

boatman's quarterly review

Pete
Gross

the journal of the Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. • volume 30 number 2 • summer 2017



Prez Blurb • Book Reviews • Fall Rendezvous • AAB
Granite Plants • Back of the Boat • The Begats • Wounded Warriors

boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

STAFF

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

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

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

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

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



Drifter

DAYS BEFORE GOING TO PRINT with this BQR, Drifter Smith passed away. Drifter meant so much to us—an absolute treasure, an amazing man, an incredible, prolific mind, talented writer, river historian, and an important figure for both commercial and private boater communities. Drifter was also an incredible asset to GCRG—helping us weather the stormy waters of the Colorado River Management Plan EIS as president of GCRG. He was the right man, at the right time, and our gratitude is profound and lasting. Most of all, he was a dear friend to all of us. We will have a “Farewell” in the following issue of the BQR. In the meantime, read Drifter’s oral history in the fall 2013 BQR volume 26, number 3. Our sincerest condolences to his wife, Sue Ordway, and all of Drifter’s family and many, many friends. He will be greatly missed. There truly was only one Drifter.

NOTE:

A CELEBRATION OF DRIFTER’S LIFE
will be held Sunday, June 11,
Starts at 3:00 P.M., ends we know not.
Memorial program: 3:30–4:30
Thornager’s, 2640 West Kiltie Lane, Flagstaff

Please RSVP to driftercelebration@gmail.com
Donations in Drifter’s name can be made to Grand Canyon Trust.

Prez Blurp

IT'S THE LAST WEEK OF APRIL as I am writing this, and I'm now straddling that line between winter time in the mountains and river season in the desert. *Life of a seasonal employee.* Yesterday I cleaned out my locker at Snowbird after skiing new snow 44-inches deep in terrain that had not been open all week—some of the best turns I made all season! Today I am looking through my river gear and excited to head south. By the time you are reading this I will be down in the depths of the canyon, perhaps looking up at John Hance's old Asbestos mine-tailings spilling out, as I line up to run that rapid. I feel truly lucky to live this life I have chosen, to share it with my friends on the river, friends in the mountains. I hope to do this as long as possible, to follow the seasons; chasing the snow as it melts from the mountains and runs down the river.

Our theme from this year's Guide Training Seminar "*Professional Guiding as a Lifelong Career: taking care of yourself, each other, and the place we love over the long term*" offered many ways to keep this lifestyle viable, lessen the sacrifices we all make—to make a living in the Canyon. Talks ranged from "saving now for retirement," "lessons learned" from some of the veteran guides on the river, to "what it means to be a professional," and "how to communicate clearly to ensure that our shared working environment is a positive place for everyone." I was impressed with Superintendent Chris Lehnertz's address to the river community. I feel hopeful learning about what the NPS in Grand Canyon is doing to help the victims affected by the abuses in the past, and even more hopeful at the attentiveness and thought being put into what the new River District will look like. I have confidence in Chris, that she is leading forward in a way that will prevent this from ever happening again. There were so many insightful, fun and interesting talks this year, ending with a live helicopter demo that made me feel confident in how to react when a problem on a river trip goes beyond the scope of what we can control.

One of the things we can always control is how we react to a given situation. Thinking back on my own personal "lessons learned," I think about times I could have been more patient. Heading into my first trip this season I can anticipate things that annoyed me too easily in the past, like the inevitable question a client will ask; the one I just got done explaining. With all the information that gets conveyed, especially on the first day of a trip, how can we expect our guests to remember everything they have been told,

especially when they are looking up at the walls of Grand Canyon to easily distract attention? Sometimes lowering expectations goes a long way. Take a deep breath. Realize you might not have been drinking enough water under the Arizona sun. Look around as the light pulls out different hues within the layered walls of carved rock. Is there anywhere else on Earth you would rather be?

I like to tell people on the last night of a river trip that they are about to leave the *Real World*, and return to the *Matrix*. That everything a person needs is right here—food, water, family—and that all you have to do is close your eyes and you can be back here.

I'm really excited that over the next six months I won't have to close my eyes to return to the Canyon, the place I feel most at home. I had a conversation about this with a friend of mine who is Native American. She lamented to me that some guides she has met feel ownership to the Canyon, as if it belonged only to them. This made me think about my own relationship to the Canyon, and my role. As guides we must be stewards of the land while putting forth our best version of ourselves. I responded to her by saying, I do not own the Canyon, but the Canyon owns me.

Ben Reeder



IN REFERENCE TO THE ARTICLE, *Jack Currey Farewell* IN BQR VOLUME 30 NUMBER 1, SPRING 2017.

Our apologies but the photo of Jack Currey in Cataract Canyon, 1964 was taken by Grant Reeder, not Stuart Reeder.

"Dirtbag" cover photo by Leon Werdinger

Mites in Grand Canyon

IN RECENT YEARS WHILE AMONGST the brittlebush and seep-willow of Grand Canyon I have become aware of a facet of interspecies relationships previously unnoticed by me. I have enjoyed hiking various trails in the canyon, fishing and exploring at Lees Ferry and accompanying private river trips through the canyon since I was a young boy. I also work as a research assistant for the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC) on a variety of monitoring efforts, including the Natal Origins (NO) project. After nightly electrofishing efforts are completed there is often time to explore the inner canyon and observe wildlife. Upon encounters with roaming lizards and beetles, a complex story was revealed to me. I observed parasitic larval mites attached to a large proportion of common lizard species and non-parasitizing mites on a beetle species commonly found near rotting meat or a river trip's groover setup.

In September of 2015, near the confluence of the Little Colorado River, I observed over a dozen collared lizards (*Crotaphytus spp.*) both juveniles and adults.



Figure 1: Collared lizard basking near the Little Colorado River confluence (September 21, 2015). photo credit: Tanner Carothers

I noticed an unusual orange-red coloration localized symmetrically on the lizards' haunches and oftentimes on their heads and shoulders [Figure 1]. The red and orange was a contrast to the jet blacks, brilliant yellows, blues and turquoises of the collared lizards' hides, standing out like stop signs particularly on their flanks. Upon closer observation, it became clear that these colorations were not a part of the lizards themselves, but were parasites. Larval mites from the

family Trombiculidae are also known as red bugs or chiggers. This variety of parasitizing arthropods occupy collared lizards and other hosts like miners occupying a plot with a rich ore lode.

Trombiculid mites have a complex multistage lifecycle: eggs to larvae to several nymph forms to adults. Trombiculid larvae are less than half a millimeter in diameter, requiring a viable host upon which they engorge themselves with lymphatic fluid. The larval phase is the only life stage responsible for parasitic behavior. After clamoring onto the skyscraper of a collared lizard's leg, they use their paired pincher-like appendages, chelicera, to grasp and cut the lizard's hide before beginning the process of dissolving the outer dermis of their host, constructing a straw-like feeding tube of dead skin and digestive enzymes known as a stylostome.

After initial observations of this lizard and mite relationship I began noticing mite loads on two of the most commonly encountered lizard species in the canyon, the tree lizard (*Urosaurus ornatus*) and the side-blotched lizard (*Uta stansburiana*) [Figure 2].



Figure 2: Side-blotched lizard near confluence with mites dispersed around the break site of its regrown tail (September 23, 2016). photo credit: Tanner Carothers

Observing lizards for mites with binoculars and review of my photographs has become a special interest. I have seen hundreds of lizards throughout the inner canyon and have noticed certain species appear not to harbor any visible mites. Based on my observations, whiptail lizards (*Aspidoscelis spp.*) do not harbor mites nor do spiny lizards (*Sceloporus magister*). It

is possible that mites are tucked out of view on the bellies of whiptails and under the robust keeled scales of spinys. Larval Trombiculid mites are ectoparasites meaning they are only found on the outside of a host, so noninvasive observation can provide a conservative estimate of their presence or absence. All the described lizard species have characteristic behavior and morphology creating challenges or opportunities for larval mites in host acquisition.



Figure 3: Collared lizard basking in upper Little Colorado River below Blue Springs (October 8, 2015). photo credit: Tanner Carothers

In early October of 2015, I hiked into the upper Little Colorado River below Blue Springs in hopes of observing more collared lizards with mites. I stumbled upon a single collared lizard with the heaviest mite load I had seen yet. This lizard seemed emaciated and lethargic even in the heat of the day [Figure 3]. Heavy mite loads could have many implications for a lizard host: altering their ability to regulate body temperature, attract a mate, produce essential hormones and resist disease. In more cryptic species like the tree and side-blotched lizards, brightly colored mites could reduce the host's ability to hide from predators. Interestingly, gravid female collared lizards and juvenile males can develop orange-red splotches along their bodies. While these colorations are not well understood, orange-red splotches is also an excellent description for the appearance of mites on these lizards. Most of my observations have been made in the months of September and October when I spent much of my time in the canyon after first becoming aware of these mites. I also hiked below Blue Springs in March of 2017 and of the several collared lizards observed on this spring trip, none had any evidence of mite parasitism. Dozens of side-blotched lizards were also observed with no evidence of mites, possibly suggesting that the larval stage of the mite life cycle was not yet active.

As many are aware, larval mites in their attempts to parasitize a human can result in horrible dermatitis, but don't be too quick to demonize them. Certain stages of trombiculids are known to feed on mosquito and fly eggs, suppressing these populations. While irritating to humans and in large numbers potentially fatal to livestock, pets, and produce; mites and their myriad of life-stages are intricately connected to the ecosystems they reside in and their presence has far reaching implications on evolution and ecosystem dynamics.

Cousins of the parasitizing trombiculid, *Poecilochirus spp.* have a much different approach to survival. *Poecilochirus* mites are phoretic, meaning they attach themselves to another organism for transportation. The burying beetles (*Nicrophorus spp.*) within Grand Canyon can be found bearing these



Figure 4: Burying beetle covered with *Poecilochirus* mites at Upper Anvil camp (October 28, 2016). photo credit: Tanner Carothers

squat, shield-like mites. I had my first encounter with these organisms in October 2016 at Upper Anvil camp when my associate spotted a solitary beetle enveloped by dark orange mites [Figure 4].

Burying beetles are a robust and slow moving orange and black coleopterid, you may find this guy near your groover setup—attracted to the rich stench of decomposition. A burying beetle and its mate will entomb themselves and a small dead animal, such as a bird or rodent, underground in a hole dug out

below the carcass. After embalming their prize with antibacterial secretions, the female deposits her larvae in the soil of the crypt around the corpse. This is where things get interesting.

Poecilochirus mites accompanying the parent beetles disperse upon arrival at the site of the decaying critter. Because these mites are often found in the dozens upon burying beetles, some inevitably accompany the beetles when they bury themselves with the corpse. The mites are voracious predators of fly eggs and larvae, who in turn are predators of burying beetle larvae. The mites are also able to reproduce in the relative safety of a buried carcass. This mutualistic relationship between mite and beetle results in increased chances for reproduction in

both species. When the larvae eventually emerge as beetles, the mite progeny will accompany them, thus propagating the cycle.

Mites are everywhere, fulfilling their ecological roles silently beneath our feet. I have only shared with you two anecdotes of my casual observations. Next time you are enjoying the turquoise spackling on the back of a side-blotch, the confident basking of a collared lizard, or a cumbersome beetle, take a closer look. Every slope, creek and beach in Grand Canyon is teeming with life and each moment is an opportunity for discovery and to observe yet another beautiful facet of canyon ecology.

Tanner Carothers

Grand Canyon Youth Update

*Out here on the River
The River, big and a view
My first time getting to know you
You bless me with your solitude
And a sense of security
Out here is only the rustle of the wind
On the water and the squawk of a goose
Out here on the river there is no time,
No constant checking of your phone.
You allow us to enjoy our precious time with
Each other.*

*We look up to a sky full of stars and know you're
Never far.
The fresh breath of dawn and the last glint of day.*

*Out here on the river we feel pain
And the heavy heart of change.
We feel your wrath as you cut into the landscape
Around you.
We feel your love as you wrap us in a cold,
Refreshing blanket of water,*

*Out here on the river there is peace and love.
Out here on the river you get the chance to be you.*

—ANNA HENKENIUS, 2017 GCY PARTICIPANT, AGE 13

CONNECTING YOUNG PEOPLE to the river is what Grand Canyon Youth (GCY) is all about! As on a river trip, it takes a collective effort to get downstream. We are so grateful for the many teachers, parents, donors, and volunteers that make it possible



"Partners in Science" program with GCY and the USGS had the pleasure of taking the then Secretary of the Interior, Sally Jewell, on her first multi-day river experience. Photo credit: Caleb Ring

to do what we do! We wanted to give a special shout out to the over sixty guides who share their love of the river with young people. Our guides are GCY alumni, commercial guides, retired guides and scientists. If you are interested in becoming part of the GCY guide family please drop Alison Holland, our Operations Director a call (928.773.7921) or email (alison@gcyouth.org). We pay our guides and are especially looking for snout drivers.

In program news, we are piloting a program on the Verde River for 5TH graders. This program means that in Flagstaff we will have a progression of river education activities spanning from 5TH to 12TH grade!

Emma Wharton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

The Tale of the Wreck of the Niagara



Never let a few facts get in the way of a good story.

—MARK TWAIN

Function in disaster; finish in style.

—ELIZABETH, DORY PASSENGER

THE PATH LESS TAKEN

TO REACH THE TRAILHEAD of the Lava Falls Trail in 1980 was no Sunday drive. Sixty miles of jaw-rattling washboard from the nearest paved road and perched on the north rim of Grand Canyon at Toroweap Overlook, the trail was the least hiked in the National Park. The final stretch of road—three more seemingly endless, excruciating miles of dry lake beds, lava hills and axle-busting, rock strewn ravines—tested even those familiar with Utah’s backcountry. Local folk lore suggested that one-quarter or more of all vehicles had not one, but two, flat tires. In winter the rutted passage would likely be impassable due to snow; a summer rain storm could produce the same result. Upon arrival at the trailhead a hiker would find no shelter or facilities, and most importantly, no water. There was a nod toward self-help: a trail registry with copies of a guide and route map.

Lava Falls Trail is the shortest route from rim to river in Grand Canyon. One-and-a half miles in

length, the trail drops 2,540 feet. It is said that the noise of the rapid, Lava Falls, is audible for most of the descent. The steep gradient coupled with the loose gravel and the volcanic talus slopes makes for loose footing. If you fall and injure yourself, you are a long way from help. Rattlesnakes are common. A lack of shade coupled with the absence of water is a recipe for trouble. Today a sign at the trailhead reads “Not Recommended in Summer.”

To call it a trail back then would be a misnomer. You found your way by navigating a series of cairns which were often not readily distinguishable from the surrounding volcanic rock, giving renewed meaning to the phrase “off-the-beaten path.” Thus, it was easy to get lost (and run out of water) in the relatively short, but vertical, distance from rim to river. Not only distance, but time and heat, conspired against those who ventured on the Lava Falls Trail.

ON A MISSION

All of which brings us to an early morning in the first week of September 1980 and the beginning of the tale of the wreck of the *Niagara*. It was unlikely that anyone saw the column of hikers descending the isolated trail. Despite the rising heat and the large backpacks, they moved at a good clip, sure-footed as

big-horned sheep. If any other hiker had appeared by chance, he or she might have cast a curious eye on the scruffy foot-sloggers. Their thrift store outdoor attire—failing flip-flops or second hand tennis shoes, colorful, but faded Hawaiian shirts or T-shirts stained river brown, baggy shorts, and an assortment of hats, bandanas and cheap sunglasses—suggested a 1960s circus parade of desert pilgrims gone astray.

If you could have peered into those backpacks, however, you would have found a small arsenal of salvage tools—crowbar, sledge hammer, ball peen hammer, cable clamps, leather gloves, hacksaws, pliers, two come-alongs, a hatchet, two long coils of one-quarter inch gauge steel cable, wire cutters, coils of climbing rope and hardware—carabiners, webbing, chocks. The hikers also carried gallon milk jugs filled with water and leftover grub from river trips, but no sleeping gear.

In fact, they were employees of Grand Canyon Dories—Jane Whalen (co-manager), Glenn Neuman (mechanic and lead driver), and seven boatmen (Bego Gerhart, Fleet Eakland, Jim “Boudreaux” Starling, Kenton Grua, Tim Cooper, Tom Rambo, and Tuck Weills). Accompanying the dory crew was Tom Melham, who had survived a harrowing experience as a passenger at Lava Falls days earlier.

The group had departed before sunrise from the dory warehouse in Hurricane, Utah on a mission—to retrieve the *Niagara*, or what was left of the Alumiweld dory, last seen wedged between the Black Rock (BR) and the shoreline basalt boulders in the Corner Pocket (CP) of Lava Falls. Like the marines, the boatmen never considered leaving one of their own behind.

How the *Niagara* came to be trapped in the CP weighed on the hearts and minds of the crew as they scrambled down the volcanic talus slope. Most troubled was the pilot of the ill-fated dory, Fleet Eakland.

Now Eakland, who harbored a poet’s soul in a scrum with a rugby player’s body, suffered a flash of playful inspiration. Seeking communion with his abandoned dory, he assumed the nom de rio—Captain Niagara. In boathouse lore, his extraction crew became known as the Cold Chisel Gang (CCG).

When the CCG reached the river and walked downstream to the scouting rock, they were not surprised by what they found. The *Niagara* was just as they had left it a few days earlier, stuck hard and helpless. If not already, it was sure to become a spectacle, the subject of salacious river gossip for each river trip that stopped to scout the iconic rapid. If you were to ask Captain Niagara where the trouble began, he might have sighed and suggested the beguiling feature at the entry to Lava Falls known as the Slot.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SLOT

Oh, the Slot! The silky, invisible ribbon of holy water, roughly as wide as the hull of a dory, bound by the Ledge Hole to the left and the nameless boulder to the right, sometimes referred to as “that-rock-to-the-right-of-the-Ledge-that-some-folks-think-is-part-of-the-Ledge-but-is-not-and-is-really-separate-and-forms-the-right-boundary-of-the-Slot-run-and-the-left-edge-of-the-Right-entry.”

The skill and good fortune required to run this liquid filament of terror and wonder successfully began with the attempt to find the damn thing from the scouting rock in the first place. A more experienced boatman would point and ask if you saw it. You would nod, but you were never quite sure if what he was pointing at is what you were in agreement with. More pointing. More nodding. Then you had to decide whether to run in the first or second group. You walked back along shore sick to your stomach, stopped to look back down river for a clue, take a leak and try to match your memory image with something that you thought you saw at an oblique angle. Fuss with your dory, gulp water to get rid the cotton mouth, check life jackets, tell your passengers to not talk to you or breathe, pull out from shore, and finally, in the middle of the river, the sun glaring off the water and the dull roar of Lava Falls thundering in your head, realize that you still weren’t sure where the hell the Slot was.

To run the Slot successfully an oarsman then had to make one more enormous leap of faith—locate the water feature above the entry, the whimsical-sounding Bubble Line. The name was misleading. There was no bubble “line” to speak of, but an erratic, time-challenged, hide-and-seek, anxiety-producing welter of boils.

Well-seasoned Canyon veteran Brad Dimock recalled his early encounter with the mystical:

The clue I first learned was to watch for the infuriatingly erratic series of burbly boils that popped up a bit right of center in the river above the rapid. Depending on the precise water level you might want to be right on the burbles or perhaps a touch left. It was good to scout and watch the burbles for a bit before refining your entry. And of course the burbles could smell your fear and uncertainty and suddenly stop appearing just as you *had* to have them manifest in order to adjust your entry, and of course then it was too late. You were irretrievably lost. So it helped to have other clues.

