

# boatman's quarterly review

## Art Gallenson

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## boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

Written submissions should be less than 1500 words and, if possible, be sent on a 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 November. Thanks!  
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001  
Office Hours: 10:30–5:00, Monday through Friday

PHONE	928/773-1075
FAX	928/773-8523
E-MAIL	gcrg@infomagic.net
WEBSITE	www.gcrg.org

## Prez Blurb

Y<sup>A'AT'ÉEH</sup>, HAPPY RIVER SEASON! It's already that time of year again! Many of you have already had a couple or more commercial trips under your belt on the Colorado, Grand Canyon or other rivers. As a fellow river guide, I know that the beginning of the river season or before your first trip begs the main questions of "Where did I put that?" or "What am I forgetting?" At least for me, it's the stressful part of the beginning of river season but I often remind myself that I'm going to a place of solitude, beauty, friendship, and adventure. It is also a stark reminder that this place we all call home and our "office" is always under observation from the constant threats of exploitation from development, mining and increased visitation. That is why *we all need* to be aware of these threats and issues, because they all ultimately affect the place we love.

One of those threats is the recent proposal by the Navajo Nation *government* to build a resort and tramway above the Little Colorado River confluence. President Shelly and his team including several council delegates and folks from the Navajo Nation Department of Natural Resources signed a non-binding contract with a *development* company from Scottsdale, Arizona to explore the development of the tramway and resort. This proposed development will negatively impact the natural environment that encompasses the Little Colorado River corridor, including grazing land for livestock owned by local Navajo residents, culturally significant ground to many tribes other than the Navajo, and to the animal species that depend on this seemingly small tract of land. As a Navajo woman, I want to make it clear that just like any major decision proposed by *governments* there are supporters for both sides. Although it seems that the voices of the opposition are louder, the proponents are working behind the scenes to push this through at the Navajo Nation *government* level behind the facade that this is a good *economic* opportunity for all Navajo people. As I have said in the past, I publicly make my opposition against these types of proposals known. Why do I oppose these potential job-creating opportunities knowing that my people, the Diné, are in dire need of employment opportunities on the reservation? I've worked as a river guide for over a decade, *but* first and foremost I am an advocate for the sanctity of the environment, my Navajo culture and people. I believe that we, the Diné, need more sustainable economic and development opportunities that are less invasive, especially on large and small scales that respect the people and



environment. As you launch from Lees Ferry or cross through the Navajo reservation boundary via Flagstaff or hike up the Little Colorado River corridor, I urge to you to be aware of these issues through and through, because these issues do end on the pages of the *New York Times* or reported by the Associated Press. Not all media—or for that matter reporters—are accurate in their story telling so be aware because ultimately they will indirectly affect you whether you're looking for a peaceful day up the LCR or your passenger from Philadelphia asks you why the Indians are building a resort and tramway above the LCR.

In other news, the Long-Term Experimental and Management Plan Environmental Impact Statement meeting was held on April 4 and 5, 2012 at the High Country Conference Center in Flagstaff, Arizona. There were over seventy people in attendance, including members of the public, stakeholders, and project staff from the Bureau of Reclamation, the National Park Service), and Argonne National Laboratory who participated in a two-day meeting on alternatives being considered for inclusion in the Glen Canyon Dam. I managed to attend for half of the first day of the meeting, which was comprised of the audience asking questions or voicing their concerns about the proposed alternatives. In addition to myself, in attendance was GCRG members Jessica Pope and Rich Turner (on behalf of Private Boaters Association), executive director Lynn Hamilton, and on the second day were AMWG representative Sam Jansen and GCRG member Larry Stevens. Making our presence known at these types of events is important to let federal agencies such as the NPS, BOR and corporations such the SRP (Salt River Project) and APS know that river guides (private and commercial) care and will voice their concerns. That is why we always urge you via the BQR, GCRG list serve, and mailings to attend these meetings in person, or submit public comments through electronic or post mail.

And early spring 2012 brought the 24TH annual guides training seminar (GTS) to Hatch River Expeditions at Marble Canyon with over 200 people in attendance over March 31ST and April 1ST. This amazing event brought together an amazing lineup of speakers, which ranged from a geology talk by our own board member, Ariel Neil, to a stretching clinic hosted by Laura Fallon and Judy Stratton. In addition, Superintendent Uberuaga stayed true to his word of community building and joined us for the entire two and a half days and made sure to speak to everyone he could. There was also an amazing sharing of culture by the Havasuapi Tribe's Diana Uqualla and her five young apprentices, and Hualapai Tribe's Bennett Jackson,

Mike Jackson and Drake Havatone. At my request, the Hualapai helped open the 2012 GTS by singing and praying for a healthy and educational weekend. As in other cultures and religions, it is common practice for the tribes to open any event, ceremony or festivity with a prayer and song to bless the people, food and event for balance and harmony.

It has been almost six years since the inception of the GCROA's *Native Voices of the Colorado River Program* and it has brought together tribal representatives to share their cultural knowledge with the river guiding community. When I first began attending the GTS back in 2004, there was a shortage of Native presence and presentations, but with the onset of the *Native River Guide Training Program* and *Native Voices* there began a tradition of closer cultural sharing. As a friend and fellow boatman said, the native presence in the river guiding community "has been a vital part of helping with the understanding of the 'shareholder's role' in the care and respect of these Sacred Lands." After my tenure as GCRG President ends in September and my fellow partner in crime, Latimer Smith's reign begins, I will be (along with my partner Lyle B.) concentrating more on cultivating our non-profit, *Fifth World Discoveries*, to continue the tradition of sharing tribal cultural knowledge with river guides and anyone outside the industry who is interested in learning and retaining their tribal knowledge. *Native Voices* will still be handled by GCROA and offering tribal information gathered thus far.

Having said that, this is also where the *Boatman's Quarterly Review* comes in, because you get articles straight from the sources, and as members you are welcome to send in your questions, concerns and opinions to GCRG. This is something many of you have done and I encourage your to continuing doing so. The BQR is a unique, literary gathering place for all who care for how the Grand Canyon and Colorado River is managed, and the issues that affect them. If you are not a member yet or haven't renewed your membership, please do so today.

Have a great summer and be safe and respectful Ahéhee'!

*Nikki Cooley*  
DINÉ

# Farewell

TIM WHITNEY, JANUARY 30, 2012

AS NOTED IN THE LAST BQR, we lost long-time boatman (and GCRG soldier) Tim Whitney just before that issue went to press. To those of us who knew Tim well, it's really been a blow. In addition to being a stalwart member of our little community, among others he added to, Tim was a super good guy to have at a party; or any other gathering for that matter, including river trips. He always brought heart, and a big smile, and a great sense of humor. He was a people person through and through.

Indicative of Tim's impact on things he cared about—the Whale Foundation, which Tim gave a lot of energy to over the years, received an anonymous grant of fifty thousand dollars in Tim's name just before Tim headed out.

The blessing and the curse for Tim and his wife, Pam, over the last several years was that you could see Tim's departure coming from a long ways off. Not the actual fact of it but certainly the possibility, which hung there just off the horizon, for a long time. The really impressive thing there was the grace and courage they each displayed, in their own separate ways, as they dealt with it, step by step, all along the way. They didn't knuckle under to Tim's cancer—or wallow in it. They did everything possible medically, but meanwhile they sharpened their focus, to an extraordinary degree, on living. They really packed it in too over the last few years. We should all be so lucky, or so strong.

This Whale Foundation grant, which in some ways says as much about the character of Tim's anonymous donor as it does about Tim, nonetheless reflects the passion and intent Tim brought to the party there too. Tim was a classic example of somebody who managed to reap all the benefits of the guiding life in Grand Canyon, and elsewhere, but also had his act together enough to not really need the Whale Foundation personally (though many of his friends from there contributed greatly to Tim's care in the end).

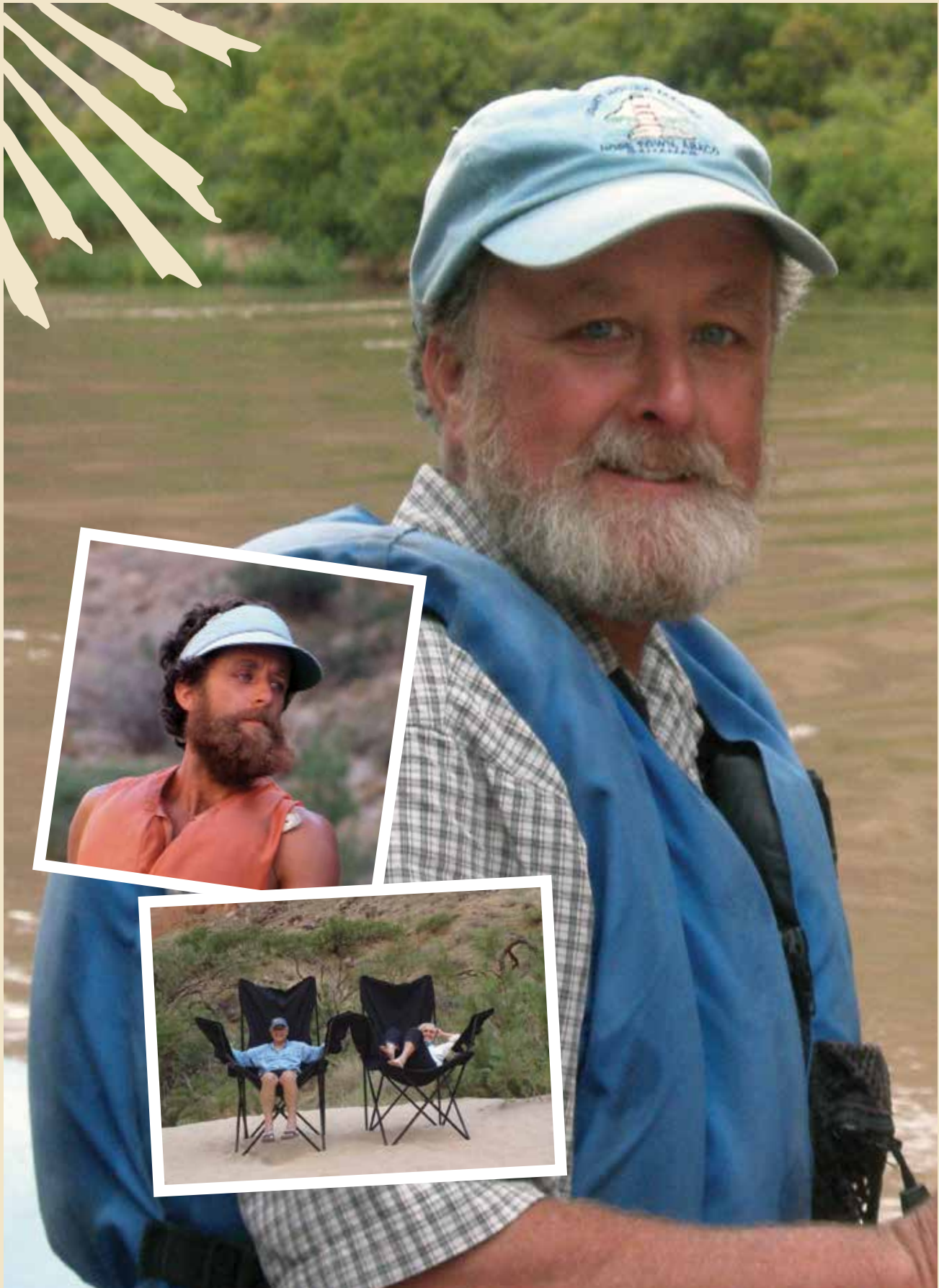
Rivers and Oceans, the travel company that Tim and Pam founded, fit elegantly into a niche that only they saw at the time and it has continued to amply fulfill a real need for over twenty years, not just in the Grand Canyon, but worldwide. They've done good. Tim didn't need the Whale Foundation himself because he always had health insurance. He always had a fall-back plan and he really could just boat for the love of it. But he also had a lot of love and respect for the Grand Canyon guiding community as a whole,

along with a clear-eyed view of what the job asks of you, what it will take from you if you let it, and exactly what you'll get back from it (and the free-market) in the end if you're not careful.

The Whale Foundation was Tim's avenue to rectify a little of that and he gave a great deal of himself toward that end. This new grant in Tim's name will keep on giving, tangibly, for a long time to come.

Though it's impossible to even try to sum up all that Tim was and did in the too-short time he was allotted here, it's safe to say he was a waterman through and through. What's more (like everything else he did) he was a really good one. He came by the water thing honestly—his dad commanded a PT boat in WWII. Tim grew up messing about in boats on the Connecticut River near Long Island Sound. Tim swam like a fish and was an excellent (and very well traveled) scuba diver. In 1988, he pulled off an unbelievable rescue of a drowning swimmer who'd been swept into the river at Havasu by a flash-flood. We had to literally pry the story out of Tim the next trip, after he got a little hinky upstream of there; and it was still pretty much unbelievable until twenty years later, when it came to light during Tim's oral history interview (BQR Volume 21, Number 3) that on his very first Grand Canyon trip—swamping for his big brother Bob—Bob casually decided just above Hermit that it would probably be a good idea for Tim to swim this one. Tim would just need to really get a run at it and make sure he jumped far enough off the back of the boat as they entered to ensure he stayed clear of the boat going through. That worked out great but next time, Tim decided after Bob hauled him back aboard, he was going to wear two lifejackets for Hermit. And so he did. That's the kind of guys those Whitney boys are.

On Tim's last river trip, September 2011 with Grand Canyon Whitewater/Arizona River Runners, Hermit was in the high teens and really cranking. Bob ran the boat there and totally nailed it. It was that big old perfect roller-coaster ride; dead straight, dead center, just huge—heart in your throat the whole way. Lava Falls was even bigger but above it Tim had his mind on other things. Pammy had slipped in the moss up Matkat the day before and caught herself funny; she'd tweaked her knee in earnest. We'd had to chopper her out and ever since then she was all Tim could think about. He had asked me the year before to be a boatman on this trip (full of family and friends from the good old days) because he wasn't sure he'd have the stamina to do it all by himself anymore. He'd still done pretty much all





the work anyway so I asked him at the Anvil, “What about Lava?” He flashed me a look of annoyance and waved it off. Trivial. Then he thought better of it and took the helm. He shrugged. “Yeah. Guess I’d better.”

We were in a hurry so we didn’t stop to scout, but we knew it was going to be big. Tim charged in there, totally decisive, and—swear to god—gave us all the sharpest, most precise...frankly, most picture-perfect motor run through Lava Falls I’ve ever experienced. Or ever hope to. Then handed back the throttle and furrowed up his brow and went back to thinking about Pammy again (which he had been doing, in one way or another, ever since his long ordeal first began years ago).

Anybody who knows Pam well understands exactly why Tim cares so much about her. And vice-versa.

The quote that Pammy pulled out of Tim’s meditation prayer for the last BQR pretty much says it all and bears repeating, for this life and the next—

*May I be a protector for those without. A leader for those who journey. And a boat, a bridge, a passage for those desiring the further shore.*

Thanks for the memories buddy. We love ya more than words can tell, and we’ll see you soon.

Lew Steiger

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WILLIAM BOWKER—JULY 19, 1949 TO FEBRUARY 22, 2012

MEET BILL BOWKER IN MOAB, UTAH in the summer of 2003. Earlier that year, Bill’s nineteen-year-old daughter, Emma, convinced him to “go do what you love.” Armed with these words, Bill ended a thirty-plus year career framing houses to follow his passion, guiding people down the rivers of the west. The thing that made Bill stand out—besides his age—was his love of rivers and boating—especially the Grand Canyon. So, when I got the chance to run trips for Grand Canyon Expeditions (GCE) later that summer, Bill was at the top of my swamper list. It was his passion for moving water that got Bill his first Grand Canyon trip in July of 2003, and Bill was able to share that passion with numerous guests for years to come.

For the next eight summers, Bill continued to fill his schedule guiding on the Moab daily, through the Gates of Lodore, and down the San Juan in Utah. He also spent some time showing people the Animas and Piedra rivers in Colorado and the Salt River in Arizona. Bill even made it up to Idaho, doing a few trips on the Middle Fork, the Main and the Lower Salmon. No matter how far Bill traveled, he was always drawn back to the Grand Canyon, the place that he called home most summers. In the Grand Canyon, Bill rowed baggage boats for OARS/Grand Canyon Dories and swamped trips for me and others at GCE.

He was a regular at the GTS land session and attended several GTS river trips. During the winter, Bill would go up to his other favorite place, Little Cottonwood Canyon, where he worked for the Alta Peruvian Lodge, driving vans and skiing on his days off.

Bill was a people person and enjoyed sharing his passions with the passengers. The guests would often come up to me and tell me how much of a “character” Bill was or that Bill was the only reason why they actually made it to the Patio. We always seemed to have memorable trips together, partly because Bill had a way of connecting with the people. They always seemed to recognize one thing—his youthful energy and excitement.

Bill’s resiliency often appeared in his boating. Bill did not always have the best runs, but he always seemed to make Plan-B work. On one occasion, I saw nothing but the black bottom of his boat as he high-sided his way through the big hole in Rapid-5 in Cataract. He

met Lucifer up close and personal in Hells Half Mile in Lodore, and took a trip or two around the Ledge Hole in Lava; however—and you people at OARS can correct me if I am wrong—he never flipped—debunking the old saying. He was just survivable like that.

Bill’s tenacious grip on life was why his death came as a surprise to so many of us. Bill was in great shape, and the last months of his life were good ones. He had a great season in the Canyon, doing five trips. He



Bill enjoying the “Bs” on the Middle Fork of the Salmon

performed the marriage ceremony for my wife and me at Marble View Overlook in September. In October he rowed his last strokes on a month-long adventure down Idaho's Middle Fork, Main, and Lower Salmon Rivers from Boundary Creek to Heller Bar. He made his last runs at Snowbird in February when he succumbed to a heart attack on the evening of February 22, 2012. Bill

died in one of his favorite places on Earth—Little Cottonwood Canyon—doing the things he loved.

