

GRAND  
CANYON  
RIVER  
GUIDES

# boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

volume 11 number 2

spring 1998

All The Way

Woody Neff

Russell and Monett

Nevills Note

Bats, Spiders & Dead Things

Georgie

Grand Canyon Youth

Glen Canyon

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Funnel Vision

Adopt-A-Beach

GTS

Hearings

Jake Luck

**T**HIS WAS EASTER, so I spent that summer hanging on a wrench on big old greazy goddam diesel-powered units. Spent another winter, then here come Bryce with another little note, "How'd you like to run another boat through Grand Canyon?" Well, I got over the shakes. "Goddam right!" So here we went. You've seen that poster of Curry's? This was in 1969. It said, "You haven't seen the Grand Canyon until you see it from the river."

*And that's in Crystal. That's the big hole?*

Yeah. I was driving J-1. The day after they took that picture, I broke four ribs in Dubendorff.

*And that was your second trip?*

Yeah.

Afterward Bill and Bucky Boren walked into the warehouse down there at Fredonia. They're looking for employment. And I'm walking around limping and taped; Bryce Mackay is walking around on a wooden leg. And they said, "Jesus Christ, is this someplace we want to try to work?!"

story on page 20

## Going All the Way

YESTERDAY, I got all worked up because I couldn't get to my email. I sat back, took a deep breath and said to myself, "Whoa! who's in charge here, anyway?"

In these fast-paced times, we increasingly feel the pressure to do it all now, to make it happen fast, and to not look back. Time to log-off and go dream about the canyon.

Grand Canyon emerges from the land at Lees Ferry and stretches as an immense labyrinth for 277 river miles to its dramatic end at the Grand Wash Cliffs. It contains the longest pristine stretch of wild river and superlative canyon country that can be found anywhere on earth. It is a premier National Park and International Heritage Site, widely recognized as one of the greatest natural wonders on earth. President Teddy Roosevelt told us:

"Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it and man can only mar it. What you can do is keep it for your children, and for all who come after you."

That's our job. But, preserving the unique qualities of the canyon is only the half of it. The other half has to do with conserving the integrity of the Grand Canyon experience for people. With the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) revision process, we have an opportunity to collectively develop a management plan that accomplishes that goal, but it requires us to formulate a vision of what we value most highly about the experience.

I am a strong advocate for taking people all the way through the canyon, from Lees Ferry to Pearce Ferry. Exchanges or take-outs part way through only serve to fragment the experience and create bottlenecks. A Grand Canyon river trip should not be trivialized by offering quickie yahoo extravaganzas for people looking for a Disney experience. If people don't have the time to do the whole trip, then perhaps they should run a different river. This might help to temper the ever-increasing demand for Grand Canyon river trips and the resultant impacts on the river environment. Grand Canyon Expeditions has been successfully doing this for decades, and they appear to have no trouble filling their user-day quota. There are other ways to provide a variety of offerings to the public.

A river trip through Grand Canyon offers a profound opportunity for people to make a life-changing connection to the natural world. This stems from some kind of magic that no one really understands; something that emanates from the Canyon's sublime magnificence. But, I would also argue that it stems from the time, effort and commitment required to go there. There will continue to be pressures to fragment the Grand Canyon river experience into smaller and smaller bite-sized chunks, just like we do with our outer lives. Let's develop a CRMP for Grand Canyon that encourages complete trips through Grand Canyon.

Let's keep it whole, that we might have a powerful reminder of the importance of unbroken natural systems in our lives.



André Potochnik

### *boatman's quarterly review*

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the first of January, April, July and October. Thanks.

Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, Arizona

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## Dear Eddy: Buttals and Rebuttals

REGARDING *Ursula Ferrets Out the Truth*,  
BY EARL PERRY, BQR 11:1

I PERSONALLY don't think the BQR should be the forum for that type of material. First of all, it would obviously be offensive to some, so why do it? And, as important, it has nothing to do with the Canyon. I don't think that many, including the BOD's, would qualify it as "Setting the highest standards for the river profession." It's a funny story, and may even be true, but why? What does GCRG, or any boatman, gain from it?

You, I'm sure, will hear both sides of the argument. Like: "Well, that is the way people really talk" Well, not everyone talks that way, so why offend people when you don't have to? We may have differing opinions on what should or shouldn't be printed; I remember a Board meeting when we discussed this same issue and it is a tough call as to what should or shouldn't be used. Here is a standard to consider for the articles and language published in the BQR:

Publish nothing, article or language within an article, that you would not be willing to present during the initial orientation for an average river trip. For a very large part, you are addressing the same audience.

*Tom Vail*

THE AUTHOR RESPONDS:

WELL, he's sort of right by his (proposed) definition of the editorial content for the BQR. And he apparently didn't dislike the story, a distinct authorial plus. As to whether boatmen were led by it to achieve the highest standards of the profession, arguable, but improbable; I don't suppose most of what's in the BQR meets that standard. (If I even understand that standard, which I probably don't; the BQR looks to me like what I would call a "magazine" rather than a hortatory/inculcator/edulcorative decoction for mutual moral, intellectual, and boatal improvement.) I thought of Ursula as an amusing vignette about the sexual tensions on a river trip, and the curious way they can present as parasitism—literately presented.

I could say tendentiously that I think you have to make a decision about including writing for grownups, but that would be tendentious. Anyway, if it looks like canyon, smells like canyon, and tastes like canyon to me, and I wrote it, I'll submit it and you can decide whether it IS canyon. Thanks for passing on the comment; like any writer I'd like to be loved but rather be rebarbative than slip silently beneath the surface.

*Earl Perry*

REGARDING *A Matter of Faith*, BY TOM VAIL, BQR 11:1

TOM VAIL evinces a disappointing grasp of the basic tenets of science in his essay *A Matter of Faith*. His fundamental error is that he confuses the comparability of final conclusions in reaching his view that "when you really start to look at the two models, evolutionist vs. creationist, it is a matter of faith." The error lies in that he doesn't look at what underlies those conclusions and, most particularly, the *method* by which the conclusions are reached.

The Creationist view relies upon finding evidence that supports its predetermined conclusion and evidence that doesn't support the conclusion is either explained away or ignored. The result is that the Creationist's conclusion can never change, rather his or her explanations of how to get that conclusion changes as she or he is forced to explain away contradictory evidence.

The scientific view, on the other hand, attempts to take all the evidence and hypothesize about what it tells us. As a result, the scientific view is pretty much constantly changing as hypotheses are tested and as new evidence is uncovered.

However, because Mr. Vail doesn't look at how they got to those views, he misses the big picture and arrives at a wildly misleading conclusion.

Mr. Vail also seems unacquainted with the reality that, even among those calling themselves Christian, the Creationist view is a decided minority based on one particular, and very narrow intellectual approach to scriptural interpretation. For him to call for interpreters to "be prepared, at least at some level, to present both sides of the issue," elevates the Creationist claims to an intellectual level far above anything they deserve.

*Michael McCoy*

IN THE INTEREST of "fairness" and "balance" should we also present flat-earth "theories?" Should astronomers and astrophysicists feel obligated to entertain the fantasy that planetary alignments dictate human behavior? Should a physics professor teaching thermodynamics feel obligated to teach students that, depending upon their faith, they can choose whether or not to obey the second law?

I respect Tom Vail's right to believe as he chooses, but I resent his suggestion that guides should present creation mythology alongside scientific theory.

*Pete Gross*

**T**OM VAIL's suggestion that the Creationist model should be part of "an objective job of interpreting the geology" of the Grand Canyon makes as much sense to me as using the model of Aztec ritual cannibalism to understand Communion. In a word, this is nonsense.

Creationism isn't an alternative theory of geology: it's a religious doctrine based upon the belief that the Bible should be taken as "the literal truth." For Creationists, "In the end, there's the Word, and that's good enough."

Ignoring a couple thousand years of Jewish and Christian scholarship aimed at discovering the original meaning and context of biblical stories, and how they should be accurately rendered into contemporary language, Creationism is a doctrine of ignorance that dismisses the origin of its own most sacred text with the same facility it uses to deny the most wonderful manifestations of their Deity in the material world...

The sad thing about Creationism is that it blinds the eye and the mind to wonders of Creation, substituting belief in a trivial bit of monotheistic sleight of hand for an appreciation of the immensity of time and space, the divine subtlety of biology and the miracle of evolution.

Darwin's Christianity (Thank God!) didn't close his eyes or cloud his mind. His observations in the material world enhanced his appreciation of creation even as they discredited the notion of Biblical literalism. Today the Pope acknowledges evolution as the handiwork of God, and even the most agnostic scientists write with a sense of wonder and respect for the natural world generally lacking in Creationist tracts.

Religion is not a necessary or desirable element in interpretation. With a sensitive eye toward Creationists and others with differing beliefs, we can present the geological story of the Grand Canyon as—if you will—the "Creation Myth of Western Scientific Culture." If you have the background to talk about the history and evolution of geologic concepts—rather than just recite formation names, ages, and paleoenvironments—so much the better: it's an interesting story.

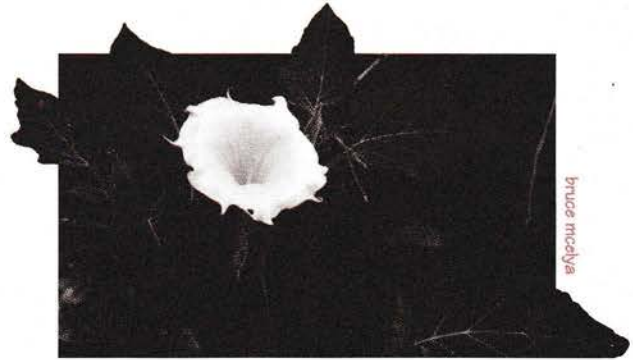
People of diverse beliefs and interests come to the canyon for many different reasons; not all are interested in the details of the best geological cross section on the planet. But for those who would see, we should give it our best shot and show them what the rocks reveal, not poke them in the eye with religious dogma. If their eyes offend them, they can pluck them out.

*Drifter Smith*

#### THE AUTHOR RESPONDS:

**I**T SEEMS I have ruffled a few feathers, and maybe even angered a few. For that I apologize. It was not my intent to alter anyone's beliefs. I only ask that you consider that many in at least two fairly large groups of people, Jews and Christians, base their interpretations on beliefs that may be different from yours.

*Tom Vail*



#### REGARDING GCRG'S COMMENTS ON THE COLORADO RIVER MANAGEMENT PLAN, BQR 11:1

**I** READ WITH GREAT INTEREST the article in the last BQR regarding the CRMP—issues and solutions. Even though I found myself in agreement with the majority of solutions, I felt compelled to address one of the points concerning river patrols and law enforcement. Like most other boatmen, I thrive on the feeling of autonomy and in general I'm anti-authoritarian, so it's disheartening to hear that the Park Service is spending money on night vision scopes or I might be forced to wear a beard net to prepare a meal. I agree that we need a less invasive attitude from the Park Service and more of a team approach from everyone when it comes to regulations.

Unfortunately, the article made it sound like most experiences with the river patrols are wrought with antagonism. My own experiences reflect the exact opposite. The current river patrol rangers, Dave Desrosiers and Dave Trevino, have been nothing but professional, helpful, and respectful to my passengers and crew. They have aided us in evacuation situations, given sound advice concerning regulations, and been welcome guests in our camps. These guys have earned our respect through friendliness and an ability to do their job without hitting us over the head with a stick... even when we might have deserved it. I dread the thought that they might have taken that article as a personal affront or a statement about the way they have done their job. I think we are lucky to have these guys as rangers and I hope they feel appreciated enough to stick around for awhile.

*anonymous*

IN BQR 11 :1, Winter 1997-98, p.26, is this statement on the CRMP *Solution: Allocation (Total)*: "however, it is extremely important that the canyon and the river be given enough time during the winter months to recover from summer use."

In *The Waiting List*, 1:9, November 1997, p.4, in an interview with Earl Perry is this statement on *Expanding the Season/More Allocation*:

"There's an intuitive feel to allowing a canyon and river to lie fallow for a while in the season of rest. There's (sic) also some data to support it, at least when you are dealing with animals along more northern rivers. They need to be relatively undisturbed in their winter range and they need some "lambing" time to raise their youngest in the early spring."

I am confused about this, so perhaps someone can explain this to me. This concept of "rest" is one to which I don't subscribe, at least not on the scale of "less" use in winter. A real rest might be one entire boating year, say November through the following October, occurring once each 5 or 7 years.

But what of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River needs to be "rested" in order to "recover?" Does supplying less use in the winter give enough of a "rest" or enough time to "recover?"

*Perplexed*

THE FLASHBOARDS AT POWELL are a wretched idea, even if the Secretary signed off on them:

A) It's outrageous that their lousy design and reservoir management should be compensated by drowning yet more pieces of the rapids and camps in Cataract.

B) This height increase, which seems minimal, results in miles of extra-height bathtub ring, slumping, driftwood accretion, and other environmental damage up in Cataract.

C) I haven't a map with sufficiently detailed contours, but I think that the flashboards' backwater may well invade the National Park and constitute a violation of its establishing act.

D) While they don't have to contain much pressure—4.5 feet of water is 4.5 feet, even if it's 186 miles long—the flashboards are subject to sudden massive rupture or slippage which in itself could overload the spillways. See next point.

E) I don't have a depth-area-capacity table for the lake, but I'll bet money (even in my unemployed state) that raising Powell from 3700 to 3704.5 is far more than 750,000 acre-feet. I bet it's more like 3.5–4 MAF. If we accept the lesser figure, it is still worth noting that if the boards fail, you get half a big month's normal discharge in a day, a flow of 375,000 CFS: beyond the design capacity for the spillways, and likely much more than they can take even in their supposedly redesigned configuration.

In sum, it's a damned dumb idea and it isn't safe for downstream boaters. Let them do a drawdown and hold it down.

*Earl Perry*



## Adopt-a-Beach, continued,

ALL 45 CRITICAL BEACHES in the three designated reaches of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon were once again "adopted" by guides in 1997 for our photo-matching beach monitoring program. During the past year, André Potochnik has been representing recreational river running interests in the Adaptive Management and Technical Work Groups established as part of the long term monitoring program by the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992. The Adopt-a-Beach program has therefore gained new meaning and has augmented its role in providing crucial information on the state of the beaches in the riverine corridor. The analysis of the data from the 1997 river season is currently in the works and should prove interesting in light of the steady high flows implemented last spring, and the subsequent tributary flooding during the monsoon season.

We would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank all the guides who participated in our program last

year. The photographs, along with your personal comments, have helped us immeasurably with the analysis and interpretation of the data. Many guides attending the recent GTS have been generous enough to volunteer for the program once again. If you haven't yet signed up, there are plenty of beaches left, so get one (or two) now before your season starts! You can contact the GCRG office and we'll set you up with everything you need.

We'd also like to extend our thanks to the individuals and organizations that have provided financial support for the Adopt-a-Beach program. Their assistance coupled with the efforts of the guides volunteering for the program provides us with the means to become a more influential voice in dam management, and allows us to work towards our goal of conserving sand bar habitat in Grand Canyon.



*Lynn Hamilton*

## "I Don't Know What This Gang Needs Boats For!"

**R**ANDALL HENDERSON founded *Desert Magazine* in 1937. For more than twenty years he published adventures, lore, and photographs of the desert Southwest. Henderson made several river trips with Norman Nevills, often running stories about them in *Desert*.

On August 4, 1947 Henderson wrote to the Superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park, describing some of the graffiti he had seen on his recent trip with Nevills. He suggested a less tacky way for river travelers to record their passage: "Our own records of the trip were typewritten sheets which I prepared and placed in bottles and cairns which I constructed at the night camps..."

Indeed, Nevills's journal from the 1947 trip states: "July 12, Camp... Nice spot. Randall leaves note in cairn on ledge just down from little canyon. It's been a full and exciting day..."

"July 13... After dinner Majory, Pauline, Ros, Al, Kent and I go up to explore the big cave where I found the Stanton note in 1940. We have a lot of fun exploring, crawling around and poking into odd corners. I leave a note typed by Randall, pinned to the wall in the same place with the same stick as the Stanton note."