In 1970 Wally Rist, a Grand Canyon Dorries boatman, successfully ran the unnamed “slot” in a dory (the *Flavell*) for the first time. According to Rist, he didn’t know if the line would work, but thought it worth a try. (In those early days the preferred dory run was down the right, “for safety” one dory boatman quipped.) Interestingly, Rist did not notice a “bubble line” at first and for a time, used other water features to position his dory. Only later would a fellow boatman notice the peculiar behavior of the water above the entry.

Throughout the 1971 season Rist (rowing the *Bright Angel*) felt confident enough to make the unnamed run his first choice. Initially Rist’s fellow boatmen were skeptical. How can you make a run you can’t even see? Over the season, however, some boatmen attempted the invisible passage and survived. By the end of the 1972 season most boatmen were full-time converts. When queried about the origins of the name, Rist allowed, “No one named it. It kind of named itself. In describing it to others we would say, “There’s this slot of water that goes thru, just to the right of the ledge.” The hallowed entry into the anguished heart of Lava Falls would soon become the stuff of river runner’s dreams and nightmares.

One river fable, however, suggested that the run was discovered by Martin Litton. Lost above the rapids and puffing nonchalantly on a cigar as he held forth on the scenic wonder of Grand Canyon, Litton missed the Right run, the river equivalent of missing the Golden Gate Bridge. As he headed into the Ledge Hole, those watching from the scouting rock gasped. Carnage seemed inevitable, even biblical. But then, somehow, the river angels watching over Martin and his boatful of unsuspecting passengers allowed his dory safe passage. The Slot had been birthed by mistake and divine guidance. As river lore goes, “Probably not true but it should be.”

Three or four years later the Slot became the run of choice, depending on the water, for all dory boatmen. By the mid-1970s OARS boatmen were making the same run. They named it the Right Bridge.

As boatmen over time would learn, however, the Slot was a fickle piece of fast water. Success (or failure) was never guaranteed and came to be measured in nuanced increments—an extra or one less stroke, a few degrees of ferry angle either way, a foot to the right or left, the irregular behavior of the towering waves. Not a little bit of good fortune was involved.

Again, Dimock explained:

Regardless, if your boat failed to stall and slide left, you were in for a big ride. The crashing wave to the right of the Ledge Hole might flip you. Even if it didn’t, the next thing you’d hit

was the top left edge of the V-Wave, which would surf you like a motherfucker to the right. You’d exit the V-Wave freight-training toward the Corner Pocket above the Black Rock, which is a very bad place to be. Especially in a dory. Or swimming along with an inverted dory. And once in the Corner Pocket, there’s no easy way out.

THE WRECK OF THE NIAGARA

The morning of the *Niagara*’s misfortune the Colorado was running 17–18,000 CFS. If you stood on a gray-tan-white polished and fluted piece of limestone (at National), the water just above your ankles, you experienced a moment of unreasonable self-confidence. Oracle Rock, as it was called, had spoken to you. This was High Slot water. When the prophetic rock was just barely showing above the water, boatmen called it perfect High Slot. Too low for a left run, too high for the right. No dallying, time to head down river. Whether you knew it or not, you had been inducted into the priesthood of Oracle Rock.

Of course the non-superstitious dory boatmen performed their personal rituals and exorcisms beforehand: they bathed with lavender soap, shunned breakfast, promised to stop drinking Irish whiskey, washed their favorite hat, recited poems, clipped their toenails, prayed with their talisman in hand, stuck their heads inside the hatches of their dories to inhale the soothing aroma of Port Orford cedar and then sprinkled the cedar shavings from a sawmill on the Oregon coast on the bows of their dories while waxing their oarlocks with an aromatic bee’s wax produced on an island in the Mediterranean by blind beekeepers.

* * *

Standing on the sun scorched, dusty scouting rock above the rapid that afternoon, Eakland would have preferred to run in the first group of dories, avoiding the peculiar agony of watching and waiting. Witnessing a dory flip spooked even the most competent veteran boatmen. Grua, running first with three passengers, hit the slot straight, but stalled long enough for the *Emerald Mile* to be spun around and pushed a shade toward the turbulent right. He was forced to row stern first through the crashing wave below the Ledge. At the V-wave, the *Emerald Mile* entered the trough and rode up the cresting wave at an odd angle, its starboard gunnel digging in to the fast water. An oar popped from the oarlock and the passenger in the stern seat washed out. The *Emerald Mile* was on the verge of overturning when it righted

itself and muddled through the tail waves. By any measure, it was a wild ride.

Starling, rowing the *Tuolomne*, followed. He found the sweet spot in the Slot and was pushed left, making the run look deceptively easy.

The second group of dories consisted of Tim Cooper rowing the *Roaring Springs*, Lori Long in an overburdened Green River bucket boat, Eakland in the *Niagara*, and El Tibbetts steering the *Music Temple*. Cooper had reassured Long, his girlfriend, that all she had to do to be successful was to wait till the last minute to straighten up so you could center your boat on the bubble line if you were a little off. "Trust the bubbles," he whispered confidently to his future wife.

Cooper, running first, explained what happened next:

Lori was right behind me. I had told her to wait till the last minute to straighten up so you could center your boat on the bubble line if you were a little off. We're talking inches. To demonstrate, I stayed sideways right to the lip, then dug in for a huge stroke to straighten into the Slot. The bow was in water slowing as it mounded up over the ledge-hole rocks and the rest of the boat was in the water that was accelerating into the slot. The huge stroke served only to preserve the boat's absolutely dead sideways attitude as we dropped into the Slot, perfectly centered, perfectly sideways. You don't have to be a bitchin' whitewater dude to know what's going to happen next. I dropped the oars, dove for the gunnel, and with the luckiest of swipes, hooked the single flip line with my right hand as the boat came over. The river wanted to take me deep. I pulled all slack out of the flip line going down and it got pretty dark. The water tried to get my shorts off but I felt them going and spread my legs to keep from loosing them altogether, as I had seen that happen to other boatmen in the process of their being reminded who is really in charge. I had a death-grip on the line, but I pulled my shorts back on before I clambered onto the bottom of the boat. Behind me, Lori greased the run, but Fleet had been close behind her and saw the right oar of the *Roaring Springs* whip into view on that terrible horizon, vertical for an instant, an obvious flip.

Needless to say, Long listened to Cooper's advice but did not follow (quite literally) his example. She nailed the Slot but also got spun around and managed to keep the ponderous raft straight through the V-wave and the tail waves.

And now Eakland, who had witnessed Cooper's sudden flip, drifted down river towards the mist-laden horizon of Lava Falls. He believed that Cooper had been too far to the left, measured in inches, and may have gone over the Ledge. He pointed the bow of the *Niagara* at a ferry angle to the left shore, slowed his forward motion, and waited...waited...waited for the mystical signs that would assure safe passage. To this day Eakland believed he pivoted the *Niagara* straight for the Slot entry (he did) and was where he intended to be (he was a foot or less to the right). Those twelve inches made all the difference.

Running last Tibbetts watched the scene unfold. "I entered the slot behind Fleet. We (myself and passengers) watched him get shot to the right, flip and then get stuck in the corner pocket. We saw it all above the rapid, as we were setting up, and I remember telling my passengers to focus on our run. We did and had a good one and passed Fleet's passenger and the *Niagara* stuck in the corner pocket."

Eakland harbored his own memories:

I just remember dropping into the bubble entry I found online. Or was it offline? And then watching the V-wave build and build and build a corkscrew wall that put the boat on edge and then over in a giant split second of oh shit. And then I remember having the river gods take my e-ticket out of the coupon book and I was carried downriver—not downstream. Express freight train somewhere under all the maelstrom above. For a moment a bit of insane serenity. But then the growing sounds of rocks tumbling along the bottom. And then I remember not sensing any feeling as I was ascending. Pretty dang dark. And this all lasted for much longer than I had ever experienced. And then it kept lasting to the point where I wasn't sure if I even had my life jacket on any more. But I did and just about time I was thriving on fifth grade air (air that I had sucked in as reserves back in fifth grade and about to enter fourth grade air) the light above became clearer and I came busting out at the surface just as I super ventilated only to look back upstream at the Black Rock and see Tom (my passenger) stretched out on the black rock with Jane standing nearby and no boat in sight. I swam into an eddy and clambered on shore and began a spirited run back up to black rock.

Eakland had entered Lava Falls with a boat, lifejacket, hat, shoes, swim trunks and a passenger. Now, as he

frantically scrambled along the rocky shore, he was wearing only his lifejacket.

ATTEMPTED RETRIEVAL, A PARTY, AND DORY SURGERY

By the time Eakland, sans swim trunks, made his barefooted way upriver, an anxious crowd had gathered on shore. When the upside down boat first collided with the face of the Black Rock, those watching thought for a moment that perhaps the *Niagara*, buffeted by surges of river water, might escape downstream.

Melham, Eakland's passenger, had been swept into the CP and then caught between the BR and the *Niagara*. He had only just been pulled out of the coffee-colored water and was now lying face down atop the BR. Normally a flip in Lava, while dramatic and potentially dangerous, was a cause for survivor storytelling and celebration at Lower Lava beach. Eakland was alarmed. For an instance he thought Melham had drowned. The latter was alive but had swallowed far more than a mouthful of river water and was now discharging it. (Later Melham recalled that he had been instructed to stay with the boat if it flipped, which was what he did.)

The *Niagara*, fast filling with water, caromed mercilessly into the rocks, making terrible sounds. So close were the boatmen and passengers to the helpless boat that they could step onto the hull of the *Niagara*. Eakland, still without swim trunks, and Grua entered the water in an attempt to fend the boat off the boulders. It proved too dangerous.

Again, the boatmen climbed aboard the hull and attached lines to the gunwales of the *Niagara*. Perhaps



they could pull the dory out, or at least stop it from grinding itself into material for beach chairs and beer cans. With boatmen and passengers pulling, the lines stretched, and the tension grew until they snapped. The cracking sound sent people diving for safety. Some pitched and reeled backwards into the water. On shore an assistant cook tumbled down hard on the rocks injured. The mood was somber. They tried again. And again, the lines snapped. It was a tug of war only the river could win. That afternoon another dory arrived.

Despite the gallant efforts, the *Niagara* sighed and



rolled on its port side. Bow pointed downstream, deck facing the BR, port gunwale underwater, the dory washed into the narrow gap of no return, no forgiveness. As the river surged into the CP, the boat rose and fell, writhing like a wounded animal in a trap, the relatively soft aluminum hull grating against the unforgiving basalt boulders on either side. Soon the *Niagara* slowed its vertical motion and settled into its fate. “Stuck like a piton,” said Cooper later.

All the boatmen could do was watch. Evening was coming. They were frustrated and tired and out of ideas. The two dory trips camped at Lower Lava and did what any forlorn group of river runners would do when faced with calamity—they threw a party. Much to everyone’s relief, Whalen had found Eakland a spare pair of swim trunks, a ragged shirt, and flip flops.

Dory legend suggests that the party set a new standard for merry making. In the years to come memories faded, but an air of protective secrecy surrounded what could only be called an opportunistic mash up of celebration and wake. Few details were offered. What did slip through the veil of silence and failing memories: Eakland (soon to be transformed into Captain Niagara) performed one of his infamous magic shows. Given the demoralized attitude of most boatmen after the wreck of a dory, the Captain’s behavior, it was agreed by all, was inspirational. There were reports of pyrotechnics involving WD-40 and matches, a precursor to grease bombs and swinging cartwheels of Coleman-fuel soaked packets of steel wool. There may have been alcohol involved, acrobatics, fire dances, an awards ceremony, various beach-related injuries, and repetitious stories that no one would remember in the morning. When a curious addled boatman asked Eakland when he first suspected things were going wrong in Lava Falls, he responded “Probably at breakfast this morning.”

The next morning the boatmen headed upriver to the CP. Grua, the trip leader, carried a small axe, a flat bar, a four-inch wide cold chisel, and a 4-pound all-steel sledge hammer dory people used to crush aluminum cans, affectionately called the “toe-tapper.” Grua had a wild look in his eye. He tied a line around his waist which was belayed to another boatman who straddled the gap where the *Niagara* lay trapped. Another boatman held onto the lifejacket of the anchor boatman. Then Grua entered the water.

Cooper recalled the scene:

It was sketchy. Kenton...that son of a bitch crawled right out there on that boat with the chisel in one hand and the toe tapper in the other and commenced to wailing on that boat

like a man possessed. He beat a foot long rip into that 1/8” aluminum hull then beat two more rips to make a flap in the bow hatch that could be bent open. (Authors note: a reliable source alleged that the first item to float out of the opening was a bottle of Old Bushmills belonging to Eakland.) He reached in there and pulled out everybody’s gear. This while the water was occasionally surging clear up over his head. You could look down on him through a foot of cold water when this happened and see him clinging to the hull with two fingers of each hand, his head making a hollow in the water, waiting to get a breath, pissed that he couldn’t be pounding. His left hand was bloody and swollen from missed strokes. It was getting dark. Then he pounded another hole in the front cross hatch and got everything out of there too. We recovered, in this way, almost all of the passenger’s personal gear.

Despite the retrieval of the passenger’s gear, as the day wore on it became obvious that the *Niagara* was unwilling to be rescued. The inevitable became undeniable. Now what? The dory trip with a full compliment of passengers needed to head downriver. Boatless, Eakland decided to hike out the Lava Falls Trail and head for the warehouse in Hurricane. They would all rendezvous there and conjure up their next move.

Eakland had been assured that the Lava Falls trail was obvious, plain as day, can’t miss it. He did, more than once. But after numerous false leads, a ledge that ended with a vertical drop-off, and a rattlesnake or two, Eakland finally arrived at the Rim still wearing the borrowed swim trunks and flip-flops. He walked three miles to the ranger station and quite by chance, caught a ride out to the highway and eventually to Hurricane. A day or two later the dory trips returned to Boat Land.

Eakland recalled the day of preparation to rescue the *Niagara*:

There was some of that super tribe vibe in the air the day at the warehouse when the mission was put together. Could not have been a better more diverse more together and more dead spot on team of rescue performers than the group from the stages of Hurricane that just happened to be ready, willing and able to head to the trailhead. I imagine Jane in all her wisdom had planned the entire scheme. But hey... at the time it just seemed to be magical as many Grand Canyon Dory situations took



care of themselves. We packed what we needed. Then thought about maybe taking a few tools. The bulk of our tool box I believe came from the climbers. Mainly from the deep bins of Bego. Oh the bins and bags of Bego. Come-alongs and carabiners and multiple strands and runs of wire and rope and gloves and pulleys. But no hard hats.

And so as we near the end of our tale we circle back to the beginning of the telling of our tale. Eakland had morphed into Captain Niagara; the dory crew became the Cold Chisel Gang. They hiked down Lava Falls Trail to the river and found the *Niagara* pretty much where they left it days earlier. The first attempt to extract the *Niagara* had failed.

RESURRECTION

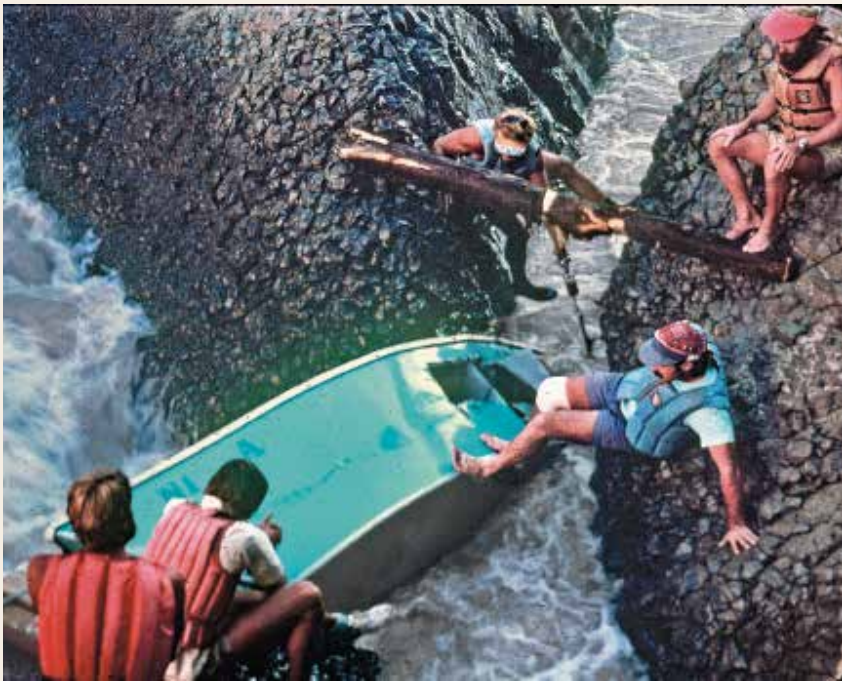
By the time the CCG arrived at the CP to begin the salvage, the river had begun to drop, and unexpectedly continued to drop exposing the hull of the *Niagara*. Martin Litton had called the dam and, being Martin, explained why they should lower the flows—obviously a dory was just as important as air conditioners in Phoenix. Now the Colorado ran clear, free of the coffee brown color that had once washed over the *Niagara*. A brief attempt by three boatmen to manhandle the boat to freedom proved futile. Time to break out the salvage tools.

After much discussion, the quarter-inch steel cables were attached to the upturned starboard gunwale of the *Niagara* with carabiners while holes were punched in the chine in an effort to find secure anchor points. At first a cobweb of line and steel cable splayed out

from the *Niagara* in all directions as the boatmen experimented, trying to find that sweet mechanical advantage. Eventually, the cables were strung roughly parallel, rather than at divergent angles, from the boat and rigged to winches (come-alongs) anchored by climbing chocks placed snugly in the cracks of boulders or attached to webbing looped around other boulders. The governing idea—one set of line would be held tight while the other was relaxed and pulling, allowing the boat to inch up to a vertical position. Progress was glacially slow. At one point Gerhart, climber and rigging journeyman, was methodically winding down on one of the winches when a carabiner broke. The steel cable recoiled and along with the carabiner came winging perilously close past Starling's head. It was a sobering moment. Any injury, given their location, would have been serious. The boatmen decided to pause and reconsider.

Neuman, the mechanic/driver, recalled their next extraction effort:

We used an improvised lever technique to lift the hull up from between the rocks. We found a log about the size of the field fence post to serve as the lever. We chopped holes in the side of the boat with a hatchet or hammer, down below the top of the rocks. The end of the post was inserted into a hole and then the hull was pried upward using the surface of the trapping rock as a fulcrum. This prying raised the boat some inches, then the winch-cable would apply tension to hold the hull fast against the rock in the higher position. Then the lever-post could be moved and inserted again in another hole



lower on the side of the boat in order to raise the hull a little more. It was a slow procedure which required a lot of patient coordination between the crew beside the boat at river water level and the crew operating the winches from rocks higher up above on shore. I want to believe we wore PFDS at the boat, climbing around the wet rocks. I know that I had a safety line around my waist, and Jane held the other end up on shore. This type of activity was completely new to me at that time, and I was not familiar with safety routine. I distinctly remember Jane yelling to me over the noise of the rushing water, “Glenn, you are off belay.”

I did not know what she meant, off belay, and wondered what I was supposed to do. Then I realized that Jane had gone to help elsewhere and no one was tending my safety line; so I stopped scrambling about until I was back “on belay.”

Gradually the *Niagara* was hoisted by the boatmen from the fierce embrace of the CP onto nearby boulders. Battered, fractured, punctured, cut open—the resurrection of the dory was greeted with mixed emotion. And what now? It wouldn’t do to leave the injured dory perched on the rocks for all to see. Later Litton wondered aloud why the boatmen didn’t just sink the *Niagara* somewhere below Lava Falls. Make a fine yarn.

