

# boatman's quarterly review

*June Sanderson  
Tony Sparks  
Jerry Sanderson*

Changing Guards • Prez Blurb • Farewells • Saddle Canyon Floods • Fall Rendezvous  
AAB • Citizen Science • What, Really, Are Rapids For? • Back of the Boat  
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## boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1ST of February, May, August and November. Thanks!  
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## Changing of the Guard

THE DICTIONARY DEFINES stewardship as “*the careful and responsible management of something entrusted to one’s care.*” Those who have volunteered their time to help chart Grand Canyon River Guides’ course are stewards in the truest sense—they step up and take wonderful care of our non-profit educational and environmental organization. And their passion continues to fuel our protection of Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience we all cherish. We would like to extend our deepest gratitude to outgoing GCRG president Laura Fallon for her steady and thoughtful leadership over the past year and to outgoing directors Mikenna Clokey, Chelsea DeWeese and Steve Kenney—we don’t want to say goodbye to any of you! All of these wonderful stewards gave us so much of themselves, sharing their ideas and perspectives honestly and openly. These river guides represented you, their peers, to the best of their abilities and did so with absolute integrity and enthusiasm. Please give them a hearty thank you when you see them next! And please join me in welcoming and congratulating the new river guides on our board—you’ll see their names on the masthead in this BQR. Time marches on, but strong leadership within GCRG continues with stewards such as these. We are so blessed!

*Lynn Hamilton*

Cover: June Sanderson and Pat Diamond, 1968  
Photo courtesy of Hoss Sanderson

## Prez Blurb

**M**Y GRANDMA REEDER always told me I couldn't do this forever. "Just look at your Uncle Stuart," she said jokingly. Certainly she had heard a handful about the sacrifices he made and lives with now, after a fifty-year career in the Grand Canyon. My cousin Zak took that advice after sixteen years in the Canyon, switching career paths to obtain health care and retirement benefits, an understandable and admirable path no doubt. But when I reflect on my own fond memories of days spent on the river, I think about the lifetime of memories Stuart has made so far, the things he has seen and experienced, friends he has made, whitewater he has run, and I am envious.

I am envious in the way that as I drove through the city after my last commercial trip this season, I wished I were watching red rocks reflecting the slanting sun rather than red taillights flashing hurry up and wait. I have never heard of a guide who retired because they were tired of Grand Canyon. We put our heart and souls into each trip, in connecting with people as we share our deep connections with the Canyon. So how can we build on these rich experiences each trip, each season, without sacrificing the prospect of ageing comfortably?

When Stuart started running rivers, few if any outfitters matched contributions for retirement. Talking with other guides this summer, I was happy to hear how many companies now offer benefits. Just a few years ago, I started my own retirement account when my employer began matching contributions. In the bottom of Grand Canyon it's easy to live in the moment, but as guides we need to take care of ourselves for the future. The act of saving for retirement has put my mind at ease, while I continue to accumulate my own memory bank. What scares me most, now, is the thought of not being in the Canyon.

This September I was on a rowing trip camped on river left above Olo Canyon. Because I wasn't on cook crew that night, another guide and I went down to check out Olo, and take Adopt-a-Beach photos of the camp. After the photos, the two of us scrambled up through a layer of Muav to get above the lowest falls. What we felt up there was sublime! A thin thread of water winding through limestone and between a series of falls with one vibrant cottonwood that has maintained roots through a handful of monsoon seasons in this narrow gorge. But we had to get down somehow, reverse our thirty-foot scramble. Slowly and carefully we did, and at the bottom we acknowledged that one misstep could have been detrimental for our

own well-being, and the river trip a short distance upstream of us. We made it back to camp safe that night—but less than ten miles upstream of us, Joshua Tourjee did not. We lost a dear member of our community that night, and while I mourn this loss, I think about how easily that day could have claimed more than one.

After making conservative choices in keeping our passengers safe, day after day on a river trip, I understand how easy it is to relax our concern for ourselves. Tourjee's death can't help but remind us all of June 2015 when Morgan Heimer failed to return to camp at Pumpkin Springs, without even a breadcrumb as to where, why, or how. As a guiding community we are left with questions about how we can keep ourselves safe, how we can watch out for each other, and if we can prevent such a tragedy from ever happening again. Each guide I have met down here, each story we share, makes me feel like those I share this life with in the Canyon are family. We cannot lose another bright thread that makes up the vibrant tapestry of this community.

As this river season ends, I also realize that part of taking care of our own is taking care of our home. And while I was appalled to see the Escalade Project resurface this fall, I was proud that with five days notice, over 80,000 people signed the petition against the development compared to a mere 130 people who supported it. Standing with the Save the Confluence families, and with numerous allies such as American Rivers, our voices were heard. It is up to us as guides, to educate our passengers and empower them to use their voice to help protect this place. Perhaps the easiest way to keep people involved is to introduce them to GCRG and the BQR.

I hope that in ten years from now, standing at the Confluence of the Little Colorado and Colorado Rivers, I can talk about how there was once a threat to destroy this place, and together we stopped them. But to get there, we will undoubtedly need to have each other's back—preparing for the future, while being present in the moment and enjoying each precious memory in the Canyon as if it were the last.

*Ben Reeder*

# Farewells

**Margaret Eiseman**, January 21, 1922 – May 27, 2016

ON MAY 27TH, our community lost Margaret “Maggie” Eiseman, one of its pioneering women. Although she hadn’t traveled on the river for many years, the canyon and its sculpting artery remained one of her two real loves.

While she was quite young, Maggie Gorman’s family moved from Montana to Sacramento. There, her mother taught her to love music and the piano. She and a high school classmate, who also learned piano from his mother, would fool around playing jazz together. Maggie moved on to teaching, and he to a notable composing and recording career. Her classmate was Dave Brubeck.

With an endless desire to experience what lay east of the Sierras, in 1952, Maggie and a friend chose to accompany their hairdresser, a German emigrant named Johannes Von Ronebeck, on a raft trip through Glen Canyon. Johannes owned a cabin at Hite, Utah, knew the Nielsens who ran the Hite Ferry, and had been through the Glen once before. Paddling an old, small Navy life raft and towing two small gear laden rafts behind them, they traversed from Hite to Lees Ferry without incident, or a map. A bit of serendipity at the end of the trip led Maggie and Johannes to meet Fred Eiseman in Monument Valley. After chatting, Fred agreed to accompany them on a Glen trip in 1954. Maggie boated the Glen again in ’53 and, in ’54, Fred met the group at Hite. There, they came across Georgie White and eagerly signed on to a Grand Canyon trip leaving the following year. While rigging for this ’55 trip, Georgie ended up short a boatman and asked Fred to row one side of her three ten-man raft rigs. He agreed, even though he had never pulled on an oar. That trip captivated both of them, and they worked for Georgie again in ’56, ’57, and ’58—Fred rowing and Maggie doing cooking and other odd jobs. Maggie and Fred married in Gallup, New Mexico, in July, 1958.

Wanting to work with more maneuverable boats,

Maggie and Fred started working for Mexican Hat Expeditions in 1959. During the ’60s, they spent all but three years on Mexican Hat Cataract boats. Then, after seeing Martin Litton’s dories, they decided to invest in three Keith Steele dories and run their own private trips. In the early ’70s they, along with Dr. Malcom McKenna in his dories, would run six week trips—two weeks to Phantom and four more to Pearce Ferry. When the Park stepped in with ever-tightening regulations, Maggie and Fred gave up the river for other interests.

When not working on the river, they would travel the world—Maggie studying the local music, Fred studying the cultures and writing, and both taking photographs. Fred became enamored with Bali and would spend six to eight months a year studying its culture and publishing books about it. Maggie preferred to spend her time in Scottsdale, playing Bach on her custom-made

harpsichord and jazz on her piano. For those of us lucky enough to be around at Christmas, their party was an annual event we anticipated enthusiastically. Besides holiday food, drink, and friendships, we all stood around Maggie’s piano singing carols in English, Spanish (Maggie was part of a Spanish club), German (how else could you sing “O Tannenbaum” or “Silent Night”), and Indonesian—now that Fred was living part time in Bali. Their generosity and wealth of knowledge made visiting Maggie and Fred’s home an event we all treasured at any time.

Failing health during the past decade left Maggie in a wheelchair, but her mind remained sharp and focused on her true passions, the Canyon and music. Friends could not visit without being grilled on the latest goings-on at the Canyon and river. She relished hearing stories that carried her back to those halcyon times on the river.

What a gift she was to all of us who knew her. The rhythms and refrains of our lives are now missing a cadence and harmony. A canyon wren has fallen silent.

*Rich Turner*



Maggie and Georgie at Lees Ferry. photo credit: Fred Eiseman

**Joshua Tourjee**, April 21, 1982 – September 11, 2016

*Because Sometimes Someday Never Comes*  
—KAREN TOURJEE

AFTER TWO WINTER SEASONS of cajoling at Arizona Snowbowl, I got Josh to come to OARS in Cataract Canyon in 2013. Josh was better known as “Frenchy” around the planet, or in Moab, sometimes as the legendary “Frenchenauld Von Hayden.” Josh came from a great Class V paddle boating background at Wilderness Aware on the Arkansas River in Colorado. He studied adventure education and geography at Prescott College. He also was a seasoned ski patroller at Arizona Snowbowl.

When he showed up in Moab four years ago, most of our guides scratched their heads about this goofy kid from Massachusetts. Frenchy had a quirky and highly unique personality, to say the least, whether it was his many costumes or numerous comedic impersonations, we also came to realize how intelligent and articulate he was. He always gravitated to anyone who seemed a bit out of sorts. Almost shocking was his insatiable desire to learn. No ego involved—just the pursuit of knowledge. He found his own ways to show his natural ability to teach and counsel. He also showed that he was highly skilled at just about anything technical.

Josh was all of this. Josh was just completely authentic.

His infectious enthusiasm literally bubbled out of him. Josh cared deeply about his friends and his surroundings. Moreover, Josh just deeply cared—about everyone and all places. Being around Josh just made you feel better about yourself. He made you feel better about this very moment. He made you feel better about tomorrow. He made you feel better about the world we live in. He literally lived in the “Precious Present.”

No doubt Josh had issues sometimes with looking past what was just in front of him. He struggled at times making sound decisions, but never as a guide or patroller. He was always committed to the safety and care of his clients. When it came to his own personal endeavors, he could just get an itch to try out something that, at the time, just seemed to be fun. What

he thought would just be nothing more than something else to try out, turned tragic. His accident had nothing to do with inebriation, ego, or sensationalism. I know he would be the first to say he screwed up, for real this time. He’d take full ownership and feel awkward at all the amazing efforts to find him. He would be humbled by the over one hundred people who showed up in the woods outside Flagstaff on October 29<sup>TH</sup> to celebrate

him. We came from as far away as California, South Texas, and Vermont. Some had only met him once.

Josh absolutely loved every day being a river guide and a patrolman. He strived very diligently to become his very best at both professions. His passing has affected so many of us—family, friends, guides, and clients. We who knew him closely are devastated. But so are those who knew him just sparsely or only just heard us talk about him. He had that kind of impact, on a daily basis.

How do we take something from this tragedy? Yes, he will live on in our hearts and our stories. But I only know this for now—we all must breathe more.

We all must cherish today more. We all must listen more. We all must speak up for what’s important more, adamantly, when necessary.

*Steve Kenney*

*Simply put, he walked into a room and the room got brighter.*

—CRAIG BARNEY

*I just truly miss him and his presence. I also miss the part of me that was tied to him. A part of me that is also lost, that it is also gone. But Frenchy would tell us all with that smile of his, “Just get on with it.”*

—ROY LIPPMAN

*When you look to the Peaks, travel in high places, or feel the flow of the river; when your thoughts fly to new endeavors and extraordinary possibilities...embrace them all with the conviction and wonder that Josh did. His spirit is with us, always with a twinkle in his eye, smile and laughter. We love you Josh. Thank you for sharing this wonderful life.*

—DERIK SPICE



Photo credit: David McFate

## Amil David Quayle

March 31, 1938 – August 11, 2016

I JUST DROVE BACK from my father Amil's house on the "world famous Egin Canal," in St. Anthony, Idaho, where we held a lovely celebration of life for him. The people who came, and the people who couldn't, who knew Dad well, or knew him a little, had an impact on his profound love of life. Dad lived a few incarnations in the life he had: brother to nine, father of two, grandfather of six, river guide extraordinaire, naturalist, Sandhills rancher, peace activist, Ph.D. at age 55, professor, poet, philosopher, artist, collector, husband and good, good friend.

A long time has passed since he guided his own trips on the river, but Grand Canyon never left his soul for a minute. He was one of the early guides, in blue jeans and cowboy boots. An original and an inspiration. As river guides we try to instill in others our awe of nature and the place we are privileged to work, and Dad was a master at that. His poetry and stories reflect his love of Grand Canyon. But they also capture his greatest strength: his ability to share his joy in everyday life as it came. Amil challenged us to think about our capabilities, flaws and contributions. He used art to communicate and start conversations with an open mind. In more recent years, Facebook became his artist's canvas and his daily posts and updates will surely be missed.

Thank you to everyone who reached out to me, my brother Manx, and our families. We cannot express how much your kindness has helped us process Dad's departure. Dad said it best:

*Life is all you got.  
One is all you get.  
Soon it will be gone.  
Try not to mess it up.*

*Bruce Quayle and Robin Fox*



Here is a poem that says it all from Amil Quayle's inspired work, *Grand Canyon and Other Selected Poems*:

### Grand Canyon

I speak now of that Grand Canyon which lies within each of us. There are pre-Cambrian rocks at the center, the core, and talus from yesterday's fall; marble and granite grown hard from the pressure and heat of heartbreak and passion; crumbling sandstone, layer on layer of sediment, sentiment piled on over a lifetime's experience. The sun bursts on us each morning then dies and we are in darkness, but moon shadows tease our walls. We listen to the pulsating rhythm of time's river lapping at our shores. The sandy places slide, diffuse, move closer to the sea. A billion years of erosion is magnified, demagnified into sixty or seventy years as we measure time. Perhaps in a million years your shinbone will be a fossil in another Grand Canyon, cold in a bed of rock next to mine.

# Losing a Rock Icon—The Saddle Canyon Floods of August 1 and September 1, 2016

## WAYNE:

**B**Y NOW MOST OF US have heard about a flash flood this past summer in Saddle Canyon that blew out the famous chockstone, the one that so many guides had routinely pushed and shoved folks up and over to access the waterfall. This large block of Muav Limestone (and all of the hand grease smeared onto it by over sixty years of use), is now somewhere



The old chokestone. Photo credit: Wayne Ranney

in Saddle Canyon on its way to the Mead Reservoir. The flood occurred on or about August 1 and was accentuated by runoff from the Fuller Fire area on Grand Canyon's North Rim. This fire was ignited by lightning on July 29 and quickly turned into a conflagration that torched the entire headwaters area above Saddle Canyon. Without the vegetation to hold the soil in check, a strong monsoon rain on August 1 quickly coalesced into a slushy debris flow that roared over the waterfall and removed the chokestone. (More info about the fire can be found at: <http://inciweb.nwccg.gov/incident/4845/>. A second flood one month later on September 1 is also described here.

**WALKER:** I first witnessed Saddle Canyon in the mid-'90s and have been captivated ever since by its narrow walls, green vegetation, and small gurgling stream. On a two-boat motor trip in early August 2016, while driving past Saddle Canyon on my way to the Little Colorado, I noticed that a big flood had come down the side canyon. The delta entering the river was



Jed Koller describing where the chokestone used to be and beginning the scramble above the missing chokestone.

Photo credit: Wayne Ranney

made barren of its greenery and where the plants and vegetation once stood was now covered with cobble-sized rocks, dead trees and black charcoal sand. It was obvious that a big flood had come through Saddle Canyon and I made a mental note at the time that I wanted to see the upper part of it the next time I was fortunate enough to travel through the Grand Canyon.

Three days later, on that same early August trip, our group got to witness firsthand a powerful monsoon storm. The rain began just below 140 Mile Canyon and soon after, hailstones the size of nickels started to fall.



100 rim falls in the Muav Gorge Aug. 2016. Photo credit: Walker Mackay



Rim falls above Saddle Canyon Sept. 2016. Photo credit: Walker Mackay

The side tube tarps and spare life jackets were brought out to protect our guests from the sharp pain caused from the falling ice. Shortly thereafter, the cascades off the top of the Redwall Limestone started. I remember thinking how lucky I was to be able to eat ice out of the sky at the bottom on Grand Canyon in August, while watching upward of one hundred different cascades spill over the cliffs in Muav Gorge. We stopped at Olo Canyon and watched the thundering, dark-red water exit over the lip of the waterfall.

The guides (myself, Ben Reeder, Wayne Ranney, Jennifer Lair, and Ryan Pearl) were all excited to take photos and share their excitement with everyone. Then the rain stopped and the sun emerged. The storm had probably lasted only thirty minutes but made a huge impact in the scenery and those lucky individuals who got to be part of it. A couple days later we witnessed the newly formed Granite Springs Rapid and heard the tale of a trip that had been stuck at

Diamond Creek for a couple of days. They had hiked up the canyon and mentioned a D10 bulldozer was stuck in the gravel within the ravine.

Fast forward to September 1. Our trip had spent the morning in the red sandstone at North Canyon, enjoyed lunch at Redwall Cavern, and was now relishing in the welcomed overcast provided by a light cover of clouds above us. The plan was to hike Saddle in the afternoon and see what the flood from early August had done. As we rounded the bend at Saddle, two other trips had similar ideas. An AZRA trip with Wayne Ranney and Jed Koller was at the main beach and it looked like they had just hiked the canyon and were soon heading downstream. A Western trip had two boats nearby and seemed to be hiking as well. My trip was only one boat so we set up camp at the lower Saddle camp. As often happens in the heat of summer, the sun decided to break free of the clouds just as we started the unloading process. Then, as the last dish bucket was filled and put on the table, the clouds once again covered the sun. Soon, the shadow from the Redwall cliffs blanketed our camp and as the Western boats disappeared downstream, snacks were passed out, water bottles filled, and our group began the hike up into Saddle Canyon. Yendor, our celebrity crew member, volunteered to stay behind and keep our camp safe from ravens and wind gusts.