"July 28... Left note in can under ledge."

This story concerns the note Henderson left at Tapeats Creek. The river was running 21,000 cfs and

falling. It was 111° in the shade. On the evening of July 24, 1947 he pulled out his typewriter and wrote up the past 30 days' events. He put the note in a small jar and stashed it beneath a cairn.

Seven years later, on July 22, 1954, Georgie White was bouncing down river on around 6,700 cfs, when she stopped at Tapeats for dinner. Just days before, at Boucher Rapid, she had tied her three 10-man rafts together, side-by-side for the first time, inventing the triple rig. Walter Blalock, a photographer on Georgie's trip, was poking around and found the Henderson note. He added one from his group.

Another twenty years passed and an ARTA trip of California geology students stumbled across the cairn and signed in. Few knew the location of the notes, and as recently as the late 1980s they were in very good shape.

Then things got a little weird. Someone visited the site and left a new note in the jar. A subsequent visitor, finding the new note, apparently felt that only the "historic" notes belonged there, and removed the new one. Some time later, the leaver of the recent note returned to find his (or her) note gone. Outraged, she (or he) took *all* the historic notes hostage, and left a ransom note. Until his (or her) party's note was returned, the three older notes would be held captive.

Mark O'Neill, who was working for the Park Service River Patrol at the time, left a plea in the empty jar for any information as to the whereabouts of the missing notes. No response came for ten years.

Then, in October of 1997, a boater found another cache, several hundred yards from the original site. Upon investigation, the crumbling fragments of paper turned out to be the original notes from '47, '54 and '74. Unfortunately, they were in such poor shape that they would not last much longer. They have been stabilized by Cline Library and are now at the Grand Canyon National Park Collection. Copies have been placed in both stash sites.

On the following pages, through the magic of computer reassembly, are replicas of the original notes. Of the three, Henderson's tells the most outrageous tale. So outrageous that we had to do a little research to find out if it was true.

Kent Frost, who was there, says yes. In fact, he rowed out and picked up



Henderson typing up his daily notes, crossing Lake Mead, 1947  
Cline Library Special Collections, Bill Belknap Collection #NAU.PH.96.4.190.55



Published Monthly at EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

NORMAN NEVILLS COLORADO RIVER EXPEDITION \* \* \* 1947  
Bright Angel to Hoover dam Sector - DAILY BULLETIN  
Camp #4, Thursday, July 24

Party: Norman Nevills in the Flagship WEN  
Al Milotte and Randall Henderson  
Kent Frost piloting the MEXICAN HAT II  
Marie Sallfrank and Jos. Desloge Jr.  
Garth Marston piloting the SANDRA  
Anne Desloge and Zoe Desloge  
Otis R. (Doc) Marston piloting the JOAN  
Jos. Desloge Sr., and Margaret Marston

Camped last night on bar below Deubendorff rapids,  
with two boats through. Held the Joan and Sandra  
above until morning in order to get better light  
for pictures.

Norman ran the WEN through with Jos Desloge Sr. and  
Randall Henderson as passengers  
Garth ran the SANDRA through with Anne and Zoe Desloge  
as passengers.

While the boatmen were getting ready for their run  
Joe Desloge Jr swam across the river, and then returned  
through the rapid. Then he went to the boat landing  
above wearing a kapok life jacket, swam out and taking  
the long tongue next the wall on the far side swam  
the length of the rapid and was picked up in a boat  
by Kent at the bottom. He did it a second time,  
making an estimated 25 miles an hour, through the fast  
water, riding the roughest water all the way down.  
Then to make it a swimmer's field day - Joe went through  
a third time without a life jacket, Garth accompanied  
him on an air mattress, and Doc Marston and Zoe Marston  
accompanied them in life belts--four swimmers at one  
time with their heads bobbing up and down among the  
eight-foot waves was something new for Grand Canyon, and  
left treacherous ol' Deubendorff thoroughly subdued.

9:55 Departure from bar below Deubendorff  
Passed one riffle

10:10 Ran 133-Mile rapid swept over the boat, putting the  
cameras out of commission temporarily and everybody on  
WEN went to bailing.

10:20 Ran Tapeats and landed on bar below for night camp.  
over

Sandstorm blew in during the afternoon and wrecked two pup tents, the passengers had erected for shade.  
 Temp. at 6 a.m. was 72 degrees  
 Temp. at 1 p.m. in shade of pup tents was 111 degrees  
 Temp. of water coming down Tapeats was 60 degrees.  
 We'll have fish for supper if Doc Marston has any luck on Tapeats creek.

To finish off the swimming field day, Garth and Anne swam Tapeats rapids in their life belts, then went back and did it again with an air mattress.  
 Sez Norman: "I don't know what this gang needs boats for."

RH

July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1954

George White's Party attendance list. The Party consists of ten members traveling in 3 rubber rafts lashed together to take the big ones. The water in the Grand in history of any Expedition. I have a record of the Rapids. I know what will be seen before and holes open up to let you see the bottom of the Rapids. Ratches below the rapids are slow and we begin to row against the wind. Our experiences have been thrilling and varied.

H. J. Blaylock

115 Main Ave W.

From Palo Verde

July 14, 1974  
 a group of 16 students (U.C. group) 3 trip leaders, in 3 rafts with 4 crew (1 "sars" man) spent our first below Lee's Ferry sight. We were pleased left with the help of the Explorers of the Blaylock party. Spent the night in one of Tapeats Cr. then

THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE IS EXTREMELY INTERESTED IN SEEING NEVILL'S JOURNAL RETURNED. IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THIS MATTER PLEASE CONTACT ME, ANY ONE IN THE RIVER SUBDISTRICT OR GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK TRAPES. MARK O'NEILL

(crew & trip leaders)  
 Stuart Hoge (trip leader)  
 Jackie Kirby (trip leader)  
 Glatton (trip leader)  
 Lynn Wicklison (trip leader)  
 Head Boatman  
 Dick Kipping  
 Dick Nichols  
 Marie  
 Bruce  
 Phil Town  
 and others



## Grand Canyon Youth Update

Marston and Desloge Jr. (Desloge Jr. still without life jacket) at the foot of the Dubendorff. Henderson elaborated on the swim in *Desert Magazine*: "Joe is a giant in the water, and Otis formerly was a swimming coach. It is not a stunt for a weak swimmer. 'It is all in the breathing,' explained Otis Marston. 'Any strong swimmer who knows how and when to breathe will come through without trouble at this stage of the water when there is no danger of collision with rocks.' But woe to the swimmer who tries to fill his lungs at the wrong time—for in such turbulent water one cannot always be on the surface."

Joe Desloge Jr. wrote us to add: "...we were told Dubendorff had never been successfully swum, but that a previous adventurer had drowned in the attempt.

"I had just returned from WWII and was therefore indestructible! Papa knew I was an excellent swimmer but suggested I wear a life jacket. Cocky me—I told him I didn't need one, so he asked Kent Frost to wait below Dubie to pick up the body.

"Luckily the water was high enough to allow me to avoid the rocks. On the wave crests I grabbed hunks of air. I marvel today at my total lack of sense and feel the angels were watching over me."

Thanks to: Joe Desloge Jr., Garth Marston and Kent Frost for corroborating the tale; Roy Webb for Nevills's journal entries and Henderson's note to the NPS; Dan Cassidy of Five Quail Books for the *Desert Magazine* article and research; Richard Quartaroli for stream flows.

Special thanks to the anonymous boatman who found the notes and took the proper course of action. Which brings up a point of ethics regarding antiquities in the Canyon:

The rule of thumb is to leave things where you found them, and take your own stuff with you. Ideally, take only memories, don't even leave footprints.

Should you come across something like these crumbling notes, that are in imminent danger of being destroyed or lost forever, notify the park. They belong to all of us.

Brad Dimock



THE DREAMS of recreating opportunities for youth river trips in the Grand Canyon are alive! On April 1, 1998, Grand Canyon Youth (GCY) launched its first 12-day trip in Grand Canyon. We have a combined group of 11 students from Flagstaff Unified School District's New Start (a "youth-at-risk" program), and Flagstaff and Coconino High Schools. The trip is a full participation, hands-on experience; kids will be cooking meals, rowing and paddling, presenting an art or science project they have been researching, and even helping with porto duty—oh yes. After struggling through all the details we are proud and excited to be on the water and look forward to giving a trip report as our next GCY update.

On March 5, we held our first advisory meeting and were grateful for a large and informed turnout representing a broad spectrum of people from the community. We received lots of encouraging support for our ideas—and lots of good input. Thanks to all who turned out for your time and energy. We hope to establish a board of directors from this group. With the help of this larger forum we resolved an internal struggle with our mission statement: to keep the program open to all youth instead of only targeting "youth-at-risk" and disabled youth. Our trips will focus on combining youth of diverse backgrounds in full-participation style trips, designed especially for youth. Youth will be involved in fundraising, community service, and be required to keep up with their schoolwork. They will work on individual educational projects on the trip and be involved in a community presentation after their trip. There was also strong support to pursue a mentoring program in partnership with Grand Canyon River Guides, so we will be looking into a training program and guidelines for this idea. We are grateful to Grand Canyon River Guides for granting us a temporary tax-exempt status partnership—this allows us to accept donations while our own status is being processed.

We are exploring ideas for more access, possibly through science and resource trips. A Grand Canyon river trip has been reserved for 1999 and a San Juan trip for this fall. We also have tee-shirts and brochures to help inform the world of our existence. We hope to have more people become involved, and are especially looking for guides willing to participate in the mentoring program. Fundraising is a big part of our organization for which we are also seeking help.

We want to express our gratitude to all the help and support we have felt within the Flagstaff community, and from the river community and outfitters involved. We also want to give a special thanks to Dick McCallum who initially granted us the user days for the pilot trip and especially to Laurie Lee Staveley and all the Canyon Expeditions staff for their support and patience in working with our fledgling organization to make this trip possible.

If anyone has any ideas or would like to help, we welcome your input. Write us, Grand Canyon Youth, Box 23376, Flagstaff, AZ 86002. Thanks!





## Woody Reiff

**W**OODROW AARON REIFF was born in Los Angeles, California on August 3, 1914. He died at home in Flagstaff, Arizona on February 24, 1998. His beloved wife Sandra, was holding him and his son Greg was at his side at the time of his death.

Woody graduated from Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles where he excelled in track-and-field events. Although he then received a Civil Engineering degree, he went to work at Boulder Dam, Boulder City, Nevada for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. His wage was a princely twenty-two dollars a week as opposed to ten dollars a week as a Civil Engineer.

In 1941, Woody joined the Los Angeles Police Department, serving with distinction for twenty-two years. He always maintained a sharpshooters status, which placed him in the top six percent of the shootists in the department. Woody was one of the original motorcycle officers and served on the honor guard motorcycle detail.

During his early years in the 1930s he was one of the first surfers on the mainland and went on to produce his own long boards. Woody was always a passionate naturalist and outdoorsman. He began exploring Baja, California in the late 1940s and took family and friends down throughout the next fifty years .

In the early 1950s, as a result of a friendship with Whitey and Georgie White, Woody was introduced to river rafting and developed Bullhead Expeditions, running Glen Canyon of the Colorado River. Woody has left behind a legacy of stories, many photographs and films documenting the beautiful lost canyons of the Glen. These are in the archives of Cline Library Special Collections at Northern Arizona University.

One of Woody's favorite parts of boating Glen Canyon was taking two weeks to drift down to Lees Ferry, leisurely floating, smoking a pipe, hiking side canyons, taking pictures and camping on little-known beaches.

In 1963 Woody drove the gas barge up Lake Powell to the newly established Rainbow Bridge Marina in Forbidding Canyon. Woody always told the story of the hellacious rain storm with lightning striking all around the barge. He considered himself lucky to have made it without blowing up the barge or Glen Canyon Dam! In the off-season Woody took trips to Baja. Woody was the first manager of Rainbow Bridge Marina for Art Greene, owner of Canyon Tours, and first concessionaire on Lake Powell. In 1967 and 1968 Woody joined the National Park Service as a seasonal ranger based out of Lees Ferry. The following year, Woody became the Hatch warehouse manager for the 1969 season.

In 1970 Woody and Gaylord Staveley designed the first Canyoners Inc. pontoon rig. As a result of the frame design being made out of trailer hitches, the boat "oozled" and snaked its way down river. For extra added comfort for the boatman, the frame was built with a steering wheel and a captains seat. Woody felt very strongly about human waste being carried out of the canyon; the boat was designed to carry a seventy-five gallon human waste tank directly in front of the pilot's seat!

He met Sandra Jane Nevills at the Marble Canyon Trading Post and married her in 1969. They chose Flagstaff as their home to raise their children and moved there soon after, in 1970.

Woody's last river trip was the Old Timers trip in September 1994, made with his wife Sandra Jane and sister-in-law Joan Nevills Staveley along with many other old time river runners.

My father will be greatly missed, my sincere hope and desire is to become half the man and husband that he was.



Greg Reiff

Donations in Woody's memory are being made to The Whale Foundation, care of Grand Canyon River Guides.

## People of Passion

RECENTLY, I was fortunate enough to be a part of the GCRG Guides Training Seminar in Fredonia, Arizona. I was helping my good friend, DeeAnn Tracey, with the challenging task of cooking for the masses. While the snow came down outside the Western River Expeditions warehouse, the kitchen was warm, full of good smells and friendly souls helping out, chopping onions and doing dishes.

Although I have only had the pleasure of being the assistant cook on one commercial river trip thus far, I am a long time river runner and enjoy the thrill of seeing new rivers and making repeated trips down the old favorites. Of course, the Colorado River in Grand Canyon is one of the most spectacular places I have ever been in my life and I can honestly say that the first time I journeyed down that chocolate river, my whole life changed in ways that are mostly indescribable. I'm sure that this feeling is not at all unusual among those folks who raft through Grand Canyon. And, from what I saw at the seminar, it is precisely this feeling that bonds a very diverse group of people together.

The gathering in Fredonia was host to a wide variety of people from all walks of life who had at least one thing in common: a tremendous passion for Grand Canyon. I was overwhelmed by the amount of love and responsibility that many of the speakers at the seminar showed for the Canyon. That kind of passion is absolutely contagious and I have been thinking of the Canyon almost constantly since I returned home to Flagstaff from the seminar.

There was a statuesque hydrologist from Oregon who came to the seminar on a date. There was an eager young woman who, in her own words, "shamelessly" worked the crowd to get on her first river trip (and, apparently, it worked!). There was a medicine man, a cowgirl and several elders of the canine world. There were several couples who fell in love while in the Canyon. There was a beautiful herbalist, a filmmaker and a group of young guides from Page. There were people I had seen before on the river but never knew their names. There were people whose names I had heard before but had never met. There was a charming ski patrolman from Colorado who kept me on the dance floor all night. There were husbands, wives, children, friends, lovers, dogs, grandmas and grandpas. All who came to this gathering because of love. Love for that tremendous canyon.

I would just like to say thank you to all of those incredible people. In the course of one weekend, I learned a great deal about Grand Canyon, Glen Canyon, Tusayan, river running, respect, love, and personal fulfillment. All of those people inspired me to see beauty all around me and to take challenges as they come my way. I have not been this inspired in a very long time and I am so grateful to all of the unique people that I met at the seminar who gave me this feeling.

I hope to see all of you again, somewhere down the line, maybe even down on the river.



Gillian Ferris

## Funnel Vision

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO I was on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. I had just been on a "Canyon" trip and I wanted to get the view from above. You know, the big picture. So Michelle and I drove around on some dirt roads until we made our way out to Fire Point where we camped for the night. From there we could gaze into the upper reaches of Tapeats Creek, and over to what we believed was Kanab Creek and then out over a vast horizon of strange landforms that were unknown to us.

The next night we hiked out onto the Powell Plateau and spent the night at Dutton Point. From there we could see up the Inner Gorge through the Gems. We could see where the canyon makes its great bend at Elves Chasm, we could see the temples and buttes and all the layers of sediment from river to rim. The canyon is indeed, "The most sublime spectacle on earth." But then I don't need to tell you that.

