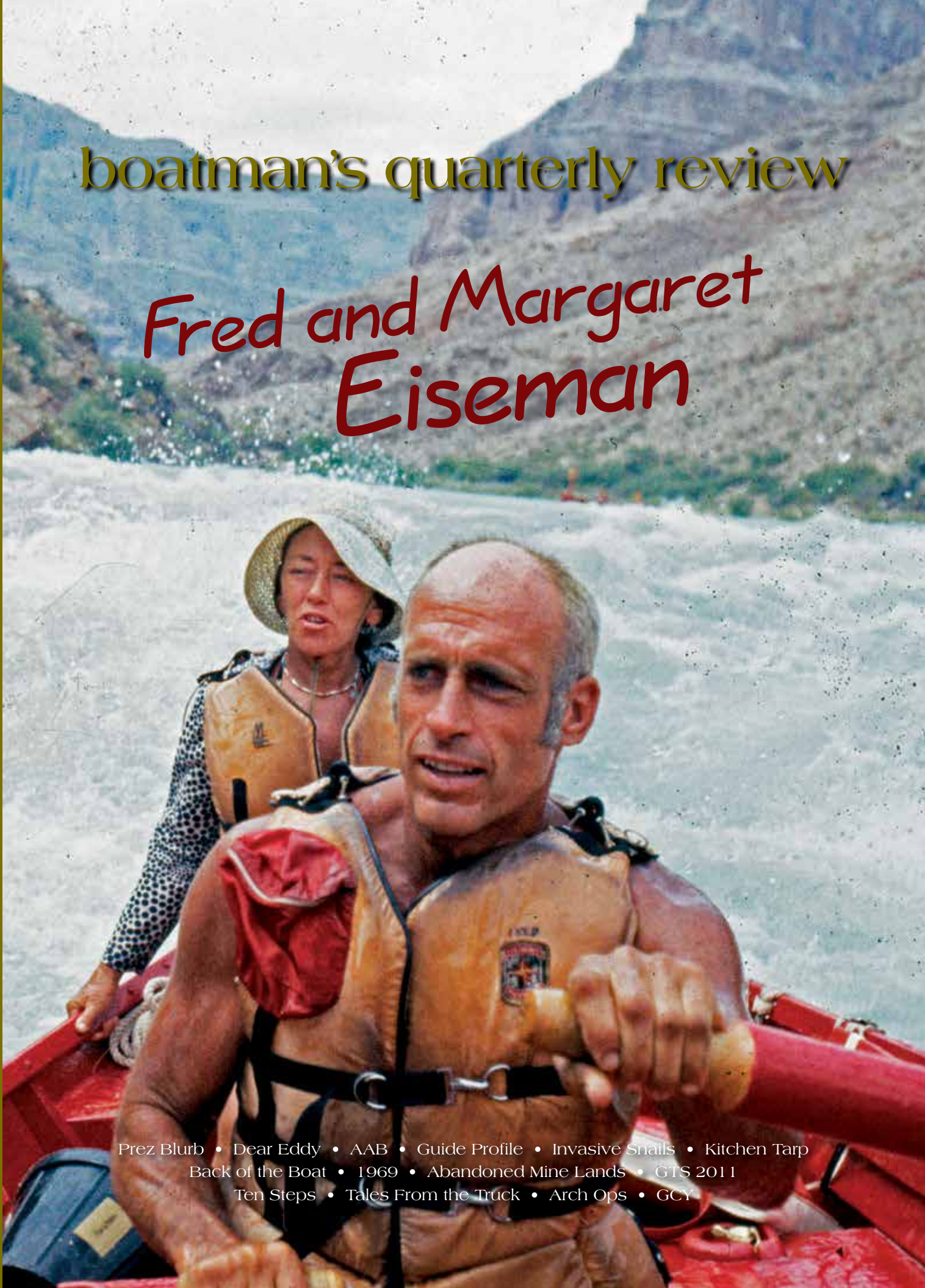


boatman's quarterly review

Fred and Margaret Eiseman



Prez Blurb • Dear Eddy • AAB • Guide Profile • Invasive Snails • Kitchen Tarp
Back of the Boat • 1969 • Abandoned Mine Lands • GTS 2011
Ten Steps • Tales From the Truck • Arch Ops • GCY

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 CD or emailed to GCRG. 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 Novmeber. Thanks!
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
Office Hours: 10:30–5:00, Monday through Friday

| | |
|---------|--------------------|
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Prez Blurb

CHEERS TO A GRAND GTS! It was so amazing to see you all at Hatch-land this year to kick off the boating season in style. Highlights of the week-end included Brad's beautiful boat; an amazing array of native foods for lunch; and a joyful celebration of Lynn! Thanks to all of you who joined us and for those who couldn't make it...well, you missed a darn good time! There is always next year.

A million thanks again to Lynn again for all of the years of service, guidance, and love. GCRG could never have made such amazing progress without her! Stop in and give her a hug sometime, just because...

Hey, guess what? It's *boating* season! Get back out there on those boats and show off the canyon. Things to remember for this season:

- Check out the Re-veg Project at Soap Creek with your passengers.
- Stop in and say hi to the NPS trips!
- Keep those of us at the Park informed about concerns and questions.
- Take good photos of your adopted beaches.
- Be safe, boat well, and drink water!
- Keep tabs on GCA and the Boat Museum.

I will be out and about on the river for two GCY/NPS trips in June and July, so feel free to stop in and learn things with the youth!

"Keep 'em people side up!"

Erika Andersson

Found at GTS

THE FOLLOWING ITEMS were left at the 2011 GTS land session:

- Prescription glasses
- Fujinon lens cap cover, about 3.5" in diameter—found on truck bumper

*Cover: Fred and Margaret Eiseman negotiate
205 mile rapid, Grand Canyon.
NAUPH.2004.B.2.55b.2 Margaret Eiseman Collection*

Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO THE “DEAR EDDY” BY JOHN MARKEY IN BQR
VOLUME 24, NUMBER 1, SPRING 2011

To the Editor:

John Markey's “Dear Eddy” email in the last issue of the BQR (Spring 2011) certainly offered a lively, if not provocative, point-of-view on the changing image of river guides in Grand Canyon. It is hard to imagine his comments not summoning numerous and varied responses. In the interest of transparency, I begin my own response with two confessions: 1) I have not been in the Canyon for more than two decades and thus, cannot claim to have deep knowledge of or a feel for the tenor of river guiding in 2011; 2) I come from the generation of boatmen to which Mr. Markey alludes to and am familiar with numerous “gentleman-rogue” characters as well as the zeitgeist of those times. Hence, I harbor a certain degree of sympathy with Mr. Markey's remarks.

Nevertheless, I must part ways with Mr. Markey on a number of points. Although the BQR has taken stands on controversial subjects, it has historically shied away from what may now be considered controversial personal behavior. Some might call it “not fouling your own nest or airing dirty laundry.” Is this editorial policy? Maybe, maybe not. A more cogent (and less exciting) explanation for the lack of “outside-the-lines” stories may simply be that contributors, whatever their generation, simply don't submit the kind of pieces Markey believes might give a fuller picture of guides past and present. The absence of these stories, then, inadvertently contributes to the “polished image” he mentions. But the smoothing of the rough edges of the guiding world is more a result of changing times and Canyon social mores, not BQR policy.

So why do guides, natural-and-artificially born storytellers, not put pen to paper, fingers to keyboard and tell all? Numerous reasons come to mind. The first explanation may have to do with the practice of the ancient river maxim “What happens on the River, stays on the River.” One of the many virtues most good boatmen (gender neutral) practice is discretion, especially if they display unconventional (creative?) behavior and plan on spending lengthy time in the Canyon. Another possibility: The old stories Markey speaks of were “insider” tales, spread mostly by word-of-mouth (not the printed word that might come back to haunt you) and thus, percolated slowly through and among the various river companies. The present-day BQR clearly has an audience beyond the guiding

community. Common sense suggests that once fun, non-malicious, marginal events and behaviors surface (especially ones that are so much fun people will try to copy them), a government agency or river company reaction followed by yet another rule is bound to occur. There may something to be said for “Don't tell and no one will ask!”

Markey may be correct in his suspicion that present-day guides are not that much different than their predecessors. Given the current Canyon ethos, however, it would be thickheaded for working guides to advertise their own “grease bombs, golfing, and sparkler” episodes on the River. Indeed, times have changed. A different clientele, a more corporate business-like attitude, the cost of insurance, Park Service politics, the range of ages among guides—all have contributed to a more regulatory climate for better or worse depending on your point of view. What used to be a part-time summer gig has evolved, perhaps inevitably and by necessity, into a profession. (At Grand Canyon Dorries in the 1970s and early 1980s, Martin Litton routinely reminded boatmen that rowing was a “summer job” and that we should get on with our lives, the sooner the better. Of course, no one listened to Litton's admonishments. Smitten by the Canyon, the wooden boats, and the camaraderie, most of us thought we would stay, well, forever.)

Finally, if Canyon guides were to have a seat at the table of this changing river culture as well as a chance to protect their interests, they had to organize or be left behind. (At one time, getting notoriously independent and nomadic guides together was like herding cats.) To be called a “profession” meant that guides would have to explicitly define their skills, make and abide by standards, codify social behaviors, redefine what was acceptable, accept some regulatory authority to assure everyone was meeting those ever-rising standards and expectations. It would be harder to be a river rascal of days gone by when “appropriate behavior” was defined differently. With the mantle of professionalism came the opportunity to speak out as a group on controversial issues, a degree of political clout, access to a variety of resources, a broader and deeper knowledge of the Canyon, better equipment, fairer economic treatment of boatmen. In exchange for the long-overdue benefits “professionalism” brought to the guiding community, something was bound to give way: a free rein, characters, self-regulation with little interference from the Park Service or other regulatory agencies, perhaps a degree of spontaneity, certain “risk-taking”

behaviors. The days of Whale, Kovalik, and other larger-than-life river characters were numbered as were the ma-and-pa river companies many old timers are all too familiar with.

Alas, the guiding community as a social body had no choice but to “grow up,” a phrase, I admit, that makes me bite my lip hard. Part of the Canyon stories and myths Markey mourns the loss of had to do with playfulness, the unscripted making of mirth on the river by uncorralled characters. Nevertheless, any smart adult/parent knows one should always be careful, if not cunning, about the stories they tell and who they tell them to.

Vince Welch

Adopt-a-Beach

FOR THOSE OF YOU who may not know, Adopt-a-Beach (AAB) is a long term monitoring program that relies on systematic replication of photographs to document and analyze changes in sand deposition and other physical attributes on 44 camping beaches in Grand Canyon. The extensive AAB photo gallery can be accessed through the Adopt-a-Beach section of the GCRG website, www.gcr.org. The photos are organized by beach and year, so check it out! The Executive Summaries of all AAB Reports to date are also available for your review.

Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center is working with GCRG to integrate this monitoring program and the resulting repeat photographs within the GIS Campsite Atlas that is currently being developed by GCMRC. The program has also been supported over the years by the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, a non-profit grant making public charity created and managed by the commercial river outfitters in Grand Canyon. We extend our sincere appreciation to our funders and to all of the adopters who have demonstrated their stewardship for the Colorado River by volunteering over the years. Please join us in helping out with this important program that allows us to keep tabs on the state of the beaches in Grand Canyon!

Lynn Hamilton

Help Wanted

The Adopt-A-Beach program still has a boat load of adorable camps waiting to pose for their photographs. You could call one of these neglected orphans your own. No experience required!

If you could photograph a beach or two even once this summer, you qualify. All volunteers welcome! Camera and instruction provided. Discover what it's like to make a campsite say “Cheese” and help continue sixteen years of monitoring of this most precious resource.

Contact Lynn at the GCRG office for more info.

Zeke Lauck

Guide Profile

David Kashinski, Age \$!

WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? I was born in Aspen, CO and grew up there as well.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)? Hatch River Expeditions. I did a few trips for Mark Sleight and have been lucky enough to work for a few Grand Canyon companies.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GUIDING? Since 1986.

WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN? Mostly I run motor boats, and three to five trips each year I kayak and row. I use a motor snout for private trips and bring the kayak for having fun!

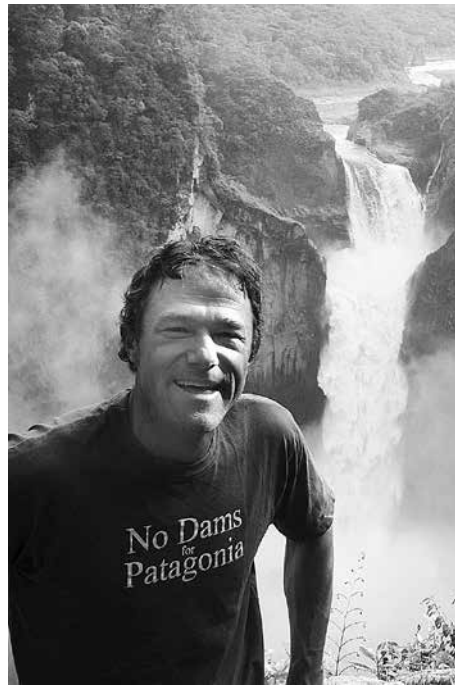
WHAT OTHER RIVERS HAVE YOU WORKED ON? I have worked on a few of the Southwest's rivers but most of my other guiding experience is outside the borders. I have worked on rivers in Mexico, Belize, Guatemala, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and India. The bulk of that time was on Chile's Rio Futaleufu.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS? My hobbies include; traveling, rafting, kayaking, hiking/backpacking, mountain biking, skiing, ice hockey, and well, Grand Canyon.

MARRIED/FAMILY/PETS? Single, no pets.

SCHOOL/AREA OF STUDY/DEGREES? Bachelor of Arts in Environmental Studies from Brown University, 1993.

WHAT MADE YOU START GUIDING? My first trip was a private trip that to my young eyes had me convinced that I had seen most of the nice places in Grand Canyon. When I went on a high school outdoor education trip with a commercial outfitter, the guides opened my eyes to the limitless opportunities of places and things to see in the Park. That got me hooked to come check it out and I am still here!



WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE? The first time that I visited Grand Canyon was on a private river trip with nine other kids and six adults from my home town.

WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS? My mentors were the cadre of guides that entrenched themselves at Hatch River Expeditions in the '90s. As well, the young guides who come up through the ranks. After you teach them your thimble-full of knowledge, it is very rewarding to stand back and learn from someone taking a look at the world with a fresh set of eyes.

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER? For the last three, I have been traveling and working a little bit when possible to help supplement and subsidize the travel. For eight years before that, it was Brine Shrimp Egg Harvesting and raft guiding on the Rio Futaleufu.

IS THIS YOUR PRIMARY WAY OF EARNING A LIVING OR DO YOU COMBINE IT WITH SOMETHING ELSE? For the last three years it has been.

WHAT'S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER? Paved road to the put in and take out; unbelievable equipment; predictable and stable flows; helicopters a phone call away—the ease of river trips in Grand Canyon make the whole thing memorable!

WHAT'S THE CRAZIEST QUESTION YOU'VE EVER BEEN ASKED ABOUT THE CANYON/RIVER? “Do we end up where we started?”

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR FUTURE HOLDS? I imagine that some day I will settle down and live a little more traditionally. But while my life will allow, I plan to get some.

WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE? The people, places, times, lifestyle, and just plain good fun.

Invasive Mud Snails in Havasu Creek

WHAT IS THE NEW ZEALAND mud snail and what can you do to limit its spread? The New Zealand mud snail (*Potamopyrgus antipodarum*) is an aquatic snail species native to New Zealand. It is an invasive species in North America, where it was first detected in the Snake River in the late 1980's. It was first collected in Grand Canyon in 1995 where it is thought to have altered the aquatic foodbase and has also been collected from the mouths of tributaries. NPS researchers recently identified the New Zealand mud snail from samples collected below Beaver Falls in Havasu Creek in Grand Canyon National Park.

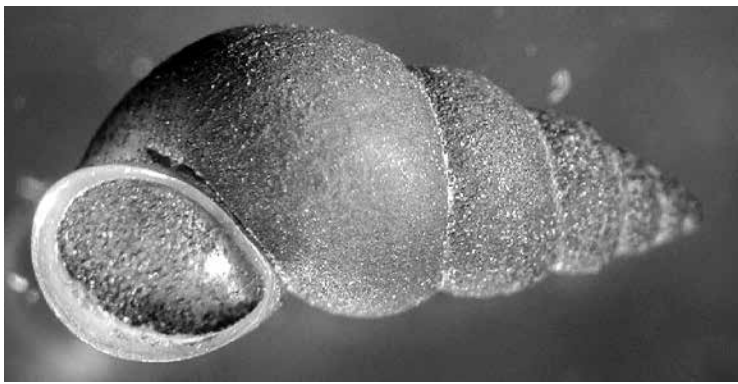


Figure 1. The shells of adult New Zealand mud snails are approximately 3.5-5 mm long and have 5-6 whorls that coil to the right. These snails also have an operculum that closes the shell opening (i.e. "cover", visible in live snails only). Photo by D.L. Gustafson.



Figure 2. Group of New Zealand mud snails, with key for scale. Photo by D.L. Gustafson.

New Zealand mud snail can live in a wide range of habitats, withstand many types of conditions, and can seal themselves off from predators, desiccation, and other potential harm using a structure called an operculum (or "cover", see Figure 1). In fact, the operculum allows snails to pass through the digestive tract of fishes unharmed! Furthermore, individuals reproduce asexually, meaning that only one snail can colonize a new area. They feed on algae and detritus, often depleting algal communities, and can negatively impact invertebrate communities, thus altering the foodbase. Because of their ability to avoid digestion by fishes, New Zealand mudsnails are considered to be "dead end" species, only consuming resources but not providing them. Combined, these impacts mean that, in high densities, New Zealand mud snails can disrupt aquatic ecosystems. They are controlled by a parasite in New Zealand, but have no natural predators or parasites in North America.

Scientists are studying the impacts of New Zealand mud snail invasions, but much is still unknown. Their potential impact in Grand Canyon tributaries is also unknown; however, since their introduction into the mainstem, New Zealand mud snails have at times been the most abundant invertebrate in terms of biomass. The potential good news? Waters prone to flooding or those fed primarily by snowmelt do not support high densities of New Zealand mud snails; this has decreased their impact in the mainstem and may limit their success in Grand Canyon tributaries.

