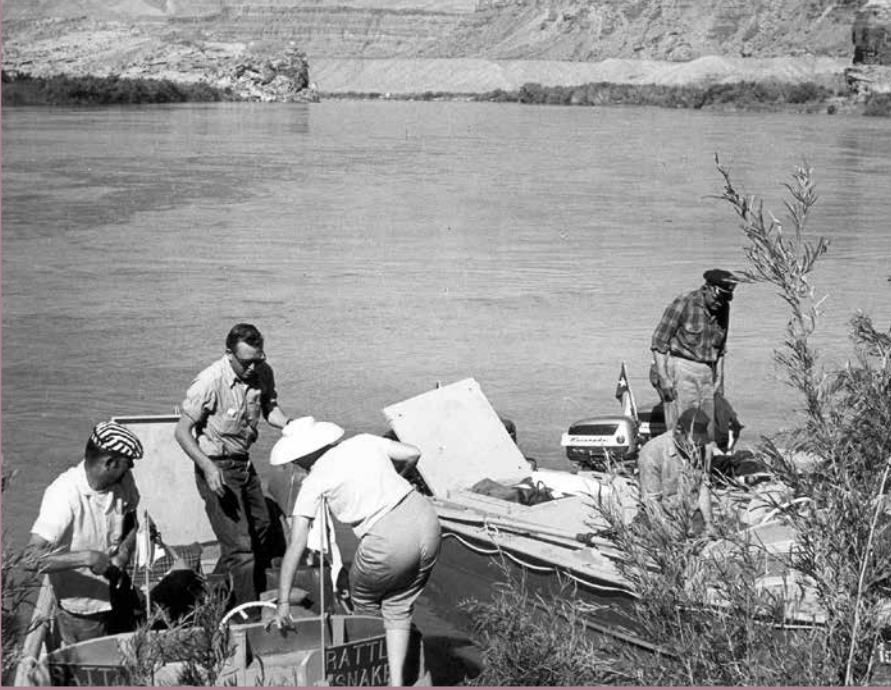
**SANDERSON:** Well, summertime, of course, was nice. I was thinkin' about goin' up to the Crossing of the Fathers. I made three or four trips up there with geologists or Euler. You know, there was a lot of Indian ruins all the way up through there, that of course got covered up by the lake. But that was about the most interesting. I never got above Crossing of the Fathers. But those poor Mormons, it took them six months to cross that river.

**STEIGER:** To lower those wagons down.

**SANDERSON:** And choppered... You could even see where they choppered the footprints in the sandstone so the horses could get up. Then they floated. They went across in the dead of winter, so the water was real low, but they still had to float the things across—the wagons. But that was real interesting, seein' all the Indian ruins and stuff, and the petroglyphs, where those Indians had carved all those little marks and stuff. That was about the... The rest... it was work—it was.

# A Sanderson Trip Journal

by Lois Sanderson



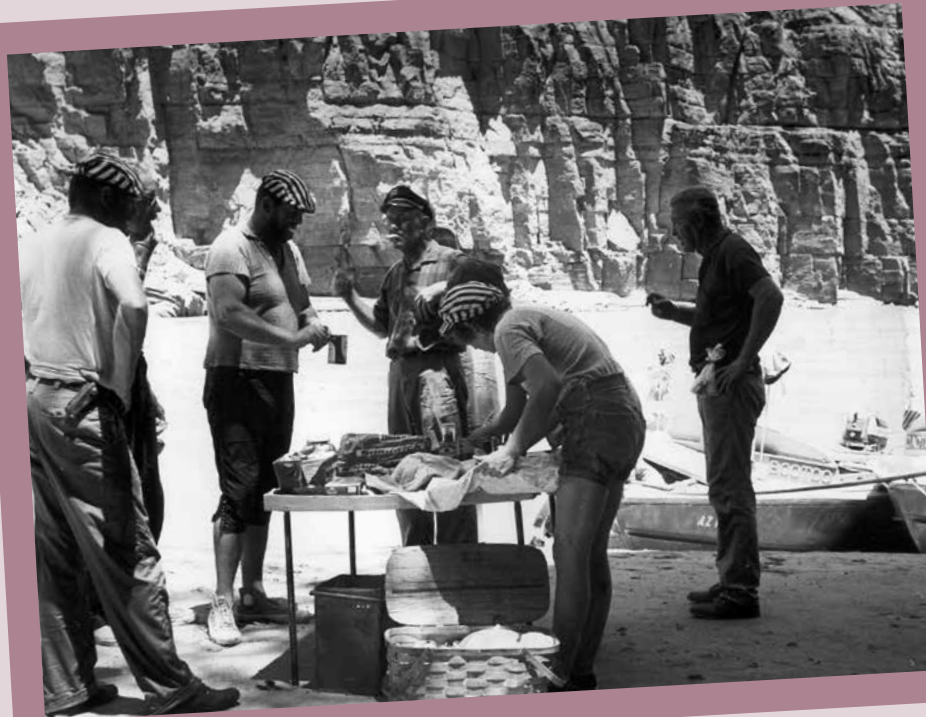
"Helping to pack the gear and a new member of the crew into the "Rattlesnake" is Jerry Sanderson. His brother, Larry, is watching. This is at Lees Ferry where we launch our boats. The only place where a car can drive down to the Colorado River below Glen Canyon Dam—it is a favorite spot for fishermen who have a yen to catch Blue Channel Catfish. The US Geological Survey maintains a silt lab and water measurement station here and the National Park Service is planning improvements as part of the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area program."



"The boats all make one big leap as they run thru the little rapid at Mile 25 1/2. These all are good to condition new crew members gently—as we keep running into bigger and better ones—the further we go down the river into the Grand Canyon."



"An always welcome change of pace is a lunch stop. The back hatch covers on each boat double for tables with legs of aluminum pipe screwed into them. Larry stands back with his hands on his hips—he has done his part—he has treated a five gallon can of muddy Colorado water so that now after five minutes time—it is sparkling clear. It's cool, too! Rod, (in dark shirt) stands back too, after all, he's the captain of this crew."

