

boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

volume 9 number 2 spring 1996

Ben Beamer

1898

Just Say No

Whale Foundation

Piffles

Coast Guard Casts Off

Flood Flow

Condors

Spring Floods

South Rim Wells

Flood Surveys

New T-shirts

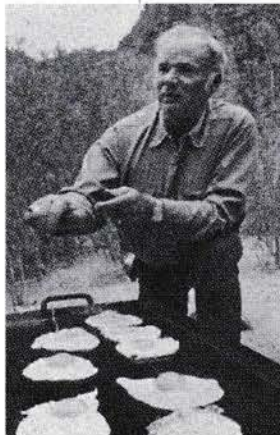
Somewhat Different Stories

Fred Burke

Rod Nash

I've always thought, having been my age, granted, the Grand Canyon is one of the last things that was comparable to the Old West. You may laugh about it, but one of the last, like the fur trappers, the cowboys, the explorers that went west and did things on their own, improvised, set it up. The river was that way and that's why it was so free. It was like heading west in the wagons or something. We felt as soon as you passed under the bridge you were free, *unrestricted*, your own person. You had to live by your wits. We didn't have helicopter help then as

much, or things like that. Didn't have a lot of regulation. You could build big bonfires to stand around. People would enjoy it because they could look in the fire, they could dream, they could think. The first times, you have to think about it... we designed our boats, we built them, *we* approved them. We were always—every company—we weren't jealous of each other to the point we wouldn't help



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I grew up in New York City. I was born on Manhattan Island. And I lived for eighteen years with the view out of my bedroom window of a brick wall. That was it. It was about ten feet away. I could look up, down, right or left and not see a single living thing. Not a leaf, not a weed, not a blade of grass—just the bricks. I was on the third floor of a seventeen-story apartment house. My father was a professor at New York University, downtown on Washington Square in Manhattan. And I looked at that brick wall. Because of that brick wall, I believe, I became a wilderness enthusiast and later a wilderness scholar, a wilderness management advocate, and a wilderness explorer.

Fortunately I had summers that got me out in the West, gave me a taste



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...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.
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Our editorial policy, such as it is: provide an open
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opinions, suggestions, gripes, comics, etc.

Written submissions should be less than 1500 words
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OUR TENT AT HANCE'S CAMP.

Spring

Interesting winter.
Interesting issue of the *bqr*, here.

By the time this issue goes to press we'll have had a
"flood" in the Grand Canyon. Raging waters will have
rearranged things once again.

One of the cooler things we've decided to do here at
GCRG in quite awhile is to punch in ourselves for better
long-term monitoring of the river corridor vis-a-vis Glen
Canyon Dam. In honor of the historic spike flow we just
had, we've set up a volunteer guide-implemented photo
match program that, with a little luck, will result in a
continuous photographic record of many beaches and
changes wrought thereof. We'll keep track of that record
ourselves, but donate the data to NPS and BuRec too.

What we've learned from the EIS so far is that one of
its key components—"adaptive management"—is a two
edged sword. While it can allow us to tweak dam opera-
tions for the good of the Canyon, it can also (human
nature being what it is) open the door to change for other
reasons. The way it went this time looked from afar as
much like horse-trading as it did unbiased scientific
assessment ("trade you a flood flow for a watered-down
preferred alternative"). That the world actually works this
way shouldn't be a revelation, but coming to grips with it
here has led us to the sad truth that for GCRG the real
job never was just about helping to get an EIS started or
to pass the Grand Canyon Protection Act. Watching over
the Canyon is a responsibility we'll always have. We'll
never be able to simply get the system lined out and walk
away. We will always have to be there... and to pay atten-
tion to what goes on. The beauty of the program we've
dubbed "Adopt-a-Beach," is, this is as it should be: we're
here anyway. And we're the ones making all the noise
about taking care of the Canyon. By shouldering a bit of
the monitoring load ourselves, we can save the taxpayers
a fortune and back up our own concerns with harder data
than we've had on hand in the past. So, yeah, with a
little luck (i.e. all the support we can possibly get),
working guides'll be there helping to study the aftermath
of the flood, watching the river and the dam for as long as
we're down there running trips.

We had a nice Constituency Panel meeting up at the
South Rim not long ago. Watching Superintendent
Arnberger and his team navigate that minefield, I was
struck by the notion that any one of them, as a partici-
pant on a plain old river trip, would be an absolute champ
to have along. People like these usually end up kicking off
one of those rare classics where, after you reach the
bottom, everybody starts crying 'cause it's all over. They
just want to go back to the Ferry and put in again right

now... And, even though it's the sixth trip you've done that year, you (the boatman) feel the same way. You're bawling too. This is a good group of people, in other words, and if they can just somehow manage to physically see enough of the river and what goes on here themselves, firsthand, they'll probably figure out what to do for the long haul as well as anybody could.

There weren't that many fireworks at the Constituency Panel this year—the big news there for us was, we're now expected to adopt the 1993 Federal Food Code. Ray Gunn, NPS's chief of concessions, realizes not all of it will apply, so he's given us a brief window in which to look the darn thing over (all 450 pages of it) and provide input on what works and what doesn't. (Interested parties should contact Bert Jones at OU, Jon Stoner at ARR, or Garret Schniewind at CanX for more details.)

The day before the Constituency Panel, at the outfitters' meeting, there were a couple moments of note. The Coast Guard situation looks better all the time. Things got sticky last fall but a joint effort (NPS standing firm, plus a lot of work by Rob Elliott, Garrett Schniewind, Bruce Winter, and special guest consultant to GCRG Fred Burke) brought our concerns to the attention of Lisa Jackson in Congressman Stump's office, and to Congressman Clements from Tennessee. A piece of legislation waiting in the wings now—that pertains to the Coast Guard reauthorization—might put that one to bed. We'll keep you posted.

Other news: what the NPS requires for drug-testing is that our outfitters have to have some kind of program (up to the outfitter) and have to file a report once a year explaining what they did, how many positives they saw, and how they dealt with those. No names, no handcuffs, no SWAT teams. Sitting in the audience (and worrying about the fate of the the Fourth Amendment), we were marginally relieved to hear that and thought most outfitters might be too. The squirming and sweating we saw instead was a surprise, and made us realize that many outfitters had really wanted simply to be told what to do, step by step, so they didn't have to take any kind of personal responsibility for dealing with this difficult issue. No such luck. There is still a sliver of room for personal responsibility here, and a human system that takes into account a hell of a lot more about who a boatman is—and how he or she really performs—than just urine. Not much room, but a little.

We're pretty deep into it though. The tragedy for all of us is, the war on drugs gets more like the war in Vietnam (or McCarthyism, or the early days of Nazi Germany) every week. Prosecuted with enormous hypocrisy and cynicism, this "war" now does as much harm as it does good. A lot of soldiers out there supposedly wearing white hats aren't very good people, really, and don't actually give a damn about doing good, either.

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There is as much money to be made or confiscated in the rackets of prevention and punishment as there is in transport and distribution. And on either side of the line, every bit as much harm can—and now is—being done to individual people and individual rights.

Where do we go from here? It's a bitch, ain't it? We wait and see, I guess. Our outfitters are worried about going to court... but as a friendly lawyer assured me recently, the best chance of us all ending up there—NPS, GCRG, and a careless outfitter—will be by buying into a system that railroads a good guide who really belongs in the Canyon. For more on this one, see the piece by Jeri Ledbetter.

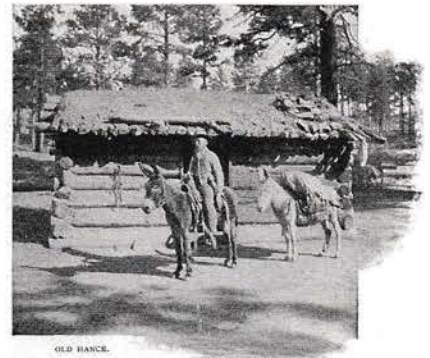
On a lighter note, just to kind of soothe everybody into keeping an open mind and focussing on what's really best for Grand Canyon (as we prepare to grapple with the wolves called "over-population," "fair access," and "saving the planet from ourselves") it seemed like a good idea to check in with a couple rabble-rousers like Fred Burke and Rod Nash to help get our bearings.

Why lump the two together?

Why not? Here's two classic lives that started out a million miles apart (Fred: country / Rod: city) and intersected in the bottom of the Grand Canyon. From each we all have much to learn, but the challenge for you, the reader, will be hooking up with the guy you really need to pay attention to. Who's he? If you like what he says, that's not him. If he sounds at first glance like Darth Vader, take a deep breath. Relax your forehead, listen close. That's your guy. You don't have to agree with everything he says (ha!), but respecting and learning from both points of view might help us all in the long run. Personally I found ideas to hate in each of these interviews. They're not yin and yang—and the real "truth" isn't dead square between the two, either. Maybe it's best to borrow a line from George Bush and just describe these guys as two points of light, in a vast and starry sky. Personally, I'm proud to call each one a friend, and a mentor. If we—river runners in Grand Canyon—could somehow combine the good things they each have to tell us, we might just gain a little ground for next century.

Guess that's it for now... it must be, because there's absolutely no more time here—we're off to see the wizard. Gotta go check out (will wonders never cease) a spring flood in the Grand Canyon! Thanks to BuRec, "water," "power," Secretary Babbitt, NEPA, mom, democracy, and thousands of others who got an idea in their heads and, for better or worse, have spent countless hours doing their best to follow through with it...

 Lew Steiger



OLD HANCE.

The Frustrated Desire to Just Say No

As of the beginning of this river season, outfitters are contractually bound by the National Park Service to provide a “drug-free workplace” and to initiate a program for periodic drug testing of their crew. Outfitters are to report annually to the NPS—how many they tested, were there any positives, and, if so, what action was taken. So there it is.

We’ve seen this coming for a while and we are frankly amazed it didn’t happen sooner. Actually, last year’s proposed regulations were more ominous. In the case of a positive result, outfitters were to contact the

Concessions office at once with the name of the suspected offender, who was to be removed immediately from his job. That seemed particularly harsh considering that results of these tests can be incorrect, and that test results have no bearing on how well a guide does his job. No, the new requirement is better than it could be, but it still isn’t right.

As we have discussed this issue over the past few years, one statement we’ve heard over and over again has been “It’s the nineties. Everybody’s drug testing now; you cannot stop it, and you don’t dare argue.” Certainly Americans are shuffling off to labs in droves. They excrete into specimen cups for God and Country, but mostly

under threat of losing their jobs. The masses seem to have accepted this with little question or argument.

The masses also stood idly by while Joseph McCarthy drove innocent individuals from their jobs in the 1950s. Few raised objections as perceived “un-American activities” were scrutinized, loyalties were questioned, and careers were destroyed at the whim of one man, who

never managed to produce substantiated evidence of subversion against those he defamed. This continued until, at some point, a few brave souls had the courage to just say no.

Subjecting people to a degrading and meaningless exercise such as repeating the oath of loyalty or peeing in a cup, without probable cause to do so, constitutes illegal search and seizure. Any who get a positive on the test (accurate or false) are being forced to incriminate themselves (since for most of us employment isn’t optional.) Guilt is being assumed until innocence is proven, in blatant disregard of the rights that we thought were guaranteed.

McCarthy’s battle cry was “national security”; in the war on drugs the banner is “public safety.” But interrogating actors didn’t make the nation any more secure, nor has squeezing bladders been proven to enhance public safety. The plundering of Constitutional rights in both cases is ineffective as well as unconscionable.

I spoke with a guide last summer who said if drug testing becomes mandatory in Grand Canyon, it’s time for him to move on. He has quit a job before rather than submit to drug testing. I know this guy. He’s a good boatman—as solid as they come—and he could pass the test any time. But that isn’t the problem, nor is it the issue. This isn’t about drugs; it’s about an enormous abuse of power.

As valid as these arguments may seem, and as much as some of us would like to stand up for our rights, there’s just this one little problem: we love working in Grand Canyon. The Federal Government is forcing the NPS to mandate drug screening. They are squeezing the outfitters, who, in turn, must squeeze our bladders in order to fulfill their contracts. I could say, “No thanks, my bladder is my own business.” The outfitter, who probably has no personal interest in its contents, might feel that he had no choice but to take me off the schedule. What would I have proved? That I am expendable and can therefore get dumped and replaced really fast? That I can get laughed out of court just as well as nearly everyone else who has tried to contest this wave of hysteria?

No, I guess most of us will swallow our collective pride and cooperate. We want to spend the next 5 years working and playing in Grand Canyon, not hanging out with lawyers in courthouse hallways. GCRG has more pressing issues that are more appropriate to our stated goals, and the guides want to stay on the river. Until the witch hunt is over, most will probably shuffle off to the labs and fill those specimen cups. But it isn’t right.

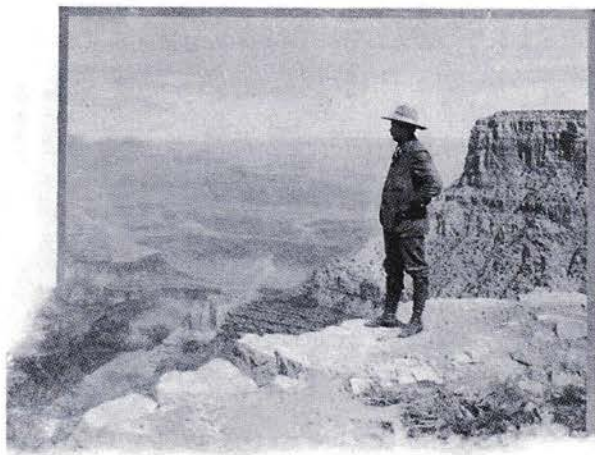
Jeri Ledbetter



grand canyon river guides

Bill of Rights Article IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.



Drug Testing: The Outfitters' Choice

Although the outfitters have been given no choice in instituting biochemical surveillance, they have a great deal of latitude in deciding just how invasive their program may be. The NPS gave no minimum requirements. Raymond Gunn, Chief of Concessions in the Park, made it very clear at the GTS March 23rd that outfitters won't get any extra points towards contract renewal for having a more intensive drug testing program. We hope that this will make it easier for the outfitters to refrain from trampling their crew's rights any more than they must.

These are trying times; mutual support, understanding and respect should be everyone's goal. Some outfitters are trying to design programs that limit invasion and degradation to the absolute minimum. Companies who strive to protect the rights of their employees in the face of government intervention into private lives should be respected and supported.

Conversely, outfitters who embrace this nonsense wholeheartedly and implement far more comprehensive policies than have been requested by the Park, are doing nothing to enhance communication and cooperation between guides and outfitters. One company manager told me, "We're willing to give up the rights of our employees," as though they are his to cast aside.

The buzzword "liability" frequently enters the conversation. However, nothing—absolutely nothing—will protect against a frivolous lawsuit, even prostrating ourselves before trial lawyers. Those guys don't care about urine; they care about money. Tankers brimming with the purest of urine won't turn them away. If we want to avoid a lawsuit, perhaps a better angle would be to stop advertising our trips as though they are a resort experience devoid of risk. If we're going to tie ourselves into knots over the possibility of a lawsuit, we might as well all stay home.

Let's not buy into this any more than we have to.



Jeri Ledbetter

Sharing the Skies (or not)

The United States Air Tour Association has expressed concern that the planned reintroduction of California Condors to the Vermillion Cliffs area, scheduled for mid-June, will interfere with air tour activity over Grand Canyon and economic interests of the industry. They also raised safety issues, and asked that the program not be initiated until their concerns are addressed.

The proposed population of Condors is designated "nonessential experimental," which means it will be treated as a threatened population rather than endangered. This designation, in accordance with section 10(j) of the Endangered Species Act, as amended, allows the Fish and Wildlife Service to develop special regulations for management of the population that are less restrictive than the mandatory prohibitions that apply to endangered species. According to Robert Mesta, who manages the program for Fish and Wildlife, "That flexibility helps to insure that current and future land use activities such as, but not limited to forest management, agriculture, mining, livestock grazing, sport hunting, and non-consumptive outdoor recreational activities in the area will not be restricted."

With this designation, the Condors clearly pose far less threat to the future of air tours than the endangered Bald Eagle and Peregrine Falcon, who have been sharing the skies in much greater numbers with the air tour industry for years. There have been no impacts or limitations to the industry as a result; there is less reason to think that a Condor population, listed only as threatened, would necessitate restrictions. According to Mesta, Condors have very similar life habits to turkey vultures, and he is not aware of any collisions of aircraft with that species. They soar more than fly, and are sufficiently agile to get out of harm's way. Also, since they are much bigger, they would be easier to see and avoid. Most reported bird strikes have involved smaller species, such as swifts. Mesta predicts that if Condors move into Grand Canyon, they will spend most of their time soaring below the rim, well out of the flight path of tour aircraft.

Mesta emphasized that the goal of the program was to integrate the Condor into current uses, not the other way around. Grand Canyon River Guides supports the introduction of the California Condor to the Vermillion Cliffs area, and hopes that the air tour industry will come to recognize the value of the project, and prove themselves capable of seeing Grand Canyon as something more than a lucrative venture.



Jeri Ledbetter



Bon Voyage

It was a long, tough haul. No one, even in the Coast Guard, was quite sure how or why they were directed to regulate Grand Canyon. No one could really see how further regulations and additional

agencies were going to help anything. And in the end, common sense prevailed. Thanks go to warriors at GCRG and America Outdoors, to Fred Burke, and to a strong stand by Superintendent Arnberger.
The letter below was received a few weeks ago...

U.S. Department
of Transportation
**United States
Coast Guard**



Commanding Officer 2716 N. Harbor Drive
U. S. Coast Guard San Diego, CA 92101
Marine Safety Office (619) 683-6500

February 28, 1996

Mr. Lew Steiger
President
Grand Canyon River Guides
P. O. Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Dear Mr. Steiger:

I would like to inform you that I received a letter from the Commandant of the Coast Guard directing Officer in Charge, Marine Inspections not to conduct inspections or license personnel operating a self propelled or non-self propelled white water rafts on the navigable waters of the United States.

In light of this new directive, I have determined that the navigable waters from Lees Ferry to Pearce Landing on the Colorado River at the Grand Canyon National Park to be white water, therefore, we will not enforce inspections and licensing.

I appreciate your interest in commercial vessel safety and environmental protection. If I could be of further assistance, please call me or Lieutenant Fred Soriano, Chief of Inspections at (619) 683-6480.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. A. Watson, IV".

J. A. WATSON, IV
Commander, U. S. Coast Guard
Officer in Charge
Marine Inspection

Encl: (1) Comdt's Ltr on 26 January 1996

Copy: CO, MSO/GRU LA-LB
CCGD11(m)

grand canyon river guides

Grand Canyon—A Human Perspective

The history of the Grand Canyon is a complicated story of water and rock. Human history at Grand Canyon, although eons shorter, is equally complex and like the Canyon itself shrouded in mystery. Culturally there is a prehistoric and an historic perspective which meld into the broader picture.

Prehistorically, Native Americans lived and loved, struggled and died in the Canyon. For them the Canyon and all it contained was quite simply home. For over ten thousand years their presence has waxed and waned. Populations of hunters and farmers rising and falling in their own time responding to the inevitable changes in the world around them. Most of it going on unnoticed without leaving a trace.

Only the rare moment gets preserved and it is rarer still for that event to come to discovery in a later time. For the southwestern archaeologist the lack of convenient evidence is compounded even further by the lack of a written record. Without written language, personal histories dissolve and the complete truth remains elusive. As an example the great abandonment of the southwest during the 14th century never really happened. It is myth. It was a poorly conceived generalization based on minimal information which under further scrutiny does not hold up. In actuality, Puebloan (Anasazi) groups simply retracted to places in which they could sustain themselves. The locations they had recently left were in fact the margins of their own world and these very places were in turn occupied by peoples known to us as the Pai and Paiute moving in from the west and north. It is more than likely residual groups of Puebloans in small numbers were present in the western reaches of the Canyon as the Pai expanded upriver.

Until very recently there was a tendency within the archaeological community of the southwest that promoted the concept; if you did not live in stone houses and make beautiful pottery you counted for less on the material scale and research barometer. The fact is that the vast majority of peoples inhabiting the Colorado Plateau and vicinity over the last ten millennia made their living in some other fashion. For instance, hunter-gatherer cultures like the Hualapai and Southern Paiute have lived in the Canyon for the better part of seven hundred years, yet their style of life has left a skinny record on the surface that is easy to overlook and easier still to underestimate.

A modern analog to the hunter-gatherers is the current use of the river corridor by the boating community. Two thousand years from now who could tell by physical evidence that over twenty-thousand people a year passed through the Canyon? It would appear from

the record that the better part of the inner Canyon was abandoned during the last century. There would be some chunks of the dam, possibly ruins at Phantom, the occasional inscription and maybe a skeleton or two attached to a backpack frame to mark our passing. But where are the boats and the boatman, not to mention all of their stuff?

Historically, the human story casts a shadow much different from the Native experience. For the new Americans, the Canyon was and is antithetical to the concept of home. Even now it evokes feelings of frontier isolation and the fringe of civilization. To be sure, people live in and around the canyon today and you, the reader, are keenly aware that some of us cannot live fully without it. But Grand Canyon remains an exotic destination for the majority of modern people.

Technically, the historic period for Grand Canyon began in September of 1540 when a dozen Spaniards dressed in armor and riding thirsty, used-up horses, peered over the edge somewhere in the vicinity of Desert View. Three men actually attempted a descent to the river, but after going less than a third of the way down they returned to the rim with their minds sizzled by the sheer immensity of the place. The vastness of scale could not be absorbed by their European frame of reference. The small party was led by Garcia Lopez de Cardenas. They belonged to Coronado's larger expedition and were, of course, looking for gold. They thought they were in Hell: no gold and no cities to plunder. The Hopi guides that brought them to this place conveniently omitted any mention of the several trails leading to the river. The Spaniards left and did not come back.

For our purposes the historical period began with several US Army expeditions that passed through the region in the 1850s (Sitgreaves, Ives, Whipple, and Beale with his camels). The era of the new Americans was cemented by the amazing journey of John Wesley Powell, Jack Sumner and company in 1869. As is common to our history, the miners followed the cavalry and the map makers. And that was the case for Grand Canyon.

Before Powell could finish a second trip the prospectors poured into this remote region. By the late spring of 1872 hundreds of gold miners had appeared at Lees Ferry, the mouth of Kanab Creek and along the Grand Wash Cliffs. Most of them left within months but the dream persisted. Through the 1880s several men took up residence at various locations along the river corridor. The area around Palisades was particularly attractive to the hard rock miners.

