

boatman's quarterly review

Patrick Conley

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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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Prez Blurb

THE CYCLICAL NATURE OF OUR LIVES as river guides is comforting and sometimes unreal. Almost everything we do is cyclical. We start at Lees Ferry, run rapids for 226 to 279 miles, end on the lake and start all over again at Lees Ferry. Every lap is filled with adventure, new people and beautiful places along the river. Each time around, I can't help but think about how very lucky we are to work in such an amazing place. The cycles continue as we end our season on the river and for some of us begin our off time. Time off in the winter is usually filled with snow and short cold days. In stark contrast this winter has been warm, dry and sunny. In fact the warmest and driest I have seen. As spring approaches at a rapid pace, I can't help but think about a winter that has yet to really come. Only a few snows in Flagstaff so far and warm temperatures leave me wondering what our spring and summer will be like.

According to H. Krishnan (November 2017, Climate Science Special Report, Fourth National Climate Assessment, Volume, 1) we had the warmest year on record in the Southwest and it's only going to get warmer. The west has warmed by 1.5 degrees and lost two weeks of cool nights in the past century. He projects that by 2100 snowpack in the West's southernmost mountains will have virtually disappeared. Concerns about the drought seem to keep mounting. I hope what they say isn't true. I hope the rain and snow come and keep on coming, but will it? For many this is one of the biggest concerns for Grand Canyon and the Southwest. This gives us all the more reason to do what we can to protect and conserve our water resources.

Another threat to Grand Canyon and its water resources is uranium mining. In November of 2017, the current administration opened the door to potentially remove the twenty year ban on new uranium mining claims in Grand Canyon. All in the effort to unburden the development of energy resources. The byproducts of uranium mining have left a legacy of contamination throughout the southwest. Radioactive dust, contaminated water and land are already problems that plague abandoned mines along the rim as well as on the Havasupai and Navajo reservations. In response to this threat GCRG wrote a letter to Secretary Ryan Zinke and Secretary Sonny Perdue. This letter presented the dangers of uranium mining to our environment and our spring and aquifer systems in and around Grand Canyon. Reminding Secretaries Zinke and Perdue that as a World Heritage Site we

must protect Grand canyon from uranium mining.

Good news came when the 9TH District Court of Appeals upheld the 2012 Grand Canyon Mineral Withdrawal, which bans new uranium mines around Grand Canyon for twenty years. These are wins in the fight for protecting Grand Canyon but advocacy needs to continue. It would only take a signature from the President to remove the ban and allow new uranium mining claims in Grand Canyon. Your voice and advocacy for Grand Canyon are all the more important today as they were yesterday.

As a new Grand Canyon season begins this spring we all get ready to go back to the place we love. Thanks for all that you do to protect Grand Canyon and for all of those people you bring down the river, taking them for one more lap and hopefully bringing them back as new advocates and lovers of the canyon. Thanks also for all your contributions to the BQR. I hope to see you all at the Guide Training Seminar in Marble Canyon. There will be lots of great science, resources and fun to be had!

Amity Collins

Mark Your Calendars – Guides Training Seminar 2018!

BACKCOUNTRY FOOD MANAGER'S COURSE

- Friday, March 30, 2018—10 A.M. to 2 P.M. at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ. Please arrive early.
- To register contact: lhernandez@coconino.az.gov. Cost: \$55.
- Bring a chair, mug, bag lunch, and your driver's license (ID is required).
- Dress warmly and in layers (the warehouse can be chilly).

GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR LAND SESSION

- Saturday and Sunday, March 31–April 1 GTS Land Session (note: we will also have dinner on Friday night for anyone arriving early).
- 8 A.M. till whenever (at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ).
- Cost \$45 (includes all meals from Friday night dinner through lunch on Sunday).
- If you're sponsored by an outfitter, just let Lynn know. If not, you can send in a check or register/pay online on the GTS page of our website.
- Open to the public—come one, come all!
- Bring a chair, a mug, dress warmly and in layers.
- As soon as we have a draft agenda, we will post it on the GTS page of our website, and please check back for updates.

Our theme this year is *Bring Your "A" Game: Getting Up to Speed for a Successful River Season*. Saturday will include important sessions on NPS river patrol operations, health/wellness, river advocacy, citizen science, Native Voices on the Colorado River (Zuni

film and discussion), human history, Lines from the Ladies Part II, a heartfelt homage to Katie Lee, and of course, the Whale Foundation Health Fair. Back by popular demand, let's party to Tha' Yoties on Saturday night after a fun raffle of great river schwag! On "Science Sunday" (aka Easter!) you can hone your mad interp skills with the latest information on fish, vegetation changes, challenges and management, geology, geomorphology, dark skies, and more. Both days will be *very* worth your time! See you there!

GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR RIVER SESSION

- April 2–8, 2018 (upper half, Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch)—\$275
- April 8–18, 2018 (lower half, Phantom Ranch to Pearce Ferry)—\$375
- Awesome speakers this year will cover geology, lava dams, springs/hydrology, human history, Navajo culture, archaeology, river protection issues, beach change and more. Phenomenal line up!
- Spend lots of time hiking in places you normally don't get to go!
- For guides who have work in the canyon for the 2018 river season
- If you're sponsored, let Lynn know, and your outfitter will pick up the tab. If not, then you'll need to go to the GTS page of the GCRG website to see if you meet freelance requirements and download the application.
- All GTS river trip participants must be current members of GCRG.

Farewells

JON “JELLY ROLL” BAKER—JULY 10, 1957–SEPTEMBER 26, 2017

JON BAKER WAS BORN AND RAISED in Columbus, OH. According to his family, one year in college, he saw an ad on a bulletin board that said “Summer Jobs in the Grand Canyon.” He went west and never looked back.

His first western job was a “utility worker” at Phantom Ranch. He would make beds one day, do laundry another, wait tables next day, do dishes and lodge stuff the next. He made friends and connections there that lasted many years. It was at Phantom Ranch where a co-worker dubbed him “Jelly Roll” Baker. From there, he went to the South Rim, and worked for Papillon Helicopters. While living in Tusayan, Jelly did plenty of hiking in the Canyon, and trips back down to Phantom, remaining connected.

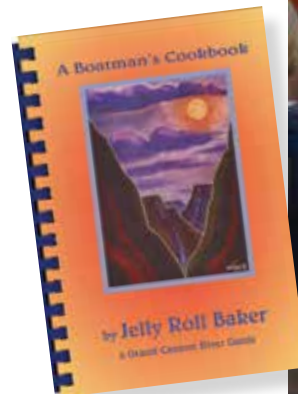
In the 1980s, Jelly Roll moved to Utah, where he started boating on the Colorado and San Juan. He ran trips for Tag-A-Long Expeditions in Moab through Cataract, as well as many San Juan trips for Wild River Expeditions out of Bluff.

He learned to motor big water in Cataract, during the high water years in the 1980s. In the early 1990s, he came down to Flagstaff to run a few motor trips in the Grand Canyon for AZRA, and ended up doing many oar trips as part of the core crew. He worked a number of jobs in the winters including CDL driver, snow-plow driver, carpenter, and tried his hand at Architecture School in Tucson.

Around 2005, Jelly worked his way back into helicopter support, this time driving a fuel truck for contract helicopters. This became a good career and Jelly looked for a home base that was affordable. He settled in the central Utah town of Monroe, and bought a small house to fix up. Being a carpenter and an artist, he made a great home of it. That became his home base for nearly ten years. He was gone most of the summer, supporting helicopters that were fighting fires. In the winters he would work on his house and travel a bit. Around 2010, he did one more trip at AZRA, as a paid swamper on a two boat motor trip. A friend related to me, “It was a fantastic trip and Jelly Roll said he couldn’t improve upon it and declared it to be his last...and it was.”

In the Spring of 2017, looking for warmer winters, Jelly Roll bought a small house in Ajo, Arizona and put his Monroe, UT property on the market. He went back on the road supporting helicopter operations. When in town, he also drove for the local bus company.

Jelly Roll was a consummate professional as a boatman. He was always there when there was work to be done. His boat was rigged right and he had everything he needed for the trip. He was a craftsman. He was a great crew member and pard. The people on his boat were never afraid, or hungry or tired. He was an astute reader of people, and he helped people see and feel the beauty and wonder of being alive in the Grand Canyon. He had a warm, calm demeanor, but was always ready to join in the fun during silly moments. He authored *A Boatman’s Cookbook*, full of delicious river recipes (now out of print).



He was always ready with a smile, or a laugh, or a story. He took his work seriously, but not himself. He was quiet, but he connected with people, and he led by example. People bonded with Jelly. His kindness and his competence made him friends everywhere he went. People remember him from trips twenty years ago, when the names of other boatmen have been forgotten.

He was known among the crew for the meticulous journals he kept. You could ask him about the last trip you worked with him, and he could tell you who was on the crew, where we camped, any unusual weather or incidents, and what hikes we did. He also made his own post cards, with cardboard re-purposed from cereal boxes and pictures cut from magazines. They were extra-large, and he filled the addressed side with stories and drawings. It was always a treat to get one of those, in the middle of the winter, or at Phantom Ranch on your next trip. He was a creative soul, and an artist. He was proud to be member of Grand Canyon River Guides, he always brought BQRS on the river and

shared with folks. Many passengers joined GCRG after being on the river with Jelly.

A couple of my favorite Jelly Roll stories: in the mid-'90s, when outdoor clothing was becoming a consumer good, and the Patagonia catalog was getting to be "a thing" we had some good pro deals, and boatmen were starting to dress pretty snappy. An October trip was pretty chilly and people were putting on fleece before turning in down on the boats. I was looking around my boat for something, and glanced over at Jelly's boat next to mine. Jelly was standing on his 20ml cans, brushing his teeth, wearing old-fashioned flannel pajamas. He definitely marched to the beat of his own drummer.

Another time, after Jelly had gone to work for the helicopters and been off the river for a few years, two boatmen were driving across Nevada. One of those "loneliest highways in America," where there might be sixty miles between mountain ranges and 120 miles between towns. Going 75 MPH, they spied a dot a mile away. As they got closer, the dot resolved into a bicyclist, in the absolute middle of nowhere. In a few seconds they blew past the cyclist. About a mile down the road, one of the boatmen said, "That looked like Jelly Roll." Another mile down the road, the other boatman said, "Nobody else could look that much like Jelly Roll, could they?" Another mile down the road the first boatman said, "We'd better go see if that was Jelly Roll, and if he is alright." By the time they got the car slowed down, stopped and turned around, they were about four miles past the cyclist. They caught up pretty fast at 75 mph. Sure enough, it was Jelly Roll. He had his fuel truck parked out in the sage brush, where he was waiting for a helicopter to land and re-fuel. The helicopter was not due for another five hours, so Jelly Roll brought his mountain bike along and was going for a bike ride to stay in shape. He didn't need anything either, but was glad to see his friends.

The passing of Jelly Roll reminds me of the comment by Julius Stone when he learned of the death of Seymour Dubendorff, following their Grand Canyon trip in 1909. To paraphrase, "My companionship with [Jelly Roll Baker] has taught me much about what a [person] could do and be, under many difficult as well as dangerous conditions. With his death goes out of my life an association that detracted nothing, and added much that was rich and fine."

Vaya con Dios, Jelly, until we meet again. See you downstream...

John O'Brien

JACK NICHOLS—AUGUST 19, 1962—JANUARY 6, 2018

JACK NICHOLS DIED IN AN ice climbing accident in the beautiful San Juan Mountains near Lake San Cristobal in his home town of Lake City, Colorado on January 6, 2018. As Jack was preparing to rappel down and call it a day, he fell from the top of the climb he created every year by farming ice from the water of a secluded creek. He died doing something he loved in a place he adored, an echo of the time he spent in Grand Canyon.

Jack grew up spending summers in Lake City where his fishing and tubing on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River later led to guiding on the Arkansas in Colorado then guiding and kayaking around the world in New Zealand, Zambia, South Africa, Mexico, Costa Rica, Chile, and countless rivers across the American West. His dream of guiding in Grand Canyon took shape in the early '90s with trips for Expeditions, continued with Canyoneers from 2002–2007, and ended with AZRA since 2008.

In Lake City from 1994-2002, Jack and I ran Cannibal Outdoors, our outdoor adventure company focused on rafting and including mountain biking, natural history hikes, peak ascents, gold panning, a kids' camp, jeep tours, and a retail shop.

Jack loved using his natural resources degree from the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee and graduate work in geology at University of Alaska, Fairbanks interpreting the Canyon, and he was skilled with all rigs—oar, paddle, motor. The hiker's special, storytelling, and bluegrass trips with AZRA were favorites, but perhaps the greatest highlight was taking our sons Johnny and Thomas with him as assistants.

Jack donated to the Whale Foundation regularly and took their work to support guides in their transition from a guiding career to whatever was next seriously. He found a dryland career in the building sciences as a carpenter, contractor, home inspector, and finally building official for Hinsdale County, Colorado.

Coaching our boys in soccer and hockey was fulfilling for Jack, and our weekly family outings on the water or in the mountains were priorities for him: rafting and kayaking, skiing and snowboarding, hiking and geocaching, mountain biking and disc golfing.

Jack loved hard, worked hard, and played hard. His brother Dawson Nichols captured his spirit eloquently in the words he spoke at Jack's memorial in Lake City on January 13:

For decades Jack led people—some of them quite ignorant of the wild, or just plain foolish—safely through the wilderness, so it is

ironic that he was, in the end, claimed by that wilderness. But it is also profoundly fitting. The wilderness had a right to Jack because he was a part of it. He was wild. Anyone who knew him knew that he embodied—and embraced—all that that means. The wild contains sun dappled forests and alpine valleys filled with wildflowers. But only tourists and fools think that those things comprise all of what is wild. Those majestic, jagged peaks that fill a person with awe and inspiration from afar are difficult to climb. And if you make the attempt you have to know that there is risk. There are hidden crevices and rocks that come loose. Unforeseeable storms come up, leaving you exposed. And you can mitigate these dangers with knowledge and preparation, but you can never overcome them completely. That danger is part of the wild. It's part of what drew you here—if you had the courage to come at all...So I will celebrate and be thankful that Jack died as he lived: uncompromising, untamed, and true to the wilderness of which he was a part.

AZRA's Alex Thevenin wrote wisely of Jack: "We'll remember Jack for his adept and clever problem solving, his rapier wit, his full body laugh, his impassioned interpretation and love of the Grand Canyon, and his generous, warm heart."

The mountains of Lake City and the canyons of the Big Ditch were Jack's spiritual homes, and his magic has returned to them. He is so missed here.

Leslie Nichols



Left: Johnny (age 11) with his dad on his first commercial trip as an assistant. Right: Thomas (age 10) napping with his dad at the helm—July 2017 Photos courtesy: Leslie Nichols



Photo: Margeaux Bestard

JOHN RUNNING—NOVEMBER 19, 1939 –JANUARY 7, 2018

FLAGSTAFF PHOTOGRAPHER AND FATHER of Raechel and John Paul (JP) Running, died from a brain tumour at age 78. John Running was a noted figure in and around Flagstaff and Grand Canyon, since the early 1970s. His extensive collection of photographs are accessible at the Cline Library Special Collections at Northern Arizona University.

Raechel Running expressed that donations in John Running's name would be welcomed by Grand Canyon Youth.

KATIE LEE—OCTOBER 23, 1919 – NOVEMBER 1, 2017

JOEY VAN LEEUWEN—SEPTEMBER 13, 1932 – NOVEMBER 2, 2017

LATELY, I'VE BEEN WRITING ABOUT my old friend Katie Lee, the ink still drying on two recent books. Foul-mouthed, unforgiving foe of Glen Canyon Dam, guitar player, singer-songwriter, author and dauntless conservationist, she brought color to more than my writing, electrifying everything she touched. Trying to describe a slickrock Utah landscape, I called it "as curved and defined as Katie Lee perched like a goddess in Glen Canyon's cathedrals. What paper map could ever compare?"

I thought Katie Lee would live forever. It never crossed my mind she wouldn't be here to read the words I wrote.

Katie died Nov. 1, 2017, in Jerome, Arizona, at 98. She died in the bed of the house she shared with Joey van Leeuwen, a weathered, lanky Dutchman she met in Western Australia. She was 59, he was 12 years younger, and it was love at first sight for both: He came out to meet her, she said, wearing only shorts, his viney body sun-browned by the Outback. The memory of that moment still made her flush. In old age, the two leaned on each other like ancient trees, saying they could not live without each other.

The day after she died, Joey took his own life.

To reach their home, you followed the narrow, winding highway that switchbacks through Jerome. A big wooden sign over the door of the light blue house urged you, boldly, to SING. And the house sang—filled with the life-size wooden birds Joey carved and painted, some perched on bookshelves, some hanging from the ceiling, turning slowly in the air.

A performer till the end, Katie Lee swore at her audiences, then ensnared them by singing, her guitar around her neck like a troubadour. I knew what she'd do when I saw her—throw her old bony arms around me, then grab my face with her open palms for a kiss. If we had the time, we would sit and talk about the shape of rock and canyons in the country that stole her heart.

Born in Tucson in 1919, Katie graduated from the University of Arizona with a fine arts degree, and moved to Hollywood in 1948 to pursue a career as a stage and screen actress. She turned to cabaret performances, appearing at the old Gate of Horn Club in Chicago, New York's Blue Angel, and San Francisco's historic "hungry i" nightclub. She took her first river trip on June 15, 1953, through the Grand Canyon, which at the time flowed free, no dam at the mouth of Glen Canyon. She returned many times over the years to run the elegant, calm-water stretch of Glen Canyon just upstream of Grand Canyon. In the 1960s and 1970s, she was the jewel of the Colorado mountain ski towns, performing as a folksinger. She lived for

a while in Aspen—"a glamour puss with a vintage Thunderbird," in the words of local writer Su Lum. She stayed until the place got too damn rich; pissed at all that gentrifying glitz, she left with her usual panache, trailing strings of cuss words and goodbye kisses. At the age of 59, Katie spent a year vagabonding around the world. That's how she met Joey, a bird-lover who worked at a furniture factory in Perth. In 1978, they settled in Jerome, Joey with his long arborist's fingers and a smile that used every muscle in his face, fierce Katie Lee with her singsong voice and careless gift for enchantment.

Once, when I was 38, Katie Lee spread pre-1963 topo maps across her living room floor, reassembling the broken bones of Glen Canyon. She had a story about every bend, and began to cry, putting her hand to her mouth. After so many years, it still hurt that her beloved canyons were drowned below Powell, hundreds of miles of side-canyons buried. She refused to use the word "lake." Lake Powell, she said, is an abomination. The license plate on her Prius reads DAM DAM. Her maps resurrected the world before the dam flooded the Colorado and its tributaries. No 250-square-mile reservoir, the only blue on the paper the course of the river as it wriggled around sandbars, falling into canyon shadow below alcoves perched high up in the Navajo sandstone.

Talking about the dam, she'd growl, schooling you with her voice. The rest of the world, its interstates and smokestacks, she flicked away with her hand. When she wasn't angry, she had a sweet, squeaky drawl, and she spoke as if she were dreaming. Her hands rose in the air, outlining bays and elegant troughs in the rock.

With both of them gone, a day apart, I search the November night sky. There ought to be a new constellation, tall Joey holding Katie as she leans into him, their stars burning overhead as they float the river of the Milky Way.

Craig Childs
HIGH COUNTRY NEWS

NOTE: This story was originally published at *High Country News* (www.hcn.org) on November 18, 2018. Reprinted with permission. You can find the original story at <http://www.hcn.org/issues/49.20/communities-katie-lee-champion-of-the-glen-canyon-remembered>.



Katie at her home in Jerome, Arizona, 2017 Photo: Gary Ladd

Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO THE ARTICLE, *The Tale of the Wreck of the Niagara*, IN BQR VOLUME 30 NUMBER 2, SUMMER 2017.

