

# boatman's quarterly review

## AMIL QUAYLE

Farewell • Prez Blurb • Bighorn • FLY-CO Update • Wildlife Census  
Bats • Heroes • LBJ & Georgie • Tales from the Truck • GCY • Back of the Boat  
Transitions • GTS • LTEMP Update • Speedy Trip • Book Reviews

## 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!  
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## Prez Blurb

AS I WRITE THIS I am enjoying my winter on another continent. I am halfway around the world, talking with people who speak differently than I do, eating some delicious food, having new and wonderful experiences. Almost as far away in mind as I am in body from the happenings in the far away deserts of the southwest.

But I have not been able to shake a certain sense of impending doom in regards to our precious Grand Canyon, as I continue to read what seem like weekly reminders of losing battles on the conservation and wilderness side of this place. It seems possible that within our lifetimes, we may yet see a resort and tramway into the very heart of the canyon, a marked increase in the number of planes and helicopters that fly overhead, boats of tourists headed upstream from Diamond Creek, and a river that is managed like a water delivery pipeline from one storage basin and hydroelectric station to the other with little or no regard to the resources contained therein.

### THE LONG TERM EXPERIMENTAL MANAGEMENT PLAN (LTEMP)

You've heard about it, you've read about it. You may have cared about it, or not. It is an incredibly complex and challenging process. It is a mouth full, and a brain full. And also pretty hard to fully wrap your head around. With all the technical jargon, metrics, mathematics, charts and scientific wording, it seems like the EIS will be aimed at confusing the general public (i.e. me) into thinking it is outside their ability to get involved in a meaningful way simply because you lack a science degree.

You really don't have to have an intimate understanding of the entire process. You don't need to know the specific titles of each of the proposed alternatives, and what they translate into for us down on the river, and for the river corridor itself.

What you do need to know is that when the Draft EIS is released this fall, it will be our last opportunity as a community of people who care about the Grand Canyon and all it represents—and who also understand the immeasurable value of a trip down the Colorado River—to play a role in the LTEMP process.

Cover:  
Amil Quayle at Buckskin Bill's cabin on the Main Salmon River, Oct. 1966, photo by Grant Reeder.

And that if you plan on spending any time in Grand Canyon in the next twenty years, the final decision will in some way affect you and the place you love.

You may also want to know that we are the only ones representing the river running/recreational aspect of this whole project. After attending a few meetings about the management of this river, (one of which had representatives of *every* state that uses the water) it was really an eye opener for me to realize this: they just don't (can't) care about the place like we do. They have other priorities.

This will be our last chance to have a say in how this stretch of the river will be managed for the next fifteen to twenty years. And whether it will be managed for the purpose of money, water delivery and power production, or whether it will be managed in a more balanced way to help protect and improve the incredible myriad of natural processes and cultural resources that make this river what it is.

They need to understand that just because they have built the dams, and pay for the operation of them, and just because every drop of the mighty Colorado is spoken for and necessary for life in this hostile desert we call home, does not mean that they own the river, and can treat it like a pipeline from Point A to Point B. The Colorado River serves a greater purpose than hydroelectric power, agriculture and human consumptive use.

They have environmental responsibilities to the ecosystems within the canyon, and they also need to know what other values we as river runners put on the experience that is offered by a trip down the Grand Canyon, and what an important role the health of the system plays in that recreational experience.

Western Area Power Administration (WAPA) has a very costly interest in the outcome of this plan, as do a few other pockets. And, while they have millions of dollars on the line (and on the mind) we must consider a broader, more intimate long term than theirs because we are responsible for the future of the recreational experience for untold numbers of people who will float down this mighty river and hopefully reconnect with the concept that they are a part of this planet.

Even though the initial public scoping for the development of the Draft EIS is over, we can still have a voice in this matter. It is still essential. You simply need to write an email, short and to the point, on what exactly it is that is most important to you; what it is that you value about the Grand Canyon experience. What they are lacking in this process is a metric to measure the value of recreation, the value it adds to the human aspect of the place, and why we want to be there.

Please take fifteen minutes out of your full and busy lives, no matter where it is you are currently stationed on this planet, to write an email to Rob Billerbeck at the National Park Service: [rob\\_p\\_billerbeck@nps.gov](mailto:rob_p_billerbeck@nps.gov).

They need to know what we care about. And then when the Draft EIS comes out sometime next fall, let's have the voice of the river community be heard loud and clear in defense of the place we love.

Happy spring, and I hope to see many of your smiling faces out at Marble Canyon for the Guides Training Seminar!

*Ariel Anderson*



### The Begats Redux: Begotten, but Not Forgotten

A correction to The Begats of the last BQR issue is that the date of Georgie White's first commercial Grand Canyon trip was 1953, not 1954. Frank Wetmore pointed out that Stan Jantz was a RELCO partner and Bill Gloeckler confirmed the dates of about 1976—1982. Al Harris added that George "Buck" Boren was a partner in Harris Boat Trips in 1973, for one year before Dave Kloepfer (note last name spelling correction) became a partner in 1974 until 1979. As always, contact C. V. Abyssus at [richard.quartaroli@nau.edu](mailto:richard.quartaroli@nau.edu), 928-779-2687, with any more details. Cheerio!

# Farewell

Joe Orr—October 25, 1954–December 9, 2013

IT IS NEVER EASY to bid goodbye to a fellow river soul. And it cuts especially deep when someone drifts downstream long before you expect them to. Joseph Newton Orr is one of these river souls and although you may not have known him or heard his name, he is leaving a legacy at Grand Canyon that will impact our future here. Listen up.

Joe's résumé reads like that of so many guides—in his hometown of Floresville, Texas, he was the typical “black sheep” in his family. Joe always seemed to be heading out into the west Texas desert, wanting to gaze deeply into the night sky with his telescope. His nephew, Sam Bassett, recalls that his parents always wondered, “What’s Joe going to do with his life? He can’t keep taking these trips forever.” Later, a chance meeting at a rock art conference in Flagstaff ultimately brought him work as a part-time swamper with Colorado River and Trail Expeditions (CRATE). Mary Allen dragged him along on her next river trip and Joe’s life changed course. He was soon working for Mountain Travel/Sobek in Copper Canyon, Mexico (ten years), and guided on the Usumacinta River in Guatemala and the Rio Grande in Big Bend. Like many of us, his life was on a course that clung precariously between perpetual poverty and blissful adventure. Joe always struggled to get by on less than \$30,000 a year. And he loved the freedom and the view.

Joe was an only child, so when his mother passed away in 1994, he inherited his family’s cattle ranch. The ranch once figured prominently in south Texas history and was originally patented by Joe’s great-great grandfather at 75,000 acres. But by the time Joe reluctantly took it over, it had been whittled down to only 1,600 acres and Joe was not interested in raising and selling beef. He considered giving the ranch away, but first wanted to return it to some semblance of its native glory. He built some blinds and a few dirt tracks, and offered the land as a hunting ground where people could come and hunt deer in the natty thorn scrub.

Then one day in 2009 something strange happened. Exactly as depicted in the very first episode of the Beverly Hillbillies, an oil company executive knocked

on Joe’s door and announced that the Orr Ranch was sitting on top of the Eagleford Shale, a bonanza-grade layer of black-gold. Eventually, 25 wells came to sit on Joe’s ranch and before he knew it he had more money than he could possibly spend.

Joe was brought up with proper river etiquette so instead of embellishing himself with fancy toys or throwing lavish parties, he became an overnight philanthropist of the highest order. Soon, all of his favorite non-profit organizations were hearing from Joe as he wondered, “How can I help?” He donated to the McDonald Observatory in Texas (the one that brings you Star Date every morning on NPR), the Lowell Observatory, and the Grand Canyon Association (GCA). With his bequests to GCA, Joe helped fund the Dark Sky Initiative at the Park and also ponied up for one hundred percent of the cost for the rehabilitation of the Whitmore Wash rock art panel at River Mile 188.

Before this new chapter in his life, Joe would make the long drive from Floresville to the South Rim

to volunteer his time giving night sky programs to Grand Canyon Association members. Many hundreds of fellow “canyonheads” saw the Grand Canyon’s night sky through the eyes of Joe Orr. He never asked to be reimbursed and was happy to sleep on a friend’s floor just to have the opportunity to share his passion for the stars above.

Joe did indulge in one of his favorite fantasies—he signed up to be an astronaut with the Virgin Galactic venture. He even went to Philadelphia to partake in the pre-flight training course just before he was diagnosed with late-stage cancer in the early fall of 2013. One of the saddest parts to Joe’s early passing is that he did not live long enough to see his cherished home planet from space, something he dreamed of as a child.

To the few of us who came to know him, Joe was always soft-spoken, intelligent, gentle, and always willing to give. Joe was the best kind of boatman and friend—he always thought of you first. He considered the Grand Canyon to be the best thing that ever happened to him and he will be missed. But it is good to know that with his late-in-life good fortune, something quite good has, and will, come our way too!

*Wayne and Helen Ranney*







November 2010 above Matkat. She (R) was the first bighorn collared, and died in October 2013, of unknown causes but respiratory disease is suspect.



February 2014 above Tuckup. He has been staying by the river since captured in September 2013, and provides good opportunities for river runners to see a collared bighorn fairly close up.

# Bighorn Sheep Disease In Grand Canyon: What Does It All Mean?

**G**RAND CANYON CONTAINS the largest and most continuous, naturally persisting population of desert bighorn sheep in North America. However, little has been known about bighorn sheep population dynamics in Grand Canyon. In 2010 Grand Canyon wildlife biologists captured and affixed GPS collars to two desert bighorn sheep between Matkataba and Sinyala Canyons launching the first systematic study of bighorn sheep ecology at Grand Canyon. Building from this initial effort, we have since developed collaborations with the United States Geological Survey (USGS), Oregon State University, and the National Park Service (NPS) Wildlife Health Program to further advance the project by assessing genetic connectivity between herds and developing disease profiles of Grand Canyon bighorns. To date, we have collared, collected biological samples, and tracked twelve individual bighorns captured along the Colorado River, and collected over 900 genetic fecal samples from lower-, mid-, and upper-level reaches of the canyon. By assessing population connectivity, seasonal movements, and habitat selection, we are developing a better understanding of bighorn distribution in relation to resource availability such as preferred forage, escape terrain, and lambing areas, as well as potential threats such as predation, disturbance impacts, and infectious disease.

In recent years, the threat of respiratory disease has become forefront in desert bighorn sheep research and management. Bacterial pathogens such as *Mycoplasma ovipneumoniae* and *Pasteurellaceae* species (*Bibersteinia trehalosi* and *Mannheimia haemolytica*) can cause epizootic pneumonia in bighorn sheep. Pneumonia can be a population-limiting disease for bighorn sheep, responsible for devastating die-offs that can

severely impact seemingly robust populations of bighorn sheep, with mortality rates for infected animals as high as fifty to ninety percent. Although pinpointing the exact inciting cause in a bighorn sheep pneumonia outbreak is difficult, solid evidence indicates (see Lawrence et al. 2010) that domestic sheep and goats are often the initial source of respiratory pathogen introduction into bighorn sheep populations. Once these pathogens have spilled over into bighorn populations, they are often maintained and spread by bighorn sheep (Cassirer et al. 2013).

Beginning in summer of 2013, a pneumonia-caused



September 2012 below Upset Rapid photo: Clint Epps, Oregon State University

bighorn sheep die-off arose in Mojave National Preserve, a stronghold for desert bighorn sheep. This represented a wake-up call to the reality and potential vulnerability of Grand Canyon's desert bighorns in terms of disease transmission. Bighorn sheep in Grand Canyon occupy an environment that is unique, relative to most other desert bighorn populations that occupy isolated mountain ranges with sometimes multiple barriers between ranges that may otherwise restrict movements. By contrast, Grand Canyon bighorns live in a highly-lineated, very deep canyon bisected by a

river that not only provides abundant water, but functions as a movement corridor. How the river corridor serves as a means of connectivity between bighorn herds and affects disease transmission is currently being investigated.

Although we have previously observed bighorn sheep in Grand Canyon displaying clinical signs of respiratory disease (e.g., coughing, nasal discharge, emaciation, lethargy), we have never documented pneumonia in the population. Recently, we confirmed the presence of respiratory pathogens in some of the newly captured bighorns. At the time of capture, these animals showed no clinical signs of pneumonia suggesting a protective immune response has possibly occurred, they are infected with a less pathogenic strain, or that there are a number of factors which must be present before clinical disease and an epidemic occurs. These animals are currently being tracked with satellite GPS collars and appear healthy. No mortalities have occurred.

So, is our bighorn sheep population in trouble? What we know so far is that one of the primary pathogens causing pneumonia in bighorn sheep has been detected in Grand Canyon. Thus, we have verified the potential for a disease outbreak in bighorn sheep and acknowledge a tangible threat on some level to the Grand Canyon population. However, not only is it unknown whether Grand Canyon bighorns exposed to respiratory pathogens will develop clinical disease, the number of pathogens and pathogen strains, and combination thereof, causing pneumonia in desert bighorn sheep is still unclear. The probability of developing infection and even death likely varies among populations due to genetic composition, nutrition,

environmental stressors, and the virulence and strains of pathogens (Wehausen 2011). Pathogens detected in Grand Canyon bighorn sheep may be a new phenomenon, or the pathogens may have been in the population since first contact with domestic sheep or a dispersing infected bighorn sheep. Regardless of when and how these pathogens were introduced to Grand Canyon bighorns, it is critical to monitor bighorn survival and quickly sample mortalities to determine the cause of death.

Because of the remoteness of the canyon and widely dispersed bighorn herds, most signs of disease and bighorn mortalities, especially in lambs, certainly go undocumented. Pathogen-positive adults can shed bacteria to lambs resulting in high lamb mortality and consequential population-wide reductions. The presence of infectious disease will be easier to detect with routine surveillance of bighorns within the river corridor. As stewards for the park, that is where you can help. Use the wildlife observation forms to record observations of bighorns, with special diligence to reporting lambs and yearling animals. Clinically sick and deceased bighorns, as well as domestic sheep or goats, should be reported as soon as possible by calling Brandon in the Wildlife Program at 928-607-3555. In the event of a disease outbreak, your observations will help develop appropriate actions to limit or mitigate potentially widespread population declines, and conserve this iconic species.

*Brandon Holton*  
NPS WILDLIFE BIOLOGIST

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## FLY-CO News

### INTRODUCING FLY-CO

THE UNITED STATES Geological Survey (USGS) Foodbase team has joined forces with FLY-CO (Eric Kellerup, AKA EK—founder and president). EK generously allowed the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC) Foodbase lab to adopt the FLY-CO logo and name because it better represents the goals of the research project than the old “foodbase” name. And let’s be honest, FLY-CO just sounds better, too. The entire science team—from the lab techs that collectively picked over one million insects in 2013 to each of the river guides that collected thirty or more samples in 2013—are now proudly

sporting their styling new black FLY-CO hoodies. Thanks, EK, for letting us adopt your brand. We will represent it well.