New Zealand mud snails are easily transported by humans and human activities including hiking, swimming, boating, angling, scientific surveys. They can attach to footwear, clothing, equipment, boats, buckets, etc., and can also be transported in mud or debris associated with such items. They can withstand prolonged stretches outside of water.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

There are no techniques guaranteed to prevent the spread of New Zealand mud snails; however, you can take steps to minimize the likelihood of spread. When traveling from the mainstem Colorado River to a tributary or other body of water:

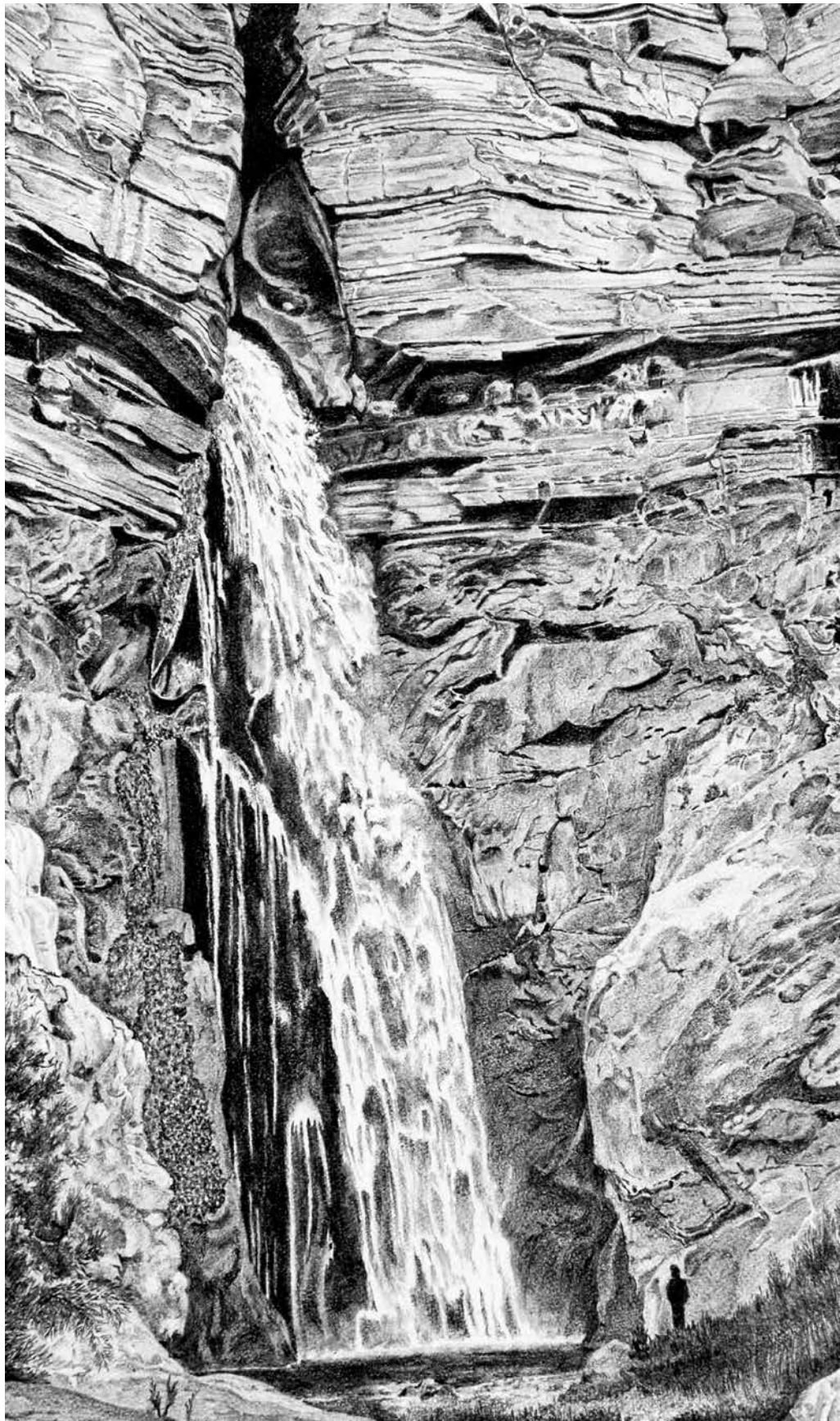
- Before you leave a body of water, scrub off any mud, plant material, and debris attached to your clothing and equipment. Check for attached organisms and remove them. Consider carrying a wire brush for this purpose. Empty accumulated water

from all equipment. *These are easy and feasible interventions, and therefore, minimum recommendations.*

- To disinfect gear, choose one of the following methods. Be sure to do this at the end of your trip if you plan to visit another waterway.
 1. Boil for a minimum of ten minutes *or* freeze for a minimum of 24 hours.
 2. Allow gear to *completely* dry for 48 hours, checking all crevices and pockets for potential moist spots. Sunlight is the most effective drying agent!
 3. Chemically treat for ten minutes with a bleach or Sparquat solution. Dispose of chemicals appropriately, and *away* from all waterways. Mix solutions as follows:
 - Bleach: seven percent bleach solution equals nine ounces per gallon of water.
 - Sparquat: 4.7 percent Quat 128 solution equals 6.4 ounces per gallon of water *or* 3.1 percent Quat 256 solution equals 4.3 ounces per gallon of water.°

For more information, contact me at, 928-638-7477 or Emily_Omana@nps.gov

Emily Omana Smith



© Jerry Weber

The Hated Kitchen Ground Tarp

THE GROUND CLOTH, the kitchen tarp, the @#%&%*%&. Whatever you call them and whether you like 'em or you hate 'em, they're a requirement for every river camp in Grand Canyon. Over the years I've heard a lot of grumbling from all kinds of river runners; privates, commercial guides, science boatmen all have something to say about kitchen ground tarps. We've all heard the complaints questioning their necessity, their effectiveness, set-up hassles and kitchen safety.

First of all, the desired end effect from using kitchen tarps is to reduce the amount of food scrap!s and micro-trash left on the beaches of river camps. We can all agree that less food and trash on the beaches is a good thing. Red ants, ringtails, mice, snakes, ravens—all are more prevalent at overused and abused camps.

Two of my trips every year are co-op work trips consisting of half Park Service folks and half guides from one of the commercial companies. The commercial company provides the menu/food and the kitchen. So, not only do I get to look at a lot of different kitchen set ups, I get to break it down every morning, set it up at night, and I've cooked meals in just about every company's kitchen in Grand Canyon. I always learn new tricks and try different systems. I get to see what works and what doesn't.

So why are kitchen tarps so hated? I've concluded that it's not the concept of reducing our camping impacts, and it's not the idea of leaving the place clean for the people upstream or preventing unwanted scavengers in camp. The reason guides hate kitchen tarps is because they're using the wrong tools for the job. I've seen tarps that look like a badminton net, string things with ½-inch by 1-inch holes. Not too good for catching food scraps. I've seen tarps that are no bigger than the shadow of the table. This is great for storing dutch ovens out of the sand but hard to catch a dropped carrot bit or plastic bread clip if the tarp doesn't extend past the edges of the table. Tarps that soak up water, stored in boxes or dry bags start to mold and stink. Tarps that don't allow sand to sift through get heavy and are hard to handle. No wonder guides hate the kitchen tarp. Smelly, sandy, tangled, useless, trip hazard.

The best kitchen ground tarp I have seen, used by a few commercial companies and NPS, is made of the same fine plastic mesh material used locally to produce rig bags, life jacket bags, hatch bags, etc... Just wide enough to fit between the tables legs, approximately five feet by six or eight feet for overlap. Hemmed around the edges. Each table gets a tarp.

Tarp edges overlap in kitchen for full coverage and less edge to trip on. They're stiff enough to stay flat and hold up to years of folding. In the morning when they're wet from being rinsed they can be stowed between paco pads or in a hatch instead of molding in a box. They dry quickly. In case of a big spill, these tarps can be used to sift the sand, removing anything from trail mix, charcoal or broken glass. These tarps accomplish what the "rule" intended.

A lot of the "rules" that we deal with in Grand Canyon are thought of as an intrusion of our self sufficiency or underestimation of personal wilderness ethics. What helps to understand some of the seemingly endless amount of regulations is not looking at the rule itself but looking for the intent. Any rule is invented to achieve an end goal. The intent is to prevent resource damage or improve visitors' experience. Required ground tarps equals cleaner beaches. When confusion about a rule exists, the most minimal research can bring light to the subject. Quoted from the Commercial Operating Regulations, that we all carry, under Solid Waste on page 13:

"Tarps are required under food preparation tables and serving tables to leave beaches free of food scraps."

Pretty straight forward. So the next time you throw the moldy fish net stockings down under the table just to placate a silly park service rule, think of what goal this "rule" is meant to accomplish. Your moldy stockings are fulfilling the first part of the rule, tarps are required under tables, and if this is our end result, it is a silly rule. But is that the intent? If the moldy fish nets aren't helping you to leave the beaches cleaner, then maybe it's time to re-think your kitchen ground tarp system. Talk to your warehouse manager. Get the right tools for the job.

Dave Loeffler, NPS Boatman

NOTE: If anyone has questions or would like my interpretation of what "rules" in Grand Canyon, write or call David_loeffler@nps.gov or 928-638-7845 #4

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

GTS EIGHTH ANNUAL HEALTH FAIR

EIGHTY-FIVE GUIDES spoke with our providers about their medical, mental, or dental issues at the GTS Health Fair. These guides were screened for potential problems such as cardiovascular disease, leukemia, liver and kidney function, electrolyte imbalances, diabetes, thyroid function, anemia, infection, women's health and prostate issues. We also had screenings for dental health, depression, skin cancer, and physical therapy advice. We handed out free mammogram vouchers for those at risk for breast cancer.

Our volunteer providers are the key to the success of this "health awareness" opportunity. We would like to give Wyatt Woodard, FNP a huge round of applause for organizing another successful fair! Also, we owe many thanks to the healthcare providers who volunteered their time and expertise: Dr. Carl Bigler; Susan Ash Ghiglieri; Dr. Rich Haag; Susan Hamilton, RN; Beth Kennedy; Kelly Rowell, PT; Dr. Pearish Smith; Laurie Steinhaus, FNP; Judy Stratton, PT and Dr. John Tveten. And here's to Jen Dierker who steadfastly maintained the registration desk for 4-plus hours. We would also like to thank: Sonora Quests Medical Labs and Northern Arizona Radiology for donating or discounting medical tests and follow-up; and to Arizona River Runners and Dan and Alida Dierker for loaning us their pop-up tents. Here's a standing ovation to the Flagstaff Community Foundation and the Geo Funds for their financial support of this important community event. We are very grateful for their generous financial contributions. Hatch River Expeditions, thank you for providing the space for another great Fair and GTS. See everyone again next year!

KENTON GRUA SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION—

DEADLINE JUNE 1, 2011

The money raised at the February WingDing makes this scholarship program possible; we want to again send a profound thank you to our sponsors/donors for their generous support. Awarding scholarships to guides in career transitions is one of the best things the Whale Foundation does to support the river community. Kenton's legacy and spirit is celebrated in each of these awards.

We encourage guides to apply for these grants since the scholarships are given to those with traditional and non-traditional educational paths. In 2011, there will be one granting cycle only. We will be awarding up to three \$2,000 scholarships. To insure impartiality

all applications are blinded before a rigorous review. Applications may be downloaded from the website or mailed to you from the office. The next application deadline is June 1, 2011. All materials must be submitted by that date.

DAN HALL—LARGE AND IN CHARGE

In case you haven't heard, Dan Hall is picking up the reins as the new Whale Foundation's Executive Director. Our Board is very excited to have Dan's energy, community contacts and ideas taking the organization to the next level. Fran Joseph has retired after serving the organization for five and a half years. She'll be focusing on her art and babysitting her beautiful grandgirl, Opal.

WHALE FOUNDATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The 2010 Board of Directors includes: Bronze Black, Ann-Marie Bringham, John Crowley, Alida Dierker, Dave Edwards, Bert Jones, Trevor Lugers, Pat Rose, Christa Sadler, Tracy Scott, Derik Spice, and Alex Thevenin. Thanks to these committed individuals for donating their considerable talents and time to support our river community. If you are interested in volunteering for the Board or in other capacities, please give us a call. We look forward to hearing from you!

The Whale Foundation

P.O. Box 855

Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Toll Free HelpLine: 1-877-44-WHALE

Business: 928-774-9440

Web: www.whalefoundation.org

Email: info@whalefoundation.org

The Way Things Worked in 1969



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF RECLAMATION
CRSP POWER OPERATIONS OFFICE-REGION 4
P. O. BOX 1069
MONTROSE, COLORADO 81401

IN REPLY
REFER TO: 600

JUN 6 1969

Mr. C. Martin Litton
180 Bear Gulch Drive
Portola Valley, California 94025

Dear Martin:

You will have been through Grand by the time you receive this, and I hope the flows were to your satisfaction. We did make a very special effort to facilitate your running the problem rapids. I will be particularly interested in knowing if you had good water for Horn Creek. We sold power in nine western states trying to get enough Sunday load on June 1. Our weekday releases have been averaging up to 23,000 c.f.s., so you should have been okay on the others. For running Lava Falls, we will cut back on Glen releases as early as possible on Monday, June 9; and if you waited until late afternoon, you should have found minimum flow for Lava. I hope you will have an opportunity to let me know how things were before your second run.

There has been practically no precipitation on the west slope of the Rockies the last two months; and if this continues, flows through Cataract may very well be as low as you want by July. Through Desolation and Gray, you may encounter some sand and gravel bars if the runoff continues to recede as is now indicated. We may be able to help on this with increased releases from Flaming Gorge. It may be difficult for you to check the flow of the Green River and the Colorado when you reach Green River on July 4. We will try to get this information earlier that week and have it available here in case you are unable to obtain it and wish to call. Our dispatching office, which is attended around the clock, will have the information; phone Area Code 303, 249-9681.

From Ouray, Utah, to Sand Wash is about 33 miles with slow water, mosquitos, and rather dull country. Camp sites in that stretch are not too good, and there isn't any particular spot I would recommend. As I recall, the first camp site we liked was on an island at about Mile 89.5 above Green River.

Below Mile 69 (one mile below Jack Creek), there were interesting pictographs on a large mushroom-shaped rock about 1/4 mile from the River. In fact, we found pictographs at nearly every location where the rock was suitable for such artistry.

At Big Canyon, Mile 67, was a good camp site with interesting pictographs on rocks in the Canyon and plenty of chuckers and catfish for supper. As I recall, it was also in Big Canyon that we found a very large natural bridge halfway up the north slope of the Canyon a mile or so above the Canyon mouth. We found intermittent water up the Canyon, but none at the mouth.

There is a fair camp site on the left bank under some cottonwoods at Mile 62 below Flat Canyon Creek. No water. Below Mile 60, the rapids become more numerous and interesting. Melvin Rapids, Mile 57 to 56, is fairly long with some rocks; but with adequate water, you can select a good course to run. Powell had some problems in this general area, as I recall.

Just below the mouth of Rock Creek is a fair camp site, and fresh water is available from Rock Creek. By "fresh," I mean it isn't muddy like the River; but I wouldn't guarantee its potability. This is the site of the old Rock Creek Ranch.

McPherson Ranch, 1/3 mile above the mouth of Florence Creek, is an interesting and beautiful site. There is a very nice camp site on the left bank among the trees about 1/4 mile above the Ranch. A nice spring feeds the old orchard area. A walk up Florence Creek Canyon provides an interesting example of the early farming efforts at these isolated locations. What appear to be very old pictographs can be found on large rocks along the trail up the Canyon. There are supposed to be cliff dwellings in Florence Creek Canyon, but we did not see them. The rapid below the mouth of Florence is rocky, and we found it easier with relatively lower water. The rapid at Mile 36.5 can be tough; but with the maneuverability of your boats, you should be able to pick a good route which would be mainly along the right side.

I hope you don't find my comments above to be too inaccurate and that water conditions are satisfactory for your run. I really wish I could join you on part of the trip, but perhaps one of these days it will be possible. I will be going through Ladore and Dinosaur at the time you start through Desolation and Gray; otherwise, I would be very tempted to try to hitch a ride.

Very truly yours,

Bob

R. P. Marean
Chief, Operations Division

Closure of Abandoned Mine Lands In Grand Canyon National Park

WITH FUNDING AVAILABLE through the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act of 2009 (ARRA), Grand Canyon National Park completed projects at several Abandoned Mine Lands (AML) sites to improve human safety. Old mine sites are potentially hazardous to park visitors and should never be entered. The projects eliminated human access to five abandoned mines, while maintaining protected habitat for wildlife and preserving the sites' historic character. An Environmental Assessment was completed in February 2010 which identified the hazards associated with AML features and proposed proper closure techniques and designs. The projects at Grand Canyon were completed at the end of November 2010.

Eight AML features at five sites were closed by constructing bat-accessible gates and cupolas (domes), and using polyurethane foam plugs along with dirt backfilling. All five sites are located in the backcountry and accessible to river and backpacking users.

- Bass Copper Mine: A bat-accessible gate was installed to protect bat habitat.
- Pinto Mine: A bat gate and a bat cupola were installed at an adit and shaft, respectively.
- Tanner-McCormick Mine: A bat gate was installed to protect habitat and to exclude visitors from areas of poor air quality such as low oxygen levels in the mine.
- Copper Grant Mine: A bat gate was installed to protect habitat and to exclude visitors from the mine, which has rotting support timbers.
- Grandview Mine: Three shallow adits or prospect pits were plugged and backfilled.

WILDLIFE HABITAT AT CLOSURE SITES

Abandoned mines often provide habitat for wildlife, including rare and sensitive species. Bats, among the world's most beneficial but vulnerable mammals, use mines for roosting, rearing their young, hibernation, and for crucial rest stops during seasonal migrations. Interpretive signage indicating protected habitat was placed at the sites. Wildlife monitoring at the sites that provide habitat for sensitive species will continue through 2012.

STAY OUT AND STAY ALIVE

Old mine sites are inherently dangerous. They were designed to last only long enough to extract ore. They were often developed along unstable faults, and drilling and blasting further destabilized the rock. Timbers, support beams, and rock bolts were left to rot and decay, and may now be structurally unsound. The effects of temperature, air, and water further cause mines to become unsafe.