As we made our way up the trail the group separated in two. I was leading the faster hikers and my swamper Ryan Curry was sweeping and keeping track of the slower hikers and those who wanted to take lots of photos. By the time our faster group arrived to the lush green valley there was a spattering of rain drops. The rain was on and off, light but steady. As we arrived at the mouth of the narrows I was captivated by the big changes that had occurred in the August flood. All of the plants and flowers were gone and the small pools that used to be there were filled with gravel. Then, as I rounded the next bend I saw where the huge chockstone used to be—it was now a simple stroll along the smooth stream bottom to the waterfall, which had grown about eight feet in height once the gravel that was once held back by the chockstone was removed.

I tried to explain to my small group how big the chockstone used to be. With my hands outstretched I explained it was about eight feet tall by ten feet wide and extended at least eight feet back. By this rough calculation it was comprised of 640 cubic feet of rock. I knew a cubic foot of concrete weighed 150 pounds. Therefore, the rock must have weighed 96,000 pounds or almost fifty tons. And it was gone! There was no sign of it anywhere (although both of us and others





Height of waterfall before the flood.  
Photo credit: Wayne Ranney



Height of waterfall after the flood.  
Photo credit: Wayne Ranney

**WAYNE:** My group had gone downstream to camp at Sixty-Mile Camp (where it rained from 4:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. When the rain started, I looked back upstream and knew Walker was up in Saddle Canyon hiking—I hoped he was alright.

**WALKER:** As we neared the end of the trail a big cascade of water could be seen flowing over the Redwall from the canyon upstream of Saddle. Then, as we were careening through the switchbacks a roar began that confused me. At first I thought it might be merely a shift in the wind direction, carrying the sound toward me from the side canyon cascade. But as we continued to where the trail leveled off, the roar was obviously coming from Saddle Canyon itself.

we have spoken to have looked for it in the debris field just downstream from the narrows). From where the rock once stood I looked at the clear cascade of water coming over the top of the waterfall and recalled all of the pushing and pulling I had done over the years to get my adventurous passengers to the base of the waterfall.

Suddenly above me, I noticed a drastic change in cloud color in the upper Saddle drainage and I told everyone it was time to go—we certainly didn't want to experience the fate of the fifty-ton boulder. Just about this time it started raining hard and I hurried my group of six out of the narrows and on our way back to camp. We caught our slower group, who had also decided to turn around at the end of the valley. Everyone was heading down listening to the sounds of thunder and experiencing the joy of a big monsoon rainstorm in the Grand Canyon.

It was flashing big again, full of dark brown sludge and rolling boulders, shaking the ground like I had never experienced before. It was awesome and terrifying at the same time. I looked at my watch and exactly 45 minutes before, we had been in the narrows and the

shaking ground beneath me made me understand completely how that large rock could have been dislodged from its wall-bound anchor.

**WAYNE:** We both wonder how long the chockstone may have been there? No way to know. Or if it was perhaps splintered into smaller pieces or if one of us (or some other person) will find it one day within Saddle Canyon. Who knows? But 2016 is sure to be a summer to remember for the big floods that removed a rocky icon that all of us had come to know very well.



The September 1 Saddle Canyon flood from just above the camp.  
Photo credit: Paul Montano

*Wayne Ranney and Walker Mackay*

# GCRG Fall Rendezvous Wrap Up: Finding Our Park

NATURALLY, RIVER GUIDES' laser-like focus in Grand Canyon is centered almost exclusively on the Colorado River and the below-the-rim experience that is such an all-consuming part of their lives. But how many river guides actually take the time to gain a real appreciation and deeper understanding of what the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park has to offer? "Finding Our Park" in this NPS Centennial Year was certainly GCRG's goal, and our distinct privilege during our Fall Rendezvous event over the October 15<sup>TH</sup> weekend.

We started our journey at the east edge of South Rim, with an interpretive tour of newly rejuvenated and truly lovely Desert View Watchtower, the seventy-foot high stone sentinel, located majestically on a promontory overlooking the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River far below. Views from here are every bit as spectacular as the powerful murals painted on the curving walls by Hopi artist, Frank Kabetie. From Desert View, we headed down the East Rim Road to the site of the old Hance Cabin where Shane Murphy regaled us with stories about Grand Canyon history in the late 1800s. What a serendipitous addition to our weekend from a foremost expert on Captain John Hance!

The mind-blowing highlight of the first day was our visit to the NPS Museum Collections. Grand Canyon National Park has collected and preserved over 900,000 natural and cultural history objects since the park was created in 1919: from fossils,

to remains of giant ground sloths that roamed Grand Canyon over 10,000 years ago (ask to see the items from Rampart Cave!), to 1,000 year old woven sandals, split twig figurines in a myriad of sizes that are 3,000 to 5,000 years old, gorgeous pottery, John Wesley Powell's pocket watch and other astounding items that help tell the many facets of Grand Canyon's fascinating story. Lots of gasps, wide eyes, dropped jaws, and

exclamations of "I could spend days in here!" occurred all throughout the tour.

And what would a river guide event be without boats! Of course, we would not have missed visiting the historic boat collection just adjacent to the NPS Museum Collections. With the oldest boat

dating as far back to

1909, through Georgie White's unique craft, Norm Nevills' boats, the jet boats of up-run fame and more, this outstanding collection really captures the evolution of river running history in Grand Canyon. Having the opportunity to actually see historic boats that we had only heard or read about, was incredibly meaningful for all of us.

And yes, *anyone* can see these amazing



Happy Fall Rendezvous peeps. Photo credit: Amy Harmon



Photo credit: Amy Harmon





Above: Sunrise from the South Rim, looking down at the Battleship in the foreground, on top of the Supai Formation.  
Right: Battleship buddies. Photo credit: Ben Reeder

collections—they are open to the public from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. Monday through Friday. You just need to make an appointment by calling (928) 638-7769 or email the NPS Museum Staff at [grca\\_museum\\_collection@nps.gov](mailto:grca_museum_collection@nps.gov). Do it! You will love every minute.

The following day we split up into two groups with about half the guides heading down the Bright Angel trail and bushwhacking cross-country to the Battleship Formation (it took them a while to figure out where to make the climb up, but they made it!). The rest of us headed off to help with a stewardship project clearing off the historic village pathways in the heart of the park, followed by an outstanding tour of the Power House, a National Historic Landmark in and of itself, and one of the most important buildings in the United States.

By now, you're probably slapping your forehead wishing you had come with us! I am not exaggerating when I say it was an awesome weekend with wonderful people where everyone truly enjoyed every minute and were so glad they came. Our sincerest thanks to our

NPS partners who helped us bring it all together: Ellen Brennan, Christy Moerbe, Brian Gatlin, Kim Besom, Colleen Hyde, and Maddie Tighe. We also could not have done it without the help of GCRG officers and directors (current and former!) and other volunteers who helped make things go super smoothly and to OARS for lending us all the kitchen equipment we needed. It all came together beautifully, and it brought home to us how very special the GCRG Fall Rendezvous is as an intimate, community-building event. Over the years we have headed out to Toroweap, Marble View, Buckfarm Overlook, Glen Canyon, Thousand Pockets and other compelling places. And now we've just added the behind-the-scenes look at the South Rim to our ever-growing list of fascinating Fall Rendezvous experiences.

Please join us next year for another *grand adventure!*

*Lynn Hamilton*

## Two Decades of Citizen Science— The Adopt-a-Beach Program

**F**IRST, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, a *big* thank you to all of the volunteers who took the time to photograph beaches for the Grand Canyon River Guides' Adopt-a-Beach Repeat Photography program (AAB) this past season. As of the beginning of November, more than a dozen of the cameras used this year have been returned and the photos look fantastic. Excellent work accomplished by a dedicated and much appreciated boating community. A list of the wonderful folks who, in 2016, helped further our knowledge of how the Grand Canyon works accompanies this blurb. Please take the time to congratulate them for a job well done.

The heart of the Adopt-a-Beach program is the volunteers who take a few moments each trip to stop and photograph their adopted beach or beaches. This gives the volunteer the opportunity to observe and contemplate any changes to the beach and to relate to their passengers how things like weather patterns, dam release regimes and other factors sculpt the areas we commonly use as campsites during our trips.

The cameras used are returned when the volunteer has completed their trip(s) for the season. AAB then takes the images from each year and examines them in an attempt to understand the interactions between natural occurrences, dam release flow regime and boaters. An analysis report is then written which usually examines changes to each beach through the previous winter, change during the summer boating season, changes related to High Flow Events and any other pertinent topics such as beetle impact witnessed in the images.

The Adopt-A-Beach Repeat Photography program was begun to monitor the results of the 1996 dam produced High Flow Event, then known as the Beach Habitat Building Flow. Now, 21 years later, AAB has continued to add valuable *visible* information to the study of our beaches in Grand Canyon. The program has also been used as part of

management discussions, presentations on release flow effects and has been incorporated in texts on river management, citizen science and repeat photography as a research tool. The images AAB has acquired for the past twenty years are available for your viewing

ADOPT-A-BEACH, 2016 SEASON		
CAMP NAME	RIVER MILE	ADOPTER
SOAP CREEK	11.3	Teddy Fantano
12.4 MILE	12.4 L	Kelsey Wogan
HOT NA NA	16.6 L	Orea Roussis/Glenn Goodrich
19.4 MILE	19.4 L	David Dill
UPPER NORTH CANYON	20.7 R	Cliff Ghiglieri
23 MILE CAMP	22.7 L	Kelsey Redmond
SHINUMO WASH	29.4 L	Jerry Kauffman
THE NAUULOIDS	35.0 L	Amity Collins, Grand Canyon Semester
TATAHATSO	37.9 L	Katie Proctor, Grand Canyon Semester
MARTHA'S	38.6 L	Siobhan McCann
BUCK FARM	41.2 R	Laura Fallon
NEVILLS	76.1 L	Latimer Smith
HANCE	77.1 L	Grand Canyon Semester
GRAPEVINE	81.7 L	Jon Harned
CLEAR CREEK	84.5 R	Mikenna Clokey
ZOROASTER	84.9 L	Bob Dye
TRINITY CREEK	92.0 R	Emily Dale, Grand Canyon Semester
SCHIST	96.5 L	Tom Schragner
BOUCHER	97.2 L	Grand Canyon Youth
CRYSTAL	98.7 R	Margeaux Bestard
LOWER TUNA	100.1 L	Jed Koller
ROSS WHEELER	108.3 L	Doc Nicholson
BASS	109.0 R	Jon Harned
110 MILE	109.9 R	Emily Dale
THE GARNETS	115.0 R	Brendyce Budd
BELOW BEDROCK	131.7 R	Grand Canyon Semester
STONE CREEK	132.4 R	Andy Hutchinson, Grand Canyon Semester
TALKING HEADS	133.6 L	Corey Ryan, Grand Canyon Semester
RACETRACK	134.1 R	Katie Proctor
LOWER TAPEATS	134.5 R	Karla Kennedy
OWL EYES	135.1 L	Mike Hipsher
BACKEDDY	137.7 L	Grand Canyon Semester
KANAB	144.0 R	Amity Collins
OLO	146.0 L	Ben Reeder
MATKAT HOTEL	148.9 L	Andre Potochnik
UPSET HOTEL	150.7 L	Cliff Ghiglieri
LAST CHANCE	156.2 R	Laura Chamberlin
TUCKUP	165.1 R	Jerry Kauffman
UPPER NATIONAL	167.0 L	Kevin Greif
LOWER NATIONAL	167.1 L	David Dill
TRAVERTINE FALLS	230.6 L	Matt Robinson, John Toner
GNEISS	236.0 R	Matt Robinson, John Toner
250 MILE	250.0 R	Matt Robinson, John Toner

Note: the list above reflects all the "primary adopters," although we realize that the AAB packets got passed around a bit. So thanks to the rest of you who helped out with our program!



OMG! What happened to the beach at Shinumo in winter 2014 –15?



Photographic evidence of Lower Tapeats beach in 2008.

pleasure through the Grand Canyon River Guides website, as are the final annual reports.

The AAB program is supported in part by a cooperative agreement with the U.S. Geological Survey, and all images and reports are submitted as data for their ongoing sediment studies. The program is also funded by a grant from the Grand Canyon Fund, a non-profit charitable grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association. The volunteers who acquire the photographs are *you*, the folks who travel the river. To become an AAB volunteer photographer, all you need is the ability to turn on one of our cameras, locate the position designated from which to take

your photo(s) and check the appropriate boxes on the data sheet related to any changes you see at the beach. *No* particular artistic talent is required, just hold the camera level and still. To volunteer *anytime*, contact Lynn at the GCRG office. If you have a private trip coming this winter and could photograph a beach or two, we would be very grateful. You can also sign up for a beach at the Spring GTS land session, right after watching a short presentation of time-lapse changes featuring your photographs of the beaches!

See you on the river!

*Zeke Lauck*

## Important Dates 2017

**W**E'RE ALREADY LOOKING ahead to spring and providing river guides with the training opportunities they need! Mark your calendars, folks! You can sign up for GCRG-coordinated events like our WFR recert, and the GTS land and river sessions, on the GCRG website, [www.gcr.org](http://www.gcr.org) (look under Guide Resources).

**WFR RECERTIFICATION COURSE, FEBRUARY 17–19, 2017**  
Sponsored by GCRG and taught by Dr. Tom Myers. Note: this is the Whale Foundation Wing Ding weekend so you can get your WFR recert taken care of and have fun at the same time!

**BACKCOUNTRY FOOD MANAGERS COURSE, MARCH 31, 2017**  
The day before the GTS land session—from 10:00 A.M. till 2:00 P.M. at Hatch River Expeditions in Marble

Canyon, AZ. Contact Marlene Gaither at Coconino County Health to sign up at: [mgaither@coconino.az.gov](mailto:mgaither@coconino.az.gov). Cost is \$18. You should bring: chair, mug, bag lunch, and driver's license (ID is required).

**GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR LAND SESSION, APRIL 1-2, 2017**  
At Hatch River Expeditions, Marble Canyon, AZ.

**GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR RIVER TRIP, APRIL 3-9, 2017**  
Upper half—Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch.

**GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR RIVER TRIP, APRIL 9-19, 2017**  
Lower half—Phantom Ranch to Pearce Ferry.

## Citizen Science Makes Youth Go Batty

FROM THE TIME we are young, humans are naturally a curious species. Sometimes that curiosity gets suppressed as we age, while other times it grows as we learn about the world. Scientists have a reputation for being a particularly curious group, as we are always searching for answers to an unending stream of questions. Unfortunately, many perceive science as difficult or too complex for the average person. Citizen science projects prove that false. Citizen science projects allow non-professionals to partake in scientific research, often contributing hugely valuable data. One of the most important products of citizen science is the public engagement and education that comes from local involvement (Beeker et al. 2013). Imagine participating in a research project, knowing that you've contributed valuable information to something bigger—you'd want to tell everyone, and spread the word about ongoing research.

Because it allows for large geographic coverage in a short time frame, citizen science is especially good at providing baseline data for population studies (Dickson et al. 2012). In addition, citizen science projects that span years allow scientists to begin to decipher population trends for different species. In particular, the National Bat Monitoring Programme in Great Britain has allowed scientists to use volunteer-provided data to monitor population changes in various bat species (Barlow et al. 2015). Citizen science can also be conducted on a smaller scale, for example current bat research through Glen Canyon National Recreation Area (GLCA) has made use of citizen science to gather valuable bat data on a local scale, mostly within the boundaries of the National Recreation Area. One of the goals of this citizen science project was to determine bat species occurrence and distribution of use within riparian habitat along the rivers. GLCA biologists, in partnership with Grand Canyon Youth, Mosaics in Science, the Student Conservation

Association, OARS, National Park Foundation and Glen Canyon Natural History Association, have participated in several river trips down sections of the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. Each of these trips lasted several days and involved camping at sites along the rivers. Because the youth were camping, we were provided with a great opportunity to do some overnight research. Each night, the youth were involved in several aspects of citizen science, from conducting acoustic surveys to learning about bats. Students confronted common misconceptions about these fascinating animals while researching. The youth used a Wildlife Acoustics SM2BAT+



Little Brown Bat (*Myotis lucifugus*) with WNS.  
Photo credit: USGS; National Wildlife Health Center.

acoustic monitoring device, mounting a microphone on a tall pole to record bat echolocation calls overnight. The youth filled out information about timing, weather and habitat on each field datasheet.

Once the microphone was set, the youth would gather around the biologist on scene to watch a visual and audio output produced by a Wildlife Acoustics Echo Meter Touch microphone attached to an iPad. Seeing calls on the iPad and watching the bats fly

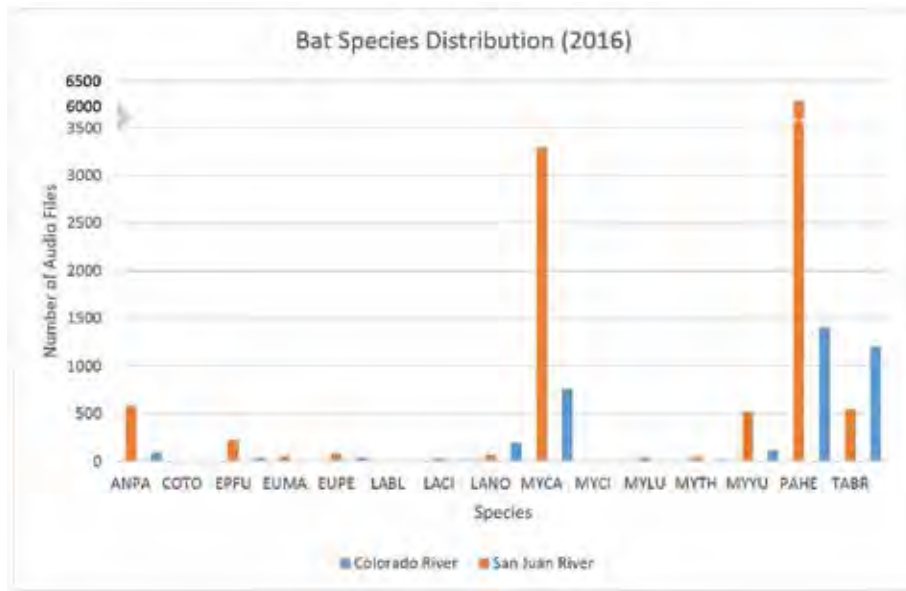


Youth using the Wildlife Acoustics Echo Meter Touch to see and hear bat calls.

overhead each night often prompted many questions about bats, including what the largest bat in the world is (the flying fox bat found in Australia, with a wingspan up to six feet) and the smallest bat in the world (the bumblebee bat of Thailand, smaller than a fingernail—the smallest mammal in the world). The youth also often asked about the bats that they could hear without technical assistance. While most bats echolocate with a higher frequency than the human ear can detect, some, including the spotted bat (*Euderma maculatum*), Allen’s big-eared bat (*Idionycteris phyllotis*), and the greater mastiff bat (*Eumops perotis*) produce calls within the range of human hearing. The greater mastiff bat is one of the largest bats in the west.