Most of these men left no trace in the written or physical record and they have disappeared into the

whirlpool of time. Others amongst them are well known and belong to the lexicon of Canyon history: McDonald, Hance, Bass, Tanner, Beamer, Boucher, and Lantier. These men worked their digs, lived simply, and through all their effort profited precious little from precious metal. Those who stayed mined another resource, the tourist lode. It is the same ore that keeps on paying today.

As a prime example Ben Beamer came to the Canyon in 1890 hoping to make it pay. He considered his prospects nearly unlimited and extracted virtually nothing of value. Nevertheless he remained a busy fellow reworking an Anasazi structure at the mouth of the LCR into his own image [see below], prospecting all the while and of course living the good life in the bottom of the Canyon. He did not become an entrepreneur like John Hance or William Bass, but he enjoyed fishing and the changing beauty of the inner Canyon.

Within 25 years of Powell's first trip, the frontier period of the Canyon had passed by and the bona fide tourist replaced the solitary man. Beamer's legacy remains today as a documented historical site at the LCR. Like Bert Loper's boat, it is disappearing bit by bit.



Beamer artifacts circa 1960. Note saddles and plow.

People have the not so absurd notion they can be more in touch with their heritage by possessing little fragments of it. Regardless of human habit and desire the Canyon, with absolute indifference, is the ultimate zone of subduction consuming individuals and the cultures they create. In time, nothing survives the Canyon.



Chris Coder

Beamer's Fixer-upper

In 1869 Major Powell observed and noted in his journal the presence of a Puebloan roomblock near the mouth of the Little Colorado River. Years passed by and after the turn of the century a rekindled interest in Powell's expedition prompted certain individuals to try and relocate this dwelling of the ancients. The ruins were nowhere to be found. More mystery and intrigue in the Canyon. In 1960 Bob Euler was on a river trip that stopped at the LCR. While poking around Beamer's cabin Dr. Euler (like a good archaeologist) began seeing sherds and lithics and pictographs, etc. Then the light bulb went on in his head... ..Ben Beamer had come upon this spot in 1890, and, in the tradition of an experienced prospector he could not look a gift horse in the mouth. So he transformed the jumble of rock walls

into a passable cabin. During subsequent trips in 1962 and 1963 Dr. Euler became convinced these were the ruins Powell had observed.

This reasonable assumption was confirmed in 1984 when the Park Service conducted excavations at this location (AZ.C:13:004) revealing a record of human occupation stretching back to the fourth century B.C. In addition, Hopi, Southern Paiute and Pai pottery were found just under the surface indicating use of the LCR as an established route well into historic times.

(Personal communication Dr. Robert Euler and A CROSS SECTION OF GRAND CANYON ARCHAEOLOGY. WACC # 28, 1986. By Anne Trinkle Jones)



Up From Colorado Canon

Prospector Beamer Talks of the Chances for Good Ore

DENVER REPUBLICAN
MORNING, JULY 17, 1892

Ben Beamer has come up to Denver from his home at the bottom of the Great Colorado canon. He says he likes the long vistas of prairie with their background of snowcapped mountains, but "for scenery as is scenery" give him the roaring waters of the frothy Colorado in its sandstone framework 6,000 feet high.

The hum of trade, the clang of car-belts, the rattle of patrol wagons are well enough in their way, but the rush and swirl of the great river sing to him another song.

"I got into the canon by the Tanner trail in February 1890," he said yesterday. "The trail is twelve miles below the mouth of the Little Colorado river, and sixteen miles further down is Hanse's trail, the only two ways of reaching the river bed in that section of Arizona.

"I have lived there ever since, except for a short trip to the outer world last winter and during the whole time I have been there, I never saw a human being until this spring, when line surveyors of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, with a guide, made their way into the canon.

"I took up a ranch at the mouth of the Little Colorado, where there are about ten acres of cultivable land, built me a cabin and went about my own business of prospecting for the precious metals. All about there are strong indications of copper, it being a sandstone country underlaid with shale, a No. 1 copper formation. There are some copper springs twelve miles above the mouth of the Little Colorado, the waters from which 30 strongly impregnate the river with blue vitriol that no fish can live in it. When the river dries up in June and July, these springs supply enough water to float a boat. You cannot drink it, though.

"Six miles below me, on the south side of the Colorado, is the McDonald claim, which belongs to Denver parties, J. N. Hughes, the lawyer, being one of them, I believe. There is from 60 to 70 per cent copper in the rock, and some silver. Below that Mr. Hanse and two partners have some big copper claims and still further down a man named Berry has located some

claims which show the same percentage of copper and run from \$10 to \$100 per ton in silver.

"An asbestos claim below Hanse's was lately sold for \$7,500. Still further south are some big gold and silver ledges, but don't know much about them. This spring there were some wonderful discoveries made at Silverado, which is fifty miles back from Kingman, on the railroad, and somewhere near the rim of the canon. They lack water there and have made arrangements to

pipe it in, though whether they can get it in sufficient quantities I can't say."

The precious metals found in the canon are gold, silver, lead, uranium, molybdenum and indium, and there are miles of rock that give a blow-pipe test for nickel.

"How do I live?"

Well, as all

prospectors do, only I get plenty of fish and wild goat, and there are some otter. After the snow melts the Colorado backs up into some of those small canons and the fish come in millions to feed on a vegetable that grows on the rocks. They are so thick that you can lean over the water's edge and pull them out by the tail two at a time.

"Facts, I assure you. No, it's only in the Little Colorado where they cannot live. They are about twenty inches long and have a flat bump on their back just behind the head.

"The Atlantic & Pacific did some work surveying up Hanse's trail this spring to hold their right of way but I doubt if a road will be put through there. The trails are so narrow that you cannot ride horseback. You can pack things down. In some places it is a mere hog-back and a scary man would have to cross on his hands and knees. The trail winds down the side of the canon from the rim, and if you fell you could drop 6,000 feet. I found tolerably good walking along the river bank for twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Little Colorado.

"Lonesome? Not when you get used to it."



Beamer's Cabin pictures courtesy Grand Canyon National Park

This story was found in the Ben Beamer file, Marston Collection, Huntington Library

The Whale Foundation

Everyone who knew the Whaler loved him. Many of us also depended on the Whale as a sounding board. He was our counselor, our advisor, the non-judgmental ear we needed to listen to our problems. He was always there no matter the hour or situation. Whale was never too busy. He is the inspiration behind this idea. It bears his name as a lasting tribute to a beautiful human being, not because he was a martyr or a bad example.

The Whaler took his own life. I often wonder if he would still be here if the situation were different. He was a proud man who lived life as he pleased. Through all the years I knew him he never asked me for anything, even though he knew I would have done anything for him and I am sure the same applies to most of us. Could the same thing happen again to another of our pards? Whale did not feel comfortable relating his fears and insecurities to his friends. Would he be here today if he had someone to hear him out? It is pure speculation, but I think maybe the answer is yes.

Was the Whaler trying to tell us something or make a point? Probably not in a conscious way, but perhaps in



a metaphoric way. Think about it: the expectation level of today's boatmen is extremely high and going higher everyday. We need a system to help address some of the problems we face now, and to anticipate future problems.

The Issue: We have an aging population in the Grand Canyon boating community. Those who have paved the way (been in the industry for 15 years or more) are facing the possibility of physically reaching

the end of the line and not being able to work on the river. Perhaps we have not prepared for the future (financially, scholastically, mentally ...). Being a guide is a very powerful occupation as long as we are on the river. Yet every year the season ends and suddenly, rather than being heroes and inspirations to others, we are just people. What happens when the options seemingly disappear? Where can we go to talk to someone who is not one of our peers?

An initial solution? Provide services for our community. Immediately implement a system to provide information pertaining to mental health and counseling services for boatmen in need. We all have down moments, we all experience depression, but what happens when it won't go away? What can we do about it?

We have an anonymous donor who has contributed \$1,000 to get this program off the ground. In addition, there are 3 local mental health professionals who have offered their services at a greatly reduced rate. Our goal is to use this money (and more when we raise it) to assist anyone who wants to utilize this program but cannot afford the costs.

Obviously, this is only the tongue of the rapid. There are many other issues that we need to address. Eventually this program would ideally include other pertinent services for the boating community.

Eventual services may include;

1. A financial planning network.
2. A career planning network.

Our community is very diverse in expertise. One of the goals of this program is to attempt to document and organize a system so we can assist each other in our various endeavors.

The time has come for us to look at our occupation as a real job. We should set up the needed services to take care of those of us who have been around and for those who will follow. Your comments are greatly appreciated and valued. If you have any ideas of ways to implement, or raise funds for this program, please let us know. Take an active role in your community. It will make a huge difference.

For more information contact Robby Pitagora at (510) 658-8901x225 or through GCRG.



Spring Floods

The long awaited, acclaimed, denounced and ever so controversial flood of Grand Canyon actually began on schedule. At 6:15 am on March 26th, a crowd of dignitaries, rabble rousers and a small media circus watched and listened as Bruce Babbitt cranked open the first of four hollow jet valves that, by noon, would send the river to 45,000 cfs for a week. Babbitt spoke of a new beginning for the Colorado, a system-wide type of management, and the interlinking of multiple fields of study, systems and species in a new, more holistic approach. The flood rushes on as we go to press.

That's the first flood; the one that was planned. The one that wasn't expected was the media frenzy. As the date grew nearer, more and stories began to appear in the press, one building upon another, facts and fiction blurring as the great moment approached. **Outside** magazine may have reached the acme of yellow journalism in its April issue.

"The Colorado River as you've never seen it... Whitewater of biblical proportions... Hydraulic wedges will heave against the massive steel gate that holds back Lake Mead [sic]... as the Colorado River... marauds through, rolling boulders as if they were Easter eggs and ripping trees from banks. A week later the river will be switched back to "low," where it's been since the dam was built in 1963.

"But perhaps no one is more thrilled about the coming flood than a handful of Top-Gun-caliber whitewater rafters, who in the last few decades have grown accustomed to a kinder gentler stream... access will be tightly controlled—with amateurs strictly forbidden unless they're part of a scientific team or booked on one of the seven scheduled raft trips."

And much, much more. It's hard to imagine packing more misinformation into five short paragraphs. Somehow much of the media has mistaken where the significance of the flood flow lies. 45,000 is about half the average pre-dam high. That's what it ran for much of the three years following the onset of the 1983 unintentional flood—at one point more than doubling that amount. It's not really all that high. Many river hazards disappear at that level while a few others, notably Crystal, get worse. Boils and swirlies appear, tossing boats around, sucking tubes. But really, it's not that big a deal. Cataract Canyon boaters see bigger stuff on a pretty regular basis. Some 14 private and 6 commercial launches were on the schedule to ride the tide.

Nonetheless, GCRG and many outfitters are getting waves of calls from panicked passengers fearing for their very lives. The media has done its job well.

The real significance of the flood, the cresting high point, is administrative. "Valuable" water—water that could otherwise be sent through turbines and produce revenue—is bypassing the cash register for the simple purpose of attempting to benefit the downstream environment. With tremendous pressures from water and power interests not to by-pass the turbines, desires from sediment scientists to have the flood even higher, urging from fishermen and some other recreationists to keep it low—the GCES process has actually been able to pull it off. Comparing this to the massive dysfunction in Washington these days, it is an astounding and newsworthy feat.

Will the flood work? That remains to be seen.

The third spring flood was a rubber armada of scientists, heading downstream to assess the effects. Their measurements and observations will take a while to analyze. Meanwhile, we, the guides, will have a tremendous opportunity to see the immediate and long-term effects and add our observations to the body of knowledge. Both the Adopt-A-Beach program of repeat photographs of certain beaches, and the observations we are asking for in the centerfold of this issue, will add a tremendous amount to the information gained from the experiment. So get out there, look around, and try to describe the changes you see. And write it down.

Brad Dimock



6:15AM: Babbitt opens first valve



and tells reporters why



7AM: BuRec and WAPA open second valve



8AM: We take our turn on door #3
Brad Dimock and Jeri Ledbetter, GCRG
Dick White, Glen Canyon Dam,
Tom Moody, GCRG, Grand Canyon Trust
Pam Hyde, American Rivers



kerbloosh

Fill 'er Up!

You think GCES had their hands full? Well, this one is way beyond everyone. NPS is helpless! BOR is helpless! Fish and Wildlife is helpless! Game and Fish is helpless! USGS is helpless! Even if we got all the rangers together, and all the other people with badges and arm patches, and all the Native Americans in America, everyone would be helpless against it!

It's the Canyon. It's disappearing before our very eyes. Not just the beaches (which aren't disappearing, actually, they're just going to Lake Mead), but the whole dammed Grand Canyon!

Sure it's "grand" (we all knew that), but it's "grand" because of erosion. Every year, thousands of tons of the Canyon wind up in the Colorado River, dumped there by pretty little waterfalls we see during storms, by all the sweet-tasting side streams, by the tremendous and, thankfully, infrequent debris flows that downright clog up the river with gunk. And the rangers, the tourists, the boatmen, everyone, stand by and watch helplessly.

This is a fine how-do-you-do for Teddy Roosevelt's admonishment to us to "keep it as it is." Since 1903, when T.R. stood on the South Rim and gave that blissfully short speech (just about two minutes, unheard of by modern presidential standards), there is less of the Canyon to see than there was in his day. We should be ashamed.

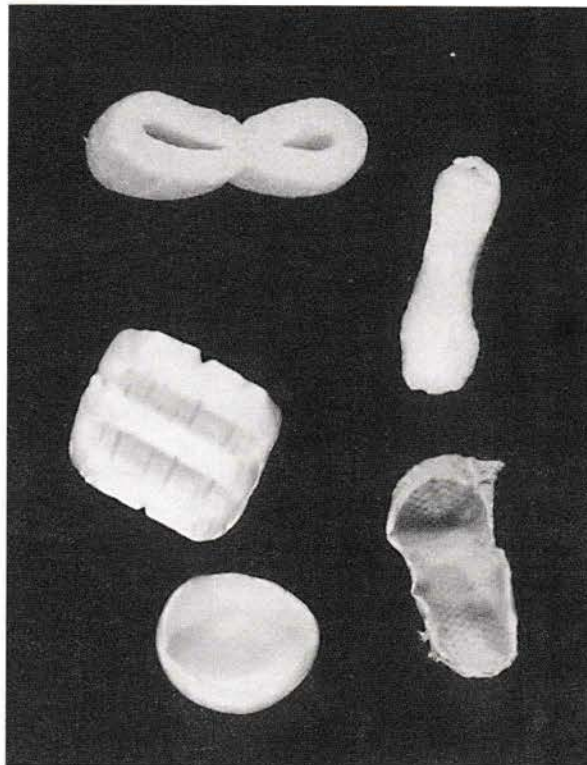
Well, okay, talk is cheap. So what to do about the problem?

In 1991 I published a short paper¹ in an international journal, titled, "Saving the Grand Canyon: Final Report." It even caught the eye of columnist James Cook in the *Arizona Republic* (October 24th), where in an interview I mentioned that I had spent nearly a whole Saturday afternoon tackling this problem. For some reason, though, that research paper in the *Journal of Irreproducible Results* (yes, a real title) failed to gain the necessary attention to bring my plan into effect. So now I turn to the only real group of people who give a damn about the Canyon—the people who work there.

Simply put, we can't save the Canyon. The technology doesn't exist right now to stave off the monumental forces of erosion that have excavated the Canyon. Ivo Lucchitta (USGS, Flagstaff) has estimated that 1,000 cubic miles of rock have been eroded away from the main gorge and myriad side-canyons-of-side-canyons. But if we are to preserve the Canyon for "our children and our children's children," as T.R. had hoped, we have to place the Canyon in stasis until the tech-

nology exists to stop the erosion.

The only way to do this is to fill in the Canyon. My earlier plan had shown that dirt was, frankly, too heavy for the job—and it can't be kept very clean. But the ideal long-term packing material is piffles; you know, the



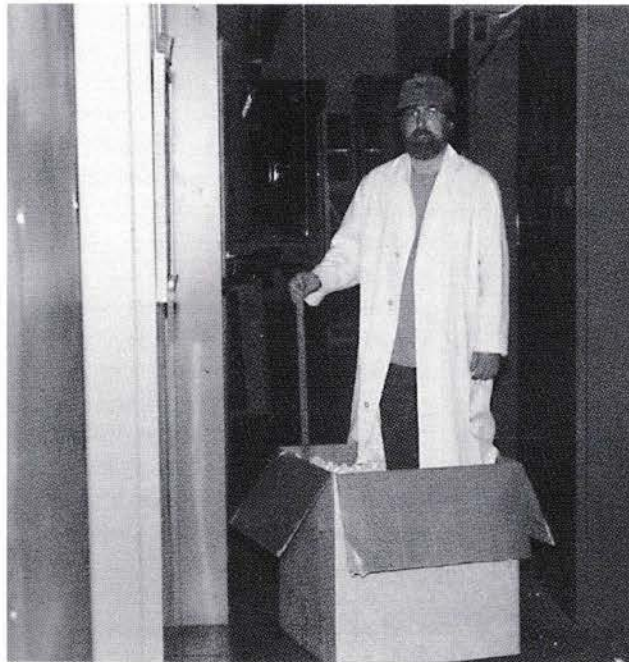
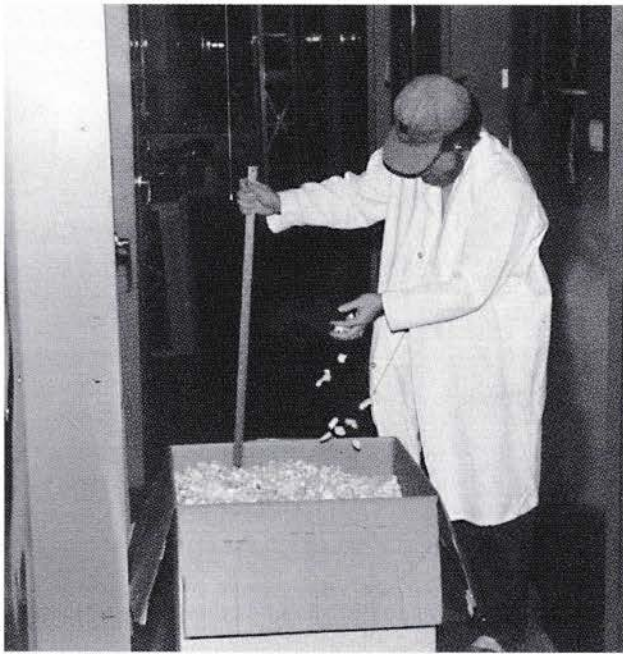
examples of five different kinds of piffles

styrofoam peanuts (or whatever they're called) that fly all over the place when you open a box. Fill 'er up with piffles!

I calculated the number of piffles of different kinds that would be necessary to fill up Grand Canyon. It turned out that nearly the lightest kind of piffle was the one that would do the job best, and it would take—well, I still don't know the name for this number, but it would take 291 (followed by 13 zeros) of these things to fill up the Canyon. The whole mess would weigh 13,600,000,000 tons—half a billion truckloads. That's nothing like the 40 dumptrucks-per-second that used to go past Phantom Ranch, carrying all that sediment that gets hung up now behind the dam. Or so say the old-timers.

But there's a hitch, and that is the subject of my revitalized research plan. Where do you buy piffles? Have you seen them in a store? Or in a catalog? It seems that the whole world's supply of piffles was manufactured

¹ Reprinted in the current *Nature Notes*, (Vol. 12, No. 1) published by Grand Canyon National Park



archaeological sites also will be protected by filling them with piffles (note that this is only a simulated archaeological site)

during the '60s, and since then they have just been in a complex cycle of recycling and storage. We save a few boxes of them until we need them, and out they go. We hardly ever run out because someone winds up sending a box or two of them to us.

So we need piffles. Lots of them! Please do your part. On your next trip, take a box of piffles down the river with you. Dump them on top of the loose sand, squeeze them in between those rock cracks. Help save the Canyon! If we do this now, our children's children will

have us to thank. T.R. will smile.

If you're worried about the animals and the trees, don't. My previous research showed that air circulation is pretty good between all those piffles. And they're so light that nothing will get crushed by them. They're inert. They last forever. Piffles are nature's perfect packing material. They also have the uncanny characteristic of protecting boats from the damaging effects of rocks. True, you may not be able to see very far downstream—well, actually you wouldn't be able to see at all—but you would never have to scout again.

Now, what to do when the means become available to stave off severe erosion in the Canyon? The Canyon is open to the west at Grand Wash, and the whole load can be blown out of the Canyon into Nevada with leaf blowers. (Hey, if they're willing to take nuclear waste, what's a few piffles?)

So if this summer you see a guy in Texas and a white lab coat on the river, it'll probably be me. I will be working on an update to my research program, to be published in the *Annals of Improbable Research* (yes, another real title). Please do your part and shower me with piffles. Remember, if the Canyon gets too grand, it won't be there at all!



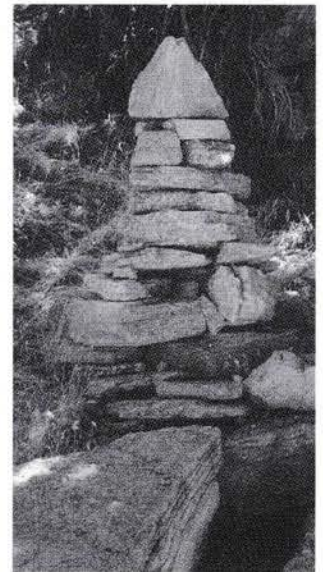
Earle Spamer

Little Mysteries

In the early 1980s Bruce Helin stumbled across a cairn at Fern Glen. Upon closer examination, he found an inscribed board inside bearing the name M. Johnson, Glendale, UT Jan 5, 1932. A recent attempt to revisit the site found the cairn and board missing.

Mysteries: Who was M. Johnson? How and why did he end up at Fern Glen? And who removed the cairn and board and how come?

Got a clue? Give us one.



Canyon Forest Village—Is It Our Problem?

Coast Guard, Coconino County Health, Drug-testing, the Prospectus... a deluge of issues for GCRG, but at least we don't have to worry about Canyon Forest Village. That's Tusayan's problem, right? And maybe it'll turn out to be a nice place for some Park employees, take a little pressure off South Rim. Oh, and they might need a little water out of the Redwall-Muav aquifer.

Now, *that* may be our problem.

The circulation of natural waters ties together diverse terranes. In the Grand Canyon region, the carving of the canyon released groundwater from the Redwall, Temple Butte, and Muav Limestones, to flow as springs where faults intersect the face of the canyon. Now water under the Tusayan area rushes from Grapevine, Indian Garden, Cottonwood, Hermit, Boucher, Havasu and many other springs along the south wall of the Canyon.

