

# boatman's quarterly review

## BILL SKINNER

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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

WHAT ALWAYS STRIKES ME is the strong stewardship ethic of river guides in our community, born of their deep and abiding passion for the place they call "home"—the Colorado River through Grand Canyon. Many of these special people take stewardship to the next level by volunteering their precious time as an officer or director of Grand Canyon River Guides. They bring their perspectives, their diverse experiences, their ideas, and positive attitudes to the table to help us chart our course as an educational and environmental nonprofit.

We would like to extend our deepest gratitude to outgoing president, Ben Reeder, for his well-informed and thoughtful leadership. Thankfully, our interaction with Ben will continue as he serves as our Technical Work Group representative within the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program, articulating and promoting recreational river running interests within that challenging stakeholder process. We would also sincerely like to thank outgoing directors, Cliff Ghiglieri and Kiki Wykstra as they move on to other endeavors—we don't want to say goodbye to any of them! Such intelligence, great ideas, and enthusiasm.

Please give all of these guides a heartfelt 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*

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Cover: Bill Skinner, 1979

## Prez Blurb

AS I WRITE MY FIRST PREZ BLURB, I am three weeks off the river from my last trip of the season. Memories of a great summer drive me to miss the river, the canyon and the people within it. I love the long, warm days of boating and being surrounded by a strong, vibrant river community. In the summer in Grand Canyon, I hear the voices of all of you—guides' voices whose ideas are different and important. I rode the wave of energy that came from your thoughts and passions. What kept me going even when that wave of energy ebbed and flowed was the great family that lives on the river. The smiles, comradery and support that came from all of you kept the spirits of everyone high, especially me. Without all of you the river would not be the same place. You bring your love, passion and diversity to the river and to everyone you touch along the way.

In turn, as my trips came to an end and we drove out Diamond Creek into the rim world, we were all meet with news of yet another threat of war, hurricane, fire or catastrophic event. Popping my head up into the rim world I constantly wondered, what next? While deep in the canyon, the disconnect in some ways was a welcome break from the crazy world above. Returning to the top to hear current events was startling and derailing for us all. I am sure more than a few of us thought about just staying down in the canyon. I for one, thought of it often, but I also know that hiding from the world above is not the answer. But what is the answer?

Protection of wild places is a good start. Education and advocacy for Grand Canyon, Bears Ears National Monument, the Confluence, and many more wild places is an imperative duty to our stewardship. Whether you are new to the guiding community or have been around for many years, your introspections and commentary are equally important. Your contributions both formal and informal make us and our community relevant. The articles that I read in the BQR are insightful, beautiful and inspiring, but for me it's not enough. It's not enough to hear the voices of a few when I know the depth that we have as a river family. In this day and age it is not the time to be silent nor is it in our nature to be so. As the current president of GCRG I will do what I can to facilitate your voice, to encourage your passions, stories, science, or geology. I believe that one of the strongest tools we have is our ability to share our point of view from the amazing canyon below. The submission guidelines are on the first page of this BQR. We'd love to hear from you!

We are all very fortunate to work and play in such an overwhelmingly beautiful place. Stewardship is part of who we are and what we bring to Grand Canyon. Without all of you and the many lovers of wilderness that came before, the canyon would not be the amazing place it is today. Thank you for everything you bring to the river and the canyon and thanks for sharing it with us all.

As Martin Litton said, "*You've still got to try to save the Earth, even though we know it's hopeless—it's too late, But that's when great, heroic things are done—when you're going down with the ship.*"

Thank you all for a great river season. I hope to see you all soon!

Amity Collins

## Solstice

May it be big and bright  
Dreams full and beers cold  
May we find a way to fight  
The despondency of ages old  
And stoke the stove inside  
Accepting this 'thousand-eyed moment with pride

May we laugh and live  
Kick and cry  
Smile and give  
Refuse to die  
Mumble and stumble  
Swim and soar  
Lost in the telling  
Living the lore

May we inhale and inspire  
Consume less and create  
May we crawl from the mire  
Like the hour is late

As this new season turns  
Let our minds be at ease  
The fire still burns  
We'll take one more if you please

—Ryan Howe



## Farewells

KRISTIN DANELLE HUISINGA HARNED, JANUARY 28, 1974 –  
SEPTEMBER 26, 2017

I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I saw Kristin's blue eyes and glowing smile. She greeted me and made me feel welcome. Made me feel like I belonged. I think most people she met got that feeling. I had no idea in

a crowd of mesmerized hikers surrounding her. From the shade of the cottonwoods I listened to her speak to the Dutton Spring hikers. She wove a tale of the Grand Canyon agaves and told of their probable journey to Deer Creek from some southern land. People would jockey their way nearer to her while she walked so they wouldn't miss a word.



that moment what those eyes and that smile would mean to me.

I remember Kristin's stories of growing up on the farm in De Land, Illinois. Her dad made her and brother Marc walk the rows of beans and corn to pull the weeds. She and Marc confessed that they often just stepped on the weeds to knock them over. Dad didn't care. They were learning what it meant to work hard.

I remember Kristin telling me how shy she was when she was young. High school was awkward, so she put her energy into being an excellent student. Always walking fast as she rushed around the NAU campus from one class or project to another. I can see her, bundles of books in hand, those little legs just cranking away. She learned to identify plants out the car window at fifty miles an hour on her way to a field trip and a master's degree in Botany.

I remember several private river trips on the San Juan with Kristin. In her early guiding days on The Juan, she found her body and soul. The river led her downstream to Grand Canyon. On several occasions, Kristin stood next to some of her favorite plants with

I remember sitting next to Kristin in National Canyon. I was a commercial guide. She was there with the Hopi elders. We were relaxing in the shade, both making agave fiber string. Her string was about ten inches and mine was about two feet. I think it got her attention. I was lucky enough to be with her on other Hopi cultural trips. I cooked as she worked, helping to compile the stories and information they were gathering. She mostly listened. She asked questions when appropriate. The Hopi elders, her friends, loved and respected her, as she did them.

I remember trying to pry Kristin away from her computer so we could go for a walk. Most of the time she was working on a Hopi language project for Mesa Media, Inc. Mesa Media's founders, Anita Poleahla and Ferrell Secakuku befriended Kristin and introduced her to their dream of Hopi language revitalization through creating Hopi language books and CD's. Kristin poured her energy into editing projects, organizing events, bookkeeping and grant writing. Her efforts brought in hundreds of thousands of dollars. Pray her work will help the Hopi Mesas hear children



smile twirling around me. On a beach near a river. On a sticky barroom floor. At a wedding. In a tiny house in the Gila.

Kristin touched so many lives in her short time. I'm so proud to have these memories.

What do you remember?

*Jon Harned*



choose Hopi words instead of English.

I remember watching Kristin with her paints and brushes. She sat by the river late in the day, entranced by the incredible canyon magic. Her love for color and beauty is in frames on walls and on greeting cards that brighten days.

I remember eating the delicious food that Kristin prepared. Love was the main ingredient. Because of her diabetes, she had to pay close attention to her food. She passed that on to everyone. It didn't matter if you had food allergies or preferences, she made something for you to enjoy. Organically grown, of course. None of that Monsanto crap. A nice midday meal with her husband. A catered affair for the women herbalists. Pot lucks with her neighbors. Holidays with the family. Beautiful food, passionately prepared.

I remember watching Kristin in her garden. Each plant was cared for like it was her child. Each sprout watered and protected from the pill bugs. When she traveled in the Spring there were often trays of starts crowded in the car with her. The little seedlings were too fragile to stay home alone. I've never witnessed anyone more gratified than Kristin sifting the black gold of her compost bin.

I remember Kristin's sleepovers with the neighbors' kids. Aunt Kristin waiting in an eddy as they learned to paddle.

I remember dancing with Kristin. Blue eyes and



photo: Gary Ladd

KATIE AND JOEY

**I**N THE FIRST TWO DAYS of November Katie Lee and Jo van Leeuwen, Katie's paramour of several decades, left this mortal plane. Katie was 98, Joey 85.

Katie left a lasting mark on the world. Cowboy and folk singer, radio and television actress, river runner, activist, writer, composer, and a role model for many women young and old throughout the West and the world. And the fiercest advocate for Glen Canyon that ever lived.

We will publish a more comprehensive tribute in the next issue.



RONA LEVEIN, MARCH 10, 1932 – JULY 30, 2017

**R**ONA LEVEIN, OF MARBLE CANYON, ARIZONA, PASSED away on the night of July 30, 2017. She was 85. She died in her sleep, in her simple house, where she lived for about forty years on Badger Creek Road. She did countless commercial and private river trips through the Grand Canyon and rarely missed a Grand Canyon River Guides meeting. Rona was married to Howie Clark (a canyon guide in the 1970s). While Rona lived most of her life single, she was always an inveterate romantic. She was from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and graduated from

Barnard College. Later she lived in New York where she became the vice president of one of the world's largest advertising firms. Then she moved on to Marble Canyon where she fell in love with the Canyon, Navajo country and the Vermilion Cliffs. In her early years at Marble Canyon she delivered the mail across the Arizona Strip, and provided river trip and Paria hiker shuttles. These jobs allowed her to escape for her frequent worldly adventures. She managed to travel the world—visiting Antarctica, Africa, Europe, Argentina, China and countless other places. She hiked



at Tiger Leaping Gorge, climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya, skydived seven times, came nose to nose with a silverback gorilla, went on many safaris and countless adventure/trekking trips.

Besides the Colorado River, she rafted many other rivers in Alaska and throughout the west. She even

went to a one-week Idaho ARTA whitewater school at the age of 82. It is sad to see her pass, as she was looking forward to trips on the Rogue and another Canyon trip in 2018. A lifelong learner, she took online educational classes and attended dance and karate classes in Page and Flagstaff. Rona was also an excellent writer and speaker, able to converse knowledgeably

about most subjects with great prose and stamina. The Marble Canyon area and Lees Ferry is the place she loved the most.

There are many great stories and comments pouring in from her friends and guides around the world on her Facebook page. Feel free to visit there and contribute stories or photos. And for an interesting watch, check out the YouTube link to understand how Rona came to call Marble Canyon home. ([https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S1\\_YgixE1M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S1_YgixE1M)).

## Important Dates 2018!

**G**ET YOUR CALENDARS OUT and mark down these upcoming dates. You can get your WFR recertified and have fun at the Wing Ding all in the same weekend! Please check out the GCRG website for information on how to sign up for our WFR recert course and our Guides Training Seminar.

**WHALE FOUNDATION WING DING FEBRUARY 17, 2018**  
At Coconino Center for the Arts in Flagstaff.

**WFR RECERTIFICATION COURSE, FEBRUARY 16–18, 2018**  
Sponsored by GCRG in Flagstaff .

**BACKCOUNTRY FOOD MANAGER'S COURSE, MARCH 30, 2018**  
The day before the GTS land session from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. at Hatch River Expeditions in Marble Canyon,

AZ. Cost is \$55. You should bring: Chair, mug, bag lunch, and driver's license (ID is required). Payment is due before the course. Contact Lydia Hernandez to register at 928.679.8760 or email her at [lhernandez@coconino.az.gov](mailto:lhernandez@coconino.az.gov), or mail payment to her at: CCPHSD, Environmental Health, Attn: Lydia Hernandez, 2625 N King St., Flagstaff, AZ 86004.

**GTS LAND SESSION, MARCH 31–APRIL 1, 2018**  
At Hatch River Expeditions in Marble Canyon.

**GTS RIVER TRIP (UPPER HALF), APRIL 2–8, 2018**  
Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch.

**GTS RIVER TRIP (LOWER HALF), APRIL 8–18, 2018**  
Phantom Ranch to Pearce Ferry.

# Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

*So the darkness shall be the light, and  
the stillness the dancing. —T.S. ELIOT*

**W**ELCOME WINTER. Come on in. You don't bother me. It's all part of the same cha-cha-cha. Wipe your feet at the door, won't you? Briefly, here're the haps from the Whale Foundation:

Our annual Wing Ding is February 17, 2018. Yes, Flagstaff Mountain Film Fest (FMFF) is going on that weekend, but not to fret. Think square dancing: now change partners. FMFF has been kind enough to renew their offer again this year: they'll reserve the Extreme Night Showcase until 10:30 P.M. on Saturday, *and* entry there will be free with the hand stamp you'll get at Wing Ding. So generous. See, we can all manage this with a little coordination and intention. It's going to be another great party!

We're so pleased this year to be honoring the life and creative work of Brad Dimock as our featured artist. In addition to his literary works and displays of craftsmanship, Brad will also be regaling us with his unique brand of storytelling. Please round up friends and let's pack the house for an evening not to be missed. Musical guests is/are TBD, but I suspect it will be something one can dance to.

. . . . .

Also not to be missed (and I hope we still have some at the time of this publication), Whale Foundation's 2018 Grand Canyon Calendar: Audio Stories from the River Volume 2!

Another masterfully edited set of stories told by *real life guides*, capturing the unique essence of the gifted lives they lead, all accompanied by the wordless beauty of magnificent photos illustrating the place we all love.

So much gratitude goes to Michael Collier for the audio production, Bronze Black for the graphic design, and to all of the photographers and storytellers who came forward to make this such a sensational and lively piece of work. You're going to love it and want to share it with others!

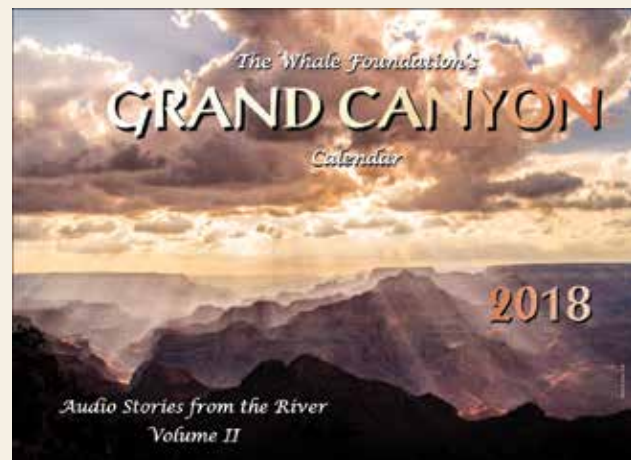


Brad Dimock photo courtesy: Catherine Zuzii Ryan

Go the bottom of our Home Page at [www.whalefoundation.org](http://www.whalefoundation.org) to learn how to order on-line or to find where these are available. Your support allows us to continue our necessary work.

Thank you. Revel in these dark, winter days! Joy, shipmates. Joy!

*John Napier*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



cover photo: Dawn Kish

# Guide Profile

## Mandela Leola van Eeden, Age 30

### WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP?

Growing up, I spent a season in South Africa, a season in Montana and various seasons traveling the world with my flight attendant mother and vagabond father. I was raised on a nature reserve at the most southern point of South Africa and in the mountains and open plains of Montana. My family made frequent trips to Australia throughout my childhood. I started studying Aboriginal anthropology and didjeridu sound theory in Australia in my teens. In 2007, I started an organization which continues to educate students around the world in didjeridu and Aboriginal anthropology.

### WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)?

When I was seventeen years old I found out you could get paid to run whitewater. I started guiding when I was eighteen, and teaching whitewater kayaking and river guide school when I was twenty. I've primarily guided rivers in Montana, Idaho and multi-days in Africa on the Orange River Gorge...a desert river which slices through the southern Kalahari and Namib deserts. For the past two seasons I've been guiding sea kayaking expeditions in the most northern Fjord on New Zealand's south island's remote west coast in the infamous weather systems of the Tasman Sea. I currently guide and trip lead for Outdoors Unlimited.

**WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN?** On the Colorado River, I captain a lightweight, traditional paddle raft using an extra long Sawyer guide stick. I also row eighteen-foot oar rigs but I prefer paddle rafting! For pleasure, I love river-boarding, whitewater kayaking and canoeing.

**WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS?** For over a decade I have been the executive producer and host of an internationally broadcast adventure radio series and iTunes Podcast called, "The Trail Less Traveled." I travel around the world in order to interview adventurers and storytellers in their natural habitat.

The show is dedicated to documenting humanity by collecting interviews from the most remote locations around the world. At an early age, I fell in love with juxtapositions between cultures, music, food and weather of the northern and southern hemispheres. I started filming my adventures when I was fourteen and started an adventure-travel talk show on college radio when I was eighteen. The show ran for five years before it was picked up by a larger station. It is my dream that those who listen to the show will become inspired to step away from their technology and



explore this planet. It is my dream that those who listen will become better informed about other cultures and ways of life—in turn, hopefully more global gratitude and understanding. I've collected a series of interviews on the GCRG GTS River Trip with legends such as Dr. Laura Jones Crossey, Dr. Karl Karlstrom, Dr. Larry Stevens, Jeri Ledbetter, Dr. Geoff Carpenter, Dr. Tyler Norgren, Martha Hahn and many more...listen to them at [www.traillesstraveled.net](http://www.traillesstraveled.net).

### SCHOOL/AREA OF STUDY/DEGREES?

Bachelors degree in International Marketing/Media Arts/Mandarin/Spanish.

### WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS?

Mentorship is extremely important to me. On the Colorado River, to name a few: Glenn Goodrich, Andy Ambelang, Bert Jones, Geoff Carpenter, Phil Boyer, Sarahlee Lawrence, Hilde Switzer, Heather Snow, Tom Schragger, Matt Webster, Heather Campbell, Dr. Larry Stevens, Jeri Ledbetter, Zeke, Martin Litton, Brad Dimock, Carl Rice, Keith Richards.

**WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER?** I chase summer and guide in a new country each year. I'm currently living in a tiny camper in the Southern Alps on the Tasman Sea coast, guiding sea kayaking expeditions in Milford Sound.

**IS THIS YOUR PRIMARY WAY OF EARNING A LIVING OR DO YOU COMBINE IT WITH SOMETHING ELSE?** I have three jobs,



none of which feel like “work” and I am extremely passionate about each career path. In addition to meeting a weekly deadline for my adventure radio series/podcast, every year I do an intensive study with one of my Ashtanga Yoga teachers and continue to take practice as I teach Ashtanga Yoga using the traditional method.

**WHAT’S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER?** I was caught in a flash flood in the deserts of Southern Namibia while guiding a multi-day on the Orange River. We almost died that night, but the most memorable moment was waking up in the morning and discovering fresh footprints in the mud of a leopard who had circled me and smelled my head while I was asleep. This summer, I used my river knife for the first time to cut one of my mentors out of a foot entrapment. Afterwards, I had to swim back to my oar

rig with my knife in my mouth and quickly setup to run Lower Lava. Time seemed to slow down and everything was quiet—the same feeling of focus I experience when I’m on the bubble line dropping into Lava Falls.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR FUTURE HOLDS?** More tattoos, wrinkles, wisdom and strength.

**WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE?** No matter how many times I guide a section of wilderness or river...every time I see it through the eyes of someone seeing it for the first time, I am reminded of the importance of sharing wild places. The more people who experience these places—the more people will fight to protect them! Sending gratitude to all my fellow adventure guides, park rangers, conservationists and the like...keep sharing the vision and doing something greater than yourself.

## Whitewater Time

A TYPICAL NFL FOOTBALL GAME has thirteen minutes of action and takes three hours to play, a typical baseball game has eighteen minutes of action when the ball is in play, and takes three hours to play.

So how much action is there on the Grand Canyon rapids on a 225-mile river trip through the Canyon?! Well, I tried to figure that out over the course of a few trips.

It’s an honor and privilege to work a trip a year for AZRA, previously I was with Moki Mac, and have been coming down to the Canyon running commercially since 2001 on my first baggage boat. The rest of the summer I’m in Montana and Idaho guiding fly fishermen.

Here is my science! I first did this experiment in August 2015 and then I did it again this August of 2017. Similar flows were between twelve and nineteen thousand cfs, from Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek. I kept a stopwatch wrist watch attached to my oar, and would start it when I was close enough to the tongue of the rapid, without compromising my ability to safely navigate the rapid, and the tension of running the rapid was present with the clientele. I would hit stop when the tail waves were not getting anyone wet, or the rapid was basically over. Obviously generous with my starts and stops. If folks were still holding on and getting wet, then the clock was running. Same on unnamed riffles and waves. I wanted to be accurate but get a good approximation on rapid times for any wave

train or riffle that would get someone wet or bounce them out. I would compile the elapsed time for the day in my notes and start fresh the next day.

On my 2015 trip I merely totalled the time for each day. On the 2017 trip I also indicated camps for each day and for distance traveled daily. The least amount of rapid time for a day was from Lower Ledges camp to National camp at 2:35 minutes.

The biggest days were from Crash camp to Cremation at 27:26 minutes, and Upper Granite camp to Dune camp at Mile 119, with 27:02 minutes. Keep in mind Nankoweap rapid is three-ish minutes long, just as an example. Obviously not a huge cataract, but actually one of my favorite rapids and spots in the canyon. It’s like a magic carpet ride.

Now I understand there is a spatial variability to this human science. Start it a little early, stop it a little late in the excitement of it all. Especially for me where I’m gripped every year! Nonetheless fairly similar results for the two studies. In 2015 I came up with two hours and 27 minutes of whitewater for the trip, and in 2017 I came up with two hours and fifteen minutes of whitewater.

Am I way off, does anyone else have any rigorous research? Email me at philz101@yahoo.com and let me know!

A great factoid to tell your clients if you care to.

*Phil Sgamma*



## Riverboarding Grand Canyon— An Incredible Experience, And Not “Extreme”

**A**NOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE on the books! Eighteen intrepid travelers and six guides departed Lees Ferry on August 10<sup>TH</sup> for another once in a lifetime ten-day trip through Grand Canyon using riverboards, supported by two AZRA motor rigs. This was our third AZRA riverboard charter led by BJ Boyle. Our amazing crew included Margeaux Bestard, Ted Decker, Abigail Polsby, and my niece Eliza Munger. Eliza is a third-generation river runner, and she found her own niche not only on the riverboard, but also in training as a motor boatman. Our family history goes way back with AZRA, as my father, Maynard, was one of AZRA Founder Lou Elliott’s first safety kayakers on the Columbia River. I worked full time for AZRA for eight years as a boatman, and still work for them doing WFR and Swiftwater trainings. Now, my niece, Eliza is on her way to potentially enter into the family tradition. While my Dad was primarily a kayaker, I am mostly a rafter and river boarder, Eliza could end up being a great motor boatman.

One of the greatest parts of a riverboard trip is the face time on the water! While sitting in a raft gives you a great overall perspective, riding a riverboard includes a duck’s eye view of the water. Riverboarding is one of the most misunderstood river sports! It is viewed as “extreme.” I encourage you to think more critically about it. If you tip over on a riverboard in

a rapid, you have an extra 140 pounds of flotation to complement the twenty pounds of flotation in your PFD (personal flotation device AKA lifejacket). You also have a helmet and fins to help propel you. On top of that, riverboards are very easy to hold onto in the big rapids of the Colorado. Re-righting a riverboard is a quick and relatively effortless process. The exhilaration of duck diving the breaking waves in House Rock, and exploding over the waves in Hermit is unparalleled. With the right instruction and support, the only limitations are an ability to pay attention and learn about reading water and navigation, as well as fitness levels.

Our crew of travelers were a combination of abalone divers, water polo players, mountain bikers, surfers, and avid water folks. We had grandparents, parents, and a close-knit group of eighteen to 22 year-olds. The group organizers, Blair and Dave, had been on each of the two previous trips, and chose a group of their closest friends to come along. While some had less water experience than others, their ability to learn allowed them to increase their comfort in the water, and overcome fears. We spent a weekend in California training on the boards and going over safety and navigation information. We also used the weekend to test out our thermal protection and footwear. On our riverboard trips there is no pressure at all to “run the



rapids.” Everyone has the freedom to be challenged by choice, and either ride the riverboard, or ride the motor boat! One of the highlights of the trip for me, as one of the guides, was sitting in the duck pond eddy in Hance, and watching 21 smiling heads come by me exactly on the river line we had planned.

The Colorado River through Grand Canyon is by *far* the best place to riverboard that I have ever shared with people. The big open lines and big deep water make it as *fun* as possible. When I think back to the self-support trip that two friends and I did on riverboards in 2001, I am amazed at how much more accessible the sport is than we ever could have imagined back then. For us, at that time, it was a *huge* adventure trying to figure out how to carry our gear and food, let alone run the rapids. At that time, we were not exactly sure how rapids like Lava Falls, Crystal, Granite and Horn Creek would be. Would we get pummeled? Would we be able to manage our gear? Now, sixteen years later, it is so clear that riverboarding is a safe, fun, accessible way to run the river. Having motor support allows us to hike, play in the side canyons and have instant access to get in and out of the river. Our AZRA boatmen are always right there with us, so that it is easy to make transitions from the water to the boat.



I look forward to our next trip in 2020! Thanks AZRA for making this possible, and all the intrepid adventurers who are willing to see riverboarding for what it is! For me, there is no better way to share the Colorado River and all the amazing mysteries that the Grand Canyon has to offer.

*Julie Munger*

Surfing at Georgie’s Rapid





## Why Ravenna Matters

**O**N A CLEAR AND COLD February morning in 1994, a dozen rafts launched from Lees Ferry, Grand Canyon. This was a cooperative resource management trip and while there had been several such trips in the past, this was my first work trip. And I was a tender young boatman (if there ever was such a thing). I had a handful of commercial Grand trips under my belt. The work trips were a cooperative effort between Grand Canyon National Park (GCNP) and the commercial rafting outfitters and they were often led by Kim Crumbo who was working for the Park as head of natural resources. The idea was that boatmen who were underemployed in the winter months would be the volunteer work force while Park personnel would use us to access and

complete projects in the river corridor. Trail building, archeology resource protection, and vegetation management were all on the agenda. I would end up working many of these trips over the years—always a good time, new friends made, and an opportunity to give back to the Canyon. Most of the river companies supported these trips in one way or another but in those days, the trips were being run out of the Arizona River Runners (ARR) warehouse.

Larry Stevens was participating on this particular trip in 1994 and he had several projects that he would train us on. One of these projects was the control of ravenna grass (*Saccharum ravennae*). Ravenna is an invasive fountain grass that was negligently planted as an ornamental at the Lees Ferry ranger



Ravenna grass. photo courtesy: Dan Hall

housing in the late 1970s. Larry described the plant, told us to watch for it along the river's edge and once identified, cut the seed heads and dig the plant down to its roots—easy. I was rowing with a couple of compadres when we spotted a population. We were so excited, just brimming to do good. So we tied up, grabbed our shovels and commenced the slaughter. Larry was not far behind and when he caught up to us, he pulled over. He walked up to us smiling, full of praise for our gusto. We all stopped for a moment just to bathe in his adulation and shared a moment of pure pride. Then Larry did something that I will never forget, he gently explained that we had mis-identified the patch and we should stop digging the plants which were unfortunately not ravenna. Pure elation to instant devastation in a mere matter of moments, it was brutal. He carefully showed us how to distinguish between the plants and we went downstream. I will always respect Larry for realizing that when dealing with volunteers, positive reinforcement is vital and the mistake secondary; a skill that puts Larry in a class all his own. However, from that moment on, I held a grudge against ravenna. I was not going to let some stupid plant embarrass me in front of the eminent Canyon naturalist, or anyone for that matter. I vowed from that day forward, ravenna grass would forever tremble when it heard my oars ply the river.

Eventually the Park vegetation department took over the project and started a database of infestation sites and the eradication numbers. Those first years, we were killing about 10,000 individual plants a trip. We found sites infected with the species, crowding out all other vegetation creating a monoculture. It was easy to see that it was a nuisance, one that would slash at your legs with sawlike leaf edges and take over entire beaches. I would guess that back in those years, around a hundred boatmen were trained to effectively spot and kill ravenna. It took about five years for the numbers to start showing that our efforts were having an effect. During the '90s and the 2000s, the numbers took a dive, 8000, 5000, 3000. By 2006 we were under one thousand plants. We knew that we had likely missed some sites but the numbers were compelling. Ravenna was getting sparse and by 2010 we were down to a couple hundred plants. Here's the amazing thing, out of the 170 non-native plants in the park, ravenna is one of the very few that we could actually eradicate. Tamarisk, cheat grass, tumbleweed, camelthorn, and most of the other invasives are constantly bombarding the Canyon. Some of these can be controlled but it's highly unlikely they can be eradicated. That's what makes ravenna so different. It was a one-time planting disaster and with persistence, we may be able to fix

that mistake. Besides Larry Stevens, the father of the project, there have been many brave and undaunted ravenna heroes; Lori Makarick, Kate Watters, Talise Dow, Melissa McMaster, all who worked for the Park in the vegetation department. Then there were the oddballs like me, the slightly crazy, the boatmen who would pull over on commercial trips and hack away at the innocent looking vegetation with a sand stake. Some of the most dedicated of these were Greg Woodall, Mark Pillar and Sam Jones, but there were many others. The hope was that one day we might actually eradicate the damn plant from the Park.

When scanning for ravenna, your mind is constantly comparing the mental search image with an array of flora. You are eliminating possibilities much more than you are actually "looking" for ravenna. You look for a set of definers; fountain grass base, leafless seed stalk over four feet, seed head bouncing—not waving, purple/red seed head in September, silver seed head in November, bright green leaves with a swirl of maroon and tan desiccated leaves curling at the bottom. Wait, is that it? Your head jerks towards the shoreline. No, it's Phragmites with leaves up the stalk and a tan flagging seed head. What about that grass? Nope, looks like saw grass (*Cladium californicum*) with a darker leaf and a short stalk and a rusty head. What's that bright leaf? Satin tail (*Imperata brevifolia*), too short, seed head is too white and cylindrical. Is that it? No, that's cat tail (*Typha domingensis*) or bushy beard grass (*Andropogon glomeratus*). There must be a dozen plants in Grand Canyon that can look like ravenna from afar, some even from up close. But ravenna has characteristics that can give it away—costly liabilities in its effort to stay hidden. It has patterns of growth and colonization that are specific; it needs a reliable source of water so it's almost always five to ten meters or less from the river. One last thing, it's showy! It wants to send its beautiful seed head higher than anything else around it. If water is plentiful, it will have a flowering stalk on year two, the next stalks in following years can be over ten feet high.

In 2011, the Park ran a cooperative trip through Hatch River Expeditions that was highly dedicated to ravenna eradication. There were only three boats and nine people total, but three of us were skilled at spotting the grass—McMaster, Woodall, and me. If my memory serves me right, we found approximately 150 plants but we scanned the heck out of the river bank. We used the database and revisited sites even if we didn't see plants from the boats. We thoroughly cleared the Canyon, that is, we searched relentlessly and we killed everything we saw, leaving no plants behind. Since then, my passion has been to clear the

Canyon every year. If we are consistently revisiting existing sites we can clear it at specific locations in two to four years. The best news, in 2016 in the entire corridor, Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek, was down to less than ten active sites! There are populations upstream in Glen Canyon and downstream in Lake Mead but to this date, the database leans towards a connection between active sites and the historic original infection.

I have been painting a very rosy picture of the ravenna project but there is bad news too. With all my zeal, energy, and apparent Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, I am failing. In five years, the plant numbers have basically stabilized. New sites pop up, historical sites repopulate. One old geezer like me trying to tackle the project sporadically on commercial trips will not get it done. Almost all my comrades in this fight are retired from the river and honestly, my days are numbered. Unfortunately, the Park, by no fault of its own, may not have the innate ability or resources to finish this project either. It's been almost thirty years since the first eradication efforts were begun but the project is in it's final stages and now it's quite a different endeavor. Getting the final vestiges of this invasive population requires a specific strategy which the Park is ill equipped to handle. In the past, the Park used a shotgun approach employing scores of volunteers. Often the ravenna "plantations" required many hours of manual labor. The Park was quite adept at managing a broad and somewhat scattered strategy. It was wildly successful and it's the Park that should get much of the credit, the proof is in the numbers. However, the game has changed, now instead of a shotgun, we need a sniper's approach. We need a strategy that targets a small and stealthy population at the optimal time of year. It will take small rowing trips twice a year, one in September, one in October for three to four years. Very likely, the best way to get this done is through a project grant or a bid by a consulting firm. I have partnered with a firm and have applied to the Park for administrative access. The budgetary and logistics requirements are feasible, two to three boatmen/project managers and the equipment and supplies for six to eight quick trips. But it's the access to the river that is the biggest hurdle.



Dan and boat on solo trip.

With the way things are right now, it's downright difficult to gain access to the river corridor even for such a worthy project. We are hoping that application for access will be successful but at best, it's tenuous.

I was lucky enough to win a private permit cancellation last year at the end of October. It took me about four years of trying. There were only three days between permit allocation and the launch date and I doubt anybody else applied. I did a nine-day solo trip, surviving on river trip leftovers donated by Canyon Explorations and Ceiba Outfitters. I was able to revisit and walk all active sites, scan over a hundred eradicated areas,

identified six new sites and killed about one hundred plants, some of the last ravenna in Grand Canyon. I cleared the Canyon once again. Somehow the rapids as well as the weather were uncharacteristically kind and forgiving. Although that trip was a bit lonely, it was well worth doing.

So why does it matter? What's the point really? Well, I think you could make the argument that at this juncture ravenna no longer poses an imminent threat to the riparian environment. But the infection still lingers and if left to propagate, it will not take too many years to bloom into a threat once again. Are there more important things to accomplish? Sure there are. Why should we even care about a damaged and altered ecosystem to begin with? There are so many things we cannot do to heal our damaged environment that it makes sense to latch onto the things we can. We, the Park, and the river community have an opportunity to capitalize on thirty years of effort and actually win this fight. The resources needed are negligible but the will, the permission, the access to do so is lacking. It might well be an unprecedented achievement to eradicate an invasive species that had once posed such a threat to a fragile and rare ecosystem in a national park. Honestly, I think it just comes down to this simple reason; because we can.

*Dan Hall*



## Book Review

*Pure Land: A Story of Three Lives, Three Cultures and the Search for Heaven on Earth*, ANNETTE MCGIVNEY, AUX Media/Aquarius Press, 352 pages, ISBN-10: 0998527882, ISBN-13: 978-0998527888, \$19.95 (paperback).

IN THIS COMPELLING and forthright new book, outdoor journalist and NAU professor Annette McGivney of Flagstaff tackles the complicated story of the most brutal murder in Grand Canyon history.

*Pure Land* is more than a “true crime story,” in which McGivney skillfully connects the three (often parallel) lives of the victim, the murderer and the author herself, on their painful quests to overcome childhood abandonment, abuse and loneliness. This is a beautiful book, despite its difficult subject matter.