Also on that trip, we visited the usual drive-to overlooks where we scurried around with the masses to gaze into the canyon's depths. At Cape Royal, we happened upon a ranger talk so we thought we would listen in. She was talking about the Stanton-Brown expedition. She began by saying how, on the third day of the journey, Brown's boat capsized and he was drowned. Michelle and I stared at each other in disbelief. The third day! Never mind the hundred miles or so in Labyrinth and Stillwater Canyons. Never mind the 40 miles of cataracts below the confluence where, woefully unprepared they experienced the wreck and subsequent loss of their food supply boat. And then, why mention that immediately before entering Grand Canyon they had journeyed through wondrous Glen Canyon, perhaps the most beautiful canyon in the whole system if not the world.

No, she didn't mention any of that. Not even in brief. For her and her audience, it was the third day of the journey that Brown capsized and drowned. It was as if their expedition like all Colorado river trips began at Lees Ferry. It was as if the Colorado River suddenly appeared, emerging from a seep in the Coconino Sandstone to merge with the Paria and then carve its way on down through Grand Canyon.

Unfortunately, this belief is not held only by misinformed, geocentric park rangers. Many well meaning, dedicated, and passionate Grand Canyon river guides, outfitters, and scientists also appear to share in this belief, and their combined voices have been shown to have an impact on Colorado River management. An impact which does not always benefit the Colorado River system at large and can in effect damage relatively unimpaired portions of the system in its attempt to protect Grand Canyon. The spillway enhancement project

comes to mind and the lack of consideration given to its effects on Cataract Canyon, the San Juan, Escalante, and Dirty Devil rivers, not to mention Rainbow Bridge and the upper reaches of a hundred tributary canyons.

But now we have an even bigger issue at hand. The very existence of Glen Canyon Dam and the draining of Lake Powell. I've been following the arguments in the BQR and I must say I am flabbergasted that there exists among the Colorado River community anyone who would not gleefully partake in the rapid destruction of Glen Canyon Dam. But then, I've been forced to realize that this is a community raised on the clear, icy, trout-laden flows that emit from the dam. A community which has learned to despise the turbid flows of the Little Colorado, and who has come to enjoy the predictable, daily fluctuations which Glen Canyon Dam provides. A community which sees Grand Canyon (understandably so) as the center of the universe, but which not so understandably seems to believe the Colorado River begins at Lees Ferry.

I believe the time has come for GCRG to come out in support of the Colorado River. Not just the Colorado River in Grand Canyon, which as we all know, bears little resemblance to the real thing, but the Colorado River in all its mud-filled glory in all of its canyons. And that includes Glen Canyon.

I believe that there is a way to drain Lake Powell, restore Glen Canyon, and mitigate the environmental and economic impacts at the same time. I suggest an incremental approach. We begin with an immediate lowering of the reservoir by 100 feet. This is nothing drastic. During the drought years of the late eighties and early nineties the reservoir dropped to a level 90 feet below full pool with no serious negative impact to water or power users, motor boat enthusiasts, river runners, or small town local economies. Meanwhile, the benefits to the river system are great.

Current would be restored to lower Cataract Canyon, the San Juan, Escalante, and Dirty Devil rivers and the silt cleansing process would begin. The stagnant waters of Lake Powell would recede to nearly a mile from Rainbow Bridge and Navajo elders could once again practice their ceremonies in peace. The upper reaches of Glen Canyon side canyons would begin to heal, and clean-up crews could begin to scour newly exposed shoreline for toxic refuse. Also, with this loss of pool, "flood control" for Grand Canyon would be provided without implementing the destructive spillway enhancements.

I think that five years should be a sufficient time period for the first 100 foot drop in pool for Lake Powell. That would give the folks at Hite Marina, at the upper end of the reservoir, time to make some plans for the future. With the boom in desert recreation over the last few years they

should have no problem turning their facilities over to other forms of recreation such as hiking, biking, and river running in the soon-to-be-restored, Glen Canyon.

After this five year break-in period, I propose that the level be dropped another 100–200 feet. This would restore current almost completely to the major tributary rivers of Glen Canyon as well as Cataract Canyon. In Cataract, the mouth of Clearwater Canyon which Powell called “Eden” would be reclaimed. Lower Dark Canyon too would reemerge as well as the infamous rapid that bears its name. In Glen Canyon, Cathedral in the Desert would reappear and the cleansing would begin. Hundreds of side canyons would be freed up of the stagnant waters and spring floods would begin to wash the silt and muck down into the main canyon eventually to be carried away by a river reborn. And of course, crews made up from the local towns would begin to scour the newly exposed shoreline.

From then it would just be a continual process with a timetable to be determined. I would think that in 25 years or less, we could have the Colorado River back down in the bottom of Glen Canyon. Now I’m not foolish enough to think that it would be fully restored to look like the pictures in *The Place No One Knew*, but look at how Havasu is doing. I think the higher elevations in the canyon that were exposed first would be coming along nicely as would the tributary side canyons for which Glen was famous. This gradual process would not only allow for the restoration of Glen Canyon, but it would also give us time to come up with and implement new water and power policies. Something that most certainly has to be done anyway in the not too far off future.

One thing troubles me on this whole issue outside of the obvious opposition that is to be expected. And that is the unforeseen opposition from within the river community. How can we take people down the Colorado River and preach the virtues of wild places, wild rivers, and open spaces, all the while clinging to the clear and cold, regulated flows of Glen Canyon Dam and how great it is that we don’t have flies and our coolers stay cold? How can we take people down the Colorado River in Grand Canyon all the while not caring about places like Cataract, the San Juan, Escalante, and Dirty Devil Rivers? How can we, as John Weisheit pointed out, manage an artificial ecosystem that will only last the life of the dam anyway? Do we really only care about ourselves, in this moment, in this microworld? Are we no different than the shortsighted dam builders and water boosters? If Grand Canyon River Guides won’t come out in support of draining Lake Powell, then who will?

Eric Trenbeath



*Eric is a guide member of GCRG and has guided in the upper basin on Cataract, Desolation, and Westwater Canyons for eight years. He has been a proponent for exchange between GCRG and CPRG in the hopes that our combined voice will help shape policies concerning the Colorado River system.*

## So Why Do They Call Them Congressional Hearings?

**A** REPRESENTATIVE excerpt from Congressional Hearings on the overflight issue held in St. George, Utah last September. Congressman John Ensign of Nevada is interrogating Jeri Ledbetter, who is speaking on behalf of the Sierra Club...

MR. ENSIGN. I guess my question may be to each one of you on the panel: what is acceptable? How many flights are acceptable over the Grand Canyon? What is acceptable to maybe the different groups that are here? How many flights a day?

MS. LEDBETTER. The number of flights in 1987 was deemed inappropriate. That is why the Overflights Act was passed in the first place.

MR. ENSIGN. By whom deemed them inappropriate?

MS. LEDBETTER. By Congress.

MR. ENSIGN. Okay. So is Congress...

MS. LEDBETTER. That is why they passed the Overflights Act, was because the amount of noise was deemed inappropriate.

MR. ENSIGN. In other words, what they proposed, is that acceptable or do we need to go farther than that?

MS. LEDBETTER. I would say pre-1987 levels because that number was already too many.

MR. ENSIGN. Pre-1987.

MS. LEDBETTER. Yes.

MR. ENSIGN. So 1986 is okay.

MS. LEDBETTER. Not necessarily, but I think that that is a good place to start.

MR. ENSIGN. What I am saying is: has the Sierra Club sat down and said, “This is what we think would be acceptable”? In other words, if we get to one point, are we there or have we got to go farther?

MS. LEDBETTER. I do not think that you can say that a certain number of flights a day is acceptable or unacceptable. You know, we have been involved in this process for a long period of time. What we have now is definitely unacceptable.

MR. ENSIGN. To you, not to some other people.

MS. LEDBETTER. Well, you asked the question.



## Glen Canyon Institute

I JUST WENT TO MOAB for the meeting of the Glen Canyon Institute, the group that wants to decommission Glen Canyon Dam and drain Powell and let the Glen Canyon restore itself. What a dandy collection of young, old and ancient boatmen. What a collection of humorless environmentalists, mostly—thank God—drowned out by old boatman stories. Richard Ingebretsen, a Salt Lake doctor, who ran Glen Canyon as a Boy Scout, is President. Dave Wegner, the former king of all the Grand Canyon science studies that went on for years building up to the GCEIS, vice-presides; Jeri Ledbetter, former president of the Grand Canyon River Guides, treasures.

It's a curious amalgam: batches of us who saw it or saw part of it and cannot supervene the guilt of not having saved it; scientists; poets and writers. It has that amalgam of quixotry and hard science and far-seeing political realism that I find really appealing. They announced right out, "We're never going to get big, we're never going to diffuse into other issues, we're never going to get a Washington fundraising staff." This is pretty irresistible to an ex-Audubon member, ex-Sierra Clubber, ex-Wilderness Societal.

Of considerable interest were the 20-year series of slides taken by an Escalante Canyon backcountry ranger who watched silt deposited, revealed by lake recession, removed by torrents. The gist is that, at least in the narrower canyons, restoration by reaming, recolonization, and re-draping of desert varnish is much more rapid than we perhaps expected.

Katie Lee sang to us—old Katie Lee that is approaching 80 and tough as nails and still a pagan. I bought her *Folk Songs of the Colorado* when I was about 19. Later I got her album, *Love's Little Sisters* (alternate title *Katie Lee Goes Whoring*), which is the whole songs of the nineteenth century. She did another one with a companion book called *Ten Thousand Goddam Cattle*, with real cowboy songs.

At the meeting, for the auction, there was a picture of her taken in a side canyon of the Glen, her standing,

bestriding the whole slot canyon, back to the camera, nude in her perfection, arms upreached in reverence to the stone wilderness stretching out hundreds of feet and miles below her down to the Colorado, goddess of the rock; and when I looked into her eyes, there in the midst of that age-blotched face, they were there, the sharp blue eyes of the young woman in 1952, when she first saw the Colorado, gave up her Hollywood career, and headed to the river.

And I remembered her talking of how she fell in love with her boatman "as you're supposed to do," and found myself in love with her, so I told her how much I admired her songs, what they had meant to me thirty years ago as a young boatman. She read from her journals from the 1950s, trip after trip down the Old San Juan, the Glen, trips with the legendary boatmen including a few who were there at the meeting and most that are long-dead; she read to us, and the young boatwoman beside me began to cry, and went out into the snow to try to calm herself, and went up to Katie with the small drifts on her shoulders and in her hair, and told her, calmly and in control at first, "You're so beautiful," and soon was sobbing again saying, "You're so beautiful," and running again out into the storm; and Katie telling us that from the river she had learned that Time is not an enemy; and watching a video of old Ed Abbey the day they applied the crack to Glen Canyon Dam, urging subversion and announcing handsomely from beneath his slouchy old hat, "We'll win. And in the words of my sainted old grandmother, 'we'll piss on their graves.'"

It's \$10 for students, \$25 for individuals, and on up: Keen prizes and auction items. The best company. Loose its chains; set our river free.

Earl Perry

## What Will You Tell Them?

Glen Canyon Institute  
Box 1925  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002  
info@glencanyon.org  
www.glencanyon.org

Friends of Lake Powell  
Post Office Box 7007  
Page, AZ 86040  
friends@lakepowell.org  
www.lakepowell.org

THIS SEASON you will be asked by your passengers, "What's this I hear about draining Lake Powell?" Thanks to the efforts of Glen Canyon Institute, the Sierra Club and the backfired congressional attempts to squelch them, the debate is gaining ever wider airing and consideration. Discussion of decommissioning dams on other rivers throughout the country has erupted overnight. The arguments toward restoring Glen Canyon have gone from extremist to ponderable.

The final destiny of Lake Powell and Glen Canyon Dam will have a greater significance on the future of river running in Grand Canyon than any other issue in our time. The debate needs informed opinions in order to be productive, and there are many sides to many issues. Some short-term, some far-ranging.

If you would like more information, please write for literature for yourself and your passengers. The range of opinion and fact is bounded by the organizations to the left.

# Woman of the River

## a Biography of Georgie White Clark

WOMAN OF THE RIVER: GEORGIE WHITE CLARK,  
WHITE-WATER PIONEER by Richard Westwood,  
forward by Roy Webb, Utah State University Press, 1997

**R**ICHARD WESTWOOD is the logical person to write a book about Georgie. Dick was raised in the hardscrabble rural life of southeastern Utah by a family that used the Colorado River from time-to-time to augment a living in-and-around a Great Depression and a World War. He lived in Georgie's era and understands Georgie's playground: the Colorado Plateau.

Westwood's best qualification is that he never spent intimate time with Georgie. Instead he spent intimate time with the people who knew Georgie best, and so, a balanced perspective is maintained by Westwood throughout the book. Georgie was a chameleon and if a friend or an enemy had written the book, we might still



Georgie trip arriving at Pearce Ferry  
Cline Library, Bill Belknap Collection NAU.PH.96.4.115.30

be distanced from the truth about Georgie's life that is missing from the older literature. There is a case-in-point here, about biographies in general, worthy of a brief discussion in the example of John Wesley Powell.

If you read Robert Brewster Stanton's book *Colorado River Controversies*, including the Preface and Commentaries, one would be inclined to believe that John Wesley Powell was a creep. I am speaking personally here, as I came to such a conclusion. I decided that it was not fair to judge a man by the events that followed the results of a three month long river trip, so I read *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West* by Wallace Stegner, and this book succeeded in changing my viewpoint favorably. Later, I felt that I had become a victim to pendulum

thinking and so I decided to find out for myself.

The first thing I did was to read John Wesley Powell's professional papers. This included *Report on the Arid Region and Geology of the Eastern Portion of the Uinta Mountains*. The first thing I noticed was that there was an obvious lack of wanderlust in Victorian adventure travel as found in *The Exploration of the Colorado River and Its Tributaries*. What I discovered in these professional papers was a brilliant Victorian visionary.

The second thing I did was read a compilation of memoirs found in the annual reports by the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology. I also read the biographies of Grove K. Gilbert, Clarence Dutton and Charles Walcott, thinking what better way to know a man than through his closest associates? What I discovered in reading these memoirs and books was a validation of Powell's fine character, that he is

worthy of mentorship, and that he was also very human—successfully rising above his character defects.

So it is with Georgie and I thank Mr. Westwood very much for allowing us to see Georgie the way she really was. But I also know that there is a lot of Georgie still missing from the pages of this fine book and that those memories went with Georgie at her death. Again, Georgie was a chameleon—a very public person and a very private person—molding to the person(s) and the occasion. For example, the Georgie I saw at Lees Ferry rigging boats is not the Georgie I saw working on boat repairs in a cold and lonely Las Vegas warehouse.

There is one particular event I recall more than any other when reflecting upon my very brief life with Georgie. It occurred on my first trip with her in 1985 while camping at Separation Canyon. It was a hot afternoon and everybody had settled down quietly into a very peaceful funk. Georgie ambled up the canyon a short ways, put her long hands on her hips and stared up to the distant rim. After about a minute, she threw down her hands, simultaneously shaking her head, and walked back to the boat staring aimlessly into the hot sand as she walked. I may be wrong, but I think she lapsed into an unpleasant memory that was never properly settled. John Wesley Powell would have done the same.



John Weisheit

## Gone Batty

**A**MONG THE WORLD'S 44,444 species of mammals, bats are unique. All 986 species fly, and they fly well. They provide their own power and generally control their own flight plan.

A simple, positive step in the evolutionary course.

The ties that bind these mammals which have taken to the sky to all of the other species of mammals on earth are few, but strong. Each produce body heat internally, have hair and nurse their young. These are the characteristics which set them apart from slimy amphibians, scaly fishes, soaring birds and earth-groveling reptiles.