### 2013 LIGHT TRAP PROJECT UPDATES

In early 2012 during the planning phase of the Light Trap Project, we realized that we needed a group of knowledgeable and conscientious boaters to help us collect insect samples from Grand Canyon. We were looking for help collecting samples, because there were major limitations on how much we could learn about the ecology of Grand Canyon insects when we were only collecting samples every couple of months and

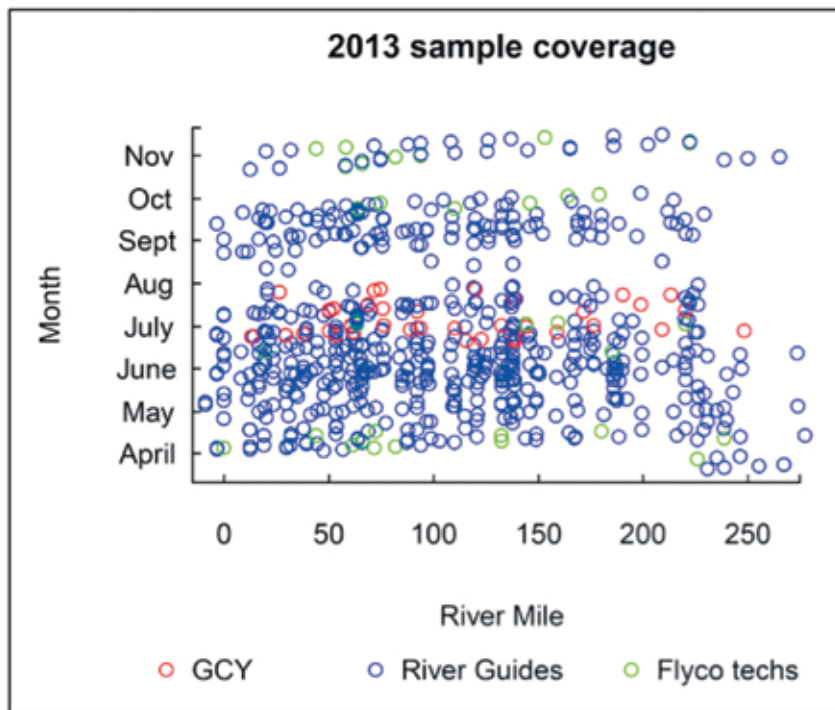


from a handful of sites. Commercial river guides answered our initial call for help in 2012 (*see Spring 2013 BQR for more details*), and we couldn't be more pleased with the results. In 2013, commercial river guides collected 534 of the 705 light trap that partners collected for us. But commercial river guides are more than just field biologists, you are also ambassadors who help the public understand the important role that science plays in the stewardship of Grand Canyon. We recognize that as commercial guides you already have a busy day on the river taking care of your folks; therefore, we want to express our gratitude for your willingness to add light trap sampling to your nightly tasks. Your work as Citizen Scientists provides us with a sample set that would be impossible for us to collect on our own (*see graph*).

With the help of commercial river guides, Grand Canyon Youth (GCY), and various other partners, FLY-CO has received and processed over 1,900 light trap samples since the project began in 2012. These samples, collected nightly around sunset, help us track aquatic insect emergence along the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Studying emergent insects is important, because they are an important food resource for fish, birds, bats, and lizards. Once we finalize our analysis of the massive light trap dataset, we will share our findings here in the BQR. For now, we want to give a big shout out to the commercial guides that helped out with the project in 2013, listed in order of the number of samples collected: Scott Jernigan (also the top performer in 2012), Robert Dye, the tag-team of C. Albrecht and O. Roussis, Kelly McGrath, Connie Tibbits, Riley Burch, Gibney Siemion, Ethan Johnson, Kelly Wagner, Eric Baade, Walker Mackay, Ariel Anderson, John Toner, Katie Proctor, and Dave Kashinski. Thanks!

#### GRAND CANYON YOUTH (GCY)

Along with commercial river guides, GCY has been a citizen science partner since the Light Trap Project began, collecting samples on all of their Grand Canyon trips. In 2014 we are taking this partnership to a whole new level by having GCY collect light trap samples on every one of their river trips. We are excited about



this partnership, because it will expand our sampling past Diamond Creek on the Colorado River, into Glen Canyon, and onto the San Juan River!

#### 2014 CITIZEN SCIENCE PARTNER RECRUITMENT

We are currently seeking commercial river guides to help with light trapping during the 2014 season. In 2013, we were able to get better sample coverage than in 2012, but the government shutdown in October created a major gap in our dataset. In 2014, we are interested in collecting a continuous dataset from April through October, because we think this will allow us identify the role that tributary flooding, dam operations, and seasonal changes are playing in insect emergence. The FLY-CO lab will be at the GTS again this March to put together Team FLY-CO 2014. Are you a river guide and interested in becoming a part of Grand Canyon science? Please contact us at [citizen\\_science@usgs.gov](mailto:citizen_science@usgs.gov), and put "Citizen Science 2014" in the subject line if you are interested in helping in 2014. We will pay \$15 per sample, with an additional \$1 per sample for each year that a guide has participated in the project. For more information, you can also visit our website at [www.gcmrc.gov](http://www.gcmrc.gov); click on the "Citizen Science Monitoring" tab.

*Carol (Fritz) Fritzinger & Ted Kennedy*

## Grand Canyon's High Flying Ace

**F**OR ANYONE THAT HAS spent any amount of time in or around Grand Canyon you have likely seen, or heard, some of its more common residents; bats. Grand Canyon is home to a great diversity of bat species and in this issue we'll focus on one of my favorites, the big free-tailed bat (*Nyctinomops macrotus*).

The big free-tailed bat is one of the largest bats in North America with a wingspan close to eighteen inches and weights ranging between 22–35 grams (about five to six Hershey Kisses). This bat is perfectly sculpted for life on the wing. Long, slender wings, highly-streamlined ears acting as airfoils to increase lift, and even reduced, short fur that must surely reduce drag in flight. While the bat won't win any beauty contests, one simply cannot ignore the inherent grace of this animal.

This bat, due to its size and weight, typically requires a bit of a drop to ease its transition to flight. In Grand Canyon, it roosts in cracks and crevices along the canyon walls and sometimes in the ceiling of large shelter caves. In the summer, females form small maternity colonies consisting of four to fifty bats that typically roost in south to southwest facing cracks that afford the warm temperatures that mothers and their new pups need for development. These bats are well suited for life in the cliffs. They are amazingly dexterous and flexible in order to be able to move within the often tight spaces of a crevice. They can move backwards with as much speed as they can forwards and

their feet and toes are covered with slender sensory hairs, similar to cat whiskers, which help them "see" what is behind them.

Big free-tailed bats forage hundreds to thousands of feet in the air and will travel over forty miles one way on foraging trips. These bats have a ferocious looking set of teeth, perfect for snagging and consuming their prey which are primarily large moths, however, they have been documented to consume a variety of other insects including crickets, grasshoppers, various beetles, and flying ants. The bats hunt in typical bat fashion, using echolocation to locate and close in on prey and then using their wings and tail membrane to funnel insects into their mouths in the final milliseconds of the hunt. So, although these bats are high flying and you've likely never seen one, I would bet that you have heard one.

Most bats in the United States echolocate above 20 kHz which is above the audible hearing range of most humans. Big free-tailed bats however echolocate from 20 kHz and often well below, around 14 kHz which means they are clearly audible to humans. They sound like a strong, clear chirp in the night with individual calls evenly spaced apart in time. This is usually a search phase call meaning the bat is literally using its echolocation to sweep the night sky for insects. There are other audible bats at Grand Canyon that can be hard to distinguish from the big free-tailed bat. No matter, the next time you settle into your camp for the

night, stretch out, turn your ears skyward and listen, you just might hear one of these bats hunting overhead.

So, what is working with these bats like? In a word; difficult! Tracking the bats as they forage at night requires capturing, radio tagging, and then long all-nighters to follow them. This is followed by tracking the bats back to their roosts during the day and then rappelling down a cliff to try and locate the specific crevice they might be in. I've spent a lot of time dangling on the cliffs of Marble and Grand Canyons searching for roosts. Why go to the effort you ask? It's actually pretty simple. Even though people have been studying bats for quite a long time there is still so very much we don't know. When the various land management agencies, such as the National Park Service, start work on projects they



A radio tagged female big free-tailed bat prior to release in the House Rock Valley, AZ.  
photo: Jason Corbett, BCI

need to know about the plants and animals that might be affected by their actions. If no data or information exists for a particular organism you can see how that would create problems for making informed management decisions.

Stay tuned for more information about the bats of Grand Canyon National Park in coming editions! In the meantime, if you'd like to learn more about bats

or how you can help with conservation efforts please check out Bat Conservation International at <http://www.batcon.org>.

*Jason Corbett*

DIRECTOR OF SUBTERRANEAN PROGRAMS, BCI



Typical big free-tailed bat roost habitat in Grand Canyon National Park, here specifically, in Marble Canyon. The tiny blue dot (see arrow) is BCI's Director of Subterranean Programs documenting the roost.  
photo: Jason Corbett, BCI



A close up of a big free-tailed bat. Notice the reduced ears and wrinkled lips.  
photo: Jason Corbett, BCI

# Heroes Of The American Q(West)—The Challenge of Exploration Is Now The Exploration of Challenge

**W**HILE THE WORLD at large celebrates heroes, the American West elevates heroes to cult status—provided that the hero is either larger than life (Buffalo Bill Cody) or completely self-deprecating (Kit Carson). There is no such thing as an everyday hero west of the Front Range or east of Death Valley.

The West has historically forged larger-than-life heroes from explorers by tempering iron souls in a frontier furnace. Power travelers like Lewis and Clark, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, John C. Fremont, and John Wesley Powell (among many others) battled epic challenges during the grand age of western expansion. They simultaneously defined the American West and refined the American Spirit by attacking a largely blank map with energy, endurance, creativity, wit, and often sheer cussedness. (Powell was notably dour but Fremont traveled in brilliant social circles after eloping with the fifteen-year-old daughter of Missouri Senator Thomas Hart Benton.)

The magnetic nature of empty space and the unstoppable drive of three generations of explorers over a notably short hundred-year span (between roughly 1800 and 1900) filled the map with storied place names and vigorous legends of discovery. Fortunes were made and lost. Mountain ranges were named. Drainages were defined. Voids were filled. Promising folds and wrinkles in the landscape were bookmarked for the inevitable age of extraction. While the need for explorers eventually dwindled, the driving desire to explore did not.

In remarkably short order, the challenge of exploration became the exploration of challenge. Though now meticulously mapped, the western landscape has not been tamed. It is still possible for seekers to seek, for finders to find. Today's heroes are more often adventurers than explorers. The mystery of the West abides durably in regions that—by dint of uniqueness,

remoteness, or both—still offer rewards for souls craving raw challenge.

The fabled stretch of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon is such a region, and blind kayaker Lonnie Bedwell is such a soul. He is, in his own words, “lights-out blind” but he nevertheless managed to kayak the entire Grand Canyon. He completed this unprecedented journey on August 20, 2013. The effort

required enduring 106-degree desert heat and frigid 55-degree water temperatures while negotiating roughly one world-class rapid per mile for sixteen straight days.

Lonnie's blindness resulted from a 1997 turkey-hunting accident in the Indiana backwoods. At the time, he was a U.S. Navy veteran (a submariner) serving in the Indiana Army National Guard. To its distinct credit, Team River Runner (TRR)—a foundation that provides innovative paddling opportunities for disabled U.S. military veterans—adopted Lonnie, recognized his extraordinary talent, and sponsored his historic Grand Canyon run (an effort funded by Check-6, a Tulsa-based performance training firm).

The stage for Lonnie's historic effort was quintessentially Western. The Colorado River between Lees Ferry and Diamond Creek in the Grand Canyon is one of the most challenging whitewater stretches in the world. The fact

that Lonnie kayaked it blind is simply astounding. Lava Falls Rapid is a whitewater exemplar—a Class V rapid with a sixteen-foot drop over about one-quarter of a mile that can generate standing waves of fifteen feet or more at normal river flows—and double that at high water. Eternity might well be defined as “thirty seconds of the wrong line through Lava Falls.” Nobody sane who has scouted Lava Falls Rapid in person from the Prospect Canyon debris field upstream of it has ever returned to his or her boat thinking “I believe I'll do this one blindfolded.”

But that is exactly what Lonnie did: he ran this behemoth (and some 220 more like it) without the ben-



Lonnie Bedwell



efit of sight. In order to accomplish this feat, at least two sighted kayakers ran with him. Lead kayaker Alex Neilson preceded him (frequently *backward*) through each successive rapid screaming “on me” over and over again in order to be heard above the roar of the whitewater. Lonnie tracked Alex by his voice, but the rest was classic solo kayaking—a demanding ballet of paddle skills, kinesthetic awareness, and momentum.

Chip Sell and Mike Bradley, the two highly experienced kayakers who rounded out TRR’s Grand Canyon team, traded off flanking Lonnie and served as safety-valve paddlers to snatch him from the maelstrom in the event of a swim. Lonnie swam exactly two times. He successfully negotiated 220 world-class rapids ninety-nine percent of the time. This is not the stuff of asterisks and footnotes. It is the stuff of Klieg lights and fireworks. It is a remarkable feat by any standards.

When he made the Grand Canyon descent, Lonnie had been flat-water kayaking for about a year and had exactly fourteen days of whitewater experience under his spray skirt. During that short time he mastered advanced paddling skills including Eskimo rolls (a complex but essential self-rescue technique for upside-down kayaks) by doing 1,500 of them in the pond on his small farm in southwestern Indiana. He trained for the Colorado River by kayaking some of the most

challenging whitewater in the Appalachian foothills (the Nantahala and Pigeon rivers). He also ran portions of the Yellowstone River in Montana before attending a kayak finishing school of sorts at the U.S. National Whitewater Center in Charlotte, NC.

Off the water, Lonnie has climbed some of the highest mountains in the southern 48 states (including peaks over 14,000 feet tall), and is a motivated downhill skier. He is planning an ice-climbing trip to the Colorado Rockies this winter, a hang-gliding trip to California in the spring, and is considering a command performance in the Grand Canyon next summer. In Lonnie’s own words “six people on the Grand Canyon trip spent a combined total of fourteen years in Walter Reed Hospital recovering from wounds suffered serving the U.S.” “Every paddle stroke was an effort to repay all the sacrifices they made for me.”

Lonnie Bedwell is neck-deep in his own personal exploration of challenge—an exploration that will be neither defined nor limited by blindness. We all need to find a way to climb aboard for the ride. This guy is the real deal. He is earthbound, earnest, articulate, and downright inspirational, and we should all be proud to share with him this brief moment in time.

*Bryan R. Brown*



LANCASTER BOND

100% COTTON FIBER

MADE IN U.S.A.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D.C.

November 22, 1964

Dear Georgie:

Greetings to you and all your river rats. I deeply appreciate the confidence you have shown in me, and I won't forget you!

We don't want you to be eaten alive by mosquitoes, or carried through diversion tunnels, or attacked by flying fish in Mexico - and we don't like to see you shivering with cold, or getting sucked down into whirlpools in Canada - WE WANT YOU HERE AT HOME ON OUR OWN COLORADO RIVER.