Tomomi Hanamura, a solo backpacker from Japan was murdered outside of the village of Supai on her way to visit Havasu Falls in Grand Canyon on May 8<sup>TH</sup>, 2006. It was her 34<sup>TH</sup> birthday. Her attacker was Randy Redtail Wescogame, an eighteen-year old Havasupai youth who stabbed her 29 times and hid her body in a pool near Fifty-Foot Falls. McGivney’s award-winning investigative journalism about the murder for *Backpacker* magazine (“Freefall”, June 2007) drove her to dig deeper. In the following eight years, McGivney dove headlong into the personal, cultural and historical paths that led to Tomomi and Randy’s chance encounter and resulting tragedy. Eventually, dark nightmares and terrorizing flashbacks began to haunt the thick-skinned journalist. McGivney believed she had gotten “too close” and was reliving the murder. Instead, she was traversing the “rabbit hole of my own repressed childhood memories.”

The narrative moves deftly from metropolitan and rural Japan, to a hogan in Monument Valley and Wounded Knee, South Dakota, from tribal ghost dances to Zen Buddhism, between middle class suburban Texas and a jail cell in Florence, AZ, to the “two streams of Up There and Down Here” in the tiny village of Supai. This is not the Havasu many of us have spent hours enjoying as river runners and backpackers. (As a female guide—who relished the Canyon as an oasis of personal safety where I could wander freely and sleep outside—it was a jarring to have this illusion once again diluted.) And yet it is

essential to understand the cultural, economic and historical forces behind the beautiful landscapes. I was grateful for a brief education on the sad and disturbing history of native tribes in the American West, including the Lakota, Apache, Navajo and Havasupai, which McGivney chronicles with respect and insight. Most of us did not receive this education in any history class.

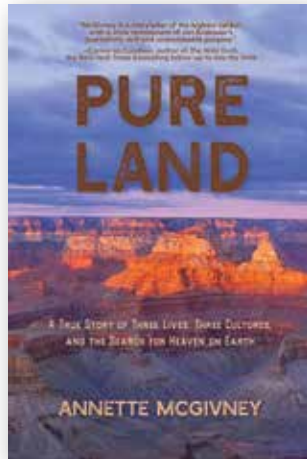
As river guides and those who love Grand Canyon, it’s easy to understand the lure of wild places that were salves to Tomomi and McGivney (and likely Randy). Many of us have been drawn—either directly, obliquely or subconsciously—to the Canyon as a place to begin healing our wounds while pursuing our passions. Most of us can identify with something from Tomomi, Randy and McGivney’s paths and choices. *Pure Land* embraces the pain of family and cultural dysfunction that many of us have experienced, and later avoided or faced head-on. It exudes empathy and reminds us that most humans, wherever and however we grew up, have many experiences in common. Surprisingly, the cumulative

story is hopeful and uplifting—ultimately, there can be healing and progression. None of us lives in a vacuum. The lives of so many others, even strangers, have deep, profound influences on each of us.

And perhaps most poignantly, through McGivney’s storytelling and access to the victim’s diaries and family in Japan, we observe a fuller Tomomi...beyond the media headlines, beyond the searching, sad young woman spurned by her American lover...but rather the courageous Tomomi who persevered, forging her own path, a leader among her family and friends, a role model. Many of us will recognize ourselves in her quest to pursue connection and natural beauty, and quietly grieve that we will never cross paths with her.

Mary Ellen Arndorfer

McGivney is generously donating fifty percent of her net profits from sales of *Pure Land* to The Healing Lands Project, a nonprofit partnership she has created with Grand Canyon Youth and the Northern Arizona University Family Violence Institute. Its mission is to fund wilderness trips for youth survivors of domestic violence. A Grand Canyon Youth trip on the San Juan River is scheduled for June 2018. Donations welcomed at [www.IAmPureLand.com](http://www.IAmPureLand.com).



## The Story of Sam McGee

**M**Y HAVASU-BLUE DORY the *Sam McGee* was built in 1980 by a guy named John Otterbein, an old-time AZRA boatman from Oregon. He and a friend built two sister ships of the Lavro design for Jessie Elliott's "Spirit" side of AZRA. Jessie and Rob had divorced, and while AZRA at that time was run under one roof, it was really two separate companies: Rob doing the rowing snouts and motors, Jessie doing eighteen-foot rowing and paddle rafts. Apparently she wanted to expand the offerings by adding dories, without understanding (as still



happens from time to time) that whilst it's easy to run rubber baggage boats on a dory trip, it's not so much the other way around. Dorries often wait or speed up to catch the right water for particularly incorrigible rapids, though typically it's on the low-down and not super obvious. Rubber just takes what it gets. So if you're a dory running on a rubber trip full-throttle, you end up running rapids at not-so-prime levels.

*Sam* and his sister-dory were deliberately built with only one chamber; essentially the bulkheads stopped about three inches above the hull, supposedly allowing it to flex when hitting rocks in John's shallow fishing rivers of Washington and Oregon. That doesn't work

so well if you hole it real good on a river that's eighty yards wide and flowing at several thousand CFS, as the following story illustrates:

Dave Edwards worked for Jesse, and was told in 1980 he had to row this new-fangled Lavro dory on his next trip, despite never having rowed a dory in his life. Not that that's so tricky a thing per-se for any boatman worth his or her salt, but there's a few tricks it's nice to have up your sleeve so you don't get into a heap of strife. Being a real pro, he did his usual best, of course. Until Bedrock.

Even today, at low flows on dory trips we'll typically walk our folks around Bedrock for safety's sake. Not worth having all that extra weight for a must-make pull, plus you just might end up taking a swim. Dory boatmen have a saying: "You know you're committed when your legs are up in the air." It's just not useful adding four other folk's soggy behinds into the mix. Anyway, Edwards, in a dory following a rubber trip, went in with all hands at a not-so-ideal level, missed his pull and hit the island's upstream prow, holed his dory and turned her turtle. Thankfully everyone came up safe at the bottom with the usual bumps and bruises, but the dory went left into that forever eddy where so many unfortunate souls end up. There was enough flotation in the stowed bags and such that even though badly holed, it showed its gunwales once in a while like the Great White Whale. After trying all afternoon, they finally managed to swim out and lasso it and drag it to shore. There they bailed it out and after four full rolls of duct-tape, got her to the postage-stamp beach just downstream. After a little refreshment that evening, Edwards managed to row it out, after which the poor boat disappeared forever. What happened to the sister Lavro that Moley Haymond had been rowing that season (he has a permanent scar on his bald head from a flip in Lava to prove it) we never knew. Until twelve years later.

In 1992 I was just beginning a side-career being the Main Street Flagstaff Foundation executive director while living west of downtown. Elson Miles (ex Cosmic Cycles entrepreneur and an old-time AZRA boatman colleague) calls me up out of the blue and asks "Hey man, didn't you tell me once you wanted a dory?" I told him yeah, but no way could I afford twenty grand! He then tells me "there's some pig farmer from Parks in front of my place with a dory on a trailer. It's kinda beat up but he only wants 800 bucks. Hell, the trailer's worth more than that!"

So I rushed right over to find this rather portly

gentleman in overalls and hobnail boots (no kiddin'...), and had a look-see. It was pretty beat up all right, original but badly scratched Arta green gelcoat, gunwales split and rotted, holes and funky glass patches all over the chines and sidewalls and hull, broken hatches, you name it. So I offered him \$400. He turns his head and spits and says "I'll *burn* it before I take \$400!"

We shook hands at 600 bucks. It's now 25 years later and I've probably got close to twelve grand into it for repairs, rebuilding the gunwales twice (don't ask), plus ongoing maintenance. But *Sam's* taken me down the canyon more than 25 times, not counting Cataract and the Juan and Westwater and more. I love my boat, just like pretty much everyone else loves theirs.

Last year I called Jerry Jordan up. He's legendary Suzanne's brother, worked for ARTA/AZRA back in the heyday of the seventies and eighties. He and Suzy were born in Birmingham, Alabama. Wears overalls himself, actually. Likes his Southern cookin' too. He still lives in Parks near where the original ARTA/AZRA boathouse used to be. I used to love listening to him play his fiddle back there on his raft, tunes wafting up the beach with the evening breeze. He used to say his

half-amputated right-hand index finger was "wore out playin' the fiddle."

I told him this story, and shared with him the history I'd made up during many years of sanding and glassing. "Jerry," I said, "I figured you'd somehow finagled that sister ship either cheap or free from AZRA when Jessie decided after that trip to ditch dories. And I figured you maybe planned to fix it up a bit, put a putt-putt on the transom, maybe use it for fishin' on some lake or something. I figured you just never got around to it, and it sat in your yard in the rain and sun for a dozen years, so you finally just decided to get rid of it. Maybe traded it to that pig farmer for a nice roaster."

And Jerry says; "Yep, that's pretty much how it happened."

We hung up after a bit. Back then I didn't know the Dory naming tradition, so I just named my boat after a poem I tell that has a pretty deep meaning to me (*The Cremation of Sam McGee* by Robert Service). I had to chuckle that my bullsh\*!@!, historic story turned out to be for real.

Jeffe Aronson

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## Down in the Canyon Again\*

by Rick Cassard

I'm heading on back to a place that I love  
Saying goodbye to the world up above  
I can't stay away, I just can't get enough  
Down in the Canyon again  
Sun on the water is a beautiful sight  
The air is so hot and the stars are so bright  
Wake to the moon in the dead of the night  
Down in the Canyon again

Chorus:  
Down in the Canyon again  
Singing a song with good friends  
All of us wishing the trip never ends  
Down in the Canyon again

Out on the River dipping the oars  
Passing by eddies lapping the shores  
The sound of the rapids a deafening roar  
Down in the Canyon again  
Crystal, Sockdolager, Horn Creek and Hance  
The waves and the dories doing their dance  
Caught up in the thrill of a crazy romance  
Down in the Canyon again

Chorus

Bridge:  
The hands up at Deer Creek are lifting you high  
Your heart will be full and your spirit will fly  
Millions of years in the blink of an eye  
Down in the Canyon again

Vishnu, Kaibab and Coconino  
Won't last forever, but we'll never know  
Those unconformities, where did they go?  
Down in the Canyon again  
So drink up your beer, then smash the can  
Roll out your bag and crash on the sand  
Swampers and boatmen let's give 'em a hand  
Down in the Canyon again

Chorus

\*Hopefully by the time you get this issue of the BQR, you'll be able to hear this great song on the GCRG website! It is really fabulous.

In the meantime check it out at this URL.

[bit.ly/CanyonSong](http://bit.ly/CanyonSong)



## River Runners Hall of Fame Recipients

**K**EN SLEIGHT ONCE TOLD ME that Green River, UT was the birthplace of modern river running. There might be a handful of historians, guides, and outfitters who'd take exception to such a claim, but plenty of others would agree with him. Sure, some towns have bigger water and more guides. They run more trips, and they have real bars. But they aren't the place that started it all. That's why the River Runners Hall of Fame in Green River is so special. Bert Loper built his boats in that dusty little town. Norm Nevills put-in to run the Grand Canyon there. Ron Smith started his very first river trip at the age of thirteen from a put-in just down the road from Ray's Tavern. If baseball has its Cooperstown, and football has its Canton, river running has its Green River.

In September of this year, the John Wesley Powell River History Museum inducted Jack Currey, Ron Smith, and Glade Ross into the River Runners Hall of Fame. It was a special night, and one that gathered a mind-boggling group of influential river folks under a single roof to celebrate. If you were in the crowd, you saw it too. Generations of river running legacies sat together and celebrated. They joked, laughed, shared stories, and heaven forbid, they even snuck in their own booze. Everyone came together and honored the impact that these three boatman had on the industry and the river.

It's fitting that Ron Smith and Glade Ross would be inducted in the same year. In the early 1960s, Ross purchased a beat up rubber pontoon raft from Smith for only \$10. It was in rough shape, but he had a plan for it. He took out the rubber floor and the raft's torn middle air chambers. Then he sewed the two short pieces back together, and hung a piece of plywood from chains. It worked well enough, and Glade's \$10 investment turned into one of the first self-bailing boats to appear on the plateau. A few years later, he built another version of the same style with the Hatch family, an eighteen-foot Frankenstein's monster of a craft called "Miss Piggy" that was famously used by the park service until 1994.

Ross piled up a long list of accomplishments throughout his career. He was the first non-professional historian to receive the coveted Roy Appleman Award from the National Park Service for



Sharon and Glade Ross in front of his Hall of Fame panel.

his part in discovering what is believed to be Fort Davy Crockett. He was the first full-time river ranger in the Grand Canyon, and was the first to row a dory below Flaming Gorge Dam. He helped map the Outlaw Trail through Brown's Park, and became one of only a handful of people to identify an undiscovered Denis Julien inscription along the Green. Ross even turned himself into the John Hancock of Utah river guides, historically claiming license number B001 and later guide license 001.



Ron Smith in front of his Hall of Fame panel.

Ron Smith, of course, is best known for his innovations and as one of the pioneers of commercial river running. He designed canoes and kayaks, and tested new ideas on the water throughout his career. As the commercial industry grew, Smith's ingenuity stayed in lock step. He designed a long list of inflatable boats, including rafts named after and designed for the Green, Yampa, Selway, Rio Grande, Salmon, and Snake

Rivers. But it was the S-Rig, named after Smith, that really put his mark on boating. That's probably the boat that most guides think about when they think of Ron Smith, and for good reason. Who among us hasn't seen an S-Rig purring below some high canyon walls somewhere on the Colorado River?

Smith is truly one of the legends of the plateau. He was one of Georgie White's best guides before he left to start Grand Canyon Expeditions (GCE), and his vision didn't stop at design. GCE is credited for improving many of the standards and best practices of running rivers on the plateau. They were the first to offer amenities like porta potties, tents, ice, and fresh food. They set new standards for safety, and offered a focus on educational components like geology and history on their trips. Smith worked closely with Barry Goldwater to fight dams in the Grand Canyon, and in 1965, they spent nearly a month in the canyon working on a campaign to stop the dams. In the 1970s, he also sided with conservationists in the heated debates over wilderness designation in the Grand Canyon as other river running companies opposed it.

At the Hall of Fame ceremony, Herm Hoops gave induction speeches on behalf of both Ross and Smith, and the crowd offered a rousing applause for each of them. As they hung their Hall of Fame panels on the museum walls, each man added another accolade to their long and storied impact on river running history.

Former Western River Expeditions guide, and Currey family friend, Scott Keller, delivered a heartfelt speech in honor of Jack Currey. Currey was represented well by his family, friends, and others from the Western River Expeditions legacy. Though he was missed in the crowd, he was remembered well by his former guide. Keller celebrated Currey's drive and determination to succeed in every aspect of his life, and offered words of congratulations sent from Utah and Arizona politicians to all of the inductees.

Currey's boldness is perhaps what he's best known for. It certainly helped put his name on the map. In 1962, he led the first successful expedition of the Rio Grijalva in El Sumidero Canyon, Mexico. Echoes of Powell's expeditions surrounded the trip, as Currey leveraged wide national interest and a *Time Magazine* cover into a feature film, a lecture tour with stops at Carnegie Hall and the American Museum of Natural History, and features on popular television programs throughout the country. The film, *Run the Wild River*, encouraged massive interest in Western River Expeditions.

Not unlike his Hall of Fame contemporaries, Currey played a large role in boating innovation. The J-Rig, named after Jack, is one of the most unique



Dan Vernon (Old hatch Cataract guide), Sue Holladay (Holiday River Expeditions, Dee's wife), and Ken "Seldom Seen" Sleight

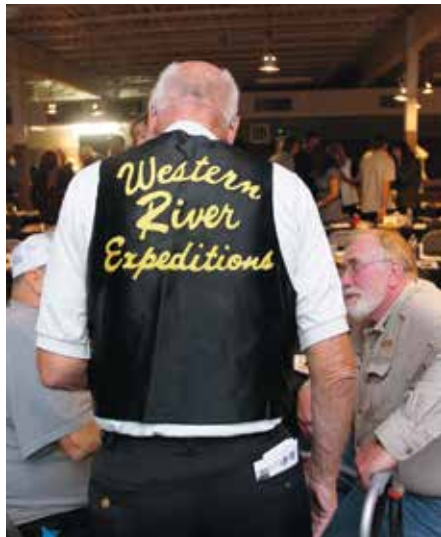


Richard "Dick" McCallum, Patty Ewing, Ron Smith Frank Ewing. The Ewings are part of Barker Ewing Scenic trips and came down from Jackson, WY, and are longtime friends of Ron and Jana Smith.



The family of Jack Currey next to his Hall of Fame panel





Paul "Pablo" Thevenin (back to camera),  
Doug Smith – Eagle Outdoor Sports (r. seated).

support that the river running community has shown, and the growing interest that guides and boaters have in getting their favorite river runner into the Hall of Fame. The museum has received letters and documentation in support of specific boaters, and rumors of river guide petitions and crowd-sourced letters have made their way to the Hall of Fame committee. It may still be catching up, but the River Runners Hall of Fame is finally doing what it was intended to do, honor and celebrate the members of this community that have helped create and shape it. It's only fitting then, that it would happen in the sleepy little town that river running was born in—at least according to Ken Sleight.

*Tim Glenn*

of the era, and so is the story behind it. With his business booming in the early '70s, Currey ordered three railroad cars of surplus military rubber. When they arrived, he found that the cars contained a huge shipment of military bridge pontoons. Currey tried to resell them, but with little success. So with the help of some of his guides, he sewed the tubes together and put them on the water. The J-Rig was born, and the boat was a huge success.

As Hall of Famers go, these three boatmen were easy additions to make. So was last year's class of Katie Lee, Bill Belknap, Elzada Clover, and Lois Cutter-Jotter. People often ask how inductees to the River Runners Hall of Fame are decided, and the easy answer is that the museum has a list of about thirty no-brainer additions waiting to be inducted. They're people that no one would argue against. People like Martin Litton, George Wendt, and Harry Aleson.