In an August 1995 editorial, Grand Canyon National Park Superintendent Rob Arnberger recognized this link and the potential impacts of pumping groundwater from

springflows. Rock formations that hold significant amounts of groundwater are called aquifers. Think of them as stiff sponges rather than lakes. Good aquifers are large and have lots of openings which are well connected. The underlying formations block the downward movement of water.

The Redwall-Muav aquifer is thick and regionally continuous, but its boundaries are somewhat uncertain. The aquifer is thought to be bounded by the Toroweap fault to the west, by the Grand Canyon to the north, and by groundwater basin divides that mark where groundwater drains east into Blue Springs and south into the Verde River area. The underlying Bright Angel shale is a fine aquitard—its clays retard the downward flow of water.

The limestones are fractured and dissolved into large openings—remember all those caves and tunnels in Marble Canyon. The calcium carbonate of limestone dissolves easily in the weak acid formed by carbon dioxide and water. Stress fractures in the limestone are widened into conduits by the solution process. Recalling

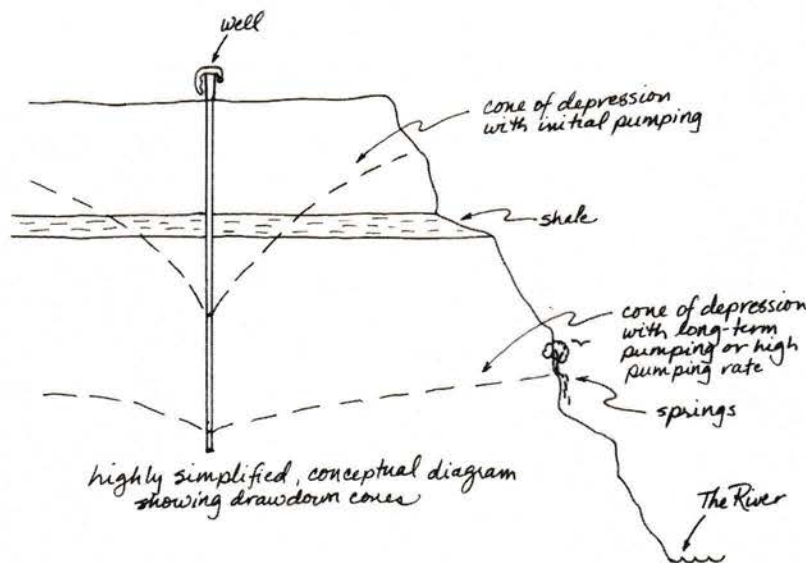
Marble Canyon's natural geologic cross section, the openings and fractures in the Redwall form a good network for transmitting water. In short the Redwall-Muav aquifer is a regular aqueous bonanza.

But wait. What about the springs? The springs are fed by the regional aquifer, or smaller isolated (perched) aquifers, or by local rainfall stored in gravels. And when a well is drilled? A pumping well creates a cone of depression in the water table. The inverted cone expands outward as pumping continues.

At Grand Canyon the cone shape is complicated by the variation in rock types above the Redwall and by the fracture flow system in the limestones. At the worst, a spring can lose all its flow if the spring and well share the

same fractured flow zone, or if the drawdown cone intercepts flow toward the spring (see the drawing). Otherwise, a new dynamic equilibrium will be established between springflow, pumping rate, other outflow, and inflow to the aquifer.

Several studies are gathering or modeling data relating to the proposed development. Canyon Forest Village hired Errol L. Montgomery and Associates, Inc. The National Park Service and the U.S. Geological Survey are cooperating on a springflow monitoring



wells that tap the limestones. His concern was "that these wells are being developed without consideration for the impact they may have on springs in the Grand Canyon—and, by extension, without consideration for the flora and fauna these water resources support."

To understand how springs of Grand Canyon might be effected by pumping a well for Canyon Forest Village, we need to look at groundwater storage in the rocks, at faults, fractures, and cave systems that siphon groundwater from one area to another, and at variations in

project in the park. Researchers from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas are sampling springs for chemical signatures. Several deep wells, including one at Valle and one at Havasu, can give us information as well.

Everything that follows is preliminary. Montgomery and Associates modeled 0.1% to 9% decreases in flows from Hermit, Indian Garden and Havasu, based on a bunch of assumptions. The folks at UNLV are beginning to think the spring water they sampled is at least older than the days of atomic weapons testing, possibly much older. This is based on some esoteric analyses of fancy chemical isotopes. The folks at the USGS and the Park Service notice a lot of variability in springflow data. (I have all this from reliable third-hand sources.)

Although spring discharges have been measured over many decades, these measurements have not been part of a consistent established program. We may not have enough information. Pre-bomb groundwater ages suggest the springs may be issuing water that would be slow to replenish if mined by wells. Also, since springflows may not be in direct equilibrium with recharge of the aquifer, we need to be cautious with projections.

Before we can get any closer to real answers about the character of the Redwall-Muav aquifer, Canyon Forest Village needs to make some real decisions about how big they will become. The proposed land exchange calls for careful planning that acknowledges the undeniable connection between adjacent plateau lands and Grand Canyon National Park.

An active approach on one front of this issue would be to encourage the park to pursue Wild and Scenic designation for tributary streams, many of which are spring-fed. Designation requires study of the ecosystems surrounding the springs and the establishment of minimum flows. Grand Canyon National Park recently included Wild and Scenic designation in management objectives of the final General Management Plan.

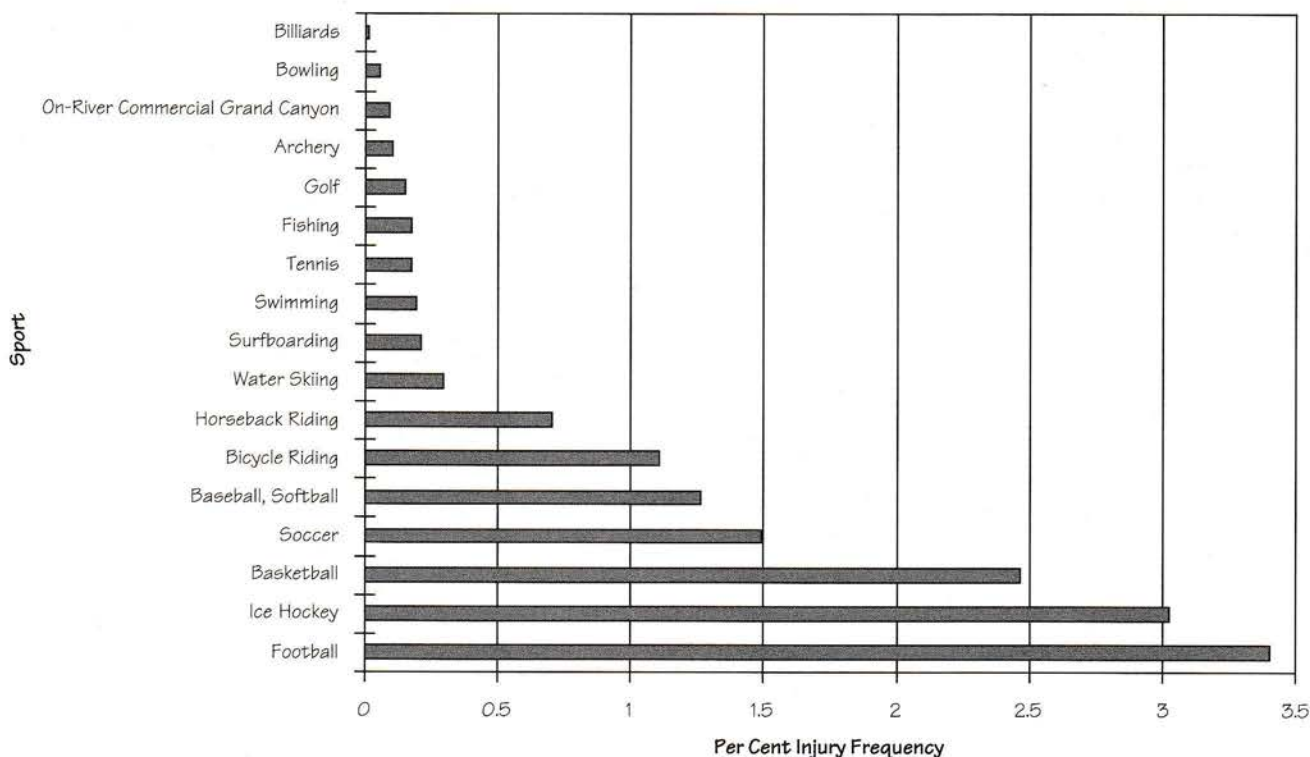
On another front, I join Rob Arnberger in the hope that landowners and researchers come together to protect our precious springs.

Stay tuned, there's an EIS in progress.

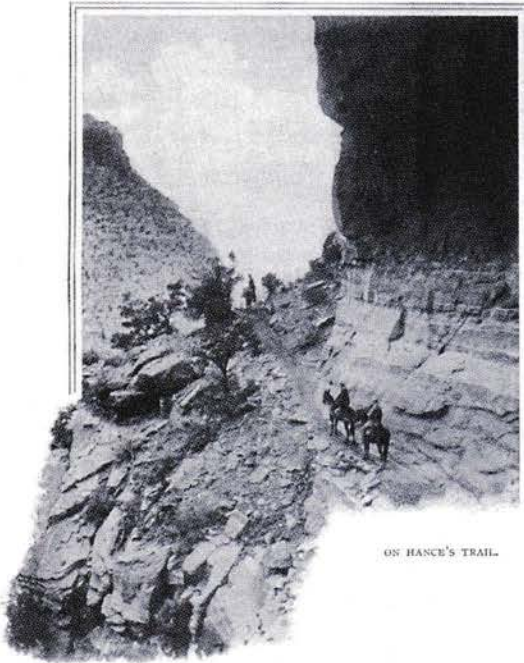


Kelly Burke

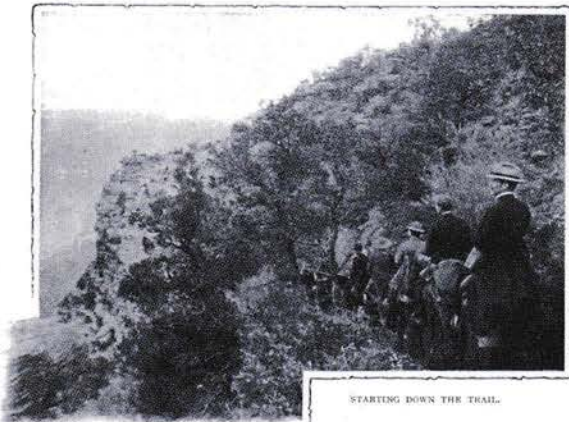
Injury Frequency of Commercial Grand Canyon River Running and 17 Other Sports



Figures are derived from a study by Thomas Myers, M.D. of Grand Canyon and Larry Stevens. Dr. Myers included significant injuries during a 5 year study period in Grand Canyon, and compared them with a study by the National Safety Council which was completed in 1993. His complete study awaits publication.



ON HANCE'S TRAIL.



STARTING DOWN THE TRAIL.



SECTION OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN THE CAÑON.

On my last evening in the pine tree camp I left my tent and walked alone to the edge of the Grand Cañon. The night was white with the splendor of the moon. A shimmering lake of silvery vapor rolled its noiseless tide against the mountains, and laved the terraces of the Hindu shrines. The lunar radiance, falling into such profundity, was powerless to reveal the plexus of subordinate cañons, and even the temples glimmered through the upper air like wraiths of the huge forms which they reveal by day. Advancing cautiously to an isolated point upon the brink, I lay upon my face, and peered down into the spectral void. No voice of man, nor cry of bird, nor roar of beast resounded through those awful corridors of silence. Even thought had no existence in that sunken realm of chaos. I felt as if I were the sole survivor of the deluge. Only the melancholy murmur of the wind ascended from that sepulchre of centuries. It seemed the requiem for a vanished world.

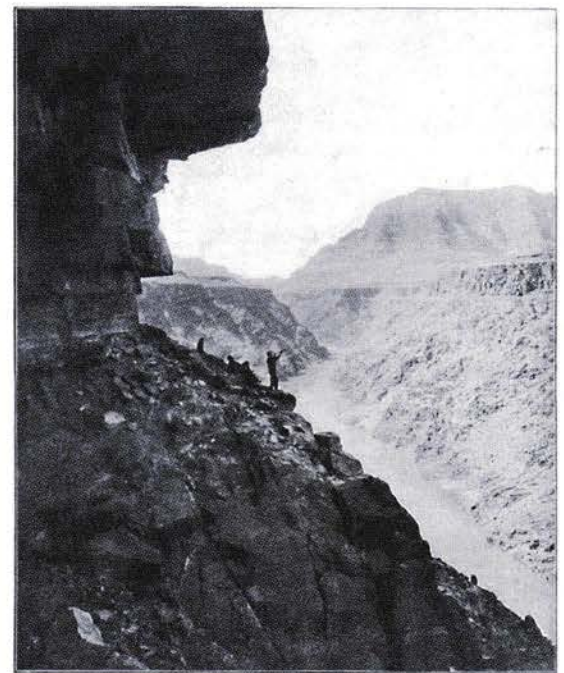
James L.
Stoddard
1898



A CABIN ON THE TRAIL.



TAKING LUNCH NEAR THE RIVER.



BESIDE THE COLORADO.

Fred Burke

continued from page 1

each other. Boatmen worked back and forth for different companies. With rare exceptions, there wasn't any conflict.

Those were great days. They were so much fun. We call them "the rape and pillage" days now. (laughs) We didn't hurt anything though. Environmentally, we were way ahead of the Park Service... As a matter of fact, we had to wait and let them catch up. People forget: the river runners were in the forefront of a lot of things—to take care of the Canyon and keep it clean, to haul human waste out. Step-by-step.

It's such a great experience, though. As the young people used to say, "You get your doo-doo together down there." I've watched them, you sit on a rock, look at the Canyon, it's so big that it straightens out your mind. If a person's going to marry somebody, you go down the Canyon with them and maybe find out what a jerk the guy is—right there you've saved yourself a lifetime of trouble. You get rid of him, because he's the head of the line when it

comes time to eat, and he elbows the old people out of the way to get on the boat. You don't want to marry somebody like that—get rid of him. The Canyon. . . teenagers love to go down there with their folks. I've heard them say, "Dad was never like this! Look at Dad jumping in the water, yelling, hollering..." And this is the Canyon, this is what it is... I don't think the Park wants to restrict it to where it is just a Disneyland thing. It is not a Disneyland thing. You have to remember all the time, there's an element of danger, there's an element of chance that makes it exciting, along with being a great place for the human mind.

We had so much fun. (laughs) A lot of it we can't put on tape!

**

Fred Burke sits back. He surveys the scene from his house on the hill these days (in between the occasional mule trade or commission he's asked to sit on); and visiting him there it might be tempting to harbor a little jealousy about his present circumstances, or maybe even resentment at the unrecognized but tremendous impact he had on our times and on river running in the Grand Canyon. He wasn't alone—they never are—but in much the same way that Martin Litton willed the Marble Canyon Dam fight into being, Fred Burke dug his heels in and led the charge to keep motors on the river. You can love him for that or hate him, but what you can't begin to do, until you know a little of his history, is understand him.


**

My mother died in the flu epidemic in 1917, right after I was born. My dad worked in California for the Edison Company, where they were building the dams along the Sierra Nevadas. He was a mechanic, but we spent our time up in the mountains—Kern River Valley, very isolated, hard to get to, just barely progressing. Kernville was about a hundred and fifty people; and there was Weldon and Onyx—they were little—just stores that were owned by big cattle companies. I went to school in a one-room schoolhouse. I think when I graduated from the eighth grade, we had three of us graduated. We can't have a reunion any more, because I'm the only one left.

In those days, you had to go to Bakersfield to go to [high] school, and that was around seventy miles away—no buses, no transportation, nothing furnished—so I didn't go. I took an extra year in that little schoolhouse, so it would be the equivalent of a ninth grade. The teacher was good enough to give me advanced—probably better than going to high school! And that was it—then I went to cowboying. I was about fourteen or fifteen, I guess.

How much did they pay, and what was your job?

The old days sounds romantic, but it wasn't, it was a lot of work. That was right around the Depression and they paid by the day, you'd get anywhere from a dollar-and-a-half to two dollars, board and room. If you worked by the month, fifty dollars if you just did straight cowboy



FRED BURKE FOR STATE SENATE • District 3 • A former State Legislator, Fred understands the problems and needs of District 3 residents. An ex-cattleman, he now operates the Arizona River Runners Service in Marble Canyon where he resides. As your Legislator, Fred drafted the important legislation implementing the State Finance Commission and budget procedures. Now, Fred Burke would like to go back to the Capitol to serve your needs as State Senator, District 3.

Budget Advisor, House Appropriations Committee, 4 years • Retired Army Colonel • Mason • Member, American Legion, Lions International, Elks

Your help is needed to put Fred back in the Legislature. Once he's there, your voice will be heard. Fred wants to serve you by helping to eliminate bureaucracy and wasteful spending in government—NOT by raising your taxes.

Fred Burke thinks that the taxpayer is still important. He hopes you do too!

Fred Burke FOR STATE SENATE

work; sixty dollars if you rode colts. A misconception is that cowboys rode all the time. Unless you worked for the *big* companies, few cowboys *did*. The others had to fix fence and put up hay in the summertime. In between moving the cattle, why, you did other jobs—all manual labor, seven days a week in the busy season. We could go to a party in those days, though, with two dollars.

It was a pretty poor existence: Hard work, no money, you're camped out in the High Sierras. You'd spend months up there, or else out in the desert, and it wasn't as glamorous as it appears to be. But it was fun, it was a way of life you don't really see today. And I enjoyed it! Thought it was great! I rode colts, mostly, so I got top pay.

All the little ranches were owned by families, and when you worked for them you were just like part of the family. We had a couple of *big* companies: had A. Brown Company, and they owned a company store. Onyx Ranch owned a company store, and ran it just like in the old days. No payday, all you received was a little statement from the store saying you'd earned sixty dollars that month, and spent twenty-five or thirty in the store, and you had a running balance of "X" number of dollars... of which they didn't pay you any interest or anything else. Or never really *paid* you, they just carried it on. That's something nowadays, if you did that everybody would be upset, because it's just like sharecropping. You didn't have any money of your own, didn't have a payday. But we were happy. Didn't know any better. No unemployment, no workmen's compensation—if you got hurt, you were on your own.

It was a nice country to live in. Pretty, nice rivers. Kern River, we used to take cattle up in the High Sierras, up at the headwaters of the Kern and the south fork of the Kern. We'd swim in the rivers. My first [river] experience was there.

Did you like water?

Oh, yeah, the little one-room school at Kernville, at noontime. . . all we wore then was a shirt and Levis—you didn't wear any underwear or anything else, a lot of the boys. We'd run like hell—no shoes on, barefoot—down to the Kern River, swim like fish all during the noon hour, then grab our clothes and run back to school, start putting on our clothes about the time we got to school. The teacher would stand in the door and whack us if we were five, ten minutes late! But it went on, the same thing. There was probably, oh, thirty or forty kids in one room. It was real interesting going to school there.

What took you out of that cycle of being a cowboy?

Oh, I don't know. I realized there was no future to it. Another fellow and I started down to Los Angeles to get on a ship and see the world. Didn't make it, we got kind of lost down there. So rather than starve, I joined the

Cavalry. At that time, the Cavalry had horses, and it seemed like an exciting thing to do. I liked horses, been with them. So I enlisted in the 11th Cavalry, Presidio, Monterey, California. I had a cut in pay from fifty or sixty dollars down to twenty dollars and seventy-five cents. (Really, it's supposed to be twenty-one, but they took a quarter out for the Old Soldiers' Home, which I've never been able to find yet, don't know where it is!) So it was not much pay, but you rode horses every day.

What year was that? Right in the middle of the Depression?

Yeah, jobs were scarce. It gets confusing if you're trying to get a timetable, because you're here for a while and there for a while. For example, after a year in the Cavalry, I could see no big future there. So I won some money shooting craps. And in those days, you could buy your way out of the Army for a hundred and some dollars. And you had a clothing allowance, you could use that credit. A hundred and some dollars that I won shooting craps, I could buy out of there, and I did that and went back to cowboying again.

About the end of 1937, I tried rodeoing. They gave me some time off to go down to Bakersfield to rodeo, and I won the all-around Kern County Amateur Championship that year. I thought I was going to be a big rodeo rider! But that was the height, the pinnacle—I didn't realize—right there. From then on it was all downhill: I probably got bucked off more times than I rode! I traveled around and went up the west coast and up in Idaho. You'd irrigate potatoes at night to get enough money to enter a rodeo, and then rodeo in the daytime. Starving all the time—one step from starvation. You had to hitchhike or get on a train, ride a boxcar to the next rodeo. All you had was spurs and a bucking rein, a couple of shirts, a pair of Levis.

How long did it take to figure out the future in that?

About a year. I wound up in Florida. Went down there in the wintertime: they were going to have a rodeo going every weekend for the tourists. It sounded like a good deal. A couple of us went and found out it was a fake. So we were broke and in Florida, and that's the worst thing could happen to a Westerner! I figured if I died, I wanted to fall west. So I was walking, had about two-and-a-half dollars in my pocket. I caught a ride with a produce truck hauling tomatoes back to Fort Worth. Said he'd give me a ride if I'd help him drive. And unfortunately, just how fate's fickle finger will get to you, we crossed the line into Alabama, and I got picked up speeding with the truck: 47 miles per hour in a 45-mile zone. So the cop took me to jail. The guy was going to bail me out, but he didn't. He went on to Texas and left me there. So I spent ten days in jail in Nokomis, Alabama. It was quite an education! You spend ten days in a "tank," as they call it, all of you, maybe twenty-five

or thirty guys all dumped into one bare tank.

For driving a truck two miles over the limit?

That's right! Well, all they wanted was your body, because the Sheriff would get paid so much a prisoner to feed them. He'd only feed you a little greasy piece of pork with some black-eyed peas—and he'd make money on feeding you. Ten days seemed to be the limit they could keep you without going in front of a judge. I never went before a judge! I never had anything to say to anybody—they just put me in there! And the guy said, "Quit hollering, or you're going to stay longer." So you learned to be nice, and ten days later they let me out. They'd taken my two-and-half for the kangaroo court. Kangaroo court there in jail, they'd beat you if you didn't give them the money you had. All I had was two-and-a-half, so I gave it up. I stepped out of jail, the deputy took me to the edge of town and said, "Don't come back." I headed west and just started walking and hitchhiking, got as far as Texas. I would have killed that guy if I could have found him, but I couldn't find him.