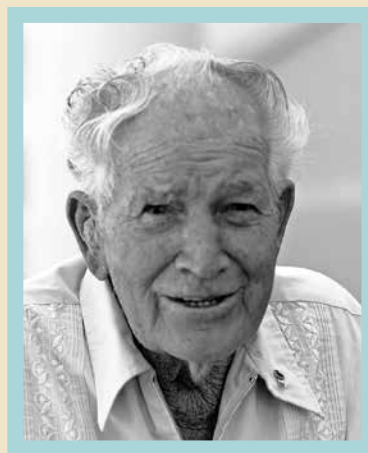
Bill had a great life to the very end, and he positively influenced many a young boatman.

*Greg Eastwood*

#### ELDON MACARTHUR

**D**URING JULY OF 1957, with Mexican Hat Expeditions, Eldon rowed Grand Canyon in a cataract boat on a river trip of a lifetime. During the fifties, Eldon lived in St. George, Utah, with his wife Denise and several young children. He came to know Wayne McConkie, a sheepherder and teacher who had run with Norm Nevills of Nevills Expeditions (the forerunner to Mexican Hat Expeditions). For a time, Eldon was a search pilot for the Civil Air Patrol and while flying over the canyon and well below its rim, he gained a great interest and appreciation for the Colorado River and its canyons. Eldon was intrigued enough that he inquired with McConkie about the possibility of rowing a boat through Grand Canyon. McConkie informed Frank Wright of Mexican Hat Expeditions of Eldon's desire and Wright offered Eldon a spot as an oarsman on a San Juan trip.

Later on, an opportunity presented itself to run Grand Canyon. Without much hesitation Eldon jumped at the chance. He launched on July 1st from Lees Ferry with fellow boatmen Frank and Willard Wright, Gaylord Staveley, John Harper, and several passengers. The river that day was careening by at over 120,000 cubic feet per second. The most harrowing event that took place on the trip was when Eldon's boat flipped in Granite Narrows between Tapeats and Deer creeks. During the ensuing chaos, one of his two passengers, a woman named Reet, ended up being thrashed around mercilessly in a massive and tumultuous eddy. Eldon risked his own safety, and potentially his life, to swim away from his capsized boat to help her. After reaching Reet, he was able to tow her to the rocky shore. However, due to the unforgiving eddy and mushrooming boils, he was unable to help himself get out of the water. Eldon was physically spent at this point and ended up being sucked deep into the vortex of a menacing whirlpool. Luckily, after what seemed like minutes, he finally surfaced with just enough air and adrenaline to grasp a line thrown to him from Willard Wright's boat, only then was he hauled to relative safety.



Eldon learned to weld in the early forties and developed his trade while in the service during World War II. After the war he returned to St. George and turned his trade into a family business, MacArthur Welding. Eldon also taught students to weld for several

years at the high school and college level. His business continues to thrive under the leadership of three of his sons.

During the Spring of 2009, I had the pleasure of meeting Eldon. My wife Megan took me to his house for an impromptu visit. Despite being deep into his eighties at the time, he was extremely spry and was moving around his house as if decades younger. Eldon was known throughout Utah's Dixie for his kind heart and generosity. He was also known for his baking skills. Some of Megan's fondest memories growing up in St. George were visiting Eldon and enjoying the fresh baked bread he would make on Saturdays to share with family and neighbors. By all accounts Eldon lived a full and wonderful life doing the things he loved and sharing them with others. He passed away this past April at age 91. Next time you pass through Granite Narrows take a moment to think of Eldon.

*Latimer Smith*

**NOTE:** Logan Hebner did a beautiful job of recording Eldon's one and only Grand Canyon trip. A written portion of the recording was published in the Winter 1999 edition of the *Boatman's Quarterly Review*. The information contained in the first two paragraphs of this farewell came from that written record.

## Books! Books! Books!

*A Great Aridness, Climate Change and the Future of the American West*, by WILLIAM deBUYS, Oxford University Press, 315 pages.

THIS IS A GREAT BOOK. I invite you to read it because I think you may enjoy it. It is exceptionally well researched and written, the science is all there, fundamental atmospheric concepts are explained in lay terms, and the whole account is told in an anecdotal and compelling way that accentuates the human story, how myriad impacts compound one upon the other, and how it's all interconnected with our own lives and favorite landscapes. It's relevant. You will see.

William deBuys is a friend of mine from Santa Fe, New Mexico, and so I will call him Bill for this review. I had read other books of his and I knew he was researching this book. So I invited Bill on a river trip in the Grand Canyon a couple of years ago. He joined me at Pipe Creek and I remember him enjoying the paddle raft. At Lava Falls I explained that it's all about the correct position, angle, and momentum at entry—with the right intention, in other words. Bill wrote this book with intention. You can judge for yourself how well he did with his position and angle when you read it.

The book came out a few months ago and as I scanned the chapter headings I wondered how I might weave the story of regional climate change into stories I tell on the river. I wanted to read the chapters selectively: one with the words “Lava Falls,” another about “Thirsty Arizona” and still another about “Sand Canyon,” where Bill picks apart the evidence that the Pueblo dwellers may have forced other peoples to move on in time of drought and eventually left their own homes abruptly.

Instead, I read the book non-stop cover to cover and was glad of it. Bill builds a narrative like we run river trips: each day and each chapter is layered and enriched by all the days and chapters that came before. There's no problem finding ample material for augmenting river

stories. Pull a thread and the tapestry puckers up somewhere else.

William deBuys' prose recalls John McPhee and Wallace Stegner. His writing is elegant, even fun, and offers pure reading pleasure. Here is one example.

“Now the flood zone is transformed” [writing of the post Glen Canyon Dam riparian zone]. “It wears a tutu of fast-growing tamarisk along the river's edge and boutonnières of opportunistic Apache plume and Mormon tea above it. The banks of the river have dressed themselves up, now that

the river no longer rips their clothes off.” Such whimsy! I now look at the banks of the river with a chuckle and tip my hat to Bill.

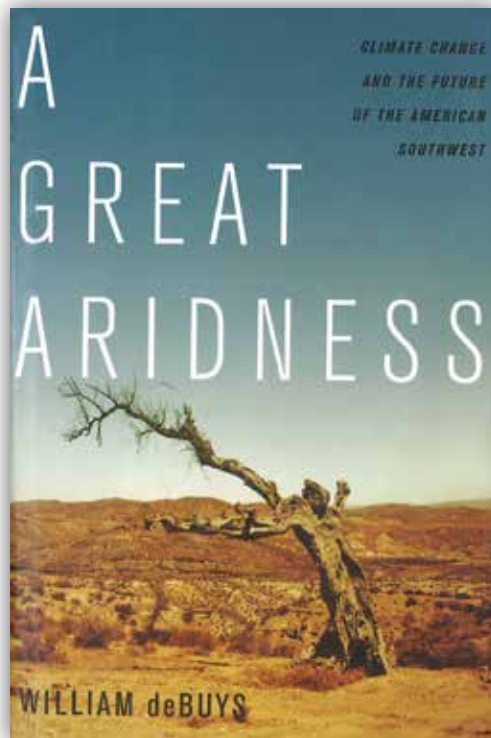
Here is a second example.

“It is hard to get worked up over abstract possibilities. There is too much that needs doing, right here, right now. Generally speaking, it is hard for any of us to get seriously concerned about what *might* happen until it *does* happen... That's why the politics of climate change are so difficult... We fail to sense [the problem] at the scale of our personal lives... [It's] tantamount to a leap of faith and most people don't leap that far.” Bill tells us why there is so little traction on climate

change in clear, simple, and unexaggerated terms.

As I saunter through life—sometimes stumbling, at other times floating, and whether I am running a river, in a meeting, talking with a friend, or reading a book—I often look for “aha moments,” something that provokes a new perspective, a new way of looking at the world. I had two such aha moments reading Bill's book.

The first is this: I knew a bit about global warming before reading Bill's book—polar bears running out of sea ice and all—and I had already concluded tough times are ahead for my grandchildren. Reading *A Great Aridness* brought the issue home to my





own backyard in a flash-flood of realization: climate change is *not* about our grandchildren. Climate change is about *right now*. Irreversible impacts have already begun and more are on the way in the next decade or two. The future is exponential and tomorrow is coming faster than ever before. Bill says pithily: "Climate change only accelerates the day of reckoning." (I didn't say the aha moments are always happy.)

The second aha moment started with this question: Having read part way through the book, a friend asked, "Does the author suggest any solutions?" So as I approached the end of the book, I kept my antennae up for "what can I do?" I learned about "hardening of demand." For every gallon of water we save with dual flush toilets and watering the right kind of crops at night with drip irrigation, we make one more gallon available for the newcomers. In other words, "It fuels growth," says Bill, pithy again. Not that conservation is bad, it's just not the silver bullet.

As I neared the end of the book, my hope for a grand solution faded, and then on the final page Bill announced, it is "difficult to envision a safe landing for humankind. No silver bullet will make the coming decades of the Anthropocene more tolerable. There is only the age old duty to extend kindness to other beings, to work

together and with discipline on common challenges, and to learn to live in the marvelous aridlands without further spoiling them. It is an old calling and a great one. We have already had a lot of practice. We should be better at it. We can be."

I closed the book, took a long awaited deep breath, and reflected on this second, even more unsettling aha moment. It's not about finding a silver bullet because there is none. Thud. It's about adapting. Okay then, perhaps it's about adapting with grace and deliberation and compassion for all the plants and animals that are along with us on the same journey. It's not Bill's fault there's no silver bullet. Nor is it your fault, or mine. But we can still learn, we can do better, and we can live out our lives with integrity and intention.

I never sensed that Bill is cynical, or even discouraged. He simply tells a very human and comprehensive story of climate change in the American Southwest with warmth and beauty. Just as I invited Bill to come on the river, he ended up inviting me to come on a journey that took him two years to research and write. This review invites you to come along too. You'll be glad you did.

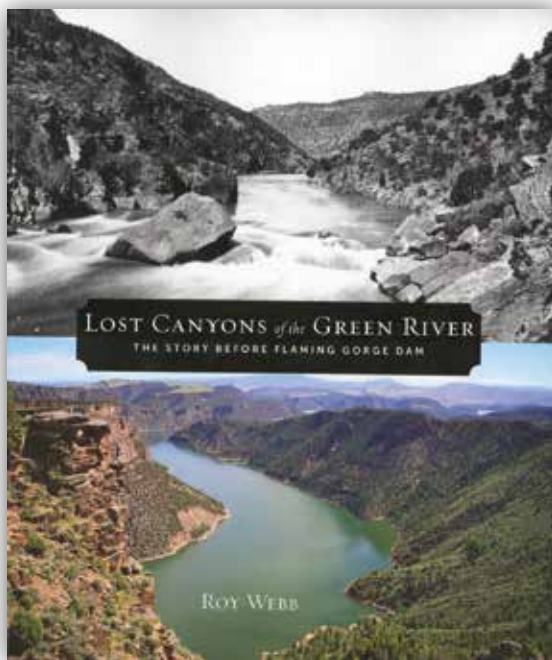
Rob Elliott

*Lost Canyons of the Green River: The Story before Flaming Gorge Dam*, by ROY WEBB, The University of Utah Press, 2012.

READERS OF THE *Boatman's Quarterly Review* might naturally think first of the Colorado River through Grand Canyon and have this myopic view for the rivers of the Colorado Plateau and the Southwest. Thankfully for all of us, however, there are tributaries and canyons both upstream and down, and excellent authors to write about them. In recent years for the Upper Basin, Gary Topping and Jim Aton have written separate books about the San Juan River (*Glen Canyon and the San Juan Country*, 1997; *River Flowing from the Sunrise: An Environmental History of the Lower San Juan*, 2000); Mike Milligan for Westwater Canyon on the Colorado (*Westwater: Lost and Found*, 2004); and Aton

on Desolation and Gray Canyons of the Green River (*The River Knows Everything: Desolation Canyon and the Green*, 2009).

Roy Webb is another talented author and river runner, born near the banks of the San Juan, who has added to his list of books about rivers and river personalities with *Lost Canyons of the Green River: The Story before Flaming Gorge Dam*. Roy's previous book about the Green River, *If We Had a Boat: Green River Explorers, Adventurers, and Runners* (1986 and 1996) is a great read and so is his new book. *Lost Canyons* is really a continuation of *If We Had a Boat*, growing from a short epilogue, "Tailwaves: The Other 'Place No One Knew,'... about a dozen descriptions of what the river had been like before 1956, when Flaming Gorge Dam was begun." Of course "The Place No One Knew" refers to Glen Canyon, but



the Colorado River Storage Project Act authorized the simultaneous construction of both Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River and Flaming Gorge Dam on the Green River. However, Glen Canyon received the bulk of what I call “salvage archaeology”—research and investigation into what would be lost under the rising and flooding of reservoir waters—while the “lost canyons of the Green River,” Flaming Gorge, Horseshoe, Kingfisher, and Red Canyons, received only cursory lip service.

Webb’s book follows the course of the Green River for about one hundred miles, from the “Ranches and Badlands” around and below Green River, Wyoming, through the “Canyons and Rapids,” with a special chapter on “Ashley Falls,” the biggest rapid in Red Canyon, and then “The Rest of Red Canyon,” featuring the dreaded Red Creek Rapid, where more boating events occurred than at Ashley Falls and one still being run below the dam today. Speaking of which, he runs back upstream to talk about “The Dam,” Flaming Gorge Dam responsible for “the lost canyons.” As with *If We Had a Boat*, Webb ends with another epilogue entitled “Requiem,” a short essay with multiple rarely-seen images of Linwood, Utah, a town along the Henry’s Fork of the Green, destroyed and abandoned with the flooding from the reservoir—“the community of Linwood survives in the fond memories of the people who grew up there and in the photographs found on these pages.”

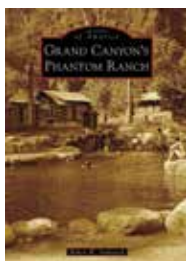
There are many fun and interesting stories of settlers

and river participants, and a revealing of a lot of tidbits, such as the claim for the origin of an early name for the Green River. Webb writes that “it’s an oddity of history that the name for the Green commonly ascribed to the Shoshones, Seeds-Kee-Dee Agie (Prairie Hen River), appears to be a Crow name. Agie is ‘river’ in the Crow language; the Shoshones apparently called the river Na’na, meaning ‘Bitterroot,’ because of the abundance of those edible plants in the valley. The Utes, on the other side of the Uintas, referred to the Green as Pah-Na-Cuits (Bigger River).” As with any history books, there are a limited number of errors in dates and names, which should not detract from the overall enjoyment of Webb’s continued contributions to the Colorado River Upper Basin rivers and canyons. Jim Aton has summed it well in that “this book is a much-needed addition to the river system’s story. Webb’s easy-to-read writing style will engage both the scholar and the general reader.”

My advice is that you buy and read Roy Webb’s *Lost Canyons of the Green River*—what the author calls “a guidebook for a river you can no longer run”—then go upstream from Grand Canyon and run the rivers you can run, through the beautiful canyons that are still available, and continue to fight for their protection.

C.V. Abyssus

## Noteworthy New Releases



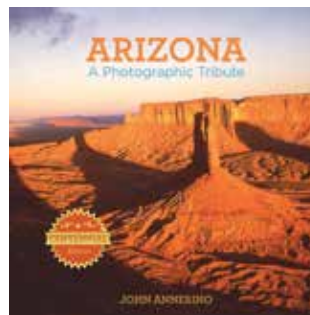
*Grand Canyon's Phantom Ranch*, BY ROBERT W. AUDRETSCH, Arcadia Publishing, 2012, 128 pages/ soft-cover, \$21.99.



*Shaping the Park and Saving the Boys: The Civilian Conservation Corps at Grand Canyon, 1933-1942*, BY ROBERT AUDRETSCH, Dog Ear Publishing, 140 pages, \$19.95.



*Sunset on Glen Canyon—The Words And Images of Two Remarkable Women: Katharine Bartlett And Gene Field Foster*, BY SUSAN DEAVER OLBERDING, Fort Valley Publishing, 2012, 48 pages, \$19.95.



*Arizona: A Photographic Tribute, Centennial Edition* by JOHN ANNERINO, Globe Pequot Press, 2012, Hardbound with jacket, 128 pages, 55 color photos, map, essay, literary quotes, and bibliography, \$17.95.

## Faces From The Past

ANYONE REMEMBER ED CUMMINS who was the Lees Ferry Ranger, and his kids Eli and Kaelin who were little “ramp rats”? Well, little Eli grew up to be a cowboy (“mommas don’t let your babies grow up to be...”) —even though he bought a kayak with his earnings at Lees Ferry from taking water samples and digging the sand out of the gauging station on the Paria River for the USGS. He received a college degree at University of Arizona, a permanent Park Service job shoeing horses at Yellowstone National Park, and just married his cowgirl sweetheart, Caitlin.



Chief Ranger at Montezuma Castle-Tuzigoot.

Little Kaelin worked summers in the Sierras, is getting a degree from Prescott College, and is guiding for Wild Rivers Expeditions on the San Juan River (“oh mommas don’t let your babies grow up to be...”).

Mom, Cathy teaches 6TH grade science and works for the NPS in the summers with the Teacher-Ranger-Teacher program. And Ed is

*Greg Woodall*

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## Job Announcement

CALLING ALL RIVER GUIDES!! Bright Angel Bicycles LLC, (a guide-owned business) is looking for help in our guiding department. We have developed the first bicycle rental and tour services located at the South Rim and operate several tours per day. The tours operate seasonally March–November weather permitting. The tours run in two directions, the most popular is the Hermit Road tour followed by the new edition to the park trail system, Yaki Point tour!

The Hermit Road tour starts with a shuttle ride from the Mather Point Visitor Center (MPVC) to Hopi Point, from there it is 5.5 miles and 90 percent downhill to Hermits Rest. Total time is three hours including shuttle ride. Tours depart at 10 AM and 3 PM.