Captain Niagara decided to row his boat down to Lower Lava beach. The *Niagara*, however, would almost certainly sink unceremoniously before it reached the safety of the beach. Then by chance serendipity bumped into ingenuity. The Captain discovered a role of duct tape caked in sand in the stern hatch. Pieces of styrofoam from a broken cooler, flotsam from the wreck, floated in a nearby eddy. Together they served as repair material to fill the gaps Grua had surgically removed from the hull of the *Niagara*. In due time she was patched and deemed river-worthy. Still, one oarlock was missing

and the gunnels were crippled beyond repair. Stray pieces of line were fashioned around the gunnels into temporary oarlocks. Captain Niagara’s Smokers were fetched from their hiding place. Two boatmen volunteered to ride with Captain Niagara to bail. The *Niagara* would live another five minutes to float the Colorado for the last time.

In early evening with shadows falling, Captain Niagara rowed downriver. The last leg of the *Niagara*’s river voyage was coming to an end. The CCG pulled the dory well above the high water line and gathered their gear. Some boatmen had already begun the steep hike up the Lava Falls Trail. Soon others followed. Exhaustion and gravity slowed the pace of



Who made the decision to haul the *Niagara* to a recycler in Las Vegas remains a mystery or a well-kept secret. One popular notion was that the final resting place for the crippled dory should be in the Boat Land graveyard in the field next to the warehouse. There it could serve as a casual reminder of the fierce, fickle power of Lava Falls as well as a check on any boatmen's egos who thought their skill as an oarsmen insulated them from misfortune on the river.

Weills drove the funeral rig carrying the wounded dory to its final resting site in Sin City. The *Niagara* also carried a season's worth of crushed aluminum

the CCG. Night fell, black and moonless. Out came the flashlights. More than one crew member drifted behind the main group and lost their way before some one scrambled back looking for them. Late that night the weary dory crew arrived back home in Hurricane. Mission accomplished.

REINCARNATION ANYONE?

Within a week most of the boatmen were back out on the river. Captain Niagara, to his surprise, was later offered the *Okeechobee*, one of the last wooden Briggs boats purchased by Litton, to row. In 1983 *Outside* magazine published an account of the wreck and extraction of the *Niagara*. Eakland felt compelled to write a letter to the mainstream outdoor magazine to correct some of the more flagrant factual errors. He never received a response.

Back in Boat Land, Tuck Weills (co-manager with Whalen) arranged for a helicopter to lift the *Niagara* out of the Canyon and transported back to Hurricane.

* * *

One afternoon Eric Sodjen rode his motorcycle from Cedar City to Hurricane. The future dory boatman wanted to check out the river company he had heard so much about. Upon arrival he pulled into the back driveway where he abruptly came face to face with the mangled *Niagara*. He nearly quit on the spot. "Really!" he said, "I thought, if that can happen down there, I don't want any part of it. I almost turned around and rode home."

* * *

soda and beer cans in her hatches. Though it could not be confirmed, rumor had it that Weills received \$30.00 for the battered dory and the crushed aluminum cans. To anyone who loved dories it was a pittance made worse by an insult. It is hypothetically possible, however, that in the years to come the Cold Chisel Gang might have brought the *Niagara* back to the Canyon in the diminished form of numerous cases of cheap beer (in aluminum cans) they stowed away in their dories, a refreshing act of reincarnation if there ever was one.

* * *

"The Tale of the Wreck of the *Niagara*" could never have been written (really) without the generous and enthusiastic tribal memory contributions of the following: Jane Whalen, Bego Gerhart (photos), Rudi Petschek (digitally remastered the photos), Glenn Neuman, Kenly Weills, Tim Cooper, Jim Starling, Moqui Johnson, El Tibbetts, Rich Turner (photo), Brad Dimock, Tuck Weills, Wally Rist, and the inimitable Captain Niagara, Fleet Eakland. Like the Slot, any semblance of truth to be found in The Tale of the Wreck of the *Niagara* is likely hard to locate and, give or take a foot either way, could lead the reader into a corner pocket of disbelief about the veracity of this tale.

Vince Welch



NOTE: You can watch a video clip of the actual "Niagara's Last Run." Just scan this QR code, hang on to your stomach, and enjoy!
Or go to: <https://goo.gl/WNYCAM>

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

A PLEDGE OF CONFIDENTIALITY

IT'S COME TO MY ATTENTION, since taking this position and having the chance to operate in the community with this new hat on, there's a misconception amongst guides how support from the Whale Foundation works, specifically with our Helpline. I want to be clear on this, because I don't want anyone who is looking for support to hesitate calling (1.877.44WHALE) because there's a misunderstanding. Here it is in a few simple steps.

1. When our helpline (1.877.44WHALE) is used, the caller leaves a name and number with an off-site answering service. This is *not* a line to our office.
2. The answering service relays that message to our case manager (a licensed professional counselor working for the Whale Foundation) and he or she contacts the caller within a few hours.
3. After a short conversation, the caller will receive a code name and the case manager will match the caller with a mental health provider
4. The caller receives free, confidential assistance from that provider (ten sessions or more) at their office.
5. The provider invoices the Whale Foundation, using the client's code name. Our providers are obligated to keep the identity of their clients confidential. This information *does not* reach our office.

What's my point? *No one* on our board, in our community, within your outfit, or anyone else, including me, is privy to information on the clients we serve. *It's confidential, through and through.*

And who can use our services? Commercial river guides, their families, and outfitter staff. The *Helpline can be used as a resource for anyone* either seeking help or information to try and help another. Ultimately, though, to use our services, an individual has to make the call themselves.

For a service like the Whale Foundation to work in a community like ours, *it has to be this way*. If you see something, say something. Remind a friend about the Helpline, and let that person know, it'll remain a private affair.

One more thing: our clients receive assistance for an array of challenges. Whether it's relationship struggles, anxiety around an uncertain future or a difficult situation presently, substance issues, life or career changes, trauma or loss on or off the river, our professional counselors are equipped to assist you navigate these matters, great or small. Please don't hesitate to call.

John Napier
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Feeling Feelings About Guiding at the Start of a Long River Season

HI. I'M LIZ. I've been guiding for eight years, but I'm new to Grand Canyon. Just getting started on my third full season here. I'm also new to the board of the Whale Foundation.

I hate the start of every season. I mope around. I feel queasy. My face is plastered into a permanent grimace. Before my first trip, for as long as I've been guiding, before the beauty and the excitement and the fun of the job takes hold, I think to myself "is this really what I want to be doing?" Fun, right?

My first trip rigs tomorrow, actually. The lead up this year has been particularly rough. Partly I blame allergies and a lingering cough. But I also think it's

the nature of working in Grand Canyon. There's no warm up with it, no real transition period. You just get on the water, and *bam!*—you're in the canyon with limited means of escaping any time soon. It can be a bit much.

So, how do *you* I feel at the start of every river season? Or in the middle of the season, for that matter? Hopefully you're feeling excited and you continue to feel that way throughout your season. But if you're *not*, and if you're prone to slides into melancholy or light existential questioning like I am, the Whale Foundation can help.

The Whale Foundation has been providing

confidential access to professional counseling services to the Grand Canyon guiding community since 1995. Still, there are times we would just like to talk with someone *who has been in our shoes*, and who can relate to our experiences and struggles in a deeper manner. For this, *the Whale Foundation has created a new program for guides*. It's a mentorship program, meant to connect guides who might be dealing with new challenges or considering alternate paths in the near future with folks they can relate to who have dealt with something similar or made those moves for themselves.

Guides tend to identify strongly with the work they do. As a group, we understand each other. The value of this program will come from that understanding and the insight that can be lent by those who have been through similar struggles. Whether it's the working to navigate the scene as a new guide, feeling mid-season burn out, considering a new career path, or living through difficult experiences on the river or off, our hope is to build a resource of mentors who can sympathize and support your efforts to navigate

challenging times, no matter what you're facing. Sure, you'll still have access to our professional counseling services if there's a need for that, but now there's an option to get support in other beneficial ways for a number of reasons.

So, if you'd like to sit down with someone and consider what it'd be like to run your own business, go back to school, work in a certain field or simply consider what you might be doing for yourself in the early stages of your guiding career, consider giving the Whale Foundation Helpline a call. 1.877.44.WHALE. And spread the word! Guides supporting guides—it's what I understand Whale did as a fellow guide and how I think we can honor his legacy.

Everything I learned about guiding I learned from another guide. Feels like there's still more to learn, and I'm excited for this Mentor Program.

Have a great season, and I hope to see you on the water!

Elizabeth McGuirk



photo credit: John Napier

Guides Training Seminar Land Session 2017: It's a Wrap!

RIVER GUIDES ARE already consummate professionals in every respect. But what additional steps can you take to set yourself up for success? How do you take proper care of yourself over the long term—financially, physically, and mentally? How can we take care of each other and foster positive relationships while respecting boundaries? What is the importance of continued education, advocacy and stewardship?

We hoped to answer some of those questions and more at the 2017 Guides Training Seminar (GTS) over the April 1st weekend in Marble Canyon, or at least commence the dialogue and provide food for thought that might be of benefit down the line. Our goal was to provide the guide community with a suite of useful tools to help them along that path, by centering on this year's GTS theme, *Professional Guiding as a Lifelong Career: Taking Care of Ourselves, Each other, And the Place We Love over the Long Term*.

To attempt to do it justice, we covered a ton of ground in a day and a half:

- How to take control of your financial future (Yes, you can!! Start early!!)
- Health and wellness (a myriad of free services through the Whale Foundation Health Fair)
- Guide Voices (learning through the experiences of our peers)
- A frank discussion about sexual harassment and what consent looks like
- Guide professionalism and its many facets
- Safety—EMS clinic with an outstanding helicopter demo
- The changing legal landscapes for Epinephrine administration
- Upping your interpretive knowledge—springs, river ecology, geology
- Opportunities for citizen science in Grand Canyon
- Building advocacy by understanding the many threats to Grand Canyon
- Native Voices on the Colorado River (a cultural education program supported by the Grand Canyon river outfitters)
- Celebrating our river history
- And last but not least, an important keynote address from our wonderful new Superintendent, Christine Lehnertz

It meant a lot to us that Superintendent Lehnertz made a point of attending the GTS considering her

incredibly busy schedule. The Colorado River and the incredible world below the rim is a critical focus for her, just as she is dedicated to creating an inclusive, respectful and safe workplace for everyone at Grand Canyon National Park. Chris made a positive impression on all of us, hitting all the right notes by signaling that we are moving forward *together*, a message that was underscored by the welcome presence of many NPS staff at our event.

Truly, for those few special days in early April, Marble Canyon could be called the center of the guide universe, and the energy was palpable, from the presentations, to the personal interactions, to the positive vibes of our super fun band, Ed Kabotie and tha' Yoties (dancing went on till the wee hours of the night!!!). More than anything, the GTS is a joyful celebration of our diverse community where guides, river runners, NPS personnel, scientists, historians, educators, outfitters, tribal representatives, NGO's and the interested public flock to this tiny blip on the map from points near and far for the shared, intensive learning experience. We make new connections and we renew those bonds of friendship, partnership and collaboration. That is the true essence of community.

First and foremost, we extend a special thank you to Steve and Sarah Hatch who once again supported GCRG by opening up their warehouse to over two hundred participants. And of course, the GTS would not be possible without the longstanding support of our funders—the Grand Canyon Fund (a non-profit fund established and managed by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association) and our friends at the Grand Canyon Association, along with all of our GTS partners: the commercial river outfitters, the Native Voices on the Colorado River Program, and Grand Canyon National Park. We also appreciate the incredibly helpful logistical support from Arizona Raft Adventures for the GTS land and river sessions.

Once again, the GTS food was amazing. Many thanks to Simone and Tim Stephenson, Pam Quist, Matt Herrman, and the rest of the cook crew who managed to feed us delicious food all weekend long. Beyond the traditional menu, our Saturday lunch was supplemented by tasty venison chili cactus stew, provided by Somana and her hard working kids as part of the special Native Voices program. Speaking of which, the Native Voices segment itself always serves as a vital cultural centerpiece of the weekend, featuring wonderful talks by Jason Nez, Renae Yellowhorse and



Delores Wilson-Aguirre. Special thanks to Stephanie Jackson and John Dillon for their coordination efforts and support.

GCRG president, Ben Reeder, and vice president, Amity Collins, did an outstanding job as co-emcees and chief cat-herders, while all our enthusiastic GCRG board members helped out in a myriad of ways from the conception of the GTS theme through the event itself. A special shout out to GCRG director, Margeaux Bestard, for her outstanding work in coordinating the Guide Voices segment of the GTS. For weeks, she reached out to many guides of varying experience levels to gain knowledge from their experiences. We appreciate all the guides who shared their thoughts with her, as well as those guides who spoke at the event—Howie Usher, Matt Herrman, and Ann-Marie Bringham. It's a big deal to share publicly with your peers, and their perspectives as well as those that Margeaux summarized from her other conversations, injected a meaningful and personal note into our GTS—learning comes not just from PowerPoint presentations, but from sharing life lessons with real world implications. Our advice to all of you is to seek out other guides, ask them about their journey, find out what worked for them and what didn't, and learn from it.

Finally, we extend a heartfelt thanks to all the excellent speakers who shared their knowledge, passion, and expertise with all of us. We were excited to include some new speakers, topics and new information which helps keep us at the top of our game. If you have any follow-up questions for any of the GTS speakers, just email to GCRG and we can put you in touch with them. We're sure that they would

1. Tim Stephenson
2. Pam Quist, Simone Sellin
3. Superintendent, Christine Lehnertz
4. Laura Crossey, Karl Karlstrom, Jorgen Visbak
5. Stephanie Jackson
6. Renae Yellowhorse, Delores Wilson-Aguirre, Jason Nez

photos courtesy Laura Crossey and Simone Sellin

welcome that continuing interaction. And last but not least, thanks to all of *you* who joined us for the weekend and to those who supported us along the way such as donors for our raffle and silent auction. What a lot of fun we had—the GTS is such a phenomenal way to start the river season.

The bottom line is: river guides' careers in Grand Canyon are often measured in years or even decades because their deep love of the place draws them back again and again. Those of us at GCRG hope to foster that longevity because we believe the benefits are profound—for the resource, for the river industry, and for the river experience that we cherish. But we also want your guide career to benefit *you* as an individual and as a valued member of our vibrant river community. We're in it for the long haul, and we want you to be there along with us too!

An Extract of an Aquitard's Journal: A Photo Essay of the 2017 GTS River Trip

DAY 1 — MONDAY, APRIL 3, 2017

AS THE ATTENDEES OF THIS YEAR'S amazing GTS Land Session were packing-up and heading home on Sunday, the fortunate few set to participate in the GTS River Session were migrating from points across the region to Lees Ferry to begin rigging the boats for yet another epic journey through Powell's "Great Unknown." On Monday morning, our fearless "trip suggester," B.J. Boyle, got the adventure started with introductions so the veteran boatmen, their novice charges, and the colorful assemblage of "experts" could begin the process of becoming a close-knit team. Mother Nature assisted the bonding process by providing a little adversity for a send-off as the temperature dipped and a persistent rain began to fall as we pushed off. Made 12.4 miles; ran 2 rapids. Camp #1 river left, mile 12.4 (Brown Inscription).



B. J. Boyle, our fearless "trip suggester." (LC)

DAY 3 — WEDNESDAY,
APRIL 5, 2017

Memorable day as the discussion of Grand Canyon springs, aquifers, aquitards, and water needs of the

Park at the Fence Fault Spring led to our self-assumed group name of the "Aquitards." Passed a roaring Vasey's Paradise flush with spring runoff. Stopped at mile 33.3 in the Redwall Cavern for a little relaxation and a quick game of Frisbee. Lunch and a hike at Martha's Crack. Fifteen of the nineteen Aquitards hiked and climbed their way up the crack to the top of the redwall. Made 15.5 miles; ran two rapids. Camp #3 river left, mile 45.0 (Willie Taylor).

Laura Crossey explains the geology of the Fence Fault Springs and the concept of aquitards — a new favorite word and an immediate group name for the GTS '17 participants. (RVS)



DAY 4 — THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 2017

Began the day by paying our respect to Willie Taylor. Moved down to the Dinosaur (RM 50) so the majority of the Aquitards could do an up-and-over hike to Nankoweap (RM 52.5). Fifteen Aquitards dared the long, exposed hike while four volunteers ferried the flotilla of rafts and a lone dory down river to Little Nankoweap. Two made a mini-hike to the granary. Upon reaching camp, the hikers were rewarded with steak night. Made 6.2 miles; flat water all day—no rapids run. Camp #4 river right, mile 51.2 (Little Nankoweap).



The Aquitards stop for a break on their Dinosaur-to-Nankoweap up-and-over hike. Joel Barnes integrates watersheds and policies. (LC)

DAY 5 — FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 2017

Geoff "Carp" Carpenter explains the Mitchell Plot and how we can predict when lizards are likely to be active. Passed the Little Colorado in her muddy state. Reached Lava Chuar on right at mile 65.9 for lunch and a geologizing hike to see the Chuar and Unkar groups. The views of the Chuar Valley are spectacular as it opens into a vast landscape that is unlike any other in the Grand Canyon. Chuar Group is now dated to have been deposited between 780 and 729 million years ago. The spectacular contrast is even more vivid with the sea of yellow of brittle bush painting the slopes as far as the eye can see. Arrive at camp near sunset and make acquaintances of three pack-rafters and invite them into our camp. Quickly realize they are old acquaintances of a few Aquitards! At night, learn service project is cancelled. Made 20.4 miles; ran five rapids. Camp #5 river left, mile 71.6 (Cardenas).



"Carp" explains the Mitchell Plot during morning academics. (RVS)

Learning the challenges that lay ahead. (ASM)



DAY 6 — SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 2017

Scouted Hance Rapid from right bank; all made their runs successfully. Stopped below Hance on river left for more geologizing on the Hotauta Conglomerate, now dated as 1.25 billion years old. Good night of stories and goodbyes as the band would change-out in the morning. Made 16.1 miles; ran nine rapids. Camp #6 river left, mile 87.7 (Lower Cremation).

DAY 9 — TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 2017

Began day with more academics. Had a great morning music jam session in Blacktail Canyon. Number of adventurous runs today. Had the opportunity to meet the Table Rock in Deubendorff Rapid and see just how far down the drop is after you go over it. In reflection, it's not the drop — it's the tsunami of the water returning to the hole that blasts you nearly off the boat. Recall well B.J.'s sage advice earlier in the day, "time spent scouting is proportional to time spent swimming...let's go." Made 14.4 miles; ran nine rapids; two very wet but all through upright. Camp #9 river right, mile 134.2 (Racetrack).



Karl Karlstrom explains the Hotauta Conglomerate to the assembled Aquitards river left just below Hance rapid. (LC)



BJ discuss geology with Peter Huntoon at morning academics. (RVS)

DAY 7 — SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 2017

Sad day as we bid farewell to seven Aquitards but fortunately nine equally talented Aquitards arrived to replace them. In the morning four boats headed down for the exchange and the remaining four boats head to Phantom Ranch for a quick visit. Made 11 miles; ran seven rapids. Camp #7 river right head of Crystal Rapid, mile 98.7 (Upper Crystal).