Between May and August, 149 youth stayed at fifteen campsites and recorded calls over twenty nights. Over 15,000 calls from fifteen species were recorded by the detectors set up by the youth. These included acoustic readings from bats whose species has been confirmed by park biologists via mist-netting, such as the canyon bat (*Parastrellus hesperus*) (the smallest bat in the United States). Students also recorded greater mastiff bats that GLCA had no prior record of! The full set of species recorded can be seen in Figure 1.

Bats are a particularly important group of animals to study, as they are critical to many ecological systems. Bats provide billions of dollars’ worth of agricultural pest control by consuming nocturnal insects (Beeker et al. 2013). Bats also disperse seed and pollinate various plants. For some plants they are the primary pollinator including some agave plants and the giant saguaro cactus (*Carnegieia gigantea*) which is the state flower of Arizona. Because bats play such an important role in the ecosystem, they can be used as indicators of ecosystem health and are susceptible to climate change effects (Barlow et al. 2015). Unfortunately bats are currently facing a



	ANPA	COTO	EPFU	EUMA	EUPE	LABL	LACI	LANO	MYCA	MYCI	MYLU	MYTH	MYYU	PAHE	TABR
Colorado	96	4	38	9	48	3	15	197	757	0	3	17	119	1409	1206
San Juan	586	0	227	53	83	10	32	66	3291	1	46	55	524	6187	550

Figure 1: The above graph shows the number of calls per species. Colorado River (blue) data included trips from the Glen Canyon Dam to Lees Ferry (May 4–6), Cataract Canyon (June 26–July 1), and the Grand Canyon (June 27–August 3). San Juan River (orange) data included trips down the full length of the river (May 9–May 16), and trips down the Upper (July 15–18) and Lower (June 2–6; June 23–27) segments. Species are listed using 4 letter codes to abbreviate the scientific name. The species are as follows: ANPA (*Antrozous pallidus*)—Pallid bat; COTO (*Corynorhinus townsendii*)—Townsend’s big-eared bat; EPFU (*Eptesicus fuscus*)—Big brown bat; EUMA (*Euderma maculatum*)—Spotted bat; EUPE (*Eumops perotis*)—Greater Mastiff bat; LABL (*Lasiurus blosevillii*)—Western Red bat; LACI (*L. cinereus*)—Hoary bat; LANO (*Lasionycteris noctivagans*)—Silver-haired bat; MYCA (*Myotis californicus*)—California Myotis; MYLU (*M. lucifugus*)—Little Brown bat; MYTH (*M. thysanodes*)—Fringed bat; MYYU (*M. yumanensis*)—Yuma Myotis; PAHE (*Parastrellus hesperus*)—Canyon bat; and TABR (*Tadarida brasiliensis*)—Brazilian Free-tailed bat.

number of threats including: climate change, habitat loss, wind energy development and a fungal disease called White-Nose Syndrome (WNS) that has decimated bat populations in the eastern United States.

Bats can be difficult to study, due to their nocturnal nature and their ability to fly. In addition to the difficulties of using bats as a subject, there are challenges that come along with citizen science. In large scale citizen science projects, there is more room for human error. Even with specific sampling protocols, there will be variability in sampling method. There also tends to be habitat bias, as many citizens will not travel far out of their way to perform research (Newson et al. 2015). This small scale citizen science project allows scientists to be present, which minimizes some of the error and allows for the use of otherwise difficult to obtain equipment.

Now that we have some baseline data on bat distribution and occurrence in GLCA, what’s next? The partnerships mentioned above are staged to continue

into a second year of river trips using citizen science to educate youth on bats and collect acoustic recordings through the summer of 2017. Glen Canyon is reporting all the recordings from the citizen science project, as well as recordings following protocol from the North American Bat Monitoring Program (NABat) from season long stationary monitoring efforts into the NABat Bat Population Database and NPS Bats Acoustic Survey Database. NABat is a program that is being implemented by the National Park Service and other organizations to standardize how bat research is being done and to collect continent-wide data on bat populations. Citizen science projects will continue to contribute bat data on a local scale, and hopefully begin moving to a larger scale movement within the U.S. to supplement the NABat data.

For additional information about this project please feel free to contact any of the authors.

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## What, Really, Are Rapids For?

LATE AUGUST ON THE MAIN SALMON punches the somewhat smoky air with bursts of laughter, sunshine, and — of course — splashes. By mid-afternoon, it's warmed up *just* enough for me to invite a few playful bubbles to curl gracefully over the edge of my boat.

A month ago, we were riding these same roller coasters, hollering and hitting them head on, invigorated by endless sunlight.

“Go big!”

“Crush it”

“It's in!”

Now, temperatures have dropped and I can see my breath in the madrigal light. My flannel reveals its insignificance as I light hissing propane.

Two hours and two (three?) mugs of coffee later, we head out for miles of beautiful slots, smooth pour overs, and holes that are mostly just rocks now at low water.

“Get stoked for rapids!” I yell, dancing a bit in my footwell. I'm excited. Amped. A little nervous.

“Whooo! Get stoked!” a chorus returns my call, reinforcing our river bond.

A young voice rises over the cacophony: “What are rapids for?”

Nash is six years old, and the youngest person on the trip. I am twenty-four years old, and the second-youngest person on the trip.

“Do you mind being the only kid on this trip?” a few adults asked him the night before.

“Well, Maddie's here, and she's basically a kid,” he replied sincerely.

As we shove off, Nash is perched expectantly on my boat. My brain churns like the water before us, contemplating his question. What are rapids for?

We run around fifteen miles that day, full of classic Idaho rapids: Bailey, Five Mile, Split Rock, Big Mallard, Elkhorn, Growler, Whiplash. As I alternate between pushing and pulling, ferrying and adjusting, the question marinates in my mind.

What are rapids for?

Rapids are for fun. Rapids are for focus. Rapids are for respect. Rapids are for pushing you to the very brink and handing you humility along with your humanity. Rapids are for rag-tag bands of river lovers and river learners. Rapids are for slickrock chutes. And rapids—whether you plan it or not—rapids are for getting wet.

Madeline Friend



# Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

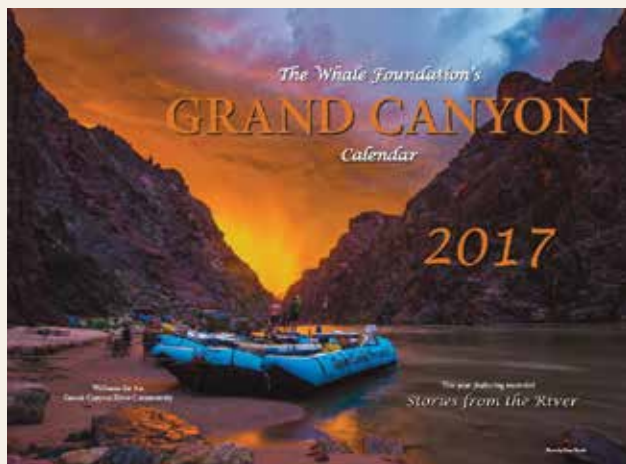
**H**EAR THAT BUZZ? Me too. Everyone's talking about it...

The Whale Foundation's 2017 Grand Calendar is now available and features fourteen audio stories, told by boatmen, that correspond with each month's photograph. Produced by Flagstaff's own Michael Collier and available through QR codes as well as our website, these stories bring to life the people, places and moments in Grand Canyon we've come to know and appreciate together. *This* is who we are.

Calendars are \$12/each and postage is \$3/each. Buy ten and postage is free! Please consider gifting anyone who's ever been fond of a boatman or the river (like your five favorite passengers) with one of these. Let's broaden the community that supports Grand Canyon and those who care for it.

Speak your mind and let us know how we might be serving guides better. At the same time, if you've received assistance from the Whale Foundation and think another guide might benefit from relating to your story, please consider sharing that with us. Again, you'll remain anonymous if your story is relayed in some form.

*John Napier*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



Checks can be made out to the Whale Foundation and mailed to PO Box 855, Flagstaff, AZ 86002-0855.

Also, once you've got a calendar in hand, flip to February and circle Saturday the 18<sup>TH</sup>. We're gonna have a party for everyone, a little thing we call Wing Ding. It's the best reason we know to get everyone together and stay in touch over the winter. Hope you'll make it to the Coconino Center for the Arts and join the fun. Music, food, drink and storytelling (and a silent auction full of things you won't want to miss!)—what else would you hope for?

Finally, please consider being in touch with the Whale Foundation through our new Conversations page under the Contact tab on our website: <http://whalefoundation.org/conversations/>.

This feature has been put in place to solicit confidential, honest feedback from the community.

## **An Open Statement to the Grand Canyon Community**

The Whale Foundation stands in solidarity with all women working in Grand Canyon in any capacity and supports their right to do so in a socially safe and respectful environment. We believe each individual bears a personal responsibility to contribute to this cause, as well as a duty to uphold these rights for others when necessary. The health, wellness and productivity of our community relies on the personal integrity and mutual respect of everyone in it.

## Concerning Havasupai Point

GRAND CANYON MINING came into its own following Robert Brewster Stanton's successful descent of the Colorado River in late 1889 and early 1890. Some prospectors were working the area before Stanton, of course, but when Stanton wrote of "all the well known precious minerals, as well as coal, marble, iron, etc," and the placer gold he'd found "nearly the entire length of the river," the result was a "general stampede" to Grand Canyon.<sup>1</sup>

William Henry "Bill" Ashurst was, perhaps, the most energized, wide ranging and longest lasting of the "Stanton wave" of prospectors. Ashurst's mineral interests dated from his California days around Red Bluff where he ran sheep. After he met and married Sarah Bogard, he emigrated to Arizona Territory and continued prospecting. He staked his first Arizona claim, the Black Ledge "10 miles South of the San Francisco mountains," on January 31, 1880.<sup>2</sup> In the latter '80s he made other claims near Fisher Tank near Flagstaff.

In 1890, almost certainly due to Stanton's writings, Ashurst was prospecting in Grand Canyon with John Marshall and William Morris. Little is known of Morris, a Flagstaff Justice of the Peace and deer hunter whose association with the other two was brief, but Ashurst and Marshall went back to when they were neighbors south of Flagstaff in the areas now known as Anderson Mesa, Marshall and Ashurst Lakes, to which they gave their names.

Born in Nova Scotia in 1859, John Auterson Marshall<sup>3</sup> emigrated by himself to the United States on a ship, landing in San Francisco at the age of 16. He cut and hauled timber in California, worked Nevada's Comstock Lode;<sup>4</sup> prospected around Silver City, New Mexico where he met Martha Allen; and coursed the Honeymoon Trail through Lees Ferry to marry her. At 18 years of age he landed in the Mogollon Mountains tending cattle near Bill Ashurst. By the mid-1880s Marshall was running his own brand (K on the left hip) and partnered in a butchering business in Flagstaff where he and his family lived during the winter. In 1888 he bought 160 acres of the "Bob Hornbeck Ranch, situate twenty-five miles nearly S of Flagstaff." He purchased adjoining property in January, 1889.<sup>5</sup> So consolidated, he went prospecting in Grand Canyon with Bill Ashurst.

Ashurst, Marshall and Morris staked the Romero and Topsy claims on February 15, 1890, recording the locations on March 6. The sites were "described as half way between the mouth of the Little Colorado River

and the mouth of Cataract Cannon on the south side of the Big Colorado River in Grand Cannon."<sup>6</sup> Ashurst and Marshall staked the Little Daisy and Little Joint within a few hundred feet of the other claims; Morris joined them for the Paymaster and Grand Cannon, also nearby.

The locations made for remarkable press, sometimes to astonishing effect. "The discovery of gold in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado... will undoubtedly prove to be the richest mines that have ever been unearthed," roared *The Arizona Champion* on March 29, 1890. "The assays run up into the hundreds, and there are millions of tons of ore in sight. The ledges run from ten to thirty-eight feet in width and are exposed from three to four thousand feet up the side of the canyon."

Had that been true, Grand Canyon would today be a much different place. *The Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner* reported, more reliably, that one of the ledges Ashurst and Marshall had staked on the south side was visible north of the river. They tried crossing on a driftwood raft to inspect it but almost drowned in the attempt.<sup>7</sup>

John Hance and Bill Hull had to see what all the flap was about. They crossed the river in early April, 1890, at a time the Canyon had lost its charms to become "a field of investigation."<sup>8</sup> Behind the oars was red-headed Godfrey Sykes, an adventuresome Englishman whose "front yard was the six continents and the seven seas,"<sup>9</sup> the sort to call his autobiography *A Westerly Trend: Being a Veracious Chronicle of More Than Sixty Years of Joyous Wanderings, Mainly in Search of Space and Sunshine*. In 1886 Sykes, his wife and his brother Stanley arrived in Flagstaff where, among other things, the men presided over an intellectual drinking club called Busy Bees, Arizona Territory's answer to New York City's Algonquin Round Table, at their Flagstaff bicycle shop with its shingle which read "Makers & Menders of Anything."<sup>10</sup>

"The prospectors wanted to make a boat," Sykes recalled, "so they tore up the floor of the old Hull Ranch house. They took the boards out to the Canyon to make a boat—but it was not a success; no one would get into it. I now came along with the frame of a canvas boat I had made. One after the other, we went across to make locations on the ledge. On one of these trips I took John [Hance] over. In midstream, he told me it was the first time he was ever across; yet in his stories he always asserted that he had valuable mines over there."<sup>11</sup>

There is a postscript to Sykes here, a brief story that should be told, one of many in the life of a remarkable man. After he escorted Hance, Hull and several others

across the river, Sykes conceived an around-the-world boat journey with Charles McLean, a good Scots lad just off seven years' Pacific whaling.

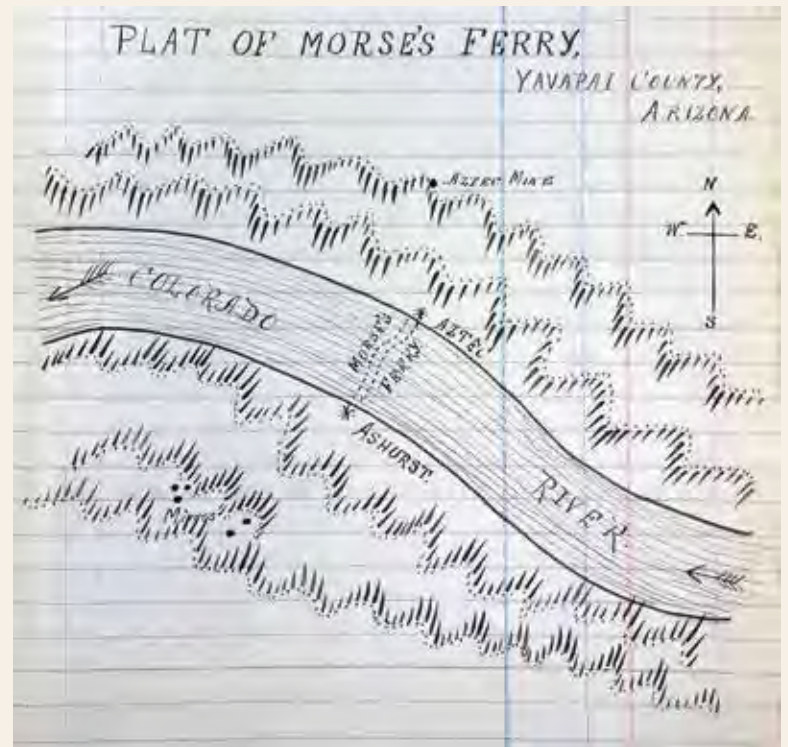
In Flagstaff, Sykes and McLean hand-built their craft, "Hilda." She measured 24-foot stem to stern, had a 7½-foot beam, carried one mast and drew 22 inches when "fully loaded." In November 1890, after a fond adieu during which Denis Riordan presented them with a "fine silk American flag," the craft was delivered by special train to Needles, California, and launched a few miles below town. Fourteen days later Sykes and McLean were at Yuma. They stopped for three weeks, journeyed overland to San Diego, returned to Yuma, got back in the boat and continued south past San Felipe, Baja California, to camp on a beach 18 hours below town.