Bats belong to the order Chiroptera (hand-wing) and each fall into two suborders: big bats (Megachiropterans) and little bats (Microchiropterans). Internally, the digestive, circulatory and nervous systems are much the same as in other mammals, however, they reflect the evolutionary changes associated with flight and a particular mode of life. Variation amongst species is obvious. Bodies range from drab, mouse colors to red, yellowish, or white spots on a jet black coat. The variations in feeding strategies are truly amazing. Some bats have teeth and jaws adapted for eating hard-bodied insects, others for soft-bodied insects. About 70% of all bats practice insectivory, taking prey on the wing or gleaning them from foliage. Yet others have small, sharp teeth suitably sized to eat lizards, frogs, rodents and even birds (carnivory). There are your fish eating bats (piscivory) and even bat-eating bats (cannibals!). And, there are three species with razor sharp teeth which drink fresh blood (sanguivory). Two of these feed on birds and the third on livestock. Contrary to popular belief, none of these live in Transylvania nor in Arizona (except in zoos).

In Arizona, 28 species of bats are found, 19 of which are found in Grand Canyon National Park, and 7 of which are federally protected. Over the past two years, extensive survey efforts were conducted by a coopera-

tive, multi-agency task force along the Colorado River, the North and South Rims and the Kaibab National Forest. Studying bats is tricky work. Because of their nocturnal habits, flying capabilities and ability to use sonar, they can detect objects in the complete darkness (even fine mist-nets). Consequently, little is known about bats' life history traits, reproductive rates or roost sites.

The surveys were conducted with three main objectives that relate to establishing baseline data on the bat fauna of Grand Canyon National Park:

- Information on species composition
- Relative abundance of different species
- General information on distribution and habitat occurrence of different species

Two methods for acquiring information were utilized: fine mist-nets to physically capture the mammals and an ultrasonic recorder. Ultrasonic surveys have some important advantages as compared to mist-net surveys; many bat species are difficult to capture in nets, especially if there is a full moon phase or even the slightest of breezes. The ultrasonic recorder is designed to identify bats by the pulse rate and time pattern of the dominant frequency of their calls. The entire echolocation frequency is recorded and analyzed by a laptop computer on-site.

Many exciting discoveries were made during these surveys. The first documented Western Mastiff bat maternity roost site in Arizona in 30 years was discovered. Evidence from an exit count suggests re-establishment of a summer colony of Townsend's big-eared bats at Stanton's Cave. And at river mile 30, a new range record was established for the Mexican long-tongued bat, over 250 miles north of its previously recorded maximum northerly range! (This little guy was actually caught by hand as he hovered over the sweet aroma of dutch-oven brownies!)

Although these surveys added greatly to our existing knowledge of Grand Canyon bats, new questions have arisen and others go still unanswered. Long term ecological monitoring is needed in order to analyze trends in these environmentally sensitive species.

This year, through a cost share funding agreement between Grand Canyon National Park and Bat Conservation International, Grand Canyon wildlife biologists will once again be conducting bat surveys along the river corridor and on the north and south rim forested areas.

All things considered, bats are a keystone species to the world, invaluable links in the web of life, and worth saving.



*Elaine Leslie*



## Spiders

SO THERE YOU WERE, bobbing down through the Canyon with the oars behind your knees just enjoying the day and all of a sudden you've got a spider web strung across your face. Your boating buddies are pulling webs out of their hair, sunglasses, eyebrows, etc. Next somebody is asking how do those spiders string the web across the river? Did they walk across the river with silk in tow, or cut a deal with Raven for a ride? Occasionally you may have noticed spider webs floating in the air and you probably thought it was from a broken web, but it really was "ballooning spiders".

Ballooning is an aerial method of dispersal used by spiders. In order to balloon a spider climbs up a nearby rock or tree to gain elevation, then faces into the wind, raises its abdomen and starts spinning some silk. As the spider creates more surface area to its balloon the breeze will lift the spider into the air. Spiders can even exert some control over their flight by pulling in threads or spinning more threads. Ballooning spiders have been seen soaring up to 10,000 feet, but generally soar around 200 feet in altitude and can travel for hundreds of miles.

It was once believed that only one species of spider could fly through the air and just once a year. Now it is understood that all families of spiders contain species which can disperse spiderlings through ballooning, especially in the spring after hatching. Late this past October several river trips encountered massive Black Aphid hatches that "fogged" the sky with these tiny midge-like flies. Mixed in with the aphids were hundreds of ballooning spiders no doubt enjoying a mid-flight snack.

Stacy Nichols and Joe Shannon  
NAU Aquatic Ecology Lab

## Wanted: Dead or ~~Alive~~ Well, No, Just Dead Animals

THE AQUATIC FOOD BASE PROJECT at Northern Arizona University is attempting to understand and document food web for the aquatic/riparian community in Grand Canyon and we are requesting help this summer from the river community. There are several ways of determining the pathways of energy through an ecosystem, such as gut-analysis to see who eats who, and general observations. However both of these techniques are flawed in that 100% assimilation is assumed, which we know is not true.

A more quantitative approach is through stable isotope analysis, using the ratio of an element, say carbon, which has an atomic number of 12 compared its naturally occurring stable isotope (non-radioactive) which has an atomic number of 13. Every plant and animal has a certain  $^{12}\text{C}:^{13}\text{C}$  ratio so one can detect not what the animal has just eaten, but what is taken up in its tissues. So if we took a fingernail clipping from you and ran it through a mass spectrometer and got a  $^{12}\text{C}:^{13}\text{C}$  ratio, all we would have to do is match it up with the food items that you have might have consumed. If your winter diet was only Taco Bell and beer we might be able to determine that you assimilated the cheese and beans from the taco and that you actually do only "rent" beer because that signal was not present in your nail tissue.

The river community can help us by salvaging the dead animals (lizards, birds, etc.) that you come across in your travels. We can collect the majority of the aquatic organisms including fish, but want to try using a salvage tactic to learn about the riparian dwellers, instead of the traditional biologist approach of killing things to better understand them. If you are interested in helping, we would need to add your name to our collecting permits so during transport you are legal. We will also give you a small collecting kit and instructions.

Please contact Joe Shannon at 520/523-1740 or [Joseph.Shannon@nau.edu](mailto:Joseph.Shannon@nau.edu) if you would like to lend a hand and earn a custom food web t-shirt!

## Canyon Music

PAUL WINTER has been extremely generous in donating a case of his new compact disk, *Canyon Lullaby*, to GCRG. All sale proceeds will benefit our organization's efforts. The CD was recorded in the last remnant of Glen Canyon below Lees Ferry and seems to capture the magical essence of the place. The beautiful and haunting soprano sax is complemented by birdsong, chirping of insects and the sound of the river itself.

We would like to thank Paul Winter, Earth Music, Roy Young and Charly Heavenrich for their support, and hope our members will take advantage of this limited availability. You can purchase a great CD for your collection, immerse yourself in canyon music and help GCRG in the process. What could be better! The cost per CD is \$13.00 including shipping. Get 'em while they last—they won't be around long!

## The Story of a Boat

**T**HE UTAH. Near the rim of the Canyon, at El Tovar Hotel, is a steel boat, sixteen feet long, scarred and battered, showing signs of the roughest usage, named the *Utah*. Here is its story:

**Loper Plans to Explore the Canyon.** For ten years after Galloway's first trip was made, no one was found venturesome enough to risk the dangers of the Canyon journey until the man who built the *Utah* and his two companions resolved to "dare and do." These men were Charles S. Russell, of Prescott, Arizona, Edward R. Monett, of Goldfield, Nevada, and Albert Loper, of Louisiana, Missouri. Russell was thirty-one years of age, Monett twenty-three, and Loper thirty-eight years.

The plan originated in the mind of Loper, in a mine in Cripple Creek, in 1899. Six years later, Loper had been attracted to the San Juan River, a tributary of the Colorado in Southeastern Utah, by the excitement created by the discovery of placer mining there. He confided to Russell his belief that the Colorado River offered much greater chances of richer placer mining.

**Difficulty in Finding Companions.** The men planned to make their start in the spring of 1900. But they presently discovered that the undertaking they had faced so lightly presented almost insurmountable difficulties. At the outset, the men found it was necessary to have at least one more companion if they were to accomplish their undertaking, and four men were preferable to three.

But the most daring of the men they met in the mines refused to consider such a trip.

**Plans Begin to Materialize.** It was consequently not until April of 1908 that their long-laid plans began to materialize. Loper met Monett, a boy in appearance, seemingly not strong, and unusually quiet, as he did his day's work in the Mohawk mine in Goldfield. But that Monett was not a boy—in courage at least—and not as

weak as a casual glance suggested, was presently evidenced. Loper notified Russell, then foreman of the mine near Prescott, that the third man had been found. A meeting was arranged at Green River early in September.

**Boats Are Made.** Three boats were made, with stout wooden frames, covered with hulls of steel plates. Each boat was decked over, fore and aft, with sheet steel



Russell running Hermit. Karl Moon photo

covers, bolted down by means of a row of small bolts along each gunwale. Covers, on decks, reached from each end to the bulkhead placed near the center of the boats, thus leaving an open compartment, three and a half feet long, for the oarsman. All the loads were placed under cover, and securely lashed to prevent shifting. The boats were also provided with air-tight compartments in

each end, and under the seat, containing sufficient air to float both boat and load, should all the other compartments be full of water. The boats were named the *Arizona*, the *Utah*, and the *Nevada*. Each was equipped with provisions for three months.

**The Start.** The start was made down the Green River, September 20. Four days later, the trio had reached the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers, the beginning of the Colorado, having covered a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. From this point to Hite, a small town near the Arizona line, the first bad water was encountered in the forty-one miles of Cataract Canyon. Loper's boat met with disasters here—dashing on a rock and tearing a long rent in its side—and giving warning of the inferiority of these thin metal boats to the stout oak craft used by the Powell party. The party managed to reach Hite, however, towing the damaged boat, and there made the necessary repairs.

**Loper Stays at Hite.** Loper had acted as photographer of the expedition, and had the camera and the plates in his boat, when it was filled with water. Exami-

nation showed that the plates were ruined, and the camera shutter badly rusted. It was decided that Loper should remain behind at Hite, and await the arrival of a new shutter for which he had written. It was agreed that he need not be thus delayed more than two weeks, and should be able to rejoin his companions at Lee's Ferry, a Mormon settlement of three families, one hundred and forty miles below Hite, within twenty-one days.

**Russell and Monett Start.** Accordingly, Russell and Monett pushed ahead, and put in many days prospecting along the shores of Glen Canyon. After forty-three days of waiting at Lee's Ferry, Russell and Monett decided that if they were to complete the trip before their now rapidly decreasing supply of provisions was exhausted, they must start on without Loper, for whom they had waited more than twice the time agreed on. Friday, December 13, had no terrors for the intrepid pair, and on the morning of that day they started on down the river, with the sixty-six miles of Marble Canyon in front of them, an introduction to the two hundred and seventeen miles of the Grand Canyon below.

**Their Remarkable Nerve.** In telling of this stage of the journey, Russell seemed to lose sight entirely of the remarkable nerve both men showed in starting down through what is admittedly the wildest stretch of continuous bad water in the whole river. And that, too, without the third companion, who at the outset had been considered absolutely indispensable to the success of the party. Instead, he emphasized rather his belief that Loper had elected to face no more dangers, and had voluntarily remained behind at Hite.

**First Seven Days Passed in Safety.** In seven days they had passed the length of the roaring stream, in its descent through perpendicular walls of marble, reaching up to an average height of two thousand five hundred feet, and had come through the worst rapids to that point, without damage to either boat. At one stage there are fifty-seven falls of from sixteen to twenty feet in a distance of nineteen miles, according to Stanton's records, in which was kept an accurate count of all the rapids in the river.

**Enter the Grand Canyon.** They entered the Grand Canyon December 20. For the first fifteen miles below the entrance of the Little Colorado, and the beginning of the big Canyon, they found comparatively quiet water. But from this point, on to the beginning of the first granite gorge, their way was threatened with the worst falls they had met thus far. The good luck which had attended them from the start, however, still prevailed, and they managed to shoot their way safely down over the almost continuous cataracts for five long days. Christmas found them only fifteen miles above Bright Angel. In describing the manner of their celebration, Russell remarked casually that they certainly "hung their stockings"—to dry. From beginning to end of their

journey, the adventurers were obliged to depend entirely for fuel on such driftwood as they could find lodged in eddies and on the rocky shores. More than one night they spent in clothes soaked through with the icy water of the Colorado, with no fire to warm them. Their Christmas camp, however, was on a narrow strip of sand, with a greater supply of driftwood at hand than they had found at any point along the river.

**Dangerous Rapids.** Beginning immediately below this camping place, and continuing for ten miles, the river dashes madly through that stretch of foaming water called by Stanton the "Sockdologer." To make matters worse, Russell found it impossible to follow his usual custom of "picking a trail" through the rapids. Ordinarily the elder man climbed along the precipitous sides of the Canyon beside each cataract, leaving Monett above the rough water in charge of the two boats. From his vantage point, Russell could pick out the most dangerous places, and chart a course through the rapids accordingly. But throughout these ten miles of granite, the walls are sheer and smooth for the first fifteen hundred feet of their rise. Russell could find no foothold, and the men for the first time faced the necessity of "shooting" unknown waters.

**Russell's Method of Shooting Rapids.** As always, Russell led the way in his boat, swinging it into the boiling current stern first—his own method of taking each cataract—making the frail craft respond to his will, when possible, by a forward pull on one or the other of his oars. For half an hour the men were hurled down the seemingly never-ending length of tossing waters. After the first minute, the cockpit in which each man sat was filled to the gunwales with icy water, in which the oarsmen worked, covered to the armpits. Hundreds of times great waves totally submerged them, the little boats each time staggering out from under the weight of water, only to plunge into more.

**Russell Gets Safely Through.** With less than a quarter of a mile still to be covered, before the less turbulent water below was reached, and just as Russell was sweeping around the last great curve beyond which he could see the placid water, he heard his companion in the rear cry out in alarm. Before he could turn to see the cause of the cry, he was driven round the curve. Mooring his boat to the bank as quickly as possible, Russell half climbed, half waded along the shore of the river, and made his way back up the side of the rapids.

**Monett in Danger.** Monett, his boat wedged tight between two jagged rocks, a foot below the surface of the sweeping water, was hanging desperately to the gunwale of the little craft, his body straightened out horizontal by the rush of the water about him. The boat was completely wrecked. But Russell, when he threw a rope to his companion, was astounded to see the boy work his way slowly nearer the boat, and begin to tie its

contents securely with the line intended for his own salvation.

**Rescued with Difficulty.** Against the roar of the rapids, it was useless for Russell to call to his companion to let the provisions go and save himself. Four times the lad let Russell drag sides of bacon and sacks of beans through the thirty feet of roaring water between him and the shore, before he finally caught the rope and was dragged to safety. He had been in the water for more than twenty minutes, and was nearly exhausted when Russell lifted him to his feet.

**Loss of Boat.** The loss of the boat seemed at first to mark the end of their attempt to equal the record of their predecessors. But Monett insisted that they try his plan of straddling the stern of the remaining boat. "If we strike too rough water, I can always swing overboard," he urged. "And we've needed a drag that wouldn't get fouled on the rocks all along."

**Reach Bright Angel.** It was noon, January 6, when the trail party from the hotel on the Canyon's rim at Bright Angel, forty men and women, eating their luncheon at the river shore, saw two men swing out of the rapids two hundred yards up the river, and row leisurely toward them. In the thirty years that tourists have visited the bottom of the Canyon at this point, it is safe to assert that not one ever saw a sight like this.

**Rest for Three Days.** Two horses were placed at the disposal of the miners. Their clothes were torn and soaking wet, their faces covered with an undisturbed growth of beard of one hundred and ten days' accumulation. While they had planned to climb out of the Canyon at this point to mail and receive letters, they had no intention of remaining. With all their provisions now confined to the limited quarters of one boat, and with other incentives to push on with all speed possible, it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to remain at the hotel three days.

**A Fresh Start.** January 9 the entire community, guests and employees of the hotel, accompanied the two men to the river edge, and bade them an enthusiastic farewell. With a responding shout, the miners pushed off into midstream and headed down river. For the first time in their four months' fight against the river, the adventurers faced water too wicked-looking for them to dare. It was out of the question for both men to try to ride in the little rowboat, and the shores on each side afforded no foothold, after half the length of the rapids was passed. Russell would not leave Monett behind to shoot the rapids alone in the boat.

