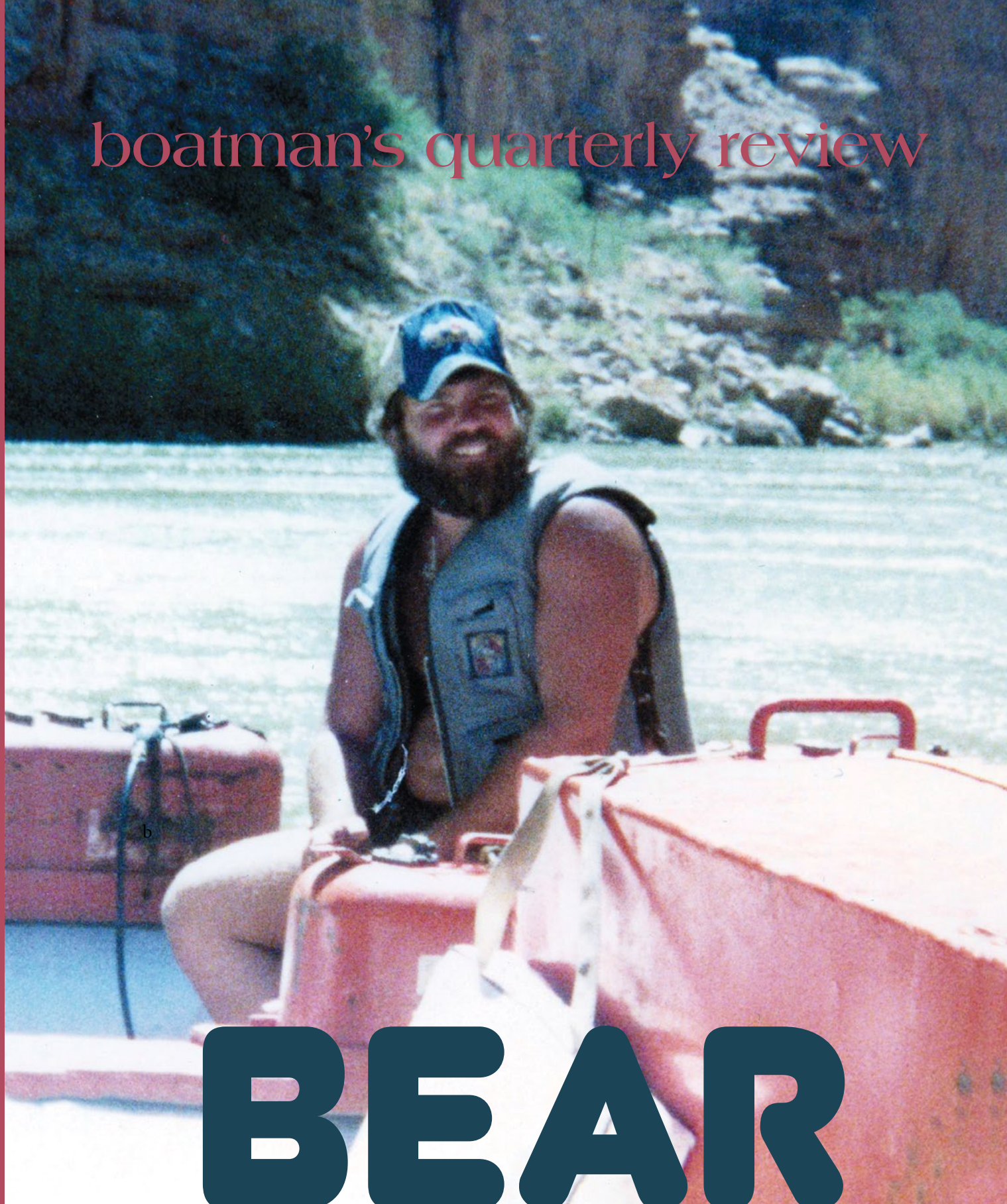


boatman's quarterly review



BEAR

Prez Blurb • Farewells • Guide Profile • Thanks, Superintendent Lehnertz
GTS Land and River • Ending Uranium Mining • Lees Ferry Cemetery • Living in Place
Back of the Boat • Books • Quoth the Raven • Cooler Research • Point Positive

boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1ST of February, May, August and November. Thanks!
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Prez Blurb

SO, THE SEASON BEGINS. Always an exciting but trying time. It's like the first day of skiing—even with working out to be in shape for it, it's a shock to the body. As is so often the case on the first day of a river trip, a front is moving in and by early afternoon the wind is howling—thirty with gusts of forty knots. Very little headway can be made. After a very hard row we park the five dories and motor-rig at 6-Mile Wash for the night. It was a port quartering wind which caused the right side of my back to be strained which I will suffer from the rest of the sixteen days. It's one thing to have a trip under your belt but to have wind like this out of the gate is a cruel reminder of what it takes to perform in our profession. I truly think that the river is forced to flow uphill from Navajo Bridge to that first right turn. The original northeast flowing profile is still intact. Two-foot whitecaps break on the stern. It's a little better after the turn. The second day breaks clear and cold with wind but not as bad we make it to North Canyon, hike and decide to camp.

As we move downstream the weather warms and improves. The flows are 11,000–15,000 CFS but according to the Phantom gage it flattens out to 12,000–14,000, a very narrow span between the low and the high. Unspoken but in our minds is Crystal, a very "tweener" stage. On the good side, no real strategy is needed to contemplate and the rest of the gorge will not pose any special problems, just the normal ones which are ample.

Day 7: Hell to pay at Crystal. Leave Trinity and run Granite, Hermit, and Boucher without mishap. Stop to scout Crystal as we have not come to a conclusion as to which side, left or right, will offer the best outcome. Looking at the entry markers on the right, it appears much like last year when we went left without problems, and without objections we choose left thus eliminating walking the guests around and picking them up below the point on the right. Upon entering, I realize it's bigger and as I slide by the Slate Creek lateral which I kissed last year, it would surely flip me today. Too late to change one's mind now. Fortunately, things go well and I stay off the wall and run the lower portion without mishap. As we collect at "Thank God Eddy", we're only four boats. I keep looking upstream for the fifth. Finally I see movement on the island—not good! Well, we've one thing going for us, we have a 37-foot motor-rig for support. Jim, Coop, and I hike back up to the rig which

Cover: Bear running the tiny rig.

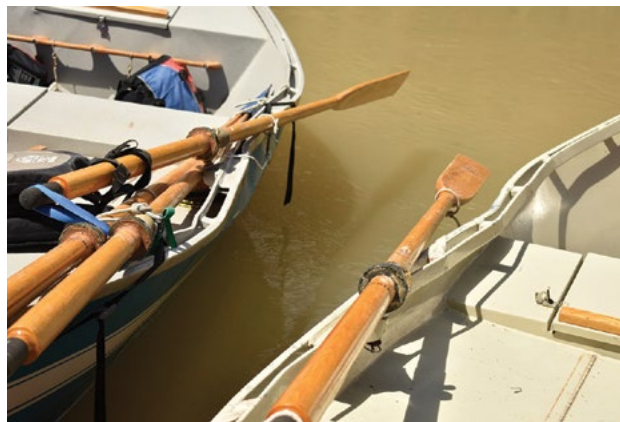
Glade has parked at the pickup eddy above the island and Glade, with superb motor skills, deftly backs down to the lower end of the island where we get off to assist. Roger and his crew have moved the *Redwall* a surprising distance down the island towards an escape route. As I come to Roger I ask, “have you ever been here before?” He replies, “no.” Me neither, it’s kind of an interesting view isn’t it?

As we start moving the dory, an upside down yellow paddle boat appears with seven swimmers, then two duckies with two swimmers. Another ducky goes by with a paddler and a couple of row boats and then an upside down row boat. I see at least fifteen swimmers—I lost track of the number of boats but it was like a drain had been clogged and broken free. What a sight! It appeared at first that a number of boats were going to be stuck on the island but all managed to escape that fate. Thank God!

We free the *Redwall*, the guests and Roger climb in, none too worse for wear it seems, and proceed downstream. Three trips convene at the beach above Tuna Creek and miraculously no one is seriously hurt, albeit a few shook up. There is however, substantial damage to the *Redwall* and the *Supai*. Both are aluminum and had hit the wall midships. The *Zoroaster* hit head on and took it fairly well. With a little tweaking on the *Supai*’s locks all are row-able. Looking at the damage, it’s clear that we were carrying quite a bit of velocity and thus momentum down the left of Crystal. Not so bad, all things considered—no Park Service rescue involved, no injuries, and no swimmers for us at least. Ah, but the day is still young and we’ve got the Gems ahead.

Sapphire, in a dory, always comes to the front of one’s mind after Crystal. I seem to have more of a problem with it than anyone else. Will it be a little softer today at this water stage? I’m hoping. Looking from the top, it looks big but well, we’ll see. I feel I have a good run going until it spits me left at the bottom. When that happens, it keeps taking you left towards the point at the bottom. I usually turn my boat to row away from it in the tail waves but it’s too big to do that today. In a fury I push as hard and fast as I can to miss the point and think I have until I hear that sickening “crunch.” It doesn’t sound like a chine hit and when I open my rear cross, water is coming in. That’s bad! We get to Shady Grove and camp as we need to repair the *Temple Butte* before running the rest of the Gems.

Aside from having a flip on the right side of Lava, once again at a “tweener” stage for dories, the rest of the trip went quite swimmingly. The wild flowers were out in force and despite the spring winds, early April is my favorite time in the Canyon. The first trip just ain’t easy.



Lasagne, anyone? Photo: Penny K



Add just a dab of frosting... Photo: Penny K

Finally, I thought the land GTS was a rousing success. Lynn did a masterful job in organizing and to all the volunteers: Thank you so much for your help! The two major themes I took away from it were “The Native Voices”—we support you on returning the original name of “Havasupai Gardens” to Indian Garden (according to the Park Service this will take some time and effort due to statutes) and Jack Schmidt’s advice: “to clearly articulate our vision of the river thru the Grand Canyon.”

In my next blurb I will finish up with my ideas on how to possibly mitigate the lack of sediments moving down the river corridor below Glen Canyon.

All the best for a wonderful season.

Doc Nicholson

Farewells

JORGEN VISBAK—APRIL 6, 1920 – FEBRUARY 28, 2019

THE RIVER RUNNING COMMUNITY lost an early and unsung pioneer on February 28, 2019 when Jorgen Visbak died in Las Vegas at the age of 98 years and 10 months.

A summary of his river trips:

- 1954—Motorized private trip with Bill Belknap and Dock Marston. He became number 200 (or 209) on the Dock Marston list of Grand Canyon river runners.
- 1964—Sportyak trip through Glen Canyon with Dock Marston and Bill Belknap.
- 1966—Air mattress float trip from Diamond Creek to Separation Canyon.
- 1966–1972—Many air mattress trips, including one from Lava Falls to Spencer Canyon, and one from Mile 209 to Separation Canyon, each one by hiking in and out.
- 1966—Upstream from Pearce Ferry in a borrowed boat that crashed at Mile 232 and they had to be rescued. The crashed boat is still at Gneiss Canyon, buried in the sand.
- 1974—Grand Canyon private trip in a small Sears Roebuck raft, in company with Ed Herrman and Howard Booth, each in their own raft.
- 1975—Green River in his Sears raft.
- 1976—Dolores River in his Sears raft.
- 1986—Grand Canyon private trip with Bill Mooz.
- 2000—Grand Canyon private trip with Bill Mooz.
- 2006—Speaker at the Guides Training Seminar, relating the 1954 Dock Marston trip.
- 2006—Grand Canyon, GTS river trip. At the age of 86, Jorgen hiked “up and over” from Tapeats Creek to Deer Creek.
- 2011—Grand Canyon GTS river trip—Jorgen turned 91 years old! He inspired the guide participants by prowling up the canyon washes on all side hikes when time allowed. Everyone really enjoyed the “living history” element of spending time with the 200TH Canyon Voyager and hearing his stories. What a treat.

Jorgen also hiked extensively in Grand Canyon with many people, including hiking legend, Harvey Butchart, and appears in many of Harvey’s logs. His photography is featured in Harvey Butchart’s book, *Grand Canyon Treks*.

Jorgen dearly wished he could be on a GTS river trip for his 100TH birthday. Sadly, that was not to be, but this year’s trip will certainly raise a toast in his honor! You know that Jorgen would be smiling.

Bill Mooz



JEFF GREW UP IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, running long distance in the desert surrounding the city. To escape the urban scene, Jeff headed to the mountains of Utah and Colorado where he learned to ski. He went from being a novice skier to a champion figure eight powder skier in Breckenridge, CO in the '80s. Here he became a ski instructor and his gift of patience, charm and athleticism aided in his ability to teach.

Along with the ski community comes the river community. Jeff found his way to Page, Arizona where Lake Powell and the Colorado River attracted him. First working on the houseboats, Jeff was quickly introduced to the coveted "down river" trip. He began swamping for Diamond River Adventures in the summer of '83, which began his 35-year career as a Grand Canyon boatman. Removed from his biological family, Jeff found surrogate brothers and sisters within the river community and his home in the Grand Canyon.

I was extremely lucky to be with Jeff for twenty years of his river career. The Canyon was his life, and his knowledge continued to grow as the river experiences accumulated. Jeff's techniques of rescue, safety, rigging and medical situations developed as well as his knowledge of geological formations, vegetation, current, water levels, camping, constellations and early canyon inhabitants. The passion of shade, wildlife and nature will live on in those individuals he guided on over 300 commercial trips through the Grand Canyon. I was fortunate to be with him on over fifty of those trips. He was a master of his craft, as most guides are,

with their showmanship, swagger and charisma. He was a true boatman and loved his profession. And the canyon, I believe, loved him back.

There cannot be enough said about the boatmen. They are humble saviors of countless passengers, keeping the peeps safe, juggling multiple situations at all times, knowledge of their craft and equipment all with the smoothness of a professional. This is all skilled to a level that only miles and unpredicted circumstances can obtain. Upon observing the young guides entering this world with enthusiasm and

freshness that bloom into wonderful new stewards of the canyon, I only hope some of Jeff's traits trickle down to them in some form to enrich their experiences and what they can offer. Jeff taught me so much.

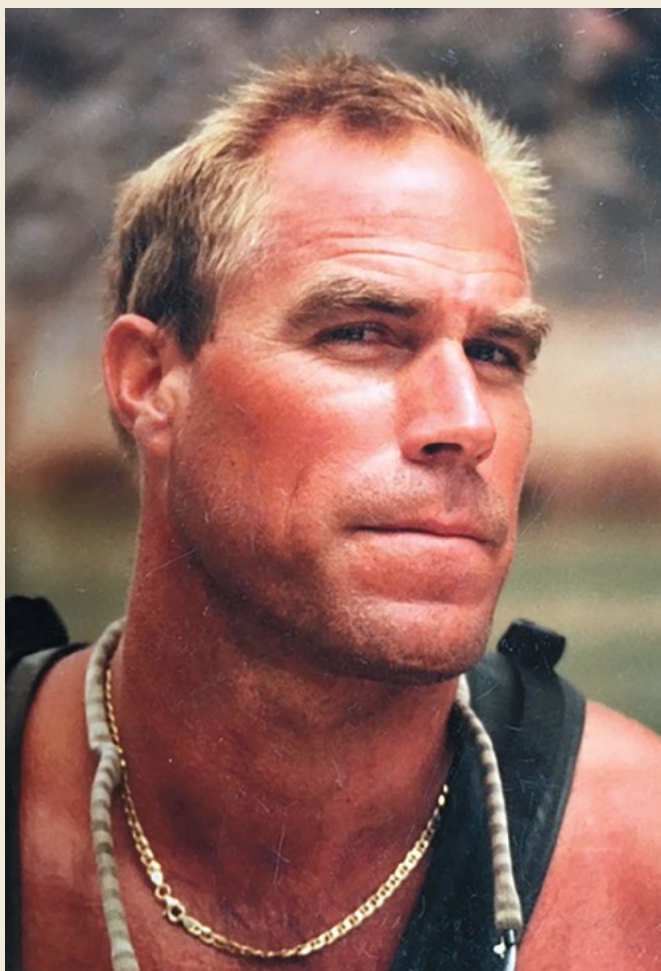
In December of 2017, Jeff had both of his 52 year-old knees, that had hiked the canyon depths and crossed the deserts, replaced. Due to a possible allergic reaction to the new knees, he had them both redone in early 2019. During his rehab, pneumonia set in and a possible aneurysm stopped his breath and his beating heart...and he was gone...too soon, but right on time for his next great adventure.

Jeff left this world on February 11, 2019 with a full summer schedule with GCW. He loved the family at Grand Canyon Whitewater,

who took him in along with other prized boatmen, putting them to work doing what they do best.

Jeff will live on in the stories and memories of those who were lucky enough to have become part of his family. Remember Jeff as a son of the mother Canyon, for she raised him to become the man I love, and I am forever grateful to her.

Kristi Groberg



Guide Profile

Vladimir Kovalik, Age 29

WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? Born and raised in Seattle, wa.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)? CanX in Grand Canyon and ARTA in most other places.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GUIDING? Entering my 7TH year of commercial guiding.

WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN? Oar boats and paddle boats.

WHAT OTHER RIVERS HAVE YOU WORKED ON? The Tuolumne, Merced, and the Forks of the American in California. The Middle Fork, Main Salmon and Selway in Idaho. The Rogue and Illinois in Oregon and a couple of trips in Utah on the Gates of Lodore and the Yampa.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS? I play a whole lot of dodgeball in the off season! I love painting big murals in public, and my dream is to build an earthship one day.

MARRIED/FAMILY/PETS? Nope.

SCHOOL/AREA OF STUDY/DEGREES? I graduated from The Evergreen State College, where I spent most of my time tinkering in the wood and metal shops. I studied a lot of design and fabrication, public art, drawing and painting.

WHAT MADE YOU START GUIDING? My dad definitely planted the seed early. He took me on a river trip at least once a summer growing up. After that it was the wide array of kooky characters and storytellers on the river that really lured me in.

WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE? My first trip in Grand Canyon sealed the deal. After that trip, I knew I was going to be on the river in some capacity for the rest of my life. I think the relationship my family had with the canyon was passed down to me. Whenever I visit my grandpa, one of the first things he asks me, in his thick

Czech accent, is “When are we going down Grand Canyon? You get boats, don’t worry I will get permit.”

WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS? My family and the whole Wilderness World crew. My pops taught me a lot about river running from a young age. However my godfather, Guy Curtis, when telling me about my dad and my grandpa, would shake his head solemnly and say, “You’ve got a lot to overcome...” Karl Ochsner continues to show me clean safe lines through whitewater and in life. All the folks from the American and Tuolumne who gave me my start in the biz and took me to down rowdy little creeks across California—namely Tom and Heather Freer, Bill Center, and John Kosakowsky.



WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER? Return to Seattle and watch my tanned skin fade into a pasty Elmers® Glue-tone. When that’s over I paint murals and hand lettered signs.

