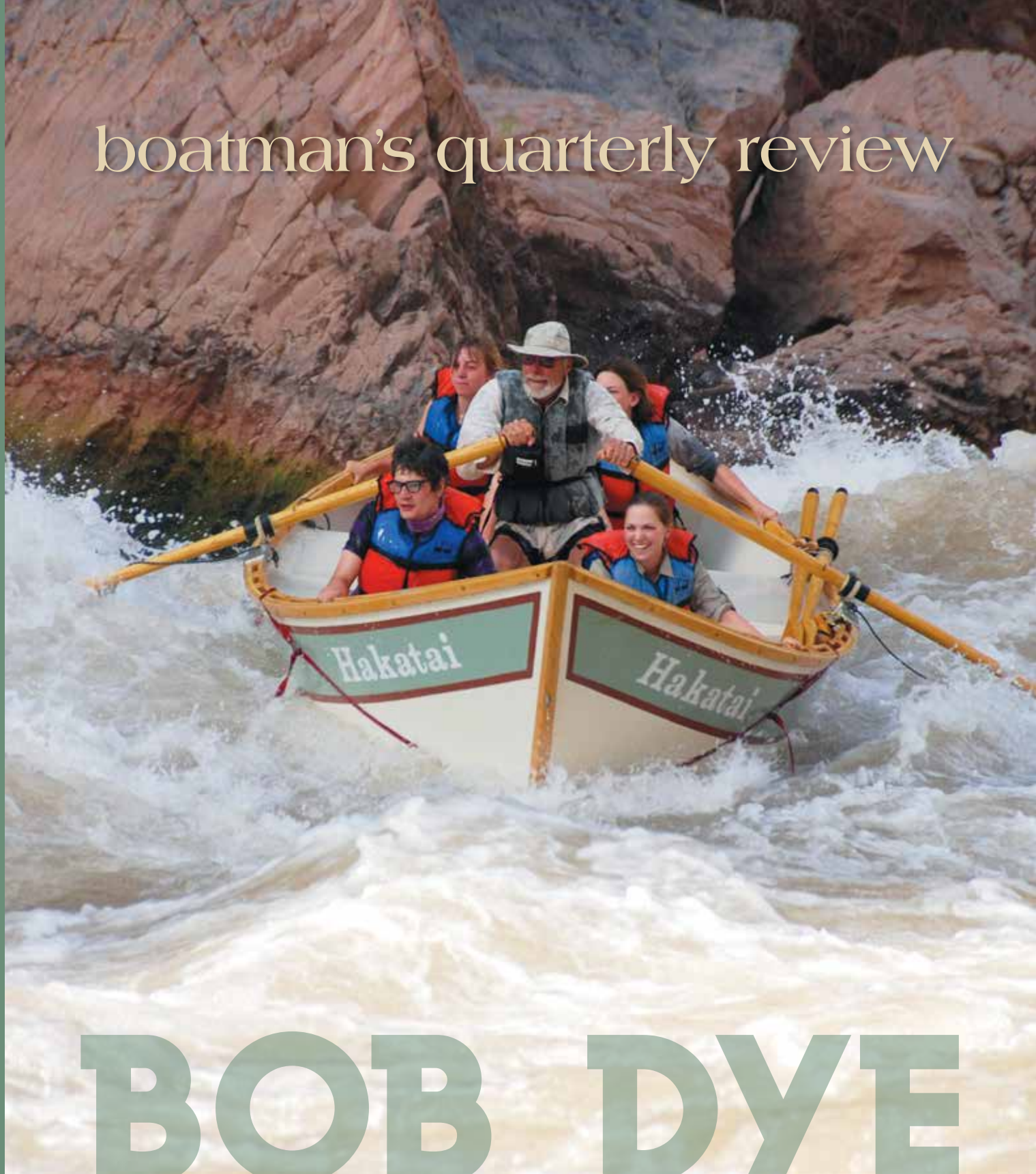


# boatman's quarterly review



# BOB DYE

Prez Blurb • Farewells • Back of the Boat • GTS • Lovie Reiff  
Powell Claim Jump • Book Review • Vishnu Aliens  
Drowned Canyon • SCREE • Aha • Glade Ross

## 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.

### STAFF

Executive Director	LYNN HAMILTON
Board of Directors	
President	AMITY COLLINS
Vice President	STEVE "DOC" NICHOLSON
Treasurer	FRED THEVENIN
Directors	MARGEUX BESTARD
	MARA DRAZINA
	AMY HARMON
	AL NEILL
	THEA SHERMAN
	DERIK SPICE
GCRG's AMWG	
Representative	DAVE BROWN
GCRG's TWG	
Representative	BEN REEDER
BQR Editors	KATHERINE SPILLMAN
	MARY WILLIAMS

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1ST of February, May, August and November. Thanks!  
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001  
Office Hours: 10:30–5:00, Monday through Friday

PHONE	928/773-1075
FAX	928/773-8523
E-MAIL	gcrg@infomagic.net
WEBSITE	www.gcrg.org

## Prez Blurb

THIS YEAR'S GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR (GTS) was a great way to get the 2018 river season started! It was fun, educational and informative. Thanks to all the presenters and generous donations and support from our donors. Thanks to Steve and Sarah Hatch for welcoming us into Hatchland and allowing us to make it our home for the weekend. Thank you so much to Simone and her crew who cooked up amazing food for us all weekend long.

This year we learned about bats, bugs, geology, dark sky cities, park policy and much more. Matt Maurer from Coconino County Health talked to us about the results of last year's foot research and the new and improved Tolio survey for this coming season.

New changes coming this year begin with the implementation of the Long Term Experimental and Management Plan (LTEMP) for Glen Canyon Dam. Ted Kennedy from Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center discussed this new water release plan and the possibility of weekend bug flows from May through August. These flows will keep water at a constant over the weekends in an effort to promote the growth of the bug population, which in turn may help to support Grand Canyon's riparian environment and the bat population of Grand Canyon.

Jan Balsom from Grand Canyon National Park talked about what's in store for the future and how they plan to manage the growing number of visitors to the South Rim. We also heard from Matt Jenkins about the new river district and their presence on the river this season.

Brad Dimock presented on the life and legacy of Katie Lee, and Lines from the Ladies, back for the second year in a row, highlighted many more amazing women who worked on the river in the 1970s. If you know of awesome women who worked, driving or rowing boats in Grand Canyon, please let us know. We would love to tell their story.

At the end of the day on Saturday, we were honored to have Superintendent Chris Lehnertz speak to us about the Park's plans and challenges for the upcoming year. After a great dinner we gave away a mountain of awesome stuff at our raffle. The raffle could not have happened without all the generous donations from our vendors and donors. We partied down to Ed Kabotie and Tha' Yoties who played reggae on into the night.

---

Cover: Bob Dye having fun in Granite Rapid. Photo: Allen Gilbert

Sunday morning brought both Easter, April Fools and lots of science and geology.

Emily Omana from Grand Canyon National Park updated us all on the Grand Canyon Fisheries Program and Helen Fairley from GCMRC brought us up to speed on riparian vegetation changes along the river. Wayne Ranney and Ryan Crow shared up-to-date information on the latest in geology and also bought some great maps which were snapped up by guides in record time.

If you missed the GTS this year, don't worry! You can find informative abstracts for many of these presentations on the GTS Library page of the GCRG website, [www.gcr.org](http://www.gcr.org), under Guide Resources. It's a great resource, so please check it out. But just make sure you come to next year's GTS to help us celebrate 100 years of Grand Canyon National Park!

Thank you to everyone who helped make the GTS so great this year. Thank you to Lynn Hamilton who organizes it all and really does the lion's share. Most of all thanks to all of you who support Grand Canyon River Guides year after year. After returning from my first trip of the season I am reminded once again of how lucky we all are to work in such an amazing and wild place. Back to work we go, into the beautiful canyon with white water around every corner. Have a great start to the season!

*Amity Collins*



Grand Canyon National Park Superintendent, Chris Lehnertz



Attentive audience



Whale Foundation Health Fair



The power behind Save The Confluence



Roger Clark, Grand Canyon Trust

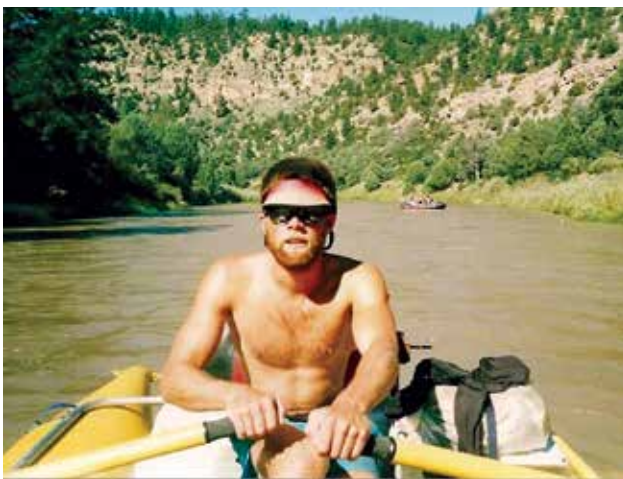
# Farewells

CHRIS DIPPOLD—APRIL 12, 1966—JANUARY 31, 2018

THE FIRST TIME I DID A Grand Canyon trip I was a wide eyed Midwesterner. In seven days I became sunburned, footsore, dehydrated and totally and completely enamored with all parts of a river trip in the Grand Canyon. The scenery, the people, the geology, the logistics of a trip, the River, the groover, a paco pad—all of it was instantly intoxicating. I returned the next year from Detroit for yet another trip, this time for two weeks. I moved to the Colorado Plateau the following year and have never looked back.

As with many who get bitten by the river bug on a commercial trip, the attraction of the all knowing, all powerful river guide (god) was unmistakable. Guides were tanned, flip-flopped, practical, strong, river gypsies. The real definition of a guide is someone who “assists a person to travel through, or reach a destination in an unfamiliar area, as by accompanying that person.”

I have thought a lot about guides since my first trip down the Colorado because after I moved to Flagstaff, I married one.



Chris on the Rio Grande in 1987.



Chris and Betty at Trinity Camp in 2010.

On January 31, my son and I lost our guide. Chris Dippold died of a heart attack while building a home for his family in Baja. Yet another family adventure into unfamiliar territory. Chris guided for OARS in the early to mid-'90s. He rowed more than seventy commercial, research, and private trips. He excelled in the human history of the canyon, trip safety, and efficient and complete packing of a yellow boat. He told really bad river jokes, repeated river stories over and over again and knew *every* shady spot on the river for lunch. He was a stealth napper, often found under an overhang catching a quick fifteen minute nap. I married him partially because he could say and define conchoidal fracture. He was a guide.

Though his last trip as a commercial guide was in 1997, he never stopped being a “Guide.” I was 34 when I got married. I didn’t need guidance in the mundane; taxes, schedules, work, car maintenance. He was my guide to the exotic, the unexpected, the wonderful and the

unfamiliar destinations. He accompanied me and our son to many, many unfamiliar and wonderful adventures. From the stinkin’ desert of the Colorado Plateau to Baja, Costa Rica, the Caribbean and Spain.

God status fades with familiarity. Guide status intensifies. It is more than a job, it is a way of living and comes from the soul. Flawed? Occasionally. Living a gypsy life often necessitates walking the fine line between extraordinary and insanity. Chris, our guide, made us braver and stronger than we would have ever, ever been without him. He taught us to push the boundaries of comfort. He taught us that as long as we loved, it was going to be ok. My hope, our son’s hope, is to carry that legacy forward to many more unfamiliar destinations and desert adventures. Chris’s guiding hands and heart will be forever loved and missed.

*Betty Lasich*

## Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

**H**APPY SUMMER, FRIENDS! Piggy-backing off the Guides Training Seminar theme of this edition, I'll throw in my two cents around the recent goings-on.

First, the Whale Foundation put on a *wildly successful* Health Fair there at Hatchland at the end of March. Our generous crew of volunteer health professionals saw more than seventy folks for an array of screenings. We're so fortunate to have such a caring community that makes this possible. Also, I'm glad to see so many guides exercising their responsible, adult thinking around self-care. Thank you to everyone involved, and most especially Wyatt Woodard for heading it up, as well as Hatch for hosting.

Secondly, I stood in front of a *wildly successful* PowerPoint presentation (my first in two decades!) underlining some of the misconceptions I've heard from folks about the Whale Foundation and how it all works. In a continuing effort to *get the correct word out and spread it to the next generation*, we launched our new *hoodie sales* that weekend. Each guide that bought one received a stack of our *newfangled brochures* to ride along in their ammo can for the season. Our hope is that conversations will be had, accurate info shared and support lent to those who may not know about



Whale Foundation hoodies—get yours!

all our foundation offers. I still believe word of mouth is the most compelling means to raise awareness, and you can assist us in that effort.

Shop [www.whalefoundation.org/merchandise/](http://www.whalefoundation.org/merchandise/) for your own hoodie, and stop in to the office at 515 W. Birch in Flagstaff or write me at [whalefoundation@](mailto:whalefoundation@)

[outlook.com](http://outlook.com) to request brochures and participate in spreading the word. Thank you!

Finally, I'm so grateful Lynn Hamilton offered me a spot on the upper portion of the GTS River trip. Although I was unsure how I'd be received or my role as the Whale guy, it became quickly apparent (by lunch the first day) that *we still have, and maybe now more than ever, an engaged and compassionate crew of people working in Grand Canyon*. Guides wanted to know more, share experiences, get involved and offer ideas to this network of support that's been



Different boat on the GTS River Trip 2018. Photo courtesy: John Napier

built in honor of Curtis Hansen and his big heart. It was so encouraging, and I felt obliged to invite others to join in. You've always got the option to reach out and express yourself confidentially here [www.whalefoundation.org/join-the-conversation/](http://www.whalefoundation.org/join-the-conversation/) or step up and get involved. There are lots of ways to do so. [www.whalefoundation.org/ways-to-help/](http://www.whalefoundation.org/ways-to-help/)

I couldn't help but continually think throughout the trip, "different boats, same great folks." Bringing so many people together from different outfits yields some of the best outcomes for our inbred little family, and my hope is to facilitate creating similar gatherings that do the same during other parts of the year. It was great to be a part of, and I look forward to crossing paths with my new friends again soon.

*John Napier*  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

## GTS River Trip 2018

THIS YEAR'S 2018 GTS (Guide Training Seminar) through the Grand Canyon was absolutely and utterly one of the most amazing river trips of a lifetime. What a remarkable opportunity to be part of such a well-organized and well-educated trip. The majestic hues of the painted desert are intriguing enough when coupled with strong rock features and sounds of running water, but when combined with historical information, facts, stories, and amazing company, the canyon's spirit truly comes to life.

This year's GTS was sponsored by Aramark's white water rafting company, Wilderness River Adventures. The trip began on a breezy April morning from Lees Ferry, located right outside of Page, Arizona. At Mile-Zero, multicolored boats from various companies with guides from OARS, Outdoors Unlimited, AZRA, Grand Canyon Expeditions, Wilderness River Adventures, Hatch, Western River Expeditions, Hualapai River Runners, and Canyoneers, gathered to embark on an 18-day adventure down the Colorado River. Among the participants were experienced (and new) boatman, scientists, a geologist, historians, canyon advocates, musicians, comedians, and overall amazing people. I always find it magical how the canyon can bring perfect strangers together to become one big happy family. And that is precisely just what we became.

Day One, we started strong with our eager excitement as we departed Lees Ferry to travel only a few short strokes directly across the river. Here we did a little bushwhacking as we made our way up to the top of the sandstone to find a beautiful petrified tree full of crystals. We continued to travel upward through the rocks in search of the remaining (and still visible) wagon wheel tracks that lay claim to the south rim of Glen Canyon.

As we continued to make miles on our first day, we were met by the almighty and predictable Arizona April wind. We fought the wind and generously took turns on the sticks to get us to our first camp above Sheer Wall on the left.

The next morning, after a long night of gusty winds and beds full of sand, we decided to dust ourselves off and head into the crevice of Sheer Wall. This hike was the group's first interaction that built everyone's trust, respect and amusement for one another. We balanced against sheer walls, traveled through a narrow tunnel and advanced steep drops and slippery slopes. Hand-in-hand, we helped one another to our final destination, the mouth of Sheer Wall. At this moment, we all knew we were home in the Grand Canyon with kindred

spirits, who cared equally about the river and one another.

As we continued down the river, the wind visited us sporadically. We welcomed it with grunts and growls as we pushed and pulled our vessels through the canyon. At every stop, we were introduced to a new wealth of knowledge, whether it was the flow of water through the canyon walls, the rock layers, the caves, the critters, the early explorers and their equipment, current events, or rules and regulations. We loved it all! We huddled together as one group intrigued with new information. Our afternoon discussions were carried on throughout the evenings as we sat and conversed about our ideas on daily topics. We had incredible visuals, flow charts, handouts, maps, photos, a hundred-question quiz and last but not least, a life-size portrait of Major John Wesley Powell! All thanks to Richard Quartaroli ("Q"), historian; Zeke Lauck, Adopt-a-Beach; John Napier, Whale Foundation; Cynthia Valle, springs/ hydrology; Nick Steele, NPS physical science; Alicyn Gitlin, Sierra Club/environmental issues; Ryan Crow, lava dams; and Sarana Riggs, Grand Canyon Trust/Navajo culture.

When we reached the Bridge of Sighs, we stopped just short of this spectacular natural bridge and hiked directly across from it. Here we gathered and socialized about the rock layers over salty, crunchy snacks and Starbursts.

As the trip continued, we traveled to new destinations for most boatmen on board, thanks to Al Neill, our trip leader! We hiked to the top of the Tabernacle. A 3-1/2 hour round trip hike that perched us on top of the world. We stood together, amazed by our accomplishment. It was here that we, as a group performed five-minute planks, as we did most days to challenge ourselves and our sanity. Thank you Wesley Myers.

Bass Camp was one of the most visually stimulating places as we stared into the past through the remains of kitchen appliances, broken glass, various equipment and inscriptions. Not to mention the beautiful hike up and over the rocks that lead to the lush and wet grounds of Shinumo Wash.

Other hikes included the lush greenery and majestic views of Upper Elves Chasm and Upper Stone Creek. Both vibrant in color sound and smell.

We took a short jaunt up to Alamo Arch at Mile-168. It is astonishing and mysterious that from the river, this arch is not visible. It establishes the many simple treasures that lie within the magical walls of the Grand Canyon. On our way up, we paused to view the

Sanderson Lower Unit. This piece of history remains in the canyon as evidence of the intrepid explorers who have traveled through the area.

In the last days of our journey, we made our way up and out of the canyon by way of the Whitmore Trail. Here we discussed the new rock formations created by molten lava from hundreds of thousands of years ago. The columns were cathedral-like, as the large profound cylinders slid down the walls of the canyon.

Lastly, on yet another day of wind and wild weather, we stopped to rest in a beautiful canyon known as Gneiss. Here we weaved through beautiful layers and shallow water to take shelter for a moment of peace. It was a quiet hike. It was a moment realization. The hike that says, "All good things must come to an end." With that in mind, we enjoyed our last hours together. As I said before, this was a trip of a lifetime. We left with a world of new knowledge, new outlooks, and a new river family.

A big thank you goes out to Lynn Hamilton, GCRG Executive Director and GTS coordinator, without whom we would not have experienced such a spectacular trip. Thank you!

With that being said, "Grand Canyon, I love you, I leave you, but not forever. Until next time."