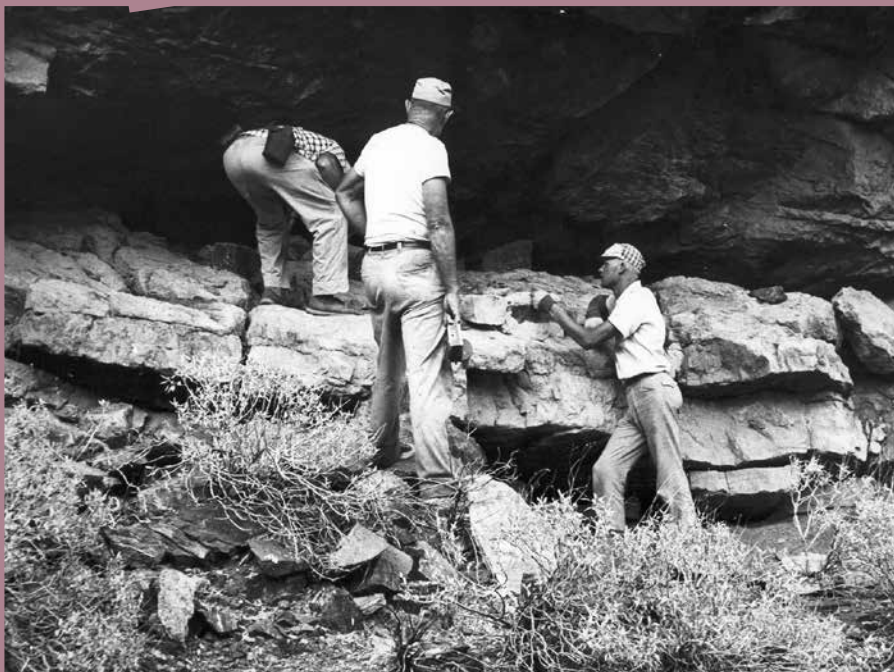


"Bright Angel Creek is at Mile 87 1/2, just below the famous Suspension Bridge at the bottom of the Grand Canyon where the Fred Harvey mule trains bring in supplies to Phantom Ranch which is 3/4 of a mile up the creek. We always have them bring us in supplies and a hundred or more gallons of gas for our "horses." When this happens everything has to come out of the boats and they are inspected thoroughly for any holes that might have been made by sharp rocks. Note the pattern where the newly painted bottom of the "Cactus" is scratched! Also note the self-bailing cockpit—after it comes in from over the top of us! The floors are above the water line and the in-between space is filled with styrofoam for flotation.

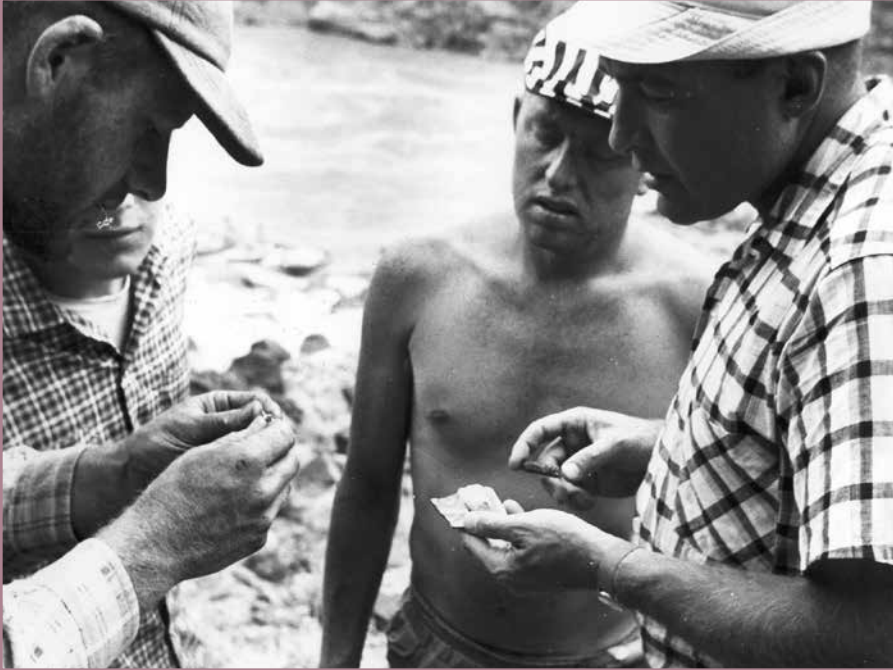




"Jerry Sanderson who has mastered the art of welding aluminum—is assisted by his cousin, David, as he makes a repair of a steering setup which had cracked. This small welding outfit is part of our regular tools for river running."



"Dr. Evler searches for bits of pottery in the cave above the walled room. Watching him are two Sandersons, Ray in the center and Bill, who had been his "official assistant" at this ruin. The rest of the party had wandered off to a mesa which was north of the cave, and they called and said they had found pottery there. He investigated and found signs that a whole village had once been there. There were walls of two and three roomed houses. He excitedly tagged these new finds."



"Left to right are Dave, Pokeny and Jerry Sanderson. Dr. Euler (far right) is holding samples and explaining the history of the piece that David is holding."

Note: This was the second trip that Bob Euler had made with us. He made this last one especially interesting for this—our last cruise before the diversion tunnels at Glen Canyon Dam are closed so that Lake Powell can be filled. When this and the following pix were taken, there was over 60,000 CFS in the river. When the gates are closed, only one to two thousand CFS will be released."

"Larry does a refueling job while floating along on a smooth stretch of water. He had lost his cap and flag in Lava and the ones I gave him for replacements didn't quite fit. Note his beard. A clean shaven man is rare indeed on the river."







"This is where we take on our last fuel at Whitmore (Mile 188) Canyon. Chet Bundy, who has a ranch in the Mt. Trumbull area north of the Grand Canyon, used to pack the gas in on horses—down a treacherous trail. Now he simply hauls it in barrels from St. George, Utah—to a point above the sand bar where the boats can land. Then he siphons it out and over the cliff in a common garden hose of green plastic—but this hose is over 1,700 feet long! Some of his family stay up there on top and others come down the steep trail and help us get it into our five gallon jerry cans after we put one quart of oil into each can. The Bundy's ranch is 28 miles from the top of the bluff and it's 64 miles further to St. George."

"Now we're past all of the rapids but we've still got over a hundred miles to go. To stretch our gas supply, we always spend a few hours just floating along, and rowing once in a while helps to keep out of the back eddys and in the swiftest water. This is a time for relaxing. Alice and Dick Tracy take it easy while Larry rows. I'm not sure who belongs to the legs on the bow. Dock Marston started to use the skunk flags when he owned the boats. It's a tradition that we carry on."





**STEIGER:** Goin' down the Grand Canyon was work?

**SANDERSON:** Oh, no, no, I'm talkin' about workin' for the government. I had probably sixteen guys down there at Lees Ferry, and I could only haul five guys. I only had an eighteen-foot boat, and a 35-horsepower Evinrude. And I'd take five guys, five miles up the river; come back, get another bunch, tag 'em. That's what I'm saying—it was work. I'd help some of 'em survey during the day. Then I'd turn around. It was the same thing goin' back, and we'd jump in the Jeeps, head back to Kanab. There was so many of us, it was like a convoy. We're talkin' about fourteen Jeeps, station wagons. There was one time we got to, oh, ten miles out of Kanab, and the cops stopped us at a road block, 'cause we was speedin' and makin' too much dust. And this head honcho—Norman Kiefer was his name—he come out of about the third Jeep and he says, "This is a government convoy. Clear the road! We're going through." (laughter) Norman Kiefer.