The Yaki Tour starts at the MPVC and rides along the newly constructed greenway trail to (you guessed it) Yaki Point! The ride has a 150 foot elevation gain on the way to Yaki and boasts total mileage of five miles round trip. Total time is 2.5 hours including shuttle ride. Tours depart at 10 AM and 3 PM. Piece of cake for a Grand Canyon River Guide, right? You can even bring your old juice container that has been converted into a water bottle if you like!!

If you are looking for work in the shoulder seasons

we operate a café year round! Check our website for current job postings.

### Requirements:

- Current Community First Aid or greater (WFR)
- Current CPR card
- Two years guiding experience including well rounded interpretation of geology, biology, archaeology and recent human history
- Must be comfortable speaking to groups/ Must be able to ride a bicycle
- Must be 18 years old

### Details:

- \$40/tour plus tip
- \$65/tour if you only guide one per day
- Housing available on a limited basis with minimal rental fee
- Some limited carpooling will be available

Send resumes to [BABrentals@gmail.com](mailto:BABrentals@gmail.com) Phone: 928-814-8704 Website: [www.bikegrandcanyon.com](http://www.bikegrandcanyon.com)

*Kyle George and Wes Neal*



## Ken, The Two Arts, And Ron

**K**EN AND JANE SLEIGHT welcomed several friends to their home at Pack Creek Ranch over the Earthday weekend. Well recognized in their lives as river runners, guides, and defenders of wild places, I was easily drawn to this gathering at the foot of the La Sal mountains in southeastern Utah. Furthermore, I was pleased the weekend unfolded even more remarkably than I anticipated.

For me, the purpose of this gathering was three-fold. First, my friend Martha Ham, wanted to continue an ongoing quest to record the life and times of one of the most influential people in her life, Ken Sleight. Ken and Martha's relationship stems back to the 1970s when she was laying the groundwork for a non-profit she founded, Special Populations Learning Outdoor Recreation and Education (SPLORE). Splore, no longer an acronym, but a title, continues to thrive as it provides river running and other outdoor activities to "people of all abilities." During the latter '70s, Martha worked to garner support for her budding organization but was unsuccessful until she met Ken. At the time, Ken was a seasoned river outfitter and horse packer operating in Utah and Grand Canyon. Ken wholeheartedly offered his support and hosted SPLORE's first river trip for a fortunate group of individuals.

A secondary reason for the gathering ties into the pages of Ken's life when he worked as a part-time teacher and roving river runner during a pivotal time in commercial boating. My dad Marc's keen and unflappable memory recalled that Ken substitute taught at East High in Salt Lake City during the late '50s. He also remembered that there were three sophomore students who caught Ken's attention, in part because of their leadership qualities demonstrated by their "protesting bad food at school lunch" (according to Ken). Boating soon became a huge part of the lives of these three sophomores; Art Fenstermaker, Art Gal-

lenson, and Ron Smith.

As the weekend drew nearer, Fenstermaker and his wife Margaret, and Gallenson and his younger brother Steve, notified the rest of us of their plans to join us at the ranch. Unfortunately, Ron Smith and his wife Jana were not available to attend. Ron's younger brother Marc, my dad, represented for Ron this time. The third reason for gathering, and possibly the most important, was simply to continue to foster relationships with one another. Before the weekend began, I had met Ken

only once, and though I've come to know Gallenson during the past, while I had yet to meet Fenstermaker. As the weekend took shape, I became increasingly excited and intrigued to learn more about this generation of boatmen.

I arrived at Ken and Jane's cabin around 11:30 on Friday night. As I stepped out of the car, I was greeted by the familiar face of Pete Mills. Pete is Martha's husband and is one of the most capable boatmen I

know. As we walked to the front door, I noticed the Gallenson brothers had constructed two telescopes on the lawn and had apparently been doing some night sky gazing earlier in the evening. Once inside the cabin, I was pleasantly surprised by the fact that everyone was awake and talking. It appeared that the weekend had finally fallen into place. I settled into the spacious abode with a tasty beverage in hand, and listened to Ken, the two Arts, and others recount many memories, as Martha leapt from person to person in an attempt to record as much as possible. The majority of the group, including Ken at 82, enjoyed each other's company well past two in the morning.

The next day was spent entirely at the ranch. After breakfast, Martha shepherded us into the smallest and most rustic cabin on the property. The Arts sat on either side of Ken and Martha sat in the midst of the trio to record more formally than she had on Friday night. Ken recounted his memory of reading in a Salt



Art Gallenson, Ken Sleight, Martha Ham, Art Fenstermaker, and Marc Smith at Pack Creek Ranch. Photo by Latimer Smith.

Lake newspaper about Bert Loper perishing in Marble Canyon in 1949. The year of Ken's first ever river trip was pinned down to 1951, in Lodore Canyon. After returning to Utah from serving in Korea, Ken began leading boy scout troops and other youth expeditions through Desolation and Glen Canyons in war surplus ten-man rafts. Eventually Ken branched out from youth specific trips and began marketing guided river running to the public. Fenstermaker's first trip down the river with Ken was in 1958 in Desolation and Gray Canyons. It seems Gallenson and Ron's first trip with Ken was likely in 1959. The two Arts and Ron ran with Ken several times during these formative years of semi-commercial boating. There is a photograph, housed in special collections at the Marriott Library, of Music Temple in Glen Canyon, inscribed with the date of June 15, 1960. Underneath the date next to other names, reads Ken Sleight, Art Fenstermaker, Art Gallenson, and Ron Smith.

Throughout the weekend many hilarious and eventful stories came to light, one in particular was relived through Fenstermaker. Ken was driving to pick up a group of customers in one of his trucks. He had set a spare battery on one of the seats in the cab, so that he could keep an eye on it during the drive. As the battery was jostled around it leaked some of its acid onto the seat. Ken was in a hurry to pick up his guests. He noticed the spill, but did not fully appreciate how much acid had dripped out of the battery and onto the upholstery. To mitigate the situation Ken covered the seat with some sort of plastic sheet and then picked up his people. One of the customers, a robust woman, sat on top of the sheet and in the cab with Ken as he crept down the steep and jarring road of North Wash. Unbeknownst to Ken, because of the bouncing truck, the plastic sheet covering the spill site had slid out from under the woman. As the drive continued, the battery acid worked its way into her clothes. When the truck lurched to a stop at rivers edge, the woman got out of the truck with her bare butt showing, as the backside of her pants had been eliminated by the battery acid. Fenstermaker reminisced that this was the fullest daytime moon he'd ever seen on a river trip!

On Sunday, time was taken to compose several photographs which were shot under the orchards in large part by photographer Steve Speckman. Sunday's interviewing took on still another facet from the prior two days. In conjunction with boatmen and film makers Suzette and John Weisheit, Martha had Ken and both Arts relax outside the Sleight Cabin, under shade provided by the patio. Suzette set up her video camera and other related equipment. John extended a large microphone high in the air, to capture the

voices of the interviewees and interviewer alike. With notepad in hand Martha began asking questions in a clear and concise manner. Because of the steps taken to eliminate background noise, and with the addition of a video recorder, much of the best material from the weekend was generated this day.

The mood of the gathering turned quite somber when the three began to talk of the construction and installation of Glen Canyon Dam and the subsequent drowning of Glen Canyon. Fenstermaker stated that after the reservoir began to fill, he vowed never to visit Lake Powell Reservoir. That way, he could remember Glen Canyon as he came to know and love it. Years later, a friend convinced him to explore the placid waters behind the dam. As they drove their powerboat on top of the blue water, Fenstermaker was enveloped with an incredibly strange feeling as he pondered the many archaeological ruins of Glen Canyon, changed forever. Gallenson recounted his memory of being on a river trip when the initial buckets of concrete were poured to construct the dam. Ken recalled his hard fought battle to keep the reservoir from flooding the desert landscape underneath Rainbow Bridge. He felt enormous disappointment following the court's final judgment, which struck-down a collective request by many concerned citizens and organizations to keep the waters of the reservoir away from one of our nation's most incredible monuments.

As the weekend came to a close and I drove away from Pack Creek and the La Sals, thru Spanish Valley, alongside the Book Cliffs, over the Swell, and beyond, I reflected on the weekend with the two Arts and Ken. I was impressed by Fenstermaker's sharp memory and concise and powerful voice and by Gallenson's thoughtfulness and consideration of details. And impressed by Ken's way of giving credit to the people in his world who have enriched his life. Despite his time running many different rivers as a guide and outfitter, and even in this age of equally available and well-built river craft, Ken would be most content rowing a river in a decrepit and leaky war surplus ten-man. He would also be truthful and give Ron the accolades he deserves for strides made in the development and innovation of river equipment. When the two Arts and Ron were sophomores at East High, Ken was in his late twenties. Ken is half a generation senior to his three past students, yet he has the decency and compassion to treat them as contemporaries of his. Ken is the first to commend the success in life of the two Arts and Ron, and he is also the first to say how much he learned from them.

*Latimer Smith*

## GTS Success!

CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BEST EVER—that's what we shoot for with each and every Guides Training Seminar (GTS), but we may just have achieved it this time. For a non-thematic GTS (as opposed to the wildly popular celebration of the 1982 high water event, or the Old Timer's GTS), this year's event was truly outstanding. We took a huge leap forward in quality with a bigger sound system and a new screen, the size of which made our old screen look like a napkin. Speakers and audience alike loved it. Many thanks to Tim Quigley of Artisan Metal Works for the encouragement, advice and assistance to make the big

est in river issues, his support of our river community, and his willingness to defend Grand Canyon resources against the many challenges it currently faces. Thanks, for joining us, Superintendent! We are honored and look forward to a long and productive partnership between GCRG and the NPS.

This year's GTS had something for everyone with talks ranging from tamarisk beetles to big horn sheep, from native fish to condors, lava dams, travertines, resource management issues, excavation projects, and more... You name it, we probably covered it. We'll work on posting the power points and abstracts from



screen a reality, and to guide ingenuity for figuring out how to hang it!

Of major note, I am sure that any GTS 2012 attendee would agree that the new Superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park, Dave Uberuaga, made a lasting, positive impression on all of us. His attendance from Friday evening through Sunday afternoon may be unprecedented, and amply demonstrated his deep inter-

those talks in the GTS Library section of the GCRG website in the coming weeks.

Diverging from the successful workshop format of previous years, Dianna Sue Ukualla of the Havasupai tribe came with her four girls and grandson to dance, sing, tell stories, and reflect on the cultural significance of Grand Canyon. Dressed traditionally, their performance was powerful, moving, beautiful, and



the perfect end note to one of our favorite programs. Although the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program is not continuing, you can be sure that we will work closely with Nikki Cooley, Lyle Balenquah and Fifth World Discoveries to incorporate tribal learning opportunities into future GTS events. We also hope to continue offering native foods as we did this year with the elk and deer meat provided by Loretta Jackson Kelly, Michael Jackson, Bennett Jackson and Drake Havatone. Delicious! Overall, river guides' understanding of tribal perspectives has taken such a huge leap forward with the Native Voices program, and the relationship between the guide and tribal communities has been greatly strengthened. We are so very grateful for that.

warmest GTS events ever (we'll see if we can order that up again next year...) We extend our thanks to Hatch River Expeditions for welcoming the guide community to Marble Canyon once again at the start of the river season, and to our funders and partners: the commercial river outfitters, the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, the Grand Canyon Association, Grand Canyon National Park and the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program. And of course, we are deeply appreciative of the excellent speakers who shared their knowledge with us, the Native Voices participants, the cook crew who slaved in the kitchen, bringing delicious meals to the masses, as well as Chaco and other vendors and organizations who came to support the guide community, and the volunteers who worked to



Saturday evening found people madly buying raffle tickets in the hope of winning some of great donated swag, followed by the premier showing of *Chasing the Light*, a gorgeous film about the intertwining of art and inspiration along the Colorado River, by filmmaker Ed George. Flagstaff's best country band, Wade Lashley and the Rounders capped off the fun evening.

All in all, it was a superb weekend, and one of the

help make the event a real success.

Under the theory that you can always make a good thing better, if you have any suggestions for next year's GTS (GCRG's 25TH anniversary!), please let us know, and make *sure* you don't miss it!

Photos : Bill Mooz



## GTS River Trip Fun



**T**HE GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR river trip this spring was all that we hoped for—a magical mix of outstanding speakers, enthusiastic guides from ten river outfitters (including Hualapai River Runners), and NPS personnel from both ranger and concessions divisions. Combine that with lots of hiking, a motor-rig, a whole slew of oar boats and a snout boat, and it adds up to a lot of river fun. Our thanks to Hatch River Expeditions for providing the motor-rig and logistical support, and to the trip leader, Scott Perry, for his professionalism and dedication to making the trip a success. Wrangling guides and speakers for fifteen days is a challenge!

By all accounts, the guides loved the speakers, and the speakers loved the guides—a mutual admiration society was born. New guides got their feet wet and everyone learned from each other.

We'd like to share some great photos from the trip and a few quotes that say it all...

*For me, the best part of this trip is meeting new friends and kindred spirits. Our community is so vast and full of so many colorful and amazing people. It would be impossible to replace the experiences we have with one another on the GTS river trip. And of course, the interpreters are amazing!! The learning that goes on is pretty much nonstop, and I'm convinced that we all learned even more than we could possibly realize. The GTS trip is always a fantastic experience.*

—Chelsea Atwater  
ARIZONA RIVER RUNNERS

*I've always known that guides are passionate about the river and the Canyon, but this made it real and I was*

*able to see it firsthand. I was also amazed by the knowledge of the Guides. They knew so much and at the same time they wanted to absorb as much as possible from the speakers and about any topic. I loved the enthusiasm from everyone!*

—Emily Slayton  
NPS Concessions

*I would like to thank Lynn Hamilton, GCRG and Hatch River Expeditions for sponsoring this trip. It was an unparalleled opportunity for guides from various companies, Hualapai River Runners, NPS folks, researchers and advocates to come together and mesh as one family on a river trip. There's no better way to work out our differences, and mostly we learned that we all want the same thing—be good to the place, each other, ourselves and to give something back.*

*I want to thank Scott Perry for taking the helm of such an outstanding trip. I especially admired his constant attention to safety and his commitment to stewardship. He constantly solicited our (NPS) input, and challenged us to bring more to these trips. You learn something from everyone you boat with, but some more than others!! Running second motor boat behind Scott was a superb experience, and something I will remember for the rest of my career.*

*The Hatch crew was amazing. It was a pleasure to work with Dom, with his understated professionalism, work ethic, sense of humor and sheer competence. I was especially impressed with Chelsea DeWeese. Rowing your first boat through Grand Canyon is always stressful, but she still managed to be the hardest working person around camp. Her positive attitude and genuine personality added a lot to the overall dynamic of the group.*

*I have to give my vote for outstanding guide behavior,*





Emily Slayton

however, to Lyndsey Hale from Western. First, for what I consider utterly brilliant swamping; she took my knife away from me at an extremely opportune moment. And secondly, on the last night at 220, when the cook crew forgot about dessert because the antics had turned to paco pad wrestling, Lyndsey noticed Peter Huntoon pacing back and forth behind the kitchen. The frustration on his face was obvious, and we imagined he was thinking, “What a bunch of p#\$\$!%, they can’t even serve dessert.” Lyndsey quietly pulled out the dessert and served Peter. She was so amazing, that at Diamond Creek, Peter gave her the shirt off his back—the one that he had worn every day for the past seven days. Honorary mention though to John Mortimer from OARS for fixing my megamid while I was on a hike. I will think of him every time it rains this summer.

Best hike was exploring with Zeke at Parashant. Best music? All of it was fantastic. Thanks to Scott, Easy, Dom, Zeke and Jeri for playing. But Dom’s “You’re not going to do it like that,” was definitely an instant classic and anthem for anyone’s who’s ever worked or been abused as a swamper in Grand Canyon.

It was great to make new friends and reunite with some old friends. Thanks to all the speakers for taking the time to participate in this trip and educate us. Thanks to all the guides for their great attitude and work ethic, for pulling camelthorn with such enthusiasm, and for being so passionate about the place. It made for an awesome trip.

—Chelly Kearney  
NPS RIVER RANGER



Chelsea Atwater



Michelle Kearney

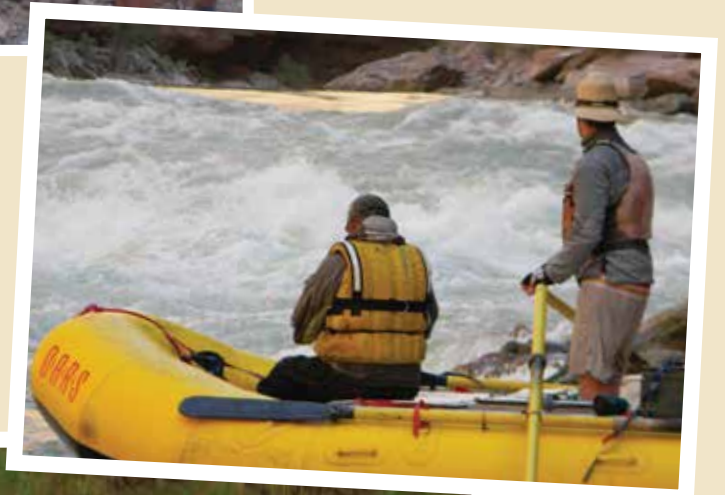




Emily Slayton



Michelle Kearney



Michelle Kearney



Chelsea Atwater



Chelsea Atwater





Michelle Kearney



Chelsea Atwater



Chelsea Atwater



Jeri Leabetter

## Finding History At Furnace Flats

OUR TRIP DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER, through the Grand Canyon in May 2011 started with anticipation, excitement, and maybe even a little fear of the twenty-year high waters being experienced on the river that spring. The trip started as I suppose most commercial trips do, with the arrival of us twenty wary guests at Lees Ferry, and the amazing welcome and immersion into the Canyon Explorations efficiency by the incredible crew of Marieke Taney, Justin Salamon, Gibby Siemion, Pablo Smolenyak, Kelly VanDenBerg, and Becca Dennis. They quickly demonstrated their skill by getting us unloaded, unpacked, herded toward the rafts, re-packed, life jackets assigned (it's funny how the nick names on the jackets too often matched the personality of the person...or does the person assume the identity of the life jacket?...hmmm), loaded and ready to go, all while initiating conversations to make us feel at ease (and to figure out who they need to keep an eye on, I'm sure!).