Lethal concentrations of gases such as carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, and hydrogen sulfide can accumulate in mines. Pockets of still air with little or no oxygen also exist. Areas of bad air in mines are commonly odorless; people can succumb to the effects of oxygen deprivation or poisonous gases with little warning.

Deanna Greco

PHYSICAL SCIENCES PROGRAM MANAGER
FOR GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

Announcements

LOST:

A pair of regular prescription glasses was lost at 186 mile camp (River right) on May 8th. They are in a hard grey case with either "Ocean Pacific" or "Carrera" on the case (couldn't remember which). If found, please contact: Walt McGourty at w.mcgourty@comcast.net

FOUND:

A black rubber bag (approximately 18" x 24") with identification and Outdoors Unlimited cup inside was lost on April 21ST at South Canyon, Mile 30, at upper part of lower main camp. Please contact either Burton Vanderbilt at bvanderbilt@msn.com or Outdoors Unlimited at (800) 637-RAFT.

Great Time Shared at the GTS 2011

GTS, AN ACRONYM FOR the annual Guides Training Seminar, could equally stand for a Great Time Shared (by all). This year's GTS was held over the March 26TH weekend at the Hatch River Expeditions warehouse. What a fantastic event it was too, with over 250 participants—river guides, private boaters, commercial passengers, outfitters, speakers, tribal participants—a magical mixture of folks who adore learning and teaching about Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

Major topics covered at this year's GTS ranged from: current research on sandbars and flood events, the anticipated impact of the tamarisk leaf beetle, fish trends and translocation efforts, springs ecology, evolving geology theories and more... Brad Dimock brought his beautiful Kolb boat replica (the *Edith*) so we could see her in all her glory, prior to her inaugural journey. His wonderful tale about the audacious Kolb brothers was a real highlight on Saturday afternoon.

Our friends at Chaco came and sold sandals at a discounted rate with proceeds from sales benefiting the Hopi Footprints program administered by Grand Canyon Youth (FYI, you can still contribute to this great program through the GCY website, www.gcyouth.org). Thanks Chaco for all you do for GCRG and the river community! As always, the Whale Foundation offered such outstanding support for the river guides who took advantage of the Health Fair. And, the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program was a real highlight, presenting a wonderfully interactive session demonstrating how tribes use Canyon resources.

Of special note too was Jane Lyder's address to the river community in her capacity as Acting Superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park. In short order, she made the river community fall in love with her and wish she would stay beyond her short tenure. Her description of how she ended up in Grand Canyon, her love of rivers, and her deep respect for the stewardship ethic of river guides was so personal and moving that there were more than a few misty eyes in the audience. Jane, you have won friends for life and the Grand Canyon is so lucky to have you passionately working on its behalf whether you are here, or in Washington, D.C. We invite you back to join us next year!!

And the food—what a gastronomic feast! Our wonderful cooks Simone and Tim Stephenson and their cook crew fed us so well—dinner on Friday, three squares on Saturday and breakfast and lunch on Sunday. Neither wind, nor rain kept them from whipping up simply scrumptious meals for the ravening crowd.

Speaking of food, our tribal friends stepped in and supplemented Saturday lunch with a wealth of native dishes: absolutely delicious pit roasted elk and deer meat (re-using the agave pit from the year before) and yucca corn bread from the Hualapai, fry bread courtesy of Nikki Cooley, wild spinach from Ruby and Annetta, orno-baked bread from Dan Simplicio, sweet wheat pudding bread baked on corn husks in the orno oven, and more... The tribal participants were so incredibly enthusiastic about sharing both their food and culture with everyone at the GTS. What a treat it was, and we are so thankful to the many tribal participants who pitched in to make it happen.

Our many thanks first and foremost goes to Hatch River Expeditions for letting us use their warehouse yet again for an event that symbolizes spring, good friends, and learning. Support from the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, the commercial river outfitters and the Grand Canyon Association makes the magic happen. Native Voices on the Colorado River Program coordinates all tribal activities—such a wonderful centerpiece to each GTS over the last few years! We deeply thank all the individual tribal participants who made our event special in so many ways. Please come back next year!! Other supporters we appreciate include Grand Canyon National Park, the Grand Canyon River Heritage Coalition, NAU Cline Library (and Richard Quartaroli in particular for all his help and support over the years), Chaco, the Whale Foundation, and all of our raffle contributors (by the way, we raised over \$800 for GCRG coffers!). Our GTS speakers are always top notch—sharing their expertise with the group and answering all the burning questions posed by participants. Our intrepid cook crew makes cooking for over 200 people look easy and Jess Pope is the best GTS “tech girl” anyone could want. And our band from Hopi Land, Sunfire, had people line dancing into the night.

I also personally want to thank all of my current and past board members and officers for honoring me in the incredibly special way they did with their kind words and gifts. I could not have been more surprised, moved and touched and I must say that these years at GCRG have been some of the most special in my entire life. What a family we have become and I am so blessed. You have given me more than I can ever imagine and the work is so fulfilling. I look forward to more years working on behalf of GCRG, Grand Canyon, the Colorado River, and the river community that I deeply love. You guys are simply the best...

Of course, the GTS is an unparalleled venue for

interpretive training in the cultural, natural and human history of Grand Canyon and relevant resource management issues. The ability to learn directly from park personnel, researchers and historians provides continuing education coupled with the ability to ask questions directly of the experts over the intensive two-day period. But as anyone who has attended a GRS land session knows, it's so much more than that.

It's all about connections—seeing old friends, making new ones, it's about learning new things and piquing the desire to learn more, and it's about our collective desire for stewardship of Grand Canyon. The GRS really is a great time, shared by all.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR





Photos by: Lynn Hamilton, Wayne Ranney

Memories and Photos

From the 2011 GTS River Trip

I PULLED INTO THE UPPER EDDY AT DIAMOND CREEK A COUPLE days ago, rounding up my seventh time down Grand Canyon and started de-rigging. I guess I hadn't tied up sufficiently because two things happened at once: I realized my boat was going under the overhanging tree and I felt a tug on the boat and heard a voice say "Hey Laura." It was Cassius! We had met a few weeks earlier on the GTS, me a novice Grand Canyon guide and him a Hualapai guide for Diamond Down trips. He tied my boat up, and there we were talking like we were long lost friends finally reunited. Our paths that lead to here are far reaching from each other but we share something in the present that is more important: hearts and bodies that live and breathe the Canyon.

We now live together, in the same home. So what is GTS all about? Seven oar boats, one kayak, one motorboat headed downstream for two weeks together. No guests, no crew, no families or newlyweds or loners or guides or passengers, just people. We are all in it together and we are all on the same wave length. We are here for Grand Canyon. We are here to learn and share. We are here because we share the same loves; being outside, helping and being with people, giving Grand Canyon the respect it deserves. And it was awesome! I think it is how an ideal river trip would go where there is no hierarchy or demands or separation between groups—just one group of people helping each other learn and experience the canyon on a deeper level—one day at a time. Here's to boating and humanity and beauty—found in other people, yourself and ever more when we come together in that beautiful place that is home to our souls.

Laura Armstrong
AZRA GUIDE



FAVORITES—

- My favorite quote: "The Grand Canyon and the Colorado River are not synonymous" (Peter Hunt-oon)
- My favorite hike: The Piano hike, which I've done before, but its always fun and educational. We got to see San Juan granite cobbles and sand dikes on the back side of the (pre-Deer Creek Landslide) old Colorado River channel. We got to watch and listen as Clarence John, the Paiute elder was videotaped, and interacted with folks on the Native Voices trip (also the first ever trip for Grand Canyon White Water). Then we headed up to the Throne Room and got to hear Hunt-oon's amusing tale of exploring the back of Dutton Spring (which he named) back in the day.
- My favorite rapid: Lava! With Siobahn at the oars, Lorenzo and I became head-butting-high-sider wave punching pals and bonded for life!
- My favorite camp: Angel Camp, after Lava. We had burgers and brats and the camaraderie was over-the-top.
- My favorite music: A toss-up between Owen's sax serenade on the water above Blacktail and Steven The Elder's wicked guitar finger picking.

Geoff Carpenter

SPEAKER, HERPETOLOGY



I THINK IT WAS TERRIFIC—EVERYTHING WAS SO WELL organized—so well that you didn't feel it being organized. Jay Healy was present all the time, but he didn't really have to do anything. Everyone knew what to do. I feel bad about not being much help. That darned balance problem made it difficult doing things in camp, but everyone just wanted to help me. Wonderful people. I am sure looking forward to my next trip with Jay, and he said many times that he would like to have me along on any trip.

I had a dry trip on the big boat, but I enjoyed the wet rides in the small boats very much. We had an exciting wave come over us in President Harding. Wet and cold. I enjoyed the weather—it was a little cold to start with snow on the top, but I only had to use the tent once—yes, we had only one night with rain.

I was very glad to see old Willie Taylor's grave. He was a wonderful person—he sat next to me in the boat in 1954. He had a way to make everybody feel good. And I enjoyed a few small hikes that did not require climbing or jumping on rocks. I wish I could have participated in the longer hikes though, but that is history. Peter Huntoon, as usual, made some very interesting presentations, and Geoff caught some colorful lizards. There were interesting talks on wildlife, and Bill Mooz entertained us with laws on hydrodynamics vividly illustrated by the currents around the rapids.

Then there was, of course, my 91ST birthday with cake and lights to blow out. I shall never forget my two birthdays on the river—the 86TH in 2006 and now the 91ST.

Well Lynn, I want again to thank you for letting me make this trip, and I hope it will not be the last one.

Jorgen Visbak

SPEAKER (ONE OF THE ORIGINAL 200 ON MARSTON'S LIST)

THINGS I WILL REMEMBER—

- Carp showing us the bright blue belly of a lizard
- Peter explaining that the age of the river and the age of the canyon are not synonymous
- Jorgen describing Willie Taylor
- Cutting out thousands of Camelthorn
- Charles showing us pictographs
- Rescuing Cassius at Lava Falls
- Bill explaining river pressures
- The upbeat NPS crew
- Hiking up Kwagunt Canyon
- Jay's gas powered blender
- Harpo racing around the boat at Crystal and frustrating Jay
- Zeke lecturing on the purpose of Adopt-a-Beach
- Steve the Elder playing guitar
- Middle Steve talking about relationships between guides and their customers
- Janek painting scenes
- Joshua horsing around
- Andrea's quiet demeanor
- Lorenzo's good humor
- Liam in the kayak
- Nicole and the game that we played
- And, above all, Jay and his leadership

Bill Mooz

SPEAKER, HYDRODYNAMICS

IT WAS A GROUP OF RELATIVELY YOUNG GUIDES, FULL OF enthusiasm and love for the Grand Canyon. Jay set an example for excellent but not overly-intrusive leadership, by setting a thought-out but flexible agenda each day, adapting to changing weather conditions, and giving opportunities for everyone (guides and speakers) to participate at their level of interest or ability. He tended to show up where needed, and to stand back when things were going well on their own.

Guides were full of curiosity about the Canyon, the inner workings of the National Park Service, and about how other guides handled rapids, guest situations and even meal preparation!

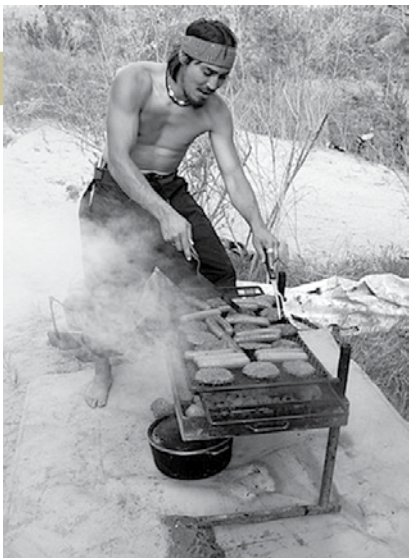
The weather tested everyone's positive attitude, and everyone was up to the test.

Thanks again for allowing me to participate, Lynn. I learned a lot, and I look forward to seeing everyone back out on the river.

Laura Shearin
NPS CONCESSIONS SPECIALIST

IT WAS SUCH A GREAT TRIP—EVERYONE BROUGHT POSITIVITY, laughs and their understanding of river life. The GTS has instilled in me the desire to guide and protect rivers more than ever.

Janek Keedinlihii
AZRA GUIDE



MEMORABLE POINTS—

- Classic spring winds that occasionally screamed upstream at the group and even a late season winter snow storm did not keep the group from enjoying incredible side hikes suggested and led by intrepid Trip Leader, Jay Healy.
- Peter Huntoon regaled the group daily with stories of our geologic past and lead an interpretive hike from Granite Narrows to Deer Creek examining a Paleo river bed of the Colorado. From his comfortable position in distinguished retirement, Peter is able to approach theories of the Canyon's origin from a more relaxed and objective perspective. His stories of early cave explorations as related to the group at Dutton Springs made us wonder how he ever lived to reach retirement !
- Chilly spring weather found the group enjoying the sun more than seeking the shade. Folks enjoyed contrasting this trip to the hot season that lay ahead.
- Despite the wet weather the guides continued to find their homes offshore each evening under the standard pyramid shelter that is so suited to rigging on an oarboat. Trip Leader, Jay Healy, demonstrated a more civilized method with a standard Tent on the palatial deck of his S-rig.
- We enjoyed the living history element of spending days and stories with the "200TH" Canyon Voyager, Jorgen Visbak. He was very understated about his earlier adventures via backpack and air mattress with fellow speaker Bill Mooz. Especially memorable was a damp birthday party complete with cake, candles and song at 75-Mile camp. Jorgen turned 91 years young that night. He continued to inspire the entire group with his physical prowess; prowling up the canyon washes on all the side hikes time allowed.
- Trip leader, Jay Healy, was the picture of professionalism in dealing with the ongoing and varied requests for "speaker time" amid the fast paced schedule and weather delays. He made space for as much interpretive time as the schedule could allow and maintained time in camp for boatman's hour.
- Adopt-a-Beach coordinator, Zeke Lauck, would hang back daily with different volunteers getting the baseline data on the beaches for the season and confirming or upgrading information on photo points. Zeke also integrated a sand eddy geomorphology discussion at unique beach deposits such as Owl Eyes.

Steve Munsell
SPEAKER, PRESCOTT COLLEGE



*Photos by: Geoff Carpenter, Zeke Lauck,
Joe Pollock, and Jorgen Visbak*

Ten Steps

THE TEARS RAN WITH increasing frequency from the eyes of the eleven year old. He sobbed uncontrollably. "I'm going to die. I don't want to die. Please, Dad..."

I tried to offer reassurance, knowing (or, at least, thinking I knew) that panic had begun to take over. "Sid [our hike guide] said if my urine got too clear my kidneys weren't working. This morning when I peed there was no color. I'm gonna die," he cried. Too clear; not clear enough—I didn't know.

Our adventure began months before, in the air-controlled comfort of my law office in North Carolina. Then, a musician, who refused to accept my legal services for free, insisted on paying for them in some way he could. It turned out that his dad was an experienced Grand Canyon hiking trip leader. Dad was volunteered to plan a trip into the abyss for my boys (ages eleven and fourteen) and myself (much older) the following summer. Another (even older) brother would be on a River trip, a high school graduation gift, and one objective of our hegira would be to meet his trip at Hermit Rapid.

So it was that we found ourselves on the first shuttle bus of that morning in July on our way to the end of the line—Hermit's Rest. "Let's keep up the pace and not get strung too far out," said Sid, our leader. "We'll stop at Santa Maria Spring to collect ourselves and refill the water bottles."

But, we stopped well before the Spring. About 45 minutes in, we were still pretty much together when we noticed a lone individual literally running up the Hermit Trail. "For God's sake, be careful," he yelled, as the four of us bunched around him. "Drink your water. There's someone dead at the Camp—dehydration—and I'm going to get the Rangers."

The boys looked at me and I looked at them, each with an expression which said, "Hey! Are we sure we know what we're doing?" No one even suggested we turn around; each of us dealt with this new member of our group as best we could—anxiety became my constant companion. At least until outright fear replaced it.

Saint Mary's spring had come and gone before two things that were to leave their indelible mark on my psyche occurred. First, the whoosh-whoosh-whoosh of the helicopter manifested itself moments before it dropped literally in front of us and descended between our legs to the Tonto below. It would make the return trip later as we descended the Cathedral Steps, trailing evidence that the hiker we met had been telling

the truth (as if anyone would joke about dying in the Grand Canyon). Black, huge and swaying was a body bag suspended from the machine's strut. Who was it? Was he or she in better shape than me? My eleven year old? Sid? Older than me?

Second, of more immediate concern than death, were the tops of my toes and bottoms on both of my feet. Before I had made it to the Cathedral Steps, pain had set in. And, I knew it would get worse. How much? I didn't know. What should I do? I didn't know.

By the time I hit the Tonto and headed down-canyon for a seat at the Camp, I knew my seat was going to be for more than a few minutes. I wasn't going on to Monument Creek, even though that's where our permit would have a ranger look for us that evening. I could barely walk and, as I discovered when I took my boots off next to Hermit Creek, I was bleeding profusely. Thank goodness there were no sharks in the Creek. The blood would have driven them crazy.

I took Sid aside and discussed a change in plans with him. I didn't know what the next day would bring, but I knew that I wasn't going back up the Hermit Trail as planned. Steep, lots of rock falls, narrow. Ugh!! I was scared. I felt that if we went to Monument the next day, camped there, I could make it to Indian Gardens the following day. There, no matter what, I could get up the Bright Angel super-highway, even if I had to sleep on the trail. Longer, but much easier.

Well, all of my assumptions were wrong. The Tonto isn't nearly as flat as I thought. I never calculated (neither did Sid—Damn!) that much of our next two days would be in the blistering sun. And, the route was much, much longer. And, I never realized how much worse my feet could get.

We hiked on for two days. The fourteen-year-old was way in the lead, a regular mountain goat; Sid right behind him. Way behind I came, with my coach and inspiration, the eleven-year old. Pride was not on this trip—at least not for me. Ten steps and a stop to let the pain subside. "Come on Dad; slow and steady; you can do it!" I needed his help and he gave it, just like it was the natural thing to do.

My ten-step method had some real advantages. We had plenty of opportunity to take in the most spectacular views in the world. At times we could see the River; more often we could take in part of what Powell referred to as the "grand gloomy depths" of the Upper Granite Gorge.