**Attempt to Lower Boat through Rapids.** Accordingly they took out all the provisions and camera (the latter obtained at El Tovar), and tried to lower the boat through the rapids by means of a long rope, to which they clung from their station on the shore. The force of the current was so great, however, that to save them-

selves from being dragged into the water they were forced to let go the rope. The little boat shot down the whirling cataract, and the men saw it pounded against two sharp rocks below.

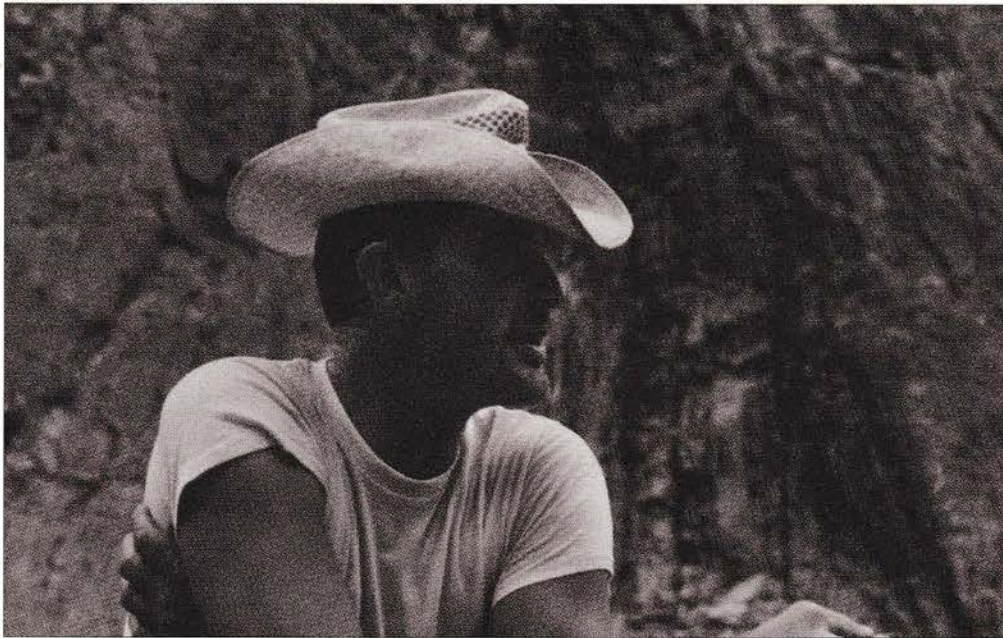
**Boat Is Lost.** To lose their boat at this point meant death. They could not climb out of the Canyon. Their only chance was to follow and overtake the boat, now floating slowly down the still water below the rapids, the forward air-tight compartment filled with water and only the stern showing. Russell made the plunge first, followed quickly by Monett. How they managed to live through these rapids is a mystery. But they struck the still water together, neither having suffered a scratch. The shores continued to be so steep they could not climb out of the water, and they kept on in their chase of the boat. When they were within one hundred yards of it, they saw it swept over the top of Boucher Rapids, and at the same time discovered a landing place on the south shore. They gave up the boat as lost, and spent the night where they were, with no matches with which to light a fire.

**Boat is Recovered and Men Resume Journey.** Thursday morning, as Boucher came down his trail to go to work, he found the two men, who had climbed down beside the rapids at daybreak, engaged in hauling the badly battered boat out of the water. They had found it being swept round and round in a big eddy at the foot of the cataract. Two holes in the boat's bottom amidships bore witness to its trip over the rocks. The men persuaded Boucher to go to the blacksmith shop at El Tovar, and secure the necessary material for repairs. He did so, and after everything was again on good order, the intrepid fellows pushed off again, and continued their wild and exciting ride down to tidewater. Past Bass's Trail and under his cable crossing, past the mouth of Havasu Creek, and Diamond Creek, where over forty years before, Wheeler's party had camped, down the gorge up which Wheeler had climbed with incredible labor, they finally reached the Grand Wash, and entered the placid water below Black and Diamond Canyons, soon to find themselves at the town of Needles, where they were welcomed by the cheers of practically the whole community. A banquet was tendered them, and the one remaining boat of the expedition secured as a memorial of their adventurous trip.

*The Grand Canyon of Arizona: How to See It*  
Chapter xxxi, 1910.

George Wharton James





## Jake Luck

ONCE UPON A TIME, back when the current generation of doddering old timers were young (late '60s, early '70s), you could actually kinda count the "good" boatmen on a hand or two, and people would even ruminate occasionally about who might've been the best. Don Harris had already ascended into a more mythical realm so he didn't count really, but Dave Mackay was often mentioned, along with Steve Bledsoe, Dennis Massey, and a few other obvious choices. Jake Luck fell easily into that category, not just because he was a great boatman but also because he was an awesome and imposing figure in general.

He seemed to be about seven feet tall. At a time when all the youngsters sported afros, beards, or ponytails, Jake had a flat-top. He was clean-shaven. He wore long levis and cowboy boots. He looked about as soft and gentle as the Rock of Gibraltar and no one, not even Brian or Dan Dierker, ever even thought about trying to make him mad. He worked for Western River Expeditions and had a million adventures there before switching to Henry Falany and finally coming to rest as the ace frame-builder for Waterman Welding up in Kanab.

GCRG worked up the nerve to interview him a few years back and, thanks to Mike Denoyer, went in armed with a bottle of Bushmills. Sat under a tree out in Jake's garden while the world went by and accidentally had an unforgettable afternoon. A few of the highlights follow:

*For starters, you were born in Vernal?*

*That's right. April 28, 1934.*

*Right in the middle of the Depression!*

*Yeah. We were hungry back then—damned hungry. You worked three or four days to get a half-a-day's pay—my dad did. I remember it. I remember the CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps], I remember the WPA [Works Progress Administration], and the whole bit. My dad did a lot of work on the Dinosaur National Monument. In fact, most of the rock and the powder work up there, he did.*

*And that was CCC?*

*WPA. CCCs built roads in the more out-back country.*

*And your aunt married Parley Galloway, who was Nathaniel Galloway's kid?*

*Yeah.*

*And Galloway did a couple of trips in 1909 or something like that?*

*In all probability, according to his record, he was through there before Powell was—being a prospector and a trapper, through the Grand Canyon. Wally Perry has his documents.*

*You mean he was through there in the 1860s?*

Quite probably.

*Well I wonder how come, if he did go before Powell, when Powell came down and got all this publicity, I wonder how come he didn't say, "I was there long ago!" He didn't care or something?*

Oh, he wasn't into that kind of stuff. A lot of people aren't into publicity—including this one.

This woman that Parley was married to, Parley Galloway and Loretta, are Wally's grandparents.

*I'll be damned! I didn't know that either! Well, what kind of guy was he? Did you ever meet him?*

Parley Galloway died the year I was born. I never got to talk to the man. But he was a hard-drinking outdoorsman. In fact, that's what killed him—he died over here by Cedar City in the wintertime, drunk. He froze to death, as I recall.

*But his dad, Nathaniel?*

Old Nate Galloway was one tough sonofabitch. My dad and he knew one another quite well. My dad said he was the best rifle shot, and had the best eye for stock, of anybody he'd ever seen, and my dad was no slouch. But [you'd have something] out there 300–400 yards and old Nate Galloway, just standing there, would say, "That looks like a nice fat wether," and let that sheep down and go over there and it'd be a nice fat wether.

*A wether?*

It's a male sheep that's been neutered.

*So your dad knew him?*

Oh yeah.

*And then he knew Parley too, and all that.*

There was an old historian up in Vernal—he was also a photographer—Leo Thorne [phonetic spelling]. He said Nate Galloway was the toughest sonofabitch he knew and had ever met. I said, "Why's that, Leo?" And this guy had quite a museum with different artifacts. He said, "Well..."—everybody up in that country called him Nate—he said, "Old Nate was out prospecting on the Ute Reservation, had a little bit of a diggings there. He was sleeping down in this hole in the ground he'd dug out. These Utes came up and told him to get the hell out of there or they'd kill him." He got out of there and stayed gone a few months, I guess, according to Thorne, and then he came back. He woke up during the night and these three Utes are standing above him with knives. They told him, "We told you we'd kill you." And Nate Galloway was not a big man. He came up out of that hole and killed all three of those Utes with their

own knives. That's the kind of man he was.

*Holy moley!*

Pretty tough guy. And he was well respected.

*It's funny, I guess. You think about Nathaniel and it sounds kind of like he really figured out a lot of stuff about how to run a boat, that he was way ahead of any of them other guys that went down there: like Powell, or Stanton, or anybody else for that matter.*

We'll put it this way: When Nate Galloway was out on these rivers, there wasn't a whole crew of people to pull his ass out of the fire. He had to do it all by himself, had to depend on himself entirely.

*And your dad said he was the straightest shot?*

Best rifle shot he'd ever seen. I've seen my dad set there smoking his pipe, watching young guys blaze away at a deer going up across a wash. They started at maybe 300 yards, "bangedy-bang-bang, bangedy-bang-bang." Once in a while they could get the deer onto a trot, and when they decided he was out of range, the old man would lay down his pipe, pick up his old rifle and let him down. (laughter)

*So if HE said somebody was a good shot...*

They were goddam sure a good shot! I've seen my dad take a 25–35 at a hundred yards, standing off-hand, put round, after round, after round, into the end of a beer can.

*At a hundred yards?*

Uh-huh. Standing off-hand, no rest, no nothing.

*And no scope?*

No scope, open sights.

*Sounds like your dad had pretty good eyes.*

Yeah, that he did, up until the last. It's a hereditary thing, Lew. All of my family has had *real* good vision.

*Well, what did your dad do?*

He was a powder monkey, until he got to where he couldn't handle it any more because of the severe headaches. He helped build roads all over that country up there, in the mountains and stuff. When they were drilling for natural gas over in the Clay Basin, the man cut firewood with an axe to fire the boilers. Then back in World War II, I went with him up in the mountains and we cut mine props for the coal mines in Carbon County. An old man by the name of Leslie Murphy would get the contracts for these coal mines in Carbon County, and we cut the mine props in northern Uinta

County. He started cutting those props with a hand-powered saw. He'd fell a tree with an axe, and then buck 'em up into lengths with a hand-powered saw.

*Meaning just a big old bow saw, or one of those like a two-man thing?*

It was like a two-man thing, only it was short enough that one man could operate it. And I was six or seven years old. He'd have me carry—one of these props I was able to pick up and shoulder out to where they could get to them with a truck. I'd carry those sons-of-bitches on my shoulders until they'd bleed. And that old man would just keep on sawing. Then he devised a power outfit along about World War II that he and I could operate. Me and that old man were cutting a thousand linear feet or better of props a day. That's a lot of damned mine props. But he figured out rollways to where a kid could handle it. Started me driving an old 1929 Chevrolet that he had rigged up as a more-or-less logging truck, when I was nine years old.

*Just get them around?*

No, haul them down off the damned mountain. I don't know if you've ever been off the face of the Uintas, but it's quite a jump. Then when I was thirteen, he had me haul them alone. When I was ten, he and I and one old cowboy that got a Forest Service motor grader drunk-up at lunch—that afternoon we built about seven miles of new road down off the face of that mountain.

*In one afternoon?*

One afternoon. That old cowboy got up in the cab of that motor grader with the operator, showing him where he figured a good road would go. They bladed it out, and dad and I walked along behind and threw rocks off. Six or seven miles down, six or seven miles back up the face of that mountain. A long afternoon. And that road still exists! That was fifty years ago this summer.

*Damn that must have been something to have all that open country and not many people in it.*

Oh yeah! The old man and I'd back up in that woods. Sometimes it'd be, oh, pushing thirty days before we'd ever see another living soul. Camped out up there, cutting timber. It was good back then.

Then when I got to be about fifteen, sixteen, another one of my favorite memories was going poaching deer in an airplane. (laughter)

*In an airplane?! Who was driving that?*

My instructor. He had me working around the airport there to help him out, help pay for my flying lessons. He'd say, "It's getting hungry over at my house. Be here

at five o'clock in the morning." This one big grassy meadow had a long straight stretch of road in it, and there were always deer in it in the morning. We'd spot them, and he'd just glide that thing down, set it down, totally quiet. We'd knock one down, drag him over, throw him in the airplane and we were gone!

*And how old were you then?*

About fifteen.

*And you'd already decided you were going to be a pilot?*

Yeah, I soloed on my sixteenth birthday.

And the old boy also was teaching me how to mechanic.

*Your dad? Or this guy that was teaching you to fly?*

The old boy at the airport. By then Dad and I were out of the timber and he'd gone to work down there with Bus Hatch as a carpenter.

*And did he like that? I guess Bus Hatch was quite the...*

Oh, he was a character. He and Dad got along good. Bus was a damned-good carpenter.

*Well how did you end up going to war and all that, getting in the Service?*

I volunteered for the Draft when I got out of high school. By then, you see, I was a licensed pilot, and was an eighteen-year-old kid, and I wanted to fly one of these liaison planes. And they didn't want to hear it, so they ended up putting me in a Special Forces unit, regimental combat team. Everybody in there is supposed to be super-trained. You run an eight-week cycle on basic training/boot camp/whatever, in a sixteen-week. They put me through twenty-one weeks, learning how to kill and stomp and maim, then sent me to Korea. They teach you some neat shit in those last few weeks: stuff that you can definitely use to defend yourself.

*How old were you then?*

Eighteen, just turned eighteen. I went into that outfit, they were on Cheju-Do Island, trying to get their strength back. They took some pretty hard hits. In fact, they'd just rescued the first Marines off of Heartbreak Ridge. That was one nasty place. And then we went in and made a water landing, somewhere up along Korea, walked all goddam night long, and most of the next day and ended up on a hillside. See all these people around all over on the other hillside, wondering what in the hell was going on. They told us we had to dig some fox holes. I dug me one—dug that sonofabitch deep, too, boy. (chuckles) Along in the night I went to sleep. I woke up, and there's this light above me. I thought, "Oh

shit, what's going on here?" I just laid there real quiet, not breathing. This is the story I started to tell you a while ago. I was staring at this light. "Aw, it ain't moving." By God, it *did* move. "No, it ain't moving." And your heart starts to pound. You wonder what the hell is there. You don't dare say anything. When you laid down in the bottom of that hole, you were one big brave sonofabitch. Now there's something up there shining that you don't understand, and you're about to shit your pants. I watched that thing and watched that thing. Finally after what seemed like an eternity, I started sneaking up on it. What would be your guess was glowing there?

*I don't know. You mean you crawled out of your hole and went after it?*

No, it was right on the edge of the hole. It was a goddam phosphorescent root that had terrified me, glowing there in the night. (chuckles)

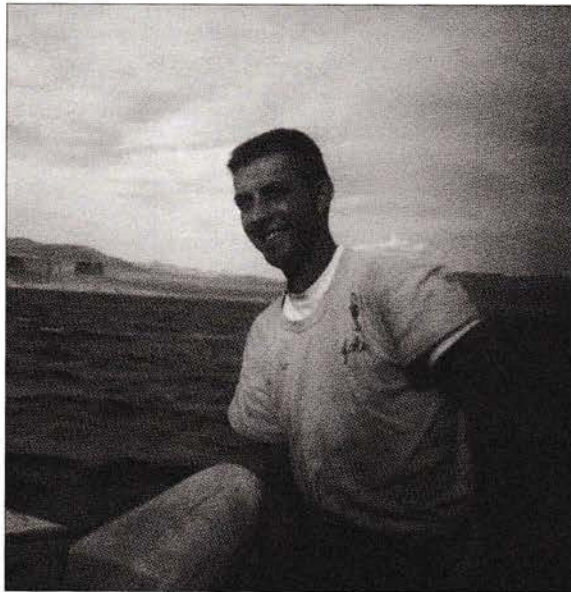
*You were down DEEP in that hole.*

I was laying right in the bottom, asleep. You goddam sure get tired.

*How long did you end up staying over there?*

Thirteen months. They held me longer.

These surplus snout boats—you know, the old pontoons? I've drove trucks over those sonsobitches over in Korea. There's a place over there called "the Murderer's Mile." We had to drop down in and run across this goddam flotation bridge. Quite a deal.