Soon we were on the river and our lessons began from our amazingly talented and highly educated crew. Boating and river safety came first, and the talk soon turned to history and geology. Along the way we also learned about hydrology, anthropology, biology, politics (always unbiased), and lots more geology. Some of the things that I learned immediately were that the details matter, everyone's perception and experience is unique, and that there is always something new to discover along the way.

The first few days on the river were a blend of excitement and discovery. We immediately discovered how much sand was going to get into all of our stuff as we were blown off the river and ended up camping at Soap Creek in an epic sand storm. We got our first taste of the rapids and broke out the duckies on day two to get an even closer view of the water. One of our first of many awesome hikes was at North Canyon where some of the musically talented folks on the trip blessed us with song.

Marieke told the story of Harry McDonald and the Stanton Expedition at 23.5 Mile Camp (Lone Cedar) which is where we first learned about his exploits in the Canyon. Hearing the story and getting a close up look at the carving in the tree trunk proved to be key to the discovery later in the trip.

On down the river we went...Redwall Cavern with fun and games for all, Vasey's Paradise to see the unique flora and fauna, the Dam Talk near Mile 40, and some more interesting geology and hikes at Buck Farm and Saddle Canyon.

Our stop and camp at Nankoweap proved to be a



HMcD Lone Cedar Inscription (river mile 23.5).  
Photo by Richard Quvararoli

highlight of the trip. The hike to the granaries was cool, of course, but the real treat was our all day hike up Little Nankoweap Creek, over a saddle and down to Kwagunt Camp. The hike featured spotting trout in the creek, climbs up through varying geology layers, witnessing the awesome vistas in all directions as we crested the ridge, fossil hunting as we descended along an ancient fault line, discovering mountain lion tracks in the Kwagunt Creek valley, and arriving at our next camp in time for dinner. What an amazing day!

Day six brought a fun stop and swimming in the Little Colorado. After laughing our way down the rapids a few times, we headed off into Furnace Flats. We stopped at Upper Tanner for some lunch. They call it Furnace Flats for a reason, and it was *hot* that day. I must have been one of the last ones out of the raft since all of the shady spots were taken by the time I got up to the area where everyone was hanging out and lunch being organized. At this point, I was wandering around looking for interesting plants, critters, and fossils. It looked like lunch was about ready so I made my way over to the area where everyone was sitting and leaned up against the rock wall when I noticed an inscription in the rock right there in the open. My first thought was how uncool it was for someone to have carved something in the rock, but then I noticed that what was carved was "H. McD Nov 24 1890". The H. McD was exactly like the inscription we had seen a couple of days earlier, but much more weathered and less legible. So I asked the crew what the story was with this Harry McDonald inscription and found out that none of them were aware of its existence. We then spent some time trying to be sure what it said, especially the date that was noted as it was much more worn. We tried taking a few pictures, they



didn't turn out that great but it was all part of a really neat experience for me. The crew said they would have to check with some other knowledgeable people once we got back to the real world to see if anyone was aware of this inscription. Turns out, no one seems to have seen it before, so maybe this was the initial discovery.

The rest of the trip continued to amaze. The high river flows made for some white knuckle rides for us all. We knew we were in for a thrill when we stopped to scout the big rapids and heard the stream of colorful language and tense looks from our guides as they got their first look at Granite, Hermit, Hance, and especially Lava. We were thankful for their skill as we successfully navigated them all. The hikes also continued to be awe inspiring with favorites at Bass Camp, Upper Elves Chasm, and Matkatamiba. The trail run to Mooney Falls at Havasu was cool too. The impromptu concerts by our guides and my wife brought tears to my eyes in Blacktail and National and contributed to the spirituality of the trip... Words can't do it all justice.

The end of the trip caused us all to do a lot of thinking and soul searching. We had become family and no one was excited to leave the river. There were so many things yet to see and do, two weeks just allowed us to scratch the surface. Many were still wondering what happened to the 980 Million years of the Great Unconformity! The stresses of our real lives seemed so distant, and I for one, would have liked to have left them there. But the end did come as we eased out from Diamond Creek. At least our first entry back to society was at the Snow Cap Drive In at Seligman to remind us not to take things too seriously. The shock of Flagstaff and our home town just made us wish for the Canyon even more, but also reminded us just how blessed we were for our experience.

The discovery of the Harry McDonald inscription added something special to the trip and may add to the history books. The many discoveries I experienced in the Canyon were amazing, but maybe the most meaningful was the self discovery that I experienced along the way. What a wonderful time!

*Scott Fahrney*  
CANYON EXPLORATIONS GUEST

## A Story, A Discovery And A Guest Who Pays Attention...

**I**S EVERYTHING RELATING TO historical expeditions that can be discovered along the Colorado River corridor though Grand Canyon already found? This is a

question that I have asked myself on a regular basis as I guide trips summer after summer. I have a fondness and a deep respect for these early trips and the hearty individuals that dared to embark on them. It is their stories, their adventures, their trials, their cunning natures and their spirits that add to my deep appreciation for Grand Canyon and the job that I now do with all of this amazing gear in easy boats. I love to tell stories, I want to keep history alive, I want people to appreciate how we get to travel through this place...and these early exploits are excellent fodder for all of these things!

It was late May, 2011. I was leading a Canyon Explorations trip with an all-star crew and a great bunch of guests. We stopped to camp night two at Lone Cedar (mile 23.5). In the morning I took everyone to the Juniper Tree with the Harry McDonald inscription on it to tell the story of the Brown/Stanton Expeditions of 1889/1890. It went something like this (with perhaps not as much detail to bog down the essence)...

In May 1889, the 43 year-old Robert Brewster Stanton was hired by Frank M. Brown, president of the newly formed Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad Company (DCC&PRR), to be the chief engineer on a survey of the Grand and Colorado Rivers to determine the feasibility of building a railroad through the river's canyons from Colorado to the Gulf of California. The expedition was outfitted with cheap boats, poor equipment and no lifejackets. The lightweight boats that Brown procured could not fit all of the watertight zinc boxes full of the trip's provisions, so they were instead lashed together onto a makeshift raft that was to be pulled behind the cook's boat.

The sixteen men and six boats of the Brown-Stanton Expedition assembled at Green River, Utah on May 23, 1889. After assembling gear and repairing boats the group set out on May 25<sup>TH</sup>. They were plagued with disaster from the beginning, they had to caulk one of their boats only forty minutes after launching and within only three hours one of the boats had struck rocks and had to be repaired. In Cataract Canyon, the cook's unwieldy boat-plus-raft named the *Brown Betty* was wrecked at the top of a rapid. Most of the cooking utensils and 1/3 of the supplies were lost (that rapid is now named Brown Betty). By June 10<sup>TH</sup> the expedition had lost nearly all of their provisions, two of the boats were destroyed and the others badly damaged. On June 13, with only six days of provisions left, Stanton proposed splitting the trip, which they did. One group led by Brown set off for Hite to acquire supplies, while the other led by Stanton continued to survey through lower Cataract Canyon.

The expedition regrouped at Hite, Utah, just below



HMcD Upper Tanner Inscription—original (river mile 68).  
Photo by Charly Heaverich

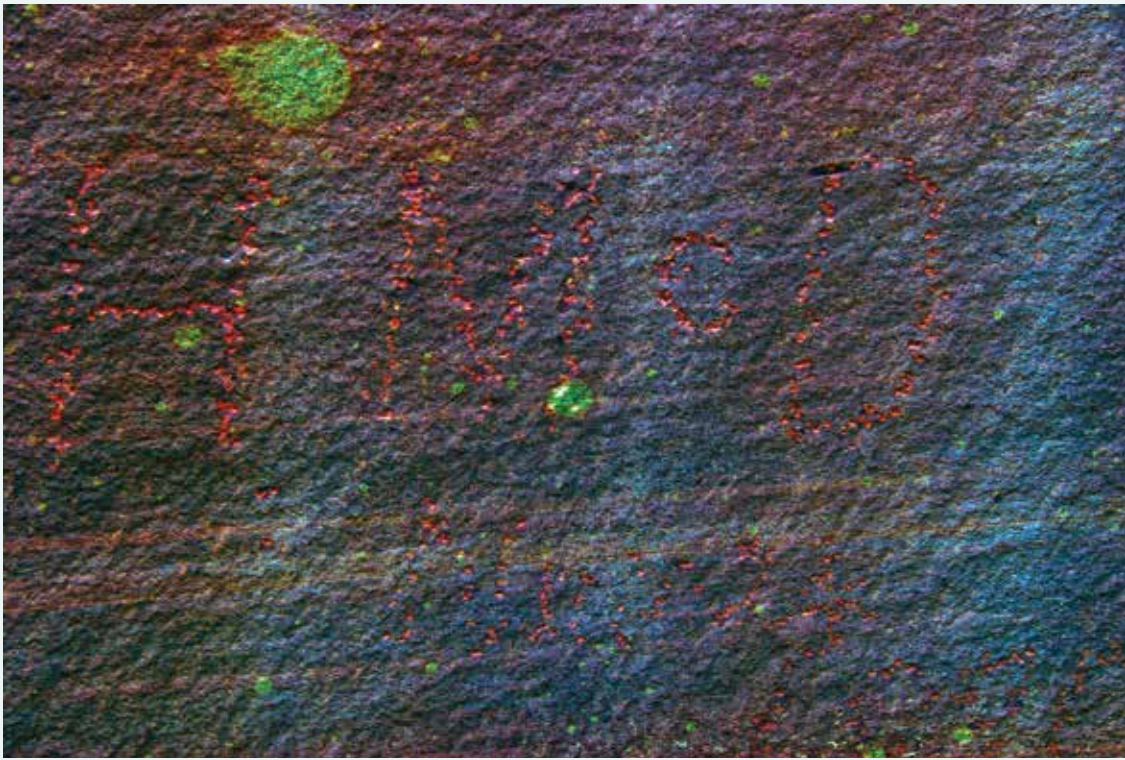
the Dirty Devil River near the head of Glen Canyon on June 24<sup>TH</sup>. Three men quit; Brown hired an experienced handyman named Harry McDonald who was working on the Placer mines near Hite to replace them. The group split up into two teams: Brown and Stanton with three boats and eight men including the photographer Franklin Nims and Harry McDonald, were to make a rapid “eye survey” of the River to Lees Ferry, and then to the mouth of the Colorado. The other group consisted of five men and one boat led by assistant engineer William Bush. They were to move slowly downstream to complete the survey to Lees Ferry. Brown and Stanton reached Lees Ferry on July 2<sup>ND</sup>. They resupplied and launched from Lees Ferry on July 9<sup>TH</sup>.

They portaged two rapids and camped that night just below Soap Creek rapid. The next morning Brown and McDonald launched first. Their boat flipped in a little rapid at Salt Water Wash and Brown drowned. Peter Hansbrough carved an inscription on river left as a remembrance to Brown. On July 13<sup>TH</sup> they stopped for lunch under the shade of a juniper tree near a rapid that Stanton called “Lone Cedar” (23.5 mile). McDonald carved his initials “H McD” into the trunk on this tree. On July 15<sup>TH</sup> disaster struck again, the boat navigated by Peter Hansbrough and the cook, Henry Richards, flipped under a ledge at 25-Mile Rapid; both men drowned. There were no longer enough men to portage

the boats, the remaining members were shattered and the expedition was falling apart. Stanton needed to find a way out. They reached South Canyon (mile 31) on July 17<sup>TH</sup> where they found a trail out of the Canyon. They stashed their gear in a cave (now called Stanton’s Cave) and hiked out.

Stanton was still convinced of the feasibility of the railroad project and decided to proceed with a second trip in the winter of 1889–1890. He obtained new boats and twelve men, four of them veterans from the first trip: Stanton himself, Harry McDonald as his head boatman, John Hislop as his assistant engineer and Franklin Nims as photographer. The expedition traveled overland from Green River to the head of Glen Canyon. This time, three sturdy boats of oak with spacious watertight compartments had been specially constructed for the trip. They were named the *Bonnie Jean*, *Water Lily* and *Sweet Marie*. They also used rubber bags, and floatable kegs for such items as rice and coffee, and they used life preservers. They launched on December 10<sup>TH</sup>.

They re-provisioned the trip at Lees Ferry on December 25<sup>TH</sup> and had Christmas Dinner with the ferryman, Warren Johnson, and his family. On December 28<sup>TH</sup> they launched into Marble Canyon. On December 31<sup>ST</sup> they passed the point where Brown had died below Soap Creek Rapid. It started to snow that night and the next day tragedy struck again. Nims, the



HMcD Upper Tanner Inscription—altered (river mile 68).  
Photo by Charly Heavenrich

photographer, was lugging his camera up to a point of rock when he took a misstep and fell 22 feet to the rocks below. When the crew got to him he was unconscious with blood coming out of his nose and ears; he had an obvious broken ankle and foot as well. Stanton had two big problems on his hands: how to continue with the photographic record, which was needed to sell the project to investors, and how to evacuate Nims. At the moment, the latter was of the upmost importance, and on January 3<sup>RD</sup> Stanton, Hislop and McDonald found a way out at Rider Canyon, a mile and a half downstream from the accident site. After scouting the canyon and deeming the evacuation route possible, Stanton sent the other two men back and walked 32 miles to Lees Ferry to find a wagon to meet the injured Nims at the head of the canyon. After McDonald and Hislop returned to the boats they rigged up a makeshift litter and began the grueling task of evacuating Nims. It took the men a whole day to get Nims out and in some places they had to use ropes to pull him over waterfalls. They reached the rim late in the afternoon, built a fire and huddled for a cold night in the snow. Stanton appeared the next day with a wagon that took Nims back to Lees Ferry where he stayed for two weeks, recovered and made his way back to Salt Lake.

The men resumed their journey on January 6<sup>TH</sup>. Stanton still had the problem of how to take the needed

photographs and decided to give it a try himself. He had never operated a camera (in those days, a big square box on a tripod that had to be focused under a black cloth), but had seen Nims do it plenty of times and figured it out (it took him a while to figure out that the tripod moved up and down so for a while the photos were taken from very low angles). They had to stop numerous times to repair boats and at 25-mile rapid (where Hansbrough and Richards had drowned) a boat got stuck on the rocks and most of their kitchen equipment lost. They continued going and retrieved the stashed supplies from Stanton's Cave, which helped with their losses. On January 16<sup>TH</sup>, the crew found Hansbrough's remains at a rapid Stanton called Boulder Rapid near mile 44 (re-named President Harding Rapid in 1923 by the USGS expedition). They gave Hansbrough a proper burial and carved an inscription under a ledge of rock (the high point on river right at this location now bears his name—Point Hansbrough). On January 22<sup>ND</sup> they reached the head of Tanner Rapid where they spent a few days and met a prospector named Felix Lantier. Stanton decided to send his journals and exposed rolls of film out with the prospector to Flagstaff to be developed.

They started heading into the Upper Granite Gorge where the river was daunting with rapid after rapid. They lined and portaged most of the big ones, which



took days. Stanton was on the lookout for a cataract that Powell said had a 75-foot drop and had named Sockdolager. They seemed to have missed it because at Grapevine (which they might have thought was Sockdolager) the boat *Sweet Marie* got pinned on some rocks as they were trying to portage. The crew was unable to get the boat off the rocks and was forced to spend the night on a small gravel bar in the middle of the rapid. The water rose during the night, washing the boat free. They recovered it in the morning and Harry McDonald spent five days cutting it in half, removing the damaged center and putting it back together (it went from 22-feet to 18-feet)! They continued downstream and got to Horn Creek Rapid. The current was too fast to hold the first boat as they attempted to line the rapid on the right side so they had to let it go. They recovered it unscathed so they decided to cut the newly repaired *Sweet Marie* loose at the top. It crashed into some rocks and splintered into pieces, thereby forcing them to carry the third boat around. McDonald was horrified as he watched the boat that he spent five days fixing disintegrate and he became disenchanted with the expedition. Since he was the most experienced member of the trip with outdoor pursuits he felt as though he was being exploited and asked to work harder than the other men. He consulted with Stanton and decided to hike out at Crystal Creek with the hopes of doing some prospecting around the Tanner area.

The trip continued to line and portage many of the big rapids but made decent time without any more major mishaps. They reached Diamond Creek on March 1<sup>ST</sup>, resupplied and continued on downstream. They decided to run Separation Rapid where Stanton was washed overboard, saved by his lifejacket. When they reached Lava Cliff Rapid on March 14<sup>TH</sup>, Stanton mentioned in his journals that it was the worst they had seen. They portaged it and reached the Grand Wash Cliffs and the end of Grand Canyon on March 17<sup>TH</sup>, 1890. They continued on to Fort Mojave where Stanton took a train to Denver for business, returned and resumed the trip on April 19<sup>TH</sup> for a ten-day run to Yuma. The two remaining boats were left at Colonia Lerdo, a Mexican village near the mouth of the Colorado.

Upon completion of the trip Stanton tried to

convince investors to fund the railroad project but was unsuccessful. He turned his sights to prospecting and started his own company to try to extract gold from the Glen Canyon country of the Colorado River called the Hoskaninni Mining Company, which failed as well. He tried to focus his attention elsewhere but the trip had changed him and he became a Colorado River historian. Perhaps the most historically significant and invaluable gift Stanton provided was a relatively complete photographic record of the Colorado River and its

canyons. On the 100-year anniversary of Stanton's trip, Robert Webb and a team of historians, scientists and photographers did a 34-day winter trip down the river to replicate Stanton's photos for scientific gain and historical reenactment. They replicated 101 views, which provided an amazing account of the similarities as well as environmental changes that occurred over that century. Robert Webb published a book in 1996

called *Grand Canyon: A Century of Change* that highlights many of the original photos side-by-side with the replicated photos.