On January 19, 1891, Sykes was aboard the boat, filling a lantern with fuel, a messy job because the wind was up and the boat was rocking. Done with it, he threw down the match and returned to shore. Happening a backwards glance at the opportune moment, he witnessed "Hilda" explode. Nearly everything was lost. From found materials he and McLean fashioned backpacks and canteens and set-out by foot across the godless sun-scorched desert, arriving more dead than alive at Lerdo, Sonora, where, on February 3, McLean uttered the indelible phrase, "Beans never tasted so good."<sup>12</sup>

A month after Hance's first crossing with Sykes *The Arizona Champion* reported, "on a broad level mesa above the present [mine] locations and where a good easy trail can reach it from the rim, has been surveyed and platted [but never recorded] the town of Ashurst, which will undoubtedly be a lively camp when the owners of the various locations surrounding it begin their development work. Good clear spring water is abundant and for miles around it is the most beautiful scenery in the canyon. As a health and pleasure resort it will have no superior in the world. Good boating on the river, fishing, hunting, and plenty of outdoor exercise climbing over and around bluffs to points of interest."<sup>13</sup>

April 9, 1890, was a busy day at the recorder's office as different men filed papers for their newly-laid out roads. At 2:05 pm, John Marshall recorded the Rim Rock and River Road Toll Road to Ashurst town.<sup>14</sup> At the same time, J.R. Kilpatrick and W.B. Vanderlip Jr. documented their Cañon City Toll Road. It, too, was bound for Ashurst town via a similar but different route. Ten minutes later, James Morse was joined by Vanderlip with yet another plat showing a route across the Colorado at a place "200 feet wide" closely resembling River Mile 109, to establish "Morse's Ferry for the transportation of men, animals, vehicles and

other personal property across the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon with a terminus" at the town of Ashurst. Aztec, named for the Aztec Mine, which was never recorded but clearly shown on Vanderlip's plat, was the north terminus of the ferry.<sup>15</sup>



Morse's Ferry Plat

Marshall's paperwork indicated his road would be six miles long with construction costs estimated at \$20,000, or \$530,000 in 2015 dollars. Although not to precise scale, Marshall's diagram "identifies," for lack of a better term, the location of his toll road. While it's impossible to say with complete certainty where that place was, it appears to have been in Bass Canyon below Havasupai Point at the Grand Scenic Divide.

\*\*\*

William Wallace Bass was born in 1849 in Shelbyville, Indiana. That same year, during the early gold rush days, his father died of yellow fever in Sacramento, California, with \$50 in his pockets. The family relocated to the eastern seaboard where Bass became a train dispatcher on the Ninth Avenue Elevated in New York.<sup>16</sup> There he contracted tuberculosis and was not expected to live. Thinking "good" air might help, a railway friend got him work at the division headquarters in Williams. He arrived in July, 1883.

Bass later claimed, among other things, he found the site of Bass Camp—at Havasupai Point at the head of



Cañon City Toll Road Plat

Bass Canyon—in the winter of 1883–’84, that he made a wagon road there from Williams in ’85, and that he was the first to advertise a regularly scheduled Grand Canyon stage. The overarching impression is that Bass was established in the tourist business at Havasupai Point by about 1886.

In retrospect, however, these statements cannot be verified through legal documents or other literature of the era. Rather, early newspaper reports tell us Bass played his banjo at a Williams gathering; was appointed Williams constable; searched Havasu Canyon for a lost companion he was briefly accused of murdering for his expensive pocket watch; was arrested and acquitted for cattle theft; and a few other odds and ends. But unlike John Hance, there’s nothing in the press connecting Bass to Grand Canyon until four years later—1890—when he and Sanford Rowe planned a stage line connecting “Cataract Canyon...to the grandest and most majestic part of the greatest wonder of the world,”<sup>17</sup> presumably Rowe’s Well which Rowe was then developing to attract tourists.

When viewed through Yavapai County records, ranching appears as Bass’ livelihood until the latter 1880s. That supposition fits with a May 28, 1887, *Arizona Champion* article portraying him as “a prominent rancher and stockman of Williams, one of the town’s oldest citizens with one of the best ranches in that vicinity.” And that is substantiated by chattel mortgages Bass made in 1888 and 1889. Both agreements offer livestock as collateral. The first identifies Bass and his associate, Ed Randolph, as “Ranchers.” The second refers to Bass as “stock raiser.”<sup>18</sup>

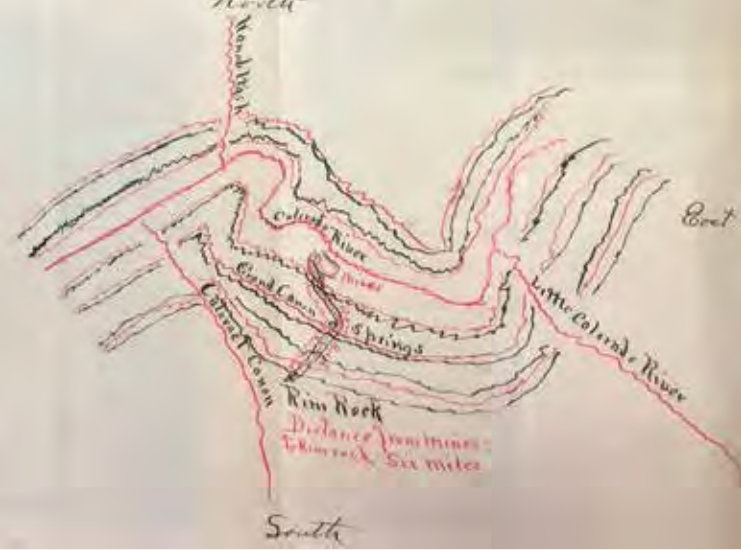
Bass made a third chattel mortgage in May, 1890, for 60 days, using as collateral 30 branded horses he kept “in the Cataract range.”<sup>19</sup> His occupation went unsaid, perhaps an indication he was becoming involved in tourism—but the devil is in the details. His 1890 Yavapai assessment reveals an estate of “2 Saddle Horses \$60, 15 Stock [horses] \$450, 2 Bulls \$30, 100 Cattle \$770, Wagon \$10, Harness \$10” for an overall value of \$1,330,<sup>20</sup> all of it given to animal husbandry.<sup>21</sup>

Some evidence suggests Bass was leading at least a few tourists to Havasupai by then. “I found [in Cataract Canyon] a strange race of red men,” wrote Colonel W. H. Holabird under Bass’ tutelage that August. “I guess I was the second white man who ever visited their canyon. They are a peaceful people... The chief of the strange tribe... is an old man of 60 years named Captain Tom, a name given him by John D. Lee, the Mormon who escaped from Utah and for six years lived in hiding with the red men. He was the first white man the Yavapai had ever seen, and he taught the chief the white man’s language and the use of fire arms.”<sup>22</sup>

Bass also sought schooling for Havasupai children and economic support for their elders that year.<sup>23</sup> And through the caption on the back of a photograph he is also credited with leading the first white woman, bride Laura Tappan, down Bright Angel Trail—although the 1890 date may be incorrect since the route was not recorded by Peter Berry in Yavapai County’s *Toll Road Book* 1871–1891 until January 31, 1891.

Then, on June 20, 1891, *The Coconino Sun* reported, “W.W. Bass is building a road to the Grand Canyon... Mr. Bass believes that this portion of the Canyon possesses attractions which cannot be found at any other point, and that tourists will be attracted to Williams when the route is properly advertised.” That’s the first vague indication we have of Bass’s interest in Havasupai Point, which was unnamed but is evident because he recorded Mystic Spring trail as a 4½ mile toll road, leading from the rim to the spring but not continuing to the river, on August 21.<sup>24</sup> On November 1, 1891, Bass finished the road from Williams and recorded it as well. That was his first certified Grand Canyon toll road. It connected Williams to Mystic Spring Trail; a spur led to Cataract Canyon.<sup>25</sup>

Bass had an excitable, combative personality. By 1893 his contentious behavior was openly remarked. Three brief articles appearing in *The Coconino Weekly Sun* that September offer a stark summary. The first mention appeared on the 14TH. “Special Agent Shelby is here investigating some charges brought against Mr. Gaddis, the farmer of the Supai Indians,” by W.W. Bass, “and it is presumed that, like all charges made by Mr. Bass, there is no foundation in them. The Indian agents and the Supai tribe would lead a very humdrum life if



John Marshall's Plat



Coconino County 1891 with overlays

it were not for Bass and his ready fault finding..." Two more broadsides appeared September 28<sup>TH</sup>, both on the same page. "W.W. Bass, of Williams, has been making trouble for the government agent at the Supai village. Bass never seems so happy as when in trouble himself, or by getting other people into trouble," followed by "W.W. Bass has decided to leave us, and hereafter will make his residence in Ash Fork. The change is for the good of Williams, and Ash Fork has the sympathy of our citizens."

Three weeks later Bass pulled out of Havasupai, at least temporarily, by selling his Cataract Canyon business and water rights. Included in the transaction were a buggy and harness, team of horses, road scraper, plow, and other items.<sup>26</sup> Barely was the ink dry on that arrangement when he announced the construction of another road, this to join Ash Fork to his Grand Canyon Toll Road north of Cataract Glen. The brief article concluded by saying a new hotel would be built at Grand Canyon.<sup>27</sup>

That can only mean the installation of a permanent

camp at Havasupai Point—a year after Ashurst and associates' departure for sunnier climes with better promise. Had Bass Camp been established at Grand Scenic Divide previous to Ashurst's activity, it would have been used as a landmark to better identify the locations of the Romero, Topsy and other claims. It would have certainly been employed to describe the head of Vanderlip's and Marshall's toll roads, and, stitched into the Morse's Ferry paperwork. Instead, Bass and his camp are nowhere in evidence. He is not on the maps for the simple reason he was not there in 1890, nor was Bass Camp. Outside Marshall's plat, in the only other clue to the location of Ashurst's claims, Morse's Ferry was identified as "about 55 miles to the North West from Flagstaff... upon unsurveyed lands at a great distance from any surveyed lands and incapable of further extended description."<sup>28</sup>

Shane Murphy

ENDNOTES:

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4. *Tombstone Epitaph*, April 5, 1890.
5. Yavapai County assessor's records.
6. Yavapai County, *Records of Mines Book 29*, p. 263.
7. *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, March 26, 1890.
8. *Tombstone Epitaph*, April 19, 1890; *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, April 2, 1890.
9. Frank Lockwood, Foreword to *A Westerly Trend*.
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11. Frank Lockwood, *More Arizona Characters*, University of Arizona Press, 1943.
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15. Op cit, pp. 35-37; pp. 38-39; see also *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, April 16, 1890.
16. *Frazer's Notes*, Otis R. "Dock" Marston Collection, Box 14, Folder 12, The Huntington Library.
17. *Mohave County Miner*, March 15, 1890.
18. *W.W. Bass & Ed Randolph to Frederick Siemer, November 9<sup>TH</sup>, 1888; W.W. Bass to Cormick E. Boyce, November 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1889*, found in the Coconino County recorder's vault under the title *Water Rights Record Transcribed from Yavapai County*, with stickers on the volume's spine identifying its other contents, p. 314, p. 451.
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20. About \$35,000 in 2015.
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24. Coconino County *Promiscuous Records Book 1*, p. 7, August 21, 1891.
25. Op cit, p. 16.
26. *W.W. Bass to S.M. McCowan and John F. Gaddis*, October 18, 1893, Coconino County recorder. See fn 18.
27. *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, December 20, 1893.
28. Yavapai County *Toll Road Book 1871-1891*, pp. 38-39.

## The Nature of Waves

FALL. WE TRADE IN BUSY DAYS rigging boats, cooking meals, howling at the moon with our brother-sister crewmembers, and taking care of passengers for the transition of fall and the winter months ahead. Time to pack the old rig bag one last time and store it away for winter. Time to rummage through dry bags and pockets for trash, melted chapstick, and other items that no longer serve us. Time to neatly pack away our memories of the season and reflect on what we have learned and how we have grown.

I see this process reflected in the natural world. Cottonwood and aspen leaves bravely transition into yellow and then begin to shed all that is no longer needed for the upcoming months. If I take the time to notice, I can see the natural world engaged in this introspective process of clearing out, letting go, and coiling inward in preparation for deep and rejuvenating rest.

In my experience as a river guide for ten years, I often found that the fall brought a complex juxtaposition. On the one hand, I longed for slow, sweet, unregimented mornings of coffee in a rocking chair followed by meandering runs on winding and picturesque trails. I was eager to cook whatever food I wanted. I was eager to be free from a daily schedule that demanded so much of my physical body and attention. I was eager to spend time with friends, both river and otherwise, in a less structured way.

At the same time, I noticed a strange, unfamiliar, and just-below-the-surface feeling of unsettled-ness each October. For years I found it impossible to put a pin on it. All I could sense is that this feeling was uncomfortable, and it would arrive with feelings of ungroundedness, confusion, and, at times, I felt stuck. The thoughts that would accompany this difficult-to-identify-feeling were “what do I do now?”

This existential crisis seemed to arrive every fall, like regularly scheduled programming. After having a clear role and purpose from April through October, what was my role now? On the river, I had a job, responsibilities, and a tight crew of friends for support. But here, out on my own in the world of roads, cars, buildings, and people everywhere busy going somewhere and doing something, what was I to do? It was almost as if society was not expecting me. It continued on, moving in that way that our society does, and I couldn't quite figure out how to step on to the conveyor belt. What's more, did I even want to step onto it?

In this way, the turn of the season often felt like an assessment of how I was handling the macro current of

my life. How am I handling the arc of the river trip of my life?

I also would notice the micro currents. The moment-to-moment fluctuations of my thoughts and feelings that I didn't seem to notice quite so often while on the water. Joy, happiness, frustration, anger, sadness, confusion, jealousy. Whoa. How was I handling the moment to moment waves?

Although I now spend my days working as a clinical therapist intern instead of rowing boats downriver, I still have these feelings as the seasons change. Some days I feel like I am on the right track, like a peaceful day floating past Redwall Cavern. Every oar stroke seems to put me exactly where I need to be; my mind and heart are free to wander to the most beautiful and peaceful places. The easy days. Other days I feel like I am running a series of big rapids. I am called to be courageous, strong, thoughtful, and highly attentive as I navigate wildly fluctuating waves and whitewater pushing back on me with incredible force. I buck up and make it happen. And then sometimes Mother Nature brings me the unexpected: storms of wind, rain, blowing sand, and the feeling that everything is conspiring against my forward movement downstream. Some days I feel like I am making mistake after mistake.

As students of the river, we know waves so intimately. We know the beauty of a river journey is the ebb and flow of the waves, the current, the changing landscape, and the metaphorical representation it offers us as we reflect it back to the greater experience of life.

To manage the micro and macro currents, I've learned to check my expectations for myself. Is my goal to be feeling and radiating happiness in every moment? Just like the National GDP, must I be growing and expanding *all the time*? In my clinical work as a therapist, I often ask clients, is that realistic? What about rejuvenation and curling inwards to nurture one's self? Or what about intense “negative” emotions?

The emotional flow serves three functions. It gives us information about others, information about ourselves, and motivates and prepares us for action. Sometimes strong “negative” emotions get a bad rap. But anger, frustration, and sadness have motivated positive change in our world. The Civil Rights movement, the motivation and strength it takes to leave a domestic violence situation, or the collective force to stop dam construction in Marble Canyon are all examples of progress as a result of strong “negative” emotions. Indeed, strong “positive” emotions can do the same.

Yet, when working with the flow of our emotions,

we also need to check the facts. Sometimes we are vulnerable to strong emotions due to a lack of self-care, lack of sleep, hunger, or conditioning dating back to our early childhood experiences. In the spirit of humor, I'm thinking of dehydration while on the river. That moment where all of a sudden I am having a terrible time, everyone is irritating, and I feel angry. This is the worst trip ever! Perhaps it's time to take a drink of water, have a snack, and check the facts.

I've come to reevaluate my goals for health and wellness during the fall transition and winter months that seem to bring fluctuating, more frequent, and more intense emotions and thoughts. My goal is to ride these waves skillfully, with intention, with support, with community, with solace inside myself, and with humor.

Waves. Like the water of wild rivers, our hearts and minds are constantly flowing. Thoughts and emotions rise, fall, repeat, cycle, stagnate, intensify, ease, peak. Just like the diverse motions of water in the current, our hearts and minds move in all directions. As students of the river, we know that we can't stop the flow of the river. We use our skills and knowledge to navigate and to be in harmony with what is happening around us and within us. Similarly, as students of our own emotional and thought flow, skills and knowledge help us navigate. We can't stop this flow, nor can we stop life's unexpected microbursts, but we can build our toolbox and resources to navigate.

Well, actually we can stop the flow of rivers with dams. Similarly, we can stop the flow inside ourselves with walls, unhealthy coping mechanisms, repressed feelings and thoughts, or substance use. I've used them all. But just as the water and ecosystem in reservoirs becomes stagnate, confused, and without purpose or direction, we too can become lost and without vitality if we block the flow of our hearts and minds.

So, let the rivers move downstream. Let yourself feel the waves of your current and free flow, because this is its natural state. Some of us have been practicing this type of navigation and feel comfortable and safe riding our internal waves. But like a river trip, if we are unaccustomed to riding these emotional tides, it can be helpful to choose a guide to help us learn the currents. This guide can teach us the nature of the flow, how it moves, and skillful ways to navigate in a healthy way. They can also teach us to use our own bodies

and resources to develop our own skill in navigation. A therapist can at first be a teacher of the flow, but then a mentor who turns the oars over to us to harmonize with the current for ourselves.

And if thoughts and feelings become significantly uncomfortable, don't wait to reach out to people in your community. Just as we would vigilantly care

for a wound on a river trip with early intervention and regular monitoring, we can do the same for our hearts and minds.

Learning to navigate the internal flow is complimented by growing our self-care and rejuvenation practice. Maybe your heart and body are asking you to spend more time reflecting, writing, reading, making music, moving rhythmically, setting objectives or goals in outdoor pursuits, or strolling on a leaf or snow-covered trail in no particular direction for an undetermined period of time. Maybe your work is to spend more time in the healing company of friends and family. Planning social gatherings, pot lucks, sharing stories, music,

dancing. Or maybe it is to find your next step, your next hobby, aspiration, art, or direction. Perhaps the compass is pointing in a different direction now. Most likely, it's a blend of many of these things.

We encounter small rocks all throughout the canyon consisting of the same foundational elements. Yet, depending on the piece of water they reside in, the nature of the currents they have traveled, they are weathered in different ways. The same is true for us; we have commonality, and at the same time, we are unique. Whatever language of healing and acts of self care rejuvenation resonate with you, give yourself permission to do it. Listen, and tend to your mind, your heart, and your body in the way that it is asking of you.