**STEIGER:** From Lees Ferry down, when you look back on that whole experience, your experience of runnin' the river, is there something that sticks out as being your most memorable time down there—rapid-wise, or just experience-wise?

**SANDERSON:** Well...when I was runnin' the rubber boats, I don't know where you come out—Diamond Creek? Did you come out at Diamond Creek?

**STEIGER:** We did for a while. At first we did. But we went down to the lake, too. We went to Pearce's Ferry, we went to South Cove.

**SANDERSON:** At first, you know, we used to go on the lake. We'd hook the boats together. Holy kadoly, you're talking six hours down to Temple Bar. And then we finally got the Separation Connection, and that'd haul 36 people. He'd buzz up to Separation Canyon. So we didn't have any passengers, but run the boats on down to Pearce's Ferry. That was a son-of-a-gun because it was just the crew that had to roll those things. We didn't have any passengers. So that took a lot longer.

But that Separation Connection worked out really good. The people loved it. It was only two hours down there. There was one time—in fact, I went down to pick up a trip—the boats didn't come in, the boats didn't come in there at Temple Bar. And finally I called the office and I said, "The boats haven't come in. It's four o'clock in the afternoon." Bill Diamond told me, "Better call [Earl] Leisberg." He had that little airplane out of Las Vegas or Henderson. Well, he come over to Temple Bar and picked me up, and we flew upriver. Sure enough, they was up above Separation Canyon about ten, twelve miles. They was out of gas.

What had happened was, when Jerry had those units built, they had the ice chest—the ice chest and the gas tanks was hooked together. And due to the fatigue goin' through the canyon, one of the gas tanks corrupted, and it run into the ice chest, and it contaminated all

the food. And of course they had run out of gas. So Earl Leisberg flew around them, and they had a radio. They could hear us, but we couldn't hear them. Earl said, "If you're out of gas, throw a life jacket out in the water." And we was watchin', and all of a sudden thirty life jackets... (laughter)

So we flew back to Pearce's Ferry, we borrowed a bunch of jerry cans, and we flew up there, just below 'em a ways. He called it Leisberg International, just a sandbar. Lucky to have that. It was a Cessna 610 fixed gear.

**STEIGER:** So you guys landed on the sandbar?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. It was only about 600 feet long, but it was soft enough that it didn't take that long to slide to a stop. It was scary.

**STEIGER:** Oh, man.

**SANDERSON:** And we unloaded the gas, and both of 'em got down there [unclear]. But we went ahead and took off. Just barely cleared the damned bushes. Scared the hell out of me.

**STEIGER:** Oh, I bet!

**SANDERSON:** He had to turn over into the water.

**STEIGER:** So that was like a wet sandbar?

**SANDERSON:** It was dry.

**STEIGER:** And that was up above Diamond Creek, or down below?

**SANDERSON:** No, no, it was above Separation Canyon, about twelve miles, somethin' like that, on the right-hand side.

**STEIGER:** Man, oh man.

**SANDERSON:** Leisberg International. That was before we had Separation Connection. By the time the people got down to Temple Bar, it was a hell of a deal. There was a whole bunch of people that was supposed to go to Las Vegas. We sent the message they only had enough gas to go to Pearce's Ferry. So I had to send the bus around to Pearce's Ferry clear through halfway to Kingman. And of course all those people missed their overnight stay. It was a terrible ordeal.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, a big wreck. Oh man. That must have been somethin' landin' in there and takin' off out of there. Boy.

**SANDERSON:** Well, the biggest part was, right there at the end of the bushes at this sandbar, there was a big ole' granite boulder about, oh, six feet high and eight feet around. I didn't mind it when we touched ground. I used to smoke cigarettes at that time, and boy, the gas fumes was just somethin' else in that airplane. Earl said, "Whatever you do, don't light a cigarette!" (laughter) But takin' off, of course he had to get clear back as far as... And just before we got to that big ole' rock, he turned that thing to the left, and we almost hit the water. But he had enough power without the [weight of the] gas and everything, and we made it up. But I'll never forget that pull-off, I'll tell ya'. I call it a pull-off, takin' off a trip. That was about the best experience that I ever had.

**STEIGER:** So runnin' the rapids is pretty routine, you felt like?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** I guess those boats, you had a lot of power, huh? The hard-hulled boats.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, the last ones, in the picture there, are two 35s. Well, like I said, they'd clip along at 35 miles an hour. And we'd always go on high water. That's before the dam was in. He was doin' sixty to seventy miles an hour. So you could only run two, three hours a day. Otherwise—well, my dad said one time, "Give me one of those power boats, I could run to Temple Bar in one day." 'Cause you'd be doin' seventy to eighty miles an hour, and it's only 320 miles to Temple Bar. It'd be daylight 'til dark, but he said he could do it in one day.

But we always took ten days, so you could only run a couple hours a day, and then sometimes you'd spend the time—oh, like there at Thunder River and Deer Creek, we'd always spend an extra day there. We did a lot of hiking up the canyons, and stuff like that. We'd always spend a whole night there at Phantom Ranch. That was a luxury part about the trip. We'd rent one of their motels and we had a big dinner overnight there at the restaurant. That was always a lot of fun.

**STEIGER:** I guess it was pretty good while the pool was there.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, we did go swimming. In the summertime it was nice and warm. I wasn't on the trip, but Dock Marston, my dad, and I think Mrs. Ballard-Atherton...he was president of Hawaii Telephone Company, Ballard-Atherton, and Bud was his brother. But they pulled into Phantom Ranch and they always used to go up there and rent a motel, and they'd have a big banquet. I don't know exactly how it went, except that my dad introduced Dock Marston to the people, "This is my daddy." And when it'd get to that, Marston, he stood up, and, "I want to introduce you to Rod Sanderson. He's my bastard son." (laughter)

**STEIGER:** When your dad started you guys out, how'd he go about teaching you guys to run? Did he give you a lot of instruction, or how'd that go? Did he just put you in there?

**SANDERSON:** We just all had the knack...Well, of course I boat raced there in Needles. In fact, that's how I got the job for the Bureau of Reclamation. I was only eighteen years old, August 1956. Larry, Jerry, and myself, we was workin' for North American Aviation there in Downey, California. I was just out of high school at the time. And Dad said, "Hey, they transferred me up here to Glen Canyon, to Kanab. You guys want to come up? I'll get you a job." Jerry got on. Larry got on as a high-scaler. Dad took me into the office and said, "I've got a kid here that is a boat pilot." He said, "Normally I send all these guys in to get a physical, but," he said, "you look good enough. You've got a job." (laughter) Hell, I was only eighteen years old. But they needed help. We had guys comin' from Arkansas and Missouri. They worked for the

Bureau, but they shipped 'em out here. They needed over a hundred people to get the show on the road.