Got on a freight train in Fort Worth, then, and rode it all the way to Tucson. It was kind of a low point, you know, in your life.

How old were you then?

Oh, Christ, must have been somewhere in my teens. That was about 1938, somewhere along in there. ...When this guy left me in the jail, he took my bag with all my clothes, everything. All I had was just a shirt and a pair of Levis, and brother, it was cold! I came all the way out west there, and the shirt was filthy. So I went down to Drachman's Cleaners and asked them if I could trade them that shirt—it was a good shirt—for a clean shirt, which they did. Years later when I was a State Representative and down at Tucson, [they] were having a little wing-ding for the legislators, trying to sell us on giving them more money for the university. Drachman was master of ceremonies, and he was calling us up to take some kind of award. I told him, "You know, you helped me out here, thirty, forty years ago, giving me a clean shirt." I felt it was kind of an achievement, somehow [from being broke to State Representative].

But there was supposed to be a job at a dude ranch. I walked and hitchhiked all the way out to the dude ranch, got there too late, the job was gone. The guy said he'd take me back into town—one of the dudes—and he asked me what my problem was, and I told him: no money, had been in jail, trying to get home to California. And he threw thirty dollars—a twenty and a ten—down in my lap. Said, "Here, go get a bus ticket and go home." And that kind of stuck with me all through life, that when you get to the bottom like that, somebody would come along and help you. It's really important, I mean, to help people once in a while. And he didn't ask for anything. He said, "Don't worry about

sending it to me or anything." Of course, I was a little hesitant to take it, because I thought he had some ulterior motive. But I took it anyway. He didn't have a motive. After getting a bus ticket and eating a lot in Tucson, boy, I went home! I was sure happy to get back up there in the Kern River and punching cows.

Finally, an old cowboy that was quite a reader, pretty sharp guy—he told me, "Why don't you go back and get in the Army, get a commission if you can. Get as much rank as you can, because if you're going to get killed, you might as well get it as an officer, making more money!"

You could see World War II coming?

Well, he could see it coming. And a lot of us could after we began talking like that—I wasn't as smart as he was—but after listening to him, sure, we could see it coming, somewhere. We didn't know the exact details, naturally.

**

Naturally... the exact details turned out to be pretty amazing. Fred bluffed his way back into the 11th Cavalry as a corporal (so he wouldn't have to do k.p.) and began an epic journey that lasted nearly fifteen years. When he left the military he was a lieutenant colonel.

The early days were wild. He went from guarding the Mexican border as part of a horse troop armed with .45 handguns (trying to hit silhouette targets while galloping abreast in training—in case they had to stop a sneak attack by the Japanese), to a motorcycle squad, then officers' school and then to the 10th Mountain Division (ski troops who were sent to the Apennines in Italy to fight the Germans). As a freshly minted officer, he'd been ordered to start his own company of seventy-five men and two hundred fifty mules. That company became the lifeblood of a regiment fighting in country too rugged for machines. After the war, his cowboy background followed him throughout a tour of duty that took him all over the world. For the Marshall Plan he supplied mules and horses to Turkey, Greece, Italy and Mexico, buying them all over the midwest, then taking them down the Mississippi and across the Mediterranean by ship. Later he saw Korea and Japan. Finally he mustered out from Fort Huachuca, Arizona—back into the cow business. But really, the adventures had only begun.

He'd been married and divorced by then, and had two grown daughters. Somehow, luck and tenacity helped him hook his second wife, Carol, who was a stewardess then for Western Airlines. Fred proceeded to lose his shirt in the cow business. Not once, but twice. Along the way he ran for the state legislature, and won. ["I don't know why I had this political bug all of a sudden, but we gotta save humanity. And I got this bug. I don't know, I just started to run."] He was summoned to a meeting with the local wheels, who recommended he do exactly what the old representative said (... a guy who'd just been beat in a run for the senate after being Speaker of the House for three terms). When Fred

refused, ["Hell no, the people elected me!"] they explained the situation: *Okay, we'll just beat you next term. Which they did, by running the old Speaker again.*

At the same time I got beat in the fall, it was a pretty low point, because that's when we had to ship the cattle to the feed lot. I lost the election, the cattle. . . . Jesus criminee, we sold them, lost our ass on that—I mean, wiped us out completely.

So you got whupped in the election, and whupped in the cow business too?

Whupped! I mean, *whupped* in the cow business! We owed—Carol didn't know it, but we lost *all* our money. All I had was my Army retirement to get by on. I had cattle out at Eaton Feed Lot then, at McDowell. Old Ray Eaton owned it. I didn't know him real well, but a hell of a nice guy. We'd done business with him and we knew the fellow that ran his feed lot, Shannon

Tomlinson—he'd partnered with us. But after I paid the bank off, I owed Ray a feed bill. I don't know, something like twenty thousand dollars. Ray loaned me ten thousand more without a note, without anything! Just a check! He said, "Here, take this back to the bank." In those days, the Valley Bank would margin you about 90 percent on your cattle. So if you had ten thousand dollars, you could buy a hundred thousand dollars worth of cattle. So I bought some more! Just gritted my teeth and said, "To hell with it." We

bought some more, and by God, the market turned around the next spring and we were able to contract them for June delivery and paid off Eaton, and paid everybody, but didn't have any more money. We were living over in the west side of Phoenix, right across from the Reynolds Plant, Van Buren and Thirty-fifth, and you read today where Van Buren and Thirty-fifth is. . . . Man, I mean, it was a tough neighborhood! You couldn't even barbecue a steak unless you stood over the top of your barbecue with a club! You'd come inside to get some seasoning, and a guy would swipe your steak by the time you got back out there again!

I was very depressed during that period, you could imagine: forty-some years old. . . I went to work in the feed lot.

After you'd borrowed this money?



Yeah! Here's a guy that was a State Representative being wined and dined up in the Arizona Club, people running around blowing smoke up you how great you are. He's wearing white shirts, sport coats, ties, shoes shined. Next thing, he's out on West McDowell in a feed lot, in an old pair of boots, with cow doo-doo up almost half-way to your knees, slogging around in there for about five hundred dollars a month! I always stunk so bad when I come back to the apartment, Carol wouldn't let me in until I stripped outside! Do you think that wasn't a let-down, mentally and everything else?!

The two of them got decent jobs in Phoenix after paying their debts off, but really their hearts weren't in it anymore, and finally they opted for a change of scene.

We went north, took a vacation, stopped by Lee's Ferry on the way down, and the Fish and Game had a fellow stationed there that used to be a sergeant for me in the Army. He said, "Hey, there's a good deal coming up here. . . ."

Carol Burke: The USGS.

Yeah, "the Geological Survey just built a brand new house up on the hill there at Lee's Ferry. Nobody's lived in it. All you got to do is measure water." I said, "Hell, I don't know anything about Geological Survey, measuring water." He said, "You don't have to know very much." So, with my connections in the Legislature with friends that were still there—I *did* have some friends...

So you just loaded up the car and moved to Lee's Ferry?

Fred: Well, I was kind of going through the "change of life" then, I think. You know, here you are, I'm about fifty years old and haven't been a success yet—everything's gone to hell. We just wanted to pull back and get out of the world. Get back in that little hole, tucked back in there at Lee's Ferry. That's the image you get, if you think about it next time you're at Lee's Ferry: the world goes out like this to those cliffs, way out in here, but you can't see it. You're in here with your back against the wall. You go back there and lick your wounds.

Carol Burke: Well, that's when we got to meeting the early river runners.

Fred: Yeah.

So, going out there, it wasn't like you were going to launch this great adventure?

Fred: But see, life is just exactly that way. You don't know tomorrow what you're going to run into. If you move around, look around a little bit, you stumble onto something—just like an old blind sow gets an acorn! I mean, we went up there and stumbled around and found this acorn. The "acorn" was river running.

**

And the acorn, it turns out, was about to explode. Life was quiet at first. The road in from Marble Canyon

was dirt; you could see a car coming all the way in by the dust and there weren't many of them anyway. The water was warm still and anytime a boat launched, that was a big deal. The people who had put the trip in would often stay and have a cocktail with Fred and Carol. Half the time they'd float the Paria too, in inner tubes just for the hell of it.

Fred: See at that time, as memory serves me, there was Ted [Hatch] and Georgie [White] and Harris—the partners [Harris-Brennan]—and Sanderson, Ron Smith. But they all ran just one or two trips.

Carol: Ted was a schoolteacher.

Fred: It was a poverty thing.

Carol: Bill Diamond was working down in the dam. Jerry [Sanderson] was a ranger.

Fred: Well, a policeman for the Bureau of Reclamation in Page. Ron Smith, I forget what he was doing in Salt Lake, but Sheila was working up there in the office.

Carol: So this was a sideline for everybody. Nobody had a warehouse.

Fred: And they'd just come in and stay a day or two, and go. There was clean out (whistles)—nothing.

Carol: Our first trip must have been about 1966.

Fred: Ted just said, "Why don't you run a boat? You follow Dennis Massey." I said, "I don't know how to run a boat!" Hell, I'd never even run an outboard. He said, "Well, just follow Dennis." That's the way we did things in those days. Go do it! You think you can do it, do it. So I did!

That was your second trip?

Fred: Second time. I'd been down once, but I didn't know anything the first time.

Your first trip, what was that like?

Carol: Oh, it was great! The weather was great.

Fred: Great trip, great trip.

How many boats?

Carol: It was low water: low, low water...

Fred: Two or three boats.

Carol: ...and I remember Ron Smith had a boat in front of us, and Ed Abbey was on that boat. That's the way he got started out: on motorized trips too.

His first trip?

Fred: Yeah. Keep this in mind too: at that period of time, everybody ran motors. You didn't see rowboats. I can't remember anybody. . . . As a matter of fact—now, I won't say the dories weren't running—but I can't remember them going down. If they did, they only made about one trip, but maybe they did that summer, I don't know. I wouldn't argue that point with Martin. But nobody had these little rowboats. Everybody was happy going on the big boats. Wasn't any of this baloney boat business, wasn't all that negative stuff. But the Sierra Club came up, like I said, this one trip [Fred's first time running a boat], which was just like the rest of them, was a hundred and twenty-five people, with thirteen boats.

Now, Ted gave them a cut, I think, of—10 percent strikes my mind—that they got for selling the trips for him. They made a bundle. This was just one trip, but he was taking several of them, a lot of them.

Are these multiple-boat, hundred and twenty people trips?

Fred: Thirteen boats at one time! One flotilla! Going down through Marble Canyon, thirteen boats, one behind the other. I thought it looked kind of pretty! Myself, looking back, I thought, "God, isn't that nice? Look at them going woo, woo, woo."

Carol: Like a horse train!

Fred: Yeah, just cruising down there. We could only camp at certain camps that had to be real big camps down there—oh, not Furnace Flats, but up above there a little bit, there's one on the left. See, there wasn't all the tamarisk in there then—it was sand. And there was a great big, horrendous camp there.

But the first one you did was two or three boats?

Fred: Yeah, two I think.

And who were the boatmen?

Fred: Oh, Dennis and. . . . Oh, the crazy guy.

Dean Agee?

Fred: No, before him.

Carol: He was an amateur boxer.

both Carol and Fred: I can't think of his name.

Fred: But Agee went later. Agee was on the big trip. He's the one that got hung up in Hance. Well, you're getting ahead of yourself. The point is, if you're talking, in a sense, history, the point is that the Sierra Club came in and were happy to allow these big trips to go down and get the money for it, and that's the same money that they turned around and starting fighting us with later on.

But... was Marble Canyon Dam already whupped when they started running these big trips? You mean they weren't fighting the dam?

Fred: Yeah.

The dam issue was over?

Fred: Yeah.

The point of running the trips was to get the money?

Fred: The dam fight was over in the 26th

Legislature—I believe it's the second session—you can historically find it by writing the House of Representatives and asking them... and that's when it was over, because we [the State of Arizona] gave them [the U.S. government] the permit [to build Marble Canyon Dam] back in 1964.

But. . . I thought that all those big trips were going on right in the middle of that, and you're saying they began later on?

Fred: Oh, no, the big trips didn't start until the end, because Ted wasn't running that much.

Early sixties?

Fred: No, no, no, Ted wasn't running that much.

I guess the thing I'm trying to get. . . .

Fred: Ready was that guy's name!

Carol: Uh-huh, Ready.

Fred: Ready, that was the boatman.

Okay, so the motive of the Sierra Club wasn't so much political as it was economic? For running these big trips?

Fred: Economic, sure.

Carol: Well, I think they all discovered you could run through the Grand Canyon, and they just wanted a trip, strictly for fun.

Fred: But you have to remember that the way the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, and all these organizations make their money is, they have to have controversy. They can't say, "we fought this dam and won," and kick back. They gotta keep something going, or they'd be out of business. But they did . . . The worst trips, the worst damage on the ecology in that Canyon were done by the Sierra Club in those days, because every poor practice that's since been corrected, they were doing!

All the cooking was done on wood?

Fred: Sure.

And toilets were. . . .

Carol: The biggest rock nearest the beach. So behind the rock got a little bad.

Fred: Yeah, Mile 75, that whole long narrow strip of sand there was always full of toilet paper.

Carol: And Bass Camp.

So the camps were generally lots dirtier than they are now?

Carol: Yeah.

Fred: But you know what people overlook, and I don't think they *should* overlook it: because you can blame the river runners all day long, and you can blame these owners, or you can blame the boatmen—whatever you want to do—but the *real blame* should rest right on the Park Service. Because the Park Service sat there and watched these things happening, and *didn't do a damn thing to stop it*.

Carol: Oh, three to four years!

Fred: Everything that was done to correct it and make it better was done on the initiative of the people—I'll call them "people," because owners and boatmen, throwing them together, we started to clean our own act up. *Not* the Park Service.

Now let's get off that and go back and talk some more about starting out.

So everybody... Ted was down there, and he just had some equipment thrown in there, and he wasn't a big-time operation at first and nobody else was either?

Carol: That's the way everybody ran. Now, Don and Ted were together at that time—Don Hatch and Ted.

You guys do this first trip and Ready and Dennis Massey are the boatmen. What did those guys look like, and what were they like?

Fred: Well, they looked just like anybody else as a

boatman. Massey was a *really* good boatman.

Carol: He was the best boatman of his time.

Fred: See, he'd been a boatman for Ted up in Utah, and he was, in my opinion, one of the best boatmen ever on the river. If he had stayed longer he would have absolutely been head and shoulders [above the rest]. He really could read water, he knew what he was doing, *very* athletic—he'd been a wrestling champion—and I had complete confidence in him. I followed him down there in water so low—that guys are bitching about now, it's terrible they can't run it and everything else. I followed him down, not knowing *anything*, with all the confidence in the world, and never had any trouble—well, a ding here and there. And broke a few boards. We had board frames then, you remember? And you'd go over a rock, your board would split. You'd have to have a brace and bit, pick up a piece of driftwood and drill some holes in it and tie it back on again to the outfit and go on.

Were there side tubes on the boats then?

Fred: No side tubes. Outside rigs with the two-by-sixes coming back and hanging over the back end. The early boats had the rubber, the neoprene floor. You had to bail. It was a *bitch!* The boat would get so heavy, you couldn't turn it. It was all full of crud and crap and everything else when you'd get down to the bottom.

You're getting a little bit ahead of yourself, though, I think, in a way, because first you've got to back up a little bit. We're talking about Ted Hatch, in a sense, but everybody—Ron [Smith], [Don] Harris—they all pretty much ran the same kind of boat. It was typical, same kind of frame then.

Everybody used a twenty-horse motor?

Fred: They used a twenty-horse, with an outfit hanging over behind. And as I say, I don't remember many rowboats. Everybody was using pretty much the same frames. Everybody was just hand-to-mouth. Jerry Sanderson had practically nothing. Ron Smith came all the way down from Salt Lake in a pickup and a trailer.

You know, in those days. . . . like Sanderson's were working for salaries. And this was a part-time thing with them, getting this started. They had no backing, no money. They never, to my knowledge, *never* had any money.

Carol: He'd have to take his vacation time to run it.

Fred: Ron [Smith], the same thing: no money back of him. He just generated and poured his money back in, and poured his money back in. And he did that for years and years. Rather than pay taxes, he was buying equipment, equipment, equipment. That's why he had so much equipment over there, so many new motors and things. But he had nothing to start with.

See, all of us, you've got to think too, we weren't businessmen, *per se*. We were river runners, and the

continued on page 27

The 1996 Flood

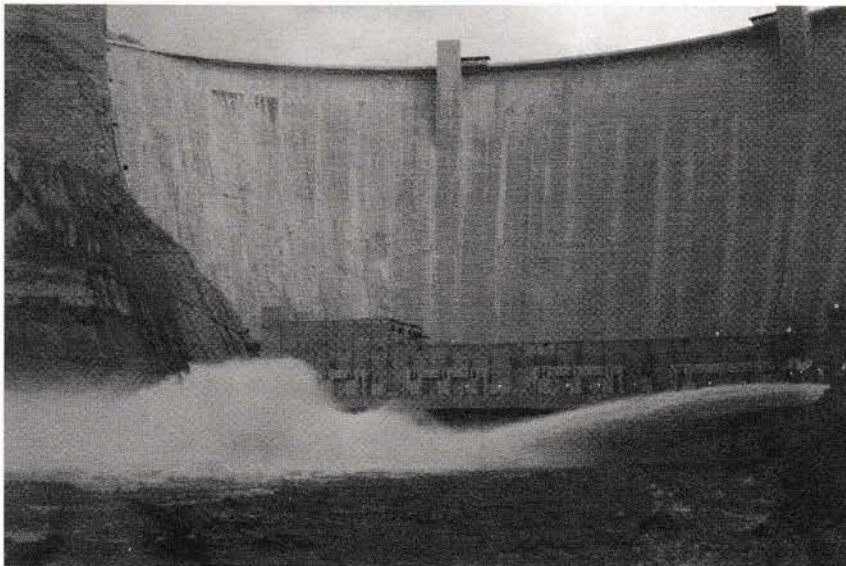
What Came, What Went, What Came and Went

Tracking a Dynamic System

It's no secret that one of the goals of the late March Habitat/Beach Building Flow is to re-deposit the Canyon's beaches. But that's only part of the story. The overarching objective of this experiment is to restore the dynamic disturbance to our river system, to bring into balance the processes that shaped the river corridor and all of the flora and fauna that evolved in concert with it. We want to restore the lost deposition processes to the river.

What goes up, must come down.

Any river system not constrained by sheer rock walls settles into a dynamic equilibrium. That state depends on the pattern, range, and magnitude of the river's flows



and the amount of sediment available to work with. In our case, dam operations determine the flows and, at least in Marble Canyon, the Paria River determines the sediment available. The beaches are one of the physical indicators of that equilibrium state. For any set of flows the processes of erosion and deposition will balance one another over time. Therefore, when we increase the amount of sand above the water, one of the natural and anticipated results is erosion.

A Dynamic Process

"Dynamic" implies change, and change we should expect. The only way to protect the beneficial deposition of the 45,000 cfs would be to maintain releases at that level—that wouldn't help the camping much.

When the water drops, we can expect large and noticeable erosion initially, until equilibrium is approached. Erosion itself isn't the concern, its understanding how it's happening and where it's going that's important. That's where we can help.

More up than down

As the system adjusts to the lower post-flood levels, cut banks will form; in some places large sections of beach will quickly return to the river. The rate of cutting will decrease with time leaving more beaches and sand. The long-term goal is to find the most effective flows that will deposit sand and then maintain those deposits. (Unfortunately, due to high lake level and high snow-pack this spring, we are anticipating flows of close to 20,000 all summer. In turn, we expect greater erosion that we would have had with a lower, more typical summer. C'est la vie) This dynamic system must be monitored closely over the next few months and we've got to be there to watch it and take note.

So what happened?

Over the next several months Grand Canyon River Guides will be collecting the guides' observations of what happened during and after the March Beach/Habitat Building Flow. Your short term observations are important, but equally as valuable are your repeated observations throughout the season. Is a beach missing in August that you camped on in July? Did a beach that calved in in April rebuild at a lower level in June?

GCRG has come up with several questions; researchers have added more. Use these questions to get an idea of what sort of observations we're looking for. There are a lot more questions that we haven't thought of. Ask them. Answer them. Please.

You can use this 4-page tear-out form to send in data or just sent in notes. The important thing is to write it down and get it to us. And that you continue to note further changes over time and send that in as well. Exact location of the beach is critical information of course; so is the date and approximate river level.



Thanks-

Tom Moody

Sand and Beaches

- Where was significant sand deposited where there was none before?
- Were some of the beaches restored that had suffered from recent side-canyon flash-floods? Where? Which ones weren't?
- Where did sand start eroding immediately?
- Why is it eroding (wave action, river flow, eddy flow, motor wake, foot traffic, other) ?
- Did you see any significant events (massive calving...)? When and where? What seemed to be causing it?
- Where are there stable, non-eroding beaches?
- What beaches or sites were removed or severely eroded as a result of the flood?
- Were new beaches more steep or less steep than before the flood? Did the slope change over time?
- Are there any perched beaches where there were none before? (High beaches with an abrupt drop to the river)
- What observations can you make about the process of beach building and erosion?

Habitats

- Where have you noticed new backwaters (long, finger-shaped fjords of water that reach around in and behind beaches), loss of old backwaters or changes in the shape of backwaters? (Especially around the Little Colorado)
- Have you noticed significant deposition of sand or loss of vegetation in marsh habitat?

- Did you notice significant removal or change in beach vegetation?
- Did some areas of new sand colonize with plants while others didn't? Where?
- Did cottonwood trees that moved into the river corridor since '91 survive? Where and where not?
- Have you had better or worse luck fishing at your favorite spots? Any other fish observations of note?
- Did you notice tributary mouths being filled in? Scoured?

Rapids

- Did you see changes in any of the rapids? (especially those that have changed since the last high water in '86—Lava, Crystal, Bedrock, 24-mile, others...)
- Specifically, what changed?(Shape, run, rocks, difficulty...) Be specific.
- Did you encounter any water related problems during the flood?

Well?

- What benefits did you see from the flood flow?
- What problems did the flood flow cause?
- Do you think the flood flow was a good idea, or bad? Why?
- What do you think would have made it work better?

