

boatman's quarterly review

Henry Falany

the journal of the Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. • volume 29 number 2 • summer 2016

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Call Me No Name • GCRG Endowment • Youth • Cap'n Hance

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1ST of February, May, August and November. Thanks!
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
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Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO THE ARTICLE, *Analysis of the Cooling Rate of Fermented Beverages in the Grand Canyon* BY REBECCA AND VIRGINIA ZAUNBRECHER, IN BQR VOLUME 29 NUMBER 1, SPRING 2016.

THE DETAILED STUDY by the Zaunbrechers is a welcome empirical demonstration of the Seven-minute Immersion Conjecture, which the authors state, “asses [sic] the time period necessary to cool beer to river temperature” specifically, with respect to the cooling effect of “captive” hatch water versus “live” river water on zymurgic beverages.

The authors, however, have not fully addressed the peculiar observation that while the “Immersion Conjecture holds true for the first 88 miles of the river,” then “drag bag cooling provides significantly diminishing returns by mile 120.5.”

If I may present the “Crystal Corollary” to the Immersion Conjecture:

Anticipation of Crystal Rapid (at mile 98.2) creates also anticipation (perhaps even an expectation) of survival of this rapid; hence ABC (Alive Below Crystal) rites of passage, which customarily involve consumption of the mentioned beverages.

In such anticipation, drag bags are likely filled to capacity above that point. The warmer containers, in such profusion, surely have the direct effect of raising the river's temperature. Thus, it is to be *expected* that between miles 88 and 120.5 the cooling effect on contained beverages in river water, explained by the Immersion Conjecture, will be reduced—as has been measured empirically in the Zaunbrechers' experiment.

No beverages were harmed in the presentation of this corollary.

Early Spamer

Cover: Henry Falany in Hermit, 1970s

Prez Blurp

IT STARTED AT THE Guide Training Seminar this year; the words “personal responsibility” were spoken of quite a bit. I asked myself, “what does that mean for me personally?” In the context of the GTS, it was about the Grand Canyon National Park Service and the investigation that has taken place over the past year. It is clear that the issue of sexual harassment is not just in the forefront for the Park Service; it is for everyone on the river, in the river community. What can I do to help people feel safe, respected, accountable, heard? I hope that I am the kind of person that an individual would turn to, to help them figure out a difficult situation of any kind, on the river. I hope I create an atmosphere on trips where people feel they have somewhere to turn when they are uncomfortable for any reason—physically, professionally, mentally, personally. But to me the question doesn’t stop there. I am constantly looking to learn from others, to be inspired by others, and changed by others—fellow guides, passengers, but also people in daily life...in my town, when I travel, when I am teaching yoga, or just moving through the world.

I had a few experiences after the GTS that gave me opportunities to take some personal responsibility for my actions, to make positive impacts on the world. I would like to share them as examples that may ring true for you or perhaps will inspire you to find your own opportunities where you can take small and large steps to positively influence the world around you.

First, I chased a small plastic bag. No, really, not kidding. I remember sitting on the pier with my siblings in North Carolina and seeing it picked up out of the hands of my nephew by a gust of wind and sent down to the water below. At first I just watched it. Then I thought of the impact that one plastic bag could have on the life of a fish or bird or how it could be joined with the thousands, no millions, of other pieces of plastic which litter seashores around the world. I thought to myself, I can’t stop every piece of plastic from getting into the ocean but I will do my best to keep this one out of the waterway. I followed it as it swept under the pier next to us, hoping to snag it as it went by...no luck, it went onward. I walked down the sticky, muddy shoreline to where I could see it veering towards the nearby grasses, just close enough that I could get it with a stick extension and pull it out. I had seriously crudded up my feet and shoes, gotten pretty wet, but felt an overwhelming sense of accomplishment, all for the rescue of one small Ziploc bag.

Voting. I have a sticker on the front of my car. I

voted in the primary. I was actually home and able to get to a voting booth and have my voice heard about who I would like as the Democratic candidate. It doesn’t really matter who I voted for. It is irrelevant in some ways how difficult it was for me find out just which polling place I had to go to, to make sure I had a valid ballot—though it is amazing to me how easy it is to be deterred from voting because the process is just not that streamlined or clear. I voted. I took the time to say what I felt was important. We live in a country where our thoughts and ideas are important and have an impact. We have seen that play out in history, as with the halting of Marble Canyon Dam and we have the opportunities constantly, not only within the river community—voting for new officers for the Grand Canyon River Guides board (let us know if you want to run for the board or have someone you think would be great or *vote* when you get the nominations sheet in your mailbox) or making comments on issues such as the LTEMP (Long Term Experimental and Management Plan) which will effect the next twenty years of dam operations (I hope you spoke your peace, the public comment period ended on May 9TH, 2016.) But if you didn’t, know that we have sent comments in on your behalf as members of GCRG!

Lastly, on my first river trip this year there were flowers *everywhere!* Sometimes it is easy to trample mindlessly, carelessly over plants that look dead in the middle of summer, but it is impossible to not notice the beautiful flower of the yellow columbine as it lines the streams that are teaming with life and greenery. I carefully hopped from stone to stone so as to keep the little buds of life that were springing up everywhere alive. I will remember these breathing living plants when I go back to the canyon over and over this year...even when things appear to be lifeless and dead, I will be reminded of their splendor and how they will spring back to life during the monsoons and the Aprils to come, if I don’t kill them first.

There are opportunities everywhere, every moment, every day. I am trying to take more time to observe, to see, to hear, and to soak in everything I can and treat each living thing with respect. Why? Why not. Life is valuable. I am valuable. Each of us is valuable. Not infallible, but valuable and worth a second look and a delicate footstep.

Enjoy the summer ahead, wherever you find your feet taking you.

Laura Fallon

Farewell

ED GEORGE APRIL 10, 1945 – FEBRUARY 25, 2016

ED WAS FAST ASLEEP over a glass of red wine, his head tipped down slightly, a faint, imperturbable snore whistling through his nose. In the home of a Chilean activist in the sleepy lakeside town of Puerto Bertrand high in the Andes, we were probably the loudest event for hundreds of miles. Drinking, laughter and music filled the small house. Our crew had just returned from a film project on glaciers and rivers where Ed was one of the videographers. As he slept through our revelry, somehow his face kept its weathered, beaming composure. He was still smiling, resting and celebrating at the same time.

I'd never met Ed before this trip, and ending up with him in Patagonia was pure serendipity. His first greeting felt like old friends, not a handshake but a hug, his wiry body easy to grab onto. With a video camera slung over his shoulder and gear on his back, he marched with us into the teeth of the Andes. We slept near the edges of glaciers and in the roar of rivers and waterfalls, seracs the size of office buildings falling and booming through the valleys. He seemed to be inhaling the entire time, open to whatever arrived, crouched in silence before the blood-red-crested Magellanic woodpecker, taking river rapids in the teeth. At a rodeo in the Aysén ranching town of Cochrane, he twirled to music with Chilean women, boot-stomping and dancing like a rascal. When the axle busted on our trailer ten miles down a dirt road, the rest of the crew ran around with orders and solutions, while Ed looked up into the castle-like crests and jags of ice-bound mountains above us simply admiring the view. No wonder he was tired that night in Puerto Bertrand, his wine glass upright in his lap, his body relaxed but present, eyes barely closed.

He looked as if he had been cooked by the sun, then worked like leather, his skin worn and almost soft. However hard life had been, I couldn't see it in him, as if every hardship had been reshaped by his jovial, humble passion. We started calling him *F***ing Ed George*, because his common name was not enough. He needed an expletive, something to demonstrate that he was no ordinary man. He made things happen, as if his initiation

and intention was a magic wand that he fluidly pointed toward one task and another.

A thousand times the man I'll ever be, I thought. There was no hardness in his face, his eyes smiling at everything. In his company, I tried to be him, I wished I was him. As unrestrained as wind or water, he became my unwitting mentor. Stories around the campfire were best when they came to him. He pulled us right out of those mountains and dropped us in New York City, telling us of one of his first photo gigs. It was a porn shoot upstairs from Zabars deli where—his face took on a satisfied expression in the firelight—they had the best bagels he'd ever tasted. It wasn't bad work, and he was happy for the money. After that, he was swimming with sharks and traveling exposed among large predators in Africa, filming wherever he went. He drank it all in, didn't matter where or what. Everything had a beautiful taste that he could discern. He savored the air, the light. Sitting on a stump, on a rock, on the bare ground, he could be anywhere and he fit perfectly.

Ed woke without a start when it was time to leave. His eyes flew open as if he hadn't missed a beat. We were all drunk and weaving as we tromped down the quiet, night-dark streets of Puerto Bertrand. Stars seared through the austral sky. I remember the slapping of Ed's footfalls that night. The street was steep and he seemed to be in a controlled free fall. He had told me he preferred downhill. He liked the way it made you move, gravity giving you a little air. I had heard his boot stomps in the mountains where he moved quickly every time we topped out and started downhill. He often seemed on the verge of flying.

That night, he might have flown. He didn't need to spread wings, he sailed all the way home.

Craig Childs

NOTE: Craig Childs serves as one of the Southwest's premiere authors. He's penned a number of books about the extreme and remote reaches of the region, including *Soul of Nowhere*, *The Secret Knowledge of Water* and *House of Rain*.

Reprinted from *Flag Live* with permission from *Flag Live* and Craig Childs



Ed in Montana. Photo credit: Beverly.

Ed Fund

TOGETHER WITH Flagstaff International Relief (FIRE), Flagstaff-based Grand Canyon Wildlands Council launched the Ed Fund (in memory of Ed George) at the first Ed film event in Flagstaff's Orpheum Theater on April 24TH, 2016.

MISSION

To preserve and sustain Ed George's voice and vision through film and photography, powered by passion, generosity, collaboration, and adventure.

VISION

The Ed Fund strives to keep Ed George's endless enthusiasm, boundless energy, infinite passion and uncontained optimism alive through environmentally and culturally based visual projects. Honoring the values Ed exemplified everyday, the community of the Ed Fund will collaborate—joining voices across the world—and continue to push boundaries and explore our individual identities and global connectedness.

The Ed Fund will do its best to complete the projects Ed was working on at the time of his death and to start new projects he would have eagerly volunteered for!

CULTURAL FOCUS

FIRE will continue the project in Nepal that was in development with Ed at the time of his death. We will work with local villagers, volunteer professionals (Ed's caliber...of course) and our own team to document the reconstruction of Langtang over the next several years. FIRE will also work with local organizations to assist in the archiving process and lead workshops for villagers on craft and voice. More information can be found at: www.fireprojects.org/nepal/langtang/.

ENVIRONMENTAL FOCUS

Just two days prior to Ed's passing, he had joyfully texted 'North Rim Notes 1080HD is up on Vimeo!!' *North Rim Notes* was Ed's parting gift to the Grand Canyon, its community of peoples and wildlife, and the urgent push to designate the Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument to protect all of us from uranium mining industrialization on its rims.

There were at least four other Ed 'Shred' films underway, not the least of these, *Born to Rewild: Trekking the Western Wildway*, about John Davis' epic 5,000-mile conservation journey from Mexico to Canada, and three years already in the making. Grand Canyon Wildlands Council is working to finish *Born to Rewild*. For more information about Grand Canyon Wildways, please visit their website: <https://wildlandsconnections.wordpress.com/ed-fund/>.

Finishing *Born to Rewild* is the Ed Fund's first project, a collaboration with Wildlands Network, and the Western Wildway Network.

HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

Online donations to the Ed Fund can be made directly from the FIRE website, www.fireprojects.org/edfund/. Please specify if you would like your donation applied to Cultural or Environmental Projects. Unspecified Donations will be split 50/50 between the two focuses. FIRE will manage the cultural projects. Western Wildway Network partner group Grand Canyon Wildlands Council will manage the environmental projects.

Thank you to all of Ed's friends, colleagues and comrades in the wild!

Mark Your Calendars!

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES' Fall Rendezvous will be held the 2ND weekend in October. Because this year is the 100TH anniversary of the National Park Service with a "Find Your Park" motto, we thought we'd take that advice literally. Tentative plans include heading to the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park.

We'd really love to see all the historic boats in their new warehouse, check out the astounding museum collections, tour historic buildings, and get to know our park partners a bit better. We'll give you more firm details as we have them. But please mark your calendars! The GCRG Fall Rendezvous is always a ton of fun!

To D.C.—Advocating for the Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument Proposal

SOMETIMES YOU JUST have to go big. And what could be more significant than traveling to Washington, D.C. to talk to policymakers about the outstanding opportunity we have to better protect Grand Canyon and our surrounding watershed in perpetuity through the Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument proposal. As local recreational stakeholders, Danny Giovale, owner of the Flagstaff-based winter sports equipment manufacturer, Kahtoola, and I went to D.C. in March of this year to express our passionate support for the proposal; a trip coordinated and sponsored by the Sierra Club. And a trip I will never forget.

The Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument Act was introduced as a bill last fall by Arizona Congressman Raul Grijalva. Written with input from Havasupai, Navajo, and other tribal leaders, the act would add additional protections for approximately 1.7 million acres of public lands which bracket Grand Canyon National Park to the north and south. If the bill does not pass in this politically polarized climate, President Obama can opt to declare the national monument by executive order through his authority under the Antiquities Act.

It is worth noting that the Antiquities Act, which allows for the “protection of objects of historic and scientific interest,” was passed by Congress and signed into law by Theodore Roosevelt in 1906. The constitutionality of the Act has been repeatedly upheld by the Supreme Court. In fact, the Antiquities Act has become a critical bipartisan tool used equally by presidents of both parties. Eight Republican and eight Democrat presidents have used presidential proclamation to create national monuments that have become some of our greatest national treasures and our lasting legacy as Americans.

Danny Giovale and I pounded the pavement, talking to representatives from Congresswoman Ann Kirkpatrick’s office, the Outdoor Industry Association, the Council for Environmental Quality, the Bureau

of Land Management (DOI), and the U.S. Forest Service (Department of Agriculture). And we did it all in one glorious day at the height of the cherry blossom bloom in D.C. We brought with us a Flagstaff sensibility—a ton of passion, an intimate understanding of these mesmerizing landscapes, sheaves of informative handouts, and salient facts at our fingertips, including:

- The greater Grand Canyon region is the critical watershed for the Colorado River, which in turn provides drinking water for millions of people in Arizona, Nevada, and California.
- Grand Canyon National Park is continually at risk. As a World Heritage site and our greatest American treasure, doesn’t it behoove us to provide Grand Canyon with a buffer zone that would better ensure its long-term protection?
- We firmly believe that the twenty-year moratorium on uranium mining near Grand Canyon should be made permanent. Over 300,000 people wrote to Secretary Salazar regarding the mining withdrawal that resulted in the twenty-year ban.
- This proposal would *not* affect hunting, grazing, recreation, timber management, fire suppression, or other existing uses.
- The Greater Grand Canyon area is a sacred landscape to many Native American tribes with over 3,000 documented archaeological

sites, some dating back more than 12,000 years.

- A recent non-partisan poll shows that over eighty percent of Arizonans support this monument proposal, including 76 percent of hunters and anglers.
- An independent research firm recently concluded that the Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument would contribute 51 million dollars for the economy in Northern Arizona.

Danny and I concluded each meeting with an evocative slide show we had put together, featuring Kristen Caldon’s gorgeous photographs of the proposed monument lands as well as photos from Danny’s own intrepid climbing/canyoneering adventures in



Lynn Hamilton (GCRG) and Danny Giovale (Kahtoola) feeling right at home in front of a Bruce Aiken painting in Congresswoman Ann Kirkpatrick’s DC office.

Photo credit: One of Ann Kirkpatrick’s staffers—sorry we don’t know your name.

Grand Canyon—a place where ironically, most of the people we met with had never been. The slide show got people engaged, smiling, and was an outstanding learning tool for showing not only the supreme beauty of the landscape, but the interconnectedness, the way in which people interact with the lands, the threat of continued uranium mining, and the watershed aspect. In other words, it served to reinforce what we had just talked about in a visually compelling and incredibly memorable way.

In terms of our D.C. visit, perhaps our most important function was quite simple—to show that we care deeply about the future of our public lands, and pro-

tecting these iconic landscapes for future generations. It meant so much to Danny and to me to be able to share with policymakers something in which we believe so very strongly. What an incredible opportunity to be part of a groundswell of local support and national awareness that is growing daily despite anti-monument efforts fueled by dark-money organizations with ties to the Koch brothers and other special interests.

This is our best chance to seize the moment and move forward on the monument proposal. The time is now!

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, GCRG

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

HAPPY SUMMER EVERYONE. I mean, happy *real* summer and not just that tank top and flips February through April we had. Like, *commercial boating season* summer, *money in the bank and free deli sandwiches* summer. God, the living is easy...

It was great to make it to my first Guides Training Seminar in a loooong time (since I first took the reins at GCY back in 2008 and needed to stay back in Flag to launch youth trips every spring). I continue to be so impressed with the professional efforts of our community and the on-going intentions to raise the standards of those in our profession.

Additionally, I was really grateful to observe guides looking out for themselves, being seen by the healthcare professionals rounded up by Flagstaff's Wyatt Woodard, FNP-C, for the *Health Fair*. Folks were able to be screened for a wide variety of concerns including women's health issues, skin cancer, and a list of tests accomplished through blood work from Sonora Quest. Thanks to everyone involved in making this a favorite service provided by Whale Foundation. If you missed

the opportunity to be at the GTS, just give me a ring at the office at 928-774-9440. Whale can still help get a lot of the same services accomplished.

As I mentioned there at Hatchland, I want to continue to impress upon our family of guides that the Whale Foundation is reaching *so many* folks in our community in a number of ways. Additionally, I want everyone who might be thinking of applying for our services (*whether it's a Kenton Grua Scholarship, Health Insurance Assistance, mental health services, etc.*) but feels iffy about asking for financial assistance for one reason or another, please, put that out of your mind. Sure, you're fat on gratuities *now*, but February will be coming around soon enough. Your company has generously given its financial support to the Whale Foundation for another season, and they told us (in not so many words) they want us to give it back to you. You've got a raise coming. We just need to know where to send it.

One final reiteration from the GTS; our Board and Behavioral Health Services Committee is *in the midst of structuring a mentor*



Photo taken from (literally) the back of the boat. John Napier

program designed to connect the wisdom and insight of our seasoned, veteran community with those who would benefit from it most. Ultimately, we'd like to have a resource of former guides who have extended experience in any of a number of fields and pursuits, who have parlayed their river life into a sustainable one above the rim, available to the presently active guides who might be considering how to do the same. Whether it's figuring how to navigate your way back to a higher education or a new career, start your own business or be set up to plant roots when the time is right, think of how nice it would be to be to have a coffee with an empathetic former boatman who's already done the

deal and who can inject some intuition into the process. I, for one, *love* scouting new rapids with someone who's already seen it. I hope others might find value in it, too. More to follow.