*Jake in '68, crossing the Lake*

*So like the whole time you were growing up, you pretty much lived around Vernal there, just in that general area?*

Uh-huh.

*What was it like growing up with Ted and them guys?*

Ted was one wild sonofabitch. I never ran around with him that much—we just went to school together is all.

*How did you end up on the river? Did you get started with Ted and them?*

No. Got drunk. (laughs) No, I started working for Curry probably about 1965–1966, mechanicing for him. Bryce Mackay was working for Curry at that time, just after he'd got run over with that truck and hurt.

I was wrenching there for a guy that ran a bunch of oil field service trucks. And Bryce come down and between he and I we built an engine and one thing and another for his wife's car and put it in it at the shop I was working at. He got disgruntled with the people that were doing the mechanic work for him, and kind of asked me if I'd moonlight and do it, and so I did. This went on for quite a while, and then I started doing driving for him. I was deathly afraid of water—you see, I don't swim. That's a strike against being a river runner, right? That's why I drive a boat so goddam good! (laughter) I might not swim, but I've pulled a lot of people who envisioned themselves as super swimmers, back to the boat. I'm smart enough to wear a life jacket.

But anyway, these guys got me all beered up and I made the promise, "Yeah, I'll go on a goddam one-day trip with you." With a crew was running at that time, on a one-day basis. I kind of liked it. Then that fall, as a way of saying thanks, Curry came and said, "You like to fish, don't you?" And I said, "Yeah, I sure as hell do." "How would you like to catch a steelhead?" I said, "What's a steelhead?" He said, "It's a big mean rainbow trout that's been out to the ocean and come back." "That sonofabitch has got to be mean if he's been to the ocean and come back!" So he took me on a complimentary trip up on the main Salmon. I got a few pointers on how to row boats through there. The next spring he sent Bryce down with a note, where I was working—I'd changed places of employment at that time, still hanging on a wrench. The only difference was, it was more equipment and bigger equipment—an earth-moving outfit. I opened up the note and it said, "How'd you like to run a boat through Grand Canyon?" I thought, "Boy, that's my kettle of fish!" I'd seen the Grand Canyon once—I'd been down to Diamond Creek with Bryce to pick up Curry.

This was the spring of 1968 when Jack sent that note down. And so I ended up driving one of his vehicles down here, pulling a load of stuff. His wife and I



went into Salt Lake and did a bunch of last-minute shopping. We were one of the first ones out of Vernal, warehouse. Picked up some stuff, and I pulled into here in one hellacious snowstorm, into Kanab. Spent the night, and the rest of them caught up with me, the next day, late. We went through deep snow. The only one that got stuck was Jack Curry, going over the Kaibab. We had to go back and get him. I'm not belittling Jack. I ended up on a little boat he called *Baby J*. He sewed j-tubes, you know, the snout bit, onto the back end of a regular twenty-two-foot tube. Put a little flat frame on it. Deadheaded to Phantom. My first squint at the river, and I was following a guy that had three trips. No way in hell you're going to do that today, right?

*Oh, so you got to practice up, and then you got the paying customers at Phantom?* (chuckles)

Being as I was a rookie, they gave me a little old wore-out 18-horse Johnson. You had to hold the throttle open for thirty to forty-five seconds before it would pick up on the second cylinder and start firing. Some god-awful rides! We made it. I was following a guy by the name of Lee Sutton. He was running an old Hatch-type rig with the motor hanging over the deflated back tube.

*A tail-dragger, uh-huh. Did it have a floor in it?*

We had put a self-bailing floor in it. So we went on down and loaded up people at Phantom. Everything went fine until we got to Crystal. (laughter) This is the first time I'd seen Crystal.

*It was The Crystal, then. After 1967.*

It was *The Crystal*. It was 1968. And Sutton said, "Whatever you do, you have got to get to the right of that big hole, and then do whatever you can with the other one." (laughter) I got to the right of the big hole with this little old rickety boat, pretty top-heavy with ten people on it.

And then there was a real sharp dinger kind of to the left down agin' the wall. Goddam I missed that top hole. I was pretty proud of myself. I attribute the missing of that top hole to some of my earlier upbringing, riding motorcycles, learning to fly airplanes, racing stock cars and stuff.

*You raced stock cars?*

I raced fourteen years' worth of dirt track.

*You were driving?*

Uh-huh, and a little blackout, but mostly dirt track. Son of a bitch, I hung that goddam boat up on them rocks down there in the Rock Garden. I walked around trying to figure what the hell to do with this. Finally I decided if I got everybody over on this side of the boat, it might...

*So you just moved them around and it came off?*

Uh-huh. After we got down to the bottom and pulled it over to the bank and I'm standing there, my knees banging together. This one guy came up and said, "Jake, how many trips you got through here?" I said, "Just the same number you got." (laughter) He said, "Jesus Christ, this is my first one!" (laughter)

*So how did that trip go after you guys got off the island then?*

Well, I had another severe incident at Bedrock. (chuckles)

*Went left, or something?*

You might say that. They told me, "There's a big rock in the river down here. It's best if you go to the right side of it." Well up in there by Specter, I saw this big rock. And I eyeballed it and I said, "Bullshit, I don't want to go to the right side of that sonofabitch. Uhn-uh! Somebody got their wires crossed." Okay, big rock is passed. Alright. Got on down there a ways, and the river broke over this crest. All of a sudden, "Jesus Christ! That's the rock they're talking about, and I'm on the left side of the river!" Well, I started bending it to the right—that wasn't getting it. I was going to hit that rock, no two ways about it, and I knew if I hit it sideways, it was all over but the crying. So I figured at the last split second I had left I squared it around and I took 'er head-on. Folded that little piece of rubber up into a "U," slammed people around, it sprung back and went down around the left side. The water was low enough that on the left side you had these ledges to contend with. I was hung on these goddam ledges. We worked our way off them and went ka-thunk down to the bottom, and went on out. Then, by God, I paid more attention to what was going on. When I got back to Vernal, I said, "Bullshit, I don't want to do that ever again." I had more shell-shock than when I came out of Korea.

This was Easter, so I spent that summer hanging on a wrench on big old greazy goddam diesel-powered units. Spent another winter, then here come Bryce with another little note, "How'd you like to run another boat through Grand Canyon?" Well, I got over the shakes. "Goddam right!" So here we went. You've seen that poster of Curry's? This was in 1969. It said, "You haven't seen the Grand Canyon until you see it from the river."

*And that's in Crystal. That's the BIG hole?*

Yeah. I was driving *J-1*. The day after they took that picture, I broke four ribs in Dubendorff.

*And that was your second trip?*

Yeah...

Bill and Bucky Boren walked into the warehouse down there at Fredonia. They're looking for employment. And I'm walking around limping and taped; Bryce Mackay is walking around on a wooden leg. And they said, "Jesus Christ, is this someplace we want to try to work?!"



Rod "Sea Daddy" Richardson and Jake, waiting for water at Hance, 1977

*Did you know anything about the geology or history or anything?*

Not at that time.

*It was just: get 'em on through? Did you have a map then?*

Yeah, we had Jones's map, a little scroll map.

*What was the routine like? What kind of kitchen was there, and the toilet, and just all that? What was the daily deal like?*

Well, the toilet was, go out, dig a hole, you bury it. The kitchen was much the same as it is today. Jack Curry ran a very, very good kitchen, because he was a professional cook before he went into river running. And his wife, Betty Ann, was one of the most fantastic cooks you could ever imagine, and she'd set up a menu. He was a good football player in his high school days. Betty Ann was a cheerleader. That's how they met. And they were very, very kind to me—very kind.

*Was he that way to everybody? Was he a pretty good kind of guy? Pretty straight shooter?*

Unless they stepped on his toes. He was very generous. Thanks to Jack and Betty Ann, I've got to see

a lot of country that I never would have, met a lot of people I never would have. Just damned-good people. He thought enough of my driving ability that I taught his three oldest how to drive.

*Well, how did you go about figuring it out, then? What happened after your second trip, and how did you learn? I mean, did you have to figure most everything out for yourself?*

People like Dave Mackay, Art Gallenson. See, Mackay and I have become very, very close friends. And he knew about me running motorcycles and flying airplanes and racing automobiles and all that. He knew that I had a very astute rate of closure vision. And he knew that I knew how to respond. And so Mackay—between he and Gallenson—and I think it was mostly Mackay... Mackay's a brilliant man, very smart. The sonofabitch has got a shoebox full of degrees. He would design these things and try to compute the inertia and everything moving you into a point, from the river current, the power of the engine, and the whole bit. And most of these back-down runs, Mackay conceived in his mind. Also at that time we had another guy working with us, Dr. Buck Boren.

*So Mackay was working for Curry?*

Yeah.

*And when you say "designed these things," you mean Mackay was the guy that figured out the runs?*

Yeah.

*But you designed the boats, didn't you?*

No, Paul Thevenin designed the boat, and then Bryce Mackay and I started adding into the original design to where it would support the load, which became heavier every year, you know.

Yeah.

But Mackay would think these things out. The sonofabitch lay awake at night, worrying over stuff this way. "Okay, Jake," he'd say, "what do you think of this? You come in here, and you start shooting left. Then you bring your bow just off that gravel bar, over on the left side, and come in from the right. You're building up a little speed, and when your bow comes by that gravel bar, you pitch that sonofabitch hard right, and you spin around and theoretically, you should be able to power off those rocks over on the left side." That's Twenty-five Mile, that's in the big hole. He said, "Can you do it?" I said, "I'll tell you in about five minutes, Dave." (laughs)

*So he hadn't tried it either?*

No, no, he'd just dreamed it up.

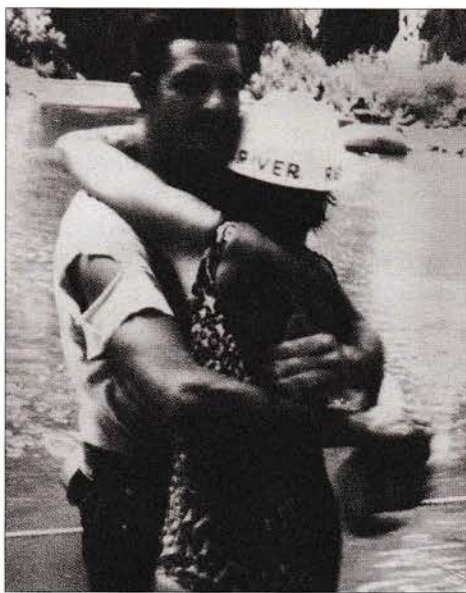
*But he wanted you to go first?*

Well, who else? I had all this damned background: severe crashes, or avoiding a severe crash. And if I made it, then Bucky would try it. In the back-down run in Twenty-five Mile, and Crystal and so on down the line. For the most part, Dave Mackay dreamed it up, Bucky and I initiated it. Were you aware of that?

*No. But I know that when I started, which was way late in the game—1971, 1972 and stuff—you were famous, and Mackay was...*

Aw, what do you mean, "famous"? We were just guys doing a job.

*But there were maybe five or six guys that you could say, "Those are the best guys doing this." Nowadays, there's a million people that know how to do it. But back then, you'd say, "Those guys know how to do it."*



I'll tell you one of the dearest friends I ever had in my life was Georgie White.

*What was it like meeting her? How did that happen?*

Oh, God, I don't really remember. I do remember when we pulled over to the Ferry with the rig and Toby Tobias would be with me. Georgie would have rubber scattered from hell to breakfast. I just pulled my truck up and stopped. Never said a word to anybody, I'd just go over to the little store and buy a case of beer. That old woman seen me going over to the store. When I got back, all of her rubber was out of the way and I had a place to rig. (chuckles) Toby looked at me, "How'd you

do that?" I used to carry Georgie cold beer and ice, drop it off at her camps when she was below Lava Falls where I usually unloaded, or whatever. I'd pull into her camp. She knew I dearly loved blackberry brandy, and back then I was running two engines on that J-rig, mostly running alone. I could get it up on the step.

*You'd unload everybody at Whitmore and then double up?*

Whitmore or Lava. Pump it up to where it was hard as concrete. Then I could get it up on plane. I've checked it out, on five-mile stretches, I was averaging a little over twenty-three miles per hour.

*Whoa!*

I'd come whistling into her camp, and she'd be standing out there. There'd be four or five of these great big diesel-burning firemen, to secure my boat. Some sweet-looking little thing in a bikini standing there with a Sierra cup with dark liquid in it. I'd step down off the bow of the boat and just as I was in mid-air, that old woman would reach out and give me a gut-shot. Just bowled me over. "Georgie, goddammit, one of these days you're going to kill me!" I'd just fall forward into her arms and she'd give me a big hug. If I had somebody with me, she'd say, "Jake, you look like you need a cup of coffee," and hand me that cup of blackberry brandy.

*I asked Denoyer, "God, what do I ask Jake about?" and one of the things he said was, "Ask about getting hung up and spending the NIGHT on the rock island."*

I did that, yeah. I was driving one of Curry's rigs, called the *Super J*, forty-five feet long.

*That was just a design wrinkle?*

Well, it was some of that, and a whole lot of pilot error. It's all Henry Falany's fault, every bit of it.

(chuckles) *He just said, "Make the boat bigger"?*

No, this thing had a stretched-out, added-onto, cotton doughnut deal. Then it had the snout tubes on the outside. It really widened out, had the typical J-rig frames on it. I had met Henry up at, oh, I guess Phantom Ranch. I said, "Where do you want to camp, Henry?" He said "Oh, I'm going to go on below Crystal." And I said, "Okay, I'm going to camp at the head of Granite then." He took off, and goddam, I'm running kind of late at night. I start to pull in at the head of Granite, and there's Falany. I said, "You sonofabitch! Now where the hell am I going to camp?"

So I knew Crystal was facing me, and I went on down, and like I told you before, we had come up with

this back-down run and turn around. So I knew what Crystal was going to look like. I come in at the head of it, and I pitched it to the right, and I'm gliding down along there with it pointed to the right bank, waiting on the throttle in case I needed to give it more. And all of a sudden I realized that sonofabitch was too long, and I had given it too much, and the bow of the boat grabbed a rock and spun me backwards, a *long* time before I wanted to *be* spun backwards. And I can't recover from it. It's spinning me down, out and back. I end up jammed up on a big boulder, just off the right bank.

*Oh, not the rock island?*

Oh no. Oh no, *right beside* the big hole at the top. Right directly across it.

Okay, I'm hung-up on this thing. Well, I got a Canuck with me, a geologist by the name of Carl Norbeck, tremendous man. We jump out and try to push this sonofabitch off this rock. Well the current catches him—he's upstream from me—and it starts pushing him down. And both of us are up toward the bow of the boat, and his body slams into mine, and I'm ahold of the lifeline alongside the boat, and pulls me free of this life line—not free, but it slid from my grip. My hands slide down agin' the "D" ring, and the pain becomes so excruciating that I can't handle it any more, so I turn loose and grab for another grip, hoping it'll be less on the next one. We slide down agin' it, and the same story—I can't stand the pain in my hand with both of our bodies in that current. So I grabbed for a lower grip—we got forty-five feet here to play with—and it pushes me on down to the next one—the same story, I have to release from that one. And I grabbed the last one, and I realized, you got twenty-four people on board this goddam boat, and they're dependent upon you and Carl. So I just bit the goddam boat and hung on. By then there were enough of these people—they were from Litton Industries out of California, and several of them were return trippers, they knew the score—and they were there by that time. It seems like an eternity to you, hanging on the side of this sonofabitch, but in all probability it was just a matter of seconds. All of a sudden these people were there. I'm on the last "D" ring, I got nowhere to go but on down the creek, and then try to fight my way back and figure another way back to the boat. These faces appeared, arms started coming over the side of the boat, they snagged Carl out, then they got me. I said, "Okay, is everybody alright?" They said, "Yeah." So everybody poked fun at me for carrying a Coleman stove. Well I lit that Coleman stove, Carl and I barbecued up some chicken.

*Right there on the boat?*

Right there on the boat.

*Too far to get to shore?*

Oh *yeah!* Shit, there was a lot of fast water running by. It was an incident. Prior to this, "Look" magazine was running an Indians' fashions article, and they had looked all over the area for a tall Navajo, Paiute, whatever, to stand there with this good-looking French model they had, to do these Indian fashions for "Look" magazine.