I SAW YOUR ARTICLE on the first *Niagara* a couple of issues ago and enjoyed it. I thought I would let you know, the second *Niagara* a (1982) Briggs boat, still lives and completed a Grand Canyon trip last winter. I got the boat from Derald Stewart in 2000, restored it, and keep it going with help from Andy Hutchinson and Jim Hall.

John Lawson



I was sitting here
And it occurred to me
That you might be
Every River

And I am a thirsty soul who wanders to
Each of your courses,
From bank to bank
Touching, tasting, listening.
And I pray each time

On each trek between, I pray
I dream deep dreams
And in them you're the sea

Easy Joseph

IN REFERENCE TO MULTIPLE ARTICLES IN BQR VOLUME 30 NUMBER 4, WINTER 2017–2018.

THE BIO OF BILL SKINNER in the latest BQR mentioned Hawk several times and it brought back memories. In 1977, I was leading a research trip in my little eleven-foot Sears Roebuck raft. During the first week, we happened to meet up with Hawk, who was running a motor-rig on a short trip. We prevailed on him to take out our garbage, for which we were very grateful. A week later, and further down the river, who should show up again but Hawk, who was leading another short trip, and once again, he accepted our garbage. Guess what happened on the third week. Well, here came Hawk. By this time we had gotten into easy conversations. We found, to our amazement, that he ran from the mouth of Havasu Creek to Supai village and back in something like 45 minutes. We also witnessed him doing shoulder presses with two five-gallon Jeep water cans hung on a long bar (maybe an oar)! On our fourth week, here came Hawk again, and we did not even have to ask about our garbage. By that time it was “old hat”, as they say. It was refreshing to read about Hawk in the bio and brought back memories of a long time ago on the river.

This same issue had the piece on Riverboarding that also brought back memories of our air mattress trips in the 1960s, a subject about which the BQR had an article a year or so ago.

And last, here is a photo of Katie Lee doing her thing with me at the 2015 GTS. I am looking forward to the next BQR that will have details of her life.

William Mooz



“Katie Lee doing her thing with me [William Mooz] at the GTS 2015”

Guide Profile

Glade Zarn, Age 31 (named after the most recent inductee to the River Runners Hall of Fame, Glade Ross)



WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? Born and raised in Golden, Colorado!

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)? Grand Canyon Expeditions Company.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GUIDING? I've been guiding since 2013.

WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN? I drive an S-rig but I am not opposed to piloting any other sort of watercraft.

WHAT OTHER RIVERS HAVE YOU WORKED ON? So far all my adventures on other rivers have been purely for pleasure.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS? I like to play guitar, fly little planes, and climb on rocks. I'd say I'm pretty dang passionate about the River, and one day I dream to have a dog that will come surfing with me.

WHAT MADE YOU START GUIDING? I started swamping for GCE as soon as I realized that one could get paid to run a raft.

WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE? My parents brought me along on a dory trip with GCE in 2006.

WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS? Mike Denoyer and Marty Mathis are huge role models for me. Also everyone I met growing up at GCE is just absolutely wonderful, just a big ol' family.

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER? Ski, surf, fly, travel—all the other fun stuff I can't seem to squeeze into the summer months.

IS THIS YOUR PRIMARY WAY OF EARNING A LIVING OR DO YOU COMBINE IT WITH SOMETHING ELSE? This is it!

WHAT'S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER? Grabbing the wrong extra "water bottle" and showing up at Beaver Falls with no water but plenty of gin.

WHAT'S THE CRAZIEST QUESTION YOU'VE EVER BEEN ASKED ABOUT THE CANYON/RIVER? "What's behind all the rocks"?

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR FUTURE HOLDS? Hopefully anything half as good as the past decade has provided me with.

WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE? Gravity

My Grand Canyon

Walls of majesty seemingly hold
Ancient stories and secrets yet untold
Whispering winds through canyon halls
The echoing sound of water in falls

Slot canyons with treasures all their own
With babbling brooks and a room of thrones
No thoughts of home or work to come
To bed with the moon and up with the sun

The search for a "spot", then breaking camp
The wink of a boatman an approval stamp
Water rails and passenger screams
Dragonflies dance along bubbling streams

Crystalline drops from chutes of rock
That sneaky wave bringing cold, cold shock
And just like the canyon's bighorn sheep
We clamber up rock falls and ledges so steep

Boatmen of steel and smiling face
Handle our questions with their quiet grace
From near and from far we come to this space
In no time at all we each find our own place

Searching for stones that are perfect to skip
It so suddenly comes to the end of the trip
Everyone wonders why I return here a lot
I look all around me, thinking - how could I not?

Kyle Graber

From The Archives

Barry Goldwater

P.O. BOX 1601
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA 85252

February 10, 1993

Mr. Tom Moody
Grand Canyon River Guides
P.O. Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

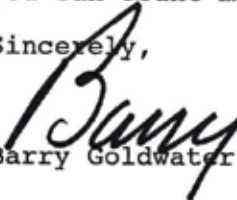
Dear Mr. Moody:

You really flatter me, in asking me to appear before your group of river guides. Even though it's on a Saturday morning, and I protect my Saturday's and Sunday's, let's say that I would love to be there, unless something radical happens, and I don't foresee anything happening.

I know all about where you meet. I've been up there before they even built a bridge. It's a wonderful part of Arizona, and I'll look forward to being with you.

I'm going to make my third, or fourth, trip through the Grand Canyon this coming June, and I'm looking forward to that. Let's keep in touch, and without any other considerations, you can count me as being there.

Sincerely,


Barry Goldwater

OFFICE PHONE 602 998-1754 FAX 602 483-8355

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Senator Barry Goldwater's RSVP to GCRG Past President, Tom Moody, about attending a Guides Training Seminar that was to be held at Marble Canyon Lodge in March of 1993.

Book Review

The Powell Expedition: New Discoveries about John Wesley Powell's 1869 River Journey, DON LAGO, University of Nevada Press, 372 pages, ISBN-13: 978-1943859436, \$39.95.

MOST BOATMEN HAVE PROBABLY met Don Lago, either at a GTS, or at a Whale Foundation Wing Ding, or similar gathering of boatmen. The first time I remember meeting him was at Crystal Rapid, in June of 2000. We were on a private trip, and as we pulled in to scout, there were no other boats there and the camp was open. Then we noticed a guy sitting in a chair, in the shade of a tammy, all by himself, with a clipboard (I swear I'm not making this up).

This was during the steady 8,000 CFS flow of the summer of 2000. Don introduced himself to us, and I recognized him from somewhere, either a GTS or a GCRG board meeting. He was taking a survey for the Park, or maybe GCDAMP, of what boaters thought of the steady flows, and how the flows might be affecting, for good or bad, our trip. Don has kayaked the Canyon six times, and has devoted many years to researching and writing about the history of the Canyon, and its explorers.

His latest book, *The Powell Expedition: New Discoveries about John Wesley Powell's 1869 River Journey*, digs deep into three topics concerning the first trip down the Grand Canyon. The first topic, was James White the first, or was the Powell trip the first? Second, who were the members of Powell's crew and how did they end up on Powell's trip? Thirdly, what really happened to Dunn and the Howland brothers after they hiked out at Separation?

The James White story concerns a man who was pulled from the river, below Grand Canyon, in 1867 and claimed to have built a driftwood raft and run entirely through the Grand Canyon to escape pursuit. If true, that would make White the first to run Grand Canyon, and remove some of the luster from Powell's accomplishment. Lago goes into James White's history, the history of his companions, and the history of how

and by whom the trip was reported.

The members of the crew that Lago covers include the Howland Brothers, William Dunn, William Hawkins, Andy Hall and Jack Sumner. The Howland's and Dunn died after leaving the trip at Separation, so their information presented is necessarily related to their family histories, and life before the trip. Hall, Hawkins and Sumner had interesting lives after the Powell trip as well. Lago fills out history of these three, before and after the Powell trip. He also has three shorter chapters about different facets of J.W. Powell's life.

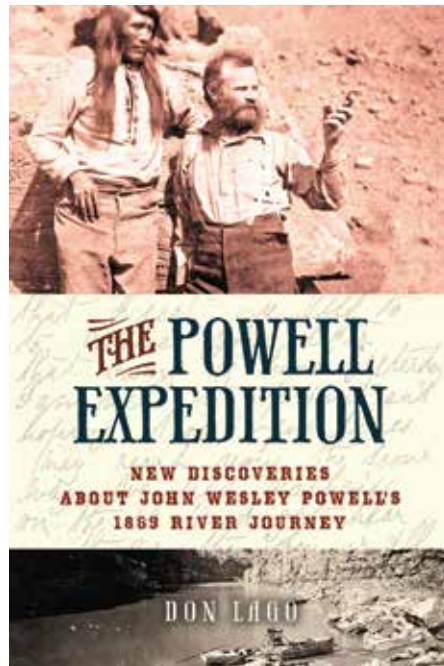
The final topic covered at length is the fate of the three who left the trip. How did they die, where, and

at the hands of whom? Lago covers many theories in detail, some I had heard, and some I hadn't heard. The story continues to be widely disputed, but this book fills in details garnered from interviews, contemporary reports, and more recent articles.

There is a lot of information packed into this book, and Lago does a good job of differentiating between when he is providing information he has found, and when he is offering up his interpretation of what may have happened. The writing style is conversational; this is not a formal history book for historians, although I expect they will all want to read it as well. It was enjoyable to read, especially to read about the crew members in their own right, not

just how they interacted with or impacted Powell. One of the surprises for me is how few Anglos there were in the area in the 1860s and 1870s and how many overlapping connections there were. People kept running into each other, or being connected by past history, or even being third cousins. Lago does a fun job of tracking down these connections and sharing them with the reader.

John O'Brien



GCRG's Comments to Ryan Zinke— Uphold the Uranium Mining Ban

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the BQR, we published an important article by our friends at the Grand Canyon Trust concerning efforts by the current administration to roll back or modify the twenty-year moratorium for new uranium mines on public lands surrounding Grand Canyon National Park. Alarmed at that prospect, and as a longstanding river stakeholder, Grand Canyon River Guides felt compelled to speak up in defense of Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience that we cherish. Our letter to key policymakers is reprinted below. We are all caretakers and stewards of Grand Canyon. Our voices matter!

* * *

November 17, 2017

Dear Secretaries Zinke and Perdue,

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc., (GCRG) founded in 1988, is unique in that it provides a unified voice for river guides and river runners in defense of the Colorado River through Grand Canyon. Our non-profit educational and environmental 501(c)(3) organization is comprised of over 1,700 individuals who are passionately dedicated to the continuing preservation of this national icon. Consequently, Grand Canyon River Guides' goals are to:

*Protect the Grand Canyon
Provide the best possible river experience
Set the highest standards for the guiding profession
Celebrate the unique spirit of the river community*

As a longstanding Colorado River stakeholder and Grand Canyon defender, Grand Canyon River Guides strongly urges you to fully retain (unmodified) 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 surrounding Grand Canyon National Park for a period of 20 years. It is our belief that the uranium mining moratorium provides a minimal level of protection for the lands surrounding the Grand Canyon, which, while acceptable as a starting point, will necessarily become much broader in scope as the American public, the scientific community, and land management agencies continue

to consider the serious and long term consequences of further uranium mining on the doorstep of this World Heritage Site.

Based on recent studies and our own intimate experience, understanding, and respect of the Canyon and surrounding region, we contend that *the EIS which supported Secretary Salazar's decision to implement the uranium ban in 2012 was robust, and the Preferred Alternative was enthusiastically supported by the American public (in fact, hundreds of thousands of comments were received, most in support of the moratorium).* Furthermore, we contend that *the analysis and the subsequent decision for a 20-year ban remain valid for the following reasons:*

SCIENCE MUST INFORM POLICY

The impetus for Secretary Salazar's decision to remove these lands from additional uranium mining development until the year 2032 stemmed from significant uncertainties regarding the effects of uranium mining on the Grand Canyon, its people, wildlife, and water resources - precious springs, seeps, and the Colorado River itself, the lifeblood of the American Southwest. *Those uncertainties and gaps in knowledge still exist.* The U.S. Geological Survey has been tasked with answering those questions and their results will help inform any decision to continue, modify or end the withdrawal in 2032. To recommend that Public Land Order 7787 be revised or rescinded at this juncture is incredibly premature, and of unknown risk.

A TOXIC LEGACY

The legacy of uranium mining in the southwestern United States is one of contamination, with immediate evidence in the Grand Canyon itself and the surrounding region:

- The Orphan Mine's drainage into the Redwall aquifer and Horn Creek (Note: A study in the 1990s by UNLV researchers put uranium levels in Horn Creek during floods at three times the level allowed for drinking, under federal drinking water standards).¹
- Hack Canyon Mine's tailings pile flash flooding into Kanab Creek.
- The Church Rock Mine tailing pond's breach into the Little Colorado River.
- Grand Canyon National Park's own website indicates that, "Streams where radionuclides have

been found include the LCR, the Paria River, Havasu, Kanab and Lava Chuar creeks, and Pumpkin Springs...Drinking and bathing in these waters is not advisable.”²

- A 2010 report by the U.S. Geological Survey which indicated that fifteen springs and five wells in the region contain concentrations of dissolved uranium that exceed the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency maximum contaminant level for drinking water and are *related to mining processes*. (Emphasis, ours),³
- That same USGS report also makes clear that, “Uranium mining within the watershed may increase the amount of radioactive materials and heavy metals in the surface water and groundwater flowing into Grand Canyon National Park and the Colorado River, and deep mining activities may increase mobilization of uranium through the rock strata into the aquifers. In addition, waste rock and ore from mined areas may be transported away from the mines by wind and runoff.”⁴

We therefore concur with the perspectives expressed by Dr. David K. Kreamer, hydro-geologist and professor at the Department of Geoscience, University of Nevada Las Vegas, when he testified before Congress that: “I believe that an assumption that uranium mining will have minimal impact on springs, people and ecosystems in the Grand Canyon is unreasonable, and is not supported by past investigations, research, and data.”⁵ It could take years or even decades for the effects of uranium pollution to manifest, and by then, it would simply be too late. Is that worth the terrible risk?

A SERIOUS THREAT TO GRAND CANYON’S CULTURAL HERITAGE

Consider the social justice ramifications and human cost of uranium mining pollution on the eleven Native American tribes who hold Grand Canyon sacred. These include the Havasupai, Hualapai, Kaibab-Paiute, Hopi, and Navajo whose lands are directly adjacent to the canyon and river and who rely on the watersheds for drinking water and to sustain livestock and crops.

Uranium mining’s toxic legacy on the Navajo Nation continues to this day with increased cancer rates, and over 500 abandoned mines that are still awaiting clean-up. Additionally, the very future of Havasupai people who currently live in the bottom of Grand Canyon is at particular risk since they rely completely on Grand Canyon springs and seeps as their sole water sources.

In 2015, the National Trust for Historic Preservation named Grand Canyon to its list of *America’s Most*

Endangered Places because the area’s incredibly rich cultural heritage is at risk from multiple threats, including uranium mining. As they note: “Ten of the twelve types of springs found in the world are found within Grand Canyon National Park. These places play a pivotal role in the religious traditions of many of the region’s tribes, which consider them sacred.”⁶

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK IS A PILLAR OF OUR STATE, REGIONAL AND LOCAL ECONOMY

Grand Canyon, one of the “Seven Natural Wonders of the World,” has been in the making for at least 6 million years, and was designated as a National Park almost 100 years ago. A new National Park Service report shows that close to six million visitors to Grand Canyon National Park in 2016 spent \$648,170,900 in communities close to the park.⁷ These visitors come to marvel at an iconic landscape that has been protected for its unique qualities and for the benefit and enjoyment of people worldwide. Tourism to Grand Canyon National Park had a cumulative benefit of \$904 million to Northern Arizona’s economy, and supported nearly 9,779 jobs.⁸

Tourism has been and always will be a significant part of Northern Arizona’s economy, but is entirely dependent on our abilities to make wise decisions that honor and protect our beautiful, fragile landscapes over the long term.

OUTDOOR RECREATION IS A KEY ECONOMIC DRIVER FOR THE U.S.

Outdoor recreation is now among our nation’s largest economic sectors. As commercial river guides, outdoor recreation is our chosen profession, but also our lifelong passion. We seek out the incredible landscapes of our national forests and public lands in the Grand Canyon region for river running, camping, hiking, biking, canyoneering and the outstanding opportunities for solitude, dark night skies, and immersion in untrammelled nature. We are not alone in how deeply we value our public lands as an astounding *national resource*—a resource that is in our continued interest to preserve and protect. According to a recent report from the Outdoor Industry Association (OIA), the outdoor recreation economy⁹ currently generates:

- \$887 billion in consumer spending annually
- 7.6 million American jobs
- \$65.3 billion in federal tax revenue
- \$59.2 billion in state and local tax revenue

NO BENEFIT TO THE U.S. FROM MINING THESE LANDS

Compare the magnitude of the sustainable outdoor recreation economy and the significant economic benefits derived from Grand Canyon National Park itself with these salient facts:

- No nuclear energy is currently derived from National Forest lands. Most of the uranium used for the U.S. nuclear reactors actually comes from international sources (89% in 2016, per the U.S. Energy Information Administration).
- Pursuant to the 1872 Mining Law, no royalties will be earned from uranium extraction, so no money would be generated for the U.S. Treasury.
- The future of nuclear power in the U.S. is in question after two reactor projects were abandoned this summer due to cost overruns, delays, construction problems and disputes with regulators. As one industry expert observed, “We’ve let our nuclear industry atrophy for 30 years, and we’ve lost the robust supply chains and expertise needed” in building reactors.¹⁰
- The U.S. so far has no more plans to commission building new reactors (especially on the West Coast) and is actually shutting more reactors down as the energy landscape of the United States evolves.
- The difficulties of long-term nuclear waste disposal and clean-up remain despite legal obligations to solve those pressing issues.
- In fact, there are over 15,000 abandoned uranium mines in over 14 western states.¹¹ Because the 1872 Mining Law does not require reclamation or remediation, mining operators have a history of simply walking away from their toxic legacy. Remediation then falls to the federal government with taxpayers footing the bill for clean-up.

Taken together, these facts lead us to believe that private mining companies would be the *only* beneficiaries of any revision or roll-back of the uranium mining withdrawal while the grave risks and consequences could negatively affect Grand Canyon National Park, the Colorado River and its watershed, tribal communities, our thriving tourist/recreation economy, and American taxpayers for generations to come.

Therefore, Grand Canyon River Guides strongly urges you to support the unmodified continuation of the 20-year withdrawal of these million or so acres from uranium mining development. There are many urgent reasons to disallow uranium mining in the vicinity of the canyon: the potential for radioactive and chemical contamination of the environment,

the lack of independent oversight and monitoring programs, the physical degradation that always accompanies such efforts, the health risks to people, the potential impacts on tourism, and the affront to Native traditions and understanding. However, the heart of why we believe the 20-year uranium moratorium should be retained in its current form is—**this is THE Grand Canyon, one of the “Seven Natural Wonders of the World,” the iconic crown jewel of our National Park system, and World Heritage Site.**

These are some of our greatest public lands, held in the public trust for us to care for and protect for future generations to enjoy. Our greatest hope is that the withdrawal designation for lands adjacent to Grand Canyon National Park will one day become a permanent one.

Please continue to protect Grand Canyon! Thank you very much for your consideration.