Being a keeper of these incredible wilderness river canyons means spending our days in current, in the wild, using our physical bodies, laughing, cultivating a strong bond with our crew, and telling the story of these wild places that we call home. Throughout the winter months we can call upon these sweet memories as we nurture ourselves in preparation for another season. Wishing you healing and renewal during these fall and winter months, with sweet river canyon dreams.

*Dorrie Haymon*

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Fall. Photo credit: John Napier

# Revisiting the Great Crystal Creek Flood— Fifty Years Later

**D**ECEMBER 3 TO 7, 2016 will mark fifty years since a giant flood roared down Crystal Creek (and many others) in the Grand Canyon. Nothing like it has been observed ever since and as we mark this historic anniversary, I thought it would be nice to set the record straight on what is known and what is not known about this great flood. We all know that Crystal Creek Rapid was enlarged to become one of the “big three” rapids in Grand Canyon. But through the years, enough rounds of “telephone” regarding the dimensions of the flood, what was affected, and how much water was involved, have perhaps obscured what really happened. Data for this flood come from USGS Professional Paper 980, published in 1977 by Maurice Cooley, B. N. Aldridge, and Robert Euler (Euler contributed results regarding the effects of the flood on archaeological resources).

The storm that produced the flood was regional in scope and affected all of southwestern Utah, southern Nevada, northern Arizona, and southeastern California. Each of these four states saw major flooding and although the North Rim area received the most precipitation at Grand Canyon, not all of the drainages between Saddle Canyon and Deer Creek felt the brunt of this powerful storm. The South Rim also did not receive as much precipitation, just ten miles to the south. At the time of the storm, there was very little snowpack on the North Rim. There was zero snow on the ground at both Grand Canyon Village and at Jacob Lake, and only an estimated four to six inches blanketed the ground on the North Rim in early December and only a trace of snow fell during the storm. The last significant precipitation before the December event was on November 8 and 9, 1966, and it can be inferred that at the time of the big rain, the ground was moist but not completely saturated.

The storm moved in from the southwest and drifted northeast across the region. Precise rainfall data for the North Rim were not available because it had closed for the season in early November and the rainfall gauges were not routinely monitored. There were two gauges in 1966—one at the North Rim Entrance Station (about thirteen miles from the rim) and the other at Bright Angel Ranger Station (near the rim where the administrative area is today). At the Entrance Station between November 1 and December 7, 1966, 17 inches of rain had fallen. NPS personnel estimated that a maximum of only three inches was from the prior November storm and that

the remainder—fourteen inches—is the amount that fell during the December storm. At the Ranger Station on the rim, the gauge was not read between October, 1966 and May, 1967 but it held about 83 percent of that found at the Entrance Station gauge. This means that between eleven and fourteen inches of rain must have fallen on the North Rim during the December flood. This is a good number to use on your trips when describing the flood.

Ranger John Riffey was monitoring his gauge at Toroweap Valley and he reported that precipitation started at 1 A.M. on December 3 and continued through 9 P.M. the same day (twenty hours of rainfall). After a 21-hour break, it started again on December 4 at 6 P.M. and, with the exception of only three hours, continued non-stop until 4 A.M. on December 7, making for 55 hours of rain in a 58-hour period! The total measured precipitation at Toroweap (elevation 4,775 feet) for the five-day period was 6.05 inches—nearly equal to the full year average of 6.8 inches. Since Toroweap is a bit west of the North Rim and a lot lower in elevation, it is surmised that the most intense rainfall over the North Rim drainages likely fell between December 5 and 7 and that any perceived lack of certainty regarding the precipitation data from the rain gauges is probably near to being correct at eleven to fourteen inches.

Flood damage was reported from a series of after-storm reconnaissance missions in the canyon. Four distinct areas were shown to have high runoff. The first was a five- to seven-mile-wide area running from Crystal to Nankoweap creeks, including not only Crystal and Bright Angel creeks, but also Clear Creek, Lava Chuar, and Kwagunt basins. Curiously, Unkar, Vishnu and Saddle canyons showed little evidence of high runoff, as well as the Crystal drainage on the rim and the upper portions of the Bright Angel drainage. This suggests that much of the precipitation likely fell within the canyon rather than on top of the rim (although certain drainages on the rim did see heavy flooding). The other three zones with significant evidence for extreme runoff were the Modred, Merlin, and Gawain abysses in Shinumo Creek; at the North Rim Entrance Station where Shinumo Creek, Bright Angel Creek, and North Canyon Wash converge; and near the Cocks Comb at the head of North and South canyons.

Estimated maximum discharge was calculated for various side canyons: North Canyon Wash saw 800 CFS; Nankoweap, 3,000 CFS; Kwagunt, 1,200 CFS; Bright



Angel, over 4,000 CFS; Shinumo Creek, 2,000 CFS; and Crystal Creek, at over 30,000 CFS, with the vast majority of this coming out of the Dragon Creek arm. Mud- and debris-flows were reported in many of the side canyons, as well as severe lateral and downcutting erosion in numerous stream channels. Flow within Roaring Springs was also affected with a measured discharge on December 9 of 150 CFS (baseline flow is about 21 CFS). NPS personnel reported that water emerging from the spring was red and muddy on December 7, turning to yellow on December 9. The pump house at Roaring Springs was damaged when two and a half feet of water ran through the building, and the Powerhouse just downstream from there (where the operator lived) was destroyed. In the 1977 USGS Professional Paper, it was reported that the flood washed out the trail in Bright Angel Canyon and “a \$2 million pipeline” along Bright Angel Creek, and that “3 ½ years and an additional \$5 million were required to rebuild the pipeline and repair the trail.” Severe damage was reported at Phantom Ranch as well, although the buildings here were no more than about 44 years old at the time of the flood.

However, archaeological sites nearly 1,000 years old were affected by runoff from the flood as well. In Clear Creek, the side of a mescal pit was breached and destroyed by channel erosion. It was also reported that in Dragon Creek (one of two major tributaries of Crystal Creek) that the 1966 flood might have been the largest in this drainage since the Pueblo abandonment in about 1150 A.D. This is where an eight and a half by eleven-foot diameter mescal pit (and not a dwelling site as is commonly heard) was completely obliterated by a mudflow. It was not known if the mescal pit was merely covered by the mudflow or eroded away entirely. William Wallace Bass’s Shinumo Gardens largely escaped the highest runoff levels in the flood but the water did flood the area where his gardens used to be.

At this time, let’s remember the storm fifty years ago that continues to affect our lives and those of anyone who runs Crystal Creek Rapid. In summary, about eleven to fourteen inches of rain fell within a three to four day period, on no more than six inches of snow. Crystal Creek saw an amazing 30,000-plus CFS and Bright Angel Creek over 4,000 CFS. Two mescal pits were affected and one was obliterated completely. May we all live long enough to see another one of these fantastic storms!

*Wayne Ranney*



FIGURE 10.—Damage to structures in Bright Angel Canyon, flood of December 1966. Powerhouse in middle foreground, residence in right center, bridge and pipeline in foreground. The channel of Bright Angel Creek now is established behind the bridge and under the powerhouse. Note the debris on the bridge (arrow).



FIGURE 11.—Exposed pipeline (arrow 1) near Ribbon Falls. Prior to the flood, a 40-ft (12-m) bridge crossed Bright Angel Creek in the center of the photograph (arrow 2). The channel is now about 150 ft (46 m) wide and is bordered by a single terrace.



FIGURE 12.—Bright Angel Creek before and after the flood of December 1966. *A*, Stream channel before the flood; poles show the alignment of the pipeline (arrows). *B*, Exposed pipeline (arrow) after the flood.



FIGURE 13.—Damage to structures near the Phantom Ranch, flood of December 1966. Aerial view looking downstream. U.S. Geological Survey residency is in left center (arrow 1). The new channel of Bright Angel Creek crosses the terrace between the Survey residency and the cottonwoods, and the creek flows under part of the wranglers' quarters (arrow 2). The undercut corner of the wranglers' quarters collapsed after this photograph was taken. Before the flood, the channel followed the approximate path indicated by the dashed lines.



FIGURE 16.—Lower part of Dragon Creek at site (Ariz. B:16:42) after the flood of December 1966. *A*, Dragon Creek makes a sharp bend to the left at the base of the cliff; piling up of the mudflow accompanied by splash formed a 30-ft-high (9-m-high) crescent-shaped pattern (upper arrow) on the Vishnu Schist. Note edge of the mudflow (lower arrow) in foreground. Vegetation on the low terraces is mainly grass, *Agave*, Mormon tea, and catclaw, some of which indicate semiarid conditions. *B*, Closeup of mescal pit (dashed line) (Ariz. B:16:42) and edge of mudflow.



FIGURE 38.—Fan at mouth of Crystal Creek in April 1967. Flow of the Colorado River is from right to left. Light-colored materials were deposited during the flood of December 1966; the fan deposits ( $Q_f$ ) are composed of gravel, including large boulders. Note terrace and dissected alluvial fan ( $Q_r$ ) above the Colorado River.



FIGURE 17.—Mudflow debris on the terrace on the right bank of Dragon Creek (arrow). The location of mescal pit (Ariz. B:16:41), which was destroyed by the flood, is near that of the helicopter. Mudflow debris covers this area from canyon wall to canyon wall.

Goodbye Ole River, Goodbye  
(an Ode to the Colorado River)

by  
Daniel Craig McCool

A fleeting glance at new life  
Silver thread peering at blue sky  
Gathering for the fall  
The pull of gravity's womb

Born of springs and hope  
One day of old but this day of new  
One day an ebb, but this day gentle pulse  
One day hue of earth, but this day clear as soul

Unsure of destiny, feeling the way  
Gentle curling among life's gifts  
Tempted by the press of rain  
Spirited flows join the pressing surge

The soothing meadow bids farewell  
The canyon tears white shrouds  
A roar of a million voices  
Billion-year old rock gleams

A crush of urgent conviction  
Boiling rush convulsing  
Seething for a new dawn  
Thrashing at the timeless bit

The waters of time finally sense a peace  
The birds dare to give voice  
Willows find a home  
The white curl dies in place

The course that was set  
For so many eons  
Now mist along the shore  
Now silence in the sand

Those who loved you  
Remember that first blush  
And a time of great passing  
Now far away, only memory lingers

Goodbye ole river, goodbye

# Reclamation

The water's dropping now, down it goes,  
without a sound.  
Evaporating from the ground and flowing,  
southbound.  
But it came up in the spring  
when all the birds began to sing, when things  
set fire to another, but not the burning kind.  
Fire of color,  
tornado of sound,  
dancing with the silence of growth.

The water stays north for a while,  
the dials turn up and down.  
When from all around it barrels  
in through crusty sandstone  
aisles.  
Wild and free, it tries to be  
and does,  
for endless miles.  
Until the endless finds the end,  
the bricks of black, of gray.  
Ways through a sunless corridor that  
spits it out bare and blank.

Chilled to fluid bones,  
stripped of rosy blush.  
Flushed, from sunshine to mines of  
monetary treasure.  
Pleasures bought by those affording,  
hoarding simultaneously as  
the river runs gray.  
It slips from the asylum,  
not silently, but with a moan,  
a hum,  
a drawl.  
It warns its brothers,  
sisters upstream of the fall  
ahead...  
and it heads on down.

No longer impounded, but bounded  
for miles by this syndrome  
it's been given.

Where healthy glow once kissed  
it's surface,  
it hangs in a shriveling gray.  
Confused and chilled it runs,  
again,  
where it was going anyway.  
It hardly looks back,  
but on occasion it might glance

to gaze, for just a moment,  
upon it's conqueror,  
it's temporary emperor  
it's momentary king.

"Cute,"  
it sings, at concrete,  
"but I am the master of this globe,  
this dome that keeps you breathing  
keeps your evil seething,  
your hearts beating and,  
though bloodless,  
loveless,  
they live on.  
I feed the trees who give you  
peaches, pomegranates,  
all that end up on your table and  
if by chance you feel at all able to  
take for granted the ants  
in the gable who  
slave for hills of survival,  
meanwhile you suffer under pills and  
pillage those you perceive to be  
beneath you.  
Yes, if by chance you take for  
granted granite gorges, walls  
and canyons,  
hear me now!  
You are standing in my way  
and never did a wise man strike  
a dance with a tornado,  
put his fists to a volcano  
or stand,  
ungrounded, on two twigs he might call  
legs, between the greatest of the forces  
and her goal.  
If you've heard me, well I'll spare you and  
your silly gadget products that you've  
plopped in me.  
But better yet, you'll  
stand aside  
to watch as I reclaim  
my power, my prideless stride through  
a land which,  
oh so silently,  
is mine.  
I'll take it when I'm ready.

You best be ready by my side.

—*Holly Sullivan*

ON BEHALF OF THE COLORADO AND ALL THE OTHER RIVERS

## Panel Discussion Vintage 1992

*Following is a panel discussion recorded at the GCRG Guide's Training Seminar in Page, Arizona, at the Wilderness River Adventures warehouse, in the spring of 1992. The moderator is Tim Whitney. The discussion is between Jerry Sanderson, June Sanderson and Tony Sparks.*

**JERRY SANDERSON:** You caught me off guard. A lot of beautiful people here today. Brings the old river business back. I've been out of it for a number of years, but I still have a great love for that Canyon. I'm planning on getting down there this year.

We started back with my dad. I guess it all began back in 1947. It started out kind of as a hobby. I was not involved, personally, myself until 1959. Dad made quite a few trips down in the past, with old Doc Marston, and Jimmy Jordan and a bunch of them.

**TIM WHITNEY:** Willie Taylor.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Willie Taylor. He's still down there. In fact, I think he's the last person that was authorized that we can...that died, was buried in Grand Canyon. From then on, everybody had to be brought out of the Canyon.

**TIM WHITNEY:** Last one.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Last one. Willie was an old bachelor. He never had no heirs, and he had made several trips through the Canyon with Doc Marston and Dad. He had a heart problem. Every trip he'd go down, he'd say, "Doc, if the old ticker gives out, this is where I want to stay. This is my home." Well, one night he didn't wake up. And so they all took a secret ballot vote, and there was nine people on that particular trip, and it was like the case of the black and the white marble. They said, "If we come up with one white marble, we'll take him out." They were all turned black, and they all voted to leave him there, and so that's where Willie Taylor is today. I think that was back in '56, if I'm not mistaken. It's been a while.

I didn't even get involved until I was...I came up to Page, we had a little boy about two years old—that was old Hoss. He had a problem breathing over in Southern Cal[ifornia]. So the doc says, "Get that kid over in Page and get him some dry country." So we brought him up here and in about three days it just all cleared up. The doc said, "Hey, get out of here, go to Page, and raise the kid." So we did. I come up here and I eventually got in a thing called the Bureau Ranger in those days. Dog catcher and all that stuff. That goes back a while. That's when we first began building the dam.

But Dad was involved with the Bureau of Reclamation many years before. He had a crew that went down into the Marble Canyon dam site area. I'm sure that you know about that, as you go through. Maybe sometime—I got a lot of old 35mm slides that shows that whole operation, where they run that cable down into the Canyon and how they brought those big old rafts, tied them together in a barge, put a diamond drilling rig on the top and went in a big flood stage. Naturally, in those days before the dam, you get down...Well, up to 128,000 second feet, which they had in 1957. They had a little bit more water in 1958. It broke the barge loose, and naturally it went to the side and was buried. But as you all know, it's been taken out of the Canyon.

The old days of river running were a lot different than it is today. In those days we didn't have many regulations.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** None.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** If we wanted to build a fire on the beach, we'd just go out and tear out some wood (chuckles) and just build a big fire and have fun. Well, it wasn't too long before we realized that the Grand Canyon has a *real fragile* environment. And we found out we'd better start taking care of it. Thank you very much (aside about beer)...

Anyway, I see a lot of beautiful people here. Some of you I don't know, many of you I do. Last time I saw Dick McCallum, he was on a pretty healthy endurance ride, if I remember right, up over Boulder Mountain and all. That was a great experience, Dick. That was my first—he's done it before.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Wait a minute, I have to intersect here, okay?

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Jump in!

**JUNE SANDERSON:** You guys think that...(to Jerry) And don't go away, because you've got to tell the rest of the story. And by the way, I'm June Sanderson, I'm Jerry Sanderson's ex[-wife]. He sold me to Del Webb, and then sold me to ARA. I'm up for grabs! (audience laughs) Okay? If the price is right, call me.

Okay, when we first started...

**JERRY SANDERSON:** How much of that have you been drinking?

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Enough to say "I'm up for grabs!"

When we first started running rivers, there were absolutely no Park Service regulations, no franchise fees, no anything. We went to Salt Lake to a meeting, we invited one Park Service person to meet with us over there. And then we told him what we was going

to do. When we first started running, it all happened because the Bureau of Reclamation wanted to take \_\_\_\_\_, down the river. This is how it happened in those days. You didn't have to have a million dollars in those days to buy out another outfitter: You simply said, "Okay, I think I'm going to run the river." Alright? The Bureau of Reclamation wanted to send down some congressmen from California to view Marble Canyon dam site, which meant they wanted to go on a free vacation. So they came to Jerry and his brother and said, "Okay, if we get you some pontoons and some wetbags and some ammo cans, will you take these guys down the river?" "Okay, we'll do it." So when we got back off this trip, we had pontoons, and we had some wetbags and all this kind of stuff, in our back yard. We lived here in Page on Date Street, and we said, "Well, what do you think? Should we run the river?" "I don't know, I've never been down there." So had this little office in the storeroom of my house. He wouldn't let me have any heat out there at all, so I put my name in with the National Park Service, and said, "Okay, we're going to run rivers." Our first river trip we ran ten-day, twelve-day river trips. Ninety-nine dollars. (uproarious audience laughter)

JERRY SANDERSON: You'd go broke!

JUNE SANDERSON: We did everything: We went to the South Rim and picked them up, brought them back to Page, put their wetbags in the room, had food in the room, did all this kind of stuff. But in three years, we went from a completely un...