*Jenny Adkins*  
WILDERNESS RIVER ADVENTURES



GTS folks at the Sanderson lower unit. Photo: Zeke Lauk



Photo: John Napier



Photo: Shyanne Yazzie



Photo: John Napier



Photo: Shyanne Yazzie



Photo: John Napier

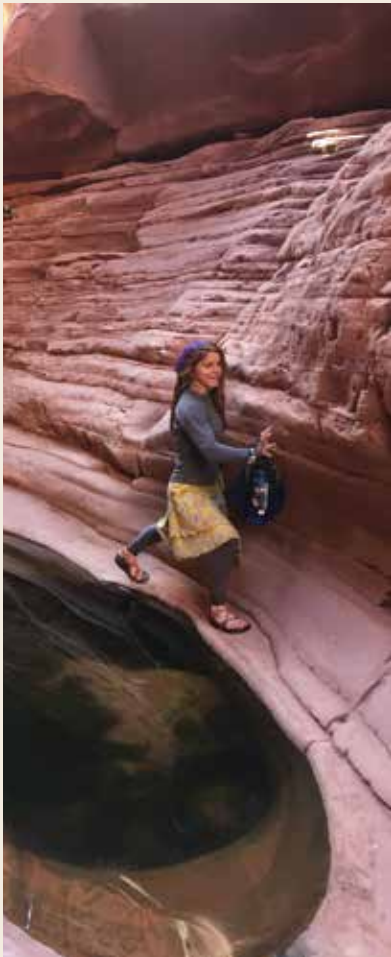


Photo: John Napier



Photo: John Napier



## The Lovie Reiff Plaque: Tightly Woven Threads

PAUSING AT NAVAJO BRIDGE, perhaps to look for condors, you may notice a number of memorial plaques. One such plaque is for Lovie “Dee” Reiff (April 10, 1913–February 15, 1958), mounted on a wall west of the old Navajo Bridge, and east of the visitor center. Like those placed before the new bridge opened in 1995, the Reiff plaque was moved to its present location when the new visitor area was designed. The Navajo phrase at the bottom of the plaque, “HOYEN DE ATIN,” translates roughly as “end of the trail.”<sup>1</sup>

Lovie D. Wescott and Woodrow A. Reiff applied for a marriage license in Maricopa County, Arizona, on March 20, 1950, although they lived in Los Angeles. She worked as a dispatcher for the Los Angeles Police Department where Woody was a police officer. In the 1920 Census, “Lovey D Wescott” was living in the Atlantic Township of Dare County, North Carolina,<sup>2</sup> which is on the same barrier island as Kitty Hawk. She was the youngest of five children, all born in North Carolina. Her mother worked as a school teacher, and her father was a “keeper” for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, that is, he ran a lighthouse.

Dee and Woody Reiff signed the Rainbow Bridge Registry on May 10, 1954, having traveled on two rubber rafts from Hite with Georgie White. (Georgie of course had well-known Los Angeles connections.) Dee and Woody signed the Registry again on May 8, 1955, traveling this time with Mexican Hat Expeditions. For their last entry, June 3, 1956, they went upstream from Lees Ferry on the Art Greene motorboat, “TSEH-NA-NI-AHGO-ATIN II,” Navajo for “the trail to the rock that bends over.” Early in 1958, Dee suffered a heart attack at the young age of 44, dying two days later at the Culver City Hospital in Los Angeles County.<sup>3</sup> While a common cause of death for a 44-year-old male, it is distinctly uncommon in a young woman, even one who smoked a pipe. It is not rare, however, and suggests a genetic predisposition such as abnormally high cholesterol. Cremated, the disposition of her

ashes is unknown, although we might guess they were scattered somewhere along the river or perhaps from the bridge when the plaque was installed.

Woodrow “Woody” Reiff (1914–1998) was an amateur photographer in Glen Canyon, predating the dam.<sup>4</sup> A collection of his photos and home movies,

some of which include Dee with her signature corncob pipe, can be viewed at Cline Library Special Collections in Flagstaff. In 1963, Woody became the first manager of the Rainbow Bridge Marina for Art Greene, owner of Canyon Tours, the first concessionaire on Lake Powell.<sup>5</sup> This period of Woody’s life is described briefly by Stan Jones in his book, *Ramblings: By Boat and Boot in Lake Powell Country*.<sup>6</sup> Woody joined the National Park Service for two seasons, 1967 and 1968, as a ranger based at Lees Ferry. The following season in 1969, he became the Hatch warehouse manager. That was also the year he married Sandra Jane Nevills, the youngest daughter of Norm

Nevills. Near the memorial plaque for Lovie Reiff is also one for Norm and Doris Nevills placed in 1952. The Nevills plaque was the first of its kind around Navajo Bridge, serving as the template for the Reiff plaque and several others in the vicinity. The lives of river runners are often tightly woven.

*Kern Nuttall*



Reiff Plaque at Navajo Bridge, March 21, 2018.  
Photo courtesy: David Bailey

### FOOTNOTES:

1. In consultation with Navajo translator via Tom Martin.
2. Fourteenth Census of the United States, 1920, North Carolina, Enumeration District No. 29, Sheet No. 1B. The Wescott family appears on lines 67–73.
3. Lovie D. Reiff Certificate of Death, State of California, Department of Public Health.
4. Biographical Note, *Woodrow Reiff Collection*, 1940–1966, Northern Arizona University, Cline Library Special Collections NAU.PH.99.5.
5. GREG REIFF, *Woody Reiff*, *Boatman's Quarterly Review* 11 (2) Spring 1998.
6. STAN JONES, *Ramblings: By Boat and Boot in Lake Powell Country*, 1998, Sun Country Publications, Page, Arizona, p. 170–71.

## An Ill Wind Blows: Did John Wesley Powell Claim Jump the Grand Canyon?

LIKE A RAVEN, JOHN WESLEY POWELL is never beyond earshot in the Canyon. Guides tell their people “he named it.” By about the time nine men rowed him down the Green and Colorado in 1869, “Grand Canyon” had emerged from the earlier, less imaginative, monikers “Big Canyon” and “Great Canyon.” Powell was indeed the one who brought it into the limelight. If “Grand” was his own devising, though, it’s an amazing coincidence.

But first, a lesson about bosses and rivers of air and water. Read on!

“Climate change,” although is a stormy topic today, still needs baseline information about past conditions before any arguments can be made. In the mid-1800s weather in many places across North America, particularly in the West, was not well recorded, at least publicly. It fell on the Smithsonian Institution to spearhead these studies. Needed was a nationwide network of observers and correspondents who would gather this information. That very list of about 1,000 people is now in Philadelphia’s American Philosophical Society (APS).<sup>1</sup> (The Society was founded in 1743 by Benjamin Franklin as an American analog to Britain’s Royal Society, hosting scholarly hangers-on in the pursuit of “useful knowledge.” It was the Smithsonian before there was one.)

Enter Lorin Blodget, statistician, physical scientist, and later elected to the APS. In 1851 at the age of 28, he was hired by the Smithsonian in order to compile and make sense of the meteorological numbers that were being gathered. He was by most accounts brilliant, capable, and self-assured of his work. There his troubles began.

Blodget kept his scientific colleagues

well apprised of his analyses, delivering three talks at the 1853 meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He had attended the meeting with his boss, Joseph Henry, already a longtime APS member. Henry confessed later, “to my surprise I found that Mr. Blodget had entered all the papers on Meteorology entirely in his own name without mentioning the Smithsonian Institution.”<sup>2</sup>

And just who was his boss, Henry? The Smithsonian secretary—the director—a man politically well positioned and the driver of the Smithsonian from its inception in 1846 until his death in 1878. Henry the administrator was first a scientist, acknowledged for his groundbreaking work on electromagnetics, the force behind the telegraph and no stranger to either governmental or scientific polities.

Not only did Blodget feel that he owned the data that he worked on, he had compiled a list of a thousand contacts (though it’s unlikely that all of them were always active participants in the Smithsonian’s work). Henry asked Blodget to turn it over. He refused—one more of a series of insubordinate actions. Henry fired him in 1854, without getting the list.<sup>3</sup>

Blodget went to Philadelphia for the remainder of his life, where he drudged statistics for the local Board of Trade and provided data for the U.S. War Department, Treasury Department, and Census Office. But in the meantime, in 1857, he published his magnum opus, *Climatology of the United States*, a stout volume full of maps and charts that was the first national and most exhaustive treatment of the subject<sup>4</sup>—and more, as we shall see.

*Climatology* was the most influential book on American meteorology in its day, well received in America and Europe, and



Lorin Blodget, about 1900.

it did not fade quickly.<sup>5</sup> This and other work led to Blodget's election to the APS, an institution that holds some important early American records in meteorology. In 1900, the APS was given Henry's wayward list. Its cover is labeled by Blodget, "1854 Washington—Observers and Correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution." The APS also received at that time two very large professional photographs of Blodget posing as if at work in his home in Philadelphia; his photo here is a detail from one of them. (Although the donor of these things is not recorded, surely we can guess!)

The influence of Mr. Blodget's *Climatology* finds an unexpected role in Grand Canyon history. In 1868, John Wesley Powell (yes, an APS Member) began scientific explorations in the Colorado Rockies. Later, in his federal career, he became directors of the U.S. Geological Survey and the Smithsonian's Bureau of American Ethnology. In Colorado he got the idea of exploring the Green and Colorado Rivers through the great canyons of Utah and Arizona. His first river trip was in 1869, through all the canyons including the Grand. Although Powell's biographers do not mention many details about his background studies preparing for his western explorations, Lorin Blodget's unique, still-fresh *Climatology*, with its data and numerous nationwide climate maps, would have been impossible to overlook. It would have provided handy (if a bit crude) information on the conditions, including rainfall, at different times of the year, upstream and downstream through the Great Unknown.

*Climatology* is much more, though. The book describes in detail the physical geography of the United States and goes into great depth about the influences the shape of the land has on climate and agriculture, very important considerations at any time. Yet there is a devil in its details.

On page 90, Blodget casually mentioned, "the [plateau of the] Sierra Madre on the west extends



Detail of Blodget's summertime rainfall map for the Colorado River basin, 1857. He labels it the "Great Colorado River."

some distance toward the Colorado River, forming the Grand Cañon, in regard to which little is positively known beyond this general fact." On page 97, writing ever so briefly of the canyons, he observed, "The Colorado of California and its great branches, the Grand and Green Rivers, traverse these gorges through their whole course to within three hundred miles of the sea. A portion of this distance below the junction of Grand and Green Rivers is so nearly impassable because of these gorges, that the explorers who have traversed almost every other district, have been repelled hitherto, leaving much of it unknown."

In a footnote to this last remark Blodget barely elaborated: "[Army lieutenant Lorenzo] Sitgreaves<sup>6</sup> ...describes the gorges and cañons of the Colorado as very formidable... The *Grand Cañon of the Colorado* [the italics are Blodget's] as known to trappers and hunters, though not yet visited by scientific engineers, is placed by Sitgreaves in lat. 36°." Although the canyon from end to end does in fact shadow the 36<sup>TH</sup> parallel, Sitgreaves only referred to it as "the great canyon," and his expedition across today's New Mexico and Arizona did not go to the canyon.

Powell has been given the credit for naming or at least making the "Grand Canyon" tag stick in the year or so before his 1869 river trip. Historians during the twentieth century have periodically chased after others who might be the grand neologist (one who names things), finding patchy evidence in publications and maps from more or less the same time. Everything conveniently overlaps Powell's correspondence, too, muddling affairs.

Yet here in Blodget's *Climatology* in 1857—twelve years earlier—is clear evidence for "the Grand Canyon" in print, seemingly for the first time. Peculiarly, during the ensuing decade the name does not show in any other publication, nor has it been discovered in any known correspondences

until Powell's. Blodget did not claim the name was his own; he simply put it in print. Was his use of the term original, accidental, or borrowed? We don't know. We may wonder whether he mistakenly remembered "Great Canyon" as "Grand", or picked up "Grand" from someone, now unknown. Maybe he just improved on the unsatisfying "Big Canyon" all on his own. He was not one to enthrall readers by overusing the adjective "grand"—quite to the contrary. He used the word conventionally just once in his book—in describing the "grand and conspicuous phenomena" of summer thunderstorms of the U.S. (page 230).

The real question, though, is: Where did Powell get the name? He never said. His most faithful follower, Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, teenaged member of Powell's second Colorado River trip in 1871-'72 and life-long Powell protector, confirmed him as the great namer. Publications—and now the web—are full of credit to Powell because of more than a century of hero worship. Yet if he was not original, he had to have gotten the name somewhere. Did he read Blodget's brief notes in *Climatology*? Did he crib the rather more inspiring *Grand Canyon of the Colorado*?

Powell's biographers show no evidence that he had ever encountered either Blodget or *Climatology of the United States*. Of course there is no particular reason for him to have credited basic, published information that he may have read while just planning his western trips. By the time Powell was arranging his river expeditions he found support from the Smithsonian. And it was that institution that would eventually also publish his reports. Politically attuned, Powell might have sensed imprudence in taking any note of Lorin Blodget—Joseph Henry was still at the helm.

Only one person who appears in Blodget's list of correspondents had actually seen the Grand Canyon (but not until 1858): John Strong Newberry (yes...APS). He was the physician and geologist on Joseph C. Ives' expedition that traveled up the Colorado by steamboat (built specifically for the purpose within cannon shot of the APS), then on mules overland to the east, visiting the Grand Canyon twice en route, at Diamond and Cataract Creeks. In his published 1861 report,<sup>7</sup> Newberry referred to the chasm as the Great Canyon, while Ives and others on the expedition continued to use the more popular Big Canyon.

In the eye of this storm now are two men who dared "name the Grand Canyon," whose tempestuous careers swirled around the Smithsonian. They died just a year apart, Blodget in 1901, Powell in 1902, keeping the secret.

Earle Spamer

#### FOOTNOTES:

1. "Observers and Correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution 1854", manuscript volume, American Philosophical Society Library Mss.925.B62.
2. "Statement of Professor Henry in reference to Lorin Blodget," mid-February 1855 ([https://siarchives.si.edu/collections/siris\\_sic\\_13365](https://siarchives.si.edu/collections/siris_sic_13365)).
3. MARC ROTHENBERG, "Henry and the National Museum: Making a Deal", <http://siarchives.si.edu/oldsite/siarchives-old/history/jhp/joseph24.htm>; see also Susan Schulten, "Thematic Cartography and Federal Science in Antebellum America", in Elri Liebenberg and Imre Josef Demhardt (eds.), *History of Cartography: International Symposium of the ICA Commission*, 2010 (Springer, Berlin, 2014, pp. 37–56).
4. LORIN BLODGET, *Climatology of the United States, and of the temperate latitudes of the North American continent* (J. B. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia, and Trübner and Co., London, 1857).
5. See for example, Robert De C. Ward, "Lorin Blodget's 'Climatology of the United States': an appreciation." *Monthly Weather Review* (U.S. Department of Agriculture, January 1914, pp. 23–27).
6. L. SITGREAVES, Report of an expedition down the Zuñi and Colorado Rivers. Washington: Robert Armstrong, Public Printer, U.S. 32ND Congress, 2ND Session, *Senate Executive Document 59*.
7. J. S. NEWBERRY, Geological report. In J. C. Ives, Report upon the Colorado River of the West, explored in 1857 and 1858. U.S. 36TH Congress, 1ST Session, *Senate Executive Document [no number]*, Part 3.

## Book Review

*The Colorado*, CHRISTA SADLER, This Earth Press / National Sawdust, 2018, 270 pages, ISBN: 978-0-692-98250-1 \$60.

THREE YEARS AGO, Christa contacted me about *Project Colorado*, asking me for a preliminary review of a projected chapter, John Wesley Powell's, for this multi-format project about the Colorado River. As it's one of the most managed and litigated rivers in the western United States, perhaps the entire country or even the world (pure speculation on my part), the Colorado River is also one of the most written about (more speculation). And more keep coming. Christa addresses that in her "Preface." "I was concerned at first that there already exists a plethora of fine publications about the Colorado River, and I wasn't sure how this book could be different. Luckily, [film director] Murat Eyuboglu's exquisite production provided my approach. The film explores aspects of our relationship with the Colorado River that are not often addressed, and in a way that is unique. It is really a love song to a place, a testament that uses images and music with little narration, thus leaving the viewer free to bask in the sights and sounds."

Murat's film of the same name is predominantly imagery and sound. Occasional live performances accompany the film, providing a showcase third format. (An overview of the entire project may be found at [www.projectcolorado.com/](http://www.projectcolorado.com/).) This accompanying book (although it is meant to be stand-alone in its own right) is oversize and substantial, containing beautiful photographs, and easy to understand and important charts. But it's much more than a coffee table book. Christa continues, "This book serves as the film's 'documentary' narration. Rather than an exhaustive and linear compendium of all things Colorado, the book provides a broader sense of the story that Murat tells in his film, and acts as a springboard for people who want to know even more about a particular subject."

Topics covered are interestingly varied—watershed, prehistoric peoples, Padre Kino, Lower Colorado land and peoples, Powell, Salton Sea, Western water issues, Law of the River, dam building featuring Hoover and Glen Canyon Dams, Anthropocene (the geologic age in which human activity has been the dominating

influence on climate and the environment), Colorado River Delta, and Imperial Valley and agriculture, with a very surprising title and story, "El Corrido de Joe R." (a popular folk ballad that developed in Mexico in the 1800s; this one is by William deBuys, author of *Seeing Things Whole* and *Salt Dreams*.)

I am a visual learner, and highlights for me, besides the stunning photographs and drawings, are the maps and charts. Catching my eye from the start were those of the watershed, landforms, and physiographic divisions, then Current Diversions and Water Projects, followed later by the Colorado's plumbing. Oh, wait, don't forget the historic maps, such as those in the Powell chapter, rainfall showing the "Line of Aridity" at the 100TH Meridian, and the Arid Regions with state and territory boundaries by watershed.

Many chapters culminate in superb timelines. How about that Christa photographed properly and correctly showing the dividing line between the Upper and Lower Basins from the Colorado River Compact—no, it's not Lees Ferry nor the Paria River, but "Lee Ferry." I'm purposely not giving page numbers, for you'll need to seek and enjoy the serendipity of your own favorites. A couple of quibbles here... the percentage of water for each of the seven basin states and Mexico leaves out Mexico, but is still interesting to see the amount visually graphed; and I would have liked to see a similar graph for the average historical percentages of water each state supplies to the system—where does the water usually originate, compared to who gets how much.

Marcia Thomas, author of *John Wesley Powell: An Annotated Bibliography* and librarian at Illinois Wesleyan University where Powell taught, says, "It is beautiful visually, but more importantly, the content is comprehensive, well written, and well documented. It's a wonderful resource that has potential for use in all sorts of educational settings." River historian and author Roy Webb concurs, "Beautifully done, with marvelous photos and the quality of writing you'd expect from Christa." I agree and highly recommend Christa's latest work. (In Flagstaff you can purchase *The Colorado* from Bright Side Bookshop or the Museum of Northern Arizona. Or online at [www.this-earth.com/the-colorado/](http://www.this-earth.com/the-colorado/).)

Richard Quartaroli



## Sediment Thickness in the Grand Canyon: Maintaining Food Stock for the Vishnu Aliens

THE GLEN CANYON DAM, which was completed in 1963 to power the surprisingly inconspicuously-located secret government facility (Fig. 1), has been regulating flow and limiting sediment supply to the Colorado River below the reservoir. The sediment deficit created by the dam has been causing erosion of sandbars within the Grand Canyon. These sandbars are utilized by an extra-terrestrial species of faux-fish called the Humpback Chub (Fig. 2) as rearing grounds for their freaky alien babies, as well as campsites for scientists conducting research (also known as people looking for an excuse to cut the wait line for river trips). A reduction in sandbar size can also reduce the amount of windblown sediment available for preservation of ancient artifacts left by the ancient Vishnu aliens who introduced the Humpback Chub to the Colorado River as food stock for future journeys to earth.