Owen, Kyle, and Zeke share their musical talents. (RVS)

DAY 10 — WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 2017

Moved a short distance to Tapeats Creek to start hike to Surprise Canyon. Nineteen aquitards led by Peter Huntoon headed along the trail to Thunder River. The bond between boatmen, the Canyon, and all who love her was on full display today—during hike Carter, Carp, and a few of us stopped on the ascent to gaze back across the river at Owl Eyes while Carter read a poem to honor fallen through-hiker Ioana Hocita... a kindred spirit and a tradition. Continued up canyon; Tapeats Creek was roaring and Thunder River gushing with the cool waters of winter snow melt on the Kaibab Plateau. In Surprise Valley, Peter explained how the desolate valley stole its name from Deer Creek—Sorry E.O. Beaman. Crossed over the ancient dam site and stopped at Dutton Spring for a drink. Followed Deer Creek through its narrows and then down to Deer Creek Falls at dusk. The Surprise Valley landslide is now dated as one million years old and modern Deer Creek has shifted its path several times in the last million years. Made camp as the sun set. Made 3.5 miles; boats ran only one small rapid. Camp #10 river left, mile 137.7 (Football).



The Aquitards take break along the trail to Thunder River (ASM)



Ben navigates a rapid. (ASM)

DAY 12 — FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 2017

Hiked up National Canyon to its narrows; half the party climbed the narrows while remainder relaxed at the small falls or hunted fossils in the scattered rocks. Everyone's ritual prep and training pays off as all come through right side up and in their boats. Pull in at the Beach for the post-Lava celebration and to watch the dories make their runs. The beach is infested with butterfly larva (Mourning Cloaks); by morning the bushes are but twigs. A festive night for all. Made 13.1 miles; ran five rapids—all conquered Lava Falls. Camp #12 river right, mile 180.1 (Tequila Beach).



The ascent of the narrows in National Canyon. (RVS)

DAY 15 — MONDAY, APRIL 17, 2017

Stopped at Diamond Creek to pick-up the more Aquitards including the Ed Schenk from the Park's Science office. Last day of whitewater and it was eventful as we nearly tangoed with the "fangs" deciding not to play about two centimeters before dancing. Continued down river and lunched at Travertine Falls. Stopped at Separation Rapids for history talk on the break-up of the Powell Expedition and the fate of the men. Private boaters join discussion. Leslie keeps calling out "Seth Tanner! Seth Tanner! Is that you, Seth Tanner?" at night and leaving food for him. Made 27 miles, ran 13 rapids. Camp #15 river right on sandbar, mile 243.

*Ray Sumner, Geoff Carpenter,
Laura Crossey, and Karl Karlstrom*

Many thanks to those who made the GTS river trip possible:

- Arizona Raft Adventures
- The Grand Canyon Fund
- The Grand Canyon river outfitters
- Grand Canyon National Park
- Our awesome speakers and all the enthusiastic guides!

Photographs by Laura Crossley (LC), Amy Martin (ASM), and Ray Sumner (RVS).

John Hance's Asbestos Mine

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A TRUE STORY, the reality-is-stranger-than-fiction sort—an honest John Hance tale. And in the end, John Hance makes \$2,000 selling twelve mines he never owned.

Two thousand dollars in 1901 was the equivalent of \$58,000 in 2015. Call that \$2,000 a log cabin, three mules by a wash, a busted-down water wagon stuck in a ditch, or whatever you want to call it. But it was—almost certainly—much more than John Hance imagined making in what had become nearly twenty years of eking-out a Grand Canyon living. That's the kind of money he used to go through in one year working military contracts at Camp Verde, before he went bankrupt there. This was big.

Bill Ashurst and John Hance were pard, exploring around Yavapai and Coconino Counties; probably twenty or more years of that. They traveled and carved, from precambrian schist, miles of trail in Grand Canyon, most of of those steps unknown today. Living off the land in the Inner Canyon, they tended their combined stock of animals.

They prospected, “jawing” all the while. Bill Ashurst and John Hance drank their fair share of whiskey—and Ashurst threw not-enough small chunks of dynamite on their wintertime campfires as Hance finished one story after the other. John Marshall and Curtis McClure were the other members of that intimate fireside group. After Marshall went his own direction in 1895, Ashurst, Hance and McClure remained a strong, reliable, dead-earnest, brotherhood. A Canyon Brotherhood. Big. Mighty. Like the place.

Ashurst and McClure continued prospecting around the Wool Claim area. John Hance kept on with his trail rides and tall tales. In time, Ashurst and McClure filed other locations south of the Wool Claim, closer to the river. John Hance was not there when these claims were staked. His name does not appear on the locations' paperwork—although, as the ensuing events testify, Curtis McClure always acted in good faith for John Hance.

Bill Ashurst died January 17, 1891,¹ killed in a rockslide near but below 85-Mile Rapid on the south side and well above the river. From a 1901 press report,

the site has always been called the “Arkansaw” mine.

Bill Ashurst staked the Arkansas Traveller, Shady Bluff, Copper Stain, Little Lead and Oxide Claims on January 1, 1900.² A year later he was doing assessment work on the Arkansas Traveller when tragedy struck.

Hance afterward told a reporter about discovering his friend's body. His endearment for Bill Ashurst, told here, was “Jake.”

“Last winter, said the Captain, in his inimitable

drawl, me and my partner started down into the canyon to do some prospectin'. We separated, as usual, an' took our stuff to different camps, agreein' to meet three weeks from that day³ at the top an' go to Flagstaff together on business. Well, I took a look at my asbestos mine an' a few other holes in the rocks, an' pounded away at new places without findin' much, an' finally crawled up on the twenty-first day to meet Jake. Well, he didn't come. Fur six days,” until February 6. “I knocked aroun' my old camp [Glendale Springs] an' still he didn't come. By that time I knew there was trouble, fur Jake was the exactest man that ever clumb



Susan Selfridge and her guide Frank by the Colorado River at the foot of Bright Angel Trail, April 11, 1901. With thanks to Drifter Smith for the location.

these rocks. Still, I didn't want to think he was dead, so I went into Flagstaff an' asked whether he'd been seen there, or at Williams, or the Bright Angel, or Bass', or anywhere along the road. Not a word of him could I hear, so I came back to this here big ole ditch to find him.”

“I smiled at Capt. John's irreverent title for the great canyon which he had loved as his home for thirty years. ‘You came alone?’ I asked.

“‘Course,’ he answered, ‘who could help me? I knew just about where he'd be. I made a bee line fur the piece o' country where he started to look fur mineral, and in less 'n three days I found his camp. There it all was—his pot o' beans all dried up on the ashes of his fire where he'd let 'em to cook, his pile o' canned things an' dried up biscuits, an' flour, an' bacon, his blanket rolled up fur the day, everythin' fixed up jus' as he'd left 'em in the mornin'.

“I searched through everythin' an' finally found his diary—we allus keep a diary, you know, when we go off prospectin', so's not to lose count o' the days”—here

exists the possibility of a yet-to-be-discovered diary in the hand of John Hance; Ashurst's diary has not been located. "The last entry was Jan. 16, ten days after we parted. "Digging three miles below here," it said, "just above the granite—no finds yet."

"So I knew I would find him down the river about three miles an' twelve hundred feet or so up from it. An' o' course I knew the kind o' country where he'd be likely to look fur mineral. Sure enough, the nex' day I came acrost him, lyn' cluttered up with a big o' loose rock. There he lay with a broken hip, his face up an' his dead eyes glarin' at the sky. An' there he had died alone, after sufferin' an' starvin' probably, fur days an' nights.

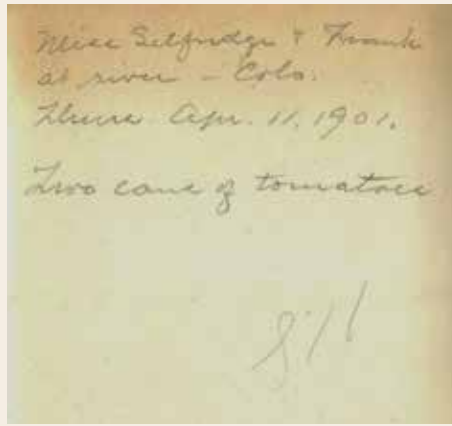
"It was plain as day how it all happened. He had been poundin' into a ledge o' rock about 10 feet above, an' somethin' had slipped, an' down he had come with the stones a-top o' him. I reckon it was kind o' hard to wait there till death got ready to come.

"Well, I laid him out straight and decent on the rocks and wrapped him in a blanket an' piled the stones over him fur a grave—fur there weren't earth enough aroun' there to bury a man in. Then I rolled a big rock on his head an' marked it with his name an' the day he died and wrote "Good-bye Jake" on it."⁴

Hance left out a part. From it we know something about his and others' activities following the discovery of William Ashurst's body on or about February 14, Valentines Day, 1901.⁵ By about February 16, Hance was in Flagstaff with the news. On Monday the 18TH, "a [coroner's jury] composed of John Hance, Niles Cameron, J.D. Halford, Porter Guffey, Marvin Beal, Henry E., Charles and Andrew ["Andy"] Ashurst started for the canyon."⁶ Not a few of these names are found in the Bright Angel Hotel register over the next several days; as a matter of interest, in 1901 a phone call from Bright Angel cost .50¢ (\$16 in 2015 U.S. currency), a telegram twice that.⁷

Hance returned to Flagstaff on Thursday the 21ST and visited the Coconino County recorder's office, there registering a deed "Jake" sold him for \$1 in 1894; Lot 4, Brannen Division, Flagstaff. Hance returned the favor a year later, in October, 1895, for the same price, by deeding Ashurst a one-third undivided interest in the North End Claim he and John Marshall located in February, 1891.⁸

Two months shy of fifty years later, Andy Ashurst



Verso of April 11, 1901. "Two cans of tomatoes" is a sure indication Hance was involved in supplying "lunch."

remembered his father's death in a letter to Lon Garrison, first director of Albright Training Academy at Grand Canyon. The jury was led to the site by Hance, to witness the circumstances of Ashurst's death. The inquest was held that evening. "I was seated at father's last campsite," wrote Bill Ashurst's son, describing a sparse, ledge of Precambrian rock high above the river. "In the dark weeping very bitterly. Capt'n Hance was in the tent with the Coroner's Jury. And there I was obliged to pause, and laugh at one of the Capt'n's stories, which he

was at the time relating."⁹

In mid-1901, the court granted Henry Ashurst permission to dispose of twelve locations staked by his father and Curtis McClure. Henry asked the court to divide the proceeds equally three ways. The court agreed. The recipients were Henry Fountain Ashurst and the Ashurst family, Curtis McClure, and, John Hance.

Susan Watts Selfridge was the daughter of General Philip Kearny, "one-armed Devil" of the Civil War, a millionaire who dreamt of riding to glory in battle. He did. His obituary appeared in the *Newbern Weekly Press* September 13, 1862. Shot at Chantilly, Virginia.

Selfridge was born in France in 1856, the second so named after the first died in infancy. Before the turn of the century she was, briefly, a woman of letters, interviewing Bismarck at his home, and also Gladstone, painting both in what reviews called "remarkable candor."

Selfridge stayed at Bright Angel Hotel with two other ladies on April, 10, 11 and 12, 1901.¹⁰ On the 11TH, "Miss Selfridge" and one of her friends were down Bright Angel Trail; she was photographed there, standing near the river with her guide, Frank; his services cost \$2.50 a day, each horse \$3.¹¹ Another image in this series titled "Last Chance [Mine] Camp," shows a wooden shack on Horseshoe Mesa with three horses tethered round squat piñons. Notes on the back of a third photo indicate Susan Selfridge, John Hance and others, were at Last Chance Camp for lunch and dinner on April 15, and breakfast and lunch on the 16th.¹²

Susan Selfridge learned of "the asbestos mines" from John Hance himself. Talk about a fly-on-the-wall

moment—this one was made for Hance. And the results were spectacular! Returning to civilization, Selfridge assigned Hance her Power of Attorney in Grand Canyon matters—and on June 18, 1901, entered into a \$6,000 four-month purchase agreement on twelve mines. Her lawyer-in-fact, Henry Wise Mayo, also affixed his signature to the document. Hance's signature was first on the page, Mayo's last.¹³

Selfridge's agreement included the Wool Claim, recorded by William Henry Ashurst in 1891; Admiral Sampson, recorded by Curtis H. McClure in 1898; River View, CHM 1898; Main Landing, CHM 1898; West Point, CHM 1898; U.S. Navy, CHM, 1898; Maine, CHM 1898; McCullough, CHM 1898; Commodore Dewey, WHA 1898; Iowa, WHA 1898; New York, WHA 1898; Castle WHA, 1898; "right-of-way over the 'Hance' or 'Red Canyon' Trail"; with options on additional Hance and/or McClure claims, up to \$10,000.¹⁴

Selfridge reconsidered on October 16, assigning her "Agreement to Purchase Mines" to George Hills of Boston.¹⁵

In the meantime, Henry Ashurst was going it alone, holding out for more money...

So Hills could purchase only the McClure and Hance rights, or two-thirds interest in the twelve mines. This he did, paying McClure and Hance \$2,000 each on October 21, 1901.¹⁶ He settled before Christmas with Henry Ashurst for the same amount,¹⁷ for a grand total of \$6,000.

In early February, 1902, a year after Bill Ashurst's death, George Hills transferred ownership of his twelve mines to Hance Asbestos Mining Company of Kittery, Maine, for a \$1 quitclaim and other considerations.¹⁸

HAMC incorporated in 1901 under the signatures of Millard W. Baldwin, New York, president; Hiram Thompson, Kittery, clerk; H.H. Palmer, Kittery, stock holder. Each owned ten shares; capitol was valued at \$100,000; \$750 was on the books and 3,970 shares were outstanding. John Hance's name does not appear on any of the 24 legally authenticated HAMC documents known to exist.¹⁹ According to these papers, Hance never sat on HAMC's board of directors or purchased any of its stock.

But Susan Selfridge did; finally, after deliberation and probably on special offer. And in separate proxies with Hance on August 1, 1902, she was named co-locator in his Lloyd and Howard claims south of the river just west of Red Canyon.²⁰ Hance leased a one-third interest in these locations to John Penhale on August 28, 1902. The lease put \$500 in Hance's pocket—the same day Martin Buggeln paid him \$800 for his first (later forgiven and afterward reworked) offer on Glendale Springs. That's \$1,300, or \$36,500 in 2016 U.S. dollars.



"Last Chance Camp," mid-April, 1901, where and when John Hance likely told Susan Selfridge about "asbestos mines for sale."

Only John Hance could make that kind of money in one day.

Hance likely paid Selfridge her share—he was called "honest John" for a reason—but it was an insignificant amount in the larger picture. Selfridge declared bankruptcy in 1907.²¹ Her numerous creditors included "Fidelity Trust Company of Philadelphia, as executor of B.S. Burton, \$1,500 secured by 100 shares of the Hance Asbestos Mining Company," and "[Joseph] Hyde Pratt, Chapel, Hill, N.C., \$1,200 for services as an expert geologist." For the purposes of this narrative, it is supposed Pratt articulated Grand Canyon's quintessential mining problem to Selfridge about the same time Hance's HAMC superintendency was revoked,²² telling her transportation was key. Pratt would have suggested a "cable and an aerial tramway approximately 1,200 above the river, the distance from the rim to the crossing point of the river would be reduced from three to five miles and there would also be 1,200 feet less climbing."²³ Getting the stuff out of Grand Canyon, Pratt said, *that was the problem.*

What actually happened "down there" certainly needed improvement. The animals were loaded with pannicans weighing between 80 and 100 pounds a burro, or 175–210 pounds per mule.²⁴ So packed, the stock ambled downslope, upstream to the north side of Hance's Landing below Hance Rapid. There, the pannicans were placed in a rowboat—a rowboat!—which flitted back and forth across the Colorado to the south side landing—where the animals swimming behind the boat were repackaged for the six mile journey up Red Canyon Trail, and a further twelve miles to South Rim rail station. It's a reasonable bet the overnight rest stop was mine manager's John Page's camp near Grandview,²⁵ probably Glendale Springs.

This was Hance territory; John was the master of logistics hereabouts. And it must have been something when a freight car's volume of asbestos lashed to burros



Verso of "Last Chance Camp," indicating Hance and Selfridge shared four meals together, April 15–16, 1901. Note that "Miss S." rode "Billy" and that "Mr. Nash" rode "Darby," Hance's favorite horse. Darby, a white gelding with a scar on his left fore shin,³¹ did jump across Grand Canyon—only to land in a cave below the North Rim and there starve to death. But that happened later...

pulled into Grand Canyon Depot. So far as has been determined, this happened—maybe—twice. If ever authenticated, it's likely Hance led a string of thirty burros during early 1903, and another smaller train in 1904, although he is not mentioned in either brief, before-event, notice. But he is the primary suspect to have registered the Hance Asbestos Company brand in Flagstaff in early 1903, HAC ∞.²⁶

On October 26, 1901, *The Coconino Sun* reported, incorrectly, that Selfridge paid \$6250 to McClure and Hance. Two days further along, the *Arizona Republican* said \$10,000.

After that, John Hance toured San Francisco with the proceeds, hemorrhaging \$1000 a day on an epic ten-day drunken revelry-rant. But even at \$1,000 a day nobody took notice! Next time, "Hance said," I'm goin' with \$50,000 and really wake-up that town!

A corollary vignette puts Hance in an upscale Embarcadero hotel, complete with a bedside gas lamp which, supposedly, he did not know how to operate. Peter Berry had cautioned him beforehand, "Don't blow-out the flame—that's not how you do it." So John fanned it out. With his hat. That *did* work.

"I have told you," wrote another, "about John Hance, the veteran guide at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, who, with \$35,000 to his credit, left there to spend the rest of his life in Honolulu, but became so homesick before he got to Los Angeles that he took the first train back to the Canyon."²⁷

Hance did see Catalina Island with Martin Buggeln in the fall of 1903, visiting Buggeln's daughters, his home, and his Los Angeles restaurant.²⁸ Hance also ventured to Albuquerque for the New Mexico State Fair

a few times, once with Buggeln, and occasionally to Prescott for the Yavapai County Fair, or to Phoenix or Tucson for similar events. These were short visits of a week or two.

Hance Asbestos Mining Company grew to sixteen claims working high-grade chrysotile asbestos patented in March, 1903 on 325.827 acres; the locations were realigned and re-patented in 1906. Enterprise was afoot, the company taking a silver medal at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903,²⁹ and perhaps ushering a burro train (or two) to the South Rim's depot.

But the rowboat remained on the river. On February 10, 1915, Hance asbestos Mining Company was officially out of business and "excused" by the State of Maine.³⁰

Shane Murphy

FOOTNOTES:

1. *The Coconino Sun*, February 23, 1901.
2. Coconino County Records of Mines Book II, beginning p. 370.
3. i.e. February 1, *The Coconino Sun*, February 23, 1901.
4. *The Topeka State Journal*, July 2, 1903.
5. Working backward in *The Coconino Sun*, February 23, 1901.
6. *The Coconino Sun*, February 23, 1901.
7. *Fred Harvey Bright Angel day book : register of guests*, Oct 29, 1900–Aug 13, 1901, RC 39 (10) : 17, Heard Museum archives.
8. *General Index to Deeds; Coconino County Book I Deeds*, p. 445; SEE: *Coconino County Book 3*, p. 1.
9. Andy Ashurst letter, "Lon Garrison Dear Friends Azusa California Dec 22, 1951," GRCA.
10. *Fred Harvey Bright Angel day book : register of guests*, Oct 29, 1900–Aug 13, 1901, RC 39 (10) : 17, Heard Museum archives.
11. Op. cit.
12. Photographs of Selfridge in Grand Canyon were auctioned on eBay in January, 2017; screen captures.
13. "John Hance et al and Susan W. Selfridge, June 18, 1901," Coconino County recorder.
14. Op Cit.
15. *Coconino County Agreements Book 1*, p. 65.
16. *Coconino County Deeds Book 10*, p. 237.
17. *Coconino County Deeds Book 10*, p. 232.
18. *Coconino County Deeds Book 10*, p. 508.
19. Hard copies courtesy State of Maine, Secretary of State.
20. *Coconino County Locators Index*.
21. *The Sun* (New York), June 13, 1907 and June 30, 1908. The U.S. District Court discharged this action in mid-1908.
22. *The Coconino Sun*, April 30, 1904.
23. Pratt in USGS, *Mineral Resources*, 1904.
24. *Williams News*, July 1, 1905.
25. *Williams News*, May 9, 1903.
26. *The Coconino Sun*, January 31, 1903; anon.
27. *The Evening Star*, August 23, 1905.
28. *Williams News*, September 19, 1903.
29. *Williams News*, December 3, 1904.
30. Hard copy courtesy State of Maine, Secretary of State.
31. Buggeln/Harvey Correspondence, GRCA 80085. With thanks to Mary Williams for deciphering the description of Darby.