IS THIS YOUR PRIMARY WAY OF EARNING A LIVING OR DO YOU COMBINE IT WITH SOMETHING ELSE? I work for myself in the winter as a sign painter and mural artist. I just started hand lettering dories this last year (thank you Fretwater Boatworks); the *Hetch Hetchy, Shaman’s Gallery* and *Pollux*. Stickers are for ammo cans! Hand-painted letters for hand-built boats!

WHAT’S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER? Surviving a massive oak tree falling across our Paco pads as we slept on the Tuolumne river with my crew.

WHAT’S THE CRAZIEST QUESTION YOU’VE EVER BEEN ASKED ABOUT THE CANYON/RIVER? So what’s your real job?

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR FUTURE HOLDS? Deli sandwiches.

WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE? The camaraderie with my peers. The peace I feel sitting on the back of my boat, letting my feet drag in the water.

Thank you Superintendent Lehnertz!

WITH HER RETIREMENT from the NPS imminent, Superintendent Lehnertz could not attend the 2019 Guides Training Seminar (GTS) in person. Yet, she took the time to write the following heartfelt letter to our guide community, which was read to GTS attendees by Doug Lentz, Chief of Commercial Services on Saturday evening, March 30TH. We want to share this message more broadly, with all of you, to inspire our river community and move us forward towards a positive future—together. We will miss Christine and wish her all the best! The important work of creating a respectful, safe, and inclusive workplace will continue. We each have personal responsibility towards that end. *Thank you Christine!*

A MESSAGE TO THE 2019 GTS ATTENDEES FROM THE GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK SUPERINTENDENT

Dear Guides,

As you prepare for a new season on the Colorado River, we wish you the very best.

Being here at the land session to learn about culture and history, bats and bugs, native voices and preservation, and to share time with your colleagues—is a terrific reflection of your commitment to the river.

The National Park Service is proud to have you as partners in stewarding the resources and telling the stories of this stunning place.

Last year, I had the chance to take my first Grand Canyon commercial trip—indeed my first trip ever down this river. It was nothing less than life changing. Our guides were the best in the business. Our ladies (and Jim) found amazing lines. And our run through Lava was incredible. Dory, dory hallelujah!

What you do, how you commit to do it, why you care about it, all come through as you reveal the magic of the canyon to your clients. You can inspire people to protect this place, and to protect waters and lands all over the planet. It is your gift to the world. Strive each day to learn a little more, and be a little better.

And I know, realistically, that sometimes you may have a client or colleague you want to bonk in the nose because they're being knuckle heads.

I've had that happen this year too. Resist the urge.

It is up to each of us to contribute to a respectful and inclusive workplace no matter how challenging it is. Live up to who you want to be, and to what you believe, so that you can look back proudly, and look forward with integrity.

Together with partners like our eleven traditionally associated tribes, Grand Canyon River Guides, the Grand Canyon Conservancy, Grand Canyon Trust, NAU, the Sierra Club, Grand Canyon Youth, and so many others—we can keep this place flowing. Water seeks to be wild and free, and eventually we must submit to its will.

Finally, to my National Park Service colleagues—to those of you who care for this place and it's people—I thank you. You are a tribute to public service. You have steadfastly stayed committed to this river, and the people who enjoy it and who want it protected. It's a damn heavy lift to change a culture where power and prestige were rooted in privilege.

It takes building new processes for everyone to follow, privilege excepting no one. It feels dreadful at first, but will become nimble with time and improvements. Each step is meant to make us trusted professionals in this world of doubt. Thank you for the chance to serve next to you and replace the doubt with confidence.

- Time in Grand Canyon is long, but our time as people is short. Make the most of every day.
- Stand up for what you know is right.
- Encourage the best in people.
- Take care of the earth, and take care of each other.

With great respect and admiration.

Chris Lehnertz

Latest News:

We wish Christine Lehnertz well in her new position as president and CEO of the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy. After Christine's retirement from the NPS, Grand Canyon River Guides welcomes the Superintendent of Olympic National Park, Sarah Creachbaum, who will be serving as Acting Superintendent at Grand Canyon. Sequoia/Kings Canyon National Park Superintendent, Woody Smeck, will also be tapped to fill-in until a replacement is found.

Renewing the Ties that Bind: the 2019 Guides Training Seminar Land Session

AS A SURE SIGN OF SPRING, river guides from far and wide flocked to a tiny speck on the map—Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, for our annual Guides Training Seminar (GTS). This year's theme centered on the Centennial of Grand Canyon National Park, and offered the perfect opportunity for GCRG to work closely with the NPS on talks ranging from river operations to celebrating the past hundred years of the Park's history, Centennial-related events, and NPS science. We extend our sincerest thanks to NPS Chief of Concessions, Doug Lentz, for spearheading all NPS participation and working so diligently to put a strong park contingent together for the GTS—a task that was made much more challenging because of the government shut-down. But we pulled it off! Many thanks to all of the speakers from Grand Canyon National Park who shared their time and expertise with us.

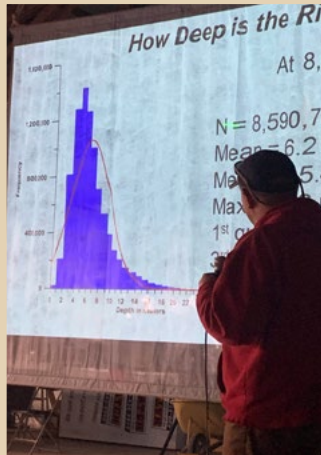
Examining the last hundred years of park history with clear eyes, we endeavored to bring home the message that the Centennial means different things to different people—especially the indigenous tribes of Grand Canyon. The Native Voices on the Colorado River segment, for example, was incredibly powerful and thought-provoking, and one that should leave a lasting impression and spark continued conversation. We were honored to hear compelling perspectives from Renae Yellowhorse, Jason Nez, Jack Pongyesva, and Ophelia Watahomigie. Because of their meaningful contributions, we feel that the river community came away from the GTS with a much better understanding of the past, while also recognizing that the future must be much more inclusive, respectful, and collaborative. This successful Native Voices segment (including delicious native food) was coordinated by Stephanie Jackson with funding support from the Grand Canyon river outfitters. Many thanks! Additionally, we look forward to future collaborations with Sarana Riggs and the Grand Canyon Trust as they facilitate the Intertribal Centennial Conversations initiative with cultural leaders from the Grand Canyon affiliated tribes to

renew relationships and redefine partnerships with Grand Canyon National Park for the next century.

And the GTS learning didn't stop there as we delved into human history, dam management, Grand Canyon protection issues, Lines from the Ladies, and a wealth of current interpretive science—bugs, bats, geology, geomorphology, karst hydrology and more! Not to mention, we incorporated a lively and incredibly informative “fish show and tell” on Sunday morning. Yes, live fish! Biologists David Ward and Scott Vanderkooi from GCMRC have certainly perfected the “all hands on deck—pass the fish technique,” roping in helpers from the NPS and Bureau of Reclamation to make sure that everyone got a chance to “ooh and aah” over these unique native fish that most people never get a chance to see. How lucky are we!

This gathering at Hatchland each spring is a homecoming of sorts. Friendships are made and renewed, our ties with the NPS and tribal representatives are strengthened, and the learning is unparalleled (GTS speakers are the best!!). We sincerely thank Steve and Sarah Hatch for letting us descend upon their warehouse, all the volunteers who helped us along the way, our outstanding GTS cook crew (Simone, Tim, Matt, Greg, and others), and all those dedicated folk who assisted with the Whale Foundation Health Fair. We also deeply appreciate our GTS partners and funders—the commercial river outfitters, Grand Canyon Fund, Grand Canyon National Park, Grand Canyon Conservancy, and the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program.

The GTS is a magical mix of top-notch speakers, hardworking volunteers, donors (donated beer from Lumberyard Brewery and all generous raffle donors!), funders, partners, vendors, other nonprofits, and of course, enthusiastic attendees. The result is a phenomenal educational opportunity that also serves to strengthen the bonds within our river community, while building stewardship for Grand Canyon. Have a fun and safe river season, everybody! Come and join us next year.



Photos: Laurie Crossey

Hearts (and Shirts) On Fire— GTS River Trip 2019



Lori Anderson

THIS YEAR'S GUIDE TRAINING SEMINAR trip took place in early April (No fooling! We launched on April 1ST). With fifteen days to travel 277 miles, fearless leader Latimer “Lat” Smith, and crew Stephen D’Arrigo and Alora Bonner (Western River Expeditions), started us off early and efficiently, simultaneously rigging and giving safety talks to new faces. In no time, we were off down the Colorado River, a fleet of mixed-matched oar boats lead by a bright blue J-Rig.

Right away we encountered a private trip that had launched earlier that morning. A young boatman from their party ended up jumbled into our fleet. As he approached Badger Rapid, he stood on his coolers to get a better look. He never pushed or pulled, so his boat came right down the middle and into the hole. A flash of black—his boat had flipped—and three people were in the water.

“Swimmers! Downstream!”

Everyone leapt to action: safe lines through Badger into the eddy, pulled straps, hopped boats, called out to the motor-rig. In minutes, all three swimmers were safe, and—three, two, one—the flipped boat was righted. Chaos can bring out the best in river guides, and from then on we were a well-oiled machine. We camped at Hot NaNa, river mile 16.5, where we discussed the rescue and wondered whether we’d see any more flips.

What a start to a once-in-a-lifetime trip.

We rigged in record time and left camp early on Day 2. The guides and speakers were comfortable now: boats were swapped, life stories traded. We made miles that day and made our home at Lower Tatahatsu, river mile 38.

Day 3, we reached the Marble Canyon Dam site and wandered inside its dark tunnels. We listened intently to Alicyn Gitlin (Sierra Club) as she shared the tunnel’s remarkable history, and we took a silent moment to appreciate our surroundings. Some felt at home, some didn’t make a sound until we were back outside.

Back in the boats, we made our way to Eminence and set up camp. Our goal was to make it to the top of the Redwall and rim out from there, on a hike described as “some moves on some really crappy rock.” We ate lunch, filled our water bottles and hit the trail. Some turned back after the Redwall, while the rest of us pressed on to the hot, exposed and steep climb to the Rim. We returned to camp to a delicious meal of salmon filets and a baked potato bar, then everyone was in bed by 8 P.M.

Day 4 got us to 50-Mile just before lunch. We hiked Dinosaur, and ate lunch at the overlook. This hike tested us as a group, but we spotted, boosted, encouraged and congratulated one another the entire way. We discussed

fears and experiences, and some told funny stories to lighten the mood at particularly difficult parts. We made it to the top, together.

We camped at Kwagunt, river mile 56. It was a mellow afternoon post-hike, topped off with fun runs of Kwagunt Rapid. It also happened to be the birthday of two guides on the trip, so a party was in order! We changed into our craziest river outfits, gave each other temporary tattoos, and danced around the fire all night long.

Day 5 brought us to the confluence of the Little Colorado River (LCR). Linda Jalbert told us the story of the Colorado River Management Plan, reminding us that as guides, we have an effect on policies in place within the Grand Canyon. Georgie Pongyesva shared with us of the significance of the LCR to the Hopi people, and the importance of telling the story of the Hopi to all who come to the confluence.

Throughout these few days, we had been playing leapfrog with private trips to reach campsites first. There seemed to be a group already sprawled out on the beach at every bend we rounded. That night pushed us farther as the sun sank, until we made our home at Nevills, river mile 76.

On Day 6, we hiked up 75-Mile Canyon. Zeke Lauck spoke about the Adopt-a-Beach program and the importance of the Whale Foundation, and we joined a reptile hunt with Geoff "Carp" Carpenter. There were lizards galore up 75-Mile Canyon, and Carp spotted a Nightsnake near the canyon mouth. He and Alicyn talked about biodiversity, wolves and preservation in the Grand Canyon.

Another day, another game of leapfrog. Lat decided we do a lunch-over to prevent double-camping and canyon congestion, so we made camp at Grapevine. Some got a ferry to hike up Vishnu Canyon; Vishnu's walls echoed with babbling water and frogs.

Back at the J-Rig, we realized that some of our river family would be departing the next day. Our conversations around the fire were long that night, as we exchanged phone numbers and hugged goodnight. Special thanks to Georgie Pongyesva, Linda Jalbert, Kendall Williams and Mishael Umlor for making the upper half of our trip so full of laughter.

Day 7 was a whitewater day! We were joined at Pipe Creek by Coleen Kaska (Supai Tribe), Larry Stevens (Museum of Northern Arizona), the one and only Peter Huntoon, Cynthia Valle, Laurie Dyer (NPS), and Emily Dale (GCE). We ripped miles through the liquid rollercoaster, from Grapevine all the way to our next stop, Ross Wheeler.

We awoke on Day 8 to find ourselves beached from the low flows. Fittingly, Cynthia gave us a lesson on

solufaction (quick sand) as we tried to move our boats. After much effort, we were floating again, and we were rewarded with the canyon's beauty down to Forester. That evening, we shared stories of how we each came to the canyon. Lots of laughter, some tears, and we became closer friends.

On Day 9, we pushed out to the Piano Hike, where Peter led us up and over some bighorn sheep grade cliffs, eventually bringing us to "Original" Surprise Valley. After a sack lunch, we made our way down and up to a roaring Dutton Spring, sitting in the Throne Room for a moment, before dropping down into Deer Creek and making camp at O.C's that afternoon. A big thank you to Stephen D'Arrigo, Matt "MC" Finger, Larry Stevens, Zeke Lauck, and Vladimir "VK" Kovalik for the boat shuttle!

Day 10 didn't start with the normal coffee call, but a call of "Buckle up! We're about to get some weather!" We jolted awake and saw the storm, a wall of water fast encroaching. Sleeping bags were shoved into dry bags, ammo cans shut, rain gear pulled out. Luckily, by the time it reached us, the storm had dwindled to a drizzle. It hung around for most of the day, but a row in the rain never hurt anyone.

We pushed in the wind, switching out time on the sticks to give each other a break. After making camp at Tuckup, Larry facilitated a nature walk centered on plant ecology and desert adaptations. That night, we stayed up to sing songs about the beloved Humpback Chub and discuss the Canyon's longevity. We talked about stewardship of the Grand Canyon and our hopes to be connected to this place forever.

Day 11 began with a huevos rancheros breakfast and a hike up Tuckup Canyon. More running water and wildflowers greeted us as we scrambled in the shade. Then we meandered back to the boats for another lengthy day. Home that night was Whitmore Wash, setting us up for another hike the next morning.

Clouds loomed when we left Whitmore on Day 12. We made our way along the columnar basalt, rimming out and hopping along the fault lines as Peter drew us a picture of this geologic event. The rain found our fleet in the afternoon, but it was nothing more than a few heavy drops. We set up above 209-Mile Rapid, where we feasted on a Thanksgiving-style spread fit for kings, and Peter hurled his shirt into the campfire (a favorite tradition of his, we learned).

Day 13 was for 209-Mile Rapid. Safe and fun runs for all, we pushed through some absolutely perfect conditions to set up camp at river mile 243.

The next morning, we discussed hydrology and the vulnerability of aquifers with Cynthia. We pulled our fleet together and floated as one large floatilla to a

refreshing stop at Columbine Falls before our last camp at Cow Patty. Celebrations were upon us, but first, the work—consolidating coolers and preparing for the final day's de-rig. No one rested until everything was done.

On Day 15, we celebrated the end of our journey as one, big, happy river family.

A huge thanks to the Western crew for a perfect trip! To Georgie Pongyesva, Linda Jalbert, Zeke Lauck, Geoff Carpenter, Alycin Gitlin, Cynthia Valle, Coleen Kaska, Larry Stevens, Peter Huntoon and Laurie Dyer—thanks for your grand knowledge and even grander company.

Lori Anderson





Kyle Cote-Pope



Lori Anderson



Kyle Cote-Pope



Lori Anderson



Tabitha Chlubicki

Ending Grand Canyon Uranium Mining

ON FEBRUARY 26, 2019, Arizona Congressman Raúl Grijalva commemorated Grand Canyon National Park's 100TH anniversary by introducing the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act. The bill would make permanent the temporary ban on new mining claims on more than a million acres of public lands surrounding the national park. Ordered by the Secretary of the Interior in 2012, the twenty-year ban is at risk of being overturned by the current administration.

Attempts to protect the Grand Canyon from mining began long before it became a national park. By the time President Ulysses S. Grant signed the General Mining Act of 1872, the discovery of gold in California two decades earlier had laid waste to the American River. Prospectors were scouring the rest of the West for next big strike.

According to historian Michael Anderson, William Hardy "may have been the first to prospect among the Havasupais in 1866 but was soon followed by others like Charles Spencer, W.C. Bechman, and Daniel Mooney discovered deposits of lead, zinc, and silver beside the waterfalls at Supai."

And, by 1886, Seth Tanner, "had settled along the lower Little Colorado River, discovered and claimed copper deposits near the mouths of Lava and Basalt Canyons in 1877 and in 1880 organized the Little Colorado River Mining District just east of Grand Canyon."

In 1882, 1883, and 1886, Indiana senator Benjamin Harrison introduced legislation to close the Grand Canyon to mining by designating it as a "public park" within the Arizona Territory. However, vested interests killed the bills and pressured the federal government to consign the Havasupai Tribe to a 518-acre village bracketed by mining claims.

After becoming president, Harrison used his authority under the Forest Reserve Act to withdraw 1.85 million acres of federal lands from mineral entry and settlement. His 1893 proclamation was, at the time, the largest protective action ever, encompassing much of the canyon and its forested plateaus.

President Harrison's mineral withdrawal, however, did not stop pre-existing and sometimes specious mining claims from becoming private property. In 1906, Dan Hogan patented the Orphan copper claim near



Arizona Congressman Raúl Grijalva announces the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act.
Photo: Amy S. Martin

Hopi Point on the canyon's South Rim. But dwindling profits soon added it to the spoil pile of another mining boom gone bust.

Dan Hogan, like William Wallace Bass, John Hance, and others started prospecting the pockets of tourists. In 1953, the Orphan's owners re-opened it to mine uranium deposits, which became valuable during the Second World War. They closed the mine in 1969 and opened a saloon.

Decades later, the National Park Service assumed responsibility—

and the cost—for removing all buildings and decontaminating the abandoned uranium mine. It now warns backpackers against drinking from the spring-fed Horn Creek, polluted by the mine. Federal authorities are still hoping to hold descendants of Orphan mine's owners accountable for millions in clean-up costs.

Despite more than a century's worth of work to end mining in and around the Grand Canyon, more than a million acres of public lands are still vulnerable to being permanently polluted under the 1872 Mining Law. The Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act would end new uranium claims within watersheds that drain directly into the Grand Canyon and protect the cultural, economic, and ecological health of the Grand Canyon region from additional contamination due to uranium mining.