**STEIGER:** That was a heck of a thing for 'em to do, to build that dam.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. \$421 million was the bid on it. And they finished it, I think, eight months ahead of schedule, which was good. But it was tough goin' to start with. We was all livin' in Kanab. The road was just dirt out here. And we could only get to Wahweap. There wasn't any bridge across the river at that time. If we had to cross the river, they had to call an airplane, Wright's Flying Service, out of Flagstaff. They'd come out, pick us up at the airport there at Wahweap, fly us across the river to a little airport clear down here by the school. There was one time it'd rained like heck, and the Buckskin Wash was washed out. We couldn't get across. So they took us back to Kanab, to the airport, and they got a government plane out of Salt Lake. He flew down in a four-place airplane. We was all settin' there at the airport. They didn't want us around Kanab, minglin' around. So they flew us all out here. And I got out here about eleven o'clock. And about one o'clock, he flew back in, took me back to Kanab. We didn't get much work done that day. (laughs)

**STEIGER:** No, I guess not! Typical. Well, probably not typical, I guess somebody got some work done somewhere along the line if they could come in eight months ahead of schedule.

**SANDERSON:** There was one thing—you've been at Lees Ferry, of course—out there just above the Paria, where the Paria comes in. There's a big ole' rock sets out there in the middle of the river. Daddy always said if he could see that rock, he knew that the river was less than 25,000 cfs, and he wouldn't go in those power boats. I mean, you have those low units hangin' down, all that weight. But if it was runnin' over the rock, go for it! (chuckles)

**STEIGER:** Tim Whitney said to ask you about Boulder Narrows. He said you had told him a story about that big boulder down there below House Rock, in the middle of the river. He said somethin' about you had an encounter with the hole there.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, I just was in one of them boats in 1957. That was when it was runnin' 129,000. I snuck around the right-hand side, and I looked down behind that boulder, and there was a whirlpool, I swear, thirty foot deep. Of course power boats had two motors, so he had two throttles. And I crammed on those throttles, and I felt that [expletive] suckin' me. And finally (whistles) he come out. Otherwise, hell, we'd all have got drowned. But boy, that scared the heck out me.

**STEIGER:** At that level, were there other places like that?

**SANDERSON:** There was—especially below Lava Falls. Well, at that time we went clear to the left-hand side, just kind of snuck around it. Your rubber rafts can go

down the right side and go down, bump the rock. But like 205 and 227, Dock Marston, I remember him sayin', "I've never seen anything like this! They were just easy and neat before, but boy, they was bad, really bad crap." So there was rapids there, the water was so high it was hittin' these rocks that was comin' in on the canyons, and makin' big wakes like that... We always loved, in those power boats—Hermit was our most fun ride. Just big, long waves like that—like bein' in the ocean. (laughs) But we always used to stop there. We'd go into the cave on the right-hand side, and then we'd hike up to Indian ruins on the left. That was one of our favorite stops.

**STEIGER:** At Hermit? There's a cave in there?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, it's an old mine in there—copper mine.

**STEIGER:** Up above it, on the right? Or no?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, just up above it.

**STEIGER:** I'll be darned.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, on the right-hand side. Very few people stop there, because that's a fun ride in the rubber boats. But we used to stop there. There used to be—heck, the old prospector had left all his shovels and picks and stuff in there. You had to have a flashlight to go in there, sixty to seventy feet straight back. And I guess he didn't walk out.

**STEIGER:** I wonder, would you mind just describin' your dad for me—what it was like havin' him as a dad, and what he was like—what it was like growin' up with him, and kinda what he was like on the river. Dr. Euler gave me a little description, but he's a pretty historical figure, and it sounds like he was an amazing guy.

**SANDERSON:** I was only 32, 31, when Daddy died. All my life... When he got back from Saudi Arabia, I was only about five, six years old. From then on, 'til he died, to me he was Jesus Christ. Most beautiful person I've ever known. Everybody loved him. After he got back from the Bridge Canyon dam site, we went to Needles for a couple of years. That's when I was in high school the first couple of years. And then we moved to Yuma, and Daddy was watermaster there. Had about eight zanjeros—we called 'em ditch riders, workin' under him, deliverin' water to the farmers.

**STEIGER:** Zanjeros?

**SANDERSON:** That's the Spanish word for it, zanjero. They had pretty good Dodge pickups. Of course Daddy couldn't work 24 hours a day, but these ditch riders had to work 24 hours, and worked eight-hour shifts. The guys at night, they'd run these ditches in these pickups, sixty to seventy miles an hour. Hell, they had their work done in three hours, and then they'd run to the bar. Daddy had all these pickups took into the shop and put governors on 'em, so they'd only do 35 miles an hour. So it took 'em seven hours to make the trip. Oh! they hated him! But that only lasted a few weeks. They realized that they'd been screwin' up all the time.

When we moved here to Kanab, Daddy was kinda seein'... He was superintendent of O & M, operations and maintenance. He took care of—oh, he was buildin' the houses, plantin' the lawns, and all that stuff. They had plumbers and electricians. I remember, Hanks was his name—he was an electrician. And then there was a plumber—can't remember his name right offhand. Hanks told me one time, "Whatever you do, tell your dad to not stop, because he'll be pullin' that plumber out of his ass." (laughter)

But everybody loved the guy. When he was in college, his junior year—I can't remember now—but he played football, excellent. He played basketball, football. He was such a good football player that they had an exhibition game down in Phoenix someplace, and they talked him into—this was Christmas day—they changed his name and all this, gave him a hundred dollars. Well, he was so good that everybody recognized him. Well, that screwed him up—turned professional then, you see, so he couldn't play any more college ball.

**STEIGER:** Oh, 'cause he took that hundred bucks?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. So that really messed his college up, as far as his sports. I don't know how they work it nowadays—I think they just give 'em a new car or somethin'. But he loved motorcycles and rode those half his life. Loved huntin' and fishin'. Boy, anytime we had a chance, if he'd go someplace, he wanted to take all of us kids, even when we had to ride in the back of the pickup. (chuckles) But he always enjoyed us goin' huntin', deer huntin' or elk huntin' with him. Mom would always go too. She'd buy a license, Dad would get his deer, and then he'd take her license and he'd go get her deer! (laughter) And she'd stay in camp and cook.

**STEIGER:** Was that out on the Kaibab? Would they hunt out there?

**SANDERSON:** Kaibab, and we used to go to Mount Trumbull and up in Lake Mary. Used to go up there for elk huntin'. Big ole' deer there—used to be—in Mount Trumbull. Know where Chet Bundy lived? We hunted on his land.