With the Whale Foundation being for the river guiding community, *I'd love to hear from the community* directly. If you've got ideas how we might better serve, inform, or participate in the health and well-being of the Grand Canyon family of guides, please don't hesitate to call or email.

John Napier
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Letter to a Young Swamper

IT IS THE SUMMER OF 1976, you have just turned twenty, and you have landed your dream job. You arrive at Lee's Ferry in a U-Haul truck full of vintage World War II rubber. And as you are blowing shop-vac air into two long outrigger tubes soon to be strapped to an aluminum frame which is itself strapped to an elongated rubber donut that holds this whole scow together, you realize that, yes, this boat is a pig compared to those powered only by muscle and oars, but at least you won't have to run that triple-rig on the beach beside you, where an old and leathery LA woman in a faux leopard-skin bathing suit orders around her harem of boatmen who are inflating not one, but three big rafts lashed side-by-side. Your boat is a 33-foot barge, sleek in comparison, which will ferry you, the head boatman, fifteen passengers and a weeks worth of groceries to feed them, cases upon cases of cold Coors, and a porta-potty, also known as the groover, down the Colorado to Lake Mead. You will spend ten days riding in the back of the barge, savoring the changing palette of limestones, sandstones, and shales that seduced you after that first trip down the river years ago. And you will breathe in the fumes of a Mercury outboard, admiring the skills of your ex-army boss boatman who pirouettes your barge around massive boils of whitewater foaming up out of huge river craters that could swallow a mobile home without spitting out the evidence. Clearly, the river says, you do not know your ass from a hole in the ground.

Now you have a few trips under your belt and you are a seasoned swamper, which is really just another way of saying Big Ditch longshoreman (without union pay) who occasionally runs a rapid or two, but who mostly ferries stuff from boat to beach and beach to boat, bush-wacks through tamarisk thickets looking for a weedy

trunk thick enough for a bow-line tie down, pumps air back into the neoprene pig in the cool canyon morning, digs holes underneath the groover. This is not glamorous work, but at least you know the difference between your ass and *this* hole in the ground.

Soon you are beginning to dream the river at night. It helps that you sleep out on the boat—your barge is good for that—although you do wake from time to time imagining you have come unmoored and are headed downriver to Crystal. You jump up and check the rope and thank Tao you are still tethered to solid ground, so you climb back into your bag. And before it is time to get up and kindle a fire for morning coffee, you savor a few dreamtime lines—gracefully steering your rig down through the rocky-fanged gap at the head of Horn Creek or gliding down one tongue of glassy green water after another into the shining good time waves of the rapids you have come to know as the gems—Turquoise, Sapphire, Ruby. And later during your waking hours, you accept a pinch of Copenhagen from your boot camp boss after Havasu, which will help you stay awake as you motor the long stretch of post-lunch flat water down to Lava Falls, where you go up on the ledge above the river, and stare into the great frothing mess of the *bigone* until the columnar lines in the basalt across the river seem to be melting in the sun. Your mind wanders while your boot camp boss describes his line through Lava. And then he says, "Well, are you ready to run it?" And you hope like hell, as you walk back down that rocky trail toward your nervous passengers, that at least for a few choice river moments, you will know your ass from a hole in the ground.

It has been five years or so since you abandoned your motor rig apprenticeship, and you have been

rowing smaller boats down smaller mountain rivers in Colorado and Utah. And now the time has come for your first private trip back down through your old swamping grounds. You row a thirteen-foot Miwok down the river you once knew only on the big rigs and you feel incredibly small, but not so small that you don't chase a line between two huge holes, which erupt into a cauldron of foam that sends you ass-over-teakettle faster than you can say Sockdolager, and you are gasping for breath under the bottom of your boat for the first time. But the rest of the trip goes well, and then you run into your old outfit at Diamond Creek and there's your boot camp boss loading rubber into a U-Haul and you remember your first run through Lava and how he toasted you out on the barge after dinner that night. On the road out of Diamond Creek, you also recall the terror of treading water under your boat after that run gone wrong in "Sock," but even a bad line will likely get you further down the river... a little closer, if you're paying attention, to knowing your ass from a hole in the ground.

A few decades later, you will drive your daughter up the old road past Marble Canyon and the turnoff to Lees Ferry, past Vermilion Cliffs where your boot camp river boss once lived and maybe still does and where there used to be a great little honkytonk for boatmen between trips, where you vaguely recall chasing a girl or two, where you once listened in awe, albeit from a few barstools down—you were only a young punk swamper after all—to your river elders telling tales... Jimmy Hall, like one of Huckleberry's riverboat gamblers, bragging about running the table with a shovel handle pool cue, or that big-hearted soul you knew only as Whale recalling a close-call-of-a-run through Crystal. You will think of them as you drive up the switchbacks of the Kaibab, which you once rode down on the roof of the company U-Haul, and then you will forget about them as you follow the dirt road out to the North Rim. And as you look down from Point Sublime, through the Big Empty, toward that thread of a river, which you have not been on for over thirty years, you will wonder, since you're now approaching sixty, if you will ever row your daughters down that river. Sure you will. You must. You have to show them the canyon from the river up, this place where maybe you learned the difference between your ass and a hole in the ground. Where at least you know now, they really aren't that far apart.

Peter Anderson

From *Going Down Grand: Poems from the Canyon* (Lithic Press, 2015)

Superintendent Dave Uberuaga Announces Retirement

May 17, 2016

GRAND CANYON, AZ — Grand Canyon National Park Superintendent Dave Uberuaga today announced his retirement effective June 1, 2016.

Over a 41 year career in the Federal Government, 31 years with the National Park Service, Uberuaga has shown a dedication to the agency and its mission to leave these special places “unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.”

Since his arrival at Grand Canyon National Park in 2011, Uberuaga has managed a complex park where visitation has exploded to over 5.5 million visitors a year with an annual operating budget of more than \$21 million. He worked to prepare Grand Canyon for the next generation of visitors as the park enters its second century. His collaborative work with Traditionally Associated Tribes has resulted in the revitalization of the Desert View Watchtower and its transformation into a Native American cultural interpretive center. Uberuaga has also worked to develop a funding strategy for the single biggest deferred maintenance project in the National Park Service, the replacement of the Trans Canyon Pipeline, a \$163 million project which provides potable water for visitors and staff.

Oversight of a place such as Grand Canyon does not come without controversy and Uberuaga has been responsible for the day-to-day management of highly controversial topics and issues including, Aircraft Overflights, Bison Management, Backcountry Use, Colorado River Management, and the recent findings of the Office of Inspector General regarding sexual harassment in the park's River District.

A World Heritage Site, Grand Canyon National Park is a premier, world famous destination. The Grand Canyon protects 1.2 million acres, over 90 percent is managed as wilderness, which encompasses 277 miles of the Colorado River. With an average depth of one mile, the Grand Canyon is an enormous and iconic landscape filled with incomparable natural and cultural resources.

Uberuaga plans to retire to Montana and spend time with his wife, children, and grandchildren.

Public Affairs Office
GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

GTS 2016!

THIS YEAR'S GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR (GTS) Land Session turned out to be one of the best yet, and a great way to start the new river season. I have been to many great GTS land sessions, but, this year in particular, I was struck by everyone's strong sense of community and positive excitement for the new year to come. Thanks to everyone who came out and participated!

The theme of this year's GTS was "Water Is Life." In more ways than one, every presenter touched on this central theme. We started off by learning about an opportunity to better protect our watershed through the Greater Grand Canyon Heritage National Monument proposal and other advocacy issues, followed by Peter McBride's call-to-action film, "Martin's Boat." Sam Jansen, Grand Canyon River Guides' primary representative in dam discussions, talked about the newly proposed management plan for the Colorado River (the Long Term Experimental and Management Plan EIS for Glen Canyon Dam, otherwise known as LTEMP). He pointed out the pros and cons of the preferred alternative and highlighted how important it is for the public to comment on this EIS since it will affect all of us and the place we love for the next twenty years. We also learned about riparian environments, springs-dependent species, and much, much more.

As part of the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program, Ed Kabotie gave a beautiful talk about the Hopi and Tewa cultures, and Melinda Arviso-Ciocco talked about Navajo cultural perspectives and their important participation in the Adaptive Management Program for Glen Canyon Dam. Our sincere thanks go to all the commercial river outfitters who support this outstanding cultural education program and to Stephanie Jackson and John Dillon for their coordination efforts. For many years, the Native Voices segment has served as the centerpiece of Saturday's schedule and it's such a highlight for the river community, deepening our understanding of the many cultures who consider Grand Canyon sacred.

A special treat this year was a presentation showcasing women on the river. Educator and CANX guide, Marieke Taney, along with the help of many others, highlighted some of the influential and pioneering female Grand Canyon boatmen. Each co-presenter profiled a female boatman who greatly impacted their boating careers in Grand Canyon. It was wonderful to hear so many stories about strong, awesome ladies on the river.

On Saturday afternoon, Grand Canyon National

Park Superintendent, David Uberuaga, spoke about the upcoming NPS Centennial and also about getting youth into our parks to drive the next generation's passion to protecting our parks and wildlands. He also discussed the ongoing sexual harassment investigation regarding the park's former river district and answered some tough questions from the audience. He spoke about the abuses highlighted in investigative reports and about his hopes to move forward to a park-wide work environment with zero tolerance for sexual harassment. He also talked about his commitment to doing whatever it takes to regain the trust of the river community, while acknowledging the long road ahead and the process of internal changes at Grand Canyon National Park that will be implemented.

The party on Saturday night started off with a much deserved tribute to GCRG Executive Director, Lynn Hamilton, for her 21 years of protecting Grand Canyon and her role in making GCRG the strong organization it is today. Lynn does it all and is the heart and soul of GCRG. So thanks, Lynn, for all that you do!

After dinner, the raffle ensued with tons of great items to give away in support of GCRG. We even had some help from kiddos, Lyra, Tiana, Natty and O'Conner, who made us smile the whole time. And many thanks also to all the individuals and companies who donated books, river gear, metal work, snack bags, throw bags, sand stakes, drag bags and all the other great raffle items. Saturday night finished off with a great party, dancing to the Grateful Dead inspired tunes of Deadwood. Thanks to Erica Fareio, Dave Logan and the rest of the band for such an incredibly fun night!

Sunday's "Water Is Life" theme started out underwater—an informative talk by Ed Schenk (NPS Physical Sciences) followed by a hilarious "fish show and tell" spearheaded by David Ward and Clay Nelson from Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center. We segued to human history with longtime guide and river historian Richard Quartaroli talking about channel-clearing flows, and showing off a historic boat, the *Little Stinker*, a sportyak. River runners Buzz Belknap, and John and Loie Evans discussed and showed a movie about their 1965 low water trip that turned into a thrilling high water adventure while rowing Quad-Yaks (tying all four boats together into one unit for more stability).

A bit more exploration of interesting human history (Parker Inscription, Powell Expedition), was followed by some "big picture" talks from Glen Canyon Institute



Mikenna Clokey



Mikenna Clokey



Mari Carlos



Mari Carlos

and an excellent discussion of water law by river guide/lawyer, Jocelyn Gibbon. In the realm of science, Jessica Pope, an interpretive specialist at Grand Canyon's North Rim, gave a fascinating talk about climate change and what it might mean for the Colorado River and our fragile environment in Grand Canyon. We wound down the GTS weekend by showing the inspiring film, *Delta Dawn*, by National Geographic filmmaker, Peter McBride—a hopeful illustration that water really *is* life as demonstrated during the 2014 pulse flow on the Colorado River, bringing precious water through the dry delta to meet up with the Gulf of California.

There are so many people to say thank you to, so here goes... First and foremost, special thanks to Steve and Sarah Hatch who once again supported GCRG and opened up their warehouse to the couple hundred people who came out to participate. Thanks to AZRA for the kitchen and for helping to truck our mountain of GTS gear up to Marble Canyon. The Whale Foundation Health Fair was also a huge hit with free health and skin checks,

physical therapy, and massages to get us all ready for the river season.

Once again, the GTS food was amazing. Many thanks to Simone and Tim Stephenson, Pam Quist, Matt Herman, Tom Barry, and the rest of the cook crew who managed to feed us delicious food all weekend long. Thanks also for our fearless leader, Lynn, for making it all happen and to our GCRG president, Laura Fallon, and vice president, Ben Reeder, for keeping it all on schedule and leading us all through an outstanding and informative GTS. The GTS would not be possible without the longstanding support of our funders—the Grand Canyon Fund (a non-profit fund established and managed by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters

Association) and the Grand Canyon Association, along with all of our partners, the commercial river outfitters, and Grand Canyon National Park. Finally, thanks to all the excellent speakers and all of *you* who came out and helped make the GTS such an awesome one this year!

The GTS never ceases to be an important gathering place to meet new and old friends, and an ongoing opportunity to learn so much more about the awesome place we all have in common, the Grand Canyon. I hope to see you all downstream. Have a wonderful river season!

Amity Collins

GTS River Trip Recipe

THE RECIPE FOR THE GTS river trip is as follows:

- Take the interpretive training premise of the GTS land session
- Put it on the water with guides from many different companies
- Be sure to include a motor-rig and an armada of oar boats
- Add excellent speakers who can talk about fascinating subjects
- Throw in some spice (abundant hiking and lots of good times)
- Add a dash of excitement (scouting and running rapids)

Prep time: 3 months

Cooking time: 16 days

Voila! However, what the Guides Training Seminar river trip really adds up to is cooperation and learning in action. The ability to see, hear, and experience what you're learning about is a method that works the best for so many of us. And floating along with knowledgeable speakers for days at a time gives you ample opportunity to ask questions to your heart's content. Last but not least, there's the hiking—tons of it, in places that guides don't often get to go, with speakers along to deepen the experience. I hear that this

year's trip topped the Redwall twice in one day!

Many thanks to Arizona River Runners/Grand Canyon Whitewater for all their coordination assistance and for providing the motor-rig. And a deep bow of gratitude to our fearless Trip Leader, Riley Burch, who set a positive tone for the trip and made it such an incredible success. Of course, our GTS speakers brought their expertise to the table by covering springs and seeps, geology, fish, human history, Colorado River birds—their ecology and behavior, and much more. Teachable moments abounded!

Yet in the end, it comes down to the guides who participate, whether more experienced or just starting out. It's the magical mixture of personalities, different ways of doing things, respect, communication, cooperation and learning. Laura Shearin (NPS Concessions) who was on the upper half of this year's trip put it best when she said: "...they were full of enthusiasm and excitement about the park, their companies and improving their skills. They each represented their own company well, and were so interested in how others did things—the kind of cross-pollination we like to see." Bravo to all of you! I know it helps you bring your A-Game this season.

This cooperative learning



Carl Rice / Lower



Steve Mace / Upper



Steve Mace / Upper



Laura Shearin / Upper

trip is supported by the Grand Canyon Fund, a non-profit charitable grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association, as well as the concessioners who send their guides and boats. Thanks also to Arizona Raft Adventures for their logistical help taking the boats up to Lees Ferry and getting everything back from Pearce at the end. We would also like to express our appreciation to our partners at Grand Canyon National Park who helped in so many ways. Together, we bring you the Guides Training River trip each year, giving guides the tools they need for their chosen profession, while binding us together as a strong and professional community. Please join us next year. Just ask anyone—the GTS is the best!

Lynn Hamilton



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower



Laura Shearin / Upper



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower



Carl Rice / Lower

Lava Falls

IN THE SPRING OF 1970, my wife Shona and I ran three trips in the Grand Canyon for ARTA. Somehow I talked Lou Elliott into hiring Shona as head cook—although as I remember he wasn't too keen on the idea.

The first trip that year was our honeymoon. We had our wedding in the countryside near my hometown of Davis, CA, on a fine spring day that fell midway between our 21ST birthdays. The next morning, we caught a ride with an ARTA crewcab on its way from Oakland to Flagstaff. The trip was cold, wet, and—aside from a dicey run in Crystal—uneventful.

The second trip was a three-boat trip for the Sierra Club. Mike Castelli and Allen Wilson were the two other boatmen, along with assistant boatmen Richard Nielson and John Benedict. On the morning of the seventh day out from Lees Ferry, we arrived at Lava Falls, and pulled over to scout. The water was high—much higher than we were accustomed to.

In six previous trips, I'd never had a good run in Lava. The most brutal was on the Easter trip of 1969. At Lees Ferry, Al Deubner came up with the idea of lashing two bridge pontoons together, with a snout wedged between them to create room for a motor well, and he asked me to run it. Al's advice when we arrived at Lava was to take this 24-foot wide beast straight down the middle of the river, right through the infamous "Ledge Hole." Which I did. The boat folded nearly in half on impact, launching me forward into a pair of gas cans, but no one was hurt. However, Barry Bell, an affable Australian adventurer that Lou had befriended and invited along for the ride, was thrown into the river and I found myself hanging overboard holding onto him through the rest of the rapids. Barry had twisted my arm into letting him ride on the stern, and wound up with more excitement than he bargained for.

But ordinarily we ran Lava on the right, and not once had I managed to square up for the monster wave next to the lava boulder at the bottom, hitting it time after time at an alarming angle. I was determined that this run would be different. After the scout, we returned to our boats, and I waited while Mike and then Allen made their runs. Then John shoved us off and I backed out into the river. As we made our approach, all I could see from where I stood in the motor-well was a knife-edge horizon line where the surface of the river met the sky, ominous plumes of white spray dancing in the distance beyond.

And then the current was picking up speed and

we were gliding down the glassy smooth tongue on the right. We were coming alongside the ledge hole with the outboard idling, just where I wanted to be. I ran the outboard up to full throttle and steered left. We were smashing through wave after wave and then halfway down I reversed course to square up for the bottom wave. I could feel the raft responding to the outboard and see the bow swinging right. Then there we were, cresting the last of the intermediate waves, staring into the towering face of the largest wave I'd ever seen. And this time, for once, we were about to hit it perfectly, head on, dead square. It was exhilarating! A glorious moment of whitewater victory that lasted for as long as it took the raft to climb what seemed like an endless mountain of green water.

And then we were over, just like that.

In the photo, you can see the look of astonishment on Shona's face, captured on film for all posterity. She'd been down the river twice before, and to this day she maintains she knew a split second before any of the passengers that something was terribly wrong.