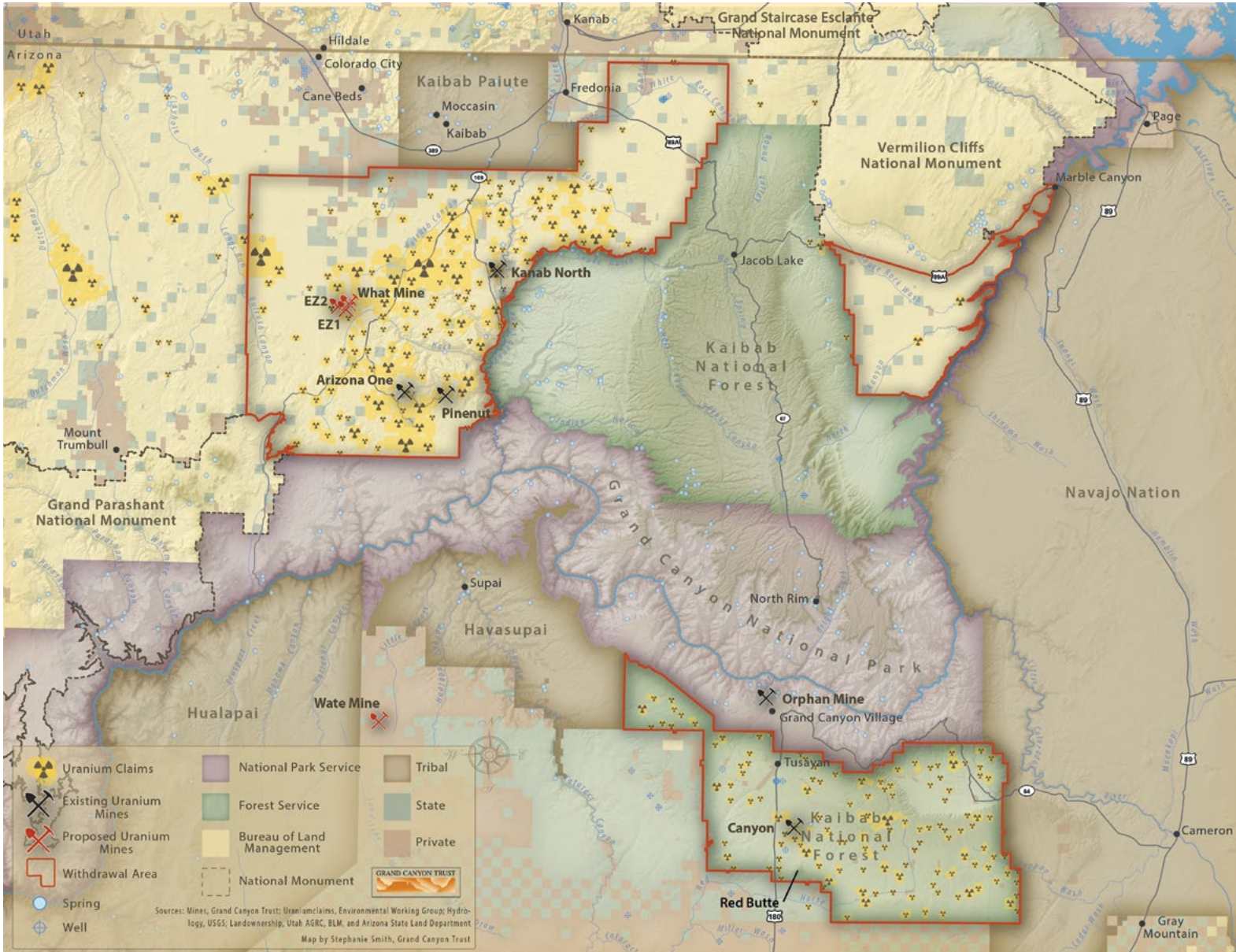
Havasupai families are leading the campaign to permanently ban uranium mining from their sacred homeland. The protection act has a broad and growing base of support and a fierce coalition committed to the multi-year fight ahead. It currently has 45 cosponsors and is supported by Coconino County supervisors, the Flagstaff City Council, the Havasupai and Hopi tribes, the president of the Navajo Nation, businesses, and a broad and growing base of bipartisan voters, nongovernmental groups, outdoor enthusiasts, sporting groups, and conservationists.

The Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act stands a good chance of passing in the House before 2020, but will need strong bipartisan support in the Senate and presidential approval for success. Please ask *all* elected representatives and political candidates to end uranium mining's continued contamination on Grand Canyon's living landscapes.

Roger Clark



Arizona Congressman Raúl Grijalva with tribal officials, local government leaders, and supporters of the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act at the south rim of Grand Canyon National Park. Photo: Amy S. Martin



Lees Ferry Cemetery—The P.T. Reilly Markers

Remembrance of things past is not necessarily the remembrance of things as they were.

—MARCEL PROUST

WALKING THROUGH THE small cemetery at Lees Ferry, a few hundred yards north of Lonely Dell Ranch, often stimulates an interest to learn more about those buried there. Only twenty graves are present, placed between 1874 and 1933. One crude marker lists the oddly incomplete date of “June 11, 190” which almost never fails to raise a comment from those who notice. A good place to read about the cemetery is P.T. Reilly’s exhaustive (and somewhat exhausting) history, *Lee’s Ferry, from Mormon Crossing to National Park*.¹ What the book does not mention, however, is that P.T. himself placed three of the stone markers in the cemetery. For that information, you have to visit the Cline Library Special Collections in Flagstaff and sift through his boxes of correspondence.

Plez Talmadge Reilly began his research into the Ferry in 1964,² spending more than twenty years collecting information. The work culminated in the posthumous publishing of his book in 1999. Without his obsessive attention to detail, much of what is now documented would likely be forgotten. To appreciate what might have been lost it is useful to compare *Desert River Crossing*,³ by W.L. Rusho and C. Gregory Crampton, published in 1975. In many ways, the Rusho-Crampton book is a better place to begin learning about Ferry history, since it is shorter and much more readable. (Reilly’s opinion was a little different,⁴ calling the book “over-priced and incomplete.”) When the desire is to learn about the cemetery, however, a reader must move on to the much more in-depth accounts in Reilly. Indeed, Rusho and Crampton mention the cemetery only briefly. There is more information in the revised edition in 2003 only because it references P.T.’s 1999 mammoth tome.

Reilly began his work on the cemetery surveying the grounds and producing the first map of the grave locations. After consulting with numerous relatives, he then placed two stones on what had been previously unnamed sites, those for Lucy Emmett and Calvin Johnson. Reilly also added a stone for Lucius Spencer four years later in 1968. Family members did not always agree about the locations or even the spellings of the names, but through the methodical collection and correlation of family stories, Reilly determined what was most likely.

EMETT, LUCY: BORN AND DIED JUNE 11, 1902

Lucy Emmett was born prematurely at the Ferry,⁵ dying shortly after, like most preterm infants in those times. Her parents were Sarah Ellen Woolley and John T. Emmett, son of the ferryman John S. Emmett. They married in Escalante, Utah in 1900, and were living at the Ferry at the time of the federal census that year,⁶ where the son was described as a “day-laborer.”

In a letter dated January 8, 1965,⁷ Reilly wrote, “I enclose a picture of the marker which I erected for John’s infant. It is made of hard sandstone and the letters are chiseled into the rock. The missing digit can be cut when we find out the year of Lucy’s death.” Reilly, it seems, never got around to adding that last digit. As late as 1976, he was uncertain whether Lucy had died on the day she was born or two days later, since family members gave conflicting reports.⁸ No one needs to be particularly surprised by these different accounts, of course, since we know human memories can be remarkably plastic.

John T. Emmett was later buried near his infant daughter. Interestingly, the year of death on his headstone is given incorrectly as 1910. The correct year, 1909, is well-documented by Reilly,⁹ suggesting enough time had passed for some members of the family to have lost track before the stone was placed. Errors carved on headstones turn out to be relatively common.¹⁰

JOHNSON, CALVIN MARSHALL:

12 MAY 1928 – 14 DECEMBER 1928, AGE SEVEN MONTHS

Calvin Johnson was born at the Ferry, the son of Price William Johnson and his first plural wife, 44-year-old Esther Carroll Heaton.¹¹ Calvin was a grandson of the old ferryman Warren Johnson and the youngest of seven boys. A brother described Calvin many years later as always sickly and having probably died of pneumonia, a common cause of death among infants. An infant born in Arizona in 1928 had more than one chance in ten of dying during the first year of life,¹² a circumstance that filled cemeteries of the time with the very young.

In a letter dated January 8, 1965,¹³ Reilly wrote, “Enclosed is a photo of your little brother’s grave and the marker which I erected last fall. The rock is hard, fine-grained sandstone and the letters are chiseled into the face. Sorry I had to revert to ditto marks for the year of death but it was the second one I cut that afternoon and my fingers, being unused to that work,

became so cramped I could hardly hold the chisel. I'll spell it out next visit." As it turns out, the ditto marks are still there.

The family installed a more formal headstone for Calvin sometime after Reilly placed his hand-carved marker. They also retained Reilly's, which is fortunate since it tells part of the story. Interestingly, he originally placed the marker on what is now recognized to be the grave of Lucius Spencer, moving it several years later to its present location after gathering more information (see below).



Marker for Calvin Johnson, Lees Ferry Cemetery.
Photo: Lucinda Stafford, 2018.

SPENCER, LUCIUS HENRY:

23 JANUARY – 10 MARCH 1931, AGE SIX WEEKS

Lucius Spencer was born at the Ferry, the son of Isaac Carling Spencer and his second plural wife Sylvia Allred.¹⁴ The midwife attending the birth was Lydia Ann Johnson Spencer, Isaac's first wife and a daughter of the old ferryman Warren Johnson. (It was common among the polygamist community at that time for one plural wife to assist in the delivery for another.) Lucius died at the Ferry from an unknown cause. Like Calvin, pneumonia would not be unlikely.

In a letter dated March 30, 1968, Reilly wrote,¹⁵ "Thanks also for the dates on the Spencer baby and for correcting his name. Price gave me the spelling of Lucius and he must be wrong. Price says that the Spencer baby is buried where Owen thought Price's boy Calvin was, so I will change the stone for Calvin to the one beside Melinda and make a new one for Lewis." Later, Reilly concluded Price Johnson was actually correct in the spelling, but by then, Reilly had carved and placed a new stone for "Lewis H. Spencer"

Reilly has become as much a part of the story as

those buried in the cemetery he studied so diligently. All three of his stones show similar workmanship and are easily identified as being from the same hand. There are beneficial aspects to the fact that Reilly never got around to correcting the markers, since it shows part of the process that went into reconstructing the history of the cemetery. What we believe to be true and accurate is not without question. It is also worth remembering that in spite of the effort Reilly expended, other gravesites in that small cemetery remain a mystery to this day.

Kern Nuttall

FOOTNOTES:

1. P.T. REILLY, *Lee's Ferry, From Mormon Crossing to National Park*, Utah State University Press, Logan, Utah, 1999.
2. Glen Canyon Archives, letter dated September 28, 1971, from Reilly to John M. Morehead at Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.
3. W.L. RUSHO AND C. GREGORY CRAMPTON, *Desert River Crossing*, Peregrine Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1975. Revised ed.: W.L. RUSHO, *Lee's Ferry, Desert River Crossing*, Tower Productions, Salt Lake City, Utah, 2003.
4. Cline Library Special Collections, Reilly Collection NAU. MS.275, series 8, subseries 1, box 3.32. Letter to Mary Johnson.
5. REILLY, p 180.
6. Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900, Arizona, Coconino Country, Fredonia Precinct, Lee's Ferry, Enumeration District No. 10, sheet No. 1, lines 15 and 16.
7. Reilly Collection NAU.MS.275, series 8, subseries 1, box 1.4. Letter to Clara E. Davis, daughter of John S. Emmett.
8. Reilly Collection NAU.MS.275, series 8, subseries 1, box 13.183. Letter to Joy B. Harmon, in file for Ed Wooley.
9. REILLY, p 212.
10. KERN NUTTALL, *In A Better Place: Cemeteries & Gravesites of Grand Canyon*, Vishnu Temple Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 2016. Errors on headstones are discussed on pp 50, 69, and 101.
11. REILLY, p 334.
12. FORREST E. LINDER AND ROBERT D. GROVE, *Vital Statistics Rates in the United States 1900-1940*, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 1947. Infant Mortality Rates on p 573.
13. Reilly Collection NAU.MS.275, series 8, subseries 1, box 3.31. Letter to Owen Johnson.
14. REILLY, p 344.
15. Reilly NAU.MS.275, series 8, subseries 1, box 3.34. Letter to Agnus and Jody Johnson, in the file for Joseph S. Johnson.

Lessons from the Grand Canyon: Living In Place

HONEY, WE GOT THE PERMIT! For six years this trip was a mere possibility. Each year for six years my husband Paul and two friends entered the lottery for a 21-day permit to raft the Colorado River. Each year, Paul regaled me with stories of the beautiful Grand Canyon that most people don't get to see—billions of years of geology displayed on canyon walls at eye level, remote hikes into lush water-sculpted canyons with turquoise blue waterfalls, wildlife viewing like an episode of *Wild Kingdom*, and world class whitewater rafting. Not to mention 21 days (three weeks!) out of the office with no cellphone signal, the sign of a true vacation. "I really want to take you on this trip," he would say, as he signed up again.

In the spring of the seventh year, the mere possibility became a real opportunity. The National Park Service granted a 21-day permit for a non-commercial group rafting trip launching from Lees Ferry on September 26 of the following year. Paul was ecstatic and began preparations in earnest, putting the word out and getting commitments from experienced rowers, renting equipment, planning meals, checking and rechecking our personal gear, studying guidebooks, scheduling conference calls. After eighteen months gestation, this baby was ready to be born.

On the morning of September 26, we broke camp at Lees Ferry and prepared our boats and equipment for park ranger inspection. We gathered in a dusty glen just through a break in the tall grasses that lined the river's edge for the official check-in and safety briefing. In her uniform, hat, and equipment belt loaded with a sidearm, taser, and highbeam flashlight, the ranger was friendly, a bit brusque, and all business. She examined every life jacket and rejected a few, checked the ID of each person against the official trip manifest, and then started her official talk, marching us through the many rules and regulations, tossing in examples and pausing

for questions along the way.

Her steady and authoritative voice helped to calm at least some of the anxiety that had been building over the past week as I prepared for this adventure. I fidgeted less and listened as the ranger talked about wildlife on the river, checking shoes for scorpions, protecting fruit and vegetables from ringtail cats, leaving rattlesnakes alone, and keeping an eye on clever ravens. She talked about the thousands of people who run the river every year, diligently taking every bit of refuse with them, using systems to catch "micro-trash," minimizing trails, and successfully

leaving no trace. And taking nothing, either. Leaving what is in the canyon in the canyon.

"Everything is there for a reason," she said. "You may think it's no big deal to take a rock or a fossil, or to pick a few flowers for the kitchen table, but don't. Just enjoy them where they are. And if you do take something," she continued stonefaced, "the spirits of the ancient Anasazi will exact their price from you."



Scouting Badger Rapid just before the mishap.

We snickered a little. Really? Our matter-of-fact park ranger was referencing the wrath of the gods? My neighbor whispered in my ear, "Oh, just like the spirits of the ancient Hawaiians will haunt you if you take coral from the islands." I smiled remembering stories of people sending lava and coral back to the islands, convinced that possession of the stones was the cause of their bad luck.

The ranger moved on to food safety and after an hour and a half, wrapped things up. We strapped the last of the gear onto our boats, ate lunch, made our final visits to bathrooms with running water, and shoved off.

There were three of us on our boat. Robby took the oars and Paul and I sat in the bow. The first row is about getting used to the oars and the feel of the boat—an eighteen-foot inflatable craft loaded with gear—on a constantly changing river. Our maps

marked riffles and rapids. Noted riffles on the Colorado might be called rapids on other rivers, and many riffles are not noted. Right out of Lees Ferry we hit our first riffle and then another and another—all good practice for the rapids yet to come.

We stopped early at Six-Mile Camp, giving us plenty of daylight to unpack and set up our kitchen and living

areas for the first time. A half-moon of sand on the river's edge formed the center, with tent sites along the edge of the arc. Paul and I chose a site of soft sand nestled in a glen of honey mesquite trees with just enough room for one tent. Moon flower plants with broad green leaves and closed white conical flowers decorated the inner edge. The silver-gray feathery leaves of the mesquite filtered the bright light of the full moon.

We were up early the next day anticipating our first day of rapids. Coffee in hand, we poured over the maps, reading the descriptions of each rapid. Over eggs and sausage, we talked more. Badger, Soap Creek, House Rock. "Yeah, these will be fun little rapids," our trip leader summed up.

Hauling my dry bags out of our little campsite, I stopped and turned back. I fingered the soft feathery leaves framing the doorway of our enchanted glen, looking back at the moonflowers and the imprint of our tent on the sand. We had slept a peaceful night here. Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, to press a leaf or two into each day of my journal? I snipped off a couple with my thumb and forefinger, and tucked them into my pocket. I could add the heron's feather I had found floating in the river yesterday, now tucked under a strap on the boat.

Less than two miles from Six-Mile Camp, Badger Rapid is the first major rapid in the section of the Grand Canyon known as Marble Canyon. Formed by the entry of Badger Creek on the right and Jackass Canyon on the left into the Colorado, the rapid is rated between a four and a six out of ten, depending upon the volume of water. One guide book called it



Badger Rapid.

"a natural dam over which the water tumbles." The other advised that the tongue formed by the river in the center "is deceptive, tending to lead boaters too far to the right, and into a hydraulic hole formed by a large boulder." Both guidebooks recommend scouting the rapid before running it.

We tied our boats to trees on the river bank

above Badger and hiked up to peer over the crashing water. We saw the glassy tongue sweeping smoothly down the center, edging up against the hole created by the boulder on its right. The tongue seemed to include the water pouring over the boulder, with the water on the left swiftly moving into a series of waves below, and the water on the right pounding into a roiling cauldron. The rowers of each boat agreed on a path: left of center; just enough to the right to avoid the hazards on the left and catch the wave train, but far enough to the left to avoid the hole.

Our trip leader and his partner went first. We watched as he sidled his boat up to the top of the rapid, taking one last look, then straightening and heading down the tongue. His boat disappeared from our view for a moment and then reappeared bobbing up and then down through the waves below. A smooth and successful run. The second boat followed, entering just a little more to the right and down. Another good run. Now it was our turn.

With our boat sideways to the rapid, we approached the tongue slowly, using this time to line the boat up, before straightening to go down. Seeing it from the water, the tongue was broad, smoothly dropping off like the edge of an infinity pool. I looked over my shoulder toward the stern and saw the hole below. It seemed too close.

As our boat floated closer to the edge, I mumbled and then with growing conviction chanted, "We're too far right. We're too far right. We're too far right!" Instead of skirting to the left, the eighteen-foot inflatable craft slid smoothly down the face of the falls into the hole below and began to spin. Holding onto

the lines in the bow, I glanced back at our oarsman. Eyes as wide as saucers, he struggled to regain control of the flailing oars. “High side!” Paul yelled as the side of the boat rose above us. We threw our weight against one side and then the other as the boat spun and tossed. “High side!” Paul yelled again but now I was at the bottom of the low side, looking up at a wall that used to be the floor, and it was still coming. I heard, “We’re going over!” I plunged down into the ice cold water, my breath sucked out of my chest with the shock, adrenaline pumping my heart at an unsustainable rate fueling a new chant, “I need air, I need air, I need air!”