Respectfully,

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.
Lynn Hamilton, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Amity Collins, PRESIDENT
Steve Nicholson, VICE PRESIDENT
Fred Thevenin, TREASURER
Margeaux Bestard, DIRECTOR
Mara Drazina, DIRECTOR
Amy Harmon, DIRECTOR
Al Neill, DIRECTOR
Thea Sherman, DIRECTOR
Derik Spice, DIRECTOR

cc:

Administrator Bryan Rice, Bureau of Indian Affairs
Chief Tony Tooke, USDA Forest Service
Acting Director Michael D. Nedd, U.S. BLM
Acting Director Greg Sheehan, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service
Acting Director Michael T. Reynolds, National Park Service
Superintendent Christine Lehnertz, GCNP
The Honorable John McCain, U.S. Senate
The Honorable Jeff Flake, U.S. Senate
The Honorable Tom O’Halloran, U.S. House of Representatives
The Honorable Raúl Grijalva, U.S. House of Representatives
The Honorable Ruben Gallego, U.S. House of Representatives
The Honorable Kyrsten Sinema, U.S. House of Representatives

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Of the Canyon, Clans, Cousins, Fault Lines, and Radio Waves

EVERYONE WHO KNOWS about Grand Canyon history and prehistory is familiar with how the clans came from the various regions (including the Grand Canyon) to settle at Hopi. This is the known history that Hopi tell, and the archaeological record tells the same story, with Hopi sherds in the Canyon and above the rims.

The Pai Nations talk about visiting their cousins back and forth across the Colorado River, as if they were walking across Santa Fe Street in Flagstaff. The archaeology of the Canyon and beyond the rims includes findings of ceramics and obsidian that

originated south of the river and were carried across to the north side.

Anyone who has hiked the main Canyon trails probably knows that those major trails from rim to river were possible as they go through fault breaks, or follow fault lines. The “impassable” high cliffs and Canyon walls are broken in many other places as well, often times nearly unnoticeable unless one is following the route. Next time you are on the river, look at the cliffs and think of people in the past climbing those routes with packs and baskets containing beautiful grey and black banded obsidian for stone tools, or a nice “exotic” ceramic bowl or pot for a favorite cousin!

I find it perfect that these same big landscapes and the Grand Canyon, that were traveled across and lived in over the millennia (and by the spirits of the deceased people then and now), are covered by radio waves from Native American radio stations—KUYI (88.1 FM) on the east, and KWLP (100.9 FM) on the west. Most everyone knows Hopi Radio (“KUYI!!”), but if you haven’t checked out the Hualapai’s KWLP (“Gamuh! It’s the ‘Peach,’ playing all kinds of music for all of Peach Springs”) dial them up on your next takeout. Maybe the voices from the past will be playing your favorite song today?

Greg Woodall



Hopi type sherds at a site north of the river.

Photo courtesy: Greg Woodall

Kibble Bits in Lava Falls

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME you scouted Lava Falls when you were the boatman about to run it? Remember staring down at Lava and watching the massive recycle in the Ledge Hole and then abruptly realizing that losing your way out there above the horizon could mean you and your boat and anyone aboard it getting crunched into kibble bits? And remember thinking that kibble bits was not the outcome you were hoping for? Maybe you were one of the lucky boatmen who was running at the time with more experienced guides who pointed out three separate runs: the *Right-Side-V-Wave Run*, the *Bubble Run into the Slot*, and the *Left Run*. And just maybe you not only understood what these seasoned boatmen were telling you about the pros and cons of each run, how subtle currents could derail your entry, you hopefully also got the skinny on the upstream markers you needed to drill into your consciousness in order to line up for each of these runs. And, even luckier yet, you believed what was being told to you about how different everything would look as you drifted down to the head of the rapid—that despite your theoretical, condor-like overview from the scout of all the thundering nastiness and mixed possibilities out there, once you were piloting your boat, the entire horizon above the rapid would flatten into a two-dimensional football field where your memorized markers would subside into panic-raising subtlety.

As a physical anthropologist/evolutionary biologist, I was often struck by one of the biggest academic issues that we wrestled with: What defines humanity in a way that firmly distinguishes us from other similar animals, say, the other great apes? This argument raged for decades and will continue. But the main criterion for defining humanity remains: We are the only species capable of precision symbolic communication allowing one of us to explain to another of us exactly how to accomplish something without risking the often painful process of

trial and error. Our learning can take place uniquely and safely via teachers, mentors, sensei...other boatmen.

Although the above may seem a trivial observation, it is not. None of us knows inherently all that we need to succeed at what we set our mind to. In fact, the concept of “learning curve” strikes us immediately as a valid descriptor of what we face as we launch ourselves into the unknown. And, for virtually all river guides who do not already own their boating company, this unknown terrain inevitably includes transitioning from full-time guiding to...something else. As our needs and circumstances change—from single to married, from healthy to injured, from childless to parenthood, from living on boatmen’s pay to realizing we need a better income to meet our desires and obligations—each of us at some point realizes we need to make a transition from just boating the Canyon to something more appropriate to our changing circumstances.

For most of us, the very thought of doing something besides being the most admired, most skilled, most competent individual our clients have ever had the immense good fortune to meet as they board our boats is terrifying. It may spur instant denial. But reality is a mother. And when mother calls, we ignore her at our peril.

So what about those mentors who, way back when, made such a positive difference for us as new guides? Well, many of them

have moved on beyond being solely Grand Canyon river guides to being part-time guides and/or to being fulltime professionals in other arenas. And every darned one of us who has done this, through choice or necessity (that mother...), has faced challenges of transition. These challenges may not only be daunting by nature of the new skill sets we may need to acquire but also threatening in the sense that we may fear losing our identity as master of all-things-inner-Canyon-guiding. I suspect every one of us



The Whale Foundation

Getting through it together: Image by Kate Aitchison. Available on Whale Foundation Sun Hoodies this spring.

has harbored this nagging fear to some degree. But bucking fear is what we do. No guide worth her or his reputation lets fear become a wall.

So, if and when your personal Jiminy Cricket whispers into your ear that the time has come to begin your transition from guiding, the Whale Foundation is here to help. Our new Mentorship Program is now set up with volunteer part-time and former Grand Canyon river guides, male and female, who themselves have made transitions to alternate professions—medical, business, teaching, and others—and who have wrestled with the challenges and now know the routes. Our mentors have been chosen as being of generous spirit. They would love to help you in your own transition,

just as they would help you follow that Bubble Line into Lava.

To explore the Whale Foundation Mentorship Program in more detail, check out our website at whalefoundation.org/mentorship. If you already have an interest, call the Helpline at 1.877.44.WHALE (1.877.449.4253) and arrangements will be made to meet with someone.

Our community is the best resource we have to ensure the health and well-being of everyone in it. The Whale Foundation is here to cultivate that network of support for all care to use it.

Michael P. Ghiglieri

The Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

APPLICATION SEASON IS OPEN!

ONCE AGAIN THIS YEAR, the Whale Foundation is encouraging guides to secure and maintain their own health insurance policy by offsetting their cost with a generous stipend. If you're a commercial guide with your own policy, you qualify. On-line applications at www.whalefoundation.org/health-insurance-assistance make it *extremely* easy to submit. Deadline is May 15TH.

Similarly, we've bumped up the application season for the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship. If you or a guide you know is presently enrolled or applying in the near future to begin a course, certification program, or degree in an area of continuing education, this scholarship is available. The only eligibility requirement is that you have worked as a guide in Grand Canyon. Express your interest at www.whalefoundation.org/scholarships and fulfill the application requirements before May 15TH.

NEW WEBSITE AND OUTREACH CAPABILITY!

Made possible by a very generous donation from Western River Expeditions, the Whale Foundation has a beautiful new website. Thanks to the generous photographers who have contributed to our past calendars, the new site *looks* like the river, and through

many confidential testimonials from community members, we can *hear* from the people the Whale Foundation serves.

More importantly, the platform being used allows

for far greater outreach to keep those who support us connected and informed of the work we're doing. Please *subscribe* on the Home Page, at the bottom, and participate in this community that is so essential for the well-being of us all, www.whalefoundation.org

OPPORTUNITY FOR GUIDE PARTICIPATION

The Whale Foundation is looking for a couple of active guides from each outfit who would be willing to take a little time to really educate themselves on all we do for the sake of being able to share that with others on the river. There are a whole lot of guides working in Grand Canyon who (gasp) don't read the BQR or know about the

Whale Foundation. It'd be nice if a Guide Whale Representative were there, whether in the warehouse to post information or on the back of the boat, just having a conversation, to remind them of our support and how it all works (and encourage them to become a GCRG member!). Learn more and apply at www.whalefoundation.org/become-a-whale-rep.

John Napier



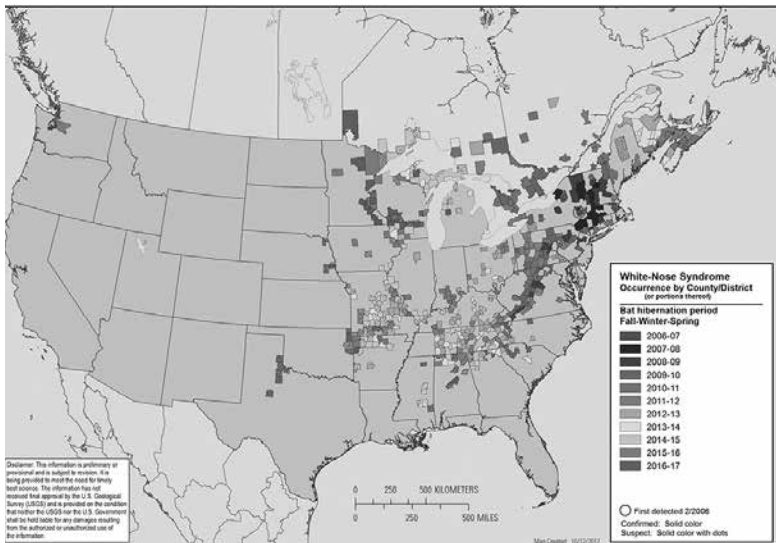
Photo courtesy: Kyle George

Grand Canyon Bats and the Threat of Encroaching White-Nose Syndrome

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK retains the greatest bat diversity of all the National Parks with 22 documented species. This richness of bat species can be attributed to the myriad of habitat niches within Grand Canyon National Park's 2.1 million acres. Caves are one of the primary niches, which harbor a necessary and extremely sensitive ecosystem for potentially fourteen of the 22 species residing within

of their growth habitat (Verant et al. 2012). Researchers have confirmed the presence of Pd on equipment and clothing after exiting caves that harbored Pd. Even equipment remaining strictly outside of Pd positive caves ended up testing positive for fungal spores (Ballman et al. 2017). This resilience is most likely the culprit for the isolated occurrence of Pd jumping from the Midwest to Washington State in 2015. Numbers

in the travel and tourism industry have increased. People recreating and visiting national parks have followed this trend. Overnight backcountry use within Grand Canyon totaled more than 330,000 in 2016 (NPS, 2016). This increased rise in people recreating in national parks has implications for the spread of white-nose syndrome.



White-Nose Syndrome Occurrence by County as of October, 2017.

Map courtesy: Whitenosesyndrome.org

the park. These cave dwelling species of bats rely on these cool, dark, delicate havens to escape the day's heat and sun, rear young in summer, and for some bat species find a cold stable environment, reduce energy expenditure, and hibernate during winter. Just as our flying mammal friends seek this sanctuary, boaters may also be tempted to escape in these cool, shady chambers. However, even benign human visitation in cave ecosystems can have unintended consequences such as increasing the likelihood of transferring the deadly fungus, *Pseudogymnoascus destructans*, or Pd, the cause of White-Nose Syndrome (WNS) in bats. Since its inadvertent introduction to the U.S. in 2007, this catastrophic fungus has killed millions of bats from 33 U.S. states and five Canadian Provinces (as of October 2017) (Whitenosesyndrome.org). In some northeast locations WNS has decimated one hundred percent of some bat populations (Whitenosesyndrome.org).

These invasive fungal spores that cause this prolific disease are extraordinary hardy and can survive outside

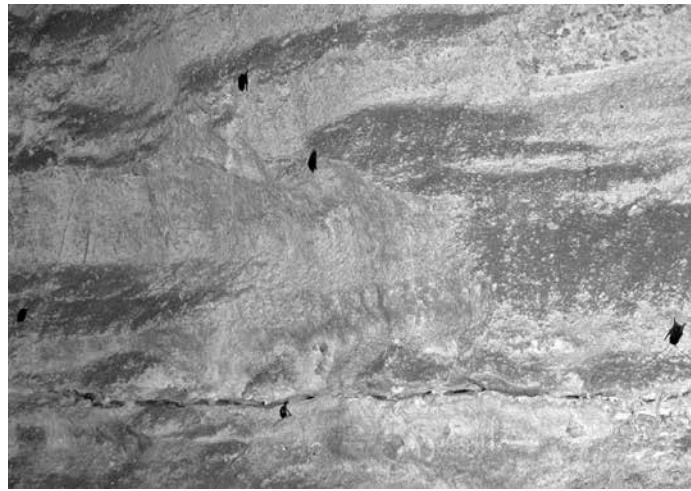
of their growth habitat (Verant et al. 2012). Researchers have confirmed the presence of Pd on equipment and clothing after exiting caves that harbored Pd. Even equipment remaining strictly outside of Pd positive caves ended up testing positive for fungal spores (Ballman et al. 2017). This resilience is most likely the culprit for the isolated occurrence of Pd jumping from the Midwest to Washington State in 2015. Numbers in the travel and tourism industry have increased. People recreating and visiting national parks have followed this trend. Overnight backcountry use within Grand Canyon totaled more than 330,000 in 2016 (NPS, 2016). This increased rise in people recreating in national parks has implications for the spread of white-nose syndrome.

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK WHITE-NOSE STUDY

While this detrimental pathogen creeps closer to Grand Canyon's bats, National Park Service wildlife biologists have already initiated a study to better understand bat ecology in pre-white-nose conditions. This year-round continuous collection of baseline information will create a panorama of bat assemblages from the highest elevations down to the

river bottom, biologists are hoping to learn as much as they can in the event that WNS arrives in Grand Canyon and alters these fragile bat populations. By understanding current bat population trends, wildlife biologists can detect future changes in species population or changes in respective ranges.

Currently, this study has eleven acoustic sites spread throughout the canyon at three distinct elevation levels: above the rim, mid-level (from the Supai formation down to the Muav limestone), and river elevation. Using acoustic bat recorders with ultrasonic microphones, bat echolocation activity is recorded every night from sunset to sunrise. This portion of the study alone has accrued over eight terabytes of acoustic data in two years! To ensure all bat species are accounted for at these locations, wildlife biologists are capturing bats using mist-nets in spring, summer, and fall at each site, verifying acoustic identification and looking for any sign of WNS while the bat is in hand. Based on information collected



Bats use Grand Canyon caves for summer roosts and winter hibernacula. Photos courtesy: NPS

from this study the park plans on creating a white-nose syndrome response plan.

In addition to the acoustic study, wildlife staff and cave specialists are conducting surveys and monitoring caves within the park. Grand Canyon has one of the largest cave resources of all National Parks. The current count of documented caves within the park is around 350. Targeting bat activity in caves at summer roosts and winter hibernacula will give insight into where Pd may initially be harbored and WSN may spread.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

By reading this article you are taking the first major step to help save Grand Canyon bats. Education of boaters and visitors within the canyon will increase awareness of the delicate bat population and ensure their future. Act as a steward for bats and all wildlife within the canyon. Encourage people to stay out of caves to prevent the spread of white-nose syndrome and disruptions of maternity roosts in summer or hibernacula in winter. Many bat species are easily

disturbed (like the Townsend's Big Eared Bat in Stanton's Cave) and will abandon their young if their maternity site is disturbed. Speak up if you encounter bats acting unusual (flying during the day) or dead. You should never handle bats, but the location and a photo will greatly assist research efforts. This information can be emailed to the wildlife biologist: Brandon_Holton@nps.gov or Sarah Ciarrachi: Sarah_Ciarrachi@nps.gov.

With the help of the boating community, Grand Canyon's wildlife biologists hope to reduce the possibility of accidental transmission of white-nose syndrome, keeping the Canyon's bat population flourishing for generations to come.

Sarah Ciarrachi
WILDLIFE GEOSCIENTIST, GCNP
Sarah_Ciarrachi@nps.gov

Brandon Holton
WILDLIFE BIOLOGIST, GCNP
Brandon_Holton@nps.gov



Allen's lappet browed bat (*Idionycteris phyllotis*) being examined during a Grand Canyon bat study. Photo courtesy: NPS

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3. VERANT, MICHELLE L., ET AL. "Temperature-Dependent Growth of Geomyces Destructans, the Fungus That Causes Bat White-Nose Syndrome." *PLoS ONE*, vol. 7, no. 9, 2012, doi:10.1371/journal.pone.0046280.
4. "White-Nose Syndrome Map." *White-Nose Syndrome Map | White-Nose Syndrome*, www.whitenosesyndrome.org/resources/map.

High Flow Experiment Update

WHEN WE SEE THE RIVER run red, brown or gray—reminiscent of the color the Colorado used to run—we know a few things: one, that it is raining or has rained somewhere upstream; two, that the water filter is going to get clogged; and three, sediment is being deposited in the system which may contribute to reaching the trigger for a High Flow Experiment (HFE). Specific to HFES, the geographic trigger point lies at the confluence of the Colorado and the Paria, which scientists consider the optimal location to ensure an HFE will have sufficient sand-mass to rebuild beaches and sandbars downstream. Using remote sensors, scientists in Flagstaff can monitor sediment accumulation at the mouth of the Paria. Then, they relay their findings to the Bureau of Reclamation (BOR) who decides (in consultation with others) if conditions are right to trigger an HFE using the approved measures laid out in Appendix P of the LTEMP EIS (which by now we hope you recognize as the acronym for the Glen Canyon Dam Long-Term Experimental and Management Plan Environmental Impact Statement—phew).

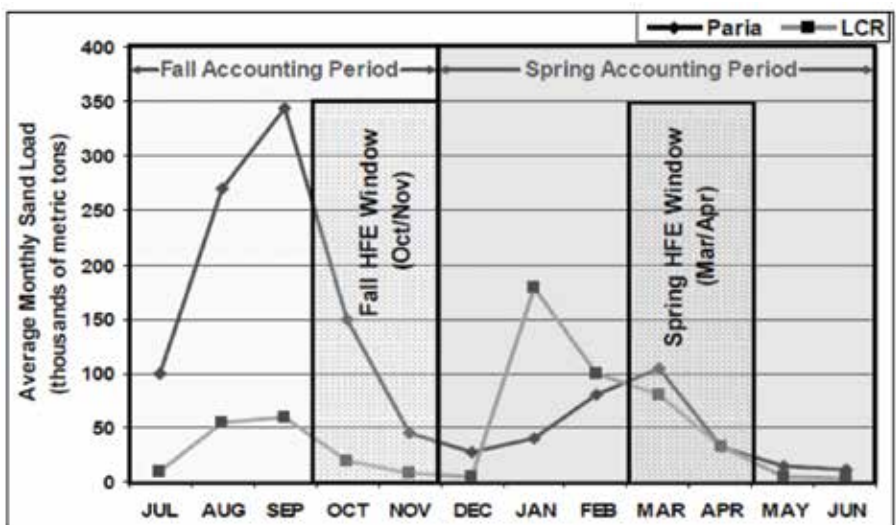
As we can logically surmise, the monsoon months are typically when most of the sediment enters the system, with September providing the most productive storm cycles on average. Rowing in the Canyon last September, I (Ben) observed unusually clear water for that time of year. Without much rain in July and August, I was not surprised to find out that the sediment trigger had not been met so a fall HFE wasn't in the cards for 2017.

The previous year, the 2016 fall HFE resulted in beach building consistent with characteristics as previous experimental floods. Data from remote camera surveys show that following the November 7–12, 2016 event, 55 percent of beaches monitored in Grand Canyon had increased in size, thirty percent stayed about the same, and fifteen percent had eroded in size. My personal observations were that parts of Marble Canyon contained re-built beaches that I had never seen before—along with stretches below Diamond Creek where sand deposition

looked thick. But many of the bigger beaches had steep faces, big cutbanks and were unusable to camp.