The water was shockingly cold. When I surfaced, I swam to the overturned raft, revolving in lazy circles in the runout below the falls. Passengers were scattered everywhere, along with overnight bags and other gear torn loose from the load. I found Shona right away, gave her a kiss and told her to swim for the eddy below on the right. My greatest fear was that someone might be trapped under the raft. I tried several times to swim underneath it, but found it impossible to do so wearing a life jacket. By this time we were approaching little Lava, and Mike and Allen were fishing people out of the river and picking others up from on shore. But it wasn't until we had the raft secured to the left bank a couple miles downstream that we could make a complete head count and determine that everyone was accounted for. I've never been so relieved in my life.

It took four or five hours to strip the raft of its frames, tarps, chains, straps, and ropes; turn it over; rig and load it and get underway. We weren't missing much, since the passengers' dry bags and the metal food boxes and even the gas cans had flotation and were picked up downstream. Nearly everything was recovered, except for the spare outboard. I kept thinking: what is Lou going to say when he finds out I've lost a brand new outboard that cost the company *four hundred* dollars?

The rest of the trip passed as though in a dream. Until Allen Wilson reminded me recently, I'd forgotten about the motor boat Al Deubner and Jim Elliott



Photo credit: Kenneth Klementis

brought up from Lake Mead to meet us at the Grand Wash Cliffs and pick up several of the passengers to get them to their cars on time, since we were a full day behind schedule. Worse yet, how could I forget anything so dramatic as the helicopter flown by two park service employees on a mission to count big horn sheep who—as Allen told the story—promised to contact the ARTA office after spotting an overturned raft below Lava and landing nearby to offer assistance.

I don't even remember much about the third trip, other than a feeling of all-consuming dread. Because I knew there was no way out. I was going to have to run Lava Falls one more time. And I really had no idea what had happened to cause such a calamity.

When at last we got down to Lava and pulled over to do our scout, the water was as high as it had been the trip before. The five of us stood there watching the river pour through the monster wave next to the lava boulder at the bottom. We stared in amazement as the powerful current piled into the lava boulder, pushing a massive cushion of whitewater straight up its face. As the cushion rose, the trough of the wave dropped in equal measure, until—every minute or two—the rising column of water appeared to reach some kind of critical mass, triggering an explosive surge of whitewater which shot across the face of the boulder into the neighboring wave.

In the blink of an eye, the towering wave collapsed in on itself and the lava boulder stood exposed, its black, sculpted face glistening with menace in the bright morning sunlight, rivulets of water draining into the river below.

Everyone agreed I must have hit the wave at the exact moment in the cycle when the surge exploded from the boulder into the wave, hitting the right hand side of the bow with all its pent-up force. Like a left hook to the jaw. The blow turned the raft up on edge, so that as we entered the downstream side of the wave, we were riding for a split second on the left hand snout, buried in the water. It was this instant that was caught on film.

And now, in light of this analysis, we had to decide what to do. It was unanimous. No one wanted to try the right on Lava that day, at that water level. So we took all three boats down the left. At the lower water levels we were accustomed to, the left had always appeared impassible, a rock garden of boulders, a route guaranteed to tear pontoons or destroy outboards or both. But on this day most of those rocks were underwater, and all of us made it down in one piece. When John and I ran it, he used the jackass lift to raise the outboard out of the water right at the top of the rapids, and from there we crashed down over a series of ledges large and small without power. Fortunately, there were no photos.

After the third trip, Shona and I took the train from Flagstaff back to California. Over the years, we often dreamed of running the river through the Grand Canyon once again. But as things turned out, we never did.

Tim Allen

Wait, Is There More?

Anybody can become angry—that is easy. But to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way—that is not within everybody's power and is not easy.

—ARISTOTLE

IN THE ONGOING DRAMA of the Office of Inspector General (OIG) NPS sexual harassment investigation and the ensuing media firestorm, many in the river community have been left with unanswered questions. How could this happen? Who is responsible? What is the Park doing? Has this happened to me? The media has released a slew of increasingly contentious articles that provoke emotions of dismay, disgust, and anger. These are feelings that are easily appealed to and simple to conjure. Our reaction to mistreatment *should* evoke something strong from deep within. Yet, in that process, we as humans start losing some of our most valuable gifts: discernment and choice. We get caught up in emotional traps, or refuse to take an objective view and ask some tough questions. We get stuck behind terms like “victim blaming.” These labels obstruct our ability to discuss the issues and learn from them. Are we, as a community, willing to take a chance and start asking more questions out loud?

For starters, let's ask about our own experiences. First, what was your personal experience with the people you think are involved in this story? The River District had many long-term boatmen that interacted with commercial trips, private trips, and research trips, as well as conducted rescue operations and internal Park trips. What did *you* see? What was *your* trip dynamic like? Did you witness safety concerns or mistreatment? If you did, what was the context? If you didn't, do you feel you had a good read on the situation or any reason to doubt what you were seeing? How about the accusers? What did you see and remember about working with them? What were their roles on those trips and what do you remember about their professionalism? What impression did you walk away with?

Let's try another question. Was the Park doing anything *right* on the river over the last ten years? The answer is a resounding yes. But let's back up and talk about the history of river culture. Most in the river community would agree that river culture still retains some of its early traits, which are defined by a sense of freedom, romance, adventure, and a general disregard for outside society's rules of behavior. However, we

can also agree that like the outside world, the culture has shifted, stretched, and grown. Many behaviors that were tolerated in the '60s and '70s are either gone completely or are on their way out. For example, we don't bury our waste on the beach in a slurry pit of blue goo and we no longer believe that women have no place as guides and leaders in the river community.

The internal culture of the Park's river trips has also changed dramatically. The Colorado River Management Plan Mitigation Program was a vehicle for this culture change. In 2007, a core team of highly skilled, passionate field staff, each representing a different discipline, was supposed to assess, prioritize and address resource damage due to visitor use. Challenged by a lack of direction on how to accomplish our mission, ill-defined leadership roles, and strong personalities, we had to first overcome our differences before we could become effective stewards.

After about a year of work to change a culture of conflict between park divisions, we developed the ability to disagree with humility and mutual respect. We began to recognize that we as individuals, or even our respective disciplines, did not have all the answers. It became our habit to solicit, with sincerity, the opinion of others on our projects. The core team sought to involve not only NPS staff, but also our partners: the river companies that participated through the CRCP program, Private Boater's Association, tribes, backpacking guides, and others. We were able to gain insight, train new people, and improve our methods by opening the conversation to everyone. Involvement from all of these groups was nothing new – but the level of engagement, ownership, and cohesiveness was.

Meanwhile, the accused River District employees developed the “All Employee River Trip,” a short annual motor trip, with the goal of providing employees (whose core duties would have never otherwise brought them on the river) the opportunity to see, experience, and become advocates for the magnificent resource that is the Colorado River Corridor. They were required to participate in work projects and focused discussions on the various challenges facing the park. The feedback from participants on these trips was overwhelmingly positive.

We worked safely, conscientiously, and inclusively. We achieved balance. We raised the bar on personal accountability and conduct. The raucous parties and drunken orgies portrayed in recent articles were not in evidence on any of these trips.

But as time passed, new employees were assigned

to the team to replace core members that had left. Though the new members of the team were passionate about their field, they had not been a part of the shift in culture and attitudes that the original team members had worked so hard to institute. Conflicts over methodology and decorum began to return to work on the river. These disagreements became the catalyst for what has unfolded over the last two years.

This story is not just about sexual misconduct. What happened is part of a larger issue within the park dealing with workplace conflict in productive and professional ways.

Every person's experience is valid and true for them – but it is only a small piece of a much bigger picture. For each person in this story that is in the role of accuser, you can find many other people who had precisely the opposite experience. How do you reconcile that? The truth is, you don't. You can only build on each individual's perspective to start seeing the whole picture emerge. So far, only a fraction of this story has been told, from a single perspective. Unfortunately, there has been no complete, unbiased investigation that has even attempted to reveal the big picture so that we all might benefit. And now, we find ourselves watching the Park dismantle an institution we rely upon. The accusers remain unsatisfied, the accused left with no voice, with everyone else shaking their heads in disbelief.

Let's ask ourselves one last question: so what now? Why does this snippet of the story matter? It matters because the way the story has been told up to this point has had far reaching effects on the river culture, the experience, the management of a park that we all own, the way we operate, and the individuals involved. It matters because it begins to fill in some details of this story that haven't been depicted for the general public – details which ultimately change the context of the story. Only one person accused remains employed at the Park. The Park's investigative authority ends at this one man. He has become the scapegoat at this point. Many are demanding his termination. His status as the last man standing has made him the target of people's anger and the object to satisfy the desire for retribution. Aside from this man, those who remain are supervisors, management, and a few bystanders.

The Park doesn't have any meaningful options to reconcile with the people involved in this story. If we rely only on the political will of agency leadership to enact cultural reforms, we *will* be disappointed with both the speed and quality of the results. So, if we as a river community can shift from playing the blame and shame game to something that looks more like reconciliation and learning, we open all kinds of

doors. It sounds touchy feely, but we're certainly capable of embracing change and being flexible. What if the collective mission of seeking "The Bigger Picture" allowed the accusers to understand how their story fits within the wider web of people's experiences? What if it allowed the accused to share their stories, and also allowed them to see how their behavior affected others through a different lens? What if, instead of creating reactive, top-down rules and regulations within our companies and the park, we take shared responsibility for creating systems that foster accountability and respect within our profession? When it comes down to it, an apology or a lawsuit can't mend a broken heart or a broken spirit, no matter how sincere. Only forgiveness can do that. *Every* person in this story needs to be on the giving and receiving end of that forgiveness in order to move forward. Let's set the bar on personal responsibility and start the process ourselves.

*Kassy Skeen,
Vanya Pryputniewicz,
Chris Brothers,
Tara Roark, &
Shannon McCloskey*

Call Me No Name

The transition is a keen one, I assure you, from a schoolmaster to a sailor, and requires a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it.

—HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*, CHAPTER ONE

THIS WAS GOOD ADVICE for a schoolmaster named Powell, although the Seneca he took wasn't the Roman philosopher Melville had in mind.

Ishmael, the protagonist of *Moby Dick*, might have understood why Seneca and Oramel Howland named their boat the *No Name*. The Howlands and the rest of the crew may have assumed that they didn't need to explain this already famous name, although Jack Sumner, when listing the boats in his diary, did add in parenthesis after the *No Name*: "(piratic craft)." But this clue has been lost on historians, who have taken this name to mean that the Howlands were too unimaginative to think up a name for their boat.

Ishmael spends the first dozen chapters of *Moby Dick* introducing the world of whaling by wandering the streets of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the world capital of whaling. At its peak, New Bedford was the home port for over one-third of the world's whaling ships. Ishmael could not avoid noticing that one of the leading whaling firms belonged to the Howland brothers. That is, George and Matthew Howland. This was most evident at the Howland wharf, where the Howland fleet docked. In 1867, the Howland brothers astonished the whaling world with their new ship *Concordia*, the most expensive and magnificent whaling ship New Bedford had ever seen. Nearby was the Howland counting house, where the Howland brothers managed their business. The Howland candle factory processed whale oil. If Ishmael walked along New Bedford's wealthier streets, he would have seen Howland mansions. Ishmael may have lodged on Howland Street, which held a neighborhood of sailor boarding houses and saloons. Ishmael may have seen the Howland school, the Howland Fire Station, and the Howland Mission Chapel. Years later, when whaling was in decline, Ishmael could have worked at one of the Howland textile mills. But for now, Ishmael signed on with Captain Ahab, who, considering the propensity of Howland brothers for associating with obsessive one-limbed captains, could have been a Howland captain.

Both sets of Howland brothers were descended from an even more famous set of Howland brothers, *Mayflower* pilgrim John Howland (who nearly

died when he fell overboard) and his brother Henry, who came to America a few years after the *Mayflower*. Henry was a Quaker, and the Puritans of the Plymouth Colony made his descendants uncomfortable, so they left and founded what became New Bedford. At about the same time, one of John Howland's sons, Isaac, settled in Middleboro, a dozen miles from New Bedford, and here the line of Oramel and Seneca remained for five generations. These Howlands may have been among the many Howlands who got involved in whaling. Various branches of the Howland family owned over ten percent of the New Bedford fleet, and many more served as captains or crew. I checked crew rosters for the name Howland and found many, but there's no Oramel or Seneca. It is likely that Powell recognized the famous association of the name Howland with ships, and we have to wonder if he liked the idea of having Howlands manning his ships.

The Howland family's connection with ships may also be why Powell sometimes referred to Oramel Howland as "Captain Howland." Unlike most of Powell's crew, Oramel did not serve in the Civil War, so he did not acquire such a title in the military. Oramel spent the war years working in Colorado, which did have its own small pro-Union army, but Oramel's name does not appear on any of the rosters—fortunately, since the Colorado army's most notable action during these years was the Sand Creek Massacre against Cheyenne women and children. There were also local volunteer militias, which didn't always leave thorough rosters, so it's not out of the question that Oramel served in one of those. The term "captain" was also sometimes used on the frontier as an honorary title, especially for men who had served as army scouts, and even some Indian chiefs noticed this usage and began calling themselves "Captain." Yet we don't know of Oramel serving in any such role. Perhaps Powell called Oramel "captain" simply because he was essentially the captain of the *No Name*. Yet given the fame of the Howland family as owners and captains and sailors of great ships, it's plausible that Powell was thinking of this.

We also have to wonder if Powell, who was continually struggling to cobble together the funds for his western expeditions, also liked associating with Howlands because the Howlands were one of the richest families in America. The Howlands who founded the New Bedford whaling industry had great timing, for whaling was ready to boom and its old center, Nantucket, did not have a port deep enough for the

larger ships that soon dominated the business. By 1839, nearly half of American whaling ships were based out of New Bedford. One Howland in-law and company owner, Edward Robinson, also had the good timing to get out of the whaling business around 1860 and put his money into other, rising industries, for he realized that the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania might eliminate the need for whale oil. He also avoided the crash in whaling brought on by the Civil War. Other Howlands clung to the family business through the latter 1800s and “went down with the ship.” In 1865 Robinson died and left his fortune to his daughter, Hetty Howland Robinson, but this sparked a lengthy legal battle that filled the national newspapers and became, in the words of Hetty’s biographer Charles Slack, “one of the most watched civil cases of the century.”¹ Hetty was accused of forging her aunt’s signature on portions of the will. To help settle the matter, Harvard’s Louis Agassiz, the most respected scientist in America, was enlisted to examine the signatures with both his microscope and his judgment, and in 1867 he cleared Hetty of forgery accusations. Hetty became the richest woman in America and would prove to be a shrewd Gilded Age financial dealer: at her death in 1916 she owned 1/500TH of America’s Gross National Product. Because Agassiz was one of the world’s leading geologists it’s likely that Powell followed his career closely and thus heard about his enlistment in the Howland fortune case only weeks before Powell met Oramel and Seneca Howland. Yet the Howland fortunes didn’t do Powell any good, for Oramel and Seneca came from a much humbler branch of the family. Still, Powell probably didn’t mind the status that the name Howland enjoyed in 1867.

Oramel and Seneca weren’t the only pair of Howlands pioneering western waters in the summer of 1869, and with tragic results. On the shores of Lake Tahoe, Captain David Howland was building a forty-foot wooden steamer, the *Truckee*, which would haul lumber, freight, and sometimes tourists around the lake. Apparently he was being assisted by Edward Howland, the son of one of the New Bedford Howlands, who had been crewing aboard a ship that had docked in San Francisco. “He had become somewhat irregular in his habits,” wrote the *San Francisco Examiner*, “and appears to have left his ship and become a boatman, attending on the pleasure parties on the lake.” On August 18TH, two weeks before Oramel and Seneca died, Edward Howland put a gun to his head and “a portion of his head was blown off.”²

The Civil War brought a serious threat to the Howlands’ whaling business, for the Confederates launched several ships to attack northern merchant and fishing

fleets, on seas all over the world. The prominence of New Bedford ships now made them leading targets. The most successful Confederate pirate ship, the *CSS Alabama*, sometimes sought out regions frequented by whaling ships. In total, 25 New Bedford ships were sunk. In a sense, all of them were Howland ships. Throughout the Civil War, George Howland Jr. was the mayor of New Bedford, and he had to deal with the economic disaster inflicted on his town. Even for firms that didn’t lose ships, the rise of insurance rates was staggering. By 1862 one hundred whaling ships were removed from operation, and over the course of the war New Bedford’s revenues dropped by fifty percent. One Confederate raider continued operating for three months after the war ended, sinking more whalers. Many of the whalers that had docked in New Bedford would never sail again, for the whaling business would never fully recover.

Confederate pirates took special pleasure in sinking New Bedford ships, for New Bedford had become famous as a center of the abolitionist movement, partly because Quakers had long been among the staunchest leaders of abolitionism and New Bedford was led by Quakers, including the Howlands. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in 1850, Mayor Abraham Howland convened a public meeting to organize local resistance to it, and a few years later city funds were donated to pay for the funeral of a poor fugitive slave. New Bedford became one of the major destinations of the Underground Railroad and hosted the largest percentage of African Americans in New England, many of whom worked in maritime jobs, including on Howland ships. Its public schools were integrated. It was in New Bedford that Frederick Douglass settled when he escaped from slavery, and he praised it as one of the best examples of human equality he had seen. New Bedford contributed three dozen soldiers to the all-black Massachusetts 54TH Infantry, and some of its sea-experienced African Americans joined the navy. New Bedford also provided far more than its share of white soldiers to the war, including one infantry company headed by Captain Cornelius Howland Jr.. The Howlands set aside their Quaker disapproval of warfare and became strong supporters of the war as a way of abolishing slavery. Howlands helped organize “the stone fleet,” two dozen obsolete whalers loaded with granite and sunk in the Charleston, South Carolina, harbor in an attempt to block it. Throughout the war Mayor George Howland Jr. led local pro-war efforts, including fortifying the harbor with artillery against possible Confederate pirates.

One of the most daring Confederate raids was done by the *CSS Tallahassee*, a London-built steamer faster

than anything in the Union navy. The *Tallahassee* was captained by John Taylor Wood, whose middle name came from his grandfather, President Zachary Taylor; in 1850 Wood had stayed at the White House and, on July 4TH, accompanied his grandfather as he laid the cornerstone of the Washington Monument. Wood was also the nephew of Jefferson Davis, future president of the Confederacy, and in 1861 this helped swing Wood's conflicted loyalties toward the South. Wood's service as a gunnery instructor at the Naval Academy at Annapolis led to him becoming the artillery commander of the CSS *Virginia*, better known as the *Merrimac*, in its famous ironclad duel with the *Monitor* in 1862.