HMcD Upper Tanner Inscription location in regards to the camp area (see the woman in the blue dress). Photo by Charly Heavenrich

Back to May, 2011... Whenever I tell a story like that all I hope is that it adds a little depth to the overall river trip experience of my guests, I don't expect them to really remember anything like names or dates. Most of the time I would say that his proves to be true, but not this time...not with a guest named Scott Fahrney, who actually paid close attention to this unwieldy story! A few days go by and we stop for lunch in the extreme heat of Furnace Flats at Upper Tanner (who would do that?!). The lunch table was set up in the small spit of shade under the Dox ledges upstream of the typical kitchen area and the guests scrambled around looking for any place out of the sun. We were almost done preparing the chicken salad when Scott comes up to us and says "What's the story with this Harry McDonald inscription?" The first thing I thought was "Wow, Scott actually remembers his name," and then "...what Harry McDonald inscription, I have never heard of one here, must be a mistake." A couple of us put our knives down to go and investigate. It's on a flat piece of Dox *right* behind where a trip would typically set up their kitchen, and sure enough, it says H McD, Nov *something*, 1890

with some undecipherable letters underneath. It's very weathered, it looks original and none of us had ever heard of it before (which isn't saying a whole lot). Needless to say we all get very excited, all of the guests get into it and we tell them that we will look into it with some real historians when we get home...maybe a new discovery was made! I thought for sure that McDonald must have done it on the second trip because the first trip had not made it this far (I didn't really know all of the dates in the story mentioned above before doing further research at home...more to come on this, see Richard Quartaroli's piece below).

The trip ends and I immediately ask Cam Staveley at Canyon Explorations about it—never heard of it. The busy summer goes by, I get distracted by the resumption of teaching in the fall and I finally ask Richard Quartaroli (Q) about it over a few beers after a Brad Dimock talk at Cline Library in February, 2012. Turns out that Cam had told Q during the summer and Q did not know of it; Q also was on a Prescott College Grand Canyon Semester trip in the canyon in the fall with Gibby Siemion (who was also on the trip in May with Scott), who had showed the inscription to the group. Brad Dimock is also asked—never heard of it.

Can this be true, something from the second Grand Canyon river expedition that hasn't been recently (recently means modern-ish-day river trips, hikers, etc.) discovered yet? I don't know, so I'm asking of you this...has anyone out there seen or heard of this Harry McDonald inscription at the Upper Tanner Camp prior to May, 2011? If so, please contact Grand Canyon River Guides and let us know! Until then (and even if so) I would like to give some serious accolades to Scott Fahrney for paying attention, showing us all something amazing and answering the lingering question always in my head as I float down the river... "Is everything relating to historical expeditions that can be discovered along the Colorado River corridor though Grand Canyon already found?" No, it hasn't! Happy hunting everyone...

*Marieke Taney*

#### RESOURCES:

- WEBB, ROBERT H. "The Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad." Chapter 1 in *Grand Canyon: A Century of Change: Rephotography of the 1889-1890 Stanton Expedition*, 3-27. Tuscon, Ariz.: The University of Arizona Press, 1996.
- LAVENDER, DAVID. "The Persistent Engineer." Chapter 2 in *River Runners of the Grand Canyon*, 22-32. Grand Canyon, Ariz.: Grand Canyon Natural History Association, 1985.

## Continuing History

WHO SAID HISTORY ISN'T EXCITING?! It's also often serendipitous. Within two weeks of Brad Dimock's lecture and an ensuing discussion with Marieke Taney, a researcher contacted me about using Cline Library Special Collections for material on—guess who?—Harry McDonald. Biographer David Pimental had been given my name by author and inscription hunter Jim Knipmeyer (*Butch Cassidy Was Here: Historic Inscriptions on the Colorado Plateau*, University of Utah Press, 2002). My photograph of the "new" H McD allowed Jim to conclude that, "I was glad to see that his name is exactly as he did it on the other two inscriptions of his that I have seen, i.e., the one up in Cataract at the head of Mile Long Rapid, and the one in the tree at Lone Cedar." This H McD at Upper Tanner Camp is not listed in the publication from the early '90s archaeological corridor survey (*The Grand Canyon River Corridor Survey Project: Archaeological Survey along the Colorado River between Glen Canyon Dam and Separation Canyon*, Helen C. Fairley et al, National Park Service, 1994).

On the November river trip, it seemed like we could make out the date under the H McD petroglyph as Nov 24 189\_. Whether it was really 1890 or not was hard to decipher. Crew member Levi Jamison is back on the river as this is being written, and will double-check the year. Three weeks later I met Dave and he shared information about Harry and what he had written so far—very impressive. Pimental also supplied a summary of Harry's chronology for the 1890s. He can't place Harry in the Canyon during November of any year in the 1890s, but Dave still has more research to do. However, Harry was in and out of the Canyon many times during those years, particularly in regards to his nearby mining claims along "Chuar Creek," present day Lava Creek.

As did Marieke, I also queried others who might have known of a previous discovery of this inscription, to no avail. A couple of folks have asked about its authenticity. While being no expert on this, and until authorities can date or verify it, I have a simple theory: If it were not an authentic Harry McDonald inscription, wouldn't a forger have used a January 1890 date when everyone knows that Harry was in that area rather than a November 1890s date when even Harry's biographer can't place him there? Thanks to Jim and Dave, someday we may know more about Harry and this "new" H McD. And, of course, thanks also to Scott for paying attention to history and finding it for us.

*Richard Quartaroli*

## 2012 Humpback Chub Translocation Update

**T**HE SECOND HUMPBAC CHUB translocation to Havasu Creek within Grand Canyon National Park took place in mid-May when 300 additional juvenile humpback chub were released. In 2009, the National Park Service and cooperators began a project to translocate juvenile humpback chub from the Little Colorado River to other Grand Canyon tributaries. These translocations may become part of a comprehensive conservation effort to help ensure that this native fish continues to survive in Grand Canyon. Tributary translocations may lead to satellite spawning populations of humpback chub and may increase the number of humpback chub that live in the Colorado River.

Tributary translocations are a multi-faceted recovery tool for native fish. They may lead to the establishment of additional spawning populations, thereby increasing the species' odds of survival. Tributaries also provide rearing, or grow-out, habitat for young chub. Fish that are larger when they reach the river have a greater chance of survival and may add to the number of humpback chub that live in Grand Canyon. Researchers identified Havasu, Shinumo, and Bright Angel creeks as the most suitable tributaries for humpback chub in the park outside of the Little Colorado River.

A total of 902 humpback chub were translocated

to Shinumo Creek between 2009 and 2011 in the first translocations of humpback chub within Grand Canyon National Park. Data collected during monitoring are used to assess the survival, growth, and movements of translocated humpback chub. The annual growth rates of translocated humpback chub in Shinumo Creek are comparable to or higher than growth rates elsewhere in Grand Canyon. As of 2012, some humpback chub released in Shinumo Creek have reached minimum spawning size, at three to four years of age. The next milestone for this population will be detection of spawning behavior and/or successful reproduction.

Emigration out of the creek and predation by non-native rainbow trout remain concerns for long-term success of the Shinumo project. While the barrier waterfall just above the confluence with the Colorado River keeps non-native predatory fish out of Shinumo Creek, it also prevents humpback chub that go over the falls from returning to the creek. However, some translocated fish that left Shinumo Creek appear to be living in the Colorado River. In 2010 and 2011, biologists from cooperating federal agencies captured a number of humpback chub from the Shinumo translocations in the Colorado River. NPS fisheries



*NPS staff monitoring the Havasu Creek fish community. Photo by Amy Martin.*



biologists will continue to monitor humpback chub and other native fish in Shinumo Creek in 2012.

Havasu Creek is very similar in physical habitat and water chemistry to the Little Colorado River, where most humpback chub are found, making it an ideal location to expand on the translocation effort. The translocation site is below Beaver Falls inside the park boundary. Eight mature humpback chub were captured during baseline surveying in Havasu Creek just prior to the first translocation in 2011. Their presence demonstrates that Havasu Creek provides good humpback chub habitat.

In late June 2011, 243 juvenile humpback chub were translocated to Havasu Creek in the first of three planned releases to take place. More than 40 percent of translocated chub were captured during monitoring in October 2011, and preliminary data indicate that the fish have a high growth rate.

A third translocation is planned for Havasu Creek in 2013.

There are no closures at Havasu Creek related to translocation activities. Fisheries biologists from the National Park Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service will monitor the fish community in Havasu Creek prior to the translocation, and conduct additional monitoring in October.

In order to minimize interference with recreational boaters at the mouth of Havasu Creek, crews hike in and out of the Havasu Creek from Hualapai Hilltop and camp away from the river. Potential impacts to visitors and to the wilderness characteristics of Havasu Creek were evaluated and helicopter support for the monitoring work and for the transport of the young humpback chub was determined to have the least impact to park resources and visitor experience, while



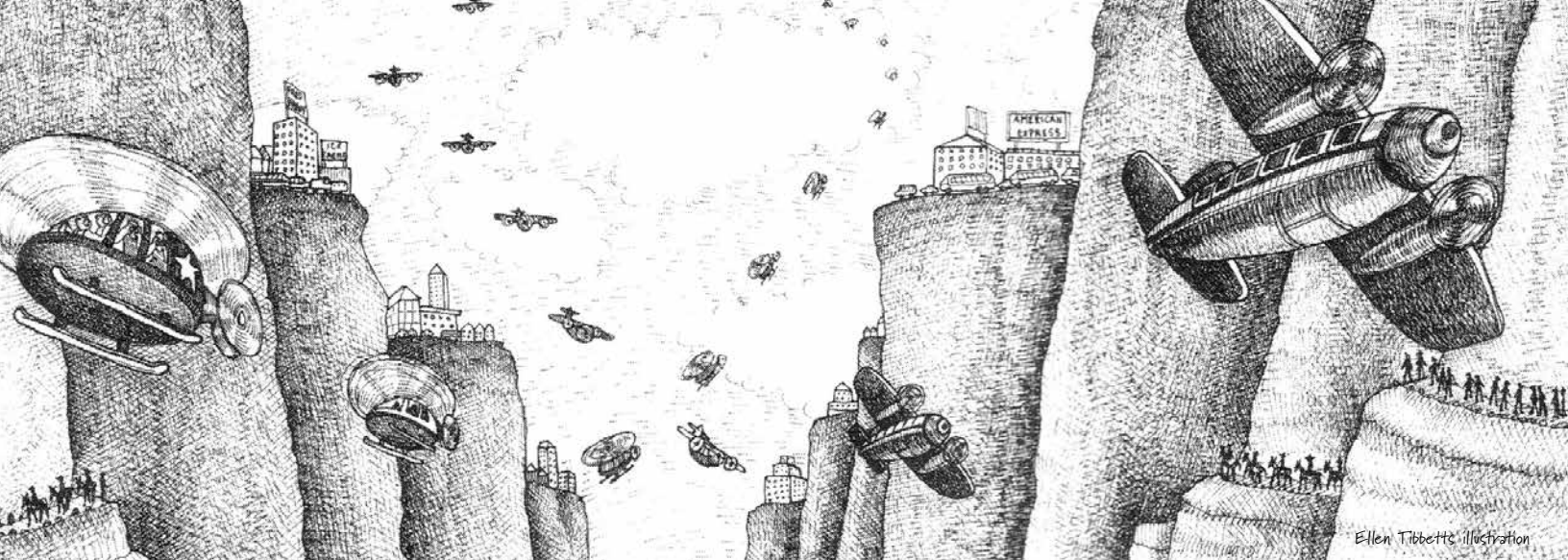
Humpback chub in Havasu Creek. Photo by Amy Martin.

minimizing stress to the fish.

The project is funded by the National Park Service and the Bureau of Reclamation, and is being conducted in cooperation with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Arizona Game and Fish Department, USGS Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center, and other partners.

Anglers should be familiar with the identifying characteristics of humpback chub to avoid any accidental capture of these endangered fish. Young humpback chub are silver, have small eyes and large fins, but have not yet developed the pronounced hump behind their head. If any humpback chub are incidentally caught, they must be immediately released unharmed.

*Emily Omana Smith, Brian Healy,  
and Allyson Mathis*



Ellen Tibbette's illustration

## On The Verge— Awaiting The Final EIS On Overflights

**T**HE OVERFLIGHTS BATTLE has been raging for far too long—legal challenges, stalling tactics, and Congressional amendments and bills have been standard fare over the last twenty years while the air tour industry has continued to expand relatively unchecked in the interim. The latest encouraging news is that the Final Environmental Impact Statement (FEIS) on air tours in the vicinity of Grand Canyon is due out the end of April, or early May, followed by the Record of Decision within 30 days. At long last!

You can be sure, however, that efforts to derail the overflights plan will continue, and in order to arm our members with information, we thought we would offer a little fact or fiction quiz:

**AIR TOURS ARE THE ONLY WAY THE ELDERLY AND DISABLED CAN EXPERIENCE GRAND CANYON.**

*Fiction.* That oft-repeated statement is simply false. In a 2002 lawsuit, the United States Court of Appeals clarified, "...there is no truth to the contention that the agencies have failed to consider the needs of the elderly and disabled. As the government explains, air tours are not the only means by which these groups may view the Canyon, as the Park has made such accommodations as handicapped accessible trails, mule rides and raft trips." (United States Air Tour Association v. Federal Aviation Administration & Grand Canyon Trust, Decided August 16, 2002).

Ironically, the Draft EIS on overflights also observes: "The elderly do not make up a large portion of business for any tour operator. Only a small percentage of air-tour visitors are disabled; operators reported not more than 1 to 2% of all passengers were handicapped." (Chapter 13, Page 114)

**THE NPS OVERFLIGHTS PLAN WOULD DECIMATE THE AIR TOUR INDUSTRY.**

*Fiction.* The air tour operators made the same dire "economic loss" predictions about the 1988 regulations, yet their business expanded exponentially in the ensuing years. In fact, the total gross revenue from GCNP flights is currently estimated to be over \$200 million annually, generated by a mere handful of air tour operators.

The socio-economic analysis presented in the Draft EIS concludes that impact to air tour businesses would be "minor to moderate adverse" and that adverse impacts would diminish over time as operators adjusted to the new flight rules.

**QUIET TECHNOLOGY IS REALLY QUIET.**

*Fiction:* The notoriously weak standards for quiet technology are not quiet at all, just less noisy. In fact, the FAA definition of "GCNP quiet technology" allows aircraft to be designated as quiet technology even if they generate more noise than other aircraft, as long as they have more tour ride seats. Yes that's right, the way things stand now, a bigger, noisier aircraft could be considered quiet technology because it carries more passengers.

**THE NPS HAS A DUTY TO PROTECT ITS RESOURCES SUCH AS NATURAL QUIET.**

*Fact.* The overriding park mandate codified in the 2006 revision of the NPS Management Policies states, "...when there is a conflict between use and conservation, the protection of resources will be predominant." This in keeping with the legal foundation of the Organic Act of 1916 which established the National Park Service and the fundamental purpose of our national



parks “...to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.”

Even the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia concurred that, “Limiting the number of visitors at a given time in a national park is a standard measure used to protect park resources...and its application to the resource of ‘natural quiet’ is not unreasonable.” (*United States Air Tour Association v. FAA, with Grand Canyon Trust, Intervenors*). The bottom line is the fundamental management directive for our national park system—resource protection comes first in order to prevent impairment and/or derogation of park resources and values.

These are *our* national parks—they belong to the American people for current and future generations to enjoy. Close to 30,000 of us weighed in with comments on the Draft EIS on the Special Flight Rules in the Vicinity of Grand Canyon National Park, and the majority were passionate in their desire to substantially restore natural quiet. It is our duty as the protectors of Grand Canyon to support Grand Canyon National Park in its efforts to restore natural quiet by participating in the EIS process and insisting that it move forward.

We, the people who love Grand Canyon, must actively protect the value that has become so incredibly rare in the incessant cacophony of our daily lives—natural quiet, the absence of manmade sound. Many of you know what that means—you’ve experienced natural quiet firsthand and it has enriched your life. Wouldn’t you like your children and your grandchildren to have that same opportunity? It’s up to us to make it happen...

*Lynn Hamilton*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, GCRG

## Back Of The Boat— The Whale Foundation

### 10TH ANNUAL WING DING WAS A HUGE SUCCESS

OVER 500 PEOPLE CAME out the night of February 25TH to make the 10TH annual Wing Ding the second largest fundraiser in the Whale Foundation’s history. Thanks to all for coming but a special thanks goes out to all of our sponsors, donors, supporting businesses, and volunteers who made it great. A get down on all fours and howl at the moon thank you to the committee members, Alida Dierker, Ann-Marie Bringhurst, Laura Fallon, and Bronze Black who volunteered so much time and effort this year. Great job!

### GTS 9TH ANNUAL HEALTHY FAIR

Once again, Wyatt Woodard put together a cast of doctors, nurses, and therapists that made the Health Fair a success. Thank you to all our volunteers.

Approximately seventy guides spoke with our providers 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, skin cancer, and physical therapy advice. Additional thanks go to Sonora Quest Labs, Northern Arizona Radiology, and Hatch River Expeditions.

If you are a member of the boating community and are uninsured or underinsured and you missed out on the Health Fair, there is still opportunity to receive some of the above screenings. This program is continually evolving and we are hoping to offer more of these services in the future. Please contact Dan Hall with any questions concerning the Whale Foundation’s physical health support services.

### WHALE FOUNDATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The 2012 Board of Directors includes: Bronze Black, Ann-Marie Bringhurst, John Crowley, Scott Davis, Dave Edwards, Laura Fallon, Bert Jones, Trevor Lagers, John Napier, Pat Rose, Christa Sadler, Tracy Scott, Derik Spice. Thanks to these committed individuals for donating their considerable talents and time to the support of 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!

*Dan Hall*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

# Food For Thought And Life

*Let food be thy medicine and medicine be thy food.*  
—Hippocrates, 460-377 B.C.

**H**OW MANY OF THE FOODS that you eat would you also consider medicine? What about your first sandwich of the year? Was the homemade bread piled high with fresh lettuce from someone's garden and locally grown meat? Do you ever crave a salad full of raw vegetables after a river trip? Rest assured, you probably won't want to give up bacon forever, but perhaps you crave something more. These cravings are our body's way of asking for nutrients.