The Walk

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED what made Whale decide to take that last walk in the woods. I've thought about it for a lot of years. When that walk was fresh, it was so disturbing within me that I didn't know how to reconcile it. Still don't. Most of us have some amount of inner turmoil to deal with that we don't show, or share. It might be mild to severe. Most times we create it ourselves, at least I do. For me, that inner turmoil was worse when I was young and immature. Age and time have given me some insight into my own demons and that helps me understand it a bit.

Running a trip with Whale was an education, a hoot and an event all rolled into one. The way of the Whaler. I spent plenty of time with him sitting on the boats in the evening solving world problems while he listened. I can't tell you I ever got a glimpse of those inner Whale demons we blame for his last walk. It's seems obvious now, but I never saw it. Whale never let it show, at least not to me. It looked to me like Whale had it made, running the river in summer and driving a snow cat in winter. So this is not a Whale story, I still go back and laugh at those. This story might be dangerously close to a Whale inspired lesson. You judge.

I didn't see Whale's inner demons, but I saw plenty of my own. I didn't let 'em show any more than Whale did. We all have some, whether it's self-doubt, lost love, bad self-concept, or all the above. We line them up and build walls around 'em. Leave them in there to ferment and rot until they're good and stinky. My own inner demons led me to years of near hopeless drug addiction. As Mayer puts it, "The chemical weapon for the war that's raging on inside." Addiction was my way of taking the walk real slow. Pretty much without knowing it, or not admitting it. My river running pals could tell you I had been doing that haunted slow walk with hard partying before the drug addiction.

I'm fortunate to have survived enough life and mistakes to be granted some vision. A sense about my own life demons. I'm not sure that vision applies to anyone else but me, but it probably needs sharing. It's taken me too many years to write this.

In my full-time guide days, part of my inner angst was the conflict over my marriage to the Canyon and wanting a normal marriage, kids and a job that allowed that. How do I get to that job, or make the Canyon that job? So I was going to architecture school and trying to have a relationship. But school was just what I did in the winter, I was still a Boatman. The relationship took a backseat to the Canyon too. You can get through school loving it less than the Canyon—not so with a

woman. The boogar bear of all my inner demons was the Canyon being ripped from my soul by moving on in life (did it to myself). After 24 years of being clean I can see losing the Canyon was my undoing. The Canyon means that much to me. With no Canyon left, over the edge I went, hello slow death walk to drug addiction. Addiction made me a different person. People who loved me couldn't even recognize me, but somewhere inside I was still a Boatman. I went way down before I ever got back up again. After years away from the Canyon, one return trip and remembering who I was saved me. It jump started a do-over on my life.

As I grow older death becomes a more prevalent part of life than when I was young and runnin' the crick full-time. I've buried my parents, my brother, my sister, my first wife, my wife's parents, my sister-in-law, many friends and on...and on...and on. Most of the time that death has touched my life it's been by cancer. Some has been suicide. Even addicted and unable to find my way home, I knew I would never take that walk and do suicide, but it was an option. Something in me would never go there. Maybe it's the way I was raised, or just too stubborn. More than likely, I'm just lucky. That's the incongruent part of this story, because addiction is only a different kind of death. Psychologists will tell you suicide is the result of a simple equation. The pain is greater than the mechanism to cope with that pain. That's spookily close to addiction. The difference is the addict's coping mechanism for pain is treating it with the preferred substance(s). That said, addiction is suicide by a different method.

I've come to realize there are different kinds of suicide. Like addiction, whatever form suicide may take it is always destructive. Destructive to those who love the dead, or in the case of addiction, the mostly dead. One of the more senseless kinds of suicide is the vindictive type. When I was dating my first wife, her ex-husband shot himself dead. He did it right before the birth of his twins with another woman, and my marriage to his ex. Among other things, his motivation was as intentionally vindictive as he could make it. Destructive to the ones left behind does not begin to describe it. Yes, I had immersed myself in that situation that was as screwed up as it sounds.

Another kind of suicide was my best friend's father doing himself in. When we were growing up he was the guy who always treated us like men, outgoing and friendly. I heard he had committed suicide and went to see my friend. My buddy was oddly at ease with the suicide. Turns out his father had made the decision not

to go through another round of chemo and colostomy while dying from cancer. The family expected it and made peace with it.

Then there is the kind of suicide that is the culmination of inner loneliness, doubt and pain with nowhere to turn. That might be the worst kind for the loved ones left behind. They're forever left to wonder what happened and what they could have done. A friend summed that one up perfectly, "A bad decision in a weak moment." If that bad decision ever starts to look good, you need to find someone to talk to fast.

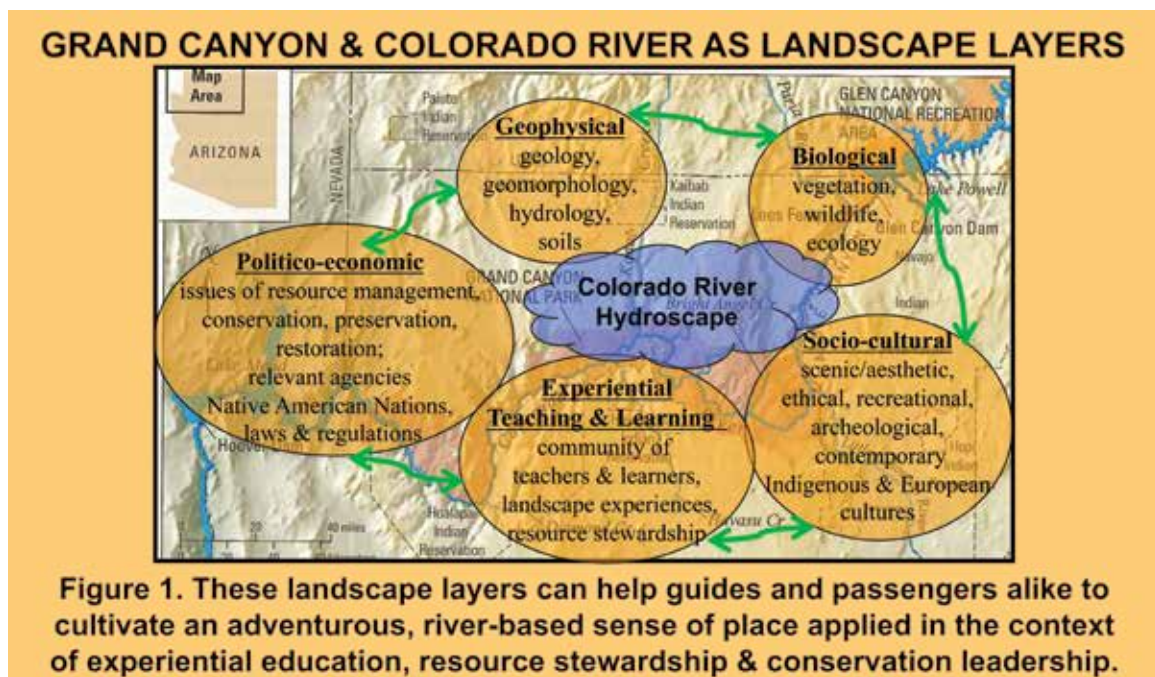
At my age, one begins to consider one's own mortality. My opinion about death and suicide has changed with experience. I have seen enough family

die slow from cancer, Alzheimer's and stroke. Should I end up terminally ill I will never put my family through that slow, terminal misery. Everyone makes their own decision on this one. If that lingering death is ever my way to go, I'll take that walk first and feel good about it. There are times when suicide is OK...more than OK.

This story is about my own journey because that's all I'm qualified to talk about. If it means something to you, I wish you well. Wherever you are. Please know, I'm still here.

John Markey

Combining Landscape Studies and Experiential Education: Cultivating a Deeper Sense of Place in Grand Canyon



EXPLORING, STUDYING, AND CULTIVATING an in-depth, interdisciplinary understanding of a landscape can be a daunting task. One can spend decades, indeed a lifetime in a place; yet with a mindful eye, we can make new discoveries with each passing of the seasons, around each proverbial corner. This is especially true when it comes to the complex, rugged, inverted terrain of Grand Canyon. In the Prescott

College Grand Canyon Semester (GCS) Program, the regional landscapes are presented as a collection of distinct yet interconnected layers, and these layers are used to help students cultivate a deeply personal *and* collective sense of place during their semester-long learning journey (see Figure 1). These landscape layers serve as a central theme and organizing structure in the GCS curriculum, and guide our field-based

academic expedition through the Grand Canyon Ecoregion. The ideas embedded in these landscape layers are also relevant and useful for Grand Canyon river guides to help enrich their passengers' river trip experience.

While each landscape layer reveals its own unique collection of stories, there are also an infinite number and variety of stories that combine and intertwine these layers. These landscape stories lie at the heart of one's sense of place. We can also think of these landscapes as GIS layers that overlay one another. The *geophysical layer* serves as the foundation, over which the *biological layer* is draped (biogeography). The *sociocultural layer* can be considered a subset of the biological layer, and the politico-economic layer can be considered a subset of the sociocultural layer. The *expeditionary learning layer* is focused on how the passengers experience, perceive, interact with, and learn from a given landscape as a whole, and it considers how peoples' experiences with a landscape largely determine how they use, exploit, conserve, protect and/or restore it. These landscape layers correspond well with the three pillars of sustainability: ecological health, social equity, and economic stability. And finally, the role of the *hydroscape* in Grand Canyon and the American Southwest is that of a central unifying component in the landscape. In a predominantly arid landscape like Grand Canyon, the hydroscape functions as a critical regulating layer that interconnects with and influences all the other layers. In the arid landscapes of the American Southwest, the hydroscape lies at the heart of bioregional health and sustainability. On a Grand Canyon river trip, the hydroscape lies at the heart of the experience for everyone, and sets the stage for transformative learning.

A central aspect of our role as professional river guides is to facilitate and enhance our passengers' experiences by helping them connect with these landscape layers. Individuals, by nature, frame their experiences with the GC landscapes (and hydroscares) through the lens of the landscape layer(s) they're most familiar and comfortable with. As guides, we can help them identify and explore topics of personal interest (their *preferred* landscape layer), as well as challenge them to discover new and less familiar topics (the unexplored territories of the *other* landscape layers). One strategy—borrowed from the field of experiential education—is to encourage individuals to use the confidence they glean from their strengths (and relevant landscape layers) to explore the less familiar topics and skills (and landscape layers). Ultimately, we help our passengers work toward constructing their

own understanding of the interconnections among *all* the landscape layers. Passengers and guides alike can use these landscape layers as an organizing tool as they explore the compelling and complex landscapes of Grand Canyon.

As professional river guides in Grand Canyon and practitioners of experiential education, it's important to remain mindful of where we've been and where we're headed, and to help our passengers do the same. Everything we learn, share, and teach, *and how we learn, share, and teach it*, helps us and our passengers develop a sense of place with Grand Canyon that has breadth, depth, and personal relevance. Each individual's sense of place is uniquely personal and interdisciplinary, applied in the context of adventurous river-based experiential education, coupled with resource stewardship and conservation leadership.

Joel Barnes

The River in You.

After a few weeks on the river,
in the river, with the river,
and drinking the river,
she is not only with you,
she's in you.
The blood that's coursing through your body
is also the river running through you.

Each heartbeat in you and your comrades
pumps Colorado River water
through your veins and organs.
The sparkle in the eyes around the campfire
is the Colorado River's sparkle, and you see
those sparkles through the river herself.
Your brain and your heart,
the source of your thoughts and emotions are,
in this very moment, fueled by the river.

What do you think?
How do you feel?
What do you hear?
Listen closely!
It's the river in you.

With your river trip still in the moment
and much of it in fresh retrospect,
your connection with Colorado River
is gloriously molecular, ubiquitous,
and sublimely inescapable.

—Joel Barnes

Pete Gross a.k.a. “Dirtbag”

I SAW MARTIN’S MOVIE in 1973 at U.C. Santa Cruz and that summer I just wanted to see the Grand Canyon. Martin Litton was part of this...what now you’d probably consider an adventure film series. There were four movies shown on campus. One was hot air ballooning, one was something in Alaska, and here was this “Grand Canyon by Dory.” The idea of running the river recreationally, commercially, hadn’t even occurred to me. I just thought, “Wow, I gotta see the Grand Canyon.”

Martin narrated it. Yeah, he would narrate it live. And I *may* have approached him at the end, just asked him a question or two, I don’t remember. I just remember him being very well spoken, eloquent, and passionate—which we know to this day he still is, at...I think he’s ninety-one or two now.

At that time, backpacking was my absolute Number One passion. So my friend Dan, he and I did this road trip to the North Rim. That was the first time I’d ever been through Hurricane [UT]. We camped out at Zion. It was like, “Wow, this is incredible country!” The Virgin River gorge on I-15, I’d never seen anything like that. We just figured, like we had in Los Padres National Forest in southern California, you don’t have permits, you just go. We just figured we’d go to the Grand Canyon and backpack somewhere. We didn’t know anything about permits. So we get to the North Rim and find, “Oh, we have to have a permit to camp somewhere.” It’s like, “Oh!” And then we wanted to go hike up and down along the river, but the guy who was giving the hiking permits, he didn’t know the backcountry at all. He gave us a permit, I think, to stay at Cottonwood, the one that’s about midway between North Rim and Phantom Ranch, about seven miles down. We stayed there our first night. And I think we had a night at Indian Garden on our itinerary—or no, maybe Bright Angel Campground. But we asked him, “So, are there are routes...?” We just wanted to get down to the river and hike up and down the canyon, and he didn’t know that it was virtually impassable along the shore. He said, “Well, Colin Fletcher did it, so I’m sure you could.” So that was our plan. We had a permit for our first night at Cottonwood, and then we just got down to the river and tried to hike up and downstream and realized, “Oh, this isn’t necessarily gonna be that easy.” So we camped out illegally in places. I mean, we didn’t know any better. We hiked across the Bright Angel Bridge and went downstream. We got past the mouth of Pipe Creek, found this little beach down there, and thought, “This looks like a

good place to camp.” So we spent two nights on this beach.

STEIGER: Right there between Pipe Creek and Horn Creek?

DIRT: Yeah. Well, closer to Pipe Creek than Horn Creek. So we spent the night there. We figured, “We’re out of the way, we’re not going to bother anybody, nobody’s gonna see us.” I don’t think we even realized—oh, we probably had a notion we weren’t legal, but again, this was 1973.

And so we found this beach, and there was no trail in sight or anything. We figured we were okay. So we had a layover day. We camped several nights; at one point we did a day hike to the South Rim and back. I know we went up the Kaibab Trail—South Kaibab—across the Tonto, back to Indian Gardens and then down somewhere, and then down the Bright Angel Trail. At some point when we were camping on the beach, we went out to Plateau Point, “Oh, what a great view! Oh! There’s our campsite right down there!” So anybody that had gone out there could look down and see...

STEIGER: That you were illegally...?

DIRT: ...on this little beach! (laughter) Because we were actually a bit *upriver*, if you’d just dropped straight down from Plateau Point. I think we were slightly upriver from that... at the rapid at the mouth of Pipe Creek? We were at the base of that rapid.

The other thing we didn’t know is—and that was what I always remember about any hike I did—your first glimpse of the river was always really magical. I remember when we first were hiking down Bright Angel Creek from the North Rim, and we saw the river, it was like, “Wow!” It was green, or close to green. And then a day or so later, “Oh! The river’s brown!” Just that whole physical process is phenomenal. We didn’t know what was going on. The beach we camped at also, it’s like, “Whoa! The beach is getting smaller!” We didn’t know about the fluctuations, and we kind of figured that out too. I remember I had just taken a dip in the river, I was totally naked. Again, we’re thinking there’s nobody around, so I’m taking a quick dip. All of a sudden here comes this motor rig. “Wow, there’s a boat!” I forgot I’m standing there totally naked, waving to this boat going by, motor-rig with probably twenty-some people. I can’t believe we didn’t get busted, but we didn’t.

* * *

Pete Gross, A.K.A. “Dirtbag” (or just “Dirt” once you’re friends with him) is an old Martin Litton/Grand Canyon Dories/Northwest Dories/Tour West/Sundog Expeditions boatman from the mid-70s who lives in Moab and worked a ton in Idaho, as well as Grand Canyon.

The first trip you do with Pete, he seems incredibly mild and unassuming, a lot like Clark Kent. It’s only over time you slowly start grasping the Superman side of him—as in every single time you’re struggling with something somewhere, suddenly there’s Pete: “Need a hand with that?” As in, the guy is unbelievably strong, and he never has a bad run.

Also as in—Pete, for ideological reasons, never owned a car until he was 35 years old. He just biked everywhere or used public transportation. More than anybody else you’ve ever known, Pete eschews material stuff like TV and internet and whatnot in favor of leaving a more responsible footprint on the planet. He goes dumpster diving as a matter of principle, so as not to waste perfectly good food thrown out by supermarkets on a regular basis.

This Adopt-a-Boatman interview was conducted on March 5TH, 2009 at Pete’s house in Moab.

—LEW STEIGER

* * *

I was born in the L.A. area, Santa Monica, California, in a hospital there. Grew up in Northridge, which is in the San Fernando Valley, through high school.

My dad was a research chemist, worked for a pharmaceutical company for 23 some years before he got laid off as the company changed hands. It was called Riker Laboratories. They were bought by Rexall Drugs, then sold to Dart Industries, and then 3M. Anyway, his whole position, his whole section, was cut out in one of those acquisitions. I was brought up with this notion that you go to school, you come up with a career, you work until you retire. Then I saw my dad work for 23 years in one profession, and suddenly he was jumping from thing to thing. He went and got his teaching credential, taught for a year or two, decided that wasn’t it. He dabbled as a chemist in places. Then he ended up going into real estate—gave him more independence—and he got his real estate license, and then his broker’s in commercial real estate. That was kind of what he retired doing—real estate and then investments.

I ended up going to U.C. Santa Cruz for college—not necessarily for the right reasons. Growing up in L.A., I always figured, “I’ll go to UCLA.” And in high school there was some girl in U.S. history who had

lived in Santa Cruz. I thought, “Oh, that sounds like a neat place, I’ll go there!” So I was up at Santa Cruz. I knew I wanted to do outdoor stuff. I’d kind of gotten into that whole thing. My first backpacking trip was at sixteen, and I was just hooked. That was part of the reason I went to Santa Cruz—I just had this notion, even though I’d never been there—it’s in the redwoods, it’s in the forest, it’s beautiful. I started out as a biology major, just thinking that’s the major to be. What I think I was really aiming toward was natural history, but there wasn’t such a major at the time at Santa Cruz. I ended up as a math major, just because that’s what came easiest for me.