In seven days in August, 1864, Wood led a raid that destroyed 33 northern ships, beginning with the *Sarah A. Boyce* of Boston; after removing the passengers he burned or sank most of the ships: "As night came on the burning ship illuminated the waters for miles, making a picture of rare beauty."³ Some victim ships were modest fishing boats but some were freighters much larger than his own ship. He first stationed himself outside New York City and used a captured pilot boat to lure incoming ships to him. He had planned to steam right into New York harbor and fire on the city and navy yard, but he needed the help of a pilot who would guide him safely into the harbor and he was unable to capture one. Instead he continued all the way up the New England coast, causing great alarm throughout the North. When they reached harbor in Halifax, Nova Scotia, they saw New York City newspapers: "The published reports of most of the prisoners were highly colored and sensational...A more blood-thirsty and piratical-looking crew never sailed, according to some narratives. Individually I plead guilty, [after] three years of rough work, with no chance of replenishing my wardrobe."⁴ They also read that the U.S. Navy had sent thirteen ships to pursue them, which never caught up. After the war the *Tallahassee* was sold to the Japanese. It sank in 1869, only nine days after the Howland brothers sank their *No Name* on the Green River.

John Taylor Wood's triumphant pirate raid contrasted with his chaotic flight at the end of the Civil War, but here too Wood proved resourceful and courageous. Wood spent the rest of the war as aide-de-camp to his uncle Jefferson Davis, and he was present when Davis received word from Robert E. Lee that Lee had surrendered. Wood accompanied Davis and other Confederate leaders as they fled Richmond and tried to avoid capture. When Davis was captured in Georgia, Wood escaped and continued southward. In Florida, Wood met up with another Confederate leader in flight, Secretary of War John C. Breckinridge. Only five

years before, under President Buchanan, Breckinridge had been Vice President of the United States, and in 1860 he ran for president against Lincoln and carried the South, but now he was trying to hide in shadows and anonymity. Wood decided that their best hope for escape was to find a boat and sail for the Bahamas, and Breckinridge trusted Wood's expertise as a sailor.

Wood learned where a lifeboat had been stashed on Florida's St. John's River, yet when Wood loaded Breckinridge, four other men, and their supplies into the lifeboat, he was dismayed at how low it rode, making it "a very frail thing" for open seas. They rowed on the river awhile, then got an oxcart to portage their boat thirty miles to the east coast. They struggled south on the swampy inland waterway, then portaged to the ocean, where they were spotted and stopped by a Union cruiser. Wood used all his pirate's wiles to bluff his way out. When they tried to sail east, the headwind forced them to retreat, and they decided to continue south and aim for Cuba. After a less-than-friendly encounter with Indians they spotted a sail coming at them and feared another Union patrol, but when this sail suddenly turned to avoid them, Wood decided they were Union deserters fearful of capture. Wood recognized that this sloop, though not much larger than his own lifeboat, was a much sturdier ship, well-decked and well-rigged, and he decided to seize it. With the advantage of oars on a calm sea Wood pursued the sloop, and upon reaching it he and Breckinridge pulled their revolvers and forced a trade of boats. The sloop bore no name. "After our experience in a boat the gunwale of which was not more than eighteen inches out of the water, we felt that we had a craft able to cross the Atlantic."⁵

Wood tried to obtain supplies at a trading post operated by pirates, with the result that the pirates jumped into five canoes and attacked the sloop, but the Confederates fought them off. Near Key Biscayne a schooner started pursuing Wood, and Wood tried to escape into the shallows, but they soon ran aground and had to get out and push. Just as the schooner opened fire, Wood found a break in the coral reefs and darted away. Provisioning themselves with coconuts, they sailed for Cuba. Their course paralleled the Florida Keys for awhile and gradually veered in a more southerly direction, so they did not get as far as No Name Key, which had been named in the 1840s. Florida historians have been unable to discover why No Name Key got its name, if, indeed, it can be said to have a name.

Soon a fierce storm hit, and Wood needed all his sailor's skills: "I thought we were swamped as I clung desperately to the tiller, though thrown violently

against the boom. But after the shock, our brave little boat, though half filled, rose and shook herself like a spaniel. The mast bent like a whip-stick, and I expected to see it blown out of her, but, gathering way, we flew with the wind. The surface was lashed into foam as white as the driven snow. The lightning and artillery of the heavens were incessant, blinding, and deafening; involuntarily we bowed our heads, utterly helpless. Soon the heavens were opened, and the floods came down like a waterspout.”⁶

Two days after the storm they were nearly out of food and water and tried to approach an American brig for supplies, but the wary captain warned them to stay away and they bartered at a distance and he tossed supplies into the sea for them to fetch. “We cannot wonder at the captain’s precautions, for a more piratical-looking party than we never sailed the Spanish Main. General Breckinridge, bronzed the color of mahogany, unshaven, with long mustache, wearing a blue flannel shirt open at the neck, exposing his broad chest, with an old slouch hat, was a typical buccaneer... Doubtless the captain reported on his arrival home a blood-curdling story of his encounter with pirates off the coast of Cuba.”⁷

Hungry, thirsty, sunburned, exhausted, and feverish, they finally reached Cuba. “Their astonishment was great at the size of our boat, and they could hardly believe we had crossed in it.”⁸ Required by Cuban customs officers to register their boat, Wood gave the name *No Name*. Wood soon sold the *No Name* to the president of the local railroad.

American reporters in Cuba recognized a sensational story: a recent American vice president fleeing the United States through storms and pirates, and they swarmed Wood for details. Soon the *No Name*’s story was famous. Even the *New York Herald* hailed the sheer adventure of it: “the manner of his escape from the coast of Florida savors of the romantic, and may yet form the groundwork of an exciting novel or thrilling drama.”⁹ Southerners loved the tale because their leaders had escaped Yankee clutches. Yankees liked the symbolism that a once haughty Confederacy had been humiliated into piracy and flight. There were three men in Massachusetts who must have felt a special glee. For the New Bedford Howland brothers, one of the pirates who had threatened their whaling empire had been reduced into the pirate of a tiny sloop. For Senator Charles Sumner, the ardent abolitionist who had developed a bitter personal hatred for the former Vice President, Breckinridge had been reduced into a pathetic, ragged pirate. It’s possible that for three other men named Howland and Sumner, the story of the *No Name* also won special attention.

In the spring of 1869 all of America was talking about Confederate pirates, and it’s quite likely that Powell’s crew members were also. In 1869 the United States filed claims against Great Britain for its role in building Confederate pirate ships, especially the CSS *Alabama*, which roamed the high seas, never even docked at a Confederate harbor, and became the most deadly of the Confederate pirates. The Confederates had secretly commissioned the building of the *Alabama* in a private British shipyard but both the American and British governments noticed its design and figured out its likely purpose, and the American ambassador protested, but the British government released it anyway. The British allowed the *Alabama* and other Confederate warships to use British ports, while British merchant fleets benefited considerably from the drying up of business on American fleets. Americans were outraged, some regarding it as an act of war. In 1868 the Johnson administration began negotiating with Britain for redress, but as usual the Radical Republicans who had impeached Johnson felt that he was being far too lenient. On April 13, 1869, only six weeks before the launch of the Powell expedition, Senator Charles Sumner took the floor of the US Senate and delivered a long and indignant speech opposing Johnson’s proposed agreement with Britain. As the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Sumner had jurisdiction over foreign affairs and treaties, and he also considered himself to be representing the New England shipping interests—like the Howlands—who had suffered major losses from Confederate pirates. Sumner talked the senate into voting down Johnson’s agreement by 54-to-1. Sumner demanded that Britain pay \$2 billion or cede all of Canada to the United States. Sumner’s speech came only weeks after Ulysses S. Grant had become president, and Grant was more willing to take a hard line. Throughout 1869, newspapers often carried the latest developments in “the *Alabama* case,” one of the hottest political topics of the year. Many of the newspaper stories about the Powell expedition shared the same pages as the *Alabama* case. Negotiations between the U.S. and Britain went on until 1872 and involved international arbitration in Geneva, Switzerland, becoming a landmark in the forging of international law. The arbitrators agreed with the American position, and Britain apologized and paid the United States \$15.5 million, including for damages done by John Taylor Wood; some of that money went to the Howlands of New Bedford.

Senator Sumner’s suggestion that Britain turn over Canada as payment must have made John Taylor Wood nervous, for Wood had left Cuba and settled in Halifax, Nova Scotia. After the American Revolution

Halifax had become a major destination for Americans so loyal to the British crown that they refused to remain in the United States, and it had retained its anti-American sentiments and been happy to give harbor to Confederate ships, including Wood's *Tallahassee* right after his pirate raid; fearing the approach of Union ships, Wood had steered the *Tallahassee* out a narrow side channel in the night. Now Halifax drew die-hard Confederates. Wood never gave up his Confederate sympathies, refused offers of clemency, and attended the dedication of a statue to Robert E. Lee in Richmond, Virginia, in 1890. In 1866 the pro-Irish Fenian Brotherhood was planning a rebellion in Canada, with major support from Americans and former Union soldiers, and Wood and other Confederates offered their services to the British loyalists. Wood became a leading citizen of Halifax, went into the shipping business, and died there in 1904.

All the 1869 newspaper coverage of the *Alabama* case reminded Americans pointedly of the whole subject of Confederate piracy, including Wood and his *No Name*. Oramel Howland, Seneca Howland, and Jack Sumner may have been paying extra attention. For them the name *No Name* might now ring with triumph in a new way, and might seem a good omen. The name invoked a brave little boat that had defied all the odds and obstacles, especially walls of white water. It invoked a dare for Yankees to be as bold as their foes. The name turned out to be a truer omen than Seneca and Oramel would have wished, for like the crew of the original *No Name*, they too nearly starved.

Don Lago

FOOTNOTES:

1. Charles Slack, *Hetty: The Genius and Madness of America's First Female Tycoon*. (New York: Ecco, 2004) 56.
2. *San Francisco Examiner*, Aug. 23, 1869.
3. John Taylor Wood, "The *Tallahassee's* Dash into New York Waters." *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, July, 1898.
4. *Ibid.*
5. John Taylor Wood, "Escape of the Confederate Secretary of War." *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, November 1893.
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*
9. *New York Herald*, June 27, 1865.

Redwall

I was lost among yellow and orange
swirls of desert rocks.

There is nothing special about a
clear blue sky
until it is placed above something as
plainly simple as itself
smoldering under a burning sun.

I can trace images into red sand
under rock swirls
drawing something easily washed
away by wind and rain
but still concrete enough to hide
in the shadow of something
permanent.

Nina Crouch

GCRG Endowment— Leaving a Legacy for Colorado River Protection

BIG NEWS! As individuals, we all hope to make an impact during our short time on this earth through our family, our relationships, our communities, and our professional life. Wouldn't it be incredibly meaningful to leave a lasting legacy of protection for the Colorado River through Grand Canyon—a place like no other that makes your spirit soar and your heart sing?

At the close of Grand Canyon River Guides' last fiscal year (June 30, 2015), we were in the strongest financial position since our inception. Consequently, we asked ourselves, how can we best honor the passion our donors have for the Colorado River? What would be the most prudent use of this boon in order to create something that will grow and provide stability for our non-profit organization for years to come? The answer was clear. Grand Canyon River Guides is poised to start an endowment fund this month at the Arizona Community Foundation; a permanent fund where the principal is preserved and invested, providing a reliable and increasing source of income for organizational support over the long term.

We are harnessing our greatest asset – our passionate members, and challenging you to donate to the endowment and help it grow from the initial \$50,000 investment to double that by the end of 2016! Gifts can be made in many forms such as bequests (wills), cash, securities, retirement assets, or real estate. There are

even options that can provide tax or income benefits for donors. To assist you, GCRG will be adding an online donor portal on our website, www.gcr.org at our earliest opportunity.

It is continually brought home to us how critical it is for Grand Canyon River Guides to exist and what a profound difference our organization has made over the years on so many fronts. Yet there is still so much work to do. We're committed to the journey (and the adventure!) for the long haul. How about you? We're taking a leap forward in our sophistication as an organization and we urge you to join us in that endeavor.

We foresee the endowment fund as appealing not only to major donors but to any of our guide and general members who want to give back to the place they love by supporting the organization that does so much of the on-the-ground work, through education and advocacy. It is important to note, however, that endowment donations do not replace or diminish the ongoing need for memberships, general donations to GCRG, or Circle of Friends contributions to support the BQR.

Please join us in leaving a lasting legacy that will help protect Grand Canyon and preserve the Colorado River experience over the long term. An endowed gift is truly a gift that keeps on giving.

Lynn Hamilton

Connecting Youth to the Rivers of the Southwest

TIS THE SEASON OF LOGISTICS. For Grand Canyon Youth (GCY), spring is a culmination of months of planning for our participants. It is also one of the busier times of year for us. When things get hectic, I like to pause and remember why I love what I do. Listening to the voices of the future generation gives me hope and inspiration. These are a few of the letters I return to as a way of remembering why GCY is so important. I hope you will enjoy them as much as I have.

I don't know why the place is so special. Maybe it comes from the river's ways—its eddies, its ripples, its cold splashes of respite from the hairdryer of the desert. Or maybe I love that hot stupid air itself. Maybe it's the

sound of an oar dipping into water, or the distant melody of the canyon wren. The rocks, too, sure are something. I've meditated on those multicolored layers that tell the story of Earth's evolution. Maybe what makes the canyon special is the life that flourishes between the great walls of rock and within the rushing river, from the chub to the bighorn, from the agave to the prickly pear. Maybe its beauty comes the curious form of life that rides the rapids. These odd creatures—I guess I'm one of them—tell stories and sing under the stars. We question and investigate and care for the place that we call home for a time. We climb rocks. We jump off them. We eat without worry. And we're groovy in more than one way. Maybe it's the fact that I aspire to live life the way that we all do

so naturally in the canyon. Maybe it's the fact that the canyon follows me home: our science makes me wonder about the bats that fly over my suburban driveway and the waterways that flow under the bridges and skyscrapers of the city. —Greg, age 19

In a month, I leave for Ecuador, where I have chosen to spend a bridge year between high school and college... The choice to take a year to do some adventuring before going to college stemmed from my time on the river and exploring the abundant side canyons that I realized how much there is in the world, but moreover, I learned how possible it really is to discover the world. My time listening to the guides and chatting with the scientists convinced me that I am capable of adventure. So thank you. These lessons are invaluable to me and all the other young people you expose to the river. —Bella, age 18

My name is Chelsea, a 16-year old student with a passion for animation. This past summer I attended one of the greatest, most impactful trips of my life. I would have never thought that I would go see the Grand Canyon and be one of the few who would go down the Colorado River ever in my life, let alone in my teens. Although it is one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World, I held no interest in ever seeing the Grand Canyon. Before the trip, I had no interest in what the U.S. offered geographically. I had no intentions of visiting the National Parks and relishing its scenic views and its natural beauty...

The biggest takeaway from the trip was the relationships I developed between the other members of the trip and my own classmates. I am a very shy and quiet person, a person of a few words and who is very awkward when it comes to introducing myself to people. I thought I was going to have a hard time warming up to the rest of the teens, but that was not the case. I believe that the Grand Canyon changed something in all of us. Everyone was friendly toward each other, and no one was left out. We were constantly involved with each other and with what the Grand Canyon gave us, like its waterfalls to play in, its quiet caves to sing, and its beaches to laugh amongst. We drew inspiration from it, and from each other...

The Grand Canyon trip came at a perfect time for me. I craved a change of scenery, a chance of experiencing something new and beyond my comfort zone and what I define as "likeable". I now have more respect for the parks of my city and state. My friends and I have made trips up north in California to hike and take a break from our busy lives. I draw more plant life like flowers and cacti

and such others than ever before, and that brings back memories from the trip along with the relaxing feeling of just drawing... —Chelsea, age 16

If you enjoyed these stories, please check-out the new short film featuring GCY and one of our alumni. The film: *What You Take Away—A Colorado River Reflection* can be found at: <https://vimeo.com/164929241>.

Thanks to all the guides and river lovers who show their support for GCY in many fabulous ways, from donating to our financial aid fund, spreading the word about our program, donating gear, art for our event, volunteering and just generally being fantastic! Thank you and keep it up! For more info visit www.gcyouth.org or call 928-773-7921.

Save the date for our Rivers & Reels FUNdraiser, Saturday, November 5TH at the Coconino Center for the Arts in Flagstaff.

Emma Wharton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR GCY



Photo courtesy GCY

A Few Words From Cap'n Hance

WHEN DID JOHN HANCE DISCOVER Grand Canyon? Down through the years there's been plenty of talk about that, but no reliable information has ever come to light. As it happens, Hance had something to say about it by offering his own version in 1895. When the world's greatest liar tells how it happened, it's a remarkable tale, a real whopper completely in step with his 'believable—if true!' personality. But does it finally answer the persistent, age old question?

"I gained from him the story of how he reached the river from the rim of the canyon," wrote George Wharton James in 1895. "But no second party's narration can give the Hance flavor to the story. The droll way in which the old pioneer spun his yarn would need a Joel Chandler Harris or James Whitcomb Riley to do it justice. It was about five years ago," indicating 1890, "that [Hance] told [James] the story. Said he: 'Wall, I guess it was a right hard trip. It was three days o' the hardest work I ever done in my life, to get down to the river the fourteenth of last June. I was then forty-one years old, and when I got back I was the proudest boy you ever seen. Mr. [William F. "Bill"] Hull, and a friend of mine, Mr. [Silas "Cy"] Ruggles, had been out here and had brought back strange stories of the canyon, but I couldn't find my way there. I'd never seen the canyon, and hooted at the idea of there being anything of the kind they described. I asked them how long the canyon was and how far down, and when they told how far they thought it was, but that they had never been down, I laughed at them and said: 'Wall, my grandmother's a pretty old woman, but if I was as old as she is, I'd get down that canyon, if I had to roll down.'

Hull and Ruggles, said Hance, "'sneered at my boast, and said I hadn't 'sand' enough, but I told 'em if I wan't back in four days, they needn't look for me, but just take everything I left. And then down I went. It was awful work, but I would have taken far more desperate chances than I did to show those fellows I was not the chicken-livered dude they thought I was.'

"'Well, Sir! it took me a little over twenty-four hours' hard tugging to reach that river. I bathed in it. I drank myself full of it! and then I washed in it! I built a monument and although I had no knife with me, I picked up a piece of hard granite and scratched my name in the sandstone rock. I got back on the third day, pretty well used up, but as proud as ever a boy was in his life. I lived that three days on jerked antelope and biscuits."

"Doubted?"