Our food *is* our medicine. However, we humans living in today's world are presented with the challenge of recognizing what is food and what is not. For our ancestors, it was obvious. Everything they ate came from their garden or from their neighbors. Let's take a closer look at what Hippocrates, father of modern medicine, might have been telling us when he started the oldest recorded health food craze in 400 B.C. (Not really.)

I believe one part of what he was telling us is that we are our own best doctor. Who knows our bodies better than us? We can radically shift the health and wellness, and the course of "dis-ease", in our bodies just by paying attention to what we eat. Simple changes can offer the body just the support it needs at a critical moment when it is trying to fight off a staph infection or gobble up a cancer cell. The key is support. How can we support our body in maintaining good health? This article is dedicated to learning more about how to support the body through food.

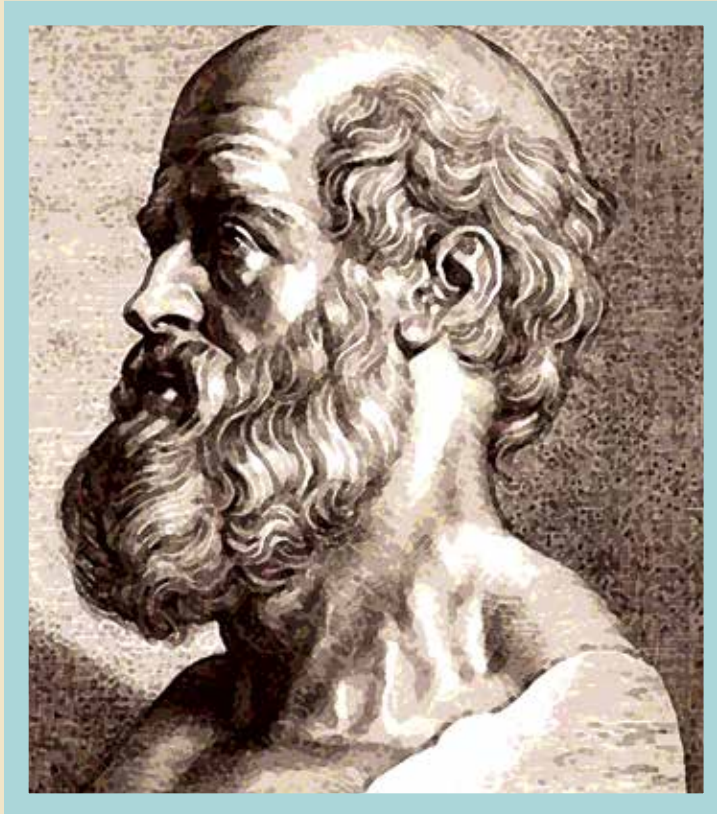
First, eat food. What foods? Michael Pollan, author

of *The Omnivore's Dilemma* (great book), recommends a few ways to increase the likelihood that you are eating actual food. He says to eat anything that your great-great grandmother would recognize. Did crackers, chips and packaged cookies exist then? Shop the perimeter (a bag of Fritos is helpful for this). Avoid packaged food. If you eat packaged food, find the foods that contain the least amount of ingredients (amazingly, Fritos contain only three ingredients and are gluten free).

Make sure you can pronounce the ingredients. If you can't, look them up and find out more about them. Most ingredients are added to packaged food to extend the shelf life and these ingredients are wreaking havoc in our bodies. Eat whole foods. Eat things like rice, oats, quinoa (ninety year old grandmas in the Andes eat this), nuts, vegetables and beans. Buy a pressure cooker. Throw away your microwave (or use it for target practice). Make your own version of processed foods so you can completely avoid preservatives *and* eat

comfort food. Have you ever made homemade macaroni and cheese? It's a pain in the @!% but it tastes good. Health food does not have to taste bad. In fact it often tastes as good as bacon. (Not really.) Remember, just eat food. You will feel a difference.

Second, eat gobs of enzymes, vitamins and minerals. Without them, our brains can't tell the eyes to blink. Our thyroid glands can't make the hormones that regulate mood and metabolism. Our muscles can't maintain the strength to row boats. Every body process requires enzymes, vitamins and/or minerals. Where do we get those? You got it, from our food,



Hippocrates lived over 2000 years ago. He was a physician in ancient Greece and his therapies were based on "the healing power of nature."  
He looks like a boatman!!!!



because our bodies do not produce them (there are a few exceptions). Eating fruits and vegetables is a good start. Eating local food from farmer's markets is even better because the food was probably picked that day and still has a heartbeat. Try this: eat something alive at every meal. (Note: bread, meat, cheese and canned food do not qualify.) We are talking fruits and vegetables, fresh ones. Cooked food has lost many of its enzymes because heat breaks them down. When we eat fresh or lightly steamed food, we are feeding our cells a dose of enzymes and micronutrients. Organic foods have more enzymes because they are typically grown in richer soils. If you just can't get enough fresh food in your diet, go for a super dose by drinking freshly pressed carrot or green juice or add one tablespoon of green slime (spirulina) to your morning smoothie. This is medicine. (Note: Pink slime is not medicine.)

Third, avoid toxins. Many of the toxins that we are exposed to are found in our food. Food preservatives, food dyes and chemically derived ingredients that are added to our food cause cancer. Many people disagree (corporations are people too!) but the evidence is there. To avoid these toxins, we have to read the ingredients list. Anything with a chemical-like name is a chemical, and that means it is created in a laboratory. The body cannot recognize these substances. This means the liver will have to spend precious energy to neutralize them and the immune system will divert energy towards ridding the body of these substances. Food dyes are especially toxic. Avoid them. They are everywhere. If you buy processed foods, read the labels. Seek out the brands that do not contain preservatives, additives and dyes. Remember, they cause cancer and a whole host of other illnesses and being sick is scary. Consider investing in health insurance in a different way by buying organic produce to avoid pesticides and herbicides. (A side note: if you or someone you know has cancer, there is an ancient cancer tea called Essiac that is worth checking out. Email me and I will send you some information.)

Fourth, try to eat lightly. Did you know that the stomach can swell to eight times its normal size after a large meal? Think Thanksgiving. We all know what this feels like. This ill feeling is because the body is overloaded by the task of digestion. It is times like this when illness takes hold. If we overeat habitually, the body uses all of its enzymes and reserves to digest food and has nothing left for fighting rogue cells (like cancer) and foreign invaders (bacteria, virus, etc). In fact, the more we eat, the more free radicals that the body has to neutralize. Think anti-oxidants.

Finally, listen to your body. It is a challenge to remember that a sharp pain in our abdomen or

indigestion is the body trying to get our attention. Consider these messages from the body after eating. If you have pain in your belly after eating, this is probably gas. This is a signal from the body that you need digestive enzymes or have possible "allergies" to those foods. If you have reflux, you can try taking Betain HCl, which is hydrochloric acid, for three to six weeks. This will provide enough acid for the body to break down food into its parts so that it can then begin manufacturing its own HCl once again (from our food). Probiotics are also good. Always take a complete bottle of probiotics following any round of antibiotics to reset the good bacteria in the gut. Eating is much more fun when the good guys are alive and well.

Our ancestors knew about the power of food.

*The best doctor gives the least medicines.*

—Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790

*The doctor of the future will give no medication, but will interest his patients in the care of the human frame, diet and in the cause and prevention of disease.*

—Thomas A Edison, 1847–1931

*Each person carries his own doctor inside him. They [patients] come to us not knowing that truth. We are at our best when we give the doctor who resides within each patient a chance to go to work.*

—Albert Schweitzer, 1875–1965

Be well and healthy. Remember to find a health practitioner to help you—one you like and who will support therapies that you feel are right for *your body*. When we listen to our bodies and figure out a course of action, we can radically shift the path of "dis-ease" and healing. Hippocrates knew this over 2000 years ago when he said, "Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases." Sometimes we have to take radical action. What? No meat, cheese or beer for six months? If something serious is going on, make radical changes for a short period of time. You are likely to see a difference. Call or email me anytime for a free consultation about natural healing approaches. Your questions help me learn. My email is Kristin.Huisinga@nau.edu and my phone number is 575-536-3274. Thank you.

*Kristin Harned*

## Conflict—A Key Ingredient For Creating Harmony

RIVER SEASON IS RIGHT AROUND the corner and it seems like a good time to think about how we deal with some of the things that come up on our trips. Conflict creating harmony? Before you think we're getting too groovy on you, read on.

C'mon, this is a river trip, right? We usually try to avoid conflict on river trips. In fact, a lot of us try to avoid it in everyday life as well. But conflicts arise, on the river and up in Telephone Land, and understanding how to deal with them when they arise is an important skill. How many of us haven't been on a trip where there was some form of conflict, large or small? Maybe you really disagree with the TL, or one of the guides is being a jerk. Maybe it's a guest on your trip that just won't get with the program no matter what you say. Maybe the conflict is between two guests.

Think about how you deal with these conflicts when they occur. Do you like to make waves? Are you a peacemaker at any cost? Do you just ignore it and then go vent with your pards on the boat? Do you argue or do you just stuff it all and seethe on the inside until something happens to make you explode? I used to be one of the seethers, but it never felt like the conflict was ever resolved, more like it just reabsorbed into my body, waiting for the next conflict, when it would pop back out in full force so that now I was reacting to two issues, instead of the one at hand.

Why is dealing with conflict so challenging? There are tons of reasons. Some of us avoid conflict because we have only seen it make things worse and never better. Some of us charge into conflict and don't seem to care if things do get worse. We have probably all done both.

The thing is: if we don't learn how to bridge our differences and effectively deal with conflicts in our lives, we keep building walls. And that leaves us with a river trip where guests know that something isn't right among the guides. Or a guest who is really unhappy. Or a guide venting to his or her crew or sweetie at home about how awful something was. And instead of the most amazing river trip ever, in the most amazing place ever, it becomes a job, and maybe not a very enjoyable one at that.

So how do we manage conflict when it arises, whether on a river trip or at home? Maybe it's something that needs to wait until you're off the river and things aren't so raw. But at some point it's probably good to deal with it or it may just crop up again and again. This brings us to a process called Active Listening. Active listening is a pretty basic concept and the

idea is really simple. But it can be hard to do, especially if you are in the middle of a conflict. So start by waiting until you are sure that you can really listen and be present in a conversation before you approach that other person.

You know how sometimes you are in a conversation with someone and it seems like you or they are just waiting for a pause in the conversation to jump in with your own (or their own) story, advice, thoughts, opinions, etc.? That seems to happen really easily in a conflict situation, where both people feel the need to be "right" and to justify their sides. But active listening is a very different process, and requires the presence of empathy (which is different from sympathy).

Dr. Marisue Pickering from the University of Maine outlined four characteristics of empathic listeners:

1. The desire to focus on the other person's concerns (rather than projecting one's own feelings and ideas onto the other person).
2. The desire to be non-defensive, rather than to protect one's self and one's opinions.
3. The desire to imagine what might be going on with the other person, rather than assuming one knows.
4. The desire to listen as a receiver and not as a critic, and to really understand the other person rather than to change them or even to reach an agreement. (I think this is critical. Sometimes, there may not be an agreement, but that's not always the point.)

So imagine trying a situation you've had on the river or at home. You might approach the person with whom you're having a disagreement and ask them to share their concerns and about the issue. Don't interpret for them. ("You're pissed off at me because of what happened last night, aren't you?") Let that person tell you what's up. As a listener, your job is simply to do that, to listen. Make eye contact. Use body language that encourages the speaker (sitting forward, keeping your hands open, arms uncrossed, etc.). Stay silent except for minimal verbal encouragement if needed ("Go on." "I see." Things like that). The most important thing is to follow the speaker's train of thought. Don't sit there waiting for a pause to jump in, formulating your argument. Wait until that person is really and truly done.

This can be hard, especially if you perceive that person is attacking you, but that's where the characteristics of empathic listeners outlined above come in. Try and really put yourself in their shoes. If it's a passenger, try to imagine what he or she may be feeling or going



though. Is he really out of his element? Scared? Worried for family? Just feeling out of control? If it's your TL, imagine what it's like to try and make all the decisions and run a trip with a bunch of guides who are all pretty independent and experienced themselves. If it's your guides, imagine what it is like to be an independent, experienced guide and to have someone making the decisions that you might not make.

If you're the person speaking, don't attack. Focus on the events or the "facts" rather than making it personal. Don't assume that you "know" what's going on with that person. Use "I" statements instead of "you." Avoid using absolutes, like "always" or "never." Take responsibility for your own emotions, instead of passing them off onto the other person (like, "You really piss me off").

Everyone gets a chance to talk, but it's really important to let each person finish before the next one talks. It may take two minutes; it may take ten. Don't rush it and don't interrupt.

One of the most important features of this kind of communication for conflict resolution is the resolution part. At the end of a conversation, each person should have an idea of something that can be done to help resolve the situation, some action that each person can take. "Would you be willing to...?" Or, "How about if we agree to..."

Try and remember the bottom line. If you're on a river trip, probably that bottom line is the health of the trip and the safety of the guests. If you're home or at work, the bottom line will be something different. You might think it's about whether or not the other person is just a jerk, but that's usually not the issue. Here's an example: I once worked with a guy whose personal-

ity just did not mesh with mine. We seemed to clash at every turn and it got so that I couldn't say or do anything without him disagreeing in front of passengers, guides, etc. I was pissed off. I thought the bottom line was that he was a jerk, but when I finally sat down to talk to him about it, I realized that the situation was compromising both my ability to lead the trip, and the quality of the trip for the guests, and that's the bottom line for me. When I was able to express this to him (rather than saying, "You're a jerk, stop it."), he was able to understand me a little better and vice versa. He felt my decisions were arbitrary and uninformed. I needed to explain them to him. Sure, you might say that the TL shouldn't have to explain decisions, but that's what he needed.

Now, I'd like to say that we got to be the best of friends and we're great working partners now, but that's not the case. Our personalities still don't mesh, but the deal we have is that he discusses these things in private with me. He needs me to explain my decisions; I need him to accept them. It works with a little communication.

Okay, so what if the other person you're dealing with doesn't have any idea about active listening and they are just raring for a fight. Well, then it's up to you to be courageous and be kind. Not easy, but absolutely worth the effort. Probably a lot of conflicts could have been avoided altogether or at least resolved more quickly if at least one party was willing to take a deep breath and listen. Something I always try and remember, although I don't always get it down perfectly:

*Just because I'm angry, doesn't mean I'm right.*

*Christa Sadler and Burt Gershater*

## Adopt-A-Beach Needs More Stewards

THE ADOPT-A-BEACH repeat photography project is a volunteer, "citizen science" program where participants photograph a beach or two on each Grand Canyon trip to assess changes caused by dam flows and other factors. We still have a few camps anxiously waiting to pose for their portraits. Your photos

will be added to an impressive gallery. Cameras and all materials needed are provided. You can join our list of esteemed and respected photographers by contacting Lynn at the GCRG office: [gcrg@infomagic.net](mailto:gcrg@infomagic.net) or 928-773-1075. Thanks for being a river steward!

# Art Gallenson



I had the good fortune of being in the zone when there were just a few river runners, like maybe ten at a time, total, in the canyon. In that time, I ended up helping bury Emery Kolb, among other things; stayed at Emery's house. He was a big individual emphasis in my life. When you go and you think that the Kolb brothers are dead, then you find out one of 'em's alive and still giving his talk, it's pretty important to learn a lesson from that. That lesson is go out and search these old codgers down, and some of 'em will show up; and you get 'em before they have their strokes or their whatever, because I wasn't an old codger a year ago, now I am. [*Art has Parkinson's Disease, which is taking its toll.*]

I met the first river runner that I knew, which was Ken Sleight—he was 29 when I was seventeen. Ken took Art Fenstermaker, Ron Smith and myself down Desolation and Grey in this very same week, essentially Easter week comin' up. Then Ken needed some help putting together a trip in Glen Canyon, so the next year we helped him with Glen Canyon. And one

or two trips a year then was a year's work. I mean, that was all you got. But that was okay, they were expeditions then, they weren't tours.

July of '60 we put in at Hite, and we went from Hite downriver, and Fenstermaker and I, on that first trip, were together. I remember getting some clear water out of one of the springs that was at the top of Hite. The place was so thick with mosquitoes you could cut 'em with a knife—in the tamarisk growing there. But anyway, we jumped in the back of the truck and went up from Hite to Crossing of the Fathers, and from Crossing of the Fathers we went up to Glen Canyon and stood on the bridge. And that bridge was opened that day, because there was a big ceremony down below—700 feet below. They poured the first bucket of cement for Glen Canyon dam that day. I think it was July 16, 1960. Does that sound right?

STEIGER: Yeah, it could be.

GALLENSON: That's your anchor point. And then in '62, we had the high water in Glen Canyon. They were diverting all the other water.



STEIGER: They started backing it up?

GALLENSON: Well, actually, they weren't backing it up per se. It was backed up by the coffer dam. It would fill up the coffer dam to a certain point, and then go out with all the water that was there...But you see, that was before the coffer dams were plugged. You remember that was a deal where they got together and they had to pass water, so to speak, for a while. And they could do that by going through the coffer dams.

STEIGER: I was so young, Art, I wasn't aware of any of that.

GALLENSON: Neither was I, when I stood on that bridge, and I saw that cable and wheel, that bucket goin' down forever, to the bottom...to dump a bucket of cement.

STEIGER: The first one.

GALLENSON: The first one. I realized that that was a big ordeal, and I didn't even know a thing about it. Of course I was in high school, and I was eighteen years old, I think. Is that right? I'm pretty sure the way it works out is that at seventeen I'd gone with Ken as a boatman...somewhere in there, I drove for Ken again. I guess it was the same one.

STEIGER: So you weren't just ridin' along, he made you a boatman at seventeen?

GALLENSON: The next year.