But there's more to Hall of Fame selections than just throwing darts at a board full of worthy names. A committee of former guides, current guides, historians and museum professionals meet every year to discuss new additions to the River Runners Hall of Fame. They have rules, and guidelines, and standards for how to select new inductees. It's something they take very seriously, and quite honestly, one of the best meetings anyone could ever attend.

The truth is that the John Wesley Powell River History Museum has missed out on nearly three decades of Hall of Fame opportunities. The annual ceremony only started in 2015, and there's a growing backlog of worthy people who have had a tremendous influence on the culture of river running on the Colorado Plateau. But it's encouraging to see the



Herm Hoops, Sandra & Gus Scott, Buzz Belknap



Herm Hoops, Jana & Ron Smith



## International Whitewater Hall of Fame Honoree

WHEN JULIE MUNGER was fifteen years old, she went on a Grand Canyon trip with her father, Maynard. Like so many of us who are smitten with the Canyon after that very first trip, Julie made river running her life's central theme from that point forward. By her early twenties, she was the first female guide on California's class V Cherry Creek section of the Tuolumne. Other pioneering feats followed—TV sponsored trips to Borneo, competing at the first Project RAFT rally and widespread river exploration in Russia, and guiding in Chile and Alaska. In recent years, many of us know Julie through her current position as owner of Sierra Rescue, a leader in



Julie, IWHOF 2017 Explorer honoree.

swiftwater rescue training. Since that first Canyon trip, Munger has quietly accrued a river resume for the ages.

Grand Canyon has always played a significant role in Munger's exploits, from guiding and rowing science trips, to gaining acceptance for river boards in the Canyon, and completing the first river board descent here. So it is with some regional pride that the GCRG community recognizes Munger's induction into the International Whitewater Hall of Fame (IWHOF).

The IWHOF was founded in 2005 to recognize outstanding contributors to the world of whitewater boating. Martin Litton was inducted in the class

of 2006. The four-person class of 2017 will serve to break the 40-member mark in the Hall. Along with Julie, inductees this year are Bunny Johns—C2 world champion and influential paddling instructor, Nikki Kelly—first female to run the legendary Grand Canyon of the Stikine River, and Bill Masters—founder of Perception Kayaks. Congratulations for your honor, Julie, and for a river life well-lived.

The statement from IWHOF for Julie's accomplishment read:

*Julie Munger has played a leadership role in the world of whitewater rafting for over thirty years. She broke down barriers for female participation and recognition in the sport by completing numerous first descents and river explorations around the world. Her leadership of the US Women's Rafting Team and their still-unbeaten 12-year reign as World Champions is legendary.*

*Julie's exploration accomplishments opened doors for women to move forward as experienced individuals within the whitewater industry. However her greatest legacy to the sport may be her contributions to grow and support adoption of best practices among river guides, raising the bar of professionalism and acceptance throughout the outdoor recreation industry.*

Tyler Williams



Julie and Bunny Johns (2017 Advocate honoree).

# Forest Service Takes First Step to Reopen Grand Canyon to New Uranium Mining

*This article was originally posted on the Grand Canyon Trust's (GCT) website on November 2, 2017. It is reprinted with permission because we feel this is an important issue that needs to be on the radar.*

**B**ACK IN MARCH, President Trump issued a sweeping executive order requiring all heads of federal agencies to review and identify regulations, orders, and other actions that “potentially burden the development or use of domestically produced energy resources, with particular attention to oil, natural gas, coal, and nuclear energy resources.”

Today, the U.S. Forest Service published its final report in response to that executive order, singling out fifteen actions to target for revision. Among them, Public Land Order 7787, the 2012 Department of the Interior order that temporarily banned new uranium mines on over one million acres of public and national forest lands around Grand Canyon National Park for a period of twenty years.

According to the Forest Service report, the agency reviewed more than seventy of its actions and came away with fifteen specific recommendations—among them, to revise the Grand Canyon mineral withdrawal. Strangely enough, the report also acknowledges that no nuclear energy is currently derived, nor royalty revenue earned, from uranium mined on national forest lands. It's the private mining companies that stand to benefit from opening more lands to uranium mining, while the public, the Havasupai Tribe, and this sacred place itself bear the risks.

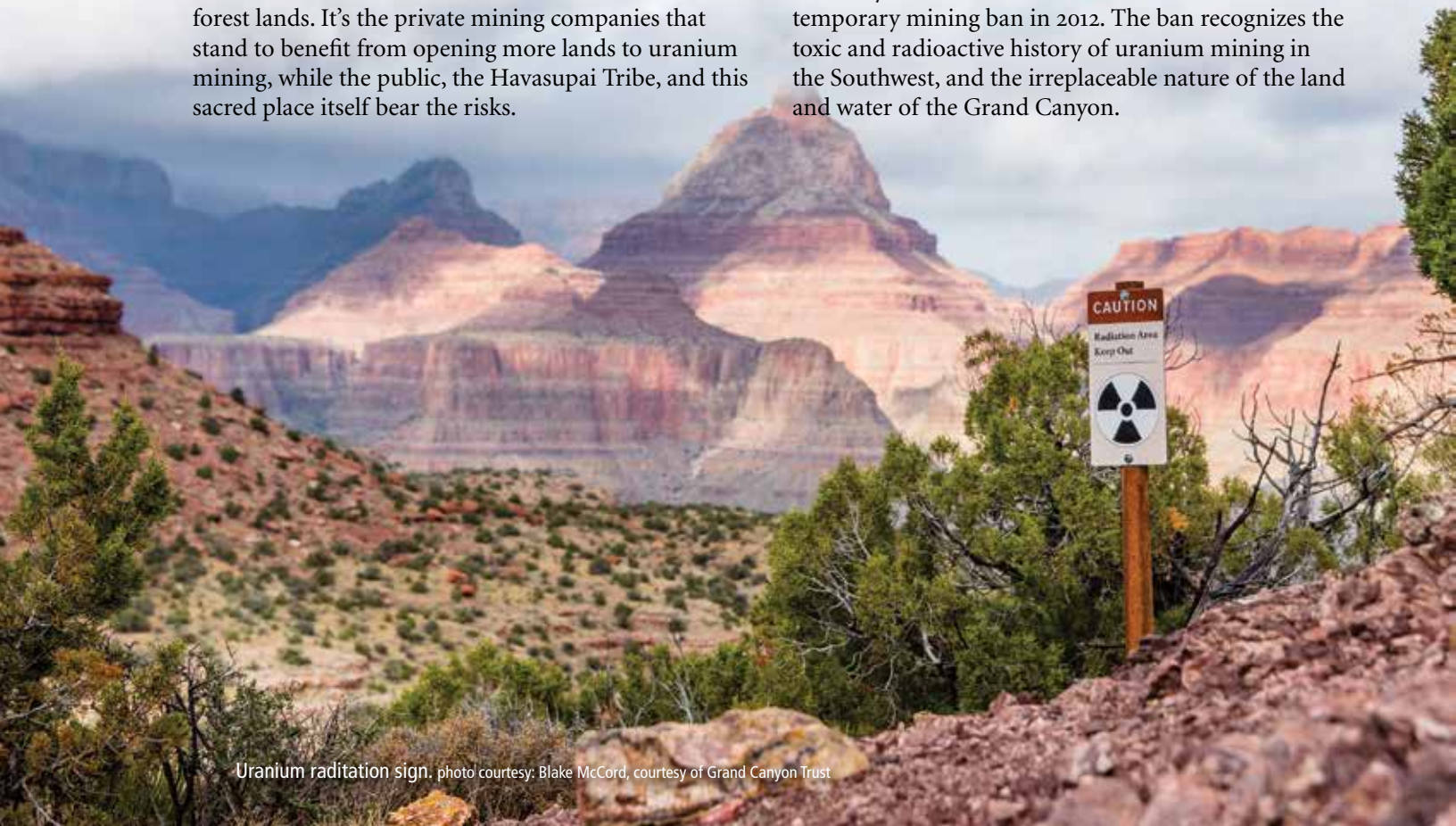
## WHAT KIND OF “REVISION”?

While the Forest Service identifies the Grand Canyon mining ban for “revision,” it's unclear at this time exactly what that means. It could mean shrinking the duration of the ban, set to expire in 2032, or reducing the acreage included in the ban, or both.

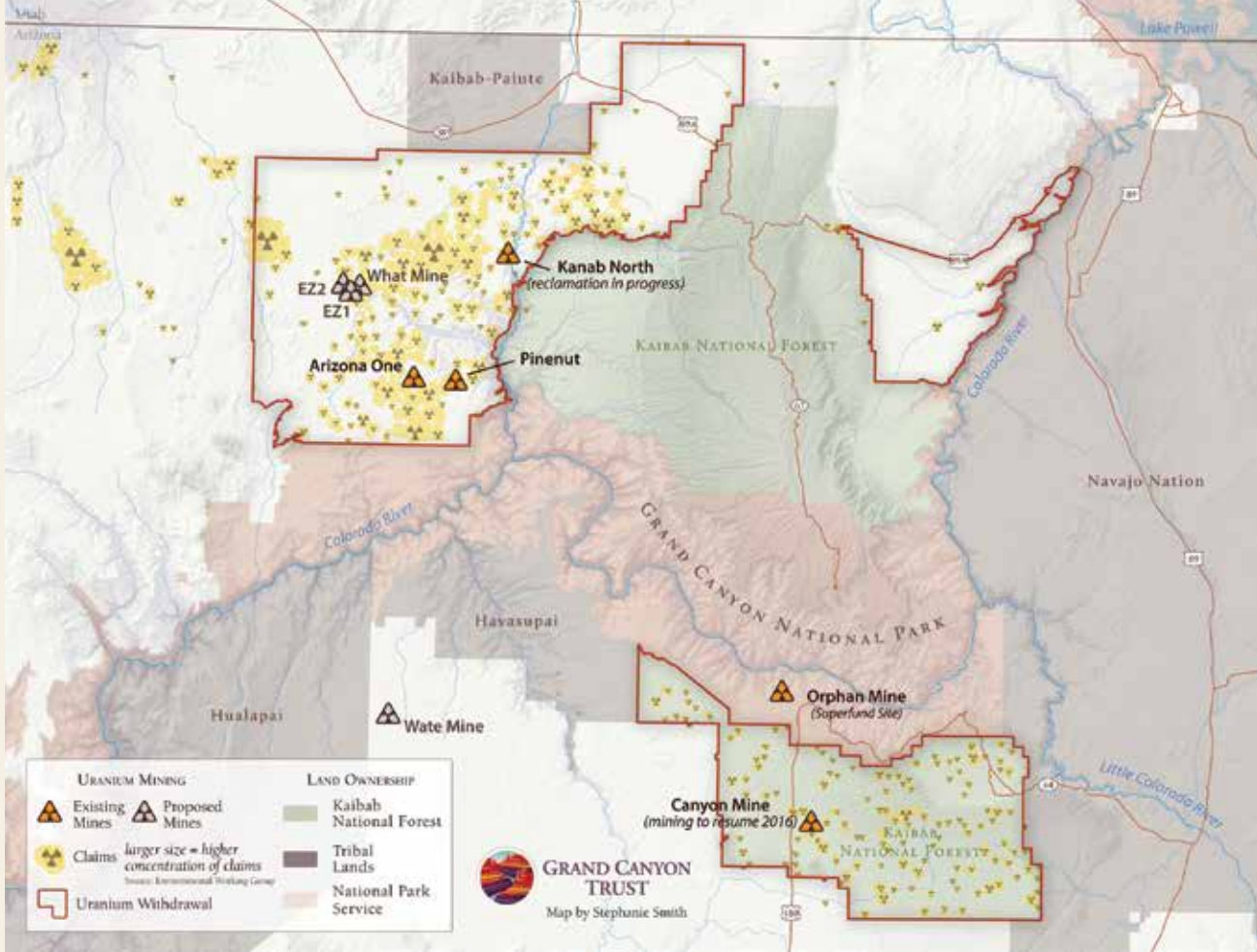
As far as we can tell based on the information available, it does not mean the agency is recommending lifting the ban entirely, something the mining industry has been pushing for in court. The Forest Service sets out a three-year timeline for revising the ban, from October 2017 to October 2020, and lists it as a priority “J” in a priority ranking system lettered A through K, relatively low priority compared to other regulations and actions it identifies as targets for revision.

## ALARM BELLS

Understandably, this is alarming for many Americans who understand the dangers of prioritizing energy development above protecting people and the environment from its side effects. Among those alarmed, you can count the broad coalition of local governments, business owners, conservation groups, and tribes whose hard-fought campaign to protect the Grand Canyon from uranium mining led then-Secretary of the Interior Ken Salazar to order the temporary mining ban in 2012. The ban recognizes the toxic and radioactive history of uranium mining in the Southwest, and the irreplaceable nature of the land and water of the Grand Canyon.







Map of uranium claims around the Grand Canyon.

courtesy: Stephanie Smith

The purpose of the temporary ban was to allow scientists time to better understand the complex geology and groundwater flow around the Grand Canyon and to determine if uranium mining could be done safely in the region. Without this improved understanding, allowing any new mines to go forward would be gambling that they won't contaminate the land and water resources critical to life and culture both within the canyon and beyond.

#### TOO PRECIOUS TO MINE

Some places are too precious to mine. Grand Canyon is one of them. It's our responsibility, as a nation, to show we are worthy of this natural wonder. Please, help us implore the Forest Service to Keep the Canyon Grand and reconsider its recommendation to review the common-sense mining ban. Keep the ban. Sign the petition.



*Amber Reimondo*  
ENERGY PROGRAM DIRECTOR  
GRAND CANYON TRUST

## GET INSPIRED, TAKE ACTION!

The Grand Canyon Trust has released a compelling two-minute film, "Keep the Canyon Grand," to inspire people to stand up for the Grand Canyon and support the uranium withdrawal. Some places are too precious to mine. The Grand Canyon is one of them! Please check out the informative video here and share it with your friends:  
<https://vimeo.com/240905038>

Feeling inspired? Please take action by signing the petition at: <http://grandcanyontrust.nonprofitsoapbox.com/canyonuraniumban>

Thank you for standing with Grand Canyon!



## Let the Healing Begin Finally, NO Escalade Development!



**I**N A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY and a swift decision, a vote was made. In a matter of seconds there was confusion amongst the crowd, wondering what had happened? What was the vote? And with most people including the Confluence families, a flood of emotions erupted which has been bottled up since this started more than six years ago.

There is an unknown factor of this very long battle against men and power. It is that of humiliation, stress, anxiety, and mental anguish. Not just for those who have been committed to this fight but also to those of the impacted community, the families.

With Navajo Nation's special session on Hallows Eve, sixteen delegates voted against a legislation of the Grand Canyon Escalade which has been a heated debate since it first made its appearance in 2012 by the principal Escalade Partner and developer, Lamar Whitmer, a Scottsdale resident. This 47,000 square foot resort with restaurants, retail stores, artist studios, RV park, gas stations, hotels, a public safety office and the main attraction, a gondola to the bottom of the Grand Canyon had divided the Navajo Nation and the local community of Bodaway-Gap, Arizona.

Now that the adrenaline is fading and the days have passed, we are still in state of confusion. Especially, with a world of supporters who want to know the

latest info and what the next step is? But before we acknowledge this new-found freedom, we have to look at how the healing process will begin, not just for ourselves in this group, but for the families and community of Bodaway-Gap.

In the beginning, different tribes respected each other's relationship to the land, including that of their Origin, along with prayers and ceremonies associated with the Canyon.

With the introduction of another's perspective and forced ideologies, we have been slowly erased into thinking that it is now just land. Land, which is just made up of dirt, plants, and animals; land which no longer holds memories of our ancestors or the prayers which require us to be in Hozho' — a complete beauty within ourselves and that which surrounds us.

How do we get back to Hozho'? For starters, we would have to acknowledge that—like all atrocities of forced removal and assimilation—the threat to our prayers, ceremonies, and deities in this modern age is very much real! As in any battle that our ancestors have gone through, there was a period of cleansing—not just for physical wounds, but also emotional and spiritual wounds. Once that takes place for all of us, we can process and overcome what has just happened and plan the new future.



photo: Carl Rice

And for that continued future survival, we need to learn from our experience and ensure that this does not happen again to the community and all those involved. But especially for all those who are fighting similar battles out in this world we live in. We made the mistake of letting corporations and outside interests speak for us and dictate how we should live. Now that we know what our best interests are which come from teachings of our elders and ancestors. We can continue to live in harmony by developing our own individual sustainable businesses through ranching, farming, and maintaining our traditional ways of living. We had the idea all along, it's the renewing of language in current laws and legislation that will help us in having our own small business which will provide income to our homes and our local communities.

Along with that idea, we have to ensure that our sacred places where prayers, songs, and ceremonies originate from shall always remain be protected. In respect to one another's religion, we have to once again acknowledge and give space for a resting place for our ancestors, a place of prayer and pilgrimages to these areas. So we have to look into our old laws and make new legislation or establish new

language in respect to those who have no voice, nature. So guidance from our traditionally practicing elders is essential to healing.

Save the Confluence is made up of many families, clan relatives, and friends who have supported one another through all these hard years. It is with this same support and guidance that we will heal and continue to fight for the protection of Grand Canyon and other endangered sacred areas. We have won one fight but the battle still continues.

### *Save The Confluence*



photo: Roger Clark

## Bill Skinner

JIM HUTTON AND I were down there on a Western trip in 1983. We're talking about 24-year-old, wide-eyed Western boatmen, and we had never run anything but left of that hole in Crystal since the first year I was down there.