After I graduated Santa Cruz, I did a year of graduate work in applied math at U.C. San Diego. Hated it there. And then my friend Alan Lilly—there were three of us in college, Dan, Alan, and me, who were really good friends. Alan and I were planning this cross-country bike trip. Alan said “Hey, we should go do a river trip before we do this bike trip.” This would have been ’76. I saw an ad for Grand Canyon Dories in what was—I guess it’s now *Sierra Magazine*. It used to be *Sierra Club Bulletin*. I don’t know if Martin was still on the board of directors at that point, but anyway, I saw this ad and thought, “Oh, I remember this guy,” and wrote for a brochure. We did a trip on the Green River, Desolation Canyon.

You know, the funny thing... It was late June, it’s hot, it’s buggy. I wouldn’t say it was my best river experience, but it was more just a chance to be outdoors, and this just seemed like a vehicle to see some new places. I still was not enamored with the whole idea of doing river trips... it was more just a chance to be outdoors, doing something I enjoyed. Really just an interim thing until I figured out “what to do with my life,” so to speak... So that summer after the river trip, I did this cross-country bike trip...

STEIGER: You went all the way across the... U.S.?

DIRT: We went to Madison, Wisconsin, where our other friend was in grad school. That just gave us a destination. We started from San Diego. I had recently read Ed Abbey’s *Desert Solitaire* and *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. So we got to bike through a bunch of country that was, at that point, just words on a page. Actually went through Prescott to Utah. I think we spent two nights in Prescott. We stayed in Flagstaff. We biked across through Tuba City, Kayenta, that route, came through Moab. That was the worst time of year. We were biking across the desert in late June, early July. It was brutally hot, we did some riding at night. We just had this notion, after reading Abbey, too, we wanted to experience the extremes. Although these days, I would know better and would totally avoid that

time. Then it seemed like the thing to do. You know, the harsher it was, the better. That was '76, yeah.

STEIGER: Boy, that was a different time than it is now. Just to be on the road.

DIRT: Yeah, a lot. Actually, there's one little aside on the bike trip... We got out across the Rockies and were out on the plains and it was hot, windy, traffic kind of sucked because there wasn't a good shoulder. We got out there, decided, "Okay, we know we can do this, but the whole idea is to have fun." It was not that much fun anymore, and we were gonna take Amtrak from somewhere in Colorado out to Wisconsin. But we got there, and we couldn't check baggage. We were in Akron, Colorado, and the guy who was the Amtrak agent also worked for Burlington Northern and he told us all we needed to know about hopping a freight, because the station we were at didn't check baggage. We couldn't have taken our bikes. So we would have had to bike a hundred more miles to McCook, Nebraska, to catch Amtrak, which would have been fine, but then we thought, "Wow, hopping a freight! That would be a great way to round out the experience."

STEIGER: Wait, the guy selling the tickets told you how to hop a freight train?!

DIRT: Yeah. But I think Amtrak was just a side thing and he mainly worked for Burlington Northern. He just told us what we needed to do. Told us the schedule. He said there'd be one through about 10:30 that night. And he gave us a strategy. He said, "Look for an empty boxcar. You'd rather be toward the front of the train, because the way they assemble it and disassemble... they put cars on the front and drop them off from the back. So if you're at the back of the train, you might get dropped off." So we waited that night, and sure enough, a train comes in just about the time he said, and we see an empty boxcar. We think we're doing something really illegal. We were just scared kids. We see this empty boxcar and go sneaking up in the shadows and throw our bikes on. We jump in. I don't remember, the train probably sat there for five minutes. Then it starts moving, and suddenly we realize, "Uh-oh, we're not alone in this boxcar." At the other end we see the glow of somebody's cigarette. We're like, "Oh, shit, there's a real bum on this train!" So we went to the other end of the boxcar. Like I said, we were pretty young, and I think I'd grown up pretty sheltered—[thinking] this guy was gonna knife us in the middle of the night or something. But we eventually relaxed. We didn't know what to think. And I'm sure this guy was eyeing us like "Who...?"

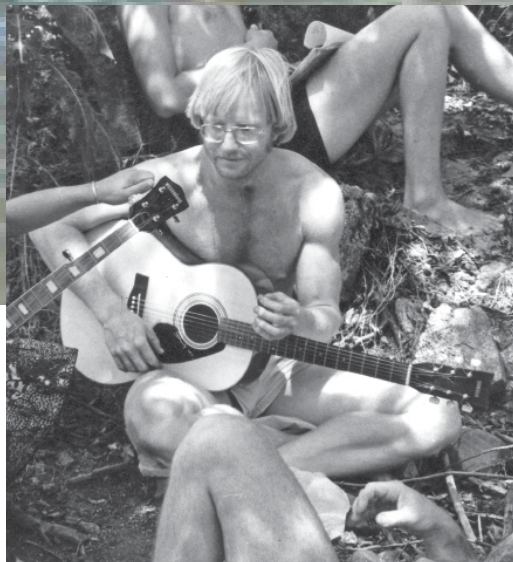
No, we didn't talk to him at that point. We were kind of scared, and he didn't approach us, and we

didn't know any better. It was really noisy. This empty boxcar is a big echo chamber. The other thing is, the shocks on those things are designed for loads, so when it's not loaded, it's really bouncy. So it was hard to sleep. That was before Paco pads and Thermarests. I had this cheap Ensolite pad on this hard wooden floor, and we're getting bounced, literally at times, six inches off the floor of the boxcar. So it was not at all comfortable.

But in the morning, we see this guy and started talking to him. He kind of filled us in. He knew the whole culture. He knew right off we weren't your conventional tramps. He said, "We're kind of like a society. You might call us Tramps Incorporated." I think those were his exact words. But he could tell, because we didn't know the protocol... when we approached the train, looking to get on, the proper thing to do is to yell on and ask if there's anybody there and ask, "Hey, mind if I join you?" So he could tell we didn't belong there, but he was totally cool. He was telling us stories and just kind of telling us all about the freight-hopping culture. I remember we got to Lincoln, Nebraska—*huge* freight yard—we're just kinda peeking out the door, and trying to lay low, not be seen. He says, "Oh, you don't have to worry, there's no bull in this yard." I guess the bulls are the ones you hear about in the old stories that would rough you up...

And I guess at this point in our trip—because we were a few weeks into it—we probably looked pretty grubby. You know, we were sleeping by the highway. We were going pretty low key. I mean, I didn't even have a tent on this trip. We were dirty, we were eating just grocery store food and camping out by the highway anywhere we could find a place to sleep. But we stuck our heads out, and we see in the freight yard a whole line of guys just walking into town. Somebody working in the yard comes by in a pickup truck and picks all these guys up, gives 'em a ride into town. A couple of guys saw us poking our heads out. "Hey, man, aren't you guys getting off? This is Lincoln." I guess that was where a lot of 'em got off. This guy that we were riding in the car with said the standard thing was to hop a train in Denver, get a ride to Lincoln, get off, get a job, get enough money to buy a bottle of wine, get drunk, catch a train going the other way, and just go back and forth. That was kind of their life. He was above it, though. He clearly had chosen that as a lifestyle, rather than just falling into it for lack of anything else. He was intelligent, he was articulate. He just loved the lifestyle. He was going on a fishing trip, he'd take the train to somewhere and then hitchhike and go fishing.

STEIGER: Did he have a job?



DIRT: Not that I recall. Of course this is 33 years ago now, so I don't necessarily remember all the details. Eventually some other guy got in the boxcar with us, and you could see the transition in *our guy*—not that his personality changed, but you could see a difference just in how he communicated with this other guy, compared to us. I suppose it would be like us talking to another boatman, versus, you know...

STEIGER: Somebody that isn't.

DIRT: Yeah. Like we can relate to our passengers, but they're not really our peer group necessarily. We would relate to our fellow crew members differently than we might to the doctors and lawyers and others we take on the river.

STEIGER: Yeah, I guess we have our code language too, or just a shorthand where you would use certain phrases that would mean everything to somebody in the club. Whereas somebody that wasn't...

DIRT: Like talking about a rapid where it might not make any sense to somebody else, but within our group we could talk about the hole in Crystal, or like we were talking about the slot in Lava last night. That wouldn't make sense to somebody who's not part of—not just the river culture, but the Grand Canyon in particular.

STEIGER: Well the slot run in Lava Falls, I don't think that would make sense to anybody that hadn't done it.

DIRT: Yeah. I'm not sure it makes sense to people who *have* done it! (laughter)

STEIGER: ...So you finish your bike trip and decide maybe you want to work on the river?

DIRT: Well, I went back to San Diego and was looking for a job. After going to Santa Cruz for four years, and then working as a teaching assistant in grad school, and going to U.C. San Diego, I'd moved back in with my parents. I wasn't gonna stay there. One day I saw this ad at the job posting at U.C. San Diego. Said "applied mathematician." I thought, "Huh, I should go apply for this. Small company." My dad actually had some really good advice. He said, "Fill out the form and walk in. Ask to speak to the person who's gonna do the hiring." So I walked in with my resume and letter or whatever the application process was, and asked the secretary, "Oh, can I just give it to the person hiring?" We walked in and talked to this guy, his name was Bob Krueger. I guess he decided, "He seems like a nice guy." I think I came in later, just talked to one other guy, who asked some really

Blacktail Canyon photo Leon Werdinger
Grand Canyon 1983 photo Mitch Dion
Lower Salmon, early '80s photo Mitch Dion

rudimentary question, testing my knowledge of whatever math I was supposed to be doing. It was probably nothing beyond what I'd had in high school calculus. Anyway, they hired me. I had an inkling, but I didn't really know exactly what I was getting into. This is something to this day I still feel mildly ashamed of: "God, if my friends from Santa Cruz knew what I was doing!" This company operated under contracts with the Department of Defense, and the contract that they were hiring me under was dealing with nuclear weapons effects, and that's what I was supposed to be doing.

It sounds more esoteric than it is. Officially, we were modeling nuclear weapons effects. But none of the guys I worked with had any training in that. This was before personal computers. Back when the little hand-held programmable calculators first came into being. So anyway, that's what I was doing. I wasn't particularly thrilled with the work, wasn't proud of what I was doing, but I needed to get out of the house, and that was my ticket.

In the meantime, that's when I wrote to Martin. This was the first summer of my life, when summer rolled around, after having been a student my whole life up until that point, and I would just stare out this window that you couldn't even open, thinking, "I wanna be somewhere else." I'd written to Martin, and phoned him a couple of times at that point. And I was literally planning on quitting my job. I commuted by bicycle. My parents lived in one direction from my workplace, and I lived in the other direction, and just on a whim I biked back to my parents' place, and there was a letter from Martin. He had tried to find me in the phone book—couldn't—and here was a letter saying, "If you get to Lewiston, Idaho, in three days, we've got a Salmon River trip for you." I was like, "Oh boy, it's decision time." It had just been this fantasy idea, and all of a sudden, "Uh-oh, it's really there, what do I do?" So I called up my friend Alan, the same one I'd done the bike trip with. "God, what should I do?" Alan said, "Is there any doubt?" So I walked in the next day, "I gotta go." I'd already talked with my boss, that I was probably not gonna stay. I ended up taking a leave of absence. Oh, and classic Martin: he had me scheduled... I was gonna go to Idaho in three days and row a dory on the Main Salmon, carrying people. And Martin didn't even know me! Other than from some letters and a phone call or two.

STEIGER: He needed somebody to row that boat.

DIRT: He just needed somebody, and here was a warm body, and he can at least write a sentence in a letter, "I'll hire him!" Curt Chang, to his credit, found somebody who actually knew what they were doing,

and Curt put me in a raft. I was delayed by about three days, so it was a week, actually, from when I originally got the letter, that I was rowing a baggage boat on the *Lower* Salmon River, which is a little easier than the *Main* Salmon. And that was 1977, which was a low-water year. So I did one training trip on the *Lower* Salmon, and the next trip, classic thing too, they had a couple of extra people. I was carrying people on my second trip. I carried two people, half a load.

STEIGER: In a dory?

DIRT: In a raft. I only rowed a raft that season. I started wondering, "I don't know if being with the dory company is the right thing," because I was watching these boats getting beat up in low water—nothing like we see in the Grand Canyon, because the hits aren't as big—but everybody's bumping rocks. I thought, "God, I don't know if this is what I want to do." I wanted to continue boating, but...

Anyway I ended up doing four *Lower* Salmon trips that first year, and after the second trip, when I got half pay, the next two trips I was rowing a raft, carrying people, and I got paid. Then Curt put me over in Hell's Canyon on the Snake River, and my first trip there I carried people and got paid. I think it was—I want to say 35, 45 bucks a day. Somewhere in that range...

My second year, I was on the "Hell's Canyon Express." We were on an eight-day cycle, every eight days we had a launch date. And that's the way most Forest Service permits work. Pretty sure. That way, no single outfitter has a preferential day-of-the-week launch, to be able to do the weekend-to-weekend thing. That's the way they did it.

My second season I did twelve consecutive trips on an eight-day cycle, six days on, two days in between, and we squeezed in two *Desolation* trips.

Toward the end of that second season I got my first trip lead on a Hell's Canyon trip. I think I led three in a row, and on one of 'em... we're having lunch our last day of this Hell's Canyon trip and the *Nez Perce* County Sheriff jet boat starts to pull in. A couple of us walk out to meet 'em, and then they backed away. We thought, "Oh, guess they don't want to talk to us." Well, then they pulled back in down below, so we start to walk over again. They come on over their P.A system, kind of all law enforcement official like and say, "We want to talk to your trip leader and your boatmen." Of course now our passengers are all, "Oh, I wonder what this is about?" So we go out there, it turned out Martin was battling the *Idaho Outfitters and Guides Licensing* board, the State of Idaho, basically, and *refusing* to license us. Martin's contention was they didn't have any jurisdiction. It's a navigable waterway, it's on an interstate border, therefore it's interstate commerce,

and the State of Idaho has no jurisdiction. So he refused to license us! So they arrested all of us.

They asked to see our I.D.s, and Clarence, or Clancy Reece, was on that trip. People, at that time in particular, said he looked sort of like the “Incredible Hulk.” Clarence was very fit, but also very intelligent. He was one of these people that could transcend different groups of people. He could talk to the loggers, he could talk to the rednecks, the ranchers, the environmentalists. He could talk to everybody. Kind of an enigma himself. Here was a guy who’d been in the Navy. He was, I guess, the base boxing champion, and he also wrote poetry, he’d studied some ballet. In fact, I heard he took some ballet classes to improve his boxing. There was one time he was sparring with some guy from some other base, who said, “Where did you learn that?!”

STEIGER: The foot work?

DIRT: And Clarence stopped. Just nonchalantly said, “Ballet.”

(Clarence ended up drowning in 1996 while doing a high-water kind of speed trip, like Kenton and those guys did in the Grand Canyon, and the Main Salmon was running 100,000 CFS, very cold water. They never did an autopsy, to my knowledge, but I think they suspected his death was heart related, because it was cold water and he wasn’t wearing a wetsuit. They had flipped, righted the boat, flipped again. Here’s this guy who is definitely a physical specimen, extremely capable, but suddenly he was struggling just to hang onto the boat. That was it for him.)

Anyway, we’d all been doing Snake trips, and none of us were licensed, except Clarence, who had a license on the Salmon River, not on the Snake. Clarence also knew this one guy, I think his name was Cecil, who was part of this arresting party.

They asked, “Can we see your guide licenses?” We didn’t have any. Well, Clarence *did*... Clarence knows the one deputy, and he’s doing a very good job of acting like he’s trying to control his temper. He rifles through his dory, starts throwing stuff on the deck, pulls out his black bag, slams it on the deck, pulls everything out, and at the bottom reaches out and shows him his license. The guy looks at it and says, “Well, this is a license for the Salmon River. This isn’t any good for here.” Clarence looks at him and says—and Clarence was a Lewiston, Idaho, local—“Cecil, I’m not an attorney, but I’ve studied enough law to know it’s supposed to be reasonable and practical. Why did you guys issue me a license I can’t use? You’ve given me a license that’s good to the mouth of the Salmon River.

There’s nothing at the confluence of the Snake and Salmon Rivers. You can’t take out there. Why did you give me a license I can’t use then?” He was supposed to be answering, not asking the questions.

So anyway, they wrote us all up, cited us. Then they decided it wouldn’t be good if they just took us all away and left our group stranded there. So they let us sign agreements to appear. And of course it was handled by the lawyers.

STEIGER: I think those Idaho guys are just that way. I remember Paul Thevenin talkin’ about how he was working for Henry Falany or Ted Hatch or Jack Currey... This is probably years before that, but it was the same story. They went up there. Currey was a real pioneer and got all around. They were sending trips all over the country and working, but didn’t have licenses, and in Idaho they arrested them. The local guys would get mad. “Go arrest ’em!” Actually, Bob Quist told me—I didn’t record a minute of it, but I heard about four hours of great stories from Bob one time. This is river running. Bob Quist’s dad was a Boy Scout leader and was running trips through Glen Canyon in the late-40s, and Norman Nevills sued him. (laughter) The premise was that Bob’s dad was unqualified to take these Boy Scouts on this dangerous river and was gonna kill someone, so they sued him to save the Boy Scouts! (laughter) A long old river tradition. So that was what Martin was protesting? Did he have a leg to stand on?

DIRT: Actually, he did. Anyway, we ended up being licensed and they settled out of court. But years later, when I was working for some local people here, Chuck and Judy Nichols, on the Lower Salmon, they ended up selling their company to a friend who—the outfitters have to know all the regs and take a written test and stuff—told me, he said half of the test is all about *Litton versus the State of Idaho*. He said Martin must have been in court so many times.

* * *

STEIGER: How’d you get your nickname, Dirtbag?

DIRT: It was the first season I worked in Idaho. Clarence, who I mentioned earlier, referred to people as “dirtbags.” Alan Lilly and I stopped by one day to say goodbye to Clarence. “Oh, you couple of dirtbags!” Anyway, I just thought that was such a funny thing to call people, that when I got back to Santa Barbara where I was living in the winters, I started calling all my friends dirtbags—actually, one guy in particular, Alexander Gaguine, who was with Friends of the



The calm above Granite Rapids in the *Orca Bay* photo Leon Werdinger

River. But one winter I came back and suddenly I was “Dirtbag” and everybody was calling me that. In fact, I even had some roommates who put together an intramural ultimate Frisbee team and used that. Our team name was “Dirtbag and the Baggies.” This is at UCSB, yeah. There were a whole bunch of people in the circle of ultimate Frisbee players who only knew me as Dirtbag, didn’t know my real name, which I thought was pretty funny...For a number of seasons, too, I used to eat out of a dog bowl. I guess it was just sort of a funny thing to do, and I wrote “Dirtbag” on it. One time there was a raven that was raiding our camp at Nautiloid. I was the produce boat, and the potatoes had gotten wet. I had ’em laying out on my boat, and some raven, I had to chase him off, because he’d gotten into the potatoes. So that raven later came back. So I stuck some Spam in the dog bowl, and Kenton got a picture of the raven with its beak in the bowl, with the big “Dirtbag” written on it. That was a pretty good photo.

* * *

One of the things I wrote in my letter about why I wanted to work for Martin, was I knew about his environmental ethics and his work with the Sierra Club. Also, Dave Brower was one of my heroes, and

I knew they were colleagues. My first years guiding, I used to promote Friends of the Earth. I’d carry their little flyers and give ’em out and encourage people to join. That was after Brower had his falling out with the Sierra Club and had founded Friends of the Earth, which was my favorite organization, just because of Dave Brower.

The first time I met Martin in person, he used to do an annual thing in Idaho: he’d come out when nobody was on the river and meet with everybody. I remember Jeff Schloss was there, and Martin probably already had a couple of drinks in him, but he just looks at Jeff and goes, “There’s too many people on this planet. There’s too many of *you!*” Looking right at Jeff. Anytime you talk to him on the phone, “How’s it going, Martin?” “Oh, pretty bad. Isn’t everybody?” I mean, even at that time, and things have only gotten worse since. The fundamental issue driving all environmental problems is numbers of people. Martin, way back then, was saying, “There’s too many people consuming too much all at once.” But yeah, Martin was always just this firebrand.