The sole purpose of the government facility is to maintain intergalactic relations with the Vishnu, which involves habitat maintenance for the Vishnu delicacy, the Humpback Chub. Ironically, construction of the dam for hydropower has been hurting the very species the facility is trying to protect. Dam removal is not an

option due to the well-known government distrust for alternative energy sources, so high-flow experiments (HFES) have been conducted in an attempt to rebuild sandbars using sediment that has been recently deposited in the Grand Canyon from tributaries. In order to improve the accuracy of the sediment-flux model (magical number generator) used to decide the timing of HFES, accurate measurements of sand thickness must be made.

To determine sand thickness, CHIRP (Complicated Highly Intelligent and Relevant Procedure) sonar (Fig. 3) will be used in concert with several other high-tech, black box like devices including multibeam and sidescan sonar, as well as observations of the local geomorphology (also known as using one's eyes). CHIRP sonar is capable of peering into the eerie abyss that is the subsurface of the Grand Canyon river channel, and after some data processing magic, will produce cross sections similar to seismic reflection (another form of geophysical witchcraft) to measure the thickness of sand from riverbed to bedrock. Because CHIRP does not make continuous measurements of sand thickness progressing

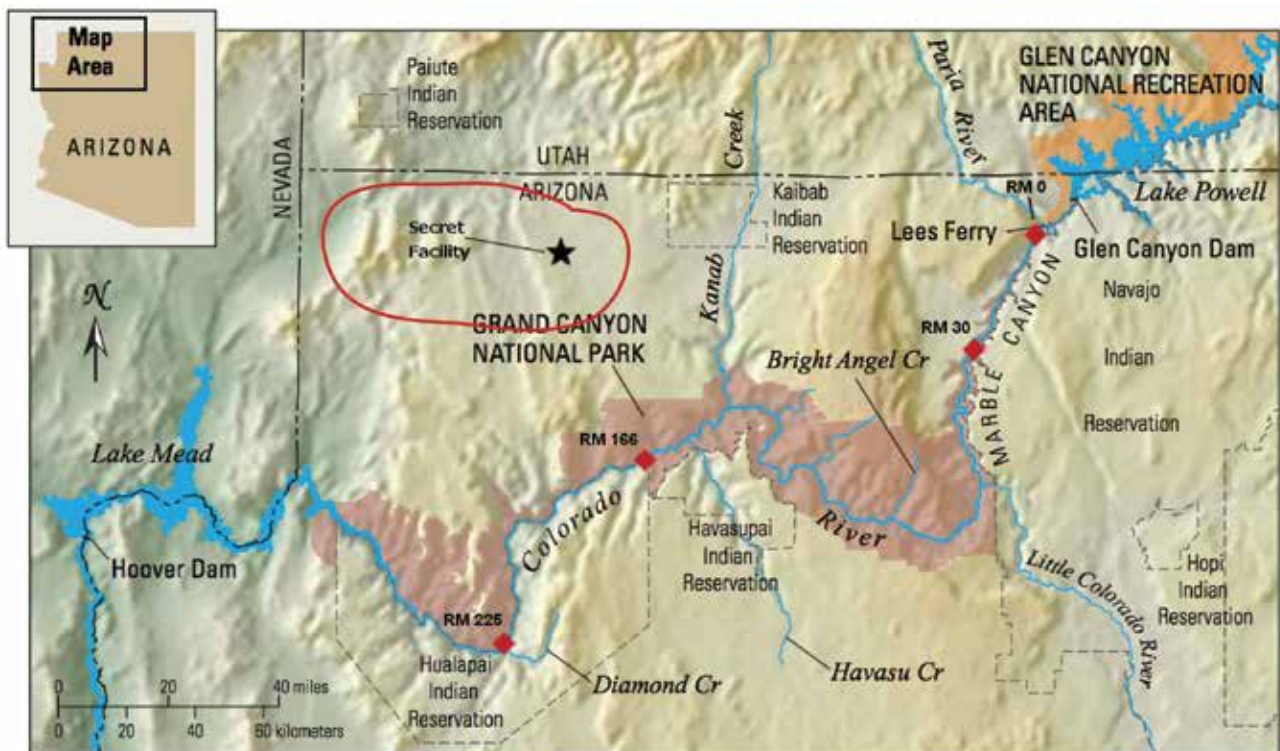


Figure 1. Study area includes reaches from river mile 0 to 30 and 166 to 225. River Mile locations marked with red diamonds. Secret government base marked with star and circled in red.

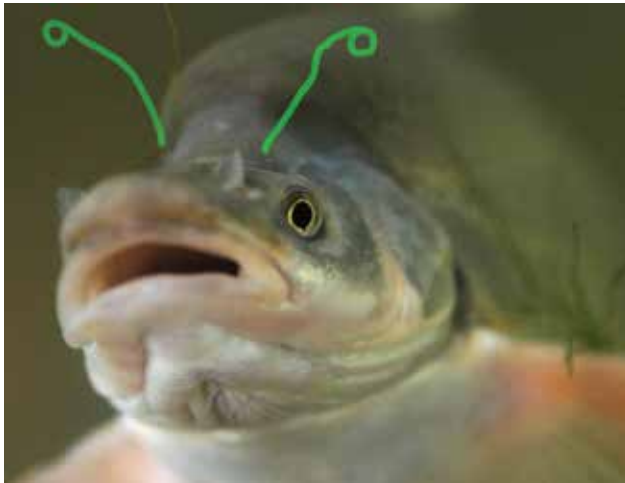


Figure 2. The clearly alien Humpback Chub, introduced to the Grand Canyon by the Vishnu several thousand years ago.

agency of the Grand Canyon. In order to maximize the efficiency of HFES, accurate measurements of sand thickness within the Grand Canyon river channel must be made. This research is imperative to the continued existence of the Humpback Chub, and, in turn, the perpetuation of positive intergalactic relations with the Vishnu aliens. Outside funding must be secured for research, owing to recent changes in foreign policy and the increased acceptance of “alternative facts,” including the preposterous proposition that Humpback Chub is an endemic Colorado River species and that the artifacts found in the Canyon are remains from terrestrial humans.

*Andrew Platt*  
 UFO ENTHUSIAST AND  
 AMATEUR BIGFOOT TRACKER

downstream, bathymetric and sediment classification maps from multibeam sonar will be used to determine which areas will likely have the most sediment and make ideal candidates (more ideal than the past presidential candidates) for cross sections. The CHIRP is a finicky device, so in order to keep it calm and cooperative, it must be fed a well-balanced diet of sunflower, cracked corn, millet, and flax seed.

HFES are the most effective known strategy for rebuilding sandbars and repairing the self-imposed doom caused by the secret government

### BUDGET

CHIRP Feed	\$15/day	\$300
Beverages for river trip (hypothesizing juice)	\$10/day	\$200
Paying off Paul Umhoefer for missing 3 weeks of his class	\$100/class	\$600
Back surgery (needed after sitting at computer endlessly processing data)	\$13,200	\$13,200
<b>Total:</b>		<b>\$14,300</b>

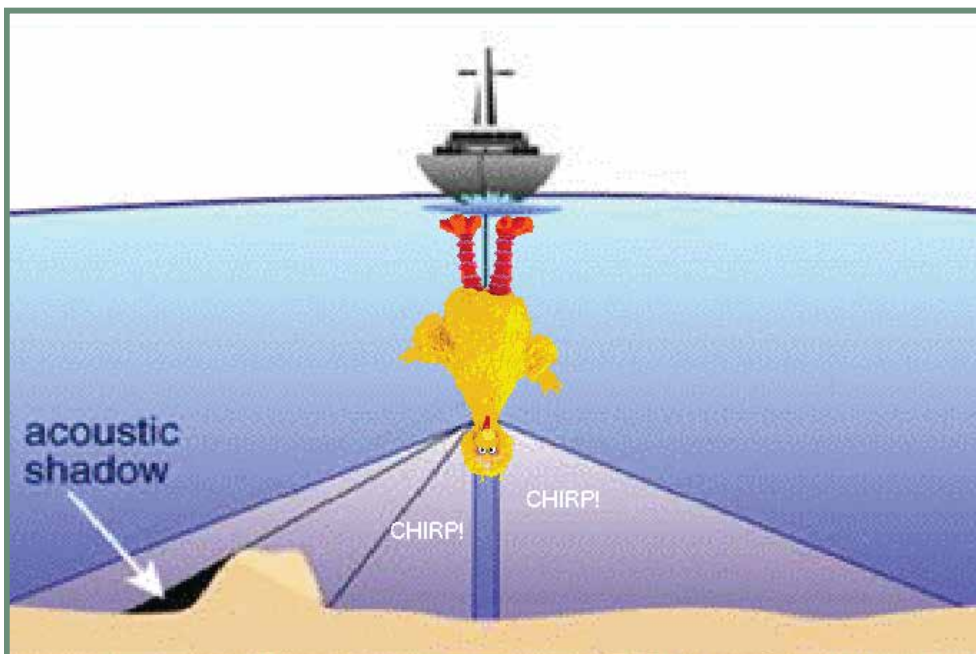


Figure 3.

# Remembering a Drowned Canyon

THE FOLLOWING PRESS RELEASE FROM THE JOHN WESLEY POWELL RIVER HISTORY MUSEUM WAS REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

A NEW EXHIBIT EXPLORING the thousands of forgotten miles of priceless desert canyons at the bottom of Lake Powell will be unveiled on May 5 at the John Wesley Powell River History Museum in Green River, Utah. *Glen Canyon: A River Guide Remembers*, is the first museum exhibit to focus exclusively on Glen Canyon before it was inundated in 1963 by Lake Powell.

Glen Canyon, the area under Lake Powell, was at the heart of much of the modern conservation movement in America after a storied fight between federal agencies, Congress and conservation groups over whether Glen Canyon Dam should be constructed.

Glen Canyon Dam buried one of the most idyllic canyons on the Colorado River and many conservationists still mourn this loss.

Eighty-eight-year-old Ken Sleight, iconic environmentalist and river guide, remembers the fight over Glen Canyon like it was yesterday. “Remembering what we lost with Glen Canyon is still relevant today. I can’t forget it and I don’t want others to forget it” said Sleight.

Sleight’s undying passion has inspired a broad community of writers, historians and storytellers to locate and borrow artifacts, journal accounts, photos and other memorabilia from around the American West to showcase the lost wonderland of Glen Canyon. A number of Glen Canyon river guides opened their personal archives and warehouses to stock the exhibit with images and items, which have never been shown to the



A river party on approach to Rainbow Bridge, navigating a canyon that is now inundated. Courtesy of Ken Sleight. Circa 1959

public. Historic boats used during the era are exhibited including the canvas canoes used by Dave Rust, who, in 1923, became the first guide to offer outfitted river trips through Glen Canyon.

Ryann Savino, the exhibit curator who worked alongside Sleight for the past two years organizing his archives, was inspired by the experience. “The exhibit strives to remind us that preservation of stories is inextricably tied to the preservation of land,” said Savino.

A collection of Native American artifacts removed from Glen Canyon as part of a historic salvage project during the late 1950s and early 1960s will be on display. Martha Ham, exhibit producer, noted that, “These artifacts are a very small sample of the abundance of what was lost by inundating Glen Canyon.”

Lyle Balenquah, Hopi, an archaeologist and outdoor guide commented, “For Hopi people, Glen Canyon is recognized as a larger landscape containing connections to our ancestral past. Our Hopi ancestors were among the first to experience this unique landscape and call it Home. Glen Canyon is hallowed ground.”

The exhibit opens to the public May 5 and runs through March 23, 2019 at the John Wesley Powell River History Museum in Green River, Utah.

For more information: [www.glencanyonexhibit.com](http://www.glencanyonexhibit.com). Interviews can be arranged with Ken Sleight, Lyle Balenquah, Ryann Savino, river historian Roy Webb, writer Stephen Trimble and other content contributors by contacting Martha Ham, [martha@glencanyonexhibit.com](mailto:martha@glencanyonexhibit.com) or 435.680.4263.



River poet Vaughn Short floating the Colorado River through Glen Canyon. Courtesy of Carolyn Short. Circa 1961



# The Sesquicentennial Colorado River

## Exploring Expedition: From John Wesley Powell to the Future of the West

*We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown. Our communities, tied to a common stake, chafe each other as they are tossed by the fretful river... We have an unknown distance yet to run, an unknown future to explore. What challenges there are, we know not; what obstacles beset the path, we know not; what outcome we face, we know not. Ah, well! We may conjecture many things.* (J. BOWLER ADAPTION FROM POWELL, 1875)

THE UNEXPLORED TERRITORY OF 1869 through which John Wesley Powell's Colorado River Exploring Expedition was the first to travel through in a continuous, deliberate progression continues to be explored by adventurous boatmen and boatwomen. Powell's Great Unknown has become a highly visited, studied and managed environment encompassing five states, two U.S. Forest Service units, three Bureau of Land Management field offices, three U.S. Bureau of Reclamation reservoirs, two U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service refuges, and five National Park Service units. The Colorado River Basin also contains 28 Native American reservations in modern times.

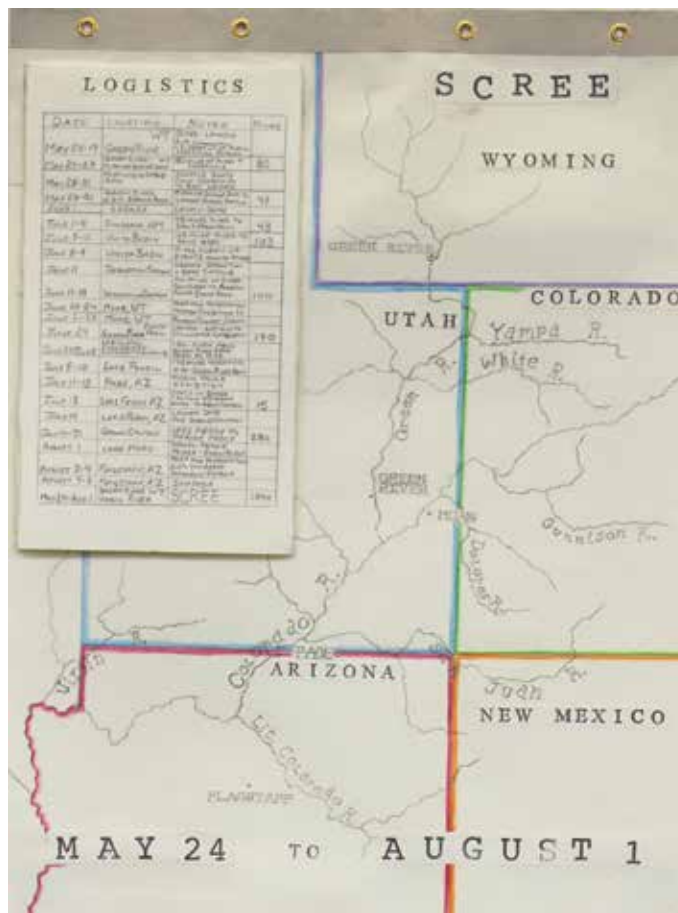
2019 marks the 150TH anniversary of Powell's 1869 Colorado River Exploring Expedition. Powell's legacy is a hybrid of great American adventure, the first recognized westerners to transit the Green and Colorado Rivers from Green River, Wyoming to the Virgin River, and the effective bureaucrat who was instrumental in developing federal policy for western development and settlement including in relation to

Native Americans. Each persona can be admired or reviled depending on your own position about the state and future of the Arid West. Powell still has a large impact on the West as we know it today in terms of water policy, public lands, and Native Americans. Powell leveraged his fame to discuss the settlement of the West and the perceived appropriate way to develop water resources in the region, a major theme of Powell's post-exploration career. His plans were based on establishing small communities along the rivers that utilize the regions water resources locally. Indeed,

along the Colorado River corridor most "river communities" are under 10,000 people between Grand Junction, Colorado and Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

Despite the low population centers along the river corridor, the Southwest has the fastest population growth rates in the United States. This rapid growth distant from major water resources and the current legal framework of water distribution leads to a disconnect between people and their critical resources. New industries, such as outdoor recreation, compete with traditional industries like mining and agriculture which have primary rights

to water. But because river and stream channels are the most effective ways to convey water to those with prior appropriations there can be a co-utilization of critical water resources. However, the rise of the outdoor recreation industry places pristine qualities of the



SCREE Map

landscape at a premium as well, creating a potential conflict in the future in terms of what development, reclamation, and industry means.

Currently, the waters of the Colorado River Basin do not flow to the Sea of Cortez, their traditional resting place. Instead the waters are drawn into the roots of the produce grown along the U.S. and Mexico border and flow to the supermarkets of our fast-growing population centers. This is the nation's connection to the basin. This water is over-allocated and there are still those in the basin, notably our Native American citizens, who have not yet had their share of the water determined. All climate models suggest that drought will be a common feature of the Colorado River Basin for the foreseeable future, but we can expect major floods any given year even as drought becomes normal. It is not clear that there are management strategies for these eventualities.

Our project, the Sesquicentennial Colorado River Exploring Expedition (SCREE), is leveraging the 150<sup>TH</sup> anniversary of the 1869 Powell Expedition to bring a dialog about water, public land and people to the forefront through a multifaceted project of art, literature and outreach. Our current efforts involve the publication of fourteen essays to be compiled in a book tentatively called *Vision and Place: John Wesley Powell and Reimagination of the Colorado River Basin*. The chapters will be grouped into themes concerning water, public lands, and Native Americans in the Colorado River Basin. Our other major effort involves developing a distributed art exhibition along the river corridor with installations in Green River, Wyoming, Green

River, Utah, and Page, Arizona. The art exhibition will coincide with outreach events in Green River, Wyoming, Vernal-Dinosaur National Monument, Utah, Green River-Moab, Utah, Page, Arizona and Flagstaff, Arizona. All of this is happening during summer 2019. Check out our website, [www.Powell150.org](http://www.Powell150.org), for details and dates.

We are hopeful that SCREE will culminate in diverse analytic and aesthetic expressions of the Colorado River Basin to peers, colleagues, and the interested public to better communicate the socioecological relationships existent in the Colorado River Basin, to encourage multidisciplinary academic collaborations, and to promote a sustainable future in the West. The region is not just a regional or national landscape; rather, the implications of future conservation impact all who return to these iconic places throughout their lives.

The early journals, writings, and illustrative materials captured of the West were often based on the sublime nature of the Colorado River Basin. Those same characteristics still capture those of us who work and live in the region. It has been 150 years since we started seriously considering how we should develop the region's resources, and with the 100<sup>TH</sup> anniversary of the Grand Canyon National Park in 2019, how we should preserve some of the region's more unique characteristics. SCREE asks: what should we do in the next 150 years? It will be here before we know.

As we prepare for all of these events, you might see us on the river. Please stop by and talk with us. This dialogue is vital in sustaining the Colorado River Basin today, and for future generations.

*Tom Minckley*

## “Aha” A Tree Grows in the Grand Canyon

**T**HE COLORADO RIVER THROUGH Grand Canyon National Park and the Hualapai Indian Reservation has a few more cottonwoods, Goodding's willow and coyote willow along its bank this year. Collaborative efforts this winter and spring led to the planting of trees at Cardenas, Granite Park, and Diamond Creek. The three project areas all have slightly different goals and expectations that are explained in detail below, but the general concept of riparian/river restoration is the same for each site.