Blood free-flowing from blisters on my feet made the two stinking river miles from Hermit to Monu-

ment Creek seem like a hundred; the sun was murder. My youngest son kept me going. There was no alternative. In the end, watching the sun set from my perch atop a chemical potty in the beauty of the Monument Creek campsite made it all worthwhile. That's what I thought until the next day.

Our third day was worse than the two before because the trail was longer—five River miles, but it seemed like a thousand or more crossing the heads of all those damn creeks—Salt, Horn, hundreds of others (or so it seemed)—yo-yoing toward the River and away. The day was hot and the water started to disappear, first from the youngest's bottles, then from mine.

At last, I saw what appeared to be an airplane landing strip in the distance. Landing strip? Not on the Tonto; not here in the Canyon, I knew. But, whatever it was, it was man-made and that was good. (It turned out to be the well-worn trail from Indian Gardens to Plateau Point).

While I was elated that we must be getting close, my youngest companion was becoming increasingly morose. No water left; no color in his urine. He was gonna die—or so he was convinced. The tears came as he pleaded with me not to let that happen. They ran down his cheeks and almost evaporated before they

hit the sand beneath our feet. And, I was scared, too. I couldn't really do anything to help.

So, I did the only thing I could do. I bluffed. I told him that, if he really was dehydrated, when he cried there would be no tears. Pretty slick. And, it worked. In a few hundred yards, we turned a bend in the trail and spied Indian Gardens and its community of hikers, burros and riders. Most of all, there were green things and, even at eleven, my son was smart enough to know where safety—and water—were.

He was off like a flash, abandoning me. But, it was o.k., too. Because my inspiration had gotten me back to civilization and I knew everything would be all right.

By seven that night, we were enjoying steaks in the dining room of the Bright Angel Lodge on the Rim. My ten step method got me to the top, an hour or so behind the goat and Sid, but just behind my coach. By midnight, we were in clean beds in Flagstaff. Two days later, I was in a wheelchair at Zion Park, with strict orders from an EMT to stay off my feet. So much for a walk up the Narrows. We were alive.

Guy Blynn

A LIFETIME MEMBER OF GCRG



© Jerry Weber

Tales From The Truck— It Goes Downhill Fast: A Crash Course In Rowing Lava Falls

LAVA FALLS IS A NEFARIOUS, hydra-headed beast. She loves to embarrass me. She has tried to maim me. She has tried to drown me. I've come within an inch of flipping in her V-Wave. She has pinned me in her Corner Pocket. She has washed me off my oarseat and nearly off the boat, laughing, as I held on to the oar tower for dear life. Lava Falls hates me. I am a Capulet. She is a Montague. She is a stick. I am her piñata. But sometimes, I think just to mess with my head, she lets me pass through cleanly, safely. You never can tell what you're going to get with Lava Falls. Lava Falls is like a catholic priest: Sometimes it's forgiving. And sometimes it bends you over and...well... you know.

We first hear Lava Falls when we are still a half mile above it. When we're a quarter mile above it, it sounds like a tarmac full of 747s revving their engines for take-off. The sound rouses us from the tranquility of what has otherwise been a peaceful day.

We all look downriver to see the source of this nuisance noise but it can't be seen. Not yet. Lava Falls is a blind rapid, meaning it has such a steep, sudden drop you can't see it until you enter it. All we can see from our perspective from 200 hundred feet upriver is an occasional splash of whitewater tossed into view from below the sightline, like a pitchfork of hay.

We pull our rafts into the shore, river right, and hike to the overlook to scout it.

Lava Falls is an impressive bit of hydrological mayhem. The Guinness Book of World Records lists it as North America's fastest navigable rapid. It's a steep little bastard, dropping thirteen feet in a distance of less than a hundred feet. Lava Falls is the Grand Canyon of rapids.

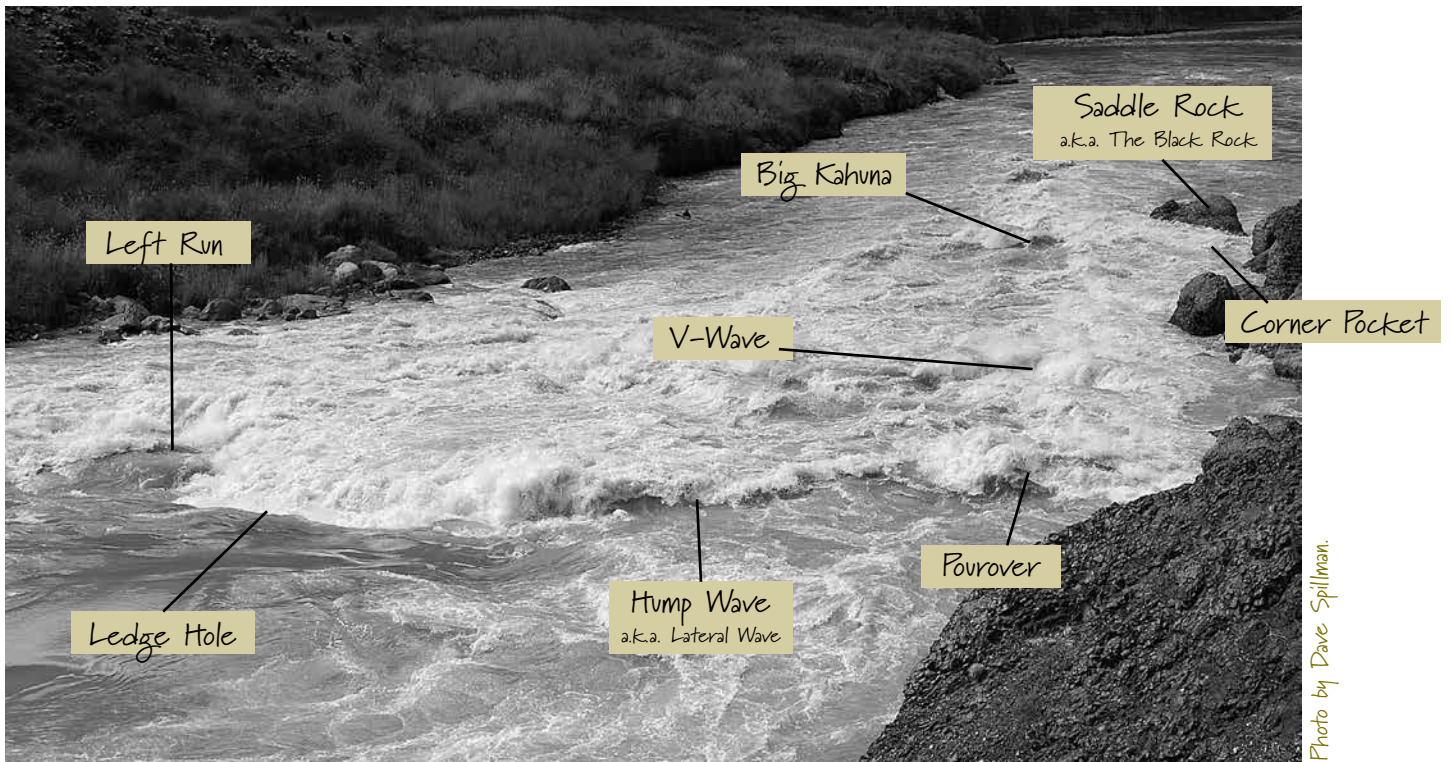
For those of you uninitiated in the anarchy that is Lava Falls please allow me to describe her to you. The river above it is very calm, and today, it's the color of a 1970s Coke bottle. At the spot where the river pours over the debris dam that is Lava Falls, it is instantly churned into white foam, a mixture that looks like equal parts air and water; a Cuisinart that whips and aerates the river to the density of champagne foam. From the scout point some of us speculate about how much flotation our lifejackets lose in this highly aerated foam. "Life jackets, after all, don't float on air," we say. "You may as well expect your life jacket to keep you afloat on a cloud," someone postulates.

The first thing that's going to command your attention when scouting Lava Falls is the Ledgehole. Right in the center of the rapid, there is a huge, nasty hole created by the water pouring over a huge ledge. It's literally a waterfall. What makes the Ledgehole so dangerous, so terrible is that it creates a recirculating hole immediately below it. It's big enough to flip, and destroy a five ton S-rig, if the pilot of the S-rig were unfortunate enough fall over it. If an oarboat gets pulled in there it's going to hold it under water and recirculate it several times before finally spitting it out. It's happened before and I've seen the videos on YouTube. When the raft finally emerges it has been pulled apart, destroyed—the frame bent, straps torn, the gear washed away. The guide and passengers swimming for their lives. The Ledgehole is the last place in the Grand Canyon where I'd want to take a swim. I treat the Ledgehole the same way I treat a bonfire and just stay a comfortable distance away from it. But this is easier said than done. The Ledgehole takes up the majority of the river's width.

Over there on the right is another Poulover, essentially a mini-Ledgehole. Don't drop over the Poulover. You'll get banged up and your raft could flip. And there's no room at all on the left, except for really high water. So there is one route that you can take through Lava Falls. You've got to squeeze your raft between the Ledgehole and the Poulover. But this one passage through Lava Falls puts you on a course to encounter several notable challenges and obstacles.

First you've got to bust through the Hump Wave. If you fail to bust through the Hump Wave the current is going to carry you over the Poulover. If you successfully navigate the Hump Wave you'll hit the V-Wave, which is where two lateral waves come together to form one massive wave. Imagine two snowplows, side by side, pushing ten feet of snow, but the snowplows are turning the snow *into* each other rather than away from each other. That's the V-Wave and you've got to go right through the center of it.

The V-Wave is probably responsible for flipping more rafts in the Grand Canyon than any other rapid or wave. So hit it squarely if you're able. Then, if you survive that, you'll have to face Big Kahuna which is a ten-foot standing wave, that's going break over your raft like a backcountry avalanche. Something below the surface of the river, probably a large boulder sitting



at a sharp angle, causes the water above it to form into a very steep, standing wave—a static tsunami, curled upstream like a scorpion’s tail.

But, things always get weird in the V-Wave. You can get flipped. You can get washed off your boat. Your boat can get spun around. You may enter the V-Wave perfectly square and emerge completely sideways or turned around 180 degrees. More often than not, I exit the V-Wave with my angle completely off-track. The V-Wave has sent me rocketing up onto Saddle Rock, where I stalled and nearly flipped. At least a quarter of the time I have emerged from the V-Wave with at least one oar lost from the oarlock and once I came out with both oars missing. I have been shoved into the Corner Pocket—a dangerous spot between Saddle Rock and the right shore—where we were repeatedly pushed up onto Saddle Rock—highside—and then slammed back down into the pocket, stuck. So, to state it simply, in the course of about a hundred feet, there are five or six chances for things to go wrong. Good luck!

From the scout point, we watch Richard, who is piloting our Motor Support raft—an S-rig—make his run. It’s a good one and eddies out river left to act as the safety boat.

I’ve had a couple butterflies in my stomach all day, knowing that I had to row Lava Falls. At the overlook, scouting Lava Falls several more butterflies show up. And now, when we turn from the scout point and

walk down the hill I have so many butterflies that my stomach feels like Michoacan, Mexico during the Monarchs’ Winter hibernation.

The guides walk to our rafts with the enthusiasm of men walking to the noose—so it is natural that our humor is gallows humor. So when one of my passengers asks me where the best place for her to sit during this rapid I reply, “Oh, probably on the underside of the raft. That way, when we’re past the V-Wave you’ll be back on top.” She laughs, and then she sees that I’m only half kidding, and stops laughing. She tightens the straps on her lifejacket.”

Lava Falls is named Lava Falls because only a million years ago lava, flowing from volcanoes on the rim of the canyon, poured into this part of the canyon. This lava eventually built up and created a dam that geologists estimate was about 700 feet high, backing up water some 180 miles behind it. That’s a good enough reason to name this rapid Lava Falls. But, in my opinion, there’s an even better reason to name it Lava Falls. The etymological roots of lava mean both *to wash* and *to fall*. The Latin root comes from *lavare*, which means to wash and we’re about to be washed like a matchbox in a car wash. Italian etymologists derive lava from the Latin *laves*, which means to fall. We are going to fall fifteen vertical feet in a distance of sixty feet—which, admittedly, doesn’t sound like much—but perceiving the experience through our hyper-loaded senses we’re going to feel like Hephaes-

tus being cast from Mount Olympus.

I untie the bowline from the tree, coil it up and strap it to the bow of the raft. “Does everyone remember the highside procedure?” I ask my passengers. They confirm that they do.

Everything is now tightened down. The ammo cans, the straps on our lifejackets, sunglasses, hats—that knot in my stomach.

Mike goes first. He pushes his raft off the shore, climbs into his seat and pulls out into the current. Jack, our swamper, waits for Mike to get a safe distance ahead of him and then he pulls out. It’s his first time piloting an oarboat through Lava Falls. Christine, an experienced pilot with over forty trips, rides with him to give him instructions, if needed.

I wait for Jack to get a safe distance ahead of me and then I push off from the shore, and climb into the seat and pull the raft out into the current. Oh man! Here we go again. My adrenal gland puckers up like a salivary gland when sucking a lime. I feel my heart rate and blood pressure increase.

Lava’s roar gets louder. It sounds like a demon grinding skulls between his teeth.

We are now only fifty feet from entering the falls and even from this short distance we still can’t see Lava Falls except for the occasional splash of white-water like a clown juggling hankies. An upcanyon breeze—there’s always an upcanyon breeze—blows mist in our faces. Lava Falls has a severe carny-tilt. From above it, as you’re entering it, you can’t see any of its features, except for the Ledgehole and even this is deceiving. Approaching Lava from river level it looks like the Ledgehole extends across more of the river than it actually does. You have to pilot your raft into a position that looks like you’re going to drop right into the Ledgehole. It’s very easy to get Ledgehole Fever, which is when a boatman, thinking he’s going to drop over into the Ledgehole, panics and digs oars hard to river right which often causes him to drop over the Pourover. I’ve done it myself.

So what do you do? How does a boatman enter a rapid full of holes that he can’t see?

He follows a set of markers that will guide him into the rapid in the right place. I start by following the bubble line. There is a large chunk of Lava on the right side of the river that juts out into the river. The river, coursing around it, produces a line that extends down river into the rapid. When you reach this line put the boat’s right side on the line and follow it. Then as you continue down river cross over this bubble line so that it’s now on the boat’s left side. This, to me, is the scariest part of the rapid. I stand up trying to get a better look into the rapid. It still looks like we’re going to

drop over the Ledgehole. I just have to trust that I’m, in the right spot.

I watch Jack’s position to help me with my position. I just take the same line that he’s on. I watch him move into the calm water behind the second lava rock. I watch him turn his raft to the left and start pushing for the Hump Wave. I watch him burst through it sowing two-carat diamonds of water into the air—Poosh!—and disappear over the downslope of the rapid.

I pass a large lava rock that protrudes into the river. Here the river snags on the rock as it passes by, and the disruption of flow causes a spiral that’s visible on the surface of the water. This is the Bubble Line. The Bubble Line enters the river current and continues flowing downriver. I place the right side of my boat right on it and follow it downstream like it’s a handrail until I reach a second large lava rock protruding into the river. Here I leave the line of spiraling swirls and push my raft farther to the right, kind of ducking in behind this rock, but here, behind this rock, the water grows turbulent.

It’s only another thirty feet from here that the river drops over the edge into Lava Falls and with all this water falling and pushing and stalling it grows very disrupted and turbulent even above the rapid. This turbulence causes a very large boil and upwelling just behind the lava rock where I’m currently positioned that upblossoms like a stalk of cauliflower. My friend Nate calls it the Brain Surge because, seen from above, the upboil looks like the crenellations and folds of a brain.

I let the river carry me forward and take a few small strokes toward the right. My eyes are trained downriver, on Lava Falls. From here, we still can’t see the entry into the rapid, we can only see the water disappearing over the Ledgehole. My raft reaches the Brain Surge and I stand up to get a better look at my entry point but as I stand up something terrible and malicious happens. I can hear Lava Falls laughing as it happens. The boil, the BrainSurge, releases an extra-strong upsurge as we’re crossing it that lifts my raft and pushes us back out into the current and straight toward the Ledgehole.

Fuck! Fuck! What the fuck just happened?!!! We are suddenly shot off the Brainsurge, across the river and into the part of the current that’s falling directly over the Ledgehole. I drop down into my seat and start rowing like a Viking slave away from our impending doom the whole time watching the ledge grow closer and closer at frightening speed. I am making quick progress toward the Ledgehole’s right edge, the spot where we may be able to drop safely into the rapid, but I don’t think it’s going to be enough.

For every foot I gain toward the safety of the edge the river's current drags us two feet closer to the ledge. I can see that we're not going to make it. The Ledgehole has us!

Ah shit! We are *fucked!*

Not since Tiphys piloted the Argo through the Clashing Rocks of Bosphorus has a boatman been in such dire peril as this! Not since Odysseus was nearly sucked into the whirlpool Charybdis at the Straits of Messina has a boatman been in such grave trouble as we are this day at the gates of Lava Falls!

The Ledgehole is going to rip, split and separate my raft and everything on it into its most basic parts and pieces, like a particle of light hitting a prism.

I'm a little too busy to observe my passengers, to see if they're scared, to see if they're seeing what I'm seeing, to know if they're aware of the fact that we're about to tumble off a waterfall and die, but I mean the Ledgehole looms in front of us, like only ten feet away, so, surely they've noticed. I feel like I should give them some words of encouragement, as a professional courtesy. Perhaps something like, "It's cool. I got this," or, "Don't worry, this is normal," but, what I end up yelling is "Fuckin' hold on! We ain't gonna make it!"

As it turns out passengers don't like it when their guide yells, "Hold the fuck on! We ain't gonna make it!"

It's all reminiscent of the time when I dropped over the left horn at Horn Creek sideways; one second I was in good position, rowing toward the drop-in behind the right horn, the next second the current had me and had me good, unexpectedly quickly, and I dropped over the left horn sideways, my boat clattering and banging on the rocks. This was the exact same feeling. Except that now, when I drop over the Ledgehole, it's going to tumble us around like a t-shirt in a dryer until my boat is ripped to shreds, until I and my passengers are wounded or dead.

The Ledgehole now takes hold of Hope, the fore-runner and emissary of Success, and tries to rip it from us with the plan of destroying it upon its many rocks, but Hope is loyal as any dog and stays with me to the end.