...Well, the first year I went down, I did a couple of turn-around runs when the old hole was there, and hit the hole backwards and had people go off and got banged up and...didn't make much sense. The J-Rig was designed to go head-first downstream. It's built that way. So we started running these left runs, starting in about 1979, just running between the hole and the wall—there's a little slot in there... A clean run through there is a big, wild ride, but you didn't hit the hole. Now sometimes you'd get more of a piece of the hole than maybe you'd like to, but in those days, it was—even on old surplus rubber—it was completely runnable, but there was a slot on the left, and that was the key.

**STEIGER:** Those boats will take a pretty good shot, won't they?

**SKINNER:** They will take a good shot. These boats are designed to take hits. That's one of the, I guess, beauties of the Western boat. You'll hear different stories of what boat is best. But one thing a Western boat *can* do, is it *can* take a war-like hit. And I've learned that, and I've taught people how to take 'em.

So here we are, we're running down there in 1983... I had been involved in the helicopter turnover, where we turned the Western boat back over, that had flipped one week before. No Western J-Rig had ever flipped before.

**STEIGER:** But then one did, right there in Crystal?

**SKINNER:** That one did, and I happened to be at the warehouse. About 60,000 CFS. We drove a truck to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, loaded it with outboard engines, had a helicopter there. Bill George took care of these people that had been on the flipped boat.

The passengers had been flown up there, and we figured there was something that had to be dealt with here. Who knows what was down below? We really didn't know, but we knew the boat was upside down. So we arrived there with Bill George at the El Tovar Hotel, and he's got a pocketful of \$100 bills, right? He's gonna take care of these people.

I mean, there's people standing there in shorts and one shoe, tee shirts, right? Greg Mace was driving the flipped boat, and a guy named Shadow was the lead boatman, and both of 'em actually ran, I guess, right through the hole. They did not stop and get a chance to look at it.

**STEIGER:** But it wasn't even that bad at 60,000. Was it?

**SKINNER:** I don't know, I guess it was bad enough to turn a J-Rig over! It was a total endo. You talk to some people that were there that day... They hit it straight, it twisted it right straight up. They didn't have a full rack of people on the front tubes, and they had an upstream breeze. I'm not sure if that contributed or what, but when it came down, they said it made a boom that could be heard around the canyon. As it came down, the wave basically held the raft, the people were swept off—this is what I've heard from the boatmen—were swept off cleanly, and I don't think there was really any major—there were no real major injuries—some bumps and bruises, and that was it. But that was a J-Rig goin' over, and we got four tons of raft there.

**STEIGER:** Well, and also...you guys really weren't rigged to flip, were you?

**SKINNER:** Those boats are not rigged to flip. (laughter) The only thing that's holding—I don't care *whose* motorboat you got—the only thing that's holding those frames on the boat is gravity. I mean, nylon strap ain't gonna hold a frame on a big boat if it's upside down. It runs through Tuna Creek... That J-Rig was clear down below Elves [Chasm] before it came in, and there was *nothing* on it. Steve Lowry and I got on a helicopter, flew over the big eddy—rumor has it that in low water there'll still be a yellow Western frame down there that pops up, but I haven't ever seen it. Anyway, below Elves Chasm, above Blacktail, on the right side, there's a big eddy under an overhang, and the raft was in there. That's where they'd gotten the upside down raft *to*. Jimmy Urianza [phonetic spelling], the swamper on the boat, had ridden that upside down raft clear from Crystal, where they'd gotten all the passengers off before Tuna Creek, or picked up everybody before Tuna Creek who were on there, either some rowing trips were in the area—I know AZRA was there, picking up all of those...

**STEIGER:** Well, the first boat was there too, right? But they couldn't just get the boat over and tie it up?

**SKINNER:** Nope, they were traveling. We're goin' on 60,000 now, that water's moving through, right?

**STEIGER:** Below Elves Chasm?! That's quite a...

**SKINNER:** Yeah, where it ended up. It was pushed in by Chris Peterson, who was a Western boatman. They'd stopped at Elves and saw the J-Rig upside down floating by with Jimmy on the bottom. They pushed it into shore, tied it up, took the people down, and then started to helicopter 'em out from a beach on the right side just



above Blacktail. They started flying people out, and they took everybody out except the crew. So Steve Lowry and I show up the next day. The helicopter hovered there, and then we got a rope and climbed down the cliff, left the rope there, got onto the upside down J-Rig... and it was a hump-back J-Rig, 'cause the main cargo frame was still there, but all the boxes, the coolers, the engines, the butterfly—everything in the back of the boat was all gone, except for one frame that was bent. So there were two straps holding it on, is all that was left. Basically cut those straps in what I *thought* was a deep portion of the river, and the frame is now in that area someplace, I'd assume.

So Lowry and I on this floating J-Rig are drifting down. The other J-Rig's down below, helicopter's in the area, Bill George and the manager from Western are down there, and so they push us in... You know, this is the first time we're gonna turn over a J-Rig, right? I mean, everybody says, "What do you do if you turn over a J-Rig?" Well, the trip's over, that's for sure. But now, how do we get it back over? Well, they pushed the upside down boat against the shore, you take a rope from the outside tubes from the river side, the outside, run 'em to shore, and then get a rope, have the helicopter come down, tie the rope, or click into a carabiner on the rope on the shore side, then have the helicopter lift off out over the river. As it does, it brings it up over and flips it down.

**STEIGER:** You guys figured that out for 'em?

**SKINNER:** We figured that out, right there and then. (laughter) So now we got a right-side up J-Rig with nothing on it, and Steve Lowry, I don't know how, actually towed it out of the canyon. He and Shadow

took off and towed it out of the canyon. Pretty sure they cut it loose above Lava and then picked it up below. In the high water there were really only three rapids of note—Hance, Crystal and Lava. Everything else was washed out. I got back in that helicopter, we flew up to the rim and got on a plane, flew back to the warehouse, loaded up, went to bed, got up the next morning, loaded our own trip, and headed for the Ferry, right? So on the way, we figured we'd better check this dam out. So we went down to the Glen Canyon Dam, and it was a little out of the way to go through that way, to go through Page to get to Lees Ferry, but we thought it was worth our stop. So we stopped on top of that dam. I remember we quick got off of it, it was just vibrating, just "hmmmm," the spillways are running, the thing's vibrating. We kinda hopped on it a couple of times. You know, 24 years old, "I gotta get a paycheck this week, let's get goin'" (laughs)

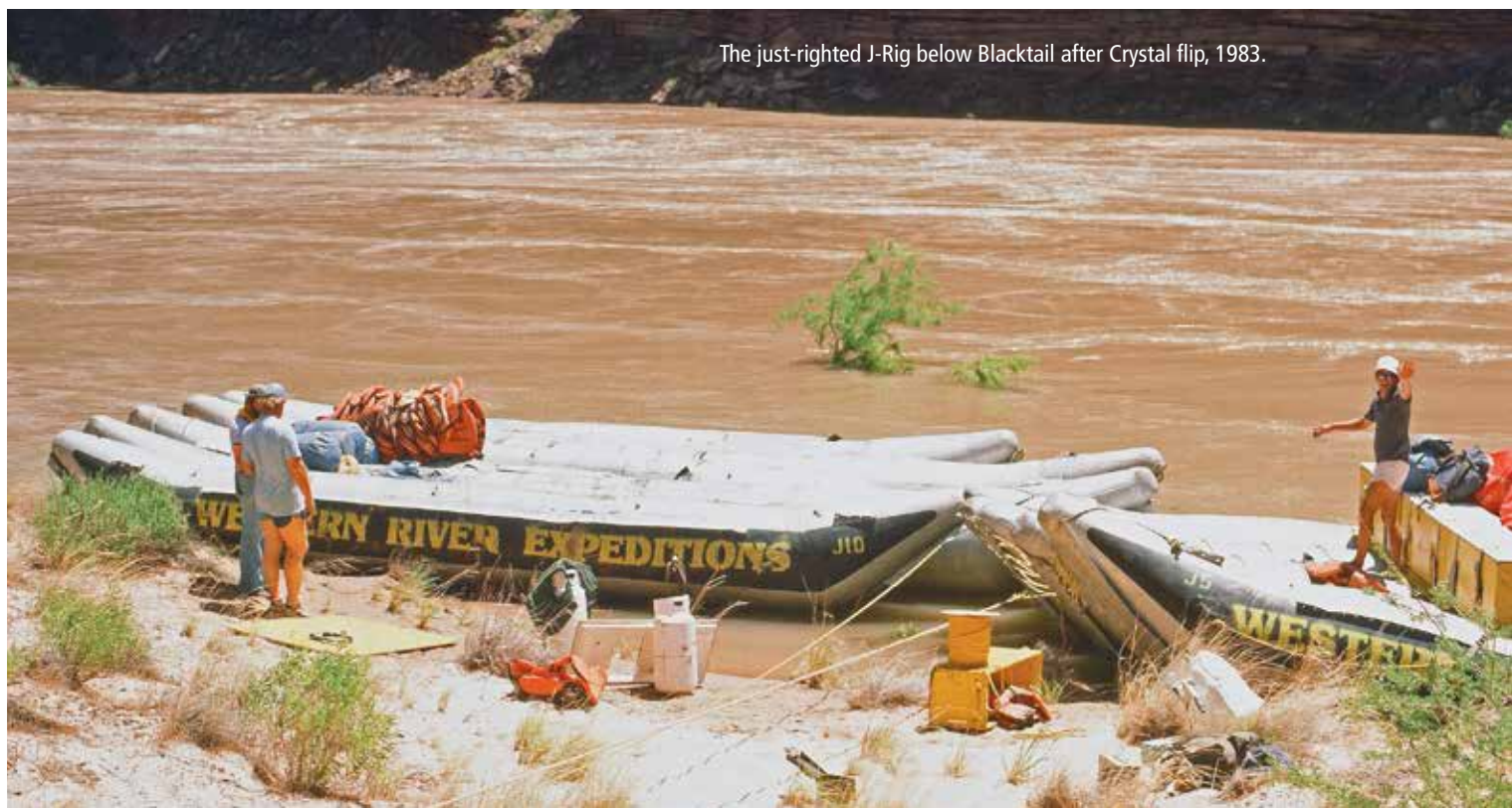
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*Bill Skinner is a legendary Western boatman who started in Grand Canyon in 1978. A lifelong ski racer, Bill currently heads the Alpine Masters Racing Program for the United States Ski Association. (Bill's younger brother Bobby is a long time GCE boatman—pretty legendary himself.)*

*This interview was conducted at Skinner's U.S. Ski Team office in Park City, Utah on October 14, 1998.*

—LEW STEIGER

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The just-righted J-Rig below Blacktail after Crystal flip, 1983.

SKINNER: I've got a question for *you*, Lew.

STEIGER: Okay.

SKINNER: Why me?

STEIGER: 'Cause I've been wanting all along to get into our generation, our class of boatmen. We started out talking to all these old timers: Don Harris and Lois Jotter... We sort of had a little bit of a picture of boating in 1938, boating in the forties, boating in the fifties, sixties. But then there's like late-seventies, early-eighties—our class—and you've always seemed like an interesting character to me. I know you were in on some wild stuff in 1983. And just kind of watching you from afar, I just thought you'd be interesting to talk to. (laughs)

SKINNER: Well, thanks, Lew.

STEIGER: I mean, I just heard this year about how you saved those OARS guys who were stuck on Big Pink. Sounds like it was pretty handy for those guys that you were there—like there wouldn't have been maybe that many guys who could have pulled that one off.

SKINNER: Okay. I *love* that shit, man. That's why I'm there. (laughs) And I've been practicing it for twenty years. So when you get the chance to show your stuff... (laughs) I'm the first one in.

\* \* \*

SKINNER: Born and raised in Parsippany, New Jersey, graduated from high school there. Went to college for two years in Vermont. When I went to Vermont, I built a fiberglass kayak out of a mold they had. That actually got me started on river running. I always lived on a lake in New Jersey, so water... and I always surfed when I was a kid. When you'd surf in New Jersey, you'd surf in hurricanes. Cold water, wetsuit, long board, no leash—you know, before leashes were around. There'd be times you'd swim a mile or two off of jetties, you know, waves breakin'. So water... I think that was probably one of my advantages.

STEIGER: You mean swim like with your board?

SKINNER: Or without the board. You lose the board, you got no leash, there you are. You paddle out as far as you can, the last wave breaks on you, takes your board away, now you're out there, you gotta swim in, at thirteen-, fourteen-years-old. So I guess I was fortunate to not have a real great fear of the water—or at least a respect for it, but yet understand I could deal with it. And that aided me later on, when I've done some of *my* swimming in the canyon.

But I built a kayak in Vermont, ran it on a river in New Jersey called the Rockaway River, where 287—it's an interstate highway—pushed rocks in on this river, and did my first really whitewater boating in that kayak.

STEIGER: At age?

SKINNER: Eighteen—my freshman year in college. Paddled down there until I basically broke the kayak in two, by wrapping it around a rock. I mean, we're talking no spray skirt, no life jacket, no shoes. But I had an idea of what I wanted to do. (STEIGER: No life jacket!?) And a trash bag and a bicycle tire as a spray skirt. I was just working things out. (laughs)

STEIGER: What got you thinking about that?

SKINNER: I'd just seen it on TV, and I guess these guys were doing... Right when I was at school in Vermont, I saw these guys that were doing some advanced kayaking with running courses and stuff, but I really didn't have a kayak, and so I kind of built one and then took it home, and that started my kayaking in New Jersey.

STEIGER: You just made your own mold?

SKINNER: No, they had a mold at the college, and I took an outdoors class that in the spring semester you made a kayak, and then went home with it, before I *really* had a good chance to use it. Used it for a while, then broke it, so that was a little bit of whitewater. Then I went to school out at University of Utah. The whole time I was ski racing, and that was probably my primary love as I was growing up. I was on the Junior National Team in 1972-'73, which is the top ten juniors in the country. I raced in South America, I raced some in Europe, I raced the top in junior and college racing, raced NCAA for the University of Utah—I was a ski racer.

STEIGER: What age did you start skiing?

SKINNER: I started when I was like three.

STEIGER: Your dad started you?

SKINNER: Yeah, parents took us out.

STEIGER: What did your parents do for a living?

SKINNER: Dad was an airline pilot. He was a World War II fighter pilot. He flew Spitfires in World War II, and maybe his little love of adventure... He took us sailing when we were kids, we did a lot of stuff.

STEIGER: Spitfires? Weren't those English?

SKINNER: Actually, the Spitfires in North Africa and Sicily, right at the beginning.

STEIGER: The U.S. had 'em?

SKINNER: Yeah, in 1942 and 1943, right at the beginning.

STEIGER: Wow. So your dad was pretty fearless, too?

SKINNER: They had no choice. He flew for Pan American, flying DC-3s to 747s, so he saw a real transition there. I've got five other brothers and sisters—one of 'em, brother Bob, works for GCE [Grand Canyon Expeditions] down in Grand Canyon. We've been running rivers together. I started running down there in like 1978, he started in about 1980, and



he's run off and on since then; and is still doing a full schedule for GCE. Other brothers and sisters are all back East.

But I came out to Utah to go to school, it was on a scholarship to ski race for the University of Utah. Looking around one year for a summer job, I actually went over to Vail, Colorado, and did a little floating. There was a company doing day trips down the Colorado River at a place called Gore Canyon. They paid you \$25 a day. At the end of the day, you'd drive back to Vail, you'd be so hungry, I'd spend \$20 on dinner. So I figured there must be a better way to do this river running stuff. I actually sent for brochures from different river companies out of Salt Lake, just to see what was going on, 'cause I needed a job in the summer. I was ski racing in the winter, and I needed a good summer job that would keep me active and outside. Western actually had a pretty good brochure, and I went in and I talked to 'em and they really weren't hiring. I was also a political science major, and I was doing a study on the original Grand Canyon management plan that came out in 1978. I had a teacher who I was doing an independent study for, because when you're on the ski team, you're not around a lot in the winter. So I did a paper that was sort of a critical analysis of the initial management plan when it first came out.

**STEIGER:** What led you to choose that as a topic?

**SKINNER:** You know, shot in the dark. The instructor said, "I understand you ran rivers," and I said, "Yeah." He goes, "You know, there's a new management plan coming out. Here would be a good subject for your independent study—special interest group influence on government decisions."

**STEIGER:** And what was the special interest group?

**SKINNER:** Everywhere between concessionaires and

Wilderness Society, Sierra Club. The private groups weren't organized at this time, but I basically kinda listened to both sides of it. Interesting stuff both sides, but I had never *been* down in the Grand Canyon. So I went back and talked to Western, to find out why they didn't want the management plan to be changed, or what their feelings were. A great deal of change was all good stuff, you know, all the carrying out of the poo, the care of the canyon, splitting up—a certain number of people leaving per day. The management plan, I had no idea what it was like before, but as soon as I started working there, it seemed like there was a real effort to care for the canyon by the commercial, as well as the private groups that were down there. And I've seen it even get *better*. I mean, I think the canyon gets better and better taken care of as the people that work down there are better educated. They educate others too.

But anyway, this one guy, Lynn Keller, one of the owners, called me up. He said, "You're writing this thing. What are your opinions so far?" I said, "Well, you know, I really haven't come to an opinion." He said, "We're doing a training trip down in the Grand Canyon. Why don't you come on this trip?" I wasn't going as a trainee, 'cause they had already said they really weren't hiring anybody. But as it turned out, I went on the trip, they didn't know I was supposedly doing this for class work, but I got to the end of the trip and...rowed an *Enterprise* down with Hawk and those guys.