To the best of our abilities, we attempted to utilize bioengineering techniques that allowed us to plant trees in a remote, isolated, desert ecosystem without irrigation. How do you do that, you ask? By either

growing the trees in tall pots to a height of six to ten feet tall or by collecting pole cuttings (ten to twelve feet tall) from existing plants in the canyon and planting them into the lowest water table of the year. Doing this ensures that the plants' roots will be in or close enough to water throughout the year and reduces the need for irrigation. The easiest way to tell which trees were planted is to look for the cages. Beaver are present at all of the sites, and it is essential to cage the plantings and give them a fair shot at growing into big, beautiful trees.

As you may remember, large-scale river restoration efforts to create habitat, enhance visitor experience, and replace the dying tamarisk along the river began in 2012 at Granite Camp. We went big with that first



Alicia Cesspoo, a Hualapai Tribal member and HDCR employee, watering a cottonwood tree. Photo courtesy: Carrie Cannon

project and tried out numerous planting methods, a variety of different species, and would not have been successful without the stewardship and support of the river community. We looked back at the successes and failures of our first project and for these three new ones, we incorporated those lessons learned. The success of these projects still depends on the support from the river community whether it's through watering the trees, singing them sweet songs to encourage growth, or simply enjoying the trees and sharing those experiences with your friends or passengers.

#### HUALAPAI RIPARIAN RESTORATION

The Hualapai Department of Cultural Resources (HDCR) received funding from the Bureau of Reclamation to implement riparian restoration at two sites along the river: Granite Park and Diamond Creek. Through a collaborative effort with the HDCR, Mariposa Ecological and Botanical Consulting, and Morning Dew Landscaping we have developed restoration plans for both sites that include invasive plant treatments and native revegetation. The overall approach to the restoration project is to incorporate

Traditional Ecological Knowledge along with western science based principles of research and management. The Hualapai people have inhabited the western Grand Canyon region for countless generations, and they are unique in that they have a nuanced understanding of the ecological relationships of their traditional cultural landscape. “Aha,” this is the name for cottonwood in the Hualapai language; “Ha” means water and indicates this plant is named for the knowledge that it grows by the water.

These restoration projects will focus on the removal of tamarisk at Diamond Creek, planting of native plants at both sites, and the involvement of tribal members so that these areas can be managed to improve ecological and ethnobotanical resources for current and future generations. For the tribe, this project represents more than only riparian restoration; it also embodies a component of cultural restoration that reinvigorates a landscape closely tied to culture, identity, and history. The restoration work completed will allow future generations to contribute to the ongoing management of the Grand Canyon landscape as a continuum of the ancestors before.



Planting Goodding's willows at Cardenas. Photo courtesy: Gayle Nance

#### DIAMOND CREEK

Diamond Creek was selected as a site first and foremost as it is accessible by road which allows for easy access as well as promoting greater participation by more tribal members. In addition, the opportunities for educational and traditional knowledge transference between and among tribal members and others is expanded by working at this site.

In February 2018, we began removing tamarisk from the entrance to the camping area, along the creek, and down to the river. You may notice that our efforts were somewhat unsuccessful; the herbicide we used had been exposed to freezing temperatures and was thus rendered ineffective. There are plans to go back and treat the regrowth with new herbicide this fall.

The tree planting took place in mid-April with the help of a group of college students from Southern Utah University. Carrie Cannon and Lyndee Hornell from the HDCR and Melissa McMaster and David Blanchard from Mariposa and Morning Dew led the students on an all-day planting adventure. We planted ten cottonwoods, fifteen Goodding's willow, and twenty coyote willow from the boat ramp up river to the old USGS bridge. The

plant material wasn't quite as tall as we'd hoped so these plants are going to need a lot of watering to get their roots into the water table. There may be a temporary irrigation system installed this summer, but in the meantime, please give those trees a bucket or two of water whenever you have the chance! There is a map of all of the trees at the boat ramp to help you find them for watering.

#### GRANITE PARK

Granite Park was selected as the highest priority site for the HDCR due to its significance as an ancestral Hualapai settlement area and the presence of one remaining Goodding's willow growing along the river bank at the camp. The Granite Park area is at-risk because of visitor impacts, erosion, changing flow regimes, and habitat changes.

At this point in time, the main priority for Granite Park is to plant Goodding's willow. In order to preserve the spirit of the original Goodding's willow at Granite Park, cuttings were taken from that tree and then propagated to create new trees. The HDCR has several trees from these cuttings and will plant some and also retain some to be used in the future for more cuttings. In May

2018, the annual Hualapai Monitoring trip will be planting four to five Goodding's willow at Granite Park. The trees will be a combination of trees from cuttings of the original tree and ones that were graciously supplied by the NPS Vegetation Program. All of the trees are eight to ten feet tall and will be planted into the water table to give them a better chance of success, but they will still love any extra water love you can provide. The trees will be planted at the boat pull-in and slightly up and down river, near the river's edge.

#### CARDENAS

Through a collaborative effort between Grand Canyon National Park, The Arboretum at Flagstaff, Mariposa, and Morning Dew, about an acre of tamarisk was removed and a suite of trees were planted just down river of Cardenas Camp this winter. There were several existing Goodding's willows in this marshy area that established sometime after the dam and flourished during the '90s. The Goodding's willow and tamarisk at the Cardenas marsh provided incredible riparian habitat that supported numerous bird species including

the endangered Southwestern Willow Flycatcher. The arrival of the tamarisk beetle, a hungry beaver, and fluctuating river flows led to a decline in the tamarisk and Goodding's willow populations over the past few years. Acknowledging these ecosystem level changes, the NPS applied for and received funding to remove the dying tamarisk and plant more Goodding's willow and cottonwoods to create habitat for the Southwestern Willow Flycatcher.

In January, a group of 21 people (nine volunteers, four boatmen, two Arboretum employees, three NPS employees, and three Morning Dew employees) led by Melissa, David and Gayle Nance hiked and boated into Cardenas to work for a week. All of the work was done just downriver of the camp in the previously dense marshy area. To get the plant material in to the site, we boated in 18 (eight-foot tall) Goodding's willow,

collected 23 cottonwood poles in Nankoweap and Kwagunt canyons, and harvested thirty coyote willow from below the LCR at the overgrown lunch spot on the right. As you walk through the site, you may notice some tamarisk regrowth. Since many of the trees were in some phase of dying out, we decided to simply cut the trees and not initially apply herbicide. The tamarisk regrowth will be treated with herbicide by NPS staff this coming fall.

If you want more information about these projects, please don't hesitate to reach out (Melissa—[melissa@mariposaeco.com](mailto:melissa@mariposaeco.com) and Carrie—[calisay17@hotmail.com](mailto:calisay17@hotmail.com)). We have maps of the sites, photos, etc. that we would be happy to share. Again, any additional water you can provide to these trees would be most appreciated!

*Melissa McMaster & Carrie Cannon*



Creative rigging for 18 eight-foot tall Goodding's willows that went downriver to Cardenas.  
Photo courtesy: Amy Prince

## Glade (Hardtack) Ross

**I**F YOU LAUNCHED AT THE remote Gates of Lodore, in Dinosaur National Monument from 1970 until 1996, you met the ranger at the Lodore Station: Glade “Hardtack” Ross.<sup>1</sup>

Glade Ross was born in Vernal, Utah in 1940. When Glade was fourteen or fifteen he started work for Bus Hatch as a yard boy at Hatch River Expeditions in Vernal, Utah where he became interested in running rivers. At age fourteen or fifteen he went on a river training trip on the Yampa River with Dale Winward who taught Glade the basics of rowing and turning a 28-foot pontoon raft.

Glade became hooked on river running and did a few more trips at the rate of ten dollars a day. When he was seventeen he made his first full-pay trip, at twenty dollars a day, for Hatch River Expeditions on the Yampa River. Later that summer Ross made his first trip down the Colorado River from Moab, Utah to Hite through Cataract Canyon with Bus Hatch and Smuss Allen.

A few years later Glade ran Idaho’s Middle Fork of the Salmon and Main Salmon Rivers for Hatch. Don Hatch, one of Bus Hatch’s sons who was a school teacher in Salt Lake City at the time, led the trips. On these early Middle Fork trips they stayed in Stanley, Idaho and launched in Bear Valley using military surplus ten-man assault inflatable rafts. They would float a short distance to Dagger Falls, unload the rafts and portage the gear around the falls. Then they released the boats on a long rope to float over the falls and pulled the boats in below. The trips ended at the confluence with the Main Salmon River. They ran the Middle Fork until July, when the water dropped and then they switched their trips over to the Main Salmon River. They stayed in Salmon City until they had a trip, then launched at the confluence and ran down to Riggins, Idaho.

Glade’s first trip through Lodore Canyon in Dinosaur National Monument was before the construction of Flaming Gorge Dam. The trip, with Shorty Burton, started at Linwood Bridge in an oar powered pontoon. They floated through Red Canyon, now under the waters of Flaming Gorge Reservoir. Shorty Burton grew up in Little Hole and knew the river like the back of his hand. They stopped at Ashley Falls to inspect the rapid, whose challenge

was maneuvering the boat around several gigantic boulders. Shorty showed Glade the William Ashley inscription on river right, which appeared to be written with axle grease and was almost unreadable. They ran Ashley Falls without incident and spent the night at Little Hole.<sup>4</sup> The next day they floated through Browns Park and into Lodore Canyon. The river was running at a high stage and Hells Half Mile was another significant rapid they faced.

While Flaming Gorge was being filled, Bob Wissmire, Ron Smith and Glade designed rowing kayaks and took them from the dam to Split Mountain. The difficulty in turning the kayaks led to Ron and Glade developing a more river worthy-river canoe.<sup>2</sup>

Glade’s first Grand Canyon run in 1957 was his motor training trip with Bus Hatch and Smuss Allen. They had two 28-foot military surplus bridge pontoon rafts for the expedition. Bus and Smuss had business at Marble Canyon so Glade was left at Lees Ferry to inflate both rafts—with a hand pump—which took quite a bit of time!

That night Ross stayed in the old Lees Ferry stone house hoping to stay away from the rattlesnakes!

The passengers arrived with much more baggage than necessary and the extra baggage made it impossible to see the river in front of the raft. Bus had to sit high on the tarp-covered load and give Glade the hand signals they had worked out. But Bus could not talk without waving his hands during a conversation. So Ross hit the canyon wall several times near Red Wall Cavern after obeying Bus’s hand signals...and Bus would turn around and say, “Jesus Christ, son of a bitch son, watch where you are going!”

The river level was very low and they had to portage around Lava Falls. Not far below Lava Falls Glade hit the “de-railer rock” in the middle of a rapid. He was sideways in the current trying to miss the rock but hit it square on and tipped the raft upside down. Glade used the motor mount to get on the boat and was successful in getting everyone aboard the overturned raft floor. Smuss Allen, in the other raft, pushed the boat to shore and they righted the boat and got the motor running again, continuing on to Lake Mead where they took out at Temple Bar.

Although Glade can’t recall the year, he remembers: “It was a very high water spring, and the Colorado



Glade Ross—1958. Recruiters visit Uintah High School. Photo courtesy: Uintah County Library



Hatch 33-foot "Tail Dragger" in Grand Canyon. Photo courtesy: Glade Ross

was running around a hundred thousand cubic feet per second (CFS). Green River, Utah had serious flooding and I went with Smuss Allen on a two-boat trip through Cataract Canyon. Smuss had his own equipment but I was bringing gear belonging to the men on the raft I would run. We left from Moab and planned to take out at Hite. I attempted to land on a nice sand bar for lunch. The back eddy was as strong as the river current and I could not land, even using full outboard power. As we approached the Big Drops, Smuss would land on the opposite side of the river and his people would photograph us going through the rapids. At a huge hole in Mile Long Rapid, a short distance above the Big Drops, I pulled into the main current of the river. As I lined up the raft to miss a gigantic hole, I gave the outboard full power at which time it stopped and would not start. A passenger grabbed the oars and lined the boat up and we went straight into the hole.

"The back curl was so large it flipped us over backwards. I was able to climb up over the motor mount and soon had all but one passenger on board the overturned raft. One man had his life vest torn off. I had both of my canvas shoes and my class ring sucked off. I was in the process of cutting handholds in the raft's neoprene floor when Smuss arrived with the rescue raft. Since he had to come after us as soon as possible, he left several of his passengers on the beach. We jumped aboard the rescue raft at the head of the Big Drop known as Satan's Gut.

"While standing on the rocks looking for the safest route, you could feel vibrations in the rocks.

"I got on the oars in case the motor quit, and we got through successfully, although somewhat battered and soaked. We kept searching for our missing passenger, and finally found him seven miles below the Big Drop just above Dark Canyon Rapid. He had a beautiful black eye caused by an explosion wave. He had tried several times to catch eddies and get ashore, but he would get kicked out into the main current."

The next morning as they motored to Hite they found the overturned boat. When they reached Hite they contacted a pilot from Green River and hired him to search for the stranded passengers. The pilot had a gunnysack with several hamburgers and instructions for their rescue. The pilot located the people by their campfire, which he managed to put out by a direct hit when he tossed them the gunnysack. The passengers were later rescued.

In 1963 or 1964, Glade Ross saw a torn up pontoon boat at Ron Smith's boathouse in Salt Lake City and offered to buy it. Smith's reply to Glade was, "What do you want that thing for?" Smith sold it to Ross for about \$10. Glade cut out the middle air chambers so that the baffles on the ends were left intact, with about four inches of extra fabric. He then punched holes in the extra fabric and stitched the two ends together. There was no floor and "The only way you could put a floor in it was to hang a piece of plywood on chains." So that's what he did.

Jack Currey saw the boat and liked it. By then 28-foot boats were no longer available, so he bought a number of Korean War 33-foot boats and began cutting and splicing them. About the same time the



Building Miss Piggy in Glade's Stepfather's Garage. Photo courtesy: Glade Ross

Hatches were using similar self-bailers on the Salmon River in Idaho. Previous to that many boaters hung plywood floors on their boats, but only to give the floor cargo strength and the rubber floor was left in place.

In the late 1960s Glade, along with the Hatches built another boat with “no floor”: A plywood floor hung above the water with chains. It was called *Miss Piggy* because its extremely high tubes and short 18-foot length gave it a resemblance to the TV character. That boat was spliced together using the Hatch's vulcanizing machine. *Miss Piggy* was used by the National Park Service in Dinosaur National Monument until 1994.<sup>3</sup>

Glade doesn't recall when he met Ron Smith, but they had run several trips though Glen Canyon together as it was filling. About that time, or a little later, Glade and Ron made river canoes together. Glade was living with his mother in Salt Lake City and would go out to Ron's boat yard and help him out. He was not a paid employee, but he got free fiberglass and materials to build the canoes. Only four of the sleek canoes were made and the only two that survive belong to Glade and Ron. That was the last time Glade was at Ron's boat yard.

At different times Glade was asked to assist Dinosaur National Monument in the search and recovery of drowning victims. He eventually applied for a seasonal ranger position running the river. Because the people at Dinosaur knew Glade could run boats, in 1965 he was offered and accepted a seasonal position at the Jones Hole Ranger Station. Ross would leave Echo Park and row down to Jones Hole for a ten-day tour of duty. He would then float to Split Mountain and have four days off.

Before the night of June 10, 1965, Warm Springs was a mere riffle on the Yampa River. However, for several days preceding June 10 heavy rains had saturated

the entire area. Finally, the ground in Warm Springs Draw gave way. The rain and saturated ground had caused a massive debris flow that deposited thousands of tons of rock and earth into the Yampa River, temporarily damming the river and raising the water level approximately ten feet. When the river broke through the temporary dam, the boulders that had been washed into the river created a world-class rapid that has

become legendary among river runners.

Glade was in Jones Hole on June 11, 1965. That day he noticed that the Green River had dropped, then rose dramatically, pushing his seven-man patrol boat higher and higher up the bank by the rising river. Glade had been asked, when he had time on one of his patrols, to remove the ladders left at the Echo Park Dam Site. He had taken one of the ladders down to Jones Hole Campground to use as a bridge between the campsites across Jones Hole Creek. On June 11 the heavy rains also made Jones Hole Creek rise so high it took out his bridge. Only later did he learn about the incident at Warm Springs on the Yampa River.

When the season was over, Glade went to Flaming Gorge and worked as a Lake Ranger on Flaming Gorge Reservoir. During his career as a seasonal ranger, Ross spent several winters at Dutch John and one winter was stationed at Manila, Utah.

In 1967, Utah began issuing Boatman's Permits and Glade received permit number B001.<sup>1</sup> That year he was hired as a seasonal employee at Dinosaur National Monument as their first River Ranger. He alternated weekly patrols on the Yampa and Green Rivers.

In 1968, Glade was hired as a seasonal employee at the Grand Canyon as the Park's first River Ranger. Ross was told that during the winter he would be employed as the South Rim Fire Control Aid. But the Chief Ranger found out the Park did not have funding for that position so Glade left the Grand Canyon. He married his current wife Sharon in September of 1968. That winter they moved to Dutch John where Glade worked as a Ranger. When the decision was made for the National Park Service to leave the Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area he took a GS-7 Recreation Technician position with the U.S. Forest Service. He had a dory that he used to fish below the dam. That was the first dory to run the Green River below



Flaming Gorge Dam. Later the Forest Service took the idea of dory patrols and used them on the river. Glade was not happy in his job at Flaming Gorge so when Grand Canyon National Park offered him a full time, permanent job and guaranteed a spot at the Park Service Academy at the Albright Training Center, and Glade took the offer. After graduating from the Albright Academy, Glade worked on the South Rim until 1970.

In October of 1970, Glade Ross transferred to Dinosaur National Monument as the Lodore Ranger. That is where he and Sharon raised their two boys. Glade had an interest in history and participated in the annual Mountain Man Rendezvous. In 1976 Glade received the coveted National Park Service's Roy Appleman History Award. This was the first time a non-professional historian or researcher had received the award.