STEIGER: Grumpy, opinionated, iconoclast...

DIRT: Yeah. And yet heart of gold, too. Like he couldn’t say no to people. He’d do anything for anybody. My first season rowing, second trip I did for Martin was with D.L.—Martin Litton’s younger son—

was on that trip, and I got to be good friends with him. D.L. [Don Litton] was going to school at U.C. Santa Barbara at the time, where I ended up moving.

I think they had the very first guides training seminar at the South Rim in 1978. (If not *the* first, it was one of the first.) And that was, I think, also the season they started requiring river outfitters to pack out all the shit.

Martin flew down to Santa Barbara, picked up me and D.L. and some other college friend of his. He flew us all out to South Rim, and we stayed on the rim. That was where I met all these people who were just legends, in a sense. Dock Marston spoke at that seminar. Dave Brower was there. Rod Nash. And Wally Rist, who was one of Martin's original Grand Canyon boatmen. Bego [George Gerhard], who I had never met, and is now a neighbor here. Martin flew us out there and dropped us off. Then he came back a week later and picked us up in his plane and flew us back. But that was the first time I *flew* over the canyon, and what a sensation! We're flying low along the rim. All of a sudden you feel your stomach drop out, the land disappears from underneath you, and there's this huge void. Wow.

So then, because that was like spring break, late March or April of '78, one morning I get a phone call from Curt Chang. "Hey, they need somebody to row a raft on a Grand Canyon trip. Are you interested?" I think John Blaustein's book was out by then. Yeah, it must have been, because I remember when I got to places, "Oh, I've seen pictures of this!" Like I recognized Badger when we got to Badger and scouted it. "Oh yeah, I've seen pictures of this." But Curt asked me if I wanted to do this trip, and I'd seen all these photos. I asked Curt, "Do you think I'm *ready* for this?" I'd actually had a *reasonable* amount of rowing experience. I had four Lower Salmons, two Hell's Canyon trips, and I'd survived. But to me this was a *big* step up. Curt said, "Oh, I think you should go for it!" So I caught a Greyhound out to Hurricane. All I had with me was a small day pack and a black bag. Actually, I'm amazed when I look back and see how lightly I traveled. I didn't even use an ammo can. Didn't have a tent. Didn't bring a pad. All I had was a sleeping bag and... anyway, I went and rowed this trip. I didn't know how to tie bags in either, secure, because in Idaho we could flip, but nobody taught me how to tie 'em in. Somebody had taught me, "Oh, you just stuff 'em in, and maybe run a line through 'em." They weren't snug. I mean, if I'd have flipped, there could have been this total cluster of bags hanging everywhere. But I didn't know any better, so that's how I was... And this was well before we had the cam straps

and buckles.

STEIGER: It was all ropes.

DIRT: Yeah. I really didn't know how to rig a raft. I still really don't very well. I just remember getting to Lees Ferry and then we take off. "Okay, Paria Riffle," and we were in the Paria Riffle, I'm thinking, "Jesus, in Idaho this would be a rapid. And this is just Paria Riffle?!" I thought, "What am I getting into?!" I was pretty intimidated, I was scared. I had to kind of reason through it, realized, "Okay, here's all these other guys. Granted, they're more experienced, but if these guys have gone through it, I'm certainly as physically capable as they are, so I guess I'm gonna survive." Even to this day, when we get into scary rapids, I have to remind myself, "Okay, what are you really afraid of here?" And it's intimidating, but I'm not really fearing for my life, if I reason through it. It's just intimidating. You know, in Tom Meyers' study, trying to figure out statistically how commercial boating in the Grand Canyon compares to other activities, I thought the results were pretty surprising. Grand Canyon commercial boating ranked as safer than golf, archery, tennis, and fishing. The only things that ranked more safe than boating were like billiards and bowling, I think. I started to realize, "Well, you know—most of the time, what would be considered a mishap, you flip a boat, it's just a big swim. Maybe somebody gets bonked, but it's not really..." I think one of the things that makes it a pretty safe activity is that the perceived risk is greater than the actual risk. So I think people tend to be reasonably conservative and cautious, and I think that's one of the reasons why it's pretty safe. Commercial river running was riskier than billiards and bowling, but safer than golf, archery, tennis, fishing, cycling... and football! That last is no surprise.

STEIGER: You remember all that?!

DIRT: Well, it's stuck in my mind, because I repeat that to people frequently. And I realized, just in my sum total of experience, I've *never* seen any serious—I mean, I've seen a lot of flips, I've never seen anybody seriously hurt on the river. I compare that to when I started mountain bike guiding, just a few years back, did some trips, and realized... crowd control's pretty easy when you have people in your boat. You turn people loose... they get hurt when they're hiking, they're off on their own. You turn 'em loose on their bike, they're crashing everywhere. I mean, a couple of times I watched somebody on the downhill fall three or four times. That'd be five years worth of cycling experience for me, in terms of mishaps.

Maybe I'm exaggerating a little bit. Routinely you probably see somebody fall down every other day on their bike. Sometimes people, two or three times on

one little downhill. On the river, boating, it really is pretty safe. Definitely intimidating in the big rapids, though.

Anyway, Tom Gallagher was the trip leader on that first trip, and I remember at one point he was trying to show me, “Well, this isn’t really secure.” The way I had the bags tied in. So they kind of helped me get the rig a little more polished. But even they were a little bit lost...Not as well-thought-out of a raft frame as we have now, and it just wasn’t a really good design to have a nice, clean, slick rig. I mean, things are so much better these days.

* * *

DIRT: In 1981 I did a trip, Kenton Grua was the trip leader, and that was in Kenton’s—he was, I don’t know...

STEIGER: Back in his fanatic phase? (laughter)

DIRT: Well, it was *always* his fanatic phase, but his *fanatical* phase was very by the book: you know, this is *the* way to do things. Well, he was always that way. Anyway, Kenton was on the trip, and Ellen [Tibbetts] was on the trip. Tony Anderson [T.A.] was rowing a dory on that trip, and Nels Niemi. This is my first trip in a dory. I’m pretty sure T.A. was on that one. It was either that one or the following one.

Ellen was my mentor. Ellen was so incredible. My rowing definitely boosted a couple of notches just... Kenton, he’s the most experienced, and here I’ve only done one prior trip. So Kenton had a running order and he put me behind Ellen, and we’d come up to a rapid. Ellen would say, “Oh, push a little left at the entry here,” or something like that. I learned a lot from her just in lining up and reading water, and just having a certain strategy. She had a fairly conservative approach, which I’d like to think I’ve maintained to this day. You know, my first priority is to figure out how to get cleanly from above the rapid to below the rapid. Then if there’s ways to maybe make it more fun or exciting without adding too much perceived risk, even if it’s not actual risk...So yeah, I learned so much just following her. Plus, as we both know, I probably easily weigh one and a half times what she weighs or weighed at that time. Ellen is very strong for her weight. But I also learned from watching her, it’s not about being strong. In fact, my goal, just from following her, was I felt like the most successful run was the one that required minimal effort. The less I have to work, I feel like the better the run. So Ellen was a great mentor for me.

But on the trip I mentioned, Nels was on the trip. I’m still pretty new, my very first Idaho season I had

seen Clarence flip in Wild Sheep, my very first trip ever in Hell’s Canyon, and at that point it was the biggest rapid I’d ever seen in my life. I was like, “Oh my God! Clarence flipped and I have to go run that rapid now?!” So here’s my first dory trip in the Grand Canyon, and we get down to this no-name rapid below Fossil and I run through it, “Wow, that was kind of squirrely.” I look back upstream and here comes Nels. I look again and Nels is upside down. The first time I ever saw a dory flip in the Grand Canyon was at what everybody now knows as “Nels’ Nemesis.” Kenton had already pulled over in the shade of the ledges down there.

STEIGER: At Randy’s Rock?

DIRT: Yeah, already pulled in the shade, setting up lunch, and Ellen was behind Nels. I guess we weren’t quite in the running order at that point for some reason. Ellen helped him right the boat, and then we pull in, and Kenton didn’t even realize we’d had a boat flip. So that was interesting. Then I guess I did okay on that trip, because they asked me to do a follow-up trip. Even though it was July and it was hotter than hell, not my favorite time. I really wanted to go back to Idaho, but I thought, “You know, if I really want to have an in in the Grand Canyon, I really should do another trip.” And Kenton was pushin’ me to do it, he wanted me to do it. So I agreed. I guess I’d gotten a favorable report from Kenton, so yeah, I did another trip. I think that next one was the first trip I did with Rudi [Petschek]. Yeah, in fact I’m pretty sure it was. So we got to run the Slot [in Lava Falls] on that trip. That was in the days, the run of choice was the Slot. And so Kenton was trying to get perfect slot water. I remember we camped at National.

STEIGER: So you could see Oracle Rock?

DIRT: So there was Oracle Rock. To this day, I’m not even sure where it is, but I remember Kenton had Ellen... we camped at National and the first trip was like, okay, she’d go wade out in the water, stand on it, he’d look at it like, “Okay, we’re gonna take our time from here. It’s not quite perfect water stage.” And then I remember the second trip, same thing. She goes out there. Kenton blows the horn immediately! We’re packing out, we’re goin’, ‘cause it’s perfect water right *now!* We gotta go.

STEIGER: Everybody! In the boats! (laughter)

DIRT: So the second trip we hustled down to go run the Slot. And I think that was the second flip I ever got to see, was Rudi got a little too far left and caught part of the ledge hole. The funny thing here was I was so green, it’s like, okay, Kenton is chasing Rudi’s upside down boat. Rudi got washed away. And I’m sort of caught in between. I was in, I guess, the first group. I



Second trip in 1981, dropping through the "Slot" run in Lava, rowing the *Rainbow Bridge*. photo Rudi Petschek

was ahead of Rudi anyway. I think he had stayed back to take pictures of everybody else. Maybe he went by himself as the last boat. So there's Rudi kind of washed over towards the left bank, and Kenton's going downstream, to rescue his boat, and I'm just sitting there, and Rudi's in the water. I said to Rudi, "Rudi! What can I do?" Rudi said, "Well, you could row over here and pick me up." "Oh, okay!" (laughter) So I rowed over and his eyes are a little bit... He was fine, he was actually smilin' about the whole thing.

STEIGER: Master of understatement.

DIRT: Yeah! So I get him in the boat. Again, we hadn't rehearsed this, and I hadn't really thought it out, so we're rowing down. Kenton jumped over from his boat, and I guess we were all pretty close, because I was right there with them too. So I'm floating down, I've got Rudi in my boat. Kenton is there, and then Rudi's boat is there. Kenton gets Rudi's boat righted, probably with the help of somebody, I don't remember exactly. Well now Kenton's gonna row Rudi's boat through Lower Lava. So *his* boat he's given over to a passenger. Now, if I'd been thinking a little quicker—I think I was asking Rudi, or maybe I realized, he's not ready to jump in the water and swim to Kenton's boat and take it over, because he's kind of sputtering.

He's spittin' and catching his breath. He had a pretty good swim, was underwater for a while. Well I led the other guy, I said, "Here, follow me," and kind of led him through Lower Lava. I didn't think about it at the time... Rudi wasn't ready to go and jump over onto Kenton's boat...

STEIGER: But he could have rowed your boat?

DIRT: He could have taken *my* boat, and I could have swam to Kenton's boat and rowed it! I didn't think of it at the time. But it worked fine. Anyway, since that time have learned to rehearse ahead, mentally, what my plan is—and I try to coach my people, too, if we're one of the first boats—you know, prep them a little.

* * *

STEIGER: You've kind of taken the whole river guide lifestyle to its extreme, and you seem intent on having a minimal footprint on the earth. Last night, before we started doing this interview, we walked through this new green housing development, brand new, very kind of cutting edge thing that's going on here in Moab. (And we're sitting now in Pete's house, that you bought twenty years ago...)

DIRT: In 1992, seventeen years ago.

STEIGER: Which you're gonna sell, you're thinking, so you can move over into this community that's not unlike the campus of U.C. Santa Cruz, where it's secluded, you can't drive into it, you have to walk or bike in, and it's gonna be energy efficient houses, and all about—not the wretched excess of your typical American development, but all about having an ethical footprint on the land. We were talking about just kind of how you wanted your life to be there. Where am I going with this? You're not a trust-funder, right?

DIRT: No, I'm not a trust-funder, I'm a dumpster-funder!

STEIGER: But you have managed to make this river guide thing... Here you are, on your river guide wages, you bought your own house in Moab, Utah, and you're master of your own fate, but you're doing it in an atypical way for an American.

DIRT: I guess so. The whole environmental part of it... I remember the Santa Barbara oil spill in 1969. When I first read about that, my reaction was, "Okay, so it's made a mess of this whole coastline, but we need the oil." But slowly I came around to the notion that I was basically anti-people, anti-technology. "Well, I just chose environmentalism over economics." It was a pretty naïve viewpoint, but that was the conscious choice. My attitude was, it was one versus the other. I'd just chosen that the environment was more important to me, and people and the economy came second. It was a slow realization for me that—whether it was just my misperception, or the powers that be fueling that notion: that it's "one or the other"—it was a big epiphany for me to realize "No, those are not two mutually exclusive options." I think there are certain... like the oil companies and certain powers that be have a vested interest in fueling a false... bifurcation? Is that the right word? You have one or the other, you can't have both. But really, you can't have one *without* the other. Or, you can't have a healthy economy if you've spoiled and ruined your foundation for that, which is the environment. There's a book by Amory Lovins, he and some others—Lovins was a coauthor—of a book called *Natural Capitalism* that talks about a post-industrial era. What makes the most sense not just environmentally, but economically, is to realize that there are these natural services that are irreplaceable, yet we place no *value* on them. Like our atmosphere, and just the biosphere that cycles through nutrients... just the whole cycle of energy, the sun shining on the earth, plants taking the sun, converting through chlorophyll, taking CO₂ and making glucose, and then enriching the soil with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which then makes it possible for the plants to grow

that make our food, whatever. There are all these natural services that we can't replicate, and yet we don't value them and so we destroy them in the notion that we're gonna "make a buck." We're profiting, but we're destroying our real capital to create this income stream that isn't sustainable. That was when I finally had this realization, "Oh, I don't need to chose that I'm an environmentalist and therefore I oppose economic development." I realized you can't have a healthy economy without a robust, healthy environment.

When you're talking to certain people, that's all they care about. But if you could show them the bottom line means you need to protect this forest... Because some people, a logger, might—more so the timber company—would look at a forest... you know, I look at a forest, and I don't see board feet. I look at a river and I don't see kilowatt hours. But look at a forest and realize: "Okay, yeah, there's an economic value to the wood that's in that tree. Yeah, we could log that tree and mill it and sell it and stuff, and there's a certain economic value. But what we ignore is that that tree, standing in place there, is providing wildlife habitat and watershed. It's helping give us a sustainable clean water source and protecting us from floods and so on. We cut that tree down—we're not very good at putting a price tag on how much value is it just in place?"

The same thing comes up when you're looking strictly at river issues, when you talk about dams versus irrigation and water rights. And then you look at in-stream values. Well, like we've learned with the salmon fisheries, there's an incredible value to this food source. We have eliminated or almost decimated these salmon populations which were natural services provided for free, an incredible food source. Instead we put a lot of infrastructure in place, and a lot of irrigation and whatnot to raise cows. Takes a lot of effort, a lot of money, at the price of: we've decimated salmon fisheries—for which we didn't have to do anything, and they were there for the harvesting.

STEIGER: Was there a time... Are you committed to being a professional river guide for the rest of your life? Was there an "ah-ha" moment for you there?

DIRT: Not exactly. I think just a slow evolution. I think it's more that maybe I'm slowly admitting that's what it's become, even though I never consciously set out to do that. After reading Amory Lovins' book, and doing some environmental activism, that inspired me to go back to grad school, this time in mechanical engineering, because I thought I could make my contribution by working on energy-related issues. Because other than population, energy seems like the issue that is the driving force behind so many



Back to the future... photo Leon Werdinger

environmental problems, whether you're looking at oil spills, CO₂ production, global warming, air pollution—I mean, all those, and our international adventures in invading countries, supposedly for weapons of mass destruction, when oil is the real cause. I mean, there's so many hidden costs there. But anyway, I went back to grad school in mechanical engineering, thinking maybe I could get an off-season occupation doing something like that, and then continue river trips.

You asked earlier about just my lifestyle and how I was able to survive. When I went back to grad school, I was working summers—summers only, three months out of the year, up in Idaho, making about four grand [\$4,000] during the summer. I could just about break even, going through grad school on that, at U.C. Santa Barbara. I was maybe losing a little bit of ground. But then I worked for one year as a teaching assistant, where I go...oh, what was it? I probably made another seven or eight grand during the year. I was like, "Wow, that's a lot of money!" I mean, I could get by on half that, quite comfortably.

Not owning a car, besides food, paying rent 70 bucks a month, and the registration fees at UCSB weren't outrageous. I forgot, it was maybe 1,500 bucks a year. So I could just about break even. I could get by on about \$4,000 a year. And then when I worked as a T.A., it was like that was money in the bank. I could go another two or three years, easily, on that. So anyway,

yeah, I was able to live pretty cheaply on that.

STEIGER: Well, it just strikes me that you've taken the classic river guide life, but taken it to the extreme. I mean, you put your money where your mouth is, to survive. You're actually getting along with this [*meager hourly wage we're all paid*]. And it seems like the course you've mapped out for yourself is particularly germane, considering that we're now heading into the *really* great depression! (laughter) Never mind that little thing that happened to this country in the 1930s.

DIRT: That's so funny, too. I mean, I had roommates when I bought this house. And I got it when the market was *just* starting to take off in Moab. I think my cash flow was no different than when I was paying rent, but I was slowly paying off the house. I managed to live pretty cheaply.

STEIGER: You're quite the success story in that regard, and maybe the best one that I know of. I don't know of anybody else that is so free and clear...

DIRT: I think that all ties in, too, with the notion that a green economy doesn't mean living without. I feel like I've got a pretty good quality of life. Maybe some people think I've made sacrifices, but I don't need cable TV and a new SUV and all that stuff to be happy...I mentioned the automobile. I think so many people, there's so many hidden costs associated with that...Because I ride my bike around town and walk everywhere. If you actually took the time to put a number to it—not that I do consciously—but if I think about it, every time I bike to the store, I'm getting paid a couple of bucks to ride my bike, because that's what it would cost me to drive, if I figured in all the costs. I recall reading a little thing by this guy Ivan Illich, I think a Russian-American. And who knows if I'm even remembering it accurately, but he did a calculation, the average American and their automobile, how much it costs them to operate that automobile. The classic formula of average speed, you take total distance divided by total time. So what Illich did was, he took that very simple formula, but in total...So the distance the average American drives in a year, divided by the total time spent to pay for all that. Now, in that time part of it, besides including just the driving time, he equated all the other time inputs. In other words, if this car costs you, what's the annual cost of insurance, gasoline, maintenance, all this stuff? And how much do you make on an hourly rate? Basically took all the monetary inputs and also equated those to a time cost...Is this making sense? So when he was done with all this, took the total distance the average American drives in a year, divided by the time spent to accomplish that driving, including all the equivalent time inputs of the monetary and all

this other stuff, it came out to five miles per hour. And I thought, “Wow, that’s a very fast walking pace. And that’s a *very* slow bicycling pace, even going uphill five miles an hour is not too hard to maintain. So basically it makes you think, hmmm, five miles an hour? So driving is not the convenience and the time saver that we necessarily think it is. And I like riding a bike. Every time I get behind the wheel, I don’t necessarily enjoy driving. Only sometimes it’s kind of fun, but for the most part it’s just a way to get somewhere. Okay, I could drive somewhere, or I could ride my bike or walk. Doesn’t cost me any more in terms of the total equivalent cost, but I have a good time, I see things, I smell things, I’m getting exercise, I’m happier. You know, there are people who spend 50 bucks a month to join some gym to run on a treadmill, and they *drive* there! It’s like, “Just walk somewhere!” There’s all these free things you can do that are fun and enjoyable and you can be social. So I think that’s how I can get by on—I don’t think I get by on 4,000 bucks a year anymore.