It's amazing the amount of information that can flash through your mind in times of crisis and right now the YouTube video of the boat getting chundered in the Ledgehole flashes through my memory. Oh my God! I'm going to be the next YouTube loser! The title of the video's going to be called The Dumbass Who Dropped the Ledgehole and Died and Killed All His Passengers.

But, kind of a catchy title.

As I've mentioned before, Lava Falls has such a sud-

den drop-off that it hides all of its features until you are right on top of it. Well, we are now right on top of it! We are close enough to look down upon its jagged rocks and foam, like looking into the rabid mouth of Cerberus.

Ever since my first oarboat run through Lava Falls I have suspected that it might be a gateway to Hell, or perhaps one of its branch offices, and now my suspicion is confirmed. From my raft, which is only ten short—very fuckin' short—feet away from dropping over the Ledgehole, I get a close enough look into Hell to know how many demons can dance on the head of a dirty hypodermic needle (2,100), close enough to feel its cathonic breath on the back of my neck. Close enough to see the spam-mongers and Monsanto lobbyists. Close enough to see Hitler polishing Dick Cheney's waiting throne. Close enough to see Glen Beck feeding kittens to his minions of zombie clowns. Close enough to smell the acrid tang of religious dogma (and believe me, I know what acrid tangs smells like). Close enough to look into the eyes of Sarah Palin, who I believe was there having her horns re-sized or maybe she was the keynote speaker for HellCon 2010. Not sure.

My point being, we are close to the edge here. Way too close. Only a few feet away from crossing the Ledgehole's Event Horizon. An Event Horizon—if I may get scientific for a moment—is the threshold that surrounds a black hole, and anything that crosses it will be sucked into the black hole.

I have to turn my raft into a new angle, with its bow pointed a little more upstream—so I can better fight against the current that's pulling us into the Ledgehole's Event Horizon. My raft hasn't yet crossed over the Ledgehole's Event Horizon but we're definitely caught in the gravity of its frictive space.

I am at once pushing for the right edge and pushing us slightly upstream against the pull of the Ledgehole. I am surprised to see that I'm actually making progress toward the edge—glimmer of hope—when I feel the stern of my boat cross into the Ledgehole's Event Horizon and start to pull us in even as the bow of the raft catches the current that draws away from it.

So much of a boatman's success depends on his confidence. It is the cell that isolates and contains certain characteristics and emotions that can be detrimental to a boatman's happiness and success; emotions that are best kept isolated.

But Confidence is a delicate thing. Confidence has a thin shell, thin and fragile as an eggshell. And right now Lava Falls has delivered a sharp, crushing blow to my Confidence and its contents—fear, panic, doubt, confusion—come exploding out, like neurons and

electrons from a split atom.

Ah, but with fear comes adrenaline—oh sweet, ass-saving adrenaline!—here to save the day again. I thought I was already rowing as hard as I could away from the Ledgehole, toward the possible safety around its right corner, but once I got a look at the seething cauldron of rocks and death below the Ledgehole some auxiliary, secret stash, special reserve, top-shelf, meth-grade adrenaline kicks in. I am able to push those oars—Are my oars actually bending?—with the strength of eight Argonauts, and I manage to push us around the edge of the Ledgehole. But barely.

All that drama and we haven't even entered the rapid yet!

I dig in a couple more strong pushes away from the falls, just to make sure it's vortex doesn't suck us in and now we've entered the rapid, we're dropping steep and fast, looking down upon (Yeah!) even careening towards the evil V-Wave which even now look like the Devil rubbing his hands together in sick anticipation of the ass-whooping it will deliver me.

My line is good. I square up for the V-Wave. The V-Wave should be called the Foxhole, because—you know—there are no atheists in foxholes. What's it like punching through the V-Wave? Imagine a sixth-grade

kid running the football into the center of Florida State's defensive line.

I give one last push into the V-Wave and pull my oars out of the water, duck down and brace.

Ahhhhh! Boof! We hit the waves with enough impact that airbags would have deployed if we had them. The wall of water I see collapsing over us, just before I squeeze my eyes shut, could easily be mistaken for a calving glacier. The two waves converge and swallow us like an amoeba swallowing a paramecium. The V-Wave folds the raft into a shape I've only seen in the Kama Sutra.

All kinds of things happen when you encounter the V-Wave. The V-Wave is like a giant reset button. No matter how good your line, or how square your entry, anything can happen while you're in there and you can emerge on the other side with a broken oar, or heading off in the wrong direction, or upside down.

Our raft tilts severely to the starboard and I am washed out of my seat. I am holding on to the oars for support but since they're secured to nothing they are no support at all. It's like riding a bull with a loose rope. I am washed out of my seat, pushed across the frame and nearly off the raft. I let go of the oar handles and grab hold of the oar tower as I am be-



An 18-foot raft is completely buried in the V-Wave. Photo by Dave Spillman.

ing carried off the boat. I watch the raft rolling over farther and farther. And then I'm swamped by another enormous wave and this one knocks me out of the boat and into the churning, swirling river. I open my eyes to find that I'm engulfed in a chocolaty darkness. I don't know if my raft has flipped or if I've just been washed off the boat.

I kick and swim for the surface and still all I see is chocolaty darkness. Kick, swim, kick swim. Darkness.

My lungs are screaming, I want desperately to take a breath. Kick, swim. Remind myself not to breathe. Getting panicky.

Time passes slowly when you're holding your breath underwater. I have probably only been underwater for less than ten seconds but, with my lungs bursting, it feels like much longer.

Kick, kick, swim, swim.

I've been pulling for the surface forever! How is it that I haven't reached the surface yet? Why is everything still dark? Am I underneath the raft? I reach up, feeling for the raft. I don't feel the raft.

When you're drowning, when you're fighting for your survival, your senses are overloaded by a blizzard of incoming data and information. It's all too much to take in and process. It's overwhelming. But somehow, in this blizzard of information storming past me, an important snowflake of data slips in and makes itself known to my overloaded neurons. Its a little dispatch sent from a distant synaptic outpost and it says, "Hey dumbass! You're not drowning. You're not underwater. You're hat is just pulled down over your eyes."

I stop swimming and lift my soggy hat from my eyes.

Oh! Sweet!

I'm alive! Hell, I'm not even in the water, I'm still on the boat. My two peeps in the front of the raft are still facing downstream, slamming into the waves like good little wave punchers. I don't think they even noticed my panicked antics. But the people watching from the scout overlook must have been wondering what the hell I was doing.

I climb back into my seat, grab my oars and start squaring up for Big Kahuna. After making a few pushes with my left oar I realize that it has come free of the oar tower! It's useless to me. I look downriver to see how far away Big Kahuna is—it's right there!—and its building, lifting like a scorpion's tail, and I realize I don't have time to put my oar back in the tower. All I can do is pull backward on my right oar. I don't quite get the raft squared up enough before we hit Big Kahuna.

"Highside!!!"

I am—and this will surprise no river guide—the

only one who highsides. Big Kahuna washes over us and there's a moment where I feel the raft stall—like it does just before it flips—but we slide through the braking wave and into the tailwaves, safely on the other side. I stand and place my free left oar back into the oar lock as we wash through the rest of the tailwaves.

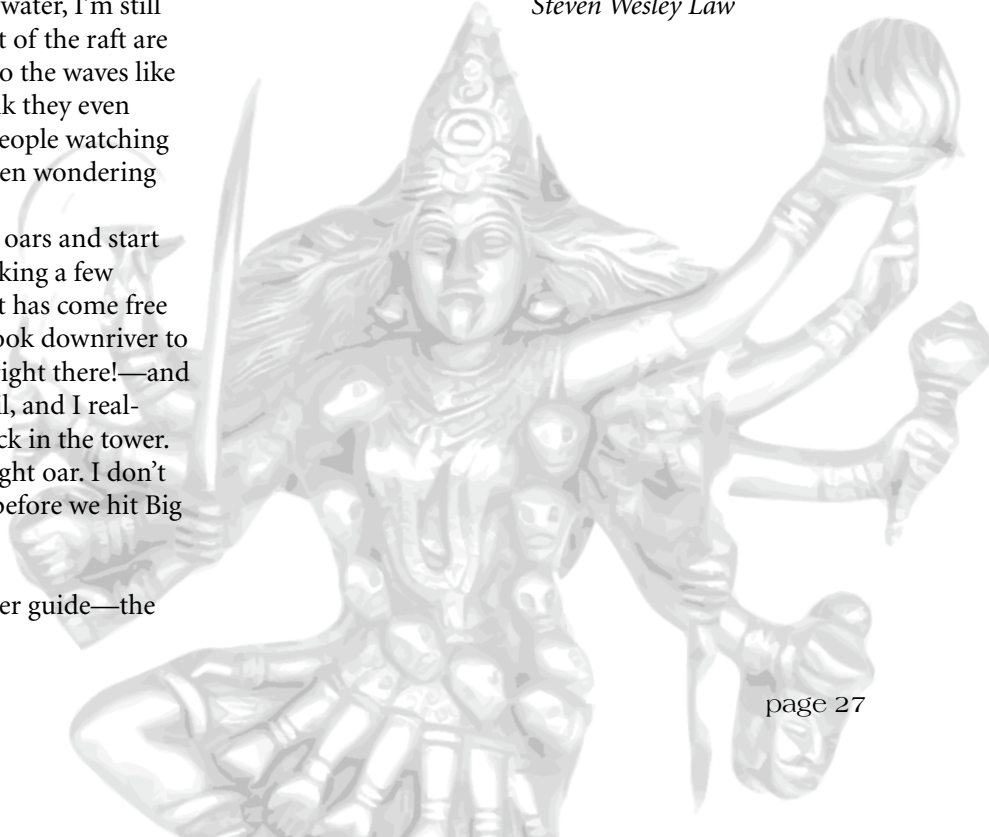
And we emerge exhilarated, amazingly upright, our neurons buzzing like an apiary. We can't help but scream like survivors. Spontaneous shouts of joy, surprise and life-lust are ripped from our souls like bikini-waxed hair. We're not so different than Ecstasy junkies at the height of a binge. Our skin is shivering from its cold water drenching, muscles quivering from their lactic ablutions, hearts palpitating from their adrenaline overload. Our faces are flushed. We tremble with euphoric-gasmic shudders o' relief that come from surviving a disaster.

The pulsing adrenaline scours our neurons clean of their gumminess, that gumminess that accrues from too much boredom, too much sedentary living. It is the solvent that cleans the gunk off the spark plug's electrode, leaving us hyperaware, hyperhedonic, overstimulated. We are bestowed now with increased sensitivity, exaggerated emotions. We are high on the thrill of living in the moment to moment.

It's a pretty good feeling. It feels like lightning has been churned into butter and is now melting deliciously on my tongue. Like some Hindu goddess with six arms—Kali is that you?—is massaging my id with Serotonin lotion. Rapture stops by for a booty call. I say come on in. Stay a while.

It's a feeling akin to enlightenment. Not quite there, but close enough to hear it breathing.

Steven Wesley Law



Archaeological Opportunity

IF YOU EVER WANTED to learn more about Southwestern archaeology, but didn't know who to ask or where to begin, a unique opportunity is heading your way...

Every year, they come together from distant corners of the Southwest to listen to talks by invited authorities and catch up with old friends. Once a year, this band of adventurous, independent, free spirited folks make a point of getting together in some out-of-the-way location to compare ideas, disseminate hard-earned knowledge, speculate about recent discoveries, and share fascinating historical tidbits with fellow colleagues in an informal, laid-back setting. They also use this opportunity to educate interested members of the public about the precious places and resources that they depend on for their livelihoods. After all the talks are over, and dinner has been served, they gather together again, perhaps around a campfire, often accompanied by music and copious quantities of beer, to kick back, enjoy each other's company, catch up on the latest gossip, shoot the poop, talk shop, and perhaps catch a little nookie under the stars.

They've been gathering annually like this for many years now, these hard working guys and gals who labor under the hot summer for low pay, sleeping out under the stars most nights, gradually cooking their youthful skin to brown leather hides; rising a dawn, dropping like stones into their sleeping bags at dusk. Many of these folks have been doing this work for many decades, gradually evolving from youthful exuberant grunts to wizened, silver-headed leaders, keepers of traditions passed down from one generation to the next. And while none of these guys and gals have or will ever earn high wages for following this lifestyle, it earns them other benefits instead, rewards that can't be counted in dollars and cents: the chance to follow their passion, to get lots of exercise working in the great outdoors, the chance to visit some truly spectacular places, and once in a while, to make remarkable discoveries that few people will ever get the opportunity to experience. For over a generation now, this tribe of exceptionally talented, hardy souls has made a point of getting together every year, to share their knowledge, trade tall tales, reaffirm old friendships, make new connections, and keep the community spirit alive and thriving.

If you think I am describing the annual gathering of the Grand Canyon River Guides we fondly call the GTS (Guides Training Seminar), you could be right but you would be wrong. This description also fits another

community of like-minded, passionate down-to-earth (literally!) individuals who for the past eighty-plus years have made a point of getting together every year to share ideas, exchange new insights, strengthen old bonds, dance, drink, and just have some plain old fun while camping out in a beautiful spot somewhere in the Four Corners country.

This is the Pecos Conference, an annual gathering of Southwestern archaeologists, that has been happening every summer (with just a few exceptions) for over eight decades now. The tradition started back in 1927, when a prominent archaeologist of the day named Alfred V. Kidder (sometimes referred to as the "Father of Southwestern Archaeology") was excavating an ancient pueblo ruin near present day Pecos, New Mexico. As he was trying to make sense of what he was uncovering, he got the bright idea to invite a handful of other archaeologists who were working in other corners of the American Southwest to come to Pecos at the end of the field season to compare notes and perhaps try to get everyone on the same page about what to call what, how old was old, and to mull over other pressing archaeological issues of the day.

In 1927, Southwestern archaeology was still in its infancy. Terminology was still evolving and dating techniques such as dendrochronology (dating wood based on tree ring patterns) had just recently been discovered, while other techniques, such as radiocarbon dating methods, had not yet been invented. Archaeologists were working independently at widely scattered locates, making up new names for new types of pottery they were discovering, and it was hard to make sense of any it in a regional context. The first Pecos Conference was an attempt to bring folks together and start working together in a more collaborative, collegial environment.

It started out as a simple idea, but unlike lots of good ideas that never quite make it past the conceptual stage, this one quickly grew legs. The simple notion of getting together at the end of the field season for the purpose of comparing notes, catching up on the latest discoveries, working out common problems, connecting with old colleagues and making new acquaintances quickly took hold within the Southwestern archaeological community. With the exception of a few years during World War II, when there weren't enough archaeologists working in the field or enough gasoline in the pumps to make the effort worthwhile, the Pecos Conference has been held every summer since 1927. Gradually it has evolved from a couple dozen

people sitting around a campfire to over three hundred archaeologists sitting under the shade of a large, open-sided tent. It occurs at a different location every summer, often in the neighborhood of some active archaeological excavation project, always in the out-of-doors, and no matter whether it rains or shines.

Every year around mid-August, the cars and campers start rolling in on a Thursday afternoon to some appointed location (selected at the Pecos Conference the year before) for two days of informal talks, followed by a dance and feast on Saturday night, and then (for the hardy souls who did not overdo the festivities the previous evening) Sunday morning is set aside for field trips to various interesting archaeological and historical sites in the surrounding region. Miraculously, this gathering happens year after year, without any formal organization or established steering committee, with only a small stash of cash serving as seed money to get the ball rolling each year, taken on by whoever has the gumption to volunteer as the host of the next conference, and carried forward from one generation of archaeologists to the next. There are no suits or ties at this conference, no power points or high tech instruments beyond a simple microphone and a generator or two in the background. Some people read from hand written notes, others speak extemporaneously. Usually there is at least one special symposium focused on the archaeology of the area where the conference is occurring that year. And on Saturday night, there is always a band, dancing, and generally, a fair bit of beer drinking as well.

If you have read this far, you may be wondering why I am telling you this. After all, what does the Pecos Conference have to do with Grand Canyon river running? The answer, in a nutshell, is nothing—at least not directly. However, it may be worth pointing out that in the entire eighty-plus years that the Pecos Conference tradition has been happening, not one conference has ever held north and west of the Colorado River. Why is that, you may ask? Well, it probably has to do with the fact that relatively little archaeological work has been done in this corner of the Southwest compared to other regions, despite the abundance of archeological remains in and around the Grand Canyon. It might also be due to the fact that most Southwestern archaeologists view the Arizona Strip as a “peripheral zone”, a frontier between the Colorado Plateau and the Great Basin, and therefore not truly part of the Four Corners region proper. It might also have to do with the fact that until recently, the resident archaeologists in this neck of the woods were few and far between and therefore, they lacked the infrastructure and incentive to lure the Pecos Conference to the

Arizona Strip. But, this is about to change!

Come this August, for the first time ever in the history of the Pecos Conference, the annual gathering of Southwestern archaeologists will take place on the Arizona Strip, on the Kaibab Plateau about eight miles south of Jacob Lake—at Mile and a Half Lake meadow, to be more precise. The dates of the conference are August 11–14, 2011. You don't have to be an archaeologist to attend this event. You just need to pay a modest conference fee (\$40 by July 1, or \$45 at the event), have a passion for (or at least a general interest in) Southwestern archaeology, a friendly spirit, and a willingness to camp out under the stars at 8,000 feet, come rain or shine. If you have ever wanted to learn more about this subject but are turned off by books and formal lectures, here is a wonderful opportunity right in your back yard to get some education at low cost in a fun, informal setting.

To register for the conference, or just to learn more about it, go to www.swanet.org and click on the link to the 2011 Pecos Conference. If you are interested in learning more about the history of the conference, check out an article by Richard Woodbury titled “Looking Back at the Pecos Conference” published in *The Kiva*, Vol. 48, No. 4 (summer 1983) (www.jstor.org/stable/30247852). Or if you are really interested, there is a book by the same author called *60 Years of Southwestern Archaeology: A History of the Pecos Conference*. Hope to see some familiar faces of from the river running clan at Mile and a Half Lake come the middle of August!

Helen Fairley

Grand Canyon Youth Update

THE SEASON IS UPON US! We have an incredible diversity of programs and participants this year ranging from trips for visually and hearing impaired youth to trips for youth from as close

as Flagstaff and as far away as Japan. Most of our programs this year include a science service project. These projects include everything from water quality testing in conjunction with the Grand Canyon Trust

to collecting data about Big Horn Sheep for Grand Canyon National Park.