I came up, gasping, panicking, as water again covered my face and I felt my body bumping into rocks beneath me. I struggled to get my feet in front of me, but that made it harder to keep my head high enough to get air. Wave after wave hit me as the current pushed me down the river. The cold of the water numbed my senses even as my heart raced. Breathe, I counselled myself, slow breaths, breathe and use your head.

I saw Paul’s red helmet and Robby’s white one bobbing in the waves upstream, near the second boat. The sweep boat, rowed successfully through the rapid and was near me, but too far to throw a line, and the current was pushing me further downstream.

I spotted a dry bag floating towards me, and thought both to rescue it and pull myself higher. I could see the boats downstream and started kicking in their direction. The bag was heavy in the water and kept me from moving out of the wave train to the side of the river. I abandoned the bag and started swimming. As the waves dissipated, I felt the panic leaving me and a new feeling take over—the cold pushing at the edges of my thinking. And at that moment, the river became brighter and ever so slightly warmer. Tentatively, I set my feet down and found myself standing in waist high water on a sand bar. I breathed relief and embraced the warm sun.

Our boat, being relieved of its passengers, had not in fact flipped, but had popped out of the hydraulic hole and into an eddy, where it waited like a riderless horse to be picked up. The rower and passengers of the second boat retrieved it from the eddy and towed it downstream. The sweep boat, having already rescued my boatmates, plucked me from the sandbar, and reunited us all with our boat. The passenger in the lead boat snagged the floating dry bag.

Back on board, I was amazed to find the heron’s feather still neatly tucked under a strap where I had left it, and the bits of leaves still in the pocket of my shorts. I held the leaves and the feather in my hands.

Whether our spill was the price exacted by the Anasazi spirits for the gathering of these treasures, I was left with a new-found respect for the river and the canyon. It was ours to experience, but not to keep. I gently scattered the leaves in the water. I lifted the feather, said a silent prayer of thanks for the lesson learned, and let it go. As I did so, I felt our boat appreciably lighten as if a heavy load had just been lifted from it. I knew then, we would be fine.

Carrie Gleeson Townsley

On The Colorado (Grand Canyon)

The canyon
like time
Seasons of uplifts
folded eras
articulate stone
Fragments eroding
resonant layers, revealed
Measure of being

The boatmen
like trees
Roots pushing sand
yearning for water
Rustling leaves
shaking stories loose
Trunks steadfast, rocking
Voices of place

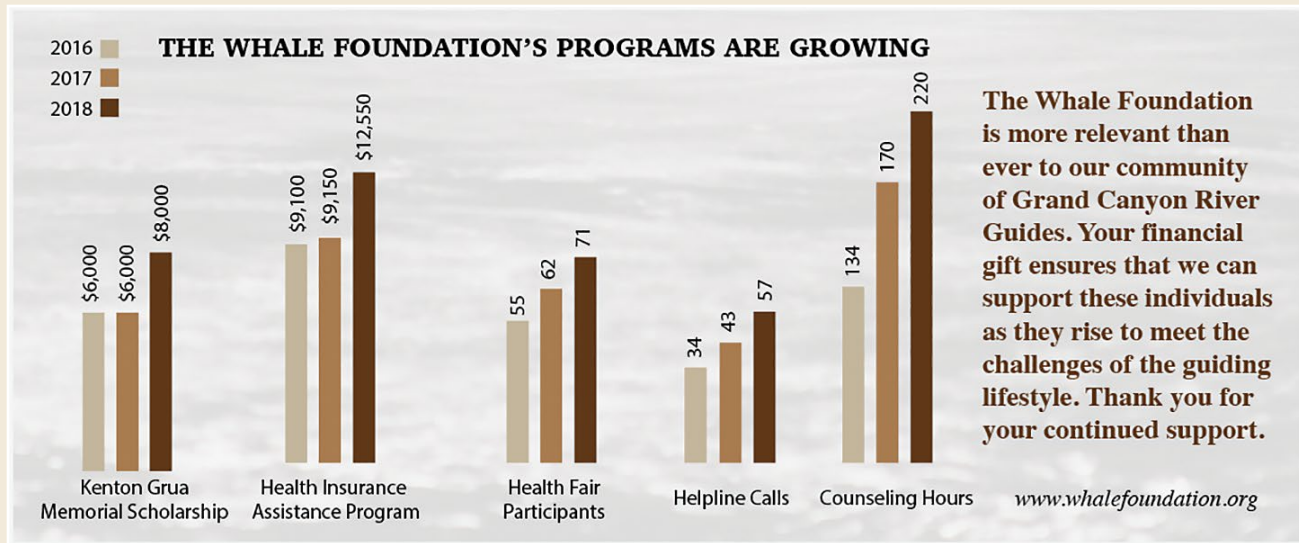
The river
like blood
Thick with plateau
thrumming in walls
storming its veins
Then resting pulse
surface radiant, hushed
Cadence of desert

—GRETCHEN SEMERAD

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

THE WHALE FOUNDATION has experienced a lot of growth lately. We've expanded our scholarships and health insurance assistance, while the Helpline is serving more than ever in the areas of counseling, mentorship and financial health. There are lots of ways to participate in our essential work. Be in touch, stay informed and spread the word. We need you!

John Napier



The Whale Foundation is more relevant than ever to our community of Grand Canyon River Guides. Your financial gift ensures that we can support these individuals as they rise to meet the challenges of the guiding lifestyle. Thank you for your continued support.

We're not helping statistics. We're assisting guides strong enough to ask for it.

How COMMUNITY MEMBERS Can Help The Whale Foundation

- Introduce the Whale Foundation to a friend or someone who loves river guides.
- Write a testimonial about why you support our work. It can resonate with others.
- Give the gift of a calendar or share our brochure with others.
- Set up a monthly contribution. It's more manageable than an end-of-year lump sum.
- Learn more online about ways you can leave your legacy and support us downstream.
- Follow, like, and subscribe on social media and share our posts.

How ACTIVE GUIDES Can Promote Our Work

- Have conversations about the Whale Foundation with clients and newer guides who may not be aware of what we do.
- If you've benefited from our services, please share your story using our confidential on-line form to help others.
- Use our Helpline as a resource to learn how to assist others.
- Keep brochures on hand for fellow guides and passengers you connect with.
- Follow, like, friend, and subscribe on social media and share our posts.

Conversation and momentum are more important than money!

"When I look at who I was three years ago, I barely recognize myself. On the outside I had a smile that said, 'I'm on-top-of-the-mountain-bottom-of-the-canyon-happy.' I wasn't, though.

I knew I had lost myself when I stopped creating art. It took me a while to get back to my soul. It started by asking for help.

Working with a counselor through the Whale Foundation, I not only addressed the challenges I was facing but learned how to joyfully take on the next. There's nothing like getting out of your element to get back into your element.

I am creating art again! I have grown and am stronger for the process I've gone through, and even more so because of the resources I found through the Whale Foundation.

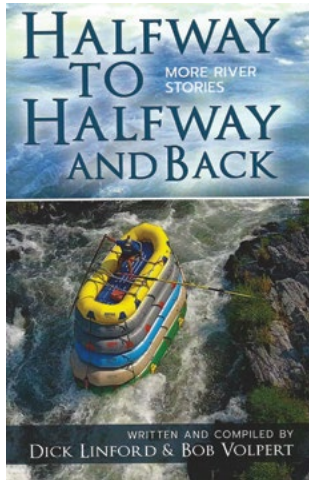
Hello soul! So happy to be home."

—Whale Foundation Client

Come by the office, talk to your outfitter Whale Rep or make an email request to get brochures and stickers.

Books!

Halfway to Halfway and Back: More River Stories, Dick Linford and Bob Volpert, Halfway Publishing, 318 pages, ISBN 13: 978-0-692-13625-6; \$19.95.



WRITTEN, compiled and edited by retired river outfitters Dick Linford and Bob Volpert, *Halfway to Halfway and Back: More River Stories*, contains 36 stories and four poems by and about river guides. (In the interest of full disclosure I worked for Dick up in Idaho and California.) It is a follow-up to the award-winning *Halfway*

to Halfway and Other River Stories, published in 2012. As in the first book, these aren't adventure tales as much as they are generally offbeat, ironic, funny, or poignant stories that capture the peculiar world of river guides.

Several stories are about old outfitters, including Grand Canyon outfitter Vladimir Kovalik, Idaho outfitter Elwood Masoner, and Rogue pioneer Bryce Whitmore. Vladimir's story could be made into a movie. One of many Vlad tidbits is that he owned Wilderness World, which eventually became CanX. But his backstory will amaze you. Guaranteed!

A refreshing quality of the book is that, when the authors are writing about themselves, they aren't the heroes of their stories. They portray themselves as confused, misguided, self-serving, and often the butt of the joke. The only heroes in the book are the old outfitters.

Steve Welch's story "Only Two Tragedies" is a hilarious account of all that can go wrong in one season on the Rogue. In Mark's Palmer's "High Water and Low Culture on the Merced" the lowlife subculture in the California foothills is more interesting than the Merced River at flood. John Cassidy's "Batman" is about a guide who was bitten by a rabid bat and quits halfway through the gruesome inoculation process that could save his life. Thinking he's a dead man walking, he does a series of death-defying feats. Somehow he survives both the bat and the deeds.

In a more poignant vein, Bob Volpert's story "Trails and Transitions" is about deciding to turn his company over to a son, and Jerry Hughes's story "Whale" is about his long-term friendship with Curt Hansen, AKA Whale, the Grand Canyon guide who took his own life and for whom The Whale Foundation is named.

One of my favorites is "Rafting With Charon" by Dan Steiner. Charon, as we all know (hah), is the boatman in Greek mythology who ferries the dead across the River Styx to Hades. In this spoof, a man who guided with Charon is interviewed by Linford and Daly about his life working for Afterlife River Adventures in the Greek world of the dead. He was, of course, a member of The Underworld River Guides Association. When asked what the work was like, he says, "It was hell." The story made me laugh out loud. Its more arcane references also sent me to books on Greek mythology.

I would have liked more stories from the Grand Canyon, but Linford and Volpert didn't outfit in the Canyon. Their operations were in California, Oregon and Idaho, and their stories reflect that. And the river guide culture that these stories capture transcends individual rivers.

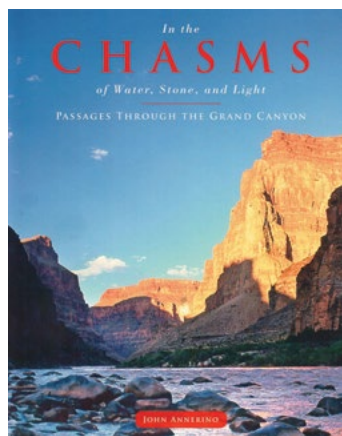
With the exception of Callan Wink, who has had two of his stories published in *The New Yorker*; Adam Tanous, who is executive editor of *Sun Valley Magazine*; and Moira Magneson, whose poems have been published widely, the writers here are amateurs. I would say that the writing here runs from OK to excellent. Some of the prose here reads like poetry. I underlined some passages, including this one from John Hunt's story "Lodge Trip":

As the sun's rays took on the color of afternoon, they were joined by that subtle melancholy that creeps in at the end of a good Rogue trip. It's that moment when you realize that time and rivers flow one way, and that anticipation has turned to memory.

I wish I had said that.

Mike Baron

In the Chasms of Water, Stone, and Light, JOHN ANNERINO, Schiffer Publishing, 2019, 176 pp; ISBN: 978-0-7643-5760-2, hardcover \$34.99.



FIFTEEN YEARS HAVE passed since my first ride in a CanEx oar boat from Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek, but my head still swirls with images of big waves over the bow, golden cliffs at dawn, the chirpy call to chow, and the echoes of laughter in the moonlight. But even more indelible, like

red mud forever coloring my socks, was a mysterious cubby hole in each boatman's personal kit—the book box. Some collections comprised a few titles, while others nearly overflowed a large ammo box. A book had to be worth its weight in Oreos to make the trip, though a few classics were too precious to risk in the hands of mere clients and were left at home.

On one trip, Tracy Scott broke out a copy of Mary Oliver poems and read to us along the Eminence Trail overlooking President Harding Rapid. On another trip, Robbie Noonan—or maybe it was Kent Wagner—shared a copy of David Lavender's *River Runners of the Grand Canyon*, perhaps to frame the conversation about Lava Falls ahead. I was hooked by the canyon's lure and lore, and now my own collection of canyon books fills twelve feet of shelves and is spilling toward thirteen. The books of all sizes are roughly clustered into history, geology, natural history, biographies, expeditions, picture books, and so forth.

But some, like veteran river guide John Annerino's latest offering *In the Chasms of Water, Stone, and Light*, are tougher to pigeonhole. With its inspiring full-page color photos, should it go with other photo or coffee table books? With its human history—Native Americans, pioneers, miners, visionaries—should it go there? Should I put it with adventures like Bill Beer's *We Swam the Grand Canyon*? Or where?

In *Chasms*, Annerino weaves many threads into a very satisfying narrative, and his blend of historic photographs balanced with color-filled pages of contemporary river guides, seductive scenes, and climbers on belay, gives a rounded feel to our vision of the canyon. The book unfolds in seven chapters, with the first chronicling his own wide-eyed first trip from

the rim to the river on a college field trip, a life changing experience for him and many of us. Chapter two retells the stories of Hopis and Havasupais who found their way into the canyon, and the awe-struck Spaniards who stood at the brink. Annerino also follows Charles Lummis's nineteenth-century route up Diamond Peak, a route enhanced by color photos of the slopes and grand summit view. The third pairs early expeditions and trips—Clyde Eddy, Norm Nevills, Georgie White, Buzz Holmstrom—with his own first run downriver as a working boatman, one mentored by three boatwomen. On this trip he discovered that his paddle crew “had rediscovered the very essence of who they were—and who they had become once again.”

Chapter four takes readers on hikes and climbs among the sacred thrones—Shiva Temple, Wotans Throne, and Angels Gate. In number five Annerino leads us on long hikes into slot canyons for an unforgettable look at photogenic wonders like Paria, and we accompany him down the Little Colorado from Cameron bridge to the confluence. Five blends visions and dreams of the canyon with stories about Mary Colter and Desert View Watchtower and follows the Kolb brothers up Shiva Temple. The closing chapter pays tribute to photographer Jack Hillers, who laboriously brought some of the canyon's first images to the public.

This book is the best of Annerino's best writing, enchanting and informative, inspiring and reflective. It makes me feel like a friend of the Canyon, not a client. And it makes me yearn for another run downriver—to reunite with old friends and make new. Books can keep dreams aflame.

Annerino has written other books about the canyon. His *Hiking the Grand Canyon* trail guides have led many a hiker to magic places and brought them back tired in flesh but renewed in spirit. His *Running Wild* aroused some of us to attempt crazy hikes ourselves, and to dig deeper into the book catalogue for other adventurous reads like *Grand Canyon Wild*. His *Photographer's Guide to the Grand Canyon* undoubtedly has helped many willing amateurs capture better images of our resplendent canyon.

Written to celebrate 100 years of Grand Canyon National Park, *In the Chasms of Water, Stone, and Light* has already picked up a 2019 Independent Publisher Book Award for Best U.S. West—Mountain Regional Nonfiction, and it is sure to be in the running for other accolades.

And one more good thing about this book—it'll fit snugly into a boatman's book box.

Bill Broyles

Quoth the Raven...

NEVERMORE FRET—or at least that’s the idea behind the largest ever resource of published material on the Grand Canyon and Lower Colorado River regions. It’s back, and it’s yours for the asking. Everything along the river from Glen Canyon Dam down on into the sea, and everything in the broad swath of land on either side.

Since 1974 (yes, I guess that makes me officially old), I’ve worked on a bibliography for these regions. It started sleepily and modestly enough, and grew to have a life of its own. Then when I wasn’t looking it consumed me whole, like a Grand Canyon rattlesnake.

“Bibliography” is an awful word, guaranteed to make one turn a page (close it, that is) or nod off to dreams of better places and things. It’s generally a god-awfully stodgy list of names-of-authors-and-the-things-they-wrote (or produced, such as in the case of films or musical recordings and so on). But this is a new day and age. Behold! The bibliography—that’s the last time I’ll say that word here—is a good and interesting thing.

The thing that I had begun in 1974 was birthed by the Grand Canyon Natural History Association (GCNHA—now the Grand Canyon Conservancy). In 1981, the first edition was printed—precisely that stodgy list but the first of its kind in the modern era. In 1990, we deemed it necessary for a second edition, made “far more useful” by producing it in loose-leaf (so it could be handily updated) and—hold on to your hats—on microfiche *and* ASCII digital disks! We were cooking with gas.

The second edition had essays, some of them by authorities in their field. And the completed product won second prize in the Park Service’s occasional competition of publications produced by cooperating associations (like GCNHA). Not bad for a...um, stodgy list. Things ran rampant and a supplement was produced in 1993—utilizing that loose-leaf binder—and dished out some more microfiche and 5.25-inch floppies to go with the others! Then the binder was full. Oops.

We made the jump in 2000 to the 21ST century, literally and figuratively. In January, the online

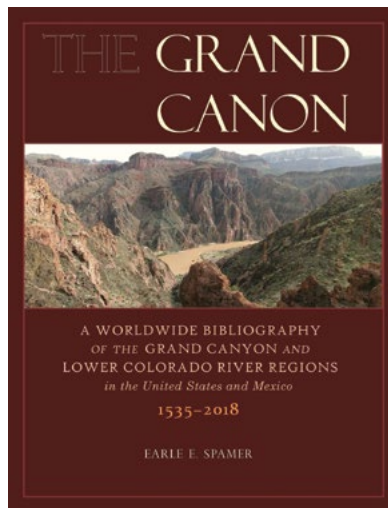
database came into being (www.grandcanyonbiblio.org). It was (gasp!) searchable. But it also was not really browsable like its printed parents. Sometimes, running through pages of citations gives one a sense of the whole, just like also having a whole book in hand. Open a book on Kindle, or some other e-book offering. It’s “all there” but do you have a sense for how *much* is there by thumbing through pages, seeing how thick it is, or feeling its weight?

Forgot something? Someone give you a person’s name, or a title, or even a fragment of a title? Look for it here. And you’ll see things nearby as well, something a straightforward database doesn’t offer.

Yet databases are subject to technical infirmity as they age, which is what happened to this one. Robust as it is, after two decades on the road, while still utilitarian, its customized software hasn’t keep pace with the host’s ever improving software and became susceptible to crashes when it was being added to. Time was passing as well, and thousands (tens of thousands) more publications were coming to light all the time; many of them old and forgotten, others brand new. But of what use is it?

Enter: Raven’s Perch Media. I came up with the name from a detail in an illustration by Balduin Möllhausen made during the great expedition with Joseph C. Ives up the Colorado River and overland to the Grand Canyon in 1858. A frosty camp scene near Cataract Canyon is shown with a raven perched, waiting; a familiar scenario even to modern river runners. Under the Raven’s Perch imprint I turned my own personal working file into a resurrected version of the 1981 and 1990 monographs, with everything gathered since then: it’s all there, in one place, browsable and, thanks to its PDF format, searchable at least for words and phrases. The monograph, back at last, includes lots (and lots) that could not be displayed in the online database, such as titles in Chinese, Thai, or Georgian.