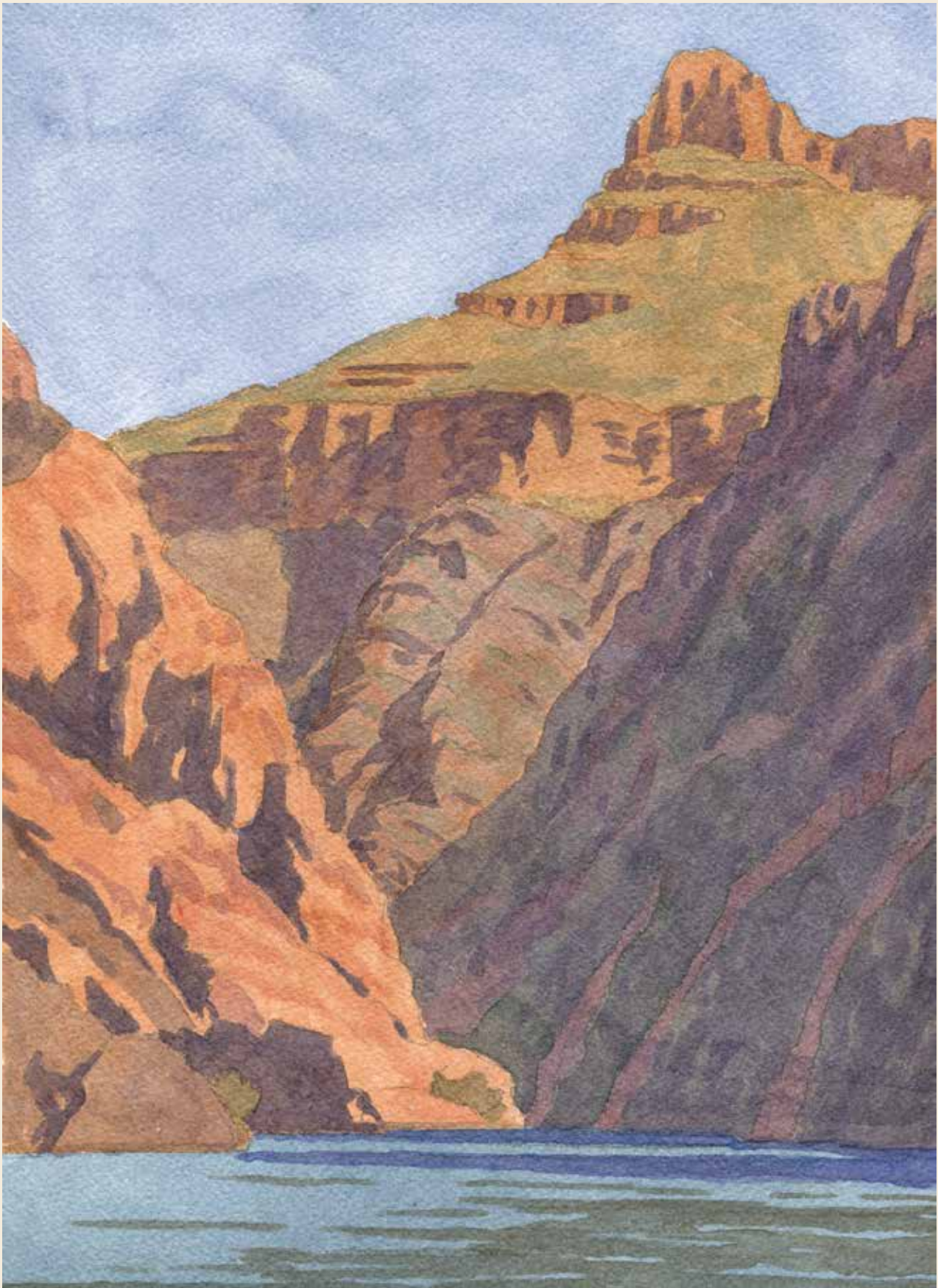
Now I'm a prudent, responsible, and reasonable man, and I promise you I will fight the Senator from Arizona with every ounce of my energy to prevent him from building those useless dams in our beloved Grand Canyon.

I enjoyed your movie on television last week, and let me tell you, it would be the adventure of my life to be able to join you on a trip next summer. For years I have wanted a framed certificate to hang in my office and a river rat patch to sew on my ten-gallon hat. But things here in the big white house are pretty hectic most of the time, and just about the only vacations I can squeeze in are the few days now and then back on the ranch. Perhaps Lady Bird can make a trip. She's a good sport.

I'm sending you a little memento - something you can pass around camp while your famous "Georgie Stew" is heating. May it remind and assure you as you ride those rapids that your friend in Washington is fighting to keep them there!

Sincerely,

L. B. Johnson



Upstream from Monument Creek / watercolor by Sam Jones / samjonespainter.com

## Tales From The Truck—Crystal, August 2013

I AM SURE BY NOW most everyone in the Grand Canyon community has heard of the half-flipped J-Rig incident. If not, it is a pretty cool story. It was one of those things that I can honestly say, “No way! That would never happen,” if you would have told me right before. I have heard of J-rigs flipping, back in the ’80s. I have seen them get stuck (2009?), I have never seen or heard of one getting half-flipped. If you have never seen a J-rig then you have no idea what I mean. A J-rig has two frames, front and back; the incident I speak of, the back frame flipped and the front did not. Something that I have never seen or heard of before and something that I will probably never see again.

In August of last year (2013) I was on a six-day charter to the pad. It was a family charter with high expectations of being not only a trip the passengers remember, but we as guides remember as well. Everything was going great! We were leaving Rattlesnake camp on the morning of day three of the trip. We planned on hitting the upper granite gorge early in the day, get through the mayhem and hopefully pull into Mile 122 on the right (Conquistador Isle) for an epic ABC (Alive Below Crystal) party. As I mentioned earlier, the charter trip had high expectations and had been down a few times; they liked to have fun.

We were coming around to Crystal Rapid around 10:45 A.M. Our two J-rig party hovered above the rapid for a few minutes telling the tale of the rapid to the group. On this particular day, the river was running roughly about 15,000 CFS at Crystal, with a peak of 17,000 coming up behind us. As the first boat ran through Crystal, I was standing along the left side of the front frame, I noticed that as we came in left of Crystal hole the rapid seemed very, very pushy to the left wall. The run was clean and we eddied out in ABC eddy on river right. As we watched the second boat set up and enter the rapid everything looked normal, they disappeared around the point on the left and went out of view. I remember thinking to myself, “They have been over there for too long.” Too long in this sense was about six to seven seconds. I turned to look at Craig, the boatman, and said that same thing to him.

As the boat did come around the point a few seconds later, everything seemed normal. Our passengers began to cheer a bit until we noticed a swimmer in the water to the boat’s right. They seemed to be moving slower than they should, Craig said, “He probably doesn’t want to get too close to the island.” Then as the boat swayed to the left we saw the back frame, upside down. My heart sank a bit. Craig called me back to the

motor well and handed me a throw rope.

He said, “Our priority is that swimmer.”

I attempted to signal the swimmer, knowing it was the other boatman, to the right shore. After a few seconds of signals, not knowing if he could see me or not, he began to swim. We then turned our attention to the out of commission boat drifting down stream. Craig nosed up to the boat and I jumped into it with the throw rope in hand. With some great handling of



Stephen and Nick beginning rubber repair on J3D.

Photo: Shaina Seminick

those huge boats, Craig got us over to the right side of the river about 200 yards upstream of Tuna Rapid. The other swamper, Nick, and I tied the damaged raft to the shore. I took notice of the damage to the raft. There was a horizontal laceration along the left runner tube about fifteen inches long in the 4<sup>TH</sup> chamber, and a vertical laceration to the left runner tube about 26 inches long in the 5<sup>TH</sup> chamber. After a few minutes of tying up the boats and making sure all passengers were safely on shore. Nick and the doc we had on board went to check on Justin who had been upstream of





Craig begins process of unloading the frame and flipping it over.  
Photo: Shaina Seminick



Park Service shows up and adds more muscle and pulleys to help flip the frame over.  
Photo: Shaina Seminick



The frame being pushed back on to the repaired boat.  
Photo: Shaina Seminick



Justin motoring J3D out of the canyon.  
Photo: Shaina Seminick

us walking back. We took a few moments after that to calm everyone down and get them all some water. Afterwards Craig called us to his motor well for a quick guide talk.

I should mention here a bit about the crew we had on this trip and how I think everything at this point had to happen for a reason. Craig Lutke, the trip leader, is an expert at Swift water rescue, is masterful in setting up and executing a Z-drag, and can manage and command a situation like this to perfection. Nick White and I spent the last few winters refurbishing boats in the warehouse. And Justin Olsen, who had been thrown out of the boat and fractured his arm in the process, was still there helping us even though we told him to take it easy. Our passengers were a char-

ter of my family and extended family. Everyone was willing to help and stayed calm and positive the whole time. The perfect crew for this sort of situation.

At our guide talk in the back of the boat, Craig told us to all just take a deep breath and regroup. He looked at me and then said something that I will never forget.

“Chalupa, can you and Nick fix those tubes and get that boat to float?” I looked at him, thought for a few seconds and replied with, yes.

“Okay,” he said, “You and Nick fix that. We are going to flip that frame over.” And that was it. The confidence that he said it with was absolute. He had no doubt that we could fix the tubes and we had no doubt that he could flip the frame.

Over the next few hours we worked to get everything fixed up. Nick and I on the tubes and Craig and Justin derigging the upside down frame to get it ready to flip it over. About two hours into the whole thing, the Park Service, which had a trip out, pulled in to provide us with some extra muscle and more pullies for the Z-drag. A five to one advantage was used to flip over the steel frame. We moved the repaired boat under the frame and slid the frame from the rocks to the boat. After six and a half hours of repairs, moving all the gear that we had moved off the frame back onto it, refitting straps to replace the broken ones, strapping everything down and changing motors twice, we began to head down stream towards Tuna.

When the first raft got to Tuna beach, I jumped and began to look for a spot to pull in both boats to make it easier for passengers. As I was looking, Justin's boat came around the corner and started to float right on by. I looked and saw Nick yanking on the pull cord to start the dead motor. Craig yelled at me to get back to the boat and started to pull out into the current. Nick got the motor started just in time to avoid Nixon Rock. Pulling over again we discovered that some water had gotten into Justin's gas tank rendering it useless. We siphoned gas from Craig's tanks into one-gallon jugs and slowly limped our way downstream and finally pulled into Mile 107.5 on the right just above Bass Rapid at 7:42 P.M. We used that night to recover and

lick our wounds a bit. Everyone was OK outside of Justin's broken wrist. We were able to get everyone a great meal, chicken fajitas, with the help of my family to cook it. And everyone got to bed and slept well. It was a long hard day and was definitely one to remember.

We finished the trip on schedule. We had a few more issues as we went downstream but nothing as crazy. The helicopter pad was a little more emotional than usual, most of the cousins in the family were happy to get off the river, but they did like the trip. We had some supplies left for us at the pad—motors and gas tanks—but that was the only extra we needed. We lucked out on not losing any food. We lost no gear except for a few items of Justin and Nick's that were in an open box. The boat and frame that were damaged have since been repaired and will live to see another few years of service. The help we got from the Park Service was monumental, we all thank them for their help. An OARS trip had floated by us and offered help during the event. When they saw us the next day with the same boat, they cheered. That was a cool feeling. The trip started with high expectations; they wanted one that not only they would remember, but that we as the guides would, too. And that is exactly what happened.

*Stephen D'Arrigo and Latimer Smith*

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## On And Off the Water

**A**T GRAND CANYON YOUTH, we are humbled to be part of a supportive community that understands intangible values such as wilderness and experiential education and supports us as we facilitate opportunities for youth ages eleven to nineteen from across the nation and world. When youth return from trips, we hear them gush with inside jokes about camp antics (who doesn't geek out over dress-up night?) and stories of waves and glee. We frequently hear youth tell us the trip "changed their life" and some return to build on that experience.

Not too many years ago, I was one of these youth, simultaneously overwhelmed by the Canyon and underwhelmed by myself. While the pull of the Canyon needs no explanation, what resonates about the power of GCY in my life and in the lives of countless other former participants are the guides, staff, volunteers, and supporters who elevate the experience from a neat

little trip to a catalyst for affirmation and self-exploration. While on my first Grand Canyon trip with GCY at age seventeen, I knew it was a cool experience, but I didn't quite "get it"—I didn't get that the Canyon is bigger than me, that the river toils for so much more than big rides, and that people can make a difference not by exerting dominance over others but instead by reaching out and teaching. As a teenage girl, evaluating my identity was unattainable, so it was much easier to shroud it in silence and an aversion to both vulnerability and strength.

As years elapsed after my GCY participant years, I began to realize how much I had grown during my days on the water, and realized the stirrings in my soul were calling me back to GCY and the water. Working for an organization that I cherished as youth is one of the best things I've experienced. The culture of GCY extends beyond the water, ruminating curiosity and



(from left to right) Madeline Friend, Clara Nibbelink, Ari Weiner, and Madeline McKain were part of a science and educational Grand Canyon trip in October 2012 as part of Northern Arizona University's Grand Canyon Semester.  
photo Madeline McKain

discovery into our lives.

It's simple to claim a Grand Canyon trip as life-changing. Who wouldn't say that, really? A wilderness respite from a stress-crunching schedule is far overdue for anyone who yearns, and rivers trump their geological counterparts. Mountain crags may yearn to scrape the sky, drippy wetlands may hum melodiously, and white-sand beaches shimmer enticingly, but none move like a river. The characterization of time in Grand Canyon as life-changing is readily accepted. What is more difficult is pin-pointing where this metamorphosis evolves from. When the monotony breaks, I find there are singular snippets of moments to come back to instead of a flowing soliloquy of memory. Moments of cresting waves, sand-drenched sleeping bag



Lisa McDonough and Madeline Friend (left to right) enjoy dress up night on a GCY Middle School Adventure trip in June 2013, one of the many great aspects of working with youth.  
photo Madeline Friend

piles, and a flashing smile on a hike reconnect me to the river world when I'm in the doldrums of winter.

So where has this taken me? Through employment with USGS, NAU, the National Outdoor Leadership School, and GCY. Through a B.S. degree in Environmental Science that I will receive in May from NAU. Through environmental education work with a local middle school, and environmental policy work on the Patuca River in Honduras, which is quickly becoming that region's Glen Canyon. My time on the water with GCY introduced me to a whole new paradigm. It's difficult to conceptualize the power canyon walls have until you have lived, breathed, and thrived up and down the Colorado River corridor. Thriving in the resource is the most valuable piece to the puzzle of conservation education.

*Maddie Friend*  
GCY AMERICORPS MEMBER

**MORE INFORMATION:**

- Our 2014 trips are currently accepting applications! Please spread the word to youth you think might benefit.
- Please consider a tax-deductable donation to the GCY financial aid fund. We are a 501(c)(3) nonprofit.

**GRAND CANYON YOUTH**

Office: 2131 N. First Street, Suite B, Flagstaff, AZ 86004  
Mailing: PO Box 23376, Flagstaff, AZ 86002  
Phone: 928.773.7921  
Email: [info@gcyouth.org](mailto:info@gcyouth.org)  
Website: [www.gcyouth.org](http://www.gcyouth.org)

## Back Of The Boat Spring 2014

### TIM WHITNEY WELLNESS INITIATIVE HEALTH INSURANCE ASSISTANCE PROGRAM (TWWI) —EXTENTION—

AT THE END OF 2013 we witnessed a difficult government roll-out of the Affordable Care Act (ACA) online marketplaces. It was a frustrating experience for most people trying to get a new health insurance policy. The Obama administration decided to extend the deadline date for signing up for new coverage. The TWWI Health Insurance Assistance Program had been timed to coincide with the ACA. However, the deadline for HIAP applications, January 31, found many people still confused and waiting to finalize their health insurance choices. As a result, the HIAP committee received fewer applications than was expected. The decision has been made to accept the qualifying applications which have been received, make awards to the applicants based on the program criteria, and to open up a second phase of the 2014 application process. The eligibility requirements remain the same but the new deadline date will be May 1, 2014.

Please spread the word about the newest Whale Foundation program. Any guide who has worked at least one full season in Grand Canyon is eligible to apply. Applicants must have a current health insurance policy in place to apply. Awards of up to \$400 will be made to help applicants pay for their insurance and are based on financial need. Please see our website for more information and to download an application.

### GTS HEALTH FAIR—IT'S FREE

Mark your calendars now: the Health Fair will be held at the spring Guide Training Seminar on Saturday, March 29<sup>TH</sup>. Last year almost one hundred guides took advantage of these free services. At lunchtime, look for our tents outside the warehouse on the Hatch pad where our healthcare professionals will offer the full package: screenings for skin cancer, breast cancer, diabetes, cholesterol, blood pressure, oral exam, eye exam, family health histories and more. If you are an uninsured (or under-insured) member of the river community, we strongly encourage you to take advantage of this incredible opportunity. Early detection can save your life! Better yet, save your buddy's life by making him or her visit the tents. Did we mention it's *free*. Many, many thanks to the doctors and clinicians who volunteer their time, Sonara Quest Labs, and especially to Wyatt Woodard who oversees the program.