One alumnus sums up the power of these programs:

“Both trips down the Colorado River were unforgettable. The natural beauty of the Grand Canyon, the history, the ecosystems, and the animals never ceased to amaze me. I loved these trips because they combined several things I love: the environment, science, and meeting new and interesting people. The river scientists supervising the trip knew so much about the area. This program promotes environmental awareness, community involvement, and personal growth. I am proud to say that I achieved all of these both times I traveled with them.”



*Grand Canyon Youth participants help collect sand on the Upper Half of the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon to help determine dune erosion.
photo courtesy Kate Thompson*

SAVE THE DATE!

Our fantastic annual River Runner Film Festival and Silent Auction will be held Saturday, November 5, 2011 at the Coconino Center for the Arts in Flagstaff from 5 P.M.–10 P.M.

If any of you BQR readers are filmmakers or have recently seen a river-themed film that you found exciting, inspirational, or entertaining please drop us a line. We are proud of the many Grand Canyon river guides who have submitted films in the past. Donations of artwork, gift certificates or gear are also very much appreciated.

Contact Us:

Office: 2131 N. First Street, Suite B, Flagstaff, Arizona 86004

Mailing: Please send all mail to P.O. Box 23376, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

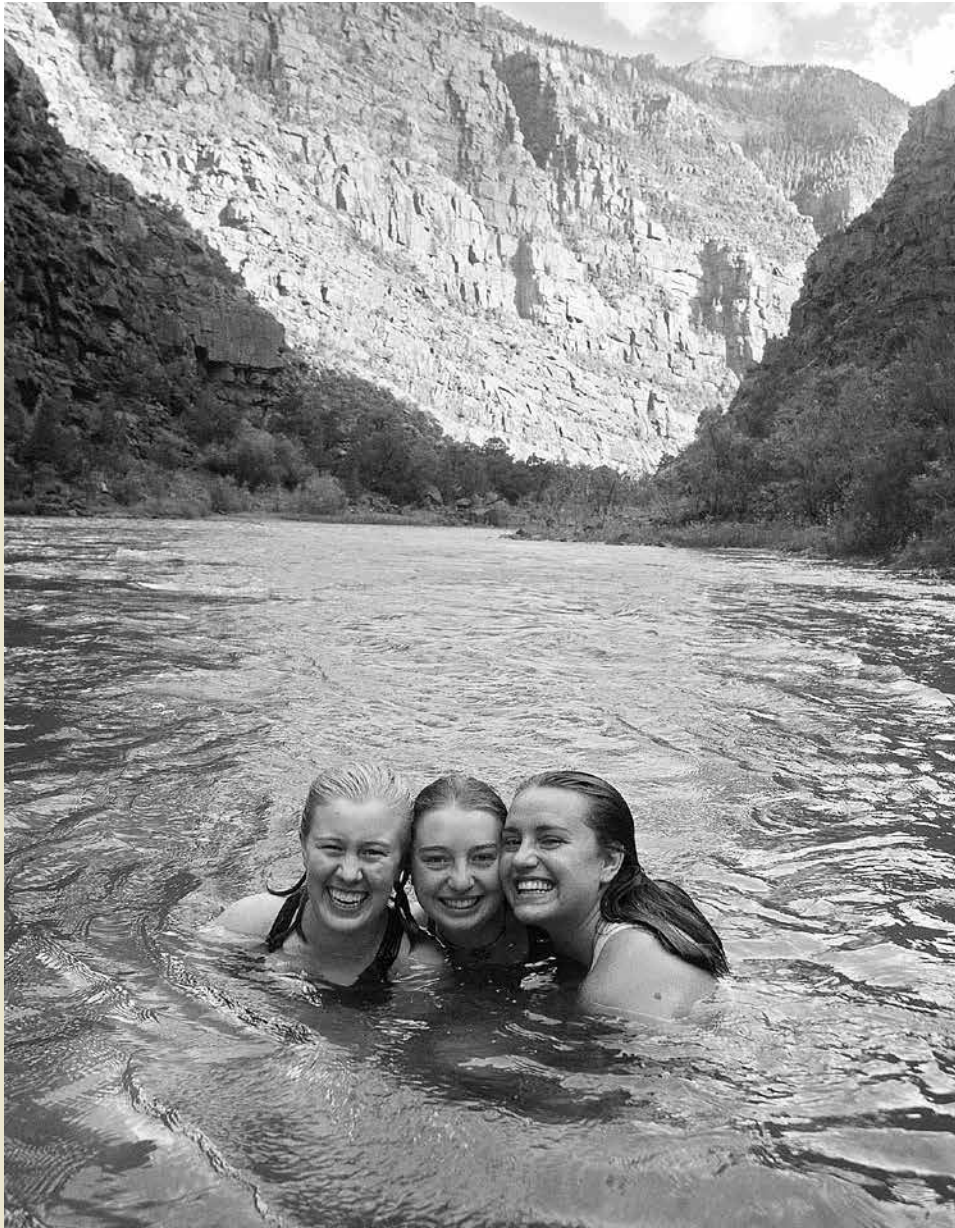
Phone: 928.773.7921

Email: info@gcyouth.org

Website: www.gcyouth.org

Emma Wharton

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



*Grand Canyon Youth participants enjoy themselves in the Green River in the Gates of Lodore in northeastern Utah.
photo courtesy Pamela Mathews*

Fred and Maggie Eiseman

FRED EISEMAN: I happened to run into Maggie in Monument Valley, of all places. She had run the river in 1952 with a rather mad German hairdresser from Sacramento, named Johannes von Ronnebeck. She knew Johannes, and they started from Hite, where Johannes had a cabin. He didn't know Arthur Chaffin, but he knew Reuben Nielsen and his wife, who had taken over the Hite Ferry from Chaffin. They ran the river from Hite down to Lees Ferry in '52, without a map. In the course of events, they encountered the Mexican Hat Expeditions, which was then being run by the Rigg brothers. And one of the passengers was a man named Dr. Josiah Eisaman—no relation. When I was coming out of Monument Valley in my truck, with my name painted on the side, they thought perhaps I was this same person. So we stopped and chatted, and they invited me to go on the river with them two years hence, which I did. She ran the river in '53, again with Johannes, *with* a map. And then in '54, I joined them for my first Colorado River experience. So that's how we met each other. One thing led to another, and in 1958 we were married.

* * *

MAGGIE EISEMAN: For us, it was like, you know, traveling into something unknown, being an explorer, but we weren't explorers. There *were* people ahead of us that had been there. But we were amongst the first 150 that went downriver. Georgie always pointed that out. There was a register at Rainbow Bridge, and we always had to sign it. She always told us that Fred and I were among the first 150. But now there are thousands! I mean a thousand thousand thousand.

STEIGER: What possessed you to do that first trip?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: We only went because I wanted to go over the mountain, I wanted to see what's on the other side of the Sierras. But we went to the Colorado because of Joe's great desire. Joe had run that, apparently, once before. You see, Joe was a Mormon, and emigrated from Germany to Salt Lake City, and in Salt Lake City had been on some cheap trips down here, down to the Southwest, and ran across the Colorado River. That's how he happened to run it. But we went in 1952. We had a little old navy life raft—ten-man life raft. (**FRED EISEMAN:** One of those yellow things.) And we pulled two small rafts behind us to carry some of the gear. When we got through the gear, we could put away the little boats, and then all we had was that one big ten-man. It wasn't very big, though. The yellow navy life raft.

Reuben and Beth Nielsen were running the ferry at Hite, the rickety old ferry. *But*, they kept telling us, "Don't run the river. Don't go, don't go, *please* don't go!" They said that four people had gone down, just ahead of us. So we went farther down the river to below the San Juan confluence, and we camped on this lovely sandbar, at the mouth of a side canyon. That's when the Mexican Hat group came along. They had been down the San Juan. And two of the boatmen told us, "For heaven's sakes, don't camp in the mouth of a side canyon!" Later on, we went downriver, we got to Rainbow Bridge camp, and we couldn't land. We kept going around, going way around, and no way we ever got—couldn't get into shore. So two guys came out to help us, and they said, "Go downstream and come back up, and you'll be able to land." Sure enough. Well, farther down the river we went, and at the Crossing of the Fathers we happened to run into the Mexican Hat people again. And sure enough, we could not land. Big back eddy there. So somebody came out "Go downstream, past the landing and come back up, maybe you'll be close enough to land." So we did. That was the first trip.



Johannes Van Ronnebeck, 1955
NAU.PH.2004.8.1.101.52 Margaret Eiseman Collection

Now the second trip, in 1953, we got to Hidden Passage and part of the cliff broke off, just downstream from us. We were very much frightened by the big loud noise. And then enough dust came along that we nearly suffocated. The wind finally went and blew the dust away and we were okay. We went farther down the river. In fact, we went to Rainbow Bridge. And of course because there'd been high water the year before,



Esther Flemmer and Maggie Gorman Eiseman, ca 1955.
 NAUPH.2004.B.1.101.51 Margaret Eiseman Collection

there was a lot of silt. So we had to get out of the boat in the silt and carry the boat way up to the top of the beach. So the two of us think, “No way it can get away from us there.” So we threw a rope around a bush and went to bed. Well, a big wind came up at night, and we looked out and “Good grief! No boat!” So went to get out of our sleeping bags, to run after it, to see if we could see where it went. But we got out of the sleeping bags, the wind blew the sleeping bags away! So we stayed in the sleeping bags, and the leader of the expedition then got up very early in the morning, and sure enough, he found the boat finally, back in the willows. The loosely tied rope had held it, so it didn’t blow any farther away. That was that.

Then we went farther down the river. We were at Crossing of the Fathers, and the sky looked terrible. And sure enough, we were out in the river and the lightning and storm, the rain and everything else, came. And the first thing you know, we looked out, and everywhere we looked—there was water coming over. The interesting thing was, that whenever water came over, it first hit the air over the lower canyon, and leapt everywhere in the air, like foam. Then it worked its way down to the bottom. But we decided... Oh, no... trees and boulders also came over. So we decided the safest place was to be in the middle of the river. That was in 1953.

* * *

STEIGER: How did you find yourselves working for Georgie?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Oh, Georgie came down to see us one day at Hite. She said all those people were there, and wondered why. And Fred was there. This was 1954,

and Georgie said she was looking us over. But sure enough, Fred and I said, “Oh! we want to run the rapids with Georgie!” So we went to run the rapids with Georgie in 1955. And that’s when Georgie said to Fred, “Oh, you have nice big muscles. Would you row a boat for me?” Fred rowed with a partner on that three-raft, ten-man-rig she used to use.

R. TURNER: What was it like to row that thing, Fred?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, I think *rowing* is a slight exaggeration. We were at the mercy of the river. Of course I had never rowed a boat in my whole life. It was like the First Lord of the Admiralty in Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Pinafore,” who was taken into a partnership, a law firm, and he said that

was the first *ship* he had ever seen. This was not the first boat I had been in, but it was the first time I had ever rowed a boat, which made me immediately wonder about Georgie’s thinking, and why she would give somebody like me the lives of these people! Of course I had virtually no control over the boat, as each of us only had one oar. There were two boatmen, one in the front and one in the back. We weren’t looking down-river, we were looking at the banks. About all we could do was line the boat up and hope that Somebody would help us through. So it was not a matter of rowing as much as it was *praying*. It was a pretty Mickey Mouse arrangement, but we got us through alright. We were just lucky.

But we had fun. I hadn’t intended to be a boatman, but when Maggie and I showed up in 1955, maybe there wasn’t anybody else. I don’t know why she picked me, but she said, “Here, grab that oar.” I said, “My God, what am I doing?!” And there I was—a boatman—and was ever since. But I question her judgment.

But it turned out that that was an unusually interesting group of people. I would like to mention one of them, whom we found *very* interesting, and whose name practically never comes up in the history of river running, and that is Dan Davis. Dan was the inner canyon ranger for the National Park Service. He came with us in 1955, and he was, as far as I know, the first Park Service person who ever took an interest in the river. I think the rim people knew there was a river down there, but didn’t really know much about it, or *care* much about it. Dan was a scholar in his own Iowan way and had done a great deal of research about the river. He was a good friend of Harvey Butchart, had hiked many of the trails in the canyon, and his presence on the trip was a big asset. He came with us



Dan Davis, Grand Canyon, 1955-1956.
 NAU.PH.2004.B.2.4.2 Margaret Eiseman Collection

for two years, first in '55 and second in '56.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: He ran the boat with us in 1956.

FRED EISEMAN: Along on the first trip also was Joel Sayer, a writer for *New Yorker* magazine, who wrote the articles about Georgie in *Sports Illustrated*. There were three parts. I think they were published in 1958. If you've ever read *New Yorker* articles, he talks just like *New Yorker* articles are printed. He was a jolly, fat, happy man who had never, I think, had any experiences like that. We enjoyed our conversations with Joel and Dan, and of course with Georgie.

The second year he came with us—Dan—and we were worried about whether we could go or not, because the crash of the TWA/United flights had occurred days before we were supposed to take off, and



Tail of the TWA Constellation airliner from the 1956 air crash. Note the probable propeller damage from the collision with the United Douglas DC-7. Temple Butte area, Grand Canyon.
 NAU.PH.2004.B.2.32.21 Margaret Eiseman Collection

you could still, with binoculars from Desert View, you could see the scar on... was it Chuar Butte? Dan was down on the river, busy hauling bodies out, and we weren't a bit sure that the Park Service would allow us to go. But they did finally. Dan was also instrumental in steering us onto the Hopi Salt Trail, which we hiked in 1958. Dan, I think, should be given more credit than he has been, because I think he was a very important voice in the Park Service overseeing the river, and helping establish rules. Of course in the early days there were no rules, you just showed up at Lees Ferry and took off. Looking back upon it, it is sort of shocking to think how ill-prepared we were for emergency, without much in the way of first aid equipment. We used driftwood, dumped the cans in the river, crapped on the beach—men upstream, girls downstream. Drank out of the river! It was a pretty hazardous sort of thing—especially with Georgie, because she had large numbers of people who had never done this sort of thing before. I personally thought it was a bit reckless that she brought this large group into a potentially hazardous situation without too much control over the trouble they could get into. Luckily, they didn't—at least when we were with them. And so it all turned out to be a very good experience. Georgie was a very interesting person. I could talk quite a lot about her.

* * *

The river-running career of Fred and Maggie Eiseman ran the gamut—from private to commercial and back again, while spanning a colorful chapter (to say the least) of river history. Shortly before they sold their dories and moved on to other things, they became the poster-children for a lawsuit that questioned how the Park regulated private versus commercial boaters even then, in the early '70s.

* * *

This Adopt-a-Boatman interview was conducted this spring at the Eiseman's beautiful house in the Scottsdale/Phoenix suburbs. Also present were Doug Reiner, and Rich and Susan Turner who, along with Wally Rist, "adopted" the Eisemans.

* * *

MAGGIE EISEMAN: I was born in Montana, I lived on a farm. And then I went to California, went to high school, and then to UC Berkeley. I taught school in Clarksburg, California, south of Sacramento, until I went on the river. That's it.



*Dodge Power Wagon with ablutions. 1958 Crossing of the Fathers. Doug Reiner, Wally Rist and Fred Eiseman.
NAUPH.2004.B.1.122.11 Margaret Eiseman Collection*

* * *

FRED EISEMAN: I was born in St. Louis. Doug [Reiner] and Wally [Rist] were my students when I was a teacher in high school. I taught Physics and Chemistry there, so I've known them for practically all of their lives. I was first introduced to the Southwest by a rather fortunate connection with a touring group of boys. It was kind of a traveling workshop. This was back in 1938, approximately—more than seventy years ago—and so my recollections are a little vague. After I became a schoolteacher, I of course had summer vacations, and I spent a lot of time prowling around the Southwest, partially by myself, sometimes with the students. Wally and Doug came with me one year.

Maggie and I worked together before our wedding. I was manager of the exhibit hall at the Gallup Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial for a number of years. And she, before we were married, also worked there. But we've been prowling around the Southwest for a good many years. That's pretty much our background. I was a science teacher, she was a grade school teacher, later got her Master's degree in Ethnomusicology at ASU. I have my Master's degree in Chemical Engineering, and a Master's degree in Education from Columbia University in New York.

STEIGER: I never had a high school teacher who

would have taken me along on their summer vacation!

FRED EISEMAN: Well, I didn't ask them, they asked me! It started out... One of my students, whose name hasn't been brought up, knowing that I spent the three months in the summer in the Southwest, asked if he could go along with me—and he did. He was the one who came with us in 1954, down Glen Canyon. The next year, Wally and Doug, having heard that this other person had a good experience, asked to go along with me. And that was their first trip out here.

REINER: Right. It took a lot of nerve to ask.

STEIGER: Yeah. That seems very generous on your part.

FRED EISEMAN: Well, I enjoyed it. I had a Dodge Powerwagon and an extra gasoline tank, extra water tank, and we roamed all over creation, from Southeast Utah to Middle New Mexico, crossed the ferry at Hite, and all of the things that people did. I knew the vague outlines of the country, because I had been there in 1938 with this traveling group, and had also worked with them as a counselor in the late forties, after I went to college and got in the navy. So yes, it was a sort of unusual thing. And Wally and Doug were with us in 1958 when we got married! And both of them worked for us at the Gallup Ceremonial Exhibit Hall. So we have been associated for quite a few years. Doug named his son Glen, after Glen Canyon.

* * *

STEIGER: So Glen Canyon... You started there when nobody knew about it. You guys were going down there, and then all this political stuff happened where they kind of dealt it away for Echo Park. How did all that strike you guys?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, I don't think it's fair to say nobody knew about it. People had been, after all, floating down it for quite a long time, probably even before Major Powell. But you're right in that hardly anyone rhapsodized about it except possibly Major Powell. And you were wondering how we feel about what happened to it?... Well, when we first moved to this house, there wasn't another house in sight. When we first went to Bali in 1961, there wasn't any electricity, there were no sewers, there was no running water. I spend half the year in Bali, writing books about that area. So things happen. They don't happen the way I would ideally like them to happen, but there's nothing I can do about it. It's unfortunate that there's not better birth control, but places develop. And when you build hotels, tourists come. When land is cheap, people build houses on it. So I don't like the idea, but what can you do?