Send your observations to: Flood Survey, GCRG, P.O. Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Please make notes on this whenever you notice stuff. Mail it in when it's full. Then get another one at Lees or the GCRG office.

fold

Further notes, observations, ideas...

fold

From:

First
Class
Stamp

Flood Survey
Grand Canyon River Guides
Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Fred Burke continued from page 22

wives did all the work about figuring things out—we didn't figure things out. We didn't charge, I don't think, everything that we should have in our build up of the price of our trip.

Carol: We couldn't have, we were just getting started! Everybody was the same way.

You said that the wives "ran the show." What's that mean?

Carol: Kept the books, did all the correspondence. Did the menu. That was important. Did a lot of the shopping. Did cooking for things that had to be cooked ahead of time: like you'd do a beef stroganoff—and we tried to make it as *simple* as possible, because the boatmen—that's the way I always felt about it, the boatmen worked hard all day, and I didn't feel like. . . .

Fred: Hell, they didn't know how to cook anyway.

Carol: Well, that's true. But we cooked, like beef for a beef stroganoff, so all they had to do was warm it up and add what they needed to it. We did all that kind of stuff, and we helped pack. We *met* the passengers—the wives almost always met the passengers.

Fred: Behind every company. . . .

Carol: Washed the sheets, when we started that.

Fred: June Sanderson, Pat Hatch, Sheila Smith...

Carol: Vicki with Dave Mackay.

Fred: Dave Mackay's Vicki, Jack Curry's...

Carol: Betty... Everybody.

Fred: Gay Staveley's Joan. Every one of them were instrumental in starting the companies. I seriously question whether some of the companies would *ever* have gotten started, if it hadn't've been for the wives doing it.

Carol: When we'd write a passenger back—we were always so thrilled to get a passenger—that we'd write back a separate typed letter to each passenger. There were no *forms* other than equipment forms, things like that. But the correspondence was typed on a manual typewriter.

What did you guys think of the business prospects then?

Fred: I don't think any of us, for some reason or another, even Ted. . . thought it was going to last. We some way thought it was going to be a flash in the pan and as soon as it caught up with us, the Park was going to shut us down. Now, there's some premonition that we had, because we've been on the verge of that ever since it started. And I think we just had that feeling. See, until Kennedy went down, you didn't have political and public opinion behind you for river running. There were just people running, so it would have been easy for them to shut it down, then. Once it got started, though, then everybody wanted to go. So all the pressure was on them to let us keep going. And there were some people—

you'd hesitate to use their names, because that doesn't look right, maybe, but it's hard to do it without it. But some were more mercenary than others. Some were *strictly*—well, you got to say what it is, because it's *still* that way. They wanted to *push* people down: the bigger, the faster boats they could get down there, the better. And then people started, slowly. . . . Some of them would take Boy Scouts down—fifty, sixty Boy Scouts at a time. But slowly then, they began to realize that it was going to last longer and they'd better start developing some prototypes to go on into the future. Ron Smith was one of the leaders, developing those aluminum boats. He was progressive, I think, in what he did. Unfortunately, though—and I think it's *very* unfortunate over a period of time—unfortunately, about that same time, he got together with some of the environmentalists, the Whiteheads or. . . .

Craigheads?

Fred: Some kind of heads. He got together with them, and they got on this kick of rowing.

But see, here's another thing: going back again, while we're on that subject—I'll get off it, but just to finish up—When they finally decided they'd better set the limit on it, quotas, because it was starting to build up so fast, they came out with a document—it's probably in this historical file someplace of Carol's—and it said the quotas are going to be based on several factors. One of them, of course, was prior usage, and then it was the type of trip, equipment, the financial resources, and everything else jumped in together that you would think would come out of a financial office as a requirement for a contract or something like that. Fine and dandy! But they never did a thing about really looking at your equipment, the way you ran trips, getting any information from the passengers—they didn't do any of that. They arbitrarily went down- they *did* use some historical data, but they went down the line and gave quotas based on numbers alone. There's where they went wrong. Now, gosh, again, I hate to use any names, but the guys that were most mercenary, in a sense, were rewarded with this big quota they got. The smaller companies—and there were other smaller companies besides us that were taking good trips, and wouldn't take the big ones—they were penalized for that. And there is where the Park went wrong. Now, if they'd done it right, they could have slowed down a lot of that trouble later on, see. They could have still left the big ones to be the biggest, but not *as big* as they were, and not *rewarding* them for those big fast trips they'd taken down.

But wait, we're getting ahead of ourselves again... There was first a magical time—late '60s, early '70s—when nobody took any of that stuff *personally*. The acorn had already exploded. Pain and suffering was just around the bend, but all most boatmen really saw were blue skies and

wide open spaces. You were still pretty much setting out in covered wagons every time you shoved off. You and everybody with you were leaving town and "lighting out for the territory," a place where you could drink out of the river, find a little firewood to cook dinner on, say goodbye to the 20th century.

At Carol's urging, the Burkes had sold the best painting they had and jumped into the river business. The painting wasn't enough, so they had to rope some stockholders in as well, among which were the Moody and Reznick families. The new company was called Arizona River Runners (and it was no coincidence that young Tom Moody and Pete Reznick later became two of ARR's top boatmen). The very first trip the company ran, though, another boatman got in trouble pulling out of Havasu and dropped a brand new motor straight to the bottom. Two trips later, the horse trailer hauling most of their equipment caught fire in Seligman on the drive home and burnt to a crisp. No matter. They kept going.

From Day One they did something almost no one else did. Provided their whole crew with free room and board all summer. Paid for rigging days. Paid their swampers. ["Well, because they were working! They should be paid for what they do. Now, can't pay them a lot, but you should pay them something. Can't expect them to do it for free. Another thing, you want to keep a swamper on trip after trip. He's supposed to be building up to where he's a boatman sometime, and keep him with the organization if he's any good. If you just keep giving freebies to go down one trip, and then they're gone, that puts a load on the boatmen."]

From Day One they set out to do right by everybody—took care of all their people as well they did the crew. Met every trip on both ends. Knew everybody's name. Gave good deals to people from all over, united by just a couple of common denominators—a thirst for adventure, the willingness to put up with a little hardship. The trip cost 350 bucks and that counted dinner and a motel room at each end. The people who came were truck drivers and schoolteachers, librarians, nurses, carpenters, milkmen, (stewardesses!), stock contractors, fry cooks, college coaches, ex-pro linemen, you name it. They came from east, west, north, south, all points in between.

Pretty soon the Burkes left Lee's Ferry and bought Vermilion Cliffs, where the good times rolled. In its heyday V.C. was home to three different companies, (and several boatmen from Hatch, which was just down the road). The nearest permanent link to the outside world was the payphone at Bitter Springs—clear across the river. The only immediate communication was a mobile phone out in an old GMC pickup, wired up to the horn instead of a ringer. Every time a call came in the horn went off, and that horn never did quit honking. All three outfits—ARR, Harris Trips, and Moki Mac—did business from the front seat of that truck.

They ran a little bar in the half of the building that wasn't

given over to dry goods for the river company, and every night during the main season the place was jam-packed with all kinds of crazy characters in there whooping and hollering from every company, cause next day they were going down the river! There'd be fifty people every night, wildest characters imaginable. You might never see half of them again but if you lived there (in one of the wings to the side) you could go off down the river for a week or two and leave your door unlocked and a hundred dollar bill sitting on top of your dresser- and never worry once that it might not be there when you got back. Nobody ever locked a car door. There were guitars galore and pool games after dinner and country songs on the jukebox, beautiful women everywhere in cutoff jeans. Up at the Burkes' trailer, Carol cooked three meals a day and fed not just the ARR crew, but anybody else who happened along too. The place was like an outpost on the frontier- the river was the promised land- gold in them thar hills- and the outside world, bursting with tragedy and hope, was very far away.

For all but a very few, the gold had little to do with money. It was much more than that, actually... adventure and indescribable beauty and a huge knock on the head regarding your own life and the scant time you had here. The real gold was a method of keeping score that was totally foreign to Madison Avenue.

Somewhere past the distant horizon- out there a million miles away -the war in Vietnam wound down. President Nixon called it quits. The country suffered a spasm of optimism.

Closer to home, somebody had a vision.

The motor v. rowing deal wasn't an ugly idea. It just came along terribly late was all; after a great big train had long since left the station (and built up a lot of steam). It penciled-out quite differently in the minds of different people, and in no time at all, it split the river world asunder. ARR was no exception. The damned idea was a brick wall waiting on the tracks at the bottom of a long steep hill. Young Moody and Reznick thought it might be pretty cool to row dories, of all things. To Fred, who sat down and ran the numbers on it right away, it made no sense at all. The obstacles were economic, logistic, emotional. They'd invested several hard years refining one set of equipment and one program that worked fine already and was only just poised to pay for itself. Rowing cost too much, took too long, was suspect for little old ladies and young children. To an old colonel in charge of supply lines and delivery systems, the overall traffic flow on the river didn't add up at all, either. You'd have a solid line of little boats from Lee's Ferry to the lake. The absolute worst, though, was the sanctimonious air so many of the rowing advocates took. The snot-nosed sonsabitches and stuffed-shirt "environmentalists" came on so strong, and so holier-than-thou on it all, it about made you puke to listen to them. Especially since "doing good" was a racket for so many of them too. Making this shift either wouldn't cost them a cent, or they stood to gain from it some way themselves.

There was a big hoopla about it, for sure. The researchers did their studies and learned whatever they wanted to. The pundits beat their breasts. The politicians wavered in the wind. The Park leaned into it and pushed on through the storm. Down on the river, things got tense. People snubbed each other right and left. It definitely wasn't pretty.

In the end, after a huge and bitter battle, a little group of outfitters, including Fred, packed their bags and went to Washington, got ahold of one of the big boys back there, and put the thing to bed. The argument that won the day was: elitists vs. the common man.

Somehow, once the dust settled, the overall numbers had gone up significantly.

Fred: It strictly amazes me that we were able to get that through. But we spent a lot of money trooping back there, staying several days or a week and going from office to office to office to try to get support or at least somebody that would listen to our position. We were up against the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, and several other organizations, and it was a pretty tough row to hoe. And every time we had a general meeting of all of the river runners, there was definite animosity between the people that rowed and people that had motors. It just changed the complexion of the whole river running from a fun, outdoor vacation, nice business, to a sort of bitter, just dog-against-dog sort of an operation.

*I believe that now in the years passed since we resolved that—that has worn off, and I think the companies are proving they can run together and get along together and not have this business of flashing the finger at each other as they pass and passengers hollering derogatory remarks back and forth. And everybody can get together and start enjoying the Canyon. The argument of what is the best trip is open for so much debate: I mean, a small boat, or a large boat—what is the right way? Because a quality trip to one person is not necessarily a quality trip to another person. There should be something down there for *all* of the people to enjoy. So it's my hope that this fight is over.*

*There's no argument, I think—you're a young fellow—to row a boat and drift along with three or four passengers. You've got more crew, more help, you can take turns cooking. It's understandable that the boatmen would like it. The boatmen were not interested in the monetary aspect of it. Their salaries were down, the rowers weren't getting paid the money the motorboat people were, for one thing. And then, it's expensive to *take* the rowing trips: they're longer, you have to charge more. I don't really think the boatmen ever considered the outfitters' position in it. There wasn't the feeling, in those days, so much of a camaraderie that we're all in this together. . . Now, today, there's boatmen now that are more mature, they're looking at the big picture, where if the outfitter is successful, they can be too. They*

*[the boatmen] should have health insurance. They should have all kinds of [benefits] that any other working person in the United States is supposed to have, or *should* have. The argument where they only have four people to the boat, therefore they can't pay a boatman so much, isn't really valid. Your boatman is worth so much money, and his time is worth so much money, and whether he's overseas or stateside or rowing or motoring, his time is worth something and he should be paid a commensurate salary for it. But they really weren't concerned. Look at your boatmen. We're talking ten and fifteen years ago, most of them were a lot younger. They didn't think about the future. They were thinking about fun.*

I don't think we thought the future was going to get here this fast!

*Well, they're specialists, really. More is required from them than in most occupations. I mean, when you think they have to be a boatman, they have to be a guide, understand medical, they have to be able to cook, have to know the psychology of their passengers, keep their disposition in hand. Really, when you think about it, it's a pretty tough job, and the outfitters would be way ahead to start thinking of the future, and some of these people start *really* trying to take care of them for the long run. If they want to stay on the river, try to help them set up a savings program, set up some way that in the future they'll be all right, and also use them to train younger boatmen.*

You know, it's funny, the way the quota system came in, the user-day system. . . We do have a system that rewards the big, the fast, and all that, and I wonder why that is, within the government? Do the numbers just look better to them too?

Well, you come right down to it, river running crept up on them pretty fast. It wasn't a big deal—there were a lot more things to worry about up on the rim of the Canyon, and in other parts too, than the people going down the river, and how many, unless they were pressured into it. The high-level people didn't give it, I don't think, enough deep thought to see that. I think there is no reason in the world why they can't control it today—cut back and get it under control. They very simply can convert the user-day concept to a people concept, and count the people. Now, we're getting figures of, say, twenty-five thousand a year, when there shouldn't be that many going down the river. The quota was set in 1972, it was raised about 1985. In 1985 it was raised about a hundred user-days a company, which is not a great big raise. But whatever it is, it should stay the same, whenever you convert that into people. Now, if the Park really wants to do it, they should go back and say, "Alright, the user-day concept. . ." which came out of thin air, never had any background discussion or

anything on it, it was just reached at and grabbed. They should go back and study, give it thought, to going to people days. Then you start out with so many people at Lee's Ferry. If you exchange at Phantom Ranch, you cannot exchange more than you had on the boat coming in. You cannot exchange more at Whitmore than you had coming in. Therefore, there's "X" number of people going down the river, and it's just as simple to look at as day and night.

I'm concerned about the future, because people won't let it alone. They keep it in a turmoil all the time. Like they say, you can't discuss it now that you won't be able to sell your company. There's no logical reason you shouldn't be able to sell your company. I just don't get the point. You've got a company that's run historically good and somebody else wants to buy it, the owner wants to quit, why should he be forced to hang onto it to the bitter end? His investment has taken him years to get to where he is. Personally, I think they'd be better off in the long run to encourage merging the companies—not cutting them out, but merging them. How you do it, I'm not real sure, how you'd have to force them to do it. But merge the companies so you had fewer to control, for one thing. Too, the companies would be larger and able to take better care of their boatmen, pay them a larger salary, offer them better benefits. And another thing, they could plow money back into the Canyon better if you had larger companies, than some of these little companies that are just borderline.

You know, I just wonder if you get the quality that way. I mean, I look at the way you guys operated. . . .

Well, I think quality is in the eye of the owner. If he wants quality, he can get it whether he's small or large. Take, for example, let's pick on one of the big companies and say, okay, you got the owner or manager to watch for quality, one of them has a local manager that's in charge to watch for it, they have people in the warehouse, people fixing/preparing the food, they have facilities, freezer facilities, ice facilities—they have everything in the world to make a good quality trip. Now a smaller company, he strains, he has to buy his ice, he has to pack his food in smaller quantities and it costs him more. He doesn't have the managerial help to spread himself out. I think, personally, I guess if I was in the Park Service, I'd be tougher. It would be a requirement that top management would visit a certain percent of their trips at the end of every trip and interview the passengers. I personally think that's more important than putting them on. And I think that's something that either... Now, you might argue the point, say owner or manager. It's fine for the manager in a large company to go be there—he should, definitely, once in a while—but the owner also, I don't care how big he is, should also be required to go down there and stand on the beach and

watch when his boatman comes in, and say to the people, "I'm Joe Blow, how did you like your trip? How was your boatman? Do you have any comments?" look at his equipment, look at the way the people react to the boatman, and that would help the quality of the trip, in the long run.

I wish you could sit down with the Park Service, with not more than, say, two or three people, like the superintendent and a couple, three more—somebody like Crumbo, maybe, [NPS ranger, Kim Crumbo] that really knows the river, somebody else—and sit down with them in a room and just really discuss and spend as much time as we've spent today, putting this thing out, just rolling up your sleeves and talking about different ways this could be improved. Some of them you would cast aside, but open the door to everything—not necessarily with the idea that everything has to be more regulations or anything like that. Maybe you change it. Not that things are set in cement, the user-day concept shouldn't be set in cement. Neither should it be set in cement that you use helicopters at Whitmore. You may want to reconsider that. The whole concept of the park, the whole operation, is *begging* to have somebody sit down and talk about it. Maybe have a boatman or two on this group and a couple of owners and somebody outside that's *out* of the business. I don't know. Maybe somebody representing the passengers. But just— not one of these big mass meetings like you and I went to [1993 Constituency Panel] where the privates are in there and you're talking about who's bull is getting gored, and who did what to who, who got on a beach first and wouldn't let the other guy on, and all that kind of piddly crap. Get down to the basic things of what we want to do: protect the Canyon, we want to limit the number of people who can go through there, we want to have a *quality* trip, and never mind these little crumbs on the sand for a while. Get off that kick! Just see if you can't self-police enough to make it go. They don't need policemen down there writing tickets for crumbs on the beach!

But I think we've just about expired ourselves, for today. There may be some other things you want to discuss later, and I'd be happy to go to it, but I think, let's make this history.

History it is. A brief footnote: when the U.S. Coast Guard got into the act last fall, the unsung hero who punched in for GCRG for days on end was Fred Burke. Fred knew right where to go, who to call, what to say. He hung tough all the way.

He's sold the company, but he and Carol keep an eye on us all still, and remain interested members of the family. Fred at first glance might not seem like a romantic figure for the times. But a surprising number of people who comment on the river in the 90s bemoan the relative absence of our two

best fighters: Martin Litton and Fred Burke. How could you lump those two together? It's hard to explain, but somehow it works... of all the people we've interviewed for the River Runners Oral History Project, three peas in a pod come to mind: Fred, Martin, and Barry Goldwater. Three full speed ahead, damn the torpedoes, tell-it-like-it-is kind of guys who, when you think about it, are monuments to the country at her best... youngsters who marched off to the crucible of WW II long ago when the chips were down and, suddenly, it was all so simple. It's hilarious to think how unprepared they were in the beginning. Look, there's Fred galloping around with his .45 on the Mexican border; and Martin on patrol, flying up and down the coast of California two days after Pearl Harbor, when the entire on-duty Air Force, for a moment, was just him and one other pilot in two rickety little planes with one machine gun that barely worked, defending the homeland while the country caught its breath.

It'll never be that simple again. We may not see that Goldwater, Litton, Burke kind of absolute confidence or moral certainty again, anytime soon.

Fred's a fighter, and pushed into a corner, with his back against the wall twenty years ago, he was a force to be reckoned with. Right now though, for a forty-year-old boatman looking the other way (forward) what resonates most about Fred is kinda comforting: Every time he fell, he got back up. And, even at fifty-five, the game wasn't close to being over. It was still just beginning.

Lew Steiger



Rod Nash

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of the other world, and I began to live a kind of schizophrenic life: city and wilderness, balancing two environmental extremes. I was so immersed in the urban environment, that popping out of it in the summer was extraordinary for me.

When I was eight years old I went into the Grand Canyon, down the Bright Angel Trail on a mule with my father. I remember the trip very clearly. We rode down and had an orange at Garden Creek, and when I was down there last summer on a private river trip, I went to the same rock that I remember sitting on when I was eight years old. It hadn't changed as much as I had! I went back to camp on the Coconino Plateau when I was eleven and twelve and walked across the Grand Canyon from North Rim to South, and the next year from South Rim to North. It was a mind-altering trip for a city kid. It opened my eyes to a lot of things.

I tried to stay in touch with wild country, and was able as a freshman at Harvard University in 1957, to find a job in Grand Teton National Park with Jackson Lake Lodge which just opened. And it was there that I began to run rivers. The lodge manager had a couple of surplus inflatable boats in a crate with military instructions still on them: how to mount machine guns on the tubes, land on the beachheads and storm Iwo Jima. This was, of course, the time when Georgie White began to run the Colorado. Nobody was running rivers—I think 135 people ran the Grand Canyon all year in 1957. So I went out and ran the Snake River through Jackson Hole which is now a very popular scenic float, run by tens of thousands of people every summer. The lodge manager said, "Anyone here know anything about boats?" I'd done some fishing and canoeing and I said, "I know a little." And he said, "Why don't you open these crates and see what we got in here and maybe we can figure out how to take our guests out on the river." The rafts were twenty-two-foot bridge pontoons, I believe. We rigged 'em up and started to do some exploratory runs on the Snake River. There were bridges, and I remember at those bridge abutments, there were about four or five of 'em and you kinda had to get the boat straight to run between 'em and that was a big scare. We eventually got to the point we were ready to take some guests out, and I recall walking through the hotel dining room saying "Anybody want to run a river?" And they said "What do you mean?" Remember, this was 1957.

Steiger: So, now... you're a student at Harvard?

Nash: I'm a student at Harvard, escaping to the West in the summers.

Steiger: You're how old?

Nash: Nineteen. So, that's where I got started. Then I kinda put the rivers aside and got married and had a couple of kids, and earned a Ph.D. in history.

I graduated from Harvard in 1960, and began graduate studies in American cultural intellectual history at the University of Wisconsin. I completed my Ph.D. there in 1964. My dissertation was, in large part, *Wilderness and The American Mind*, a book that was published in 1967.

This was a fortuitous time for a book about wilderness to appear. The Wilderness Act, establishing the National Wilderness Preservation System, was passed in 1964. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act was 1968, the Grand Canyon dam battle was hot; the decision to ban dams in the Canyon was made in 1968. This was the height of 1960s environmentalism, and *Wilderness and The*



American Mind just fitted right in. People turned to it for arguments to preserve wilderness.

Steiger: If you had to give a synopsis of the book...

Nash: The book is really a cultural history of the relationship of the American people to wilderness. I realized, soon after I started the book that I had to go way back into the European past—back to Christianity, back to the Old Testament, back to the Middle Ages to assess the intellectual baggage that came over to the New World with the first colonists. I began to tell that story of the relationship of the American culture to wilderness, and how it had changed over time. In a nutshell, what I discovered and documented in that book was that for years in this country wilderness had been hated, feared, avoided, transformed as much as possible, and as quickly as possible, into civilization. And it was really only after the ending of the frontier in 1890 that wilderness experienced a complete revolution in meaning. Instead of being something dark and terrible and formless and chaotic that you would avoid at all costs, wild country became a sanctuary, something to be coveted, a valuable part of American civilization. We directed our national energies to trampling and transforming the wilderness for the first couple hundred years of American existence—the whole pioneering business that your family was so intimately involved in. But at the end of the nineteenth century, people began to turn around, particularly people from urban environments. They began to say, "Wait a minute, now, you know, maybe there's something of value here, something that we're losing that we'd better think about before we go too far." I was extremely interested in the period from the 1890s to the 1920s, the period from, say, John Muir and Yosemite National Park—1890—through Aldo Leopold and the dawning of ecological awareness. And so the book really details a massive change in ideas and takes the story right up to the almost unbelievable ending where wilderness has now become so popular that it's in danger of being loved to death. That would have been absolutely incomprehensible to, say, Thoreau's generation in the 1850s.