### KENTON GRUA MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

It's time to start thinking about the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship. Please pass the word on to any boatman you think would qualify. Support from the community has allowed the Foundation to award up to three \$2000 scholarships annually. We encourage all guides with at least five years experience here in the Grand Canyon to apply. Grants are awarded to guides with traditional and non-traditional educational paths. All applications are blinded before a rigorous review to insure impartiality. See our website for more information: [www.Whalefoundation.org](http://www.Whalefoundation.org).

The next application deadline is June 1, 2014.

### THE WHALE FOUNDATION

PO Box 855  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002  
Toll Free Help Line: 1-877-44WHALE  
Business: 928-774-9440  
Web: [www.whalefoundation.org](http://www.whalefoundation.org)

## Transitions

**I**N FALL OF 2008, after twelve seasons working full time on the river, I knew that I needed a change. I decided to cut back from a full guiding season to just three or four trips. For a couple of years I had spent the second half of my season wishing that I was at home. I was feeling physically and emotionally exhausted and knew that I needed to make a change before I burned out completely. I decided that I wanted to find a nine to five job where I would have weekends off, paid vacations, full benefits and where I could leave my work at the office each day when I came home. Then I had an experience that changed that plan.

On October 31, 2008 my niece was born at home. I walked into the house two hours after she was born to celebrate with my family and meet its newest member. My sister-in-law was lying in her bed with the baby. Daylight was streaming through the windows. The midwives were in the living room sitting on the couch, talking quietly and working on some paperwork. The scene was so peaceful and calm. At that moment I knew that was what I should be doing with my life, that I should be a midwife.

Shortly after that I contacted the midwifery practice that cared for my sister-in-law and niece. Mary Ann, who has been in practice for over thirty years, suggested that I spend some time volunteering with them to see if midwifery was the right path for me. I started volunteering with them and they accepted me as a student. I worked with them in an apprenticeship while completing distance courses with the National College of Midwifery. This was an ideal situation as I was able to stay in my hometown as I earned my associates degree in midwifery. I am now working as a midwife with the practice that trained me.

I attended my first birth with the midwifery group in February of 2009. The moment that the baby was born is indescribable for me. It seemed so amazing that this tiny, living being emerged from its strong and beautiful mother, and could do everything it needed to do to live outside of the womb. The baby was breathing and crying, and soon he was nursing.

I have now attended over one hundred and fifty births. I cared for my sister during her pregnancies and births and caught both of my nephews. I graduated from my program in August and have since passed a national certification exam to earn my Certified Professional Midwife (CPM) and my state licensing exams. While I was enrolled in my program. The Whale Foundation awarded me three scholarships. I am so grateful for the financial support that helped me achieve my goals.

It has been said that midwifery is a calling. It is more than a job; it is a way of life. It is not a nine to

five job with weekends off. It doesn't come with any financial benefits, but I feel that it is what I am meant to do with my life. Looking back I always had a huge interest in pregnancy and childbirth. I always thought that the interest I had was part of being a woman. I now realize that it is so much more than that.

When I was interviewing with the midwifery group, Mary Ann told me that being a river guide was the closest analogy she had ever found to being a

midwife. As I am starting on my journey I am finding that to be very true. As midwives we lead our clients on their journey, doing our best to keep them safe and happy. We can only lead them so much, however, ultimately they are responsible for their own experience. I have also found this to be true of my guests on the river trips that I have run. It is comforting to think of my midwifery career in the terms of the river that I know and love so well.

I look forward to returning to the canyon for a trip or two a year. The guiding community will continue to be very important to me. I know that as I move on from my career as a guide I will continue to give back to the community that has helped me to become the person that I am today. I know that I will continue to grow as a person and a guide. I look forward to what the future holds for me.

*Emily Dale*



# The Skinny About The GTS Weekend, 2014

**H**ERE IT IS—exactly what you are looking for—the facts and nothing but the facts:

## BACKCOUNTRY/FOOD MANAGER'S CLASS

- Friday, March 28<sup>TH</sup> at Hatch River Expeditions Warehouse, Marble Canyon, AZ.
- 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Please arrive early
- Call Lydia to register at (928) 679-8760
- Cost: \$18
- Bring: a chair, a mug, a bag lunch, and your driver's license (ID is required)
- Dress warmly and in layers (the warehouse can be chilly)

## GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR LAND SESSION

- Saturday & Sunday, March 29–30, 2014, at Hatchland in Marble Canyon, AZ.
- 8:00 A.M. Saturday (although we'll have breakfast beforehand) 'til lunchtime on Sunday.
- Cost: \$45 (includes all meals from Friday night dinner, through lunch on Sunday).
- If you're sponsored by an outfitter, just let Lynn know. If not, you can send in a check or register/pay on the GTS page of our website.
- Open to the public.
- Bring a chair, a mug, dress warmly and in layers.

## GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR RIVER SESSION

- April 1–7, 2014 (upper half) - \$275
- April 7–15, 2014 (lower half) - \$350
- For guides who have work in the canyon for the 2014 river season.
- If you're sponsored, let Lynn know, and your outfitter will pick up the tab. If not, then you'll need to go to the GTS page of the GCRG website to see if you meet freelance requirements and download the freelance application.

What's the real scoop? You can get your Food Manager's class with no hassle the day before, then get your brain stuffed full of fascinating facts and scintillating stories at the GTS, see your friends, make new ones, meet our park service partners and our tribal friends, dance to our foot-stompin' GTS band (Buckit) and generally have a heckuva great time. The GTS kicks off the river season in style! To give you a taste of what will be happenin'—hear what the Green, Colorado, and San Juan Rivers were like from pre-dam river runner, Dick Griffith. Learn about the night sky and rock art. Handle live fish and learn all about them from GCMRC fish biologists. The agenda is amazing! And not to be upstaged, the GTS river trip participants are going to learn more than they ever thought they could about springs, bats, bugs, the night sky, herps, lots of geology, and more. Whether you're a new guide or an old hand in Grand Canyon, you'll find it incredibly worthwhile. There's always more to learn, right? Talk to your outfitter now.

Hope to see you all at the end of March! Give Lynn a call with any questions at 928-773-1075 or by email at [gcrg@infomagic.net](mailto:gcrg@infomagic.net).

*Lynn Hamilton*



## Heartfelt Thanks

HELLO GCRG MEMBERS and BQR readers. On behalf of the Southern Paiute Consortium (SPC), monitors, and members of the Southern Paiute Nations, we would like to take this time to thank you for your help in keeping the Anvil clean and for being respectful and understanding.

In regards to the closure of the Deer Creek Narrows (not the trail), we would also like to take time to thank all of you whose paths we have crossed. We will continue monitoring the site. Most of all, we would like to mention that it fills our hearts with warmth to see the changes in the river guides that continue to stop at Deer Creek. We are heartened to see people guide the hike for your participants with patience and humbleness. Here at the SPC, we see that you all are truly understanding, open-minded, and wanting to know and see our connection to the Grand Canyon.

We have also noticed that most guides now choose to just stop at the falls, which is fine. Some people have time and some do not have time to do the hike.

In all, thank you once again (you know who you are). And remember, if you have any questions about the Southern Paiute connection to the canyons and land, please contact me at: [cbulletts@kaibabpaiute-nsn.gov](mailto:cbulletts@kaibabpaiute-nsn.gov) or call 435-689-1557 and leave a message.

*Charley Bulletts*  
SPC DIRECTOR



## Videos To View

SEVERAL EDUCATIONAL videos relevant to guiding in the Grand Canyon are available for viewing—check 'em out.

If you are interested in Native American thoughts on going to archaeological sites, watch “Visit with Respect: A Native American Stewardship Message”: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=zwDrLqThhYY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zwDrLqThhYY).

For several videos on Paiute traditions check out YouTube and Vimeo. A great “old school” video about pinyon gathering is at: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=7UC3t7oVn6E](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7UC3t7oVn6E).

The Southern Paiute Consortium has a video about their monitoring trips in Grand Canyon at: [www.vimeo.com/38364156](http://www.vimeo.com/38364156).

The Paiute Salt Song Trail, which leads to the Grand Canyon, is featured at: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=rg-bi83mMSI](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rg-bi83mMSI). In that video, Vivienne Jake from Kaibab describes singing the Salt Songs as part of the process of “bringing creation all back together again.”

And if you haven't seen the National Park Service's recent river videos, check out a short one: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=iltI\[capital 'I'\]zBa\\_gwE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iltI[capital 'I']zBa_gwE). This video features Loretta Jackson-Kelly from Hualapai, Roland Manakaja from Havasupai, and Leigh Kuwan-wisiwma from Hopi discussing their perspectives on the Grand Canyon.

*Greg Woodall*



photo Greg Woodall

## LTEMP Update

**H**ERE IS A QUICK update on the Long Term Experimental management Plan (LTEMP)—otherwise known as the plan for the future of the Grand Canyon: The draft of the EIS is now scheduled to come out in September. At that point it will be open for public comment. And comment we will. The GCRG board, your Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG) representative, and a group of thoughtful folks who have agreed to be part of an LTEMP Action Group will be working on GCRG's stance. We'll set you up with good information to help you make your own comments strong and well-informed.

As you're boating this summer, think about how you would like the Grand Canyon to be a hundred years from now. Or even twenty years from now. Talk about it with your passengers.

There are interests out there who would be happy to take us backwards. They'd like to restrict the number of flood flows, even though that experiment has just begun and is showing some promise. They'd like to put a cap on our efforts to improve the environment in the canyon. They have resources, and they have influence.

When the time comes, we'll need a lot of strong voices to counter them.

I hope you'll talk up Grand Canyon's future on your river trips this summer.

As always, feel free to contact me if you have questions.

*Sam Jansen*

### Before, After, and After— Bird's Eye View of Beach Building Success



Lower Hot Na Na Beach—February 2012



Lower Hot Na Na Beach—December 2012



Lower Hot Na Na Beach—December 2013



# Our Speed(y) Trip Through (most of) Grand Canyon

WE ALL KNOW THAT Grand Canyon has seen some real antics. Anyone reading the BOR has in some way, shape or form been part of the wild history of ridiculous happenings in Grand Canyon, things that at the time seemed to be the most important thing in the world. Come to find out that while Grand Canyon is the center of the universe, we might not be. But for those brief moments we were, and it didn't matter that not many others agreed. Stories were born and that's what really mattered.

Context is everything. We are all boating on the Colorado River through Grand Canyon at a time when water, which has always been scarce in this arid landscape, is harder to find than ever. Forget all of the needs downstream and upstream—irrigation, agriculture and municipalities that rely on the water to provide for the needs of more than 35 million people—we need boating water. Those of you who grew up running the Colorado in the '80s saw big water but our generation only knows big water to be 35,000 to 45,000 CFS during High Flow Events. One hundred thousand CFS is a mythical number to those of us who might have barely been strutting our stuff on the playground (or wishing for that Trans-Am) in 1983 let alone preparing for a record-breaking speed run through Grand Canyon. Pre-dam flows of over 100,000 CFS seem so prehistoric that we might as well be imagining dinosaurs roaming the Southwest. It is in this context that our speed(y) run was born and the reason it meant so much to us.

The real beauty leading up to our run through Grand Canyon was not the attention that we received but the door it opened to hear about other fast runs through the canyon. With the release of *The Emerald Mile* by Kevin Fedarko, our understanding of the context in which the real speed run happened was deepened. Conversations with Richard Quartaroli shed light on the Rigg Brothers' speed run. Through countless talks, we learned about everyone's fastest run but we also listened to stories about one of the best runs of all—the 100-day trip. Nonetheless, the Rigg Brothers speed run stuck out amongst all the others.

On the high water of June 1951, the Rigg Brothers, with three trips between the two of them, rowed through Grand Canyon in fifty hours. Can you imagine attempting a speed run on your second or third Canyon trip? Consider that fewer than 200 people had run the canyon at that time and the feat seems even more outrageous. In comparison (and not taking anything away from the tremendous accomplishment),

the 1983 speed run had exponentially more experience in one boat, not to mention the collective knowledge that had been garnered over three decades. Between the three of them, Kenton, Rudy and Wren probably had 300 to 400 trips through the corridor.

Fast forward to 2013. A group of guides, raised on the stories of the great flows and legendary boaters, decided to tackle a river half the size of the past. But to us this was the most historic trip of our lives. Why? The only way for us to see the majority of Grand Canyon at a “high” flow depended on our ability to run it quickly. In addition, few of us had paddled more than fifty miles in a day. It seemed audacious to consider that we were capable. Nonetheless, we started to kick the idea around and make some rough calculations.

Our trip was conceived during one of those late night sessions on the back of a boat, basking in the comfort afforded by a commercial trip in the middle of summer. Wouldn't it be fun to do a fast trip through this place? Could we do it in two or three days during one of those high flows? What would it take to break the record? What kind of experience should we have to get there?

In October of 2013, the announcement came that the Bureau of Reclamation would likely unleash a High Flow Event in November. I checked the available launch dates, found a date that might coincide with the flow, and applied in a follow-up lottery. And promptly lost. I called everyone and let them know that the trip wouldn't be happening. Two days later (and twelve days before the launch) I received a phone call letting me know that I could have the permit. The trip had a chance.

Twenty-four hours later the crew came together. David Dill, guide for Canyon Explorations with an impressive domestic and international boating resume, and I had been discussing the idea for years, so he was an easy sell. Harlan Taney was the next on the list, an AZRA guide whose reputation precedes him, had just attempted a true speed run in 2012, solo in an 18-foot Epic Kayak where he had to abort the attempt after an injury. Undaunted, he speedily hiked out the South Kaibab Trail with his boat and gear. Thirteen hours from Lees Ferry to the South Rim, that must be some kind of record. The next two members were wiser, and a harder sell. Pat Phillips, Canyon Explorations guide and owner of Mongolian River Expeditions, was leery at first but used the motto that has helped launch so many trips “what could possibly go wrong?” Tyler Williams, guidebook author and Arizona river special-





ist who knows exactly when a drop of rain will fall and how long it will take to make it into a river near you, thought it sounded like a painful idea. Sitting in a kayak all-day isn't the most comfortable endeavor but after sharing the calculations of boating time, less reasonable minds prevailed and Tyler was on board. A couple of days after I submitted the permit, I received a call from Roy Lippman hoping to get on board but the logistics just wouldn't work. In a stroke of luck, Roy got a permit for a solo trip launching two days before our trip. It meant we could meet up and run the high water rapids together.

We decided on a three-day trip to Diamond. Until a week before we had no idea whether the flows would line up with our launch. Unfazed, we continued planning. The biggest challenge was the boat line-up. I calculated our rate of travel based on a basic kayak hull design, not a hull designed for speed. In contrast, Harlan would be using his 18-foot Epic Kayak, Dave found a 14.5-foot Pyranha Speeder, and Tyler had a 14-foot Prijon Yukon touring kayak. Pat and I were in 10-foot Liquid Logic Remix boats—better for whitewater but a dog in the flats and boils. In the end it all worked out but suffice it to say that Harlan had to backpaddle to keep up with Pat and me.

It all came together on November 12<sup>TH</sup>. At 7:30 A.M. we launched from Lees Ferry on 37,000 CFS. Tyler described the trip best in his online report for *Canoe and Kayak Magazine*:

These early mornings were tough, but not nearly as harried as the 10-minute breaks we took every 20 miles. As those stops neared, I planned a strategy for efficiency: Ibuprofen, water, food and while chewing, note our progress on the map and walk around to stretch the legs. Then it was back into the boat to make another typical days'

distance in the next two hours. Paddling 75 miles a day seemed improbable at first, but as the miles piled up behind us, that crazy idea morphed into reality. Our pace consistently ranged between seven and nine miles per hour. Going faster wasn't a reality for most of us, so the best we could do was limit our stoppage time. And it seemed to work. Somehow, when sunset crept over the Canyon each evening, we found ourselves pulling into camp with another 70-plus miles behind us.