**STEIGER:** After that trip?

**SKINNER:** On *that* trip.

**STEIGER:** You rowed an *Enterprise* on the training trip?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, on the training trip.

**STEIGER:** So they just stuck you on there?

**SKINNER:** Me and a couple of other guys.

**STEIGER:** What were they thinking there?

Were they hoping to influence you or something?

**SKINNER:** No. The crew just thought I was a new guy. But I mean, I was thinking, I was writing supposedly something, and it looked like I put quite a bit of care and effort into [it]... Did that first trip with Hawk, who I know you know. He's a legend of his own. He lived the canyon big time. He was in incredible physical condition, and used the canyon as his training ground for his marathoning. Western used to row this boat... [*Enterprise*] I don't know how many tons that thing weighed, but I can tell you the oars were eighteen feet long, and when they hit the bottom, if an oar fell off, it sank.



Ski racing days on Colorado Pro Tour.

Anyway, I went on that training trip as supposedly a school class. At the end of the trip, they said, "Well..." I got in a lot of back eddies in that *Enterprise*.

**STEIGER:** Imagine that! (laughter)

**SKINNER:** Sometimes it does *everything*. You could spend two hours in a back eddy in an *Enterprise*. But anyway, I did get the thing basically through the canyon. At the end they said, "Well, we'll take you on then." But I said, "Well, I wasn't interested in the job," 'cause I was still in school. So I went back to school, did my paper, and finished that up. Eventually finished up school that year and decided well, maybe I *would* take the job. It was getting to be the end of June, the U of Utah got out late. So I called 'em up and said, "Hey, you know, what's the chances of getting on? This is Bill Skinner, I rowed a boat down the canyon." They said, "Oh, that's right. Yeah, okay, we can use you, but get to Green River Airport tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. You're working at Moab." (laughs) So I took the job and I showed up in Green River airport and climbed on a plane-type thing. It was a Mormon ward group, and five nurses with the associated liquor and beer and stuff. We flew up, landed at Sand Wash.

**STEIGER:** The nurses were wild, and the Mormons...?

**SKINNER:** And the Mormons were not, right! And I figured this was a five-day trip, 'cause I know how to row. I flew into the airport up there. There was a guy in the back of a truck, Chris Peterson, and he's letting everybody throw their stuff in, and then climb up on top of their gear. Again, this was the old pickup truck river running days. Throw their gear in, and he's looking at everybody, and looking at everybody. He goes, "Does one of you folks work for Western?" I said, "Well, I do." He goes, "Oh, good, hop up front. Let's go." So we start driving down towards the put-in and he looks at me. He goes, "God, I haven't seen you before." I said, "No, this is my first trip." He goes, "Fetch!" I know what "fetch" means. He goes, "Well, gee, you ever been down Deso?" I said, "No, I haven't been down here before."

**STEIGER:** What *does* "fetch" mean?

**SKINNER:** Fetch is a Mormon word for you-know-what. (laughs)

**STEIGER:** Fetch?

**SKINNER:** That was pretty much all he said the whole trip. We're drivin' down there, he goes, "Ever been down here before?" I said, "No." He goes, "Fetch! Well, don't tell anybody. You just follow me, stay right behind me." I said, "There's a lot of people here. Where are the other boatmen?" He goes, "What do you mean?" I go, "You can't put all these people on rowing boats." He goes, "This isn't a rowing trip, this

is a motor trip." He looked at me, "You ever motored before?" I said, "No." He goes, "Fetch!" He says, "Don't tell anybody." (laughs) "You follow me, you stay close." We ran these baby "J"s. I don't know if you know what those are.

**STEIGER:** I've seen 'em, when I was up there, actually.

**SKINNER:** Three side tubes with the transom in the middle. It's got like a fifteen-horse engine on it.

**STEIGER:** The one tube's a little further forward.

**SKINNER:** Yeah, right. Put nine or ten people on it. I was just deathly afraid of... I couldn't get it in reverse, because I've worked outboards, growing up on the ocean and stuff, but not really a pull engine so much, and I didn't know where reverse was. I was trying to go along, make like I knew what I was doing, but there was a little apprehension there. I basically got in behind him at about 20,000—1978 was a good water year—staying in behind him, made it through the canyon, had a great time. Tried to find the middle ground between the nurses and the Mormon group, trying to be the good boy. That's how I started, and then worked at Moab until the end of the year when I went down to the Grand and started rowing the *Enterprises*.

**STEIGER:** Again, with Hawk.

**SKINNER:** With Hawk. Hawk was... gosh. Hawk was a character. You know, he was probably in his early-forties when he was down there. He lived the canyon. I mean, he was a bit of... kind of a wide-eyed Western boy in those days. I guess some called us "hole hitters" or whatever. But we had a boat that was designed for it, and maybe we were idealistic and carried positive thoughts, whatever, but we ran pretty much down through the middle of the river. He ran a real enthusiastic trip. Initially, I don't know if a lot of other companies did a lot of readings to people and poetries and doing a lot of hiking and stuff. Probably they all did, but he was the first guy I ran with that really spent a lot of time relating to the people, telling 'em stories, jokes, and entertaining them, as well as just cooking for them and getting them from camp to camp. He set an example that I tried to follow. He gave it his best, I tried to followed his example.

And then he also was a marathon runner. He would take off. I mean, there's stories of him, he'd stop at Phantom Ranch and say, "We're gonna stay here for three hours," and he'd run to the rim and buy folks t-shirts, 'cause on his *Enterprise* he had maybe five or six people on a boat, and maybe at the most, two boats. A lot of times he would just have five or six people for ten days, was what we rowed it in, which was a good push in those days with low water, late-seventies, early-eighties... 'til '83 But he'd run to the





Hawk rowing an *Enterprise*.



Hawk taking the ledge hole in Lava.

rim of the canyon, buy 'em t-shirts and back—do that in three hours. He'd go to the Indian village [Havasu] and he was running up there and back. I don't really know what some of his times were.

**STEIGER:** Wait, he'd run to the rim at Phantom, and back? In three hours?

**SKINNER:** In that ball park. I've been down there where we would basically... We would stop like at

the last camp there, and then he'd head up like right before dinner, and he'd come back before dark.

**STEIGER:** At Cremation he'd stop?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, right. And then at Havasu, we would just get there in the morning, and he'd run up to the village and back.

**STEIGER:** He'd buy everybody t-shirts?

**SKINNER:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** I used to drive by him and wonder, “How can he get away with that, making these people just sit while he’s out there running?”

**SKINNER:** You know, I think he always—at least when I did trips with him—he always made sure that they were somewhat set up. In my case, I basically had to cook dinner while he ran at Phantom. But he made up for it in other ways. He had a lot of, I guess, influence on people. People really thought he was a very colorful character, and just enjoyed being around him and seeing what he would do. His zest for life carried on to the crew and the passengers.

**STEIGER:** What kinds of things would he read?

**SKINNER:** *The Little Prince*. Do you remember that book?

**STEIGER:** Saint Exupré?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, I think that’s it. He would read that, and he would read a lot of Robert Service stuff.

**STEIGER:** So not necessarily like Powell’s journal—he was reading them literature?

**SKINNER:** He would read ’em something that would just let ’em kick back and think.

**STEIGER:** Now, *The Little Prince*? That was this little kid that wished on a star?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, that kinda thing. I mean, it’s been so long, I haven’t read it since. But he would always read it, and they would just all gather around him wherever he was and listen to the story, and then he would talk some about it. I guess so many people go into the Grand Canyon to get away from their everyday life.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Well, I think a lot of people don’t even know what they’re going for when they start.

**SKINNER:** And they can still get what I call the “ammo can syndrome” where everyday life still translates to, “Where is my Chapstick? Where is my sun screen? I gotta keep near this ammo can.” Taking people on hikes where you get ’em away from the ammo can... Breaks ’em free of that other bond that’s still there to maybe their regular, everyday life. We can *do* that in the Grand Canyon, ’cause they can’t phone ya’. You know, they just can’t call you down there—at least, so far.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. I guess someday they *will* be able to... He [*Hawk*] kinda looked like a Hawk, didn’t he?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, he had kind of wispy hair, a big ol’ beak nose, and a big ol’ handlebar moustache.

**STEIGER:** No extra weight on that guy!

**SKINNER:** No, he was a lean dog, to do that running. He’d run up to Nankoweap and back. Just running the whole way.

**STEIGER:** About ten minutes up?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, just run up the whole way, they were timing themselves.

We didn’t have a car at Lees Ferry, so we’d always run up to Marble Canyon and then back.

**STEIGER:** From Lees Ferry?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, just after we rigged.

**STEIGER:** Did you go with him?

**SKINNER:** I would do it, because he was the guy I was trying to follow, stay behind. He led me through House Rock in the middle of the night. I gotta follow *this* guy! (laughter) I really don’t know where I am, but I gotta keep up with this guy. (laughs)

**STEIGER:** How did he treat you?

**SKINNER:** Pretty good. I’m not a Mormon.

**STEIGER:** But he is?

**SKINNER:** Yeah. Used to have his near-beers. I think he always kept one eye on me, checking to see if I was gonna sneak a beer or something like that, but I don’t think he would really have cared. He’s an open-minded person. You did the job....

**STEIGER:** What was his real name?

**SKINNER:** Ken Harper, he lives in Orem, UT. He was managing a shoe store for a while, his wife was a St. George, class winning marathoner, and he’s got a little kid. His life changed. You’ve probably seen ’em all—run rivers ’til when, right?

**STEIGER:** ’Til you get married.

**SKINNER:** Well (chuckles) I’m married.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, and you’re still doin’ it.

**SKINNER:** Basically I started running rivers full-time in 1978, from the days we did the five-day fireball, where you did a five-day trip to the helicopter pad, flew everybody out, deadhead to the lake, de-rig that night, next morning drive back to the warehouse, unload the truck, reload the truck, and back to Lees Ferry. Did a trip a week. And I think in like 1979, 1980, 1981, I was doing between fifteen and eighteen trips a summer.

**STEIGER:** Wow. And you’re leaving every...?

**SKINNER:** Every Tuesday. Yeah. (Steiger whistles) Monday we’d Lees load. But again, 22, 23—you can’t hurt me. And I was trip leading then. I was trip leading in my second year.

**STEIGER:** Well, in 1978, the water wasn’t that... I can’t remember what it was doing.

**SKINNER:** You know, it was *Enterprise* stuff.

**STEIGER:** That’s what you were doing?

**SKINNER:** Yeah. I don’t remember it being high. I don’t remember ever seeing high water until they did a test flow. I remember it was like 1981 or something like that—did a 3,000 to 30,000 and back down to 3,000. Do you remember that? It was some kind of flow... I got beached, and flooded, in twelve hours. But anyway, that was the first time we really saw high water, because in 1979, 1980, and 1981, it was all low-water stuff.



**STEIGER:** Well, for me, I learned how to do turnaround runs in the early-seventies when the water was really low, and there were places where you just *had* to turn around.

**SKINNER:** I don't think you had to. And I want to talk about that.

**STEIGER:** It was a lot easier, because if you turned around and you're going upstream, you got this really good lateral movement. You could slow everything down and you could really... the guys I was going with really wanted to miss everything. There were some guys—[Steve] Bledsoe, the Hatch guys—they never turned around.

**SKINNER:** No. There were some Hatch guys, there was Hawk, there were some guys from Western that kind of like—we called 'em "the wide-eyed boatmen." And you *did* have to turn around in low water. I was taught to turn around, but when I started in 1978, my first trip ever down the Grand Canyon, I rowed an *Enterprise* without passengers, but Hawk had five or six passengers, and I had an *Enterprise* with another guy from Moab... I'm rowing this boat, right. First night we are going to camp at 19-Mile but got blown in by wind at the Navajo Bridge and spent five hours in an eddy. Hawk's not taking "No" for an answer. I ran House Rock the first time about eleven o'clock at night.

**STEIGER:** Right down the gut, too, I'll bet!

**SKINNER:** Well, he just told me to stay right. I didn't know what I was staying right of! (laughter) But I was pullin' on these eighteen-foot oars as hard as I could, and we made it to camp that evening. And I just thought that's the way river running always was. You just kinda got in there and just dealt with it. So I made *that* trip. I did two *Enterprise* trips that year, and the next year I ran a motorized rig.

**STEIGER:** Maybe you should describe the *Enterprise* a little bit better.

**SKINNER:** What an *Enterprise* is—if you look at a current J-Rig—it's four of those. The outside tube runs the full length of the boat. It's four of those wide, with a frame that fits in the middle. Like I said, eighteen-foot oars. You spent a lot of time with two hands on one oar—probably as close to a sweep as you could get and have it a rubber boat. We had those big coolers we ran on J-Rigs that probably hold fifteen blocks of ice in 'em. We had two of those coolers on there, plus four of those long food boxes that are full-sized motorized food boxes, plus a stove. I've done one-boat, unsupported, row trips with this boat, and had ice on day twelve. You were rowing the *Enterprise*, is what it came down to.

**STEIGER:** So it's four of those tubes....?



Bill Skinner running an *Enterprise*.



*Enterprise* running left of old hole in Crystal, Lou Grossman at the oars.



Towing the *Enterprises* out of the canyon on a deadhead below Whitmore.



Old J-Rig taking a hit in Hermit.

**SKINNER:** Actually two on the outside tubes, the full length. The two in the middle are snouts, both sides, so it was kicked up on both ends with the frame dropped in the middle.

**STEIGER:** So this boat is *how* long?

**SKINNER:** It's probably about thirty feet long,

**STEIGER:** And about fifteen feet wide, then? Well, it wouldn't have been *that* wide.

**SKINNER:** It was at least sixteen feet wide, yeah. I remember going to Lees Ferry, first time at Lees Ferry, and I'm trying to rig this boat, tryin' to figure it out, and it was Mondell [Hibbert], Ronny Beecher, and who's that guy that used to run with Mondell from Moki's?

**STEIGER:** Stuart [Reeder]? Or Bill Trevithik?

**SKINNER:** No. Roger. Remember Roger? (**STEIGER:** Yeah.) Roger and....

**STEIGER:** Blonde guy. [Roger Murphy]

**SKINNER:** You know who I mean. But anyway, these guys were running a Moki trip, and I remember 'em coming down and they kinda got on the boat and just sort of surrounded me. They said, "How much they paying you, kid?" (laughter) I said, "\$17.50 a day." They shook their heads and went, "It ain't right, it just ain't right." (laughs)

**STEIGER:** Yeah! They were getting \$25! (laughter)

**SKINNER:** Yeah. They loved to hang around and see. I mean, that boat, the scariest part of that boat was, I would say, would be the Bedrock run, and the pull-in at Havasu. I mean, those were the two places. Everything else, you just lined it up.

**STEIGER:** Even the Havasu pull out, if it was low?

**SKINNER:** You could tumble down the wall. I mean, it's tough to try to be making the Havasu pull-in for a day hike and miss it. And that's where I learned to go left in Bedrock, 'cause the first time I took that thing down, I went left in it, and I still row down—this last rowing trip I did, I ran left in Bedrock, just for drill in an eighteen-foot Rogue.

**STEIGER:** Oh, yeah?! On purpose?

**SKINNER:** You bet.

**STEIGER:** What do you do, just get far left right away?

**SKINNER:** You can do it two ways. Again, this is kind of a little bit of my theory of river running—I want to touch on that. Anyway, Bedrock, you can either pull into the eddy on the left side and have lunch, and then figure out how to get out after lunch. I *say* that, but what you do is, you come back up the eddy and then make your pull across. You come back up the eddy, the head of the eddy, and then you start pullin' into the current from left to right, out of the eddy.

**STEIGER:** Big eddy.

**SKINNER:** Big eddy in there.

**STEIGER:** Sharp! Fast!

**SKINNER:** Just go right in that eddy there, and you can spin around there all day if you want. And then you decide you want out. So you go back to the head of it, grab one oar with two hands and make about five big cuts right at the beginning, right to get yourself into the current, then immediately switch over, 'cause if you get too far up into there, it'll take you into the rock. Then you gotta go back the other way and be trying to row back *into* the eddy, but the current will just take you right out. *Or*, you line up and you row,



you stay way left, way left, way left, and then when you see you're gonna miss the rock, you row at the rock as hard as you can, with your back to it, and just hit the slot. And I've run J-Rigs—Jimmy Hall [*who used to run for Hatch*] has seen me run J-Rigs through there. High water, just for fun. To work on your skills. You know, we've gotta work on our skills! (laughter) I mean, we've got everything done—Crystal day, whatever—but we weren't that good at it. So if you're gonna work on your skills, you gotta practice when you can.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, that's true.

**SKINNER:** And that was sort of something that developed. You talked about how when you started river running how, you know, I was taught to back, turn around—when I finally *did* start running J-Rigs, which was my second year, but it was the first motorized trip I ran a boat, you know, 'cause again, this was the seventies. At that time, “Hey, kid, you think you can run a J-Rig through there?” “Oh, yeah!” What are you gonna say—“No”?! (laughs) “You bet, man! Gimme da ball! Send me deep, I'm going out.”

I was a ski racer, right? I was racing pro, I was going off bumps, I was racing full slalom technique in the wintertime, so your butt's flat on the line. And so when I started running a J-Rig, basically....