Steiger: So you kind of were involved as an activist in the dam battles and stuff like that? You edited a book....

Nash: *American Environmentalism* is what it's called now—it's an edited collection of documents concerning the American environmental movement. It's heavy-duty scholarship, but yes, I was an activist too.

I tried to look as objectively as I could at wilderness. But at the same time as I was completing that book, I was aware of the threat to the Grand Canyon, and I jumped into that battle at the invitation of David Brower, and began to put in my two cents on what would be lost to American culture and character if we put dams in a place like the Grand. So I did become an

activist, but I've tried to maintain a scholarly perspective. One of my more recent books is called *The Rights of Nature: A History of Environmental Ethics*, which is a serious intellectual discussion of the origin of this somewhat amazing idea that nature has rights that humans should respect. That is, nature is a part of a community to which we belong, rather than a commodity we possess. Now this is an extraordinary idea that has a long lineage that I try to talk about as a historian. But I also have tried to support Dave Foreman and Earth First and the radical environmentalists today who are calling for recognition of the importance of wilderness that is nonanthropocentric, not based upon human needs but based upon ecological and ethical considerations. But I would like to think that my scholarship stands apart from my letters to the editor and my activist work.

People sometimes say I blend those two endeavors too closely. But I think anyone who is truly interested in a cause finds it very hard to make the distinction between being a scholar and being an activist. It's very hard to just be a scholar and not get caught up in the drama and the pathos of the movement you are studying. I've always been an advocate of wilderness; scholarship was the weapon with which I fought.

In 1966 I ended up in the West again, this time working at the University of California Santa Barbara, as an assistant professor, and in 1967 I ran the Grand Canyon with Joe Munroe, Martin Litton, Elliot Porter, Francois Leydet and that generation of people. I caught the river fever, bought my own gear at army-navy surplus stores, made my own frame and started running on the Stanislaus in California and later all around the West. Frequently I came back to the Canyon, running both privately and commercially there

One thing I'd like to establish at the beginning of this interview, Lew, is that I have run about an equal number of private and commercial trips. I'm not just a private runner and I'm not entirely a commercial dude; I really have a foot in both camps. So a lot of the things I'm going to say as we talk about river issues are going to be based on that point of view. Don't take me to be a mad dog privateer and don't take me to be a hard core commercial guy. I have an understanding of and respect for both camps.

Steiger: I'm trying to put Grand Canyon in perspective, in terms of your overall river experience. So you started in Jackson Hole?

Nash: Yes, on the Snake River in the 1950s. I came to the Grand in the mid-1960s.

Steiger: So Grand was your next river experience after the Snake?

Nash: Yes, it was my next big-time river experience; I bought my own equipment and I started running with my children who were pretty young at that time and we

went everywhere water flowed downhill. Back then there were no permits; you could just hop on, say, the Middle Fork of the Salmon and cruise right on down to Lewiston, four hundred and some miles. We used to do that regularly. Of course I kept coming back to the Grand, picking up some commercial trips with friends like Martin, Ron Smith, Ron Hayes, George Wendt and Dee Holladay on the upper rivers, and doing private trips. When I started out, there were no permits, you just drove down to the Ferry and put your boats on the water.

Permits weren't required in the Grand until 1972. Well, let me correct that statement: There were permits required, but they were just basically pieces of paper you filled out at the Ferry. Quotas were not put in until 1972. In fact, the Grand Canyon, along with Mount Whitney in the Sierra, are the first places where quotas were instituted for wilderness management, where people began to think in terms of carrying capacity. This was a time when the ratio of commercial and private running was 92:8, ninety-two percent commercial to eight percent private—there were very, very few private people running at that time. The interesting point is that very rapidly after the Grand Canyon Dam fight, which called so much attention to the river, people began to crowd the place. You recall the coffee table books, the films, the movies. People realized this was one of the world's great places.

Steiger: The Sierra Club trips.

Nash: Absolutely. And so in an ironical way, Lew, one of the prices we pay for defending an area is to call attention to it, and then it falls into the category of being loved to death. We saw a huge rise in visitation in the early seventies, and going on up through to the conditions we have today. I caught the early part of that rise, you might say the last of the old free days where you had a sense of what it was like for the explorers to just show up at a river and go down and not go through lotteries and hoops of the bureaucratic wilderness.

Steiger: So your first Grand Canyon trip was 1967?

Nash: Yes. Joe Munroe led that trip, we ran some with Martin and Elliot Porter and Francois Leydet who edited the beautiful *Time and the River Flowing*, the 1968 battle book for the Grand Canyon that Dave Brower published.

Steiger: That's all the first trip? Martin was on that for a little bit?

Nash: We interacted with Martin's trip, we rowed some with his dories. That was the time when Joe and Martin were still talking to each other, and both of them were fighting against the Grand Canyon dams.

Steiger: Now your book, *Grand Canyon of the Living Colorado*, was that that trip? Or this was later?

Nash: That was a book I did for Dave Brower and the Sierra Club a little bit later, and was really after the

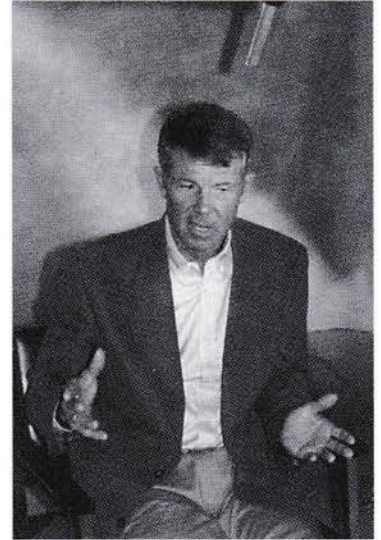
Grand Canyon Dam controversy, and the point of that book was to make a case for the enlargement of Grand Canyon National Park to include the entire Grand Canyon.

Steiger: Let's just talk for a second about you and the Grand Canyon. What was your first impression? What was it like that first trip? Or was the big hit for you more the hike across, the two hikes that you'd done there before?

Nash: I think it was the backpacks when I was a kid. You know, you're very impressionable at ten, eleven, twelve years of age. I can distinctly remember feelings and places from that trip. You know, it's hard, as you get a little older, to remember stuff from that stage of your life. People show you pictures and you sort of say, "Oh yeah, I guess I was there." But when you have your own independent recall of places like that, it's really quite remarkable, and I do recall those trips extremely well. I recall the great silences, I recall the space, I

recall what it was like for a young kid to contemplate rocks that were two billion years old. I began to have those kinds of thoughts which are unusual for kids, and kind of scary in a way. And it was because of those ideas and that approach that I read with so much interest Colin Fletcher's *The Man Who Walked Through Time*, and subsequent interpretations of the vast, wild spaces of the Canyon.

And by the way, Lew, you know, I still am very attracted to the backpacking Canyon as opposed to the river Canyon. I think the difference, if I could draw an analogy, is between alpine skiing—which by the way, I also love to do—and cross-country skiing. When you're doing downhill skiing, you're riding lifts, you're skiing with a lot of other people; it's a social experience. But when you're doing cross-country skiing, you're out there just with the wilderness, making your tracks across those blank snowfields. And as you've documented in your wonderful film [*Canyon Song*], the backpacker's Canyon is very different—it's very solitary, there's a lot of pain, there's a lot of hardship, and there are a lot of satisfactions that, frankly, I don't get on the river, even after fifty-odd trips. In your film, Ellie Tibbetts talks about coming to the river after you've made the descent from the rim. There's nothing quite like that in running the river. So I do go back to those backpacking experiences and the solitude and the quiet and the rhythm of the rocks and the sense of time and space that Fletcher talks



about so well. It's hard, as you know, to find some of those values on a river trip when you're in a social situation dealing with twenty or thirty people, and you're leading hikes of twenty or thirty people up canyons. It's very hard to be alone with twenty people.

Steiger: Okay, so your first private trip then is Joe Munroe. So we're talking eight people or something like that?

Nash: I really forget how many there were—a handful. Martin had three or four boats on the river, we interacted with them at several times, and switched over and rowed in his boats. Then the next year, which was 1968, I organized a charter trip with Ron Smith, who was just getting into the business with Grand Canyon Expeditions. We put a full river trip together. I think the cost was something like six hundred dollars a head, and we took, I believe, eighteen people. There was a triple-rig, and Dick McCallum was there, running a motor rig. Donny Neff was involved on that trip, and Don was a wrestling coach at the time, and I remember we wrestled a couple of nights around the campfire, and he pinned my ass pretty quickly. He was a champion wrestler. I was paddling a little kayak at the time. It was after that trip that I bought my own boats and began to get into the running on my own.

Steiger: To doing it too.

Nash: Yeah, getting the sticks in your hand.

Steiger: It's interesting to me that the first two trips you did, one was a private, one was a commercial. Were there differences, and if so, what were they?

Nash: That 1968 trip I did with Ron Smith was the only one for which I ever wrote a check and went along as a passenger. It was sort of unique in that all the people were my friends. It wasn't like getting out of the bus and saying "Who are you?" I mean, everybody knew each other, and we had a good relationship with Ron and Sheila Smith. We didn't have a sense of it being that much of a commercial deal. As I recall, I contributed about the same amount of money to Joe Munroe on his run the previous year. In other words, in this era private and commercial trips weren't qualitatively different.

Steiger: The price went up, later, for commercial runs.

Nash: The price went up, and some other divergences began to occur. But in the late 1960s, it was a calm before the tourist storm. I went down the river and I was, of course, blown away by the experience, just like you.

I was a passenger on the first trips, but I did paddle a number of rapids in a kayak. And so I was always a "hands-on" kind of guy, always wanted to get in there and do it, rather than have someone do it for me. And so it was very natural to gravitate into getting my own boats. And I still see that impulse on the river trips that

I do today, the commercial trips that you and I've done, for instance. You get a lot of folks on the river who are "doers" and really want to learn to row, and ask you about buying boats and getting permits and want to get out there. I think what we have to remember in the river community is that we've now had twenty years of commercial river-running, and in the course of that time, we've generated a huge clientele for rivers—not all of whom want to just write a check and jump on another commercial trip. After they've done one or two commercial trips, they want to get into it. They want to know the fear and the fun firsthand.

Steiger: Are you trying to say that the most fun is running the boats?

Nash: Well, let's be honest about it; you have a very different relationship to the river when you're running the boat. I think that over the last two decades we have created a big recreational industry, something that's boomed up like surfing and like downhill skiing. And now we have many companies selling river equipment and frames—complete packages for the cost of about two Grand commercial trips. I look at these catalogues, and I just remember what it was like thirty-five years ago trying to get an outfit together by going to army-navy stores.

Steiger: So what are we to do? Are we to just say, "Whoops, okay, sorry, we've done our job too well, you don't need us anymore, we're going to get out of here?" I mean, we in the commercial sector. Is that what we have to do?

Nash: No, that's of course too extreme. But I think there has to be some recognition that there are more and more people out there who are passionate about and qualified to run big-time whitewater. And that wasn't the case back when I started in the 1960s. So I guess the point I'm making is that the presence of the guide and the guiding industry today is really less important than it was in those early days when there were relatively few people qualified to do and interested in major whitewater trips. Just pause to think for a moment that if you opened it up, private trips would now fill the entire Grand Canyon allocation—there are that many people out there stacked up, waiting to go down the river. That was not the case in the late 1960s. Remember, they took all private comers. And it was only eight percent private; that was an honest figure. Later management realized, "This isn't right anymore," and changed it to something like 70:30, and my feeling is—and I know it'll be a controversial point—that it probably should change again in favor of the private sector.

Now, let me detail to you what I take to be four major changes or revolutions that explain this general popularity of wilderness right now—how we got to be where are:

First thing is the intellectual revolution, which I

write about in *Wilderness and The American Mind*. Wilderness went from being an adversary, something that was feared and avoided and hated and conquered; to a sanctuary, a cathedral, a place people went of their own volition to find relief from an increasingly omnipresent, complex, and frustrating civilization. Huge change. And we saw it in America just within a century from, say, the late nineteenth century, end-of-the-frontier era, into the late twentieth century. And that really came to bear after World War II when aesthetic values, as opposed to utilitarian ones, dominated the conservation movement. The rise of wilderness appreciation was an intellectual revolution, something extraordinary in the history of ideas.

The second big thing that happened—and you know this too—was the equipment revolution. If we were still running in sadiron boats and the kind of stuff that Galloway and Nevills were using, we would not be taking the kind of numbers that we are, down the river and getting them through the way the modern river industry does. The equipment revolution extends not only to boats, particularly to the inflatable boats that really brought the big numbers into a place like the Grand Canyon, but it extends to such things that you might take for granted, as polypropylene, wetsuit booties, neoprene river packs, et cetera. The early guys didn't have this kind of stuff, and the kind of clientele that you have now I don't believe would have wrapped up in a wet wool blanket and slept on the rocks the way those early guys did. So the equipment revolution is important. And remember, most of this technology is post-World War II: nylons, plastics, aluminum, hypalon, things of that nature.

The third thing is the information revolution, the existence of maps and river guides. When I started out in the Grand, we had the Les Jones scroll map. You'd unroll it like toilet paper. He had these little personal notations, you know, on the side, little things that happened to him along the way. And these maps were about twenty-five feet long, you know, and it was always a pain to kind of keep them at the right spot and figure out where you were. And then we began to get newer kinds of maps and information about the river, such as done by my late friend, Bill Belknap. Some river maps now even have photographs and white lines going through them to show everybody the way to run rapids. There's a classic one for the Middle Fork of the Salmon that I've seen people tape down to their frames. And so as they're rowing down the rapid, they're looking down here at a guide book on their seat and following the line. "Let's see now, where's this rock?" And here's the white line going over here. "I gotta go left!" This, to me, is too much, but there's no question that the information revolution—which, of course, also includes the rise of professional guides, which you have been detailing in some of

these interviews—the whole rise of the professional guiding community makes it possible for a person to pick up a phone, put down a Visa card, and go down the Grand Canyon with a reasonable expectation of coming out the other end. Okay, that industry didn't exist in the 1950s.

It rose, to fulfill the demand. That came from the intellectual revolution, the equipment was there, the information, and finally we have to look at the access revolution. Just within our lifetimes, access to places in the West—and I would not just say the Grand Canyon, but many other places—has changed phenomenally. Most of the roads around Moab and through Canyonlands, as Kent Frost and the oldtimers will tell you, were all dirt roads, and they were terrible and it took you three days to drive from Salt Lake down to Mexican Hat. And not only that, but air travel—the thing that allows someone to jump on a plane in New York, be in Las Vegas and the next morning jump on a bus and be at Lee's Ferry, and get the trip in on a motor rig in six days and be back at the office. That simply was not done in the 1950s, you couldn't do that. Those old prop planes took much longer, the road networks were much worse. So now the wilderness is kind of "open game" to people from anywhere. I'm waiting for the Japanese to "discover" the Grand Canyon river trip. This was just inconceivable only a generation ago.

So those are four factors. The intellectual revolution made it possible to sell wilderness as a vacation destination rather than an obstacle to civilization. Also, the equipment, information, and access are really important in explaining why we went from twenty-one people a year to twenty-one thousand people a year.

Steiger: And now here we are.

Nash: Now here we are, ready to bring river running into the next millennium. You've seen big changes happen before your eyes.

So my take on the allocation issue kind of goes like this: even though the corridor is not designated "Wilderness"—it is—and I follow Kim Crumbo's ideas here, it is one of the premier wild places on the planet. It should be managed as wilderness until such time as Congress decides what to do with it. Now, if the Canyon backcountry is to be managed as wilderness, as I believe the government is mandated to do until a final decision is made, then it seems to me to behoove the managers to think a little bit about what wilderness is, and what kind of experience wilderness should generate. The word means "the place of wild beasts"; as opposed to civilization, wilderness is the uncontrolled. There should be an element of risk in wilderness; it's a place where preparation, self-sufficiency, and self-reliance, should be emphasized. And I would almost argue that integral to the wilderness experience is an attempt to deal with things in a direct, personal manner. I think the highest wilder-

ness values come from such self-sufficiency. Now on a guided trip people come through the Grand Canyon and they say, "Gosh, we had a good time." Well, you can have a "good time" doing a lot of things that are not wilderness-dependent. What I argue is that the do-it-yourselfer is having more of a wilderness experience than the commercial passenger; that guides, like myself, are buffers between the client and the wilderness. In effect, the guide takes away some of the wilderness experience. So if you're going to manage for wilderness values, you would do well to favor privates.

Steiger: I guess the only argument that I can marshal to that is not only is the Grand Canyon a great potential wilderness place—it's just a great place. I guess it's the most powerful place that I've ever run into, and it's an incredibly dramatic link between the urban consciousness and the natural world, which is desperately needed in this day and age—that link. I think our culture is rushing headlong away from the natural world right now, and one argument I can see for the commercial sector is that the work we do is an opportunity to turn people's thinking around. So if you make it a wilderness place and you have to have the "wilderness license," you have to be competent to travel in there.... I wonder if it might not be more valuable for society to continue to bring down powerful people who aren't equipped to go—just like twenty years ago, hardly anybody was equipped to go—to bring people who influence society into contact with this very profound experience of the natural world.

Nash: It's a powerful argument, Lew. There's no gain-saying the force of that argument, and the importance of exposing a lot of people to the Grand Canyon. Of course you and I know that you can't expose unlimited numbers to the Canyon.

Steiger: No.

Nash: I mean, we are talking only about small numbers, and you and I know how really elitist and homogenous those numbers can tend to be on commercial river trips. In other words, maybe we're not getting the people into the Canyon who need to be there. But maybe that leads us off onto a tangent.

Let me just go back again to that wilderness theory. As a professor I've always tried to get people into self-discovery. I don't teach by telling people something.

Rather, get the light bulb to go off, let them discover. And I think that's kind of consistent with what I'm talking about here. Sure, some private people will go in there and they'll make some mistakes. I think those mistakes are precious. I think those mistakes are part of what wilderness ought to be about. I don't like the "safari syndrome" very much, even though I've been a part of it. I don't like the kind of menus we're serving the people down there now. I don't like the food service regulations. I don't like the fact that nine-year-old girls are dumping cans on the tarp for me to smash and

walking away to read their comic book.

Steiger: When you're working on a commercial trip.

Nash: Yes. When my kids were on the river, they were participants. They learned how to do river stuff. And I'm just saying that as we tend more and more toward making commercial rivers trips into safaris where we have the hired hands and we have the "bwanas," we are getting away from a wilderness experience. We're getting into a resort experience. And I would challenge the commercial guiding industry to really think about their role in this safari or resort syndrome.

Steiger: Yeah. What do you think we can or should do about that?

Nash: I think at one point Dick McCallum did trips like this—you probably know better than I, Lew—but the trips that ...

Steiger: ... encourage participation.

Nash: Yes. I like the paddle boat stuff, I think that's good, getting the people in there. But I'd also like to see qualified people captaining those paddle boats—learning by doing. And I think the trips where people participated in sharing and making meals and doing the camp chores and doing some of the trip planning—doing the kind of stuff that we do as professional guides, would be tremendously helpful. I think to encourage that kind of a trip—remember the self-discovery idea—would be excellent, and would get us away a little bit from the resort and the safari syndrome, which isn't a "bad" thing at all. Of course people get value out of it, and of course they—as you've said so well—have some changes in their attitude toward the natural world from that kind of experience. But I think they would have even more, if they had a more self-reliant attitude toward it.

Let me tell you a story that illustrates this. I call it "unguiding." For a long while I took people up into Silver Grotto on trips, and we rigged the ropes, and we told them where to put their feet. You know the drill. "Now put your foot right here, Alice. That's great, swing your leg up. Reach up, you got it. Now just one more step. There you go, nice going." Okay, how many times have you said that, Lew? Alice gets up, she goes into Silver Grotto; she thinks it's beautiful. Okay, back to the camp. One year, I guess I was busy, or I was tired, or something, and I just told a group of people, "There's a canyon up here that's kind of interesting. Why don't you guys see if you can figure out how to get into it, and see what's up there." They took off. They were gone about two hours. I said, "Oh, shit, they may be hurt, I shouldn't have done this. Liability! Insurance! Problems!" But they came back right about dark, and there was fire in their eyes, and they said, "We just saw The Temple of God!" And they told me about it. It was something they'd never forget. Now, I ask you to compare objectively those two experiences: one, you point every foothold and handhold out to them, help

them across the pools, put a rope up if necessary, show them what's up there, bring them back. Two, you send them up on their own, unguiding, letting them experience, self-discovery. This latter, I think, is more consistent with the wilderness experience. Sure it's more risky, but the element of risk is a characterizing part of wilderness. Where are the outfitters, where are the guides, willing to take that kind of a risk as some of the Outward Bound programs and other outdoor leadership programs are starting to do?

Steiger: How do we fight off the liability? What do we do about that?

Nash: Well, that gets into a whole bunch of sicknesses in our society about not taking personal accountability for your own life. You recall the person who spilled hot coffee in their lap and sued the restaurant and won! Terrible! I say there are no guarantees; I say it's worth it to expose people a little bit. I don't think real gains or discoveries are made without a certain amount of risk. I'm willing to take those risks, you're willing to take those risks. We take those risks all the time, you know, as human beings. I'm just saying, "Look at the benefits that come from risk-taking, and from letting people discover stuff for themselves; be open to guide from the back seat, be an unguide. Of course this involves a certain amount of ego suppression in the whole guiding profession. Sometimes less can be more; maybe it's true of guiding.

Steiger: I think our challenge in the commercial sector, we've got to learn how to be a lot more trans-parent. We skim off the best stuff for ourselves.

Nash: Yeah, sure we do.

Steiger: We're going to have to learn how to transcend that.

Nash: Parenthetically, isn't the wonderful thing about teaching a child or anyone how to do something, when you finally let go? You ever teach a kid to ride a bike? It's wonderful. You start out by running behind them and holding them up. They're wobbly, and they're a little scared, they're making some mistakes, they're going back and forth, but then they get a little more momentum. And you run and run, faster and faster, holding onto the seat, and finally they're getting those pedals going, and they're getting some momentum, and then the magic happens, they take off—and they're on their own! And the smile, the feeling of satisfaction! We're holding onto people's seats too long in our wilderness areas; guides are being training wheels, not motivators for independence. Let 'em off, let 'em go. Maybe they fall, maybe they skin their knee, maybe they die. Anyway, think about that: learning to ride a bicycle, learning to ski. "Ski between my legs," I tell my daughter. "Just ski right between my legs. I'll make a little snowplow and you go down." We go faster and faster, and finally I say, "Okay!" and I push her out and

she's on her own and she makes her first turn. She looks at me and there's fire in her eyes. "I did it Daddy, I did it!" You ever get anybody on a commercial river trip saying, "I did it, Lew, I did it!"