"'No sir! I never once doubted my ability to get there.'"

"And you got to the river?"

"'Yes, siree! just sure as you are alive! I done some

pretty ugly climbing, but I never allowed myself to get dispirited, even when I was through with going over and under those falls. I got drenched to the skin several times, but I kept on. I took good care not to go where I'd be likely to fall, and so I pulled through all o.k. and hunkey-dory.'"¹

Most of Hance's stories don't need verification—they were obvious tall tales employed as deliberate, entertaining falsehoods. But this one makes a claim so significant it warrants a second look. If proven true, one of the big cracks in Grand Canyon's human history could be filled in, and that, in turn, would dispel all manner of myths concerning the life of Cap'n John Hance.

Hance indicates Hull and Ruggles were at Grand Canyon during (or before) the year he turned 41 and 'hiked' to the river. That would have been 1878,² so it would pay to examine 1878 from as many perspectives as possible to authenticate the claim.

Hull was twenty that year,³ Ruggles 43,⁴ and all that is good and well. But there's a problem with John inserting Hull and Ruggles into 1878. Arizona did not take a census that year and neither man's name is found in the year's Great Register. As a result, it cannot be verified that Hull and Ruggles were in Arizona that June. In fact, it wasn't until August 18, 1891, that Hull wrote in *John Hance's Visitors' Book*, "First visit to the Canon February 1880."⁵ What did Hull mean by that? There are only two ways to turn at this intersection. Either 1880 was Hull's first visit to Grand Canyon—ever—or it was his first visit to see Hance who had already established himself there.

For the sake of discussion, let's say Hull was visiting Hance. That's certainly possible. Hance had been in the Hull family's sphere since John and his younger half-brother, George, emigrated to Arizona Territory and bought 640 acres of farmland on lower Granite Creek, twelve miles north of Prescott, in February, 1869. Back then, Bill Hull's father, Phillip Hull, had a sheep dipping station in Mint Valley a few miles west of Granite Creek. Phillip also owned Prescott town lots and land described by the Yavapai County assessor as "stock range in Bill Williams Mountain."⁶ Like John Hance reporting his age, Phillip, sometimes appearing as Philip, never seems to have been on target.

In the early 1880s, Phillip's son, Philip, occasionally presenting as Phillip—Phil Jr.—oversaw the family's Coconino Forest operations from Challenger, a small logging community thrown-up around a sawmill named for a railroad man a few miles east of Williams. Phil arrived in Arizona after an Illinois birth and childhood visit

to Sacramento, California where his youngest brother William—Bill—was born. Phil raised and ran cattle north of Williams and by 1885 was involved with Hance in early Canyon tourism efforts. According to the few people who knew Phil Jr. before his untimely sudden-death heart attack in November 1888, at 41 years of age, he was an accommodating host. Brother Joseph, or J.J., owned eighty acres “in San Francisco mountains” which he sold to the Territory in 1882; he then homesteaded 160 acres east of Challender with the same notion in mind. Joseph ran sheep. Phil and Bill worked cattle and horses. All had registered brands. So far as is known, brother Frank was not involved in Hance’s affairs.

In his forward to William Wallace Bass’s *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado*, James reported he knew Hance “long before he had dreamed that the Canyon would help make him famous; I ate venison stew with him when he was but a cowboy in the employ of the proprietor of the Hull Ranch.”⁷ It’s difficult to say where or even when that happened, but it could fit comfortably in the latter ’70s or early ’80s and is supported to some degree by Day Alley Willey who studied John for an article published in 1910. Hance, he wrote, came across Grand Canyon “hunting for some grazing ground in the desert for a few steers.”⁸ That nests well with the Hull connection, but it’s also an interesting twist on Canyon lore. The method of discovery is usually attributed to Bill Bass, a man Hance did not cotton to, once commenting that Grand Canyon had three liars: he was one and Bass was the other two.⁹

In 1878, Hance held possessory interest to a Camp Verde homestead on the Verde River near the southwest corner of Fort Verde’s garden tract.¹⁰ He had recently relocated from his homestead near today’s intersection of I-17 and Orme Road after selling it to his brother George for \$1,000 in 1877. Before moving to Camp Verde, Hance had been farming and freighting supplies for others, but by January, 1878 was delivering soft wood at Fort Whipple¹¹ in Prescott, and in early February offloaded 25,000 pounds of corn, wheat and wool at Whipple.¹² His brother was also contracting to the military. The opportunity was made available by E. B. Grimes, soon to become Arizona Territorial Quartermaster. George Hance worked for Grimes during the Civil War, and both John and George worked under Grimes while crossing the Kansas plains en route to Arizona.¹³

That April, Hance went into business with Murray McInernay, the commissariat from Camp Date Creek who came to Verde when Date Creek was closed. While no formal agreement is known, the partnership’s creation is seen in a handwritten ledger book kept by C. P. Head & Co., sutlers to Fort Verde.¹⁴ Hance was the third customer at Head’s counter the morning of April 3RD,

intending to charge 75¢ of tea to his account. But after the clerk made the entry, John changed his mind and the clerk crossed it out. A few minutes later the same tea was reposted in the first listing of a new account titled “Hance and McI,” “McI” being shorthand for McInernay. Until May 27TH, 1880, when the next ledger in the sequence is missing and Hance’s further economic activity in Verde becomes unavailable, the partnership did business with Head & Co. several times each month, usually several times a week, and occasionally several times a day.

By consulting Head’s 1878 ledgers, the veracity of Hance’s claim of reaching the river on June 14, can be cross-examined by an unimpeachable witness. Charges at Head’s store by “Hance & McI” that June were posted exactly when they should not have been posted—when John Hance was supposedly at Grand Canyon. On June 13TH, “pants,” “plates,” 58 lbs of “corn” and a \$1 knife were purchased, and on the 17TH a pair of overalls and 40¢ worth of plug tobacco left the store. McInernay smoked a pipe.¹⁵ Hance chewed tobacco—that’s him buying the plug. But could he have returned to Verde in time to be at the store that day?

No. In 1878, if one knew where he was going, a horseback trip from Camp Verde via Beaverhead Station to what was then called Flag Staff required two days.¹⁶ Two or three additional days would have been involved reaching what became Grandview Point. After adding a 72-hour death march to the Colorado River, and the return to Verde, the minimum away-from-home time would have been around two weeks—Hance would not have returned until about the 21ST. Unless John Hance could easily glide long distances like a California condor—and who says he couldn’t?—it appears he was not at Grand Canyon on June 14TH, 1878.

Indeed. The very next day, June 15TH, Hance was issued a summons to appear in the 3RD District Court, Prescott, regarding Docket Number 565, Hugo Richards, Plaintiff vs. The Peck Mining Company, J. B. Graham and John Hance, Defendants.

How and why Graham and Hance got involved with Peck in this deal is not known; they were teamsters, partnered-up to haul wood to, and ore from, the mine. That said, Peck Mine, Graham and Hance—for whatever reason—made and executed a promissory note to Solomon Barth for \$2600 on October 20TH, 1877, payable on demand with two percent interest after sixty days. Before the note came due, Barth endorsed it over to Hugo Richards, an early day Yavapai County financier and old friend of the Hance brothers. By its due date, only \$200 had been repaid. When Richards finally brought suit, the note was a year in arrears. The Findings of Fact, posted November 27TH, 1878, declared Peck, Graham and Hance liable for \$2,937, including

court costs and witness fees.¹⁷ Today, the amount would equal almost \$73,000. Hance would have been responsible for \$24,333.

A story from the time shows John's finesse at gaming the military system to great advantage, growing his income as much as possible. Abraham Lincoln "Lynk" Smith and his twin brother Ulysses Grant Smith lived in Camp Verde where, in their late teens, they cut wild hay with hoes for Hance. Grant Smith did that for two years. The hay was loaded into one of John's freight wagons—on top of two tons of limestone boulders lining the wagon's bed. After the hay was weighed on Fort Verde's scales, Hance would tip the soldier unloading it a dollar, saying, "When you git down so fur in the wagon [motioning] you can quit. I can't get out of post tonight. I'm going to leave some hay for *my* steers." Every ton of hay cost the army \$40. Lynk Smith thought that was hilarious. "Eighty dollars for boulders," he laughed, "he sold boulders more than hay."¹⁸

A final clue indicating John's northerly trend presents in the person of Murray McInernay whose first visit to "San Francisco mountains" was in April, 1881.¹⁹ His partnership with Hance had come on hard times. McInernay probably went north to visit Hance, who was working there for the Hulls or the A-1 Cattle Company out of Fort Moroni, to run a check on John's financial wherewithal. The report was not good.

In Camp Verde, before the Peck decision, Hance was "considered quite wealthy."²⁰ But business had been failing at Fort Verde since February, 1875, when the Yavapai and Apache removal to San Carlos Reserve put Verde military affairs on the back burner. By 1880 the Fort Verde had been 'abandoned' more than once²¹ and was essentially without business. Hance and McInernay's income was similarly affected.

For John Hance, that was the beginning of the end. The Peck decision was the *coup de grâce*. In an effort to keep his homestead running for five years, and earn title to it, Hance entered into a chattel mortgage agreement with McInernay but was unable to repay any of the principal, and so the loan was repurposed. In the fall of 1881 McInernay earned \$900 in interest "mortgaging property of John Hance." In 1882, when Hance again failed to perform, McInernay was awarded an additional \$139 interest by the board of equalization.²²

After that, McInernay walked away. He married and started a family in Prescott. He ran the Prescott-Verde mail service, operated a shuttle business from Prescott to Alexandra (Peck Mine), served as warden of Yuma Territorial Prison, was Buckey O'Neill's undersheriff, owned a Prescott bicycle shop and, lastly, managed the Prescott Hotel for some twenty years.

It was also the end of John Hance in Verde Valley. Everything he'd worked for was gone. And so was he.

The last time anyone saw John in Verde was 1882 at his brother's place, the Cienega Ranch, located at today's intersection of 1-17 and State Route 169, Cherry Road.

There's no question Hance saw Grand Canyon before he quit Verde, possibly during the winter of 1880 when his dear friend and benefactor Bill Ashurst, and Bill Hull, were both on the rim, perhaps together and possibly with Hance. But the definitive answer to when he first made it to the river on Old Hance Trail, which had been a work in progress since at least 1882,²³ is still up for grabs.

Shane Murphy

ENDNOTES:

1. George Wharton James, "Hance, and the Grand Canyon," *Southwestern Empire*, May, 1895, pp. 35-37.
2. See John Hance's 80th birthday letter, GRCAMA; also at NAUSCA, MS 1065.
3. Courtesy Jerome Historical Society, personal correspondence.
4. <https://www.asu.edu/lib/archives/azbio/bios/RUGGLESS.PDF>
5. *John Hance's Visitors' Book*, MS 0054 (Rare), p. 9, Arizona Historical Society Library and Archives.
6. Yavapai County assessor's reports, Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records.
7. George Wharton James, forward to *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado* by W. W. Bass, 1920, p. 5.
8. Day Allen Willey, "Hance of the Grand Canyon," *Outing Magazine*, Volume LVI, April-September, 1910.
9. Bert Lauzon papers, Northern Arizona University Special Collections and Archives, 107304.
10. While both are in the same locale, note the distinction between the civilian settlement of Camp Verde and U.S. Army instillation of Fort Verde.
11. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, January 4, 1878.
12. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, February 8, 1878.
13. George Hance folder, Camp Verde Historical Society.
14. Remnant Verde Ledgers are privately held by a descendent of the family that bought Head's operation in 1898. The ledgers were recorded in a building which now houses the Sutler's Steakhouse restaurant on Main Street in Camp Verde.
15. Kathie Jacobs, Murray McInernay's great, great, granddaughter, personal correspondence.
16. Charles Babbitt, *Oral history interview with Charley Clark*, June, 1952, NAU.OH57.21.
17. Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records, Film File 50.13.23.
18. *Lynk and Adda Smith interview*, George Babbitt Collection, OH. 57. 29., NAUSCA. This account appeared in different form in *The Journal of Arizona History*, Volume 56, Number 4, Winter 2015.
19. *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, April 22, 1881.
20. Charlie Wingfield, Typescript notes dated "Prescott Ariz. May 20, 1948," Grand Canyon National Park Museum and Archives.
21. Sheila Stubler, Fort Verde State Park, personal correspondence.
22. 1881 and 1882 Yavapai assessor's reports, Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records; mortgage details are found in Yavapai County Chattel Mortgages Book II, p. 25 and p. 312.
23. One of the waypoints listed in Hance's Glendale Springs homestead application, dated on June 11, 1884, was "Hance trail," indicating the route was in use by then. In 1917, in his 80th birthday letter to the Grand Canyon community, Hance wrote that he worked on the trail for two years before a burro could get down it, meaning as far as Tonto Platform. Taken together, the implication is that he was working on the trail by June, 1882.

Henry Falany

I'M A SOUTHERN BOY, and this is hard for me to say, but I was born in Boston. I was about a year and a half to two years old when we moved to Georgia, which is where my dad was from, and northern Florida. From about two 'til eleven, I grew up on the Gulf Coast of Florida in the bayous and swamps and woods. Our house was out in the woods on a dirt road, and I mowed the back lawn right up to the edge of a bayou. We used to go crabbing and scalloping and fishing, and get oysters, right off the back yard. New Port Richey was the town.

Boating's always been a part of my life. When I was eight years old, Dad bought me an eight-foot skiff with a five-horse Sears and Roebuck outboard motor. I ran all over the Gulf of Mexico in that little boat. My dad built what we called camps out in the Gulf of Mexico. He would cut down cabbage palm trees and make pilings out of them, float them out to sea, a mile and a half or so, sink those pilings in a floor plan, cut the tops off, plumb them, and build a deck and a two-story house. For several years, we lived out to sea during the summertime on one of those camps. My dad went to work and came home in a boat, and I had my own little boat. Mama would send me up the river for supplies to an old market and fish house, about a two- or three-mile trip. I'd go get the ice—we used old ice boxes in those days. We could, if it was high tide, wake up in the morning, and dive out the top-story window and take a swim. The back porch was covered, and we had rocking chairs out there with a railing around it. We'd set in the rocking chair and fish. It was quite a deal. They'd last 'til the first hurricane. (laughter) I grew up poling the bayous and paddling, and then running my little outboard skiff around the bayous and gulf. Back then we had three-horse motors, five-horse motors, and if you really had a big one, you had a fifteen. One day my Uncle Henry came home with a brand new Evinrude 25-horse motor. Everybody in the country came down to look at that motor, 'cause it was so big.

I turned eleven after we moved to California, in

August of '56. My parents' names are Joe and Marnie. I have a sister, Sue, who is two years younger than myself; and then a brother, Wade, two years younger than Sue, then Robin. Both Wade and Robin boated for me at different times. River running became a family thing later on. My mom and dad got involved in it as he basically semi-retired. He had seen California during World War II, come into port here several times, and he fell in love with California, and just always wanted to go to California after they got married. My first peek of Grand Canyon was on our trip out from Florida. We stopped in Grand Canyon and spent the night—to peek over the edge. Little did I know, in 1956, at ten years old, what that canyon was going to be to us a few years later. It was funny, because we came from Florida, used to a lot of heat and humidity. In August, we camped at the South Rim of Grand Canyon. You got up in the morning with snow all over the ground. That was real strange for southern boys, but that was our first peek at Grand Canyon. We moved to the country, three or four miles out of Turlock [California], and bought a ten-acre farm.

Gracie and I got married in Turlock. We lived there for ten years before we moved up here. We got married in '73, moved up here in '83, to Mariposa County, up in the mountains. The last five years of White Water [River Expeditions], we headquartered here. The way I met Gracie—her brother [Tony Miranda] was a high school buddy and boated for me. When I first started White Water, I would hand write any letters and any communication I needed to do, I didn't know how to type, and my sister would type the letters. After about a year and a half, she had the audacity to get married and leave the country. I was bellyaching about it one day, and Tony said, "I've got a sister who could type those letters for you. For about six months, I would send my letters home with Tony. I never laid eyes on Gracie. She was two or three years behind me in high school, and we never ran in the same circles.



Dennis Prescott was another one of the high school buddies and also ran boats for me. He and I were driving around Turlock. I had some insurance business for the river company. This was back in 1966. I drove by the insurance office and told Dennis, "Hang on a minute, I gotta run in and do something in the insurance office." This beautiful girl was setting over there at one of those desks. I did my business, went back out and got in the truck. Dennis knew Tony and was even closer to Tony than I was. I told Dennis, "There's a good-looking girl in there, the prettiest I've ever seen, long almost black hair and rosy cheeks." He said, "You danged fool, that's Tony's sister; she's been typing your letters for six months!" I said, "You're kidding!" That pickup door flew open—I didn't even pull away from the curb. I went right over there and introduced myself, and that's how I met Gracie. She was my secretary for six months before I met her. I knew right then she was my wife, but seven years later I finally got her to the altar. I was *real* fast. (laughter)

* * *

In 2005, I had the opportunity to visit Henry and Grace Falany at their home in Mariposa, California, to conduct this almost four-hour interview. Many interesting and enjoyable stories had to be cut for publication, but the full audio/video and transcript may be found on the Northern Arizona University Cline Library Special Collections and Archives website, as part of the River Runners Oral History Collection. I worked for the Falanys at White Water River Expeditions from 1975–1986, and it was fun to listen in. What follows are some recollections of theirs about early Grand Canyon commercial river running, back in the "by-the-seat-of-your-pants" days starting in the mid-'60s. —RICHARD QUARTAROLI (RQ)

* * *

QUARTAROLI: You mentioned White Water. Let's go back a little bit to before you founded the company.

FALANY: That first river trip was the summer of '63, and I graduated in '63. I was either seventeen or eighteen. There was a dentist in Turlock who somehow hooked up with Jack Currey [*Western River Expeditions*]. He put together a father-son fishing trip on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho, and asked my dad to come and bring myself and my brother Wade. We'd never heard of river running up until that time. River running was not national news, and was not anything anybody knew anything about. If you ever told anybody in those days you were going down a river and shooting rapids, they all thought you were crazy

and brave and all those things. When it came time to go, some big job my dad bid on came up and he couldn't go, so he sent my brother and me with another business friend of his.

We just had a good time. We grew up working with our hands and were taught when anybody's doing anything, you get in and help them, you don't stand around and look, and you always are a part of things. We were right there with the crew when they were setting up camp. In those days, you used to dig a garbage hole and bury all the garbage. I dug the hole for them every day, and a couple of times, floating down the river in calm water, we played with the oars a little bit. That's all we did, had a good time and never considered asking for a job. That next fall I was in college, and I got a letter from Jack Currey asking me if I'd consider coming up and running boats for him. Wade got the same letter. Now, Wade's fourteen and I'm eighteen... This shows you how river running's changed.