\* \* \*

**SANDERSON:** I went down—one year we had three oar boats, and I talked Jerry into lettin' me take the fourth one. And I got a couple friends to go.

**STEIGER:** Now, those are the snout boats?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. I got a couple three of my friends to go with me, and we got down to Phantom Ranch and we had a changeover. Kevin, my nephew...

**STEIGER:** Hoss?

**SANDERSON:** Hoss, yeah. So they pulled over there, and I tried, but I didn't have any passengers to get off or anything, so I wasn't really worried about it. And from then on, our boat was named "See you later boat." (laughter) We finally found a rock down below. We named that Coors Rock.



**STEIGER:** Those boats were hard—those snout boats.

**SANDERSON:** There were several times where—well, my buddy, Craig Pack that I took down, he grabbed one oar and I'd grab the other—give a little more leverage. But you go through those rapids, sometimes you're fightin' against it, you know.

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** I wonder what else I should ask. What would be a smart question to ask? If you were makin' a tape for your great-great-great grandchildren, to describe what this was like, what would you say to them, that we haven't said?

**SANDERSON:** They ain't talkin' yet.

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**SANDERSON:** Did you ever know Jet, did you ever meet him?

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Sure. You betcha.

**SANDERSON:** Gene Steinberg was his name. He always amazed me—I went down the river with him a couple times. The first thing we'd do was do about twenty pushups in the morning when we got up.

**STEIGER:** You'd do 'em with him?

**SANDERSON:** Oh yeah. And then we would run down and work on the motors. And then he'd rush up there and start cookin' breakfast, but he forgot to wash his hands! [laughter] He was goin' with Karen Byerly at the time. That was a tragic thing to happen there. I was sure glad to see that statue down there in Marble Canyon with her. Of course she was married to Tim Kazan at that time.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Catfish?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, that was his nickname.

**STEIGER:** He was an awful good guy too.

**SANDERSON:** Yeah, I loved him. After we sold the river operation, and Jerry rented the shop out there to the Coconino County College, and the county owns the building right there next door. Kazan, he was the juvenile probation officer at that time.

**STEIGER:** That's what he became, Catfish did?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. I used to go over there and have breakfast with him all the time—or coffee...He spent most of his time on Jerry's houseboat out here, while Jerry wasn't there.

**STEIGER:** Taking care of it for him.

**SANDERSON:** I went out there to work on one of the motors one day, and I had to get a ride out, you know, a taxi. And there was about ten kids out there on this houseboat. All of 'em was nude. (laughter) Well, I hope your secretary gets her ears full!

**STEIGER:** Yeah, she will. Well, that was quite a group, the whole company. There's been a lot of really colorful characters that worked for Sandersons. I think of all those guys...Giant, and Hoss, and Schmedley, Catfish, Wolf...All those guys really impressed me...Jet.

**SANDERSON:** Woodard.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, that was Stick, right?

**SANDERSON:** Yeah. And Stacey.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. I guess none of those guys, nobody's still...

**SANDERSON:** Stick's a doctor there in Flagstaff. Stacey...I don't know what he's doin'—teachin' school someplace. I always liked that Stacey. He did all our boat painting. Never complained, that guy. I really liked him. I bought a car off of him, Oldsmobile. It was one that Jerry had down at the airport in Phoenix, when he used to fly down there. He finally got tired of paying rent for the thing, so he brought it up and he sold it to Stacey, and I bought it off of Stacey. And I had to go over to the bank. The gal that notarized the papers was Stacey Woodard, which was his brother's wife. You talk about gettin' confused! (laughter) That MVD [Motor Vehicles Department] just...They couldn't handle it.

Well, I'm glad you dropped by.

**STEIGER:** Well, thanks so much for havin' me.

# Major Contributors

## July 1, 2004 through June 30, 2005

**Y**IPEE, HERE WE HAVE *the incredibly long list* of contributors during this last fiscal year (from July 1, 2004 to June 30, 2005)! But hey, what's a bit of carpal tunnel syndrome when the longer the list, the better for GCRG? Kidding aside, we are continually amazed and humbled by both the wonderful foundation grants we receive but also by the heartfelt support of our cherished members.

Again, this list is on a fiscal year basis, and therefore does not reflect donations received after July 1st of this year. Those folks will have to wait until this time next year to see their name in print, although we certainly appreciate your support! I should mention also that the listing below does not include the innumerable five-year memberships or general contributions under \$100 (of which there were many). Every dollar we receive helps GCRG in so many ways. In fact, it is astounding what we can accomplish when we get together to support a particular effort, as evidenced by the unqualified success of the Circle of Friends endeavor. This fundraising drive alone raised over \$21,000 this past fiscal year!

We thank each and every one of you for caring so much about Grand Canyon and the precious river experience. Your stewardship, advocacy and passion are an inspiration.

We apologize in advance for anyone we may have missed in the lists below. Please let us know. And thanks again!

*Lynn Hamilton*

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Bill Swan  
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Walt and Nancy Taylor  
Jan Taylor  
Art Thevenin  
Connie Tibbitts & Jeff  
Newton  
Randy Tucker & Barb King  
Richard & Susan Turner  
JC & Diane VanVesse  
Carole & Jeff Voss  
Mimi Wallace  
Gretchen & Dan Walsh  
Robert Wheeler  
Greg Woodall

**CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (FRIENDS: \$1 - \$99)** —————

Anonymous  
John Aber & Joan  
Carstensen  
Dianne Allen  
Cathy & Adam Althoff  
Betsey Arnett

David Ash  
James Aton  
Randy Aton  
Joel & Lorayne Barnes  
Joe & Marie Barnett  
Will Barrett

Thomas Barry  
Susan Bartol  
Bob Bender  
Jim Bohlander  
Carl & Marge Boyer  
Diane Bracey  
Phillip Browner  
Larry Calof  
Geoff Carpenter  
Titus Case  
Gary Casey  
Ann Cassidy & Alistair  
Bleifuss  
Jean Cline  
Nat Cobb  
Roger Dale  
Emily Dale & Scott Perry  
Dean & Julie Danielson  
Bob Davis  
Bob Dye  
Michael Ehlers  
Don & Shirley Elston  
Rich & Doreen Evans  
Kevin Fedarko  
Ian Feinauer  
Katherine Foshee  
Carlos Gallinger  
Cathy Gaskell  
Tiffany George & Benjamin  
Hanel  
Bego Gerhart  
Ardian Gill  
Joan & Dick Gladson  
Jerry Goodman  
Achim Gottwald  
Bob Granger  
Jack & Lila Greer  
Mike Gregersen  
Richard & Cathy Hahn  
Bob Hallett  
Heather Hamilton &  
Thomas Lehman  
Ron & Beverly Hancock  
Jerry Handy  
Peggy Harris  
Jennifer Hicks  
Christine Hinkel  
Denise Hudson  
Peter Huntoon  
Jim Irving  
Linda Jalbert  
Sven Jarnlof  
Les & Kathryn Jones  
Dan Judson  
Rob Kahn  
Sue Knap