Researchers Alvarez and Schmeekle (River Res. Applic. (2012)) wrote an article on erosion of sandbars in Grand Canyon that found (in lab studies) that lower-sloping beaches are subject to a slower rate of erosion. This begs the question: if we slowed the down-ramping rate of HFE's, could we rebuild more-usable beaches with stable beach-fronts that could be less susceptible to erosion? That is such a good question that USGS Supervisory Hydrologist Paul Grams is interested in researching this topic so he is exploring ways to fund the study. Three months after the 2016 HFE only fifteen percent of monitored beaches maintained the growth gained initially, while sixteen percent of beaches showed a decline in size from before the event. Apparently the higher winter flows eroded the beaches. If only we could schedule HFES right before the river season. Why don't we do that???? Because like that boatman said, "it's a tricky deal."

First off, the recent LTEMP process decided a spring HFE can't occur until 2020 at the earliest. Even at that point, we think the odds are stacked against spring HFES in part because there are two sediment accounting periods (fall and spring) that essentially "reset" the sediment account balance rather than "rolling it over." In other words, the sediment left in the system at the end of the fall accounting period (July–November) will not count towards the spring accounting period (December–June). See this nifty table from the aforementioned LTEMP.



Average Monthly Sand Load from the Paria River and Little Colorado River Showing the Fall and Spring HFE Accounting Periods and Implementation Windows.

Without being able to include whatever sediment load came in (and is still in the system) from the fall period, it makes a spring HFE very unlikely even once the LTEMP allows them to happen after 2020. To be fair, the LTEMP does allow for a “proactive” spring HFE, but it would need to be a high-water year which is harder to expect as climate change models



Shinumo Wash Camp, RM 29.4 L with fluctuating flow cutbank after HFE deposition. AAB photo taken 4/3/2015.

predict more frequent and longer-duration droughts. And in practical terms, most of the sediment inputs come in September and move out of the system over the winter. So the bottom line is, under this paradigm spring HFES would likely be very far and few between in the future.

Interestingly, the angler community is advocating for spring HFES because they believe there is a correlation between the timing of fall HFES and the increase of brown trout populations—one of the current threats being discussed within the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program. While brown trout only represent roughly three percent of total fish population in the Lees Ferry stretch, their numbers have been increasing at an alarming rate. This non-native invasive species is particularly problematic because of their intense predatory instincts. One fish biologist told me how they once captured an adult brown trout, with the tail of another fish sticking out of its mouth. Its stomach was so full that it could not fully ingest the fish it just ate! From the angler’s perspective, brown trout will not only destroy the primo rainbow fishery, but potentially drive the decline of local angling businesses in Marble Canyon. There is also collective concern that endangered humpback chub and other native fish populations will be at risk. The anglers, and some researchers, suggest that fall HFES clear spawning beds at the perfect time, and also favor mud snails, a staple in brown trout diet. They further suggest that spring HFES could potentially create more favorable conditions for native fish along with the food-base—a potential boon for rainbows. The concern is high

enough that the anglers successfully passed a motion for a workshop to assess the brown trout risk and make recommendations.

From our perspective, we’re interested to know if spring HFES could also create better conditions for camping throughout the commercial boating season (especially considering observed rates of winter erosion on

the beaches). Our challenge as your recreational river running representatives is to work to ensure HFE’s continue to occur. Given a choice, we would love to see HFES follow a more natural hydrograph by occurring in the spring. But if the odds are stacked against spring HFES and fall HFES become discouraged, it’s not unreasonable to see beaches continuing to erode. That’s not great.

And it’s something we all should think about because we are your seat at the table. As your Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Work Group and Technical Work Group representatives, our jobs are to advocate for dam operations favorable for running the river through Grand Canyon, and to support research whose data will inform policy decisions that comply with the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992. Our strength as stakeholders lies in our firsthand experience and knowledge of the river—something that is profoundly apparent when we sit amidst other stakeholders advocating for their interests or expressing their concerns which don’t always align with those of the river running community. Our goal as GCRG representatives is pretty clear: if dam operations have positive impacts to the Colorado River ecosystem, then conditions to experience an authentic river running experience will remain intact. As conditions change, we feel it is important to advocate to protect that experience and all the resources that make Grand Canyon so unique.

You may ask “what can I do?” To which we reply that reading this article is a step in the right direction. Understanding how the LTEMP protocols work, sharing what you know with others, and taking some time

to think about how this affects the place we love and cherish all helps. Better yet, please volunteer to monitor beach change through GCRG's Adopt-a-Beach (AAB) program, a long-term photo-matching, beach monitoring program. These repeat photographs of critical camping beaches along the river corridor help document the evolving nature of our recreational resource. We will be taking AAB signups at this year's GTS, or contact Lynn at the GCRG office and we'll set you up with everything you need.

Most importantly, we believe the power of observation goes a long way in our profession. It informs our intuitions, helps us run smooth trips, keeps our clients safe, and often provides the calm steady demeanor needed to deal when things get dicey. Let us know your thoughts so we can speak up on behalf of you and the Canyon. If your observations or intuition regarding dam operations piques with

ideas, let us know so we can use our voice as your representatives to work towards the best possible outcome.

Ben Reeder
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PLEASE NOTE: GCRG's important work within the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program is generously supported by a grant from the Grand Canyon Fund (GCF), a non-profit charitable grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association. GCF has also been a longstanding supporter of our Adopt-a-Beach program in conjunction with assistance from the U.S. Geological Survey under Grant/Cooperative Agreement No. G15AC00253. Many thanks to our supporters!



The Ecstasy of Life

I REMEMBER WAKING BEFORE the sun and rigging the boat one last time. My boyfriend had taken the final paddle strokes to the take out and I had been the one to tie off the raft for the very last time onto the bank at Diamond Creek. The events of this trip were still so vivid and fresh in my mind but already the visual memories were gone. It was now New Year's Day, a mere three weeks after our departure from the Colorado River and I was looking down at the tiny micro-SD card in my hand, dumbstruck with disbelief. It had failed to read as a Drive on the desktop and when I pulled it out of the adaptor, only a portion had been extracted. Mounted on this thin piece of plastic was a tiny circuit board holding over sixty gigabytes of footage and photographs from a winter Grand Canyon trip. It lay before me broken in two. The intangible, digital data had been physically altered, rendering it as irretrievable as if vaporized.

I hadn't felt this incredulous of the truth since my father died when I was sixteen.

In an effort to make space on my computer, many other files had been placed on the micro-SD card as well. Gigabytes of photos from my thru hike of the Appalachian Trail were lost as well, but those six months spent in the woods had happened nearly six years ago. That event had already taken its sweet time in changing

me as a person and transforming my life. I mourned their loss, which was also immense, but the Canyon photos and videos were fresh. Those documented memories were still rendering and forming in my mind and heart. The files themselves had not even had the time to become a burden of sizable data taking up too much room on my computer. I didn't even get to finish running down the list of friends and family who had asked to see them all. There were no visuals to accompany the story of two friends who nearly got pummeled by a rogue barrel cactus and rockfall on the landing just below the Nankoweap Granaries. No images of the lush cottonwood oases, blazing yellow in the late autumn sun, that appear intermittently along the hike up Thunder River. No video of my boyfriend cartwheeling out of the raft over the right oar at Hance Rapid in an attempt to push the boat back left after the rocky entrance up top, marking the first time in our relationship that I was the one pulling him back into a raft. The swirling timelapse of the Glacial Frost Gatorade waters of the Little Colorado mixing with the deep emerald green of the Colorado were gone. Every video clip of someone jumping into the pool below Elves Chams, gone. Our completely non-exciting, twenty-second run of Lava Falls, of which we were very proud, gone.

I had known people who had been on epic trips and only had their memories and a handwritten journal to show for it, but none of them were born within a decade or two of me. As a millennial, I am part of the first generation to obsessively photograph everything from our meals to leg day at the gym. More formatively, I have a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts and a concentration in Photography. Images and videos are sacred to me. They are like research collected in the field to be brought back to the lab, incubated and then birthed into their full functionality. They are to be edited to tell a story, evoke emotion and portray beauty. I scoff at the food pornos and gym rats of my generation, but I share their need for visual expression.

The loss of these items, still in their raw form, brimming with potential to become something special in their collective power, was devastating to me. I wanted to always remember how I giggled through the seemingly endless and undulating waves of Hermit Rapid, even if there was a water spot or two on the GoPro. I wanted to rewatch the amateur rock climbing skills of my crew in Tuckup Canyon. Most of all, I wanted my files back, or at every least a Zen Buddhist enough attitude to let them go.

I've always been bad with meditation but I enjoy reading. At a recent Christmas party, a friend gave me a book by Jack London. Having read some of London's work before, I knew it was going to be a lot of romantic jibber jabber about wolflike dogs. But if it was sincerely true to Jack London, there was going to be one quote in there that was soared above the rest of the content and pierced my heart in a way I needed.

Jack reminded me of this:

"There is an ecstasy that marks the summit of life, and beyond which life cannot rise. And such is the paradox of living, this ecstasy comes when one is most alive, and it comes as a complete forgetfulness that one is alive."

If you've floated through the Grand, you have experienced this notion of the "summit of life." In my limited time as a raft guide back East, I've come to call it the "Oh, Shit Moment."

At its best, this moment sends a boatman into a blind hyper focus, body rigid with disciplined intention. As the situation unfolds, it plays out in your mind just a microsecond faster than real time. By this point you know full well what is on the line but you are immersed in your course of action. "Que será, será," they say. What will be, will be. It is the feeling of giving yourself over to the river and trusting her.

It is the feeling of riding the right side of the current above Bedrock Rapid, narrowly avoiding the shallow rocks threatening to hang up a raft along the

near bank, while quickly approaching the looming castle sized boulder that takes up most of the river just downstream. You spy the small wave train that darts right and though it is dwarfed by the forceful waters leading to the dark and dismal left side, you trust the river and keep working the oars. The boulder grows with every slow motion second but at long last your boat slides to the right of it with a tiny yet mighty inch to spare. In this moment, you have lived more clearly and more consciously than most have in the collective year leading up to this event. You have faced fear head on, or at very least with a sharp enough right hand angle, and you have avoided a certain catastrophe. You have kept your boat upright and your passengers and belongings safe. You have avoided being helplessly rag-dolled through the deep currents of the mighty river. Most of all, you have forgotten everything in life that does not serve you well and carried with you only what you needed to reach the summit of life.

These moments of paradoxical ecstasy are what bring us back to the river, to the trail, to the wall, over and over again in life. They are also the moments that keep most people away from the great, wild places of the world. The struggle, the uncertainty, the danger and the fear are the barrier to entry that most will not attempt to overcome, but the payoff is a complete forgetfulness that one is alive. There is a unity, a fullness, a sense a belonging, a feeling that you are part of the landscape, not just a visitor to it. As a lover of the great outdoors, beyond that feeling, life cannot rise.

Whether there are videos and images to show for it or not, that can never be taken away or forgotten.

Carlie Gentry

Tolio in Coconino County

INTRODUCTION

THE COCONINO COUNTY Public Health Services District (CCPHSD) has expanded surveillance on the affliction commonly referred to as Tolio. The goal is to work toward identifying a case definition and to discern Tolio presentation from other possible skin ailments.

Surveillance of Tolio originally began with Dr. Walt Taylor and Dr. Thomas Myers in the 1990s. In 2008, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Myers provided their investigation data to CCPHSD to allow for continued investigation as to the cause of Tolio. During the 2008 CCPHSD study, 54 individuals completed questionnaires and three skin scrapings were analyzed, however, a causative agent was not identified. Tolio is referred to as a skin affliction of the extremities, particularly the feet. This ailment affects boaters on the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon. During the summer of 2017, a survey was distributed to the river guide community to gather current information about Tolio and the affect it is having on river guides within the Grand Canyon.

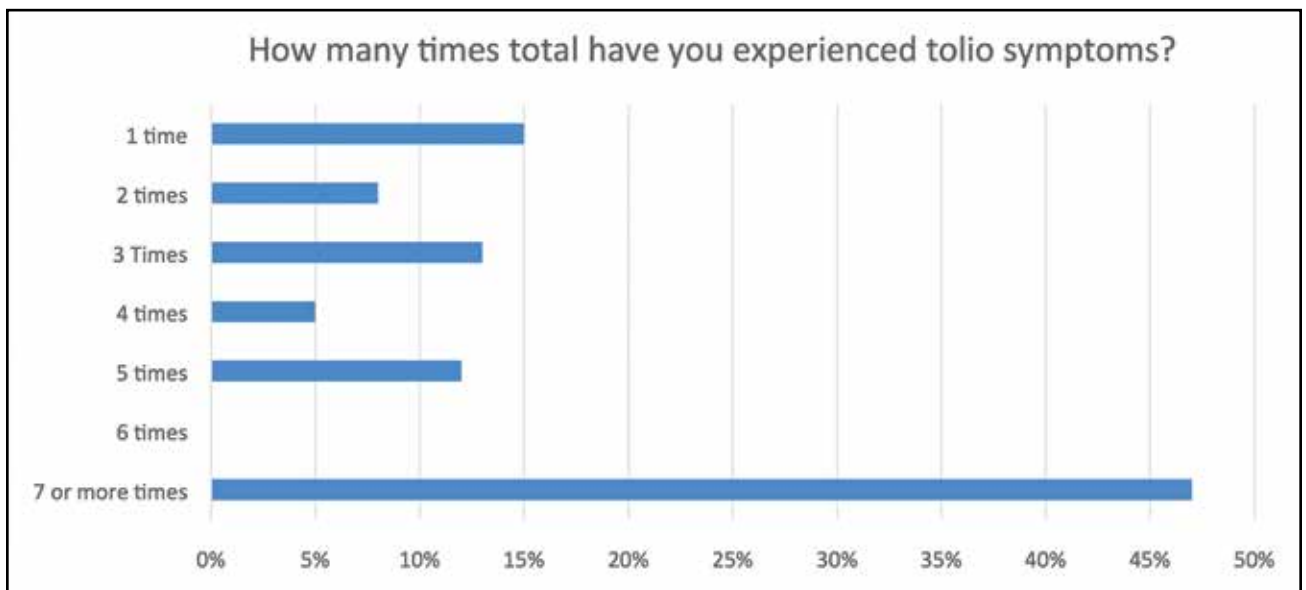
THE SURVEY

The survey was developed online and a link was emailed to participants through Grand Canyon River Guide Association. The Survey consisted of 25 questions that focused on gathering baseline information to assist with developing a surveillance program to gain a deeper understanding of Tolio.

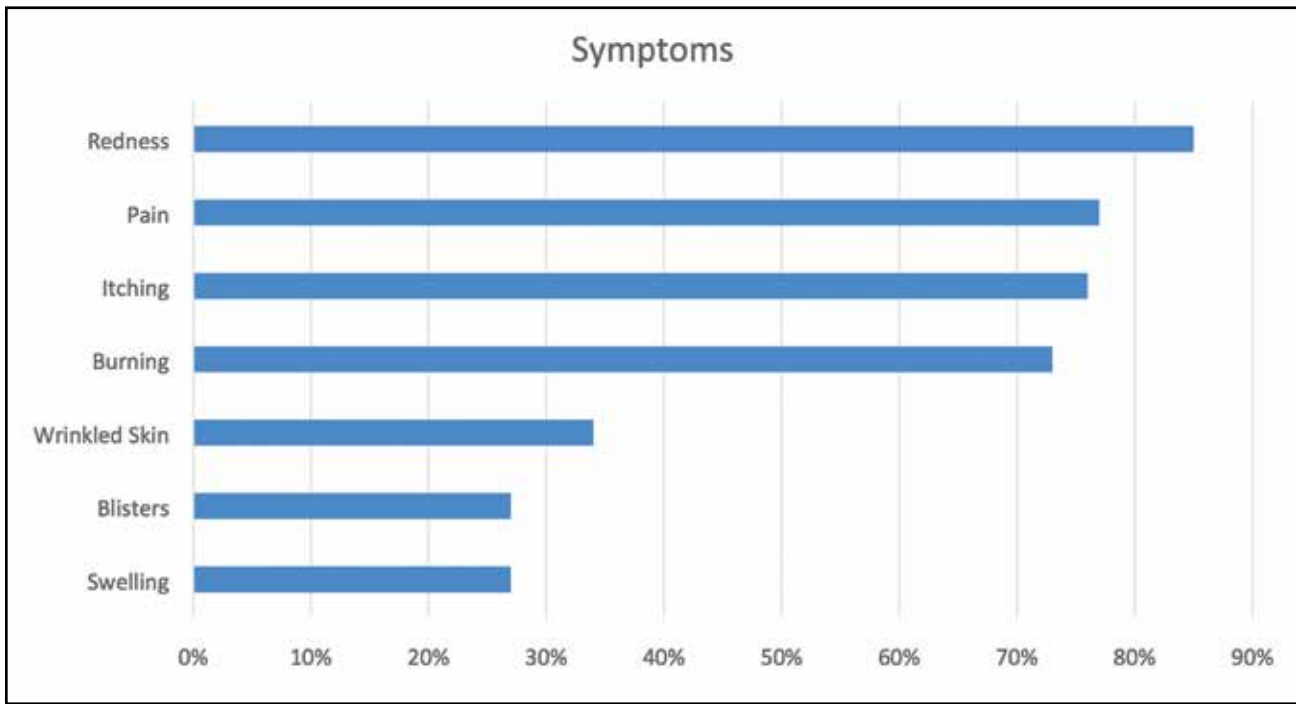
Distribution of the survey began in April 2017 and responses were collected through November 2017. In total, 153 people responded to the survey with 125 responding that they work or have worked on the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon.

SURVEY RESULTS

- **GENDER:** Sixty-three percent (63%) of survey participants were male and 37% were female.
- **AGE:** Survey participants ranged from 23 to 74 with an average age of 49.
- **YEARS WORKING ON THE RIVER:** Seventy-three percent (73%) have worked on the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon for seven or more years.
- **TOLIO INCIDENCE:** Eighty-three percent (83%) of respondents answered that they had experienced Tolio on or after a trip on the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon, with 99% percent of people having symptoms start during the trip as opposed to after the trip
- **EFFECTIVENESS OF TREATMENT:** Seventy-two percent (72%) of people stated that the treatment they are using is effective, 24% percent are not sure if their treatment is effective, and 4% reported their treatment is not effective.
- **SEEK HEALTHCARE PROFESSIONAL:** Eighty-four percent (84%) of people that reported having Tolio did not see a healthcare provider regarding symptoms.
- **TOLIO ON OTHER RIVERS:** Fourteen percent (14%) of survey respondents have experienced symptoms



Number of times experiencing Tolio on the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon



Symptoms

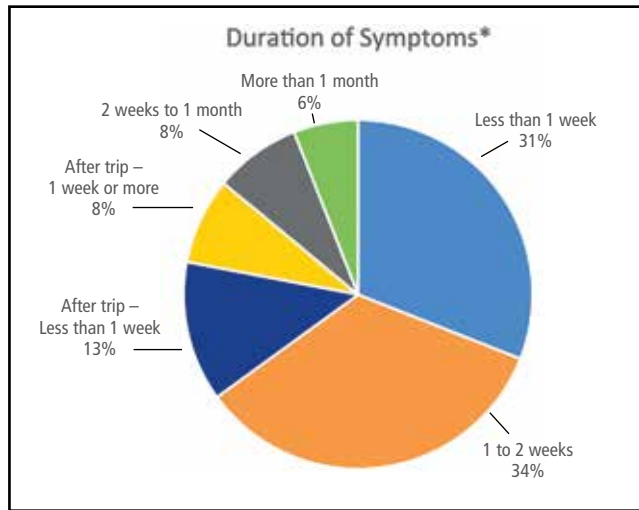
of Tolio while on other rivers other than the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon. These rivers include the Salmon, Colorado in Cataract Canyon, Colorado in Moab, Green, Dolores, Pigeon (Tennessee), Rouge, and San Juan Rivers.