Our instructions were to meet him at the warehouse in Vernal, Utah, and we're going down the Colorado River through Cataract Canyon. My first expedition as a paid boatman was on Cataract Canyon in June [1964] in high water, and I'd never run a boat in my life. On Cataract Canyon, if you put in at Moab, it's fifty, sixty miles of flat water before you get to the confluence. Once you get to that confluence, you'd better know how to row that boat. Jack, in those days, had all 28- and 33-foot pontoons. I was on the oars of a 28-foot pontoon.

QUARTAROLI: There was one boatman on a 28, and were there two boatmen on a 33?

FALANY: That's the way it was. There were two sets of oarlocks on the 33's. Most of the time it was 28's. The thing is, I'm eighteen, and this is *my* first trip down. My brother's fourteen. He's got a boat, he's back there behind me, and rowing a ten-man. He was a paid boatman, at fourteen, on Cataract Canyon, at high water. Cataract, for about a twenty-mile stretch in there at that time, before [Lake] Powell, was the fastest drop, the steepest gradient on the Colorado River. After a few rapids, Currey had to take over Wade's boat and run it for him.

QUARTAROLI: Do you remember some of the rapids, some of the runs?

FALANY: I can't. I can just remember walking down and looking at Big Drop, and of course your eyes are this big around, and you're knowing in just a few minutes I'm gonna be out there in the middle of it, and this is your first experience. A piece of you can hardly believe you're *here*. The other piece of you knows one way or the other we're gonna make it. I just remember one of them somewhere Wade bombed out, and they

got the raft over. Big Drop was in three stages. Somehow Currey ran the second two with Wade's rig. I can't remember the details. That was a long time ago. A *lot* of rapids between here and there. We only did one trip on Cataract that summer, and then he shipped us to Idaho, and we spent the rest of the summer running the Middle Fork and the Main [Salmon River], just trip after trip after trip. At one point, Currey came in and took Wade and they ran the Selway, but then figured out Wade's age and had to let him go.

That same fall, I went from Stanley [Idaho], right up into B.C. [British Columbia], and Currey had some special trips up there: one on the Columbia River, and one on the Fraser. I went along with him, worked all fall, and then came home for a few weeks, and that winter we went down into southern Mexico. We ran an ocean trip from San Blas to Puerto Vallarta, and then went on down into Chiapas, the southernmost state of Mexico, and ran the [Rio] Grijalva, through Malpas Canyon during the Christmas season. The next year [1965] is when we started White Water.

QUARTAROLI: It was that soon? You still hadn't done any Grand Canyon trips at that point?

FALANY: No. At that point, Glen Canyon Dam's being built and there's no water in Grand Canyon. There was a several-year period that you couldn't run it because of the construction of Glen Canyon. White Water was two or three years old before things started opening up and we started running Grand Canyon. We started *our* company here on the Stanislaus. I used to be here in Mariposa County in the '60s, running training trips on the Merced, because it was along the highway, and



Henry on the oars of a 22-foot "shorty" (the old basket boats in the background), Stanislaus River, 1966.

it was easy for training trips, but we never did run it commercially because real trips couldn't be run along the highways. We branched out to Cataract, the Rogue River in Oregon, and then the Middle Fork and Main. It was two years later before we got down to the ditch.

My first trip through the Grand Canyon was Jack Currey's *second* trip through the Grand Canyon. Currey had 180 people booked for an Easter week on the canyon, and he called me and said, "Henry, please come, and if you have any boatmen, bring them with you." That was 1966. That was my first trip, running oar-powered boats down through the ditch with Currey. He had shorties, 22's, 28's, and 33's, if I remember correctly. We had boats all over the place. A hundred and eighty people to Phantom. From Phantom out, there were only thirty or forty people. In those days we used to helicopter people and equipment in and out from Phantom. They stopped that after a year or two. We helicoptered all the excess boats out, took only enough equipment to go on through the ditch. Back in those days, they were *expeditions*. You didn't know if you were gonna make it around the next corner. We were learning, you were on edge, and even though you'd been down a time or two, there wasn't a whole lot of experience behind *anybody* at that time. *Any* water change, *any* river level change, made it a whole different river. There was a whole lot of fixing and patching in those early trips. It almost became like bus tours, the last ten or fifteen years that we had White Water—compared to what it was in the early days. The word "expedition" just kind of became a symbolic word later on, but in the early days, it *meant* expedition. We had a couple of motors buried in one of the rafts, and a little jury-rigged type transom to put on the back that was only for use once we hit the silted-in river and calm water. Never considered using it in the rapids, not with Western, the way we were rigged then. Georgie [White] was running in those days and motoring, but



Henry at the rear oars of a 28-footer, Pin Ball Rapids, Malpas Canyon, Mexico, with Jack Currey, 1965/1966 New Years trip.

the mindset was totally different. I think that was eleven days, if I remember correctly. In those days everything went to T-Bar [Temple Bar Marina, on Lake Mead]. I think it was five or six days to Phantom.

We had three or four kitchens. We didn't necessarily have to camp at the same beach, there were parts of the outfit across the creek and down the river. Each little group was self-contained. We had tables that were part of the rigging on the raft. In those days, you didn't carry port-a-potties. Everybody—women upstream, men downstream—head for the rocks. Dutch oven cooking, setting up grates, and open fire. Didn't have near the regulations. When I started river running, you could go to the Forest Service or the BLM or the Park Service and get a special use permit for 25 bucks. Of course that didn't last very long. About three or four years after we got in, it went to moratoriums and concession contracts. A Special Use Permit cost 25 dollars for the whole year. They didn't care how many people were out there. You hardly ever ran into anybody.

The next summer in 1967 we started running Grand Canyon ourselves. Lou Elliott [a friend and founder of ARTA] called me, and real destitute and had an emergency, and didn't have a boatman, had a big trip going, and nobody to lead it. I don't remember if that was my second or third trip through the Grand Canyon. I can't remember if it was before I ran my first one for White Water, or right after. I'd only been down once or twice, and he needed an expert boatman, and back in those days, if you'd been once or twice (laughs) you qualified.

Compared to some, we were pretty elaborate on how we designed boats. We built our boats in a warehouse, and we made some mistakes, but you scratched your head, did your design and your welding and your painting, and when you got to the river trip, you just had to rig. Lou Elliott told me to meet him at Lees Ferry the day before the trip. He paid me \$1,000 back in the sixties to lead that trip through Grand Canyon. Little did I know I was gonna earn it! He showed up the day before the river trip with rafts that he'd just picked up at Buck's [Buck's Surplus, in Las Vegas, Nevada]. He bought the rafts, sight unseen. We unrolled them at Lees Ferry, and brought in a pile of lumber and chain and bolts, and he said, "Rig 'er up, boys." I was shocked! After doing a lot of patching, we had to get out the hammers and saws and build frames for those boats. We had *one day* to get rigged. Straps and ropes and rigging, including transom for a motorized rig. I had to invent everything as we were going, right there on the spot. Lou came down there and looked at those rigs and he said, "Henry, I've never seen anybody rig anything like this. You not only tie it down, but you tie it up." I said,

"That's right. When she's out there in those rapids, bucking, gravity isn't always the factor. There's inertia and kick." I think it helped him design his boats later. I can't remember if that was their first trip or not. If they'd been, they'd only been once or twice. Everybody was about the same.

* * *

FALANY: You asked me how I'd become a boatman. When I got that letter from Currey, asking me to consider running boats, Currey had this big season booked, had more trips than he had boatmen, and went to the trip leaders he had at the time, and said, "Who out there on those trips can you think of might make boatmen?" Paul Thevenin said, "Those two Falany boys." Currey didn't know us from Adam's house cat then, and went to the leaders, which was Art Fenstermaker and Paul Thevenin, and Paul says, "Those two Falany kids," just because we worked. He didn't know anything about our river running abilities. We dug holes. We carried gear back and forth, helping pack the boats. We never asked for a job. We were *asked* to come to work. If you've got the attitude and the willingness, then you can learn how to run a boat after that. Just for the record, I didn't hire Paul away from Western. Jack Currey was a friend of mine, and had a good relationship with Jack all the way through. Paul had already quit, for whatever the reasons were, and he had a good relationship with Currey, too. There wasn't any animosity, but he just decided to quit and go back to teaching. He came by and somehow I talked him into coming back to the river, but coming back with us. I think he started with us on the Stanislaus. One thing led to another, and he's full-blown back into it, and at that time we were growing fast and stretching out into all the other rivers, and back to Grand Canyon. I don't think he got through a season without being a river runner. Paul was, as far as I'm concerned, a gift from heaven for White Water and me. Incredible individual, as we all know.

We didn't have managers then. It was all boating and managing—no definite lines between the two. We were moving around from state to state, and wherever the truck was, was the headquarters. (laughs) Kind of the "in the field" headquarters. Of course we had the office back at Turlock. My sweet Gracie was handling the phone and doing all the reservations and bookings there. It was exciting, it was adventurous. Back in those early days we didn't have a warehouse anywhere except Turlock. We were operating in Idaho on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, on the Rogue River in Oregon, Cataract and Desolation/Gray in Utah, as well as Grand Canyon and Stanislaus River, and then

eventually the Tuolumne River here in California. We'd keep a California outfit going here, and operate it out of our Turlock warehouse. On the other rivers, we put together a schedule, and we had our big truck, and we lived out of that truck. We might be a trip or two on the Middle Fork, and another trip on the Main Salmon, and three days later, we've got a trip on Cataract, and then on Grand Canyon. That's the way we lived, just driving all over the West, running one crew, living out of that truck and taking showers in campgrounds in between river trips, and driving all night, sleeping up on top of the equipment, and getting from one river to another.

Eventually we built warehouses in [Kanab, Utah, first, then Fredonia, Arizona,] and Stanley, and the whole evolution started becoming quite a bit more organized. Boy, in the early days, you had to be tough, had to be young bucks and not have much sense and more endurance, and more muscle than sense, I think, 'cause there's times we'd come off the river, and we had two days to be three states over, and be rigged out, and meet the people, and be ready to go.

* * *

QUARTAROLI: How'd you come up with the White Water rig?

FALANY: You make a decision on what kind of trips you want to run. You watch other outfitters, and if you've got any common sense, you pick the good and try to weed out the bad. One of the things I did want was a very, very safe, very conservative, didn't hurt people, company. Most of the rigs at that time were basically the 33's. Twenty-eights and 33's that the guys would just strap the [short, straight] tube on the side, but all the rigging was on the main doughnut, and the tubes were just there for a little extra ballast and flotation and size. I'd seen those go over. I determined that if we ran our rigging all the way to the outside of those pontoons and put our weight out there, the ability to turn that thing over would be a lot less. That proved to be so, and we never did turn a rig over in the Grand Canyon. Accidentally, one of our most favorite boatmen one time—his rig came apart, but it never went over.

I wanted to provide a very deluxe type trip—and that meant carrying a lot of stuff. Our rigs became famous for being big, awkward, and heavy, but they were also luxurious in comfort and capacity. That was my mindset in building those bigger rigs and having the weight out there, over the tubes, and wide, as well as a very stable rig, low center of gravity, lots of carrying room, lots of capacity. The World War II [military bridge pontoon] rafts, had a center tube that went down the middle of each doughnut. The snouts came out



One of the first WWRE motor rigs, Cataract Canyon, mid-1960s.



Henry in Lava, 1970s

during the Korean War. The original doughnuts came out in, I think, '42, '43, '44. Those were the blunt ones that you're talking about. Those we used as outriggers in the beginning. After we started to learn how to take a pontoon and cut it down to a shorty, I learned how to cut the end off of one of those things and scoop the end. It was a blunt end, but we would come back in about four or five feet and cut it, and take out a piece of pie, and glue that thing back together so that we had enough lift in the bow. The snouts automatically scooped up on one end. They were only 22-footers, and that's where most of the outfitters just had two of those across the front, and no side tube in the back where the motor was. That made them pivot well, and they were quicker and easy to handle, but pack less than our rigs. We took the snouts and went back to the first diaphragm and cut them off about six inches from the diaphragm, and then put two together, butt to butt. Instead of one 22 [footer], we wound up with one 39 [footer]. They went all the way to the back, and our back frame went all the way to the outrigger, across the outrigger, same as the front frame. They were bigger, they're heavier, now they're harder to turn. To compensate, instead of twenty-horse

motors, we went to forties, which had much more authority than the twenty. With the bigger motors, our rigs were faster and more maneuverable while carrying twice the load.

QUARTAROLI: Were they always OMC [Outboard Marine Corporation] Johnsons?

FALANY: Yeah. Ol' Al Sipe was our motor mechanic. If I'd have brought one of those blackies [Mercurys] in, I wouldn't have been able to sleep at night. (laughs) I think me and Currey were the only two that were running Johnsons—Johnson, Evinrude, same motor. They eventually gave me a dealership because I bought so many motors and parts.

QUARTAROLI: How did you meet Al?

FALANY: Al was working for Bilson's Sports Shop in Turlock, California, doing their outboard work in the back of the shop. When we first started Colorado River trips—Cataract first, I built the first motor rigs for Cat, because we weren't running Grand Canyon yet—when I bought my first motor, I think I bought a forty and a 25 [i.e., 40 and 25 horse power]. I took them down to Bilson's Sports Shop and asked the mechanic back there to tune them all up, go through them all, 'cause I was going over to Utah to run a river. Eventually I asked him to come on as full-time mechanic. He just became family, and then became our truck driver. He had a million-mile belt buckle for truck driving, so fit in real well with White Water, doing our pickups and truck driving and being back at the warehouse working on motors, and teaching our boys how to work on motors, how to switch powerheads and lower units. Every one of us had a flywheel puller in our tool box. We'd adjust our own points. It was real nice having all the same motors, so everything was interchangeable. Ol' Al's the one that taught us all.

QUARTAROLI: Going to Temple Bar?

FALANY: That was 315 miles. Pearce [Ferry] was what, 280? That last part of the trip was all still water, not even any current. Back in the old days you had to go to T-Bar. The road in, and the Pearce Ferry thing wasn't developed. South Cove became our second—they put in the boat ramp there at South Cove. Then years later we all started pulling out at Diamond Creek. The cowboys and Indians things took over and the Indians won, so we went back to Lake Mead, but that's when we started going to the speedboats and transfer boats. That's when the *Brandy Joe* was born.

We used to go all night, people sleeping on the rafts. Some of those were actually pleasant experiences. It was a whole group, and we'd go at night, and go all the way across the lake; pull in at T-Bar sometimes in the wee hours of the morning. All down through the bat caves and all that was a whole different picture than it was

years later. High silt banks and mud bars. You had river current quite a bit further than we did in later years. It was harder, because the water was flowing, but it was so slow you couldn't read it. All of a sudden, you're on a mudbar and of course it's muddy, so you couldn't see through it. The only chance we had of reading anything was from current. We only drew about two and a half, three inches of water, but we were out there tromping through mud, *walking* those boats back, trying to find some current, trying to find some channel.

QUARTAROLI: What happened with the river running in the other states?

FALANY: I sold in Idaho to a friend of ours up there, a local Idaho boy. We were the second-largest outfitter in Idaho when I sold, I think, in the mid-seventies. We kept the Stanislaus right up until the late seventies, just before they built the New Melones Dam and flooded the canyon. The last eight or ten years was with just Grand Canyon, and we planned to do that forever. Cataract became uninteresting because Lake Powell was filling. Every time we went, one more rapid was under the lake. If you ran a five- or six-day trip, most of those days were on flat lake water.

Idaho, on the other hand, was a viable and very, very good contract. The difference with a mountain river, like in Idaho, is your season is very short because you are on free-flowing runoff. Most of the time you could start in late June, and then by mid-August to early September, you're pretty well on rocks. A good solid two, two and a half month season, and that's all you had. Grand Canyon, on the other hand, regulated by Glen Canyon Dam, and being in southwest desert, with the climate, was feasible for spring trips, all the way into the fall. It didn't depend on the actual runoff flow at the time. It depended on how they regulated water releases. You could run a long season. Grand Canyon, of course, is world renown, and the granddaddy of all river trips, so we streamlined it down to just Grand Canyon trips.

My personal favorite river today is still the Middle Fork of the Salmon. I like the high country, the alpine, and the more action per mile. I like the rowing. I love the Grand Canyon, but I like the Middle Fork even better. I like being able to come around a corner, and there's two bighorn rams squared off on the beach, or an elk swimming across the river. I wasn't too much on the Arizona heat either.

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FALANY: You know Bill Gloeckler and you remember Kim Saugstad? Dennis Prescott? I taught them all how to run boats, as well as I could. Bill Gloeckler was my younger brother's age. Wade knew him in school. When

I first started running rivers, Wade ran boats for me. Then he brought in a couple of buddies, and Bill was one. Dennis Prescott and Tony Miranda were my age and in my high school class. Bill knew Bruce [Winter]. Bill said, "I got this friend who'd like to become a boatman." He swamped some trips and then, you know how we did, bring swampers in and if they swamp enough and show enough interest, hang around and learn how to run, and eventually become a boatman.

QUARTAROLI: You had those two guys, and also Mike Denoyer and Marty Mathis [Marty's dad Art taught high school with Gracie's brother Tony], who worked for you, too. They became outfitters after that. It's the White Water lineage.

FALANY: Yep, Mike was a geology student—one of our customers. We had a charter trip from the college up in Washington, The Evergreen State College. Mike was one of the students in the class, part of the trip, and that's how he fell in love with it. Mike became one of our main trip leaders for many years. He and his wife Roxanne [also a student and passenger on the same Evergreen trip] were a vital part of White Water for a long time.

QUARTAROLI: Do you want to talk about any other boatmen or any other outfitters? Any things that stand out, any stories stand out?

FALANY: That can actually go in the magazine? (laughter) You know, I'm trying to think of different stories about different boatmen. One of the things I'll say about the White Water crew—we had quite a crew, quite a camaraderie of crew members. I remember of Bear telling me one time, he said, "Henry, if you ever cut me, I'd bleed orange," our company color. (laughter) I believe him. That was kind of the spirit of the whole crew—like a family, and had our ups and downs, but had a lot more ups than we had downs.

GRACE FALANY: A good man.

FALANY: A good man. You know, I was always of the mindset of when I hired a crew member, personality was first, and, even though it was extremely important, boat ability was second. That was *always* the case. There were times when some hotshot guys came around, that could drive the heck out of a boat, but they were freelance spirits, hard-headed, and they didn't like people. They didn't have any place around White Water. I didn't care *how* well they drove a boat, if they weren't team players and good with people. There's somebody that we all know and love that might not do some things right with the boat, but when that trip came off the water, the folks were in love with him. That's what we were after—giving people good trips. To me, that was what a boatman was: personality and character first, then boat handling ability. And we had good ones.