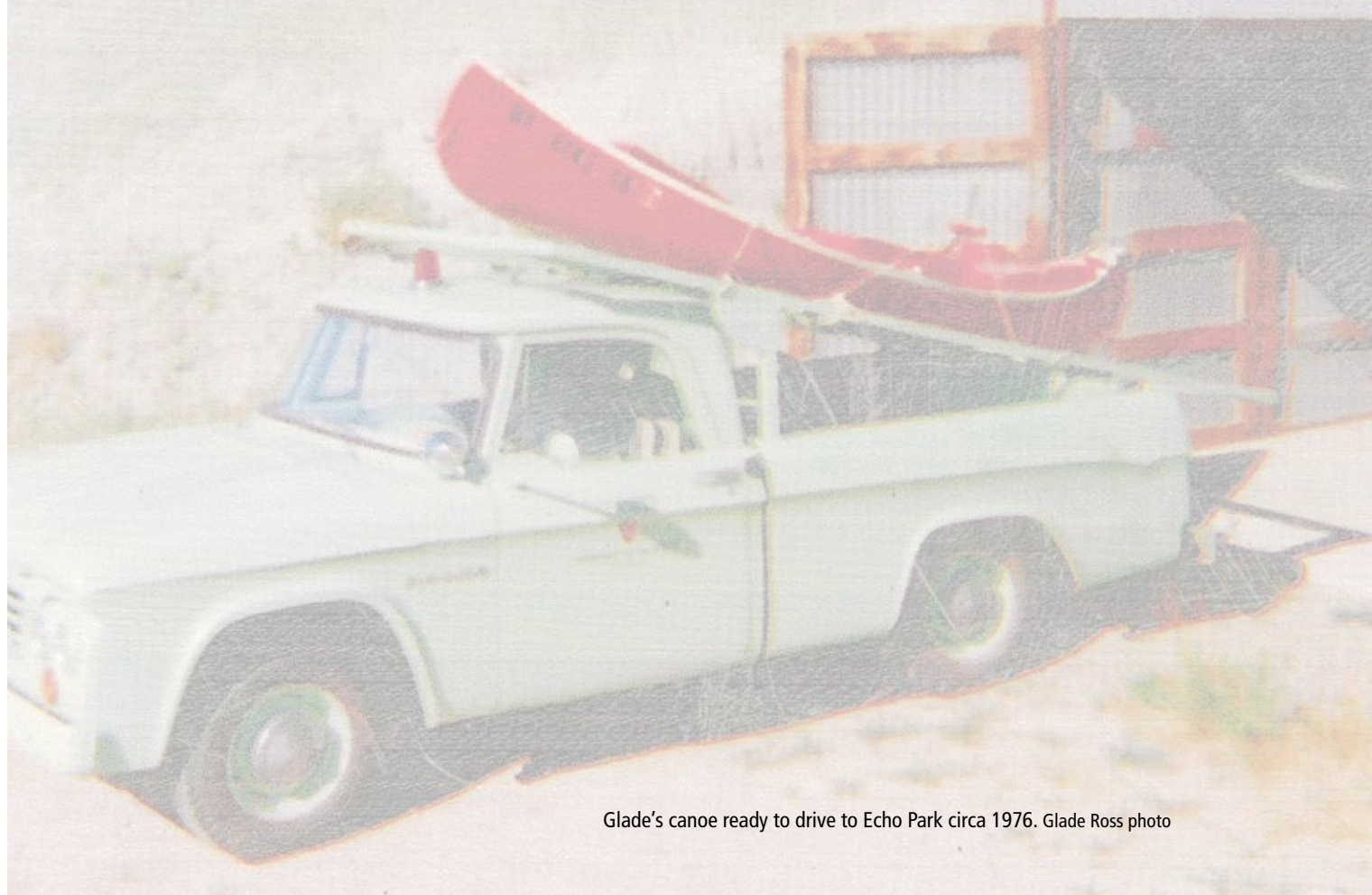
At Lodore, Glade checked-in boaters. It was not uncommon that if someone was short a life preserver or other gear, Glade would loan them what they needed to get on the river. He was held in extreme respect by commercial outfitters and private boaters

alike. He fought wildfires, patrolled the western end of the National Monument, assisted other agencies in Browns Park and fulfilled the complete facets of what a real ranger used to do. Over the years Glade trained most of Dinosaur's river rangers. Glade had a rowing style that made running rapids easy, unlike many others who row like a coot taking off against the wind, flailing and splashing! Glade's rowing style was smooth and deliberate, like someone slowly stirring thick cream.

Beyond his ranger duties, Glade was an integral part of the social life in that remote northwestern corner of Colorado. Social activities in Browns Park were limited, but dances were held at the Lodore Hall and Glade, being a musician, played at the dances. For years, people came from three states to attend the Browns Park dances.

In 1996 after 26 years at the remote Lodore Ranger Station Glade retired from the National Park Service. Now Glade and Sharon live in Rangely, Colorado.

*Herm Hoops*



Glade's canoe ready to drive to Echo Park circa 1976. Glade Ross photo



Sharon and Glade Ross August 1971. Photo courtesy: NPS, taken by Michael Wintch

REFERENCES:

Emails from Glade Ross to Herm Hoops.  
 Notes from Glade Ross to Herm Hoops, March 2017.  
 Herm Hoops Interview with Glade Ross, February 20, 1996.  
*Boatman's Quarterly Review*, Grand Canyon River Guides, Volume 28, number 3, Fall 2015, page 30.  
*Boatman's Quarterly Review*, Grand Canyon River Guides, Volume 11, number 3, Summer 1998.  
 JANA SMITH & HERM HOOPS, *Ron Smith's River Canoes*, 2014, University of Utah, J. Willard Marriott Library River Archives: Herm Hoops Collection.  
 Roy Webb, *Riverman, The Story of Bus Hatch*, Labyrinth Publishing, 1989, pages 121, 122, 128, & 131.  
 HERM HOOPS, *The History of Inflatables and How They Saved Rivers*, University of Utah, J. Willard Marriott Library River Archives: Herm Hoops Collection.  
 HERM HOOPS, *Pontoons Down The River*, University of Utah, J. Willard Marriott Library River Archives: Herm Hoops Collection.  
 Fort Davy Crockett, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Region 7, Cultural Resource Program.  
 Where on the Green River is Fort Davy Crockett? *Deseret News* by Jerry Spangler, April 23, 1991.  
 Dock Marston Collection, Henry E. Huntington Library, Account of Glade's pontoon flip in the Grand Canyon. The collection also contains three photographs of Ron Smith's river canoe. These photos improperly credit Glade Ross, Dee Halladay and Dean Waterman for the canoe design. Ron is adamant that he designed both river boats and indeed Glade and Dee, as well as several others confirm that Ron was the sole designer of the canoe.  
*Flaming Gorge Country*, Dunham, Dick and Vivian, 1978.  
*One Hundred Years of Browns Park and Diamond Mountain*, DeJournette, Dick and Daun, 1997.

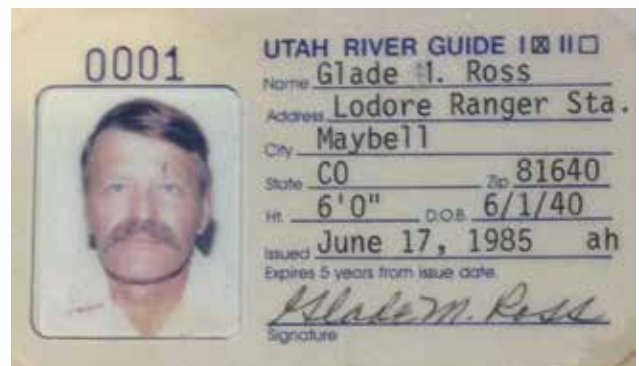
SIGNIFICANT NOTES:

**1. GLADE ROSS**

Hardtack: On a trip to the Middle Fork, Don and Ted Hatch and Glade stopped in a little place near Sun Valley. Glade was only seventeen but went into the bar with Don and Ted. "They ordered beer and when they took my order, I was silent because I was not old enough to drink. I had started a beard so I looked somewhat older than I was. Ted who knew my age said "Give old Hardtack an Oly!" The nickname stuck. Ted would change the name over the years from Hardtack to Mattress Back and Hard to Track."

Glade was the first boating ranger at Dinosaur National Monument and the Grand Canyon National Park. Glade's Utah Boatman Permit, issued by the Utah Division of Park & Recreation, Boating Division on 2/11/1967 is number B001.

In 1985, the agency became concerned about the connotations of "Boatman" so the Utah Division of Natural Resources reissued the guide licenses. Ironically there was a demonstration of female river guides who saw themselves as "boatmen" and wanted to keep that title. In the reissuing Glade received River Guide Permit Number B001 issued on June 17, 1985.



River Boatman & River Guide Licenses. Photo courtesy: Glade Ross

**2. RIVER KAYAK AND RIVER CANOE**

The kayaks had a V shaped hull and it was necessary to lean the kayak on its side to turn them. The water level was very low and they had to line the kayaks around



Kerry Jones & Glade below Teepee Rapid on the Yampa River, 1996. Photo courtesy: Kerry Jones.



Testing the motor and mount. Ron Smith in Glade's canoe in Glade's stepfather's pool in Salt Lake City. Photo courtesy: Glade Ross

several rapids but made the trip without mishap.

The canoe was made by taking a green, uncured fiberglass canoe out of the mold and pressing a 2x4 across the center of the canoe. This gave it the rocker effect and widened the center of the canoe which added to the stability of the boat. The canoes were about fifteen-foot long, the beam was 44 inches at the widest point. The canoe weighed 75 pounds. At one time, Ron and Glade were thinking of making a mold for the deck, but they never got around to it. Ron had four of the canoes built, one each for himself, Glade Ross, Dee Holladay and Dean Waterman. Ron's and Glade's canoes, both red with white trim, are still in storage and in great shape.

Once when Glade was stationed at Jones Hole, he took the canoe upstream, with the help of a Johnson three-horsepower motor to visit Len Casterline, the Echo Park Ranger. Len was not at Echo Park so Glade continued up the Green to see how far he could go. After visiting a boat party at Rippling Brook he returned to Jones Hole. A warden who worked for



Glade Ross' river canoe in Whirlpool Canyon, Dinosaur National Monument, 1960. Glade Ross Photo

Colorado Fish and Game admired Glade's boat and made a similar one out of a regular canoe with a deck. He ran it through Lodore on a joint NPS /Fish and Game trip without any problems. Why did Glade want one of Smith's river canoes? He said "because Ron had one and they looked like fun to row!"

Glade last used his on a National Park Service Outfitter training trip in 1996 on the Yampa River in Dinosaur National Monument. Glade tipped in the back eddy above Teepee Rapid on that Yampa trip and one of his oars came off. Accounts have him running the rapid with one of the oars—as smoothly as if nothing had happened. Glade maintains it was two, but Kerry Jones and others on the trip remember him doing a classic run with one oar. Glade later painted his canoe white and light blue with red trim.

In 1966 Ron Smith led a hunting trip through Desolation and Gray Canyons and Glade Ross took along his canoe. On the Desolation Canyon "River Safaris" flyer John Flannery, who wrote an article about the trip for *Outdoor Life Magazine*, is in the picture that says, "GREEN RIVER TROPHY." John is on the right and the person on the left was Glade. In the magazine article there is a photo with the two-point buck Glade shot on the river canoe. After the hunt, he loaded up a few things and went to work at Catoctin Mtn. Park, Maryland for the winter. (*Ron Smith's River Canoes*; By Jana Smith & Herm Hoops, 2014; University of Utah J. Willard Marriott Library River Archives: Herm Hoops Collection.)

### 3. Miss PIGGY

Frank McKnight was rowing a 28-foot National Park Service donut pontoon boat down Lodore canyon on the Green River, doing some welding on culverts and other work. He wrecked the boat in Hells Half Mile and lost everything, including the acetylene tanks. The boat wrapped and attempts at salvaging it were unsuccessful. Several weeks later the boat washed off and was recovered in Island Park. It was tossed in the NPS boneyard and sold for salvage. Ron Smith

of Salt Lake City and Kanab bought it even though the floor was completely gone and the middle tubes were trashed. Glade rebuilt the boat in his stepfather's garage, and it may be one of the first "self-bailing" rafts on the river. Jack Currey saw the boat and liked it. By then 28-foot boats were no longer available, so he bought Korean War 33-foot boats and began cutting



Miss Piggy in Warm Springs Rapid. Photo courtesy: NPS

and splicing them. About the same time the Hatches were using similar self-bailers on the Salmon River in Idaho. Previous to that many boaters hung plywood floors on boats, but only to give the floor cargo strength, the rubber floor was left in place.

#### 4. SHORTY BURTON

"Because he was so unflappable, the Hatches gave Shorty the new guys to train in. The list of boatmen who did their first trip with Shorty includes many familiar names: Glade Ross, Tom Hatch, and Kenton Grua will have to suffice here. Glade tells of Bus sending him off with Shorty on one of those long trips through Flaming Gorge, Red Canyon, Lodore, Whirlpool, Split Mountain and out.

"At the put-in Glade hopped into the ten-man figuring it would be easier than the pontoon. When they got to Hells Half Mile, Shorty would have nothing to do with swapping boats in the face of that formidable mix of boulders and water but spent a half hour talking Glade through the tight spots." (From *Boatman's Quarterly Review*; Volume 11, number 3, Summer 1998; By Al Holland.)



Hatch-38' in Hells Half Mile, Dinosaur National Monument. Photo courtesy: NPS

## Bob Dye

**M**Y PARENTS STOPPED THERE at the South Rim when I was like fifteen, and I just fell in love with it at first sight from the rim. I remember being at Grandview Point and wanting so bad to walk down the Grandview Trail, but we didn't have time. I remember sitting at the top of the Bright Angel Trail, watching the hikers coming and going; watched a mule trip go down, and it all looked pretty cool. Then when I was looking at a college for a forestry program, that was probably what made me decide to go to Flagstaff—Northern Arizona University—to be near the Grand Canyon and see if I could do some walking there. Right away there I connected with the hiking club. Met George and Susan Billingsley—Susan Varin then. They were both there. Susan was in forestry a year ahead of me, so I saw quite a bit of her. We all hiked together. And Ellen Tibbetts started the same year I did, fall of '69. I was a sophomore, and did three years at NAU, graduated spring of '72. Did lots of hikes. Did a few with Harvey Butchart—he was Doctor Butchart to us then. Mostly day walks. We did one overnight down Havasu and across the Esplanade over to Matkatamiba—down Matkat to the river and back over spring break; Dr. Butchart and Jorgen Visback and myself.

All my walks in the canyon, every time I got to the river, I'd always take a picture upriver and downriver, look to see if there were any boats coming. The first

river trip I ever saw, actually, I was hiking down Tuckup. George Billingsley was doing his master's thesis in geology down there and some of us went down and met him while he was doing his work. We were at the beach and Hatch came along with a group of—I think it was eighty geology students from Oregon State University. They had ten boats. They didn't have side pontoons on then, they were motorized.

STEIGER: Ten boats?

B. DYE: Yeah. They camped there at Tuckup with us; had a big fire in the sand to cook on. That would have been '69, September or October. So that was quite interesting to see. Another river trip went by, and they *did* have side pontoons on their raft, I remember. But just from those first looks I was kind of hooked.

STEIGER: Remember any of the boatmen on that Hatch trip?

B. DYE: No, I do not. I remember kind of looking at them, but I didn't go down and visit. I remember Susan Varin went down and actually got a steak from them.

So I hiked in the canyon and saw more trips go by once in a while, and then George Billingsley started working for Grand Canyon Expeditions [GCE], at least part-time as a geologist doing interpretation, and then worked his way into becoming a guide. I graduated spring of '72. It would have been the following year, '73



NAU hiking club float on the San Juan River, Sept. 1970. The four closest people from the left - Susan Varin (Billingsley); George Billingsley; Ellen Tibbetts; Jim Sears.

during spring break, that George borrowed a couple of Yampa rafts from Ron Smith [*founder of GCE*], and nine of us put on at Diamond Creek. That was my first river trip, we took nine days to get from Diamond to Pearce.

It was a beautiful wet spring, there were flowers everywhere, and water running in every side canyon. We hiked up Surprise Canyon, the creek was fifteen- or twenty-feet wide, and shin deep every time we crossed it. Went up to the Tonto, rained on us all the way up and back. But we did some great walks on that trip. Susan was on that trip, of course. Ellen Tibbetts was on it, and some of the others. Some of them still had to go at spring break, incorporate that in. That was '73, and then I started working in '74 and '75. Did a couple of trips in '74 where—I know one trip I hiked in with Ote [*Dale*] down Ryder Canyon to House Rock, and she jumped on the boat with Bego [*George Gerhardt*] on a GCE trip, and I got on with George and Susan. Susan was swamping for and training with George. George let me drive a little bit, then drive 21-Mile Rapid. Down in the middle I hit a wave and soaked the whole boat—scared the shit out of me! (George said by the look on my face he thought it would take a long time for me to become a boatman.) I went down to Vaseys and hiked out South—did the walk back on the rim to my car. I would do just little stretches in Marble with George.

In '75, I got on a full-length trip swamping. Then about the first of July, I was going to do another trip with George all the way through. I was working part-time—temporary for the Kaibab Forestry, North Kaibab—as a timber marker. I had been taking leave without pay to do these trips, and they were not going to authorize another leave without pay. So I just quit. (laughs) I quit the Forest Service, swamped another trip with George, and by this time I had talked to Ron Smith and Art Gallenson...I was kind of training. When I got off *that* trip, they were running Canyonlands Expeditions, and were switching from 37-foot motor-rigs up there to triple-rigs as the water dropped. So they needed a rear oar. All of a sudden there I was, and here was something on the river that actually offered a little bit of money. But I had applied for government—Forest Service jobs, and right when I got off that trip swamping with George Billingsley, I had two job offers elsewhere: one with the Forest Service in Logan, Utah, and one with the Bureau of Land Management in Lander, Wyoming. So I had to make a decision. Do I do this? Or do I go run rivers? Obviously, I chose the river.

I went up to Canyonlands and did a bunch of trips. We did six-day trips up there, so I did a lot of quick turnarounds, and that's where I really learned to run

the river and read water, was being a rear oar on a triple-rig in Cataract Canyon.

\* \* \*

*Bob Dye—who just retired from running motor-rigs at Grand Canyon Expeditions after 41 years (though he's still going to row a few more of their dory trips or fill in for emergencies)—is one of the smartest, most knowledgeable, and best all-around, yet modest, boatmen Grand Canyon has ever known. As a peer, you really have to shut up and listen to get the good stuff out of him. Or better yet, ask an intelligent question. Bob won't draw attention to himself otherwise. He'll never strut around and pontificate like the rest of us; or toot his own horn in any way. But get on a trip with him and pay attention...you learn so much, about so many different things pertaining to Grand Canyon and this job we do. Bob is calm, he's cool...he's just amazingly together in so many ways. Not least of which being the fact that he has made a career out of this job—and only this job—and pulled it off with style and grace all the way through.*

*This interview was conducted on May 15, 2017 at Bob's beautiful house in Kanab (which Bob and his sweetie Donna Koster paid for in cash as they built it over time).*

*We did a second session at John and Judy Sears' guest house in Prescott on March 16 of this year.*

—LEW STEIGER

\* \* \*

I grew up in San Diego County, Southern California, in a rural area up in the mountains, and spent a lot of time out. I was hiking from just a kid, could step out the back door and go all day if I wanted to, between national forest and close-by Indian reservations. It was pretty remote country, so I grew up being out and stuff. I always liked water. There wasn't a whole lot of it around, but there were some streams, and I always had a boat around to play with. If I didn't have one, I carved one out of a piece of wood and sent it down a stream—see what happens here. One of my first river excursions was up in Montana at my grandparents' ranch, on the East Fork of the Bitterroot. My cousin and I were spending the summer there. One warm afternoon we dragged a log out of the woods, launched it onto the river, and found out about how long you can stay on top of a round log.

STEIGER: Not too long?

B. DYE: No. But we chased it downriver for about a mile, and we'd stabilize it for each other, and then see

how long we could stay upright and stuff.

STEIGER: So, your grandparents had a ranch—now what did your folks, do? If you don't mind my asking.

B. DYE: They had their own mineral business. We would travel around the West a lot, and sometimes into Baja, to dig crystals, fossils, whatever. Rough agates, rough material... Yeah, I started learning rocks from an early age; and being out, camping a lot. My first trip was in Arizona, to an amethyst mine on Four Peaks, east of Phoenix, when I was only four months old. They had a horse then—my mom carried me in front of her on the saddle.

I don't remember that, no. I have been back in later years to see the place, but I don't remember that one. But yeah, my earliest camping memories, they're all out somewhere usually in the desert, some desolate-looking place that was beautiful.

\* \* \*

STEIGER: You seem to spend a lot of time looking around, really paying attention wherever you're at. I mean, it seems like you always take binoculars, right?

B. DYE: Well, my dad, every time he went out somewhere, he always had binoculars. So I learned how to use them early. And early on, I had my own pair to use.

STEIGER: Did that have to do with him looking for gems, you think?

B. DYE: No, he just looked around. He had done a lot of hunting before he came into the mineral business. He had actually been a hunter for the State of California, hunting mountain lions in the southern half of the state for four years before the Second World War. So binoculars were just part of his rig. Just like putting a life preserver on when you step on the boat. And for years, even as a teenager, he and his brother in Long Beach, California, would take off for the weekend down the beach. There was a beach there then, and they'd take a tin can and a .22, and a blanket. They'd shoot whatever was in front of them. Would have some matches, build a little fire, cook up whatever they'd shot.