ANALYSIS OF SURVEY RESULTS

- **GENDER AND TOLIO:** Seventy-nine percent (79%) of males and 90% of females replied as having experienced Tolio symptoms.
- **Prevention compared to never having Tolio:** Only seven people that responded as never having Tolio answered yes to using a prevention method. “Keep feet dry” is used by three people that have not had Tolio, “antifungals” are also used by three people, and “antibacterials”, “clean feet”, “wear shoes” each had one response.

DISCUSSION

- **GENDER:** Tolio affects both men and women at similar rates.
- **SYMPTOMS:** Tolio symptoms are likely to appear while on a river trip as compared to after the trip and last for two weeks or less. The top four symptoms associated with Tolio are redness, pain, itching, and burning.
- **PREVENTION:** Most people are using at least one prevention method. A variety of methods are being used with many people using multiple

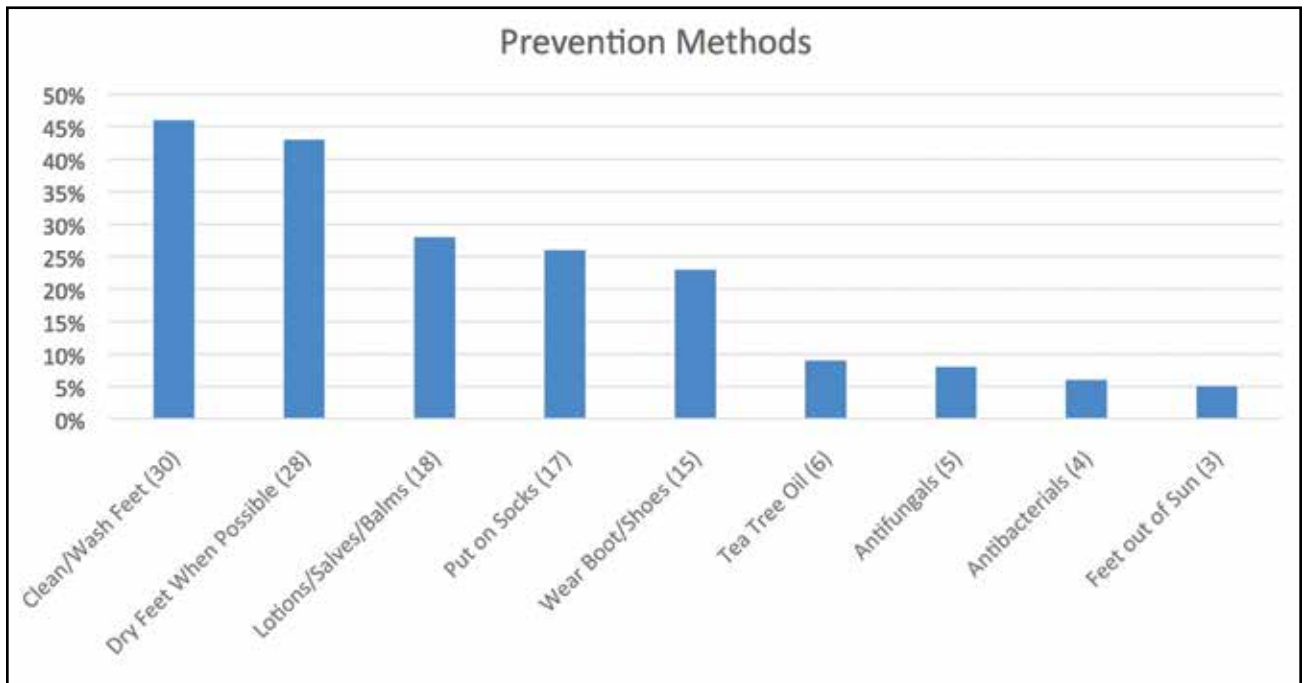


Symptom Duration

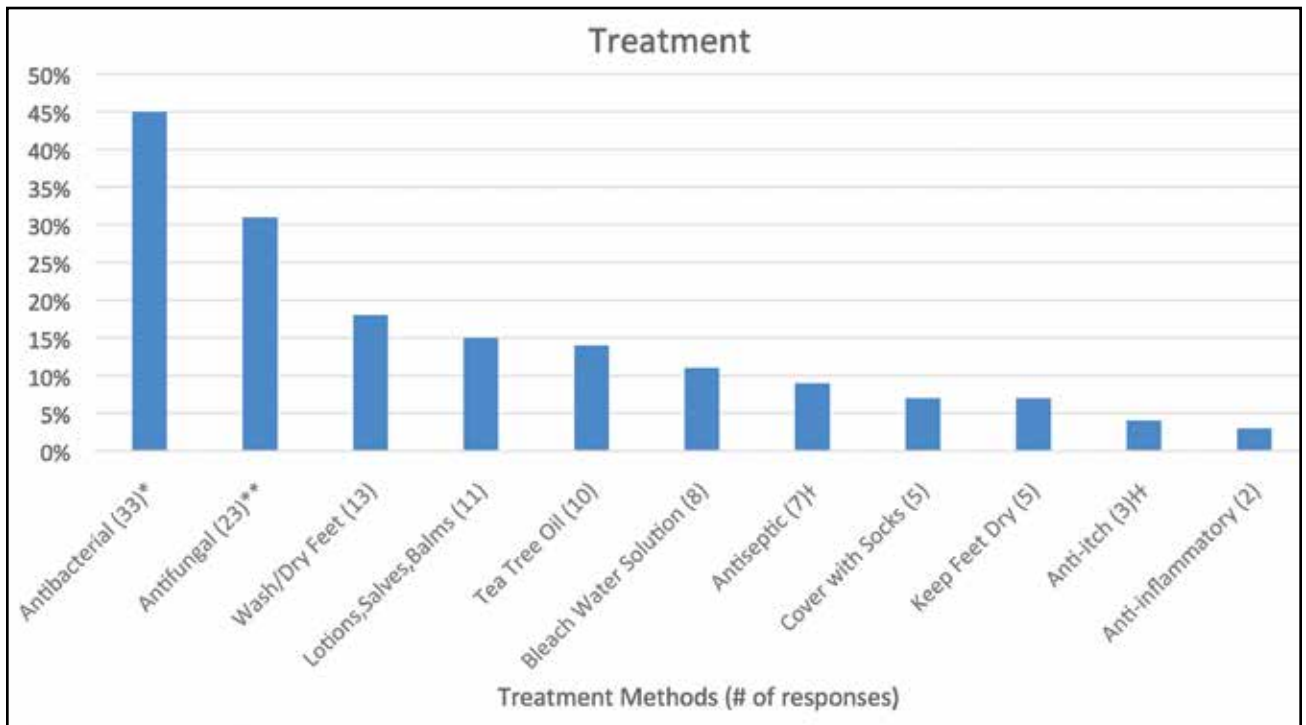
*The information on symptom duration does not consider use of treatment.

Year last had Tolio	Responses	
2015 or earlier	40	47%
2016	22	26%
2017	23	27%

Most recent year experiencing Tolio



Prevention: Sixty-four percent (64%) of people use a prevention method against Tolio with a variety of different techniques reported. Many responses included a combination of two or more of these prevention methods.



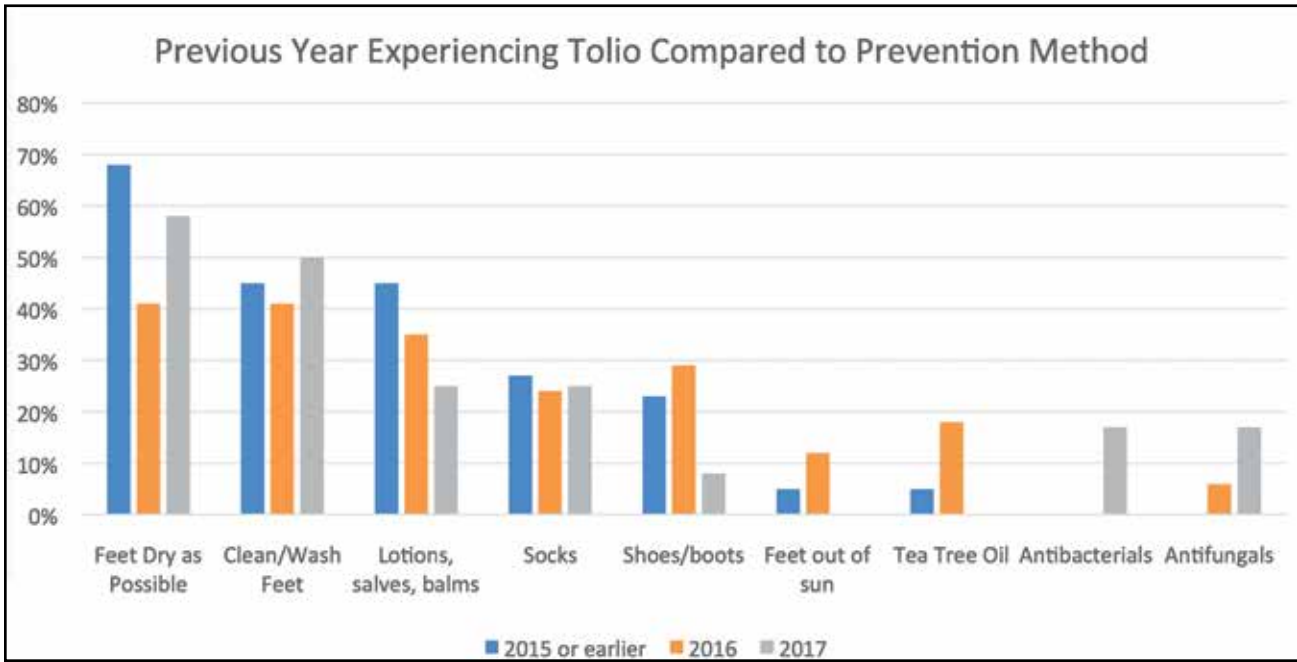
Treatment of symptoms: Treatment methods of Tolio symptoms are used by 93% of survey respondents. Many answers included a combination of these treatments being used concurrently.

*Antibacterial includes: Mupirocin, creams, Erythromycin, Gentamicin, Neosporin,

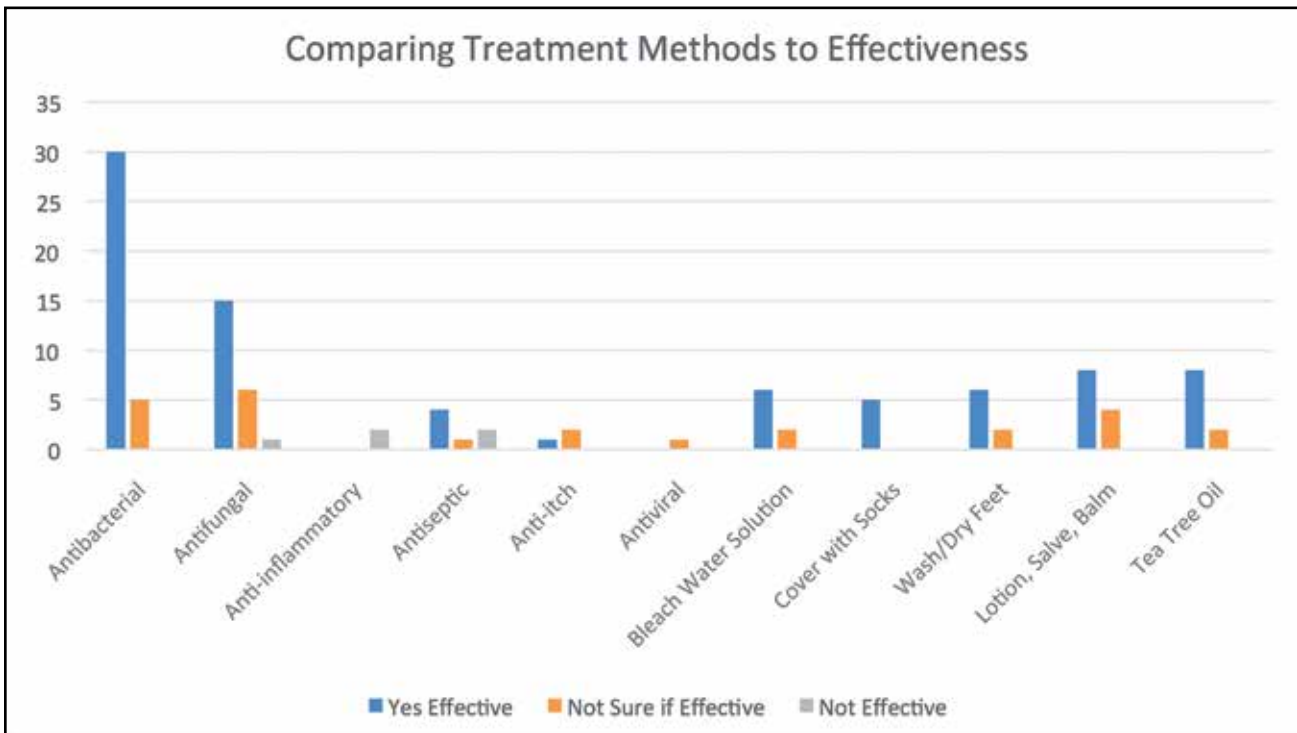
**Antifungal includes: sprays, creams, Ketoconizol, Lamisil, Lorimin, and Tiactin

†Antiseptic includes: Bactine, Betadine, sprays, hydrogen peroxide, alcohol, and iodine

††Anti-itch includes: cortisone and vagisal



Last time Tolio was experienced compared to prevention



Treatment of Symptoms compared to Participant Response on effectiveness

Treatment Methods	Duration of Symptoms											
	Less than 1 week (n=18)		1 to 2 weeks (n=24)		>2 weeks to 1 month (n=5)		>1 month (n=3)		After Trip - Less than 1 week (n=8)		After Trip - 1 week or more (n=3)	
antibacterial	10	56%	11	46%	1	20%	0	0%	4	50%	1	33%
antifungal	5	28%	10	42%	0	0%	0	0%	4	50%	1	33%
anti-inflammatory	0	0%	0	0%	0	0%	1	33%			0	0%
antiseptic	0	0%	2	8%	1	20%	0	0%	1	13%	1	33%
anti-itch	0	0%	1	4%	1	20%	0	0%	0	0%	0	0%
antiviral	0	0%	1	4%	0	0%					0	0%
bleach water solution	2	11%	1	4%	1	20%	0	0%	2	25%	1	33%
cover with socks	0	0%	2	8%	1	20%	1	33%	2	25%	0	0%
Wash/Dry Feet	3	17%	2	8%	0	0%	1	33%	2	25%	0	0%
lotion, salve, balm	2	11%	6	25%	1	20%	2	67%	1	13%	1	33%
tee tree oil	3	17%	4	17%	0	0%	2	67%	0	0%	0	0%

Treatment of symptoms compared to Duration

different combinations of these methods. The most common prevention methods are cleaning/washing feet and keeping feet as dry as possible. People that have gone the longest without getting Tolio (2015 or earlier) are mainly using the following prevention methods: dry fee, clean/wash feet, and lotions/salves/balms. However, many people that had recent Tolio symptoms (2017) are also mainly using these methods. Also, there was no analysis done to see if the individuals that have not had Tolio since 2015 or earlier have been on the river the following years. Most Individuals that responded as never having Tolio are keeping their feet dry and using antifungals as prevention. However, this is too small of a group to have any type of significance.

- **TREATMENT:** Almost everyone that responded as having Tolio is using treatment. Just as with the prevention methods, there are multiple different treatment methods being used, with many people using a combination of different treatments. The most common treatment is the use of antibacterials, followed by antifungals. Most people responded that the treatment they are using is effective.

Comparing treatment methods to effectiveness, antibacterials had the greatest response, followed by

antifungals. Antifungals and antibacterials also had the highest response from people that are not sure if their treatment is effective. The greatest response for treatment not being effective was with anti-inflammatories and antiseptics.

When comparing treatment methods used for Tolio to the duration of symptoms, there was not one treatment that appeared to significantly decrease symptom duration. Regardless of treatment, a majority of Tolio cases were resolved by two weeks. While antibacterials and antifungals represented most cases resolved within two weeks, they were also the most common forms of treatment used. A potential connection to note is that there was a higher percentage of people who used lotion/salve/balm and tea tree oil that had symptoms last more than 2 weeks. However, additional research must be done to determine if there is any connection to the treatment used and a reduction/lengthening of the tolio symptoms.

Matt Maurer
EPIDEMIOLOGIST, CCPHSD

Art Greene's Capstans

THOSE WITH AN EYE for curiosities may notice an odd metal object about three feet high on the west end of the original Marble Canyon Lodge complex, south of Highway 89A. Examination shows it to be a capstan, a marine winch mounted vertically to pull up anchors and such. For those of us without much nautical background, the word “capstan” is printed in the metal casing. No one seems to remember where it came from or who put it there. One clue is a matching capstan at Cliff Dwellers Lodge, nine miles further west along Highway 89A. Dock Marston took a photo of this capstan in 1958,¹ attaching the following note: “The capstan from the steamer *Charles H. Spencer* at Art Greene’s Cliff Dwellers Lodge.” The suggestion that the capstans are from the Spencer steamboat makes sense, since the wreck can be seen nearby at Lees Ferry. However, historic photos of the *Spencer* show a distinct lack of capstans,² indicating some other source. The fact that capstans are present at both Marble Canyon and Cliff Dwellers hints at a connection with Art Greene.

Arthur Haywood Greene Jr. (1921–1998) and his family arrived at Marble Canyon Lodge in 1944 under an agreement with the owner Ramon Hubbell.³ The Greene clan supplied the labor to enlarge the lodge, adding a trading post and restaurant. They also built an aluminum boat powered by an air-driven engine to take tourists some sixty miles upriver to Rainbow Bridge, a multiday trip. This was the ear-shattering “*Tseh-na-ni-ahgo-atin*,” from the Navajo for “trail to the rock that bends over.” Version II was a more sedate motorboat, the original being retired in 1953. Traveling on the river frequently gave Greene numerous opportunities to poke around the Hoskaninni dredge and similar sites in Glen Canyon.

After a disagreement with Hubbell in 1950, Greene moved his outfit further west to Soap Creek, building what became Cliff Dwellers Lodge. In 1954, USGS workers stayed at Cliff Dwellers, where Greene examined the surveyors’ maps for what was to become Lake Powell.⁴ Shortly afterwards, he filed for several sections of land on Wahweap Creek, knowing that the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam would never rise above 3700 feet. Attributing the capstans to the opportunistic nature of Art Greene is of course merely speculation, but it makes a good story. It is one of many you can find around Marble Canyon.

Kern Nuttall



Capstan at Marble Canyon Lodge, March 18, 2017

Photo courtesy: Cindy Stafford

FOOTNOTES:

1. *The capstan from the steamer...*, The Otis Marston Colorado River Collection, Huntington Digital Library.
2. RICHARD E. LINGENFELTER, *Steamboats on the Colorado River, 1852–1916*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, Arizona, 1978, pp 131–2.
3. P.T. REILLY, *Lee's Ferry: From Mormon Crossing to National Park*, Utah State University Press, Logan, Utah, 1999, p 421.
4. P.T. REILLY, *Lee's Ferry*, p 439.

Patrick Conley

I GREW UP IN ALBANY, CALIFORNIA, which is right next door to Berkeley. I was born in Berkeley in April of 1946. My mom and dad met at Cal [U.C. Berkeley]—had a love of the outdoors. They raised us in the Bay Area during the school year, and in the summers, we had a little one-bedroom cabin up in the Sierra outside of Nevada City. We all had our own “bedrooms” outdoors, box springs and mattresses on mine timbers, spread out over about three acres of mixed forest. My grandmother was there, and there were seven of us kids and my mom. My dad would commute on weekends. My dad would come up on Friday nights, Saturday was chores, and Sunday was trips to the High Sierra. I grew up with that love of the outdoors.