Jerry Kraetz  
David Kreamer  
Don Lago  
Susan Lamar  
Annie LeRoy  
Meg Lindley  
John Lingenfelder  
Anita Lo-Yue  
Ivo Lucchitta  
Claire MacBride  
Kathleen MacKay  
T.T. Mann  
Dianna Marston  
Teresa Yates Matheson  
Ed & Eddie McAninch  
Ken & Judy McCormick  
Bruce McDowell  
Bob Melville  
Peter Mills  
Bonnie Mineo & Kelly  
McClintock  
Melanie & Harry Moll  
gaard  
Gwen Moody  
Steve Munsell  
Willow Nelson  
Pam Niemi  
Vanessa Noggle  
Hal & Eileen Ort  
Patricia Parks  
Charles Perry  
Ed Pollock  
June & Rudy Potochnik  
Andre Potochnik  
Kevin Qualls  
Ann Raffel  
Bill Roberson/Inca  
Marji Robinson  
Randy Rohrer  
Jim Rubino  
Kathleen Ryan  
Virginia Sand  
Lulu Santamaria  
Don Savant  
Byron Schimpp  
Ron Schlimmer  
Nan Schmidt  
John Schmidt  
Andy Schmutz  
Bob Schwarb  
Gus Scott  
Dick Shedd  
Barbara Short  
Toby Simon  
Arthur Smith  
Rocky Smith



Kim & Lori Spence  
 Carol Starling  
 John Stewart  
 Jonathan & Karen Sutton  
 Loren Swartley

Deborah Taylor  
 Kate Thompson  
 Connie Tibbitts & Jeff  
 Newton  
 Henry Toll, Jr.

Bill Trevithick  
 Dick & Sarah Walker  
 Jeff Weber  
 Bill Wenner  
 Michael Whalen

John Wilson, Jr.  
 Mark Wolfe  
 Sherry Woodard  
 Terry Wright

## Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Profit and Loss Statement Fiscal Year—July 1, 2004 through June 30, 2005

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

### INCOME

Membership income	\$39,199.00
Circle of Friends contributions	21,523.00
GTS income & grants	21,518.00
Adopt-a-Beach grants/contributions	18,289.00
General contributions	15,606.50
AMWG/TWG grants	10,000.00
BQR grants	7,500.00
First aid class income	6,770.00
Plant field guide grants	5,439.00
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc.)	4,477.00
Oral history grants	2,283.00
GTS overhead reimbursement	999.25
Grant administration income	543.49
Interest income	383.93
Bad checks	(-100.00)
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$154,431.17</b>

### EXPENSE

Payroll expenses*	\$41,281.36
BQR (production, printing, postage)	35,670.23
GTS expenses	20,895.35
Adopt-a-Beach	8,084.82
AMWG/TWG	7,525.00
First aid class expenses	7,106.82
Oral History Expenses	5,334.32
Rent	4,200.00
Printing	3,646.78
Postage	3,289.72
Plant field guide expenses	3,214.48
Cost of sales	3,175.04
Telephone	1,583.33
Meeting expense	1,581.83
Depreciation expense	945.00
Office supplies	932.86
Other (bank charges, taxes, etc.)	843.02
Utilities	717.08
Repairs	453.17
Insurance	423.53
Internet	258.00
CRMP expenses	67.52
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>\$152,129.26</b>

**Net Income** **\$2,301.91**

\*includes GCRG, Adopt-a-Beach and GTS payroll expenses

## GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES, INC. BALANCE SHEET AS OF JUNE 30, 2005

### ASSETS

Cash in checking/savings	\$67,697.00
Postage & security deposits	2,364.35
<b>Total Current Assets</b>	<b>\$70,061.35</b>

### FIXED ASSETS

Computer & office equipment	\$40,543.23
Less depreciation	38,627.19
<b>Net Fixed Assets</b>	<b>\$1,916.04</b>

### LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Payroll liabilities	\$1,427.29
Restricted funds	1,323.83
Equity	69,226.27
<b>Total Liabilities &amp; Equity</b>	<b>\$71,977.39</b>

## 2005 Ballot Comments

### GOOD THINGS GCRG IS DOING:

Heroic effort on the **CRMP** comments.  
Boatman's Quarterly Review is great.  
Persistence in managing releases in the Adaptive Management Program.  
The work done on the **CRMP** was outstanding and is what **GCRG** is all about. Not to mention the many other areas that **GCRG** is involved in.

**BQR**  
**GTS**  
Myers & Grua Wilderness First Responder course.  
Being there.  
Email updates are super groovy!  
**BQR**, historic interviews  
Education, communication, standing up for the guides' unique role.  
Putting good info about Grand Canyon in the **BQR**.  
Education of the whole river community.  
Keep up the good work.  
I love you guys.  
**BQR** and **GCRG**'s **CRMP** comments.  
Addressing the epi issue. **GTS**.  
**BQR**, **GTS**, facilitating first aid training  
Keeping us all informed and up to date on **GC** goings on. The **GTS**.  
**BQR**, **GTS**, Adopt-a-Beach, e-mail updates, providing a little patch of common ground among a diverse community of guides.  
Active participant in the **CRMP** process.  
Stay on top of **CRMP** and Glen Canyon dam issues.  
Great line-up of candidates this year!  
I appreciate all the hard work you do.  
Working to create a conscious community of guides.  
**CRMP** synopsis and suggested alternative. Thanks!  
Recent "recognition" that private/commercial access allocations are unfair and inappropriate.  
Whale Fund and representing guide community and advocating for more support/benefits from outfitters.  
Boatman's Quarterly Review. **GTS**—land and river.  
Keeping Lynn Hamilton. Overall, the educational programs.  
You guys are awesome!  
Seeing the variety of efforts, hearing the variety of opinions,—from new and well-seasoned guides—is important to schooling us all, giving us fodder for the grey matter and a foundation for our commitment.  
Quarterly Review.  
Everything.  
Oral histories! **GTS** is a real treat for us semi-retired old geezers.