Glen Canyon was a neat place. So is Grand Canyon. But I haven't been there in thirty years because I've found a lot of other neat places too. I have special feelings about Glen Canyon and Grand Canyon, but I also have special feelings about Bali, and about my back yard.

STEIGER: You talked about a register there, under Rainbow Bridge. When you first went there, you had to hike in? Sounds like you barely made it into the pull-in...

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Yeah. The bridge itself was six miles from the river, and you had to hike from the beach, six miles, up to where the bridge was.

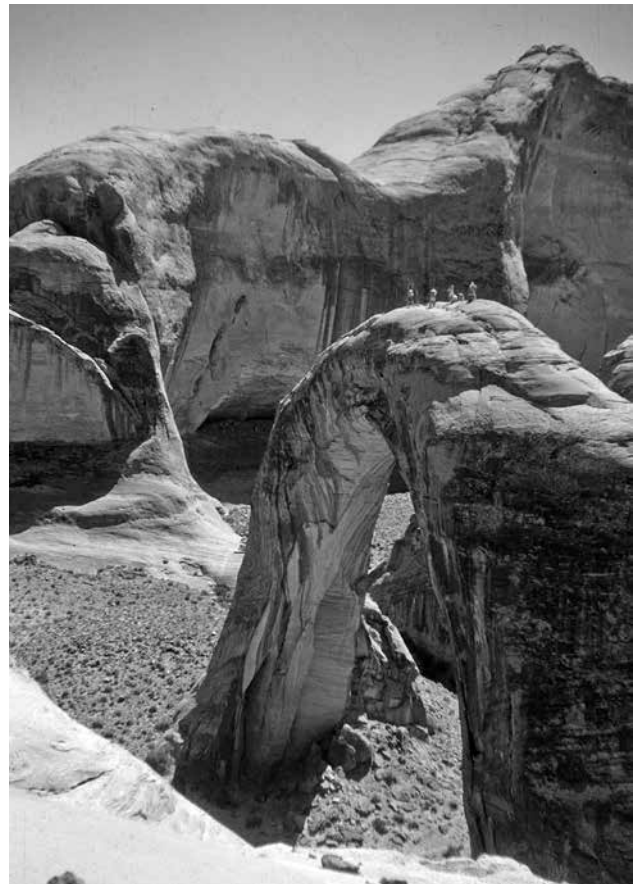
STEIGER: And there was a register there?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: There was a register there. I don't know who put the register there, but we saw it there, and Georgie told us... We were among the first 150 persons.

FRED EISEMAN: It was, of course, a National Monument, but there was nobody there.

STEIGER: I know the Kolb brothers took Teddy Roosevelt there. I wonder if his name was in that book? I wonder if it went back that far?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, Barry Goldwater owned the Navajo Mountain Trading Post, which is on the west side of Navajo Mountain. And one year, it must have been in the late forties, I went there—he wasn't there, but I arranged with one of his people to take me on a



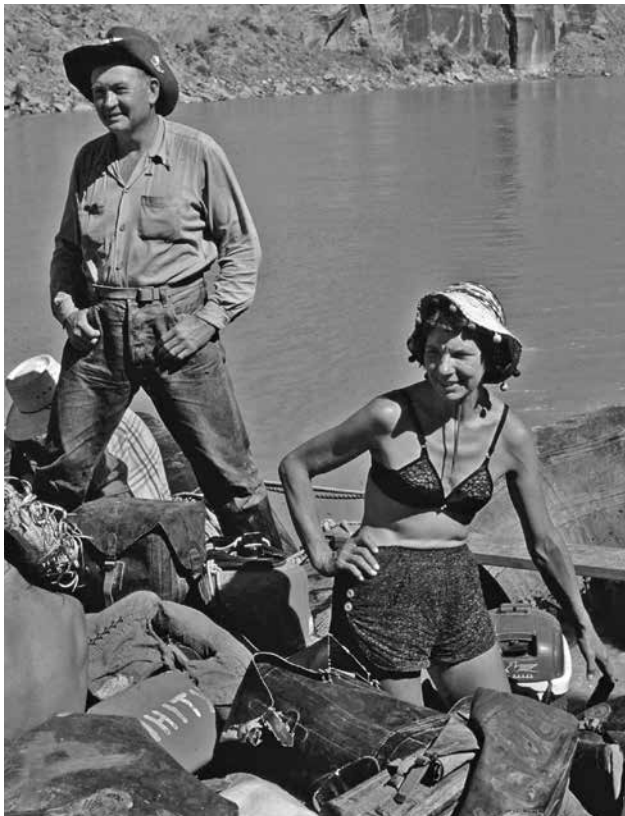
1952 group that got to the top of Rainbow Bridge. Most were roped down the steep sandstone hill to the top of the bridge by John Harper and Bob Riggs of Mexican Hat Expeditions.

NAU.PH.2004.B.1.119.1 Margaret Eiseman Collection

horseback trip to Rainbow Bridge. That was my first visit, and I signed the register. We spent a day going, and a day coming back. And then later we hiked in from the—were you with us that year? [to Maggie]—from the east side of Navajo Mountain we hiked into Rainbow Bridge with Doug and Wally. And then later, of course, we hiked up Bridge Canyon from the river to the bridge. So there were three different ways, two by land and one from the river.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: One thing I forgot about that 1952 trip, when we went to Rainbow Bridge. All the passengers of Mexican Hat were taken up to the top—hand and toe holds up to the top of the bridge. I've forgotten how many there were, but there were a whole bunch of us on the bridge at the same time. I have a picture of that. And there were hand and toe holds to get from the cliff, down to the bridge.

I have a picture of Wally going down those hand and toe holds. But Mexican Hat had a rope, and they used to help us get up and down.



Georgie White Clark, Glen Canyon.
 NAUPH.2004.B.1.102.2 Margaret Eiseaman Collection



Lunch with Georgie's Royal River Rats, circa late 1950s.
 NAUPH.2004.B.2.15a.2 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

Shinumo Canyon—Shinumo, she pronounced “Shamingo.” For years we thought it was “Shamingo.” That’s just one example.

FRED EISEMAN: It’s something that both of us wanted to do for independent reasons, and Georgie just happened to be a cheap trip. That was one of her greatest drawing cards, that she was the sort of “Motel 6/Wal-Mart” of the river running people. It was an el cheapo trip—\$300 for three weeks—whereas Nevills/Mexican Hat charged two or three times that. I think there was a bit of snobbery involved because some of the commercial river runners, as many tour operators do, booked this as a real adventure into the unknown—sort of arctic exploration type of thing. And I think they resented it when their group ran into Georgie. It would be sort of like hiring a sherpa to climb Mount Everest and finding a Dairy Queen at the top. It turns out that they really weren’t the first people to run the Grand Canyon. And here was this group, as Georgie would say, of miscellaneous people, meaning...they were firemen and policemen, office workers, blue-collar workers, who could fork out a couple of hundred dollars and have a nice three-week vacation—as compared to the customers of Mexican Hat and some of the other groups who were rich upper middle-class people, who I think tended to look down upon Georgie as riffraff. But Georgie’s people had a wonderful time. They certainly did not learn much about geology or history or the theory of formation of the Grand Canyon from her, because she didn’t know. But she was a blithe spirit, a natural woman. It would be easy to make fun of her because of her crude speech, her solecisms and her rather strange manner, but that’s because she was raised in a slum in Chicago, and had very little education. All of us forgave her lack of polish because she was such a trustworthy person. She inspired people to do foolish things that they would



Passengers from Georgie White Clark river tour, 1955.
 NAUPH.2004.B.2.2.2 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

* * *

STEIGER: Maggie was saying how you guys decided the way you were going to go through Grand Canyon. I’d love to hear your first impressions of Georgie, how you first encountered her?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Well, you can’t imagine. She spoke terrible English, her own special brand. For example,

not ordinarily have done, and she got away with it... I don't know why people trusted her. I guess because she did it. Here was this woman who reminded me, in her later years, of Mahatma Gandhi, sort of a shriveled up piece of leather, leading trips down the river, virtually all by herself. You couldn't help but be enthused by her determination and her courage and her love of the Canyon. And when she said "follow me," we followed. It was not a luxury trip. We didn't have steak or fresh fruit at all, but nobody cared, just because everybody had a lot of fun. So I think a lot of Georgie. We had a number of very good experiences with her, and she was a—I think—a wonderful person.

STEIGER: When you chose to go with her, you said it was 1954?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: '55... We chose to go because we wanted to run the rapids. But later on, the rapids were not the reason we went. We loved the geology, anthropology, and that sort of thing. And so that's probably why we ran rapids—incidentally. Incidental to our other real interests.

STEIGER: Did you go in the little boat with Fred when you guys pushed off, or did you go on the big boat with Georgie?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: I don't know. I went in the little boat. I fell out in Mile 25. After that she said, "Okay, when we have something really rough, you have to ride in the big boat."

FRED EISEMAN: I never rode on a big boat, except the last trip I ever took down the river was with Museum



Georgie White Clark, 1955.
NAU.PH.2004.B.2.2.21 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

of Northern Arizona [in 1975], and they had a big boat. That was the only time I'd ever been on one. It was always Georgie's three-man, or one of the [Nevills] cataract boats, or our own dories.

STEIGER: That very first trip—first impression of the Grand Canyon from the river— anything stick out for either of you about that whole experience?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, it wasn't the first time I had ever been to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. When I was eleven years old, on a trip with my parents, I took a mule down to Phantom Ranch. So it wasn't entirely unexpected. I had hiked down the trails before, so it wasn't an, "Oh my God, how big it is!" type of thing. It was a bit overwhelming, but I was so worried about staying alive with this oar in my hand, that I didn't have too much time to philosophize about the greatness of nature and that kind of thing. I just wanted to be sure I didn't end up in the water. Especially when the water was high, with those boats, one had absolutely no control at all. And of course, I don't think that Georgie had that much control over that monstrosity that she took down the river either. She had a, what—fifteen-horse motor on the thing? And it was thirty-something feet long, and she depended upon elasticity more than skill, I think, to negotiate the rapids. That may be a snobbish point of view. I had the feeling that with the cataract boats and the dories, at least you could go where you wanted to—and that



Georgie Clark White's Royal River Rats pontoons in Horn Creek Rapids, Mile 90.5, Colorado River, Grand Canyon. Circa 1956-58.
NAU.PH.2004.B.2.39b.3 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

was the first time I ever was able to go where I wanted to. The rest of the time, it was a matter of going where the river decided we should go—especially when there were 120,000 second feet, which was quite an experience. It's like being flushed down the toilet!

STEIGER: Do you remember who got the other oar on the little boat, when you guys first pushed off?

FRED EISEMAN: On my first trip, it was a fireman from L.A., one of Georgie's friends, whose name was Floyd Henney. On the second trip with her, it was Dan Davis, the ranger.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: The third one was Ed Gooch.

FRED EISEMAN: Yeah, Ed Gooch, whom you know of.

STEIGER: Yes, I do. He and George Wendt decided to start their own company too.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: The same guy...She was fun—that's all I can say—she was fun.

FRED EISEMAN: Joel Sayers' article in *Sports Illustrated*, which is available on the web in case you don't happen to have it, has a good history of her youth in Chicago, and her bicycle trip to California, and the loss of her daughter in a bicycle accident, and her subsequent hikes and sort of suicidal, so-called swimming trip with Harry Aleson. [<http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/vault/article/magazine/MAG1002402/index.htm>] I think she probably "came to God" at that point, and had her epiphany that the Canyon was her place and she belonged with it. I think she was trying to escape from reality, and the sadness that resulted from the loss of her daughter, and these expeditions with Aleson helped her and molded her future, and she never quit.

Also on our first trip with Georgie, I should mention her sister, who did all of the bookkeeping. What was her name, Maggie? Georgie's sister?



Fred and Maggie Eiseman, Mexican Hat Expedition trips, 1960s..
NAUPH.2004.B.2.9.7 Margaret Eiseman Collection



Fred Eiseman unloading Mexican Hat Expedition
cataract boats at Lees Ferry, AZ.
NAUPH.2004.B.2.21b.7 Margaret Eiseman Collection

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Marie.

FRED EISEMAN: Marie, yes! She was along. And of course her husband, Whitey, who was a truck driver—her first husband—and her brother, Paul de Ross, who was an ex-boxer. So there was not only Georgie, but her sister and her husband and her brother, all of them on the trip. I didn't ever get to know any of them very well, but they pretty much stayed in the background. They did a lot of the heavy lifting. As I understand it, Marie, in later years, did practically all of the logistics support for Georgie, and the bookkeeping, and wrote a book, *Woman of the River*. Georgie just did the inspiring part of it. But she'd take two or three three-week trips every summer, and always had a full boatload because the trips were so cheap and so popular. She gave the people their money's worth, and they kept coming back. She gave, I think, a considerable discount to members of what she called the "Sarah" Club, meaning the Sierra Club. (several chuckle) As I say, it's easy to make fun of her, because of her various mispronunciations: Boucher Rapids, to rhyme with "voucher", for example. One had to overlook that in light of her outstanding personal traits, and her inspiration that she gave to people.

STEIGER: Yeah. Somewhere I saw a movie...

MAGGIE EISEMAN: It was a movie about Georgie, before 1952. It was called *Search for Adventure*. It was on the TV many, many times, and I think it featured also two guys that had run the Nile, you know, in Egypt and Africa. It was on many times, on the TV.

* * *



Joan Goldwater with boatman Fred Eiseman, Mexican Hat Expeditions at around Badger Creek Rapids, Colorado River. NAU.PH.2004.8.2.17b.2 Margaret Eiseman Collection



Barry Goldwater and his radio at Kwagunt Rapids camp, 1965. NAU.PH.2004.8.2.6.7 Margaret Eiseman Collection

R. TURNER: How did you transfer from Georgie to Mexican Hat?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: We went by, driving along and past Gay's house, and here were all those folks out in the yard. So we stopped to talk to Gay, and Fred asked if he could be a boatman and work for Gay, and Gay said yes. That was in '58. In '59, we worked for Gay, to '69.

FRED EISEMAN: I remember before that I had heard of Norman Nevills and actually wrote him a letter and asked him about joining his expedition. I don't even have the letter anymore. I knew that his headquarters were at Mexican Hat, and we had been down the river, down Glen Canyon. And so while we happened to be passing through Mexican Hat, we just stopped by, and there were Gay and Joan [Nevills—then Staveley]... Our first trip with Gay...

MAGGIE EISEMAN: 1959.

FRED EISEMAN: That was down Glen Canyon, yes.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: And then we ran with Gay until 1969. After that, we had those little dories.

FRED EISEMAN: I think the motivation was—well, there were probably several. Gay was short on boatmen, number one; and number two, I was feeling that maybe there's some better way to do all of this. Instead of have one oar and pray, maybe I would like to have some control over wherever I go. (**STEIGER:** Actually have both oars!) Yeah. So I think the combination... I didn't have to ask Gay very hard to get a job. He knew I had been with Georgie. He had kind of a miscellaneous collection of boatmen for him anyway, and I was miscellaneous too. There was a kid who lived in Blanding, Utah, and Kenneth Ross' son from Mexican Hat—Don Ross. One year there were a couple of kids from Flagstaff. So these were not high-powered

boatmen with many years of experience, they were just people who had some free time, and who were strong enough to power a couple of oars. I didn't have to take any tests or anything, and didn't have to work very hard.

STEIGER: Did you guys always go together? Maggie, you came on all the trips too?

FRED EISEMAN: Oh yes. We did most of the cooking.

STEIGER: Ah-ha, which I'm sure helped to keep you guys coming back?

FRED EISEMAN: Yes, it was a lot of work. Especially I remember the year we took Barry Goldwater down the river, and (sigh) to cook fried chicken in a wok that big, which I had, I supplied it, over a wood fire, is not very easy when you're doing it all by yourself, and when the temperature is about ninety degrees. I remember I used to be so exhausted and hot from the cooking fire, that I just had to jump in the river and cool off. It was a lot of work!

STEIGER: How was it going down with Senator Goldwater?

FRED EISEMAN: He had just lost the presidential election. It was the year afterward. He had been through this national campaign and lost to Lyndon Johnson, and this was the year he decided to go [again]. I drove Gay's truck and trailer up to Cliff Dwellers, and there sat a white-haired guy with glasses. I got out of the truck and he came over and said, "Hi, I'm Barry Goldwater." That was our first meeting. And he and his two sons and his daughter and son-in-law all came. But he never traveled in our boat. He always went with Gay or with one of the other boatmen. But of course we got to know him rather well, and we were invited to his house a couple of times for a reception for river



Portage of Mexican Hat Expedition cataract boats at Hance Rapids.
NAUPT.2004.B.2.17e.7 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

people. He was a very warm, friendly person with a lot of knowledge, who had no pretenses, but you always knew who was running the show. I mean, there was no doubt about who was boss. But he didn't do it in an obnoxious way; he did it in a way that let you know that he was the major general, but it didn't make you think you were the slave. You just naturally wanted to help him. And he was a good sport, he had his radio along, which ultimately got wet, as everything else did in the cataract boats. But every night while it was still dry, he would set it up and communicate with the outside world.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: I'm wondering if I could mention the pickle fight. One day, down near the end of the trip...and we were practically out of food, but there were, in the boat, bottles and bottles and bottles of pickles. So we opened the bottles and threw pickles at each other!

STEIGER: This was with the Goldwaters? Everybody participated?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Oh yeah!

STEIGER: Have you seen the Canyoneers boat, the boat that Gaylord went to later? Well, it's a big 'ole rubber boat. And I always think fondly of him—I remember reading an interview that was done with him, where he talked about portaging Hance—Gaylord did—with all these clients who'd paid all this money, and making everybody portage these boats around Hance...

FRED EISEMAN: Oh, we did a lot of portaging.

STEIGER: Yeah. Well, he talked about how he was doing that, and here would come Georgie, just bombin' right on through, and everybody's waving their beer cans at these guys and stuff while they pass right by...

(laughs)

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Well, we passed him—no, we passed the Mexican Hat group, portaging, and Georgie just went zoom!

FRED EISEMAN: Well Gay was extra cautious. We routinely portaged Lava on the left bank, and we portaged Hermit and miscellaneous other rapids.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: How about Granite? I have a picture of you portaging Granite.