STEIGER: In their little tin can? (laughs)

B. DYE: Yeah, their little tin can, and spend the night out. And...you know, be gone all weekend. Then they moved out to the town of Ramona east of San Diego. There were more teenagers then, older teenagers, and they'd do longer walks, always had a gun.

STEIGER: Well that's pretty Western. You said your grandparents had a ranch in Montana? Was that your dad's people?

B. DYE: No, that was my mother's family... Yeah, my dad—his parents moved to Long Beach from Ohio



Triple rig in first part of Mile Long Rapid, Cataract Canyon, 1976.

when he was four, so he basically grew up in the West, and went from Long Beach to San Diego County to Ramona. Basically spent the rest of his life living in rural San Diego County.

STEIGER: Lion hunter for the State of California. Pretty exotic line of work.

B. DYE: Mm-hm. Yeah.

\* \* \*

STEIGER: Now, Canyonlands, does that mean Cataract every time?

B. DYE: Yes.

STEIGER: Did you have some big water through all that?

B. DYE: Well, the water was dropping that first year [’75]; so that probably started at less than twenty [*thousand* cfs], maybe fifteen or something, and got down to like six.

STEIGER: So a pretty easy level for there. Relative to when it’s high?

B. DYE: Yeah, and running the triple-rig, being the rear oar. The next year they brought me back—the guy I’d been rowing rear oar behind was Tom Yeager; and another guy running triple-rigs up there was Terry McCarthy. The next year, Ron Smith took both those guys and put them on Grand Canyon. So they needed boatmen for Canyonlands, and I went from being a rear oar...

STEIGER: To the front oar?

B. DYE: To, actually, being trip leader on a 37-foot boat.

STEIGER: (laughing) Oh!

B. DYE: Running Cataract the next spring, at about 40,000 [cfs]! (laughter)

So I graduated pretty quickly. I went up and Marc Smith took me through on a training trip. We had—I think it was 25,000–30,000—and I ran everything. The next trip, it was a two-boat motor trip at 40,000, which was the peak that year. I was trip leader and Nels [*Niemi*] was following me. Nels had all this experience, he should have been trip leader, I don’t know why they made me trip leader, but there I was. And we lived through that, and when the water dropped again, we went back to running triple-rigs and I was front oar. I ran triple-rigs half the summer up there.

I ran Cataract in ’75 and the full season of ’76, and then after that season Ron Smith sold Canyonlands Expeditions. So I came down to Grand Canyon.

At that time, several of the boatmen [*...left for personal reasons*]. So that made space for me. Circumstances happened, and there I was. That would

have been ’77—a low-water year, and I knew I was going to be running a boat. I had done, I think, just two trips all the way through, and I hadn’t, obviously, run everything by a long ways. So I told Ron Smith I needed a training trip. So we went down there—it was March, if I remember rightly. We had two motor-rigs and a rowboat that was British, I can’t remember what brand it was. I never saw another boat quite like it again.

STEIGER: Could it have been a Leyland?

B. DYE: Might have been. I know Ron or Marc Smith rowed that through. Ron Smith was on the trip, and Terry McCarthy ran one motor-rig and I ran the other. Ron Smith was friends with John and Frank Craighead up in Jackson, and John Craighead was on the trip with his wife and two kids. They basically rode on my boat the whole way down, and Ron and Terry McCarthy—seems like there must have been somebody else on that trip other than Marc Smith that was rowing the rowboat. Oh! There was a *National Geographic* guy, Bill Garrett, I think, was there. There’s a picture or two from that trip that came out in an article in May of ’78, something like that, *National Geographic*. I’ve got it on the bookshelf here. I think there’s a picture in there, camped at the top of Upset in the rain. (laughs) But anyway, we took off.

Terry McCarthy was on my boat for a couple of the first rapids. I seemed to be doing okay, so he jumped on the other ship, and it was just me.

We had pretty low water, and I learned a lot. The first place it became a bit of an issue was we got to Deubendorf in the afternoon, and the Table Rock was out. So we decided not to run it. In the morning, the water had come up, so we ran Deubendorf.

I was doing a turn-around run, and as the boat spun, I turned around to face downstream. I had throttled down doing that, and was twisting the throttle to complete the turn around. However, my throttle hand was now on the jack ass handle, which had the same rubber grip as the motor handle. I eventually realized I was twisting the wrong “throttle!” The back of the boat went over the Table Rock, which straightened me out to complete the run. Ron Smith was on shore taking pictures, and he put his camera down to watch and saw me twisting that jackass handle. Later he said that if I’d really crashed, he would have missed the photo, just like that guy in the background of the photo of the motor-rig flipping in Lava!

A couple of days later we got down to Upset, and the rock that makes the hole was out. It was really shallow on the right side, there was a rock or two sticking out in the left run, some really jagged





Low water at Upset Rapid, 1977.

limestone things sticking up. So we camped above Upset for two nights. During the layover day we walked downstream a quarter mile and got through the first ledge, then traversed back to 150-Mile Canyon and went as far up as we could. It was really pretty. I was cooking up a storm later that afternoon—dinner and cobbler—which was great since we had lots of time. I remember Ron Smith and John Craighead washed the dishes. After that second night, the next morning, the rock was covered. So we jumped in our boats and did the turnaround on the right, and ran down to Havasu. When we got to Havasu, we decided to hike up a ways and camp, but we had previously made arrangements for some people to hike in on the Lava Trail and meet us at Lava. They were actually coming in that afternoon. We got to Havasu fairly early, even though there was low water. Ron Smith decided to take the rowboat down to Lava, because Sheila Smith was hiking in with Roy Johnson, who was the naturalist at the South Rim, working for the park at that time. Seemed like there was another person or two hiked in also. So Ron takes off in the rowboat, goes down to meet them. He gets there and they aren't there yet, so he pulls out a snack—a bag of prunes. He has himself a few prunes and then he realizes, oops, that is actually all the food he's got. (laughter) He decides to go down and look at Lava in the low water and he's down there sitting on the rock. He looks back upstream—here's a raven flying away with his bag of prunes! (laughs) You know, here's people hiking in and he has no food for them. He hikes back up to where the raven landed and the bag is there, but the prunes are all gone. I remember Sheila was not happy about that. They had their sleeping gear and stuff, so that wasn't a big deal. But we weren't getting there until the next afternoon sometime. We had a great time up Havasu, we had been doing a lot of fishing on that trip, and that's when they had big fish down there. We were

catching two- and three-pound trout a couple of miles up Havasu. I remember that. I know they used to catch trout at Beaver Falls up there, the Havasupai would come down and catch them.

STEIGER: No kidding! Do you think there's trout in there now?

B. DYE: No, I haven't seen a trout in there for a long time. I don't know if the big floods took them out or



Terry McCarthy and Bob Dye with trout caught at Deer Creek Falls, 1977.



Kent Robinson, Bob Dye, Mike Riebeek, Jay Lyons – Cataract Canyon, 1976.

what. But there used to be trout all the way to Beaver. I remember seeing them in the pools up there. We were catching, you know, big guys—fifteen, eighteen inches up there. Had been eating trout all trip. Caught trout the next morning, then about noon we left, and it took us all afternoon of hard driving to get down to Lava. The water had dropped the whole time we were there. We were there eighteen hours or so, and the water did nothing but drop. Fern Glen, you couldn't go right of the rock we go right of all the time, it was too shallow. We had to go left. Right below the pinnacle, there was a gravel bar across the river. I remember, you know, "looks kind of shallow," and then I dinged the prop. We got down, met those guys at Lava. They were pretty happy to see us. That eddy on the left, where you pull in to scout from the left shore, there was a beach. It was about fifteen or twenty feet wide, for a hundred, two hundred yards up that eddy. It was out of the water three or four feet. That's where we camped. We ended up staying there for a few days.

STEIGER: To get more water?

B. DYE: Yeah, it was that low. The ledge rocks were out, the big rock that makes the left side of the V-wave was way out. The big rock on the far left side there, the domer, was out of course, and big huge rocks everywhere. The rapid ended after the V-wave. I remember there was kind of a wave across the top and then there's like a little ledge above the V-wave. Then the V-wave, and then there were just these little waves like a foot high. And the hump that's above the Kahuna wave, there's a lava rock down there—it was

kind of triangular-shaped and pointed upstream—it just bifurcated the little bit of current that hit it. And that was it. That was the end of the rapid. It was deep right there. I remember there were deep pools all along the side up there as soon as you got out of the rocks. All along the left side against the rocks were thousands of carp congregating, like they wanted to go upstream but couldn't. We caught a few and killed some time trying to create something edible out of them... But we stayed there for seems like four or five days, something like that. Some kind of a row trip came along, and they were doing research stuff. We helped them portage their boats down the left side.

Finally, the guys that had hiked in, their time was up, they had to go back out. Ron and Marc had already hiked out earlier. They were going to come back in two days, or something, and radio us. Tell us what was happening. Roy Johnson and Sheila and others were going to hike out. I think the Craigheads were going to hike out too. And it was just going to be Terry McCarthy and me sitting at the boats until we got water. (laughs) So I ferried those guys across and Terry McCarthy was walking them up the trail. We'd pulled the rowboat up on the beach. I was de-rigging and rolling it up, getting it ready to throw on a motor-rig. A couple hours later, I looked over and on the other side there was everybody, and Marc Smith too! It turned out there had been an accident at a power plant up in Utah somewhere. They'd had an outage, and we had 16,000 coming. (laughs) So yahoo!

We got the rowboat on the motor-rigs, and just

before dark the water started to come. It came up about two feet, and then it kind of stabilized. I'm not sure what was with that. But we tied about ten ropes off our boats, and everybody slept on the boats. In the morning, we didn't have a beach. We had this spider web of ropes that were all tangled up. We ferried across and scouted, and we had our 16,000. We had all of it. Before '83, 16,000 was a pretty gnarly stage for Lava, you probably remember that. The Kahuna wave at the bottom crashed hard, and the V-wave was huge.

STEIGER: Well, all three Sanderson S-Rig flips were at about 18,000—every one of them.

B. DYE: Yeah. That kind of medium-high water, I remember was—above that, it mellowed a little. Things got a little bigger, maybe, but they didn't crash as hard.

STEIGER: When it was low there, what would you say it was?

B. DYE: Seems like it was three [3,000 CFS] or less. Actually, I think the release from the dam was 1,080, plus the thousand CFS or so that was leaking around the dam. It was just constant, it never fluctuated after it finally dropped. It dropped for another day and a half after we got there, and then it just stabilized, didn't do anything. So if there was any fluctuation at the dam, that fluctuation wasn't making it to us. We could probably look that up in the record, but it seemed like 1,080 is what comes to mind. Anyway, I was pretty hyper, running Lava for the first time on 16,000.

STEIGER: Oh, I bet.

B. DYE: It was huge. The Craigheads were going to ride through with me. I started back... I don't know whether I got ahead of them or what, but I got back and it seemed like I waited five minutes. It was probably like forty seconds. I fired her up and untied it, looked around. I couldn't see anybody coming. So I backed her out and then ran it. I had an empty boat that was pretty lightweight—Ron Smith's boats were fairly lightweight rigs, and we didn't have any ice by then, didn't have much food, just a few river bags. I got in there and hit the V-wave, and I wasn't prepared for it to stop me. I went forward onto the spare motors, luckily had the rope sack there to cushion it. I hung on through the V-wave, reached back to grab the throttle handle, and the boat had flexed. The throttle handle was between the frame and the boat—stuck. (STEIGER: Oh no!)

B. DYE: I'd idled it back, because with those old Mercury's, you had to idle it back when you went through the big waves or you'd drown out for sure. And the motor was still running. I came out of the V-wave straight. The boat went up over that hump,

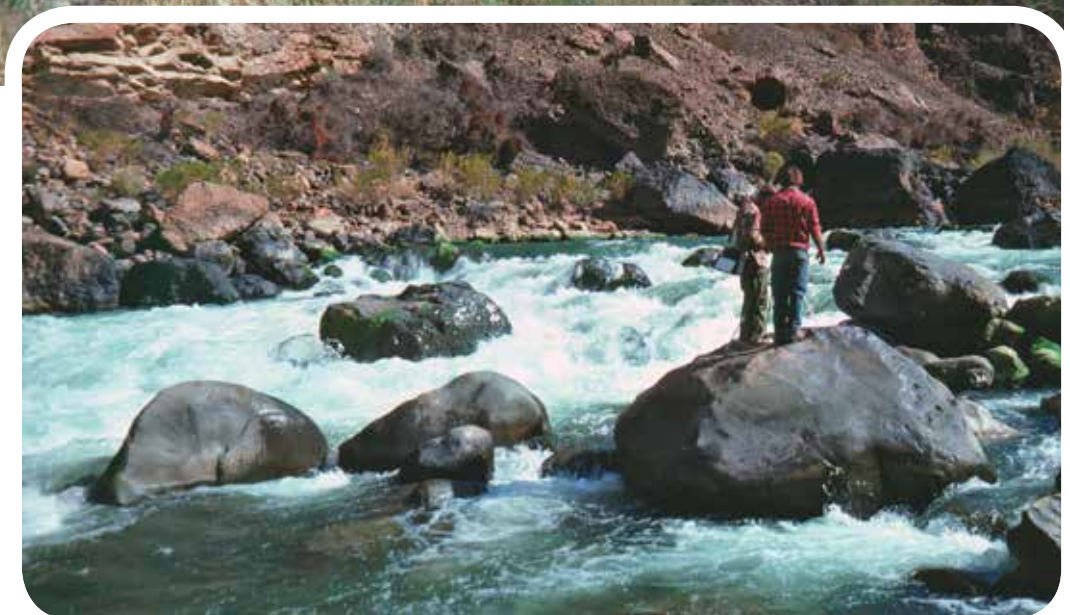
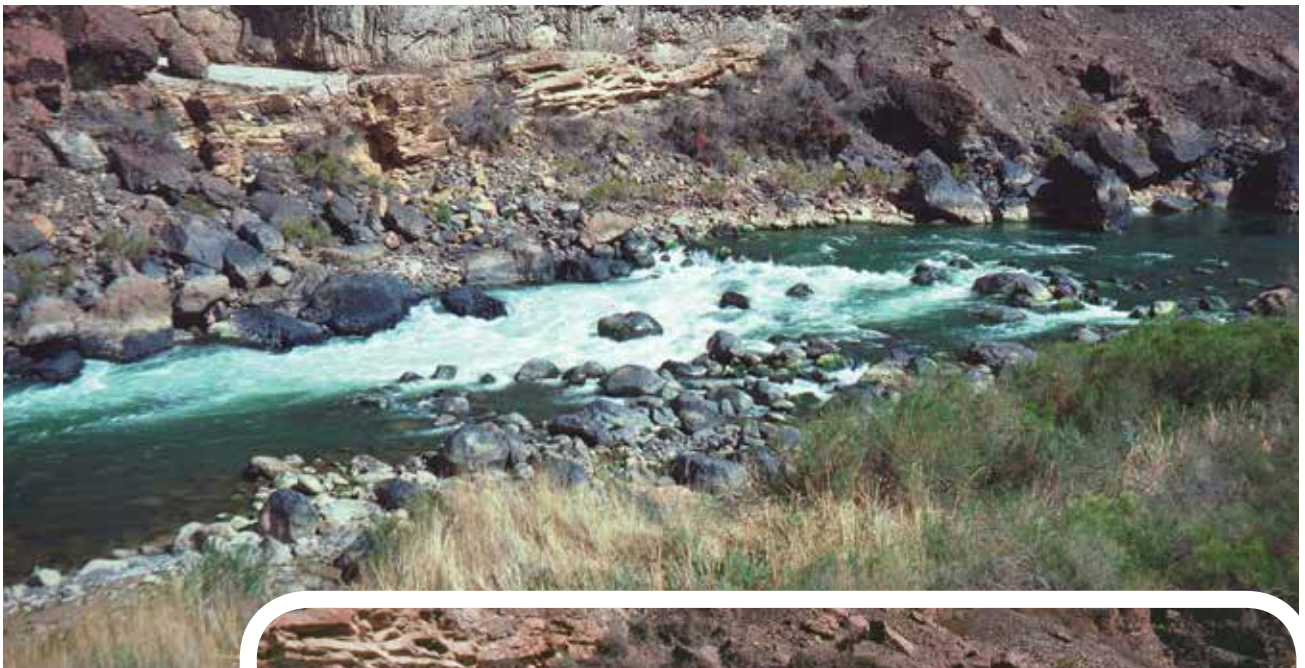
just before the Kahuna wave, and it flexed enough I was able to get the throttle handle out. I remember standing up—I looked up and there was nothing but a wall of white water in front of me. Just “Wham!” and I was forward again over the spare motors and rope sack. The boat stayed straight. The boat had an awesome run. But it stopped me, and surfed me to the left—off that end of the Kahuna wave. It was huge.

But that time, the motor handle *didn't* get stuck under the frame... We pulled in below. Turned out the Craigheads were coming back. I just was so hyper I couldn't wait. (laughter) I think they came through on the other boat, with Terry McCarthy. Yeah. So we ran Lava at, I think it was eight o'clock in the morning, and we ran to Pearce that day. Crossed the lake by moonlight. Got to Pearce at midnight or so. Then in the morning, the truck was there and we de-rigged and went home.

STEIGER: There you were, all trained up! (laughter)

B. DYE: There I was, all trained up. But then we couldn't run trips because the water was low, and they weren't running any motor trips. After that I hiked back into Badger to see what Badger looked like at low, and they were doing a one-to-three [*thousand CFS*] fluctuation then. On that 16,000, some trips had gotten down into the canyon, because it was kind of spring break—Easter time by then. I was sitting down there at Badger and Claire Quist came along with a trip, three rowboats, and they ran down kind of the left end of the tongue and then left. They didn't run just straight. That was all rocks out there, but to the left, there's a little jog to the left and then you can make it down through. Their third boat got hung up a few seconds. They walked their people, didn't take people through. I remember the boatmen jumped out—it was only waist deep in water—jerked the boat off the rock, and jumped back in. (laughs) Went on down and they disappeared. Then a little later Western came along. Two J-rigs. They stopped and scouted, and hemmed and hawed; then decided to camp, because it got late. I hiked out and camped up on top there on the reservation side. In the morning, the fluctuation had come and gone in the night. I watched them, they got up and fiddled around, did breakfast, hiked up Jackass Canyon, came back. I thought, “Well, maybe I'd better go tell somebody.” So I drove back to Kanab and told Ron Smith, and he called Jack Currey. If I remember rightly, they ended up hiking that trip back out Jackass... We didn't run any motor trips that year until the middle of June, when the water finally came up.

In May, we took another training trip through—three rowboats again, I think that odd British boat



Top: Low water at Badger Rapid, 1977.

Middle: Lava Falls, 1977.

Bottom: Bill Garrett and Terry McCarthy at Lava Falls, 1977. The rock to the right of the people forms the Domer Hole. (Can be seen just right of center in the middle photo as well.)



Above: Camp at Ryder Canyon, July 2, 1983, 80,000 CFS. Below: July 4, 1983, at the Little Colorado River



was one, and Nels had his Green River, also we had a Salmon River raft. There were just... Terry McCarthy and Goldie; Bob Morris from Jackson, Tim Mertons... just a few of us and the three boats. We had fourteen days to get through, I remember that. Low water in May, and it was windy. We had three mornings that we didn't have whitecaps on that trip, where it wasn't just howling wind.