### MISGUIDED THINGS GCRG IS DOING:

Nada  
Not raising enough hell with the **NPS**.  
Chasing issues in a negative way.  
I heard that the reason **GCRG** did not do another "guides survey" was that the outfitters didn't like it. If that is true, then **GCRG** should pony up and remember that it is there to represent guides, not outfitter ownership. (*Note: This is a misperception. GCRG initiated a project to survey working Grand Canyon River Guides in 1995 or so. The goal was to provide this information so that guides could see where they stood in relation to the rest of the community. It also stemmed from GCRG's frustration that the prospectus (contract renewal) process of Grand Canyon National Park gave no credit to outfitters who take better care of their crew, pay a reasonable wage and offer benefits both tangible and intangible. We felt (and still do feel) that outfitters who do right by their crew should be lauded. GCRG has not repeated this project primarily due to the enormous amount of work it took both in preparation (incorporating trip sheets from the park alone took a couple years), plus a massive amount of man hours for data entry and analysis of the data, with its subsequent presentation in the BQR. This project would need to be fueled by volunteer labor and we have not had folks step up and want to take on this Herculean task since that time. A new GCRG board of directors will come into office in September, and with the bulk of the CRMP work behind us, we will investigate the feasibility of redoing the survey, prompted by interest expressed in these ballot comments. Also, there is new concessions legislation in effect for this prospectus process—the NPS Concessions Management Improvement Act of 1998—and we are currently talking with the park to find out more about their evaluation criteria for contract renewals.*)  
The training seminar on the river should have reduced group size.  
Taking the middle ground on everything—bland.  
Nothing!  
Any support for increasing number of user days—canyon is getting hammered! (*Note: GCRG did not support increasing the number of user days. Quite the contrary—we objected to any alternative that would increase the number of user days above the current level since negative impacts are already occurring. Please refer to our final comments on the Draft CRMP. They can be found on our website, www.gcr.org.*)  
Not enough to even bother mentioning.  
Agreeing with science agenda when the data has been ignored.  
None I can see.

#### WHAT GCRG SHOULD BE DOING:

Polish and update the look and content of the GCRG website.

Support or develop opportunities for professional development of river guides' personal growth and a better river experience.

Keep fighting for Grand Canyon.

Structure board meetings better.

Would like to see another "guide survey" like the one in '97-'98. That was a great comparison for guides.

Support NPS in development of monitoring and mitigation plan.

Salary/benefit comparison.

Fighting against anti-constitutional regulations like drug testing.

How about offering a payment plan so poor river folk can make contributions that reflect our support of GCRG. I don't know many who can plunk down the big donations. *(Note: GCRG is exceedingly grateful for all donations regardless of size. Even paying your dues on time helps us enormously. So, don't feel like you're being left out, just send us what you can and we'll make good use of it!)*

Keep speaking up...loudly.

Put more info on the website and update it more often.

Attempting to reach non-members among Grand Canyon guides. Don't fear taking a controversial decision when necessary.

Group health insurance policy.

Help to improve the relationship between private and commercial boatmen.

Stay on top of CRMP, Glen Canyon dam issues.

Guides put their bodies and lives on the line. We should all have full benefits. GCRG needs to raise the volume.

Advocate for Grand Canyon wilderness designation and management. Support fair and lawful allocations for private boating opportunity. Support Glen Canyon restoration.

Continue to make NPS define "medical control."

How about a health insurance pool?

Continue on...

Encourage science groups to work from the data, not from personal agendas.

Do a wage and benefit comparison from company to company as was done many years ago.

Keep on top of issues and continuing a tradition of excellence!

Expanding efforts for guide benefits and pay increases!

Should keep after it. Take everything we say with a grain of salt. We're such a diverse, willful, opinionated lot.

#### SHOULD THE UPPER BASIN STATES CONTINUE TO SEND THE MINIMUM WATER (7.5 MILLION ACRE FEET) THROUGH GLEN CANYON DAM EACH YEAR, EVEN IF THEY CUT THEMSELVES SHORT?

All seven basin states should get cut back the same percentage of their allotment based on the projected water deficit for each year of drought.

Any basin state should get a water rebate for water conservation measures that they put in place.

No, the pain should be shared equally.

Yes! Keep Powell reservoir as low as possible!

Base storage on current levels, current inflow, and current predictions. Base releases on current inflow and predictions but stretch out ramping rates to mimic natural flows.

Yes. Seven and a half million was the agreed upon release. This was one of the reasons the dam was built in the first place. That release level is also important for recreational interests. We need water on which to float.

Because there's not as much water in the Colorado as was believed in the 1920s, a formula should be developed linking severity of drought and reduced releases from Glen Canyon Dam.

Lower flows would allow us to retain more sand in and along the river, therefore I support the option of having lower flows. Also, lower flows would probably keep the water warmer, which may be a good thing for native fish.

Send the minimum eight and a half million acre feet through Glen Canyon, for water banking in Arizona and retention in Lake Mead and lower basin dams. Allow Powell Reservoir to drain for restoration of Glen Canyon.

Put the water in Lake Mead for storage. Empty Reservoir Powell. This will restore Glen Canyon, save Grand Canyon and make me very happy.

I hate seeing Wyoming's share of the water evaporate into the thin air above the reservoirs. I hate letting Las Vegas developers and entrepreneurs have it for golf courses. I'm afraid I have no well thought out, constructive ideas though. I'm sorry for that.

When California through Arizona have wet years, the release should be cut back. Both states rely on Colorado River water and let good water flow into the oceans.

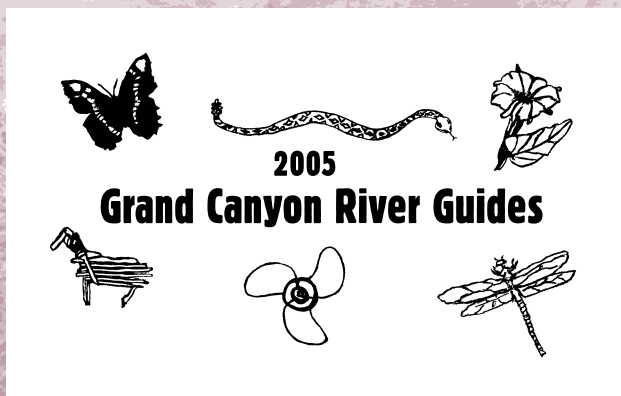


## Businesses Offering Support

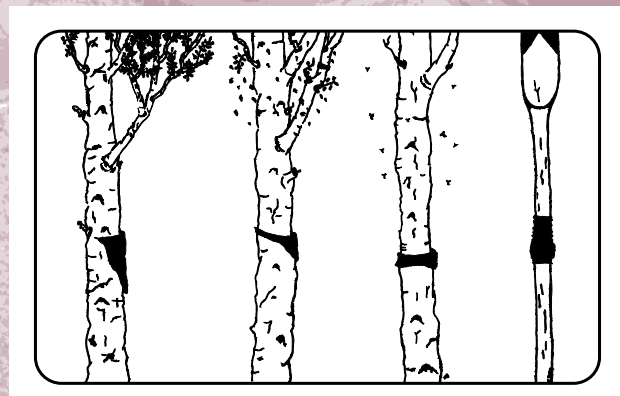
Thanks to the businesses that like to show their support for GCRG by offering varying discounts to members.