FRED EISEMAN: Yes, that was no fun, to carry all that stuff over the cactus and the rocks and the sand. It was also dangerous. And when we didn't portage, we often lined the boats, which was even more dangerous!

MAGGIE EISEMAN: That was a place to get your leg broken.

FRED EISEMAN: Being caught between a boat and a rock when you're lining a boat would not be much fun, and why nobody got hurt—or not badly—I don't know. But yes, I'm sure that the rubber boat thing appealed to Gay lots more. But of course people who run dories now, I assume don't portage, because the technique has improved. And I think had the technique been available, probably Gay wouldn't have portaged either. He was following the Nevills tradition.

STEIGER: Now, I remember there's a picture in the Belknap guide of a helicopter portaging Cataract boats around Hance?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: I took the picture!

STEIGER: You took that picture?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: Yeah.

FRED EISEMAN: It's on the cover of Jeff Ingram's book. That was the Goldwater year.

STEIGER: Yeah. How did that transpire?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, Barry, while he was with us on the river—he had been a General in the Air Force, and had a lot of high-ranked buddies in the area, and so they would come down and visit us rather regularly in a helicopter and bring cold drinks and booze. When we were down below Desert View, they would pick him up and take him up to the rim for a meal and a drink, and bring him back down the next morning. So there was regular communication between the helicopter and us for a number of days in the Marble Canyon-Desert View stretch of the river. When we were at Hance, somebody—I don't know who it was—got the bright idea why bust our asses lining or portaging Hance, when here is this lovely helicopter. So we rigged up a sling with the bow ropes, and they lifted each boat gently up, and dropped it in the pool below. And later when Jeff heard about that, he had a rather dim view of this "wilderness experience." But it sure saved a lot of work from our point of view! It might not have been good river-running technique, but if



Helicopter portage of Mexican Hat Expeditions cataract boats used during the July 1965 Barry Goldwater trip over Hance Rapids..
NAU.PH.2004.B.2.34.3 Margaret Eiseaman Collection

you have to lift boats, it helps... And Maggie took the picture, and Jeff had seen it somewhere, and asked her if he could use it for that book he wrote about the Grand Canyon, the dam thing. I don't remember the name of the book.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: *Hijacking the River.*

STEIGER: It seems it must have been a great contrast from the Georgie trips, just by virtue of group size and that sort of thing?

FRED EISEMAN: Yes. There were only two passengers in each boat. You didn't get to talk to too many people. In fact, the trips were rather small. Gay had trouble filling them. The 1969 Powell Memorial Trip, for example, had one paying passenger. Doug and Gay and Maggie and I met at Green River, Wyoming, and we had a P.E. teacher, a Japanese-American P.E. teacher from California, as our only passenger. So Gay's tickets weren't exactly selling like hotcakes. He was hurting for passengers at that point. And this was a once-in-a-lifetime sort of opportunity, I think. It turned out that Gay did not have the P.R. that Martin Litton did, and so when we took off from Green River, Martin Litton had his arm bound up like Major Powell, all of the cameras were there, there was a big ceremony. I think

Gay, and actually all of us, were a bit jealous that this guy got the spotlight. But it turned out that Martin didn't go very far down the river, and we went all the way, except for the dams—all the way from Green River, Wyoming, to the end of the Canyon, except we had to take our boats out where the dams were. So it was a long, mosquito-filled, rainy, sometimes very cold, trip. But hindsight is always pleasant.

STEIGER: With your one customer, your Japanese P.E. teacher! And that one customer went the entire way?

FRED EISEMAN: No, he only, I think, went for the first leg. I think we picked up some other passengers at Lees Ferry, if I remember. So again, Gay's boatmen were not skilled, weathered people, they were whoever he could find. And the passengers were often few and far between. I think the fact that the boats could only hold two people beside the boatman, and the fact that he didn't have very many boats limited how much money he could make—whereas the bigger boats allowed him to take more people with less overhead. The wooden boats, of course, had a habit of getting holes in them, and required and needed painting, an awful lot of upkeep. I assume the rubber boats don't.

STEIGER: They're gettin' better all the time.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: On the '69 trip, we left Green River, Wyoming, but we picked up passengers at a place called Ouray. And then we went to Hite, and then everybody off, they all went home. But we went down to Lees Ferry, and there Barry Goldwater's staff came with us. And we ran the Grand with his staff, because Barry could not be there that trip.

FRED EISEMAN: One other memory that is interesting: Just after they'd started filing up Lake Powell, we were drifting—I guess it was 1969—we went under the new bridge, coming down from the end of the Cataract Canyon run to Hite, and somebody yelled down to us, "They have just landed on the moon!" That was the first Apollo expedition to the moon. That sort of throws it back a few years.

* * *

STEIGER: How did getting your own boats transpire?

MAGGIE EISEMAN: 1971, we decided to go on our own. And then two of our friends asked to go with us on the Grand, the McKennas. He had two boats, and we had two boats.

FRED EISEMAN: Well, before that, I had seen Martin Litton's dories several times on the river. In fact, I guess... We met you [to Rich Turner] after we got our dories, didn't we?

R. TURNER: Yeah, '71.

FRED EISEMAN: We had been at Phantom one day, and a dory trip arrived in a bit of disarray. I looked the dories over and thought they were kind of interesting, so I wrote Martin Litton and asked him where he got his dories, and he gave me the name of Keith Steele, who was on the Rogue River up in Oregon. So we had some correspondence, and I flew up there and bought our dories from Keith Steele and hauled them back here in a trailer, and put the hatches on, and seats, and painted them, and fixed up the bottoms myself.

Meanwhile, we had met Dr. Malcolm McKenna whom Maggie mentioned, who was Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology at the American Museum in New York. We met him at Phantom Ranch, as a matter of fact. And his wife turned out to be a harpsichordist, a musician, which Maggie also was. So again we had a double adherence. And Malcolm asked if I would get a couple of dories for him. And our second or third trip down the river, he ran his boats, and we ran ours, together. We just had our friends come along.

Mark Arnegard, from Flagstaff, whom you might know, contacted me. He and his wife were potters. He made pottery commercially. He asked us if he could go along as a boatman. And in repaying us for the trip, he would make pots for us, which are still hanging in

the dining room... It was 1972, and he brought a kayak. 1971, Malcolm McKenna and his group ran with us with four dories: two red ones and two white ones.

Mark had a friend from Flagstaff who had a headquarters just north of Flag and Mark made arrangements so that before we left on our long trip, I could bag up groceries and leave them with this commercial rubber boat river runner, and he would bring down a bag every week and leave it off with us, so we were able to supply ourselves, courtesy of Mark's friend, which was very convenient. He'd bring beer and watermelons, things like that. Every week he'd pass us on his trip, and that worked out fine.

MAGGIE EISEMAN: We were on the river, each trip was six weeks.

STEIGER: How did all that go, how was it?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, we were prepared, I think, because we had done this so many times, and I knew what the hazards were with wooden boats, and had beefed up our boats suitably, especially along the chine, where I had really put on a very big rib of black—I can't remember the name of it—it was a black filled epoxy, which I put over a piece of wood, which I had put over the chine. And on the bottom, I was advised by Martin Litton to buy a plywood called Finn Form, which was an impregnated plywood that was used for making concrete molds for foundations. I located some here, and screwed that onto the bottom, in addition to the bottom that Keith Steele had put on. I painted the boats with epoxy paint, which was cheap in those days. We used Mountain House freeze-dried food, and we were prepared. So we had a great time. We had relatively few mishaps, and were able to stop wherever we wanted to. We didn't have to pass any rules, or file with the Park Service, or establish an itinerary—we just went. And when we felt like a particular place was nice, we just stayed there overnight, spent a day reading. It was very pleasant.

STEIGER: What time of year?

FRED EISEMAN: It was in the summer—June, July, August, usually.

STEIGER: Do you remember the fluctuating flows being an issue?

FRED EISEMAN: On our first river trips, the fluctuation was strictly how much snow fell on the Rockies, and how much melted. The fluctuations were not usually overnight, but rather over a period of weeks. So it took us a while to get used to dam fluctuations, and calculating when the high was going to come, when the low was going to come, but we had extremely long bow lines made of thick nylon, so we learned where to park the boats, and just had to get used to not being able to dive in the water whenever we wanted to, be-



Eiseman, Dories at Little Colorado River, 1971-1974..
NAU.PH.2004.B.2.14c.2 Margaret Eiseman Collection

cause many years ago the water was warm, and now—days—or at least the last time we went—it isn't. But at least it cools the beer, which in the old days it didn't.

I can't think of anything I didn't like about our trips. I have never been fond of group trips. I don't like to be a sightseer, a passenger, somebody who just goes along for the "gee whiz" experience, to collect another place to go. I like to be able to plan trips myself, and do enough research and figure out menus, and figure out where we want to be, and what we want to do. To me, oh, I remember the words of the person who first took me on a trip in 1938. He said, "A true adventure is a result of bad planning." And I've thought about that a lot, and I think he's probably right. Adventure means risk, means doing something that's unknown, which is great, unless you happen to break your leg or come down with malaria or something like that. So I've always gotten a kick out of making these not adventures, but rather not too carefully planned, so you've got to be right here or else I'll get mad, sort of thing. But at least knowing what is available, knowing the kinds of food that were needed, knowing what the hazards of boating in a wooden boat are. All of that to me was fun! And I don't think I would like to go back and do it again on someone else's terms. I'd rather do it myself. I also think that Aldo Leopold's warning about a part of wisdom is never to return to a wilderness, is probably a good idea—that the adventure is in the mind, and if

you go back to a place you thought was really terrific and find that someone has gilded the lily, it not only spoils the trip, but also spoils your memory.

Maggie and I went to a USGS convention in Flagstaff many years ago, and Malcolm McKenna, our river friend, the palentologist, was there. And they decided to go up to Lake Powell and take a boat trip to Rainbow Bridge. I wouldn't go. I don't want to go back to Rainbow Bridge when I don't ride a horse there, or hike there, or hike up the river. I would rather not see it from the deck of a motor boat. It was neat, but I'd rather have it in here (indicating his head). That's how I feel about it.

* * *

STEIGER: Rich mentioned a memory of sitting around in your living room with Rod Nash and Martin Litton, and I guess Wally, and maybe you were there too, Doug, contemplating the lawsuit that you guys filed?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, first of all, I don't think Rod Nash was here. Rod Nash did come to visit and spent the night at our house, but he came primarily because he was invited by a professor at ASU to give a talk about the Grand Canyon. I went with him to the talk and I don't remember that he was involved with our law suit at all. This all started in a way that I cannot very

logically begin, but as far as I remember I had always personally wondered why private boaters were subject to what I considered to be more stringent regulations than commercial boaters, in the sense that all you needed was a Visa card and you could run the river with a commercial trip, but you had to practically sign your life away to be a private boater. I didn't figure I would be able to do anything about it. But two young men from Prescott College—and I cannot remember their names, or even why they knew about me—called me and asked if they could come here, and they did, and they discussed the matter, and they told me there was an organization in Phoenix called the Arizona Center for Law in the Public Interest. We went down there together, and sure enough, in a rather dingy office, there sat a lawyer whose job it was to stand up for individuals who could not afford to hire a regular lawyer, and who had cases that were in the public interest. We convinced him that this was, in fact, in the public interest—that is, that it affected not just myself and Maggie, but anybody who wanted to run the river as a private individual. He then asked us to go to a meeting of his bosses, who were a group of Phoenix lawyers who met periodically and decided what cases they would permit this person to take over. And it was decided that he would.

When the word got out, John McComb, of the Sierra Club, who was then in California, and his sidekick Jeff Ingram, came here, and we did in fact sit around and discuss the matter. It developed that we, at the Arizona Center, got Howard Chapman to come from California. He was the district director of the Park Service, whatever you call that—and also Merle Stitt, who was the superintendent [at Grand Canyon]. And we had a hearing, and we filed a lawsuit, and we lost, and the Arizona Center lawyer then suggested we file the suit in the Supreme Court of the U.S., which we did. Malcolm McKenna helped pay for printing whatever the paperwork was that was required—which of course they rejected, and never heard the case, and we lost. But I expected we would. I think that Jeff Ingram's book gives me and Maggie more credit than is due. It wasn't really my idea, and I didn't do a great deal of work. The lawyer did most of the work, and these two young men from Prescott College dreamed up the idea, and all I did was help facilitate it, since I was here in Phoenix and was able to handle things.

So that's really about all I have to say about it. I've never been much good at or interested in politics, and I am not the sort to go out and shake my fist and start political protests. I don't have any squares where I can cause my friends to demonstrate or throw sticks or stones. We got the thing started, and then sort of sat

back and watched it develop and lost. I don't have any regrets about it.

STEIGER: Okay, so just to make sure, because I was a little fuzzy on the particulars... So the premise of the suit was the quota shouldn't be so heavily weighted to the commercial side... Or there shouldn't be a quota at all?

FRED EISEMAN: There was never any actual mechanism proposed, it was simply that the rules as they then existed were discriminatory, and that a person who wanted to do this on his own had to face higher hurdles than someone who wanted to pay money and have everything done for him. It was a matter of public access to the wilderness. That was the crux of the matter, I think. And there was a good deal of concern, as I recall, with the Park Service, over having the river declared a navigable stream, which would then put it under the control of the Coast Guard, which would then really screw things up.

STEIGER: Well, none of that stuff has gone away. (chuckles) Everybody's still arguing about all those things.

* * *

STEIGER: When you look back on it, what stands out for you about it all?

FRED EISEMAN: I think basically we were lucky enough to be born at a time when there was the kind of window that we like to see through. If we had lived twenty years earlier, there wouldn't have been anybody to go down the river and show us what to do, or even any way of getting there. If we had lived twenty years later, we would be lined up in the Park Service's queue, waiting for permits. So I think we got there at just the right time. I don't want to go on record as talking about "the good 'ole days—it ain't like that anymore," sort of thing, because lots of people do that. I just think we were lucky, and we were able to be there in a time when the place was relatively uncrowded. We were able to do as we wished. When it got to be crowded, we just withdrew from the scene. That's the way I look at it. It was a wonderful thing to do, but not the only thing to do.

* * *

I don't think the lawsuit was a major ripple. It just happened and it went away... I don't have any strong desire anymore to improve the lot of mankind. I'm just worried about staying alive. I write a lot of books, but it's mostly about transmitting things of historical or cultural interest to people, as you are trying to

transmit, that may be lost, except I transmit things that wouldn't interest anybody here, like how to make rice cakes in Bali.

* * *

REINER: Fred, I have another tidbit...and that is the ledger that was at Rainbow Bridge wound up in the hands of Dock Marston. Do you remember how he got it?

FRED EISEMAN: Well, Dock Marston had a lot of connections. Dock Marston spent the night here one night, and he was quite a character. He was sort of a professional character, but also a good historian. He was the technical advisor for the eminently forgettable Disney film, *Ten Who Dared*. I don't know if you've seen it...But Dock had lots of connections to God knows how many universities and publications. I didn't know he had the register, but it doesn't surprise me, because I don't think he worried too much about whether it was official or not that he got things, he just got them by hook or by crook.

REINER: Well, this doesn't necessarily need to be part of the transcript, but I remember being one of the last people to see the ledger under the rock at Rainbow Bridge, and realizing that it would be swept away by the rising lake waters if we didn't reconnoiter it. And at some point after that, we were at Dock Marston's house, and handed the ledger over to him, which was a big deal for Dock Marston. He was just beside himself with appreciation.

FRED EISEMAN: Hm. That I don't know about.

STEIGER: So this is Doug Reiner talking over here. Now Doug, are you saying you rescued the ledger yourself, personally—you guys did?—when you had that experience?

REINER: Yes.

STEIGER: And this is when...(to the Eisemans) now you guys were number 150 in there, or thereabouts?

REINER: It was sometime after that.

STEIGER: Didn't Dock Marston make his list of the first 200 from that? I know he came up with a list of the first 200 river runners.

R. TURNER: Richard Quartaroli's gone over that too. He's recreated Dock's list. But I'm not sure what information he used to compile it from Dock's stuff.

FRED EISEMAN: It doesn't really bother me. I'm number 800 or number 10,000, it doesn't matter. It's not bragging rights. I don't think counts like that are very accurate anyway.

* * *

STEIGER: Rich mentioned that you guys worked with the Hopis. That might be a digression...

FRED EISEMAN: You mean our relationship with the Hopis?

STEIGER: Yeah. I'm just thinking along the lines of when Maggie was talking about anthropology, archaeology...

FRED EISEMAN: Well again, our careers coincided on parallel lines. I first went to the Hopi villages with the group I mentioned earlier, in 1938. And we saw the snake dance. In those days, the roads weren't paved, and if it looked like rain, don't try it. When I became a schoolteacher, I used to go out and visit them on my own, camping, and I observed that they used fox skins for tails, and turtle shell rattles under their knee when they danced, to make a rattling sound. Well, I was head of the science department at the high school in St. Louis, and I had access to biological supply houses, so I made arrangements for them to send me all their turtle mortalities. St. Louis was the fur center of the U.S. many years ago, and I accumulated fox skins, turtle shells, and a blue chemical, copper carbonate, malachite, which they used a lot of in smearing on their faces and ceremonial objects. The next time I went out to Hopiland, I took my truck full of turtle shells, fox skins, and blue copper carbonate, and gave them away. And this was a good road to the inside. I got to know the Kachina Chief at Shungopavy very well.

Meanwhile, Maggie had been camping in the Southwest, and went to Awatovi Ruins, which was an abandoned prehistoric ruin near...can't remember the name of the village. At any rate, they got stuck. A Hopi man came to rescue them, who had a cornfield down below the mesa, and he came with another Hopi friend of his from Hotevilla. And Maggie got to be very good friends with this man, and so she had a friend in Hotevilla, and I had a friend in Shungopavy, and between the two of us, after we got married, we made many visits to the Hopis and got to know them very well. In fact, my friend's granddaughter is named...my friend suggested to his daughter that she name her first born child "Maggie"...That's basically our connection with the Hopis. We haven't been back there in many years. Oh, I remember once we went there twenty years ago, and went to the house of our long-deceased friend at Shungopavy, and there was a man there, and I asked him, "Do you happen to know a woman named Maggie who used to live here?" And he said, "Oh, Maggie's my mother." So that dated us pretty well.

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Martin Litton's dories, Green River, Utah, ca. 1968.
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