*Indian fashions in the Grand Canyon?!*

Curry had *them*. He was a day ahead of me, or two days. The gal that was running this, was a bit despaired over what they'd been able to find in the way of Indian models. [She] looked at me, being kind of dark, and said, "He'll do." Curry said, "That's good. He'll be a couple of days behind us, he'll catch us around Havasu." Alright.

Well, these are return people from Litton Industries, and I've got a little lady on board that I was kind of partial to—she'd been with me before. Anyway, I came into that goddam rapid, I'm sliding down, that bow snags this rock and spun me backwards, put me on these big ones and Carl and I do this sliding-down-the-goddam-rope thing, get up on there, and we fix them all dinner. And somebody said—this was back before the days of porta-potties, "What do we do about toilet facilities?" I said, "The same as on the bank: women upstream, men downstream." Alright. I fix them up dinner, everybody got fed and they got bedded down.

I'd told them before this about how the rapid had been formed, about the flash flood. Well, along about midnight, one itty bitty cloud comes up over the top, and a few drops of rain hit the boat. And this one guy on there—he's a real paranoid, named Frank—comes back and says, "Jake, it's raining! I don't want to be washed down out of here." I said, "I don't either, Frank." This is right at midnight.

The only place for me to try to get any Z's is down in the motor well at the back end of this thing. The lovely lady decided she would accompany that space with me. We're back in there trying to catch some sleep. We're cramped-up in this three-foot by three-foot cubicle. I'm hurting, and she's hurting—we're cramped. It's a bad scene, alright? But we are hung-up there, big time.

Well, just as a point of jest: one of these guys comes back there to relieve himself off the back end of the boat, which is downstream. He's standing back there and tinkles—totally unaware of us being there. Just as he turns to leave, this little blonde-headed thing says, "Don't walk off and leave anything running." God, he almost jumped off the boat!

You realize these are pretty deep, dark secrets.

Well, when it started sprinkling, why this guy, Frank, comes back down there. He's all in a panic, "I don't want to be washed out of here!" I said, "Goddam, Frank,

I don't either. But I'll tell you what, it's pretty evident you ain't going to sleep, and I've got to have mine, so why don't you come back and give me a report every hour, on the hour." "Okay." So the little bit of a sprinkle passes by, and just *one* hour, right to the quiver and a tick, he's back there, "Jake, Jake, the water's going down. The boat's starting to..." "That's exactly what I want, Frank. See you at two o'clock." (sigh) Well, it's one-thirty, he's back there, "Jake, Jake! God, the water's *really* going down. This boat's *really* getting twisted." "That's good, Frank. I like that a lot." This went on down to where it was every five minutes.

Along about four o'clock in the morning, just barely breaking daylight, I got everybody up, and I set my kitchen out on the goddam rocks and started cooking breakfast, and the water started coming up. I had Norbeck have all the people unload all the heavy shit that they could off the bow of the boat, and I pushed it out. And then I moved everything so the current would catch it and spin it. Back then we had to carry oars, these fifteen-foot jobbers. They were using those as pry bars, prying it over these boulders. Christ Almighty, you could nearly walk underneath the boat over the top of some of those rocks. I mean, it was a *severe* drop in the water. The rock that formed the hole at the top of Crystal was exposed.

*So it probably went from 15,000 cfs down to 3,000? It was that kind of deal?*

Probably 1,500 cfs.

*Fifteen thousand to fifteen hundred?*

That would be my guess, yeah—a severe drop. They're prying away on this boat. They got this splashboard, two-foot by eight-foot piece of plywood that we use as a table, on the bank—and a whole manner of shit. And they're prying this thing, and horsing it over, moving the heavy shit forward, trying to move the back end a little. The water started coming up and started washing the kitchen away, so we put all our stuff up on the boat, went ahead with breakfast, and had one of the guys tie a rope to the bow, up to a rock up here, where when it tightened up, it would swing it to where I wanted it. And I got these people all fed: I cooked them up bacon and blueberry pancakes on my Coleman stove. I'm just finishing up eating, and I felt the boat shift. I had given this guy my knife—which I always take pride in it being pretty sharp. I told him, "When I call for it, just cut that goddam rope." I'm downing my last bite of pancakes, I felt the boat shift again, and he said, "Jake, this sonofabitch is starting to tear the boat apart." And I said, "Cut the goddam line." He hit the line and it exploded like a shot. Well, we were minus a piece of plywood and a few articles, but it

didn't matter. We went on down. That goddam Johnson wouldn't start!

*Hoo boy!*

So I changed it, put another one on, and got it running just before we hit Tuna Creek. Got through it, went on down to Havasu, caught up with Curry, and they started laying on me what they wanted me to do about posing with this gal. They wanted me to stand up there on these hot rocks, barefooted, nothing but a breechcloth on. It's 130° you know. I said, "I don't need no part of this shit!" And Curry was over asking Carl, "How'd you do in Crystal?" "Oh," Carl says, "it was rather unique." Curry said, "Jake must have done his back-down run." Carl said, "You might say that." (laughter)



*What were the passengers like?*

They were adventurers, they were not tourists. Back then these people didn't want to be namby-pambied around, no special favors, they jumped in and they would help you. It didn't matter. If you said you needed something, by God, it was there. You know, outdoors-people—not the guy that's doing it because the Joneses next door did it.

*Did they have much money? Or did that even enter into it very much?*

It wasn't that big a deal. It was something like \$175.

*The people in general, did you see them evolve? You said they were adventurers at first.*

Yeah.

*And were they quite that way in the end?*

Oh no—vacationers. Wanted to “do what the Joneses did,” type deal.

*So you'd play guitar and sing and all that stuff?*

Used to, yeah.

*Was that something you just did? You used to play before you...*

Oh yeah. I got with a kid in Korea that started me on the guitar. Then I went from the guitar to the banjo to the fiddle to the mandolin, trombone, piano.

*And learned how to play all them?*

I've given it all up. Yeah, you wouldn't believe that of those old clubhands.

*And you worked for Curry until the late seventies or something, somewhere in there?*

Uh-huh. No, early seventies.

*And then for Falany.*

Uh-huh. And off and on, in between, Waterman.

*And pretty much went steady until the mid-eighties or somewhere in there, wasn't it?*

No. I was pretty much tied up with Waterman Welding by then.

*So it was the sixties through 'til the late seventies?*

Yeah.

*The first time you went... You know how it kind of gets to people spiritually and all? I mean, people go down the river, especially when somebody gives you a little bit of geology, you're kind of forced to think about the origins of the earth and all... it kind of takes you out there on that religious train of thought. Did any of that happen your very first time? Did any of that strike you or anything? Or was it just a matter of trying to survive? You probably didn't have time to even think about that.*

Oh, trying to survive and keep everybody fed and not kill anybody, or hurt anybody.

*Probably not just the first time, but the first several times.*

This is true. I'll tell you what, Lew, I'm very proud of my record. I've never had to evacuate an accident victim. Of course I've only got 147 trips through Grand.

*Never evacuated somebody. That's a hell of a deal. How did you...*

I don't swim, so I drive a boat real goddam careful.

*How do you watch out for everybody on the beach?*

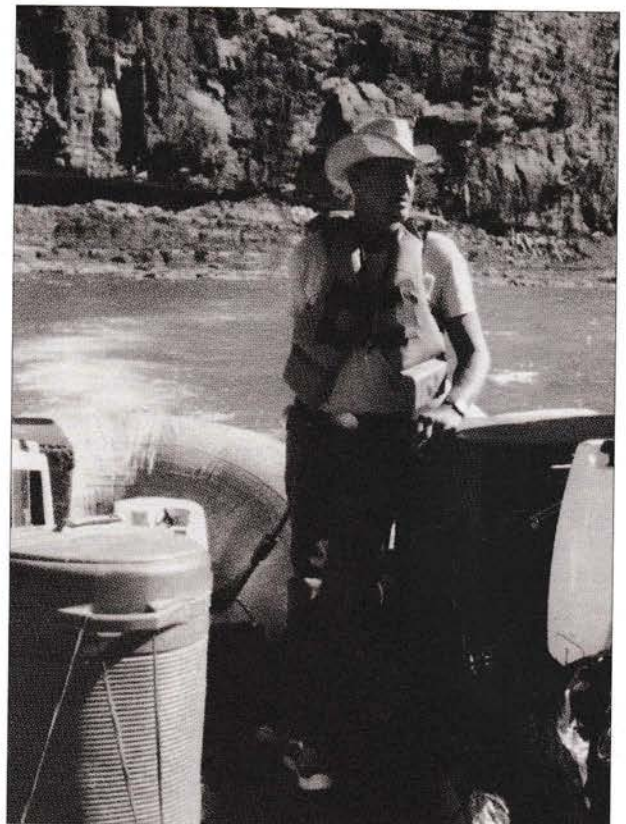
I tell them what to expect, and how to handle it. But I have had to scale walls at two o'clock in the goddam morning and set up there until it got light enough to make a descent, with somebody that was ledged up, panicked. I could go up, but I couldn't come down in the dark. You're looking at a fat old man now and saying, “How'd that sonofabitch ever climb...”

*Oh, I don't say that, because I...*

You remember me back when I weighed about 170 pounds. I don't have the strength I used to. The last time I made a power lift was about four years ago, down there at the shop, just to show my crew, impress them: 1,127 pounds.

*Holy moley! That's like a bench press or something like that?*

No, you get your back and shoulders up agin' an object, and then you're using your arms and your legs. The most I ever lifted with my arms this way was 700. (chuckles) Just cleared the floor with it. When I was seventeen years old, on a bet, I picked up 417 pounds and carried it 100 feet. It was a piece of drill pipe. Ed Carpenter said I couldn't pick the sonofabitch up, and I said for fifty dollars I'll carry it the length of this building. I took his fifty dollars. I was seventeen.



*In 1968, what did the beaches look like? And the driftwood and all that? Do you remember that? Do you remember it changing a lot?*

Oh, back then, there was enough driftwood. We cooked primarily on mesquite. There was enough dead wood and enough driftwood to where we could run our cooking fire on those.

*So you'd actually go and just gather the good wood?*

Uh-huh.

*And then did you see the beaches get smaller? Or did you even notice much of that?*

I saw them begin to decline, yeah—to a point, nothing spectacular, nothing earthshaking. But then I saw the decline of firewood, and I got tired of going out and trying to hustle it. So I built the propane stove type thing.

*Those blasters?*

No, it was the rectangular thing. And I cooked on those for a couple of years, carrying my own propane.

*And that was just something you'd decided? "To hell with it," that's what you were going to do?*

Yeah, because I'm lazy, alright? I got tired of gathering firewood, got tired of asking my people to gather firewood. Became tired of not having enough firewood to cook a meal with. And this "blaster" thing you're talking about (chuckles), that was an evolution thing. What I primarily invented that thing for was a garbage disposal. See, it was a lot taller. I fluted it so it would circulate around. Then I put the propane underneath this three-foot-tall, sixteen-inch tube. And *all* garbage went in that sonofabitch—wet or dry.

*Wow, and it'd do it, it'd cook it up.*

And instead of me crossing the lake with all these big bagfuls of garbage, and a half-mile long string of flies following me, I had a couple little bags of ashes. That's the way my daddy taught me: the cleaner you can leave your camp, the better it's going to be for the next guy.

*And he taught you that back in the thirties?*

Back in the forties.

*People looked at it like that.*

Yeah, he did. *All* the mountain people did. Leave a clean camp. And I would come off of the river with just a couple of little bags of ashes. I mean pork chop bones, chicken bones, steak bones, were powder. Once I initiated the fire, got it going big-time, with the way I had it

fluted, it would burn by itself. And people said, "Well, God, what about these folks standing around the stench of this burning garbage?" I said, "A fire is a fire. People are attracted to a fire. If they don't like the smell, they'll move to the other side of the goddam fire." (laughs)

*What was the best part of coming to the Grand Canyon and doing the work and doing the river running and all? If you had to pick some aspect of it that was the best for you, what would that be?*

Being able to learn about it, to impart it to the people that traverse the Grand Canyon. Study it, care about it, and try to realize what happened here. That's all we can do, is try to realize. There's no way we could know, because we were not there. We cannot be there.

You were asking me about knowing anything about geology? You want to know who inspired me to start studying geology?

*Absolutely.*

Are you familiar with the name of Dr. Corbett Thigpen?

Nope.

Are you familiar with the movie and the book called *The Three Faces of Eve*? He wrote the book. Okay, Doc Thigpen made four trips through the Canyon with me, and he was an amateur geologist. And he started asking me about geology. I didn't know shit from Kaibab Limestone. And he got perturbed with me, "By God, you *ought to know* that, boy!" And I said, "Sir, I'm sorry." He said, "I'll be back in a couple of years, and by God, I want you to know what these formations are!" (laughter) And by God, I *did*.

I never took any formal training, but I did have the benefit of taking people like Bob Sharp, Gene Shoemaker, Leon Silver, down there, and they pointed out things to me to dazzle Dr. Thigpen with.

*And those guys are all geologists?*

Gene Shoemaker is a friend of Peggy and mine. He was a geologist of the greatest magnitude. Let me tell you what Gene Shoemaker is doing right now: He's setting out there with high-powered telescopes. You are aware that July 23, there's going to be an impact of a comet on the planet Jupiter? Okay. This comet is fractured. It's had close encounters which have fractured it. Fragments will begin encountering Jupiter on probably July 23, and it will create a tremendous fireworks out there, for anybody with a telescope looking at Jupiter. And what Shoemaker is looking for is the one that will impact the Earth, which will probably be the demise of most homo sapiens—much like the dinosaurs.

All I know is what people like Shoemaker and Silver and Sharp tell me.

*Were you always interested in science, or was that something that started after you started looking into this geology? I mean, what took you out there into the stars? Was it thinking about the Canyon and all that stuff? Or were you just interested in that before?*

The main thing that got me interested in it was the ionosphere.

*See, I don't have that much training, I really don't. I don't have squat for an education.*

I don't either. I'm dumber than a post.

*Yeah, right.*

I don't put myself up to be a smart old sonofabitch. Alright? But I have tried to listen to those who *think* they know. And so far, people like Gene Shoemaker and Silver and Sharp have been a real inspiration to me.

*I don't know how I missed getting educated in the sixties in Prescott, Arizona, but I did.*

Well maybe you didn't have the type of teachers we had! No offense meant.

*Or maybe I just wasn't paying attention.*

Hey, I've got a couple of hands down at the shop that are that way. (chuckles) You know what I induce attention with? Firecrackers! When I catch them asleep on their feet.

*Do you carry some around in your pocket?*

Indubitably.

*What happened between Korea and getting to the river?*

Oh, I started racing. Then I went to work for an oil field service company. We did a lot of what they called hydro-frac-ing where they pump fluids down a well, under a lot of pressure. And then part of our bit was blow-out and firefighting. I was oscillating all the way from the Texas panhandle to the Canadian border with an outfit called Halliburton.

I spent three days and nights out on this blow-out fire. I mean, we had fires all over everywhere. It hit high pressure gas and it was coming up around the surface casing and anywhere you wanted to drop a match, the goddam sand would probably catch fire. We were pumping a mixture of cement and Calseal—which accelerates the setting of cement—mixing it with a nine-pound brine. In seven minutes, it would set up to where you could walk on it. Thirty-three thousand sacks of

cement, 33,000 sacks of Calseal, and three days and nights, going in, pump a stage, wait four hours, and go in again. I was going in there in one of these old asbestos suits, people squirting water on me, and I was being steamed, making connections on this wellhead and breaking connections—twice every four hours. It would take me about twenty minutes to pump this mixture—mix it up and pump it in. Then I'd have to suit up, go in, break the connection to get it out of there before they set up.

It was a pretty good blaze. It wasn't that it was just one, you know—not like some I've seen where they come billowing up out of the goddam thing, and the steel derrick would melt in three to four minutes and fall to the ground. It was just a lot of little fires oozing up through. It was not that high a volume, but it was high pressure.