JERRY SANDERSON: It was \$225.

JUNE SANDERSON: No it was not! (audience laughs) It was ninety-nine dollars. That was the *second* year. This man is *older* than I am, he's senile! (audience laughs)

JERRY SANDERSON: Older, alright.

JUNE SANDERSON: Anyway, what I'm saying is, that in those days, there was no Park Service regulations, there was no franchise fee. There was *nothing*! You just simply put your name in with the Park Service at the South Rim and said, "I want to run a river." Seven outfitters in the Grand Canyon.

JERRY SANDERSON: Shut her down for a minute.

JUNE SANDERSON: I'm shutting it down for a minute. Go!

JERRY SANDERSON: In 1966, it cost us 75 dollars. We went through three areas: Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, the National Park, Grand Canyon, and Lake Mead National Recreation Area. It cost us 25 dollars a year for each one of those areas that we went through. So basically, our permit cost us 75 dollars a year.

JUNE SANDERSON: Right.

JERRY SANDERSON: You could run as many trips as you wanted. It was fun.

?: (inaudible, several talking at once)

JUNE SANDERSON: He's forgotten!

VOICE IN THE CROWD: Tell the (shuttle?) story.

JERRY SANDERSON: No, we don't have enough time. (uproarious audience laughter) There's some boatmen out here used to work for me. They could tell you some hell stories!

JUNE SANDERSON: Right.

JERRY SANDERSON: But it would take up most of the evening. (several talking at once) Get McCallum. Get Dick out here. That guy's got some *great* stories.

JUNE SANDERSON: Okay, one thing—and I have some stories too—he's going to talk, but I've got some stories about Tony too.

One thing I would like to say, I've been in this thirty-some odd years, dealing with outfitters, National Park, all this kind of stuff. It's the greatest bunch of people in the whole wide world. I look out here tonight, looked out here the last two or three days or whatever, and these guys and gals out here, I mean, there's a lot of them that are younger than my kids that have run rivers. And what I have heard from all of you, from people, *about* all of you, I should say, *you are* the future of the Grand Canyon, and I'm very proud to look out here and see what has happened for the last thirty, forty years, since I started out when there was nothing at all happening in the Grand Canyon. When we first started, we didn't really say, "Oh, we're going to *save* the Grand Canyon." We were going to *run* the Grand Canyon. Okay? But you guys have come along, and you're not only going to run the Grand Canyon and take people through the Grand Canyon, but you are also going to *save* the Grand Canyon for the *future* generations, *way* down the line. And I'm very proud of each and every one of you. Really and truly. (applause)

JERRY SANDERSON: I am too.

JUNE SANDERSON: And now, Tony Sparks.

TONY SPARKS: Don't go away, because there's another story that you have to tell.

JUNE SANDERSON: Or lead in?

TIM WHITNEY: Get Tony to talk about when it came down... The governor of New Mexico? Is that how you found out about it? Who took you to Lees Ferry first?

JERRY SANDERSON: You tell yours, and I'll tell mine.

TONY SPARKS: Then you're going to straighten it out?

JERRY SANDERSON: No, I'll just smile.

JUNE SANDERSON: Years down the road, you're going to have your stories, too, guys.

MODERATOR: Who brought you to the Ferry first?

TONY SPARKS: In 1966, my uncle, who had been governor of New Mexico, had the concession down at

Lees Ferry, and wanted to sell it to us. At that time we were living in Long Beach, California, and we owned a parts house, which I had grown up in, I'd been doing it all my life, since I was twelve years old, working in the parts house. So he said, "Go out and look at it." We said, "We don't want to move to Arizona. What the hell are we going to do in Arizona?!" He talked us into moving out here. We came out and looked at it, and decided to take over the concession. In 1967 is when we bought it, and moved to Arizona the beginning of 1968. Ended up starting in—we were going to run strictly a motel/store/service station/boat rentals, this kind of stuff, that we *had* down at the Ferry years ago, and that's all we were going to do. We weren't going to run river trips. We were going to *sell* to all the outfitters. Well once I got down there and realized that Ted Hatch would drive his trucks all the way to Vernal, Utah, to buy groceries, instead of buying them from *me* (audience laughs), I said, "This isn't going to work!" (audience laughs) So we ended up deciding to get in the river business. Now, June's got a story about this—I'll straighten her out every now and then—and Jerry, how we got started in the river business.

We'd run *one* trip. I built a frame. When I got there, there was *one* 33-foot boat left in what we bought from the concession. It was an old cotton boat. We turned around, rigged it out, Ron Smith came by, watching me, while I was welding up the frame, putting it together, and he says, "Boy, that looks like it's going to work *great!*" Well, unbeknownst to me (chuckles), the guy that ran it the very first trip we went down, stood in water about ten inches deep, because when we loaded the boat, I didn't realize at that time all the weight, everything else, ten inches of water. John Cooley—I don't know whether any of you guys even know Cool Cat.

JUNE SANDERSON: Cool Cat Cooley.

TONY SPARKS: But he ran the boat downriver, liked to froze to *death*. It was September, the first trip we ever ran. The farthest we were going at that time was the Little Colorado. We didn't go any further—that was my trip. Three days to the Little Colorado. We were going to helicopter all the boats out, all the equipment got helicoptered out at that point. That's all the further I was going to run—let these other guys take the long trips—I could sell these for \$295, is what I sold a three-day trip for.

JUNE SANDERSON: Big money!

TONY SPARKS: These guys were selling *eight*-day trips for \$295 in those days. I said, "I can make more money at \$295 on a three-day trip, helicoptering everybody out, and get rich on this thing!" (audience laughs) Well, believe me, that isn't the way it worked out!

(audience laughs)

JUNE SANDERSON: Sure it could, it was free!

TONY SPARKS: After the first trip, I came back...(to June) Go ahead, pick it up.

JUNE SANDERSON: Okay, he comes down to the office. Okay, we're down on Vista Avenue, down where...

TONY SPARKS: Where the church is now.

JUNE SANDERSON: Well, right by Kenzo West, going down that way. Okay, he walks in with \_\_\_\_\_ and says, "I've got this river trip coming up. I've got this deal with..."

TONY SPARKS: *Look Magazine*.

JUNE SANDERSON: *Look Magazine*. "Got these guys coming in..."

TONY SPARKS: They came into Lees Ferry, and they said, "When could you run another trip?" We didn't know the guy was the publisher for *Look*. And he also had the photographer with him. He said, "When could you run another trip?" I told him, "No problem."

JUNE SANDERSON: "Any time!"

TONY SPARKS: No problem. We'd just come off the other one, two days before. It was a disaster. "No problem, we'll run anytime you want to go." So he turns around and says, "How about"—he called us back and said—"next week." That's when I came up with these guys.

JUNE SANDERSON: He said, "Fine, I'll take you." He walks in the office down there he says, "June, I'll tell you what: I'm going to go into the river business. All I need...I need a couple of things from you, just a few things. All I need...I need a boat" (audience groans) "I need a unit [Sanderson frame], I need an ice chest, the whole bit, you know, two boats. I need your menu, I need your packout list, I need a pilot, I need two crew. Outside that, I'm all set."

TONY SPARKS: What I had was passengers! (laughter)

JUNE SANDERSON: I said, "No sweat, Honey! We'll get it for you."

TONY SPARKS: That's *exactly* what they told me. I walked in that office and they both looked at me, and they said, "Hey, instead of trying to revamp your old frame, let me give you my equipment."

JUNE SANDERSON: *Our* boats.

TONY SPARKS: We painted out Sanderson's name on the side of it, we put "Fort Lee Company" on it. And if it had not been for these two—without a hesitation, never charged me a dime, "Free. Come get it. You've got it." June went with us on that trip, and Gene Kerner [phonetic spelling].

JUNE SANDERSON: Gene Kerner and Cool Cat Cooley.

TONY SPARKS: They sent Cool Cat down, and we ran that very first...It never came out in *Look*—*Look* went bankrupt about six months later! (uproarious



audience laughter)

**JUNE SANDERSON:** And so did Sandersons! I mean, you know...But anyway, he goes, "Okay, get all this stuff together." "Okay, come on down to the Ferry." I go down there, I'm going, "Oh, holy shit!" I mean, nothing's together. I look over and I said, "Well, your passengers, did you give them a clothing list? Did you give them this [and that]?" "No sweat, June. Don't sweat it." So I'm standing down there, Gene and I are standing down there, we're looking at this rig that is like, "Oh my God, it's not put together right!" I look over, and here comes these dudes headed toward the boat. Now we're talking about boots, these *suede* boots—suede! Suede jackets with fringe hanging off the back of them, Levis...I mean, we're in *October*. Now, as each and every one of you know, the least amount of clothes you have on in the Grand Canyon, the warmer you're going to be, right? Okay. So I say... (laughs) "Am I going to take care of you!" Right? "Okay, where's my scissors?" Two days out, or a day out, I've got all their \$200 pants cut off up to here, I've got their suede jackets in the hatch, you know, and the whole bit, and we're all playing spoons. "Da-da, da-da, da-da, da-da." We're jumping around the beds, because it's October, and we're freezing their ass off, and thank God, in those days, we could build bonfires and sleep by them, or it would have been a disaster. And then we get...I had never gone out the Little Colorado.

**TONY SPARKS:** Well, nobody had. \_\_\_\_\_ (both talking at once)

**JUNE SANDERSON:** \_\_\_\_\_ in a helicopter. I mean, I'd never taken units out. We get to Little C, you're de-rigging the boats, okay. Okay, we're going to take these out. I'm going like, "Holy shit!" I mean, these units are swwwiiiiinnnggggging, you know. What about the downdraft? Oh my God! But I was young, I didn't care. Now, a downdraft, I will not fly, much less run the helicopter! But this was an awesome thing in October, and awesome thing for him.

But in those days, all you had to do, to start a river company, was go to another river company and say, "I've decided I want to run the river." Okay? Now, you look around and you say, "I wish I had bought a river company in 1960, because there's no way I could afford one now."

**TIM WHITNEY:** Did you run all different length trips, Jerry? Ten days here, and...

**JUNE SANDERSON:** No.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** (laughs) Yes, we did! (uproarious audience laughter)

**JUNE SANDERSON:** No we did not!

**TONY SPARKS:** Ah, yes, I remember it well!

**JUNE SANDERSON:** He's having a memory lapse!

**JERRY SANDERSON:** We took twelve days on our rowing trips.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Yeah, twelve.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** We took basically nine days...

**JUNE SANDERSON:** On a motor.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** ...motorized. Coming out Diamond Creek took ten days, and we went in Temple Bar. It was a lot of fun.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Right. Came out on the truck at Diamond Creek.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** One thing I want to bring out: They keep bringing up this John Cooley, or they call him "Three C," Cool Cat Cooley. I took him down as a swamper the first time he'd ever been through the Canyon. To show you what kind of a guy he was, his next trip, he had his own boat! (audience laughs)

**JUNE SANDERSON:** In those days, everybody had their own boat.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** We had this two-boat run, and we got down to Bedrock, I said, "John, you take her first." (uproarious audience laughter) He made it right, but he got caught in that great big eddy. He was in this 33-foot boat, and the motor is humming, it's cavitating, he's just going round and round. And he told everybody, "If you guys want to get a picture of the next boat coming through, you'd better get it now," he says—"I can't hold this thing in here much longer!" (uproarious audience laughter) Totally out of control!

**JUNE SANDERSON:** *And* cameras came out, and "click, click, click, click." And they didn't get anything!

**TONY SPARKS:** This all, all of a sudden, starts flashing back. But it reminds me of the first trip *we* ran downriver. After we did that trip with June, the next year we decided we're going to be in business. So now we put out brochures, we do all that stuff, build up some frames, and now I'm looking for a boatman. And Clair Quist comes into the Ferry. (audience groans) And he says, "I don't know anybody for sure, but maybe I can get my brother." I don't know how many of you guys know Bob Quist. (uproarious audience response) He says, "I think I can get my brother Bob to come down and run a trip." I said, "Has he ever been in the Grand?" He says, "No, but he knows how to run a boat." We put Bob on a boat, he takes off, and we tell him, "Stop at the Little Colorado. Don't go past the Little Colorado. That's as far as our trips are going. Bob, the biggest canyon coming in on your left-hand side is the Little Colorado. Stop there." Bob gets down there, finally, pulls in, and he stops. Later on, I can remember Bob coming back to me, when Western boatmen started coming in, some of the guys that Jack

Curry was running, that hadn't had but, I don't know, six trips, eight trips down the Canyon. He said, "These damn guys don't know what they're doing!" I said, "Bob, do you remember the first trip you took? with *no* trips in the Grand Canyon *at all*?" And Bob, the very first one he ever ran was a commercial trip, in the Grand Canyon. And that's how technical it was with the Park Service in those days.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Right. (audience laughs) It was not technical.

**TIM WHITNEY:** How many trips did you run down to Little Colorado?

**TONY SPARKS:** We ran them down there for about three years, and hauled them out. And then I started running a three-day and a six-day. I'd trade people. Everybody would go out at the Little Colorado, and the new ones would come in. And we had a couple of *really* close calls with the helicopters, and I finally said, "Hey, guys, we're going to *kill* somebody down here. You know, the boatmen, the people, or whatever..." I said "Let's quit this." And that's when I ended up just running eight-day trips, canceled out that Little Colorado. The guys that came in those days were all Vietnam pilots, and these guys thought they could fly anywhere until they got in the Grand Canyon. And believe me, every one of these hotshot pilots, when they got in the Grand Canyon where the confluence comes together there, with the wind swirling around—I can remember the guys saying, "Where's the pad?" And I'd say, "It's right down over there." And he'd say, "You've got to be shitting me!" (audience laughs) Every one of them said the same thing! They'd come in around this way, they'd circle around this way, the wind would be blowing one way. By the time they came around the other way, the wind was blowing the other direction. I mean, it scared them to death!

**TIM WHITNEY:** You built that pad?

**TONY SPARKS:** Yeah, I built the pad. We spent three days down there.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** It's like all those with Tony, with JBS and \_\_\_\_\_ and we were based in Page, and other outfitters coming through: Ted Hatch, Ron Smith—you know, like everybody. It was like one great big thing, because we were down on Vista, everybody came in, "I forgot a motor, I forgot a motor handle, I forgot bungee, I forgot this, I forgot that, Can you do this for me?" And in those days, it was just all one great big conglomeration of it. It took every single outfitter—seven or twelve or whatever we happened to be at the time—to get trips off the Grand Canyon. And we just all simply worked together. This is the same thing that we do today. And I want each and every one of you here tonight to know that as Wilderness River

Adventures, formerly Sanderson/Fort Lee, whatever it takes, if you *ever* come to Page, Arizona, you need anything at all to get your trips on the river, no matter what it is, don't hesitate one second to call me and ask for anything, because I *am* a river runner.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** You got a whole boat and a rig? (audience laughs, whistles, and applauds)

**?:** That isn't what Al Early told me the other day.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** He doesn't know anything!

**JERRY SANDERSON:** I don't want to take up much more of your time, folks. I want you to all have a good time.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Thank you. (audience applauds and whistles, dog barks his approval too)

**TIM WHITNEY:** Tony's got a couple more stories...

**TONY SPARKS:** I do?!

**TIM WHITNEY:** At least! But one that came to mind was, you all know the *Brandy Joe*, the boat in the Lower Canyon that picks up trips. He's got a story about the *Brandy Joe*. And then also, just something about Washington, when you guys went to Washington in 1978. But tell 'em that *Brandy Joe* story.

**TONY SPARKS:** Jerry needs to talk about Washington...

The *Brandy Joe*, when Ron Smith first built that boat, Dean Waterman has since added about eight foot, ten foot, to it—whatever he put in the middle of it. But Ron Smith built that boat. He brought it down to Lees Ferry one day. It was November, I think is when it was. He brought the boat down there, and he had two brand-new, 115-horse Mercs (Mercury outboard motors) on the back of it. And he said, "Come go..." There was nobody at the Ferry. Everybody looks...

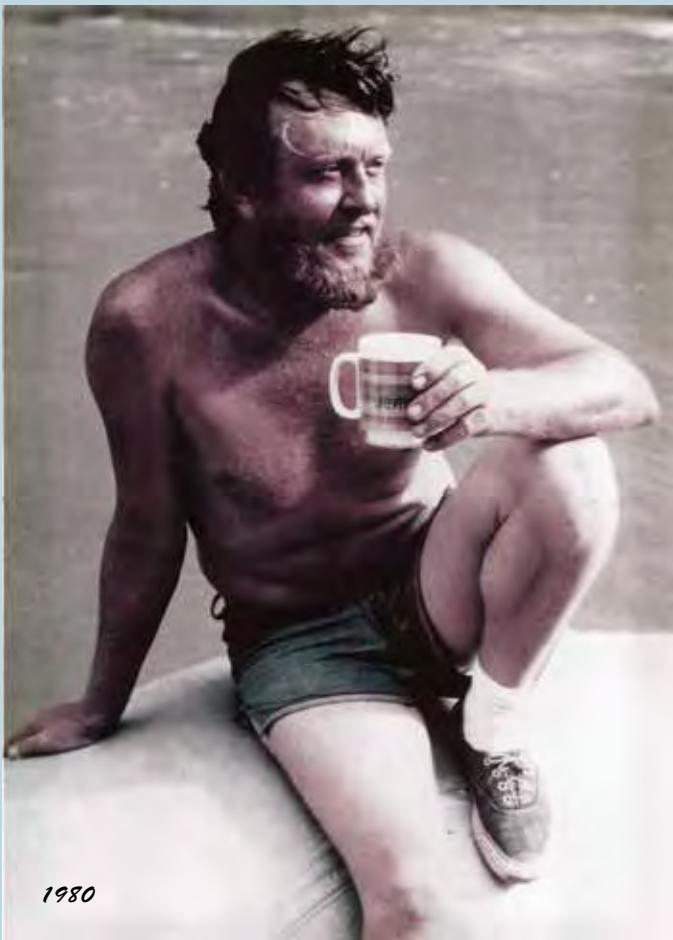
During the summertime—this is another story—during the summertime, everybody would come in there, and they'd be hauling cases of beer and cases of pop. People used to come up to me and they'd say, "You've got to be making a *fortune* here!" But they didn't realize it only lasted for about an hour-and-a-half. The boats were gone downriver, and the rest of the day there wouldn't be a *soul* come into the place.