GRACIE: Our boatmen had rich personalities.

QUARTAROLI: I've run into boatmen for other companies that really would have liked to switch over to White Water, too. They saw the way we got along—worked hard and had a good time. A little envious of that sometimes.

FALANY: I've had guys in other outfits say, "Henry, I've got a week off. Can I just go down the river with White Water?" I said, "You're insane!" A lot of times they did—they just went and swamped. They wanted to be with our crew.

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QUARTAROLI: No other outfitter stories? How about Park Service?

FALANY: Remember, you're gonna publish all this.

QUARTAROLI: Well, it'll be edited. They don't all fit in the BQR.

FALANY: Yeah, but I'm not doing the editing! (laughter) Some of those outfitters and rangers ain't dead yet, and I don't want to be, so I'll be careful on the stories. I tell my congregation, when I'm preaching, I'll say, "I don't tell you anything but true stories, but if I ever tell you the same true story twice, tell me which way you like it best, will ya."

QUARTAROLI: (laughs) How about Park Service, or management plans? Motors versus oars?

FALANY: Oh, gee! You're taking me back. I'm gonna lose my salvation. (laughs) It all goes back to Grand Canyon. I'm gonna tell you, there was a lying spirit over the National Park Service during the motors/oars issue—even to the point that finally, after years of trying to get him to help us, [Barry] Goldwater stood up in Congress and said, "For ten years the Park Service has been lying to me." That was when we finally won the motors/oars issue. They used the word "commercial," and twisted it. Ron Smith [Grand Canyon Expeditions] and Henry Falany and Jack Currey were true environmentalists. If we didn't find a beach clean, how did we leave it? We took care of where we went. We never ever left our stuff behind, and if we found something wrong, we cleaned it up. We were in no way hurting the Grand Canyon. With 1,600–1,800 boats on Lake Mead, and almost that many on Lake Powell on any one given holiday weekend, with only thirty to forty boats on a three hundred-mile stretch of river is not changing the picture—pollution. You asked. You may want to cut all this out.

QUARTAROLI: No, I think it'll stay. Just that you were there right in the middle of that. That was 1980, they were gonna phase out motors and all go to rowing trips.

FALANY: Uh-huh. That battle went on for years.

There was one trip when all of us outfitters flew back to Washington, D.C., and had a meeting in the Department of Interior. They had the news and the press, and we're all around a conference table, and every one of us gave our spiel. We were really brought to battle over this thing. There were a lot of letter-writing campaigns. We all had to work with our congressmen, for untrue accusations on what was happening in the Grand Canyon. The Park Service was putting out false reports about us trashing the canyon—"commercialism was ruining the river and the river corridor." Untrue. The fact is all they wanted was to be able to float down there on their float trips and not have a motor come by. That's my opinion of that situation.

QUARTAROLI: When Goldwater said that, was that during when the outfitters were there testifying?

FALANY: No, it was years later. We basically lost, it was over. The Colorado River Management Plan was going into effect, a several-year program of phasing-out motors had been set. Members of the guides and Grand Canyon outfitters and Gay Staveley had been *begging* to get Goldwater involved, but he just kept staying out saying, "No, this is the job of the Park Service, etc., and they've been keeping me informed." But something got him turned around, right at the last, just before the thing was implemented. He turned the whole thing around in one Senate session—canned the whole Colorado River Management Plan and the motor phase-out issue. He was an old river runner. The Grand Canyon was kind of his baby. Of course he's "Mr. Arizona." It'll always be an issue. There's always a purist out there. I guess I can understand a little bit, if they're gonna be on a rowing trip, that kinda ticks them off to have a motor boat going around them.

QUARTAROLI: We talked about four-stroke motors. They're so much quieter that there's really not a noise issue anymore.

FALANY: Right, they are *very* quiet. But noise wasn't their only issue—they didn't like large groups and motorized boats passing them. Most of you guys don't know it, but the original OMC forty-horse motor was super-quiet. My first forty-horse motor was as quiet, or quieter, than these four-strokes are now. Later, OMC redesigned and took the double housing away. The old forties, right on the front of the hood, said "Super Quiet." It had a double housing around the lower unit that went down into the water. It was nothing but a loud hum. Same powerhead and everything, but it was the way they did the exhaust, and had water around the inner unit, in a separate housing. You could stand there, running the motor, and carry on a normal conversation. If you go back to the old sixties, you'll see that lower unit isn't like what we're used to now. It's bigger, beefier

looking. It's just light aluminum, doesn't add much weight. That's where all the noise comes from. Noise doesn't come out of the powerhead like you'd think. It's coming out of that exhaust in that lower unit. Then they switched to the kind of housing we're used to. Those were two-cycle, super-quiet. About half to three-quarter-inch thick, all foam on the inside of the hood. You didn't have any choice, if you had a forty, that's the way they were—"Super Quiet." Just a little piece of valuable information.

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QUARTAROLI: Mention the trip Michael, Bear, and I were on with no propane hoses, and you and Paul came scooting through Marble Canyon to get us our propane hoses.

FALANY: I remember *that* day. Paul and I were in the warehouse office, and the propane hoses were still lying on the packing room floor. Up until this time, Earl Leseberg [Lake Mead Air, Boulder City, Nevada] had done all the fancy flying. I was a pilot, but I'd never done that. Paul looked at me, I looked at him, and I said, "Oh, man!" We duct taped the hoses to a boat cushion with a whole roll of duct tape. We jumped in "4-3 Yankee" [N3143Y, Henry's plane's call sign] and took off. Where were you camped?

QUARTAROLI: We were at Silver Grotto, Shinumo Wash in Marble Canyon. Pretty tight in there.

FALANY: We flew above the rim over you and back a couple of times, and you know I was just getting the lay of the land. Paul said, "You gonna drop it from up here?" (laughter) I said, "No. But I'm gonna know these canyons up and down from the air before I drop in." The horror is when you pull the nose of the airplane up, you can't see the river, and you could take the wrong canyon. The river canyon doesn't come to an end, but some of those side canyons do, and then you're in a heap of trouble. I flew up and down a couple of times to make sure I knew which bend was which. Those airplanes will only go straight up for just a little ways, and they run out of steam, they're hanging on the prop, and they won't go up fast anymore, and you stall it out. We got on the radio to you to let you know what we were gonna do. I flew down the canyon a ways and used a side canyon to drop down to the river. We got right down on the deck, with the wheels a couple of feet off the water, and made the drop. I asked Mike, after I pulled up, "How close did we get?" He said, "We had to get one foot wet." I went, "Well, we got lucky."

QUARTAROLI: It was Roxanne. We were in a boat out on the water, because we weren't quite sure where it was gonna land. It skipped right up to shore, and she just

stepped in the water, one foot, and picked it up.

FALANY: Right after we dropped it, though, was when the rush started. (laughter). Then that wall's coming at us. You know, in order to drop, you can't be doing your speed, you've gotta slow down, and drop some flaps to be able to slow down and have a fairly solid airplane. When I say "slow," we probably got down to ninety, a hundred miles an hour. That is *slow*, and lack of control, to be that deep in that canyon. When I firewalled that thing, and then we got the canyon wall coming up at us, and when I pulled up on it, old Paul screamed. I've known him for forty years, and if he ever was scared, he was cool enough to never show it. (laughs) "Aaaaaahhh!" I probably would have, too, if I'd have been riding. When you're in control, it doesn't scare you as bad as the guy that's riding. Paul had a lot of guts to even go with me. That's something else, knowing it'll be my first time of doing something like that, in the bottom of Grand Canyon. We got out of there just fine. I think we went up to the Marble Canyon airstrip. We didn't even want to wait to get back to Kanab to get out and get our shaky legs back. "By God, we made it, didn't we?" (laughs) Something Earl Leseberg could have done without breaking a sweat, but I think he would have been proud of us that day.

QUARTAROLI: It's a Cessna?

FALANY: Cessna 182—one of Cessna's more high-powered four-seaters. Good ol' bird. There were times when we were so overloaded that we had to use our foot to get the door shut with that boatman's dunnage. There were times if I didn't carry power on the prop, the tail fell to the ground. When you're learning flying, one of the big things they hammer at you is "weight and balance. Never go over weight and balance." That 182 was one that you could go past the limits and still be fairly safe. That old horse did it for a lot of years.

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Henry and his Mom (Marnie) standing in front of "43Yankee."

QUARTAROLI: Gracie mentioned about the 1983 high water. You mentioned about the 25-and-a-half-hour trip.

FALANY: The spring of '83, from about May on through June, the flood waters on the Colorado River were national news. Lake Powell was rising at a record rate. The lake was twenty years old and had never been full. In 1983, she filled up. We had, what was it, 112,000 CFS or something, coming in at one point, to Lake Powell? It was going to run free-flowing over Glen Canyon Dam [spillways], which was extremely dangerous to the dam and that soft sandstone. In '83 our trips were basically all full before the season started. We were gonna have a very good economic year, and then this high water came—generally we had to deal with flood waters on the free-flowing rivers like the Stanislaus and the Middle Fork. That usually isn't the case with Grand Canyon.

As the river was going up, and they're maxing out the releases, the news is all out there. Our passengers are watching the news, they're booked, they're reserved, they're coming to run the Grand Canyon—now they're wondering if we're gonna kill them. People calling, "What's going on? What are you gonna do? Are you gonna kill us?" We kept telling them, "No, it's safe. No, we know what we're doing." Then they would ask that pointed question, "Have *you* ever seen it this high?" When it got to about fifty or sixty thousand, I had to say, "No." I said that enough times where I told Gracie, "I'm not gonna say that anymore." Something God gave me is knowing how to run rivers and read rapids. I had in my mind what each rapid was going to do in that high water, and I knew that I knew it. But I still had to go and I had to run it myself.

I called the crew at the warehouse, told them to get a raft ready, I'm flying over. I just wanted two guys to go with me, one to handle the jackass [motor lifter] and bow line, another one to set up there and take notes. We had the boat rigged out the night before, all ready to go, with the motor warmed up, waiting for just enough peep of light to be able to shove off. As soon as we shoved off, we were setting record times. In a half hour, 45 minutes, we were going by places it took you half a day to get to on a normal trip. We were *flying* down through that canyon. First of all, we had an empty boat—basically empty, as it didn't have all the payload. I had a river that was just racing. And we never stopped, never looked at anything from the shore, just kept cranking, making time. We were trying to make it all the way through in that day.

As we got to all those rapids, they were, every one of them, the way I told the crew they would be, where the water would go, how you approach it, and how to cheat it. To cheat a rapid was to go around and miss all the big

fun stuff, for the sake of safety. We left Lees Ferry at first light, and the last sign of light that we couldn't go down the river any more was at Parashant Wash [mile 198.5]. The next morning, another [two hours], we pulled into Diamond Creek. Overall, in a 27-and-half-hour period, we ran the Grand Canyon. We almost made it in the daylight [eighteen hours on-river time; times have been recalculated from the river notes; average speed of 12.7 mph. —RQ].

As soon as I got off that trip, I jumped in my plane and flew back to the office in Turlock and got back on that phone. "Have you seen it?" "I sure have! It's the best ride you ever saw in your life. This is the time of your life to come ride the Grand Canyon." That took care of business from there on. I've got to tell you one of the things that disappointed me in river running was we pioneered not just our business, but we were pioneering an industry while we were pioneering our business. In the early days, there were challenges. My generation of outfitters were the culprits that changed river running to where it wasn't as interesting to us anymore, as it was in the early days. Our operations became so organized that we knew exactly how to run each rapid, we designed our rigs to perfection, and trained our crew, and repetition, repetition, repetition. It got to the point where it was great for the bottom line and the passengers, and for the later boatmen that came in, that never knew the difference. They didn't have a heart like that to break. To some of the older guys like me, and even Paul, there was a boredom that set in.

So, that record-setting trip was a blessing to me. "All right! I get to do something that I haven't done before. I get to go past the norm." That was exciting to me, I enjoyed that. You always like to bellyache about your problems, but Gracie smoked me out one day: The crew called from one of the warehouses somewhere, and everything was going wrong. I said, "Oh my God, Honey, I gotta get over there." She said, "Honey, don't you fool me, you *enjoy* the problems. You're *waiting* for somebody to have a problem." "Oh, no, no, this is tough on me!" "Nah, don't you kid me!" In actuality, once more, she was right. Yes, we missed the old adventure, the real expedition, fighting your way down that river! It was really a piece of satisfaction when you made it through that rapid without breaking something. We did set the record for going through Grand Canyon at that time. I don't know if anybody's ever beat it for a regular, normal, passenger, river-running raft. I doubt they ever will.

QUARTAROLI: Then I remember that the park closed the river for a day, but I don't think it affected any of our trips.

FALANY: No, it didn't, but it was close. We called an

emergency meeting up to the South Rim. There were some overturned big rigs during the high water, with one casualty and many injuries. This was the reason for the emergency meeting with the Park Service. We boogied in there fast. I told them: "I just came off that river. This is what I saw at every place. If every outfitter puts their quality boatmen out there, and talks to their boatmen, there's absolutely no reason for anybody to get in trouble." The thing was, there was absolutely no excuse for it—unless their motor died. There was plenty of room around every one of those places. All you had to do was start in the right place and know you're gonna cheat in the beginning. There were a lot of those, I didn't even have to go full throttle, cheating it. You just had to know the river, and have a respect for it. Respect/fear; that's kind of a respect, slash, fear. I like the word respect. It just sounds nobler.

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QUARTAROLI: You started doing a similar type thing down in Belize, Lighthouse Reef Expeditions.

FALANY: This kind of ties into our previous discussion on quality of crew. In the early days of White Water we had some pretty good guides. Guys that know their way around in the world, with any kind of character at all, can't be river bums all their life. Our river season was a partial-year season. One of the things that was just hateful in the river expedition business, it took you two or three years to really get some experience on a guy. But after two, three, four years, part of the year running rivers was great, but you know, eventually he gets married, whatever, and has to have a vocation. He's got to do something with his life. That prompted us to be looking for something to do in the off season, so that we could offer a full-time job.

Currey had gone down and gone around the islands down there off of Belize years before, and did just a raft trip, just island hopping. That put me aware of down there. She and I in the fall, October of '74, flew down there just as kind of a vacation exploratory thing. Belize City was probably something like Cambodia, back in the jungle. It was not the beautiful resort, crystal clear water we expected. We were just *amazed* when we first got there. Very, very tropical, but where's all this crystal clear Caribbean water? Turns out you have to get out on the other side of the barrier reef, and then Turneffe [Atoll] Reef, and then way out there was Lighthouse Reef and Half Moon Key.

First I rented a sixteen-foot boat. The cork lifejackets were rotting and falling apart. There was one place up there near the bow I had Gracie put her foot to slow the water down while I was bailing and driving at the

same time. We drove clear out of sight of land, hunting around, looking and exploring. Stupid! I shouldn't have done that. We scouted all around out there and got into the clear water. We got out to the main barrier reef, seven, eight, ten miles. There're islands inside of that, but then there's a chain reef outside of that. We got a feel for the place. We spent about a week down there, just kicking around, learning about the place, and came home. The next fall, we drove down with a canyon rig. I made a deal with a local fisherman. I'd heard stories about this reef way out there, and I wanted to go. We went all the way out through the reefs and went out to Lighthouse Reef with a canyon rig, and Half Moon Key, and studied the whole thing out and planned. From there, we strategized, and that was in '74-'75, and then '75-'76, we wintered there. It was in '76 that we came back with a full-blown outfit.

During the river season, we advertised/promoted that with people in Grand Canyon, and sent out some brochures and advertising that we're going to be doing island stuff in Belize. One of the big advantages we had, our customers were real happy with us on the Grand Canyon. To a great extent, that spirit of, "Man, this is so wonderful, what else do you do?" We carried the big albums of Belize and all the pictures. We'd wait three or four days into the trip, until they were all in love with us, and then we'd bring that thing out. Shoot, half of them were wanting to sign up before they got off the Grand Canyon. We drove all the equipment down through Mexico that first year, and went out there several weeks ahead of time, and cleaned up Half Moon Key, down to pure sand and coconut palms and set up a storybook camp. We had cabin tents.

We would take one group back to Belize City on Saturday, and buy groceries and repack the boats, and Sunday morning pick up the next group. We had about a 25-foot thatched cabana built, with a long picnic table underneath that cabana. At the end of that cabana we attached a sixteen- or eighteen-foot round G.I. tent which was the kitchen tent. We had four or five of the old gas Servel refrigerators. We had two ice machines, and a generator sitting down in the jungle, with the camp wired with electric lights. We had sixteen gas burners in that tent.

We built a little thatched dive shop, sent our crew all to dive school. We sent Michael Denoyer off to Minnesota, and he became a dive master, which was something he'd always wanted to do. We also built a thatched outboard mechanic shop for Al Sipe. We adapted the boats over to fishing and diving. We built one with a glass bottom in the front, where people that didn't want to dive could get the glass-bottom boat experience, and turned the other ones into dive boats

with dive ladders that flopped off of 'em. The big ol' canyon rigs were slow to get out there—it was a sixty-four-mile trip—and that was a disadvantage, but once they got out there, they were the best dive platforms, and all the great dives were within a mile or two around the island, so speed wasn't a factor.

We had four dynamic choices of things for people to do on the island. After breakfast a boat went scuba diving, a boat went snorkeling, a boat went fishing, and a boat went island exploring. People that came out and spent a week with us on that island, they'd get up in the morning, they could say, "Well, I'm gonna go scuba diving this morning and fishing this afternoon." The scuba divers, usually for two or three days, all they did was dive—until they got their fill of it. Most places when they go commercially diving, they give them a one-tank dive, or there's a real limit on the dive. So, we let them do all they wanted, as long as they stayed out of decompression dives, because we were too far from a decompression chamber [Miami was the closest], and back to our conservative policies, like on the river, we don't want to get anybody hurt. Michael rode herd on that and did the arithmetic and made sure of the depth/time issue—he always kept them way away from decompression dives. I previously made arrangements with a guy in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to teach us sport fishing. Jake Luck and Emory Kyle, and Michael, and I, and my dad drove to Florida. We spent about a week down there, and that guy gave us a classroom out on the boat, how to troll for billfish. We were all fishermen, but we weren't that kind. You know, we wanted to be professional.