Steiger: Yeah, we do.

Nash: You do?

Steiger: Yes. I do, and I think a lot of the best guides down there—I think we're tapped into that.

Nash: When you get them to the point where they can....

Steiger: We're not going to let them run Crystal. That's the difference between your commercial and your private trip.

Nash: You don't even let them run Kwagunt.

Steiger: No.

Nash: Fire in the eyes. I'm just saying there's a time to take off the training wheels, let go of the bicycle seat. I think at this point in American history there are a lot of people who want to run rivers rather than be chauffeured down rivers—look at the Grand Canyon waiting list.

Steiger: (groans) I'm going to get lynched!

Nash: Nobody said this was going to be easy, Lew! Nobody said this wasn't going to be controversial!

The next step, of course, is to get people into their own boats, but before that they face a waiting list—there are a whole line of people out there now who have "bicycles," who know how to ride them, who've prepared for and invested in the opportunity to run the Grand. And where are they? They get behind a nineteen-year line!

Steiger: Let's just get into that: the nineteen-year line. If my job is to represent the river guides, what I say to you when you tell me there's a nineteen-year line, or even a ten-year line right now, I have to say, "That's a misleading statistic."

Nash: I agree, Lew. I'm just taking the numbers as they've been fed to me.

Steiger: My take on it—you know, I've been trying to figure that out. Are those numbers real?

Nash: They're not real. You and I know they're not real, but they do indicate a pent-up private demand of some large quantity.

Steiger: Because here's what comes up for me, is, I swear to God, I can name you five different guys I know that do a private trip every single year.

Nash: I know. I know that, and I have managed to get a number of private permits, if you're assiduous in calling in—I mean five times a day—you can get them. But I also know a lot of people who've been on that list for eight or nine years and are finally coming up for a permit.

Steiger: So what would you say? These guys who go every single year, should we not let them do that? Is that

not fair for them to be able to do that?

Nash: They work the system to their advantage. Maybe one could also say that somebody shouldn't write a check and do a commercial trip every year. I think my basic point is that it should be equally difficult to get on the river as a private user or as a commercial user. There should be an equality of difficulty, and right now there isn't. Right now, you can write a check or call in a credit card number and book a trip on a commercial river trip with one phone call.

Steiger: And you can be motored down there in five or six days, too, which I know doesn't jibe with your idea of what should be good.

Nash: It doesn't; that's the worst of the resort syndrome.

Steiger: If you read *Wilderness and The American Mind*, and then you read your statement that you sent in to *Perspectives*, [a yet to be published GCRG piece on river management issues—it's still in the works] they're totally in line with one another. To wit, you feel we should get motors off there, we should manage the thing as a wilderness, it should be a 50:50 private-commercial split.

What comes up for me right away—and I'm not kidding—if you just rearrange the percentage of the allocation and you keep the same user days, I think the place is going to be a zoo. I think one thing that we do pretty well in the commercial sector is move a lot of people through there with a minimal sociological impact. I mean, because we have the experience, we are actually able to find and to fill in the gaps, as opposed to jammin' up. We're getting better at that all the time.

Nash: You are, but I'd not agree that "movin' people through" should be the criteria for evaluating Grand Canyon management policy. And let's not discount the ability of good private trip leaders to do the same thing. There's no reason that rational adults who are on private trips shouldn't be able to do that as well. There's no reason to believe that just because we increase the private quota, the Canyon is going to become a zoo.

Steiger: Well, I think you can start to work that stuff out with experience. I think some of the biggest jam-ups and unnecessary conflicts and tension come just from inexperience, you know, as a natural result of... just human nature, and people being new to the game.

Nash: Yes. I've been in the education business all my life; it's a great cure.

Okay, how about education as a solution—just like we have education for drivers that permits us to drive safely with a lot of other cars on highways. Maybe we need more river education.

Steiger: Well, what I'm talking about is, I think about all those two-boat motor trips that go by when I'm on a dory trip. There's thirty people, they just went by. You know, it's Martin's argument: When you take those

numbers....

Nash: I know it, they're not in your face.

Steiger: That's the most painless way for them to rub up against me.

Nash: That's right.

Steiger: Now instead, if you transform them into two six-boat private trips, and we're all down there together, I have to wonder, are we not all going to lose out because we can't get away from each other, because we're more congested?

Nash: Lew, you make excellent points. Maybe the solution is to cut the total pie in half, drop back down to twelve thousand people a year down there instead of twenty-four, and then you can accommodate more of the slower-moving private trips. I just think we should begin to start taking a look at what's right for Grand Canyon, what's right for the Colorado, what's the best possible experience down there, even if it's going to be limited to fewer people, and not start looking at payrolls and not start looking at the so-called river "industry." What the hell? This is a national park, it's a World Heritage Site; it's the only place in the temperate latitudes you can go 225 or 279 miles and not see a car! The highest use of the Grand Canyon is not to sustain a "River Industry," in my opinion.

Its highest purpose is to be itself and to be, from a human standpoint, appreciated as one of the planet's great—our increasingly rare—wildernesses. I don't want to take a paycheck out of anybody's hands, but I hate to think of the Grand Canyon management policy being driven by a concern to put a paycheck in [a boatman's] mailbox.

I'm just talking about a reduction and a change, given changing circumstances, that's all. You started out when it was 92:8. Then it changed to 70:30, but they increased the numbers, they increased the total pie.

Steiger: Which in my mind was a tragedy.

Nash: I agree it was an unfortunate thing; wildness lost a round.

Steiger: At that point in time. We're talking politics and we're talking compromise and all those things that are dirty words to you and Martin. You know, with the whole motor/rowing thing, the thing that broke my heart was, there was that big stir, and ultimately everybody got all pissed off. I mean, there was a big kind of black, cloudy period in there. Yeah, there was still the magnificent Grand Canyon, but there was a lot of bitterness down there.

Nash: Well, the motor/oars thing was a very sad political—got caught up in politics, and you know the sad story of how the Appropriations Bill was attached and so on and so forth. As a scholar, it just breaks my heart, because all the research, all the studies that had been done at public expense, suggested that it should be an oars-only experience, and then suddenly that was just

overturned by one congressman. That story is pretty well documented. So the motors stayed and, for me, remain an inconsistency down there. But I've never really done a motor trip.

Steiger: See, my problem there is I grew up doing them.

Nash: I know you did, and you're very good at it.

Steiger: I was good at it, and this is the hard part. The really hard part is, for me, with that one is.... You know I work for the dories, I've done some private trips, I've worked for just about everybody down there. Some of the best trips I ever did in my whole life, that I'm the most proud of, were those motor trips. I gave people a good experience, that was more along the lines of "go check it out."

Nash: Good! The unguiding principle.

Steiger: Yeah, much more than it was, "Here, put your foot here, Alice," and "wasn't that good?"

But for me the really hard part is that I ran a bunch of those trips and I, to this day, am really proud of what happened on them.

Nash: And Lew, no one's taking away that pride, and you shouldn't have to surrender that pride, but we do have to recognize that sometimes policies need to be changed. I'm sure the engineer who built Hetch Hetchy Dam on the Tuolumne in California was proud of his work and went home and said, "I built a good dam!" But maybe as priorities change, a later generation comes and says, "This was the wrong thing to do right here. We need to take that dam out. We need to undo this policy." There's some things that ought to be changed in the interest of protecting what little and fragile wilderness we have, and cultivating a wilderness experience.

I think now there's a huge mandate out there for keeping wild land as wild as possible. I just don't think motors belong there any more than all-terrain vehicles or four-wheel drives belong on the John Muir Trail. It's time to think things through again. Reconsider. We're facing a new millennium in which wildness is going to be increasingly precious.

Steiger: We've got a new management plan coming up. We don't know exactly when, but we know it's about time for a brand new Colorado River Management Plan. A couple of things have been eatin' on me: one of 'em is, "Holy shit, the demand is never going to go down, even if you shift this to 50:50."

Nash: There's still going to be a huge lineup.

Steiger: There's going to be a line. You know, at some point, if the world keeps going the way that it's been, we're gonna have a huge line. We have a very precious place that we're going to have to deal with. It's been an enormous gift for me to be there—for all of us—Grand Canyon.

Nash: Now let's put that first. Let's put Earth first, is what I say.

Steiger: So we got the Grand Canyon, and I think we all agree that it doesn't belong to anybody. Like the Hopis say, "Nobody owns the land."

Nash: Yes, it's a humbling concept.

Steiger: Okay, so it doesn't belong to anybody. Here it is, those of us who've been there for a while, we're just lucky sons of bitches. We're lucky enough that we got to be there. As you look down the road and see what's happening with people, one of the big questions is, Okay, we realize everybody can't go at once. So what is going to limit that demand? On the private side you have the wait. So to date, on the commercial side, what's happened? The price has gone up. You say on the commercial sector it's not fair, because all they have to do is write a check. Well something's happened in the last twenty years.

Nash: The check's gotten bigger.

Steiger: Yeah, you have to write a bigger check. You can go, but the check's gotten a lot bigger.

Nash: Right.

Steiger: Now, if we carry that to its logical conclusion, even if you make it 50:50, somewhere down the line, you're still going to have that ten-to-twenty-year wait, and the ones who can get right in are going to be writing a very big check.

Nash: A very big check. The numbers are going to go up, Lew, and it's the same kind of controversy we will have with organ transplants. You remember the Mickey Mantle thing, "How come he gets the liver and I don't?!" That kind of deal. I mean, people with money are going to.... And I don't think that just being rich is the right criteria for admission to this special place.

Steiger: I don't think so either.

Nash: You know what I think's the right criteria? Preparation; lusting after it; preparing yourself and your equipment; studying the maps; learning about it; becoming qualified to run the river—I... that's how I think the ticket should be paid. That's the price of admission: learning the ropes, the way you did. Let that be the price of admission, not a Visa card.

Steiger: Well, what about Al, then?

Nash: Oh, gosh, Al and Dave—you always catch me on that.

Steiger: I know, I do, I'm tellin' ya'.

Nash: And I love those guys, and maybe we can explain in the interview who these guys were and the role they played in the last trip that you and I did together. But I want a place for Al and Dave down there. I'm glad they got to do that trip.

Steiger: Al and Dave were these two brothers: Al was eighty-one and Dave was seventy-nine, and Rod and I had them on this trip. They came in on a dory trip that we did, and somehow managed to move all of us (chuckles) who were with them, as much as the Canyon moved them.

Nash: Exactly, well said.

Steiger: Somehow they made us feel that we were—I don't know, somehow they appreciated.... They tapped right into it. Here were two guys who couldn't go on their own, and yet for them the experience was so important, it meant everything to them. And just that fact alone validated me as a commercial guide who happened to carry them through some of the rapids. When I look at my identity as a guide....

Nash: Your basic point is great, but how many Als and Daves are there out there? I mean, should we open the Canyon up to....

Steiger: Hey, I'm telling you for me as a guide, I run into those kind of guys all the time. There's Als and Daves, there's young kids, middle-aged ladies... there's all these people. There's this entirely different segment. And we can debate as far as how many angels can dance on the head of a pin...

Nash: Lew, there has to be some criteria for admission. There has to be an admission ticket. What's it going to be? What's the admission ticket going to be to this special place? Is it going to be money? Is it going to be luck—as in a lottery? Is it going to be patience—wait out the list for twenty years? Is it going to be competence? Is it going to be passion? Is it going to be wilderness self-sufficiency skills? What's it going to be? It's got to be something.

Steiger: Which brings us back to *Wilderness and The American Mind*. What I remember about this last chapter is, you talked about it in the context of a millennium. You started in 980 [A.D.] and you said, "Could anybody wandering around in 980 have even imagined what was going to happen in one short millennium?" If we keep going the way we're going, how are we going to manage the wilderness environment? And what struck me.... There's a classic debate coming, and like so many of the world's problems, we have a perfect little microcosm for it in the Grand Canyon. The debate that you laid out was two things we can do with the natural world: we can make it a garden, or we can leave it alone and have it be wild.

Nash: Yes, I expressed my fears for the total humanizing of the planet, the "Garden Earth." It could be a wasteland, or it could be a garden, but either way it's been affected by human beings. Even a lovely garden is affected, of course, by human beings. I'm a partisan of the wild. I believe in wildness. I think like Thoreau that in wildness there's the preservation of the world. I think it's important spiritually, I think it's important ecologically, psychologically, historically. I'm afraid of the loss of wildness. I'm afraid of creating a world in which we have, you know, maybe a lot of sunshine and a lot of space and a lot of nice guided trips down the Grand Canyon, but there's no more wildness, no more places to make mistakes; no more places to be scared; no more

places to be self-reliant. Wildness: the uncontrolled, the untrammelled, the real world. I see it slipping away, everywhere, on every frontier. Wildness is disappearing from our planet—the loss of biodiversity is one index of it. Twenty-five thousand people in the Grand Canyon is another index of it. Think of that. In 1956, fifty-five people ran the Grand Canyon—all year! Now ...

Steiger: Last year we had twenty-five thousand.

Nash: There's a lot of stuff with that quota. I mean, there were a lot of science trips, there were a lot of people up and down that river. You know, I had some real problems with some of that.

Steiger: Let me tell you, right now, we're dealing with not just science: there's the Coast Guard, there's Coconino County Health Department. You name it, they all want to come, and it ain't gonna get any better. Everybody wants to go there. So what was interesting to me about your *Wilderness and The American Mind* chapter is, you were talking about having a license to go. We keep these wild places and people have to earn the right to go.

For quite a while—maybe for fifteen years—I've been talking about the idea of a wilderness license. Just as we have a driver's license to use public highways; people have to be qualified to drive a car or fly an airplane or to air their tanks for a scuba trip, I've been urging that we begin to think of wilderness not just as something we give away, but as something that you earn, something that you qualify for, make it a privilege in other words—not an entitlement. And I have been urging that a wilderness license be implemented that would not only test people for their skills at minimal impact camping, but possibly also for their understanding and knowledge of a certain place—sort of involve a preparatory schooling before they were "admitted to the cathedral," you might say. We accept this as a norm, say in our public universities: you have to go to high school, you have to take a certain number of courses, you have to have a certain grade point average. Then you go to the University of Arizona, then you go to University of California. Remember, these are public institutions. So are national parks. I'm suggesting that it may be time to say—particularly in wilderness, particularly in back-country—that it's time to begin to make the admission ticket something based more on ability and more on training and education than just on wealth or luck.

Steiger: I gotta tell ya', that's a scary idea for a lot of people. I mean, it's an amazing leap to make, back from that time when you first did those trips where all you did was show up.

Nash: I agree, but it's a necessary compromise with numbers and with time—a necessary compromise. You don't remember, but there was a time in this country when you could drive a car without a license—an eight-year-old could jump in and drive a car. When Henry

Ford first made the Model "T," there were no licenses, there were no driver's licenses, there were no departments of motor vehicles—you had a car, you built a car, you bought a car, you stepped in, you drove it. It didn't matter whether you were half-blind, whether you were totally incompetent, whether you were eight years old, you drove a car. Gradually we began to say, "You know, maybe some responsibility ought to be brought to this thing." Maybe we ought to say if you want to use the public highways, you have to have a driver's license. You've got one in your wallet, right?

Steiger: Yes, I do.

Nash: Yeah. What do you have to pass to get that?

Steiger: Oh, I had to take a test.

Nash: You had to take a test, you had to know what the yellow curb meant, the red curb meant, right? Besides doing a book test, you probably had to do a field test, didn't you? You had to show the driving instructor that you could park and....

Steiger: [How do you sell] people the idea of another license? (whistles)

Nash: I know it. But the stake that we're talking about is the protection of wilderness. Remember I'm not advocating licenses as though I want them; I'm saying this is something we have to face as a necessity in the new millennium. We owe it to the wilderness, we owe it to the creatures who live out there, we owe it to the other people who want to share that experience, to be qualified when we go out there, to have some qualifications, to have some savvy.

Steiger: It's just, you know, the damned bureaucrats.

Nash: I know; they're everywhere. But here's the thing Lew: If we have more bureaucracy outside the wilderness, we can afford more freedom inside it. If we have more qualified people who go into wilderness, we can allow them to be freer inside. Do you understand that concept? We educate them and then we don't have to police them as much, because they know how to behave, they know courtesy, they respect the community they are entering.

Steiger: I understand the concept—I'm not sure that I have faith in the reality of the process so much.

Nash: What I'm doing is groping for management tools for the new millennium.

Steiger: Well, the hard part, what's bumming me out about tonight, is I keep throwing my strongest arguments at you (chuckles) and you keep sorta answering them!

Nash: Well, we're talking about 'em. Someone has to be out there on the extreme, if only to make other people appear reasonable.

Steiger: Is this what the future is going to be like? Are we heading toward a world where that's what it's going to come to? You gotta have a license to go outside and mess around out there somewhere were nobody else

is, where it's just you and the natural world?

Nash: Well, wilderness to me is not a place where "nobody" is—it's a place where the bear people are, where the salmon people are, where the humpback chub people are, where the bighorn sheep people are. There are a lot of "people" out there. They have a right to their space, they have a right to people who'll be courteous in their house, who have manners, who are housebroken, who understand that nature is a community to which we belong, not a commodity we possess. I'm not just worried about the impact of privates on commercials, or motorboats on rowing rigs—I'm worried about the impact of human beings on nature in general. And I would say that the wilderness license is as much directed as anything toward establishing a sense of courtesy toward other forms of life with which we share the planet. And for population—which I know is a strong concern of yours, Lew—as it doubles and triples or more in this next century, we will see less and less place for our nonhuman neighbors. I'm worried about them. Wilderness and parks are their sanctuary; places where we restrain ourselves; gestures of planetary modesty from a species that has been notable for its arrogance. The private permit and motor issues are trivial compared to this big picture.

What we need is a paradigm change. A paradigm is a world view. And what we need very desperately and very quickly is a paradigm change that will reorient our attitude toward the natural world. And if you follow what I've argued in *The Rights of Nature*, this will include the development of an environmental ethic. That would lead to the duty and responsibility to respect the rights of Nature just as we respect the rights of Jews or blacks or cowboys, or women, or gays, or river guides. So we are talking about a huge paradigm change, and we're talking about cleaning up intellectual pollution before we can clean up the pollution on the land. We've inherited from Christianity a sense of dualism, a sense that nature is different from us and beneath us, and less than us, that nature is an object, that we are the only creatures created in God's image. And we need to reorient that paradigm to recognize the fact that we are animals; that we don't own but share this planet. I think one of the most important expressions of that point of view is wilderness. And the reason I may appear so radical in terms of my Grand Canyon policies, is that I think the Canyon is a great place to begin that kind of paradigm revolution. (pause) Heavy stuff.

Steiger: It's really heavy.

Nash: Heavy stuff.

The book that we both recently read, *The Celestine Prophecy*, talked about the enormous change in values—you could say a paradigm change—that occurred when we replaced a basically religious or church-oriented view of the world with a scientific one in the Middle Ages. It

was that time that we began to think that God didn't plan everything, but maybe there were certain basic physical laws that controlled things; that the earth wasn't the center of the universe, but maybe just in a small left-field situation somewhere. Galileo, 1632, said we're not the center of the universe, we're way out there. And the Church tried to make him recant, you remember, but Galileo stuck to his guns.

That was a great moment. Galileo, and then Darwin with evolution in 1859, and then the ecologists like Aldo Leopold humbled humanity. Our egos emerged pretty badly scarred after all the image-of-God stuff. Wise people today understand that we are members in not masters of the life community. In the big scheme of things *homo sapiens* is pretty insignificant. And we should be modest toward nature, not arrogant and domineering. And isn't Grand Canyon the best place to learn planetary modesty? So when I talk about tossing motors out, when I talk about reducing numbers and impact, I'm not just talking about a recreational experience, Lew, I'm talking about developing a reverential, respectful, and ethical relationship to the universe. Can't we start in a place like Grand Canyon, where a lot of other good environmental things have begun? Why shouldn't Grand Canyon River Guides lead the way in this paradigm revolution? After all, we walk in the best university in the world. If we can't learn and teach humility in the Grand Canyon, I really do fear for the future.

Steiger: I'm going to be assassinated!

Nash: You're gone, you're through. You went and interviewed an environmental wacko!

Steiger: Oh my God...

Nash: But these are ideas of huge importance. Huge, huge. These are the biggest ideas of our time, Lew. These are the most important ideas on the agenda of society today.

Steiger: There's no better stage. I submit this to you—here's my argument for a commercial trip: There's no better stage, right now, in this country, from which to preach. There's no better "pulpit."

Nash: "A bully pulpit," as Theodore Roosevelt said.

Steiger: ... from which to preach this message, than the Grand Canyon. And I submit to you that that's the argument for the commercial sector.

Nash: Your point is strong, but, to play the devil's advocate, then let's open the river up to a hundred thousand a year, let's take down every "Al and Dave" who show up. If a little is good, more is better—right?

Steiger: Somehow that isn't exactly right.

Nash: Precisely. And that's why back in 1972 the Park Service put the quotas in. Better to have a quality experience for a limited number. It's the key idea in wilderness management. And it brings us back to allocation.

Steiger: I mean, I see people go down there—all kinds of people—regardless of whatever intellectual notions they do or don't buy into along the way, they get charged up.

Nash: I've been on your trips and I've seen the magic that you are able to bring to them.

Steiger: Hey, the only magic I ever brought to the party as a guide was that I was smart enough to get out of the way, like you said.

Nash: Unguiding.

Steiger: I mean, my whole trick as a guide is not to explain all kinds of shit to people. My whole trick was just to ask them what was up with them.

Nash: Good.

Steiger: Okay.

Nash: If you're going to manage an area as wilderness, it behooves you to favor the do-it-yourselfer, who I think has more of a wilderness experience than the commercially-guided client. Remember also that I've run about half my trips in the Grand as a commercial guide, enjoyed them, think I've added a lot to people, felt people had a good time. But I'm talking specifically, as a kind of a follow-up from my book *Wilderness and The American Mind*, about the concept of wilderness. And if the wilderness experience is important, if society judges that that's something worth preserving and cultivating, then I think something needs to be said for increasing self-guided opportunities, self-discovery.