STEIGER: That's a pretty historic thing. What was your impression of Glen Canyon, and what did you feel at the time, watchin' this bucket go down? And Ken Sleight...he must not have been feelin' too good about the dam goin' in right then, huh?

GALLENSON: Well, he was the only one who knew what was goin' on. He had more prior experience. I think he went once with Georgie, and paid her to go, and told her that he was wanting to become an outfitter, and therefore he was payin' her to go downriver because he wanted to see how it was done. That's why you see a lot of things with Ken's name on 'em that are the same as Georgie's and vice-versa, like the triple-rig. You have quite a few incidents of Ken running triple-rigs, because that's what Georgie was running. Did you know about that?

STEIGER: Yeah. I mean, I've heard stories of him and the triple-rig in Cataract. I remember seein' him down there in it, in the Grand Canyon. What was it, three Green Rivers? They had a little motor in the middle, just like Georgie, and oars on the sides. I remember that. Red frame, wasn't it? Red two-by-sixes?

GALLENSON: Georgie's was red, and Ron's was red.

STEIGER: Wasn't Ken's red too?

GALLENSON: Well, I don't know what was his and what was borrowed.

STEIGER: I have this mental picture of...

GALLENSON: Red frames.

STEIGER: Yeah, and seein' him *on* a triple-rig.

GALLENSON: I think somebody published a picture in one of the early publications—not a real publication, but just kind of a quick summary review for some reason. You know, we had a get-together about five years ago of Western River people. That included a lot of people that weren't Western River. Pretty amazing, if you looked at who was what, where, when, because all these lines have been crossed: the lines that used to be if you worked for Western, you were with Western. If you worked for Georgie, you were with Georgie. You looked at a person, you could tell who they were, and who they worked for, by the color of their frames. Western was yellow, right?

STEIGER: Uh-huh.

GALLENSON: That was helpful when delivering messages from the sky later on.

STEIGER: Which I guess you did a lot of? [*Art was chief pilot for many years for Lake Mead Air, founded by Earl Leseberg.*]

GALLENSON: Yeah, I did a fair amount—particularly for Sanderson and that gang, up from Page. Bill Diamond. (pause) So 1960 was the year they poured the first bucket of cement. I think that's the way it goes.

STEIGER: Had Ken figured out the timing? Was it deliberate that you were there for that, or did that just sort of happen?

GALLENSON: Just happened.

STEIGER: And the reason you had to take out at Crossing of the Fathers was because there wasn't any gettin' through—you couldn't just go down to Lees Ferry anymore, because they had it all blocked off?

GALLENSON: Right. You got out fifty miles above the dam site, about. They called it Crossing of the Fathers, but it was really...The Crossing of the Fathers had been changed as far as where the real crossing was. The real crossing was downriver, near the dam site. Have you ever hiked up from Lees Ferry to the top there?

STEIGER: Yeah, the Spencer Trail.

GALLENSON: We're talkin' about the same one. Upstream of there, they started down the river, and then they went upstream and got up on top on that solid sandstone. They made their way to go across the river. I think when they did some of the crossing, they did it by swimming horses. I got that impression.

We got out usually at Crossing of the Fathers, and then it was fifty miles back to Wahweap by truck. And then Ruth Baker, who had the lodge at Cliff Dwellers fixed up a big nice dinner out of watermelon and stuff like that. I never forgot it, obviously, because it was such a cool thing, temperature-wise, and such an appealing

way to end the trip—watermelon and cantaloupe and stuff like that—lots of it!

STEIGER: Who all was on this one trip where you saw the bucket go down?

GALLENSON: Well, it was just a group of families, as far as I knew. There was no special person with regards to the people aboard.

With Ken, it was kind of funny, because our first trip...and Ken's a very good friend of mine, but he has...Like you never have an outboard motor that worked with Ken. He had a Champion that didn't work the last time it was on the boat. A Champion that was on the spare motor list didn't work either. So you'd end up rowing. One day...Whitey and Georgie and Sanderson had made a deal—Sanderson probably gave Whitey enough money to buy a bottle of booze for this boat they had...But anyway, Ken had borrowed a boat that Sanderson used to own, called the *Gray Ghost*—you ever hear of that?

STEIGER: I heard of that from Wolf. Remember Don Paulsen? Wolf said those guys had got it from Whitey and really pissed Georgie off.

GALLENSON: Because he probably gave away the boat for...

STEIGER: I think they said they won it from him in a poker game, which I don't know if they did or not.

GALLENSON: Similar. The stories add together. So that part's corroborated more or less. That was a ten-man...But anyway, on the *Gray Ghost*, Ken had to borrow a boat because he had a boat self-disintegrate, essentially. And he needed to get rigged out before noon departure at Lees Ferry. And so they brought this *Gray Ghost* up that they had apparently got from the bottle of whiskey, and pumped it up, and pumped it up, and then there was a slight explosion as Bill Belknap would say. (laughter) The *Gray Ghost* let go, and it sounded like a cannon, "Ka-whop!" (slaps hands together) And that's all I know about the *Gray Ghost*. I was there. That was the end of that boat.

\* \* \*

*Sandy, Utah, where Art Gallenson still lives today, is pretty much a suburb of Salt Lake City anymore, but while driving through it with Art and his brother Steve during this interview an inescapable realization sprang to mind: this one little town basically spawned half the Grand Canyon pioneers on the Utah side. Ron Smith, the entire Quist family, and the Gallensons grew up there, as did Art Fenstermaker and several others. Pete Gibbs still lives there too.*

*Art Gallenson was introduced to river-running by*

*Ken Sleight and Georgie White. He worked early on for Jack Currey and Ron Smith and, later, Earl Leseberg of Lake Mead Air. This Adopt-a-Boatman interview was conducted in March of 2009—kind of after the horse was already out the barn door—as Art would say. But even though Parkinson's Disease and the medications Art was taking for it made it hard to concentrate, he still, with a lot of effort on his part, managed to serve up some evocative imagery and worthwhile insights.*

\* \* \*

GALLENSON: First trip in Grand Canyon was actually my second trip river running. The first trip was Ken Sleight. Second trip, through Grand Canyon, was with Georgie, as a customer. Third trip and fourth trip were with Ron. And then would be one trip with Hatch and one trip with...(long pause) Why didn't we do this last year? There's a frustration in bringing part of this up, and even going over it for a day and night, off and on.

STEIGER: I would just like to hear the circumstances of that first Grand Canyon trip you did: what Georgie was like, what the boats were like?

GALLENSON: Okay. Well, Georgie was hauling people down the river, so to speak, not trying to give up to their...most wanton needs of food and shelter and everything nice. Instead, everything was pretty rough. The triple-rig, which was Georgie's design (along with a carpenter), was used as a small boat and also as a large boat. The large one using 28-foot-long closed-bottom boats. And then the middle boat of that was a thirty-three. So you had side rails...Let's talk about the 33-foot-long boat first of all. There was a center rail of 33 feet, and the backs were cut out so they'd be self-bailing. That was the middle boat. The outside boats were 28 feet. They set in on the center boats. The outside boats—in other words, Boats one and three—held water, and therefore she put somebody back there to bail it.

STEIGER: Oh my God. Was that you guys?

GALLENSON: No. On that it was—I remember there was a fella that made the list of river miles and what occurred on so many river miles. His name was Mack McCullough. And there was another fella named Arnold Blocking. They were both in their late sixties. They were kind of appointed to be there, although they weren't paid to be there. Then there were two Los Angeles firemen along, as well, as crew members. So you had two official crew members, two unofficial crew members, Georgie, Mac, and Arnold. That was your crew for one set of boats. And then for the small set of boats, the idea of the small set was that you



could drop one set of boats into the middle of the other, and even if the whole boat went over, you wouldn't have a person trapped under the boat. We saw lots of double flips, so to speak. But it's true that I've never seen a person trapped under a triple-rig.

**STEIGER:** When you say double flip, the downstream would fold over onto the middle boat?

Or no, would it be the upstream boat...?

**GALLENSON:** The upstream boat would be pulled under.

**STEIGER:** How would you undo something like that, once that happened?

**GALLENSON:** You'd pull it to shore eventually, and pull it straight up.

**STEIGER:** And you saw that happen more than once?

**GALLENSON:** More than once. It was common, though not an occurrence that you'd see every time, but it was common.

**STEIGER:** I guess those boats fillin' up with water didn't help matters?

**GALLENSON:** They could get pretty heavy. Now, the other thing that happens is that if you tie one of those pipe rig—you know, they used pipe about six inches long to put the oar against and pull on it—you had to be very careful of that pipe, that you didn't get impaled by it.

**STEIGER:** I imagine in the big water things were pretty violent, too, sometimes?

**GALLENSON:** They were.

**STEIGER:** And that second trip you did, with Georgie—so now we're talkin' '61? Or '60?

**GALLENSON:** No, I didn't do a second trip with Georgie.

**STEIGER:** Well, I mean your first Grand Canyon trip, that's 1961, just to nail that down?

**GALLENSON:** Well, we want to nail down the Hatch trip as the second trip, with 65 people. Sierra Club.



**STEIGER:** Save the Grand Canyon?

**GALLENSON:** Right. Sixty-three [1963] probably... You probably don't recall, but on the back of Ron's truck he wrote, "Save Grand Canyon."

**STEIGER:** What did you think of all that at the time?

**GALLENSON:** Oh, I'd been taught if you don't believe in something, write it down and send

a letter off to your congressman. And so I did. And they got more involved.

**STEIGER:** Before we get away from it, just to go back to this Georgie thing, the outside boats took in water, and people had to bail those?

**GALLENSON:** In the rear.

**STEIGER:** That must have just taken forever.

**GALLENSON:** It did. They hit the shore, and slop, slop, slop, slop, slop, for a half hour you'd hear.

**STEIGER:** So they were bailin' all the time?

**GALLENSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** All day long?

**GALLENSON:** That was a necessity until about a half hour after you hit shore. And then there was a dry bottom to the boat, essentially, which has its advantage.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. What do you remember about Georgie, how she treated you, and how her and Ron got along, and stuff like that?

**GALLENSON:** I think she and Ron got along. Georgie said about me that I was impulsive, which I agreed with, because when I was at Deubendorff—Deubenoff, as she would call it—Or no, at Tapeats Creek: we were bringing the boats in to do some hikes on the river, pretty big tourist attraction, if you want to use today's terms. And one boat, one of the firemen, or one of the official guys, tied a rope around the oarlock, and then was gonna pull the thing in. He let go of it, and it went flying, and the boat was too heavy, because it'd been pulled under by the upstream water, and so you can imagine like that being maybe several thousand



May, 1963 at Gateway Canyon.

second-feet going through that boat.

**STEIGER:** Oh man!

**GALLENSON:** So when I got clear of the boats—I shouldn't have done it, but I did—I leaped and swam for shore. Now, I can't swim. That's because of the polio confusion that existed. They'd closed a couple of public plunges in Salt Lake City, due to polio [and my mom never would let me learn to swim]. So I was out in the water with this knowledge of an eighteen-year-old of the river, and 90,000 second-feet coming into the Narrows there. I got to shore and I remember the term "a drowning person will reach for a twig." You do reach for twigs. When the river's cloudy and dark, then as soon as you get that far under, you don't know if you're upside down or right-side up. The next morning they went over and pulled me up off the camp I'd camped on, with nothing for heat, nothing for a stay, just spent the night exposed on the beach.

**STEIGER:** Because you'd been swept down?

**GALLENSON:** Well, I was swept down with the boat that was broken. And I had a twisted ankle from several days before.

**STEIGER:** So the upstream boat broke loose?

**GALLENSON:** No, it got over towards the shore, and this one fireman tied the boat off, which seemed fine. Until it started to catch water. This guy cut the rope

on the boat, and I went out, following the boat. There were fifty people on that trip, roughly. They had two sets of small boats and one set of big boats. I'm pretty sure that's the way it went.

**STEIGER:** So did you go *after* the boat?

**GALLENSON:** No, I didn't.

**STEIGER:** You were just with it, you were on it?

**GALLENSON:** I was near it.

**STEIGER:** Ok, and the fireman got a turn around the oar post, and the upstream boat got sucked down, filled up with water...?

**GALLENSON:** And they cut it loose.

**STEIGER:** And you were on it?

**GALLENSON:** Standing, with a sprained ankle.

**STEIGER:** And away you and the boat went?

**GALLENSON:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** So you jumped in and tried to swim to shore?

**GALLENSON:** Yeah, I didn't want to go through Ta-peats and the Narrows and all of that.

**STEIGER:** And this is at 90,000 or somethin' like that? So it's just honking. And how far down did you get swept?

**GALLENSON:** Right down to the head of the Narrows.

**STEIGER:** Oh my God. Did you have a life jacket on?

**GALLENSON:** Yes—big one, thank heavens. Georgie



didn't skimp on lifejackets.

STEIGER: And then you spent the night there by yourself?

GALLENSON: By myself. I just had a pair of swimming trunks.

STEIGER: So how did you get to shore finally?

GALLENSON: Well, I knew the motions for swimming, but I also knew that the only difference between swimming and drowning was holding your breath. (laughter) If you turned over and faced up, you could get an idea where right-side up is. But you didn't know until you turned over. And with dirty, dirty, filthy dirty water, you can't see anyway, it's all black. Yeah, soon as you're under, you're out of touch with the real world. But again, I say, I know where the term "drowning men reach for straws"...I was reaching for anything.

STEIGER: It's lucky you even got out. Was the water pretty cold?

GALLENSON: Yeah, it was about 42 [degrees] or something like that. Mac McCullough carried a thermometer. But it was cold.

STEIGER: So you get to shore...?

GALLENSON: Shivering.

STEIGER: And the boat that you were on disappeared?

GALLENSON: That disappeared, along with the stuff it had aboard. It went down the river, and what caught it about ten miles later was a knot in the bow line. That's the second time I've seen a knot in a bow line catch a boat. I think it was put there deliberately. I think that's one of those things you see, but you don't see. In other words, a fireman maybe wanted it there, and Georgie didn't. But anyway, it had a knot in the bow line, and that bow line got caught between two rocks. It was gold line—pretty good stuff, seven-eighths inch.

STEIGER: Now, you got to shore on the right?

GALLENSON: On the left, going down.

STEIGER: Oh man. Right above that helicopter eddy place?

GALLENSON: As it later became.

STEIGER: You went clear across the river?

GALLENSON: Yeah, across the river, and when I hit the Narrows, it pulled me to the south side—thank heavens, because I didn't have anything to do with it...We were right at the base of the Tapeats Rapid, and they thought they could pull that boat up, and that boat had a lot of the food and general supplies. There were two little triple-rigs and one big one. But the little ones usually had the personal gear aboard. It was all in river bags in the center, too. So anyway, it was a cold night.

STEIGER: Okay, so you're on this little boat, the boat gets sucked down, it busts loose, they cut the line, and the boat's goin'? You jump in right there, you're tryin'

to get back to shore on the right?

GALLENSON: Right.

STEIGER: Doesn't happen? You just go on down. And now the current's taking you wherever and it takes you clear across the river?

GALLENSON: That's right.

STEIGER: And you get in just before the Narrows?

GALLENSON: Right.

STEIGER: Boy. So there you were, and everybody else just went about their business, hiked up to Thunder?

GALLENSON: The next day they hiked up to Thunder.

STEIGER: So you were there for how long before they came down to you?

GALLENSON: They came...not down, over...because I walked up as far as I could walk. I was able to get up above the rapid, and they sent the small triple-rig that was left, across over to get me. So I was probably alone with the river between us, between eight, I'd say, at night, or seven at night, somewhere around there, 'til about nine the next morning. I mean, I could see them plain as could be, but that river was not to be messed with.

STEIGER: Did they see you?

GALLENSON: Oh yeah.

STEIGER: So they knew you were all right? It wasn't like they just shrugged their shoulders and said...?

GALLENSON: There was a guy on the trip who was a semaphore man, and we talked about it a little bit, and I used to teach semaphore in Boy Scouts. You recall that the Kolbs used semaphore. So I used semaphore, but I used gobs of sand. I think what I said was, "I'm okay," which was true, "No injuries. Keep on your path," or whatever it was. And their path was to go up. They sent one boat over—and the rest, the big boat, they loaded doubly with the contents of the little boat. The first thing they did was cook some food...I've got that picture in there, that shows me on the beach, on the north side, after the pickup. I probably ought to go through—like it's on the second or third page of [indicates scrapbooks at hand].

STEIGER: And you kept on river running after that? (laughter)

GALLENSON: Yeah. Shows you how smart you are.

STEIGER: Was Ron Smith on that trip too?

GALLENSON: No. He went down Cataract with Georgie the same year. I'm tryin' to remember. The reason I know he went down Cataract with her was because we finished school, graduated, and ran up to Moab to drop Ron off to work for Georgie. That was his first trip as a paid boatman with her.

STEIGER: Now, did he have it in his mind then that that's what he was gonna do?

GALLENSON: I think he told her he'd like to do it.

STEIGER: To work?

GALLENSON: Yeah, and Dick McCallum liked Ron, so he kind of helped shoehorn that.

STEIGER: But McCallum...he was already workin' for Georgie, because he's from California, right? Wasn't he?

GALLENSON: I think so—Long Beach or something.

STEIGER: So Ron went to work for Georgie. Was he gonna go to college, get a career? How did that turn out, that he and Dick decided they wanted to have a river company?

GALLENSON: Well, I think Dick had talked about it. I kind of get the idea that if you could get a permit, which was a special use permit at that time, you were free to start your own company. And every trip had to be permitted, because it was a National Park Service border land deal. I can't speak for Dick or Ron, but I know Dick and Ron were going to essentially start a partnership.

STEIGER: But you...?

GALLENSON: I went to work for Currey.

STEIGER: You did? As a boatman? Grand Canyon?

GALLENSON: As a boatman. Actually, I was the only person that had been through Grand Canyon that worked for Western. Let's see, I'm trying to remember when that was. I used the term that Grand Canyon used to be an expedition, not a tour. Well, the...Big Drop was the big draw thing in those days. So that didn't fully fulfill that concept of an expedition, not a tour, but it was short-lived. In other words, Cataract, things happened fast, and it was over with, even though it was twice as far down then as it is now. You know, the whitewater section was twice as hard. And so they could have a whitewater trip if they wanted it in the Canyonlands area. And then in the Grand Canyon they could have anything they wanted. In Glen Canyon it's navigable water all the way. It's considered navigable. So nothing was holding them back, other than money.