Night one brought Cardenas Camp—mile 71.5. We anticipated a faster pace through the inner gorge on day two, but to our surprise the boils and whirlpools below each rapid actually made our overall pace slower than it was through the flat water of Marble Canyon. Making time, however, was not always our primary consideration in the gorge. The big whitewater of 37,000 CFS demanded our full attention. Hermit most definitely did not wash out as some of us had speculated, and Crystal had us furiously paddling away from mountains of surging wave-holes. Late on day two, Bed-rock Rapid brought the biggest surprise. Jets of water fire-hosed into unavoidable whirlpools and exploded in chaotic features that have no name in the whitewater lexicon. Two of us were launched into a washing machine eddy, and Harlan, in his sleek ocean-going vessel that none of us could keep pace with, rolled amidst the crazed boils. We all emerged with big laughs and bigger stories.

Most of our trip was considerably less gripping—pull the knees up, wiggle the toes, remember to drink water, talk with whomever is near, and keep paddling. The images that stick in my mind are the ones that just don't happen on a standard trip, like floating through early morning light that turns the water gold in the Muav Gorge, or familiar buttes appearing like entirely new formations as they catch late evening sun. Being on the water throughout all daylight hours brought refreshing perspective, even as uncomfortable as it was. Most of us had numb toes for most of the days, and as we finally circled around the campfire after dark, Dave Dill often

spoke for us all. “Well,” he’d say, “I don’t know about you guys, but I feel fairly devastated.” Indeed, Dave, shall we go again tomorrow?

Night two we arrived at Matkat, Mile 149.5. The next day we got on the water at 7 A.M., and after 70 miles of paddling we watched the sun go down as we approached Diamond Peak. Not much later we were on our way home. Can it really be called a speed trip

when there is a guitar on the trip and we slept for more hours than we boated? Not really. But what mattered was that we had the opportunity to see the Canyon in rare form and experience it in a way that none of us had before. We are already planning another trip. This one will be between two and one-hundred days in duration.

*Justin Salamon with Tyler Williams*



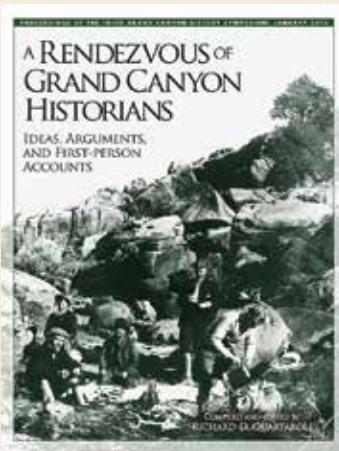
Below: Pat Phillips, Justin Salamon, Dave Dill, Harlan Taney, Roy Lippman, Tyler Williams



## Book Reviews

*A Rendezvous of Grand Canyon Historians: Ideas, Arguments, and First-Person Accounts*, BY RICHARD D. QUARTAROLI, Grand Canyon Association, 2013, 303 pages, ISBN: 978-1-934656-49-5, \$19.95.

**B**OATS AND BOOTS generate books. Every year thousands of adventurers try to hold onto their powerful Grand Canyon experiences by reaching for books about the canyon—Cliff Notes for going even deeper into the greatest cliffs. The canyon generates strong loyalties, yet often the people devoted to it are separated into communities that barely know one another: rangers, commercial guides, private river runners, hikers, science researchers, Native Americans, artists, concessionaire employees. But there's one place where all these communities intersect: the Grand Canyon Historical Society, especially at its history symposiums. Like GCRG's Guides Training Seminar, the history symposium is a celebration of the canyon, with dinners, tours (Brad Dimock explaining the park's collection of historic boats), talks, train ride, and camaraderie.



The Grand Canyon Historical Society was founded thirty years ago and for a long time remained focused mainly on rim history. Yet gradually the Society has come to cover the entire canyon experience. Its leaders are geologists (Wayne Ranney is the current president), river runners, rangers, archaeologists, and hikers, and the editor of its little magazine is Mary Williams of BQR fame. The third history symposium, held at the Shrine of the Ages in January 2012,

offered in-depth, original research into a wide range of topics. Now the symposium proceedings are in print, 300 pages (up from the first symposium's 200 pages) with 41 articles and 250 photographs.

Five talks focused on river history. Richard Quartaroli discussed the life and curious curiosity of Dock Marston, a name we know—but knew little about; Marston was the ultimate case of someone whose river trips never stopped but turned into a Lava Falls of research. Roy Webb discussed how Norm Nevills and his successors developed the cataract boat. Tom Martin documented a missing link in boat evolution, how Moulty Fulmer's *Gem* mutated the cataract boat into the dory. Dave Mortenson showed startling photos of “The Big-

gest Water Ever Run,” at 125,000 cfs in 1957. Philip M. Smith and Buzz Belknap showed off Jon Hamilton's 1960 jet boat run.

The charts that accompany these talks will fascinate river runners. One ranks the annual high flows in the canyon, from 300,000 in 1884 and 220,000 in 1921 to 25,500 in 1934. Another shows the daily flows for three months in 1960 (Jon Hamilton's run), with almost all of June being over 30,000 cfs and up to 45,000 cfs. Richard Quartaroli includes a list of Dock Marston's 22 river trips, and Marston's list of the canyon's first 206 river runners.

The history symposiums have come to feature a debate. At the second symposium Brad Dimock and Tom Myers merrily debated whether James White was conqueror, confused, or con man. At the third symposium Jonathan Upchurch and Ray Kenny debated whether an inscription found near the South Bass Trail was made by the Spanish conquistadors in 1540.

For trail history, Tom Myers tracked Kenton Grua, George Steck and fifteen other hikers through the length of the canyon.

Four talks explored Native American connections with the canyon.

For scientific and exploration history, Wayne Ranney unearthed changing concepts of canyon geology; Dennis Foster followed Charles Walcott down the Nankoweap Trail in 1882–'83; Harvey Leake followed the Wetherills around the Colorado Plateau; and Jerry Snow reminded us that Joseph Ives explored part of the Colorado River before Powell.

For cultural history, Alan Petersen discussed his important new research into Gunnar Widfors; Erik Berg discussed the relationship of painter Louis Akin and poet Mai Richie Reid; and Alan Pratt followed Zane Grey around the North Rim.

Park history included talks on the 1956 airliner crash, the Bass family, the Harvey Girls, tourists, Phantom Ranch, the Hermit Road, and management issues. Susan Verkamp discussed the life of her mother (and important park historian) Peggy Verkamp. Gary Ladd showed photos of the building and 1983 travail of Glen Canyon Dam. Roy Webb was quite entertaining on the 1944 emergency nighttime parachute jump of airmen into the canyon.

Making a 300-page document live up to scholarly standards, with hundreds of references, takes a great deal of eye-glazing work, generously donated by Richard Quartaroli. Hazel Clark did the design, Earle Spamer the index. You can purchase this book from the

Grand Canyon Association: <http://www.grandcanyon.org/shop/online-store/rendezvous-grand-canyon-historians>. Mark January, 2017 for the next history symposium! (<http://www.grandcanyonhistory.org>).

Don Lago

*Canyon of Dreams: Stories from Grand Canyon History*, by Don Lago, The University of Utah Press, 2014, 368 pages, 978-1-60781-314-9, \$19.95.

MANY READERS of the *Boatman's Quarterly Review* should probably recognize the name of the author of *Canyon of Dreams: Stories from Grand Canyon History*. Don Lago has previously written eleven articles for the BQR on John Wesley Powell and his crew, river and canyon history, and related topics. He is the dogged researcher who found the only known photographs of the half-brothers Oramel G. and Seneca B. Howland, two of the three men who left Powell's 1869 expedition at what is now called Separation Canyon, and wrote the amazing story of uncovering the unrecognized facts behind Powell's head boatman's self-mutilation in "The Madness of Jack Sumner." He is also the author of the more recent *Grand Canyon Trivia*.

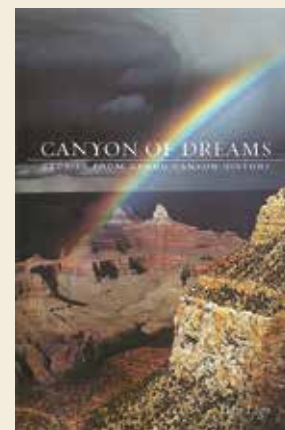
Though *Canyon of Dreams* does not contain any river stories, BQR readers still will be interested in what Grand Canyon history trails and tales Lago explores. There are fourteen essays in his latest effort, revised from those originally appearing in *The Ol' Pioneer* of the Grand Canyon Historical Society. Some share common themes, but all refer to dreams, ideas, or responses to perceptions of the Grand Canyon and the resulting realities of in-person experiences. Lago explains: "The stories in this book are diverse, but they share one larger theme: they are about how the Grand Canyon has stirred the human imagination, in many forms." And a great part of that stirring of imagination is that for longer than the past century visitors have many preconceived notions of what the Grand Canyon looks like, in effect what it is, from ever-increasing access to images developed from writers, from artists, and from photographers. The romanticism of the Southwest oftentimes has resulted in a disparity between the myth and the reality. The first view of the Grand Canyon can cause folks to step back in disbelief because of that disparity. William Guy Bass, son of Canyon pioneer William Wallace Bass, was one of the first Anglo children to grow up on the Canyon rim; he said he envied those who had a first view—to him the Canyon was always there.

Among the topics that you may not know about, or may have heard of only in passing, are: the Apollo as-

tronauts hiked and/or muled in and out of the Canyon as part of their moon mission training; an astronomical observatory had been planned for the rim of Grand Canyon near Desert View; Egyptians may have occupied the Canyon, but the U.S. government covered up the truth (in a story worthy of grocery-store check-out line tabloids); the Chinese first discovered America and the Grand Canyon; the U.S. Post Office and Forest Service were in dispute over a Canyon dog; William Randolph Hearst owned property near Grandview and was in dispute with the Park Service over private inholdings, but now the Hearst estate still owns the area around the Hance asbestos mine; Brightly of the Grand Canyon was a real burro who lived in the Canyon, but his story went from historical fact to fiction and back to history; singer/songwriter Roger Miller, who wrote "King of the Road," worked at Verkamp's Store which may have influenced the lyrics; and Captain John Hance implied that he was born in at least eleven different years, from 1831 to 1851, and that bricks from his Midwest home area are found at his Grand Canyon homestead.

Lago devotes four chapters to the "intellectual and literary circles" of personal impressions: tourists and their writings in public journals at the El Tovar Hotel; poets and their sophisticated visions; America's leading naturalists' attempts to find order, beauty, and meaning in nature; prominent British novelists and playwrights with "their personal and national experiences;" and American novelist Henry Miller, who wanted to be European but upon a return to the Southwest that he loved in his youth, decided to stay after a visit to Grand Canyon. It is in these chapters that the greatest struggle between image and reality is evident, as visitors to Grand Canyon from around the world attempt to make sense of what they're seeing and properly placing the Grand Canyon within their new reality given their predisposition to the image. Based on entirely new research, Lago found that "pursuing these stories was another instance in which the Grand Canyon has reached out and stirred the human imagination to come up with answers." Grand Canyon author/bibliographer Earle Spamer wrote "this is the book I had wanted to write myself, though I didn't know it until I read this work." Reading Lago's *Canyon Dreams* will make history entertaining as well as stimulate your imagination.

Richard Quartaroli



# AMIL QUAYLE

*Amil Quayle has—since day one—forever been on everybody’s short list of people we needed to interview and put in the BQR. He was born in 1938 near the Henry’s Fork of the Snake River and grew up hardscrabble and rural to the “nth” degree. He ran rivers all over, and was a boatman in the Grand Canyon in the mid-1960s when this thing really took off. He was “adopted” by an illustrious Grand Canyon family that wished to remain anonymous, and by Latimer Smith, quite a while ago. But it seemed like he was always far away up North somewhere and hard to get to.*

*When I emailed him this fall and broached the subject of an interview again, he politely declined: he’d already said pretty much all he had to say about this stuff in his own published works and wasn’t interested in an interview. Besides, he was a “piker,” as he put it, compared to guys like Bruce Quayle and John Toner, who had given over thirty years to it while he’d only done it full time for thirteen. Not to mention Clair Quist.*

*I lamented missing out on what really happened that time in Upset, which Paul Thevenin had told us a little about once, and Amil sent me two books to ease the pain. One was a slender volume containing the story that follows here. The other—Grand Canyon and Other Selected Poems—holds the poetry printed here and oh, so much more.*

*Dr. Quayle, it turns out, has a Ph.D in English. He has been teaching that subject at the college level all those years he wasn’t on the river. And boy, does that show. In my mind there’s poetry, and then there’s poetry...stuff that really hits home. Amil Quayle’s work is definitely the latter. It transcends river-running, for sure, and I would highly recommend Grand Canyon... and Amil’s other books too, which can be purchased from Amil himself at: Amil Quayle; P.O.Box 1; St.Anthony, Idaho, 83445; 308-521-2744; QUAYAMIL@ISU.EDU —or from Fretwater Press, —or from Colorado River and Trail Expeditions.*

*Sometimes less is more. Though this issue represents a slight departure from our usual format, I like to think that content-wise it’s one of the best ever.*

—LEW STEIGER

\* \* \*

## UPSET in UPSET

by Amil Quayle

*For Jack and Betty Ann Currey, who gave me wings*

In June of 1966 I ran my first solo for Western River Expeditions through Grand Canyon in a thirty-three foot pontoon tail dragger. The motor was outside the boat on a wooden frame and the neoprene floor was still in the boat. I had two, twenty-horse Johnson motors and knocked one out on a rock in Hance Rapid. But the rest of the trip went okay with a lot of bailing by the customers. I was relieved when I pulled into Temple Bar and assumed I would be going back to the Vernal warehouse to chill for awhile. I said goodbye to the eight customers and waited for Bryce Mackay to show.

An hour later I saw a yellow International Travelall pull in and a grinning Bryce get out. Bryce always grinned more when he was the bearer of bad news.

“You’re going back out in three days,” he said.

“I can’t. I only have one motor.”

“Sorry, it’s already booked, one family of four.”

We loaded and drove back to Marble, stopping in Kingman to say hello to Bryce’s favorite go-go dancer.

When we arrived at Lees Ferry, which consisted at the time of a small concession trailer where you could get candy and a soda, owned by two men whose names I’ve forgotten, but I remember they were fighting with each other, we blew up the thirty-three.

It looked very small sitting next to Georgie White’s triple-rig. Her husband, Whitie, was strutting around, acting important in those blue coveralls he always wore, until Georgie showed up, then he went quiet and only talked to the one-eyed Navajo who Georgie hired to throw water on her rig to keep it cool in the Arizona sun.

Georgie was wearing that one-piece leopard bathing suit she always wore on the river. She left with thirty passengers. Whitie headed for Page in the truck. Western’s thirty-three would be the only boat at Lees

Ferry for the next two days, and the next Hatch trip was a week away. There was an eighty percent chance Shorty Burton, Dennis Massey, or Earl Staley would be on that trip. Knowing who would be behind me gave me comfort.

With only four people, there was not that much food to pack, so we put all our personal gear and sleep gear in four, six-foot, wood food boxes that fit across the two oarlocks. This would prove to be a mistake when we got downriver. But I remember thinking it was clever at the time.

So I pulled out of Lees Ferry with a single thirty-three with one motor and a geologist, his wife, and two boys, eight and ten years old. I was excited, scared, and told Bryce, "I must be crazy."

"I know you are," he said. Then he gave me that grin, which I will never forget until I die, unless I get Alzheimer's first, of course. We were off. I wish I could remember the names of those four people who shared with me an adventure.

The geologist came to the Grand Canyon to look at rocks and was surprised when we got to Soap Creek. "I didn't know there were rapids down here," he said. "Oh my God," I thought. We went on downriver and camped at Vasey's, taking a look at the human skeleton, exploring Stanton Cave, and getting a cold drink from the waterfall. We stopped at Redwall. Downriver, I pointed out the test holes for the proposed dam site when we passed. Further down, where the Canyon opens, they enjoyed seeing the tower on the rim.