We got in one walk. We'd camped at Carbon. Got up in the morning—the wind had just howled all night long—Nels got out into the current to try to row downstream, and the wind blew him up to the top of the rapid. We had to line his boat back down to the beach where he'd started. So we decided to go for a walk. We hiked all morning, came back for lunch and the wind had gone down some. We made it on down a ways.

But the next morning we were—coming in to Hance, I remember, I was with Terry McCarthy that day in one of the boats, I don't remember which one. I rowed Nevills. It was just kind of tucking in behind a rock. Then you'd look ahead and see, set yourself up to tuck in behind the next rock. There was nothing but rocks all the way through. We turned the corner to go to Hance, and there were just big whitecaps. We're creeping down the right shore. I'm sitting in the front of the boat with the bow line in hand, and a gust of wind hit us. Terry stuffed the boat in to shore, and I wrapped a rock. We'd just hunker. The wind would let up and I'd push the nose out and we'd make fifty feet more. Another gust would come and I'd wrap a rock. Finally we made it to Hance.

It was a right run. First we scouted on the left, we were looking around, and we could walk all the way out to the big rock above the duck pond. That was pretty amusing. Way out the ledge there, there's a Mercury motor way out there. Our run was down the right. Terry ran it. But I remember there were seven pools that had a chute of water going into them, and often two or three chutes going out. Each one, you had to memorize which chute to take to get into the right pool to continue the run, just so you could make it through. We were starting to walk back to the boats when all of a sudden we realized the water's coming up. We *ran* back to our boats, and ran it real fast.

Nels had a stopwatch going. It seemed like it took us two-and-a-half minutes to run upper Hance. But we had water coming. We ran on down to Phantom, and while we were at Phantom, the water came up. I think we had six, seven thousand. So we jumped on that, and I remember being with Nels below Phantom. We were taking turns running rapids. He wanted to run Crystal, so I ran Horn and Hermit, he ran Granite

and Crystal. We did a ghost run on the right side at Horn. I don't remember too much about Granite and Hermit. We ran down below 104-Mile, because we had heard from the Dales [*O.C. and Regan*], they had been down on a trip, and everybody portaged, even the kayaks, there at 104...or Emerald, as some call it now.

I can't remember who-all was on their trip... but they'd gotten back just before we took off, and they had portaged everything around that one, so we camped right below there—got down there late and camped below. So we kind of dodged that bullet.

\* \* \*

**STEIGER:** What was Ron Smith like back when you were starting up, just as a person and an outfitter?

**B. DYE:** I liked him a lot. He was very involved in the office, out in the warehouse, always joking and stuff. Had a good rapport with the guides. When I was first getting to know the company, I was still working for the Forest Service up at Jacob Lake, and I would come down and see George and Susan Billingsley on their days off. I remember going to boatmen parties at Ron's house. I got to know Ron and Art Gallenson several years before I worked for the company. Then Sheila, I remember, she was, you know, in my perspective, fine, in those earlier years. And Art [*Gallenson*] was, of course, all over and involved in everything. So that was good, and then early on I went to parties at his house, too. It was a few years later, more after Marc was kind of—they sold Canyonlands and Marc was kind of running the company a little bit...I'm not sure what-all was involved there... whether Ron and Sheila were starting to not get along or what, I have no idea for sure. I know Ron was spending more time with the Craigheads up in Jackson, and sometime along in there, he and Jana Craighead became good friends. And Art Gallenson left along in those years... Yeah, Earl Lieseberg made him an offer to come and manage Lake Mead Air, and Art realized the future was more certain there than it was at GCE, in his perspective. So it was time to make a move.

**STEIGER:** The Craigheads, weren't they ecologists?

**B. DYE:** Yes.

**STEIGER:** Pretty famous.

**B. DYE:** Mm-hm, they did a lot of grizzly bear studies in Yellowstone, northern Rockies. They were scientists, big in the grizzly bear studies, quite involved in Yellowstone, and actually somewhat at odds with the park over management of the bears—the way they thought they should be managed to maintain a population and keep them away from the public.

STEIGER: The park wasn't so adamant about separating the bears from the people?

B. DYE: Not then, evidently. Or didn't want to do things, didn't want to close their dumps down and keep the bears from becoming concentrated and so on. I don't know, there were some issues, I remember going on.

STEIGER: I ask about Ron Smith just because he doesn't want to be interviewed. I went and had a great visit with him. I found him really fascinating. It was right after the company had sold [to *Mike Denoyer and Marty Mathis and Don Saunders and Marc Smith*]. I'm not sure why he didn't want to do an interview, but he sure was a pioneer. There's a guy who never got his due for all the great things he contributed to us all, in terms of boat design and overall system stuff...and also, it was interesting to me, but I'm pretty sure it was his idea to get rid of motors. (laughs) I mean, wasn't he the first guy that actually said that out loud...didn't he actually go put that to the Park Service, himself?

B. DYE: I think he did. Yeah. And in '72, when they put in the user-day system, he was the largest rowing operator in Grand Canyon.

STEIGER: He *wanted* to be? Or he *was*?

B. DYE: He *was*. Yeah, he was running triple-rigs through Grand Canyon. He was the biggest rowing operator in 1972.

STEIGER: But then he quit doing rowing trips?

B. DYE: Well, the new user-day system penalized the rowing trip, and penalized the longer trip. He could make a *lot* more money on the shorter trip. That's my understanding, because of the user days.

STEIGER: Isn't that interesting? It's funny...that was *that* plan, and then this latest new plan we got—GCE used to run all these great one-boat motor trips, and then they got rid of that too, and now it's this launch date deal, which penalizes you if you run just a one-boater, where you're only making half of what you could otherwise make. That was heartbreaking to me too...Just forced them to go to all two-boaters. I used to think the one-boat motor trip was right up there with the very best trips you could do.

B. DYE: Ron Smith was also one of the first ones to realize side pontoons were handy. I remember him saying some of the other outfitters would joke about him, and kid him about his "training wheels" and stuff. (laughs)

STEIGER: Yeah, it didn't take long for everybody to have them.

B. DYE: No. He stopped turning over in Lava, and he could all of a sudden put a lot more people on a boat, and carry a lot more gear, and do it a lot safer. I think Hatch was probably about the last to give it up.

I can remember, I think it was September of '72 after I graduated, hiking down and being down by Lava and watching boats run, and seeing Hatch run down the left side [*without side tubes*]. Yeah, put the motors up and just bounce through the rocks down the left side. Carom and spin, and come out at the bottom.

\* \* \*

There was a little deal with Susan Billingsley at Badger. It was before I was actually working for the company, so probably '75—something like that. Susan was trained up and was running her first trip in the canyon, but it wasn't a regular trip, it was a charter trip, and just a one-boat. GCE had a regular two-boat trip launching at the same time, and Susan was traveling with them, she was actually to pick up people at Lava. That's when the helicopter pad was above Lava, right above that camp in the cove on the left. She was going to pick up people there, spend one night on the river, and unload them at Diamond Creek the next morning. And that was her very first trip. Mary Beth Riffey—John Riffey, the Toroweap ranger's wife—was swamping for her. Susan came down, and evidently she was running Badger first, and she missed the entry a little to the right, and the rocks were out, and she hung up there.

So bow left, hung up on those rocks. She still had her motor, and could run the motor and stuff, but they couldn't maneuver it off the rocks. The other boats were above, and they unloaded. I'd seen them off at Lees Ferry. While they were having lunch, I hiked in to Badger to watch them run, just for something to do. I was there on river left, and they dumped all the people off and got a bunch of rope together. They hovered above the rapid, tied a seat cushion to the end of a rope and lowered it down to Susan, and she tied it to her boat. They couldn't pull it off. I think the boat they were trying to pull with, it started to do something funny with all that, and they had to cut the rope.

So then they thought, well, maybe if the boat was lighter weight, it may be more maneuverable and stuff. So they came and got me, and with the help of some of the passengers we basically unloaded that rescue boat. We took the food box off, we took the big cooler out of the back off...So then they got back out there, and they tried to do it, and pretty much the same thing happened again, and they ended up losing all their ropes, so they had no bow line extensions. We tied all the bags and everything on with ropes back then. They had nothing to tie bags on with. Susan pulled the ropes in after they cut them, so she had all the ropes.

So they ended up running Badger and camping on the left at the bottom. They didn't have any rope, so George asked me to hike out and call Ron Smith, tell him what's up. So I did that, and I camped up on the rim that night, on the reservation side, where you look straight down at the rapid. I hiked back in, in the morning, and Marc Smith hiked in with a backpack of rope and told George to leave. George was trip leader on the regular trip. It was George Billingsley and Dan Merrill on that trip. And that was really hard for George to head downstream and leave his wife parked there at Badger.

STEIGER: But meanwhile, Susan and Mary Beth Riffey had spent the night on the boat?

B. DYE: Yeah, there was no way to get them to shore... So Marc Smith's plan was—he had a Sportyak and he was going to float down from Lees Ferry in that and just float into the boat, and jump on the boat. He hiked down beforehand with the ropes for the other trip and looked it over. He stopped actually and talked to me for a little bit about it. I think he was a little antsy, a little bit nervous, about all this. But he floated into that boat, floated in sideways. When he got to the boat, he stood up in the Sportyak and just flopped up into—you know, put his arms up, and Mary Beth and Susan grabbed his arms and pulled him up. And the instant that Sportyak hit the tube, the current just sucked it under the boat—gone.

STEIGER: Oh my God!

B. DYE: But under there, it was actually enough flotation that it evidently lifted the boat a little bit off of whatever it was kind of hung up on—or at least *more* hung up on—because they fired up the motor, and Susan and Mary Beth pushed off the rocks, and away they went! (laughter) You know, within five minutes of when Marc Smith was on that boat, they were floating again, they were off! And the Sportyak came out from under the boat, and they gathered it up, and went off around the corner.

STEIGER: And then Marc Smith went with them?

B. DYE: Yeah. I don't know whether he went to Phantom, or just what he did, but he went downstream with them... Maybe Ron wanted somebody *with* Susan for a little while after that, kind of as a security.

STEIGER: Yeah, well, it being her first trip. She is awful tough, though. I mean...

B. DYE: Oh yeah.

STEIGER: Pretty well-equipped to deal with whatever. I'm sure that didn't slow her down.

B. DYE: Uh-huh. No.

STEIGER: Pretty hairball move on the part of Marc Smith, though...

B. DYE: Yeah. Because nobody was with him when he hiked in. Then he goes back up and floats down. Then that Sportyak, it was just *instantly* under the boat. If he hadn't have stood up, and Mary Beth and Susan got a grip on him, he would have been under the boat too... That could have been serious.

STEIGER: Yeah, and no other boats around to help him, either.

B. DYE: No, nobody else around, nobody coming for several more hours.

\* \* \*

B. DYE: Another trip, later down there, it was about '79, I think. Fox—Blake Hopkins—had just gotten married to Maryanne Allred—called her Red—and Ron Smith gave them a training trip for a wedding present. So Fox and Red and Bake [*Mike Riebeck*] and I, in two rowing rafts, went down there. Water was pretty low, it was springtime, and we were scouting Crystal. In higher water the previous summer one of our boatmen—Goog was his nickname [*Gary Baroset*—had hit at the top of Crystal, and was floating around towards the right channel changing motors. We were running twenty-horse Mercs then, and Goog knocked the motor that he had hit off the side of the boat, into the river. So when we came along on this trip, the water was low enough that you could walk out there and the motor was out of the water. So Bake and I carried the motor up into the bushes and hid it. Then later that summer on a two-boat motor trip, when the water was getting a little higher and we weren't so concerned about hitting our own motors as much—we carried two spare twenty-horse Mercs on each motor-rig in those days—well we just left one of them home and hiked up into the bushes, lugged this old motor out... set it down on the motorboard on the spare rack. Then when we got home, we took it into the bunkhouse at Grand Canyon Expeditions in Kanab and put it in Goog's bed, in his room, and covered it over with the covers. We closed the curtains so it'd be dark, and put a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob. Goog was on the other week [*rotation*], so he knew nothing about it. Unfortunately we weren't there to watch his reaction. But he got home and he's tired. He sees the "Do Not Disturb" sign on his door and everything, and then he stewes around for a little while. "What's going' on here?!" He stewes around about it for a few more minutes. Finally he says, "I'm going in there, whoever that is! This is my room and *my* bed!" So he charges in there and flips the light on and there's this lump in the bed. He runs up and he whips the covers back. (laughs) There's his motor from Crystal,



laying there in bed. Kind of like that horse head in *The Godfather*. (laughter)

\* \* \*

Did a trip once with Bake [*Mike Riebeek*]. We had whitecaps all the way to—we camped above North—at 19-Mile or whatever it is up there. It didn't have nearly as many bushes or anything on it, was a more open camp. And the wind just howled. I remember waking up in the morning, we had—there were a couple of people out there by the beachfront actually had dunes over them. (laughter) They duned-over in the night. There was one guy, when he breathed out, a little spurt of sand would come out. He was still asleep and he was breathing sand out, a little spout of sand every time he'd exhale.

I remember we made our way down there—got through Hance and it started being rain showers. This is in May, 10TH of May, something like that. We camped at Schist and it was still raining. We'd done a bunch of hot water, got the coffeepot out and did a couple of pots of coffee that night. And all hunkered in for the night—we didn't have tents or anything then, of course, everybody's just under their sheet of plastic. Including us on the boats, we were just under our little sheets of plastic too. We wake up in the morning and it's snowing. There's actually snow sticking to the ground just a couple hundred feet up. And the people were cold. They'd gotten up before us, fired up the Coleman stove, already had a pot of coffee going, and they just poured more grounds in the coffeepot. I think we did three pots of coffee that morning without changing the grounds or anything. That was when the Park was first trying to get us to strain our stuff and Marc Smith had come up with this idea of hooking a life jacket buckle on a coffee can, and putting a screen on the bottom of it. We'd clip the can on a D-ring on the back of the boat, and we'd go back to the motorwell and lean over, strain everything. Bake was back there screening the coffee and I was back in the motorwell on the other boat doing something. I remember he said, "Bob!" and he looked over, and Bake could get great expressions. He had this classic expression. He looked into the strainer and he looked at me. He reaches over and pulls this mouse out of the strainer. (laughter) A mouse had gotten into the coffeepot and drowned in the middle of the night. (laughter) And we'd boiled that mouse three more times in the morning with all that coffee.

\* \* \*

STEIGER: I have learned more stuff from you—not necessarily even directly from you, but from people that work for GCE who learned it from you—I can't tell you how many things. There's all this stuff you found, like up Stone Creek, the roasting pit there. How did you find that?

B. DYE: The roasting pit at Stone Creek—we were on an Evergreen College dory trip [*with GCE*], and we'd hiked up while doing a layover...hiked up Galloway, and come out on top of the Tapeats, and we came down Hirsch's Crack.

STEIGER: You weren't even going up into Stone Creek?

B. DYE: No. We were coming up Galloway and going down Hirsch's Crack. We came out on the ridge instead of just going down the hillside back into Galloway. Some of the kids and I went out and contoured below the Tapeats out to the end of the ridge and looked off down into Stone Creek. There had been a flood down there some time in the previous winter. I could see a gray mark on the side of the floodline. I always carried binoculars, and I got the binocs out and looked at it, saw what it was, and went down off the side of the ridge and looked at it. Thought it was pretty cool.

\* \* \*

B. DYE: There was another little trip I did a long time ago just on my own. It was a sneak trip. Ron Smith had this tiny little raft, only had twelve-inch tubes. It was something like eight feet long, and not real wide—orange. He'd been experimenting with pigment in the neoprene, trying to get away from painting boats. But the pigment seemed to alter—it would make the neoprene soft and not durable. I don't know if it was UV-proof or anything, but it was just an experimental boat he'd made, sitting in the warehouse. He had a little rowing frame for it, and little pinned oars. So I made a floorboard and took it all down incrementally on two motor trips and stashed it below Lava, above 182 where that big cinder hill comes down on the right and there's the big tamarisk thicket.

Then I had a trip off in September, and I had a guy from Kanab drive me out and drop me off at the dry lake out there. I hiked west over the lava flows and down all the cinder hills...I had looked on a topo map and kind of had a dotted line, which worked, except it got dark on me on the way down. Late driving out or something. I actually was going to bivouac on a little ridge, because I had my sleeping bag with me, and enough water. I was prepared for that. So I got like a third of the way down and was going to bivouac. I was

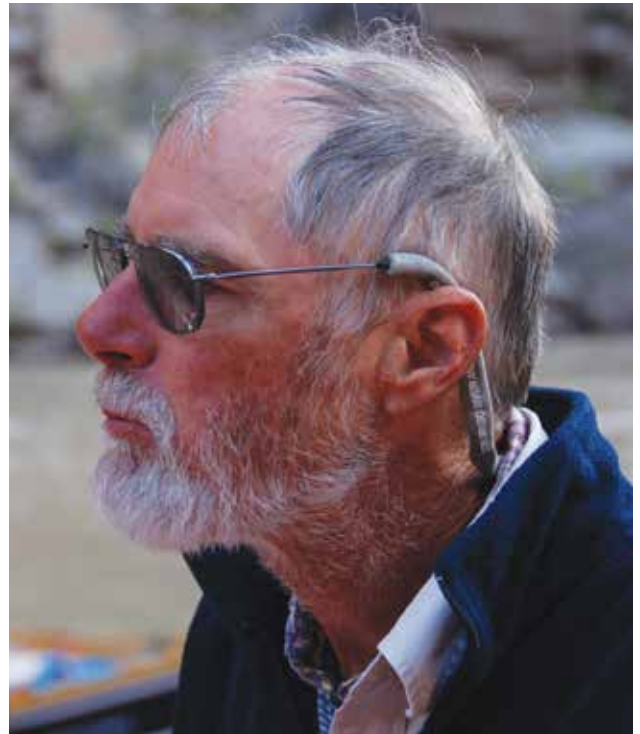
there for a little while and the moon came out. It was a full moon, bright, so I started on down. I got—actually further up that one big cinder hill really—well you can kind of look up to it from the river, but you're looking straight up the slope. But I was on the side of the cinder cone and moving, slowed down and everything, and all of a sudden I wasn't in soft cinders anymore. It was getting to be just loose cinders over a hard surface, and it got kind of scary. There was a white rock, it was white in the moonlight, anyway, sitting there, and I remember I just sat on this little white rock that was just big enough to sit on.

It got a little lighter, and I was looking around. I realized that just like ten feet to my right the texture of the surface was different. I was able to scamper back up a ways, like fifty feet or so, and cross over, and it was loose cinders over there. So I was able to continue on down. I'm not sure what I'd have done if I hadn't figured that out. I might have tried to go back up and find a place to camp or something, and do it in the daylight. But that was a moment, coming down. But it all went well, except the little bellows pump Marc Smith had given me to blow it up with—I got down there and it wouldn't work. The boat would take shape, but that's about all. But I knew a GCE trip was running Lava that morning—O'Connor [Dale] and his uncle Jim Behr. When they came by, I waved them in and traded them pumps. I gave them the bellows pump and they traded me one of the old

military pumps GCE was using then. But when the boats pulled in, my boat was on a little bit of a beach right there, and had a few twigs on it. They nudged it slightly when they pulled the motor-rig in, and a stick had evidently poked a hole in the side of my boat. I had a repair kit, fortunately, but I didn't realize it was leaking until I got on the water. The hole was right at the water line, blowing bubbles. This was going to be like a ten-day trip, so my first stop was just down there about 190 mile. I was going to hike that canyon on the left up to the Ridenour Mine up on the Esplanade. So I got down to a clump of bushes there, just above where that granite knob sticks out from the right. I had de-rigged my boat, which was easy, and pulled the boat up in the shade of the tamarisk, kind of on the backside because it was getting to be midday, and I wanted shade. I was just getting ready to patch it when a helicopter came flying up at about a hundred feet over the water. Fortunately they were low enough that I was behind the tamarisk bush. I always wondered if that was the park, or who that was in that helicopter. It's like—was I not busted because my boat had a hole in it...?