**STEIGER:** That's not such a big deal?

**SKINNER:** Well, no, but I was running with the same attitude. If you play defense, when you try to run a slalom course going 45-50 miles an hour, or off bumps

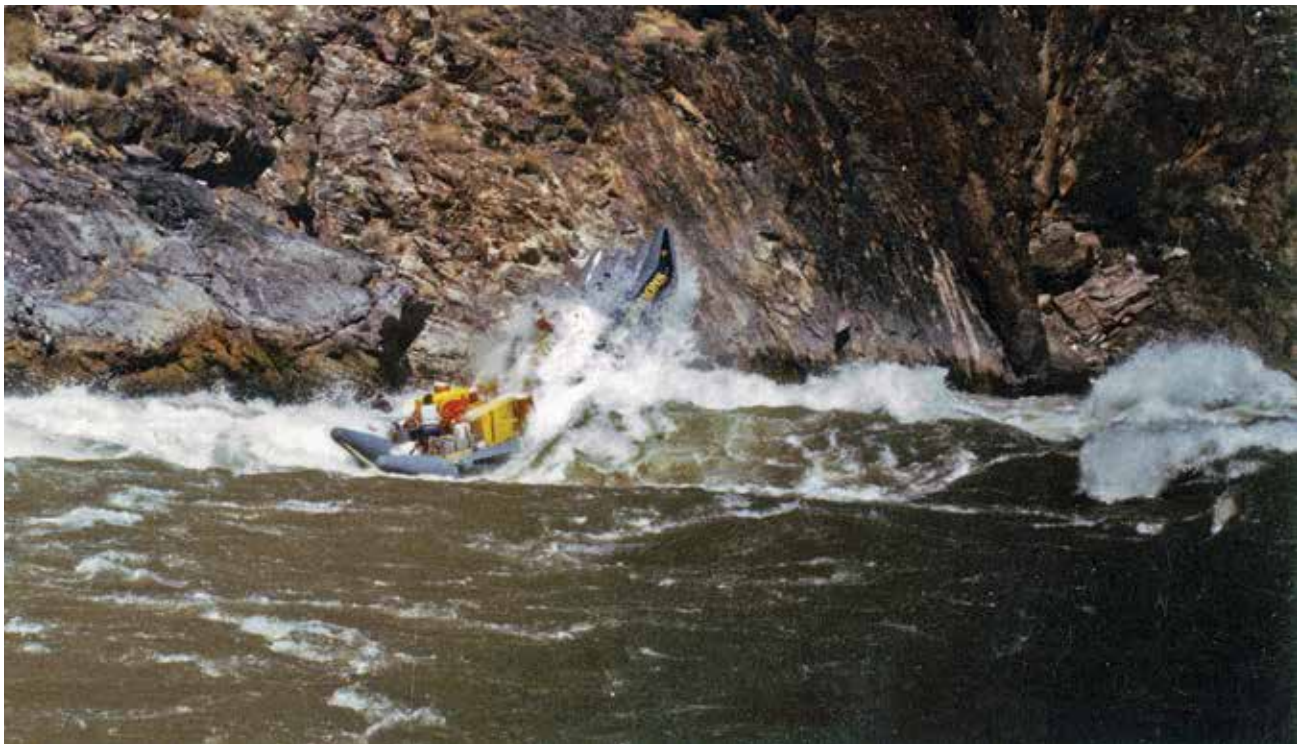
or downhill or whatever, you're gonna get your ass handed to you. So there was an attitude that I just had in the rest of the season—the rest of my lifestyle was ski racing—that I took to the river. When I took to the river, I said, you know, the spin around backwards, play defense with the J-Rig, it doesn't really make sense to me. The way you ought to do this thing is develop an offensive...

**STEIGER:** Cut a nice clean line?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, develop an offensive style, and look ahead. I mean, skiing is looking ahead. River running is looking ahead.



Hitting the left side of the top hole in Crystal.



Left-of-the-old-hole run in Crystal.



Just about to take the ledge hole hit at Lava.

**STEIGER:** You know, I'll betcha your J-Rigs, those noses are pretty light, huh? I'll bet they pivot a lot faster (**SKINNER:** They pivot on a dime, yeah.) than the S-Rig, 'cause that's what would happen with us. You know, we usually had pretty heavy noses with those front frame boats. As soon as you start getting that nose in slow water, it really wants to spin you around. It was hard to keep your angles steep. I'll bet that maybe had a little bit of... Those J-Rigs, they always turned pretty quick huh?

**SKINNER:** Yeah, J-Rigs are light in the front. And if they start to grab, you feel it right away, and you can save it, you could keep it straight. Like I say, when I started, I did a few turn-around runs in the right side of Crystal, and some different things that after a while I got in more trouble, it seemed, in *those* circumstances, than when I went down something like Sockdolager and just drove it right into the wave (**STEIGER:** And went for it.). Yeah. But then I started learning "Where is our loose point?" I know how to get this boat through this river—any way I want it. But it's the passengers. How do I keep *these* guys in place? 'cause a J-Rig, if you look at it, there's nine people that ride across those front tubes up there. We're not packing these folks in like cargo, like you do in a lot of the S-Rigs. These people are out there, exposed—

hand-hold front, hand-hold back. There's only one thing keeping them on the boat, and that's themselves. So what you gotta do is, you have to teach 'em how to *stay* on that boat. And you gotta teach 'em how to stay on it like they really *mean* it. And that starts in Badger on the right side, at the very top. Drive right up there. You give 'em an orientation. The bottom line is, they're not listening. They think this is Disneyland. They're just not buying into this thing yet. So you're talking, and they're not looking. You can just see, they're not watching. You get everybody and you tell 'em how to ride the front tubes. And I make a very big deal out of this orientation, where you sit, just really play that.

**STEIGER:** "The only thing keeping you in the boat is *you!*"

**SKINNER:** Right, "is you!" And I'm tryin' to get a little fear going here, 'cause the best hand-hold is a scared hand-hold. The idea that I can hold on with two fingers, this ain't gonna work on the front of these boats. I got places on my J-Rig where I can put people, they'll be fine, but I like to have them *decide* on that spot. So how do I get them to decide on it? You gotta get them to decide on it the first day, *somehow*, because you don't want them to decide at Hermit or Crystal where they're supposed to sit—they gotta find out the



first day. And you start to warm 'em up at Badger, and then they do their finishing course at House Rock. By then, if you can get through House Rock and get everybody lined out, you're set, they know what's going on.

**STEIGER:** So you warm them up at the right side of Badger?

**SKINNER:** You line up on Badger, you go over the pour-over and pull your engine, get down. (laughter)

**STEIGER:** And you actually *do* that?! That's standard?

**SKINNER:** For my trips it was. Then after that, man, I tell you what, they're listening! (laughs) They'll be staying right there....

**STEIGER:** They're pretty excited, too?

**SKINNER:** Yup, and they start to move, they start to find their spot. I mean, there's certain conditions where you can look at it and see that you *can't* do that—too low. But at most water levels, you can get their attention in Badger. And then you run it hard in Soap Creek, and then you get to House Rock and you just go down the left wall and just take it. By that time... Involved in this whole thing is a very concentrated walking around the boat, looking at each person, adjusting every life jacket, checking hand holds, going and showing where the places are. Over the years, you learn where things can go wrong, and you spot them. You have to identify... You know, "The world is divided into those who hang on and those who let go." The idea is to identify the letter-goer as early as possible, and make sure he's at a spot where he can't get hurt. So this is all part of the identification process. But by the time you get through House Rock these guys are living it now. They know they're going big.

**STEIGER:** And you explain that to them?

**SKINNER:** Yeah. You just walk it, walk it, keep enforcing it. And then after that, we don't do any spin-around runs, we don't do any backward runs. All they know right from the beginning is if they go into a rapid and they see a big wave, they're gonna hit it. That's all they need to know. I mean, there's no turn around backwards and hit it sideways when all of a sudden we get to the big one. Why would I change my plan when I get to a *big* rapid?! At this point, I've drilled into their heads, "This is where you're supposed to sit, this is what to expect, we're together as a team, we're going for Mr. Toad's wild ride. And we're gonna go from Lees Ferry to Lava Falls or Pearce Ferry, wherever we end up..."

**STEIGER:** "We're gonna hit every single wave!"

**SKINNER:** Every [*fetching*] hole on the way down. (laughs) And that's worked pretty well. I figure a little under two hundred trips, 36 people I'm responsible for, eighteen on my boat. I don't know what the

arithmetic is on that, but...I've probably had eight fly-outs in twenty years...In close to two hundred runs, I've maybe had two or three river-related injuries. That's not bad. I think that's pretty good, with eighteen passengers.

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** Well, that one trip we were talking about in '83 [June 24, 1983, when the water first went up to 72,000 and Crystal really became a monster—the day before the NPS closed the rapid, and coincidentally, the speed run of the EMERALD MILE began...] that was a pretty wild day, huh?

**SKINNER:** Yeah. So after we stood on the dam [*before that trip*] we went down and rigged out and headed out. That ended up being our high-water run. Park Service was dropping little water level notes.

**STEIGER:** "Camp high, be safe!"

**SKINNER:** Yeah. At Redwall Cavern you could drive your J-Rig clear to the back wall. Remember? In Redwall Cavern.

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**SKINNER:** We were down there when it hit 90,000—someplace. We ran through the rapids, it was really no big deal. Most of the rapids were washed out. I remember President Harding had a pretty good hole. Nankoweap had a good ride. Hance was big. We pulled in at Phantom Ranch, because we kinda just stopped to let the folks use the toilets and go visit the place. I don't know if we even filled water jugs up or what. That's when, actually I guess that day started—we were probably there around two, I would guess—and the ranger runs down the trail as we're starting to get ready to go, kinda white in the face, "There's been motor-rig flips in Crystal! Get down there, they need help right now." So that's when we heard about it. So we headed on out. Two boats, you know (hums the calvary charge), "We can do it! We can do it! What do you want us to do, Coach? Send us in!" (laughter) So we drive right down to Crystal. I remember as we're driving above Crystal, all you could see was helicopters hovering in the air. One thing I'll always remember—Kelly Stevens was my swamper...As I was pulling in to tie up to scout the rapid, we had five-gallon running tanks, and that five-gallon running tank, you always had to be watching them, checking 'em—five-gallon running tank runs empty. The boat bumps against the shore, bumps back out, and all of a sudden it was like, you know, you look downstream, and it's gonna take you a few minutes to get that reconnected. I said, "Kelly! Swim!" And he hit the water like a lab with the bow line.

**STEIGER:** That water was haulin' ass, too!

**SKINNER:** Yup. He got around a tree and stopped it right there. So there's the start. Now my mouth is dry, I'm looking around for some gum. (laughter) I mean, this is not the way to start this thing. "Let's go see what's going on." So we hiked up on the hill, and... what was his name—Law?

**STEIGER:** Mark Law?

**SKINNER:** Mark Law was just getting out of a chopper... He was new then, he was in a yellow, one-piece jumpsuit, and I remember the boatmen all hustled up to the hill and all our passengers come up behind us on the high rise. As they all come up there, all you could see downstream was just orange life jackets on either side of the river.

**STEIGER:** In the water?

**SKINNER:** In the water, or on the shoreline, but there were people down either side. Right then the helicopter starts coming down, so all the people scatter in the dust. So we sent everybody back to the boat, and Mark Law's up there. He says, "Okay, we got three people here and four people down there, and two down in there." I guess there were three rangers that were also with these folks in the water, that they'd lowered with a helicopter. One of 'em was Kim Crumbo, 'cause I picked him up in the course of this thing.

**STEIGER:** He was jumping out of the choppers, swimming?

**SKINNER:** Doing some danged thing, yeah. And so the whole time Mark Law is pointing downstream where these people were. All I'm doing is looking at the middle of the river. What was it that day, do you know?

**STEIGER:** I think it had just gone up to 72,000 the night before, and I personally think that was the *worst* that Crystal ever was. I don't think it went to 90,000 for another couple days, was my recollection. But I thought that that 72,000 on the way up was the gnarliest that it ever was. There wasn't that much space between the hole and the trees and that hole was something else.

**SKINNER:** There wasn't a lot of room. Mark Law is pointing out all these people down there, and I'm looking at the hole, and like you said, that hole looked like it went clear across the river, and it was just raging, you know. (**STEIGER:** It was *huge!*) We're looking at it. Mark keeps grabbing my chin with his finger and turning my head downstream and saying, "Now, there's four more down there." But then my head would snap back and I'd look at this hole.

But anyway, we loaded folks up, and I think it was maybe questionable in hindsight...I mean, so far that

day they'd flipped one Georgie [S-Rig], they'd flipped one Cross...

**STEIGER:** Well, my recollection of it was there was a Georgie 33 that turned over first. Then the little Georgie triple-rig, the little thrill boat, went in there and had *watched* this 33 turn over, and they were so impressed by that, they got over too far to the right, and they got into the trees with all that current rippin' through there, and pancaked their upstream boat underneath the other two. I mean, stacked up on the trees, and it sucked their upstream boat under.

And then the first of three Cross boats came through. Cross boat number one comes through, and surfs in the hole, like about four or five times, looking downstream, just sitting there; and then gets spun around and they're surfing in the hole backwards, this 35-footer, I think they were, and then gets spit out backwards. And then he pulls over above Tuna and stops right there. And then *we* came—me and [Jon] Stoner, two ARR boats, we ran. The Georgie guys tell us, "Our big boat's over! You gotta save these people!" And I'm thinking, "Well, what's this Cross boat doing down there, if there's a big boat turned over ahead of us?" So I go over to him, "Is there a big boat that flipped?" And they're all nodding. (laughs) I go, "Well, is anybody after 'em?" And this guy shakes his head, he goes, "No." I go, "Well..." (**SKINNER:** Yeah, right.) He goes, "I got two more boats coming, and they're gonna hit that hole, too, and I'm waiting for them!"

**SKINNER:** You know Kelly?

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**SKINNER:** Kelly Smith was on one of those other Cross boats, 'cause when we came down with his passengers, he was the guy that was counting heads. He was the most relieved person I've ever seen in my life, when they were counting heads and they came up with the right number. He must have been on one of those second two boats.

**STEIGER:** So me and Stoner go on down there, and we're starting to pick up the Georgie people, but unbeknownst to us, here come these next two Cross boats. (**SKINNER:** Right.) And sure enough they're running one-two, and boat number two goes in the hole and he's not getting out of there. He's just sitting in there surfing like boat number one did, and then boat number three comes in and goes right over the top of boat number two...You know, it was like a two-boat trip. Actually, the lead boat...The second boat just totally wasted the first boat, just blew everything off of there.

**SKINNER:** That's what the wreck was.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, does that jibe with what you guys remember?





Tour West flip, 1983.

**SKINNER:** Yeah, I would say so, 'cause we just really were seeing the after-effects down below. We were working with the people up above. So we scout it, and basically it looked like if you scouted it, you knew not to hit it. (laughter) It wasn't too tough to figure that out. When we say we make left-side runs, it's because we scout it. I mean, when I run left, I *always* scout Crystal. I still scout it the majority of the time, although sometimes now in some lower water levels, it's changed, it's not really that critical... I mean, you looked at that hole and you saw it, you knew you had to miss it, you developed momentum—and everything on those boats is momentum—from basically center to right, with a focus. You never looked at the hole, you looked at the slot, and you ran for that slot.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Did you guys run it straight through? (SKINNER: Yeah.) Or did you turn around?

**SKINNER:** Straight run.

**STEIGER:** You did?! Whoa!

**SKINNER:** Straight run. Man, we just ran everything. Fortunately, I had a forty-horse Mariner [outboard motor] on then, which we were testing. [Aside to Jim Hutton] You were running with a 35?

**JIM:** Thirty-five. I didn't think I was gonna make it, and I spun backwards, and I made it into the slot.

**SKINNER:** Didn't you swamp your engine and have to change?

**JIM:** It did. I swung it backwards, it swamped, and we changed. But I didn't think I was gonna make the hole runnin' straight across, so at the last minute I just put it all the way back. When then it seemed like the current just pulled me right into the slot, and then the

water buried me, and the engine was dead, and you said to pick up whoever you missed—for me to pick 'em up. You missed those first three. There were three on a rock on the right-hand side.

**STEIGER:** But you didn't have a motor?

**JIM:** No, I changed it.

**SKINNER:** Actually, I got the first ones. You were picking up ones when we got farther down. We did go into the one side of the river and weren't able to get back across.

**STEIGER:** So you guys had....?

**SKINNER:** We had eighteen passengers apiece, right? Fully-loaded J-Rigs.

**STEIGER:** And then you had about, what, 25 to pick up or something?

**JIM:** No, I don't think there was that many.

**SKINNER:** No, I think we probably had... Was there twelve or fourteen?

**JIM:** I'd say twelve.

**SKINNER:** Yeah, I thought it was twelve.

**JIM:** You got the most of 'em, 'cause I only ended up with three.

**SKINNER:** Yeah. We picked up twelve passengers and three rangers by the time we got to Bass.

**STEIGER:** So you guys were the next guys after us that made it?

**SKINNER:** Yeah. And the next ones who ran after us was Tour West the next morning, and that was the wreck...

**STEIGER:** That was where the fatality [*happened*]...

**SKINNER:** Yeah. So we basically were making pick-ups along there, and I remember somewhere in there

I think I banged my engine and I'd picked up Crumbo with some people. At the time you didn't really know who anybody was. A 24-, 25-year-old kid, I mean, this was great! "Man, it doesn't get any more exciting than this!" (laughter) So we're picking these guys up, and the rangers, man, they're fully flack-jacketed and knifed. They were lookin' good. (laughter) And so we're picking these guys up, and then I smack a rock and my engine quits, and so we've gotta make an engine change with some straps going over the box. We're trying to get the "D" rings undone, and finally said, "Anybody got a knife?" There were three rangers, and all of a sudden, "click! click! click!" three knives (laughter), (schoom!) engine out, [new engine] on, right? I missed three people during that period, actually, 'cause we carried three engines, and I did a switch before Tuna Creek.