So this is October or November—I think it was November. Ron comes in with the boat, we get a six-pack of beer, and he says, "Come go with me. We're going to run it upriver. We're going to break these engines in." Brand new engines. So we run upriver, we drink the six-pack, we come back to the Ferry, and he says "Why don't we get some more beer?" (audience laughs) So I don't know whether we got a couple of six-packs, a case, whatever it was. We ran back up. He says, "Let's go downriver a little ways." Now that's—totally illegal. We could not go past the Paria [River]

# Tony Sparks



photos courtesy of Tony Sparks



photos courtesy of Hoss Sanderson

# Jerry Sanderson

# June Sanderson



1968



1980

photos courtesy of Hoss Sanderson

with a power boat, or motorized regular hard-hull. We started off downriver, we run down through the Paria, run through Cathedral. We get down to the head of Badger (audience laughs) and we're sitting there. Ron turns the boat around, and we're just idling, and he says, "You know, I'll *bet* ya...we can get that thing through and back up." (uproarious audience laughter) I'm talking two six-packs, maybe three now, and I said, "I *know* we can!" (redoubled uproarious audience laughter) We turn around, we start down through the rapid, which is no problem. Ran down through it, turned around and made a couple of loops below, Ron starts back up, and to this day I know he did it wrong—I *could* have done a better job. (audience laughs) He turns around, starts back upriver, and he gets that big black rock in the middle of Badger that you all know. Sheers off both the lower units: one completely is gone, the other one is busted. But it did work—it worked long enough that we could get the boat to shore. Tore a hole in the bottom of the *Brandy Joe*, it's leaking, floorboards

are starting to get wet. We power over to the shore, we turn around, and we said, “Now what the hell are we going to do?” (audience chuckles) Two of us are down there, we hike out Jackass, turn around, go up, call the shop, get Joe Baker, he turns around, brings some more lower units, we hike back in, they bring a boat back down, stop at the head of Badger, repair the units, get them back together again, Ron takes them out to *test* them, by himself. He’s going to run the boat around, just to see if it runs. He decides he’s going to make an upriver run now. He sheers *both* of them off this time! (audience laughs) We had patched the hole—we had to tear all the floorboards out to patch that hole. He tears *both* lower units off, now he’s got to paddle ashore. He *does* make it over to shore, we turned around and we hiked *back* out again. (audience chuckles) Now this isn’t a *day*, this is a period of probably a week. (audience laughs) I can remember Sheila saying at the time...she says “Ronnn...”

VOICE FROM THE CROWD: How many six packs?  
(audience laughs)

TONY SPARKS: And it *snowed* on us! (audience laughs) That’s why I remember it was November, it was snowing on us when we were down there working on it. Ron turns around and puts two *jet* units—buys those jet adapters for the outboards. We had to raise the transom up—that’s why it took a week to do all this—raised the transom up, put the jet units on, he gets Bob Smith out of Northfork, flies him down to put him in the boat to run it back upriver. (audience laughs) Ron had had all the fun he could stand! And Sheila said, “You know, Ron...” In those days, they were really close together.

JUNE SANDERSON: Yeah.

TONY SPARKS: But Sheila said, “You know, I want you to know that you have done nothing but cost this company money ever since you’ve been in business. And if you get any more ideas like this, we’re going to get rid of you altogether!” (audience laughs) But after that...Like I said, it took eight to ten days. We didn’t even want the Park Service to know we were down there. We weren’t allowed. Both of us got concessions, and we don’t want the Park Service to know that we’re down there, because we’re going to be in trouble. But anyway...

TIM WHITNEY: That’s great.

TONY SPARKS: It *did* come out. (audience applauds)

TIM WHITNEY: Jerry, would you come back out here for a minute? We haven’t even scratched the surface with you.

JUNE SANDERSON: Come here.

TIM WHITNEY: I mean, there’s got to be a few landmarks. Tell us about your first trip.

JUNE SANDERSON: Tell about the first trip you made with Tunney, with the wives and the whole bit, when we first started. You gotta tell that story.

JERRY SANDERSON: With Gene Tunney?

JUNE SANDERSON: Yeah.

JERRY SANDERSON: I forget some of the names. They want me to bring up a story about one of the trips I took down.

JUNE SANDERSON: First one.

JERRY SANDERSON: *My* first trip? That wasn’t with Tunney.

JUNE SANDERSON: No, no, no, no, no—Sandersons’ first trip. Well, the Bureau, when they come in and said, “You want to money \_\_\_\_\_.”

JERRY SANDERSON: Years ago (chuckles), as time went, the Bureau of Reclamation thought these power dams in Grand Canyon was going to be a big thing, you know. You’ve heard about the old Marble Canyon dam site, and Bridge Canyon dam site and all. After Eisenhower had already authorized Glen Canyon, soon after that they was doing some research on putting a big high dam at Bridge Canyon. Boy I’m glad *that* baby didn’t go in! That would have backed water up a *lot* of miles within the Park.

But anyway, there was a lot of congressmen in Washington that was on the Interior Committee. They wanted to get down in the Canyon and see for themselves. And so I took Gene—that wasn’t Gene, that was his dad (chuckles), he was that boxer—but it was his son who was a congressman out of California. He’s a nice guy. We run him down the Canyon, and had quite some experiences down there. Those were the days that I was still learning. (slight chuckles from audience) I was going to camp at the head of Hance [phonetic spelling], but when I was half-way through the rapid I realized I’d really screwed up. (audience laughs uproariously) I said, “Folks, we’re going to be in Phantom a day early!” (audience laughs) That was just *one* of my problems. That was a fun trip, but I was a real rookie in those days.

Prior to that, I’d go down the Canyon with my dad. Well, he was leading the trip down and I was just one of his boatmen. I didn’t know what rapid was around the bend, I just did what my dad told me to do. Well, when he passed away, all of a sudden I said, “Well, the river running is over.” It was kind of like this was my dad’s canyon. I said, “I’m not going to run any river trips.” But that phone just kept ringing, and it just kept ringing. “Jerry, we gotta do one more.” The next thing I had them old power boats backed up in my garage up there, a little carport, and I was working all winter on them—those days when I was a cop, getting paid. I said, “I think we can get another run out of them.”

Anyway, that's how it started out: with family, and then friends, and friends of friends. Pretty soon we got to the point and I said, "You know, I think a guy could make a buck down here." But you couldn't do it in them power boats, because I'd take three people per boat and I had three boats. We had to have gas packed-in to Phantom Ranch by mule. We had to have gas packed-in at Whitmore. Bundys were great at that. *Even* in those days I was paying about \$1.20 a gallon. (audience chuckles) I felt, "Gosh, if I can break even, we had a heck of a time."

TIM WHITNEY: Was that old Chet Bundy?

JUNE SANDERSON: Yeah, Chet Bundy.

JERRY SANDERSON: Yeah. It was in—1965 was the last year that we run the power boats. They got to the point, and I said, "Well it's 1966, we got to go to the baloneys and we can take more people." But the most important thing is, we can take *everything* with us through that Canyon. I didn't have to have any outside help coming in. It got to the point where we decided the only thing we're going to leave down there is just footprints in the sand. And I think that's about what it is today, and that's how it should be. I haven't been down there in a while, but down in the lower end, how's the environment down there? Is it pretty fragile with the burros and the sheep?

?: The burros.

JERRY SANDERSON: Are they still down in there? Are they doing a number? [several talking at once, can't understand anyone] Parashont?

JUNE SANDERSON: Well these guys are taking care of everything. One thing I did want to say, and he'll say "Okay, ex, jump right in, you've always been too mouthy anyway." (audience chuckles)

JERRY SANDERSON: Different story.

JUNE SANDERSON: Well, I made a million dollars for him, and he sold me, okay? I did want to mention...

JERRY SANDERSON: She won the lottery! (audience laughs) *After* we were divorced!

JUNE SANDERSON: Thank God!

JERRY SANDERSON: You talk a million dollars!

JUNE SANDERSON: Thank God I won it!

TIM WHITNEY: Tell us the Georgie story.

JUNE SANDERSON: You were going to tell that Georgie story, but first one thing I did want to say: There's *another* outfitter that is not here tonight, but he has some representatives over here, Bill Diamond. Bill Diamond worked for us as Sanderson River Expeditions way back when down the river, and as everybody knows, has their own river company now, which is fantastic, like every river company in the Grand Canyon, as far as I'm concerned is fantastic down there. But I do have to tell a couple of stories on

Dan and Bill.

Way back when we first started and Bill was running for us as a pilot, still, and he convinced Pat, his wife, to go down. Now, we had a trip going out that was all congressmen: there was Morris Udall, there was Roger C.B. Morton, there was a whole bunch of them that said, "Holy Mother of God!" when you went over Lava and all this kind of stuff—made up all these stories as far as the river goes and decided they were *not* going to dam up the Grand Canyon. But we were down there on this trip with the congressmen—this was the first trip that Pat Diamond had ever gone down with us. And we get down to the beach one night—and of course in those days Sandersons did *every* single thing for their people: we took all the plates, we set up everybody's camp, we cooked their dinner, we washed their dishes, we did *everything*, everything. The only thing we didn't do was go back East and *bring* them out here. We went to the South Rim and got them, brought them here, took them back to the South Rim, every single thing in the whole wide world. But we were down there, and it was a fast trip: it was a six-day trip to Whitmore, helicopters coming in. It was a *bad* trip. Helicopters came in with newspapers for these congressmen, with messages, and all this kind of stuff—ice, and the whole bit. In those days you could actually go into the Canyon with helicopters at any time—especially if it was a congressmen trip. And Pat who had never been down the river—and like I said, it was a six-day trip to Whitmore, it was a fast trip still. And we get down there, we're on the beach one night, and we're trying to get dinner, it's late, we got the generator running, we got the lights set up on the poles and the whole bit, and Patty is looking at Bill and she says, "(laughs) You sorry son-of-a-bitch! You knew what it was like and you brought me anyway!" (audience laughs uproariously)

And she and I were crew. In those days, I mean, I was crew. J.D. would say to me, "Bring that motor over here." I mean, you know, "Put this motor over here." I got the motor! I mean, whatever he said, I did. The whole bit.

But anyway, the Diamonds came from the Sandersons and they're a *fantastic* outfit. As far as all the outfitters go in the Grand Canyon, every single one of them, and every single one of you guys, I would recommend to anybody, you know.

JERRY SANDERSON: I'll tell you just a quick little story about Cool Cat Cooley.

JUNE SANDERSON: He's got to get the last word in.

JERRY SANDERSON: Years ago, the South Rim, they was having water problems, running out of water. And so they was trying to run a big water main, water

line down from the North Rim, going to the Grand Canyon. I'm sure most of you all know about it, where it goes up the wall and everything. Halverson [phonetic spelling] Construction out of Washington got the contract. They had a lot of these chopper pilots coming in. And Cool Cat, we got down to Phantom, we had to lay over a night because we had a changeover, and he got to know one of these chopper pilots. And he said (chuckles), "When you come back down, could you bring me a jug of Jack Daniels?" He said, "Sure!" So he paid him and a few hours later, here come the chopper and he \_\_\_\_\_ and he got his jug of Jack Daniels in a brown paper bag. And back in the old days, they had a swimming pool there at Phantom.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Nice.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** It was all rocked up and used to be kind of nice, but the Health Department said, "That's not healthy. Fill it in." Well before that, they had a little water fountain out there, and old Cool Cat, he stuck that jug under his arm, and it was pretty hot. He just leaned over and he was getting a drink. As he did, J.D. just slid out of that paper bag, right on the concrete, and just *exploded*. (audience groans) One of them mule skinnners walked by and he took his hat off and asked, "Was it full?" (audience laughs uproariously) Cool Cat played like he didn't even hear him. Picked it up, and he just walked off. (aside about Scott getting drunk)

**JUNE SANDERSON:** I don't know how many of you remember, or how many of you ran the Grand Canyon when...I could go into Phantom Ranch back in the days when Phantom Ranch—and they did not have mule restrictions. Your people went out, it cost you 25 dollars per mule to get your people out of the Canyon. And you could actually negotiate with the seven or twelve other outfitters down there. You bought, you'd say, a lot of 25 mules, or whatever, and if you didn't use them, you could sell them to another outfitter. But you'd pull into Phantom Ranch, and you could actually camp on the beach right at Phantom Ranch. And then we had it set up to where we had dinner at the ranch for all of our people, which gave our guys a night off. And the crew would all go up and help *do* dinner at the ranch. Everybody stayed there. I mean, all the people stayed there, but we all were able to camp out on the beach, because there just were not that many people in the Canyon back in those days. You could actually *do* that. Our people camped on the beach, we didn't have to have cabins, we didn't have to have anything, so we could go in there, spend the night, have dinner, our people got to eat, our crew got to eat, our people either got to hike out early

in the morning, or take the mules out early in the morning. And this one time in particular, way back when, I'd been like on a three-day schedule, probably hadn't slept in a couple of days, it had rained in Page, Arizona, like crazy, and I had negotiated with Ron Smith for some of his mules to get my people out of the Canyon. And I had just gotten a trip off, came back, rained, we were down on Vista, had *flooded* our warehouse, and we were down there trying to sweep the water out of our warehouse, and Ron's wife was based at the Empire House, still, with the outfit. They were getting a trip off too. She wasn't in there, but one of her girls or whatever was in there. But I was really sopping wet, rained on all day long, tired, you know, had no idea what was going on in my world, got back to the office and figured, "Oh, God, I've got to sweep the warehouse out and everything, but I've got to go up there and pay Ron for these mules." So I jumped in the car, went around the back way, went up to the Empire House, went up the back stairs with this towel around my head, looking like who-knows-what-from-where, knocked on the door, she said, "Come in," I go in and I said, "Hi, I came up to pay for the mules. I owe Ron for some mules. Here's my check." I handed her my check, she looked at me and said, "What's your name?" Well, I don't know how many of you have ever had total complete blackout. (audience laughs) I mean, I had a total, complete blackout. I had no idea what my name was, or *who* I was. I looked at her and I said, "What does it say on the check?" And she said, "June Anne..." I said, "That's enough. That's fine, I'm June, the check's good." You know? But you're talking about...I mean, we went through some weird, weird stuff in those days—weird stuff. But it was *all* well worth it, because you guys are salvaging what is left. (audience laughs) I'm through talking, I'm going to have a beer. Thank you very much. (audience applauds)

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Okay, I'll get out of your hair. I wanted to bring up one thing maybe some of you don't know. All of you have seen the old Bill Belknap river book, the guide book? Well, there's a picture in there that shows the old boat, Bert Loper's boat, where he drowned. My dad had a camp about 200 yards downstream—that's when they was working on that Marble Canyon dam site area. He had a crew in there, and they'd go in for ten days, then they'd come out of the Canyon for four. And they worked a "ten and four" type thing for a year-and-a-half. And it was during that time when Bert drowned. They never found him, but his boat washed up there, and Dad and his crew drug that boat up under that mesquite tree and tied it up. That was quite a complete boat back in the old days. As is most anything down in the Canyon, you

know, as more people get touching it and whatnot, things go. But that was just a little bit of history down there.

I was fortunate, I was down there where I saw the whole thing.

**TIM WHITNEY:** Tell about bringing the Chinaman in from Flagstaff.

(several inaudible comments from audience)

**JERRY SANDERSON:** I can't remember what color it was. I think it was a light green or something in those days. It had been there a number of years before I saw it. But it was quite compact—I mean, everything was there.

You asked me to tell about the time that my daddy went to Flagstaff. He was trying to find a cook that would come down in the Canyon and cook for him. He got this one guy that was a cook, but he also had a drinking problem. But he figured, "Well, we'd get him in the Canyon, he isn't going to be drinking." And the guy says, "How do we get down there?" Dad says, "Well, we have this cableway." He said, "You've got what?" "It's a big bucket on it. We'll put you in the bucket and we'll just let you down." And Dad bought him a bottle of whiskey, got him feeling pretty good, and told him what a great guy he was. He said, "I'll take it." (audience chuckles) In those days that cableway from the top of the Outer Rim, it goes down and it went down to the Lower Gorge. And then that's when you got off and then they had another cableway that went from the Outer Gorge right down to the river. That was a steep one. And it went across the river. And they had this barrel on the thing, and this guy had this big compressor and a pulley and all this, and he just let him down. He could also freewheel it—just kick the brake off and let it go, and it'd get pretty exciting. (audience chuckles) The guy got down there and he looked over down that Lower Gorge and "Nah," he said, "I quit." (audience laughs) So Dad broke out another jug of booze, they sat down and had a party. "Yeah, I'll try her."

Well, we had this young kid there running this compressor. He got him in this barrel, and he was hanging on, and he said, "Cut her loose and let me down." He started down, and he just kicked the brake off. That thing come wheeling down there, and just the smoke was a-going. Although he knew just when to put the brake [on], so it didn't hit the wall. (audience laughs) This cook was sober when he hit the bottom! (audience laughs) He said, "You ain't taking me out of here! I'm gonna *walk* out!" (audience laughs) But anyway... He said that was quite a sobering experience. I have some old films on that. Someday I'm...

?: (someone from audience) Jerry, where was the cable?

**JERRY SANDERSON:** I think it was about 46 miles downstream from Lees Ferry. What's the old Marble Canyon dam site? I might be wrong. But you can see remnants of it, the cable is still hanging down—there's one strand of it. The strand that you see is the cable that you could pull up and down. You didn't see the main cable—that was taken out. At that time, it was one of the longest single-strand cables ever erected in the world. It started from the Outer Rim and go down. That was the long one. It took them quite a while to put that in.

**TIM WHITNEY:** How did Rod get in the business?

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Okay, when Dad was down in the Canyon working on that dam site project, Joan Staveley—is she here?