The next day in Hance, I pulled in behind that big rock, caught the eddy, pulled the motor up, and bounced down through the rocks, not wanting to risk the only motor I had. As I told Bryce, I knocked out the other motor there the trip before. We stopped at Phantom Ranch and hiked up for an ice cream.

My Les Jones scroll map was wet and faded from the previous trip and a good soaking again when we went through Sockdolager. It was a little difficult to hold the motor handle in one hand, hold onto the life rope with the other, and unfold the map at the same time while perching on the motor mount with bent legs above the pontoon stern.

The rig was a copy of the rig Hatches had used for years in the Canyon. We left Phantom and arrived at Horn Creek, but the map was very faded, and I did not

think we were at Horn yet and did not stop to explore.

We dropped in right of the right horn, and the boat filled halfway on the first wave, and the second filled it with water, which probably saved us from going over with the third. My four comrades were hanging onto ropes, and their bodies were outstretched across the boat. The little Johnson cavitated wildly but kept running, and we pulled in on the right side at the bottom. The pontoon was level-full of water. We bailed for over an hour with five gallon buckets, and no one spoke. I think we all knew we were in over our heads.

Granite and Hermit Rapids went better. (Crystal did not yet exist.) We had a good time at Shinamu and Elves Chasm. That night we camped at Deer Falls, which had not yet been declared a non-campsite. When we awoke the next morning, the river had dropped—a lot. Fishtail had a huge hole but was easy to miss. When we reached Kanab Creek, where the Major left the river on his second trip, we were feeling good after a nice breakfast under that beautiful waterfall. We passed Matkatamiba and floated on down to Upset Rapid.

We pulled in to look at Upset, and I knew we had a serious problem. The hole was big as a house and went almost all the way across the existing stream. I don't know what the water level was, but I never saw it that low again. I had one motor and two children.

First, I decided not to risk the passengers by letting them ride. Second, I decided not to risk the motor by taking the obvious motor route down the left side in the deeper water where a daunting rock was exposed out from the shore in the only route away from the hole. I also did not want to be on the opposite side of the river from my walking passengers.

Like I had done successfully the trip before, I would row the pontoon along the shore on the right side, pull in at the bottom, and retrieve the four sojourners. I had also rowed a thirty-three on the Green before and knew it was difficult, but I was young and saw no other choice under the circumstances.

It did not work.

The river was much lower than on the last trip. I was hugging the shore, bow first, Galloway style, but the water was so shallow I could not get a bite with the starboard oar. The bow hit gravel, and the current caught the stern, swinging it out and lining the boat exactly sideways to the big hole. I knew I was going

swimming a few seconds before it actually happened. I came up under the upside-down pontoon and could hear the brave family yelling to each other about my whereabouts, so I swam out from under the boat and waved to let them know I was okay.

I grabbed the bow line and headed for shore when a great thing happened. The woman, still in her life jacket, jumped in the river and swam out to the boat, where she grabbed the lifeline on the side and started swimming back in. I could hear the wooden boxes crumbling to pieces in the shallow water, and flotsam appeared downstream as we got ashore and held the boat in against the talus shoreline, not far above where the talus ended and the sheer walls began.

As I remember, we tied the boat off and just sat without talking for about a half hour before doing anything, just watching the floatable stuff disappear around the corner, and that included the two yellow, fourteen-foot, oak oars. Then we laughed about how the husband, who could not swim, had yelled words of encouragement to his wife as she pulled the boat into shore. After getting our second wind, we started to work turning the boat back over.

We went underneath and undid the superstructure so all we had to turn was neoprene. We tied the bow and stern lines to the outside D-rings and the ends up into the rocks, and the man and I got under the side while the other three pulled the ropes. We chinked in rocks for the inches we gained, until we had it high enough that the five of us could get under and pop it on over. We put the frames back on and checked the motor. It was full of water. It was no longer a motor trip.

One of the boys found two cans of tuna fish between the floor of the boat and the side tube. All the rest of the food was gone to Davey's Locker. All our bedding was gone and all the personal gear. With two cans of tuna and the clothes we wore, we mounted the boat and started downriver.

The Jones map was saturated, but I recalled there was not much to worry about between Upset Rapid and Havasu, the one place I knew where we could abandon the river for high ground.

It was actually quite pleasant floating along that stretch without the sound of a motor and realizing we had come through a rough spot and were all alive and well. About a mile down, we saw an oar floating in an eddy. With a short swim, I had it on the boat. The pins

were bent but not broken, and our collective psyches were bent but not broken. We had a little steerage by moving the oar from side to side to line us up for those small rapids in that seven-mile run to Havasu.

It was enough, and we took turns on the oar, giving the boys their turns as well.

The river was low and the current slow as we floated along towards our destination at Havasu Creek. It was cloudy, and sprinkled off and on, but it was very warm, and we were comfortable in our clothes and life jackets. I remember the professor commenting on being glad the decision was made to wear the jackets on their hike around Upset Rapid.

I think it became instilled in me at that moment to never let passengers get separated from their life jackets, on or off the boat, if there was any water activity. I also realized that a one-boat trip posed special problems on the river, but that fact did not keep me from taking many more one-boat trips over the next several years. (By 1967 there was more traffic on the river if one needed assistance.)

But that was 1966 and Georgie was a day ahead and Hatch was five days behind. I did not know it then, but I would never have the river to myself again that way in my life. And neither would anyone else, unless they ran in the off-season, which I never did.

We were alone, floating along and philosophical. The professor lamented he had lost his box full of illegal rocks to an upside-down boat, but was ecstatic that his wife and two children were safe and warm and we had two cans of tuna to split for supper if we could figure a way to open them.

Of course, I was more worried about how we were going to get into Havasu, because I knew, even in my neophyte innocence, that was our only reasonable way out of this predicament. The two boys were not worried about anything and acted like they were on a Sunday picnic. I think we were all a little pumped up and euphoric for being in such good shape after the event.

The woman was extremely modest, I do remember that, and poo-pooed the idea that she had done anything out of the ordinary by swimming out to pull the boat in. If she had not, I still believe the boat would have floated on past the talus, down into the sheer walls, which would have separated me and the boat from those four brave souls, making it impossible to



turn the boat back over. Not to mention, they would all have had to swim to get to the boat at all.

I knew, as we floated along, that I had been blessed to have these particular people for this particular trip at this particular moment in time. And I also knew that this was a turning point in my life, but I did not know if it was for better or worse. We still had miles to go before I could relax and contemplate more on that notion.

After a one-oared, quiet, seven-mile float, we saw Havasu ahead, and worked our way over to the left shoreline. The water was so low there were ledges and outcroppings to stand on and to hold onto in that formation, and we hugged the shoreline, holding the boat in and using ropes when we had a rock to get a loop around, inching our way down to the mouth of Havasu Creek.

My euphoria was gone, and I was well aware of the possible consequences if we did not get that boat into the creek. I could not have had a better team. The woman, especially, knew her ropes, and I thought about Melville and how, drunk or sober, awake or asleep, a man must know his ropes. She did, and I remember her telling me what the next prudent move should be. Though I do not now remember discussing it, I am certain she had sailboat experience.

Through all this, I do not remember her ever losing her head or seeming to be overly excited. The children were the same way. We inched along the ledge, a couple of times holding the upstream tie until we got a good tie downstream and letting the boat do a one-eighty.

On trips after that, in deeper water, I would pull over and look at the shoreline and wonder how it was possible, but all I can say is that it worked and we finally arrived with the bow against the ledge and in the upstream side of Havasu Creek. The Titan held the boat after she wrapped the rope around a rock upstream.

Our plan: I would swim across Havasu with the bowline and get it taut. The boys and the man would get on the boat, and when I said I was ready, the woman would untie it and jump aboard with her family. I would try to pull the boat across before the river current swept it downstream. If we failed, the alternate plan was for them to get the boat in on the left shore below the rapid and hold it there until I could get down to them.

It may not have worked in higher water, but it seemed quite easy at that water level, and the bow came over and had not touched ground before the woman was off the boat, holding it and pushing it away to work it up the creek, as the river current tried to pull it away, working against the stern.

She was telling her husband and the boys what to do, and soon the boat was safely moored in the beautiful blue waters of Havasu. I remember thinking that Lava Falls would not have her way with me, at least not this trip. That is not to say Lava Falls did not have her way with me on many trips after that.

We had an hour before losing light, and after we cleared out the adrenaline, we hiked over the ledge and took a nice relaxing swim in Havasu. We decided to have one can of tuna for dinner and one for breakfast (if we could get them open) and then start our long trek to the Indian village in the morning. It was very warm, and our lack of bedding didn't seem too big a deal.

To tell the truth, I do not remember how we opened that can of tuna, maybe on the oarlock some way. I do recall the can was bent up some before we got a big enough opening that we could get our fingers in and each try to get about an equal share, which they all insisted on, and my breaking the cardinal rule that the customers always eat first, and if there is any left, the boatman eats. I think we all slept on the boat. I think we were all so tired we slept well, at least I did. We were up early, and although it was a little chilly, we were not hurting at all.

We repeated the tuna ritual, made every possible tie we could with the two long ropes, and headed for the village. I had never been up Havasu before, and I remember feeling guilty that I was almost glad this happened so I could see such sublime beauty as this.

Mooney Falls! My God!

Havasu Falls! My God!

All of it! My God!

I was born lucky. I was born truly lucky.

The two boys were like cattle dogs, full of energy and chasing after frogs and lizards as we hiked. We arrived at the village about noon. I found the only available telephone (in a booth) and called Jack Cur-

rey through a very uncooperative operator, probably in Peach Springs. Jack was home. I told him the news, and he said he needed an hour to make a plan. Jack was as cool as he always was, and we discussed it like it happened every day. After Jack hung up, we wandered around the village and managed to get some food some way, I can't now say how.

It was very hot in the village, but there were clouds rolling across the sky. When I called Jack back, he told me he had arranged for the Indians to take my friends to the rim by horse, then by pickup to Peach Springs, where he had purchased Greyhound Bus tickets, by phone and credit card, for them back to Los Angeles, California.

I was to stay in the village until after midnight, then hike up the trail to the rim where Bryce would meet me at daylight to take me back to somewhere. Our warehouse in 1966 was in Vernal, Utah. I said goodbye to my friends and watched them on the horses until they were out of sight. It did not occur to me I would never see them again.

Strange I had come to like them so much, but, at the same time, I felt good I no longer had any responsibility for them. In fact, it was so nice and warm, and I felt so good, I decided not to wait until midnight to start up the trail. It was t-shirt and cut-off Levi weather, and I was on a roll, young and close to the wild heart of life, as Renny Russell said. I was probably singing as I left the village for higher vistas. It went really well for the first couple hours, but then the clouds came rolling in.

I was getting higher and the temperature was behaving accordingly. My yellow Western River t-shirt seemed inadequate.

Then it got worse.

It started to rain. Hard!

I had no idea how far I had to go, but I wanted to be there. I was wet, cold, and shivering. It lasted a long time, and I was hiking fast. It occurred to me this was the most miserable I had been on the entire trip.

The euphoria from the village parting disappeared completely, and I felt I was in a position of struggle for my life. I was way cold! It was pouring down frigid rain, and I saw no place of shelter. I was freezing.

Then I came around a corner and saw vehicles

through the downpour. I ran. I checked them all, and they were all locked. I took off the wet t-shirt and threw it over the side of a pickup bed.

It was raining hard, but I was a little warmer without the rag over my shoulder. I checked all the vehicle doors again before I decided to break a window with a rock and crawl inside to get warm. I would work it out with the owner later.

I found a suitable rock and headed for a red Chevrolet when I heard the sound of an engine. I dropped the rock, and an old, green, Dodge pickup, with a Department of Interior logo on the door, pulled in. I almost ran to meet that truck. Inside there was an old Indian at the wheel and two young boys by his side. "You look cold," he said. "What is going on?"

I told him, and he laughed and said that he and the boys had a trailer about a mile down the road, where they were watching big construction equipment for the road construction contractor. "Grab your shirt and come with us. We need to warm you up."

I started to get in the back of the pickup, and he said, "No, in here. I have the heater going." The boys slid over, and I climbed in, probably thinking the man who invented pickup heaters should be in the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

When we arrived at the sixteen-foot, once-blue trailer, he lit all four burners on the cook stove, then tossed me a dry shirt from the little closet. He started the coffee, and one of the boys said, "I am a Mormon and live with a Mormon family in Utah during the winter, but Grandpa lets us drink coffee in the summer." We all laughed at that.

I have never in my life tasted a better cup of coffee. He warmed up some chili, and it was as good as the coffee. After dinner, we laughed and told stories long into the night before the man got on his bunk, the boys in the overhead bunk, and me on the floor with a pillow and Indian blanket.

He opened a window and left one burner going, which was just perfect. I slept like a baby until I heard another engine. I jumped up and went outside to wave Bryce down before he drove on by on his way out to the rim where we were supposed to meet. The old man came out and waved us back into the trailer, where he filled us up with more chili and biscuits.

We said emotional goodbyes, and I am embarrassed to say that I do not remember the names of those three people who rescued me from a very unpleasant night in a car with a broken window. Once more, it did not occur to me then that I would never see them again in my life but would always remember their kind deed.

Bryce was feeling good and seemed pleased that he could make a long trip like that without dragging the ever-present trailer full of boats and gear. He listened and laughed when I related the tale of how we both came to be at that spot at that time on an Indian reservation in Arizona. One of the great things about being a guide was looking forward to seeing Bryce Mackay at the end of the trip, and though someone had called him the prophet-of-doom, he was really an encyclopedia of highway knowledge and wisdom.

I was sad when Bryce quit Western and went to driving for Ted Hatch, but our friendship never waned, and I received a Christmas card from Bryce a few weeks before he died in that trailer house at the Hatch warehouse in Marble Canyon.

So we were headed out for the main highway talking boatman talk, and I probably asked him if we were going to stop in Kingman to see his go-go dancer friend.

“Nope, we’re going to Kanab.”

“Kanab? What for?”

“Because, day after tomorrow, you are flying out of Kanab to Salmon, Idaho, for a Main Salmon trip.”

“Goddamn, Bryce, I need a few days off.”

“Sorry, it’s already booked. Besides, if a horse throws you, it’s better to get right back on.”

Like I said, Bryce always had a lot of wisdom. We drove to Vegas, gambled a few dollars in the nickel machines and headed for Kanab, stopping in Mesquite, which had one cafe with a dozen slot machines. There were milk cows in the pastures that now house the casinos. I liked it much better in 1966.

The Virgin River Gorge Highway had not yet been constructed, so we drove the long old route around through Santa Clara, where, if it had been August, we would have stopped to eat fresh watermelon. We passed all the little watermelon stands and Jacob Hamblin’s house, and I probably thought of my own great-grand-

father, Joseph Watson Young, who had three wives and died of a heat stroke working on the Washington Bridge. He was forty-four years old and was buried in the St. George Cemetery. My grandmother, who still lived in Salt Lake in 1966, was the youngest daughter of his third wife.

We drove through St. George, turning east across the Arizona strip, past Colorado City, where I had polygamous cousins I had never met, on over to Fredonia, then Kanab, where we had dinner at Karen Alvey’s Country Kitchen. James Arness and a half dozen actors from *Gunsmoke* were there telling stories, of course. The waitresses added to the mood by reading from the postcards tourists had left in the box to be mailed, which often poked fun at the locals.

Bryce told them I had flipped a boat in the Grand Canyon, but nobody seemed overly impressed. The storytelling continued until the cafe was ready to close, and we went out to camp in the sage beyond Kanab Creek. Good thing for me Bryce had remembered to grab up another sleeping bag from our pile of gear behind the Marble Canyon Lodge.