I called this new version “*The Grand Canon*”—no tilde on the “n” because it’s fashioned as a literary *canon*: indispensable, authoritative, even if imperfect. The name is a play on the old-fashioned way of writing “Grand Canyon” (as “Grand Cañon” and “Grand Canon”).



It's a job never done, really. The stuff keeps coming. So the new edition, out earlier this year to meet the centennial of Grand Canyon National Park and the 150TH of John Wesley Powell's first canyon-rivers trip, is on board the Raven's Perch website: <https://ravensperch.org>. Some 90,000 publications—tomes and tidbits alike—are grouped into 32 categories; handy because most people will be interested only in some subjects. It's all accompanied by lots of informational material, too, that in a printed book would be called "front matter"; not for everyone but it's there for anyone. That's where you can find all my reasons why this is useful in this day and age, and how it can be used to good advantage.

What's available in *The Grand Canon*? Everything you can think of. Seriously. Don't take my word for it; go and look!

Some people won't want the subdivided pieces but the whole thing as a single document, which is how it's designed to be in the first place. That too is available. Thanks to my previous employer (I retired, nominally, last year) it's in their digital library and you can download the huge single volume at once—fully searchable and in all its glory. Just go to the main page of Raven's Perch Media. The link to the full document is there. No hunting, no registrations, no tracking, free.

Beyond help for the individual, there's a monumental base of material lying in wait for resource managers, administrators, and scholars and interested aficionados of all sorts. Just for example: Park Service people and folks in other agencies, *this* is all the stuff that has drawn on the resources of the lands you oversee. Not just the bureaucratic and administrative documents, but all the things that your global visitors have taken away with them and have turned around for still others. *This* is how they see or imagine your place and how they have used your real and aesthetic resources. *This* is what you work for, even though the vast portion of the results you'd never find out about. Not only that, but *this* is the stuff that substantiates your work and your agency's mission.

So when someone (however infrequently) asks what's been published, by all means lean on the wonderfully overworked standbys of Powell's growlings about the Great Unknown, Edward Abbey's bring-it-on and bring-it-down taunts, or Ferde Grofé's suite of monsoons, sunsets, and clippity clapping mules. But before they realize what they've asked just sum it up with "*Ravensperch dot org*," and nevermore fret for an answer.

Earle Spamer

Sound, Not Silence

Hello Groover my old friend
I've come to sit with you again
Because the urges came creeping
In the tent while I was sleeping
And the urges, that descended through my frame
Said don't remain
Or there'll be sound, not silence

From restless dreams I woke alone
Walked through sand and river stone
'Neath the halo of a new head lamp
To the Groover at the edge of camp
While the urges
That came and went all night
Still gave a fright
Soon there'd be sound, not silence

Waiting patiently I thought
What is Groover all about?
People sitting in the morning light
Sometimes even in the dead of night
People wanting only a Groover to themselves
And no one else
Time for sound, not silence

Fool said I the smart ones know
Fruit and beans will make you go
Hear the words 'the Groover's free'
Take the key that they reach me
But the wait
At first it felt so vast
Didn't last
Only sound, not silence

And some guests they came and stayed
On the Groover throne they prayed
Until the guides called out their warning
At the load-out every morning
They yell 'last call on the Groover' and its heard
by one and all
While canyon walls
Whispered sound, not silence

—DAVID SCHALLER

With gratitude and apologies to Paul Simon
May 2018.

Cooler Research— An Evaluation of Block Ice Versus Bottle Ice

INTRODUCTION

COOLERS OR “ICE CHESTS” are commonly used to store food and beverages when electricity is not available. Refrigerated storage helps prevent sickness due to foodborne microorganisms. The National Park Service “2016 Commercial Operating Requirement” states that commercial operators must keep “potentially hazardous” food at or below 45 degrees Fahrenheit (7.2 degrees Celcius). (Reference 1) This third Cooler Research article evaluates bottle ice compared to block ice.

METHODS AND MATERIALS

The experimental setup and protocol was described in a previous article (Reference 2) and remains the same. Experiments were conducted at a room temperature of 107.2 degrees Fahrenheit.

24.0 kilograms of ice were used in each cooler, 47 percent of the manufacturers stated capacity of 113 pounds. The block ice was prepared as described in a previous publication (Reference 2). The bottle ice was twelve two-liter soft drink bottles, each filled with two liters of water.

Experiments were initiated by removing the ice from a freezer, loading it immediately into coolers and closing the coolers. Each cooler lid was held down using two NRS nine-foot tie-down straps around the lid and cooler.

RESULTS

The results for each cooler are described below and the data presented in graphs. The temperature at the Bottom, Mid-Low and High sensors is plotted versus the hours since closing the cooler. For both coolers there is an initial period (Phase 1) of approximately ten hours when the freezer temperature ice is warming up. The header of the graph identifies the vertical position of each sensor in the cooler: (High, Mid-Low, Bottom). A red dotted horizontal line shows the Park Service upper limits for Commercial Operators. A blue dotted horizontal line shows the freezing point of water. In the graphs and summary table, we included the data for

Drained versus Undrained Blocks from our previous article (Reference 2) for comparison.

Bottom: The results for the temperature at the Bottom are plotted in Figure 1. The temperature stays below the Commercial Operators Limit of 45 degrees Fahrenheit for 70.5 hours for the Horizontal Bottles and 80.6 hours for the Vertical Bottles.

Mid-Low: The results for the Mid-Low temperature are plotted in Figure 2. The temperature stays below the Commercial Operators Limit of 45 degrees Fahrenheit for 43.6 hours for the Horizontal Bottles and 77.3 hours for the Vertical Bottles.

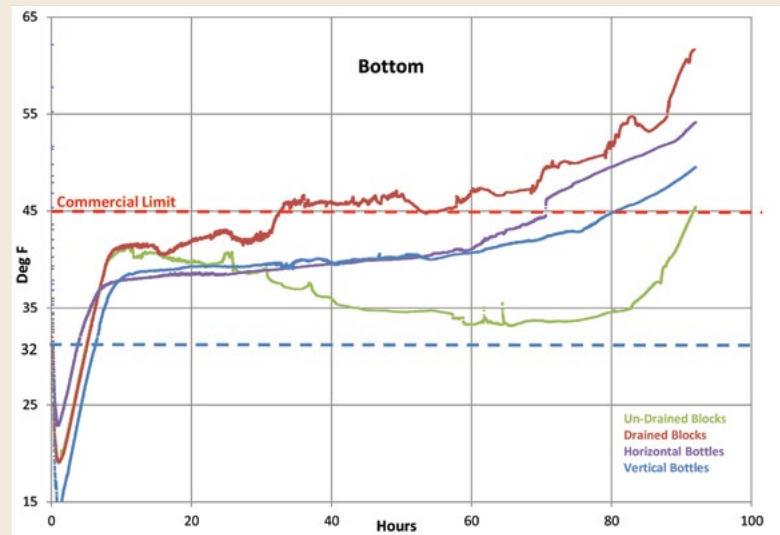


Figure 1.

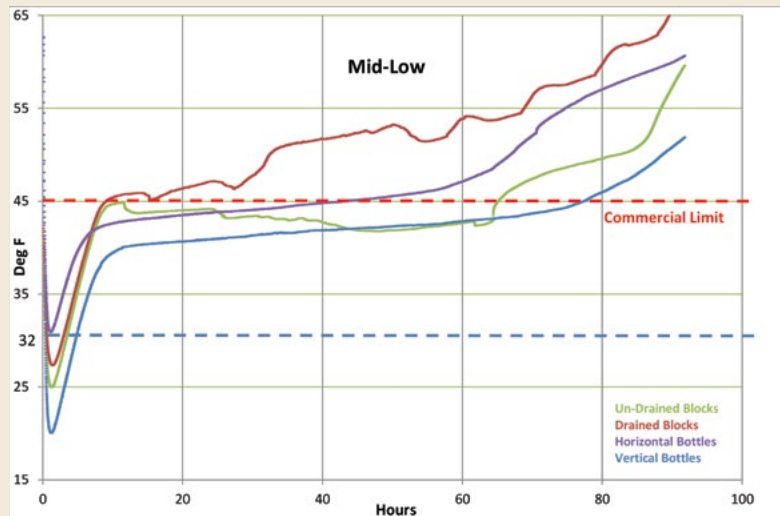


Figure 2.

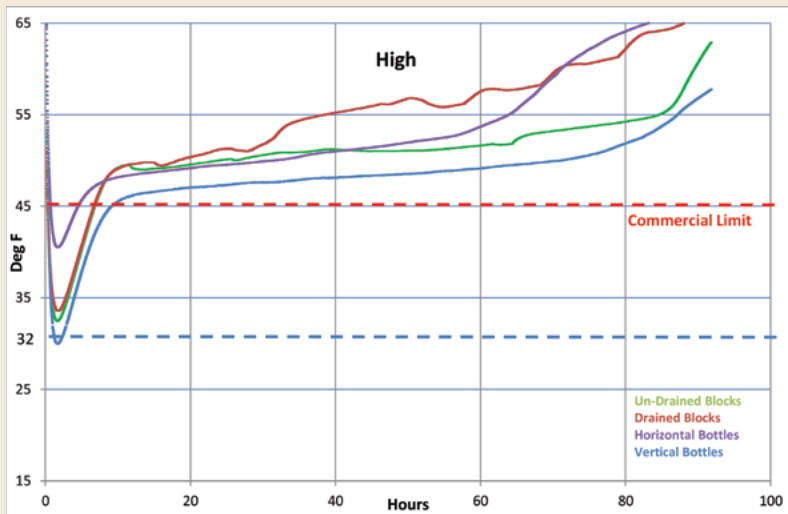


Figure 3.

High: The results for the High temperature are plotted in Figure 3. The temperature stays below the Commercial Operators Limit of 45 degrees Fahrenheit for 4.4 hours for the Horizontal Bottles and nine hours for the Vertical Bottles.

DISCUSSION

The Table below summarizes the results.

In our prior articles, we detailed the difference in performance between a drained and undrained cooler. The undrained cooler outperformed the drained cooler at all sensor levels, due primarily to the high heat capacity of the retained meltwater. While enhancing the cooling performance, the retained meltwater may pose a food safety issue itself. Water could leak into food containers and affect the integrity of the packaged product. Freezing water in containers solves this problem. Meltwater is contained and the high heat capacity of the mass of water is preserved. An added benefit is the contained water presents a source of potable drinking water.

The physical orientation of the bottle ice had a significant effect. The Vertical Bottles closely paralleled the performance of the Horizontal Bottles at the Bottom sensor and outperformed the Horizontal Bottles at the other sensor levels. This is particularly noticeable at the High sensor.

	Drained Blocks	Un-Drained Blocks	Horizontal Bottles	Vertical Bottles
Sensor Location	Hours below Commercial Limit	Hours below Commercial Limit	Hours below Commercial Limit	Hours below Commercial Limit
High	~7	~7	4.4	9
Mid-Low	9	65	43.6	77.3
Bottom	32.5	91.6	70.5	80.6

Cold air is denser than warm air and sinks to and remains at the bottom of the cooler. This difference creates a stratification in the temperature profile from low and cool to high and warm. This effect occurs in all test cases: Drained, Undrained, Horizontal and Vertical Bottles.

In the case of the Vertical Bottles, the temperature profile is altered. Ice is less dense than water, rises to the top of the bottle, keeping a colder presence higher up in the air column. This is most noticeable in the graph for the High sensor.

CONCLUSION

The results of this study show that Un-Drained Blocks provide lower cooler Bottom temperature than Bottles after thirty hours.

At the Mid-Low level of the cooler, the temperature with the Vertical Bottles stays below the Commercial limit longer than all other test conditions. At the High level in the cooler, the Vertical Bottles maintain a lower temperature than all other test conditions for the entire run.

Blakely LaCroix & Peter Werness, Ph.D.
 COOLER RESEARCH, INC.
 (coolerresearch@gmail.com)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The authors wish to thank Wrenchman, Inc. for providing facilities, equipment and support. Much of this work was inspired and guided by Dr. Rufus Lumry of the University of Minnesota Laboratory for BioPhysical Chemistry. Dr Lumry was one of the world's leading authorities on the physical properties of water.

REFERENCES:

- 2016 Commercial Operators Requirements, Page 18, Section 2a.
- LACROIX AND WERNESS: Cooler Research: An evaluation of Drained versus Un-Drained coolers loaded with ice, *The Boatman's Quarterly Review*, Inc., Volume 31, Number 4, Winter 2018–2019, pages 12–13.

Point Positive: Why We Need This Workshop Now More Than Ever

The potency of this workshop was sharing the room with guides and outfitters who want to do the work. They want to show up, they want to have difficult conversations, they want to learn. They want to be better. I am especially grateful for women, femme, non-binary, and minoritized people in our river community leading these conversations with resilience, grace, and excellency. They remind me Grand Canyon is for all, for me, for you: we are not burdened to hegemony. Things do change. It gets better. Join us.

—MADDIE FRIEND, RIVER GUIDE
Point Positive attendee

ON A WHIM, I DECIDED to attend the inaugural Point Positive Workshop: Effective Conversations and Interactions, at the 2019 Guides Training Seminar. Having spent twelve years (and counting) in academia, I am as well-acquainted with systemic sexual harassment in the workplace as river guides, hiking guides, and well, just about every woman* in every field ever. I have attended similarly-themed workshops over the years and have always felt that they were preaching to the choir. The people attending the workshops were rarely, if ever, the people who needed to be educated about behaviors that can be bullying or harassing. I admit that I assumed this workshop would be more of the same. As I walked into the room, I feared I would be proven correct. The workshop facilitator and most of the attendees were women. Young women. However, as more people trickled in, I was pleasantly surprised to see an almost even split of men and women, and an unexpected number of them were multi-decade veterans of the river (still young!...just skewing a bit older).

Workplace harassment is insidious. It can take so many forms and while some (bullying) are easier to spot than others (like a seeming compliment that has nothing to do with the person's ability to do their job), it can be easy to dismiss if you have not personally experienced it. Or maybe you have witnessed it, but it was happening to someone else and if you spoke up,

your own job was at risk. Is there any way to break this cycle so that we can all work in a positive and supportive environment?

This is where Point Positive can serve our community. It provides a safe forum for people to share their experiences, discuss their fears, listen to their colleagues, and learn how to be an ally. Emily Ambrose is a passionate and fiercely talented instructor who led a well-organized and inclusive workshop of an emotionally-charged topic with grace and humor. I know that all of us in attendance felt that we gained new communication skills to deal

with being either a direct participant or a witness in a harassment incident. I particularly liked how Emily used the framework of a patient assessment (we are all WFRS after all!) to build a template for actions that we can take to diffuse, manage, and monitor a situation. If you want to know more, attend the 2020 Point Positive workshop!

Much sooner than I would have liked, I found myself using these new tools on a river trip just two weeks after GTS. If you have ever

wondered why it “seems that people just can’t say something nice to someone anymore,” allow me to offer two examples of what it feels like to be on the receiving end of such comments.

LOCATION: Upstream of Unkar Delta

SCENE: I’ve just washed my hair in the river and am letting it dry. I turn around to find the old man (a client) staring at me and standing just a little too close.

OLD MAN: “Wow, your hair is so pretty when you let it down.” He repeats this several more times that evening. And the next morning. And the next afternoon. And the next day. And the day after that. It was awkward and creepy the first time. It just got creepier each time after.

ME, EACH TIME: “Ummm, thank you,” but with an ever-decreasing smile to go with it. Finally, I just say sharply, “John**”, you really need to stop talking



about my hair.” That puts him back on his heels a bit. He mutters something but at least he stops talking about my damn hair. Ewwwwwww.

LOCATION: Bright Angel Trail

SCENE: Hiking out with a guide who has never missed an opportunity to comment on my looks in the three years we’ve known each other. (...but he always throws in something about my intelligence as if that makes it better...??)

GUIDE: “Melissa, I gotta tell you, I really love my wife but I’m very attracted to you.”

ME: ...As I pretend to ignore this statement, a thought strikes me—“oh my god...does he actually think I’m attracted to him??? That if only he weren’t married, I’d sleep with him????? Just because I’m friendly and I joke with him and I interact with him professionally as a fellow guide? Can he really be that oblivious?? This would be laughable if it wasn’t so disgustingly inappropriate. WTF?? Also, ewwwwwwww.”

Here are some ideas I learned from Point Positive that apply to the above examples:

1. Do not ignore the issue. Clearly and directly address it. It is never comfortable to do this, but it works (see: telling that guy to stop talking about my hair).
2. If you recognize any such behaviors in yourself, it is never too late to do better.
3. If you are about to compliment your colleague, is it about the job? Their ability? Or something completely unrelated that they may or may not have any control over (i.e. their physical appearance)?
4. If you find yourself about to say something like this to a colleague, stop.
5. Empathize. Put yourself in their position. Have they given you any indication that such advances are wanted? Have they given indications that such advances definitely are not wanted? Could it be that they are being friendly and professional (just as you would be to your other colleagues)? Do not mistake friendliness for “they must want to sleep with me.”
6. Consider the age difference—could you be their parent?? If you are in the Parent Zone, then stay there. Own the Zone. (Okay, this one came from my best friend, but he’s so right).

Sexual harassment is disturbingly common. Even for well-meaning people, it can be so easy to disregard somebody’s expertise, leadership, and accomplishments in favor of a “seemingly harmless”

comment about their looks. A simple comment is not always just a simple comment. Especially in the workplace. Even when your workplace is as awesome as the Grand Canyon.

“People will forget what you said, they’ll forget what you did, but they’ll never forget how you made them feel.”

—MAYA ANGELOU

We spend our trips striving to help our guests feel the magic of the Grand Canyon. Imagine the magic we can cast when we all feel supported and valued within our own Grand Canyon family.

Melissa Giovanni, PH.D.

GRAND CANYON CONSERVANCY FIELD INSTITUTE

* Sexual harassment can and does happen to people of all genders and identities. I will use examples of a man harassing a woman, but please recognize that this can and does happen to everyone.

** names have been changed

Point Positive Workshop

The Point Positive Workshop Series is co-sponsored by the Whale Foundation and Grand Canyon River Guides.

We’re excited to make plans for another workshop sometime this fall, as well as next spring before the GTS. GCRG will send out an e-newsletter announcement beforehand with information on how to register. If you’re not already on the GCRG mailing list (Boatman’s Beta), you can click on the “Join the GCRG mailing list” link on our homepage at www.gcr.org. Get dialed in, and let’s move forward together!

Bear aka Neal Shapiro

BORN IN MARYLAND [in 1950], moved to California in '51, and grew up in Southern California. Basically high school, elementary school, and college. It's when I got into my sophomore year in college that my wrestling coach talked me into going on a river trip as a passenger. Did Cataract Canyon in '71 with White Water River Expeditions, Henry Falany, and enjoyed it so much, the second year went again—Middle Fork of the Salmon with Falany. There was quite a crew on both of those. That was Robin Falany's honeymoon trip. We had Stan Jantz, Dory Schwab, Paul Johns—some of the guys on that trip. It was great. I was scheduled to go on the Tuolumne the following year, but they cancelled that because of high water. I called Henry and said, "Hey, I got to get on a trip somehow." "Okay, you report to Paul Thevenin and we'll put you to work," and that was in '73. And I'm still here!