My brother Cort was traveling cross country in 1968. He was passing through Vernal, Utah, and he saw a sign that said, “River Trips.” He’d never seen such a thing. What’s a river trip? “Well,” the gal in the store said, “go over to Ted Hatch’s house.” In 1968, Hatch River Expeditions was just booming, and they took on Cort as a trainee. He trained-in on the Yampa and the Green. I think the end of that season he did get one trip down in Grand Canyon. His second trip was out on the Yampa in high water—the experienced guy was rowing the back set of oars on a 33. Cort did the front set, and ten passengers on board. In Warm Springs Rapid, the guy at the rear seat got washed out, and Cort, of course, couldn’t control it from the front. He got in a hole and dumped the boat. He was in the river for quite a ways, wasn’t sure if he was going to get out, and hiked back up the canyon, wondering if any of the kids didn’t make it. It was pretty horrible for him. I happened to be over at my folks’ house in Albany when he called from Vernal to talk to my dad about the experience. Basically, my dad advised him, “Get back on the horse again. This is something you sound like you’re really interested in. Go for it.” I heard more stories about it when he came back from that summer.

I wrote to the Hatches and asked if I could work for them in Grand Canyon, because I’d seen some pictures taken by a guy named Peter Whitney, who was an ARTA boatman in Grand Canyon and a good photographer. He showed me these fantastic pictures taken at river level in Grand Canyon, so I tied that beauty together with the opportunity to connect with the Hatches. When I wrote to them, they wrote back and said, “If you’re anything like your brother, come on out.” In March of 1969, I came out from Berkeley to Lees Ferry and got on—I think it was their first trip of the season. Hatch would usually run the first trip, apparently, with

college groups, warm up the boats, get them out of the “swamp.” That’s the first time I ever saw the Grand Canyon, was from the river. I was astounded by the beauty. I was used to being outdoors, and I loved the high country in Yosemite, and the High Sierra, and Grouse Ridge, and some of those places up around Donner Pass. But the canyon was just amazing. Back in those days you were drinking right from the river, even if you were below the Little Colorado, and everything was muddy. You had these little metal Sierra Club cups, and you’re dipping and drinking. I took on a bug that made me *really*, really sick. It was a Sierra Club trip, I think—a big one, probably in the seventy, eighty people range. There were maybe a dozen trainees on that trip. They sent a taildragger with outriggers for the trainee boat. Kenton Grua, Richard Bangs, Perry Owens, and Brick Wells. I think Brick brought Whale down the next year. I think Roy Cromer and some of the Hatch boatmen were bringing their little brothers.

There’s all these trainees on this big boat with Chuck Carpenter, who had been running some trips for Western River Expeditions. We were out on the river for two or three days, and Chuck came over and he’s asking some of us trainees about what some of the boatmen were talking about, “making a cut.” “What are they talking about? What is this ‘cut’?” Because he’d been at Western, and all they did was just run straight down the river, and they hit whatever hole got in their way, whereas for Hatch boatmen, you could get really hurt on the back end of a taildragger if you went through a bad reversal. We were trained-in by someone who didn’t have a clue how to run the kind of boat that we were supposed to be learning. I got sick, I’m passing blood. They decide I can’t be allowed in the kitchen. I got really sick, and the only thing I could do was collect firewood and pump boats. So I did that with a vengeance, because I figured I was in a dead heat competition with all these other guys, and I really needed to show them I could work, to be able to get a job. Of course they hired every one of us. There wasn’t any competition. Even being sick and all that, it didn’t matter—I fell in love with being on the river. I thought it was the most wonderful thing I’d ever done, and that kind of stuck with me. I’d do two quarters at U.C. Berkeley, and then six months on the river. I figure coming out in March of ’69, from what I can tell, I was in probably the first 9,000 people down the canyon. The beaches were really big. That’s something that people can’t conceive of, going down now, to understand the dramatic change in the

riverine environment since '63. There was still a lot of the natural canyon left. Go down there now, and it sure has changed an awful lot.

QUARTAROLI: Let me ask you, you mentioned Chuck Carpenter from Western. Was he the trip leader on that trip?

CONLEY: No, he was just running the trainee boat with the outriggers. Everybody else was in the taildraggers with no side tubes. Dennis Massey was trip leader, and boatmen included Rick Petrillo, Steve and Dave Bledsoe, and Earl Perry.

QUARTAROLI: This trainee boat, was that a 33-foot pontoon? And taildraggers were usually 28-foot?

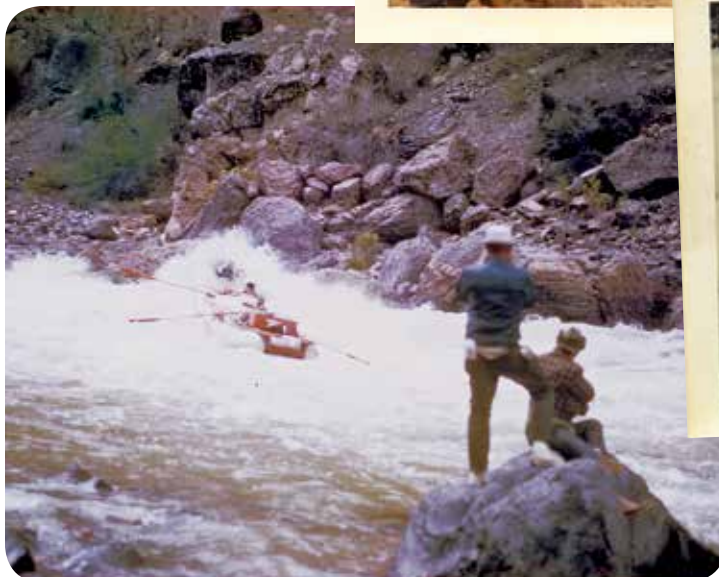
CONLEY: No, they were 33s. There were several different styles, depending upon the manufacturer. Some were quicker than others. We ran the smaller boats occasionally, and they ran them up in Dinosaur as rowboats—the 27s or 28s.

QUARTAROLI: That was the one training trip, and then you were hired after that trip?

CONLEY: I got a second training trip, but as I recall it was mostly with Steve Bledsoe. I dearly love that guy, he's a wonderful guy, but he was very protective of his motor. I think on a training trip with Steve I got to run two rapids. I had the trip on the bloat boat when I was sick, or gathering wood, or pumping boats. I was on

hardboiled eggs and Lomotil and toast, with no butter, on a ten-day trip. But I stayed for that season, came back the next year. The way things were shaping up, I thought I'd get to lead a trip. Clark Lium flew in, and I'd never heard of him. I think he had a brother that was in the river business, too. It was Tim Means and I, and Clark. We got down to Lava, that was when we'd row the 33s through, just take the motor off and tie it down with pig ties, two guys row, and passengers walked down the left-hand side. Clark decided he'd use one of his passengers as his front oarsman. Tim and I are there, waiting, and they just kept on rowing. We were trying to do a left-hand run. And doggone it, they just went sailing out there, and made a right-hand run. It was a *beautiful* tip-over. There's one wave that kicked the boat up on its side, and it just stayed there and went over the crest, and dropped down into the last wave,

and that finished it off. I guess Dave Bledsoe was down there on another trip, and he got some Super Eight film of that. I think Steve and Dave started in '68 down there. Tim kind of shrugs, and Tim and I row one boat through, and go up and row the other boat through, and on down the river to recapture Clark's boat, which was a couple



Top: Susan, Patrick, and Skip Jones.
Left: Patrick in front, assisting Bill Bernt in rowing a "33" through Lava.
Right: Transitional inside-rig without side tubes, Lava.

of miles downstream, where people from Western and another outfit that helped us, and skeddaddled on down there and tipped that 33 back over in a back-eddy. We lost all the motors. He had a spare on his boat, but it went out through the box.

QUARTAROLI: You had one motor for three boats?

CONLEY: Tim and I each had motors. In those days if we tore up too many motors, we'd tie 33s together, and you could do a double-rig and manage to get two 33s out with one 20-horse, if you were careful, could keep from bouncing off the cliffs.

The next trip I was doing with Dennis Massey, who was quite a legend, quite a boatman out of Vernal. Dennis was leading the trip, and Whale and I were boatmen. We had a full load to Phantom. We used to do lots of exchanges at Phantom. We didn't have very many people from there. We really only had enough for two boats, thirty people to start with, and cut down to fifteen to twenty. We run the Gorge after the exchange, and Dennis motioned to us to go ahead. We were going to be camping at Lower Bass. Whale pulled in, I pulled in, and Dennis pulled up next to me, and he just puts a quick tie and starts scrambling around, getting in our coolers. We didn't know what the heck he was doing. He put stuff on his boat and he comes over and says, "Conley, I think it's about time you led a trip—I'll see you at Diamond Creek." He had his whiskey, and he had his food, he had what he needed, and he didn't need us or the people, so he split, headed on down the canyon. The next place we saw him was at Diamond Creek. Whale and I got to do a two-boater from Bass. That was a lot of fun.

QUARTAROLI: Was that the usual takeout for you, at Diamond Creek? Or did you head down across the lake?

CONLEY: The standard trip was a ten-day to Temple Bar. We didn't pull at South Cove, and not all the trips pulled at Diamond. A lot of them went all the way to Temple Bar Marina.

QUARTAROLI: You'd do a night float across the lake?

CONLEY: Yeah, we'd tie all the boats together. Of course, we had oars and waterproof tarps. We didn't have waterproof gear bags—everybody'd bring a canvas duffle bag. We did have really good war surplus tarps that we could tie those all up, like on a pack mule, and keep them dry. We'd take the oars and lash them standing up, and put the waterproof tarps over the tops of those, and this would look like something out of the Arabian Nights, with five, six, seven 33s all lashed together, with this big shade structure built over—a huge barge. You'd tie all but one of the motors dead ahead, and you'd steer with one outside; either by cobbing it up or down you could turn the barge. Scorpion Island, sometimes we'd camp on that.

Sometimes we'd do night floats down in the area of Pearce Ferry, wake up with all the thousands of birds singing, and motor in. At least half the time, maybe more, we'd motor out and make a camp on that island, and finish going into Temple in the morning.

QUARTAROLI: Your first year, after you did a couple of training trips, then you had a boat. This was still way big fluctuations, with the releases from the dam?

CONLEY: The dam was a peaking power facility—it was a tidal river. Sunday's low could be 3,000 CFS. As I recall, our highs were more in the 17,000–18,000, was pretty good-sized water for then. Those boats would end up high and dry, a long ways from the water's edge sometimes in the morning. But you had enough people on these trips to rumble them back down. We didn't have steel frames, we had wooden frames, and there were floors in the boats. You suspended plywood by chains as a floor for stacking gear on. The boats weren't as heavy as some of the rigs are now, with the much bigger engines and much heavier frames.

With Hatch it was a wonderful crew, some pretty unique characters running the river then, and they were a joy to be with. But Hatches wouldn't hire women, and I'd gotten with Susan, she'd come out and hiked into Phantom Ranch and met me as I was coming down the river, got on board, saw the canyon—we fell in love and weren't going to be separated. Ted said when she could change a tire on a two-ton truck and fight in Vietnam, then he'd hire her. I figured that was pretty well a closed door. Sam Street, Sam West—Sam was working for Fort Lee Company at that time, living in a cave upstream from Lees Ferry—went to Tony Sparks and said, "I think you can hire Pat Conley if you hire them as a team, you can get the both of them." Fort Lee only ran one-boat trips, all single-boat trips. Sure enough, Tony gave us a job offer.

* * *

This year marks Patrick Conley's 50th anniversary of his first Grand Canyon river trip, and the start of a storied river career with Hatch and Fort Lee, then on to his and wife Susan's Wild & Scenic [like most other river guides who became outfitters and business owners, Patrick emphasized that his spousal partner was an integral companion in the success of their endeavors]. I didn't know Patrick back then, but over the years had heard lots of great stories from him, and finally corralled him at his home in Flagstaff in April 2017. There are plenty more stories that are not in this edited version, and indeed lots that didn't get recorded. Managing Fort Lee and his own companies, he has also been on the boards of the Western River Guides Association (responsible for

getting the members to hire their first paid employee) and fundraising for Grand Canyon Youth. He was around for the beginnings of GCRG, possibly even contributing the first money for stamps for outreach mailings. The “capper” for recording Patrick was a plane flight in 2010 from Flagstaff to Vernal, Utah, and back, to attend Ted Hatch’s funeral service along with Gaylord Staveley. It was an incredible pair of flights on two different flight paths, through the Canyon Country and across the Colorado Plateau, with Patrick acting as my tour guide, narrating personal stories about the area almost non-stop.

—RICHARD QUARTAROLI

* * *

CONLEY: I had arranged with Bob and Rita Morton to build a hogan, a stone hogan on Jane Foster’s land in Marble Canyon, because there was no place to rent for Susan and me. The only land that was being sold was by Buck Rogers, and Buck basically had an illegal subdivision at Vermilion Cliffs, and he would only sell to people that he knew either as Greyhound Bus drivers or managers of trading posts that he had ties to—it was an insiders’ club. You couldn’t find a home for yourself, but the Mortons had a Navajo man building a stone hogan down by the highway across from the restaurant, and I had the idea maybe he could build one for me. I asked for permission, and they said sure, and they gave me the maps. I walked around Marble Canyon, trying to figure out a spot where maybe someday they might sell me an acre off the side. That’s never happened, nothing’s been sold at Marble Canyon, I don’t think, ever. But I got the hogan built, and had the job offer from Fort Lee, and that fall we got married in San Diego at my in-laws’ place, and moved out to Marble Canyon and set up housekeeping in a little stone hogan with a tiny bit of electricity, no running water, real simple. We had facilities, if we needed them, down at the Ferry, and started working at Fort Lee on New Year’s Day of ’72. They had the motel, store, restaurant, bar license, gas station, rental boats, and river permits. We hired on as boatmen, but we were also doing everything that needed to be done on shore at the Ferry. We were living there year round, stuck our anchor in Marble Canyon and weren’t going to leave. With Fort Lee, with one-boat trips, you talk about that tidal river, there’s no way you’re going to get that rig off if it gets stuck. It did have a metal frame, it had *huge* coolers, more ice than anybody else on the river, real elaborate menu, full bar. If you wanted a whiskey, you told us what kind of whiskey, and we made sure we had it in the bar for you.



Susan Conley at work. Photo courtesy: Conley Collection

QUARTAROLI: You mentioned Susan hiking in at Phantom. Had you known her from California?

CONLEY: I met her at a party in Berkeley, a going-away party for one of my classmates. He was a member of a group of her friends. I heard Susan say that she needed a ride home. I said, “I’ll give you a ride home.” I dropped her off, and all I had was her first name. I went back to the party and said, “Who’s that girl, what’s her last name?” “Oh, Susan Passel. Here’s her number. Call her!” I called and took her out for ice cream. We talked until three o’clock in the morning out at the end of the Berkeley Pier—I guess a magical night for both of us. About two weeks later I left for Grand Canyon. At the end of the spring quarter in June, she went home to San Diego, got a backpack, came out to the South Rim, camped up above the Kaibab Trail, and hiked into the canyon by herself, and was on the boat beach, waiting for me. I was on a Hatch trip, with an exchange at Phantom. She’s one of the people we picked up. (laughter) I was pretty impressed. She wasn’t a backpacker. She was a San Diego beach girl, but she had the courage to come out and do that on her own, which was *rare*. So I was amazed.

QUARTAROLI: Yes, that was pretty good!

CONLEY: You know, I still am. And then my poor in-laws! I’m going to move their sweet only child, to a hogan in Marble Canyon. Susan came clear out to the bottom of the canyon. We’re getting set on getting married, and her mother’s friends are saying, “The kids have got to give us a list. What do you give to kids that are moving into a mud hut?” (laughter) We didn’t get any crystal or silver—very little. I think we

got a candle snuffer and one goblet. Everything else was useable, like blankets and a real nice camera with a bunch of lenses.

We were busy building a hogan. Jane shows up, and there we are, living on her land, and she's out towards the canyon. She saw we were standing by the door of the hogan, and comes walking up through the plants. The first thing she says is, "Where's your sheep?" She broke the ice right off the bat, and came in to see how we had put things together. She sat in there and told us stories, and one of the things she said that day was "the land belongs to those who love it." It was like this gracious, "Welcome. Obviously you love the land. Yes, you're welcome to live here." Just absolutely amazing. Head over heels in love. I'm in a place that I love. It's what I wanted to be my life. We were able to do it 150 percent, year round. Pretty fortunate, pretty lucky. I just camped out there this weekend. It's in its second iteration of a roof, but it's seven-sided. I call it an Irish hogan. A traditional hogan is six or eight, but seven's my number. I'm one of seven kids, and I don't know what the other connections are. When the walls were about waist high, Tsosie Yazzie came out. He was a Navajo guy that helped around Marble Canyon. "What are you doing?" Okay, I'm this Berkeley hippie, cool boatman dude, right? I said, "Oh, we're building a hogan." He says, "You building a sweat house?" I said,

"What do you mean? Why do you keep saying a sweat house?" He says, "You see how everybody out there has shades? It's because the hogans get too hot. In the summertime they're a sweat house, you can't go inside there, you've got to live outside." I ended up building a shade. Tsosie Yazzie was completely right, it was too hot. In the summers we had a pickup and a Fort Lee cot box, and we basically lived in the back of that pickup truck. We'd go down and park it in the mouth of the Paria, which is where the coolest air comes into Lees Ferry in the summertime.

QUARTAROLI: Nice air flow.

CONLEY: Yeah, good air flow there by where the old Fort Lee warehouse was built. Then we'd move back up to the hogan in the fall after it cooled off.

QUARTAROLI: To summarize a little bit, you worked for Hatch for three years?

CONLEY: Three six-month seasons.

QUARTAROLI: And then over to Fort Lee, started New Year's Day of '72, is that right?

CONLEY: I think Tony started down there at the concession in '68, because they were there when I started for Hatch in '69. They'd come out from Long Beach, and he had an aunt-in-law who was tied to the governor of New Mexico. They got the information early on concessions around Lake Powell, and they picked Lees Ferry. Tony was there in '72, and then '73

Photo: Patrick Conley





Photo: Patrick Conley

we built a big warehouse right in the mouth of the Paria. I think it was sixty by 150 feet. I got to design and build out the interior, and it was set up so that you could take a boatload of stuff, a truck, back it up to a door, coming from Diamond Creek, unload, and rig a 37 on a flatbed trailer and take it out the other end, fully rigged, all the food on it, paint the frames, did everything. It was a real smooth operation. But it caught fire in the fall of '73 when we were on the first Fort Lee rowing training trip. I think we'd set up a 21- or 28-day trip, and Susan and I were on our little Selway, little twelve-foot raft, on that trip. Dave Kloepfer and Linda were on the last Fort Lee trip of the year, and all the rest of the crew that could go were rowing boats down on this training trip. I think the second night out, a GCE trip came motoring by, and they yelled, "Hey, you guys, your warehouse burned



Photo: Susan Conley



Looking at Bill O'Connor's string of fish at the Fort Lee "Camp Store."

Photo: Conley Collection

Fort Lee from the Spencer Trail. Photo: Susan Conley

down.” And they didn’t stop! It was late in the day, they were late for camp, so they just yelled that out a couple of times and disappeared. We didn’t know what was going on. We were down below Redwall Cavern the next day, and there was this airplane that kept going around and around. Obviously they were looking at us, but the pilot wouldn’t come down inside. He was staying up above. I notice something doesn’t look right on the other side of the river. There was a white object that had to be manmade. We row over there, and sure enough it’s a barf bag. It was the last thing they had to throw out of the airplane, and there’s a piece of an aeronautical map, and Tony had scratched out a note that said, “Patrick, the warehouse burned down. When can you get to the Little Colorado?” We made up an answer to that question with oars and lifejackets on the sand. We didn’t have radios. I’d built the frame for that Selway because I dreamed of going to Idaho and getting to run on the Middle Fork on lower water, so I made it as a break-down frame. Susan and I and my boat helicoptered out of the canyon, and I went back to Lees Ferry to inventory the loss. That eight-inch “I” beam that ran all the way down the center of the warehouse, that was a bow, laying on the ground in the middle. The whole warehouse was insulated really well, so it held all the heat in, and the walls buckled in half and the whole roof caved in, everything was destroyed, including plans to go to Idaho.