- Canyon Supply**—Boating gear 928/779-0624  
**The Summit**—Boating equipment 928/774-0724  
**Chums**—Chums 800/323-3707  
**Mountain Sports** 928/779-5156  
**Aspen Sports**—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935  
**Teva** 928/779-5938  
**Chaco Sandals**—Pro deals 970/527-4990  
**Sunrise Leather**—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575  
**River Rat Raft and Bike**—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777  
**Professional River Outfitters**—Equip. rentals 928/779-1512  
**Canyon R.E.O.**—River equipment rental 928/774-3377  
**Winter Sun**—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884  
**Mountain Angels Trading Co.**—River jewelry 800/808-9787  
**Terri Merz, MFT**—Counselling 702/892-0511  
**Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS**—Dentist 928/779-2393  
**Snook's Chiropractic** 928/779-4344  
**Fran Sarena, NCMT**—Body work 928/773-1072  
**Five Quail Books**—Canyon and River books 928/776-9955  
**Canyon Books**—Canyon and River books 928/779-0105  
**River Gardens Rare Books**—First editions 435/648-2688  
**Patrick Conley**—Realtor 928/779-4596  
**Design and Sales Publishing Company** 520/774-2147  
**River Art & Mud Gallery**—River folk art 435/648-2688  
**Fretwater Press**—Holmstrom and Hyde books 928/774-8853  
**Marble Canyon Lodge** 928/355-2225  
**Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ** 928/355-2228  
**Trebon & Fine**—Attorneys at law 928/779-1713  
**Laughing Bird Adventures**—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167  
**North Star Adventures**—Alaska & Baja trips 800/258-8434
- Chimneys Southwest**—Chimney sweeping 801/644-5705  
**Rescue Specialists**—Rescue & 1st Aid 509/548-7875  
**Wilderness Medical Associates** 888/945-3633  
**Rubicon Adventures**—Mobile CPR & 1st Aid 707/887-2452  
**Vertical Relief Climbing Center** 928/556-9909  
**Randy Rohrig**—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064  
**Dr. Mark Falcon**—Chiropractor 928/779-2742  
**Willow Creek Books**—Coffee & Outdoor gear 435/644-8884  
**KC Publications**—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673  
**Roberta Motter, CPA** 928/774-8078  
**Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed**—928/773-9406  
**High Desert Boatworks**—Dories & Repairs 970/259-5595  
**Hell's Backbone Grill**—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464  
**Boulder Mountain Lodge** 800/556-3446  
**Marble Canyon Metal Works** 928/355-2253  
**Cañonita Dories**—Dory kits, hulls, oars, etc. 970/259-0809  
**Tele Choice**—Phone rates 877/548-3413  
**Kristen Tinning, NCMT**—Roling & massage 928/525-3958  
**Inner Gorge Trail Guides**—Backpacking 877/787-4453  
**Sam Walton**—Rare Earth Images, screen savers 928/214-0687  
**Plateau Restoration/Conservation Adventures** 435/259-7733  
**EPF Classic & European Motorcycles** 928/778-7910  
**Asolo Productions**—Film and Video Productions 801/705-7033  
**Funhog Press**—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788  
**Man of Rubber, Inc.** 800/437-9224  
**Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture** 206/323-3277  
**CC Lockwood**—Photography books 225/769-4766  
**Canyon Arts**—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873

## GCRG T-shirts For Sale



Front side: 2005 GCRG T-shirt



Back side: 2005 GCRG T-shirt

# Announcements

## FOUND

Prescription single vision glasses in green case found at Ross Wheeler beach on July 10. Call Johnny Janssen at (928) 638-7845.

At Zoroaster Camp: one small cloth brown bag containing two Kodak waterproof cameras. Contact Shane Murphy via GCRG.

Week of 7/11/05 at Elves Chasm, Ipod with video stored on it. It looks like Outdoors Unlimited or Oars boats in the pictures. Contact Nan at GCE, gcec@xpressweb.com

Our GCE trip found a pair of prescription glasses at Nautiloid, around the 19TH of June. The bows look like they could be titanium, there is no frame around the lens. Contact: Amy Wiley (970)-562-3096.

## LOST

At mile 185, on the open sandy beach on the right just below the rapid, black Nikon binocular case (no binoculars), wallet with credit cards, etc. set of keys, southwest ticket info, eyeglasses. Owner

Timothy Tryba, GCE passenger. He would like to make a donation to GCRG in the name of the person who turns it in. Contact Nan at GCE, gcec@xpressweb.com

## SYMPOSIUM

Coconino Community College  
2005 Colorado Plateau Studies Symposium  
The Escalante Region: Sandstone and Shadow

This fall the program in Colorado Plateau Studies at Coconino Community College is hosting a one-day symposium on the geology, people and arts of the Escalante region. The program begins with an art exhibit by artists from Northern Arizona and Southern Utah that opens on August 22nd. The Symposium is on Saturday, October 1st at the ccc Lone Tree Campus. Scheduled speakers include: Greer Cheshire, Ann Walka, Tom Fleischner, Scott Thybony, Don Keller, Dave Gillette, Laura Kamala, Kevin Mullins, and Alan Petersen. For a complete program and more information please visit [www.coconino.edu/cps](http://www.coconino.edu/cps). The program is free and open to the public.

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_

\$30 1-year membership

\$125 5-year membership

\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)

\$500 Benefactor\*

\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it?)\*

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

\$100 Adopt your very own Beach: \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ donation, for all the stuff you do.

\$24 Henley long sleeved shirt Size \_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_

\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size \_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_

\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size \_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_

\$12 Baseball Cap

\$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)

\$13 Paul Winter CD

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

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

# Three Pards—100 Seasons—600 Plus Trips

THEY EACH DID their first Grand Canyon river trip in 1973: Michael “Spike” Denoyer, as an Evergreen State College student on an Easter Break trip with White Water River Expeditions; Neal “Bear” Shapiro, as a swamper with White Water; and Richard “Itchie” Quartaroli, as a passenger with Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions. In the late ’70s and early

’80s, these three could be found running many of the White Water trips, but they realized that they had not done a trip together since the high-water days of 1983. Bear’s 200TH trip recently provided a grand excuse for them to relive the glory days and enjoy the Canyon again. “Some people claim that there’s a River to blame, but they know it’s their own damn fault.”

*Richard Quartaroli*



Itchie, Spike, and Bear, 1ST night's camp at Lone Cedar.  
Photo by Chance Nelson.



“Old guys doing it the old way, de-rigging at South Cove.”  
Photo by Adam Aucoin.

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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 Walton Family Foundation, Arizona Humanities Council, “Circle of Friends” contributors, Flagstaff Cultural Partners and innumerable GCRG members for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.

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Flagstaff, AZ 86002

boatman's quarterly review

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