STEIGER: You said you "got to get on a trip," meaning...Angling for a [job]?

BEAR: Actually I wasn't. I just wanted to get on the trip. When you're a passenger for those two years that I did that, you're digging in, pumping boats, loading boats, and stuff like that. It was Henry and Dennis Prescott the first year. I wish I had pictures of that trip still. But we had to turn that in to the wrestling coach. I got two units credit for that!

STEIGER: For doing the first trip?

BEAR: First one, Canyonlands, on my transcript.

STEIGER: Who was the wrestling coach?

BEAR: Jack Frost. He'd been on a trip the year before in 1970. He tried to convince me to go on that one. That was a nine-day Grand Canyon trip, with Paul Thevenin and Wade Falany. It was 300 bucks for nine days—I couldn't do that—too much money—so I said no. But I'm sure glad I did the next one. It was pretty interesting. Got your feet wet and everything else.

STEIGER: First impressions of that first trip. What did the boats look like? What sticks out about your first impression of the river?

BEAR: We started in Moab, so the first day and a half, there really wasn't much. Then they were prepping us to go through some of the rapids. I vaguely remember the boats. I want to say Henry was running almost a triple-rig at that point. Dennis was running a regular boat.

STEIGER: Like a thirty-three?

BEAR: I want to say it was a 33. Henry was building his permit at that time, so it was get all the YMCAs, get all the colleges—he called them the economy trip.

I think it cost me 160 bucks, which got me the two units credit and the trip. That was a bargain for me. I remember the first day or so the river was muddy. Didn't bother me. Every once in a while you'd see a floating dead cow. Hmm, that was good. I'll tell you what, I was on pins and needles going through those first few rapids. I wasn't sure what I was getting into.

STEIGER: If there were floating cows, it must have been high water.

BEAR: I couldn't tell you what the water level was.

STEIGER: Was it memorable, was it big?

BEAR: Big Drops were big, I remember that. And Gypsum was still out at that time, and that was big. Those are the only two that I really recall. Did a little bit of hikin'. It was a short trip, four and a half days, too quick. I remember trying to get into Hite, it was like pushing in through all the logs that floated into the marina itself. I just know that it was enough to get me started wanting to do some more. It's a contagious disease. Once you get hooked down there, it's hard to get out.

QUARTAROLI: "Rapid Rabies." [An expression from historian/river runner Dock Marston.]

BEAR: "Rapid Rabies." That's a good one.

STEIGER: You went from Cataract to the Middle Fork?

BEAR: I went to the Middle Fork. I wanted to do something that was a bit more challenging, and that definitely was. We were on much smaller boats. He had some 22s, the shorties, but he also had some of those little Yampas. I was on Robin's boat with his wife. We went in below Dagger [Falls], and it was rainin', it was cold, the river was cold, and those weren't self-bailing boats. They'd fill up with water, and boy your feet were frozen. I remember when we got to that first camp, they had hot springs. That was nice.

STEIGER: About time!

BEAR: Yeah. I had a tube tent—first experience with a tube tent. I think that was the last time I ever set one up. Those are just pathetic. I remember I had packed a bota bag of whiskey, and I'd wrapped it in a towel and it was in my duffle bag. We went up in a great big truck, and people were sitting on everybody's bags. I got to that first night's camp and I couldn't wait to get that out. It had all squeezed out, it was gone, it was history. We stopped at the Harrah's Middle Fork Lodge the second day and I bought a case of beer—ten bucks for a case of beer. Jack didn't go on the Middle Fork trip. He put me and another guy—"You guys are going to drive the truck up with all the people." That was a

great trip. We got to Ely, spent the night there, drove all the way up to Stanley the next day, and we stayed in Henry's warehouse. You've been to Stanley before, haven't you?

STEIGER: Yeah.

BEAR: Population at that time was 43. I don't know what it is now. Dirt roads, center of town. That was like a Monday or Tuesday, and we came off the river and were back in Stanley on Saturday night. I couldn't believe it, it was just packed—wall-to-wall people on that street. There was only about three bars. We spent the night there and drove home the next day. That was a great trip. Henry got flown out at I think it was the Flying B [Ranch]. His back went out, so he went out.

STEIGER: What was Henry like? What kind of impression did he make on you those first trips?

BEAR: He was a good guy. It was fun to run with Henry. You know, you're kind of trying to figure out what's going on, on these trips, and he was a really good guy to be around. Even in the early years, working for White Water, he was a lot of fun to be working with.

STEIGER: The third year that was Grand Canyon? And your first experience of the Grand Canyon, you were working.

BEAR: Yeah. It was funny—Jack Frost drove me out there, so I didn't have a vehicle. He stayed two or three days there. I met Paul and all the kids—well, not all of them, they weren't all there yet. Arthur wasn't there.

STEIGER: Arthur wasn't even there.

BEAR: No, Arthur wasn't there, [Little] Henry wasn't there, and I think I remember later that summer we were celebrating Fred's first birthday. Paul said, "I've got to go to Salt Lake City and do some stuff up there, so this is a trip that needs to be packed out, and need to go pick up this truck. I'll be back in about three days." I was the only one there because there were two boats on the water. I think that was the very first super deluxe with Henry and Bruce Winter. Mike [Denoyer] was swamping on that trip. You remember where the old White Water warehouse was, the great big one?

STEIGER: Kind of vaguely. Why do I have it somewhere between the Buckskin [Tavern] and Waterman [Welding]?

BEAR: The original White Water warehouse, when I started, was in Utah. They built the new warehouse that was just below the Buckskin. I'm sleeping in the warehouse and it must have been about midnight, and Paul rolls in, and the lights were going on. "We're doing a shuttle for Henry. Are you ready? There's no pay." "Okay, I'm ready. Let's go." "We're going down to Diamond Creek." I'd never been there. Paul's driving the truck, so we're going to de-rig. We drive all night

long to get down to Peach Springs. Going across the reservation, it's one or two in the morning, you're trying to stay awake, trying to pick up anything you can on the radio, and I'm listening to Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds" trying to stay awake. That morning we left his vehicle and drove down in the truck. Henry got out of the boat and away he went in the bus. That's when I met Mike, and we started de-rigging with Bruce and myself and Paul. That was my first introduction to Mike and Bruce. Then I came back and packed out another trip.

STEIGER: You four guys, you and Mike and Bruce and Paul—these are the big ol' White Water boats—you de-rig two boats all by yourself.

BEAR: Oh, yeah.

STEIGER: I remember those boats were so big, that equipment was so huge.

BEAR: You want to hear the funny part? Henry apparently hit something on the trip, and we couldn't get one of those wings out of there, so we had to put the base frame that was on the front of the boat, and one of those wings, into that truck catawampus. Those boats were heavy! That truck wasn't designed for rigging or putting stuff in it. It was a big cattle truck.

STEIGER: It wasn't a flatbed.

BEAR: No, it was open up in the top. Had the big "I" beam up on the top.

STEIGER: Those were the days. These youngsters now that have trailers will never know.

BEAR: No, really they don't. It was funny, I was listening to somebody talk about going over the Kaibab and what a mess it was having to deflate them, put gas in them, and stuff like that.

STEIGER: Oh, how awful for you!

BEAR: "You don't know what awful is." De-rigging and riggin'—you have no idea.

STEIGER: We did that at ARR, too, rolling that rubber—*cotton* rubber.

BEAR: You guys took your side tubes off, didn't you?

STEIGER: Yeah.

BEAR: See, we didn't. We flopped that thing all together. It was one gigantic roll.

STEIGER: The side tubes were laced on there or something?

BEAR: Yeah, and those side tubes were full length of the boat.

STEIGER: Oh, my God.

BEAR: I think you could have landed a helicopter on that thing.

STEIGER: On top of that boat.

BEAR: I really do. Both skids on the side boxes.

STEIGER: You had a winch that picked that thing up, you didn't have to lift that thing?

BEAR: We either hand cranked it or we had an electric. But you know those electric ones and as often as not they were going to break down. De-rigged and drove back to Kanab. It was an all-night deal—I don't know what time we got back, but I know I slept in the truck that night, I didn't get out. Paul got up and started knockin'—"C'mon, let's go, we got to unload it!" Paul and I went down to rig the boats for the next trip—just Paul and I. I'll never forget this one. I'd never rigged a boat before. And we didn't get down there until eight or nine o'clock at night, so it's starting to get dark. But at least it was cool. We got the generator out, and the generator didn't work, so we couldn't air up the boats. It was a mess. I don't think we got home until one or two in the morning. We finally got it done. Ridiculous. That was fun. "This is the way it's supposed to be, I guess."

QUARTAROLI: You had to hand-pump the boats?

BEAR: Paul was sitting in the middle of the Ferry there, working on a generator, trying to get that thing to go. He finally did, or maybe we borrowed something—I'm not exactly sure. But we got those boats put together and put them in the water.

So many different drives, you know, and different things go wrong, like we were coming back from Diamond Creek once and our fuel pump went out on the truck. We strapped one of the boat gas cans on the top and we ran a gas line to the fuel line, and I was sitting shotgun, squeezing the pump bottle to keep gas going into the carburetor, all the way back to Kanab from Diamond Creek. Just funny stuff. If you had something that went really smooth, it was something wrong.

STEIGER: When did you get to finally go down Grand Canyon?

BEAR: I did four trips that year, and the first one was a one-boater with Bruce Winter—and he's an outfitter.

STEIGER: Boggles the mind. Was Bruce pretty fun to do that first trip with?

BEAR: He was fun, he was. You know, he was really good, very patient with me, because here he had two guys that *never* had done a river trip before.

The next trip I did was with Mike, and it was at that point Henry told Bruce, "Train him, 'cause we're going to put him on a boat this summer." I was running on Tom Clark's boat. A lot of guys that were from California, because Henry was from Turlock. I hadn't met Bill Gloeckler at that time. It was quite an early crew. Then I had to do my two-week summer camp with the National Guard. I was in the last draft. I joined the National Guard. I'd just come out of basic. That's when I was going to go on the Tuolumne. I was a trained cook in the Army, so I used that on my



Bear and Willy Taylor, late 1970s.

resume. I said, "Well, Henry, I can cook." Paul says, "That'll be great. They'll love that, because none of those guys know how to cook down there."

STEIGER: First impressions of Grand Canyon?

BEAR: Amazing. Not able to take it all in, not able to really understand what you've just done. You come off that trip and you're in awe, really. Couldn't wait to do it again. I guess the fact that you come back every year kind of speaks for itself. The people that you meet down there, the guides that you work with. I've been very fortunate, I've been able to do a lot of trips with a lot of different people. It was always fun doing a trip with Paul. It was awe-inspiring to do a trip with Jake Luck. He didn't start working for Henry until '76 maybe, because I know he did the Belize thing with Mike and Henry. I only went once. They took all that equipment down there, and that saltwater beats it up. We'd be rigging out, and Willie Taylor would be bitching up a storm, "What's all this saltwater, rusted all up?! We can't get these wings in." But that was quite an operation down there.

STEIGER: I was kind of jealous. It sounded great to me, hearing Mike talk about it. Just sounded like fun, a great thing to do.

BEAR: I was lucky when I got to go. That's when Jerry [and Hoss] Sanderson were there, Smedley [Don Safely]. Out there for a week, watching Papa Joe [Henry's father] turn the pig [on a spit] that last day, drinking beer, trying to play horseshoes. It was a hoot and a holler. Mike was working his butt off, and so was Jake. He was pumping air [compressed air for diving]

and doing all that stuff, so I didn't get a lot of chance to talk to him that much that week.

STEIGER: My recollection of the White Water days was *all* you guys were working your butts off—I mean, just in general, the core crew, it looked like everybody was pretty busy.

BEAR: The schedule was, you came off on a Saturday, and you went right back on Sunday. Henry started flying us back probably more frequently in the early eighties—'80, '81—but a lot of times we did a lot of drive-arounds. Two or three times, I remember he put us on a speedboat. We'd go out on the speedboat, then fly right back to Marble. They'd pick you up and dump you right on the river *that* day. That's when Roxanne [Denoyer] came up with a really good washing system. You put all your clothes in a beer sack, squirt some soap in it, and drag it off the back of the boat for about six, eight miles.

* * *

Neal "Bear" Shapiro and I have had a long history, meeting at Pearce Ferry in 1975. Our first Grand Canyon river trip together was a couple of years later, and we have shared many more: I was on Bear's first trip as a boatman, his 100TH and 200th Grand Canyon river trips, and the high water of 1983. Bear's boating career evolved simultaneously with that of teaching art and coaching sports at Southern California high schools for 36 years. He told me that, "Through all my years running trips in the Canyon, I had many opportunities to share

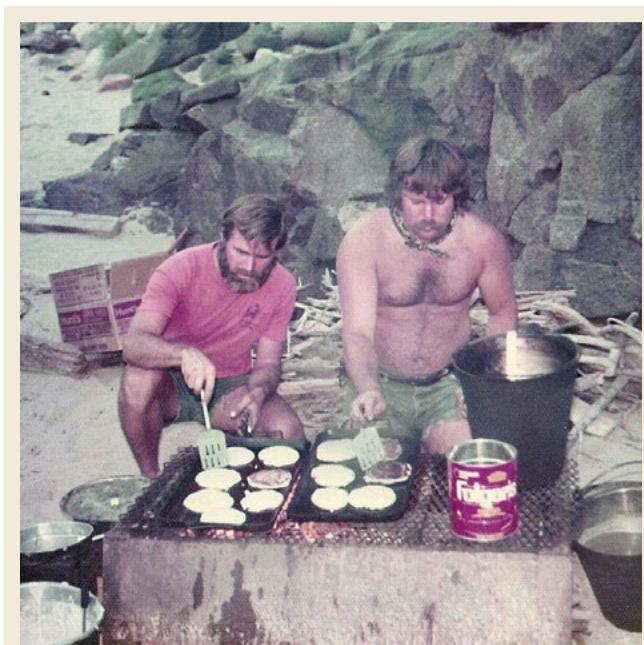
the Grand Canyon with dozens of both teachers and students." He forgot to mention hundreds of passengers, some of whom would return just to do another trip with him.

One tendency for longtime pards is to tell each other our versions of the same old stories, delaying us getting to the point. Fortunately, Lew Steiger was around to focus on the stories he had not heard before, or had only heard of. One tale not told is how Bear got his name. While not exactly Aesop Fables, there are at least two versions: one relating to actions and appearances, and the other having to do with a Flat Rock party at National, and how to find your boat after. Interviews by Lew Steiger and Richard Quartaroli took place May 2013 and July 2017. Edited for publication by Richard Quartaroli.

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QUARTAROLI: What did you do on the trip as a swamper? Back then it was cooking over open fires—a lot different than forty years later.

BEAR: It was quite an experience cooking on an open fire, gathering wood and that kind of stuff. One of my selling points was that I was an Army-trained cook, so I kind of took over the kitchen, which Bruce could care less about. He said, "That's fine, you can go right ahead." I think that was the trip that we were going to make some stew, and they had all the stew meat wrapped up in butcher paper, and we pulled it out of the freezer. I was putting it on the griddle, and the paper caught on fire, and the meat caught on fire.



Then: Geologist Bruce Blackerby and Bear cooking breakfast, 1970s.



Now: Don't burn the meatballs.



Truck stuck on Diamond Creek road, 1970s.

Bruce came over and said, “We’re going to throw that away.” There was this one little guy who said, “There’s no beef in the stew!” And the mom said, “Yeah, but Bear made it.” He goes, “Oh, I *love* this stew!” I was pretty much doing most of the cooking. I completely enjoy that. But that was kind of my in. I could lift stuff and move stuff around and be a cook—Army trained.

QUARTAROLI: Did you get on the motor at all?

BEAR: Yeah, Bruce let me run a little, but not any rapids. I actually had never done anything with an outboard engine before at all. He let us drive, kind of gave us a little bit of heads-up. I was getting experience scooping things out of the river, like beer cans that were floating along. I had a tough time figuring out that those side tubes were a little bit larger, and went a little bit beyond the balance level, and ended up going head-first into the river on two or three occasions. Bruce was saying, “You’ve got to be careful going over there! Don’t be falling in!”

QUARTAROLI: At that time, were these pretty much the standard White Water River Expeditions S-rigs?

BEAR: Yes, they were—completely different from what I saw up in Cataract. It was 33- or 36-foot centered on it, but the side tubes were two 22-foot side tubes. One was cut down. They were butted back together, so you had two nipples on each end. The boat was big, a big steel frame on the front. That was pretty much the way it was when I started, and pretty much the way it was when I left White Water. Big boats, big motors, and...

QUARTAROLI: Big boatmen!

BEAR: Big boatmen. Heavy stuff. I was real happy



Bear, Roxanne, and Mike, early 1970s.

just to be a swamper for a number of years. I mean, when I was running with Mike, he’d talk to you as you were working, driving the boat, and kind of help you out reading [the water]. I decided at one point that I wanted to do some more river trips and actually work them, so Henry said, “I’ll tell you what, I’m going to hire some guides up in Northern California on the Stanislaus. So why don’t you come on up there and meet Tom Clark. Here’s a couple of boats, and we’ll let you guys go do the Stanislaus a whole bunch on a weekend.” I met Joe Stevens, and he and I were being trained by Tom Clark. I think we did the Stanislaus one day three times, came back the next time and did it twice. Basically, I hadn’t mastered rowing by any means, but I’ll tell you what it *did* do, is really helped me read water, because when I came back the next summer—he sold all his Northern California stuff, so that wasn’t open—I was back in Arizona, which was fine. But I’ll tell you what, I could certainly read water a whole lot better. I didn’t know what I was looking at before, and after that, “Oh, yeah! There it is!” Still swamping a little bit, then I talked to Henry and—this was about ’78—I said, “You know, I’m really kind of interested in maybe doing this a little bit more.” I spent the whole summer of ’78 training. Mike was the main guy doing all the training. He trained you also, pretty much.

He apparently told Henry we were ready. (laughter) I remember doing a lot of trips with—of course *gobs* of trips with Mike and Willie Taylor. The guy that I learned a lot from, too, watching, was Jake Luck. That guy, he could run a rapid and not even get wet. He was

absolutely amazing. I had some really good lessons learned [from] some of these older guys. Of course Mike, poor Mike, that season that you and I started, he was leading, and looking back to make sure we were still there.

QUARTAROLI: Right. How about any specific tips that these guys taught you when you were training and running? I remember specific things that each of these guys had said. Was there anything that stood out for you?

BEAR: Mike was pretty mellow, pretty calm through all of the training with me. He'd try to emphasize not to go into a rapid full speed. Just kind of glide into it. Know where you're going to be at the start, plan ahead. Watching him run a boat—he's so smooth, so mellow, doesn't get uptight at all. I remember one of those trips in '78, he said, "Alright, you've done enough. I'm going to let you run the Gorge by yourself. I'll be sitting here on a side box with you." We had these—I don't know if you remember them—those blue aluminum extension handles on those Johnsons. I was doing fine. We got above Crystal, and, "Okay, now what are you going to do?" I kind of gave him the old run that I was going to plan on doing, which was what he taught us.