Tony was pretty well burned-out on the business. I wrote a management contract for three years to run the company, and also start Wild & Scenic,



Patrick and Susan in hogan Photo: John Running



Selway raft in House Rock. Photo: Mark Davis



Myron Cook loading Fort Lee passengers at Little Colorado helipad. Photo: John Running

Inc.—start my own company, laid the groundwork. Tony knew what I was trying to do, and I built a small replacement warehouse, and we were in the midst of building that one-day business from the dam to the Ferry. In '72 we had, I think, 200 Flagstaff schoolchildren on that float trip. I managed the company in '75, '76, and '77. In '77 we had 7,400 people on that one-day. We filled the motel with boatmen, got out of the motel business. Still had a busy restaurant, store, gas station.

Susan and I incorporated Wild & Scenic and competed for a park service concession contract on the San Juan River when they first put concession contracts out in Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. I bought out three smaller outfits in Desolation-Gray and started gathering Sportyaks and putting things together to run self-propelled educational trips,

hiking and river. September '77 was the last paycheck that I got, and that was from Fort Lee. Spring of '78, we started Wild & Scenic, running our own river trips in Utah. The educational part of that was a lot of fun, in that I invited people whose writings I admired to come as special guests, and bring a friend, and I'd give them a free river trip, and their wife or daughter or whoever could come for free as well. Ed Abbey liked that idea. He spent time with us. We met him through the Quists and Ken Sleight, he'd been to the hogan, knew us, and supported our starting the Sportyak trips, kind of following in some of Bill Belknap's footsteps, self-propelled, and taking levels of service from Fort Lee, and having more amenities and fancier menu. Wild & Scenic was different than Fastwater Expeditions or A. C. Ecker's outfit.

QUARTAROLI: Where did you base Wild & Scenic out of? Did you have a central warehouse, or did you have a couple of locations?

CONLEY: I had one place at Badger Creek. We bought a little trailer and an acre of land at Badger Creek Ranch at Vermilion Cliffs. I rented a place up the road to work on stuff in the winter. Amil Quayle and Moki Mac sheltered us in Green River. We outfitted the San Juan from Marble Canyon. We

moved to Green River to do the Desolation-Gray season. We rented different places in Green River, and in 1980 we negotiated the purchase of Kent Frost's Canyonland Tours, which had been kind of run into the ground: the vehicles were pretty old, and there wasn't really much marketing going on, and the big bus tour business, the day trip business that they'd had had petered off, but it had some great permits.



Ed Abbey in Desolation Canyon .
Photo: Marilyn Rivas-Tate

Wild and Scenic, Inc., San Juan River. Photo: Sue Bennett



It had the park service concessions in Arches and Canyonlands, a Public Utility Commission permit for the eleven southern counties of Utah, and an ICC permit for the Four Corners states. We had Sportyaks and the four-wheel drive stuff. Barry Lopez, Ann Zwinger, Gregory Crampton, and David Lavender—and I mentioned Abbey—those folks, they all loved the Sportyaks. When I asked Wallace Stegner what he'd like to do, he wanted to go to Ruin Park and Beef Basin, so he went on a Canyonland Tours trip rather than on a Wild & Scenic trip. It was a lot of fun for my boatmen. They weren't running the Grand Canyon, but they got to run with some of the greats from the fields of science: Bill Breed and William Lipe; and musicians like Katie Lee and Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Tom Sheeley.

QUARTAROLI: Really?

CONLEY: Yeah, Ramblin' Jack was like a water bug. We got him on a Sportyak up on the San Juan, that guy just never could quit rowing, and singing for his dinner at night. I mean, it was great. Katie went on a trip. We had our first child, Rebecca, in '76. Susan and I flipped a coin—the loser had to go on the river, and the winner got to stay with Rebecca. Susan lost the toss on the Deso-Gray trip that Katie Lee was on in the catalog. Katie's going down, and they got to their first night's camp, and a big private trip comes floating by, and Katie mooned them all! (laughter) The group's introduction to Miss Katie Lee. "Oh! we got some smoke on this tour!" It was great.

QUARTAROLI: I'm trying to think now—I can't remember when Kent started, but he started back there early with the Jeep tours—and his brother.

CONLEY: Alf. Kent had started the company I think even before it was Canyonlands National Park. Of course he was a hell of a walker, too, so he was all over that country. Alf was really helpful with me. He kind of taught me about what you need to do when you're running Jeep trips. It's a whole different kettle of fish than running a boat down the river. The Jeeps break a lot easier. Alf was a really wonderful caring guy, helping me run those trips safely. I got into stuff, like with Sven Olaf Lindblad, whose father had started Lindblad Travel, and Sven started a company called Special Expeditions. I got the opportunity with Canyonland Tours, be their operator in the Southwest, and we'd do ten-person maximum, fourteen-day trips from Flagstaff to Grand Junction, or Junction to Flag. Stewart Aitchison, Christa Sadler, and Wayne Ranney we recruited to be our driver-guide naturalist folks. Christa was instrumental in helping us form a fourteen-day program over a little bit further to the east, getting into Santa Fe and the Rio Grande

pueblos and some of the weaving, and Ghost Ranch and Durango-Silverton. We had a tented camp down in Squaw Flats, in the Needles District. Stewart would be the van driver. We had this beautiful tented camp with mints on the pillowcases. Randy Tate and Dave Lyle would be stationed down there as camp cooks and Toyota Land Cruiser drivers, take the people over Elephant Hill and back into Chesler Park, and come back to these ten-by-ten tents with L.L. Bean cots, and, like I say, mints on the pillowcase—high-end adventure travel. The closest, probably, to safari-style camping. Now they call it glamping, but we were among the early people doing that for tourists.

QUARTAROLI: Was that in the seventies, or was that a little later, in the eighties?

CONLEY: We bought Kent Frost in 1980, and Special Expeditions we probably started with by about '82, up to about 1990. They were fun. I spun off from that and did some cultural study kinds of trips on the Navajo and Hopi Reservations where I would go out and line up tented campsites ahead of time. I had Navajo tribal permits and an antiquities permit, and permission from the grazing rights family. We'd take gifts, of course, like Bluebird flour and coffee and sugar, stuff like that, as a token of our thanks. Also I would pay ten dollars per person per night, cash, for allowing us to camp. I was able to put together some once-in-a-lifetime kinds of programs across the reservation: A program up in Tsegi Canyon, Skeleton Mesa, Keet Seel, Dowozhiebito—you know, visiting cliff dwellings that are spectacular but almost never visited. One trip was a seven-day horseback ride. I had Navajo ponies and Navajo wranglers, professional camp cooks, archaeologists, and gave people fantastic experiences. We're the only people in the canyon. We did one seven-day—the goal was to find the western road to Chaco Canyon. Whitehouse Ruins in Canyon de Chelly is a Chacoan outlier, so we rode horseback. I did an aerial scout over the Chuska Mountains to find a way to go by the most scenic route, but we got a foot of snow—it was in April. We were up at Wheatfields Lake, and just so much snow the wranglers didn't feel comfortable trying to take people. We trailered around—Canyon del Muerto, over the Chuska Mountains, the Bisti Badlands, to Chaco Canyon. Out of seven days, six days it snowed. Fantastic. We got over to camp south of Two Grey Hills Trading Post. There's a chapter house with an elementary school [in Newcomb, NM]. No gas station, nothing, over there on what used to be 666, and we were camped, and here comes a pickup truck up the road. The guy drives in and he says, "We've never had people camp in our chapter before. Welcome!" We're in a snowstorm. He



Susan yakking the San Juan. Photo: John Running

says, “Would you like to come down and have hot showers?” I said, “Would you like to have a hot dinner with us right now?” He had dinner with us, and then all my guests and the crew were able to go down to the chapter house and have hot showers, which was pretty amazing.

QUARTAROLI: Great tradeoff!

CONLEY: Yeah, it was really... But that’s the kind of thing, “We’ve never had people camp on our chapter before.” On the way, I got everything gathered up, had a big four-wheel drive van and a tandem axle trailer. I would carry the camp from place to place. I went into Chaco and got set up, and went to the westernmost ruin to wait for them to come in. They had to leave their horses at the park boundary and walk in. I see them coming, and it’s like they’re walking two feet off the ground, and they go, “Patrick! Patrick, you won’t believe what we found!” Don Keller was the archaeologist riding with them, and those guys have their own maps that aren’t available to the public, for protection of sites. They found two places that afternoon, outside the park boundary, on the reservation, where there were still artifacts in place. They were not on Don’s maps. It just really pulled it all together for them, how close they were to walking in The Old Ones’ footsteps. Then I took them over to a place not far from there, and put them on airplanes, flew them back over the whole route that they had done that previous week, and back to Flagstaff. We went from here to Kykotsmovi and met with Vernon and Becky Masayesva, going to his mother’s place, learning about Hopi culture. Then over to Canyon de Chelly and starting the horseback trip, and

Crownpoint, had airplanes come in from Gallup and pick them up, and fly them back over the Chuskas and what they’d ridden and driven over Hopi and back into Flag—to just put a ribbon on it, you know. Fun doing stuff that you hadn’t seen people do before.

QUARTAROLI: Yes. And the aerial views are so incredible. We did that flight up to Vernal, and you were pointing out some of the trips you had done. You mentioned one you did over to Navajo Mountain and Rainbow Bridge, to the river, and a boat down the river.

CONLEY: I came up with a trip idea to have guests meet us in

Page, fly over by Cummings Mesa. There’s some really cool slot canyons just to the west of Navajo Mountain. See some great stuff from Page over to Navajo Mountain; land there at the trading post; prearrange for a Navajo in a pickup truck to meet us there, and truck us around with our backpacks to Navajo Begay on the east side of Navajo Mountain, and then it’s an eighteen-mile walk into Rainbow Bridge, and have pre-bought tickets on the tour boat to go from Rainbow Bridge back into Wahweap Marina. That’s two nights on the trail. I tested that myself, with a writer and a photographer, and I did hire Stewart Aitchison. I got some bookings, and Stewart took some folks on that trip. I was so depressed by the reservoir section that I didn’t want to do that again. I went back in April of 2013 with Stewart Aitchison and his wife, Ann Kramer, and they were wrangling six llamas. Susan and I and five of our friends, I arranged to have a five-night trip to Rainbow Bridge and back out. We went in with llama support and walked in and had a couple of camps. The third camp was within walking distance of the bridge, and we went down to the bridge, spent the day, and back to that camp, and used a different camp on the way out, five nights, six days—that’s the way to do Rainbow Bridge. Don’t get on the reservoir, go in and out. That is one of the most spectacular places anywhere on the plateau. The exposures of Navajo Sandstone, I think, are unique in that area. We’re used to seeing the Navajo Sandstone in a canyon, with all of the red deposits laid on it. Up there, with the action of the laccolith, pushing all that stuff up, you have exposures of Navajo Sandstone which are these long whale-like ridges, and all their natural colors are

there: purples, pinks, *amazing* stone. I've never been able to see that anywhere else on the plateau. The average height of that plateau is about 6,000 feet, so the Kaiparowits is coming straight at you. The Henrys are right there. You can reach across the canyon and touch that stuff, but you can't see the reservoir at all. That north side of Navajo Mountain, you have three live-water streams coming down off that. You've got cottonwood trees, fresh water. Who could ask for more? The values there are still close to what they were 45 years ago. Other parts of our canyons, not so true—things have really changed and been degraded over the last forty years. But that's a protected spot. It's still a wonderful, wonderful place. That's one thing I feel real lucky about.

* * *



Stopping to scout in Desolation. Photo: John Running

CONLEY: I've had wonderful river experiences. The Sportyacking... You know, Bill Belknap's brochure said, "Why should the boatmen have all the fun?" I really agreed with the participatory aspect, and the people that it attracted were just amazing folks. Most of my bookings, probably three-quarters of my bookings, were originated by women. They're the ones that said, "Yeah! Row my own boat? Do my own thing? Yeah, I want to do that!" And they'd drag their husbands along. Everybody would have a good time. But I found it fascinating that women were the movers in that arena.

QUARTAROLI: How long did you keep those running?

CONLEY: Started operating in '78 and sold the Desolation operation to Outward Bound after the '83 season, and sold the Utah section of Canyonland Tours in '89. Started another program here that was supported by the Lindblad operations, and then they quit doing vehicle tours. I was doing a one-day trip from Flagstaff, tying it into the one-day Fort Lee trip, a half-day Fort Lee trip, and it built up to about a thousand people in my second season of offering it. That was going really well, but all my insurance was paid by Lindblad for the fourteen-day trips, and so I had to cancel, get out. By then I'd started in real estate, and I'd also started in the film business and had three little kids. That was good.

QUARTAROLI: With your 'yak trips in Deso, you were contemporaries with the Belknaps, with Fastwater Expeditions.

CONLEY: Yeah. And A. C. Ecker, too.

QUARTAROLI: The Belknaps transferred over to Outward Bound also, so Outward Bound was...

CONLEY: Oh, they did later. Fastwater sold their...

QUARTAROLI: I'm just trying to remember what Loie's interview was, when she was talking about that, but I know toward the end there, they were doing some Outward Bound trips. And I can't remember the exact thing, but it just sounded familiar—kind of the same time period.

CONLEY: Okay, yeah. At the end of the '83 season, I transferred Deso-Gray to Outward Bound, and that was, I think, their entry in. Of course they got a lot of Sportyaks with that purchase. Bill was still running, he was still in pretty good health. He and A. C. Ecker and I were the three who got the self-propelled trips on the San Juan. When the park put that out to concessions, they had six raft permits and three self-propelled permits. Bill would do those two, plus he'd do the Dolores. You can do self-rescue with Sportyaks. The way that they're ribbed, they're ribbed crossways inside the boat. On the bottom it's ribbed longways, so you've got lots of purchase there. If you've flipped, you

can climb up on the bottom, get across it, tip it over, climb back in again. We would teach that in a pond near Bluff. In the upstream, early part in Deso, we'd go through those tip-over deals. People that proved proficiency at doing self-rescue and really loved Sportyakking, we opened up trips, we did Lodore and the Yampa and the Main Salmon. My boatmen would get some variety in their summer, get to see some new country, travel with people that were already broken in, already knew the drill, wonderful folks, and it would just spice up the boatmen's season.

QUARTAROLI: Right. Go to the next level.

CONLEY: Yup, a little bit tougher. Some of them did Dinosaur and the Main Salmon, so it gave us another two or three places for people to go when they were done with the San Juan and Deso. That was fun.

QUARTAROLI: What would be your favorite river trip of the ones you did in the craft? Were you particularly enamored with doing a Sportyak trip on a particular river?

CONLEY: Desolation-Gray was like God made it for Sportyakking. It was just so perfectly laid out for teaching people, starting small rapids, building up, rapids all the way through the last day. That was wonderful. I started that as a nine-day, then I cut it to a seven-day, and I kept the seven-day on the San Juan because I liked to do a lot of hiking down there, a lot of the prehistoric stuff.

One of the most exciting, fun river trips I've ever been on was fairly recently, and that was as a trainee on a sweep boat on the Middle Fork of the Salmon. That is a *phenomenal* craft to run. It's like being a fish and swimming down the river. It's just amazing. There's no end in sight. In Grand Canyon, when Sam Street was still a boatman, and Susan and I, and we were trying to harass Tony Sparks into running rowing trips, we'd put a spring and a fall rowing trip [in the brochure]—I think they were fifteen-day. Tony said, "We could try selling them." We weren't able to sell them. We got like four people in the spring and four people in the fall. Tony Sparks was such a good guy that he let Sam go, and he got paid regular, right? Got to do the spring trip, and that fall Susan and I got to take two couples, who were best friends, on that fifteen- or 21-day motor trip in the Grand Canyon. You had this well-to-do farmer and a blue-collar guy, and their wives, and the four of them just got along so well. With Susan and I, and all the luxuries that a 37 could carry, ideal people, and beautiful weather, that was one of the most wonderful trips I've ever done.

Ann Zwinger's river trips will always be highlights—we met on a Ken Sleight trip in Dinosaur about 1973. In its eternal wisdom, the park service

gave Ken Sleight an allocation of one trip a year in Dinosaur National Monument. I mean, that's not what Ken meant by an "economic base," which is something he was always asking for at every WRGA meeting, every park service concession meeting, "Give us an economic base. Give us enough access to where we can run a decent business." They gave him one trip a year—he would run it at the end of the season, when he was sure that he'd sold everything that he could everywhere else, then he'd make a few phone calls and get some of his old-time favorite passengers and a few friends, and run an October trip up in Lodore. We got to the put-in and Ann saw our Selway, she'd never seen a rubber boat that small, and she just thought that was the cutest thing. Susan and I said, "Well, come ride with us." Zwinger and Susan and I did Lodore together in a twelve-foot boat, and became fast friends. She became a director of Wild & Scenic when we started. She would be in the catalog every year, and she and husband Herman would come. Their anniversary was in June, she loved the San Juan in June, Herman felt comfortable there, and we'd celebrate their anniversary. Of course Ann was such an amazing person. I know you got to run with her—you got an idea of what an incredible lady. Herman's this spectacular gentleman, air force pilot. He was a pilot of the kind of craft that they land on the ocean to rescue downed airmen. I forget the name of it, but a pretty big aircraft [PBY and SA 16]. He had something over 250 landings and takeoffs on the ocean to his name. He would fly a twin—Beachcraft Baron—fly Ann over, and Herman at first would float on the support raft under an umbrella, and Ann would be rowing her own favorite little Sportyak. As years went by, Herman



Ann Zwinger. Photo: John Running

would ask, “Ann, could I borrow your Sportyak today?” He started getting into rowing his own boat, too. She’s the one that would carry our brochure with her on her travels, and made the connection to funding employees for Grand Canyon Youth.

* * *

QUARTAROLI: You mentioned Grand Canyon Youth. Do you want to talk some about your involvement with that organization?

CONLEY: John Hirsch is the one who got me.... He had really great spirit and attracted a lot of people to that organization in its beginnings. When it ran its first trip in ’98, and then ’99 I got involved. I think it was actually January of 2000 that I got elected onto the board. My main role with them has been to raise money and attract more people to the board. I’ve seen well over sixty people come and go from that board. I just retired in February [2017], but I’m still active on some committees. I’ve been amazed at the diversity that that organization has been able to bring with the river, in both the diversity of people, and doing things like hearing-impaired youth paired with hearing youth; or sight-impaired youth paired with seeing youth; or disabled youth paired with at-risk youth. We’ve had slews of trips where it’s rich kids *and* poor kids, and both these populations are learning from one another. That is so transformative, I think, for people to spend the time with others who are different, and realize, “Well, golly, they’re different, but they’re still good people.” There’s lots and lots of bridges here. There’s more bridges than there are chasms.

This year GCY’s got a pilot program of taking it down a notch to ten-year-old kids in fifth grade. The first time we’ve got a whole program, fifth-graders from Kinsey School are going to go down and run a section of the Verde River, down by Clarkdale. The city of Clarkdale really has taken good care of their front yard. They’ve got a new put-in and take-out, and here we have this perfect little environment set up for even younger children to be introduced to the out-of-doors on water. They’ll be better and better. By the time they’re fifteen, they’ll be *that* much better. It’s been a great group of people, and it’s so much fun. It’s been such a life connector for me to be in a position where I could interact with younger folks. I’m headed on to 71 this month, and to be able to be with the kids that are going on the trips, or the families that these kids come from, or the boatmen. Most of the GCY boatmen are women. I started at a time when most of the women weren’t *allowed* to work on rivers, all the way to now they’re doing a better job than the guys! It’s a short

time to see that much change. That’s hopeful. That’s a positive. I don’t like the degradation of beaches, but I do like the improvement in boatmen. (laughter)

QUARTAROLI: Have you done trips with GCY?