You see, Lew, I define wilderness as being unlike civilization. So my concern, both as a scholar and as a leader of wilderness trips and an advocate of wilderness, is to make wilderness and the wilderness experience as unlike civilization as possible. I think for society today that is where the value of wilderness resides.

Now, what I see is an unfortunate convergence of civilization into wilderness—a certain convergence, let's say, of wilderness toward civilization. We see it on commercially-guided trips, in the guiding industry in general in this country. Case in point: rubber glove lunch service, applying restaurant standards to rivers, where I think people should accept certain risks, maybe even the risk of eating some food that may give them the runs once in a while. I regretted—although I understand the reasons for it, and so do you—I regretted the passing of wood fire cooking. I thought there was a tremendous amount of skill and nostalgia and fun, and it was unlike what the guests had at home. Now, you set up a river kitchen, and you know as well as I do, that it looks much like the kitchen these people have at home, and the food is probably better than they have at home. This whole emphasis on turning out four-star meals down there, and feeling that you sort of have to do that, because the price tag on the trips is so high. We're catering to the rich and we're giving them the kinds of

stuff they expect to get in restaurants—and the rubber glove issue is a good symptom of that. I'm for making things simpler, I'm for making wilderness as unlike civilization as possible. I'm for using wilderness trips to teach the older wilderness skills—and those include guiding one's self, and taking care of one's self, learning how to do things one's self instead of just watching a guide do them. Unlike yourself, that's the way I came up. I came up from riding on a couple of commercial trips to becoming a private boater and then, when permits got tight, doing a bunch of commercial trips. I made myself pretty good at what I was doing. I got my own equipment together, I developed my skill level. Other people are doing that now—huge business out there, teaching boating, selling boats, renting gear.

Steiger: What I wonder about you is, why did you keep doing commercial trips?

Nash: Well, I kept doing commercial trips for several reasons: one of them was that it was hard to get private permits. Another one was that I enjoyed the camaraderie of the guides. I've had the great privilege of running with people like Kenton [Grua] and Regan [Dale] and yourself, and Pete Gross, and Ellie Tibbetts, and many others. That fellowship and that sense of working together as professionals with mutual respect and concern for each other is something that's really very precious. You have to experience it, as you know, to be able to articulate it, or understand it. And that was something that I liked a great deal. And frankly, Lew, putting the private trip together and organizing a private trip and getting the food and the shuttle and all the stuff together is a major pain in the behind. It's a lot easier just to drive up to Flagstaff, load my boat, go down to the river, the car's at the other end, and there's a check in the mail. There's something to be said, frankly, for that kind of ease. But, as I've been saying, the strongest wilderness experience is on the private side.

There's some aspects of the commercial trips that I didn't enjoy: I didn't like the numbers that we were building up to on some of my trips. I think the last trip you and I did was a six-boat trip with two baggage boats. I believe there were thirty-four people on the beach. I didn't get the names figured out until Phantom, and then we had new names! When I'm down there, kneeling in the sand, at 110 degrees, dodging ants and smashing cans, and an eleven-year-old comes up and dumps a load of stuff on the tarp and says, "Take care of this," I begin to think, "Is this really the right place for me? Is this really the kind of experience that I'm down here for?" I felt like I was a servant at a resort.

It wasn't that she did anything bad or impolite... No, she did what was expected—just like when you walk away from a dinner table in a restaurant, you don't say, "Can I go out and do the dishes?" You just walk away from the table. It was expected. That's the problem.

We're creating a group of people who go to the river and expect to be waited on, to be served hand and foot—and they are, they're taken into a resort. The kind of treatment they get is more like a Club Med with day hikes than it is a wilderness expedition.

Steiger: Why did that evolve that way? How did we get to that point, I wonder?

Nash: For one thing, we have seen develop in American society an economy where we have people of more and more means who, frankly, want to be served, who don't want to accept the risk, the work, the challenge, that goes into putting stuff together themselves. It's just easy to thumb through a catalog, pick something out, send in the Visa card, and show up. Now, this isn't entirely bad. But if you're following my logic, I think something is really missing from that kind of scenario, and what is missing is a personal involvement with wilderness and the satisfactions of doing something yourself.

I regret the convergence of the wilderness experience toward the hotel or resort experience. And if you really want to get into that, you can look at the African safaris, and you could look at some Idaho river trips that are really big-buck numbers where crews set up tents and draw hot tubs for the people. There are some trips up on the Salmon River that are like that, where the boats go down in advance and set up the lawn chairs and the people just roll down and pour their martini and it's no different at all than if they went to a resort hotel in Hawaii. I think something is unfortunate about that, particularly if you remember that on a permit river the safari-type trips are necessarily excluding people who would act more compatibly with wilderness.

I'm not saying "do away with commercial guiding," I'm just saying be aware that there is a large and growing and increasingly restless and frustrated pool of people who have gotten all dressed up for a party with nowhere to go. And if you followed my logic earlier, it is these people who I think are having a more appropriate experience in a wilderness area, than somebody who's on a safari, and is getting their food served with rubber gloves. (pause) Just my bias.

Steiger: Well, I think the classic answer from the commercial sector to that is, "Wait a minute, these private guys who have their own boats are an elite too, a bunch of yuppies, and really a very narrow segment of the population." We're supposed to represent the whole damned country, we're supposed to be able to take all these people down there. But I agree, where our argument breaks down is if we have made it too much like a safari. I mean, if we can provide a kind of gateway experience...

Nash: "Gateway" implies to something on the other side.

Steiger: Yeah, well, if we get out of the way, we can

put a lot of people in touch with Mother Nature who wouldn't otherwise get there.

Nash: Do-it-yourself.

Steiger: Well, to me it's not even doing it yourself.

Nash: The unguiding concept that we were talking about.

Steiger: Well, it's funny. When I started, that's what we did, that's how we did hikes. I mean, as a matter of course. We just said, "Yeah, we're at the Little Colorado here, we're going to be here about three hours. You guys go on up there. There's a rapid you can swim down. If you go way up, there's some pools you can get in. Check it out. There's a little house on the other side, go check it out."

Nash: Yeah, that was the style: go up and find that Beamer cabin up the LCR. But now it seems to me the tendency is, you just lead the people up and there's a guide at the front and there's a guide at the rear.

Steiger: We're supposed to do that! I mean, to do it that other way is seen as being irresponsible by the National Park Service.

Nash: Well, that's, I think, unfortunate. I recognize there are some people who need that kind of leading by the hand. But I think sometimes we overdo things. We overinterpret—we put so much emphasis on interpretation, we have training sessions, and the guides just keep on and on until eyes glaze over.

Steiger: For these people who have a very limited amount of time out there in the natural world, sometimes maybe we're taking up too much of their time.

Nash: We may be taking up too much of their time; not letting them be alone with the Canyon.

* *

Steiger: I think, having been out there in some country that's pretty remote, I don't think Grand Canyon is anywhere close to being a wilderness. And I think it's kind of artificial to pretend that it is. Grand Canyon, to me, is more like... it's already a garden. It's not wild anymore, it's a park. I think there may be other places that are way more of a true wilderness.

The Grand Canyon, regardless of how high you make the walls around it, or whatever the rules are, if somebody gets hurt, they're going to come get you in a helicopter. Or, wherever you are, practically, you're going to turn around, and there's gonna be somebody walking behind you, right away. You know, like the next day or the day after.

Nash: Right. Well, that's because most of the stuff we do in the Canyon is pretty routinized. It's not Harvey Butchart's canyon, it's not Colin Fletcher's canyon.

Steiger: Well, for me, this isn't a wilderness, it is a park. It's a sublime place, but in my mind it's already reached that "garden state," just by virtue of all the attention that's been focused on it. For me, when you talk about who gets to go, are these the people that have

worked up and are qualified, or they get a license—I wonder if we want to seal it off, even that much. I keep coming around to, well, these people who are growing up in these urban environments, like we see right here [in San Francisco], or like in New York, or Detroit, or Chicago, or L.A.—I keep thinking of these young kids. I keep thinking of kids that have never seen dirt, that have never gotten out of that environment. I keep thinking how can we possibly clue them into the idea of the planet Earth, to any sense of the natural world? And I'd like to see the Grand Canyon used for more of that.

Nash: Okay, that's a really excellent idea. I've thought about it a lot. But I remind you that we still have a numbers problem on the Grand, and that it's not the only kind of place where you can teach a caring relationship with the Earth. We're sitting right next to a little environmental education museum that has bats and bird houses, and urban kids come right out here to Coyote Point and learn that kind of stuff. You don't have to go to the Sistine Chapel to become a Catholic, you don't have to go to Jerusalem to learn something about Judaism. The Grand Canyon is, in my way of thinking, an ultimate place, and maybe it should be the end result of a process of learning, rather than a place where you take the neophyte. It's just another perspective, another take on that. Maybe you should be up on the American River doing day trips and kind of working your way into something like the Grand Canyon.

Steiger: Just for my own curiosity, is there any real wilderness out there? Is it in Alaska? Is that's where it's at?

Nash: Well, Lew, you've been saying, "the Grand Canyon corridor isn't wilderness." I would urge you to not think of places as either wilderness or not wilderness. What I'd urge you to do is think of the presence and absence, to various degrees, of wilderness values—kind of like a shading in the rainbow, a color thing. So that even in the city it might be 90:10, ninety percent civilized, ten percent wilderness. Maybe in the Grand Canyon it's twenty percent civilized, because of all the people and the choppers; eighty percent wilderness values, because of no cars for 225 miles and so forth. Wilderness is a state of mind. Perception varies with the perceiver. Grand Canyon may not be wilderness to you, but I guarantee you it is wilderness to a lot of your clients down there—unless you've created such a resort and safari syndrome that you've taken it away from them. But it depends on where you're coming from. For you, it's not. For me, I'd have to be frank and say I understand exactly what you're saying. I've been in a lot wilder places than the Grand Canyon, but I don't say, "The Grand Canyon isn't wilderness." I just say that wilderness values are a little less intense there than they might be for me on an uninhabited island in the Sea of Cortez or in the Brooks Range in Alaska. I've been to

places like that where the hair stands up on the back of your neck, where nobody's ever been. But I'm not prepared to just call those places wilderness and everything else "gardens." There's a mixture of values.

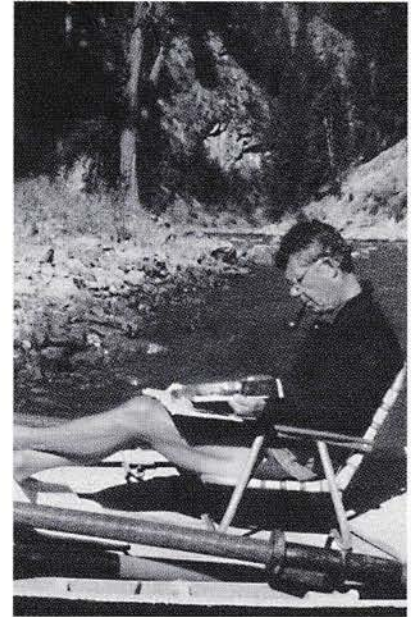
Steiger: I know to you the word means the natural world, left alone.

Nash: Uncontrolled. Undomesticated, uncivilized, a place of wild beasts—where the wild things are. And I recognize there are degrees of that. And you might say that wilderness for some people is going to go all the way down that degree scale, all the way down that spectrum to—I could imagine turning an inner-city kid loose in Coyote Point here, and he'd say, "Jesus, this is the wilderness! There are trees here! And there's not pavement, and I'm walking on ground! And there are birds and squirrels around!" You know? Could be, for them, the wilderness. And who are you and I to go to them and say, "No, it isn't wilderness," because for them, it is. Just as someone says "this is beautiful," are you and I to go to them and say, "No, that isn't beautiful; no, that woman isn't attractive; no, that song doesn't appeal to you." Let people exercise their individual tastes a little bit on wilderness. I think it's terribly unfortunate if we start out as professional guides, in answer to someone's question, say, "Nah, this trip isn't going to be a wilderness trip." You know, people say, "Are we going into wilderness, Lew?" You say, "Nah, this isn't a wilderness. Too many people down here to be a wilderness." I think that's a very unfortunate attitude to start a trip off with—tell somebody that. I think the proper response to that question—and I've been asked that question a lot on commercially-guided trips—"Is this wilderness?" I say, "Look around and you tell me after five days if it's wilderness. You tell me what you think. You go out and walk up a side canyon and make some discoveries." And sometimes they'll come back and say, "Well, I don't think it's so much wilderness when we're out here with thirty-five people and you guys are preparing food with rubber gloves"—sorry to keep coming back to that—"But when I walk up the side canyon alone, when I walked up Fern Glen alone, or when I went up Blacktail and sat there by myself at the end of Blacktail, I really kind of felt that I was in wilderness." And I would say, "Right on! Good for you!"

Nash: As we wrap up, I just want to add my two cents to the on-going and very important issue of increasing guide skills as interpreters. I know that's something you've given a lot of concern to and are continuing to build.

I would just simply like to call attention to the opportunity of using a Grand Canyon trip as a chance to teach something about what I call the macro-environmental issues, the really big ones that concern the planet as a whole—to not just send people away with a

knowledge of the great unconformity and some sense of whether the Hermit is above the Redwall and where Bessie Hyde's boat was found. Instead, I think at times we need to lift our eyes a little bit above the rims, so to speak, and take cognizance of the really big patterns that are affecting not only the Grand Canyon, but every other place on the planet. And among those big issues I would list the population problem on the planet as a whole. I would like to think that people would come out from an immersion in one of our great national parks with a little sense of the importance of self-restraint as a species as it concerns population, as it concerns impact, as it concerns material growth. I think people should come out of a two-week immersion in the Canyon with a little sense of the meaning of sustainability as conservation biologists are talking about it now, a little sense of the importance of biological diversity, the endangered species issue—these kind of big problems on which the stability of our whole culture, our whole ecosystem really are hinging. In other words, we should address some issues that go outside of the Park and outside of the Canyon, and use the Canyon as a "pulpit," you might say. You see, the way I look at it is that the human race is a lot like a cancer now on this planet. We're very good at growth, like cancer. What happens when cancer grows and flourishes as we are growing and flourishing both in number and in impact is that the organism dies. The paradox of the parasite is it kills its host. You get it? If the parasite is really successful, it's ironic, because it cuts its own throat. Because guess what? When somebody dies of cancer, the cancer dies too. Now, if the Earth is an organism, as many macro-ecologists think, and we humans are a kind of a cancer on the Earth, we may be succeeding as a species in terms of our growth, but what we're really doing is cutting off the limb on which we're standing. Because if the ecosystem collapses, guess who goes down too, and guess who goes down first? The people on the top of the pyramid who are balancing on that little cone up there. You know? So there needs to be some sense. One way to get into it might be—and I'm drawing here a bit on my cruising experience in the Sea of Cortez—is the problem of the oceans, seven-eighths of this planet. Jacques Cousteau and others have



told us that the oceans are in big trouble. We've seen the headlines about fisheries collapsing, we've seen major changes going on in the ocean. I got a feeling, Lew, that stuff is unraveling like an old sweater, you know, and those first threads come out and it's flopping in the wind. Or you're driving a pickup truck and your tarp starts tearing a little bit, the next thing is, (whoosh) big-time shredding. And I see that kind of thing as potentially devastating to the ocean environment. Now, the Colorado River is heading toward the ocean, right? Except for 1983 and 1984, it doesn't reach the ocean, it gets sucked up into irrigation canals, sent off to the Los Angeles sewer system—doesn't reach the Sea of Cortez. There are massive changes going on because of that in the Gulf of California. The nutrients that came into the Gulf, just like the Nile brought nutrients into the Mediterranean, the Colorado is no longer bringing nutrients into the Sea of Cortez and it's affecting the whole fishery there. The whole fishery in the Sea of Cortez is—and I don't mean just productive fishery, but the whole marine ecosystem—is in big trouble in the Sea of Cortez, because the Colorado River has been so diverted that it doesn't anymore bring those sediments and those nutrients into the head of the Gulf, which are then taken in and out by those big tides. So there's just a little way to link-up the place where we are, to get people to think about bigger issues. The need is to think in terms of what's coming down for the ecosystem in the next hundred, the next two hundred, the next five thousand years? A way to tie it in. So I would like to see guides occasionally be able to help their people lift their eyes a little bit over the rims to some of these big macro issues.

See, another cut at this, besides the cancer analogy, is to use the analogy of a checking account. I call it "deficit environmental financing." We all know what deficit financing is—it's when you run your credit cards up, right? You borrow more money than you have, and you get deeper and deeper in the hole, right? And you owe your grandfather and your mother and you owe this guy over here and the tire guy needs some money and the phone company's two months overdue. Right? Typical existence. It's called deficit financing of someone's lifestyle. Deficit environmental financing is when we dip too deeply into the environment, to the energy availability on the planet, to nonrenewable resources, to the richness of the fabric of life on this planet. And we keep dipping-in and dipping-in, and enriching our lifestyle and increasing our numbers of our species at the expense of the future. We borrow from the future. We dig a deeper and deeper pit. And as long as we keep digging that pit we keep running up that debt. We're losing three hundred species a year; adding ten thousand to the human population every hour. Most of these folks will never see the Grand Canyon, but, as a place to change the paradigm, it could be their salvation. This kind of thinking doesn't have to dominate discussion on a river, but hey, we got a lot of time in between rapids, you know.

Lew Steiger



Adopt-A-Beach

Adopt-a-Beach is a volunteer effort by working guides that will provide a regular and continuous photographic record of 47 key beaches in the Canyon. The data we collect will be used to help evaluate results of the historic 1996 spike flow, and to monitor changes in response to various flows in the years to come. Guides can choose a specific beach to photograph through the season using a disposable camera. If you would like to adopt, contact the GCRG office. A contribution or membership to GCRG will help fund this project.

GCRG thanks all the guides who jumped aboard and adopted twenty-nine beaches during the GTS. Thanks also to GCES and Dave Wegner for cameras and to the Grand Canyon National Park Science Center for interest and future support.

Web Sites

Over the past year or so, several people contacted GCRG about getting us on the Internet. A fine idea, we thought, but who's going to do it? We're kinda busy here. Sure it's a great idea... maybe later. But Ed Smith and Matt Kaplinski tired of our procrastination and set up a web site for GCRG. It's cool. We appreciate them taking it on. The address is:

<http://vishnu.glg.nau.edu/gcrg>

The FAA and NPS announced that a draft rule regarding air tours would be presented for public input on March 22nd. They plan only a 30-day comment period; time being of the essence, we set up a second web site where people could get information about the issue and perhaps even comment directly to the FAA by electronic mail. That's the plan, anyway. Unsurprisingly, the government is running late, and the rule is mired in high level meetings. But whenever the rule is announced, it will be presented on the "Natural Quiet Home Page". Funding for this project was provided by Canyon Explorations, Outdoors Unlimited, and Arizona Raft Adventures. The address is:

<http://www.rhinonet.com/quiet>

Discounts to Members

A few area businesses like to show their support for GCRG by offering discounts to members.

Expeditions 625 N. Beaver St., Flagstaff Boating Gear 10% off merchandise to members	779-3769	Professional River Outfitters Box 635 Flagstaff, AZ 86002 10% discount on equipment rental for members	779-1512
Cliff Dwellers Lodge Cliff Dwellers, AZ 10 % off meals to members	355-2228	Sunrise Leather, Paul Harris 15% off Birkenstock sandals. Call for catalog.	800/999-2575
Teva Sport Sandals and Clothing N. Beaver St. Flagstaff Approx. 1/2 price to boatman members Sandals and clothing. Pro-deals upon approval	779-5938	Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA 230 Buffalo Trail Flagstaff, AZ 86001 20% discount to boatmen members for tax returns	520/525-2585
Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS 1419 N. Beaver Street, Flagstaff, AZ 10% of dental work to boatman members	779-2393	Fran Rohrig, NCMT, GCRG Swedish, Deep Tissue & Reiki Master \$10 discount to members	526-0294
Dr. Mark Falcon, Chiropractor 1515 N.Main, Flagstaff \$10 adjustments for GCRG members	779-2742	The Summit Discounts on boating equipment	520/774-0724
Laughing Bird Adventures 10% discount to members on sea kayaking tours Belize, Honduras and the Caribbean.	800/238-4467	Five Quail Books—West 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix 10% discount to members	602/861-0548
Yacht True Love Bill Beer, Skipper Virgin Island Champagne Cruises 10% discount to members	809/775-6547	Aspen Sports 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff Outdoor gear 10% discount to members	779-1935
Canyon R.E.O. Box 3493, Flagstaff, AZ 86003 10% discount on equipment rental to members	774-3377	Snook's Chiropractic 521 N. Beaver St. #2, Flagstaff 20% discount on initial consultation	774-9071
		Chums/Hellowear 40% discount on Chums and Hello clothing Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707

Thanks to everyone who made this issue possible... to all of you writers who keep submitting amazing things... and to all of you who support us... It wouldn't happen without you. Printed with soy bean ink on recycled paper by really nice guys.

Care to join us?

If you're not a member yet and would like to be, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get this fine journal to boot. Do it today.

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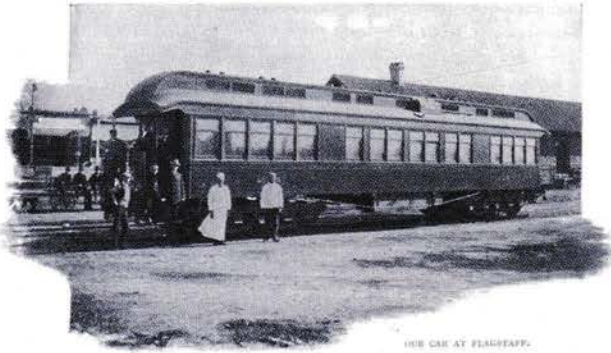
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John L. Stoddard's *Lectures*, an 1898 series of illustrated books, contains a magnificently illustrated tale of Stoddard's visit to Grand Canyon a few years prior. He went the way everyone did—by train to Flagstaff, then by stage to the Rim with Captain John T. Hance.

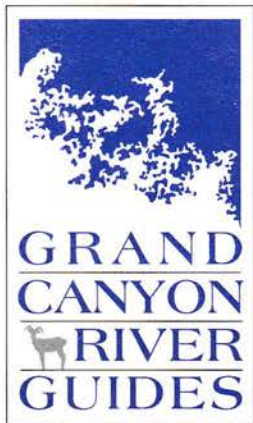
His pictures continue throughout this issue, culminating on page 16, where he describes his final evening at Grandview Point.

Thanks to Wesley Smith for the loan of his family's priceless book.

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