(whistles "whew")

Yeah, all for \$1.37 an hour! Red took me to dinner, it was down in a little place called Canadian, Texas.

*Was that the famous guy?*

You're talking about Red Adair?

Yeah.

He went over to my boss and said, "You got enough people here to get this boy's truck to town? I'm taking him to dinner."

*He must have been something else, to figure out how to do all that stuff.*

He's one smart sonofabitch.

*How was dinner?*

Good.

*Well, what was it like getting on the river after all that kind of activity?*

It was just another exciting experience. (chuckles) Alright? I've not always been a mundane old, sit-down-and-draw-it-out, weld-it-out, cut-it-up sonofabitch.

*But it sounds like the river wasn't that... It was just "business as usual."*

Bullshit! It was another unknown, back then. For me to negotiate a rapid that Shorty Burton died in, safely, was another hallmark in my life, because I respected Shorty.

My little sister put his oldest daughter the rest of the way through high school. His oldest daughter went and lived with my youngest sister. She helped get her through school.



*Did you go down there right after Shorty had died and all?*

Not that long. Amil Quayle almost met the same type of fate, there at Upset. He flipped one doing exactly the same thing Shorty done.

*Was that a Hatch boat, a tail-dragger?*

The same type of thing.

*What did Shorty do?*

He just got hung up.

*Did he hit that thing straight and everything? I've heard that he just kind of went down there straight, and just lined her up and hit the hole straight, and it just...*

No, that ain't Shorty's type of run. He just missed.

*So Shorty Burton was forty-four and a day?*

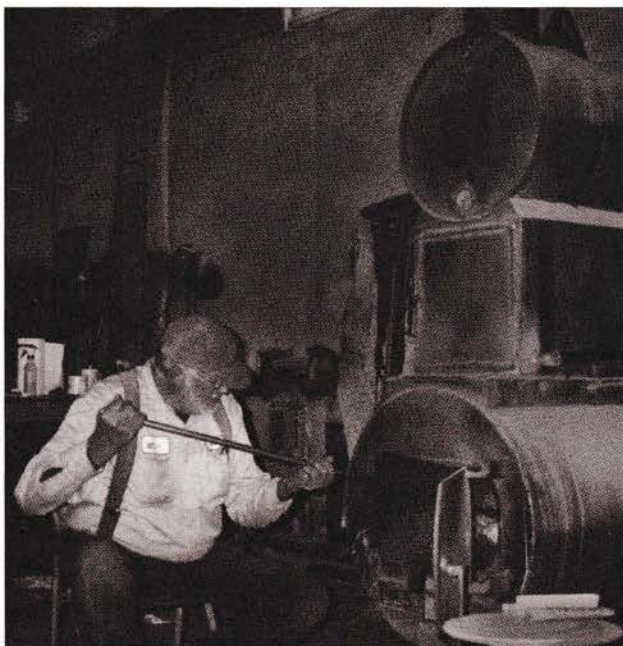
Yeah, when he died. He celebrated his forty-fourth birthday just below Deer Creek on the left, just below on that big beach.

*I wonder if he saw it coming, if he had any kind of feeling about it or any of that.*

You'd have to talk to Shorty.



*Photos courtesy of Peggy and Jake Luck, Mike Denoyer, Richard Quartaroli. Interview by Lew Steiger. Editing: Steiger & Dimock.*



*Jake tending the fire at Waterman Welding*



*Steve Reynolds's dog Margo, ruddering with her tail.*

## Too Much Coffee

*I put on the coffee  
Too much coffee from the minute I wake up  
Too much coffee in my favorite cup  
Baby told me it's gone to my head  
But without that coffee I can't drag it outa bed  
Doctor said I better slow down  
But my heart fibulate and my teeth turnin' brown*

*Too much coffee built every trail  
In the Grand Canyon, or so goes the tale  
Right in the journal of John Wesley Powell, he said  
"We've had our coffee, and we'll do the rapids now  
We lost another boat and the bacon's all gone,  
But we still got the coffee and we're gonna press on."*

*My first espresso maker was the 'luminium kind  
You're not supposed to use 'em but I cant remember why  
I switched to cappuccino in 1988  
Now I do the French press but I'm still runnin' late  
Hot, cold, cowboy coffee, drip, I don't care  
But don't pour me no instant, man I gotta draw the line somewhere.*

*I put on the coffee  
Too much coffee from the minute I wake up  
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But without that coffee I can't drag it outa bed  
Doctor said I better slow down  
My heart fibulate and my teeth turnin' brown.*



Steve Reynolds  
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Bottle Cap Records, Box 30002, Flagstaff, AZ 86003

## Announcement

**Ethnobotanical Symposium** May 1-2, Flagstaff, AZ.  
 May 1, Concerts: R. Carlos Nakai, Walt Richardson,  
 Joseph Langham, Wild Billy Kneebone. \$12, Cline  
 Library, 8PM.  
 May 2, Symposium: Margarita Artschwager Kay,

Michael Moore, Enrique Salmón, Miguel Vasquez,  
 Lucille Watahomigie and more. \$40, Flagstaff City  
 Hall, 8AM-5:30PM

For more information call Arizona Ethnobotanical  
 Research Association, 520 773 0769.

## Businesses Offering Support

**A** FEW AREA BUSINESSES like to show their support for GCRG by offering discounts to members. Our non-profit status no longer allows us to tell you how much of a discount they offer, as that is construed as advertising, so you'll have to check with them. Thanks to all those below.

<b>Canyon Supply</b> Boating Gear 505 N. Beaver St. Flagstaff	779-0624	<b>Fran Sarena, NCMT,</b> Swedish, Deep Tissue, & Reiki Master	773-1072
<b>The Summit</b> Boating equipment	774-0724	<b>Dr. Mark Falcon,</b> Chiropractor 1515 N. Main, Flagstaff	779-2742
<b>Chums/Hellowear</b> Chums and Hello clothing. Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707	<b>Five Quail Books—West River books</b> 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix	602/861-0548
<b>Mountain Sports</b> river related items 1800 S. Milton Rd. Flagstaff	779-5156	<b>Willow Creek Books</b> Coffee and Outdoor Gear 263 S. 100 E. St., Kanab, UT	801/644-8884
<b>Aspen Sports</b> Outdoor gear 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff	779-1935	<b>Canyon Books</b> Canyon and River books Box 3207, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	779-0105
<b>Teva Sport Sandals and Clothing</b>	779-5938	<b>River Gardens Rare Books</b> first editions 720 S. River Rd. Suite A-114, St. George, UT 84790	801/674-1444
<b>Sunrise Leather,</b> Paul Harris Birkenstock sandals. Call for catalog.	800/999-2575	<b>River Art and Mud Gallery</b> river folk art 720 S. River Rd. Suite A-114, St. George, UT 84790	801/674-1444
<b>River Rat Raft and Bike</b> Bikes and boats 4053 Pennsylvania Ave. Fair Oaks, CA 95628	916/966-6777	<b>Cliff Dwellers Lodge</b> Good food Cliff Dwellers, AZ	355-2228
<b>Professional River Outfitters</b> Equip. rentals Box 635 Flagstaff, AZ 86002	779-1512	<b>Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA</b> Taxes 230 Buffalo Trail, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	525-2585
<b>Canyon R.E.O.</b> River equipment rental Box 3493, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	774-3377	<b>Trebon &amp; Fine</b> Attorneys at law 308 N. Agassiz, Flagstaff	779-1713
<b>Winter Sun</b> Indian art & herbal medicine 107 N. San Francisco Suite #1, Flagstaff	774-2881	<b>Yacht True Love</b> Bill Beer, Skipper Virgin Island Champagne Cruises	809/775-6547
<b>Mountain Angels Trading Co.</b> river jewelry, call for catalog Box 4225, Ketchum, ID 83340	800/808-9787	<b>Laughing Bird Adventures</b> Sea kayaking tours Belize, Honduras and the Caribbean.	800/238-4467
<b>The Branch Cabinetry</b> "green" kitchen design and sales Kimberly Sweet, Albuquerque	505/345-5454	<b>North Star Adventures</b> Alaska & Baja trips Box 1724 Flagstaff 86002	800/258-8434
<b>Terri Merz, MFT</b> 1850 East Flamingo Road #137 Las Vegas, NV 89119 Individual/Couples/Family counselling. Depression/Anxiety	702/892-0511	<b>Chimneys Southwest</b> Chimney sweeping 166 N. Gunsmoke Pass, Kanab, UT 84741	801/644-5705
<b>Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS</b> Dentist 1419 N. Beaver Street, Flagstaff, AZ	779-2393	<b>Rescue Specialists</b> Wilderness Medicine, Swiftwater Rescue, Avalanche & Ropework Box 224, Leavenworth, WA 98826 www.rescuespec.com	509/548-7875
<b>Snook's Chiropractic</b> 1521 N. Beaver St. #2, Flagstaff	774-9071		

## Sincere Thank You's

**G**RAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES is honored to have been the recipient of a grant of \$1,000 from Recreational Equipment, Inc. (REI) for our work on river access in the Grand Canyon area. Funds were used specifically to offset printing and mailing costs associated with our special edition newsletter, *Perspectives on the Colorado River Management Plan*. The newsletter was published last November to coincide with the public comment period of the CRMP, however GCRG did not receive notification of the grant until the following month. Being unable to credit REI in the publication itself, we would like to acknowledge them now and express our gratitude for the assistance REI provided us in funding our long-awaited project.

We would also like to acknowledge Don Briggs and the Tides Foundation for a recent grant of \$670. This amount represents proceeds from the River Runners film project fund administered by the Tides Foundation. As per Don's wishes, the funding will be split equally between the Whale Foundation and general support of GCRG's efforts.

Grand Canyon River Guides would like to extend

our thanks to the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, a non-profit grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters. The total grant award received was \$5,150. Per their request, we will be using \$3,000 towards our land based portion of the Guides Training Seminar, and \$2,150 to offset the cost of cameras, film, film development, postage and necessary supplies for our Adopt-a-Beach program.

Lastly, we would like to thank the Bureau of Reclamation for their funding of per diem and travel expenses for André Potochnik's participation in the Adaptive Management Work Group, representing the interests of river runners in Grand Canyon. This Federal Advisory Committee is charged with making recommendations to the Secretary of the Interior on how to best manage the operations of Glen Canyon Dam in order to protect downstream resources and mitigate any negative effects.

Thanks so very much to all involved. We truly appreciate your support of our organization!



Lynn Hamilton  
Secretary/Treasurer

**T**HANKS to all you poets, photographers and writers; and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to Richard Quartaroli for help, ideas, details, pictures and enthusiasm, and to Dolly, Kelly, Lynn and Dirk for proofreading. Printed with soy bean ink on recycled paper by really nice guys.

## Care to join us?

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

### General Member

Must love the Grand Canyon  
Been on a trip? \_\_\_\_\_  
With whom? \_\_\_\_\_

### Guide Member

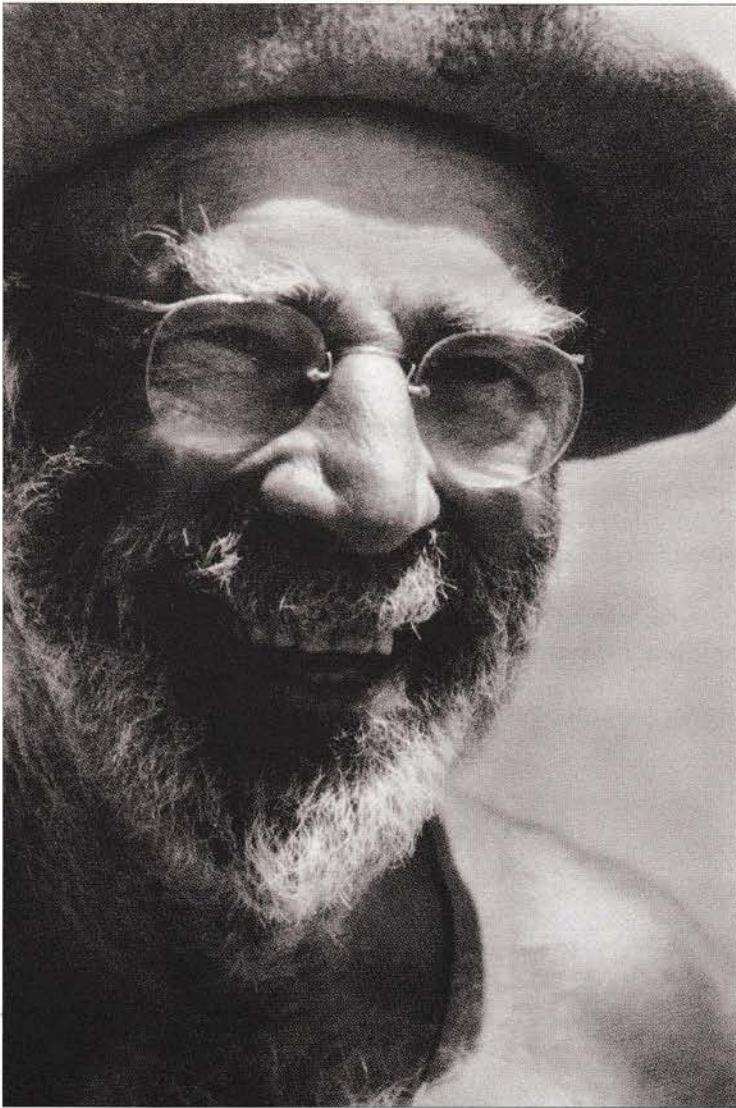
Must have worked in the River Industry  
Company? \_\_\_\_\_  
Year Began? \_\_\_\_\_  
Number of trips? \_\_\_\_\_

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\$25 1-year membership  
\$100 5-year membership  
\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)  
\$500 Benefactor\*  
\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it!)\*  
\*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.  
\$100 Adopt your very own Beach: \_\_\_\_\_  
\$\_\_\_\_\_ donation, for all the stuff you do.  
\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size \_\_\_\_\_  
\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size \_\_\_\_\_  
\$24 Wallace Beery shirt Size \_\_\_\_\_  
\$10 Baseball Cap  
\$10 GTS Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)  
Total enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

We don't exchange mailing lists with anyone. Period.

## Dock Marston Explains How He Got His Name



phone 520/773-1075  
fax 520/773-8523  
gcr@infomagic.com

Box 1934  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

From a May 28, 1976 interview with Otis Marston  
by Jay Haymond and John Hoffman  
Utah State Historical Society.

Photo by Bill Belknap  
courtesy Cline Library Special Collections  
NAU.PH.96.4.106.67

ON THE FIRST TRIP down through the canyon, at that time, in those days, hardly anybody who went on these river trips would shave. I followed that. I grew a very sizeable crop of whiskers. I have a heavy beard. By the time we got pretty close to the end of the trip, somebody commented, "You look like an old-fashion pill roller, so we'll call you Doc" and it's amazing that the name stuck.

Now, if you don't mind and since you've asked the question, I'll go on and complete it because that Doc is spelled D-O-C-K. I promoted this trip for Nevills up in Idaho to compare the Idaho river with the Grand Canyon using the same equipment, same people, you see, handling the boats. We were up on the Salmon River and we came to an isolated ranch and the rancher there he invited everybody to go up to his cherry trees. It was loaded with beautiful cherries. As we were walking back towards the boats, he kept getting me away from the rest of the crowd pointing to things behind. "That's my strawberry patch over there. There is where I grow a little corn," and this type of thing. Finally, he got me about fifty feet away from the rest of the crowd and he said, "I hear they call you doctor."

I said, "Yes, that's right."

He said, "I'd like to talk to you about my prostate."

"No," I said, "no, I'm sorry, I'm the wrong kind of a doctor. I'm a Doctor of Divinity." (Laughter) So, we caught up right away with the rest of the group, see.

Later, I was talking to the Alameda Rotary Club and I told this story... right after the meeting, in comes the newspaper man to take a picture of me with the president of the Rotary Club who had conducted the luncheon. So, it came out in the paper, "Retired minister tells of river running hobby." The reason he wanted the picture was that the president of the club was a minister also, you see. So, out of that I changed the spelling to D-O-C-K and used the yarn "I'm always looking for the dock at the end of the trip."

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