CONLEY: No. I never felt that was my role. I needed to do something that other people *couldn’t* do. And those young people, that’s who the kids are going to relate to the most, is someone closer [in age] to them. *And*, I support the women boatmen. I don’t want to take a job away from any of those young people. I had my shot.

Now my most recent trips, I’ve been on commercial rowing and motor trips as a passenger. Before I got hurt, I was rowing baggage support for OARS and for Grand Canyon Dories. I’ve gone through a couple of injuries that have messed me up. I’m coming back. I don’t know if I can pull it off again, to run another baggage boat. Maybe so. I would love to, that would be exciting. (laughs) You might not want to be riding in my bow. (laughs)

* * *

CONLEY: I don’t know if anybody ever told the story of the creation of the first inside rig [motor inside the pontoon] at Hatch. We had all the outside rigs, and I remodeled a boat below Sockdolager. (laughter) That was pretty exciting.

QUARTAROLI: Okay, tell us this one. I haven’t heard this story.

CONLEY: It was probably the most humiliating experience I’ve been through—one of them, anyway. In July the bookings would kind of slow down, and all the trip leaders would run trips together, and other boatmen that didn’t have the seniority would be laid off for two or three weeks. I think Steve Bledsoe and Pete Reznick were running a two-boater, and I was on a two-boater. I had a guy with a 16-mm camera that was trying to get all the footage he could. We were down below Sockdolager on the left. There’s kind of a cut, on the cliffs coming down, and there’s a sharp eddy. I was in that eddy, and trying to just stick the bow of my boat out to where the guy sitting on the front tube with this big camera could see upstream. Of course I couldn’t see upstream at all. I’m just trying to juggle the boat—forward and reverse, forward and reverse—trying to keep the bow up to the eddy line, but not *over* the eddy line. Just as Steve Bledsoe comes rip-roaring into view, the bow of my boat catches in the downstream current, it pulls me out like that, Steve runs into my bow, and the bow of my boat goes up in the air, over the passengers in Steve’s boat, and down on his front thole pin. We had these

pipe thole pins for rowing those 33s, the bow comes down on that thole pin and just rips everything out of the bow. Nobody got hurt, and somebody could have been badly injured. The front end of my boat's gone, both those sections are flat, because it tore out right in the section of the bladder. I get down to Phantom, pull it up on the beach, fold the bow back, look at it, and say, "There's no way in hell we can fix that—all these layers of rubber, you wouldn't know where to start." We deflated the *next* two sections back and tied the bow of the boat to the front of the rowing frame. There's just this big folded-over scoop—if you hit a one-inch wave, or one-foot wave, splash! everything! It was just like having a shovel loader. I lost most of my passengers. I might have had three or four teenagers that thought it was fun to get wet all the time. I had to drive that damned thing all the way to Temple Bar, even going across Lake Mead, splash! splash! splash! in the wind. I used to wear a black hat, and I had that damned thing pulled down over my head as far as it would go, because every trip we would go by, you could hear the people saying to the boatmen, "Oh, what kind of a boat is that? We haven't seen one like that." It was horrible! They took that rig back up to Vernal, Utah, unrolled it in the warehouse, said, "Even in the shop there's nothing we can do with this." They just cut the end of the boat off and sent it back down to Lees Ferry. They cut the floor out and sent it back down. That was the first inside rig, with two rounded ends, and a big "C."

QUARTAROLI: At that time you still had floors in it?

CONLEY: Oh, yeah.

QUARTAROLI: Fabric floors. Was this a taildragger?

CONLEY: Yeah, we remodeled a taildragger and cut one end of it off, cut the floor out, and just moved the frame in.

QUARTAROLI: It was "U" shaped?

CONLEY: Yes.

QUARTAROLI: And the frame just held...

CONLEY: Held the tubes together.

QUARTAROLI: ...tubes together in the front.

CONLEY: Yeah.

QUARTAROLI: Do you have any pictures of that one?

CONLEY: I don't. (laughs)

QUARTAROLI: Does anybody?

CONLEY: I hope not! (laughter)

QUARTAROLI: That would be a great shot, though.

CONLEY: That was horrible! They started putting side tubes on them and cutting the floors out.

QUARTAROLI: The side tubes were for trainees originally—the training wheels.

CONLEY: Yeah. But after that they started putting them on all their boats, and building metal frames,

big heavy frames, on them—got rid of the wood. We used to have to stop at the Marble Canyon dam site to retrieve lumber for repairs, because all of our frames were wooden, transom was just pine—wasn't even oak. We had a brace-and-bit and bolts. That was all part of the patch kit for Hatch trips. Saws. Because you'd make your own frames. The byword was "fix it on the way." If it'd been to Grand once, then it could be to Grand twice. "Been to Grand, fix it on the way." There's some story about Ted kicking somebody off the beach at the Ferry that couldn't get their motor to start. "Fix it on the way!" (laughter) "Get out there! I'm goin' back to Vernal!" (laughs) Oh, heck.

QUARTAROLI: Tell me about how a taildragger was to drive, and how it operated.

CONLEY: It's a lot like racing a slalom course where you've got to memorize the course well enough to where you're skiing the next three gates with just peripheral vision. You've got to be always thinking ahead. With a taildragger, you had to deflate the back end of the boat. You had the A-frame hanging off, with a 20-horse motor, with a short shaft. Ted didn't invest in long shafts, so that gave us even less reach. You had to deflate the back end of the boat to get the prop in the water, which puts you down at a level where you couldn't see anything down your boat. You had this A-frame that you were sitting on, with a bucking strap. You'd tie a rope across, have one leg over, one leg under—you could push your leg down and have that rope holding you on—another rope strap to hang onto, and reaching back to grab a hold of the throttle on the motor. You had a motor box, three people on the frame, the big duffle pile, most of your passengers clear up in the bow. Of course this has a floor in there—those people have bailing buckets. You're only nine feet wide—if you get into a big hole, you just roll one of those 33s over.

That meant that we scouted rapids, scouting and memorizing your points in the rapid, all of your turning points in your memory, became really, really important because you couldn't see *down* your boat into the rapid. Stand above and memorize stuff, or you'd walk it and memorize. We would make cuts in most rapids to avoid the worst obstacles or holes. You really did try to pilot that boat around, because if you hit a big hole like Upset sideways, like Shorty Burton did, it could kill you. Or if you hit them going straight, in a big hole, as you come out of it, you get whiplash on the back end of the raft. You're clear back there, and as it comes out, it throws you forward. Horn was a particularly bad one, especially if we were running between the horns or further left, where you get thrown forward, because you just get

that incredible whip. You see pictures in “Hell’s Half Mile” of people sitting on the back tube of the boat, and they go through that hole, and the people are up in the air—that was the boatman on these Hatch rigs. They were quick. Part of the defensive strategy was doing turnaround runs where at 24-and-a-half Mile or in Crystal you just flip the rig around, and motoring upstream slow yourself down to make a move across, and let the current catch your bow and bring you back around again. Deubendorff was a beautiful back-around run, where you turn around, flip over on the right, turn the boat around, go on down. I’d actually use it in reverse when you got past the table rock, and push back out again—they worked pretty well for that. Dunlops were pretty fast; Goodyears were slower; Generals were slower still. The different manufacturers of these pontoon bridges used different materials, different weights, and they performed differently as motorboats. Rowing them wasn’t any treat, but usually we picked up our passengers at the bottom.

When I started, they used to hike people around Hance, they hiked people around Crystal, they hiked people around Lava, and finally got the whole thing of having the people walk around put so many different tensions on how the run’s going to go, just a little bit too risky. It was safer to figure out a good way to run the rapid and keep your people on board. The side tubes make a big difference, too, because it expanded the width of your boat by that much, and it could hit a hole sideways and still weather it.

QUARTAROLI: When you would alternate and you’d go back to rowing, would you pump up the back section, where you had let air out for the motor.

CONLEY: No. (laughs) This was a real rodeo. You didn’t have time for pumping it back up again, because we were making the left runs. This was back before the last big inflow at Lava that really changed things around—we’re talking late sixties, early-seventies, the left-hand side. You’d have two boatmen. You’d take the engine off, lay it down in the boatman’s cockpit at the back end of the boat, with some ropes tied for quick release. Two sets of oars, and you’d come down through the rapid, and once you realized you’d done all you could with the oars pretty much, the guy at the front set of oars would ship those, run and jump over the back boatman, get to the engine, untie it, slap it on the transom, start it up, and keep the gas line connected because you didn’t want that [to take time]. Get it on the transom, no thumb screws, hold it on there, start it up, and motor into the left bank, because you’re trying to pick up the people right at the bottom of the rapid. You know how all the current takes you over toward the left. As long as you can get around the

rock point, if you got the motor started anywhere in there, you’d be able to motor up along that left bank and get back up to pick up your passengers.

QUARTAROLI: Right, right, yeah, I see now.

CONLEY: Yeah, that was a rodeo. (laughter) Pretty silly stuff, but that’s how they learn. And finally it was Dennis Massey who said, “I’m tired of this, I don’t want to row Lava anymore. I’m going to learn how to run it on the right.” He showed us that you could do a tail-dragger on the right side, and get in there okay.

QUARTAROLI: Would he have passengers walk around at that time, or would he take them?

CONLEY: At the very beginning when he was testing that, he did it by himself or with just a bow line guy. But once he figured he could do it, he just kept the people in the boat. We ended up all doing it that way. With Fort Lee and the single-boat trips, I’d just show up in low water with an inside rig and side tubes that’s such a stable outfit that it takes an awful lot to tip one over.

QUARTAROLI: The Fort Lee boats, did they have two frames, or just the one frame in the back and rubber and something across?

CONLEY: They had one long frame. They used a short tube in the center of the doughnut up in front, and the people all sat up there. The frame was made out of one-inch-square tubing, and it had room for six of those big aluminum radio boxes, three on a side, and big steel cot boxes behind them, and two huge coolers in the center. One single frame with a jackass on the motor. They were good rigs. It was a lot of work. We had to paint those boats every single trip. We went out on a Friday, got off on a Friday, went out the next Friday. You had to paint your boat and paint your frame, all your boxes, everything looked the same as the first trip of the year—sparkling new, every week. That’s a lot of paint. The only other outfit that took that kind of care was Grand Canyon Expeditions. Ron Smith was real particular about how his rigs looked going down the river—everything was clean.

QUARTAROLI: They still paint the boats every other trip. They’ll do two trips and paint them.

CONLEY: Okay. Wow. That’s pretty darned good.

QUARTAROLI: They were painting quite often.

CONLEY: Too much toluene. (laughter) In the beginning there, before we built the warehouse, we were rigging everything on the big trailer next to the gas station. The only stick-built building was the gas station. It had a little mini-warehouse behind. There was a little reception place, a couple of gas pumps, a little warehouse, and a big trailer on which to rig. You’re working in the sun, had no shade for *all* that stuff. Dick Clark, Sam Street, and I, and later Bob Whitney, Gary Mercado, and Dave Hinshaw. We’re

friends with all of those people clear to now. That was an incredible crew. Nobody else was running one-boat trips. Ron Smith thought it was way too dangerous, and yet Fort Lee crew thought it was *the* way to go. In the beginning, we usually didn't *have* ten people. I ran trips with four to six passengers on an eight-day trip, until we built it up and it went to 37-foot boats and twelve passengers, max, then we started filling them.

* * *

CONLEY: That film stuff, I'm trying to think of the name of the director that did *The Man Who Would Be King*.

QUARTAROLI: I know they filmed at Soap Creek.

CONLEY: At Badger, actually.

QUARTAROLI: Yeah, Badger, excuse me.

CONLEY: The director, real famous guy [John Huston] came, and I was working for Fort Lee, and we built a camera rig for him to photograph. We had a 33 or 37 with a camera platform, filming those guys coming through the Paria Riffle; they worked down in Badger Creek Rapids, had stuntmen in football gear, and they just got thumped. They said, "That's the hardest work we've ever done, was swimming." The water was fairly low, they're coming off the tongue, right into a rock island. Just beat the hell out of them. That was my first film experience. Do you want me to go into the film business at all?

QUARTAROLI: Yes!

CONLEY: During those early eighties, I was doing a lot of marketing. I saw how successful Tagalong Tours up in Moab was with its European clientele, just a huge flow of interest. Right in that time period, the dollar started climbing against the European currencies. Europe was where I was putting all my marketing money. I had a sales office in Paris. I was going to the biggest travel trade shows in the United States put on by the Department of Commerce in partnership with the Travel Industry Association of America. They were huge computerized appointment conventions, and we were *by far* the smallest company participating, but I had the best photography. I had big color prints by John Running and Sue Bennett. It stopped people in the aisles. You have these appointments, go through the book and choose the tour operators that you want to talk with. The tour operators check off the suppliers that they want to meet with, and if there's a match you have appointment times. I was in there plain *way* over my head, but I had pretty good success because of the variety [of trips we could offer]. I was wholesaling for outfitters all over the West, as well as doing a bunch of stuff myself. I invested in that at exactly the wrong time. [France's president Francis] Mitterrand wouldn't

let a Frenchman out of France with more than \$500. My trip prices escalated from *their* perspective—stayed the same from mine. That's when I was printing brochures that had a 32-page, eight and a half by eleven catalog of adventure travel, and I was working with a couple different wholesalers in Europe, and I got a phone call from London from a guy that was with an advertising agency, and he says, "You know, it looks like you have just the right scenery for a new product that we're bringing out, and it's called Red Mountain Coffee." It was instant coffee, out of a food conglomerate based in the United Kingdom. They came out with one of those silver camera suitcases filled with cash, like \$285,000 in greenbacks. We filmed one commercial at Red Rock Crossing, which was really cool, with an old-fashioned car, and one at the top of Schnebly Hill Road [both in or near Sedona]; and another at Kwagunt in the bottom of the Grand Canyon. I set up a tented camp with generators and lights. We had a helicopter landing on the Navajo side. We had a guy stationed at the South Rim. I hired fourteen boatmen. I got two Canyoneers rigs to carry all our stuff. Had three paddleboats for boatmen, and they were coming down Kwagunt and hitting the hole. There's a beautiful wave there. They hit that and cut through and paddled in to—what else?—make a cup of instant coffee. I got to orchestrate this whole thing. It was like *Star Wars* for me. We were flying the film out and to LA for developing, and helicopter back in with a bunch of gin, the processed film would come back in. We'd pick it up, bring it over, they'd have their dailies, as they call them, looking at the film making sure that they'd gotten what they were after.

That was my introduction to the commercial film business. They were most appreciative, and that's a small industry, word of mouth, if you do a good job, the people who have hired you want to hire you for their next shoot, and it went on. We built a company we called Shoot Out. I worked on it, and then Susan took it over. She took it to another level, doing film production. We did location scouting, and location management. We did hundreds of television commercials, and I did two feature films, Susan did another. I did *The Quick and the Dead*, which was maybe my most fun film project—ten weeks on that, making a movie for HBO. It's a pretty good Grade B western, it's kind of fun. *The Quick and the Dead* with Sam Elliott, the guy with the wonderful voice; and Kate Capshaw, who married Steven Spielberg; and Tom Conti was a British actor who always wanted to be in a western. *Midnight Run* with Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin—I was the Arizona guy on that. We built an airstrip out at Cameron. I ended up

taking De Niro through Cataract, he and his son, on a charter, just the two of them in sport boats, with John Williams. De Niro had some time off, I had that twelve-passenger van, he says, “Hey, do you know where there’s some stuff around here you could show me?” We looked at some ruins southwest of Sedona—a couple of years later I got a call from his secretary, “Bob wants to take his son, Raphael, on a river trip. What can you do?” September in a dry year—there’s nowhere to go. “Okay, how about sport boats through Cataract?” De Niro and Raphael flew into Moab, we took them through Cat, flew them back to Moab, and they got back on their jet and disappeared into the sky.

QUARTAROLI: What was that, two days?

CONLEY: Three days, two nights. I was talking with John Williams not long ago, and his memory’s better than mine. He was saying that De Niro really liked the game that those guys played called “Beer Killer.” This is the game where you take a bucket of river water and chill some beers, and take one beer and shake it up. John telling me that De Niro got blasted in the face, and he just thought that was the funniest thing. He loved playing that game.

Well, have I talked your ear off?

QUARTAROLI: No, you can keep going as long as you want. One thing Lew and I like to ask in summary is why Grand Canyon, what is it that makes you want to keep coming back to it, or stay associated with it and in the area?

CONLEY: I thought that’s what I’ve been doing for the last couple of hours, telling those stories. But I was lucky enough to fall in love with the Grand Canyon, and then to fall in love with Susan.



Photo: John Running

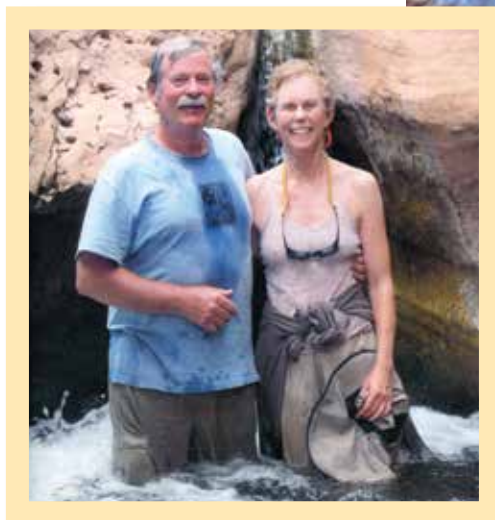
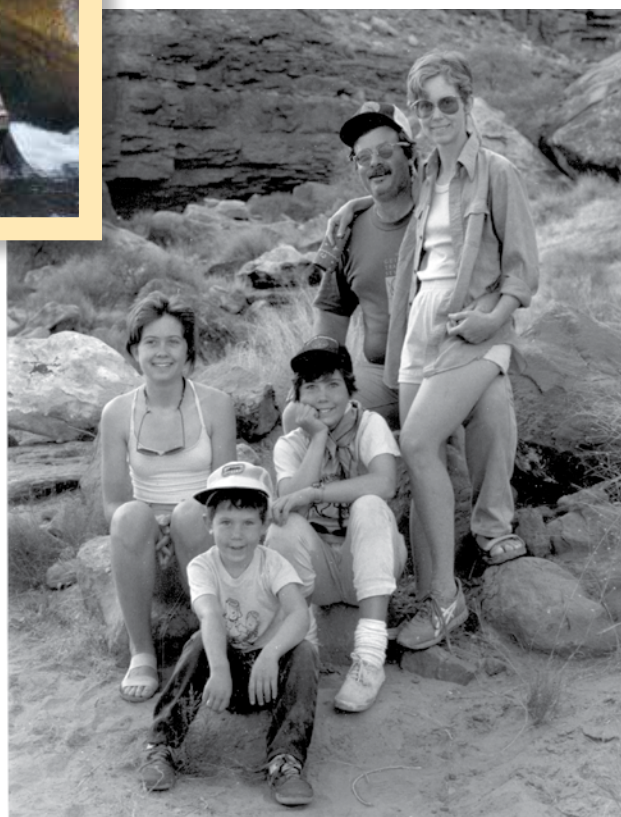


Photo: Keith Bowman



Conley family at Last Chance, San Juan River.
Left to right: Rebecca, Robert, Regina, Patrick, Susan.
Photo: Herman Zwinger

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boatman's quarterly review

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2018 GCRG T-shirt

back design



GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES 2018

front design



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