Next morning we bought a shower from a small motel—I’ve forgotten the name—on the west end of Kanab. Then we went to the Country Kitchen for breakfast and more gossip. It was the happening place in Kanab at that time, that and the Parry Lodge, where all the movie people stayed.

An hour later, I was climbing into a Cessna 182 with Phil Pheiler, the resident cowboy pilot of Kanab. He wore a beat-up, straw, cowboy hat and looked like he had just come in from the alfalfa field, which maybe he had.

By mid-afternoon he came in low at the strip in Salmon, Idaho, missing the fence at the end of the runway by a few feet. Syd Lycan and Craig Preston were there to pick me up.

Next day we put on the Main Salmon. Bryce was right. Get back on a horse if you get bucked off. The Main Salmon was the perfect horse, and I followed Syd and Craig along, letting them worry about any worries that came up. It would not be the only time in my life the Main Salmon would renew me and give me solace.

Two weeks later I would be back in Grand Canyon, where I would spend most of my summer for the next several years. Lucky for me!

Paul Thevenin

*(Regarding the aftermath of Amil Quayle's Upset adventure, from an oral history interview conducted with Richard Quartaroli and Lew Steiger in July, 1995)*

**THEVENIN:** ...I did have one other good run—the time that Amil flipped a boat in Upset, and those were the days when we carried spare oars, and this was on a single thirty-three, so you could row them, but he'd messed up all of his motors by the time he'd got there, and when he flipped, he lost all but one oar. And so he managed to coast the thing in downriver, and got into Havasu and hiked those people out.

**STEIGER:** This is with a thirty-three?

**THEVENIN:** This is with a thirty-three-footer.

**STEIGER:** Wow. So he turned one over?

**THEVENIN:** Turned one over.

**STEIGER:** Now this is Western?

**THEVENIN:** This is back in the days with Western.

**STEIGER:** And he's on a one-boat trip?

**THEVENIN:** He's on a one-boat trip, and the motors wouldn't... See, the thing is, if we'd known as much about motors then as we know now, Amil probably could have fixed the motors. But in those days when a motor went bad, we didn't know anything about mechanics. You pulled it off, you put the other one on. If it went bad, then you went to the oars. And he was on the oars and he lost all the oars but one. And he managed to get that thing in there at Havasu and hiked the people out. Jack sent me and some kid we had from California and said, "Okay, take four oars and go around, and hike back down Havasu." And so we're carrying these four oars. I mentioned earlier, these oars were made by this guy, Hatchet Harry, down there in Mapleton or somewhere. I mean, they were *heavy*. They were heavy suckers. And we're trying to carry them two at a time. Finally I got smart, I said, "We'll bundle them up, all four of them. We'll carry them safari-style with our supply of food hanging from the middle." Well, before, when we got to Mooney Falls and Havasu Falls, that was fun, we'd throw those things over one at a time, and they'd go down, they'd hit the water, they'd disappear and pop back up and jump about five feet out of the water. Then we crawled through the hole, went down and retrieved them. We were carrying them down there, I finally said, "Nuts, we gotta tie these oars together." So we carried all four oars together on our shoulders, and that got to be a pain. And I thought, "You know, we got a perfectly good river here," so we'd float them down the river. Then we'd get to one of the falls, I'd have the kid hold back and I'd go downstream

and say, "Shove 'em over," and we got to talking about the travertine and all the little holes and what would happen sometime if one of the oars got stuck in one of those little travertine tunnels. We got down, and I'm down there at the bottom of this waterfall, which, my guess, looking back—see, we didn't know the names of anything upstream—my guess is it must have probably been Beaver, because Beaver was the only one big enough for it to have been. So I'm down below and I say, "Okay, send 'em over." He said, "I already have." I said, "Well, they haven't come down to me." So I start walking upriver, and I get all the way to the falls, and there's no oars in the water. And so I start diving to the bottom, and sure enough, there they are, all four of 'em wedged in this tunnel, three-quarters of the oar buried in one of those tunnels, and the pressure had been enough, it jammed them in there, and I could get on the bottom of the thing, I could stand on the bottom and I could pull on the oars, and they would not budge. The kid says, "Well, are we going to hike back out for more oars?" I said, "No." "What are you going to do?" "I'm going to hike down and take the boat out." "Well, Amil couldn't take it out." I said, "Amil had passengers, we don't." He said, "Well, there's only one oar. Can we do it with one oar?" I said, "No. Kid, you got your choice right now. You can walk back up the canyon, or you can come with me." And for some reason he decided to come with me, and we walked down there, and sure enough there was only one oar. It was sitting there in the heat. When the tubes were black, they had a tendency to blow up, so the tube just behind the nose tube on the left had popped. I wasn't going to patch it. I thought, "Okay, fine, we'll just shove off, and we'll look for some driftwood somewhere along the way." And so we're just tooling on down, and I'm pushing and pulling. We find a big hunk of driftwood, and I grab that and so I've got one oar on one side and driftwood on the other side. Then we find a bigger patch of driftwood and I get a bigger driftwood oar. You know, I'm doing pretty good, I'm getting down that river, oar on one side, driftwood on the other side, have a couple pieces of driftwood in case one of them breaks. I'm tooling on down the river. In those days, there weren't a lot of people in the canyon, so we didn't see anybody. And just tooling on down the river with oar and driftwood, and oar and driftwood. I came to Lava, and I had said, "You know, we may find another oar downstream somewhere." We did when we got to Lava. The kid says, "This is Lava!" I said, "Yeah, it's Lava." "Well, what are you going to do?" "I'm going to run it!" He said, "Shouldn't we line the boat?" "Nah, we'd never catch it afterwards." He said, "Can you run it with driftwood?" and I said, "No, but I can get *most* of

the way through it.” (laughter) “If you want to be safe, kid, go walk around it.” He said, “Well, you gonna ride it?” I said, “Yeah, I’m gonna ride it.” “I’ll ride it too.” So I’m up there, entering Lava, and boatman reflex, I’m concentrating more on Lava—the big problem with the boat, I mentioned that one tube was soft, so if you aimed straight downstream, you were going at an angle, because the nose of the boat really wasn’t aiming downstream, it was aiming off to the left somewhere. So I’m going in the rapid, trying to adjust for the nose not pointing downstream, and I get that momentary reflex a boatman has, one quick adjustment, and I go (*eyah!*) and I hear this crack, and there went the driftwood. And so there I am entering Lava with one oar and it was push-push-push, pull-pull-pull—made it through Lava, and right down below, in that back-eddy over off to the left is an oar. (all chuckle) So the rest of the trip was a breeze, I had two oars from there on down.

STEIGER: It was in an eddy?

THEVENIN: I think it was the eddy on the left. See, this was low water, and so there was an eddy over there on the left before it went into Little Lava.

STEIGER: There was an oar that was big enough?

THEVENIN: It was one of Amil’s oars.

STEIGER: That is unbelievable! I can’t believe that. Now wait, I just gotta get this straight. Amil is down there, this is a thirty-three?

THEVENIN: Thirty-three-footer.

STEIGER: And it has no floor in it, had a motor and a set of oars?

THEVENIN: No, this one had a floor in it, because this was a taildragger, with the motor hanging over the tail end.

STEIGER: Amil’s on a one-boat trip, flips in Upset?

THEVENIN: Turns it over in Upset.

STEIGER: Manages to get everybody back together and gets the boat rightside up and then into the mouth of Havasu?

THEVENIN: You’ll have to check with him. As I recall, he said he swam in with a rope. (laughter) And then pulled it in. He grabbed the end of the bow line and jumped and swam, and then pulled the boat in.

STEIGER: Unbelievable!

QUARTAROLI: That’s even better yet.

STEIGER: That’s incredible.

THEVENIN: And then hiked the people up.

STEIGER: And called and said, “Hey, we didn’t make it.”?

THEVENIN: Yeah, had them pick ’em up there at the head of Havasu.

STEIGER: And Jack calls you and says, “Go get the boat.”?

THEVENIN: Yeah, it was a couple of weeks later. We left it down there for a while.

STEIGER: What year would that have been?

THEVENIN: Ahhhh, probably...It predated the “J” rig, so it must have been...Probably, I think it may have been 1967, the year that I was gone most of the summer and I just got back, I think. It was either 1966 or 1967.

QUARTAROLI: Who was the kid that was with you?

THEVENIN: I don’t even remember who the kid was. I don’t think he ever came back. I only had one other minor problem with him. We got down there to Diamond, and Bryce was picking us up at Diamond, and derigging the boat and rolling it up and go throw it on the trailer and it starts to sprinkle. The kid says, “Oh, wonderful, I can get a shower.” “Get to work, right now! Now! Now! Get the thing on the trailer!” “What, are you guys afraid of a little bit of rain?” “Yes!” (chuckles) And we got that thing thrown in the back of the trailer and headed up. And we got about a quarter of the way up and the water started getting higher and higher and higher in Diamond Creek, and we had me running in front of the left tire, we had this kid running in front of the right tire. And so if the water ever got above our knees, then Bryce would know he had to go to the left or to the right. So we were the fall guys so that the vehicle wouldn’t fall, so we’re running up ahead of the vehicle, if we step in a hole and we’d have to step to the side one way or the other to find out where the high ground was. So the kid learned why we were afraid of rain.

QUARTAROLI: Was this with the Ford Galaxy?

THEVENIN: No, by this time we had yellow International Travelalls, and Bryce was driving the International Travelall up there with a small trailer behind it. See, there was an Indian up there, one of the Hualapais who had seen the water coming, he went for high ground, which was a sensible thing to do. But we’re plowing through that thing, and he takes a look at us and said, “Well, white men can do it, so can we.” He pulled down off that same hill and pulled in behind us, and without the weight that we had, he just started drifting down. So we grabbed a rope and tied it on the back of our trailer, ran down, tied it onto his bumper, so now Bryce was towing up the trailer and this other pickup, with me and this kid running out in front of the wheels.

STEIGER: Unbelievable!

THEVENIN: Made it to the top, though! I got up to the top, and it really cut loose up there. I had a convertible, and the top went completely, and you’ve seen in the cartoons where all of a sudden the guy opens his car door and the water pours out? (laughter) That was it! (laughter) I opened that door and let the water out of

my car.

STEIGER: And that was at the top of Havasu?

THEVENIN: That was at the top of... I can't remember, I left it parked at Frazier Wells or something. No, not at Frazier. I was thinking I left it parked over there at... Yeah, I left it there at Peach Springs, because I knew I was going to come out there, and got a ride over to Frazier Wells... We'll have to check with Amil sometime to get the true account of exactly what happened on that thing. But that's close.

STEIGER: That is unbelievable.

THEVENIN: So that was fun in those days.

\* \* \*

### Poetry by Amil Quayle

(from Amil's book *Grand Canyon and other Selected Poems*, Black Star Press)

#### Grandson and Grand Canyon

The picture of my grandson is juxtaposed against the image,

A giant laser print taken off Toroweap Point.  
He is two and a half months old, warm and helpless,  
Smiling out from under questioning eyes.  
His father is somewhere in the canyon,  
At the top of Crystal perhaps or maybe asleep in Bass Camp.

How many times in his young life did he wonder where I was in the canyon?

I stare at the canyon photograph  
Then that of the boy.  
Two magnets in the west.

Why do I peck away at this typewriter  
In Nebraska?  
There is nothing to keep me here.

Does the distance intensify the pleasure  
Of grand created works?  
The canyon looks perfect in the print.  
The boy looks perfect in the print.  
Is it that I am flawed and don't want them to know,  
The canyon or the boy?  
The mystery of the universe lies at the bottom of the canyon  
And the boy.  
Have I disappointed the universe?

But how could I not?

Perhaps the universe would scoff at the Grand Canyon.  
Where then would I be?

But I look at the boy  
And the other print,  
Coin a definition for Grand,  
Tell the universe it must wait.

This world has more, much more than I can bear.

#### Ode to Shorty Burton at Upset Rapid

Quiet cowboy man,  
working for the son  
of the man you started with,  
you never complained  
though the lines in your face  
told the story.

You had children,  
a small ranch to support.  
Lava Falls and Crystal seemed  
easy in the face of that.

Who thought you would drown  
at Upset, struggling with  
a knife to free yourself  
from the life jacket  
caught on the motor mount?

The Grand Canyon works  
in mysterious ways, Shorty.  
You wouldn't like it now,  
thousands of people and boats  
by the hundreds.

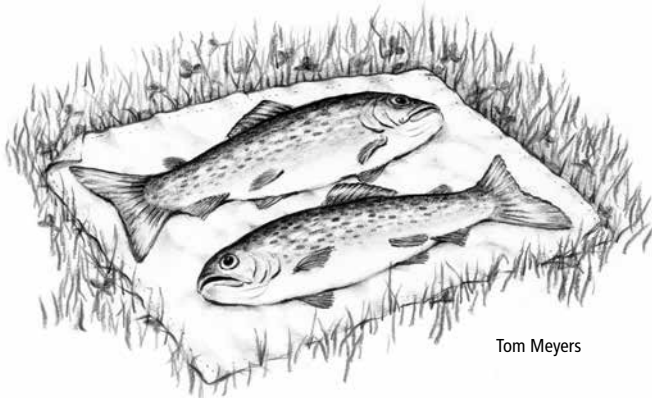
You did it right. You had it  
when you were young  
then left with dignity.

Those of us who remain,  
salute you as we pass by here,  
trying to recapture what is lost.



## Brautigan Farewell 1985

Today I leave Nebraska for some trout fishing in the  
Grand Canyon.  
This time I will fish from the rim.  
Great silversides will come up the trail to meet me.  
Grand Canyon Trout Fishing in America Shorty will be  
there, leaning against a ranger station.  
The last time I fished a medium-sized trout in Lava  
Falls caught my boat alongside and over she went.  
Damn near drowned everybody.  
A woman from Chicago said, "Do you call this fun?"  
"No, but I don't know how to do anything else."  
"You don't know how to do this."  
She had a point.  
"It was the trout," I said.  
"Trout be damned," she answered.  
"I agree," said I, and commenced to fix dinner.  
After we ate, the woman from Chicago took me behind  
a rock and showed me a little calfhide purse. It was  
smooth as suede and full of money.  
Two days later she was casting out into Lake Michigan  
from the balcony of her condominium on Lake  
Shore Drive.  
I was in the Fredonia warehouse cleaning 2,429 Grand  
Canyon brook trout out of the bottom of the boat.  
Once out they danced on their tails all the way to The  
Buckskin Bar.



## My Sons, There Were Other Times

*He squatted under the tree preparing the little fire, and she squatted down too, her hands smoothing water from her belly, struck forward against the warmth. The two trout he'd caught by hand, to her pleasure and girlish shrieks, lay between them on a clean cloth once part of a dress.*

## Warren Fine, Their Family

When we were young,  
your mother and I,  
before we found the world,  
which was waiting for us there  
in our neophyte innocence,  
the terms of your conception,  
we chased the trout,  
its dorsal fin out of the water,  
up the spillway in Sand Creek,  
your mother shrieking and  
laughing behind me, saying,  
get it get it and I did,  
the only fish we caught that day,  
and the rainbow pink sides  
glistening in the sunshine,  
the quivering movement as  
we laid it open, the eggs dropping  
to my fingers' touch, taking  
the bottom fins too, feeling  
membrane all the way up in the throat  
and the rich red blood on the grass  
where it lay, cleansed, and did not  
move, eyes half open, there  
in the sun until a young bull moose  
came by, startling us.  
It was a rainbow  
and we built a little fire and  
cooked it there, looking at  
each other in wonder at our new  
discovery as we shared the fish  
with our fingers, each feeding  
the other and how natural it  
was, without salt, or lemon,  
or tartar, then we swam and  
washed each other before  
heading back and we knew  
our lives would never be the  
same but we couldn't yet know  
the real joys of that day, a son,  
as the other pleasures would fade  
and die in the faceless reality  
of a different world.