There were times when the seas were rough, and an eleven-twelve-hour crossing, that some of those people wanted to *kill* me by the time we got to that island. You could just rake the salt off of you from the hot salty water hitting them, and seasick, and some of them wishing somebody'd shoot them, they're so sick. You're out of sight of land, and the rafts are up and down. We had some miserable crossings. I wouldn't even eyeball 'em, I wouldn't even talk to 'em, 'cause I knew they were mad, "Who in the heck got me into this deal!?" I knew I just had to get them to the island and let them see it all. This was one of those deals where it was even better than the brochure. They'd get on that island, they're all grumpy sometimes. This isn't every time, this is just in the rough-water times. Once they walked around that beautiful camp of pure sand and coconuts, and they saw the tent and camp setup, they saw the cabaña, they saw the island and how it was situated out there, and that crystal clear water, the reef out there protecting it. One side of it was just like calm lake water, and the other side was out in the deep blue. A storybook place, Half Moon

Key. There were people who didn't want to go home when it was time. We did that for about four years.

When we originally decided to go to Belize, we're thinking, "You know, we've been fighting the Park Service, the Sierra Club, Audubon Society, and Wilderness Society, all those in America." We thought, "Man, we'll get down there, we're gonna get rid of all that. But we're gonna have to deal with a corrupt little government." However, when we got down to Belize, the government fell in love with us, and government officials were coming out, staying on the island with us. Guess who got us out of there? Audubon Society. There was a bird rookery—and when I say rookery, just a nesting—of the blue-billed, pink-footed booby bird, on one end of our island. There were only two nests in the world: Galapagos and our island. There was a local Audubon chapter in Belize. The head of that chapter was the prime minister's sister. The prime minister was unmarried, and she's the older sister. When that thing first started, that we were gonna have to move from that key, the Belizean ambassador to America was one of my comrades and buddies, that came out to the island all the time. Two or three of the government heads were buddies of mine. They said, "Don't you worry about this, Henry, we'll take care of this." We're tired from fighting motors/oars up in Grand Canyon, and all the stuff up there. But about two years into it, they came to me and they said, "Henry, we can't whip this thing. She's got a hold on that prime minister. That [Audubon] gal up in Washington has got her so convinced that you're gonna ruin all the birds down here on this island. Find another island."

It was like finding another Grand Canyon. The other islands around there were mangrove swamps and mosquitoes. There were other islands, but they weren't on a reef, they weren't right next to what they call a wall. A lot of walled islands, you've got to get to 100–120 feet deep 'til you get to the top of the wall. We had walled islands starting 25–30 feet of water, which to a scuba diver was a dream world. We were out there alone, there wasn't any commercial fishermen, commercial divers. The water visibility was always over a hundred feet with less than a two inch tide. I had dive masters on some of our trips that said, "Man, we've taken the Red Sea, we've been to Micronesia, this is the best diving we've ever seen in the world, right here." We fought another year or two, but we just couldn't whip it. Our business was tripling from year to year. It grew faster than Grand Canyon grew. We started it just as a place to fill in for the off season. Had we not got in trouble with the Audubon Society and this political thing there in Belize, it was gonna outstrip it all. It was gonna be bigger than our whole river operation.

Jerry Sanderson of Sanderson River Expeditions, our friendly Grand Canyon competitor, came down with us one year, to kick back and relax. He brought a couple of his guides with him. After about four days, one of his guides said Jerry'd like me to come over to his tent and talk to him. "Henry...do you want a partner?" (laughter) He said, "Man, this is *incredible*." That's how it impressed him. He's been there and back again, been around the block a time or two, and hard to impress. He said, "My God, this is an incredible experience out here." But I told him, "You know, we're having trouble. I'd hate to do that, because right now we're on shaky ground. We're fighting this thing, and we hope we win it, but it doesn't look good." We fed them like we did on Grand Canyon, but even a little better, because we had refrigerators and stoves. We did a Hawaiian luau one night each week—did the whole pig over the open flames. We had one night that we made sure that they had all the fresh lobster they could eat.

You remember the part of the story where I told you when she and I hired this guy and he took us out to the Half Moon Key? He took us straight to Half Moon Key that first time. I figured this is a no-brainer. We loaded all of our refrigerators, all of our stuff for the whole camp, for the year on these three rafts. I don't know what happened to my guide, but he got his wires crossed. When we left Belize City, he was about thirty to forty degrees off. I'd only been out there once, but I knew better and I argued with him. I said, "Man, it's *this* way!" He said, "No, no, no, no, it's *this* way!" I thought, "Man, this guy lives here, he's a professional fisherman, he's been doing this all his life and he's taken us out there one time before." It turned out to be a stormy night, the clouds came in, so we couldn't tell direction. We should have made it in the daylight. It's a 25-mile reef out there, sixty miles out, and we're heading for the south end of it, and we barely caught sight of the lighthouse on the north end of that reef, in the middle of the night. We came that close to missing the whole Lighthouse Reef and heading for Cuba. (laughter) I was so confident in him, we had all the compasses buried. As long as we had the local guide, I didn't know it was an issue. Ordinary seas, it was about a six- or seven-hour crossing, if we could hold the motors anywhere near wide open. Those old canyon rigs are slow, they're so blunt in the front that any kind of wave banging on them was real rough on them. In the real rough water, you couldn't run them anywhere near wide open. That would take eleven, twelve hours when we knew where we were going.

It was about two years into that, I just got real tired of those long, slow crossings. That's when I made a deal with Ron Smith and got the B.J. [*Brandy Joe*]. We

Top to bottom: Henry and Grace, Half Moon Key, Belize, 1977.

Canyon rig with snorkelers and duckie, Lighthouse Reef Expeditions, Belize.

Henry at the helm of the Brandy Joe with water skier, Lighthouse Reef Expeditions, Belize.

Canyon rigs, Lighthouse Reef Expeditions, Belize.

outfitted it with two 200-horse Johnsons. A couple of times we hit it when the water was just glass. You could put thirty people in that B.J. and you could still do forty MPH—and be out there walking on Half Moon Key in just over an hour. This changed the whole operation. But there were still times it was so rough we had to go back to the rafts. They were the stability of the whole thing. In those ten to fifteen foot seas, they were out of sight of each other most of the time—one down in the trough, and the other one up on top; or a trough and a wave in between. That's when you're real glad you're on a canyon rig. Whether it's right side up or upside down, that sucker's gonna float. The whole country of Belize at that time didn't have a government boat. There was no police boat, there's no such thing as a Coast Guard. All the commercial fishermen were just guys with little eighteen- and twenty-foot—almost things like you'd think about on the Sea of Galilee back during Jesus' time. If they were considered rich, they might have had a two- or three-horse motor, but they're *all* afraid to go out to Half Moon Key. They went as far as that Turneffe Reef range, which was about halfway out. Which means if you got in trouble out where we were, unless some of your own comrades come, nobody's coming. You're out there on your own, there *is* no Coast Guard. You could radio in and say you were in trouble, and nobody'd come. We had radios set up—the old AM radios would reach for hundreds of miles, where the regular ship-to-shore and/or CBs were only good for a few miles. We had one main one on the island out there at camp, the main station. At least if we were dying, we could tell somebody we're dying. (laughter) Not that anybody was coming.

One thing I didn't like about the whole deal—as you know, I've lost a lot of weight. But back then, I got known all over the Caribbean as “the fat man with the two big motors.” (laughter) Every time they broadcast, “Hey, here comes the fat man with the two big motors.” Those 200 Johnsons were the biggest motors ever in Belize. To see two of them on the same boat just blew everybody's mind down there. Anyway, it was “the fat man with two big motors.” (laughs) I had to eat a little humble pie on that one.



QUARTAROLI: Gracie had mentioned the sale of White Water River Expeditions to Sobek.

FALANY: It was April of '88 when we finally handed the thing off just as we were approaching the '88 river season. That was at the end of 25 years of being in the river industry. For *years* people had been trying to buy White Water from us. I would tell prospective buyers, "I won't even entertain an offer. I'm not interested." It was a piece of me. We had nurtured that thing, we had birthed it, we'd grown it up from a baby. It was everything that I was, and everything that I wanted it to be. Of course we had a horse operation at the same time. We were showing, training cutting horses, working cow horses—a bunch of champions, six national champions. We had the airplane flying around to different rivers. I'd tell them, "I get to ride horses, drive boats, and fly airplanes. How could it get any better than this? And also be boss."

This is kind of getting into the spiritual side of our lives. Although I'd always been a Christian, I didn't always act like it, but I always believed in the Lord. Gracie and I, during the off season, went to church from time to time and had a distant faith and relationship there with the church and Jesus. However, we really started getting turned on to the things of the Lord in the early '80s. It was right about the same time as we were adopting children. We adopted Bernadette in '83, Travis in '84, and Maria in '85. That's when in here (indicating heart) started to change.

We never became unsatisfied with the river business, but just things started to change on the inside of us. Finally we became interested in entertaining an offer, if the offer was right. We were never at the point that we were tired of river running. I loved river running every day that we had it, and every day that we got up in the morning. It wasn't like something went down, it's just something came in stronger, and as far as I'm concerned took it to a higher level. We were happy. We were just in a transition there in our lives. That was the spirit of and the conditions with Gracie and I when we sold White Water.

At the time, I had no intentions of pastoring a church or being a preacher. I did have visions of being basically retired, but supporting missions. We had a heart for missions, a heart for helping ministries that were in the streets, in the ghettos and in the back alleys of the cities, and in the inner-city ministries. What I was thinking about doing after we sold White Water was using our logistics experience and getting a warehouse somewhere, and some trucks and then going around to grocery outlets, suppliers, surplus, business people,

collecting money for buying stuff, getting donations of equipment, warehousing equipment, getting food, and then going to the different missions that were going into Africa and the back places of the globe, and also into these inner-city ministries, finding out what they needed and outfitting them, and trucking or shipping stuff to them.

One thing led to another, and I believe in the spirit, we were told to start a church and pastor it, which is something I did not want to do. I had a hang-up for public speaking. I wasn't afraid of thirty-foot waves, but I was afraid of standing up in front of groups and speaking. We sold White Water in '88 and started a church in 1989. It took about six months, but I finally got used to the preaching idea, and turned from hating it to loving it. It started off as Sierra Faith Center, but now it's Mariposa Revival Center. She and I also now are traveling all over the world and having miracle healing crusades and ministering to other ministers. God has us now just out there pastoring pastors.

People ask me now, "Do you miss the river trips?" And my answer is, "I loved every minute of it, but we've been so busy." There are two chapters in the Bible that talk about the river, Ezekiel 47 and Revelation 22 talks about a river that runs out from under the throne of God. I tell people, "I really didn't quit the river. We just switched rivers. This one's got the glory of God all over it." Besides, unless some of these other fellahs get their act together, I'm gonna be the Number One outfitter in Heaven. (laughter).

We've still got the horses, we've got pack saddles, we've got the Sierras right here. Gracie and I, just a few weeks ago, were over in the high country, catching trout, and we try to, two or three times a year, pack back into the high country. We're still doing adventures. With a lot of guys when they came into river running, river running was the big adventure of their life, and they came out of a normal city-type thing. For us, it was not much of a change—I grew up poling boats in the bayous, and riding horses and living in the country, and hunting in the woods and the mountains, and river running fit into that thing. As we float on out into other things, we're still outdoors, we're still adventurers, and at the same time the spiritual thing has filled any void that could possibly have tried to come into our lives. We used to have annual "Cowboy Camp Meetings." We had people come from everywhere, and had church in a barn, people sitting on bales of hay, preaching off of a flatbed trailer. I told Grace that I'd always wanted to preach off a horse. I got my old horse out that one Sunday morning and preached off of him, we had a ball. It was kind of a fun, spiritual-type thing. We had a good time. I think God will let you have fun once in awhile.

Now we're going off and collecting food. We have a ministry called "The Lord's Pantry." We feed about a hundred to 140 families monthly, thirty to forty pounds of groceries per family. We go around the Central San Joaquin Valley picking up the food and bringing it back up to Mariposa. We'll distribute to a hundred and some families. That's all contribution stuff that we do, our church donates the money, and we donate the time, everybody donates the labor, and we've been doing that for about eight years now. Have you ever seen a hungry family receive fresh groceries? God fills the void.

GRACIE: It's amazing how the training God gave him in all these years: it flows right into the ministry. He uses all the examples. He, many a time, will minister off of experiences that he's had.

FALANY: I get to use river stories and illustrations. I tell 'em, [if I tell the same] true story twice, tell me which way you like it better. (laughter) One of the big advantages is, I get to tell stories to people that weren't there, so [I can tell] the story any way I want it.

* * *

Since this interview in 2005, Henry has written GOLD, GOLD AND GLORY!, and both he and Gracie obtained Doctorate of Divinity degrees. After 25 years as wild white water outfitters and guides, they have now completed another 27 years leading a river/revival church. Their two oldest children are married, and they are the proud grandparents of two beautiful grandchildren. They still take occasional breaks with horses and mules, frequently pack-training into the High Sierra to ride the high country, camp, fish, and enjoy God's handiwork. —RQ

* * *

FALANY: Then we did the whole horse thing, all through the eighties. I've had horses all my life. We got into cutting and working cow horses, and started showing at a national level. We had *many* state and regional champions. We had six national champions, one world champion, and had a lot of fun at that. Right at the same time, when we started having the children, the spiritual started taking over. I loved getting up in the morning, and I didn't know which state I was going to sleep in that night. With White Water, something would come up, you jump in the plane, fly to Idaho. I like that. But when I laid down in the canyon on a starry night, and I had two or three babies at home, in my spirit I could hear "Daddy! Daddy!" Everything started changing. It's changed the same for the horse thing. Every bit of it was

Henry preaching from J.C. [Judge's Chance, a colt out of Joker's Chances R, and Henry's personal riding horse for 27 years.] Mariposa, CA

worth every minute of it. It was nothing we ever have regrets about. That's all, I think, character builders, and got some useful stories and illustrations, and helped make us who we are. It was all part of the master plan in the beginning, now we're really doing what He's called us to do. Up until Belize, I had always trained all of my own horses for riding. We weren't into showing them, we just had our own horses. We had a mare and with Joker's Chances R—our stud—had a colt from them. This colt was two years old, and now I'm leaving for Belize. That's when you start training. For the first time in my life, I was gonna hire a trainer. "I trained all my own, but it's just not gonna work this time. Summers I'm on the river and now, winter, we're down in these islands, and so I asked this trainer "would you train this horse for me?" I'm gonna have him trained to be a good riding horse.

We happened to come in from the island one time, into the little restaurant, and the phone rings, and it was that trainer. That phone call changed our whole thing on horses. He said, "Henry, this horse is incredible!" He said, "This guy, he does everything I tell him to do. This is a *champion* in the making. It'd be a shame just to make a riding horse out of him." That was the beginning of our horse operation. (laughter) I found out later he went to a show and won the "Working Horse" class.

We got another one out of Joker and put her in training, and she went to shows and won. And another one—these are colts out of what we called jughead mares—they weren't champion mares. Different mares, same result, the only common denominator is that stud. That's when the whole horse operation went into the show business. We're people-people, I love to travel. It just fit our personality and character, and we *love* competition. That's how the horse business got going, and White Water kind of financed that, 'til it took off. But our heart changed, being out there on the road, being out there on the beach, and looking up at those stars, just everything started looking different.





Henry, Grace, and the Dream Team, driving the Cannonball Stage Coach, Yosemite, 1990 (Smithsonian tour photo).



Henry, Grace, and granddaughter Bayleigh, High Country pack trip, 2007.

doing one- and two-horse teams, but I wasn't doing four yet. I had to teach myself to drive four-up team, and I gotta give a lot of credit to the horses. We called them "the dream team."

Gracie and I drove that team over for ten years and never had an issue. They always had old-timers of the county that were the grand marshals of the wagon train, who were the passengers. We had the opportunity for two days to be with some of the old-timers of the county, learned history, and some fellowship. 1990 was the hundred-year centennial for Yosemite. There was a Park Service photo display, featuring our team and stagecoach, exhibited all around America, including a spell in the Smithsonian for several months, which was quite an honor for us.

Anyway, this is the better half [pointing to Grace] of White Water, and Mariposa Revival Center, and Butterfly Carriage and Stage Lines, and Lighthouse Reef Expeditions, and Grace and Oaks Ranch, and any other monkey business.

GRACIE: It's been good.

GRACIE: You were a stagecoach driver for Mariposa County wagon trains for ten years.

FALANY: Our champion stud is now the left (near) wheel horse. A national champion cutting horse, and his three babies are all in harness now. That's what's nice about it—all four matched white/red roans. We also began Butterfly Carriage and Stage Lines here in Mariposa when we started ministering. We knew we were going to be local, so we started giving carriage rides in town.

There's an annual wagon train that Mariposa Wagon Train Committee commemorates the old stagecoach route that used to take the dudes from the railhead, over the mountain into Yosemite Valley, back in the late 1800s, early 1900s. Now they do an annual celebration wagon train on that route. There aren't very many people in the country that can drive a four-up team anymore. That old wagon road coming out of Yosemite, coming over to Mariposa, gains 1,600 feet in less than five miles, on tight switchbacks. All the teamsters of the past have had incredible trouble with it, and they all quit, and they wouldn't drive that thing anymore. They asked me if I'd put together a team and do it. We were



Henry and Grace today.

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If you haven't yet, you should get your 2016 GCRG t-shirt. The shirt color (both long and short sleeved) is natural. This beautiful design, pictured here, was created by river guide/artist/musician, Erica Fारेio. More of her work can be found here: www.ericafareio.com. Shirts can be ordered at www.gcr.org.



T-shirt front pocket



T-shirt back

Lost and Found

LOST

Black and red drysuit rented from Moenkopi Grand Canyon Rentals (Flagstaff). It was left hanging from a tree at the "Football Field" campsite, below Deer Creek in early March. It was facing the river and should have been easily spotted by the next group. Contact Toby Odell, tko51785@gmail.com, or (970) 215-4654.

LOST

Black, Patagonia, day-pack. Inside are some personal effects and a hiker's first aid kit belonging to AZRA. It was left at Trinity Beach on April 23RD. Contact: Jon at 520-491-9478 or AZRA at 800-786-7238.

LOST

Goal Zero Solar Charger at the mouth of Havasu on April 21, 2016. Call AZRA at 800-786-7238 or email Sharon Hester at sharon@azraft.com.

LOST

Suunto Ambit 2 watch at upper 220 Mile Camp. It was probably left on the beach. Contact Kim Grandfield, 925-784-2531, or kimgrandfield@gmail.com.

FOUND

Bifocals near pumpkin springs on April 23. Contact Lynn at gcr@infomagic.net.

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Nathan Ostis



Steve Mace