QUARTAROLI: Which was what?

BEAR: At that time it was to go right of the upper hole, try to cut behind it, cut back against it, and go around the left side along the wall. I was set up just right, and all of a sudden I looked down and my motor handle—not just the blue part—but the whole part of the motor handle had come off. I looked at Mike sitting on the side box, and I said, "Now what the hell do you want me to do?!" He looked at that, grabbed the motor handle, he jumped down in the pit. He's on his knees doing one of those backwards, forwards... "Just move off to the side so I can see!" We made it through alright. We had to pull in and put that new motor handle on, but that was like, yahoo. That was a hell of an eye-opener.

QUARTAROLI: That was a real weak spot on those motors, that handle. A lot of torque on those, and they were always breaking and coming loose or...

BEAR: This was the whole motor handle came off. But the thing about that one, what's interesting, because...and you were on this trip with me. It was a rainy day, we'd run the Gorge, we were looking to camp at Bass—what's new?! But then my motor handle fell off above Bass, just like it did above Crystal. Here's training coming into play, because Denoyer was down on his knees. I was down there looking up, back and forth, and you were already pulled into camp. You were trying to figure out what in the world I was doing. That was just funny. Yeah, it's on-the-job

training—by accident you find out what not to do, or what to do when something like that happens. It was an experience!

QUARTAROLI: How about Jake? You said you learned a lot from Jake. I did, too.

BEAR: He was so smooth, just watching him. He didn't really talk much about it. He wouldn't let me run his boat, but he would talk to me a little bit. He was always really good with me, had to have a lot of patience with me.

I'm trying to remember who I did trips with the following year. That's when I actually met Willie Taylor, and I did a lot of trips with Mike and Willie, and some with Henry. I know I did a one-boater with Henry that summer. It seems like every time there was a three-boat trip it was Henry, Mike, and Willie; or it was Henry, Mike, and Paul. It was fun running with Paul. He just never knew what was going to happen. (laughter) You learned a lot from Paul, you really did. Great with folks. Somebody was looking out for him all the way down the river, every time he went. I saw him in some really funny spots. (chuckles) Later on, when I was running my own boat, and I'd get down below a big rapid and wait to see where Paul was, "What's he doing way over there?!" I remember one time I was down below Bedrock and I'm waiting for Paul to come out. I see him go into the rapid, but the rock's blocking everything, and I don't see him coming out of the rapid. I pulled in down below, and I walk back up, and there he is, wedged behind the big rock. He's in that little slot back there. I look down there and say, "Are you all right?" He said, "Yeah, I got this." He put that motor in reverse, and he sat down, which he liked to do, on the powerhead, and he backed that thing out. He swung the bow back out there between the rock and the current, and bounced away down through that thing. He was out and going, "Well, okay, that solved *that* problem." He had somebody looking over him the whole time he was running trips. He was kind of like our second dad. He took care of us, he really did.

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QUARTAROLI: After you trained, they said you're good to go?

BEAR: Henry actually flew down to Southern California to watch one football game [I was coaching]. "Well," he said, "you're ready to go. Mike said yes and I'm saying yes, so I'm putting you on the schedule." I was excited—and obviously apprehensive. He called me before my first trip, I think when I was at Lees Ferry, and he goes, "Just remember one thing, boy. If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit."



Bear's first boat, 1979.

STEIGER: So, first boat? You said that was a good story.

BEAR: I went down to the ferry, and they said, "Your boat's right down in the back-eddy." I went down and it was a 33-footer with no side tubes, had just that little wooden frame on the back, and two tables tied to the front. You pull it up like you're walking a dog. It was this little itty bitty boat. I said, "What happened to the side tubes?" "Henry said we didn't have any more." "Oh. This is it?" "That's what you get." "How many people am I going to have?" "We'll start you off with about three, see how it works." I had a 40 [horsepower Johnson outboard] and the spare 40. Did you ever see those tiny rigs, where you stood up on that wooden platform, had a rodeo rope. Looked like you were riding a chariot. We called them the tiny rigs because they were so small compared to the other ones.

STEIGER: When you say small rig...

BEAR: 33 with two short side tubes. You had one single wood frame. You had two boxes on that boat, you had twenty feet of rubber where you had your lines all tied on, and people were sitting up there and hanging on. Then you had your little flex zone, and behind that was just this little wood frame, and you had six or eight Johnson [gas] cans, three or four on each side. You had to always remember to change your gas tanks. If you forget, you'd run out at the worst possible times.

STEIGER: You drove one of them with no side tubes!

BEAR: Yeah, that was the first trip.

STEIGER: It was a 33, no side tubes. And you had to carry paying people.



Original "Bear" boat in Lava, no side tubes; with Willie Berrigan and Dick Hilton, 1979.

BEAR: I had three, and that only lasted through the first day. (laughter)

STEIGER: Oh, this does sound like a good trip! And why was that?

BEAR: I had an entertainer and two other people on the trip.

STEIGER: They were part of the crew?

BEAR: The entertainer was, the other two weren't. I had a guy that was in the back with me—Willie Berrigan. They put me in the middle—you know, Mike went first, I went second in rapids, and Richard [Quartaroli] went last. I was doing fine, Badger fine, Soap Creek fine; get down to House Rock and do a spin-around, and I backed into that great big hole—backed into it!—and it kept us. The front end of that boat started doing this, just twisting until it got to 90 degrees, and then it sucked the entertainer into the river. I killed the engine right away, and all of a sudden it released us. We floated out and we picked him up. When we got to camp that night, Mike says, "I think we'll just leave you with Willie." Richard goes, "Man, I've never seen anything like it. I couldn't figure out what you were doing down there. You looked like one of those twist-o doughnuts." I said, "Yeah? Well, you should have been *on* the boat!" (laughter) But this was just Day One. I was fine until we got down to Crystal. I didn't have a boatman box. I had my fire extinguishers on the floor. It's sitting on the floor, and my tool box was tied on somewhere. We went up and looked at Crystal, and Mike's talking to us. I couldn't tell you what the water was, but he says, "You good?"



Q, Bear, and Michael on the "Bear" boat, 220-Mile camp, 1979.

I said, "Yeah, I got it." We go back down to the boats and I'm checking things out, making sure everything's where I want it to be. Mike goes, "Are you good to go?" I go, "As good as I'm going to be." And at that point I stepped on the fire extinguisher and it went "pwoosh!" (laughter)

STEIGER: It just exploded?

BEAR: It just exploded, and I'm in a cloud of white smoke. "Yeah, I'm ready!" (laughs) But I made it through there, no problem, bounced off a little bit. Good trip, everything went well, got down to Lava. We're up there looking at Lava and Willie says, "How are you going to run it?" I said, "I'm going to drop in just over the ledge hole, a little bit to the right of it, and jam like hell to the left. What do you think?" He said, "I think we're going to get bounced all over that place like a beach ball." It was the best run I had all week, it was really good. They did the old traditional open up a beer, pour it over your head. It was good. Went down to our regular [Mile] 220 spot. Mike and Richard cut out a stencil with my name on it, painted it on the boat, dedicated the boat to me, and that was special.

STEIGER: That's pretty funny. Without side tubes, the idea was they were going to send you on one so you could learn to drive—didn't matter whether you had side tubes or not.

BEAR: Yeah, "he can find out." (laughs)

STEIGER: "He'll get the hang of it."

BEAR: "He's either going to make it or he's not." Boy did that boat fly! Can you imagine a 40 on that thing with no frame?

STEIGER: White Water went through just like they all do—these companies, they go through their chapters. It was Henry and Wade and [Bill] Gloeckler and Bruce. Gloeckler and Bruce went to do RELCO [River Equipment Leasing Co.]. Then it was Mike and you guys—Mike and Richard and you, and who else?

BEAR: Paul was always the constant. Then Jake came in. There was Mike and Henry and Jake. Then Jake quit, and Henry didn't want to do as many trips, so that's when Richard and I came in. Willie Taylor was in that little slot too, between '73 and '77-'78. Mike and I, we laugh—even Richard—we laugh sometimes because Willie, I think in '75 or '76 was forty years old, and we used to call him "The Old Man." Here we are, sixty-two and sixty-four, talking about old men—jeez!

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QUARTAROLI: What about other river trips, other Grand Canyon seasons? That was '79 when you started as a boatman running a boat. But there were multiple, multiple seasons going on. Some highlight stories?

BEAR: (chuckles) Highlights or lowlights, whatever you want to call them. You were on this trip. I was running the tiny rig again, which we actually ended up naming the *Wild Willie*. It was an old wooden back frame, and there was a board that I used to stand up on, because the people were on the front deck, and a lot of them were sitting up kind of high. I had a rodeo rope, and I was quite a ways above the people. I looked at this board when I came off the last trip, and I told the guys in the warehouse, "You know, this thing needs to be patched. This board doesn't look like it's going to last." We go back on the river, the next week we go back again, and we get the same equipment that we had—they alternate it—and this board is still cracked. I'd say about halfway through the second day, every time I'd give the engine a little throttle, the jackass would pop up and hit me in the butt. So I was really paying attention to that. You were behind me. This was a group that we had from Kentucky, because they came to me the first night and asked if they could fly the Kentucky state flag on our boat, and I said, "Sure."

Mike ran Hance, I was second, and you were third. I went in, and as I made my cut, I gave it a little bit extra juice, and it snapped that board right down. At that point, the motor was still running, but the cowling was probably about half underwater, and I was holding onto the motor, and the boat swung around and was going down the right side, backwards. You said, "I wonder what in the world he's doing now, because the flag should be facing the other direction." I was catching everything in the face, and holding onto

the motor, and hanging on so I didn't go in the water. Finally got through that stuff and putted over to the shore on the left. We had to untie all the Johnson cans and get all those off. We had to hoist up the frame a little bit, and we took some [3/4-inch water pipe] table legs and gave it some support. Put everything back together. On the way down found a board that was perfect for it—just the right length, the right everything in dimensions. It was almost like going by a back eddy that was a hardware store. We camped at, of course, Bass. We took that whole back frame off, which really there wasn't a lot of stuff on it. We took that old board off and bolted a new one on, and good to go! *That* was an experience. That was in Hance, and of course I can think of my other Hance story. Some of it I'd like to kind of forget, but it's always there.

* * *

BEAR: Mike and Marty [Mathis] acquired GCE. '87 was their first season. I worked for White Water in '87, and saw Mike and Marty down there, and all those GCE guys. Mike said, "Hey, do you want to come over?" I said, "I'd love to. First of all, I can't do that schedule anymore where you get off on Saturday, go back on Sunday. It's beating me up." I started with GCE in '88.

STEIGER: Tell me another river story. I know you got a hundred of them.

BEAR: The one that I know is probably the one I remember the most—well, there's a bunch—but pretty hair-raising was the stick in Hance. Have you ever heard that story?

STEIGER: No.

BEAR: We camped at 75 Mile and was on a one-boat trip. Head into Hance—do my turn-around run, and get my bow shoved to the right, and I back up right on top of that rock. My stern was hanging off the back of the rock, and my bow was upstream and getting pushed under. Tilted, killed the motor, ran up to the front and started pulling these people—they were chest-deep in water, just getting pounded—pulling them, one at a time, getting them to the back section. Okay, now I'm looking at the boat. I can barely see the third deck board. The first deck board—you've seen those surf magazines where the boards go sailing out in the waves? That's what these deck boards started to do, just "spew!" shooting off, and stuff was coming out from underneath the frame. Crawled up to the front, tied a rope to the front, letting air out, trying to pull it off. The motor was two feet out of water, it wasn't going anywhere.

Constant eight [thousand CFS]. So I knew the water wasn't coming up, and it wasn't going down. Being

the first guy through the rapid in the morning, people were already starting to form up on the side over there, and taking pictures, and trying to throw a rope. Far enough out there you couldn't get a rope to it. Trying anything I could do, trying to keep these people kind of calm. After about an hour, hour and half of trying to get it to budge *anything*, I said, "I'd better call somebody." I talk to Marty, "I'm stuck and I'm stuck good in Hance. I'm letting you know I'm going to call the Park. I'll get back to you as soon as we get this thing stabilized." Called the Park and gave them all the information. Meanwhile, there's probably ten boats that are pulled in up above.

STEIGER: You've got the run kind of sealed off.

BEAR: Nobody could go through—nobody. There could have been a hundred people on the beach taking pictures. I'm waiting for the chopper to come in, and finally here it comes. The first thing those guys do is they come over about 25, thirty feet above the raft, and they stick their heads out the door and they start taking pictures. Exactly what I wanted. They land and come out with all their paraphernalia, all their boogie boards, and all their lines and everything.

The Park decided they're going to do a zip line to the back of the boat. "We're going to send a rescue boat down just in case somebody falls off your zip line." They got Myron Cook, on a Mark Sleight trip, and they're going to run him down as a rescue boat. I'm waiting and waiting and waitin', I got all my people—there's fourteen of us in this back section. Here comes Myron Cook into the rapid, and he spins



The "Bear Dance."

around, and I'm watching him. I said, "I swear, he's going to back right up on top of the boat." I'm telling everybody, "Get down low, hang on tight." He came up right next to me and wedged in, and we were both stuck.

I jump between the two boats—I'm pushin', they're pushin'—and it was just a happy accident, because when they went up against us, it changed the water dynamics on the bow of my boat, and it probably wasn't five minutes and we floated up and floated off. I got back to my motor, dropped it in, started it up, pulled into shore, and it was noon at that time, and we'd been on there for four hours. I pulled in, my helper tied up, and I said, (shouting) "Lunch!" (laughter)

STEIGER: Yeah! Hallelujah!

BEAR: Oh, my goodness, it was hilarious! [A private boater] pulls in down below me and he starts hollering at me, sayin', "Hey, O'Connor! You're off!" Getting me mixed up with O'Connor [O.C.] Dale. I looked at him, "Yup, that's exactly who I am, and yes we are!" (laughs) It was a perfect opportunity.

The bottom of that aluminum frame was even with the gunnels almost, it had pushed it up that much. There was only a couple of things left in the bottom—there was one toilet box. Everything else was gone. We got a sledgehammer, we're beating on that thing to get it down low enough where we could re-tie the duffels, and we could put the people on there. We didn't have deck boards or anything. I got permission from the Park to camp at Phantom, called Marty and said, "I'm

going to need a new griddle box, a new toilet box, and I'm going to need a care package." Going downriver with all these people and picking up stuff. People had put stuff on the beaches. We got all our deck boards back. We got one shit can back, which was whoopee-do, you know—(sarcasm) I really wanted that. It was full of water, too, along with everything else.

We pulled into Phantom and folks jumped in and started cookin'. I went up to the ranger and he came down, and we worked on that frame, beating on that thing for about two hours until we could get it down so we could get rocket boxes in there and put the lids on them. What a sound that was down there at Phantom, it was incredible. The chopper came in the next morning. I think we were out of there about 10:30, headed on downriver. Of course we were a little bit behind, but we went all the way down to Talking Heads.

STEIGER: Wow, that's a day!

BEAR: Yeah, it was.

STEIGER: Holy moly. On 8,000 [CFS]. Oh, ho, ho.

BEAR: Yeah. It was funny because I went into Deubendorff and I turned it around, because I'm going to do my spin-around run, and I hear somebody up in the front go, "Oh, my God, here we go again!" (laughter) We finished the trip, it was great. Needless to say, that frame was ruined. I usually don't talk much about Hance until I'm through it, anyways. It was a nightmare.

STEIGER: That's a hard rapid in a motorboat.

BEAR: But I'll tell you what I learned sitting on that



Bear gets side tubes and passengers, and hangs on in Lava.



Bear and geologist Frank De Courten rodeoing on the tiny rig in Lava.

rock for all that time, is there's a *lot* of water to the left of that rock. I've come in there before, and now if I don't like the angle of my bow, I'll just beach it and I'll cartwheel off the down side, jackass and tilt and you're fine. I'm not going up on that thing again if I can help it.

STEIGER: Left of the Whale Rock, yeah.

QUARTAROLI: For the folks who might be listening in or reading, the Whale Rock got its name because a boatman named Whale got stuck on it *twice*.

BEAR: In the same summer!

QUARTAROLI: And with a helicopter hauling people off on at least one of them. You and Whale are not the only ones that have gotten stuck there.

BEAR: No. I think I remember it was a season or two later, and Mike was running a trip with Art, and it was early, and the water was down, and Anne Marie [Dale] was on that trip, and Art got stuck on Whale Rock. Mike was videotaping (chuckles) and Anne Marie was asking questions, because Anne Marie was training at the time, and I could hear Anne Marie's voice saying, "Is that the same rock that Bear got stuck on?" I'm going, "Yes, yes it was." The current takes you right there. Sitting there on that rock for as long as we were, I was watching the current, and I said to myself, "There's a lot of water to the left of that son of a buck. The next time I get over here and I'm not making it, I'm going to put it on the beach on the left, and it'll cartwheel me down, and I'll go right by it." There's plenty of water over there. Just jackass and hold on, that's all. Just don't go over that rock. That rock's not going to let you go! It didn't get the name Rubbermagnet for nothing! That was a terrible run in Hance.

But my worst runs have been in Deubendorff. I've really had some yuckies. I was on a one-boat trip once, and I had this great big old guy sitting on the front ammo can on a GCE boat. He probably weighed 300 pounds. I kind of perched a bow on that thing a little bit. I said, "Okay, Chip in the front there, turn around and start crawling back on the ammo cans!" As soon as he got about six ammo cans down, that thing popped off and we were off.

A couple of years ago I was just above Deubendorff and Matt Herman was on a Moki rowing trip. I said, "Hey, Matt, if you see me perched on a rock down there, bump me off, will ya?" "Yeah, right." And sure enough, I got stuck on the pivot rock.

STEIGER: On the marker rock?

BEAR: The marker rock. I've been stuck on that thing probably three or four times. He pulls in down below and we're trying to throw a throw rope again, and he's out there, deep. It took about a half hour to

finally get a line to it. He had five people on the line, and he pulled us off in like (snaps fingers) that. Just came right off. The private boaters took a picture of me [in Hance], and they called me and asked me a couple of questions, and I said, "Yeah, sure, go ahead, ask me questions." It happened. What am I going to say—no, it didn't happen? They put a picture of me on the cover [of *The Waiting List*, "Who's In Charge?" Fall 2000], stuck. I had my hat pulled down about as far as I could pull it down.

STEIGER: O'Connor Dale, stuck in Hance. I like that.

* * *

STEIGER: What other stories?

QUARTAROLI: We can talk about the high water of '83.

BEAR: You and I were running a two-boat trip, and that's when we had to stop at Phantom and give them our manifest. We had to stop above Crystal, report to the park ranger, and we couldn't take our people through. We had to have one of our swampers walk the people down below the rapid. We'd pull in down below and pick them up. I think I went first, if I'm not mistaken. No, maybe I went second.

QUARTAROLI: Yeah, that's where my motor washed out.

BEAR: Right. I had to pull in and pick up everybody.

QUARTAROLI: You had two boatloads of people.