?: (someone in audience) No, she's not.

**JUNE SANDERSON:** Did she leave?

?: Yeah, she snuck in, she snuck out.

**JERRY SANDERSON:** Well, you've heard of the old cataract boats. Norm Nevills come down, and he stopped in and he'd spend a day or two with Dad at his campsite. In those days it was quite flexible. He had one of the boats he just had a boatman in. He said, "Rod, why don't you take some annual leave, jump in the boat and take a trip with me?" So my dad did. That's where it all started. He said, "Man, this is crazy! I gotta do this more!"

\* \* \*

*Following is a panel discussion at the GCRG Fall Meeting in 1993, held at Ken Sleight's Pack Creek Ranch in Moab, Utah. To fully appreciate this story you have to hear Tony Sparks tell it first, which you can do in "Sanderson, Sparks, Whitney", also in this issue.*

**BOB QUIST:** My first trip with Tony Sparks was in 1969. He had offered me a job that I couldn't pass up. I mean it was so much money that it was unbelievable.

**BRAD DIMOCK:** So much money...how much money was "so much"?

**KEN SLEIGHT:** More than I was paying him.

**BOB QUIST:** Way more. (laughing) It was fifty bucks a day. But you've gotta understand that *Grand Canyon* boatmen were few and far between. Hatch had the lock on Grand Canyon boatmen. You know there were outfitters that did it. But at the same time the outfitters were the boatmen.

Tony was into the "triple thrill" trip. From Lees Ferry to the Little Colorado, helicopter ride out, and then you got to look at some Indian ruins on the drive. Of course this was on the res[ervation]. You got into



it from Cedar Ridge and so you can imagine...I mean if you've never been in that country, that's another world. That ain't the same world as we live in.

**BRAD DIMOCK:** That's the third thrill.

**BOB QUIST:** Yeah. The third thrill. So we got old Woody to build a frame that we could—we were going to *helicopter* everything out at the Little Colorado, the whole schmear. The boats...everything. So Tony and I went down there and we built this pad. And the deal was, it was on the Indian rez so the Park Service couldn't mess with us. But the Park Service *insisted* that the pad and the helicopter and everything else was three hundred feet above the historic high water line, which was the Park Service claim to the land, and the Indians were claiming halfway out to the middle of the river as I remember, and it was a Big Battle Royal...so we go down there...

**TOM MOODY:** But it didn't seem odd to you to have to carry a '33 [at 700 pounds of rubber, alone] up three hundred feet above the river?

**BOB QUIST:** Well, Tom...fifty bucks a day. (group laughter) I was driving a tanker truck in Salt Lake at the time for about \$2.35 an hour. You know, delivering oil fuel. I mean it was like "Huh? Yeah, you bet." Clair was down at Lees Ferry rigging out a trip earlier for, I think Don Harris. Or maybe for Cross. And Tony tried to hire Clair. Clair said "Naaah, I don't think... (laughs), for fifty bucks a day...I don't believe..."

**VOICE IN THE CROWD:** But here's my sucker brother!

**BOB QUIST:** (laughing) "...But I've got a brother in Salt Lake who is an *old* time river runner. Been running trips with Ken Sleight for a thousand years. And he'l...he'd work for fifty bucks a day." (huge crowd laughter) So we go down there we carve this—I don't know if you've seen that pad down there— (crowd answers yes) we carve that sucker out, we drilled some bolts into the Tapeats Sandstone and we put up this big L-frame winch thing. With the whole idea that we could extend this far enough over to the beach and literally de-rig everything and pick it up and take it up to the pad and hook it onto the helicopters.

So Tony hires Sandy Reiff's husband Woody to weld these frames together, and he gets the tubular square steel, the hardest carbon steel he could buy and he says "build us this frame". And I show up on the scene early in the spring and this guy is *gas* welding this moly-carbon steel together. And I—"God, I don't know a *lot* about welding. But are you really sure this is the way to do this?" (laughter) "*No problem. None whatsoever.*" (more laughter) So we build this frame that's about ten-, twelve-foot long and then do the old Sanderson rig with a tube down the middle and

a tube on either side. And no gussets on the frame, whatsoever. Just this straight frame. And, and I told Tony...I was *very* honest with him about this, I says—

**DAN DIERKER:** This sucks?

**BOB QUIST:** I says "Tony...I've been running rivers all my life but I don't know a fucking thing about Grand Canyon." (huge laughter) "I hate to tell you this, but I followed John Cross down through here a couple years ago, and I've been on a trip with Ken...I can't really remember *anything*." (laughter, Bob shakes his head and grins) "*No problem.*"

So I take off on this trip, with this boat. Customers, we've got paying customers. We've got a reporter from Phoenix. Probably eight customers. Liquor to order. Everything was first class. And, God, we make it down to Soap and I'm feeling pretty proud. (big laughter) We dive off into Soap and I'm just having a good old time, because I kind of vaguely remembered Soap, and there wasn't anything, you know, just some big waves down there. And halfway—the middle of the rapid—two of the arms that are supporting this frame just break. Literally break off. The whole basket sinks down into the river. Rips, as it goes down, it rips a four-foot hole in the back of the boat. And I'm standing in water up to here (indicates his chest). And I'm going "Oh chit, man." And here my running motor is totally, completely under water. My *spare* is under water. And I don't have a clue. (laughter) I know we're in trouble, but other than that...So I get, finally at some point go swimming for the motor that's on the transom, because I'm thinking if we hit anything going backwards and that motor is still on that transom it's *really* going to hurt. And I manage to get that off. Meanwhile we wing through the next two little rapids. Whole time everything is totally out of control. Nothing to do. Finally we hit a little back eddy and somebody, one of the passengers as I remember it, swims to shore with the bowline. And, god, then we proceed to start repairing the damage. Drying the motor out. Getting the frame built back up and doing one thing or another.

**DENNIS SILVA:** So in those days you brought oxy-acetylene along? (laughter)

**BOB QUIST:** There was lots of driftwood. You'd be amazed at what you could do with driftwood and just a little imagination. We managed to—I think we camped that night somewhere above House Rock. And I didn't know where the hell I was. I had that old Buckethead Jones scroll map... We put her back together somewhat. Next morning I dive right into the hole in House Rock and bust the whole @#!\* thing again. Major repair. I got three days to get to the Little Colorado. This is morning two. And I remember...You

know somehow or another I had confused Unkar with Nankoweap. I'd gotten Nankoweap somehow screwed up with Unkar, and I remember walking the whole length of it [Nankoweap], to scout the rapid. I mean I was totally...the whole trip was...and this guy, the reporter on the trip, he was *pissed*. He was on my case like stink on... 'cause he'd figured out that I didn't have a clue. And this other guy, who was one of the paying customers, he thought I walked on water. "Oh god, if it wasn't for you we were going die down there." This is—we're talking mid-June and not another boat on the river. That was 1969, so you can see how much it's changed down there.

So we finally get to the Little Colorado and by then I am so flaked out, spaced out, screwed up, I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I actually make the turn and start—(huge laughter)—down into the rapid. And old Dave [the swamper] was the one who says "Hey there's the pad up there!! Remember!! We built that!!"

I turn the boat around and actually motor it back out, and get it back up to the beach, and we're standing there just going "Oh my god," you know. "It's finally over." And the helicopter comes in and this is where Marv [Jensen, the old head of the river unit, who is present] enters the story. The helicopter comes in, lands at the pad we're going "Oh man, we're saved." And the first person I see get out is this Ranger. He comes down and he says "I'm here to assure that you helicopter this thing out at the three hundred foot high water mark."

I guess the last of the story is the last thing we'd hooked up...I don't think it was the boat, I think it was the basket. But we had it *heavily* loaded, and we'd hooked it up to our *big* winch thing and we're sitting there cranking on this winch...and the whole #@% thing rips out of the sandstone and comes crashing down the hill. (laughs) And missed my head by that far, that part I remember...(crowd laughs) Tony is sitting there going, 'cause he flew in with the helicopter and he's "What are we going do now?" And I'm looking up at the Ranger sitting there, he's going "Three hundred feet." (More crowd laughter)

**MARV JENSEN:** My kind of guy.

**BOB QUIST:** I mean it's just...there's no way. There's no way! I finally go up and we talk to this guy for...I mean 45 minutes, and I says "Just look at that boat! *We can't take that boat through the canyon!* I mean, it's obvious. (Bob shrugs, big crowd laugh) He finally says, "Well okay you can helicopter it off the beach. But don't you let anybody else know that I gave you permission to do this."

And we helicoptered everything off the beach,

got back to Lees Ferry and I'm going "Oh man, I don't know if I really want to be in this profession anymore..."

**CLIFFORD RAILS:** You have to know that the mortality rate on the helicopter pilots at Phantom was only about five months...no joke.

**MARV JENSEN:** Well that was on the pipeline. Yeah, they lost a number of helicopter pilots on the pipeline.

**BOB QUIST:** And the whole time that pipeline was being re-built it was great times for the boatmen, because Phantom Ranch was really a wide-open concern at the time.

**TOM MOODY:** Social spot.

**BOB QUIST:** Yeah. You could bum over and grab a chopper ride up on top regularly if you knew the right people...But it was so damn much fun trying to put this thing together, and then going "Holy #%%#! Did we screw up!" And nobody...everybody was experimenting. Everybody was trying something new. Everybody was...

**CLIFFORD RAILS:** Testing new equipment.

**BOB QUIST:** Testing new things. And plus the fact...there again, you talk about involvement of the customers. Ninety-five percent of the customers were *very* involved. (laughs) "We're de-rigging today!"

I mean it was such an adventure because there was nobody doing anything like that. You know, there was nobody down there.



Tim Whitney  
panel moderator



Photo: John Bryant Baker

# Major Contributors

## July 1, 2015 to June 30, 2016

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES proudly presents the very long list of major contributors who supported our organization in numerous ways during this last fiscal year (*July 1, 2015 through June 30, 2016*). Due to space considerations, this list does not reflect the five-year memberships or contributions under \$100 (including general contributions and Circle of Friends), of which there were many. Your support helps us to move forward and maintain a healthy and vital organization that is better equipped to protect and preserve the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience.

We apologize in advance to anyone we may have missed in the lists below. Please let us know. And thanks again, not only to those acknowledged here, but to each and every one of you who support our efforts and believe in GCRG. We appreciate that support more than we can express. Thanks to you all!

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Edward and Joan Steiner  
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BENEFACTOR MEMBERSHIP (GENERAL)

Henry Labalme

## LIFE MEMBERSHIP (GUIDE)

Ashley Brown	Nate Klema
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Fred Freeman	Phil Sgamma
Saul Gleser	Roy Tennant
Andy Hutchinson	Arthur Zemach

## LIFE MEMBERSHIP (GENERAL)

Maria Bowling	Joseph Perella
Robert Gutherie	Allen Scholl
Heather and Brian Payne	William Vawter

## Financials

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES, INC.  
DRAFT STATEMENT OF ACTIVITIES  
FISCAL YEAR ENDING 6/30/16

**INCOME**

Foundation grants	\$ 35,500
Membership dues	29,637
General contributions	26,465
Circle of Friends	24,465
GTS revenue	20,604
Government grants	8,672
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc...)	7,692
First aid class income	6,375
Non-cash contributions	4,800
Memorial contributions	1,810
Endowment gifts	1,000
Fall Rendezvous income	640
Interest and investment income	389
Cost of goods sold	(5,973)
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$ 162,076</b>

**EXPENSES**

Salaries & benefits	\$ 49,320
Contract labor	31,247
Printing	19,972
Postage	9,754
Rent	9,600
Food (GTS, etc)	8,015
Outside services & outfitters	6,315
Insurance	4,778
Payroll taxes	3,587
Equipment rental	3,139
Office expenses & supplies	2,294
Telecommunications	1,874
Utilities	1,435
Travel & per diem	1,119
Professional fees	1,063
Honorarium	1,050
Depreciation expense	1,018
Merchant fees	709
Repairs & maintenance	519
Subscriptions	117
Meeting	97
Service charges	18
<b>Total Expenses</b>	<b>\$ 157,040</b>

**Net Income** **\$ 5,036**

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES, INC.  
DRAFT STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION  
FISCAL YEAR ENDING 6/30/16

**ASSETS**

Cash in checking/savings	\$ 49,792
Postage & security deposits	1,308
<b>Total Current Assets</b>	<b>\$ 51,110</b>

**FIXED ASSETS**

Computer & office equipment	\$ 43,351
Field equipment	7,309
Database	1,088
Website	4,863
Less depreciation	(52,822)
<b>Net Fixed Assets</b>	<b>\$ 3,789</b>

**OTHER ASSETS**

Endowment Fund	\$ 51,075
Reserve Account	22,002
<b>Total Other Assets</b>	<b>\$ 73,077</b>

**Total Assets** **\$ 127,976**

**LIABILITIES & EQUITY**

Accounts payable	\$ 663
Payroll tax liabilities	1,113
Restricted funds	51,353
Unrestricted funds	74,847

**Total Liabilities & Equity** **\$ 127,976**

# Businesses Offering Support

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

- Apex Brewing Supply**—Brewing Equipment 916/918-9058  
**Artisan Metal Works**—Custom Fabrication 928/773-4959  
**Aspen Sports**—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935  
**Blue Sky Woodcraft**—Dories and repairs 970/963-0463  
**Boulder Mountain Lodge**—800/556-3446  
**Bright Angel Bicycles & Cafe at Mather Pt.**—928/814-8704  
**Canyon Arts**—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873  
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**Canyon R.E.O.**—River equipment rental 928/774-3377  
**Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture**—206/323-3277  
**CC Lockwood**—Photography books 225/769-4766  
**Ceiba Adventures**—Equipment & boat rentals 928/527-0171  
**Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ**—928/355-2228  
**Design and Sales Publishing Company**—520/774-2147  
**Down By The River Productions/FaheyFoto**—928/226-7131  
**Entrance Mountain Natural Health**—360/376-5454  
**EPF Classic & European Motorcycles**—928/778-7910  
**Five Quail Books**—Canyon & River books 928/776-9955  
**Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed**—928/773-9406  
**Fran Sarena, NCMT**—Body work 928/773-1072  
**Fretwater Press**—Holmstrom & Hyde books 928/774-8853  
**Funhog Press**—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788  
**Hell's Backbone Grill**—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464  
**Herptech Metalworks**—Biologically-inspired art 435/335-7464  
**High Desert Boatworks**—Dories & Repairs 970/882-3448  
**Humphreys Summit**—boating & skiing gear 928/779-1308  
**Inner Gorge Trail Guides**—Backpacking 877/787-4453  
**J Nautical Ventures**—360/296-2747  
**Jack's Plastic Welding**—drybags & paco pads 800/742-1904  
**Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS**—Dentist 928/779-2393  
**Kathy Oliver, CPA**—928/853-2403  
**KC Publications**—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673  
**Kingsmark Kennels**—Flagstaff pet boarding 928/526-2222  
**The Kirk House B&B**—Friday Harbor, WA 800/639-2762  
**Kristen Tinning, NCMT**—Rolfling & massage 928/525-3958  
**Laughing Bird Adventures**—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167  
**Marble Canyon Lodge**—928/355-2225  
**Marble Canyon Metal Works**—928/355-2253  
**Mark Allen Productions**—Film & Video 801/709-1676  
**Dr. Mark Falcon**—Chiropractor 928/779-2742  
**Moenkopi Riverworks**—boat rentals & gear 928/526-6622  
**Mom's Stuff Salve**—435/462-2708  
**Mountain Angels Trading Co.**—Jewelry 800/808-9787  
**Mountain Sports**—928/226-2885  
**Patrick Conley**—Realtor 928/779-4596  
**Plateau Restoration**—Conservation Adventures 435/259-7733  
**Professional River Outfitters**—Rental boats & gear 928/779-1512  
**Randy Rohrig**—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064  
**Rescue Specialists**—Rescue & 1ST Aid 509/548-7875  
**River Art & Mud Gallery**—River folk art 435/648-2688  
**River Gardens Rare Books**—First editions 435/648-2688  
**River Rat Raft and Bike**—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777  
**Rivers & Oceans Travel**—La Paz, Baja sailing 800/473-4576  
**RiverGear.com**—Put "GUIDZ" for discount code at checkout  
**Rubicon Adventures**—Mobile CPR & 1ST Aid 707/887-2452  
**RuffStuff**—Off-road Fabrication 916/600-1945  
**Sanderson Carpet Cleaning**—Page, AZ 928/645-3239  
**Sierra Rescue**—WFR and swiftwater classes 800/208-2723  
**Sunrise Leather**—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575  
**The Summit**—Boating equipment 928/774-0724  
**Tele Choice**—Phone rates 866/277-8660  
**Teva**—928/779-5938  
**Westwater Books**—Waterproof river guides 800/628-1326  
**Wet Dreams**—River Equipment and Sewing 928-864-7091  
**Wilderness Medical Associates**—888/945-3633  
**Willow Creek Books**—Coffee & gear 435/644-8884  
**Winter Sun**—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884

## Care To Join Us?

**I**F YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER YET and would like to be, or if your membership has lapsed, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get this fine journal to boot. Do it today. We are a 501(c)(3) tax deductible non-profit organization, so send lots of money!

**You can pay securely on the GCRG website at [www.gcrg.org](http://www.gcrg.org) or send a check to: Grand Canyon River Guides, PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002-1934. Note whether you're a guide member or general member.**

\$40 1-year membership

\$175 5-year membership

\$350 Life membership

\$500 Benefactor\*

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

\$16 Short-sleeved t-shirt size \_\_\_\_\_

\$18 Long-sleeved t-shirt size \_\_\_\_\_

\$12 Baseball cap

\$8 Insulated GCRG 20th Anniversary mug

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

Box 1934  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

# boatman's quarterly review

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

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Silverbacks Q and JB pose with their BQR issues at OARS dory passenger Rachel Hopkins' request. They shared a baggage raft and helped each other on and off the boat. September, 2016 at Grapevine camp.

Photo: Rachel Hopkins