**STEIGER:** That's pretty good! Then you got yours on....

**SKINNER:** And he got his on. We're coming in here, man, but we're not the total... (laughter) We're not doing this cleanly. We're pulling it off, though....

**STEIGER:** I remember it was all like right *after* Crystal, everything was happening *so* fast. You didn't really have time to take a deep breath.

**SKINNER:** Anyway, we picked up people all the way down to Tuna Creek. And then there was one last lady and another ranger. Remember the ranger that was a black guy down there?

**STEIGER:** Kinda vaguely.

**SKINNER:** He was on the rock—you know, as you go into Tuna, right now you go through the top part, and then before you make the left turn below, there's some red rock on the left side. It slopes, and this lady had gotten washed in there, and they'd lowered this guy down on the rocks up above, and he scrambled somehow to get down to her. Then we picked her up there, ran through the lower part of Tuna Creek, and then someplace above Ruby we ran into Kelly, and the mangled Cross boats. There were two of 'em there, and that's when we pretty much did a head count.

**STEIGER:** Did you guys see Stoner, or had he already pulled out?

**SKINNER:** I think I did. Either that, or he was already down at Bass. I think I saw him at Bass. At that time we were doing the head count on Cross, and that was a key time, 'cause all of a sudden there, the numbers came right, and there was a great deal of relief.

**STEIGER:** Oh, I bet!

**SKINNER:** We had some injuries. We had a lady with a broken arm that was right in front of me on the gear load. She'd gotten picked up by that one ranger in Tuna Creek Rapid, and she was on the load, and we

decided just to take these people right to Bass and treat 'em there. So we headed on down.

Kind of a funny little story. As we're going down, there was a lady on our trip who was a nurse, and she was sort of helping this lady. We put a splint on her arm, and she was right in front of me. You know, when you're driving a boat, you can only hear the people who are right next to you, and they're talking, I'm trying to ease through this rapid with a pretty overloaded... There were not many rapids down there, then, right? But still just trying to ease through there with a loaded boat. This was an injured southern lady in front of me, and with her sweet southern accent, she's going, "We hit this hole and I went underwater, and I knew I was gonna die. I spun around, and I spun around, and I spun around, and I thought I'd died and gone to heaven, and then I heard a voice and I looked up, and it was a black man, and I knew we's in trouble." (laughter) It turned out it was that ranger that had come down, and she was spinning around in this eddy, and he grabbed her and pulled her out. That always stuck with me.

**STEIGER:** Oh, she's telling the nurse this?

**SKINNER:** Yeah! "I knew *we's* in trouble." (laughter) "I thought I was in heaven."

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** Well, I just heard this year [1998], about how you saved those OARS guys who were stuck on Big Pink, like twinning up, and going down there on that Crystal wreck, and pulling people off a wrapped boat... Sounds like it was pretty handy for those guys that you were there—like there wouldn't have been maybe that many guys who could have pulled that one off?

**SKINNER:** So there we were again...1998, we're pulling up to Crystal, here it is, always scout it, but then there's a gal jumpin' up and down with a nice skirt on. I think it was Bruce Helin's wife.

**STEIGER:** Nancy. Oh, she's so beautiful!

**SKINNER:** She's waving up there. I said, "Well, let's go in, we'll see what's goin' on." (laughter) 'cause sometimes in this water level, I *don't* scout it. But we decided we were gonna scout it this time. It was the Beal charter, the same family, I was telling you, I've taken down ten times. But anyway, this group was on this trip in 1998. Coincidentally, I'd also taken 'em down in 1983. They were the first ones to run the rapid two weeks after all that... Remember they closed Crystal and made everybody walk around? [*Kim*] Crumbo was waiting on top of the ridge, and the last time I'd seen him was when I picked him up—this is going back to that one trip in '83—is when I picked





OARS wrap in Crystal, 1998.

him and the Cross folks up down there, right? And we pulled in, it was a one-boat trip. Crumbo goes, “Well, we’ve been walking everybody around. Do you think you can make it through there?” I looked at it and said, “Well, I did last time.” He says, “Well, go ahead then.” And so we ran it then. So I’d *like* to think—I’m not sure, but he said that we were the first ones to go through since they started letting passengers go through again. So we were the last ones [*that made it before Crystal was closed*], and then the first ones after [*they re-opened it*]. But anyway, the same family’s on this trip with me in 1998.

So Bruce’s wife Nancy, she’s jumping up and down, you can see there’s a boat, and I’ve got some pictures—I happened to bring ’em in the car, of that boat, I’ll give you one to take back for those guys.

**STEIGER:** Okay, that’d be good.

**SKINNER:** I mean, it’s wrapped on Big Red—a full wrap. And from up top, lookin’... There’s three people, she said, that were still on it, and *they* were younger folks. There was also a private trip that was stuck in some rocks there, too, in that area. Nancy goes, “They’re stuck on there, and I don’t know how we can... The kids aren’t that good of swimmers. Do you think you can get to ’em?” Really, knowing that there’s only one way you’re gonna be able to make that cut and hit that eddy below the rock bar there in Crystal is... I figured two engines. I kind of favor two engines. Anyway, I think we’re underpowered, and that’s the only thing that, hopefully, in the future, I’d like to see

quieter engines and less pollution, but I don’t want to see danger to folks or those kids stuck out there.

**STEIGER:** In other words, you don’t want to see less power?

**SKINNER:** Right. I’d like to maintain control of my craft. I can keep my engine quiet by turning it down, but I can’t get power out of a motor that doesn’t have it.

So two 40-horsepower Nissans on there, big four-bladed props, loaded the folks on, ran down the left—same old left run, except now I got two engines. But two engines is a little tight on that transom. We used ’em a lot, we used to deadhead out in the old days. You’d go down to Lava and then you’d fly your people out and you’d motor to Separation that day and then drift out at night. You put on two engines. Jake Luck used to do that, and that’s how we all kinda learned to do it... And we got good at it, and we said, “Hey, this is not bad! You got a little bit of control over this thing.” But the thing is, they fit very tight, two 40s. So I really had the thing set up so I could make a *right* turn below Red, which I knew how to make, to get into the eddy, but I couldn’t do much as far as goin’ left. But if I was starting left in Crystal anyway...there would be no reason to go left. All I wanted to do was down the left wall then go right. So I had to keep her straight and keep it slow at the top and just keep it kinda idled. So you wait, wait, wait ’til the big waves go by, and then hit it. Basically, just to the left of where the old hole, the Maytag, somewhere in there, and then just ran right straight at the island, runnin’ two engines. Just

was able to get over there enough to get the nose on the rocks, and then just pivot in right downstream of it and then come up. Came right in behind the rock garden, and motored up as far as I could. And then they ran ropes down and got the kids off of there. We had one of the crew members on from OARS came along. He goes, “Whoooooaa!” (laughs)

**STEIGER:** Yeah, they were impressed.

**SKINNER:** “That’s cool!” And got the kids off there. That was the kind of thing that you could do, and it was great to be there to be able to do that. Then the next boat tried to get down... The reason we got in there is we were runnin’ two 40s and made a concentrated effort. And I’d been practicing on the left side of Bedrock! (laughs)... Just making good runs. I don’t want to—I’m not reckless.

**STEIGER:** There’s a lot of us—and I’m one of ’em—motoring, you just make it smooth. But I think sometimes I smooth it out too much for people. It’s not near as exciting as going down, hitting all the waves.

**SKINNER:** You know what I was telling you before, we’ve got a customer we’re gonna actually show a good time to, and I can turn this from just a trip or ride into a lifetime experience, by pushing there. I mean, you’ll see me, I’m in Havasu, I’m out of camp at 5:30 in the morning to hike to Mooney or the Village with a group of passengers. I take ’em on the hikes, I watch ’em like a hawk, but I take ’em on the hikes. You have the chance, I think as a boatman now, to make it a real lifetime experience, that people can remember for the rest of their lives, and that’s a rare opportunity.

**STEIGER:** I think those boats....

**SKINNER:** You’d like that boat. (laughs) Unless they were underpowered, man.

**STEIGER:** I’d love to run one and just follow you wherever you go. I bet they take big water pretty good, don’t they?

**SKINNER:** Oh, yeah. They ride it great. I mean, you have to, again, it’s all watching. There’s a lot of good flex points.

\* \* \*

**SKINNER:** Back in the eighties and the late-seventies we were still... You know, a lot of people on the river, a lot of disposable boatmen, a lot of quick in, quick out. I’ve worked for Western for twenty years, I think they’re the best outfitter on the river. If I was gonna send *my* family down, that’s who *they’d* go with. But I think over the years, our professionalism has developed as far as Western went. Initially there was a great deal of inexperience, and I think that was the

standard in those days, more than it was an exception, just because a lot of the river outfitters had quick turnover with boatmen. The guides didn’t come down and stay.

**STEIGER:** If you had to identify what’s been the best of the whole experience for you, could you even do that?

**SKINNER:** For me, it’s just certain times of day where you can—I’m still to the point that there’s certain times of day I’ll stop, look up, see the canyon walls, get a little smile, and say, “Yeah, everything’s okay. It’s a good place to be.”

But specifically, as you can tell, I live for the thrills, and the Grand Canyon can supply ’em.

I grew from a boy to a man in the Grand Canyon. I always did my best to make the trip a lifetime experience for the folks that got off that bus. That’s not easy—it’s easy to drive a boat as a bus. I did my best on all my trips to do more than that, and Hawk taught me that.

#### ADDENDUM:

In 2008, I was 52, I was offered a full time job with the U.S. Ski Team, a dream job: health insurance, 401K, that stuff, and I took it. My river career came to an end. So I guess I did get a real job of a sort, after all. I ski just about every day. At night my dreams are of the river, it will never leave me.

I would like to thank a few of many that made my thirty years in the Canyon so incredible: Tiffany George, Mike Morris, Scotty Eilber, Jim Hutton, Lynn Roeder, Marty Baird, Hawk, Bob Sickmon, Brother Bob, Larry Lake, Pablo (Paul) Thevenin, my wife Pam and you Lew for telling me you wanted to do a trip with me—high compliment.



# Financials

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES, INC.  
STATEMENT OF ACTIVITIES  
FISCAL YEAR ENDING 6/30/17

**REVENUE**

General contributions	\$ 50,136
Foundation grants	42,200
Membership dues	31,926
Circle of Friends	21,377
GTS revenue	17,627
Government grants	11,624
Interest and investment income	8,861
Non-cash contributions	7,200
First aid class income	5,720
Memorial contributions	2,937
Endowment gifts	1,790
Sales of t-shirts, hats, etc... (net of cost)	1,114
Fall Rendezvous income	400
<b>Total Revenue</b>	<b>\$ 202,912</b>

**EXPENSES**

Salaries & benefits	\$ 48,898
Outside contractors	35,684
Printing (mostly BQR)	19,688
Rent (includes \$7,200 donated rent)	12,000
Postage (mostly BQR)	9,688
Food (GTS, etc)	7,718
Outside services & outfitters	5,967
Payroll taxes	3,552
Equipment rental	3,523
Office expenses & supplies	2,639
Telecommunications	2,527
Insurance	1,538
Travel & per diem	1,468
Utilities	1,312
Honorarium	1,275
Depreciation	1,267
Professional fees	1,110
Merchant & service fees	784
Investment fees	742
Repairs & maintenance	611
Meeting	117
<b>Total Expenses</b>	<b>\$ 162,108</b>
<b>Net Income</b>	<b>\$ 40,804</b>

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES, INC.  
BALANCE SHEET  
FISCAL YEAR ENDING 6/30/17

**ASSETS**

Cash in checking/savings	\$ 59,724.
Postage & security deposits	1,249
Computer & office equipment	43,351
Field equipment	7,309
Database	1,088
Website	4,863
Accumulated depreciation	(54,089)
Endowment Fund	58,505
Reserve Account	46,470
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$ 168,470</b>

**LIABILITIES & EQUITY**

Accounts payable	\$ 350
Payroll tax liabilities	1,116
Unrestricted net assets	108,221
Temporary restricted net assets	58,783
<b>Total Liabilities &amp; Equity</b>	<b>\$ 168,470</b>

## Notes to the Financial Statements: Gratitude for an Exceptional Year!

OUR MEMBERS OFTEN ASK “How GCRG is doing?” As you can see from our financial statements published here for your review, Grand Canyon River Guides is doing very well indeed, and for that we are profoundly grateful. The surplus at year-end was due in part to a very significant donation from one of our longtime supporters, as well as an unexpected grant from the T.E.W. Foundation for general support of our nonprofit organization.

The net effect is that GCRG is a very solid organization and one which is well positioned for the challenges of the future. There is still so much work to do, and we’re in this for the long haul! We sincerely thank all of our funders, contributors, and members (guide and general members alike) who continue to firmly believe that our organization is an essential player in protecting and preserving Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience over the long term. Thank you for being our partners in this endeavor.

# Major Contributors

## July 1, 2016 to June 30, 2017

**G**RAND 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, 2016 through June 30, 2017). 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!

### FOUNDATION, GOVERNMENT AND CORPORATE SUPPORT

Anne B. Wallace Foundation (Circle of Friends)  
 Anonymous (general support and Circle of Friends)  
 Arizona Raft Adventures (general support, matching gifts, logistical support for GTS)  
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 Bisby Charitable Fund (general support)  
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 Ceres Foundation (general support)  
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 Foxglove Gardening (Colorado River Days/Tiny Boat Concert)  
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 Grand Canyon Fund (Adopt-a-Beach, GTS, Adaptive Management Program)  
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 U.S. Geological Survey (Adopt-a-Beach program cooperative agreement)  
 Vishnu Temple Press (Colorado River Days)  
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 Waterman Welding (general support)  
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 Joanne Nissen (to honor Clint Spahn and Caitlyn Burke for their wedding)  
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Shane Murphy (in remembrance of Jane Allen Murphy)	

## New River Baby!!

**O**LIVIA WILDE REEDER was born September 29th at 8:00 A.M. Eager to see the world, Olivia was six weeks early, weighing four pounds twelve ounces. Proud but surprised parents Ben and Jillian Reeder were happy to bring her home healthy after a short stint in the NICU. She has her dad's long, flat feet and receding hairline, but luckily the rest of her looks like her mom. Already at home in the water, her parents are eager to share their love for running rivers!





# Businesses Offering Support

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

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**Mountain Sports**—928/226-2885  
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**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 (classic style or soft mesh cap)

\$8 Insulated GCRG mug

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

Box 1934  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

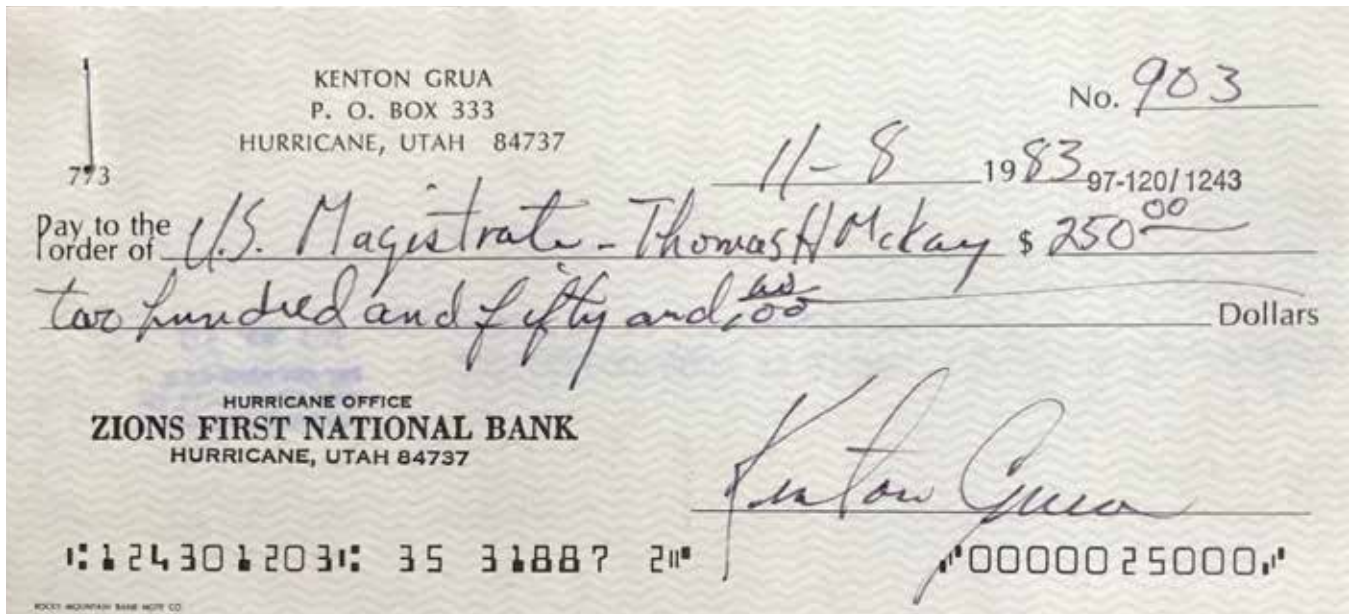
# boatman's quarterly review

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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.



Kenton Grua's cancelled check showing the fine he paid for the illegal "Speed Run" of June, 1983.