STEIGER: And it didn't take that much to do it, did it?

GALLENSON: Well, I don't know. I'll always remember when I was getting ready to go somewhere—Lees Ferry, I guess—for Ron, and I had a two-ton truck full of lifejackets and gear and food and whatever. Ron stood up on the running board and he said to me, "Now be careful, you've got everything I own in this truck." (laughter)

\* \* \*

STEIGER: What was Currey like to work for?

GALLENSON: "Well, men, let's do this." And we'd do it. I mean, he took a very positive approach to it. But

he'd get some things goin', and then he'd go get some other things goin', so that it all fell together as a river trip. And he was in the middle of it, and he worked as hard as anybody. When I first met Jack—have you ever seen his arms?

STEIGER: I did an interview with him, and I talked to him, but he had been out of it for quite some time.

GALLENSON: Well, his arms wouldn't have changed.

STEIGER: He was in street clothes. Arms didn't jump out at me. But I saw that movie on the Grijalva. It was Paul Thevenin's copy, I saw the figure that he cut there. I guess that's what you're talkin' about. I mean, he looked like kind of a...

GALLENSON: Popeye.

STEIGER: To me, there was that cartoon strip...was it "Rex Armstrong" or something like that? I mean, he kinda looked like a hero character just right out of a comic book—just looked like Superman, he really did.

GALLENSON: See, he played handball every day, back then. I said, "Jesus, is this what you have to be to make it workable, or is there some way you can use your mind to help your body move the boat around the river?" So anyway, Jack was very...he was in there with the best of 'em, kickin' butt so to speak.

STEIGER: Yeah, that was a remarkable thing he accomplished.

GALLENSON: Quickly.

\* \* \*

STEIGER: To come back to your off-the-river career, the other thing we need to touch on too, is your whole flying career. You're a pilot too, and a big part of your career was working with Earl Leseberg, with his company, right, in a kind of a supervisory...but also flying capacity? Am I right on that?

GALLENSON: I flew during the day and organized during the late afternoon for the next day's flying. "Chief Pilot" was the official job. What Earl did is his son went to work for Western Airlines at about twenty years old. And Earl said he had somebody that was interested in buying the business, and "I'm gonna either sell it to him or you're gonna come run it." That's how I got involved in Lake Mead Air. Lake Mead Air had a total of 38 years of flying without hurting a person. And that's because of close, close supervision, mostly Earl. We'd fly, he'd watch and fly. When he'd say, "Babysit," you had to babysit. You know every minute you've got new pilots, and every minute that they're within sight of your airport, or in our case where Bruce London or one of those pilots that had been long-timers with us, would report if there was something going on wrong. "How'd you know that we did



this or did that?” “Oh, because we have our ways.”

**STEIGER:** It's interesting to hear you talk about the safety record, just because in my mind, growing up in the river business, Earl Leseberg was legendary for being a hairball pilot. I remember seein' him. I remember I was on a trip with Mike Denoyer. I was freelancing on a WhiteWater trip and those guys came in and skipped the ice cream to us at 220. Or no, was I on that trip? I can't remember now. I can't remember now if I was actually on that one, or if I was on another trip and *saw* 'em do it, but I saw ice cream dropped out of a twin-engine airplane, where Earl Leseberg came over, going upstream, turns around, and somehow I understood that that was him, and then kind of zoomed in on the beach and kicked this stuff out at just the right time. It skipped on the water a couple of times and landed on the beach.

**GALLENSON:** That's right. Earl was a dive-bomber pilot.

**STEIGER:** He was?!

**GALLENSON:** Yes.

**STEIGER:** So he knew how to put something where he wanted it. Well it was funny—at the time I didn't really appreciate that, until 1983 they were trying to drop us notes about bein' safe and all this stuff, and I had never seen anybody else try to drop something. They were havin' such a hard time gettin' these notes to us, getting 'em anywhere near us, and it made me really appreciate what it must have taken to be able to put something right exactly where you wanted it. Ev-

erybody tells stories about Leseberg just bein' fearless and flying all over the canyon. I know you were too, because another thing that we saw in your scrapbook is a picture of you with a tail-dragger, with a plane with a short takeoff and landing setup. (Art's pointing to the wall.) This plane has landed on the beach, and it's lower Grand Canyon, and the plane's there on a sandbar, down in the canyon. Oh yeah. What I'm lookin' at here... Well no, this is a whole different one. This one...

**GALLENSON:** That's up Merriwittica.

**STEIGER:** Oh man, this is about the middle... Is that the top of the Redwall?

**GALLENSON:** That's the top of the Redwall.

**STEIGER:** And here this plane is, these guys are standing beside it, and there's brush, and this place here isn't anywhere near as flat as that beach down lower was. (laughs)

**GALLENSON:** Same airplane.

**STEIGER:** So here you are, flying these planes, and landing 'em and takin' 'em off in the bottom of the Grand Canyon, and in the middle of the Grand Canyon. Pretty wild. It strikes me that that whole thing is an extraordinary chapter in the history of the canyon, too.

**GALLENSON:** A lot of airplanes.

**STEIGER:** A lot of airplanes, a lot of not very forgiving flying, it seems like. And nobody ever crashed?

**GALLENSON:** That's right.

**STEIGER:** Nobody got hurt. That's pretty good. Actu-



*Working at Lake Mead Air.*



Art and his Super Cub airplane in Lower Granite Gorge in 1982. They were filming places in the canyon to promote his business, Lake Mead Air, for scenic flights in the Grand Canyon. Note the tripod to the side of the plane.

ally, would you just tell me a little bit about Earl as a person? I'd never heard that he was a dive bomber.

**GALLENSON:** Earl actually was in the Army Air Corps at the end of World War II, flying in the Pacific. And he got into the Army Air Corps, and that became the Air Force. But his dad abused alcohol and abused his family. So he lied to get in. You had to be 21 to be a captain of an airplane. He fudged on his age by a year. And he fudged so well that he even forgot the truth. When he went to apply for Social Security, they explained that it didn't apply to him, it was one year different. (laughter) So they nipped him in the bud for one more year. He made it until he was eighty, and he was flying up until he was seventy-something. Anyway, I think you'd say that Earl was a little rough around the edges, but you knew where you stood with him. On aviation, he had an uncanny ability to fly the plane well. I mean

there are people that can fly, and people that are extensions of the airplane. He's an extension of the airplane, and so is his son and his grandson. So if you were to sum up Earl in a quick way, you'd say he was honest to a fault, when it came to flying. And he ran his business like he liked to run anything else. It goes along and does what it's supposed to do, makes a profit, and continued on as a live entity. And if you get down to Boulder City, you'll see some of the continuation.

**STEIGER:** Of Lake Mead Air?

**GALLENSON:** The ground it's on is just a little patch now, compared to the whole piece of ground that was sold. They won't even know who Earl is, unless you get in the right hole. But it sticks out to me.

**STEIGER:** How did you come to fly?

**GALLENSON:** Earl. Well, I wanted to—let's see, how's the best way to say this? I was a captain in the Army



ordinance. I was making more money than I'd ever made before, about \$400 a month. I asked myself what is it you can do, now that you have this income stream, you couldn't do before? And one of the things I could do was learn to fly the way I saw Earl fly...I'd seen Earl several times, but I didn't know much about human beings and flying. I still don't know much about human beings. Anyway, that was the extent of...I said, "I want to fly a tail-dragger, and you've got one. Is there any chance you could teach me to fly?" And he said, "I'd be happy to."

**STEIGER:** Would you describe what it was like havin' him teach you, how he went about that?

**GALLENSON:** Well, first of all, he believed you shouldn't just have one instructor, you should have

several. And anybody that was an instructor that he could find that was tail-dragger qualified would be thrown in the plane with me and take me up so that I'd know how Chuck Rowland would feel, how Earl would feel...Anytime he went somewhere, I'd go with him. And usually I'd go one way or the other with a mask on—you know, an instrument mask. I'd get my instrument cross-country out of the way that way. He was very reasonable on his charges. He was heavy-set, overweight, call it what you want. But that didn't stop him as a pilot. Actually, one of the first things that came up was when I got over there, Earl couldn't qualify as chief pilot because he didn't have an instrument rating. He flew all over the South Pacific in the military, but he didn't have it converted when he came



1982, same trip as previous photo. This was taken in Merrinwhittica Canyon with the Super Cub in the background.

back stateside. So as a consequence, I had my commercial instrument, all the paperwork, and I could qualify as chief pilot as soon as I had enough hours—I think twenty-some odd hours—flying for the corporation. It has to do with FAA paperwork.

**STEIGER:** So you'd had a license before then?

**GALLENSON:** I had a private license. Then I got my commercial and instrument. When I talked to Earl about learning to fly, that was December. One year later, it came to be, with all the paperwork. So that's it in a nutshell, how that confluence happened.

**STEIGER:** But somethin' must have clicked between you guys, or he wouldn't have been asking you to be involved in this operation?

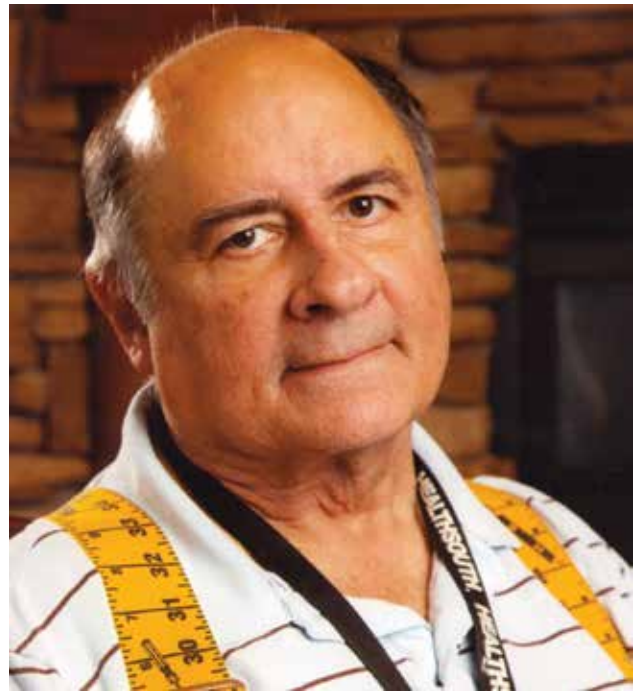
**GALLENSON:** Well, I think the clicking occurred earlier, and I'll tell you what it is, it was Ron Smith. He was with Bill Belknap, and they stopped in and hired Earl to go look at the lower canyon and shoot some pictures and that kind of stuff. So Ron came out as a go-between, I guess.

**STEIGER:** So you guys just struck up a friendship during the course of all this?

**GALLENSON:** You spend a week with somebody, you generally bind up tighter than if you spend once a day for a week, and don't see each other for, say, a year. That's not always the case. That's where John Riffey was pretty neat—no matter now long you met John Riffey for, whether it was a couple of hours or a couple of days or a couple of months, you always had a good feeling when you left him. That was his nature. So maybe that's the nature of a lot of boatmen, too, possibly. They sort of like people.

My first visit out there, Ken Richards—Dr. Richards, and Pete Gibbs and I were out at Tuweap, and we hiked down to the river and back. Then we went to the ranger station and lo and behold, there was John, who was pretty freshly suffering from the loss of his first wife, due to cancer. It's really amazing, you have two different people who decorated the house, I guess you'd say—like this, you know, with little knickknack stuff. And John was cordial as ever, which I learned later to be the trademark of John Riffey, is cordiality. In the many years I knew him, and that was quite a few—I never heard him say a bad word about anyone except one person that he commented would be at Tuweap for the next summer. And his words were, "I could do without him."

I came off one evening after work, and heard this grinding sound. Riffey was out in the garage. I said, "John, whatcha doin'?" He said, "I've overhauled my starter on *Pogo*, the airplane. I can't get it to turn." I said, "What do you do about it?" I envisioned getting



a proper bushing and all that stuff. He said, "Well, I'm gonna try one more thing, and then I'll give it to Sandy." Sandy only lived 175 miles from Riffey. John hooked up a gear-mounted drill. You ever see those gear drills? They have big transmission blocks. He said, "I think this will turn this son of a bitch." And he did, and it did, and we were able to fly the airplane—illegally, but...

**STEIGER:** So it just broke it free?

**GALLENSON:** Broke it in. And when Sandy did the test on everything later, the starter wasn't quite right, and he found that bushing in there, made out of copper pipe. Sandy said, "I wonder how this got into *Pogo*?" And of course I knew, because I was there... Yeah. But John had a way of doin' what was necessary to solve the job, as well.

**STEIGER:** So he was out there all by himself at Torowep for thirty or forty years, and held down the...?

**GALLENSON:** Since 1942. And then he went into the military for two years.

**STEIGER:** And came back and held down the fort there all by himself for...?

**GALLENSON:** Well, Laura was there for a while. And Mary Beth was there for a while. Mary Beth died of cancer also. I was with her, as a matter of fact. But he served in earnest, you could say that he was there close to forty years. Did you see the film that was made?

**STEIGER:** No.

**GALLENSON:** The "John Riffey Memorial Twentieth Year Reunion" film. Write it down, because Martin Litton talked, I talked, and Mary Allen talked. It's about



forty minutes.

STEIGER: Yeah, I will. There's another pilot for you: Martin Litton.

GALLENSON: Martin used to stay with me at times. I'd say, "Why don't you spend the night," and he'd say, "Oh, I gotta get home." And I said, "Why?" He said, "Well, I guess the sun *is* glaring in the windshield." (laughter)

\* \* \*

STEIGER: I just think about you startin' out, running those twenty-eights and going with Georgie and just how far the business evolved from then to now. Boy, that's a long journey right there. When's the last time you went down the river?

GALLENSON: Probably fifteen years. It was a trip with Dock Marston. And Terry McCarthy was the other boatman. You knew Terry, I think.

STEIGER: I remember him, yeah. I do.

GALLENSON: Good man in a pinch.

STEIGER: Got plans to go again?

GALLENSON: No.

STEIGER: Done?

GALLENSON: No. I don't think my body will do it.

STEIGER: Really? I don't know, you guys proved it, I

remember watching Emery Kolb and Dock Marston. I remember watching those guys go on that deal.

*[Wherein Art got his friends Elling Halvorsen and Ron Smith to give Emery Kolb a ride in and out of the canyon one last time so he could see the new Crystal Rapid. Emery helicoptered in at the Little Colorado and back out above Elves Chasm.]*

GALLENSON: Dock went the whole way on that one. But, you know, there was about ten or fifteen years difference in their age. As a matter of fact, it got to the point with Dock that we had to shut him down from going again, because of his potential for breaking a leg or something.

After all of this is said and done, I have one slight word for people that are thinking about something like going down the river. If you're thinking you might want to do it, do it *now*, because you never know what your body's going to do, or what is going to happen to your body because something else does something. So if you say, "I haven't seen Devil's Post Pile," go see it. Don't put it off. That's kind of opposite the college approach—you know, where they say don't. Wait until you're done, finish your college now, or whatever. The real fact is, if you're thinking about doing it, and you'd like to, don't wait. Go do it!

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T-Shirt—front.



T-Shirt—back.

## Spring Flowers

THERE IS A CONSPICUOUS yellow-flowered plant along the road to Lees Ferry. You'll see it near the pay station. Our driver at AzRA is always spotting interesting plants and botany at forty MPH is challenging, so we stopped to look more closely this and last spring. For the layperson, this yellow-flowered sunflower is called sunray. There are three species of sunray in North America and two of them occur in our region. Based on the ovate (round) leaves and dull gray color, the species along the Lees Ferry road appears to be naked stem sunray (*Enceliopsis nudicaulis*), which occurs in Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Nevada and California. The other species has more silvery, lance-shaped leaves and is called silverleaf sunray (*Enceliopsis argophylla*). Both have large yellow flowers with most of the leaves at the base of the plant. This species occurs only in Nevada and Arizona. The third species is restricted to California (*Enceliopsis covillei*, *Panamint daisy*). Dr. Daniel Moerman reports that Sacajawa's ancestors, the Shoshoni people, used naked stem sunray as medicine for diarrhea, cough and vene-

real disease. Maybe Shoshoni medicine people gave it to some of Lewis and Clark's men on their expedition.

Here are some websites if you are interested in more details....

- [www.efloras.org](http://www.efloras.org)
- [www.plants.usda.gov](http://www.plants.usda.gov)
- [www.wildflower.org](http://www.wildflower.org)

There is also a bonsai-shaped shrub with silvery white bark along the road, closer to the Paria riffle, with deep purple blossoms in the spring. Very few plants have flowers that are this beautiful in color. This plant is Mojave indigobush (*Psoralethamnus arborescens*) and you'll recognize those cute little pea flowers that group it with other members of the pea/bean family. Even without leaves and flowers, the wintery bush can be identified by the glands that dot the stems and emit a pungent odor. You can identify this one at 25 MPH, no problem. Check out *River and Desert Plants of the Grand Canyon* for a photograph of the entire plant.



Naked stem sunray (*Enceliopsis nudicaulis*) along Lees Ferry road.  
Photograph by Kristin Harned.



Mojave indigobush in House Rock Valley. Photograph by Kate Watters

*Kristin Huisinga Harned*

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## boatman's quarterly review

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THANKS TO ALL YOU poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to the Walton Family Foundation, the Adopt-a-Boatman sponsors, "Circle of Friends" contributors, and innumerable GCRG members for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.

### From the Katie Lee Archives — 1956

Katie Lee (photo left) on the 1956 Mexican Hat Expeditions Grand Canyon run with Frank Wright, Otis Wright, Gina Gerometta, and Russ Hart (photo right). They are apparently coming down from a ledge where there is a skeleton. Any guesses as to where this is? Anyone know anything about this? Check out the skeleton's head.



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