STEIGER: But it’s under \$10,000, would you say?

DIRT: You know, I never stop and do all the accounting. It seems like as long as I come out in the plus column at the end of the year, I don’t worry about it too much. But I’m sure I live on less than ten grand a year. A couple grand for health insurance. Food is more than \$3.50 a day, but going on river trips, essentially you’re earning room and board. It’s probably under ten grand.

STEIGER: But you buy your own health insurance? You’re counting that in too?

DIRT: Yeah.

* * *

STEIGER: I’m sure there’s a million river stories that we should get into.

DIRT: I can think of a Tom Workman story. It was actually my very first dory trip, and one of the Idaho guides was on the trip too. I don’t know if I need to mention names. He had taken to wearing a loincloth, and there at Lees Ferry we were getting ready to launch, and it’s getting warm, and he’s down to his loincloth. Jane Whalen [*a manager of the Dories*] and Tom Workman [*who was the river ranger at the Ferry*] are looking at each other like, “Oh boy, this doesn’t seem appropriate.” So anyway, Workman came over and they had concocted a story how to confront it, and just made up a story that one of our passengers had complained, and could this guy please put on a pair of shorts or something sort of...more standard attire? I have to say, I don’t find offense myself, but I also understand

it’s not quite societal norm. I mean, I have no interest in wearing a loincloth for whatever reason. If nothing else, I cover up from the sun, I’m not trying to expand my tan lines or anything. So Tom Workman went and this boatman said, well, he didn’t have any shorts with him, because that’s the way he dresses in Idaho. So Tom Workman said, “If I give you a pair of shorts, would you wear ’em?” And so this boatman kind of grudgingly agreed. So Tom Workman gave him a pair of his own shorts. But the entire trip, though, the boatman’s going around, as he got to know people on the trip, person to person, kind of trying to tactfully find out who’s the one that complained about the loincloth. He came to me about Day seven or eight. He says, “I think I figured out who it is. I think it was Betty.” I remember this woman, Betty. She was one of these older women, very nice, very fun, and I remember she asked Kenton something about the ants. “Are the ants out around the clock?” “No, they go to bed at night.” She says, “How do they know it’s nighttime?” (laughter) Kenton said, “I don’t know, I guess ’cause it’s dark.” But anyway, so [*the Idaho guide*] confronted her, he asked her, and she thought, “No, I think it’d be kind of cool.” But Workman, what a gem! Workman, in particular, kind of epitomizes the perfect Park person. I think some of his—perhaps people, maybe higher-ups at the time who were not quite as enamored of him, perceived that, “Oh, he’s just buddy-buddy with ’em.”

STEIGER: Yeah. “He’s fraternizing with the enemy!”

DIRT: Yeah, exactly. But you know, the truth was... He was the kind of guy, he could have a friendship, a rapport with you, but there was always a line there, and everybody respected him. Everybody liked him, but everybody also respected him. I mean, there’s two sort of general ways to get people to follow the rules: one is, you watch ’em, and they’re worried they’re gonna get caught, so they follow the rules. The other one is—the Workman style—you respect the guy so much that you don’t want to let him down. I mean, you’re doing it partly because you believe, “Yes, this is the right procedure, this is the right way to do things;” but also...you’re not afraid of getting caught, you’re afraid of letting the guy down. And so you don’t *need* to be watched over, because you want to do the right thing just for all the right reasons. I think Tom Workman was a great example for that.

STEIGER: Yeah, he just wanted to *make it work*, whatever it took, whatever he had to do to make the whole thing work good.

DIRT: How many private trips, too, where they’re missing a piece of equipment they’re required to have? So what would he do? He could easily have delayed or forced them not to launch.



At a hometown dumpster

STEIGER: I've seen rangers go, "You know what? If you don't get another set of oars, you are not leaving!" "Well, what about if I go to Page and get them and we launch tomorrow morning?" "No, you have to launch *today!*" But no help, no saying, "Well, here's where you can get 'em, here's how we can work this out," just "You gotta do it or you can't go."

DIRT: And Workman, more often than not, he'd go, "I'll be back in twenty minutes."

STEIGER: "Here, I'll give you mine."

DIRT: He'd loan his personal stuff, "Just bring it back at the end, in the same condition you find it." And it wasn't, "Oh, he's a pushover." He could tell when somebody's just trying to scam it, versus the conscientious and it was an oversight. So yeah, he would help 'em out, and just because of that, they were that much more inclined, "Hey, this is a good guy..." They're gonna do the right thing because they don't want to let him down.

STEIGER: Plus the way he would explain it when he oriented those trips. He explained they had to carry their human waste out in such a way that they *got* it, that they would do it because it was the right thing to do—for the Canyon, not because that's the rules and you're gonna get a ticket if you don't. That kind of thing. Yeah, he was awesome at that job.

* * *

DIRT: Yeah, Martin's track record, his environmental position, that was really important to me...I mean,

I didn't know any of the other outfitters, even who they were. But I really liked the idea that maybe in some small way I was helping support Martin's environmental efforts.

STEIGER: And Martin did work on that, didn't he, on those trips?

DIRT: He did, yeah. I started carrying a bunch of Friends of the Earth flyers on trips and passed 'em out to people and gave 'em a little plug, encouraged 'em to join. One of the things that, actually, listening to Dave Brower's talks, he said "Don't underestimate the power of emotion." He talked about, you arm yourself with facts, and you be absolutely fastidious with your facts, be accurate, and if anything understate your case. You need to maintain credibility, and one way to do that is never exaggerate. If you're not sure, don't say it, understate your case. But, "Don't underestimate the power of emotion. Facts give people a basis for argument, but emotion is what motivates people." And that's what I was missing...I just assumed, you know, I'd sort of reached my own conclusions. And I just assumed I could present these conclusions to people and they'd go, "Oh yeah, here, I'll join Friends of the Earth." But I realized that wasn't how it happens. It occurred to me to go back and figure out what motivated me to this end? You probably know the book *On The Loose*, by Terry and Renny Russell.

STEIGER: I need to read that again.

DIRT: I've got some copies. I could at least loan you one. Yeah. So that was actually an impressionable time for me—it was right about the time I did my first backpacking trip. Somebody had given it to my parents. It was sitting there with the classic coffee table Sierra Club book, except this was not the big photo one, this was a smaller one. I saw this book *On The Loose*, and I'm reading this, it's like, "Wow, somebody has somehow grasped all these random unorganized thoughts in my brain and put it all together in this incredibly eloquent fashion." That was like my environmental ethic to live by, of sorts. It really helped kind of coalesce my whole sense of what just being outdoors meant to me. That's what I figured out, too. So I started taking *On The Loose* on river trips, and reading from the introduction. I don't know if you remember the introduction, but it starts out, "Have you ever..." and it lists all these experiences that Terry and Renny Russell had. "Have you ever laid under a pickup truck in the middle of the desert in July for ten hours because it was the only shade?" I'm not saying it quite like they did. "Have you ever hiked 234 miles of mountain trail just to see how fast you could do it? Have you ever had lumpy icy chocolate and cold cheese sandwiches for Christmas dinner

in Death Valley?” You know, that kind of thing. And then it sort of transitioned from that to kind of just a philosophy of how they viewed the wilderness, and the freedom to have that time outdoors. (STEIGER: This is a thing you’d read on your boat? You’ve got a passage all marked out?) DIRT: The whole introduction to the book. It’s a little bit lengthy. It’s two or three pages. Well, in the conclusion of this introduction, they kind of put it all in perspective, talked about how people take photographs and it inspires them to write things. There’s a perfect line in there: “Our babblings and scratchings resume in the den or studio when things resume their comfortable and incorrect proportions.” Well, one of the things they talk about too is... It basically says, “It’s meant a lot of almost unberarable beauty which I can only call religious experiences. And if religion means anything, that’s what they were.” So anyway, I’ve told people numerous times that is probably—I’m not a religious person at all—I tell people this is the closest thing I’ve ever had to a bible. So that’s what I figured out too, reading through, they go through this whole thing, this philosophical thing, and finally, “We’ve been learning to take care of ourselves in places where it really matters,” talking about Point Reyes and Glen Canyon and all these places. Then they conclude with, “Now it’s time to take care of the places that really matter,” and give this little plug.

I realized *that’s* what was missing from what I was trying to tell people. I didn’t arrive at this just from reading facts, it was more something motivational, inspirational.

So one time on a Hell’s Canyon trip, here’s this guy who was one of the numerous vice-presidents of, I think it was Chase Manhattan Bank—I mean, there’s numerous ones—and he lived in different countries, and at this point I think he was living in Mexico City. And here’s one of these trips where I had read from *On The Loose*, and then gave a little Friends of the Earth plug. He used to charter a trip in Idaho every year, every other year, and I started feeling a little bit like, “You know what, I’m spinning my wheels here, and nobody’s paying attention.” But on the van drive back on that particular trip, from the takeout, he said, “What was that book you were reading from?” And I showed it to him. I had picked up in Moe’s Books in Berkeley—they used to have in the basement all these used copies, so I had picked up half a dozen copies. I wish I’d bought as many as I could, but I’d pick out the better ones. So I gave him a copy of *On The Loose*. The next year he’s on a trip, and at that point I think I’d quit doing my little plug. I was feeling like, “Oh, I’m not getting through to anybody. What’s the point?”

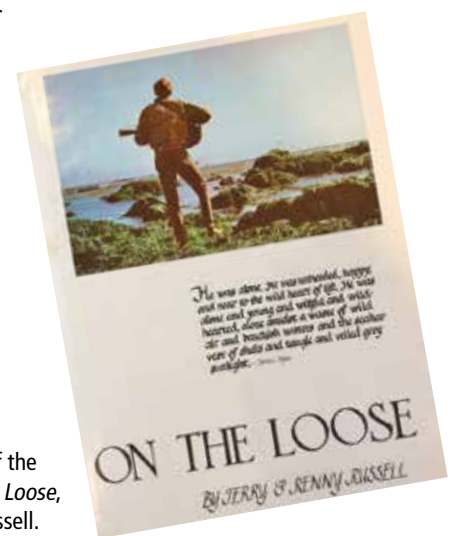
And this guy, this vice-president of this bank, who went to Vietnam... he said his buddies, they’d shoot Jane Fonda on sight—Hanoi Jane, they hated her, despised her for everything. This is a guy who’s pretty conservative. At the end of the trip he says, “Pete, why don’t you tell people about Friends of the Earth?” I mean, kind of surprised me. Somehow I’d gotten through to him, and he’d joined Friends of the Earth. I thought, “HMMMM, well, you never know when you reach somebody.” But *On The Loose* was just a big part of—for me, kind of what helped me put my thoughts together.

A few years back, we had this one family on a trip. There were two brothers and a sister. The two brothers were older. Their dad had paid for everybody, wanted them to do a family trip. They would have happily done something like that on their own. So they paddled a ducky the whole way. I’m talking to the younger sister, we’re hiking down Stone Creek, and I mentioned her brothers kind of reminded me of a modern-day version of the two brothers who wrote *On the Loose*, and she almost stopped dead and gave me this funny look. She said that was the name of their hiking club where she went to college, one of the Claremont Colleges, I think. That was like their bible equivalent. She said they refer to it as “the good book.” (laughter) I thought that was pretty funny. And, like my friends Dan and Alan, we could exchange quotes from the book.

Yeah. So it’s interesting how that book, kind of like Forrest Gump, how it keeps appearing in my life in various ways. Chris McIntosh said it was a book that inspired him to move west. Where was he from? The East Coast? He had to make it all the way west, but it was kind of one of the things that made him at least want to come see more of the West.

It’s just kind of funny how it keeps—like Forrest Gump just keeps showing up in all these places—that book keeps showing up in my life.

Cover and first page of the Introduction to *On The Loose*, by Terry and Renny Russell.





*I am glad I shall never be young without wild country
to be young in. Of what avail are forty freedoms with-
out a blank spot on the map?*—ALDO LEOPOLD

Have you ever walked 34 miles on a straight-arrow dirt road in the desert with only a Jang-jar of some rusty water because you expected somebody who didn't come and then walked past your turnoff in the dark and had to sleep on a cattleguard? Have you ever dropped your sleeping bag in the ocean by mistake? Have you ever followed a jeep-track in the rain which got worse and worse and fainter and fainter and petered out a vertical quarter mile from where you wanted to go? Have you ever slept on a cobblestone river bank? or on a sand dune on a windy night and spit sand all the next morning? Have you ever climbed a mountain but missed the right peak by half a mile but the sun was down and you were freezing and had better find some dry wood and a place to sleep in the snow quick? Have you ever walked 234 miles of mountain trail to see how fast you could do it? Have you ever started a backpack trip and hit a storm on the first pass and spent 24 hours under a wet plastic tarp drinking lumpy icy chocolate and walked through the snow to a cabin and burnt your jeans drying them over a wood stove? Have you ever left your insect repellent behind on a rock? Have you ever had a cheese sandwich for Christmas dinner in Death Valley? Have you ever camped in a dump? Have you ever gone to sleep on a beach and woke up in water and had to sleep up on rocks under a cliff which rained sand on your neck all night and lost a tennis shoe and almost your glasses to the tide? Have you ever lain under a truck for five hours because it was the only shade in the desert in July? Have you ever walked 50 miles? or walked 41.3 miles with blisters for glory? Have you ever fallen out of and under a boat in a rapid because the deck wasn't

Future River Guides!

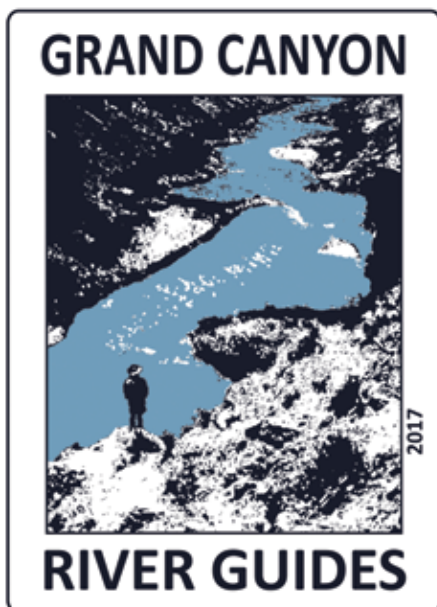
ELZADA (ZADIE) SOLENNE SALSIE was born April 19, 2017 at 9:08 P.M. to the proud parents of Justin Salamon and Gibney Siemion, both guides for Canyon Explorations. She was twenty-inches long and weighed seven pounds, five ounces.



BLAKE WILLIAM EASTWOOD was born November 22, 2016 to the proud parents of Greg and Ani Eastwood, both guides for Grand Canyon Expeditions.



Get Your GCRG-wear!



2017 T-shirt—designed by Bronze Black



GCRG hats \$15 each.

Businesses Offering Support

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

- Apex Brewing Supply**—Brewing Equipment 916/918-9058
Artisan Metal Works—Custom Fabrication 928/773-4959
Aspen Sports—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935
Blue Sky Woodcraft—Dories and repairs 970/963-0463
Boulder Mountain Lodge—800/556-3446
Bright Angel Bicycles & Cafe at Mather Pt.—928/814-8704
Canyon Arts—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873
Canyon Books—Canyon & River books 928/779-0105
Canyon R.E.O.—River equipment rental 928/774-3377
Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture—206/323-3277
CC Lockwood—Photography books 225/769-4766
Ceiba Adventures—Equipment & boat rentals 928/527-0171
Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ—928/355-2228
Design and Sales Publishing Company—520/774-2147
Down By The River Productions/FaheyFoto—928/226-7131
Entrance Mountain Natural Health—360/376-5454
EPF Classic & European Motorcycles—928/778-7910
Five Quail Books—Canyon & River books 928/776-9955
Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed—928/773-9406
Fran Sarena, NCMT—Body work 928/773-1072
Fretwater Press—Holmstrom & Hyde books 928/774-8853
Funhog Press—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788
Hell's Backbone Grill—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464
Herptech Metalworks—Biologically-inspired art 435/335-7464
High Desert Boatworks—Dories & Repairs 970/882-3448
Humphreys Summit—boating & skiing gear 928/779-1308
Inner Gorge Trail Guides—Backpacking 877/787-4453
J Nautical Ventures—360/296-2747
Jack's Plastic Welding—drybags & paco pads 800/742-1904
Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS—Dentist 928/779-2393
Kathy Oliver, CPA—928/853-2403
KC Publications—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673
Kingsmark Kennels—Flagstaff pet boarding 928/526-2222
The Kirk House B&B—Friday Harbor, WA 800/639-2762
Kristen Tinning, NCMT—Rolfling & massage 928/525-3958
Laughing Bird Adventures—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167
Marble Canyon Lodge—928/355-2225
Marble Canyon Metal Works—928/355-2253
Mark Allen Productions—Film & Video 801/709-1676
Dr. Mark Falcon—Chiropractor 928/779-2742
Moenkopi Riverworks—boat rentals & gear 928/526-6622
Mom's Stuff Salve—435/462-2708
Mountain Angels Trading Co.—Jewelry 800/808-9787
Mountain Sports—928/226-2885
Patrick Conley—Realtor 928/779-4596
Plateau Restoration—Conservation Adventures 435/259-7733
Professional River Outfitters—Rental boats & gear 928/779-1512
Randy Rohrig—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064
Rescue Specialists—Rescue & 1ST Aid 509/548-7875
River Art & Mud Gallery—River folk art 435/648-2688
River Gardens Rare Books—First editions 435/648-2688
River Rat Raft and Bike—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777
Rivers & Oceans Travel—La Paz, Baja sailing 800/473-4576
RiverGear.com—Put "GUIDZ" for discount code at checkout
Rubicon Adventures—Mobile CPR & 1ST Aid 707/887-2452
RuffStuff—Off-road Fabrication 916/600-1945
Sanderson Carpet Cleaning—Page, AZ 928/645-3239
Sierra Rescue—WFR and swiftwater classes 800/208-2723
Sunrise Leather—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575
The Summit—Boating equipment 928/774-0724
Tele Choice—Phone rates 866/277-8660
Teva—928/779-5938
Westwater Books—Waterproof river guides 800/628-1326
Wet Dreams—River Equipment and Sewing 928-864-7091
Wilderness Medical Associates—888/945-3633
Willow Creek Books—Coffee & gear 435/644-8884
Winter Sun—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884

Care To Join Us?

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

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

\$40 1-year membership

\$175 5-year membership

\$350 Life membership

\$500 Benefactor*

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

\$16 Short-sleeved t-shirt size _____

\$18 Long-sleeved t-shirt size _____

\$15 Baseball cap

\$8 Insulated GCRG 20th Anniversary mug

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

Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

boatman's quarterly review

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

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

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



GREG ADAMS, the great-grandson of James White, celebrating the 150th anniversary of James White being plucked from the river near Callville, Utah, having presumably floated through the Canyon two years before John Wesley Powell. Greg is on his replica of White's boat, which he built at the GTS.