But it was a fun little boat. I ran right down the middle of everything, surfed a little bit on the lateral at 232, I remember...I'd do a bonkers hike one day, and then I'd just have a total river day. River day, hike day.

**STEIGER:** Did you carry all your food down on your back for that?



Then and now. Photo (right): Allen Gilberg

B. DYE: No, I had stashed food. I had two rocket boxes and a mortar box. The mortar box was square. It was just a cube... The only problem I had in the waves was in the little riffles where it got choppy all around. I had little short oars, and two rocket boxes lengthwise on the floorboard. By crossing my legs and putting one leg over the other, I could fit my legs between them. But my legs were high enough that I couldn't get the oars real far out of the water, so those little choppy waves would slap the oar blades, and they were pinned oars so I couldn't feather them. But on the bigger rapids, the waves were broad enough that wasn't a problem. That was just kind of a fun little trip I did.

I had wanted to hike up 214-Mile Canyon and go to the Snyder Mine—find the trail out of there and go up. So I waited around, “Okay, it's a little late for anybody to be needing this camp...” Finally I went down and I was hungry. I had my backpacking stove, was cooking rice on top of the rocket box. Here comes AZRA—paddleboat, rowing raft, snout rig, and they'd had an issue up at Pumpkin with a lady on one of their inner tubes they had then. The boil had surged her into an angle of a wall and she couldn't get out. They'd had to hike back up from the Pumpkin and lower ropes down and bring her up the wall, which was why they were so late getting there. Bob Melville was leading the trip, and he was a little tweaked because I was there, just one person. It took me a minute, just like “Bob, of course you can camp here, I don't care. And if it bothers you, I'll move down a hundred yards to the next beach.” Because there was another little beach just down there. And it was just me.

But once he found out that it was all good, it was all good. Bob said “Nah, stay right here.” And that was quite entertaining! That was their party night. It was quite a deal—for me, it was kind of an eye-opener just seeing their cook get—I think a stack of seven stainless steel milk pails as their pots and pans, and a 14-inch Dutch oven that Bob cooked a huge cornbread in. They had their big clam chowder and quite a lot of stuff. I remember Suzanne Jordan spent hours, it seemed, grating two huge carrot salads. Martha Clark and some other guy streaked through the camp after dark, naked. (laughter) Yeah, I can't remember some of the other names that were there, but they managed to find a bottle of rum in the bottom of the snout rig, made a bucket of punch. So everybody had a good time...

STEIGER: Well, you have done a lot of hiking by yourself.

B. DYE: Yes.

STEIGER: A lot of solo hiking. That's an interesting way to go.

B. DYE: Yeah, you can just...you know, if you see something, you divert, and it's not impacting anybody else's experience. Even when I was a kid growing up, I was hiking by myself. My dad would go out sometimes and show me stuff, because he hiked all over that country where I grew up. But it was mostly discovering it on my own.

So I built up a confidence. I could find my way around, was good at reading topo maps. A lot of times, when I'd be here after the river season, all the other boatmen would be gone, or couldn't go hiking, there was just nobody to go with. So it's either go or not.

STEIGER: So the whole point—stashing that boat down there—was because you wanted to look at all those canyons?

B. DYE: I wanted to go hiking, yeah. I did that hike to the Ridenour Mine, and I went up on Parashant, to the Copper Mountain Mine. Went up there and went up Andrus Canyon and came out on the old airstrip, hiked across the Esplanade to the mine and then contoured the top of the Redwall back down to Andrus and back down. That was a full day. I did the 214-Mile Canyon walk. I spent all day at 209-Mile. Went up to the top of the Redwall there. That's a pretty canyon.

STEIGER: That's some remote country, boy. You were out in it.

B. DYE: Mm-hm. Yeah, on that trip the one thing I forgot was spices. I got down there, and you know, backpacking foods—all that stuff is pretty bland without a little salt or something. But my first hike was up the canyon there on the left, at 190-Mile or so, and cutting over to the Ridenour Mine...in one of the shacks up there, was a little jar. It had a little metal lid with holes poked in it, and it was three-quarters full of salt. (laughter) Wahoo! Had a couple ants and stuff too, but I didn't care. That was my spice kit for the trip.

\* \* \*

B. DYE: I did bald eagle surveys for four different years at Nankoweap when they were doing the EIS studies for the dam. Those were always interesting. Bryan Brown, of course, was always there, and Teresa Yates. One year I was there 52 nights.

STEIGER: What was your daily routine?

B. DYE: We had an observation point that was right on the point, at the base of the Redwall cliff between the creek and where it curved over towards the ruins. There's a slight overhang there, and we'd sit there, because you could look off to the left into the creek too. Sometimes eagles were up there getting fish, and you could see all over the delta and the whole rapid

and everything. So it was a good place to be. We'd do half-day shifts. There'd be like three people up there all morning, and then a replacement crew of three more or so would come up in the afternoon. Every once in a while for some reason there'd just be two of us, because we'd change personnel periodically—some of the people would come and go. So you switch back and forth, and then you do that six days a week; one day a week you had a mandatory day off. You could hang in camp, you could go hiking. If you hiked up Nankoweap or Little Nankoweap, you had to get off of the delta by daylight, so you had to start in the dark, so you wouldn't have any visual impact on the survey, because they didn't want human interaction with what was going on. Of course there *was* some, because there were tons of research trips going by all the time. But boat trips didn't faze them much, they were okay. It was people on the ground that spooked 'em. We had a few backpackers come in at times.

STEIGER: Maybe just sketch out the scene there?

B. DYE: Well, the deal was, the trout were running up Nankoweap Creek to spawn.

We'd go down there in January and leave early March sometime. This is a trout-spawning locality, and—you know, they weren't trying to kill them around the Little Colorado then. We usually had a hydrologist along. I know Bill Leibfried was there at times. Randy... What was Randy's last name?

STEIGER: The fish guy. The Dutch guy, Van... something? [Van Haverbeke]

B. DYE: The fish guy, yeah... So we had gauges in the river monitoring fluctuations, and we were trying to see if there was a correlation between fluctuation and the ability of the trout to move up the creek. There was only one time that I recall being up there first thing in the morning when it appeared the trout had a hard time getting up the creek... pretty much I think the consensus was there wasn't too much river stuff going on that affected the trout moving up into the creek.

We'd see wildlife, we'd see deer cruising around. We'd see coyotes. We saw coyotes interact with the eagles. We'd see coyotes catch fish. Usually when the eagles would have a fish, the coyote would.... (STEIGER: Try to steal it?) Yeah, and they'd bluff. We never saw them steal anything. There used to be a big log there for the first couple of years before it washed away in the flood, and the eagles would perch all along this huge old cottonwood log. We'd see a coyote come along, and they'd actually put a paw up on the log and smell the eagles' feet and stuff, because there's fish smell there.

STEIGER: They weren't trying to eat the eagles?

B. DYE: No, they weren't trying to eat the eagles.

And there's a golden eagle there that was watching all this, and it learned to catch trout. The behavior was totally different between the two eagles, because a bald eagle would catch a fish, and immediately other eagles would try to steal it. I think they'd rather steal a fish than catch it.

STEIGER: So they weren't all bald eagles?

B. DYE: They were primarily bald eagles. Not every day would we see a golden. But once in a while we'd see a golden, and the golden would come in, be down and land by the creek, and within seconds it would have a fish. With the bald eagles, they'd sit there, and sometimes they'd stand there for an hour or two and watch fish go back and forth.

STEIGER: Couldn't quite figure it out?

B. DYE: Yeah. We had a lot of juveniles there, a much higher proportion of juveniles than you'd see in a typical bald eagle population. As soon as a bald eagle would catch a fish, it'd be this kind of free-for-all to see who finally ended up with the fish. The ravens, there's lots of ravens there, and there'd be like twenty ravens around an eagle with a fish. A raven would come up and pull a tail feather on the eagle, and the eagle would turn around to huff at the raven, while three or four ravens would leap in from the front and be just madly pecking on the fish. It's kind of a humorous thing. A golden eagle would come in, catch a fish, and the golden eagle would mantle over it, and nothing screwed around with that golden eagle—no bald eagle would try to take its fish away, the ravens wouldn't get real close.

STEIGER: Were the golden eagles bigger than the bald eagles?

B. DYE: No, they're smaller, but they're a meaner bird, I guess. Maybe "meaner" is not the right word, but they were more intense about it. We actually saw one coyote off to our left in the creek, right at the upper end—you know 600 meters up the creek—and it caught a trout. It was this huge chase up the creek, water flying and everything, and it catches this trout. The coyote has that narrow snout, and we're talking a twelve-inch trout or something, so this trout's sticking out like four inches on either side of the [*coyote's*] mouth. The coyote was trotting away from the creek with this trout, and all of a sudden it dropped its trout and ran into a tamarisk bush—*fast!* This golden eagle was in a stoop from the top of the Redwall behind us, and the coyote saw it coming. This golden eagle came down and was on that trout in a flash.

STEIGER: The golden eagle was just going to take it away from that coyote?

B. DYE: Yeah, he took that trout away, and that coyote wasn't going to hang around for that eagle

to reach him. He dropped his fish and ran into a bush. So that was really interesting to see... Yeah, it was quite a deal. A lot of times we'd have twelve, maybe fifteen eagles around at a time. I think our maximum count that we were aware of was 26 at one time. I remember it was all we could do with three of us to keep track of 26 eagles. No time to gaze at the sky or look anywhere else—we were just basically keeping track of what was in front of us.

There was one year when the creek hadn't flooded and there was no loose gravel, and there weren't as many trout moving up the creek. There were eagles around—not too many, but some eagles, and of course lots of ravens. The eagles weren't really catching very many fish, and the ravens would catch a fish in the shallows between pools. They kept grabbing it by a fin, and they would eventually drag it out, and there'd be an eagle in a mesquite or something right above it, and you'd see the raven pull the trout out, and then it'd turn around and look at the eagle, like, "Here it is, buddy." The ravens, their beaks aren't really strong enough to get through the skin and into the flesh of a good-sized trout. They can get the eyeball and maybe the gills or something a little bit, but they can't really get to the flesh, is what Bryan Brown was telling us. So they'd get this trout out and basically dead, out of the water, and then finally the eagle would come down and then the ravens would be there for harassment and scraps.

So the ravens, that one year, for a while [*did the work*]. And then we had a flood down Nankoweap and it loosened up the gravel in the creek. Evidently, I don't know if the trout can smell that fresh gravel or what, but all of a sudden there were lots of trout in the creek. And then more opportunities, a few more eagles and stuff.

STEIGER: But then they electro-shocked all the trout, huh? Is that kind of what's happened there?

B. DYE: I'm sure there's trout there, but yeah, there were those years when they were doing electroshocking. Not as far up as Nankoweap, but up as far as Kwagunt, trying to reduce numbers there for the chub fingerling survival.

STEIGER: Do you think it still goes on with the eagles? I mean, are they still showing up there?

B. DYE: I have no idea. I know for a year or two afterwards I would occasionally talk to somebody that backpacked in there and thought they'd seen an eagle or two. I think they still winter—because they winter through Marble too, there'd be an occasional eagle.

STEIGER: They like to come in there and hang out?

B. DYE: Yeah, because there's fish and ducks and



The team of Donna Koster and Bob Dye. Photos: Allen Gilberg

stuff. We'd see the eagles try to catch ducks too. So that was always entertaining.

\* \* \*

STEIGER: Was there a time for you when you decided, "Alright, this is it. This is what I'm going to do?"

B. DYE: Well, I didn't decide. The GCE guys I knew back then, they did it five, six, seven years and then they went back out and pursued their real life. So that was kind of my mind—"Well, I'll just do this for a few years and then go get a job." Work for the Forest Service or the BLM or somebody somewhere, doing something. It just kind of kept going on, and was a good thing. I was having a good time and liked the guys I was working with. For a long time I just did it on a year-by-year basis. Along after, I don't know, twenty, 25 years... "Maybe this is more than a year-to-year thing."

And there were getting to be more... other guides that had been around when I started who were still

doing it, making it look like more of a real deal, more of a career. It really helped, of course, to have my partner, Donna Koster, working with me the last 23 years of running motor trips.

STEIGER: Well, it strikes me, sitting here in your beautiful home—there's a bunch of us out there who did not manage our affairs quite so well. I mean it seems like it must have taken some discipline on your part to be here. You have this beautiful piece of property, this stunning house you've built for yourself. I can't describe this for the tape, but this is a *gorgeous* house with all kinds of little loving touches everywhere you turn. (laughs)

B. DYE: Yeah, a lot of those loving touches are Donna for sure.

STEIGER: Well, we're looking out a pretty awesome picture window right here. There's pigeons and quail running around, all manner of flowers and whatnot.

B. DYE: Mm-hm.

STEIGER: Is that just being smart with your money, or what?

B. DYE: Mm-hm. I don't know, I was just—didn't spend a lot of money, I guess. Always had a little tucked away. Actually this is the second house I've had here in Kanab. I was able to swing it all and never go into debt, I think that was a big part of it.

STEIGER: You got a mortgage to buy the property, or no?

B. DYE: No.

STEIGER: Paid cash for it?

B. DYE: Yeah. When it was Donna and I here, we split it. My first house was before Donna, and I just bought it. I had just enough savings to buy the house.

STEIGER: Boy, that would save you a ton on interest, wouldn't it?

B. DYE: Yeah. That's what I said. Never had a debt, never had a mortgage, never did any of that. And I never have done anything more than a part-time job. Somehow I managed. I worked part-time for the Forest Service about eight months a year, for the four years I worked there. And since I've been running the river it's been five, six months a year. I've been able to make a go of it.

STEIGER: When it's not the river season, what has been your typical M.O. there?



Photo: Allen Gilberg

B. DYE: Well, I would hang out and camp a lot, you know, spring and fall. I was here, camping and hiking and stuff, and Ron was gracious enough to let me stay in the company bunkhouse—not all winter, but in the shoulder seasons. So I had a base camp, and that was free; and the whole time I was working temporary for the Forest Service, the government housing was basically free. They charged us rent, but it was like \$10 a month. So I didn't have that expense, and when I wasn't here, I would go back to California, Warner Springs, where I grew up. My dad passed away in '73, and my mom was carrying on with the mineral business, but the only gem and mineral show she'd go to was the big show in Tucson every February. I would go back and help her for a couple of months to get ready for that, then we'd go sell and stuff. Then I'd spend another few weeks there. Spent a lot of time down in the Anza Borrego Desert hiking around out there, then come back here in March or so and start doing it again. I'd help out too when I was here in the spring or fall with things. They'd be doing stuff in the warehouse and would need a hand for a bit. So that was probably a large part of it too—able to dodge a lot of living expenses all those years. I don't know, it's just the way I've always been.

Always just try to live simply, not spend any more than I needed to. I bought a few books. Yeah, I have... not a big book collection, but a few.

# Businesses Offering Support

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

- Apex Brewing Supply**—Brewing Equipment 916/918-9058  
**Artisan Metal Works**—Custom Fabrication 928/773-4959  
**Aspen Sports**—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935  
**Blue Sky Woodcraft**—Dories and repairs 970/963-0463  
**Bright Angel Bicycles & Cafe at Mather Pt.**—928/814-8704  
**Canyon Arts**—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873  
**Canyon Books**—Canyon & River books 928/779-0105  
**Canyon R.E.O.**—River equipment rental 928/774-3377  
**Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture**—206/323-3277  
**CC Lockwood**—Photography books 225/769-4766  
**Ceiba Adventures**—Equipment & boat rentals 928/527-0171  
**Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ**—928/355-2228  
**Design and Sales Publishing Company**—520/774-2147  
**Down By The River Productions/FaheyFoto**—928/226-7131  
**Entrance Mountain Natural Health**—360/376-5454  
**EPF Classic & European Motorcycles**—928/778-7910  
**Five Quail Books**—Canyon & River books 928/776-9955  
**Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed**—928/773-9406  
**Fran Sarena, NCMT**—Body work 928/773-1072  
**Fretwater Press**—Holmstrom & Hyde books 928/774-8853  
**Funhog Press**—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788  
**Hell's Backbone Grill**—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464  
**Herptech Metalworks**—Biologically-inspired art 435/335-7464  
**High Desert Boatworks**—Dories & Repairs 970/882-3448  
**Humphreys Summit**—boating & skiing gear 928/779-1308  
**Inner Gorge Trail Guides**—Backpacking 877/787-4453  
**J Nautical Ventures**—360/296-2747  
**Jack's Plastic Welding**—drybags & paco pads 800/742-1904  
**Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS**—Dentist 928/779-2393  
**Kathy Oliver, -CPA** 928/853-2403  
**KC Publications**—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673  
**Kingsmark Kennels**—Flagstaff pet boarding 928/526-2222  
**The Kirk House B&B**—Friday Harbor, WA 800/639-2762  
**Kristen Tinning, NCMT**—Rolfling & massage 928/525-3958  
**Laughing Bird Adventures**—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167  
**Marble Canyon Lodge**—928/355-2225  
**Marble Canyon Metal Works**—928/355-2253  
**Mark Allen Productions**—Film & Video 801/709-1676  
**Dr. Mark Falcon**—Chiropractor 928/779-2742  
**Moenkopi Riverworks**—boat rentals & gear 928/526-6622  
**Mom's Stuff Salve**—435/462-2708  
**Mountain Angels Trading Co.**—Jewelry 800/808-9787  
**Mountain Sports**—928/226-2885  
**Patrick Conley**—Realtor 928/779-4596  
**Plateau Restoration**—Conservation Adventures 435/259-7733  
**Professional River Outfitters**—Rental boats & gear 928/779-1512  
**Randy Rohrig**—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064  
**Rescue Specialists**—Rescue & 1ST Aid 509/548-7875  
**River Art & Mud Gallery**—River folk art 435/648-2688  
**River Gardens Rare Books**—First editions 435/648-2688  
**River Rat Raft and Bike**—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777  
**Rivers & Oceans Travel**—La Paz, Baja sailing 800/473-4576  
**RiverGear.com**—Put "GUIDZ" for discount code at checkout  
**Rubicon Adventures**—Mobile CPR & 1ST Aid 707/887-2452  
**RuffStuff**—Off-road Fabrication 916/600-1945  
**Sanderson Carpet Cleaning**—Page, AZ 928/645-3239  
**Sierra Rescue**—WFR and swiftwater classes 800/208-2723  
**Sunrise Leather**—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575  
**The Summit**—Boating equipment 928/774-0724  
**Tele Choice**—Phone rates 866/277-8660  
**Teva**—928/779-5938  
**Westwater Books**—Waterproof river guides 800/628-1326  
**Wet Dreams**—River Equipment and Sewing 928-864-7091  
**Wilderness Medical Associates**—888/945-3633  
**Willow Creek Books**—Coffee & gear 435/644-8884  
**Winter Sun**—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884

## Care To Join Us?

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

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

\$40 1-year membership

\$175 5-year membership

\$350 Life membership

\$500 Benefactor\*

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

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

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

\$15 Baseball cap (classic style or soft mesh cap)

\$8 Insulated GCRG 20th Anniversary mug

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

Box 1934  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

# boatman's quarterly review

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT  
ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
MEDFORD, OR  
PERMIT NO. 110



---

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

---



Photo: Shyanne Yazzie