## Digging Postholes

Dad bought a Dodge troop carrier with real bullet holes after World War II. He mounted a posthole digger on the back and went into business for himself. 10 cents a hole. I was eight years old and worked as his apprentice, learning the business from the ground up, as it were. Ernie, my older brother, drove the carrier. Dad controlled the digger manually, walking along behind. And I apprenticed. Got ready. I plotted to take over the business one day. I would keep my father on in some capacity and make my brother a foreman. They would each earn a big salary. The first thing I was going to do was buy out Ben Frei, who made Dad pay cash for the adaptation work before he let the digger leave his shop. I would call the business Amil's Post Hole Digging and Chevrolet Garage. Dad had paid for getting the digger out with a hundred dollar advance from a Camus Meadows rancher who wanted a thousand holes. He had not anticipated the rock factor, and we only had about fifty holes by the time it began to rain in late afternoon. It was forty miles of dirt road back to town, and we ran out of gas ten miles before we got there. Walking along that muddy road in the downpour, carrying a gas can, I decided I was going to make some changes when I took over.



## My Father's House

Working with working people  
My friend Bill the Minister said  
Has made me come to realize  
How often people can be knocked down  
And still go on

Last summer I restored my father's house  
Saw again the courage in each nail  
The faith in each board  
The simple hope in each plastered wall  
And there were walls to be sure  
And doors and more doors  
And I wondered if they were added to be opened  
Or closed and for whom or what against

Through all the schemes of men  
To hold him down  
The house still stands  
The children all grew to adulthood save one  
And my father in death has achieved a kind of victory

As I pulled away some walls  
Tore doors off their hinges  
Begged for more light into the house  
It came to me  
My father never took the advantage in a business deal  
Allowed himself to be considered a fool  
Rather than best another in a trade

I forgave him for the time I needed basketball shoes  
Then I started to work on forgiving myself  
While trimming the Colorado spruce  
He planted when I was a boy





## The Octogenarian

*For Uncle Pete Quayle, a natural farmer*

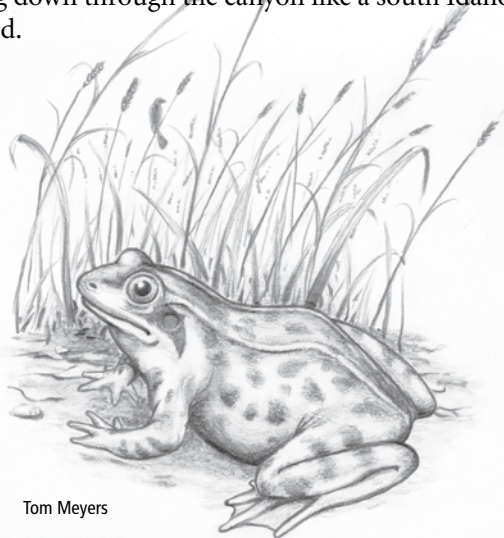
Now he speaks to the children  
in Bonnie Hansen's day care center  
the same way he spoke caringly to  
a field of potatoes, warning  
that they have only until fall  
to rise and bloom and then die.

He never liked the harvest,  
rushed through it like a non-  
believing minister rushes through  
a funeral, only to satisfy a requirement,  
put by a little money in order to  
grow a next year's crop.

The fun was in the growing,  
this he knew, and in the songbird  
that came with the spring, frogs  
that came alive with the ditch filling,  
and the pheasant making her nest.  
It was a celebration of all living things.

Now as death approaches  
he sees it in the round,  
the endless circle of all things,  
and it occurs to him over and over  
that the children are eaten potatoes  
and the potatoes are merely pre-children.

The songbird is in the frog and  
the frog is in the pheasant.  
His death will be the end of nothing.  
He will rise again as a wheat shaft  
or a grey sugar pea, or he will blow softly,  
coming down through the canyon like a south Idaho  
wind.



## Boatman and Flint-Woman

The messenger falls the tree, killing the  
monster, Aglabem, which releases the  
impounded waters. The water is changed.  
Now Flint-Woman lives in the rapids,  
calling young boatmen with her song.

The lyrics promise eternal bliss for  
any who will follow, a life-longing  
hope in the wet depths among the  
worn water smooth granite and marble,  
down dark deep at the river's bottom.

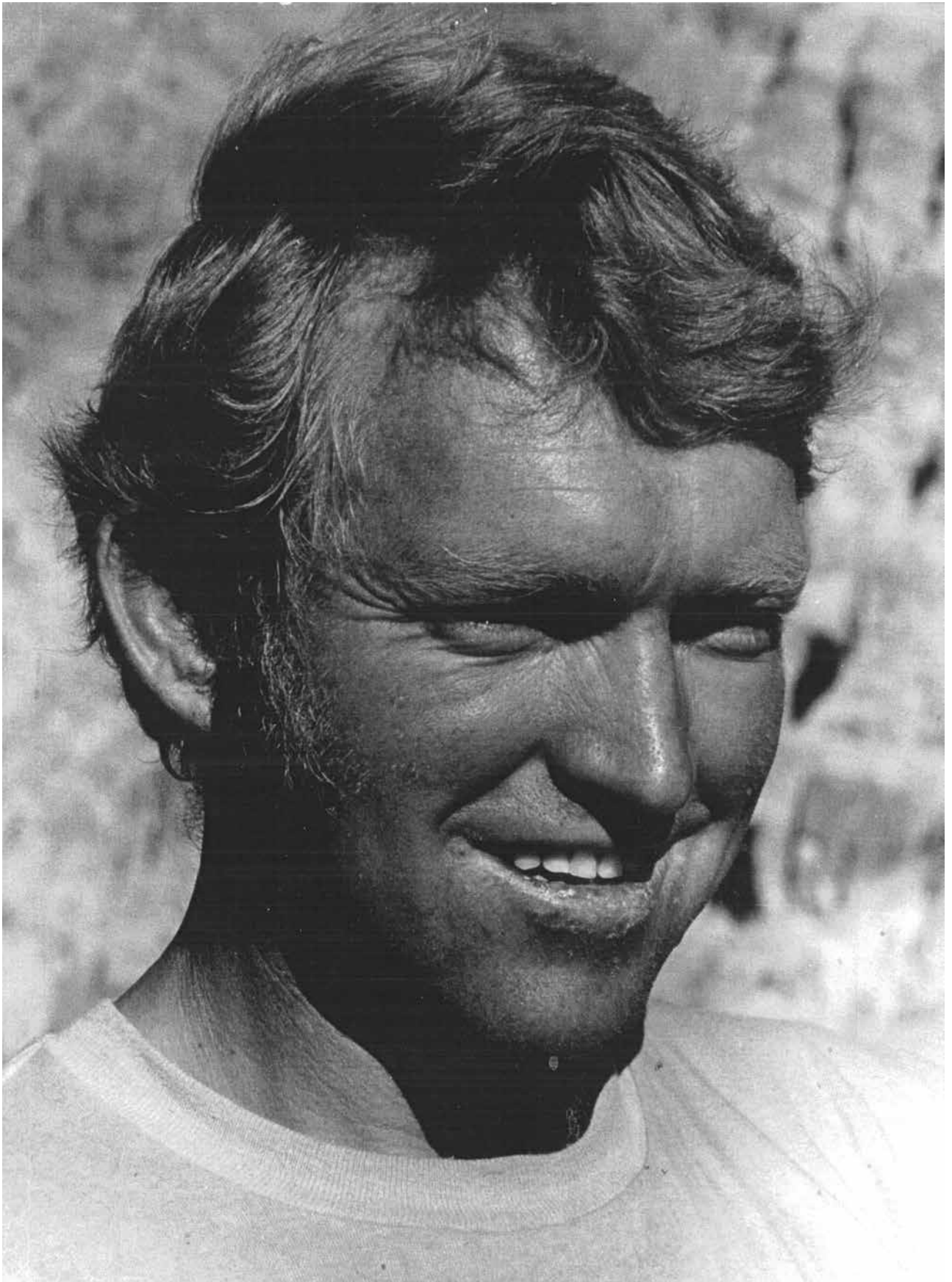
So they come, each one believing he  
is chosen, and become drunk to the  
Flint-Woman's music of water and rock,  
until the trips are over. And when he  
leaves the river, Flint-Woman remains.

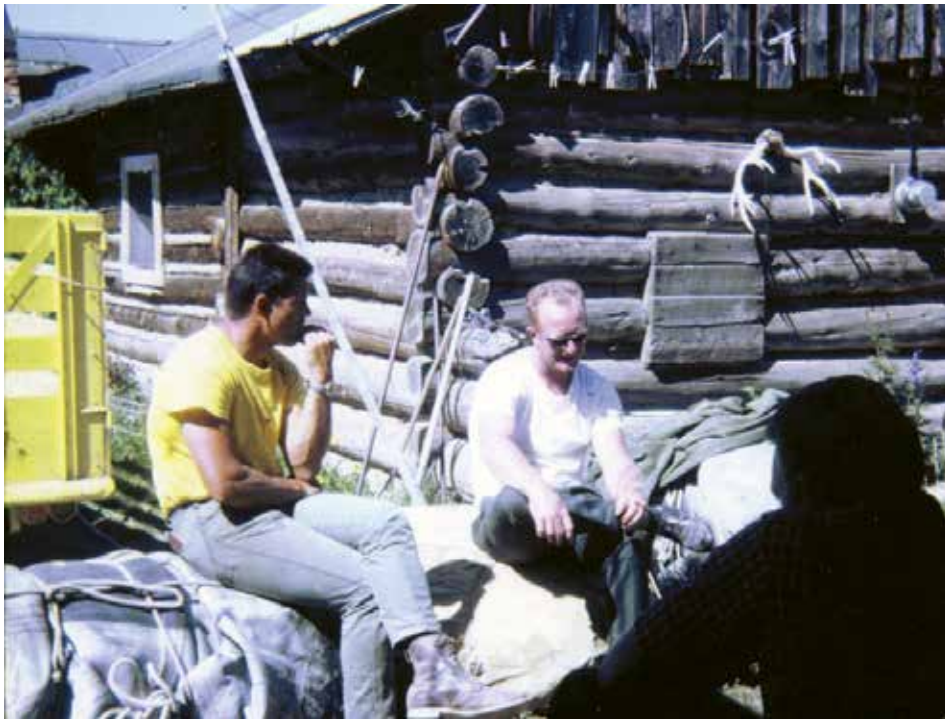
Today she calls and he feels the song,  
but knows there is a younger, stronger  
oarsman there, closer, who hears it more.  
His face is lined but the muscles are taut.  
The Flint-Woman sings and he pulls hard.

The oars are hewn from futility-wood  
and his arms are sculpted of brown clay.  
He has his day in the sun and is gone.  
Flint-Woman laughs at his departure  
and awaits the next young boatman



THE RIVER GODS  
A bronze sculpture by Clyde Ross Morgan

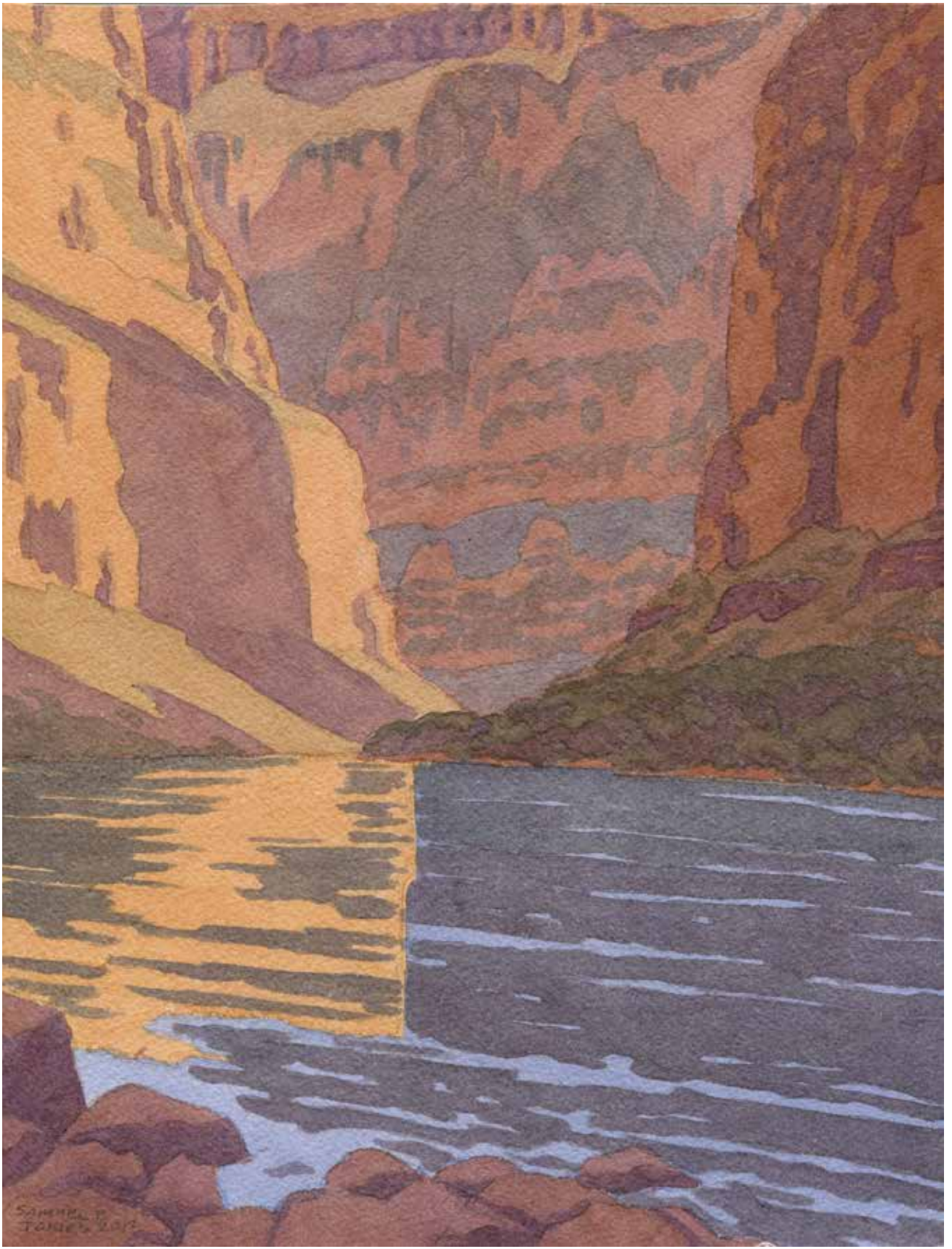




Jack Currey, Ted Hatch, and Amil at Bud and Stella Critchfield's Boatman Retreat, Stanley, Idaho, circa 1967, photographer unknown.



Boatmen Shorty Burton and Dennis Massey, Lava Falls, in a Hatch River Expeditions, thirty-three-foot tail dragger, taken by Amil Quayle with a Brownie camera in 1966 (a year before Shorty flipped the same kind of boat in Upset Rapid and drowned).



Upstream from Monument Creek / watercolor by Sam Jones / samjonespainter.com



Upstream from Monument Creek / watercolor by Sam Jones / samjonespainter.com



Upstream from Monument Creek / watercolor by Sam Jones / samjonespainter.com

# Mama Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Boatmen



"The Kanab play group"—Little did we know then...that they would all grow up to be boatmen. Left to Right: Emily Dale, Ann-Marie Dale, Roberta Motter, Duffy Dale, Alissa Dale and Latimer Smith. Photo: Melissa Smith



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### Two Dams For The Price Of One



A World War II model of Hoover Dam, showing the camouflage system designed to protect the structure from enemy attack. Boulder Canyon Project, Arizona, Nevada. Date: October 15, 1998. Photographer: Andrew Pernick.

Dams, Dynamos, and Development : The Bureau of Reclamation's Power Program and Electrification of the West, Toni Rae Linenber and Leah H. Glaser, 2002, p. 65.