BEAR: I did, which was over forty. (laughs) At that point, there wasn't much we could do about that. We camped at spots that were...Like we camped at Monument Fold. That was a *great* beach there. That sand dune was *huge*.

You and I watched a video the other day, and I was running Lava probably at high twenties, I think. It wasn't as big as we saw. You try to make the left run because it's so big on the right. (laughs) I didn't quite get far enough left. I hit the corner of the hole... That's a White Water boat that's the biggest boat as you've ever seen, and it just stopped it. It knocked me down, and when I got up I was still in the middle of the rapid. "Where am I!?" Those boxes sitting in those little slots on the front frame, and half of them were catawampus. (chuckles)

I feel pretty fortunate that of all the events I had, that's as serious as I've had to deal with. I guess you're down there that long, you're not going to have clear sailing the whole time.

QUARTAROLI: Having an eight-day motor schedule is really nice.

BEAR: You were running an AZRA trip, and Fox [Blake Hopkins] and I were on a GCE trip. We were going slow, but you could put on a lot of miles near

the end of the trip anyway. Sometimes people would start to worry about, “We’ve got 80 miles to go, and we’ve got only two-and-a-half, three days to go. How are we going to do it?!” I remember you passed Fox and I below Hance, I think it was. You didn’t see us for a while. I don’t know whether we passed you, and you said, “I wonder where these guys have been hiding out.”

QUARTAROLI: I was going slow, but you two were going slower. I’d pass you and wouldn’t see you for a while, and I was wondering if I had stopped somewhere and you’d gone past me. I thought, “I guess they’re ahead of me now.” I’d be stopped somewhere, and here you’d come, plugging along!

BEAR: That was a good trip, that one with Fox. We had a lot of geologists on there, so they were doing a lot of geology walking and talkin’. That’s the thing about when you were working for GCE, there were *so* many different guys to run with: get to run with Bob Dye, and get to run with Tom Yeager, and get to run with Fox. Never got to run with O.C., which I would have liked to have done. But a lot of really good guys. And that’s all part of it, who you’re running with. When you’re having fun, you’re in the most beautiful place in the world, and now you’re down there with some of the guys—it’s like a brotherhood. You’re down there, you’ve got the same goals, and the same love, and you’re having fun. I think it was Tim Whitney who said—and it was perfect—we’re custodians with keys to the playground. We just let people in and make sure they have fun.

STEIGER: I thought of another one. The little rock at 220.

BEAR: Oh! Yeah!

STEIGER: We can tell that, can’t we?

BEAR: Sure. I don’t see why not.

STEIGER: Some of our friends want to remain anonymous, but...

BEAR: 92,000 second-feet. That was the marking we put on that thing.

STEIGER: How was that trip?

BEAR: It was a great trip! Every one of those trips was different, because the water changed all the time. Going through Granite Narrows there was—holy cow. It took us about three weeks to figure out how to do that. Each time we got driven right into that wall. I’m not sure whose idea it was. Probably wasn’t my idea. “Let’s make a high water mark.” Started chiseling on that thing. Before we realized it, it was upside down. We chiseled out the 92,000 second-feet and put 1983. It must have been July. Richard took a picture of it. It was my deal to put my hand down on that mistake that we’d made earlier. That was a good deal. You’ve seen that, haven’t you?



Bear and Q at 1983 high water rock at 220.

STEIGER: We go there every trip.

BEAR: Do you really?

STEIGER: Yeah, and tell everybody. (laughter)

Something to do on that day.

BEAR: “I know those three guys that did that.”

STEIGER: The way we kind of tell it, it’s a good thing.

BEAR: It’s a historical spot.

STEIGER: What did it take to stay off the wall at Granite Narrows finally?

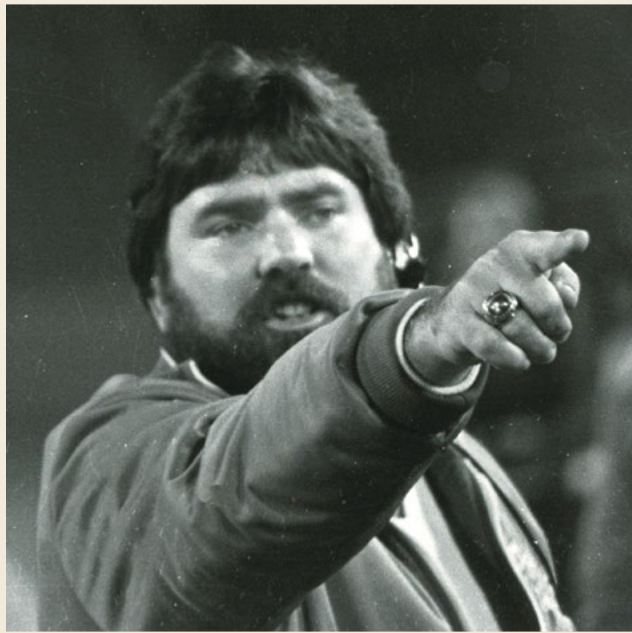
BEAR: You came right into that little slot, powered to the other wall, and you had to keep it full power. That’s what we did.

STEIGER: Kind of spin and be powering *off* the wall.

BEAR: Most of the time you’d come in there, you’d float in there sideways and relax and (whew!) there was no changing at that point, you were screwed. In fact, I think it was only after the first time we all got slammed into the wall, we pretty much figured that out. I remember we camped at Cove Canyon, and we drove all the way back into the alcove back there and camped. We did a similar thing down at 122 Mile on the right—way back up into the right. The camping was interesting. Did you get any of those droppings, the little plastic bags with rocks, expected flows, “camp high, be cautious.”

STEIGER: I remember getting one they dropped to us. We knew what it said anyway. I don’t think we went and got it. And it was funny, they had a hard time getting it *to* us.

* * *



Coach Bear.

STEIGER: Were you thinking about being a teacher then?

BEAR: That's what I was going through college for—to be a teacher. I coached football and wrestling in high school for 25 years, and the last ten years I coached girls' and boys' golf. (chuckles) I shifted. There was life after football.

STEIGER: Did you play football?

BEAR: I did. I played football in college, too.

STEIGER: For what college?

BEAR: Cal Poly Pomona. They don't have a program anymore. (laughs)

STEIGER: What position?

BEAR: I was a linebacker.

STEIGER: *And* a wrestler.

BEAR: That was tough, because you had to kind of try to get yourself as large as you could for football, and then try to get yourself as small as you could for wrestling. Wrestled at 177 my freshman year, but that year I think I played football at about 190. That weight cut wasn't so bad. The next year the best I could do was get down to about 190, and I played football at about 205. Then I never saw anything below 190 again. I remember one guy from New Mexico that was six-foot-four and wrestling at 190. He could wrap his legs around you twice! It was not easy. Big step up to college wrestling from high school wrestling—*big* step.

STEIGER: In *my* mind to me the wrestlers were always kind of the toughest guys anyway—really tough. And linebacker—that ain't a very easy position either. But you were on that coaching track.

BEAR: Yes. I definitely knew that I wasn't going to

be a professional athlete by any means, but I really wanted to be involved in working with student athletes and coaching. I was very fortunate, I coached at a high school that we were very successful, not only in football, but even through the years that I coached golf we had some really good teams.

STEIGER: So you were a winning coach.

BEAR: We won a lot, we did quite well. I think we won seven CIF football championships, which was big in California.

STEIGER: What's CIF?

BEAR: California Interscholastic Federation. It's the southern section, which covers all the way from just below Bakersfield all the way down to just above San Diego.

STEIGER: When did you decide coaching was going to be it? Was there something that clicked in for you there?

BEAR: I think that being competitive in athletics from maybe nine years old through high school and into college just carried over into coaching. You wanted to be competitive, you wanted to compete against other guys, and you wanted to *beat* those other guys in whatever it was you were dealing with.

STEIGER: But you decided by the time you got into college you were going to be a coach, you were going to be an educator? What made you know that?

BEAR: I knew I wasn't going to go anywhere else with athletics. It was kind of a natural thing, I thought.

STEIGER: The river then was a logical—that wasn't, okay, this is what I'm going to do my whole life; this is what I'm going to do with my summer.

BEAR: Actually, I started running trips down here before I got my first teaching job. It worked hand-in-hand. That wasn't my thought that that's what was going to happen. It was perfect, though, because you go from September to June teaching, involved in athletics, and by the end of the school year, you're done, you're fried. Now you come out here and it's like a recharge of your batteries. It's a whole new deal, and it was wonderful. I went back to school the end of August, and I was ready to go, I was ready for another school year. I often thought that the people that taught summer school were the real heroes, because I don't know how they did it, to be out June 12 and be right back in the classroom on June 16, and keep right on goin'. I could have never done that.

STEIGER: In school, what did you teach subject-wise?

BEAR: I taught art for thirty-plus years. When I first started, I was a physical education major and an art minor, and they moved me into the art field and I stayed there, it was nice. Class sizes were small, it was fun working with those kids. Started an airbrush

program about the last ten years that I was working, and that took off. We went from five, six kids that would come in the morning, to learn how to airbrush, to three sections with 26 kids. That was way too much for an airbrush class, because not everybody's going to be able to get on a gun at that time. But that was fun to watch that happen.

STEIGER: Word got out that it was a cool class.

BEAR: You had some kids that really wanted to learn how to airbrush, but you also had the other kid that was the tagger. You could always tell the one that had prior experience with a spray can. They picked up the airbrush right away. I go, "Oh, so you can do this!" They go, "What do you mean?!" (laughter)

STEIGER: "You're pretty good with that."

BEAR: Good lettering skills and everything. It's pretty intensive because you were constantly troubleshooting for these kids, "My airbrush isn't working." It got too much. But the shame of the whole deal was when I retired, they closed that program down, they're not offering it anymore. That was a shame because these are things that kids need to learn, be able to touch.

STEIGER: Is that budget?

BEAR: I had one administrator tell me that art is something that should be done on the weekends when you've been good all week, not during the school day. Some have a different spin on what's important.

* * *

STEIGER: Did you have any idea that here we'd be forty years later?

BEAR: No clue.

STEIGER: It was a neat thing right then.

BEAR: Uh-huh. There was even a time when I thought when I hit a certain number of trips that I would say, "I'm good to go."

STEIGER: What would that number have been?

BEAR: At that point, it was a hundred. "When I get to a hundred, that's good."

STEIGER: I remember telling Mike—we did a trip, 1975 or '77.

BEAR: You did a White Water trip?

STEIGER: I know. And it was early. It was Quartaroli's [fourth] trip swampin'. Mike told me to get Quartaroli, he could run my jackass [motor lifter] for me. "I'll jack my own motor!"—that lasted through Badger. (laughs) I was scared to pull the pull-cord on that thing, on that 40 [horsepower Johnson], I swear to God. I remember telling Mike, "You're not going to see me being a thirty-year-old boatman. No way!" No future in that. Mike's saying, "I want to stay around.

I'm going to try to get a company." I was, "Don't hold your breath on that one!" I didn't think this was something you do forever.

BEAR: Those years, I had no regrets shifting from White Water to GCE. I knew when I was near the end there, my last year, I kind of thought I might come back for one more year and do a couple of trips. I was down to only two trips a year. But times change, and as time goes on, you get slower. You know what, I'll probably just quit while I'm ahead.

QUARTAROLI: This is your second season off?

BEAR: Right.

QUARTAROLI: No Grand Canyon trips?

BEAR: None. Yeah.

QUARTAROLI: How's that feel?

BEAR: It's okay. Of course I would like to have maybe done a couple more, but I probably wasn't as informative as maybe I could have been. I don't know, we did a history trip—the first history trip that you did, that I went with you. I was running the trip, and that was a great trip. Those people were wonderful—not that other trips haven't been, but I could tell the difference between that trip and the next two I did after that, "I'm just not there anymore." I'm kind of like where I'd like to go down there in the nice weather. I can't go in hot anymore. And be able to enjoy the canyon. You know how our bodies go. We're not real good at leading long walks anymore. You start feeling guilty about that. Of course the youngsters can do that. Your time has come, it's time to move on. I don't have any regrets.

QUARTAROLI: What is it about Grand Canyon? You've done over 200 trips—I don't remember what the number is.

BEAR: It's 230-something.

QUARTAROLI: I was looking at 1986, Governor Bruce Babbitt sent you a letter congratulating you on your 100TH. I was on that trip with you and I was on your 200TH trip with you.

BEAR: I believe you got that for me.

QUARTAROLI: I might have had something to do with that. What is it about Grand Canyon from 1973 to 2015 and 230-something trips?

BEAR: It's magical—the place is magical. It just draws you in, you can't get away. There's so many different things to see, so many different times of the season to witness it in. After I retired from teaching I got to do a September trip, and that was the rainiest trip I'd ever been on. We saw waterfalls everywhere. I finally was getting out there when I started doing the ecology trip in May. But it's magical. It's the best place in the world to recharge your batteries. It's the closest thing I can think of to being next to God—just



BRUCE BABBITT
GOVERNOR

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
STATE HOUSE
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85007

IN REPLY
REFER TO:

June 28, 1986

Neal "The Bear" Shapiro

Congratulations!

It has come to my attention through the thoughtfulness of your friends that you have completed your 100th river trip in the Grand Canyon.

As an avid hiker, geologist and novice "river rat", I extend congratulations as you celebrate this occasion. Your efforts to assist the individuals who seek the adventure of running the rapids and knowledge this geological phenomenon has to offer is very much appreciated. Your knowledge and respect of the river makes their trips safely undertaken.

You have my best wishes for continued success.

Sincerely,

Bruce Babbitt
Governor

BB/bsr

right there. You look around and every time you look around, it changes. It's amazing. It probably got me through all those years of teaching. I'd come back charged up and ready to go for the next year. I was fortunate. A lot of guys do that all summer. They do it from the first start of the season to the end. There is a little fadeout for those guys. I had a perfect mix. I always looked at the last trip like, "Oh boy, I hope I'm healthy and ready to come back again next year."

I always thought it was important to try to not hit the same places every week. Some of them are small, all these people want to go there, but there's some other really beautiful places that are small also, that people will bypass, and I think it's the intimacy of taking a small group into a small place. That takes

away from the whole experience. When we were running trips, we'd try to work our schedule so that we were kind of in a zone where you weren't always getting to the same side attractions where everybody was there.

You do, you miss it, and I think about it all the time. I come down here in my river/golf room and look at pictures. We sat the other day and were watching videos. That's a fun deal, really a fun deal. Great experience, no regrets at all. But there comes a time when physically you...

QUARTAROLI: We always had such a great fun time, too.

BEAR: There were some good ones. You miss the camaraderie in the warehouse, and you miss the guys,

and obviously you miss the river and the canyon. But you still have it, you store it between your ears. It's not like it's completely gone, it's still there, and will always be there.

QUARTAROLI: Hopefully there'll be a few more here and there.

BEAR: I hope so. I know I've got at least a couple more in me, somewhere down the road—whether it's a long trip or a short trip. I'm not done. I'm done running boats commercially, I know that. But as far as going down there... Like you asked, you sometimes can't just put your finger directly on it. There's so many aspects of that place that get you—gets you energized, keeps you going, wants you to come back. I always kind of got a little melancholy the last trip of the year when I'd go out by the Grand Wash Cliffs, look back and go, "Oh man." Never got that way going up Diamond Creek Road, though. (laughter)



Bear driving GCE S-rig.



Photo: John Annerino

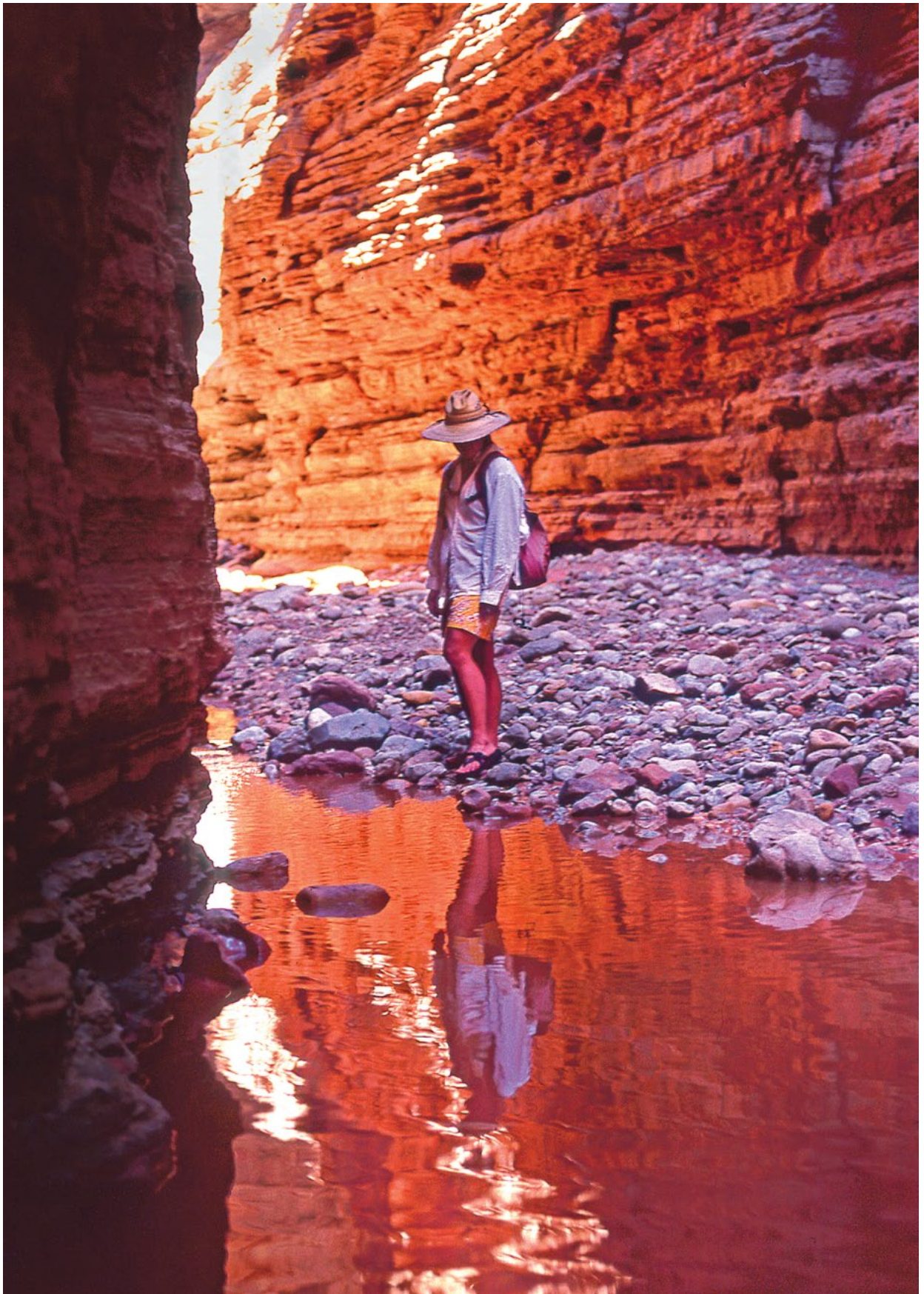


Photo: John Annerino

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Bob Melville, 1976. Photo: Larry Orman